GENA.

BY MARAIL TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "SISTERS AND WIVES," "THE RUGUENOT FAMILY IN THE ENGLISH VIL-Lige," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I -THE PARTING.

of will nover-never change; although you remain away a hundred years, when you return home you shall find me—that is to say if you want me, the same."

"Don't protest so much, I trust you, ena." Al did not protest, for his own part, not even that he could not cease to gant her.

want her.

Gena looked, as she often looked, a little disconcerted and bewildered by his abrupt manner, but she only protested the more, as a weak citizen will pile up his defences of don't mind the family traditions, in which papa and Uncle Bevil burrow and revol. To come of honest people, as you have come. Al. is something; but for any have come, Al, is something; but for any thing more, what does it matter to me that my great-grandinothers were Beauelers and Seymours, and my great-grandmother a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Anne? she exclaimed, volubly and triumphantly, If am not the better or the happier for it. "Unless for being a little bit proud of it," he contradicted her with a smile.

"Now you know I am not proud of it," he urged. "Small reason have I to be she urged. "Small reason have I to be proud—a shabbily-kept, penniless girl, the daughter and niece of two dear, terribly decayed old gentlemen, who yet cannot for-get passed away grandeur sufficiently to be get passed there is a disinterested man seeks me, with all my drawbacks, and is willing to provide for me."

"It is but poor provision that I can make at first, remember that. Gena," said her companion determinedly: "though I think it may be enough for two rational crean may be enough for two rational creatures, who care for each other more than for luxuries, and who see how their poorer neighbors fare; besides, there is hope of improvement in that as well as in more weighty matters."

"Improvement! I don't desire improvement; I ask nothing better than to fight your battle with you. I don't mind poverty, how should I," she asked, opening her great grey eyes, "I who have been used to poverty all my days?"

"My dear child, you know nothing about it," Al answered, with a shake of the head, one-third part sad, one-third part comical, and another third impatient. "The poverty that you have seen is a pretty play at poverty, in a cottage hung round with roses like your Clifford Farm, where everybody knows you, has the greatest respect and regard for you, and helps to keep up the play. This is no more like the real hard-visaged face of poverty in the dingy back street of a city, than your little fresh face and head all unadorned, are like the pinched and haggard face and moulted head of some poor careworn woman, from whom hope and heart have long departed, in the slums yonder. I have a certain reluctance in taking advantage of your ignorance, but I believe there are gains in life higher than wealth can buy; that these can be striven or as well—perhaps better—in hard lines than in pleasant places; I believe, too, that you are capable of valuing these gains, Gena, and that, however prosperous you might be otherwise, you would end by being less than happy, less than content, if you did not reach these gains."

She was a little propitiated by his last words, after being nottled by the open profession of his conviction of her ignorance and mexperience; for the more ignorant and inexperienced we are, the more holy resentful we are apt to be when a bold man dares to question our wisdom. But she only showed her shade of satisfaction by a repetition of those protestations of which he but half approved. He was convinced of their sincerity, and with that he was well pleased. At the same time he was forced to see how raw and superficial the professions were, and thus he could not help being reminded, clergyman as he was, of the lesson of the seed sown on the rock, which had no depth of earth, and which, in proportion to the rapidity of its growth, quickly withered away.

cannot convince you, Al," declared Gena, in her pretty, modest, humble way-for the girl could be both modest and hum-ble, in spite of her vehemence and of her ignorance of self, and of every other mystery in this great, strange world—"I must wait till I can prove how independent I am, how indifferent to trifles of fine people and things. But you may depend upon it, I will never fail, I will be as good as my word to you, which papa has confirmed in such a lukewarm fashion—only he is a gentleman, every inch of him Al, and you may rely on his confirmation halting as it is. He will not go back from it, or act against it, if that wore in his power, without letting you have fair warning."

"Of that I am assured," asserted Al, with more confidence than lead hitherto spoken.

