

boys employed in the printing-rooms. Mrs. Yocomb, I have now satisfied you that I'm too much of a bear to deserve any gentler nurse. I truly think I had better return to town at once. I've never been very ill, and have no idea how to behave. It's already clear that I wouldn't prove a meek and interesting patient, and I don't want to lose your good opinion."

"Richard Morton, if thee should leave us now I should feel hurt beyond measure. There's not thyself or thee wouldn't think of it."

"Richard Morton, thee cannot go," said Mr. Yocomb in his hearty way. "If thee knew mother as I do, thee'd give right in. I don't often put my foot down, but when I do, it's like old South Mountain there. Ah, here comes the doctor. Doctor Bates, if thee doesn't prescribe several weeks of quiet life in this old farmhouse for Friend Morton, I'll start right off to find a doctor who will."

"Please stay, and I'll gather wild strawberries for thee," said Adah, in a low tone. She had stolen close to my side, and still had the wistful, intent look of a child.

"You might do worse," Doctor Bates remarked.

"You'll never make him believe that," laughed Miss Warren, who evidently believed in tonic treatment and counter-irritants. "He would much prefer sultry New York and an imp from the printing-rooms."

"Thee may drive Dapple all thee wishes if thee'll only stay," said Reuben, his round, boyish face shadowed with unwonted anxiety.

We were standing in the hall-way, and Zillah heard our talk, for her little figure came tottering out of the parlour in her trailing wrapper, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Richard Morton, if thee doesn't stay I'll cry myself sick."

I caught her up in my arms and carried her back to the sofa, and I whispered in her ear,

"I'll stay, Zillah; I'll do anything for you."

The child clapped her hands gleefully as she exclaimed, "Now I've got thee. He's promised me to stay, mother."

"Yes," said the physician, after feeling my pulse, "you certainly must, and you ought to be in bed this moment. Your pulse indicates a very high fever. What's more, you seem badly run down. I shall put you under active treatment at once; that is, if you'll trust me."

"Go ahead, doctor," I said, "and get me through one way or the other before very long. Because these friends are so good and kind is no reason why I should become a burden to them," and I sank down on the sofa in the hall.

"Thee'll do us a great wrong if thee ever thinks that, Richard Morton," said Mrs. Yocomb earnestly. "Adah, thee see that this room is ready. I'm going to take thee in hand myself; and she bustled off to the kitchen."

"You couldn't be in better hands, Mr. Morton," said the physician; "and Mrs. Yocomb can do more for you than I can. I'll try and help a little, however, and will prescribe for you after I've seen Zillah;" and he and Mr. Yocomb went into the parlour, while Reuben, with a triumphant chuckle, started for the barn.

Now that I was alone for a moment, Miss Warren, who had been standing in the doorway, and a little aloof, came to me, and her face was full of trouble as she said hurriedly, in a low tone,

"I fear I'm to blame for this. You'll never know how sorry I am. I do owe you so much! Please get well quickly or I'll—" and she hesitated.

"You are the only one who did not ask me to stay," I said reproachfully.

"I know it; I know, too, that I'd be ill in your place if I could."

"How could I help loving you!" I said impetuously. "There, forgive me," I added hastily as I saw her look of pain and almost fright. "Remember I'm ill, delirious it may be; but whatever happens, also remember that I said I wouldn't change anything. Were it all to do over again I'd do the same. It was inevitable: I'm sane enough to know that. You are not in the least to blame."

She hung on my last words as if I were giving her absolution from a mortal sin.

"It's all a mistake. Oh, if you but knew how I regret—"

Steps were approaching. I shook my head, with a dreary glimmer of a smile.

"Good-bye," I said in a whisper, and wearily closed my eyes.

Everything soon became very confused. I remembered Mr. Yocomb's helping me to my room. I saw Adah's intent, wistful look as I tried to thank her. Mrs. Yocomb's kind, motherly face changed into the features of my own mother, and then came a long blank.

(To be continued.)

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION.

There is one rule of conversation which should be thoroughly impressed on the mind, which is to remember there are two persons of whom you should never suffer yourself to speak—one is yourself, and the other your enemy. The reason is evident; you run into two dangers—egotism and injustice.

