THE WEEKLY MAIL; TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1873.

A PRAYER.

Thou, who dost dwell alone—
Who, when dost Thou not? Thine ears
Thirst to waken all are hers,
From the cradle to the grave,
Hear, O, save,
From the world's temptations;
From irritable mood,
From the fiercer anger,
Vengeance we implore:
From thy temper deep
Serene as the sea,
Calm as the stars, and as the grave;
Save, O, save!
When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God as seeker!
When the soul, mounting higher,
Its God sees no superior;
But the self-fond, Pride,
Stands at her side,
Calling her high emprise,
Whispering her hate-cries.
And, when she fain would soar,
Plucks aside to adze;
Clinging the pure sensation
Of her strong pinion
To a slime-deep union
Of her cross alliance:
Bound to deceive, doomed to enslave—
Save, O, save.
From the legislated fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars Thy creature;
From grief that is but passion;
From mirth that is but forgetting;
From tears that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine own strength revealing,
Save, O, save.
From doubt where all is double;
Where nought does endure save trouble
Where conflict ceases on earth,
Where just man suffer wrong;
Where error reads on joy;
Where sweet things succeed decay;
Where faith sees but sight;
Where love is half unsure;
Hungry and unsure, but sharp as the sea;
O, set us free,
Let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Tossing continually.
O, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife be assuaged;
All pain be healed;
Light bring no blindness;
Love no idolatry;
Knowledge no pride;
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, O, save.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

The enthusiasm of virtue had long since been crushed out of her by dire penury; but now that nothing else remained, the habit of preaching virtue remained; and, like many professions, what have usedfulness to some, in their own creeds, she went on in the same old strain, repeating dead words to lifeless ears.

But they took the money, and went away. Frank noticed how they crawled like a pair of old women. But the elder to appearance, the younger in reality by five or six years, was the poor worn-out shirtmaker.

"Let me get out of this place," said Frank. "I should go mad if I came here another night."

It was at the time when the Embankment was building but not quite finished. Frank went down to the grand old river, which was at high tide, and saw—in the clear, bright air of early dawn, when the black pall of smoke over London life and is driven away, only to come back again when man rise from their beds—the towers and spires of this mighty city standing out against the blue sky of the morning.

He sauntered with himself. In that bright air, it was impossible to feel unhappy. At the age of five-and-twenty, it is impossible not to see hope in everything. Besides, there was literally nothing that he could reproach himself with. His life had been blameless. If we are to go by sins, Frank had none—I speak as a layman. If we are to go by sins and hopes, Frank's were pure and lofty—I speak as a layman. If to desire only what is good and right be in itself good and right, then was Frank, at this moment, one of the best of God's creatures. Perhaps I speak as a fool, but indeed I think he was. To few is it given to be so single-hearted and so pure. One sorrow he had, and one hope. That his father's name should be tarnished, was his sorrow. To wipe out the stain, and at the same time to win his love, was his hope.

But how?

He thought of the man with the bag head, who wanted to employ him. This was clearly not the way to get large sums of money, or a great name. But pay—not yet. Two shillings in money—now that Kitty and Tilly were provided with the means of getting through the day—was all that he had in his pocket. Besides this, a silver watch and a chain, which might together fetch five pounds at a pawnbroker's.

It struck six.

"I'm hungry," said Frank, "and I'm dirty. Both are disagreeable things."

He left the embankment, went up into the Strand, and had a cup of coffee and a piece of bread—giving twopence to the waiter, like a good Samaritan. The waiter had never had so much money presented to him, in the way of his calling, in all his life before. But instead of showing gratitude, he ran away to an inner apartment, for fear it might be a mistake.

Then he went to the old Roman bath, where he had a plunge in the coldest water in the world, south of the Arctic pole, and came out glowing and strong.

It was only half-past six, so he went back to the Embankment, and smoked a cigar, thinking what he should do next.

"Time goes very slowly for poor people," he reflected. "That, I suppose, is a compensation to them, because it flies so swiftly for the rich."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Paying stones come to feel hard after walking about on them for twenty-four hours or so, no doubt." Frank said to himself as he strolled along the Embankment, looking in vain for a seat. A policeman passed him. "Now, who would be a bobby!" he thought. "An awful time of it they must have. Yet I might put on the blue. I suppose I could procure a nomination. I might come down to that, and yet be——No; a gentleman drives a Hansom, or he exists as a soldier, but nobody ever heard of a gentleman in the police force. Officers, it is true; but even a retrograde imagination has never yet complimented them on their gentlemanlike demeanour in the ring. Perhaps does not wear clothes—though I haven't many left—I have an objection to the Queen's Bench. Mallihip you mean is really aim higher than the police force."

