

EVENING.

BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

Slowly shadows creep over the lee,
Deep ning and lengthening silently,
Stretching away toward the setting sun—
If busy, bright day is almost done.

In the early morn we started forth,
When dew was fresh on the tender earth,
And the happy songs on sweet air borne
With an inspiration filled the morn.

Not alone were we in those bright hours,
For many and true the friendships ours;
And love grew ever more close and sweet,
As we trod life's way with eager feet.

But one by one they have stepped aside
Into a bark on a mystic tide;
We strain our vision, but catch no gleam
Of fading forms far over the stream.

Then we closer clasp the hands that stay,
And thoughtfully tread life's changing way;
And we watch the evening mists that rise
From landscape gray to glowing skies.

As night steals on I may not know
What loving hand from my clasp shall go;
When the fading light of day is done
I may stand by the river's brink alone.

But beyond the twilight, day will rise;
Eternal glory brightens the skies;
A new, glad morning will be begun,
Never to close with a setting sun.

A STORY OF THE ENGLISH
DERBY DAY.

(Continued.)

And what a sight these pleasure-mongers were in themselves! Here was a carriage load of men with masks, — masks of noses—red and purple and white noses—we will not say there were not blue and green ones, but mostly ruddy, vast, and impudent, giving a wonderfully ruinous air to the faces behind them. Here, hats garlanded with small wooden dolls over heads that must have been somewhat wooden too; there, with broad bands, on which the name of the winning horse was printed in large letters; here, a van load of men shouting and bowing to the female spectators on the road side, some with grotesquely sentimental faces, and with eyes that spelt out a five-lettered word, the fore-runner of all foolery, much too well-known to need naming here; and there was a bevy of men with peablowers, all earnestly engaged in the interesting task of blowing peas at the bystanders. In this dog-cart a well-proportioned and rather intelligent looking young man was shooting an intensely ugly jack-in-a-box into the faces of some children, who stood open-mouthed at the fun and wonderment; and in that, a tall, stout man with grey hair was turning round the handle of a child's twopenny toy, with the utmost gravity that drollery and drunkenness could assume. In this carriage rolled women with grand dresses, white lace parasols, white veils, blue dresses, staring crimson dresses, women that were beautiful, and that would have been more so in other places and in better surroundings, close by those who were not so, who were positively ugly with the ugliness of debauchery and sin. Smiles, ribands, red, white, and blue, paper roses, harlequin attire, pipes, drink, dirt, excitement, crime, folly, were everywhere in this rapidly moving crowd. The froth of humanity was there, very frothy, the wild tunder side of human nature was uppermost, the side that when a spark falls upon it is forthwith in a blaze, requiring the quenching waters of a gaol or an asylum so put it out. But there were far other expressions to be seen than these of jollity or inane merriment. Here and there Julia saw faces in the crowd that impressed themselves on her memory like a sorrowful dream, or

a tale of anguish. Here and there again, were faces that strove and strove in vain to smile and smile with the rest, and make believe they were happy. Intense excitement and mental pain had left traces round eye and mouth and forehead that were not to be brushed away by the leather brush of folly, and even pride itself staggered under the labor of putting misery out of sight for a few minutes. One young man made no such attempt. Pride was dead and buried for the time with him, and feathers could not well tickle the nerves of a corpse. He drove on amongst the noise and crowd with a sharp, pale face, utterly unconscious and unimpressed by all that was around him, his eyes fixed on an unseen something before him that was vast and terrible enough to fill his horizon with misery, and that left him nothing else to see. Men jeered at him as he passed by, but he did not hear them; they stared impudently into his ghastly face, but he knew nothing of it; he was seated in an abstraction of mental agony that was beyond their reach to disturb. That he managed to drive clear of wheels and horses' feet, to keep his course unharmed and unharmed, was a miracle; but he did it. His servant man by his side sat rigid as a statue, and gave him no help. Perhaps he knew that none was required, but to Julia's eyes it seemed every moment as if the reins must fall, the young man must sink down in a swoon, and the horse bound wildly among the crowd, mad with freedom. But it was not so. The young man with his misery went out of her sight like the rest, without any especial accident. He rolled on like a shadow into the gray twilight that already began to hang about the distance.

