

"Yes," said Wych Hazel, "I have watched Mr. Falkirk often over his."

"The capital which is represented by ten thousand a year," Dane went on with business quietness, "I have settled, absolutely, and without reserve, upon you. That amount will be yearly paid in to your account, to be drawn out at your pleasure."

"Why do you let me have more than I used to have?"

Rollo's lips played a little as he answered, "I think it is good for your health to be drenched in your own right somewhere."

"What makes you say that?"

"Conviction."

"A hush!—I am talking business. Did Mr. Falkirk talk to you about it?"

"No. But Mr. Falkirk did go to Dr. Maryland; and urged that he should prevail with me, before I married you, to settle your fortune or as much of it as possible upon yourself. Dr. Maryland refused to urge me, and would do no more than represent to me Mr. Falkirk's wishes. So then Mr. Falkirk wrote to me himself, though as he said, with very little hope of doing any good. And I don't think he did any good," added Dane demurely.

"He did his best to vex me first."

She stood looking down at the cheque book, her face a study of changing colours. No, this would have been done, though Mr. Falkirk had held his peace. "Thank you," she said, suddenly and softly.

"Thank me for what?" said Rollo gayly. "For giving you back a little piece of your power, after you had lodged it all with me. How did Mr. Falkirk vex you?"

"I suppose really he wanted to vex you," said Hazel. "And he knew how to choose his words. O!—the soft intonation coming back again—"you are very good." But what makes you think I want power?"

"Habit is said to be second nature."

"Are you afraid of my missing what I used to have?"

"How should you miss it?" said he laughing.

"Are you less of a witch than you used to be?"

She shook her head thoughtfully. "I do not quite know what I am. Do you expect me to spend all this money wisely?"

"I shall never ask how you spend it, Wych. Only this I would say, spend it. We have far too much now to go on accumulating."

"Ah," she said with a breath of satisfaction, "you are beginning to understand me."

"What new token have I given of such sagacity?"

"So long as you and Mr. Falkirk had a monopoly of the wisdom, there was no use for my small supply," said Wych Hazel. "You never gave me an inch of line. And how you stare suddenly let so much out at once!"—she laughed a little, breaking off.

There was infinite grave fondness in the way Dane drew her up to him and putting his hand under her chin, lifted the changeable face to study it. Then kissing her and letting her go, he remarked,

"The rest we hold together, subject to your demands, whenever this stock happens to be insufficient."

"Yes," she said, not looking at him, "the first demands, I think, will be to make myself into a business woman. How much of the time are you going to let me work with you in the hollow?"

"Let you? There is unlimited room for work. I have bought the Charteris mills, Hazel."

"Have you? I thought he would not be willing."

"He had stopped work, you know; the people were in terrible distress; the times might encourage him to go on for some time; and he concluded to accept my offer. I got his answer only last night. I shall telegraph Arthur today to let the mills run again."

"They will keep New Year," was Hazel's comment.

"One of my new mills is a small one, doing very fine work in cotton, and only employs two hundred and fifty hands; the woollen mills have eight hundred more. So you see, we have the whole community now to manage and nobody to interfere with us."

"How many people?"

"Altogether—over two thousand five hundred. And everything to be done for them."

"Then I can go over every day and busy myself with small matters while you attend to the great."

"There is enough to do!" Rollo repeated with a smile, but a thoughtful one. "How do you propose to manage on Sundays?"

"I do not know. As you manage."

"I must be in the hollow."

"All day?"

"All day. I shall hold a service in the morning for the children, in the afternoon for the grown people. My schoolhouse is nearly finished now, quite enough for use. By and by we will have a church there, if all goes as I hope;—or two, perhaps; but the people are not ready for that. They are half heathen, and will be less prejudiced against my preaching than any other. So I must give it to them for the present. I have sent up a load of Bibles and hymnbooks."

Hazel sat thinking.

"I could not preach," she said. "I do not know what I could do. Only where there is so much—I suppose I could feel my way and do something."

