

world for you to do; some mission you alone can perform. Tell me, Helen, do you ever feel so?"

Helen hesitated: with Dr. Waldemar sitting there it was not easy for her to answer that question as it had been for Margaret to ask it. But Margaret was earnest when she asked it, and Dr. Waldemar appeared again absorbed in his own thoughts; so Helen forced herself to answer:

"Yes," she said, in a low voice meant for Margaret alone; "I was thinking so a while to day. God has let me live, and it must be for some purpose, and I wondered this morning what that purpose was."

"Did you find out?" It was Dr. Waldemar who spoke; while his eyes took thoughtful note of the two girls.

Helen's colour deepened.

"I think I did, partly," she answered, modestly. "I think I was helped to see that God has given me my place and work here in my own home; and if he has anything else for me to do he will show me what. I could not get any further: I rested there."

"A good place to rest," Dr. Waldemar said, "but I want you to hear this little poem, perhaps it may meet some of your difficulties and help you to dispose of them." And, taking a leaflet from his pocket-book, he read:

"Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

"I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Though constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

"I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

"So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

"And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

"There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere."

Slowly, with perfect emphasis, Dr. Waldemar read the beautiful lines, and the two girls listened; while the truth he wished them to learn sank deep into their young souls, there to abide, and make its powers felt in their lives, by a closer walking with God, a closer, tenderer fellowship with struggling hearts.

As he was folding the leaflet Helen extended her hand. "May I keep it until to-morrow?" she asked. "I would like to learn it."

"Keep it always," he answered. "Only do not tax your eyes and mind, with any reading or studying to-night."

And with a few words of advice concerning her health, and a parting injunction to be ready for her ride on the morrow, they went away.

(To be continued.)

GOUNOD ON MUSIC.

Gounod, in a late interview in London, said among other things:—

"To my mind the intellectual tendency of the art of music is greater than the sentimental to-day, but the great fault of music now is that it is complex and not simple. Masters are too apt to study the effects of a hautboy, of a violin, of a flute—questions of detail—and to disregard the great value of the *tout ensemble*—the expression, in its completeness, of an idea. It was not always so. Rossini and Mozart, for example, were both sublimely simple. All the greatest things are always simple. Rossini composed divinely from divine inspiration. It is as though God had ordered him to sing, and he sang, naturally, easily, and spontaneously. It was his nature, and there was no effort. The same was true of Mozart."

"What is your opinion of the art of music now?" inquired the interviewer.

"Like everything else, it is in a transitory stage. It is not wholly sentimental or wholly practical. When the two are wedded together it will be sublime, and the fact of our being in this transitory state gives me confidence. There is strength in weakness, and where there is opposition to truth, truth would not be the loser; we gain the strength and experience by combat and failure; and it is always after a transitory and hesitating stage like the present that the grandest epoch comes when idealism and reality go hand in

hand, when faith and reason are one. The time will come, rely upon it, although perhaps neither you nor I will see it. It is the natural evolution of all things, and the history of human thought is as the physical history of this planet. As years and centuries roll on we shall see things clearer, until faith and reason will be as one, and things which we now consider supernatural will be natural. Music is only one phase of thought, and in considering its present and its future, I cannot separate it from other forms of thought. They all have the same history, and will eventually meet with the same full completeness and perfect power."

"But what will be the result of this present complex condition of the theory of music in Europe?"

"Why, naturally from this complexity will spring simplicity. The next great master will be as simple as Mozart and Rossini. He will come as a giant and break all, but with the fragments of what he has broken he will erect a splendid temple—Power; powerful, because it is truth, and simple, because it is true and powerful. As it is with the history of any art, so it is with the history of nations. Germany has been for years the head, the reason, and intelligence; and France, the heart, the sentiment. The day will come when they will understand each other, and be as one."

"How long did it take you to write 'Faust'?" was asked. "About two years and a half; but then I was interrupted. I wrote 'Le Medicin Malgre Lui' in the middle of 'Faust.' People do not understand that kind of music—the simple. I expressed the *Faust* and *Marguerite* of Goethe as I understood them."

"Have you ever heard Spohr's 'Faust'?" inquired the correspondent.

"Years ago; but I do not recollect it. I am glad I did not know it well at the time I composed mine, for it might have modified my conception on the subject."

After a pause M. Gounod broke out: "I envy men who have time to express their thoughts by apostles. I am nothing but a poor musician, and the theatre absorbs all my time. I envy men who can directly appeal to the thoughts of their fellow-men by their pen or by their voice."

"But surely music is an expression of thought?"

"Yes, of course; but not so direct. I do not complain, for everything has its use, but I envy men who are free, and who have time to use their faculties as they please. Had I my life over again I should not be a musician; I should devote my faculties to literature and philosophy."

THE DYING MOTHER.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel the sweet warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure
Scarcely given ere I go;
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears;
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight unto day;
It may leave an angel blessing
When it vanisheth away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles,
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.
If in after years beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music
And her face than mine more fair.

