

have been taught the uncertainty of worldly prosperity in a commercial country like ours, and been led to regard it as not all essential to domestic happiness? Have they the cheerful, faithful spirit, that can bow to the storm, and raise again with renewed energy? Is the careworn husband cheered by the quiet smile and affectionate welcome of the wife? And does he find that the hands which have guided with taste the pencil or the pen, and touched with skill more than one musical instrument, can be as cleverly employed in preparing the now frugal meal, and arranging the simple *ménage*? Does the anxious husband find that his wants are as carefully supplied now that there is little or no domestic help, as when he had servants to wait upon him; and that his children are being encouraged to display their infantile skill in waiting upon themselves and each other, and in helping to make all neat for the general comfort?

Many such instances could be found at this hour we doubt not; but, alas, there must, we fear, be many others of a directly opposite description, where the husband's business anxieties are greatly increased by the consciousness that there is one at home who is all unused to toil—unprepared for trial—unfitted for a life-struggle with this work-day world.

An important consideration should be suggested to the minds of the mothers of the rising generation connected with this crisis. Is the present system of home-training calculated to prepare our young people for the real, practical life that lies before them? If children are not taught when young to dress, and wait upon themselves; to use the needle for useful purposes; to be neat and orderly, not only in their own little affairs, but in all that concerns the general comfort of the household, it will be no easy matter to form such habits afterwards. This difficulty is increased if daughters are sent early from home to be educated. The conscientious teacher knows that it is the intellectual and moral training of the young lady to which she is expected to attend; and that the progress made in important studies and elegant accomplishments, and in the formation of lady-like manners and an amiable disposition, will be carefully watched by the anxious parents. But the teacher knows full well, that in the majority of cases, it would give great offence both to parents and children, were she to attempt practically to instruct them in those lighter domestic duties, on the performance of which so much of the happiness and brightness of home depends. It is quite as much as she can venture upon to ask a young lady to group a few flowers—she must know well the character of her pupil before she can request her to dust the vases in which they are to be arranged.

But there are sensible mothers who are constantly striving to combat the natural tendency of young people to love ease and pleasure in preference to useful occupation, and an improving course of study. All honor be to them who thus labor, and may that labor be crowned with the Divine blessing.

These hasty observations are penned with an earnest desire to assist mothers in turning the events which have lately transpired, and are still progressing, to good account in the education of their daughters. We hope, too, that they may be read by some, who will remember past efforts that have been made to rouse them to a sense of their individual responsibility, both towards their families and society at large.—*British Mothers' Journal*.

9. THE TWO PATHS.

A SKETCH FOR OUR ELDER DAUGHTERS.

"Yes, Harris, that is the way I wished to have it done, double bandeaux in front, with these lilies and forget-me-nots nicely arranged behind; I think lilies look best for a birthday fête. And then reach me my pink tarlatane with the bugle trimmings; or, no—stay, Harris, I think I will have the white muslin to-night. I know white suits me very well; Captain Flitters told me so, when we were at the Sutton's the other day; besides it looks girlish too, and simple. And so Lucy, you've quite made up your mind not to go with me to Hallingwell's to-night; well I can't imagine what has come over you lately—only just a little birthday fête, with dancing and music in the grounds. People will begin to remark about you bye-and-bye; you make such a fuss about little things, and slut yourself out from society so. But, at any rate, I'm glad I know how to enjoy myself, and make a comfortable thing of life. There, Harris, that will do, you've made my dress look just the thing to-night; now then reach me my gloves and that lace handkerchief, and I'm quite ready."

Very beautiful did Marion Morton look as she glided though the dance on the smooth daisied lawn, or tripped with the gay band of pleasure-seekers along the winding walks and flower-spangled woods of Hallingwell's that night. There were bright eyes, too, and merry voices, and light footsteps, rang out among the old ancestral trees of Sir Edward's broad domains. Perhaps, had any stood by who looked very deeply into things, they might have marked besides, the concealed glance of vexation, or the flush of envy, or the curled lip of scorn, or the veiled sigh of weariness, or the *aside* murmur of discontent; but the gaily-hunting world thinks not of little things like these.

It was a brilliant birthday fête, splendidly got up and admirably arranged, and what more could be wished for? So Marion danced and sang, and laughed, and made, as she said, a comfortable thing of life—a *very* comfortable thing.