Women are too justly accused of a love of scandal, and in a group of ladies collected for a "chat," it often happens that severe remarks on the conduct or motives of their neighbours form the staple of their conversation. The time passed in conversation on servants and babies, or the more reprehensible animadversions we have just alluded to, is neither very entertaining nor very instructive. The topics of the day, the new books, amusing anecdotes, pretty works and graceful feminine occupations, should form the staple of conversation. They are subjects free from danger to that "unruly member" which requires such constant restraint.

From a mind well stored with good readings, good words are almost sure to emanate; and more attractive than beauty, is the pleasant, intelligent companion, whose clever and original remarks will be full of refreshment to the tired man of business on his return home, who will know that at home a

bright welcome awaits him from one whose pleasant "talk" will refresh and amuse him, and render the evenings at home as agreeable as those passed in society.

Having fully impressed yourselves with the first rule we have laid down respecting the two subjects of conversation to be avoided, I would suggest that you should remember never to talk too fast nor too loud.

Many mothers, and those who have the care of the young, are apt to restrain them too strictly from conversation during meals. It is better to make a rule that they should speak only when spoken to, and then address them on subjects suited to their comprehension, encouraging them to give their own ideas of things that are daily occurring, questioning them on the books they have read, and drawing out their minds, so that conversation will be no effort to them when they go out into society, and that painful *mauvaise honte*, which makes a girl afraid to hear the sound of her own voice, will be effectually avoided.

GIVE THEM NOW.

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends,
To spare for me—if you have tears to shed
That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray,
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

If you have flowers to give—fair lily-buds,
White roses, daisies, meadow-stars that be
Mine own dear name akes—let them smile and make
The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me.

For loving looks, though fraught with tenderness,
And kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast,
And words of praise, alas I can naught avail
To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice,
Offered to one who can no longer gaze
Upon their beauty? Flowers on coffins laid
Impart no sweetness to departed days.

—Sunday Magazine.

JOHN B. GOUGH AND HIS CIGARS.

A good story is told by John B. Gough, who used to caution his hearers against intemperance—including the habit of chewing and smoking tobacco, as well as the use of strong drinks. Although he had faced thousands of immense audiences without fear, he acknowledged that on one occasion he encountered an embarrassment he could not easily overcome. It was his own fault, he says, and proved a useful lesson which he never forgot. In his own words:

I was engaged to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn back of the Baptist church. In the forenoon a friend met me and after a few words said:

"I have some first-rate cigars, will you have a few?"

"No, I thank you."

"Do take half a dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half a dozen in your pocket."

I wore a cap in those days, and to please him I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform and faced an audience of more than 2,000 children. As it was out of doors I kept my cap on for fear of taking cold, and in the excitement of my remarks against forming bad habits, I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech I became more in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, tobacco, drink, bad habits, and the bar-room saloons, said:

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance in all things. Now, then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up to the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying: "Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough."

TEA AND BAD TEMPER.

Dr. Block, of Leipsic, writes on the moral effects of different articles of food and drink—"The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee. The digestive organs of confirmed coffee drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Fine ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper which I might describe as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. Chocolate is neutral in its psychic effects, and is really the most harmless of our fashionable drinks. The snappish, petulant humour of the Chinese can certainly be ascribed to their immoderate fondness for tea. Beer is brutalizing, wine impassioned, whiskey infuriates, but eventually unmans. Alcoholic drinks, combined with a flesh and fat diet, totally subjugate the moral man, unless their influence be counteracted by violent exercise."

There may be glory in the might
That treadeth nations down—
Wreaths for the crimson warrior,
Pride for the kingly crown;
More glorious is the victory won
O'er self-indulgent lust
The triumph of a brave resolve
That treads a vice in dust.

Let us serve God in the sunshine, while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark when He sends the darkness. It is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.—F. W. Foker.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

To counteract the influence of the Protestant and State schools in Rome the Pope has set up fifty-two schools in that city, which have complied with all the requirements of the Italian law. Normal schools, technical and professional schools, primary schools and gymnasia are included in this number, and the Pope contributes \$60,000 a year to their maintenance.

THE Christian queen of Madagascar has taken a strong position on the temperance question. Under a former treaty with France importations were allowed. This nation brings in rum. She has forbidden her people to drink it and faithfully warned them of the evil consequences; and in their presence she caused the barrels assigned to her as revenue to be broken, and the contents poured out upon the sand. "I cannot," she says, "take a revenue from anything that will debase and degrade my people."