"I would be glad of your help in the Sunday-school. Arthur will be there; Prim has her

own school at Crocus. Then we could lunch with Gilda, and you could drive back in time for Dr. Maryland's afternoon service. Hey?"

"Why should I drive back?" said Hazel.

"What a question! To go to church."

"I can go to church in the hollow."

"Pardon me. There is no church there, visible or invisible."

"There will be preaching—and you know you always did like to preach to me," said Hazel with a gleam.

"Dr. Maryland would like to preach to you too."

"He will find other opportunities."

"He would, I think with reason, if you were absent from both services on Sundays. Speaking of work to do—How would you like to send one of your carriages several times a week to take Mrs. Coles for a drive?"

"Whenever you like—if she can drive without me. But are you in earnest about Sunday afternoon?" said Hazel with a look that was certainly earnest.

"I am in earnest at present," said Rollo. "But we will see. It is something for you to sacrifice, and something for me! but whoever would follow the Lord fully," Hazel will find himself called to lay down his own will at every step."

"So I must economize in you, first of all!" she said. The words slipped out rather too quick, and were followed by a shy blush which did not court notice.

Rollo half laughed and told her that "economy always enhances enjoyment."

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

DUPES TO OURSELVES.—We are all greater dupes to our weakness than to the skill of others; and the success gained over us by the designing are usually nothing more than the prey taken from these very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his pride, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by lust. What are these but so many nets, watched, indeed, by the fowler, but woven by the victim.

KEEP BUSY.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of all beings. If you have no regular work, do little jobs, as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow. The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most.

WORDS FOR THE AGED.—"Old age," says one whose age has survived his name, "is a blessed time, when looking back over the follies, sins, and mistakes of past life—too late, indeed to remedy—but not to repent—we may put off earthly garments one by one, and dress ourselves for heaven. Griefs that are heavy to the young are to the old calm and almost joyful, as tokens of the near and ever-nearing time when there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain." Even though walking in darkness for a while, the aged have the sure promise, "At eventide it shall be light."

DO EVERYTHING WELL.—If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can. Do it as though it were the only thing you ever had to do in your life, and as if everything depended upon it; then your work will be well done, and it will afford you genuine satisfaction. Often much more does depend upon the manner in which things, seemingly trivial, are performed than one would suppose, or than it is possible to foresee. Do everything well, and you will find it conducive to your happiness, and that of those with whom you come in contact.

DIGNITY. Dignity seldom goes out for a holiday, and never goes off guard. It is always to be found at its post vigilant, prepared to take the offensive as well as to defend itself, should the smallest occasion arise. It cannot believe in the innocent intentions of its friends, but devotes its brains as well as its time to suspicions which discover nothing—but the assertion of its own importance. A word or look thoughtlessly spoken or carelessly given wounds it to the quick; and what others would pass by as not worth a second thought irritable and irrational dignity maintains to be cause sufficient for a quarrel.

BOYS.—What is really wanted as regards boys is to light up the spirit that is within them. In some sense and in some degree there is in every boy the material of good work in the world—in every boy—not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are stolid, and even in those who are dull, or who seem to be dull. If they have only the good will, the dullness will clear away day by day under the influence of the good will. If they only exert themselves they will find that every day's exertion makes the effort easier and more delightful, or at any rate less painful, or will lead to its becoming delightful in due time.

THE FIRST STEP.—There is no step so long as the first in any direction, especially a wrong one. Having once taken it you are very likely to go farther. One who steals a penny will remember it when he thinks of stealing a sovereign. If he steals the sovereign first, when he is tempted by thousands he will remember he is already a thief.

A perfectly innocent person dreads the soil of any sin upon his soul, but after the slightest mire he cannot say, "I am clean." The vulgar proverb, "One night as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," means a great deal. Often the lamb was stolen years before, and now why not take the sheep? An idle word, half-oath, half-exclamation, leads the boy to swearing. Once having sworn, he will swear again. The first step not being much in itself, but in its relation to our lives, it is a giant's stride. It is well to remember it.