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"Bless your sweet face, miss, I'm right glad to see you! It's the biggest pleasure I have to see you coming along up the lane yonder—it's a real waft o' sunshine it is! Will you please take a seat, miss, and read to me a bit? It isn't often I get to hear a chapter now," and the old woman dusted one of the chairs with her apron, and sat down by the open window, with a brighter smile on her face than had rested there all the long day.

"Thank you, Jenny; it looked so fine and sunny to-night, I thought I would just come and see you a little while. And how do you get on now?"

"Why, miss, it's a fearsome time like for us poor folks, things is so dear, and work so hard to get. I'm thinking many a time I'll have to give up, and go to the parish, after all; but then I think over some of them beautiful texts you tell me about, and somehow or other things get brighter; as the blessed book says, miss, there isn't no want to them as fears Him."

"Yes, Jenny, and as long as you put your trust in Him, He will never let you want. See, I've brought you a few things in this basket. Here's a little sago for you, and some oatmeal and tea, and—"

"Bless you, miss! sure you're the most kindest young lady as ever came near a body. I pray for you every night on my bended knees, I do," and the old woman's eyes glistened as Lucy took the parcels out of the basket, and laid them on the table. "They *will* set me up famously, they will; it isn't often I get such things now. I don't seem to have any heart for working as I used to have, you see *he's* so contrary with me, and puts me about so. Ah, miss, but I've had a rough carrying of it since I was married. I didn't think it would be so *once*."

Lucy cheered the poor woman in her own quiet way, reading to her the precious promises from the Word of God, for those who are weary and heavy laden, and leading her to look beyond the cloud to the "rest" that remains. Then bidding her good night, she took up her little basket and left the cottage.

"The Lord in heaven reward her!" said poor Jenny, as, with tearful eyes, she stood in the doorway watching the light step of her young visitor as it tripped down the lane; "she's a dear young lady she is, God bless her!"

With this unconscious benediction resting upon her, Lucy took her way through the village, stopping here and there to drop a kind look or a bright smile; then passing the little schoolhouse with its ivy-covered door, she sat down on the stone bridge close to the old church, and began thinking. And truly a pleasanter time or place she could not have chosen for her meditations. It was the close of day in early June, so calm, so bright, so peaceful, before the sultry winds of summer had dimmed the fresh green tints of the foliage, or faded the rich masses of hawthorn and lilac that clustered round the meadows and copses. The little stream came dancing along under the low arch of the bridge, waving the long tufts of weeds, eddying round the loose rocks, and tinkling over the shining gravel; then past the green slopes of the Rectory, and the grey battlements of the churchyard, it flowed on until it joined the broad lake in the park, where the stately trees stooped down to kiss its waters, and the swans unfold their snowy plumage over its depths. Then to the right the white turrets of Hallingwell's rose amid the trees, far away in the distance stretched the wooded heights of Firgold, purpling in the sunlight and blending with the faint line of mist which marked the ———shire hills. Then close beside her was the shady path, canopied over with elm and thick-spreading chestnut trees, which led to the churchyard. The sun was glistening through them now, like a globe of fire, lighting up, too, the arched windows and tall pinnacles of the church, and then glancing downwards, rested upon the lowly graves which lay scattered round it, marking the spot where the dead find rest. Lucy thought of the time when poor old Jenny would lie there too, and the "rough carrying on" be done with for ever. But it was only eight o'clock, and there was time enough yet to go and see poor Mary Guest, a girl who was dying of consumption. So, taking another look at the quiet scene around her, Lucy left the bridge, and crossing the plantation, went over the meadow to the little cottage where the gamekeeper lived. It was a pretty spot; wild roses climbed over the low roof, jasmine crept in through the latticed windows, and the sparrows built their nests in the leafy porch, chirping away as merrily as though the wing of death were not even now darkening its threshold. Lucy knocked at the door, and finding that the gamekeeper's wife was out, she went upstairs into the chamber. The window was thrown open, and the white curtains folded back, so that the dying girl might look out on the sunset as she lay there, held up by pillows in her bed.

"Oh, miss," she said, stretching out her thin hand to clasp Lucy's, "I'm so glad to see you! I was only just thinking how nice it would be if you would come. Mother was obliged to go out, and I felt so lonely