

EVANGELINE.

A woman with a restful, patient face;
Deep, tender eyes, and lovingness of touch;
With noiseless footsteps and a settled grace
That sorrow may have chastened into such.
A woman whom the children turn to bless—
Who fills the vacant places in their play—
Yet who has not of women-wisdom less
When sterner duties call her thence away.
Beneath the calm exterior of her smile
A world of pure and hergeless loving lies;
And Charity, e'er free from curious gulle,
Comes forth with her in animated guise.
No proud ambition stirs her lively breast
To deeds that swell the clarion blast of Fame;
No strife to bear a worldly-honored crest
Inflames her hope, as trumpets forth her name.
A welcome form of succour to the poor—
A ray of healing light to suffering age—
A minister of peace at every door—
A refuge from the storms of mortal wage—
A comforter—a vision of increase—
A woman past the clamor and the rush
That have assailed the spirit of her peace,
And left her sweet Contentment's holy hush—
A woman she (no being more than this
Hath visit here, but keeps its higher state),
And years ago her morning's freshest bliss
Began to dawn in shyness, yet elate,
Then soared in strength and guided every thought,
And made another life as like its own,
And felt the joy of pleasure free, unsought,
The veil of sweets enchanted o'er it thrown.

So, when its object on a Summer day
Went forth, all armored, to the field of fight,
Evangeline could hope, and, hoping, pray,
And, smiling, watch the soldier out of sight;
Till time had lengthened into weary days,
And every night new burden showed its God.
Men brought the tale of His diviner ways—
The soldier slept beneath a battle's sod.
She, laid apart from every common ill
By sickness long and sore, awoke to rest
And recognition of the Highest Will;
So bowed her head, and henceforth lived as blest.

The silver cords have mingled with the brown,
And gossips talk of what there might have been,
And how she could have worn a matron's crown,
But lives a maid—till death, Evangeline.

TOO CAREFUL BY HALF.

We were a party of four—four working men—two of us engaged in the works of Culvert Brothers, engine-makers, of Grubtown, and the other two employed in the factory of Messrs. Staples and Company, of the same place. We had all four managed, with some difficulty, to get our yearly holiday, of a fortnight, at the same time, and had arranged to make a walking expedition through the Lake Country, by way both of getting a present enjoyment, and also of laying up a pleasant memory to look back to in after-years. We meant, besides going through the Lake Country, to get a sniff of the sea, by visiting the little coast-town of Allonby. Before saying anything about our excursion, however, it is only right and proper that I should here set down our names. Our party, then, consisted of Matthew Moonside and John Barnacle—they were the two in the employ of Culvert Brothers—George Entwistle and myself, Gidon Crook, at your service.

And now it is necessary that I should say something at starting about the first-mentioned member of our little party, Matthew Moonside, namely, well, he was just simply the most remarkable man, of his position, in all Grubtown, a large place, with plenty of clever fellows living in it. He was a mechanical genius, and had given so many proofs of his ability in that line, that he had got quite a reputation all about the town, and further off, too; while with his employers he stood as high as might be expected of a man who, by the improvements which he had introduced into the working of their machinery, had saved them first and last a powerful deal of money. Indeed, he was always inventing, always making contrivances which saved time and labour, striking out something new and original perpetually.

And yet with all this, and although his inventions were invariably of a most practical and rational sort, he was himself in his manner of life the very most impractical, absent-minded, eccentric fellow that you would meet with anywhere. He really seemed to live in the clouds—we who were his intimates used to corrupt his name into "Mooney"—and half his time did not appear in the least to know what he was doing, which led to his getting into the queerest scrapes and difficulties imaginable. With all this, he was the most affectionate and winning fellow. I wish I knew how to draw, that I might do a likeness of his handsome face, with that far-off look about the eyes, which some of those who knew him best used often to comment upon.

