

For Duty's Sake.
(By Jean Hewlett, Blenheim, Ont.)
Hannah Brown is her name to-day—
It used to be Hannah Stover.
An' years ago she'd a brother Tom,
An' like a two heads of clover.
We sat last night when the sun went down,
The chores for the day were ended;
An' argu'd for an hour or more,
An' the point which I contended
Was this—She married long ago,
(We were girls, you see, together,
An' so we talk of our own affairs
An' the neighbors, an' shifts in the weather.)
But I—I ain't been married at all
For I've always held it a feather
To be tied to one for good and all,
And heaps of worse with the better.
So I said, "Hannah, your mistake,
That has brought you heaps of trouble,
Was leaving the safe old single track,
To walk—and to work—in the double.
You're fading now—no wonder that;
For you could keep young and merry,
With six romping youngsters about
As a husband rank contrary?
But she said so—so foolish like,
An' she sat so quiet by me,
An' said in her slow and easy way,
"Yes, Jane, I've lots to try me.
But a good provider is John, you know,
An' he labors late an' early;
Is it any wonder the years that pass
Should leave him a trifle surly?
An' the children with their pretty ways,
An' faces so sweet and shining?
If true it is married life's a cloud,
Is there surely a silver lining
I pity you, Jane, each day of my life,
Alone in your and sorrow,
An' some of my bright things I'd lend,
If you'd but care to borrow."
"Thanks, Hannah," I said, exultant like,
"Keep your joys, if you've found them;
I'll take my clouds as big as you please,
But no lining like that behind them!"
Hannah went on smiling just the same;
You never can poke sense down her,
She really believes she is happy now.
With six kids round her and round her.
"Well, never mind, Jane," she said at last,
"Let's talk of something smoother;
I came over now to tell you about
Poor Tom, my unhappy brother.
A widower now for more'n a year,
With little ones to care for,
An' Tom no hand to manage at all,
Or to know the why and the wherefore."
"He'll come out all right," I answered brisk;
I was sorry, but wouldn't show it.
"Cause years ago he was fond of me,
Though the whole world didn't know it.
Well, Hannah went home by the garden gate,
An' I sat alone by the eucalyptus.
Now ain't it queer what a woman forgets,
An' then all at once remembers?
My pots and pans and ashtrays bright,
The floor was white and sanded,
But my mind went galloping off in the past,
Till by-and-by I was landed.
At a day when I wore a lilac frock,
With a sash and white lace collar,
An' Tom—such a bashful, awkward Tom—
Said I bet the other girls holler.
I was awful set in my ways with Tom,
But I guess 'twas more'n fancy
That I ruded it a little after all.
When he married that Nancy,
A cricketer down by the wide brick hearth
Kept up a sweet low humming;
But I woke up quickly, for up the path
I saw there was someone coming.
Now, if I hadn't had foolish thoughts,
If I never have said "Come in!" that,
With hands outstretched and clinging,
Hannah'll laugh, I know, for I've always held
That my heart was cold as December.
An' I tell you a honest lady old maid
No foolishness ought to remember.
A widower, too! An' a house upside down!
Four youngsters to worry an' fret me!
What, what could I say to a man like Tom,
Who couldn't a word forget me?
My duty, I'm sure, is plain to the eye,
(Tom's youngsters just a beauty)
An' I a y come what will—good old dad—
I'm not going to shirk such a duty.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS": A Tale of the American Revolution.

CHAPTER VII.

