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## THE HURON SIGNAL FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1882.

not, what was it ?"

## The Poet's Corner. The Children.

FORM FOUND IN THE DESK OF CHARLES DICI When lessons and tasks are all ended, And the school for the day is dismissed And the little once gather around me To hid me "good night," and he kissed. O, the little white arms that encirable My neck in a tender embrace ! O, the smiles that are halos of heaven. Shedding sunshine and love on my face

And when they are gone I ait dreaming Of my childhood, to lovely to last; Of love that my heart will remember When it wakes to the pulse of the past. Ere the world and its wickedness m A partner of sorrow and sin-When the glory of God was about me, And the glory of gladness within.

O my heart grows weak as a woman's, And the fountain of feeling will flow, When I think of the paths steep and stony, Where the feet of the dear ones must go; Of the moustains of sin hanging o'er them, Of the tempests of fate blowing wild-O there's nothing on earth half so holy As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of household They are angels of God in disguise---His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses His glory still beams from their eyes-O those truants from earth and from heaven They have made me more manly and mild, And I know now how Jesus could liken The kingdom of God to a child.

Vale of Crnix.

we drew up.

Mary.

parcels.

TOBOB.

we came to one happily set about with

old oak trees, before the 'gate of which

thinking of her as I washed my hands

and brushed my hair in the blue walled

bedroom on the second floor with white

Seek not a life for the dear ones All radiant as others have done, But that life may have just as much shadow To temper the glare of the sun. I would pray God to guard them from evil,

But my prayer would bound back to myself Ah! a scraph may pray for a sinner, pray for himself But a sinner mu

The twig is so easily bended, I have banished the rule and the rod; I have taught them the goodness of know

ledge, They have taught me the goodness of God My heart is a dungeon of darkness, Where I shut them for breaking a rule; My frown is sufficient correction

My love is the law of the school I shall leave the old house in the antumn The traverse its threshold no more:

Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones That meet me each morn at the dear once That meet me each morn at the deor. I shall mise the "good mights" and the kisses, And the gush of their innocent glee, The grup on the green, and the flowers That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss then at morn and at even. Their song in the school and the street I shall miss the low hum of their voices. And the tramp of their delicate feet. When the lessons and tasks are all ended And Death says the school is dismis May the little ones gather around me, And bid me "good-night" and be kissed.

## WHAT WAS IT?

I was engaged to Angelina Melville. and I thought myself the luckiest man living. Angelina was so handsome that was mild praise that she could not have no strangers ever saw her without ex- objected to, only I said it very often. pressing admiration, and one did not I preached on the next Sunday. It was weary with the face after years of famil- settled that I should spend the summer iarity with it. She was well-bred, acthere. I wrote this to Angelina: complished and a great heiress. I had great reasons to believe she was very fond of me. No man could be more content than I was as I leaned back in the care of Deacon Stevenson. I will before he went away he said he was enthe first-class carriage which took me remain with him while I preach here.' from Glasgow into the country, to the

few Sabbaths. The pulpit was vacant, and I was knew him. How motherly was Mrs. ashamed, but I can't help it. He seem-

sauntered away down the railroad. to pieces. I took his place on the bench and I sought the poor child in my arm. In waited. In a few minutes a prim little a moment she came to herself, and said old gentleman appeared upon the top of she had overtired herse'f, she thought. the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, They had been baking all day and it was and under either arm a brown paper

door, put the key in his pocket, and a crash to the ground and was shattered

warm. And now she bade me good-night. But I did not see her the next And now she bade me goodparcel. I knew at a glance that it was day, nor the next. She hupt her room, and was not well enough to bid me good Are you Mr. Meetabgert ?" he inqui ed mildly, as he appreached. 1 want to know ! I hadn's any expectation of be-ing kept so long, but, you see, it saves the women folks trouble to fetch things bye. Poor little Mary ! I felt very misers ble. However, Angelina met me ut Glas-

gew. She was more beautiful than ever -more elegant in contrast to my simple when I drive down. (Step in, wen't you! I'll just hang this can of parraffine ile on country friend-and very soon I laughed at myself for the thought that had been behind. Some dislike the smell-mayin my heart. Of course I said it was the be you do. The sugar-leaf, tes and baking that had overcome Mary-it was coffee can go under the seat as well as not my news. I had only been to her as not. How's your health, sir, and how a friend-as a brother. Is had not made do you like Vale of Cruix ? love to her; above all, I had not flirted I answered that my health was good with her. But I though of Mary a great and I had not, as yet, seen much of

deal, and I missed her every hour exactly-oh, yes, exactly-as I might a sis-'No you haven't,' said the old gentleman. 'Well, you'll drive through it

I wrote to Mrs. Stevenson, and her new.' And he shoek the reins, and the answer was very brief. herse began to stumble along. And on "I haven't much time to write,"

we dreve past certain rows of brick said in her postscript. "Mary is sick, houses very much like each other, and and, besides being driven, I am very with the same flowers in their front anxious." gardens, until, having passed the church,

This letter was in my pocket on that day when Angelina and I went together to the bazaar for the benefit of the church of St. Matthew.