He pulled out his watch. It had stopped at half-past five. The key was at Islington. He looked up at the clock tower. It was a quarter to nine.

"A quarter gone. I am getting hungry again. Remarkable thing. I do not remember being hungry before since I was a child. I left school. My appetite is becoming serious and embarrassing. The 'wind,' as the old French prowler very prettily says, though King David and Sterne generally get the credit, 'is tempered to the shorn lamb.' My experience is, that his appetite does not shear quite so closely as mine. Hang it, I must have some breakfast, and as well now as in an hour's time."

He walked through the Temple into Fleet street. In the window of a modest-looking coffee-house, an impracticable china teapot, surrounded by freshly cut chops and rashers of ham, gave notice to hungry men that breakfast was to be had within.

Frank took a seat in a box near the door, and ordered his meal; ate it with the greatest relish, and wondered if Tom Mortiboy was as up, and whether he would be surprised if his cousin failed to keep his appointment with him.

Then he took up that wonderful chronicle, the advertisement sheet of the *Times*. Order in disorder, if you happen to know where to look for things. Frank did not; so he looked at every page backwards before he even caught the columns of Wanstead and West Places. He read the list—the contents of which everybody knows perfectly well, because it never alters—with the curiosity of one interested. He was struck, of course, with that old evidence of people advertising for a place in terms that exactly suit the apparent requirements of people advertising for a person. Everybody has noticed this peculiarity, and nevertheless have made the most of it.

"Why don't they read this paper, apply for the vacant situations, and save their money?" was his reflection.

Any person of modest and quiet demeanour, wanted by advertisement, and number of qualifications, advertised for employment for time, capital, or both.

There was just let the house advertisement which seemed to fit his case. Stay, there was one—something was wanted "by well established public company." A knowledge of the Fine Arts absolutely required. Preference will be given to a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge." Frank wrote down the address in his pocket-book. It was an Agency; and Frank Mallihip had neither heard nor read, nor learned from experience, that all the business done in a city full of these Agencies of all sorts are the greatest humbugs; and that very great of those swindles are Agencies that rob those poor wretches who, having tried every other method of getting employment, as a last resource enter one of these spiders' dens. I will give an example of their common method of procedure, which is representative. I will take Servants Agency to serve my purpose.

Here is a copy of an advertisements from the *Times*. You may see one similarly catching any day and every day:—

GENERAL SERVANT. IS A good PLAIN COOK. Has no objection to undertake washing. Food of children. Age 35. From the country. Clean, active, willing, and obliging. Wages not at value. 22 years' excellent character. Wages £16.—Apply, Mrs.——, Strand.

This advertisement appears in the *Times*, the *Telegraph* and the *Standard* on the same day. The advertisements cost—say fourteen shillings altogether.

Now, how many poor innocent ladies do you think apply to Mrs——to that domestic to treasure? Mary Jane, who have large families and little means who can only afford to keep one servant; and perhaps, ever since they were married, have been wishing that clean, willing, country girl who will cook the dinner and nurse the children, and all for nine pounds a year, and have never found her. How many? I should like to say.

Do you think there was ever such a "Mary?"

Never.

Apply to the advertiser. You may write to her, or go and see her. In the latter she will smile affably, and tell you—that she will tell you in a letter, if you write to her—that it is more convenient to interview somebody else has just engaged that particular "Mary." On payment, however, of a fee of three shillings, your name may be placed on the books of the Agency, and you will double—say in a week or two—be rewarded by having fresh sweet photos of famous ex-servants transported to your own kitchen.

Transparent traps to catch half-crowns. The sun shines through traps so clumsy. Very likely. But people don't see it.—A proportion of them are simpletons—large enough to make the game at least remunerative—pay their half-crown in the certain assurance of getting a Mary exactly like the one who was so unfortunately enveigled from their grasp. Of course, they never get her. The old fool-trap is baited afresh.

Now multiply Mrs.——'s humble half-crown by eight. That makes a sovereign. The fee is one sovereign. Divide the number of applicants by any numeral you think will give you the truth as the result of this sun in simple division, and you will know how much Mr.——, who lies at Agency, gets by his profession of not finding places for secretaries, clerks, rabpers and the rest, who want employment, in that great city; always remembering that his most frequent quarry is the broken man who knows neither trade nor profession, but must have gentlemanlike occupation: men who, like young Frank Mallihip, are ruined; but who, unlike him, have no friend. Hundreds of these men have given a sovereign out of their last two or three () to the Agent, and received in return—

To find these men who want work and can't get it who deserve well—yet, asking bread, receive stones; here is a field for charity.

