

Which shall it be?
For thee? Or me?
O, who shall be the first to hear
The distant voice approaching near?
The sound that tells the happy day
The ringing call that ends away?

Which shall it be?
To me, or to thee?
That awful order, "Henceforth mine
The dearest of the daily kiss,
Await the step that does not come,
Be desolate, I smite thy home."

Which shall it be?
Is it for thee—
The summons and the setting forth?
Eyes lifted to the ivy North,
Hands crossed, head bowed, heart frozen
numb,
—Of protest, and of message dumb?

Which shall it be?
Is it for me
To see the mist precede the rain
In eyes that watch o'er mortal pain?
To say, when sunset fires the sea,
"There's dawn for him, but night for me?"

Which shall it be?
To me, or to thee?
Which of us twain shall be the one
To rise, to rest, to weep alone?
Which first, in fate's dark school shall
have
The education of the grave?

Which shall it be?
Great God, to thee
We leave—not a word from these—the
choice,
Since Thine the call, since Thine the
Voices,
And Thine the old and awful art
That tears two clashing lives apart.

Which shall it be?
To thee, or to me,
Hush! Let Him do the deed He must,
Nor ask Him why, nor when, but trust.
For love is old as death and strong,
I think, as He; and live as long.

Selected Serial.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. DARR.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the middle of February before Harry could leave Sandal-Side. He had remained there, however, only out of that deference to public opinion which would not allow him to be absent from his home, and he had been most melancholy and anxious delay. He was not allowed to enter the Squire's room, and, indeed, he shrank from the ordeal. His mother and Charlotte treated him with a reserve he felt to be almost dislike. He had been so accustomed to consider mother-love sufficient to cover all faults that he forgot that there was a stronger tie; forgot that to the tender wife the husband of her son—her lover, friend, companion—was far nearer and dearer than the tie that binds her to sons and daughters.

Also, he did not care to give any consideration to the fact that both his mother and Charlotte resented the kind of daughter who would not leave home upon them. So there was little sympathy with him at Sandal-Side, and he fancied that all the gentlemen of the neighborhood treated him with a perceptible coolness of manner. Perhaps they did. There were social intimacies, mysterious in their origin, and yet binding singularly near the truth. Before circumstances permitted him to leave Sandal-Side, he had begun to hate the Squire and the neighborhood, and everything pertaining to it, with all his heart.

The only place of refuge he had found had been Up-Hill. The day after the catastrophe he found his way there, and with passionate tears, and convulsions, told Duke the terrible story. Duke had some memories of her own wild marriage, which made her tolerant with Harry. She had also been accused of causing her mother's death, and she knew herself too innocent to have suffered by the accusation. She understood Harry's trouble as few others could have done, and though a good deal of her coldness was, on account of his separation from Beatrice, and did not suspect this, and really believed the young man to be breaking his heart over the result of his rash communication.

He was aggressively surprised, also, to find that Stephen treated him with a consideration he had never shown when he was a dashing officer, and that his own good will at his feet. For when any man was in trouble, Harry was sure to take that man's part. He did not look too particularly into the trouble. He had a way of saying to Duke, "There will be faults on both sides." It was a strong knock against him, and he was sure that he was not alone until they strike fire, and may be sure both of them have been hard, mother. Anyway, Harry is in trouble, and there is none but us to stand up for him.

But, in spite of Steve's constant friendship, and Duke's never-failing sympathy, Harry had a bad six weeks. There were days during which he stood in the shadow of death, with almost the horror of a paralytic in his heart. Long, lonely days, empty of everything but anxiety and weariness. Long, stormy days, when he had not even the relief of a walk to Up-Hill. Days in which strangers slighted him. Days in which his mother and Charlotte could not even bear to see him. Days in which he fancied the servants disliked and neglected him. "He was almost happy one afternoon when Stephen met him on the hillside and said, "The Squire is much better. The doctors think he is in no immediate danger. You might go to your wife, Harry, I should say."

