

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## Farewell.

Two hands are clasped,  
And for a brief, sweet while,  
Two hearts responsive beat,  
And all things smile.  
Swift speed the hours  
Until, with lingering feet,  
They come at length to where  
Life's cross-roads meet.  
There must they say farewell,  
Oh! strange, sad word!  
With tears oft murmured  
All too often heard!  
Sealed are a maiden's lips,  
Yet may she say,  
Her prayers will rise to God,  
By night and day.  
That Guardian Angels  
May His steps attend,  
And happiness go with him  
To the end.

PHILIPPA.

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## Two Pictures.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE,  
BY MRS. H. A. BOCQUET.

O the traveller who loves variety, the steamers will always possess an incontestable advantage over all other means of locomotion. Not only is the matter for observation more abundant there, but it is renewed more frequently and presents itself under more aspects. The forced intimacy of public carriages is often prolonged into suffering, it is mixed with uneasiness and fatigue; the other travellers are to us

linked associates whom we must endure to the end, and the annoyance of this too narrow association often deprives us of our liberty of our spirit and of our vivacity of humor, both inseparable to observation. In a steamer, on the contrary we can choose among our neighbors, take or watch every fellow traveller, observe them from far or near, briefly or with persistence; space, comfort and independence leave to our spirit all its perspicacity; in consequence entertainments there are brighter and more varied. Then the scenery constantly modifies your impressions as it passes before you. The rivers offer thousands of aspects for which one would look vainly on the great roads. All is more characteristic, more picturesque; the villages are reflected in the water; the barges flow gently in the bays; the islands rise in the midst of the current like floating boscaiges; the murmurs of the river and of the wind form a kind of harmony which seems to rock you; you feel your spirits getting more vivacious, more joyous.

Mr. de Rivaud and his daughter had both felt this sweet influence, since their departure from Orleans, on the steamer "The Swallow." As they sat on deck, they saw the pleasing banks of the Loire passing successively before their eyes like comic opera decorations. The young lady communicated every now and then some remarks to which the father either added some instructive description or answered by an explanation, and their attention thus passed alternately from the scenery to their fellow-travellers, or from their fellow-travellers to the scenery. The quick and changing spirit of Honorine found every where matter for discussion. Prompt in her judgment like all those to whom experience has not yet taught doubt, she exercised herself to solve everything at first sight and transmitted to her father her quick impressions. Nevertheless, the boat which had just arrived near Montrichard, had stopped to take a new passenger aboard brought by a barge. It was a very corpulent individual with a semi-burgess semi-country-like appearance, which announced a wealthy farmer, but whose round and highly colored countenance revealed a preoccupation of discontent. Upon his setting foot on the deck near Mr. de Rivaud, he touched his straw hat with a certain familiarity.

"Upon my word! I thought I was going to miss the boat," said he; "there was nobody at Veron's to run the barge. Why don't the government look after the Landing police better than that?"

One of the travellers observed that it was a private and optional service, and it necessarily escaped the supervision of the authorities.

"This does not prevent an honest man from getting left and thereby lose his business." "Yes," said the fat countryman, for example, "if I had not caught the boat I would have risked arriving too late."

"Where are you going, Mr. Baptiste?" asked a small man who had embarked on the preceding landing.

"Well! it is Mr. Dubois," replied the farmer with the air of an acquaintance; "how do you do, Mr. Dubois; very well thank you, and how is yours?"

"Pretty fair thank you; and so you are travelling?"

"As you say; I come from Montrichard for a farm."

"Are you leaving the one where you are?"

"What! you do not know," shouted Jean Baptiste; "the heartless old man took it away from me."

"Which heartless old man?"

"Well, the boss then; he put in my place the big Thiband, you know the big Thiband, whose father had something to settle with the police; worthless people! Well! the old miser had given him the preference because he offered £30 more."

"And he sent you away, you who were there from father to son for over a century?"

"That is what the graduate of the rich amounts to," answered Jean Baptiste, with bitterness; "you cultivate their land, you build their fortune, and when the moment has come to eat a paltry loaf of bread, they turn you out on the street. But I will yet get even with him!"

"Perhaps all comes from the notary?" observed Dubois.