'A girl stood at the gate-a fair girl After we had roamed about the bazaar in a blue muslin dress and white apron. 'Take the sugar, Mary, before it gets and bought all sorts of knick-knacks I escerted Angelina to a seat and there sat upset,' said the deacon. 'This is Mr. down to wait while one of the ladies Mactaggert, that's to preach for us. who, "on this occasion only," was doing Mr. Mactaggert, this is my daughter good, onerous, hard work, brought me a tray of refreshments. We bowed, and she vanished with the

As we sat there shipping our coffee, two women sat down at the next table 'What a lovely little creature !' sail I to myself. "Nothing like Angelina, but so pretty !' And I found myself with their back to us.

Mr. Clarke, a broker, was the victim of a sharper in the effice of the Union Bank. He was counting his money preparatory to making a depesit, when the stranger told him he had dropped some money. He stopped to lift it, but found nothing. On lifting his head he discovered that a package of bills, amounting to \$200, was gene, as well as the obliging stranger. "I am very tired, are you not, Mrs Russell f" and the other answered: "Yes. I am tired. I don't think that it is worth the while to come all the way from Vale of Cruix to Glasgow sight-

fringed counterpanes and curtains, and seging." two black silhouttes over the mantel This was the voice of Stevenson's nearpiece on either side of the china vase of

est neighbor, and I liked her and respected her, yet did not feel quite sure There were only four of us at the how Angelina would like an introductable-the deacon, his wife, a stout lady tion, and so refrained from looking who never said any more than she could around and making myself known. help, and Mary. She had spent the last "I think we had better have tea," said winter at Glasgow, and she talked about the voice. "It's more refreshing than what she had seen. She was self poscoffee. Oh, how is Mary to day ? Think sessed, and oh, so pretty ! Now Angelof my never asking before." ina was splendid and queenly, so this

"Mary is poorly," said Mrs. Russell. "Oh, Mrs. Cullen, what a pity it is that that flirting young minister came down to Vale of Cruix. I don't know what Mrs. Stevenson was about to let

'Since you cannot be with me it does him do as he did. We all thought he not matter where I am-this stupid was courting Mary. She did, poor child. place as well as any other. Address to She just loved him dearly. And the day gaged to some girl in Glasgow. I'm It was a pleasant summer, despite the afraid it's broken her heart. She teld Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a dullness of the place. How good the me all all about it. "Oh, aunty Rusquaint old deacon was, when one really sell," she said, "I know I ought to be

But one thing is on my conscience. [] To the Medical Profession, and all whom t may concen have never been able to ask myself the

Phosphatine, or Nerve Food, a Phos question. "Did I flirt with Mary. If phate Element based upon Scientific Facts, Formulated by Professor Austin,

The following is the common sense treatment for a horse out of condition (in fact all horses require like treatment this time of year.) a good Purging Ball followed by a course of strong tonic bowder. These are both to be had in Zook's Tonic Compound and Blood MIX fure, as each package contains a the reaching your druggist about it: Geo. Rhynas, agent for Goderich. Vaccetable or Mineral Poisone, Optates, Narcotics, and no Stimplants, out simply by the Phosphatic and Gartrie Elements found in our daily food. A single bottle is sufficient to convince. All Druggists sell it. \$1.00 per bottle. LOWDEN & Co., sole agents for the Dominion, 55 Front Street East. Toronto.

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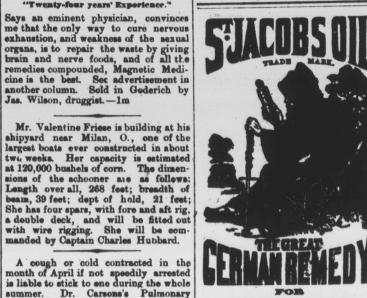
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JAMES VICK. Rochester. N.

Mr. Slen reply, thank ful address. brought to a

stupid.

Casual remembrances of elegant pared in portieres of velvets; chairs and a raffine can. I wrote my sermons at one ienal, flitted through my mind. And I at the other sewing. Between us was a she said. thought also of a table spread with sil- lamp with a green paper shade. Now ver and rare china with a lady at its and then a big bug would fly into the head, who resembled a queen. As I window and go humming about her the train was coming to a standstill.

four or five trunks on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sun bonnet, the other by red-haired boy with bare feet; and a queer, knock-kneed horse attached to a queer old gig, was standing at a little distance. A young man in a light summer suit, and a city family bent on rural happiness, were Sunday evening. my companions on the platform.

The former put the trunk in the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sun bonnet, took the reins and drove away. He was evidently the son of the family, come home to spend his vacation. The secret if you will keep it for a while, rest of the trunks and city family-Mary. mother, father and a little boy, nursemaid and baby-were put in the wagon gert." and driven by the boy.

When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform-alone, but you always thought came from my sister for the station master, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe.

In a moment more the official, without looking at me, made the remark: "Descon Stevenson has come for the I shall tell Angelina how good you have minister. He's over in the hotel and will be back in a minute.' 'Thank you,' said I.

