



The Star in the East.

The burning East hath caught a sign
Upon the brow of night,
And starts the sage to see it shine
O'er all the morning's light.
A stranger, with his step of fire,
Upon the starry way,
And wings that tarnish not, nor tire,
Amid the blaze of day;
And keeping still his flashing eye
Unshut, amid the sun-bright sky!

Whence comes that glorious messenger?
Why came he not before?
Chaldean hath no form so fair
In all her planet's lore!
The sage hath watched its course afar,
And pondered it apart,
Till lo! the story of that Star
Shines in upon his heart;
And rises brightly on his soul
The legend of its burning scroll!

'Tis He! 'Tis He! The light of whom
These ancient prophets told;
The star that shod from Jacob come
To shine on Judah's fold!
The East shall offer odors sweet
To meet its rising smiles;
And kings bring presents to His feet
From Tarshish, and the isles;
And Sheba, from the desert far,
Be summoned by the herald-star.

Along the wild, like ships at sea,
The pilgrim camel rides;
And through the heavens, silently,
That glorious banner glides.
Oh, never herald's presence yet
With such a glory shone!
And sure such guide must bring the feet
Unto a gorgeous throne:
And who shall meet His awful eye,
Whose burning herald walks the sky!

That guide hath halted suddenly:
And, with their fragrant freight,
The stately camels stoop the knee
Before a stable-gate!
Oh, He whose name was first on high
In lowliest of His birth;
And He whose Star is in the sky
Hath but a crib on earth!
And they, the Wise, have trod the wild,
To bow before a little child!

So, guided by that Eastern ray,
The lowly and the poor
May gather precious fruits to-day,
Beside that stable-door:
That unto the highest here
The highest place be given;
And they who serve below, may wear
The starry crown in Heaven
And shining things still keep the road
That leads the Christian to His God!

T. R. HENRY.

LITERATURE.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

CHAPTER VI.

POOR RELATIONS.

ACCORDING to her promise, and backed up by Philip's advice, Fanny Lovejoy determined to know something more of her long-lost relations. They lived at a considerable distance, and as Fanny was no pedestrian, and was apt to lose her way whenever that feat was possible, she hired a brougham for the occasion, and set out one morning at ten o'clock. Less than an hour's driving took her to their place of abode—one of an endless row of small houses in an unsavory suburb of district S.E. But the houses, though small and dingy, looked respectable, and did not prepare the visitor for the poverty of the interior. Fanny, like many a woman of her class, knew nothing whatever of the homes where poor men live.

A tall, gaunt, middle-aged woman opened the door, and opened it only a very little way, informing Fanny, who inquired for Mr. Lovejoy, that her husband and son had gone to business.

"I'm Miss Lovejoy," said Fanny, beaming on her in her usual manner. Not the ghost of an answering smile dawned on the woman's face, as she said with a sigh, "I'm Mrs. Lovejoy. Will you walk in, miss?"

Crabwise, Fanny got through the narrow doorway and was ushered into the parlour. There was a handful of fire in the grate, and a piece of druggat laid down before the fire; but the room was bare of every comfort else. On a table at the window lay a heap of work, which looked like children's dresses, and two girls sat at the table, each with a small embroidered garment in her hands.

"That is pretty work," said Fanny, advancing, and they both looked up without speaking. "Are these your daughters?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Lovejoy.

"Yes, that's Ada and this is Geraldine," said Mrs. Lovejoy, indicating each; "Beatrice has gone to business." "I am your cousin," said Fanny again, addressing the girls, and holding out her hand before she took the seat Mrs. Lovejoy had placed for her.

They each looked up with a pair of very bright eyes, and held out to her a little thin chilly hand.

"Now go on with your work," said Mrs. Lovejoy to the girls in a dreary hopeless tone, and they bent their eyes and began sewing together the parts of each little garment.

"I hope I am not hindering you," said Fanny, looking to Mrs. Lovejoy for an answer.

"Well, if you'll excuse me a minute," replied that lady with no excess of politeness.