"And supposing I am to be the offending person," said Gena, "then you have my leave to remain a city curate all your life, never to complete your novitiate or apprenticeship, whichover you choose to call it, but to take me and keep me grinding and starving with you in that same dingy back street which you are so fond of flaunting before my oyos."

"I can't help it, as I am a true man," in-

terjected Al. "As if it would frighten me," continued Gena, "to take it for granted that you wish to break with me! as if my blood and culture with me! as if my blood and culture with the state of the ture—were papa and Uncle Bevil to prove blood and culture after all-wore not too blue and high for such desporate mean-spritedness and low self-indulgence! Besides, Al, will the presence of you, your books, and your writing-table count for nothing? Have you not sufficient vanity or self-esteem to imagine that the immediate vicinity of your reverence, with your belongings, may go some length to make supplied in a shady quarter even to so liestiess and worldly minded a girl as I

/May ?"

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The couple who were in conversation had been known to each other all their lives that best safeguard against error and imposition—and yet not many of us are at liberty to vouch that we know through and through, and to the core, our oldest, closest comrades. Notwithstanding, Al knew Gene better than she knew herself, and far better than Gena was known to the young inan's inother, who was constantly wonder ing what her son could see in Miss Clifford.

"I think there is a good deal to be seen think there is a good deal to be seen in her, my dear," remonstrated Al's father, the genial view of Fordham; "she is a dutiful daughter and niece, and I don't know a surer pledge that she will make a good wife; she is a very sweet-tempered, winning girl, and will be a placeant devictor in girl, and will be a pleasant daughter-in-law; I cannot say that I think she is a sa-tire on Al's taste."

"Humph!" objected Mrs Woodruffe you are easily satisfied, Octavius, Dutiful -how can she help being dutiful to these old men, who are too well bred, I suppose, to contradict their own flesh and blood. save in the daintiest fashion? Then her cousin Lucy follows the example of her two kinsmen, at a proper distance, and will not presume to find fault with the girl-as giris who are to prove worth anything ought to be found fault with. And as for her sweet temper and pleasantness all round, that is the very style which the silly world approves and I cannot abide—it is too soft to have a head-tage too below the silly world. to have a backbone, too bland to be wnolesome.

"Well, backbones are indispensable," granted the vicer, "but you must let young bones have time to grow firm, and one would not have the frame all backbone. With regard to wholesomeness, there is comething to be said for oil as well as for vinegar.

"Oh! a great deal more with you mendopendent, clinging, devoted being is every-thing with you, till the dependence threat-ens to strangle you, and the devotion is found to shift with time and tide.

"One of us men chose a wife who had a mind of her own, and who was not afraid to speak her mind, you will admit that, Letty," chuckled the vicar.

"The better for you, Octavius, said Mrs. Woodruffe, with a faint smile relaxing the corners of her determined-looking mouth "Al will tire of his wife's gracious, graceful affirmatives before the honeymoon is over. My dread is that the absonce of straightforwardness or earnestness in her may drive the boy from his moorings.

"I believe the boy is too well established as a man ought to be, though it is not his Way to say much about it, to be driven out of his course by woman, or man either," 1-flected his father, not loosening the hands clasped behind his back in the fulness of his faith. "Again, Al never tires of anything, and graciousness has its merits, though it may not have the charm of racithough it may not have the charm of racio ness-of course it must have a foundation of truth, but we have no right to question that foundation here; no, Letty, we have not, in the case of a pretty, innocent girl, whose chief offence is that our long lad likes her too well for the preservation of our

equanimity." The prettiness goes without saying, as the French have it, when the heads of a young man and an old man are alike We may let the innocence pass too, for what harm can a girl in her class have come across, unless indeed the originhave come across, unless indeed the original sin in her be outrageously rampant? But I should like to know how you can stand these poor weak ex-squires' talk of a misalliance on Gena's part, of the unsuitability of the match for her with Al, which they—for I fancy they have both a voice in the question—suffer so reluctantly and conditionally." ditionally."