"I am glad, indeed, to hear the Squire is out of danger. And I long to go to my sick wife. I get little recreation staying here. I really believe, Steve, that people accuse me of waiting to step into father's shoes. And yet if I go away they will say things just as cruel and untrue."

But he went away before day-dawn next morning. Charlotte came downstairs and served his coffee; but Mrs. Sandal was watching the Squire, who

had fallen into a deep sleep. Charlotte wept much, and said little; and Harry felt at that hour as if he were being very badly treated. He could scarcely swallow, and the intense silence of the house made every slight noise, every low word, so distinct and remarkable that he felt the constraint to be really painful.

"Well, he says, rising in haste, "I may as well go without a kind word. I am not to have one, apparently."

"Who is here to speak it? Can father? or mother? or I? But you have that word!"

"Good-by, Charles."

She bit her lips, and wrung her hands, and, moaning like some wounded creature, lifted her face, and kissed him.

"Good-by. Fare you well, poor Harry."

A little purse was in his hand when she took her hand away; a netted silk one that he had watched the making of, and there was the glimmer of gold pieces through it. With a blush he put it in his pocket, for he was sorely pressed for money; and the small gift was a great one to him. And it almost broke his heart. He felt that it was all he could give him—a little gold, and all the sweet love that had once been his.

His horse was standing ready saddled. Oester Bill opened the yard gate, and watched him ride slowly away down the lane. When he had gone far enough, he took the clatter of the hoofs, he put the creature to his snuff, and Bill waved the lantern as a farewell. Then, as it was still dark, he went back to the stable, and lay down to sleep until the day broke, and the servants began to stir up the house.

When Harry reached Ambleside it was quite light, and he went to the Salvation Inn, and ordered his breakfast. He had been a favorite with the landlady all his life long, and she allowed him to his comfort with many kindly inquiries and many good wishes. "And what do you think now, Captain Sandal? There has been a man from Up-Hill with a letter for you."

"Is he gone?"

"That he is. He would not wait even for a bite of good victuals. He was drowsy, though, and I gave him a glass of beer. Then him and his little Gallop went themselves off, without more words about it. Here it is, and Mr. Latrigg's writing on it, or I wasn't christened Hannah Stately."

Harry opened it a little anxiously, but his heart lightened as he read:

DEAR HARRY,—If you show me the inclined city of paper to your old friend Hannah Stately, she will give you a hundred pounds for it. That is but a little bit of the kindness in mother's heart and mine for you. At Sandal-Side I will speak up for you always, and will send you a true word about all that gets on there. God bless the Squire and bring you and him together again.

Your friend and brother,
STEPHEN LATRIGG.

And so Harry went on his way with a lighter heart. Indeed, he was not inclined at any time to shun someone of which he had escaped. Every mile which he put between himself and Sandal-Side gave back to him something of his old gay manner. He began first to write to his mother, and then to his sister, and in a few hours he was in comfortable relations with his own conscience; and this not because he was deliberately cruel or wicked, but because he was sick and loved pleasure, and considered that there was no use in being so lonely and sorrow as he was, and he would not let himself be a compliment to others.

And so to Italy and to love he sped as fast as money and steam could carry him. And on the whole, he was very best to put out of his memory the large, lonely, gray "Seat," with its solemn, mysterious chamber of suffering, and its wraiths and memories and fearful fighting away of death.

But on the whole, he hoped when Stephen had given him of the Squire's final recovery was a too flattering one. There was, perhaps, no immediate danger of death, but there was still less prospect of entire recovery. He had begun to remember to tell every word or two to use his hands in the weak uncertainty of a young child; but in the main he lay like a giant bound by invisible and unvincible bonds; speechless, motionless, looking through his large, pathetic eyes, the help and comfort of those who bent over him. He had quite lost the fine, firm contour of his face, his ruddy color was all gone; indeed, the country expression of "day's best" best of all words described the colorless, still countenance amid the white pillows in the darkened room.

