

## "ONLY JUST TO SAY GOOD-NIGHT."

Say, Lee, do you remember  
In the years of long ago,  
One cold night in December,  
When the fields were white with snow?

When the full moon sailed above us,  
With a calm and silvery light,  
How we lingered on the doorstep,  
"Only just to say good-night?"

The air was very frosty,  
For the year was growing old;  
But with your arm about me,  
I did not mind the cold.

Life seemed to be as cloudless  
As the sky so bright and fair,  
For while we were together,  
We had not a thought of care.

While we lingered, scarcely speaking,  
Moments flew on wings of light,  
Till at last you stooped and kissed me,  
Saying "I must go—good-night."

Years have passed—I sit here dreaming  
Of those moments short and bright,  
When we lingered on the doorstep  
"Only just to say good-night."

## PAUL TEMPLAR.

## A PROSE IDYLL.

BY EDWARD JENKINS.

(Concluded.)

The little cry again. I looked about me. I was standing at a well-known point of the road. Here there jutted up two great pinnacles of rock, named the Danish Twins, and the road-maker had carried his road round them on the land side. Between the pinnacles, which were about twenty feet apart, was a chasm, which came up to the edge of the road, in the shape of a letter V, sloping gradually from the apex. Around its lips and sides were mingled together rocks and brushwood and broom. It sloped down some fifteen feet towards a broad ledge of rock, a vantage place sheltered by the pinnacles, where I had often stood and gazed at the glorious prospect; and then there was a sheer fall over the ledge of two hundred feet, down to the monster rocks that threw up their jagged points below.

I leaned over the lip of the upper end of the chasm, peering down through bush and brier, towards the first ledge, and then, as my eyes fell on two light objects stretched upon the ledge, with the wind and rain whirling about them, my heart nearly stopped its beat, and the breath went out of my body.

I stooped down and examined the road. 'Twas clear enough what had happened. Here was the mark of the wheel which had come too near the treacherous point of the chasm, and had broken away its crumbling apex. There just below were the bruised bushes to show how the cart had turned over—cart and horse and precious freight—and, for the rest, by some God's chance, there, before my eyes, were the two figures lying upon the ledge. As for the cart and mare.....

I remember how, when seeing that sight and taking into my soul all that it implied, there seemed to well up within me a fountain of devotion and resolve, such as I had never felt before. Of a sudden it was as if I had become possessed with a supernatural power. My heart grew like steel. I forgot, in the mastering enthusiasm of the moment, my poor, nerveless body; and the soul within me, big with the idea of saving those two loved and precious lives, seemed to swell with a giant's strength.

"Eva!" I shouted in the mad noise of the elements.

The larger of the two dim figures did not move. The smaller I thought I could see take an arm from the other's neck. Then it cried out piping and shrill:—

"Uncle Paul! Uncle Paul—u—u—!"

"Eveline!" I cried, "darling Eveline, keep still for God's sake! What's mamma doing?"

"O, O, O Uncle Paul, come here!"

Down I dashed in a stupid frenzy, headlong and careless, and missing my grasp of a bush, stumbled and fell. A sharp scarp of rock received my thigh on its point, rent it down for twenty inches, and then let me drop on my back, roughly on the ledge, beside the figures.

It was many minutes before I recovered my senses. All the while the pitiless storm beat on us three. I came to myself to find Eveline with her arms round my neck, calling still, "Uncle Paul!"

The blood was running copiously from my wound. I tore the skirt from the little girl and bound up my thigh as well as I could. I felt that their lives depended on mine. When I turned to look at Eva, I found her lovely face pallid and wet, her clothes and hair drenched with the rain. On her right temple was a bruise. She showed no signs of life. I chafed her hands. I breathed into her cold lips. I dragged her in under some sheltering bushes and urged the little one to help me rub her mamma's hands. At length there were symptoms of life, and by and by she opened her eyes and spoke to me. She could lie there conscious, but she could not

move. I knew why..... there was a fourth, a hidden life in the balance that night.