But where was her husband? he was to be back in good time and she had not yet begun to doubt his word. The shop shutters were put to by this time, the baby was in bed, she had no other care on her mind, so this care about the return of her husband had a little more force. It was, perhaps, well for her that there was so much life and movement close at hand to divert her attention. People were still returning—returning! What an endless stream it seemed! She began to be a little dizzy with so much whirl and bustle; would it ever end? and would George ever come home? What could he be about? Lifting up her head, she saw Mrs. Robert's pale face at her upstairs window, she, too, was watching for her husband's return, she, too, was anxious, but with more reason than herself. Julia almost longed to go up and comfort her with sympathizing words—if words could comfort. At last came Mr. Robert's carriage. The pony had lost his peonies and his ribands and the pride of his neck, and held down his poor tired little head as he brought the carriage to a stand against his master's door. He looked as if he had had nothing to eat the whole day, and Julia would have pitied him only that she was so busy looking at his master, who leaped from his carriage on to the pavement, and threw the whip towards the man-servant with a face white with anger. His companions of the morning were not with him. He had driven home alone, and as he strode up the steps and entered the great hall door of his house, Julia felt her heart beat with a sudden terror. What would he do and say to his wife when he got inside? But she had other thoughts the next moment, George's voice was at her ear. 'What are you thinking of?' he was saying. 'I've spoken twice to you; I'm tired and hungry.' His voice was rather cross, but she was too glad to see him to think much about that; when he had had his supper he would be all right again.

After supper she asked, 'And what about the races, George?' 'Ladybird's won,' said he, indifferently; 'didn't you see it on the men's hats?' 'Yes, but, George, how have you gone on? Have you enjoyed yourself?' 'Oh, all right,' he said; but his tone did not sound all right. It was dull work to come home from the races in this way. What made him so dispirited? She sat silent for awhile, and he did not seem inclined to talk. All at once she colored up, looked him in the face, and asked, 'George, have you been betting?' George threw a quick, startled glance at her. He did not like the question; but he managed to answer it with a joke. 'Yes; I've bet that you are the prettiest woman out of London, Julia, and I know I shall win my bet.'

'But, George!'
'But Julia! If you will say no more about it, it will be all the better. What's that lad Biddles been doing all day?' Biddles was the errand boy. 'He's been to the downs. He said you'd given him leave. I saw him come back, just now, half tipsy. What will his poor old grandmother say?'

'What she likes; but she'd better be quiet, and be glad he'd no money to lose, like some who are older.'

'Like Mr. Roberts,' said Julia, significantly.

Her husband looked at her in surprise. 'How do you know that Mr. Roberts has lost money?' he asked.

And then Mrs. Roberts's tale was told, not altogether. Julia suppressed some details, but told enough to impress him with its gravity. George looked very grave, and at length uneasy and distressed; and presently he rose up, put on his hat and went out, saying he would be back in ten minutes. He was pale when he went out, but when he returned in half an hour he was still paler. He tossed his hat upon the table, the green veil was still fastened to it, and as it streamed upwards in the fall it caught the blaze of the unprotected gas light, and was on fire directly. George did not at first appear to notice the accident, but Julia screamed and snatched the hat to throw it upon the floor that it might do no further harm. Her husband seized her by the arm and stamped upon both hat and veil with a savage earnestness that ensured the destruction of both. 'Who cares for a paltry hat?' he exclaimed, when she remonstrated with him. 'We're ruined, Julia. What does a hat matter?'

'Ruined, George? What do you mean?'

'Just what I say. Haven't I spoken plain enough? We are ruined, and there's an end of it.'