The snow was no longer falling. The air, motionless and crisp, vibrated only with the crisp tread of their feet and the cawing of a wailing line of crows. The monotone of the twilight deepened over the white desert, across which shone occasional gleams from some isolated houses. The mantle of clouds, part of the disguise with which the world was clothed, disappearing, showed roseate vistas revealing inner azure depths, where a silver moon-boat floated with one star in its wake. They walked on briskly and silently, something of the strangeness of the strange, new world, whence all familiar landmarks were blotted out, drawing them together in the gathering shadows. Once a short moving wagon, piled with firewood, creaked past, so near that they could see the vapor of the horses' breath. There was closer communion in this silence than either of them knew, and as the solitude and dusk increased, they each became to the other the one reality in the effaced and isolated land.
"Tom," said Betty, "does it not seem strange to you for just two to be walking on and on together?"
"It seems very good. I would that the way were longer."
"I will try to tell you what I mean. It seems to me that it will be like this when a person has just died; we will wander through such shades on and on—whither?"
His grasp on her hand tightened.
"I will not wonder or worry whither, so that we be together. Child, what odd fancies are these to visit thy sweet mind? I fear when you speak thus—you seem too far away from me."
"Something tells me that sometime we shall be together. We will be dead but not lonely, and you are very strong and kind, and a good friend to me, Tom."
He started to say something, but her rapt mood and voice deterred him.
"Strange fancies come to me; but the dreams are the strangest of all; and at times the dreams and fancies seem one, and I fear—"
"You have been too much alone. You will let me take care of you now, my angel!"
His ardor recalled her to herself.
"At this moment you may; yes. Else I would not reach home to-night; like the old woman who could not get over the stile."
They had reached the bridge, where a deep drift of snow had massed. Below, in the dim fringe of willow bordering the ice-bound stream, a party of village youths had gathered for skating, collected around a brush fire, lighting luridly the smoky gloom.
Tom did not wait to avail himself of the permission. He lifted her slender form in his arms, lingering unnecessarily over the task, before he deposited her over the bank.
"I would that it had been as wide and deep as the river," he said, with trembling voice.
That he should hold her as easily as a

kitten was revelation of strength that caused Betty an increased respect. She looked at him furtively, and ran on ahead in the dark.
"Tom, didn't you tell me you wrote poetry?"
"I don't think so. I don't remember ever telling you; but I have been guilty of some attempt of the kind since I left the university."
"Madrigals to Miss Ramsay and 'sonnets to her eyebrow,' eh?"
"Not I—the mincing fine lady! I never wait a poem to a lady in my life—except— Wait a bit, Betty, not so fast." He hurried on and caught up with her. "What a will of the wisp thou art!"
"Without its fire?"
"You? Why, you are an iceberg. The will of the wisp has light but no warmth. I saw you by the brightness of your eyes—"
They were now in front of the house.
"Oh, Tom, thank you for the neatly termed compliment in verse that came today."
"Why, how did you know I wrote it?"
He heard a mocking little laugh. "What an ardent wish thou art, though, it does not take much cleverness to dupe such a dilldard as I!"
The parlor was dark, save for two lighted candles and a bright fire, before which Betty seated herself, fastening her wrap. Tom leaned over the back of her chair, watching the warm light play in the reddish ripples of her hair.
"Bab must be with Aunt Clem," said Betty, holding out her hands to the flame.
"Tom, how glad I was to see you this evening when you came in. I felt like crying, 'Ho! a Rozier to the rescue!' as we used when we enacted the old ballads."
She could not see his face, but his voice was very low.
"Thou dear little girl, half dead with ennui," laying his hand lightly on her hair. She shrank from the touch.
"Sit down there and talk to me," she pleaded.
"Child, what thou drivest me mad? Canst thou not see that I adore thee? Wilt thou not love me?"
"I do—oh, Tom! I care so much for you, but it is different from the love I bear Bab."
He obeyed her mandate then, sitting near her, and gazing earnestly into her face, flushed and startled.
"Bab! I vow that thou art either the most ardent coquette or the most engaging piece of simplicity I ever saw. I want you to love me, not as you love Bab, or anyone else—as your husband, my angel. Oh, hang it! I have to explain, you do indeed not care for me!"
"Do not be angry. You see, I have been very happy before; why should I care to change? And I do not like you when you speak thus masterfully. I will not listen."
She raised her hands as if to put them to her ears, but, seeing the unhappiness on his face, rose and said:
"Maybe, after a while, when I know you better, and we are older and more reasonable, I may—"
"Ah, cruel one!" he sighed; "age knows no pleasures."
He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, running his fingers through the brown curls on his dejected head. Betty moved gently to the harpsichord, and, touching a few chords, sang with satirical intonation an old song:
"A poor soul sat sighing 'neath a sycamore tree,
Sing willow, willow, willow,
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland."
Tom drew a long breath and looked at her, at the graceful curves of her figure, and the light glowing on her half-averted face, which was laughing, as he could see by the tell-tale dimple.
"How can you mock at me," he cried, "and gaud me to madness, when I love you so?"
She did not reply, but a moment afterwards began to sing to a quaint little air the following verses:
What is this love?
How should I know?
Once, as a cloud passed o'er the sky,
I said: 'The love that is passing by,
(It was not so.)'
What is this love?
I long to know;
A falling star shot through the night,
I said: 'Tis the wings of love, alight,
(It was not so.)'
What is this love?
I fear to know;
Once, as a thorn pierced in my breast,
I felt love's sorrow without its rest,
(It hurt me so.)'
What is this love?
Ah! I shall know;
Dark as the cloud, swift as the star,
Like the thorn it wounds and leaves a scar.
(Heigho! heigho!)