"Oh, certainly," said Fanny, and Mrs. Lovejoy thereupon disappeared. Fanny was capable of a great deal of silence, and evidently so were the young ladies before her. She had time to ex-

amine their faces, and every detail of their dress and surroundings before another word was spoken. She had time to notice that their flimsy gowns were stained, patched, and torn; that they had tumbled earrings in their small ears, and enormous chignons disfiguring their pretty brown heads, that they had slim, graceful figures and clear complexions—Geraldine with rose pink on her cheeks, and Ada pure and pale as a white lily. Fanny's kind heart took in the pair at once. "Have you lived a long time here?" she ventured to ask.

"Oh yes, a very long time," replied Geraldine. "Papa has often wanted us to go away from here, but mamma wouldn't stir, she was tired of moving."

"Well I might be," said Mrs. Lovejoy, re-entering. "I've had ten children, and not two of them born in the same place; and I've buried six, and not laid two of them together."

"Dear me! how sad!" exclaimed Fanny.

"And this house is handy for the City, and for the warehouse where we get our work; and Albert's wife stays with us and helps pay the rent," continued Mrs. Lovejoy, "so the girls and me can live."

"How quickly they work," said Fanny; "I've been watching them. I could not do as much in a day as they have done since I sat down here. Is it well paid now?"

"We have to work from morning to night, all three of us to earn a shilling a day each. I've just been hanging up a few things to dry, and I'll have to make up the time, for they're busy at the warehouse with Christmas orders, and if you try to turn out the work when they're busy, they'll try and keep you on when they're slack," she had already found needle and thread, and was making them fly through the stuff.

"But what does Mr. Lovejoy do?" said Fanny, reflectively; "you oughtn't to have to work so hard as that." Fanny held the good old-fashioned notion that money-earning belonged to the man's part in the world's work.

"He's agent for selling something or other—something which nobody ever wants to buy," said Mrs. Lovejoy with a burst.

"Dear me!" said Fanny; "why doesn't he give up selling it then?"

"He has given up things often enough, and worn the shoes off his feet looking for something else, and when he got it, it was worse than ever: they wanted the new thing less than the old."

"It must be very disheartening," said Fanny with sincere sympathy.

"Disheartening?" exclaimed Mrs. Lovejoy, who had got upon her great grievance, and was communicative in a cheerless fashion; "I should think so, to keep going and going where nobody wants you, and asking and asking, and never getting. I couldn't live such a life. When the girls or me go to the warehouse, and they say they haven't any work for us, we're hard put to it before we can go back again. It turns me sick to have to beg for it like, and I've seen Ada and Jerry crying before they'd do it. But nothing disheartens Mr. Lovejoy. He's been going to make a fortune every day the last thirty years, and all the time we've been getting worse and worse off, till I wouldn't trust to him any longer, and I only wish I had settled to work before we had got so poor and had to part with every thing."

"You have a son?" said Fanny, wondering how such poverty had come about.

"Yes, Albert has enough to do with himself. He has a wife and two children, and he hasn't been fortunate."—She was not going to be communicative on this subject.

"And they live here?" said Fanny.

"Yes, upstairs."

"Might I go and see them?" she asked.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Lovejoy. "Jerry, take your cousin up to see Emily and the children." Geraldine rose, and it seemed as if her wretched dress would fall from her tall figure as she led the way up the narrow stair. But the rooms when reached were not uncomfortable, though far from tidy; that is to say, they were carpeted, and one furnished as a bed-room, the other as a parlour. Fanny was introduced to a white-faced girl with a superabundance of dark hair, who was suckling a baby; while a little fellow between two and three years old stood by her side, quiet, but with evidences of recent riot all around him. Fanny thought she saw traces of tears on Emily's face, and after a little chat with the passive young creature retreated.

"We sleep up-stairs," said Geraldine, pointing upward as they closed Mrs. Albert's door; and Fanny took it as an invitation to ascend, and did not in the least observe the girl's evident reluctance.