Now it is certain that this absent-mindedness and wool-gathering habit of Mooney's would have mattered much more, and done him much greater injury, if it had not happened that he was always tended and looked after by the most loving and affectionate wife that ever any man had, I don't suppose that Moonside quite knew

what that woman was to him, though I will do him the justice to say that he was very fond and proud of her. Still I don't think—because of that very absent-mindedness of his—that he was fully aware how much better his house was looked after, and his children cared for, than were the houses and children of most of his friends and associates. The fact is, that his wife, besides being naturally a good manager and a sensible woman, thoroughly understood and appreciated her husband, believing in him in spite of his queer ways, and loving him with all her heart. I shall never forget, on the morning of our starting on our excursion, the state that this same Janet Moonside was in about parting from Matthew. She entreated all of us to be very careful of "her Matthew," though for this there was little necessity, George Entwistle and myself—not to mention Moonside's more intimate friend and companion John Barnacle—all setting a high value on Moonside, as, indeed, everybody did who knew him at all well. It was quite early morning still when we got under way, all waving our hats and calling out "good-bye" to our friend's wife, she giving directions to Mooney up to the very last, and loading him with provisions enough for a journey across the Desert. I noticed, too, that after we had all left, she called back John Barnacle, and seemed to be impressing on him something very particular indeed.

The members of our little party all got on very comfortably, and well together during the early part of our excursion, and all seemed for a time to promise most favorably. It was not till we had been travelling together some little time that any interruption to the cordiality which existed between us appeared to threaten, and when it did so the interruption seemed likely to come from the quarter from which, of all others, it might have been the least anticipated. There appeared, in short, a likelihood of something almost approaching to discord, arising between Matthew Moonside and his friend John Barnacle.

It was one of the especial characteristics of our friend Mooney, and it was no doubt one which was intimately connected with his inventiveness and thoughtfulness, that he would at times take a fancy for being alone, and getting away for a while from all his companions, be they who they might. On general occasions, Mooney was sociable enough, and as fond of smoking his pipe, and having a chat with his friends, as anybody, but at other times he seemed to feel a positive necessity of being alone. I had never any doubt that this was not because of any unsocial thing in his nature, but because of his wanting to think quietly over those inventions and mechanical contrivances of which his head was always full. Indeed, all his companions were ready to fall into this mood of his in a general way; but on this occasion there was an exception, and it was furnished by no other than the above-mentioned John Barnacle. There never was anything like the way in which during this journey of ours he stuck to our friend Moonside. He never left him, and if by chance Mooney did succeed for a short time in getting away from his companionship—for it very soon became evident, both to Entwistle and myself, that Mooney did sometimes make strenuous efforts to get away from his friend—Barnacle would complain in the most serious manner of Moonside's unsociality, and hold himself up as a martyr because of it. It was not long, however, in becoming evident who was the real martyr in their case. They used both—Matthew Moonside on the one part, and John Barnacle on the other—to come to me with their complaints.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," says Moonside, on the occasion of his first confidence to me on this subject, made while we were walking up and down the little lawn in front of our quarters at Allonby, "but I cannot, for the life of me, get away from our friend Barnacle for so much as half an hour at a time. No doubt he's a very good fellow, and he and I are close friends, and have been so for years; but really one can have too much of a good thing. He never leaves me alone, and I want to be alone sometimes in order to think out several important matters connected with that patent which I want to take out, and all the details of which I had intended to get thoroughly hold of in the course of this holiday of ours. The way in which he sticks to me amounts to a positive annoyance."

"I'm quite sure," says I, "that he has no intention of annoying you."
"I dare say not," replies Moonside, "but he does, nevertheless. It actually seems, only of course I know that cannot be, as if he was watching me. Why I can see him at the window now; he is pretending to examine the prospect, but I know perfectly well that I am the real object of his scrutiny. I'll try and give him the slip though," continued Mooney; "I'll go through the house and out at the back door, and so get to the beach by a round-about way, but you'll see he'll be after me long before I can get there."

He had hardly disappeared through the house when down comes Barnacle from his post of observation.

"What's become of Moonside?" cries he, directly he gets within my hearing.

"How should I know?" I replied, willing to assist our scientific friend's escape. "He is about somewhere, I suppose."

"What a fellow he is," says Barnacle, with an air of intense vexation. "He's always getting away like this just when one wants him. Most annoying, really."

"He'll be here again presently," I said. "What do you want with him?"

"It's something very particular I want to talk to him about."

"Well, but won't it keep?"

"No, it won't keep." And off he bolted without waiting for another word on my part; and soon after, looking down towards the beach, I saw that Barnacle had succeeded in carrying his point. He had got hold of his prey, and was sticking to him as close as ever.

One day Mooney came to me almost desperate.