Now let us return to Frank Mallihip.

I have not called him the hero of my story, because he has done nothing heroic—because he seems to stand in the way of his own success; and with that noble object he has in view, to be wasting precious time only to earn an indifferent living.

Why does he not apply to John Heathcote? Why will he not be helped by his wealthy rich cousin, Dick Mortiboy?

I will tell you. For fear I want to paint him as he was. It was a point of pride; determination to show his independence of all those who had helped him before, and saved his father from ruin, madness, and death.

"I will do without them. The world is wide. Energy overcomes all difficulties. 'Labor omnia vincit.'"

Boys' copybook rubbish. It does not. "Est omnia vinci." It is capital that conquers all things, from a kingdom up to a woman.

"To London and to Art." He had come to town something of an enthusiast. Where Art left him, who knows save. Was this the fault of Art? No.

He wanted long education and years of hard study to paint even moderately well. This he did not know, and nobody but Kate had ever told him so.

Let us do him justice. He never thought himself a genius; but he believed in his energy, in his determination to succeed, and thought some way would be found by himself. He did not want to be shown the way, or to be helped by any friend of his prosperous days. His desire to be independent, and work his own way, was a sort of mania; but it is not uncommon. I know a rich man who would rather earn a single guinea than the Goddess of Good Luck should shower a hundred into his pocket from the clouds. This was Frank's state of mind.

The man saw he was a gentleman, and began to ask questions about the matter, but pay him any day when he was passing.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," thought Frank. "For a man who always has had money in his pocket, to walk into a shop and order what he wants."

He came to a pawnbroker's, and he thought he had better pawn his watch and chain at once. He must have money.

There was a shop full of plate and jewelry; in a side-street near Leicester Square, revealing a row of little doors Frank guessed what these cabinets were, but he was soon to understand them more clearly. He had to wait a few minutes before he could make up his mind to go in. He looked at the costly things in the window—he walked past the shop—he turned back—he looked at the clock—he looked at the sky—he looked along jewelry; in a side-street was an open door-way, revealing a row of little doors Frank guessed what these cabinets were, but he was some few minutes before he could make up his mind to go in. He looked at the costly things in the window—he walked past the shop—he turned back—he looked at the clock—he looked at the sky—he looked along

"Now, my lad, what do you want?" he said, "and be quick about it."

"I want to pawn my watch and chain," said Frank, in a side-street near Leicester Square, revealing a row of little doors Frank guessed what these cabinets were, but he was some few minutes before he could make up his mind to go in. He looked at the costly things in the window—he walked past the shop—he turned back—he looked at the clock—he looked at the sky—he looked along

"Let me see what you have to pawn," said the man, as he thought, with a sigh, that he was about to commit a burglary, and was afraid of the policeman who was just turning the corner, he plunged into one of the little boxes, falling over an old woman who was haggling with the shopman for sixpence more than she had got the last time on a pair of sheets.

Frank flushed in his confusion, apologized, and tried the next compartment, which was empty; and here, trying to look as if he had often done it before, he put down his watch and chain on the counter, and looked down a rose and waited his turn.

The man examined his watch, asked if it was in good order, weighed his chain, and smiled as he leered at him through his spectacles.

Frank, despite his efforts, looked completely innocent.

"How much?"

Frank hesitated before he answered.

"How much do you want?"

"Tell me how much you want?"

"Well a fiver."

"All right. These aint been in before, young gentleman."

"How do you know?" asked Frank, blushing, and very much ashamed of the transaction he was engaged in.

"We've got a private mark in the trade we put on everything that comes in," said the man; and Frank believed him.

He began to write out the ticket.

"What name?"

"Mat I give it?"

"Not unless you like. Any name will do. Mr. Smith of Piccadilly, it generally is. Will that do?"

Frank nodded.

"Address, lodgings? For the ticket you know."

The poor boy blushed scarlet.

"All right, my lad; there you are. Four" he dashed down the sovereign—"nine, eighteen, fiver."

Frank put the money and the ticket in his pocket, and went back to pay for his breakfast.

Then he made his way to the Agency. The proprietor was not in, but Frank his clerk took Frank to be a very good list of appointments "suitable for any gentleman to make."