If a cherub call thee "father,"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born, O my husband!
Turn not from the motherless;
Tell her sometimes of her mother,
You can call her by my name
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,
If she errs, O gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath shall stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessing falls.
Then her soft black eye will brighten,
She will wonder whence it came;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here,
One records the ill, but blots it
If before the midnight drear
Man repenteth; if uncanceled,
Then he seals it for the skies;
And the right hand angel weepeth,
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

It will be the right hand angel,
Sealing up the good for heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod,
Love the little jewel given us,
As I loved thee, next to God!

THE Lutheran Church in the United States has: Ministers, 3,504, gain 197; churches, 6,171, gain 320; communicants, 801,486, gain 62,073.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE is in his ninety-ninth year.

ACCORDING to the last census, there are in Ireland 3,092 deaf and dumb persons.

THE Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon is in failing health again, and is only able to preach one sermon each Sunday.

PARIS has a telephone for every 2,000 and London for every 3,000 of the population.

THE police of Berlin will no longer permit public performances of tamers of lions and other wild animals.

THE prohibition amendment to the Vermont State constitution has been adopted by an overwhelming vote.

THE Duke of Bedford has given £5,000 (\$25,000) for the endowment of a lectureship in physical science in Balliol College, Oxford.

BARON NORDENSKJÖLD's history of the voyage of the "Vega" has been translated into nearly one dozen different languages since its appearance.

THE Chinese Minister, who lives quite simply at Washington, devotes \$100,000 a year to the support of the poor in the Province of Honan.

MR. BASS, the great brewer of Burton, England, paid more than \$800,000 last year to the various railway companies for conveying ale to his customers.

REV. F. N. PELLOUBET has resigned his pulpit at Natick, and will devote his time to Sunday-school work, in which he has had much experience and great success.

THE Committee of the Académie des Sciences, of Paris, favours an American proposal for an international conference to consider the selection of a common meridian for all nations.

AT the approaching celebration of the 200th anniversary of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, Baron Schickler, of Berlin, will publish in French the history of the French colonies in Germany.

THE Pope has granted a plenary indulgence for pilgrims to Lourdes for the year 1883. It is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the appearance of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin in the grotto.

THE police at several towns in Westphalia, in Germany, have published a list of the notorious drunkards of each place, and hotel keepers are forbidden to sell liquors to the persons thus proscribed.

THE Rev. Dr. McCulloch, Greenock, Scotland, died on the 12th ult., aged eighty-two years. He was one of the oldest ministers of the Church of Scotland, and was held in the highest respect and esteem.

IT has been stated that as many as twenty of the newly elected mayors of England are total abstainers. This is put among the signs of the progress of the temperance movement among the middle class of the country.

MR. CRAWFORD, a Glasgow merchant, is about to present the city of London with a statue of Burns, at a cost of \$15,000. Mr. Crawford is an Ayrshire man, as Burns was. The statue will be placed in the Thames Embankment Garden.

THE prospects of the new College for women, to be created as a department of King's College, but locally distinct from the others, are very encouraging. A lady has given £10,000 (\$50,000) as the beginning of a fund for the new enterprise.

DURING the year 1882 no less than three hundred persons were killed and one thousand seriously injured in and about the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania. Most of the accidents were occasioned by falls of roof and explosions of fire-damp.

ANOTHER important canal is talked of in Europe. A waterway from the Solway Firth to the River Tyne is contemplated. This canal would have a length of only eighty miles, or twenty miles less than the Suez. Some forty years ago a scheme of the same kind was talked of.

HIS Majesty has accepted, as a souvenir of the late war, a photograph of the New Testament which was pierced, during the assault on Tel-el-Kebir, by a Remington bullet, while in the haversack of Private Rooome, of the Seventy-fourth Highland Light Infantry. That Testament saved his life.

THE death is announced at the Protestant Retreat, Drumcondra, of Mrs. Mary Murray, at the age of 110 years. She was a native of the County Derry, and for many years carried about for sale, throughout the entire Province of Ulster, and many portions of Leinster, Bibles and other religious books.

MR. W. E. DODGE stated that a great deal is being done in New York for inebriates trying to reform. "I have," he said, "just purchased a house in Fifty-second street, which will be fitted up as a home for inebriate women. There is more drinking among the women of New York than most people dream of."

THE London "Methodist" says: "The Blue Ribbon crusade is telling on the liquor traffic to even a greater extent than is shown by the falling off of the revenue. In hundreds and thousands of cases the diminution of consumption has ruined the trade of those publicans who were just able to get along."

THE New York Free Circulating Library, expects to be located in its new quarters very soon. The Library's Third Annual Report, newly issued, states that about 5,000 persons availed themselves of its privileges during 1882. Six hundred and ninety-six books were purchased and 1,420 donated. Only eleven were lost.

THE Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women presented a petition to the Board of Trustees of Columbia College, urging them "to consider how best to extend, with as little delay as possible, to such properly qualified women as may desire it, the many and great benefits of education in Columbia College, by admitting them to lectures and examinations."