"No, no!" said the countryman; "it is the gentleman himself who wished it so, for he came in the country expressly for that."

"You saw him?"

"Most decidedly, I went there twice; he was sick, ostensibly. They are so proud, you know, that they do not receive poor people like us; they would be afraid that our sight would soil them. On last trip I was yet unable to see him."

"Ah! bah!"

"No, I had found that the children who, by the way, are not at all pretty, I assure you, nor polite either, looked at me as if I was a curious beast. After that, such father! such son! Only it was they who suffered this time, for I was going to bring them a hare, but I took it back, and we ate it at the farm. Ah! but you cannot walk over me like this, you know."

"You are right, Father Baptiste," said Dubois, tapping his shoulder, "as my poor, late mother used to say, 'A countryman is worth a bishop when his loaf is baked!'"

"Yes, but that is not the other one's idea," replied the farmer, shaking his head; "he must cut up far and wide, he never finds himself rich enough; although, God knows, we never refused him anything. Has he not just learnt that the new roadway would pass right in the centre of his property, without speaking of the large tank that they gave him to dry, and the water permits he was given. To-day, Mr. Dubois, you see, the sharpers are the only ones to succeed; therefore, when you see someone rich and affluent you can say at once that they cannot be much."

"Ah! don't believe this, sir," interrupted a traveller of small stature, with a sweet, pale face, who had listened till then in silence to the complaints of Jean Baptiste; "if there are hard and ungrateful masters, there are also some who are both grateful and generous. For my part I have a good example of such."

"You have found a good master?" queried the countryman, with an air of incredulity.

"Good enough to grant me three years of farming free after an epidemic, which had carried away all my stock."

"Three years!" exclaimed Jean Baptiste, astonished.

"And, besides, he has obtained a purse for my eldest son, whom I would have been forced to retire from the college."

"God help me! If I found a boss made of this paste I would construct him a chapel," replied the countryman.

"Without speaking of the excellent actions of his family," added the second farmer. "New Year's Day never passes without the daughters sending books to my little ones, with a letter full of politeness and of good advice."

"That is what I would call to know how to live," replied Jean Baptiste. "I wish your boss was proprietor of all the lands belonging to mine."

"No one would have to complain of him," observed the small man, "for he was equally disinterested and human for all; our town owes him a school, a public lavatory and a house of refuge for the infirm."

A murmur of approbation was heard from all those present. Honorine, who had listened to every word with a curious attention, turned to her father.

"If the Egyptians had the judgment of the dead," said she, smiling, "we have the judgment of the living. Have you heard, father?"

"I have heard everything," answered Mr. de Rivaud.

"How kindness and wickedness have their fruits without our knowing it," said the young lady; "a private action which we believe to be known only to very few always end" by being discovered and by glorifying us or depreciating us. Reputation is an edifice which we build without knowing it and which is all at once a temple or a jail."

"But are you sure that this jail or this temple is always deserved?" queried Mr. de Rivaud.

"The error is quite possible," replied Honorine; "here, for example, father, who can hesitate in establishing the difference between the two masters? Allowing whatever part you wish to spite or to gratitude, you will always have on one side the facts of hardship, pride and avidity, and on the other those of generosity, tenderness and devotedness, without having seen either of the two men spoken of. I feel all sympathy for one and all repulsion for the other, and I can unhesitatingly place them at the two opposite degrees of my estimation."

Mr. de Rivaud smiled without replying, and addressing himself to Jean Baptiste:

"The farm which you just left, is it not that of the Croisais?" he asked.

"Just so" replied the farmer. "Do you know that country?"

"And you," he added, turning toward the second farmer, "do you not live in Challans in Vendee?"

"In fact, I do, sir," replied the pale little man.

"I thought so," answered the father of Honorine, with a smile; "then you must both know Mr. de Rivaud?"

"My wicked boss!" replied Jean Baptiste.

"My benefactor!" replied the other countryman.

"The one who took his farm away from me!"

"The one who saved me from ruin!"

The young lady could not repress a cry of stupefaction. Her father signified her to remain silent, and took her away.

"What! it was you!" said Honorine, both indignant and ashamed; "you whom that man tried to accuse of misery!"