She followed this with other ballads, filling the dusky, quiet room with her sweet voice, which sank into Tom's heart and thrilled him with an unrestful calm which he would fain have had last forever. What happiness to be with her alone, to mark the rise and fall of her snowy kerchief!
Betty arose and came to the fireplace.
"Tom, is there anything that touches the heart sooner than these old songs? Do you mind, when we were children, how we pored over the chronicles of the knights, and wished to imitate them? I knighted you, and you swore to be ever true to God, your lady, and your sovereign."
"Yes, and I faith, the memory of that youthful vow has clung to me, and kept me from much folly. You have ever been my good angel; and many a time, when I have been in England with a crowd of mad fellows—such as you, thank God! in your innocence have never known—has the thought of you restrained me in the midst of some wild scene. Childish oath though it was, it binds me in honor closer to my king and to you."
"I wonder whether you remember the old ballads we learned together, and the poor dumpy old Witherington in 'Chevy Chase,' that fought on his stumps?"
"Ah, but what is finer, and what I liked best, was the Battle of Otterbourne and the death of Douglas:
"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And bury me 'neath the broken bush,
That grows on yonder lily lea."
"Betty, there are no tears in thine eyes! You are right; there is nothing like them; there is something—a *je ne sais quoi*."
"Yes, as Miss Stacy says—a *jenny cuckoo*."
Tom had shown dangerous symptoms of another revival of tenderness. It was charming to him to be sitting,