Why, Mary-" The station-master took no notice of For as I spoke, I felt the little hand I me, but, having climbed upon a stool held grew cold and heavy in mine. I possibilities that I have lost with Ange-

going to try my wings. With my pe- Stevenson ! As for Mary, she grew ed to like me so. I hope I shall die of cuniary prospects I scarcely thought I sweeter every day. I often wondered this fever, for life is nothing to me. should care to accept a call to the Vale what Angelina would have said if she Ashamed ? Why, it's he who ought to of Cruix, but I had no objection to fill- could have seen me helping her to pick be ashamed. Of all things, a minister ing its pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Angelina had gone to the west coast, to carry home the milk pail, driving her to be a cold, cruel flirt, and that is what Hugh Mactaggert is."

and Glasgow was warm and stuff and over to the country grocery and return- I listened, but I could not move or ing with a freight of groceries-Ange- speak. I felt as though my heart also lina, who knew nothing of domestic de- was breaking, and oh, the time I suffersonages built in Queen Anne's style; of tails, and whose monegrammed and per- ed ! The women drank their tea and a study where the footfalls were soften- fumed letters were often brought over left, and then Angelina turned to me ed by Persian rugs, and the doors drap- from the office in company with the pa- with a cold, sarcastic smile. "I see by your face that the little desk carved richly as some old confess- end of the round table, while Mary sat story is perfectly true, Mr. Mactaggert,

"Angelina," I faltered, "I have done nothing that should give offence to you." "Nothing but love another woman." breathed a luxurious sigh I awaken- head, or a moth would try to singe its she answered. "Love her and let her ed from my day dream to acknowledge wings over the lamp chimney, and I zee it, meaning to marry me. Don't that the words 'Vale of Cruix' were be would drive it out. The old people think I am hurt; indeed I am relieved. ing should on the platform, and that would go to bed after a while, and then I should have kept my word to you for Mary and I would find ourselves hun- this; but not so gladly as I oncewould. I seized my traveling bag from the gry, and she would go into the kitchen You are a very good looking man, but rack overhead and hurried out of the and "something good." I always held on the whole you don't suit me. 1 met carriage. The porters had just pulled the light for her. And when something Mr. S. at Milport, and he does. Frankgood was found, we ate it in the back ly, I have been thinking what a pity it perch, sitting side by side on the step was that I must decline his offer. As for like two children. this-Mary, is it not ?- wouldn't she

She was like a child, that little Mary, make a very good clergyman's wife ?" It came to my mind that she wouldthat it seemed no harm to ask her to that she was the only wife for me; that kiss me good night, or to hold her hand Angelina, splendid as she was, would in mine, as it rested on my arm, in our never have made me happy. long walks home from the church on

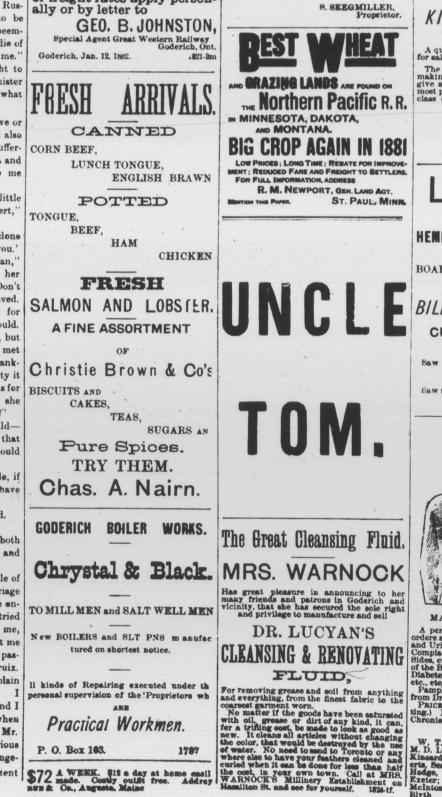
But I only said: "Miss Melville, if The summer passed, Ooctober came you desire to have your freedom, I have no choice.' Angelina returned to the city and wrote

to me. It was while we were eating "I desire it greatly," she answered. "It is yours," I said, with a bow. peaches and cream in the back porch that I said to Mary, 'I will tell you a After that I think that we were both happier that we had been for days, and shook hands when we parted.

That night I went up to the Vale of "Oh, of course I will, Mr. Mactag-Cruix. I told Mary that my marriage "I am going to be married this fall, was broken off, and that she was the on ly woman I had ever loved. She tried Mary," I said. "Those pretty letters to summon up her pride and refuse me,

but failed in the attempt and let me came from the lady who is going to martake her to my heart. To-day I am pasry me. She is very beautiful, very rich, tor of the church at the Vale of Cruix. very stylish, but kind. You must know and see us, Mary, when we are married. Mary is my wife, and we are as plain and quiet a pair as you could fancy. I been to me-what a sweet little sister I even help my wife pick currants, and I found out here in the Vale of St. Cruix. have taken a turn at the garden when

help was scarce. But I do not envy Mr. S. his wife, nor pine for the luxurious and made some changes in a time regis- saw her sink backward. The big china lina. Mary and my little home content \$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easil made. Coshy outfit free. Addrey num & Co., Augusta, Maine ter on the wall of the station, lecked the bowl of peaches and cream slipped with me.



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