

All arose who were sitting, and sang as follows :

*Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adore !
These creatures bless, and grace that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.*

When the benediction had been sung, to which the pastor contributed a passable tenor, the company sat again ; and while they crumbled biscuits into their soup, or buttered them, Mr. Jenwig observed : " I perceive, Mrs. Harding, that the table is full. All who were hidden came."

To this Mrs. Harding replied : " All came, sir, excepting your wife, Mrs. Jenwig."

" I find your suegra, Mrs. Harding, to be an excellent substitute," replied Mr. Jenwig.

The dowager, Mrs. Harding, observed : " When my last daughter bowed at Hymen's altar, and was bound with a golden band, I supposed that my last attendance at weddings was arrived ; but God has permitted to me another sadness."

" You very properly associate a wedding with pensiveness," said Mr. Jenwig, " for the happiest, the sweetest events of our lives have the deepest tinge of sadness."

The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

But I presume that when your daughters married, and you gave weddings for them, the rule was to invite only the elite, and to expect a suitable present from each."

" Such was the rule," replied Mrs. Harding. " At my own wedding, I remember, a lady presented me with this ring—intended for a different finger, I fancy, from that which carries it ; but I found the golden band of conjugality loose, and have worn the lady's gift to guard it."

" I trust," said Mr. Jenwig, " that your granddaughter opposite may wear her ring as long."

In reply to this, Mrs. Cozmel observed : " I fear, sir, that the women of this generation are not made for wearing, as was that to which Mrs. Harding and I belong."

Mr. Jenwig replied : " I must beg to dissent from your opinion, Mrs. Cozmel, altho many particular cases lend support to the tenability of your supposition. Mrs. Harding will admit that her granddaughter is of promise equal to any in her generation in the matter of longevity. The young women of to-day, on the whole, succeed in combining form with health, and grace with solidity."

A man at another part of the table now spoke in reply : " But are not women of to-day the continuation of maidens who have been stuffed with bookish lore, so that their minds are hopelessly incapable to discern the fitness of cream for butter, of pies for the oven, or of clothes for the board of ironing ?"

The mother of Frances observed at this point : " John is a confirmed womanhater."

Mr. Jenwig said : " Doubtless many are filled to emptiness, but by no means the average maiden ; for one who spends her days on her lap dog and her toilette, there are twenty who offer their young energies to their mothers for direction. But of course, when a maiden has been shot by Cupid, she is not regular in her service, nor does the sympathizing mother censure the forgetfulness."