We could now scarcely see each other's faces. I drew the child in under the brush and tied her to her mother. I sought them both not to stir hand or foot. I took off my coat and threw it over them. I buttoned my waistcoat about the little one. And then I resolved, wounded and half-naked as I was, to try and get to Widdersley, our home, for help. There was no dwelling nearer. I hoped that Harold's anxiety might bring him out in search of us, and that I should meet him on the way. By this time, what with loss of blood and the forlorn responsibility of my situation, I began to feel giddy and weak.

Then I knelt down and prayed. I know not what I said. I only know I pleaded for their precious lives—and offered my own as a ransom for them if it might be. I only know that in the course of that transcendent appeal I seemed to see new light and gain new strength, though the sharp pain in my thigh warned me that the work I had to do would task my very life. Then I kissed them both—I could no longer see their faces—and commending them to the God of the winds and storms, I essayed to climb to the top of the cliff. Into the rough bushes, among the thorny broom, grasping and letting go—feeling and doubting—step by step upward I fought my way. I forgot the anguish of my wound, in the freshness of my spirited resolve to save the dear ones below. Twice or thrice I heard Eva's gentle voice cheering me and saying—

"Are you up yet, Paul? Save us, Paul. God help you, Paul."

I kept my groans quiet, thrilling as was my pain. Twice I missed my hold and nearly fell backwards, twice recovered with bleeding hands and fainting breath, but my soul was strong and hopeful.

"God bless you, Uncle Paul! Save us, Uncle Paul. God help you, Uncle Paul!" echoed a tiny voice, and my heart leaped to hear it.

"Paul, weakling, now for a steady, determined heart. They must and shall be saved!"

At length I stood on the brink. The most dangerous part of my work was over. For the sake of their lives it had been carefully and slowly done. But the exertion left me feeble. I had to stop and adjust the bandage. The lacerated thigh was so painful, I could scarcely bear to touch it. With a grim resolution I clenched my teeth, and drew the cloth tight, until the anguish was intolerable. I hoped to stay the bleeding.

"Good God, how shall I ever do these four miles?"

I had not even a stick to lean upon, to relieve my leg. Yet I set out briskly. On my back was hurled the fury of the storm as I stumped and limped tollfully along. Every step was a fresh agony. But every moment I seemed to hear:

"Save us, Paul! God help you, Uncle Paul!"

And it formed a sort of burden and refrain, keeping time with my trembling footsteps as I labored along. It was so dark I could never have kept the road had it not been very familiar to me. An age seemed to have passed when I knew, by a change in the level, that I had gone only one mile. My heart began to sink, and I sat down a moment to rest. The stiffness and soreness of my wound were keenly brought home to me by the act. Could I possibly go three miles more in my present state? I ran over in my mind the difficulties of the way. There was not a hut or a house between me and home. A long piece of common, a deep dip in the road, and a hill, up which I had often bounded—these things lay before me, and here was I groaning with pain and the very life flickering in me.

"But," I said, "Harold's wife and Harold's child must be saved. Courage, Paul. 'God bless you, Paul! God help you, Uncle Paul!'"

As I put my hand on the ground to raise myself, it lighted on a round object. I seized and felt it. It was some wayfarer's staff. He had gone on his journey, but he had left this here for me,—I thought. My spirit revived.

"Bravo, Paul! push on. God hath sent thee a staff to lean upon."

I was so encouraged that I did the next mile almost rapidly. My thoughts went back to the two poor things behind me—"Oh! shall I be in time?"—and they went on to the house before me, with the five sturdy, unconscious men, who, had they known, would have swept along this road with great rapid strides, and have borne my beauties in their giant arms home to life and warmth.

So I seemed to walk and leap and praise God for the help of the staff. But in the faith of it I was doing too much. I was using up my strength at a terrible rate. When I knew I had gone more than another mile, my steps slackened, and with my heart palpitating and my breath gone, I tumbled on the ground. The shock wrung from me an irrepressible shriek of agony.

"O via dolorosa! I cannot go on. This anguish is greater than I can bear. God himself seems pitiless, as his storm comes down so ruthlessly, and the awful gloom drapes and stifles my ardor and my hope. O via crucis!"

These last words reminded me of the Great human Redeemer. "Is it not so, ever?" I said. "Is not the way of love the way of tears?"

Here was I walling over my own anguish, and there were the three lives, and the voices ever in my ear, yet unregarded in that moment of selfish depression. "God help you, Uncle Paul." I staggered again to my feet, and with desperate slowness and patience halted along—that torn hip excruciating me at every movement.