VALUE OF BOOKS.—What appreciative reader can sufficiently value books—those silent friends that develop new beauty at every turn? The more life embodied in the book, the more companionable. Like a friend, the volume salutes one pleasantly at every opening of its leaves, and entertains; we close it with charmed memories, and come again and again to the entertainment. The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards; we are hardly persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and formative period of our lives. Books are to be valued for their suggestiveness even more than for the information they may contain; works that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at moments, containing sentences that quicken our thoughts and prompt to following these into their relations with life and things. We are stimulated and exalted by the perusal of books of this kind.

A FOOL.—The man who marries a woman for her beauty, or her "style," or her money, and thus out, after he is firmly tied, that he has wedded a fool, is surely to be pitied. We know some men have survived such an error, and have afterwards shown that they had some energy, but men rise or fall with their choice of a wife, and it is generally beyond their power to control effectually all the circumstances with which they surround themselves by a false step. We know many men who have been struggling a whole life against the influence of an unlucky marriage, but vainly. A fool cannot learn wisdom; and if a woman has not common sense, she can be in no respect a fit companion for a reasonable man. On the contrary, her whole behaviour must be disgusting and tiresome to every one that knows her, especially to a husband, who is obliged to be in her company more than anyone else, and therefore must see more of her folly than anyone else, and must suffer more from the shame of it, as being more nearly connected with her than any other person. If a woman has not some small share of sense, what means can a husband use to set her right in any error of conduct, into many of which she will naturally run? No argument for a fool is proof against that; and if she has not a little good nature, to attempt to advise her will be only arguing with a tempest or rousing a fury.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

We give today a portrait of Rev. Joseph Cook, whose lectures have proved so acceptable to all readers. The following facts regarding his life and character, by Rev. L. N. Beaudry, will prove interesting:

As the interest of the community is becoming more and more engrossed in the utterances of this remarkable young man, it has seemed proper to me who have known him from little boyhood, and was several years associated with him as schoolmate, classmate and chum, to give your readers some particulars of his life, which have not appeared in the public press.

His father, William H. Cook, Esq., is one of nature's noblemen, a wealthy farmer, residing about three miles south-west from the village of Ticonderoga, Essex County, N.Y. His extensive land stretch from mountain range to mountain range across Trout brook, a limpid stream which mingles with the Chiconderoga or Sounding waters, the outlet of Lake George. In this lovely spot, which Joseph has named Corvallis, he was born January 26th, 1838. He is an only child. I distinctly remember the merriment caused in class once when he was rendering one of Esop's fables, in which a mother fox reproaches a lioness for bringing forth but one young at a birth, and the lioness replied, "Yes, one, but a lion!" The emphasis then given to the word has grown more and more significant with passing years.

Mr. Cook's first education was at home, and began so early that he cannot now recall the time when he did not know his alphabet. From this best of all schools he passed to the common school of the district, where, however, he was soon more capable than the teacher. Consequently he was sent to the Whitehall (N.Y.) Academy, boarding while there with a somewhat prominent and eccentric Baptist preacher named Grant.

In 1850, the writer of this article and Joseph Cook met as schoolmates at Newton Academy, Sherham, Vermont. Though attracting considerable attention even at this early age by his compositions, he showed no great strength in any other direction. He was very large of his age, and was looked upon by most people as an overgrown, verdant boy. In the autumn of 1852, these two schoolmates became chums and classmates at Keeseville (N.Y.) Academy. Here the young hero of "Scholarly Theology" developed into the graceful and eloquent extemporaneous speaker, the trenchant debater and the remarkably interesting writer. Though not a member of the Church until two years afterward, he was thoroughly versed in the Scriptures, and was punctual in his attendance on

public worship and Sunday-school. It was through his influence that the undersigned was led for the first time to attend the services of a Protestant Church. This interesting incident I quote from the pages of my autobiographical sketch entitled "Spiritual Struggles," page 193, as follows:—"On our first Sabbath morning in Keeseville he said to me, 'Will you go with me to the Presbyterian Church, this morning?' I hesitated a moment, and then replied, 'Yes, if you will go to the Catholic Church with me this afternoon.' 'Certainly,' he unhesitatingly answered, showing no prejudice against it. I was not a little perplexed at my dilemma, for I had a holy—rather an unholy dread of going into a Protestant Church, looking upon it as the sure way to perdition. My early training on this subject came up forcibly to my mind. But hoping that the harm I might incur would be more than counterbalanced by the good he might receive by going with me—for I greatly desired to convert him to my faith—I finally ratified my engagement and prepared to go with him. This was an occasion never to be forgotten."