thus secure, shut out from the surrounding waste of night, opposite the lovely girl whose changing moods played on her mobile face; but the importunate fellow was not satisfied, and, from time to time, made a movement of impatience, heaved a deep sigh, or gazed too fervently.
To check these raptures Betty continued glibly:
"But there is another collection I love even better still—the nursery rhymes. Where do you find anything grander, save Shakespeare? One may gather a vast deal of knowledge. There is historical information about King Arthur which is recorded in all other chronicles, how 'he stole three pecks of barley-meal to make a bag-pudding.' Then the sensibility in the lines, 'The north wind doth blow.' The lover of natural history finds the rare phenomenon of a pig without a wig, and the informant is even so accurate as to mention where they are found, 'On the road to Bonner.' Is there not profound logic in the deduction, in the case of the old woman who lived under a hill, that 'if she's not gone she lives there still?' Pshaw! as Miss Stacy says, what gibberish I can talk."
"Gad! Betty, what a critic has Grub Street lost in you! I protest you still find the nursery rhyme with which I used to tease you; Lizzie, Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess! All the same person, but how different!"
"Elizabeth, as hostess, is glad to see you, but Betsey thinks you had better go, and Bess pertly tells you not to keep Peregrine and the horses waiting in the cold."
The noise of the sleigh-bells outside warned Tom that Peregrine had come to fetch him home. He arose reluctantly, throwing on his coat, and looking down at her as she sat with taper, rosy fingers locked before the blaze.
"Good-night, cruel child!" he said. "I wonder if the time will ever come when—"
Remember Pop's last bonstute: "Blessed is he that expecteth little, for he shall never be disappointed."
He made a low bow, and moved without a word toward the door.
"Wait," she said; "I was unkind to thee. Bear with me a while. God knows I fear change. But, Tom, I told an untruth"—the color surged over her face—"I said that I hated you when you were masterful; I do not think it can be hate. It frightens me, but, Tom—I think I like thee best, so."
Beside himself, he bent over to take her in his arms, but she drew away, and standing erect, with quickly taken breath, like a startled deer, said:
"Not so, I beg you—I am free yet. Why do you look at me so fiercely if you love me? What is it all—what does it mean, this loving?"
Suddenly the expression that he had often before noticed came into her eyes. With the iris large and dark, they seemed to look off, seeing nothing.
Thus they stood for one moment in long-past time, and during that moment who can tell what glances of hidden things passed before the pure vision of the girl who was unapproachable, awing her lover's passion to silence?
He lifted her hand gently to his lips, and the memory of Betty standing in the firelight, stamped on his heart, was present with him through the cold and night, as the sleigh sped over the snow toward Lord's Gift.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Betty awoke that May morning, she heard through the open window the crowing of a cock, answered by a far-away echo in the village. Then other sounds and symbols of life began to intrude into her semi-consciousness, the sleepy piping of birds and the lowing of cows going to pasture. She opened her eyes slowly to see the diaphanous white of the window-curtain shadowed by a branch of ivy, and to realize that the day was Sunday and the month was May. She arose, put on a wrapper, and went down through the quiet house into the garden.
The sun had not yet peered over the level sweep of the eastern horizon. The garden and the timeless sky and water were veiled with a soft mist.
The earth waited, calm and pure, the coming of her bridegroom, and for this the garden was all in white; for the snow of white bloom—of bridal wreath, snow-balls, lilac, dogwood, and magnolia. The haze clung to the budding tree-tops, and softened the earth to a dream of peace and promise for the future, which seemed to Betty's heart, bringing a happiness that lasted and fulfilled its mission throughout that crowning day of her life.
She leaned down to the grass, where each tiny spear was silvered with dew, and, filling her palms with the moisture, bathed her face; for Mammy had told her that dew was better than any of Miss Stacy's compounds for removing freckles; and, for some reason unknown to herself, Betty had begun to take great interest in her personal appearance and to feel a desire to appear beautiful.
As she walked between the box-bushes, on which the dew-drops hung sparkling, caught in filigree spider-webs, she perceived the subtle perfume of the lilies-of-the-valley, and stooping to separate the long, pale leaves, saw the tiny bells, that seemed to tremble with their own overpowering fragrance.
God seemed very near that morning. She became like part of the nature unfolding around her, interpenetrated by the sweetness of the flowers as she bent over them with dreamful eyes. She plucked the lilies and placed them on her white throat. Then, passing another flower-bed, where the early yellow roses, the only ones yet in bloom, scented the air, a branch scratched her arm, bare to the elbow. Pushing it aside, she saw that it was a spray of the daily rose, on which one blushing bud was bursting through its filaments of green.
"You little dear!" she said; and, pressing her lips to its velvety tenderness, she felt a gentle thrill.
"Ah," thought Betty, "I must be growing, too."
(To be Continued.)

Not Consistent.
Harper's Bazar: Hicks—How do you like your new neighbors, the Woolley's?
Mrs. Hicks—She seems a kindly soul; but she has no taste about her dress.
Hicks—What did you find to criticize?
Mrs. Hicks—The idea of a woman appearing in a coffee-colored tea gown.
Some people think an insipid smirk and a "beg pardon" should be sufficient excuse for breaking into a private conversation.
The United States Treasury Department yesterday purchased \$1,840,900 worth of bonds.
Antonio de Navarro, the husband of Mary Anderson, has just come into a legacy of \$350,000, left him by the late Francis Dykers, of New York.
John Rockefeller, who is now said to be worth nearly if not quite \$100,000,000, had only \$2,000 in the world twenty years ago. That sum now represents his income for every three hours.
The unfortunate young pugilist Lennon, whose role in Duncan B. Harrison's company, was to stand and be whipped by John L. Sullivan, has tendered his resignation. The pugilist, he says, was so elated over the applause of the audience that he dealt his blows in a fashion altogether too realistic.
Charles Stevenson has given up his attempt to be a business man, and has gone back to the stage to support his wife, Kate Claxton, in the "Two Orphans."