How I got on I know not. Weakness and

pain were fast subduing my zeal. So how often succumbs the noblest soul to bodily anguish! I must have become delirious. I shouted and sang—I adjured my own body to be patient—I called aloud to Heaven to help me, I said, "They shall be saved, Paul. 'God help you, Paul.'" And then I stumbled again, coming cruelly to the ground. The staff flew out of my hand, and I sank down with a groan, thinking that at last God had deserted me.

"Oh!" I said, "I had hoped that this poor, weak, and worthless life might have been redeemed from its abjectness in my brothers' sight, in my own consciousness, in God's estimation—by the saving of those three lives. Gladly then would I have lain down to die rewarded by the manly shout of my manly brothers. 'O well done Paul. Well done!'"

But, as it seemed, it was not to be. I lay on my side unable to move. The groans I could not repress answered the wild menace of the winds, and said—"I yield ye all."

I groped for the staff. It was past recovery. Vainly I tried to get upon my feet without it. My wounded leg was now useless.

Then I was tempted to lie still there and die. The life was gradually chilling in me. My head swam. I nearly swooned. But again there came before my vision the two pictures: the precious lives to be saved, there on the ledge behind me—in front of me the noble hearts to be blessed.

"O Paul, if every step were bloody, yea with great drops of blood, and every movement a new torture, it were thy need to save them."

My heart grew stronger at the thought. I dragged myself along on hands and knees, weeping, with anguish, as I went, but praying and hoping still. . . . I cannot describe the horrors of that part of my way. A good deal of it I must have gone on unconscious. I was losing my reason. Hands and knees were bleeding. The cold driving into my exposed body made my teeth chatter. At length I swooned in good earnest.

I know not how long I had lain thus, when suddenly I woke up, with a vividness that was startling. I thought I heard a terrible shriek, which pierced through swoon and deadness—to my very soul.

"Paul, for God's sake save us, quick!"

I could just lift my head. It was all I could do. The numb, stiff, bruised limbs, I no longer had power over them. There was only one more effort left to me. I shrieked with all my remaining strength like the voice I had heard—like a maniac: shrieked out unceasingly, the wild wind carrying away my cries from me, on its wings, God knew whither. I thought, "I will spend my last breath to save them." And so thinking, as my voice grew weaker and I felt myself to be dying—I concentrated my strength in one last effort—

Yes! O thank God, there was a responsive cry close at hand! Voices and lights, and in a minute or two, the four strong men with Harold at their head, had reached me!

"Paul, for God's sake, Paul, what does this mean? Where are they?"

He had gently taken up my head, while the lantern glow fell upon my ghastly face and on my glazed eyes. I could not answer him. I simply clasped my hands in token of thankfulness.

The strong man wrung his hands.

"Give him brandy, quick. Do you know where they are?" I tried to nod. "He does. O Paul, wake up and tell us. Nay, look here, look here, brothers! How dreadful!"

They looked at my bleeding hands, then at my knees, then at the bloody wrappings round my thigh. I began to revive. In a few minutes I told them slowly where I had left Eva and Eveline.

"Where did you hurt yourself?"

"There. At the Hurry Bear, below the Twins."

"Have you come all the way like this?"

I nodded.

"O well done, Paul, bravely done!" cried the lusty giants in a chorus, and I swooned away for joy.

Long was I the hero of that homestead, where by-and-by another little Evangel came to look upon the uncle who had saved her life. Sweet, sweet and priceless to me are the memories of the grateful devotion of them all to me—still further wrecked and weakened by the terrors of that night. For my wounded thigh long kept me in peril of my life, and when it was healed, had so shrunk up, I could only walk with the help of crutches.

Nevertheless from that night, the imbecility of my past years went away. I had learned a lesson in the mysteries of life. It were possible, I had then discovered, that even I should hold in my hand the precious balances of human fates, and with weakling but determined zeal, there were yet left to me by Providence, powers of good, of rescue from evil.

## A ROYAL BOOK WORM.

BY DR. RUDOPH DOERN.