"Why. Letty, it is their single indemnification to stand out and dictate terms from the pinnacle of their former greatness. It is because the fine old fellows—for they are fine—are a little weak on that score, to which at the same time they owe some of the choicest flavor of their good qualities for I will have no influence defrauded of its due, that one is ready to make any allow-ance for the old gentlemen, and to study and humor them in the disposing of Gena

"I wish the young people much luck of the disposal," commented Mrs. Woodruffe, still grimly; "all I will say is to repeat that wonder what Al can see in her worth the cost of this humiliation."

"There is no humiliation except in fancy. It seems to me rather a point of honor in a stout young fellow who is making his own way, to pay all deference to these stranded Cliffords. As for wondering what he can see in her, that is what all mothers wonder of their son's choice. What I wonder, my dear, is that an original woman like you cannot make a more original observation.

The Chiffords with their history could only continue to exist and flourish in a deli-cate, pensive way, like autumn crocuses, in the country, here illusions still linger. the country, there illusions still linger. The sharp contact of towns, their broad glare of light, their practicality, prone to hardness, would have been fatal—so far justly and judiciously fatal—to derived and and stall abeliance characteristics. ref-cted shadowy ghosts of claims. The heads of the house were two brothers, one a widower, the other a bachelor, elderly men both, of an ancient and honorable famnien boan, or an abendual and nonorable min-ily that had once held vast territorial possessions in the county in which Fordham Vicarage and Clifford Farm were situated. Gradually but smely land and power, save a gentle, courteous simulation of the last, had departed from the Cliffords. In one mstanec, all but the last misfortune had one in a great, studing blow by the loss of a law suit which involved the relinquishment of every across of and save the few which belonged to Chifford Farm. Just before this loss, the Mis. Chifford of the day, the mather of Georg's father and made had the mother of Genn's father and uncle, had sustained a double bereavement in the death of an only daughter and the drowning of an eldest son —a heutonant in the nnvy, whose ship had foundered at sea with all hands lost. Her two femaning sons were then of an age to enter the army or were then of an age to enter the army or navy, the professions which had been available to the Cliffords of old; but the professions inother cried out in her distraction against the sacrifice implied in taking her boys from her, and risking them, in the straits

in which their brother had purished. "Let me keep the little that is left me," she im-plored; "the suit will soon be settled in our favor, and then it will not matter for Edmund and Bevil to have professions; there will be more than enough for the few who survive to share it." The mother was permitted to keep her sons, and when the huvenity as lost it was too late to quality them for professions which would have been more suitable to their ruined fortunes. The men did not murmur in the end, as they had not revolted in the beginning. They were not of the stuff that pionecis and founders of families are made of ; they were rather of the refined, attenuated fibre which belongs to the last remnant of a stock that is propared to die with dignity and resignation.

The two brothers never separated, not even during the short period of the elder's married life—he had married a lady a little below him in descent, but quite his equal in poverty. The Cliftords continued to live at Chiftord Farm, in which they had thought to take refuge temporarily while the law-suit was pending; while Cousin Lucy, a re-mote and somewhat homely cousin, as the most arist scratic genealogical tree may have an humble offshoot, came and played the port of housekeeper to the two men and mother to Gena—the further business of Cousin Lucy's honest, credulous life being to revere and walk in the footsteps of her patrons.

The farm had been no more than a su perior old-fashioned farmhouse with square windows and a stone perch to begin with. But in course of time the house had gathered round it many embelishments, such as the roses Al Woedruffe had quoted, for Mr. Bevil had a pretty fancy for gardening, and within the rooms were innumerable relies of better days and varmshed renown in rusty swords which had done sharp work at Barnet and Bosworth, Naseby and Dery, tattered fragments of tapestry, faded pictures, battered plate, cracked chura, moth-cateu parchments. Altogether, Chiford Farm became in time venerable, curious, and interesting, like its owners.

