

with it a letter for Bob. There it lay, a large square business-letter, in box 27.—With the friendly assistance of the obliging box-clerk, Bob was soon in possession of the square business-letter. He did not examine the post-mark to learn what town or city it came from. The writing on the cover was sufficient. It was from Liverpool. It was from his father. Bob read the letter, closed it, and quietly remarked, "It's from my father, Mag; I must leave for England on Friday."

"Leave for England on Friday; leave for England on Friday."

What a strange place the Post Office appeared to Maggie. How strange looked Great St. James Street. How strange looked the St. Lawrence Hall over the way; and there was La Banque Jacques Cartier turning right over on top of the Hall; and there were the horses and carriages running over La Banque Jacques Cartier. All was buzz, buzz, buzz.

Poor Maggie, how could she have fallen in love with such a stupid, unfeeling fellow as Bob? There he stood, as unconcerned as a jurymen on a case of manslaughter, while the true and loving heart of that sweet creature by his side was almost rent in twain.

They passed out of the Post Office, and turned towards McGill Street, but almost as soon as they reached the pavement, a crowd of persons, all going to the Post Office to enquire about letters, brought them to a stand-still. Maggie looked up, and there was Worthington's window and the pretty album. She turned her eyes upon Bob, and Bob looked into those eyes, and he read thus,—or, if he didn't, his stupidity was unpardonable,—"Dearest Bob, will you get me that album?" and Bob was on the point of saying yes, when, glancing at the window, his eye caught the words, "BREACH OR PROMISE CASE," in neat gold letters on the back of a neat little book which stood side by side with the pretty album.

This decided prudent Bob. "A gift is strong collateral evidence," mused he, "I shan't commit myself." And so Bob and Maggie went away from the tempting window a second time, without the album.

On the first day of May, 1865, Bob was in the great commercial city of Liverpool, and closeted with his father, Robert Wisacre, the head of the richest Liverpool firm in the Colonial trade, the firm of Wisacre, Spendall & Co., of which Bob himself was the junior partner.

"It can't be possible," exclaimed Bob.

"It is true, you are a beggar boy," replied his father.

It was true Mr. Spendall had "left;" the firm was bankrupt, Bob was a beggar.

On the first day of May, 1865, Maggie was seated in a lawyer's office in Little St. James Street, Montreal. The lawyer was Mr. Philio Goodfellow.

"Impossible!" cried Maggie.

"It is quite true" replied Mr. Goodfellow, "you are an heiress, Miss."

It was true; Maggie's rich, eccentric old uncle had died, and left his "beloved niece, Maggie Somebody, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, Halifax currency." Maggie was a great heiress.

Turn up the *Gazette* of July 16th, and among the list of passengers by the Nova Scotian you will find the name of Robert (Bob) Wisacre. He had come out to wind up the Canadian accounts of his insolvent firm.

That same evening a little bird—it was Cupid's messenger—was seen hopping on the sill of a window through which could be seen the interior of a cosy little parlour of a house in St. Catherine Street. The tea-things were still on the table; one branch only of the handsome gasolier was lighted, and it was half turned off, its feeble blaze giving a dreamy appearance to the apartment. At one end of the parlour, with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece,—for the cosy little parlour is furnished with a mantel-piece,—stood a young and rather gentlemanly looking man; his face bore a thoughtful and slightly careworn expression, and as he stood there, looking earnestly down at his neat foot with his well-fitting, well-polished boot,—he presented the appearance of a man ill at ease with all the world, save and except his bootmaker.

By his side stood a lovely maiden of nineteen or twenty, or, perhaps, twenty-one. Her handsome young face was radiant with smiles—smiles peeping through the joyous tears which bathed her pretty eyes as the kindly sunbeam peeps through the April shower.

Within her delicate little hands she clasped the stout arm of her companion; her eyes were fixed steadfastly upon his face, and she seemed to read his features as though it were a book in which was written down her fate. She gazed upon his unchanging countenance as the mariner gazes upon the sky when the forked lightning flashes through the air, and the lowering clouds thunder forth tales of shipwreck, destruction and death.

At length she exclaimed:

"Oh! Bob, how glad I am to see you again. I have quite forgiven you for not buying that album at Worthington's."

"You never asked me to buy it," Bob replied.

"Never asked you to buy it!" and she looked straight into his eyes as though she would see his heart through them, "never asked you to buy it, Bob?"

Bob's eye gave away before her steady gaze; he looked straight down on the carpet, and appeared intent upon counting the number of threads to the square foot, or perhaps he was speculating on the colours used in dyeing it; he felt ashamed.

"It's no matter Bob, you will buy it now."

Bob raised his head quickly, looked straight at the lovely girl before him, and, with that honourable frankness peculiar to English merchants, exclaimed, "I cannot afford it, I am a beggar."

"A beggar, a beggar, THANK HEAVEN!" and she clasped her pretty hands, and looked upwards.

It is a strange instinct that prompts us all to look upwards when we offer thanks to the Almighty. Good or bad, religious or irreligious, Christian or heathen, we are unconsciously impelled to regard that which is above as the good and great, and that which is below as the bad and wicked.