"And of whom that other one boasted the generosity," added Mr. de Rivaud, smiling. "The two pictures resemble the same original, but each painter composed it with his own passion. Not that all they said was false; I have been severe with Jean Baptiste because he neglected my farms of the Croisais, and he found me unjust; I have refused to see him, because I feared to be moved by his entreaties, and he found me proud. As to the farmer from Challans, what I have done for him was a just recompense for his probity and his zeal; but perhaps I have used towards him more taste and ardor than usual. Our defects and our qualities are everyday things like the rest. I certainly did not deserve any of the two reputations which have been made to me now; but I might deserve something of both. That is why we should never judge men with such certainty without having weighed both sides carefully. But, particularly, what we should do above all things is to appreciate with reserve those whom we have not been able to study ourselves, because the reputation of a man resembles those rays of the sun which shine through variously colored glasses, it always takes the color of the person who transfers it to you."

## Our Weekly Sermons

## By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## Human Life.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—Ephesians II, 12.

Terrible words!—words descriptive of a condition of human consciousness which, under ordinary circumstances, ought to demand our infinite pity. If one were to come to us, and from the depths of his heart confess, "After a solemn survey of life, after a balancing of its days and nights, its light and darkness, I have been driven to the conclusion that these words would express exactly the state of my mind," we could not but feel intensely for such a man, sympathize even to tears with the travail of his soul. We would search out the depths of our knowledge, open the fountains of our hearts, if we could soothe his sorrow, lighten his burden, clear the obscurity that veiled his vision; and if we failed to give relief, we would feel humiliated, and acknowledge that some of our own, and not his perversity, had caused our failure.

But suppose that there comes to us one who seems to enjoy all the comforts of life and to avoid its troubles; from whose lips ever falls the dull jeer at all that is noble and true; whose conversation lacks even a shade of seriousness; whose life is selfish and sinful; and uttering the solemn words of our text, or their substance, as a war-cry, he asks us to descend into his child-arena to play at controversy with him, our feelings will not be such as the earnest doubter arouses. We are sure that such an antagonist is too flippant in his treatment of solemn matters to deserve our serious consideration, or that, knowing the solemnity of life, he wilfully misrepresents it in order to enjoy a cheap popularity.

Passing by the flippant objector, then, we take the words of our text as the expression of a real and earnest doubt, and proceed to examine such a creed of negation as a *working theory* of human life.

For let us consider human life as a problem, concerning which every man must have a *working theory*. On the lowest ground everybody ought to have a theory of life; and, as a matter of fact, everybody has. One man's theory is that he ought to make as much money as he can. Another, that he ought to do everything to succeed in his professional career. Another is of the opinion that money is made to be spent, and that the comforts of life are the best objects on which to spend it. Another considers peace and contentment in some quiet country home better than the excitement and bustle of the city. There are a hundred such theories. Every man has his own.

Granted, then, that every one has a theory of life; it is a matter of very serious importance *what* theory we adopt. Some must be better than others; some must have more of right, and some more of wrong. We know, for instance, that the criminal's theory, or the drunkard's theory, lands the theorist in ruin. The sober, law-abiding man's theory preserve him from it.

Now, life is a great mystery. Compare it with nature. In nature you have a complicated system of phenomena presented to the mind. Since the beginning of humanity, the study of nature has absorbed its interest and engaged his thought. The natural world, at first sight, appears to be full of contradictions; heat against cold; light against darkness; life against death. It is full of mysteries which perplex the mind and contradict the senses. Yet the secrets of nature are not incapable of solution; nay, they are yielding, one by one, to the searchers of truth. Nature is telling us her secrets, revealing to us her harmonies. Man's tyrant has become man's slave. Why is this? It is because the students of nature have never been disheartened by the difficulties which confronted them; because they were aware of their own ignorance and of the solemnity of the task they had undertaken; because they distrusted the senses and submitted their evidence to the scrutiny of reason; because they recognized the impossibility of obtaining certainty all at once, and groped for the truth through the dark maze of probability.

Now, suppose that students of nature had acted differently. Confronted as they were with phenomena and groups of phenomena, concerning which they had no certain knowledge, suppose they had said, "Of this world of nature we know little or nothing; therefore we are going to leave it alone. We will deal with facts, not