"This is our room, and that is mother's," said the girl, as she opened the doors, blushing crimson and coughing terribly.

"But you don't sleep here?" said incomprehending Fanny.

"Yes, we do," said the girl, with a suppressed sob. "Mother had to part with the beds when we were slack in the summer-time."

"Dear me!—dear me!" said Fanny, weeping, and stumbling down the steep stairs. "You'll come and see me,"

she said to the group as she re-entered the parlour.

Mrs. Lovejoy replied that she seldom went from home.

"But you'll let the girls come?" said Fanny. "Could they come and dine with me on Sunday next?"

Mrs. Lovejoy hesitated. "Beatrice might," she replied; "she has boots. But Ada and Geraldine are both worn out, and they catch cold with the wet coming in. Other things they can make up for a trifle, but boots are boots."

"You'll let me make my cousins a little present?" said Fanny, shyly. "This is a rather pretty purse; and she put hers into Geraldine's hand."

"You can share what is in it between you," and saying good-bye, she hurried out of the house, with head and heart both a good deal fuller than they could well hold.

The examination of the contents of the purse took place as soon as the door had closed upon their visitor. Geraldine shook out into the palm of her hand four sovereigns, and six-and-sixpence in silver, and in spite of the impassivity with which she had received her husband's relative, Mrs. Lovejoy trembled with excitement as she saw the glitter of the gold. She had felt very little interest in the advent of her husband's niece. She was only another of the mare's nests, which Mr. Lovejoy was perpetually finding, and which, far from supplying the fabulous riches he had believed them to contain, had failed to furnish his family with daily bread. She had listened every day since the new discovery to schemes in which his niece's wealth and his niece's influence bore a part, but in which so much was taken for granted that Mrs. Lovejoy may be pardoned a little impatience, when presented with the results, as quite equivalent to bread-and-butter realities.

Mr. Lovejoy felt assured all his difficulties would now be at an end; but Mrs. Lovejoy refused to believe that hers would ever end on this side the grave. She was utterly faithless as to any good Fanny's advent was likely to produce. She had been misled and tortured all her life by visions of wealth amid ever-increasing poverty. She was a woman who could only enjoy realities. Heaven knew her sufferings had been real enough. As for her husband, he enjoyed delusions; he, for his part, lived on dreams. He would have preferred dry bread and a bare pallet with them, rather than feasting and a canopy of state without them.

Often and often had he neglected the sound advice of his wife to follow the cheats and snares of his foolish fancy. What! accept some ill-paid, easy drudgery, when he might create a great branch of industry, be entreated to accept a partnership in the concern which was indebted to him for its prosperity, extend and multiply the business till it had its agents all over the globe, and die a millionaire! Mrs. Lovejoy, poor woman, had long ceased to believe in this sort of thing, and she actually trembled at the sight of Fanny's gold as if fresh misfortune might come to her with the realisation of the least part of her husband's new delusion.

But she was recalled to her senses by the question, what was to be done with the money? instantly propounded by Geraldine. She counted it over, halved it, and handed the half to her sister, who at once, and with eyes moist with glad emotion, handed it to her mother. Geraldine retained hers a little longer, returning it to the purse, which she rattled in her hand.

"It would be so nice to spend it. I believe I could spend it all on myself," she said. "Do you think she meant Beatrice to have a share?" said Ada. "Not at all," replied Geraldine stoutly. "She said plainly, 'Divide it between you.' Beatrice does not need it as we do, and she would keep it all to herself. I'm glad she was not here."

"She is sure to think she ought to have some," said Ada.

"There, mother," said Geraldine, with a sigh of resignation, and tumbling out the money once more, this time into her mother's hand; "you'll let us have what you can spare, won't you, just to make ourselves like other girls?"

"I'll go and buy you each a pair of boots at once," said the mother. "Then there's the rent; we're six weeks behind with that, and we'd better pay it up. And the baker and the grocer."