There the Cliffords dwelt like dethroned princes, receiving much of the homage of their former state from their faithful subjects among the simple country folks and loyal county families. Mr. Clifford and Mr. Bovil had as many bows and curtsevs dealt to them as ever, and still sat as equals at rich men's boards in feasts to which the decayed gentlemen could make no return; the fav of their company was ample reward, both they and their hosts felt it so. No doubt, had there been any sourness or No doubt, had there been any sourness or surliness generated in the victims, the pro-tracted honor, exhausted by the contention with circumstances, would have died a na-tural death. But it was not so, the Clif-fords were truly gentle; they not only ac-cepted their situation, but in addition bore no grudge against their successors in the Manor, and in broad acres far and near.

Inevitably, in the looking back which had made up so much of the interest and gratification of the brothers' lives, they had developed antiquarian and archaeological tastes, until the men had become mellow representatives of rare local and historical knowledge, for which alone their society wight have been sought and their intimacy might have been sought and their intimacy courted. They were fine-looking men, retaining unmistakable traces of centuries of supremacy and cultivation. The presence which we associate with coats of mail and plumed lichnets, or at the latest with volvet coats, lace ruffles, and cocked hats, was still to be found in the Cliffords, undestroyed by broadcloth, grey tweed, chimney-pot liats or wideawakes.

Gena had inherited "the presence," and owed to air and gait a great part of her per-sonal attraction, for she was but a colorless, slim girl, only her neck curved like a swan's, her foot stepped as the exquisite hoof of an Arab horse paces the turf.

Mr. Chifford and Mr. Bevil (is there not something pathetic in a middle-aged man continuing to be distinguished by his christcontinuing to be distinguished by his christian name, as in his boyhood?) were far from urhappy or discontented men. Their most pressing care—for they were so cordially and completely united that they shared this as well as other cares—was for the future of Gang. the future of Gena.

T to principal source of the Clifford's inome was their interest in ground-rents and leases which were lapsing and passing to other proprietors. The brothers were literated the control of the contro ally poorer every year, and they had never known how to save or do more in their reverses than to make their expenses and verses than to make their expenses and their receipts meet. Enough might remain to last the elders' time, but for Gena there was likely to be no more than the old farmhouse and its acre or two of pasture on which a thrifty yeoman's daughter, managing her own dairy, might subsist with difficulty. This destitute future of Gena's held the secret of Mr. Clifford having so much as lent an ear to the prop sal ing so much as lent an ear to the propesal of Al Woodbuffe, the vicar's son, himself a curste in Bristol, as a suitor for Gena's

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Faith is the master-key to the treasury of Jesus; it opens all the doors, and brings out every store.

What we act has its consequences on earth; what we think has its consequences ın heavon.

All men have fra lties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will nev-er find what he seeks. We love ourselves er find what he seeks. We love ourselves, notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

From its very inaction, idleness ultimately becomes the most active cause of evil-as a palsy is more to be dreaded than a fovor .- Fuller.

Faith acted supports. Food nourisheth not by having it, but by eating and digestmg it. So it is the using and acting of faith that strongthous and comforts the soul. As there is always hunger and want, there should ever be a feeding or taking in.-Symond.

In God's great plan there is nothing small or trivial; the humblest life cost the death of this Son of God. Does it not throw a vail of sanctity around the poorest and most unworthy, when we think of the ransom paid for such a life? THE LOST BABY.

Baby was lost!

Up and down, high and low, every there about the house and barn, and woodsned, in the garden and down the road by the bridge, the search was carried on with an xious hearts and eager steps. Every n wk and corner where even a mouse could hale was examined over and over again; but no hardly wetting her feet. There was no danger there and yet for half a mile either side of the bridge the bed of the little stream was thoroughly scanned, so there could be no doubt left.

Not half an hour before baby had been playing in the yard, cooing and talking to horself, as she nursed her ray doll, and watched the pigeons on the roof of the barn. There wer prints of her tiny shoes in the moist soil by the gate, the marks of dirty little fingers upon the white palingsand that was all.

The hot August sun was almost at its setting, and the shadows of the maples were fast lengthening. What if night should come and baby not be found? What if she were wandering further and further away, while they were seeking her? What if she had been stolen, and was even then calling upon her mother to save her?