"Bob, I am an heiress now."

"You are an heiress," cried Bob.

"Yes, Bob, my dear old uncle Jack died about two months ago, and left me two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

Bob was silent.

"Bob, will you—will you—dear Bob, will you not speak to me?" and she laid her dainty little hand upon his shoulder.

"I am a beggar now," granted Bob.

"Oh, how can you say that, Bob, when I love you so dearly?"

"My father's a beggar."

"Oh! Bob, Bob, have pity on me, and ask me to—oh Bob," and she began to sob aloud.

Dear Miss Prude, gentle Miss Prude, kind Miss Prude, pretty Miss Prude, don't condemn poor Maggie overmuch. Please remember that when Bob was rich and herself poor she would not ask him to buy her an album of the value of a paltry pound; and if she all but asks him to marry her now, it is because their respective positions have undergone a very complete change. She is now heiress, and Bob is a beggar; so please, Miss Prude, don't be too severe on poor Maggie, or if you do, I'll never call you dear, gentle, kind and pretty any more.

And you, generous reader, you will not ask me to tell you the sequel of this little love scene: to lay it open to your gentle gaze would be sinful and cruel; suffice it to say that Miss Somebody is now Miss Nobody, or no Miss at all, and that the last mail from England, so says *The Trade Review*, brings the gratifying intelligence that the embarrassments of the old and respectable house of Wisacre, Spendall and Co., were only temporary; that they were caused by the withdrawal of Mr. Spendall from the concern, whose place is now filled by Somebody else, and that the affairs of the new firm of R. Wisacre and Son are in a highly satisfactory state.

W. B. C.

MISTRUST the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.

## GOSSIP FOR LADIES ONLY.

AMONG Parisian novelties may be mentioned a singular "hurling costume." It is composed of plain sailor-blue casimere; the skirt and *casaque* are trimmed with large black velvet horseshoes, crossed with a branch of laurel. The horseshoes are nailed and edged with small steel beads, and still smaller beads are worked upon the laurel branches. The *casaque* is adjusted to the figure, at the back, and the revers in front appear as though they were fastened back with a steel horseshoe. A straw hat bound with black velvet, and a long blue veil, fastened at the side with a horseshoe, complete the costume. The *demi-saison* mantles are beginning to appear. They are very short, and they generally fit the figure, and are fastened with large balls of either jet, rock crystal, mother-of-pearl, or silver. These large balls are likewise used for decorating the *busques* at the back. A bow, composed of loops and ends of either black velvet or *noire* ribbon, is always fastened to the top of the centre of the back. Hats are worn taller than they were at the commencement of the season, and, when the crowns lengthen, the brims are always made round. The newest autumn hats are exactly like those worn during the Renaissance; they describe a Marie Antoinette point both at the front and back, and the sides are turned up. If made of straw, they are bound with velvet; but a great many felt hats have appeared lately in this form. Those require very little trimming; a tuft or a cockade of feathers, a bird, or simply a veil fastened at the side will suffice. When the veil is fastened at the side, a steel *agrafe*, a mother-of-pearl or jet butterfly, or a ribbon cockade, appears to hold the veil in its place. These *agrafes* are generally placed on the turned-up brim of the hat. A blue velvet cockade on a light gray felt with a *crêpe* veil of the same colour as the felt, forms a very lady-like travelling hat. Straw hats turned up with almond-coloured velvet, are also very fashionable for the same purpose. Although morning dresses are conspicuous for their simplicity, the same cannot be said of evening *toilettes* which are as rich and costly as it is possible to make them. This is the season of the year when French ladies wear light silk evening dresses. Light pink, blue, lilac, straw, and especially white silks are now in great request; they must be fresh and tastily trimmed, and the quality must be irreproachable, and then they are considered the thing for a ball. Slight silks appear to be going out of favour. The greatest novelties in silks are striped, with a shaded border, the same colour as the stripe, round the edge of the skirt. For young ladies the trimmings are very simple; a plain skirt, a narrow *berthe*, edged with silk fringe, tipped with either small jet or pearl beads, a long sash at the back cut from the same piece as the dress, and fringed to match the *berthe*, is the most appropriate make.

ANECDOTE OF GOETHE.—The celebrated poet was once sent to the Prussian head-quarters as a commissary for Weimar,—a tall, handsome man, always dressed in court suit, powdered, with a hair-bag and dress-sword, who looked like a minister. Goethe was only a 'fellow' in the sight of the old Prussian Junkers. An old corpulent major, who marched with his battalion into Weimar, joined a party at a wine-house. A young officer asked him whether he had good quarters. "Well, well, decent. I am with one Goethe or Gothe.—deuce take me if I know the fellow's name.—Ah it must be the celebrated Gothe.—It may be so; yes, it may be. I felt the fellow's teeth, and he seems to me to have flies in his head."

The story reminds us of the military man who passed through Weimar at the time of Goethe's funeral, and said afterwards, "A certain Herr von Goethe was being buried. They really made as much noise about it as if the man had been a major."

TO BE WELL BELOVED.—If we are loved by those around us, we can bear the hostility of all the rest of the world, just as, if we are before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the polar regions.