As the spring came on he gained strength and intelligence, and one lovely day his own limbs began to creak out of the window. The lattices were wide open, and he might see the trees tossing about their young leaves, and the grass like green in paradise, and hear the bees hummings and the apple-blossoms, and the sheep bleating on the fells. The earth was full of the beauty and the tranquillity of God. The Squire looked long at the familiar sights, speechless, motionless, looking through his large, pathetic eyes, the help and comfort of those who bent over him. He had quite lost the fine, firm contour of his face, his ruddy color was all gone; indeed, the country expression of "day's best" best of all words described the colorless, still countenance amid the white pillows in the darkened room.

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think, indeed, our proper place is there. The affairs of the farm and the family must be attended to, and what will they do on quarter-day? Of course Harry will not remain there. It would be unkind, wrong, and in exceedingly bad taste.

"Poor, dear father!" And, oh, Julius, what a disgrace to the family! A singular! How could Harry behave so shamefully to us all?"

"Harry never cared for any mortal but himself. How disgracefully he behaved about our marriage; for this same woman's sake, I have no doubt. You must remember that I disapproved of Harry from the very first. The idea of terminating a *liaison* of that kind with a marriage! Harry ought to be put out of decent society. You and I ought to be at Sandal-Side now. Charlotte will be pushing that Stephen Latrigg into the Sandal affairs, and you know what I think of Stephen Latrigg. He is to be feared, too, for he has capabilities, and Charlotte to back him; and Charlotte was always underhand, Sophia. You would not see it, but she was. Order your trunks to be packed at once—don't forget to take your own, and I will have a conversation with the Judge."

Judge Thomas Sandal was by no means a bad fellow. He had left Sandal-Side under a sense of great injustice, but he had done him wrong. Those who had done him wrong had disappeared into the cloud of death. He had forgotten all his grievances, he had even forgotten the infliction of the pain. He was a little proud of having sprung from such a grand old race. Therefore, when Julius told him what had happened and frankly said he thought he could buy from Harry Sandal's rights of ownership to the estate, Judge Thomas Sandal saw nothing unjust in the affair.

The law of primogeniture had always appeared to him a most unjust and foolish law. In his own youth it had been a source of trouble to him, and he had always declared it was a shame to give Launcelot everything, and William and himself scarce a crumb of the family loaf. To his eldest brother, as his "elder brother," he had always been a "finer fellow," he said one day to his mother; "far more worthy to follow father than Launcelot. If there is any particular merit in keeping up the old name and lineage, it is in the fact that father chose the best of us to do it!"

For such revolutionary and disrespectful sentiments he had been frequently in disgrace; and the end of the disputing had been his own expatriation, and the hearing of a family of East-Indian Sandals.

He heard Julius with approval, "I think you have a very good plan," he said. "Harry Sandal, with his play-acting wife, would have a very bad time of it among the Dalesmen. He knows it. He will have no desire to feel the feeling. I am sure he will be glad to have a sum of ready money in lieu of such an uncomfortable right as the Latriggs, my mother's ways detest him. Sophia is a very good girl, but she is certainly your claim would be before that of a Charlotte Latrigg."

"Harry, too, is one of those men who are always poor, always wanting money. I dare say I can buy his succession for a song."

"No, no. Give him a fair price. I never thought much of Jacob buying poor Esau out for a mess of pottage. It was a mean trick. I will put ten thousand pounds at Bander's in Threadneedle Street. Let me see you draw it all if you find it just and necessary. The rental ought to determine the value. I want you to have Sandal-Side, but I do not want you to steal it. However, my brother William may not die for some years, and these Dale squires are a century-living race."