YOUNG

Something About Sir David Wilkie, the Scotch Painter.
Of all the artists that Scotland has produced Sir David Wilkie is probably the greatest and best-known. Specimens of his work may be seen in many of the principal galleries in Europe, and his paintings are everywhere highly prized. He was born on the 18th of November, 1785, and it is said that he could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell. At the age of 14 he began the study of painting at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh. He applied himself with extraordinary patience and perseverance to his art, haunting the fields, villages, fairs, and market-places, and transferring whatever struck his fancy into his sketch-book. The result of this labor soon became apparent, and by the time he was 19 years of age he was a portrait and genre painter of established reputation in Scotland. The first important picture which he executed was "Pillars of the Fair," in which he introduced about 140 figures, including many portraits of his neighbors and family. He sold it for about \$125—hardly an adequate return for the immense amount of work he had put into it. It may be, however, that it was intrinsically worth no more, though Wilkie in his maturer years said that it contained more subject and entertainment than any other three pictures he had produced. He continued his laborious career to the end, being as indefatigable as Reynolds or Dore. There is a vast difference of style in his paintings, some being of the Dutch and some of the Italian schools, the former being remarkable for detailed handling and delicate touch, while the latter are rich in tone and large in effect. He essayed a great variety of subjects, but it is generally agreed that he was at his best in genre painting. Wilkie died on a voyage home from Jerusalem, June 1, 1841, and his body was consigned to the deep in the Bay of Gibraltar.
Dr. Talmage's Christmas Cheer.
In these holidays let all the comfortable classes exchange the Lamentations of Jeremiah for the exultant Psalms of David—"Praise ye the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and we will have a different state of things in this country. I wish there might be a conspiracy formed—I would like to belong to it—a conspiracy made up of all the merchants and editors and ministers of religion agree that they would have faith in God and talk cheerfully, and there would be a revival of business, immediate and tremendous and glorious. Stop singing Naomi and old Winnow, and give us Mount Pisgah and Coronation. Merry Christmas! The land is full of prophets, and I have as much right to prophesy as any one. I prophesy that we are coming toward the grandest temporal prosperity we have ever witnessed in this country. Mechanics are going to have larger wages; capitalists are going to have larger dividends; the factories that are now closed are going to run day and night to meet demands; stores are going to be crowded with customers jostling each other and impatient to get waited on. Amid the rapid strides of business, attorneys will be called in to interpret legalities, and merchants overworked will want medical attendance, and the churches are going to be abundant with men and women anxious to consecrate their gains to the Lord. You prophesy midnight! I prophesy midnight. You pitch your tent toward universal bankruptcy; I pitch my tent toward national opulence.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.
"The Door of Hope."
A new home has been opened for fallen women at 102 East Sixty-first street in New York City called "The Door of Hope." Its establishment, it is said, is due to the prayers of Mrs. E. M. Whittemore. It is to be a temporary home for unfortunate women who wish to turn from the path that inevitably ends in a degradation and death more terrible than mind of man can paint. Here the inmates will receive religious education and industrial training that they may be fitted to live honorable lives. In speaking to a New York reporter, Mrs. Whittemore said: "I was divinely healed six years ago of a spinal trouble that had rendered me helpless for a large part of twelve years. After her recovery she determined to labor among her unfortunate sisters. The house she has opened was tendered her rent free by the Rev. A. B. Simpson (formerly pastor of Knox Church, Hamilton, Ont.) and the furniture is mostly donated by Miss Jennie Ordway, a redeemed girl. These homes are needful, and it is refreshing to note that earnest hearts are thus engaged in a holy cause.—Boston American Spectator.
Manners of Men.
If you would think well of men don't watch them; only listen to them. After a man is rich he does not call them quails; he calls them "birds."
Don't measure a man by what he promises, measure him by what he does. You never really know a man's disposition until you have eaten a delayed breakfast with him.
The people who don't like us don't know us. Those who don't like our neighbors know them too well.
Men are always brave enough to administer undeserved praise, but few of them are fearless enough to bestow merited criticism.
He who talks too much makes two mistakes; reveals his ignorance and fails to learn wisdom from the lips of others.
Going Too Far.
Proprietor of cigar store—I like enterprise, Jim, but you're carryin' things a little too far.
Assistant—How's that?
Proprietor—Why, that sign you've got up. "Read Imported Havana Cigars Made While You Wait." It won't hardly do.