'Oh, George! you have been betting, then?'

'Of course I have,' he said snappishly. 'Did I ever say I hadn't? I've betted with your uncle's money and lost it, and now you know' and when he had said this he sat down in the arm chair, put his hands before his face, and remained silent for a long time, lost in misery, as it seemed.

Mrs. Meadows was thunderstruck. Her uncle's money was what had been lent to George to commence business with—or, at least, what was in the bank accumulating to return to him at the proper time. He would expect some of it very soon; he would be very angry when it was not forthcoming, and he might demand the whole more quickly than they had expected. If that were the case, how could they find it? They would have to sell up—they would be ruined, as George said. How could George be so cruel, so dishonest, so weak, as to gamble away money that was not his own? The money must be returned, for her uncle could ill afford to spare it. He would be in difficulties himself, if George did not repay at the right time. It was terrible! And the shame of having to confess how it had gone; of having her husband, that she

had been so proud of, lowered in the eyes of her relatives! And if they were sold up—thrown upon the world penniless—oh, how could she bear it? She saw in imagination the sale, the crowd of gapers and scandal-mongers—the flight from their little home. And then she thought of the baby and herself, and the tears struck into her eyes, and for a moment or two she felt too angry with George to wish to ease his sorrow, to say a word of forgiveness. Let him bear his trouble as he could. He deserved to be made to feel.

But this feeling did not last long, she was far too true and too loving a wife for that. George had done wrong, but how did she know his temptations? What snares had been set for his feet—what wicked men had been about him—what delusive hopes had been given him? So she came near him in awhile, put her hand on his shoulder, and, leaning over him, kissed his hot forehead. It was a sorrowful kiss, but it was a loving one; and he understood what it meant, and thereupon began to abuse himself, to talk of being unworthy of her, to ask her forgiveness, to call himself fool, and scamp, and scoundrel.

He told her how it all came about. The acquaintance with Mr. Roberts had been the beginning of all this trouble. Roberts had inveigled him into it, sometimes by the aid of wine and flattery mingled, sometimes by working upon his cupidity or cowardice. He had introduced him to his friends, and they had introduced him to a betting-book and when George became afraid, Mr. Roberts always assured him he would see him out of any trouble that might happen. He had been in this way induced to stake seventy pounds upon Loosestrife, one of the running horses, and to-day Loosestrife had been fourth in the race instead of first. The seventy pounds were gone; but he had hoped that Mr. Roberts would be as good as his promise, and lend him money for awhile. And now Mr. Roberts was ruined, and in custody! He had come home foaming with passion at the losses of that day. His wife had met him on the staircase and had reproached him for his extravagant gambling, and in his anger he had fallen upon her and beaten her till her life was despaired of.

'They say he's lost twenty thousand pounds this last year by betting upon horses,' George said. 'Anyway, he's been a villain to the woman he promised to love and protect. What'll she do now, if she lives? There isn't a penny left, the gardener told me, not a penny. As for him, I hope he'll have to work with a chain round his middle yet. He deserves it! Why should he want to ruin me as well as himself? My seventy pounds would seem like a drop in the bucket to such as he.'

But it was no drop in the bucket to the Meadowses. Long and painfully they both had to toil in after years, through the loss of that seventy pounds. Julia's pretty face became thin and pale with anxiety as time went on, and George's grey hairs came early. Both had reason to remember bitterly the great gambling table at Epsom.

THE END.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

BY A. M. M.

Elizabeth Wardlaw R. was the only daughter of Lady Anne and Mr. W. K. (of T—, in Scotland). She was a very beautiful, animated and affectionate child, though, when a baby, she sometimes showed an impatience of contradiction. When she was scarcely a year old, Dr. W., of Sterling, visiting at T—, took her up in his arms, kissed and blessed her, and placing her on her mother's knee, said: "I do not think it right to prophesy, but if ever I saw a lamb of the Lord's own flock, that is one."

When she was about two years old,