THE ex-Chancellor of Great Britain, Lord Cairns, describes the movement originated by the "Sunday Society" of Great Britain as "directed not to the consideration of the most fitting and beneficial mode of spending the Sabbath as a day appointed for rest and refreshment by sacred institutions, but to an attack on that body of scriptural and revealed truth which is our authority and guarantee not merely for our days of rest here, but for those priceless hopes and promises of which our Sabbath is but the type and emblem."

ON the announcement that a company had been organized to light Jerusalem with gas, the New York "Observer" remarks: The lighting of streets was introduced by the Israelites as early as the time of Samuel. King Saul caused a large number of streets to be lit up at his own expense. The arrangement of a torchlight procession was also known among the Israelites in the earliest times; for instance, on the termination of the day of atonement, the high priest, on leaving the temple, was escorted to his residence by thousands of his co-religionists bearing torches. Equally interesting is it to know that already in the time of the second temple, street-sweepers were to be found in Jerusalem, whereas, in civilized Paris, they were not introduced till the sixteenth century.

THE Roman Catholics have a mission among the lepers of Malakal, in the Hawaiian group. The Government gathers up the lepers and sends them to the mission, where they are kindly cared for. A priest who has been at this dreadful post seven years, says he has buried from 150 to 200 a year of these poor creatures, who are in a most loathsome condition. He writes: "Half my people look like living skeletons, whom the worms have already begun to devour, internally first and then externally. Their bodies consist of one hideous sore, which is very rarely cured. As for the odour they emit, imagine the *jam fatet* of the tomb of Lazarus." Connected with the mission is an orphanage for young girls, and two schools, the teachers of which are paid by the Government.

WHATEVER may be the advance made by the Roman Catholic Church in the English provinces, it would appear from recent events that instead of progressing she is gradually, but perceptibly, retrograding in the metropolis. The Polish chapel situated at Hatton Wall, and which was opened about eighteen months ago with great pomp and ceremony by Cardinal Manning, has just been closed for want of support, and a falling off in the numbers of the congregation, the priest who had been placed in charge of the mission having returned to Austria Poland. This, taken in connection with the abandonment of the "mission" stations of St. Bridget, Baldwin's Gardens, and the closing of the Chapel of the Holy Family at Saffron Hill, two populous neighbourhoods colonized by large numbers of Irish, shews a significant diminution not only in the list of chapels, schools, and "missions" in London, but a large leakage of "the faithful" to some other form of religious belief. A very successful church and school have been opened close to the Italian church in Clerkenwell, by the Rev. Dr. Passalenti, a converted priest, and is attended by large numbers of Italians who have abjured Romanism. Both church and schools are under the patronage of the Bishop of London.

A PRESBYTERIAN missionary in Alaska, Mr. W. H. R. Corlies, gives, in "The Presbyterian Home Missions," a striking account of the evils of drunkenness among the Tacco tribe, on the Tacco River. Mr. Corlies was the first missionary to visit them. At first he was received with caution; but when his errand was once known the poor Indians opened their hearts to him and desired him "to sit down among them." Mr. Corlies was with them nearly three months, teaching them six days in the week. There was much which encouraged him; but the evils of *kookhnoo*, or native whiskey made from molasses, made him sick at heart. The Indians are well aware of its hurtfulness, but they seem to have no more strength to withstand temptation than children. The chiefs and influential men came to Mr. Corlies repeatedly and begged him to write to Washington, to prevent the traders from importing molasses. The Indians buy the molasses by the barrel and make *kookhnoo* out of it. Mr. Corlies gives some incidents of the effects of the vile liquor. On one occasion the Indians, who are a peace-loving people when sober, brought Mr. Corlies their guns, before going on a spree, to keep for them, so that they would not injure one another. A few days later the head chief, Chitlane, invited another chief to drink with him. For a time all went merrily; but suddenly the scene changed, "and it seemed as if hell had been let loose—men and women fighting and cursing, biting great pieces of flesh out of each other, like wild beasts; rolling over and over each other, kicking down their bark houses in their frenzy. The sober men, by dragging and pulling, separated the combatants, who would hold on with tooth and nail, like bull-dogs." The chiefs became embroiled, and fortified their houses for battle. Then the head chief entered Mr. Corlies' house, to get his gun; but Mr. Corlies caught him around the waist and whirled him away.