In accordance with these plans and intentions, Sophia wrote. Her letter, was, therefore, one of great and general sympathy; it was a very clever letter indeed. It completely deceived every one. The Squire was told that Sophia and Julius were coming, and his face brightened a little. Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte forgot all but their need of some help and comfort which was fast help and comfort, free of ceremony, and springing from the same love, hopes, and intentions.

Stephen, however, foresaw trouble. "Julius will get the Squire under his finger," he said to Charles. "He will make himself indispensable about the estate. As for Sophia, she could always work mother to her own purposes. Mother obeyed her will, even while she concealed her disapproval of her authority. So, Charlotte will begin at once to build Latrigg Hall. I know it will be needed. The plan is drawn, the site is chosen; and next Monday ground shall be broken for the foundation."

There is no harm in building your house, Sophia. If it is to be a fine house, mother and I would be here upon Harry's sufferance. He might leave the place in our care, he might bring his wife to it any day."

"And how could you live with her?"

"It would be impossible. I should feel as if I were living with my father's wife—the one who really gave father the death-blow."

So when Julius and Sophia arrived at Sandal-Side, the walls of Latrigg Hall were rising above the ground. A most beautiful site had been chosen for it—the lowest spur on the western side of the fell; a charming plateau facing the sea, shaded with great oaks, and sloping gently down to the water's edge. The plan showed a fine central building, with lower wings on each side. The wide porches, deep windows, small stone balconies gave a picturesque appearance to the general effect. This house had been the dream of Stephen, and he had an ambition to make it his own. He foresaw, through them, the social influence and political power, and he had an ambition to make it his own. He foresaw, through them, the social influence and political power, and he had an ambition to make it his own.

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"I have seen the plan of Latrigg Hall," said Julius one day to Sophia. "An absurdly fine building for a man of Stephen's birth. What will he do with it? It will require as large an income as Sandal-Side to support it."

"Stephen is rich. His grandfather left him a great deal of money. Ducie will add considerably to the sum, and Stephen seems to have the faculty of getting it. My mother says he is managing three 'walks,' and all of them are doing well."

"Nevertheless, I do not like him. 'In-law' kinsmen and kinswomen are generally detestable. Look at my brothers-in-law, Mr. Harry Sandal and Mr. Stephen Latrigg, and my sisters-in-law, Mrs. Harry Sandal and Miss Charlotte Sandal; a pretty undesirable quartette, I think."

"And look at mine. For sisters-in-law, Mahal and Judith Sandal; for brothers-in-law, William and Tom Sandal; a pretty undesirable quartette, I think."

Julius did not relish the retort; for he replied still, "If so, they are at least at the other end of the world, and not likely to trouble you, that is surely something in their favor."

(To be continued.)

The Best Day in the Week.

BY MARY HEDLEY SCUDDER.

"What is the best day in the week, children?" I sometimes ask my little flock of six, and the answer is a chorus: "Sunday, mother!"

"Perhaps at the close of Sunday I will hear a little voice say: 'Hush! it's been a nice day!'"

Or in the evening prayer they will, with one accord, thank the dear Lord for giving us Sunday and such good times."

Many parents tell me that the problem of having quiet, happy children on the Lord's Day is hard to solve, and this experience may help some one.

I do not think we had any definite plan about the day when we were gradually added to the idea that made it "the best in the week." Sunday really began Saturday night, with the bath and frolic, for father always saves this hour for the bath, and it is a suitable way to the happy holiday with the idea of being clean and pure for God's House and so they shine like the corners of the temple. If Sunday dawns clear, we congratulate ourselves on such a lovely Lord's Day. If it storms, we are glad to have a move, as God has some purpose in sending rain or snow.

At breakfast there is always some favorite dish to mark the day. After the meal comes prayers, when all gather about father to rehearse the Sunday-school lesson, learned at his knee during the week; then the Sunday hymn is "rendered by the choir," and well done for little ones.

Duties occupy the time before church, as it will make it easier for the maid, and many a mother has a story