"Oh, mother! you'll spend it all," said Geraldine, who had had a vision of a smart hat, and saw it fading away from her.

"No, I won't, my dear. You must be decent to go there"—meaning to her cousin's—"and I'll only pay part; it will make them willing to wait for the rest. But what we should have done without this money I don't know."

Mrs. Lovejoy got herself ready with speed, and went out on her various missions with a lighter heart than she had had for many a day—nay, she actually found herself, after the first excitement was over, dreaming of other good things to come from the same source—not for herself, but for her children.

When she was gone, Geraldine ran up-stairs for a few minutes to tell her sister-in-law, and to snatch the baby, to whom she promised, not greatly to his satisfaction it seemed, a new pair of sleeve-ribbons.

To be Continued.

BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The Thirty-eighth Annual Meeting of this body, held in New York, on the last day of October, was one of exceeding interest and profitability. It is not always well to speak or write by way of comparison; but we do not remember any meeting of the Board which, in our estimation of its character, has borne so truly and steadily upon Church strengthening and extension, as that of which we now write, is likely to bear. The attendance of Bishops, other Clergy and Laity was exceptionally large, for an Annual Meeting. Questions of unusual gravity, and looking to a wider diffusion of Church life, were presented and discussed with a degree of ability and fervor that was truly refreshing. It was evident to all who were in constant attendance, that the ruling thought of the members of the Board was, how, most wisely and effectively through the Divine organization of the Church, the great Salvation is to be made known, the world over. Differing schools of Churchmanship were represented, but this grand thought produced the completest harmony in all that was said and done. There is nothing like loving and loyal work for Christ to make men of one mind in Him and His House. When we are most earnest to do His will, we are most likely to understand His doctrine. We have not space to pursue the subject, and may recur to it at another time. The efficacy of hearty Christian work, in preventing alienations among brethren, and in producing harmony which all can see and must respect, is a theme too infrequently presented and discussed in our time.

The meeting of which we write, was held when the foundations of our financial structure were shaking, and yet no feeling of hesitation or halting was manifested. On the contrary, there was exhibited a clear and solemn consciousness that the work in hand is God's, and that Christian men, doing well their parts and duties, He will provide. It was a very significant and hopeful sign, the helpful influence of which cannot be lost.—*Spirit of Missions for Dec. 1873.*

Of all mental ailments none seem to yield to treatment so reluctantly as spiritualism. I have watched many cases of genuine spiritualism, but do not remember to have seen a chronic case permanently cured. I have seen typical cases pass regularly through their successive stages and terminate in open insanity, and have never been able to mitigate the symptoms nor avert the result. Spiritualism is the most uncompromising complaint with which the psychologist is called to meet. No epidemic of modern times can compare with it. It is a delusion which has existed twenty-five years, and attacked in the United States alone, nearly three millions of people. The last census informs us that there are in the republic twenty-four thousand insane, setting aside idiots, and it is believed that out of this number seven thousand five hundred cases may be traced directly to spiritualism. The delusion does not appear to be decreasing, though fortunately its victims are now almost altogether from the vulgar and illiterate classes, and scientific men do not seem to be liable to the contagion. It numbers among its victims a few men and women of talent and genius, but they were attacked years ago; and we venture to say that, had they remained free from the disorder up to the present day, they would not now be very susceptible to its influence. The fact is, spiritualism has lost its hold on the higher classes, and is spreading with fearful rapidity among the rude and illiterate. Whole communities are given over to its influence. Its believers have their organizations, places of worship, mediums, books, papers, and asylums; they are as sincere, earnest, and fearless as were the Flagellants, Lycanthropes, and Crusaders of the Middle Ages, but, alas, they are even more deranged.—*New York Medical Review.*

Muffled.

On the 6th inst., at the residence of J. H. Dale, Esq., Yarmouth, by the Rev. W. B. Rally, M.A., Mr. Duncan Cameron, of Port Stanley, to Miss Mary Newton, of Yarmouth.

MEDICAL VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

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