"I really don't think I can stand this any longer," he groaned. "You've no conception what Barnacle is. I had no conception of it myself till now. Up to the time of our starting on this expedition he had never gone on in this way. I used to see a good deal of him, of course both when we were at the factory and at other times but nothing like this. You saw yourself how he pursued me the other day when I got away to the beach by the back way. Well, that's only a specimen. The beach is an open sort of place, and there's not much chance of keeping out of sight, though I have tried among the rocks round the north point often enough, but the other day I did get away and made for a little wood up the country which I had observed, and where I thought I might hide to some purpose, and get an opportunity of developing some plans for a wool-carding machine, which I had been thinking over lately. Not a bit of it. I had been in my hiding-place about half an hour; I had got all my papers scattered round me, and with my writing case and instruments was fairly at work, when I heard, suddenly, a rustling among the leaves, and, looking round, there was Barnacle's grinning face—for the provoking part of it is that he's always in a good humor—hemmed in by a framework of boughs, and wearing an expression of the most perfect self-complacency and triumph. There was an end of my calculations. All my ideas were put to flight by that invincible formula of his, 'What a fellow you are! I've been looking for you everywhere.'"

I could not help laughing, but poor Mooney took it in a very different way.

"It's no laughing matter," he said. "I have a number of letters of importance to write, besides all sorts of calculations which it is necessary for me to make, and all these things require that I should be alone."

"Why don't you lock yourself up in your bedroom?" I asked, thinking I had hit upon a solution of my friend's difficulties.

"Bedroom!" he echoed. "That's the most hopeless place of all. I've tried it, and before I've been there five minutes, he is outside the door with the usual exclamation, 'What a fellow you are!' and then he goes on telling me what a fine day it is, and how my holiday will do me no good, if I don't keep out of doors; and even if I get him to promise me half an hour's peace, I feel entirely unable to settle to my work, because I know he won't keep his promise—and he doesn't."

"Why, even a bathing-machine," continued my unfortunate friend, after a moment's pause, "is not a safe retreat, though you would naturally suppose it would be. He either takes another, as soon as he sees me go into one, or else he sits upon the steps of mine, and at brief intervals rattles at the door, and roars out, 'Don't you stop in the water too long, or you'll get a chill;' or reminds me that the coast shelves down very suddenly here, and that I can't swim."

"That bathing-machine failure was a great disappointment to me," Mooney went on, "for I'd great hopes of it at first, and one day, after telling the proprietor not to hurry me, and promising to pay him double time for the machine, I shut myself up in one, intending only to remain in the water about a minute, come out again, get my clothes on, and set myself quietly to work. Would you believe it, that fellow had been on the watch as usual, had observed how short a time I stayed in the water, and when he considered I had been long enough to have finished dressing, began to batter at the door with all his might. At first, as the sea was making a good deal of noise, I thought I might pretend not to hear him; but that wouldn't do at all. 'I say,' he bellows, 'what a long time you are. You're not taken ill, are you?' 'No,' I roared, 'nothing of the sort.' For awhile, I thought I'd got rid of him after that, but in a minute or two he was at the door again. 'I know what it is,' he says; 'you've got your socks wet, and can't pull them on. It's happened to me often. I'll tell you what you do,' he screeches, for the noise made by the waves made anything less inaudible. 'Don't attempt to get them on, but slip on your boots without them. They'll soon get dry in the sun.'"

"The bathing-machine," continued Mooney, "was no good at all, nor anything else. Why, one day I actually got into a cave, which I had observed from the sea, and the entrance to which was under water at high tide, and encasing myself, with my books and papers, on a ledge of rock, which was high and dry, thought that I was safe, at any rate for six hours. Absurd! I had not been there half an hour, when a boat appeared at the mouth of the cavern, with Barnacle, in a high state of excitement, sitting at the stern. 'All right,' he cried; 'you're saved! jump in. Luckily enough, I was on the cliff, opposite there, amusing myself with my telescope, and I saw you go into the cave, just before the tide turned. I've made all the haste I could, and, thank goodness, have arrived in time to save you.' It was in vain that I explained that I was quite safe on my perch, and rather liked the idea of stopping there. He would hear of nothing of the sort, and I was obliged to get into the boat and abandon my retreat, as Barnacle would only allow

me to stay on condition that he and the boat and the boatman should remain too.