King John of Saxony had some time ago expressed his desire to read to me his translations into German of Southey's, Shelley's, Burns's and

Bryant's masterpieces. When I called at Pinnitz last month I found that the royal translator was too sick to receive me. But my card was delivered to him, and so I received a few days ago another request to call upon him.

I found the genial old man in an easy chair at an open window in his library. I believe that there is hardly a literary man who would not be envious upon visiting that library. It is full of the rarest literary treasures, and everything in the quaint, old-fashioned room is so conveniently arranged that the book that is wanted can be found in a moment.

The king looked wan and very pale. He made an attempt to rise, but seeing that he was very feeble, I hastened to beg him to keep his seat.

"You have been very sick, sire," I said respectfully.

"Yes; my days are numbered," he replied in a low tone, "and yet a month ago I thought I would live several years yet."

I attempted a word of encouragement, but he interrupted me by a sad smile, shaking his head once or twice.

Then he brought up the subject of his translations. Everybody pays homage to his splendid translations of Dante, which will always remain a standard work in German literature. The more anxious I was to hear some of his translations from the great poets of England and America. He handed me several large sheets of parchment, on which he had written in blue ink, in unusually large characters.

In so doing he remarked smilingly: "My eyesight has long since failed me to a great extent. But still I do not use glasses. I am writing in regular lapidary style, though, as you see."

The sheets I read contained translations of some of Shelley's minor poems. I read them carefully and compared the rendering with the original.

The king pointed out the difficult passages and consulted me as to the felicity of his translation. I gave him my opinion frankly, and he unhesitatingly accepted my suggestions.

"I met poor Shelley in Italy many years ago, and passed two days with him at Sorrento. Teck was with me, and I was amused at the rather excited discussion the two had about difficult passages in Shakespeare, whose plays Teck was then translating into German."

"I was told," I remarked, "that your Majesty was likewise at work upon a translation of some of Shakespeare's plays."

"Only 'Romeo and Juliet,'" he replied; "but I am dissatisfied with my work and shall not allow it to be published."

He told me then exactly what he had ready for the press—some seventy poems. About one-fifth are from Bryant and several other American poets.

"The English language caused me a great deal of difficulty when I attempted to learn it first. That was forty years ago, when I spent three months at the court of King William IV., of England. I suppose I had made myself so familiar with Italian, of which I was passionately fond in my youth, that the strong, terse British tongue was rather indigestible for my spoiled southern stomach, and I gave it up in despair. But about 1860 I resumed the study of the language, and I have now grown very fond of it. I read English papers every morning, and for years at our receptions I have been able to converse with Englishmen and Americans in their own vernacular."

I expressed to the old King my gratitude for the appointment as Professor of English at the University of Leipzig.

"It was a great oversight of my predecessors," he said, in reply, "not to have made such an appointment long ago. Since 1850, at least one-fourth of the trade of Saxony has been with England and America; and now, thank God, every pupil at our lycœums who reaches the second class, has to learn to speak English!"

The King sent for refreshments, and sipped a little champagne.

"It is the only wine I can stand," he said. "It's the poet's wine. How different from the thick, strong old Falterian, which Horace praises so highly! Had the genial Roman known champagne, I believed he would have despised his Falterian as we do."

The King rose, and I thought it was a signal for me to depart, but he restrained me and said: "Keep your seat and look over my translations. If you find anything to alter note it down on this sheet. I am going to lie down. It does me good to sleep an hour or two at this time of the day."

He shook hands with me, tottered feebly out of the room, and left me alone at his desk.

I performed my work conscientiously, and found a good deal to suggest. When I paused during my work I could not help wondering at the child-like confidence with which the old King had left me at his own desk. But I often heard similar traits of his. I looked a while at the old desk. It seemed to have stood there many a year. Momentous documents, involving the life and death of many, had undoubtedly been signed on it. A curious feature was the King's writing-tools—raven's quill, which he outs himself. There lay also the old penknife which he uses for that purpose. No school-boy would give more than a few cents for it. On the floor, beside the King's chair, lay a copy of Victor Hugo's "Année Terrible." Had his majesty thought of translating the terrible book of the republican bard of France?

When my work was done I rose and a servant from the anteroom stepped in and informed me that my own conveyance had been sent back to the city, and that one of the royal carriages was waiting for me.