" Baby!"

No answer, and the mother's face great whiter and her limbs weaker.

"I shall never see her again!" she cried

"I shall never see her again!" she cried, smking down upon the stops of the puch. "Never, never, never! And I scolded her this morning. Oh, my little lamb!"

"We shall find her yet," said old Mrs. Bailey, soothingly. "She got tired and cuddled down to sleep somewhere. Or perhaps she's off with some of the neighbor's children."

Believe and the stops of the stops of the selection of the selection.

Baby's mother shook her head. She enew that was only said to comfort her. All the children in the neighborhood had been for the last hour engaged in the search. She could see them scouring the field beyoud the house, looking behind the stone-heaps and among the blackberry bushes that skirted the field.

Baby could not have been stolen. No suspicious looking character had been seen lurking about, and nobody could have got away with her without being seen. There had been no one near the house all the morning, except old Deacon Pettingill, who left his wagon opposite the gate long enough to look at a yoko of fac steers in the

The sun went down at last, and one by one the neighbors slowly came in from the search, and gathered around the stricken mother in the yard. All had words of comfort, but they sounded false and hollow.

"I can't give her up so," she moaned "She must be somewhere near. Help me look a little longer—just a little longer."

"I don't believe she's been outside the gate," said one. "We can't find any trace of her anywhere. Seems to me she would have dropped her doll or something, if she'd gone far.

"We've looked everywhere," said one of the boys. "We've poked open every bunch of bushes on both sides of the road, between here and Duniap's pasture bats; and she couldn't have get any further than that. If she was in the mowin' let we should see her certainly, or in the back pasture, because there am't any bushes or woods."

" Have you looked in the well?" said old Mrs. Tompkins. "Now it's just as likely as not she's fell in there. The curbin ain't none too safe."

" She ain't there-we've looked," said one of the boys, quickly noting the spasm of pain that passed over the face of baby's mother at the words.

"There's a team coming!" suddenly shouted one of a little knot of boys outside the gate. "Now we can send word down to the village and vaice length to help hand." to the village, and raise 'em to help hunt."

"It's Deacon Pettingill's horse," said another, who hastily climbed the fence for a better lookout, "and the deacon's driving, Something's the matter, he's putting on the licks."

"What's he got on his lap?" asked one woman peering through the dusk. "Why I believe it's haby."

There was a rush to the gate as the stopped his horse " Whoa!"

"Lost anything?" he inquired as he stepped out over the wheel, with a little bundle in his arms.

"Baby! Baby!" and the next moment the little cause of all the trouble and pain was tightly clasped in its mother's arms.

"You see," said the deacon, in answer to the multitudinous inquires as to how, when and where he had come across baby, "after I left here, early this afternoon, I thought I let here, early this atternoon, I can be to the wagon sent; but I didn't pay any attention to it, and forgot all about it before I got home. I turned out the mare and run the wagon under the shed, for it began to look like rain. Long about five o'clock Joel he went to take out a bag of rye meal that I brought for Piper's, and all at once, as he was lift or raper's, and an at once, as no was intim' it onto his back, he dropped it and hollered right out. 'Come here, deacon,' says he, 'where on earth did this come from?' I was grindin' a scythe out at the east end of the shed, but I dropped it pr tty quick or the shed, our I dropped it privy quick and started. He was holding up the buffalo from the hind end of the wagon; and there, do you believe it, was that cunnin' little cretur' with her rag 'doll cuddled up to her, lyin' on some meal-bags fast usleep She must have crawled into the wagon and laid down while I was lookin' at the steers, and the joltin' got her to sleep. I tell you I wasn't long hitchin' up again; and I never drove so like all-possessed but once be-fore in my life, and that was when Hirain broke his log fallin' off the barn.'