Frank was very glad to hear this, and felt quite a gentleman when he was taken to a tarpaulin advertised.

He felt very far from entering a name is a sovereign—over a hundred and fifty a year—half a sovereign under it. This secretaryship is three hundred. Frank was astonished (and pleased) at the number of applicants for this situation. Three hundred, and he was the one! The governor's in it, and it'll soon be got up."

To the credit of Frank Mallihip's common sense, I record the fact that he did not pay the sovereign, but asked for a week to think about it. He felt that he was a very good fit to secure the place, if he chose.

The clerk was evidently of an irritable temperament. Perhaps he often had a row with the Governor, and was in a fret. He turned on his heel, and left the counter, with the words—

"Prage you know gentlemen as hasn't got a sovereign. Coming here, wasting our time and keeping the place."

The being was too contemptible to thrash, but his manner was galling to the "wind," in the position of things. That such a little cad dared insult him!

He turned into a bye-street, and looked for a quiet corner where he could sit down and think. He felt a little nervous now. So he cursed fate as he walked along.

After walking for half an hour or so, he began to pull himself together.

"Swearing will not help, at any rate. Something must be done and that soon. I believe I'm getting hungry again. That's misfortune to have such a twist. Poverty may be invigorating, but it's unpleasant. I don't think I'am strong enough to take medicine. As for taking money from Dick, I'd sooner starve outright."

He was walking along a West-end street, and saw at a door a brass plate, with "Universal and Colonial Agency" upon it.

"Let us try the schools. Perhaps there wont ask for a sovereign," he said, and went in.

They did not. The agent, a man of extremely affable and polished manners, invited Frank to sit down, and asked him what he could do.

"Tell me candidly. I've got plenty of places."

"I've taken a Poll degree at Cambridge, I've very little Latin or Greek, and no mathematics."

"Bad," said the agent. "Any French."

"Oh, of course, of course, and—and I can paint and draw."

"A good cricketer? Anything of one?"

"Yes—rowed five in the first college boat. Played football."

"Oh dear me a public school will be delighted to have you. They don't care, you see, about their junior masters being great athletes, because they have found out that your one master is good enough for them. But they do want athletics. You'd be worth your weight in gold as a master, sit down at that table, and pet down all you can do. First-class Poll, I think you said."

"No—last. I just scraped through."

"Well, never mind. Sit down and write."

"Se"—he read over Frank's modest list of accomplishments—"I will find—it is now July the 10th—before the vacations are over, a really good opening for you."

"But I've had no experience in teaching."

"What does it matter? Look at your experience in the field and on the river. Give me your address."

"I must find one first. I am—I am looking for lodgings; but I will send it to you as soon as possible."

He came out of the office with a lightened heart. Something would be got; something unpleasant, naturally—because the order of things allows all unpleasant things to poor men—but still, the means of life. In a few minutes he was perfectly happy in his new prospects—just as a drowning man is happy to find a plank even if he is in mid-ocean with no ship in sight.

Then, a sudden reflection dashed his pleasure. He was to have his new post when the summer vacation was over. How was he to live till then? If on his wardrobe, there would be no possibility of presenting a respectable exterior; and his watch and chain would not go very far.

He put his hand into his empty pocket, and pulled out the card which he had taken from the Jewish gentleman the night before.

"By Jove! it's Highgate! I'll go and see him."

It bore the name of Mr. Emmanuel Lewson, and an address in Brunswick Square.

Thither Frank bent his steps, tired and fagged with the long walking about he had had. A cab, of course, was not to be thought of.

He sent in his card—Mr. Lewson was at home—and in a few minutes he found himself again in the presence of his acquaintance of the evening before.

Mr. Lewson looked more big-headed than ever, sitting over a table covered with a half-past twelve—in a light dressing-gown. He had been breakfasting luxuriously. The table was covered with the flowers. He was drinking Rhine wine from a tall glass.

"Come in, Mr. Mallihip—since that is your name. I am glad to see you—very glad. Take a glass of wine, and sit down and tell me what brings you here."

"I have come to see you, Mr. Lewson, about the situation you mentioned last night."

"Sit down and take some wine. Don't talk business on an empty stomach. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Then you must have lunched. Sit down and take some wine. Don't talk business on an empty stomach. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes, and lunched."

"Sit down and take some wine. Don't talk business on an empty stomach. Have you breakfasted?"

"No, sir, I haven't breakfasted, and I'm very hungry."

"Sit down and take some wine. Don't talk business on an empty stomach. Have you breakfasted?"

"Oh, I've