"I think, however, I've hit upon a plan." Mooney went on, after a short pause, "which will give me a few hours to myself, and that will be enough for my present purpose. I shall want your help and Entwistle's though, in carrying it out. I have hired a dog-cart, and am going to drive out to-morrow morning to a village about nine miles off, where I intend to spend the day, not coming back till quite late in the evening. The only difficulty is the getting off; I have arranged to make an early start, but I don't feel secure of Barnacle's not being on the watch, and I want you to keep him engaged somehow or other, till I am fairly off. I shall direct my driver to have everything ready, and to put the horse into the vehicle in the coach-house, out of sight. We can get into the dog-cart in the coach-house, have the doors opened only at the last moment, and then make a bolt of it."

I promised Mooney that I would afford him all the help I could, though I own that I felt considerable misgivings as to my chances of being of any use.

Well, next morning, Entwistle and I, having first seen Moonside safely secreted in the coach-house, got hold of Barnacle, who, early as it was, was up and stirring, and drawing him to the front door of the house—he wouldn't come any further—made a proposal to him that we should all three go out fishing in the bay. I knew that Barnacle was fond of sea-fishing, and thought that, by this means, we should have at least some chance of tempting him out of the house.

"And Moonside?" he asked, at once.

"Well, you know, he's but a bad sailor," I replied, "and wouldn't enjoy it. We could leave him here to his own devices."

"Leave him to his own devices!" replied Barnacle, in a voice of dismay. "Oh dear! that would never do—never do at all!"

"Never do?" I repeated, "and why not? Tell me," I continued, determined to make an attempt to emancipate my unhappy friend, "don't you think that a man—and especially a man like Moonside, whose mind is always full of all sorts of big schemes—sometimes likes to be alone? Don't you think you might leave him to himself occasionally for a little while?"

"Leave him to himself!" echoed Barnacle, looking at me with an air of great consternation.

"Leave him to himself!—but what's that?" he cried, in the same breath; and, turning about, he rushed through the house into the yard at the back, from which region the most infernal noise and clatter conceivable was at this moment proceeding.

I cast one despairing look at Entwistle, and then we both ran off in the direction from which the sounds came. Their origin was soon explained. That elaborate precaution of poor Mooney's, of having the horse put into the dog-cart in the coach-house, had entirely defeated itself. The place was of small dimensions, and encumbered with all sorts of objects, which had been stowed away there to be out of the way, so that only a very narrow space was left, through which the vehicle containing our friend and the driver had to be steered, in order to reach the yard in which the building was situated. The horse, which was a young one, had jumped aside at starting, and having succeeded in jamming the conveyance to which it was attached between a plough, which stood on one side of the coach-house, and a cart on the other, straightway proceeded to indulge in a series of rearings and flounderings, which had produced those sounds of stamping and clattering which had caught the attention of the vigilant Barnacle.

The animal was soon reduced to order, and the dog-cart speedily extricated and brought out into the yard; but, alas! for poor Mooney's deeply-laid scheme! Barnacle was up in the back seat of the vehicle almost before it was fairly out of the coach-house. Poor Mooney cast one despairing glance at us as he listened to his friend's expostulations.

"What had he been about to do? Were we he going, without telling anybody? It should not be, however. That horse was obviously dangerous. He (Barnacle) knew something of the management of horses, and out of that yard they should not stir unless he went with them, mounted there on the back seat, ready to jump down on any emergency, and run to the animal's head."

Of course, he carried his point, and remained on his perch. As the dog-cart drove off, he turned round and winked at us who stayed behind, with an air of triumph, which was exasperating in the extreme.

When they came back, late in the evening, Barnacle pronounced that they had had a most delightful excursion, but poor Mooney had nothing to say on the subject. One would have thought that this was to be the climax of the persecution which our friend was destined to endure from his companion's affectionate adherence, but it was not, worse was to come.

After we had stayed a little while at Allonby, we set off on our return-journey, making our way towards home through a different portion of the Lake Country from that by which we had travelled when outward bound.

One reason of our taking the direction which we chose was, that we might pay a visit at the house of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft, who had an estate in a beautiful part of the country, not far from Ulswater. Mr. Thornycroft was a partner in the firm of Culvert Brothers, though his name did not appear in the business, and he and his wife, who had always had a high opinion of Moonside's abilities, had insisted