The Essex County Republican, of a recent date, published in Keeseville, referring to the Boston orator, says: "There are many who attended the Keeseville Academy with Mr. Cook, the recollection of whom is very vivid." After speaking of some "whose faces we shall see no more," it adds: "Rev. L. N. Beaudry, now a Methodist minister, was also a schoolmate of Mr. Cook, at Keeseville. Though considerably his senior, the sharp debates between him and Cook were among the interesting incidents of the Lyceum, or the 'Keeseville Cabal,' as they chose to style it."

From early childhood Mr. Cook kept a diary, in which are recorded not only the ordinary occurrences of life, but also studies and reflections by the way. His motto was "*Nullo dies sine libro*."

He was a careful student of men and things, or as he styles them the "Newest" and the "Oldest" testaments. He is a poet of no mean order. Some of his productions are full of the tenderest sentiments and the most striking and beautiful imagery. One verse of a hymn written for the "Keeseville Cabal," will show the direction of his ambition:

Here fit us for the storms of life,
Here mould our plastic spirits well
That fainting not amid the strife,
Our lives for God and Truth may tell."

One day the question of favorite pursuits or vocation was raised among the students, and each was requested to give an answer. Mr. Cook's was so characteristic and original, that it could not be easily forgotten, namely, "Preaching without pastoral care and authorship." This *heaven ideal* he now realizes. After nine months of careful study of French at Pointe-aux-Trembles, then a thorough college preparation at Philip's Academy, Mass., two years at Yale College, two more at Harvard University, ending with graduation with honors, three years at Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary, a few years in German universities and in foreign travel, he now writes for the leading periodicals of the country, such as the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, &c., and preaches to the largest number of cultured minds of any man on this continent. He is a Congregational minister without pastoral charge, nor is he open to what is known as a call. In one of his recent letters to me, he says: "I had rather occupy this Boston lectureship to ministers than any pulpit or professor's chair in New England. This is saying much, but I speak deliberately, and, after some experience in the Lectureship, I have my Sabbaths for speaking from point to point in the churches, and my week days for lecturing and authorship. With courses of lectures on my hands at Springfield, Haverhill, Amherst College and Boston all at once, I have not had two seconds of leisure for three months. I am not planless nor hopeless. Your friend as ever." His perseverance and energy are equal. He possesses a splendid physique, an immense brain well balanced, and a pure and thoroughly consecrated spirit.

ARTISTIC.

SPINOZA will soon have a statue. The models, which have been sent to the committee, were exhibited at Hague the other day.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S bronze statue has just been successfully cast, from the model by Mr. J. Mossman, sculptor, of Glasgow, in which city it will shortly be erected.

PROFESSOR MORITZ THAUSING has just had the good fortune to acquire, for the Albertina Collection at Vienna, a drawing which is of small and unpretending aspect, but of the very first importance in the history of art. This is nothing less than Michael Angelo's rough sketch for his competition design of the "Soldiers Surprised Bathing." The composition, reports the Academy is slightly outlined with the pen upon a small sheet containing one or two other sketches; the subjects of the latter bear their names scrawled beneath them in Michael Angelo's handwriting, and the whole sheet is of unquestionable authenticity.

One of the finest assortments of rich furs ever shown in Montreal, and made up in the latest and most fashionable styles, is now on exhibition at A. Brahudi's well-known Fur Emporium, corner of Notre Dame and St. Lambert Streets.

It would be impossible, except in a very extended article, to do justice to the quality and elegance of these goods. We can but say that all who may require furs of any description will consult their interest by calling on this firm and compare their qualities and prices before buying elsewhere, either at auction or private sale.