So baby was found, and the whole neighborhood, as one great heart, brimmed over with joy; while the mother, close to whose breast the little tired head was clasped. poured out her soul in tearful gratitude to Him, who had, through that brief, but bitter lesson, taught lier more of the divine nature of love than she had before learned in all the days of her motherhood.

"NOW MUCH DO I COST?"

A little daughter, ton years old, lay on her death bod. It was a hard parting with the pet flower of the household. The goldon han, the loving blue eyes, the Lird-like voice, the truthful, affectionate, large-heartod, pious child! How could she he given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. baby. The brook was low, so low that merely, but the love of congenial natures, baby might have toddled over it without He fell on his knees by his darling's bed-baby might have toddled over it without He stroyet. sade, and we t bitter tears. He strove to say, but he could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between giaco and nature, such as he had nover before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes, and looked distressed.

Papa, dear papa, and she at length.

"What, my darling?" answered the tather, striving for composure.

"Papa!" she asked, in faint, broken tones, "how much-do I co-t you-every ye ir?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet;" he replied, in great agreation, to he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please, papa, how much do I cost you?

To soothe her, he replied, though with a

shaking voice: Well, dearest, perhaps ten pounds. What then, darling?

"Because, papa, I thought, may be, you would lay it out the year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by."

With what delicate is tinet had the dying child touched the strings of comfort!
A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart, the bliss of one noble, loving spir.t mingled with its like. Self was forgotten, the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thull of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he re-plied, kissing her brow with solemn tender-

"Yes, he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus my Lilian shall yet speak, and draw, if God shall bless the means, many after her to heaven.'

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving, simling gaze, into her father's eyes, and still gazing, she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud, clear voice, and with a look of cestacy:

"Oh, papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out. Oh, such crowds! And they ran up to me, anabegan to kiss me and call me by a new name. I can't remember what it was, but it meant, 'Beloved for my father's sake."

She looked upward, her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper, "Yes, yes, I come! I come!" and the lovely form lay there untenanted of the loveliar spirit.

John Lee rose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in honven."-Ch. of England Magazine.

STORY OF A STAGE DRIVER.

I once knew a man who, now in wealth was once a stage driver, of whom I will here relate an incident:

He was striving to make a connection for the sake of a large load of passengers which he was carrying, and he broke down not far from the dwelling of an old curmudgeou. The driver went to berrow his lumber wagon, to take his passengers on with. The man was absent from home, and his wife refused to lend the wagon.

"You are perfectly right, madam," said the driver, "but I must have it. I shall take it, and settle with your husband for it when he returns."

He took it, and brought it back in good order. When he came to settle for it, the man met him full of anger and thunderous with rage. After some expostulations ho

"I have come to settle with you for the wagon."

"Well, you shall," said the man. "What shall I pay you for the use of it an hour or two?"

"You shall pay me \$50."

Ho made no objection to the charge, handed the man \$50, shook hands in the best good nature, and then mounted his coach and ro off, his passengers protesting against his yielding to such an exorbitant demand.

Two or three weeks afterward he found this man hanging around his boarding-place, and said to him:

"Good morning, sir."

Said the man, "I came to see you about that wagou.

"I thought I paid you for it. How much do you 🗬ant ?' "That money has burned me ever since I took it from you. Here's your \$50—I can't

koep it.'' I was with difficulty that he could be

made to take \$3—a fair price for his wagon. When the neighbors heard this story, and looked at the affair from beginning to end, they said :

"Was it not the best way after all? Was-it not beautiful?"

He who reje es in God shall never be confounded or asnamed, world without end. It is an abiding joy. If I rejoice in the sun, it sets; if in the earth, it et all be burnt up; if m myself, I shall die; but to triumph in One who never fails and never changes, but lasts foregroup—this is a desting joy. but lasts forever—this is a lasting joy-Spurgeon.

I know not which is the greater wonder that prayer, which is a dut so casy and facile, so ready and adapted to the opportufacile, so ready and adapted to the opportunities of every man, should have so great effects, and be productive of such mighty blessings; or that we should be so unwilling to use so easy an instrument of productive or much good.