REB STO

have suffered myself to cry. When peo-ple feel happy causelessly, it is said to be a sign that the joy cannot last, that there is sorrow coming. So, on the other be proud of all the good things her hus hand, it may be a good emen to feel band's love endows her with; only the one's heart aching without cause. Yet might be better things than houses an a tear or two seems to relieve it and do lands, clothes and furniture. it good. Enough now,
I was about to describe Treheme

ding, ill-natured people might have said that Miss Lisabel Johnston married the Court and not the master so magnificent is it. Estate extending goodness knows where; park with deer; avenue two miles long; plantations sloping to the riverone of the "principal rivers of England," as we used to learn in Pinnock's Gengraphy—the broad, quiet, and yet fast running Dee. Hew lovely it must look in summer, with those great trees dipping greenly into it, and those meadows detted with lazy cows.

There are gardens, too, and an iron bridge, and statues, and a lawn with a sun-dial, though not half so pretty as that one at the Cedars; and a quadrangular stable, almost as grand as the used to go careering half over the country, until lately. Certainly, those two to be a daily witness of Mrs. Treherne's be one blaze of sunshine.

I broke off here to write to Penelope. I wish Penelope were with us. She will unfortunate love; but there is something find her Christmas very dull without us discreditable in totally ignoring and for all; and, consequently, without Francis; getting it. I doubt, I should rather dethough he could not have come to Rockmount under any circumstances, he said, even for me. "Important business." This "business," alack, is often hard to brook.

"Men must work, and women must ween." cowards if they do. They ought tocheer off and on with the ease and untidiness and encourage the men, never to bemoan of fifteen, instead of the preciseness of and blame them. Yet I wish-I wish sixty-five: order and regularity being Penelope could get a sight of Francis omitted by Providence in the manuthis Christmas time. It is such a holy facture of this dear old lady. Als time, when hearts seem "knit together listening, which is no sinecure; for she in love"—when one would like to have always has plenty to say about everyall one's best-beloved about one. And thing and everybody, except herself. she loves Francis-has loved him for so I may never have said it in so man

Dr. Urquhart said to me once, the on- line in her nice old withered face ly time he ever referred to the matter- pleasant to me! every creak of her quick family love affairs; "that he wished sin- lasting black silk gown- a very shabby cerely my sister and Mr. Charteris gown often, for she does not care how had been married-it would have been she dresses. She is by no means one of the best thing which could have happen- your picturesque ancient gentlewomen, ed to him-and to her, if she loved looking as if they had just stepped out him." I smiled; little doubt about that of a gilt-frame—she is only a little, active "if." In truth, though I once thought bright old lady. As a girl, she might differently, it is one of the chief founda- have been pretty-I am not sure, though tions of the esteem and sympathy which she has still a delicate expressive mouth I take shame to myself for not having and soft gray eyes; but I am very sure hitherto given to my elder sister. I that she often looks beautiful now. shall do better, please God, in time to And why? for, guessing what all the come; better in every way.

certain half-fretful dreaminess that creeps smiling at this application of the word. over me, it may be partly in consequence Because she has one of the most beautithe sudden plunge into a life so totally woman-or a young one, either; all new, I mean to write regularly at my loving-kindness, energy, cheerfulness. journal, to put down everything that happens from this time; so that it may and say to me, "Dora," or "Theodora" -I think I like my full name best-"I should like to read your journal.'

always to choose Sunday for these en- own comparison of the people I meet out tries, because we usually retire early, and it is such a peaceful family-day at mean Treherne Court, with my good old Rockmount; which indeed is the case friend. here. We only went to church once. and dined as usual at seven, so that I had a long afternoon's wander about the her to let me twist into a little more myself. I hope it was a truly Sunday walk; that I was content and thankful, as I ought to be.

So ended Sunday. Let us see what liked very much?" Monday will bring. Monday. It brought an instalment

of visitors; the first for our Christmas

door, and whe should leap out of it, with taken pains to be pleasant to every one. the brightest face in the world, but It would not do to have people saying, Colin Granton and his mother. I was so surprised-startled indeed, for I hap- dora Johnston! I wonder how anybody pened to be standing at the hall-door could find two words to say to either. Only my eyes might have shown—I trust they

very glad to see them. I tucked the dear old lady under my servants into the dining-room, leaving Colin to take care of himself, a duty of my dear old friend. Every friend's face mother away here, which fact did not Owen. The result resembled many a you think your sister is tired of waiting there was another reason—which they

After limeh the 0 10 10 very feet orana of all subsets to hit proud of her beautiful house, and not unnatural either. A wife has a right to and's love endows her with; only they Lisa has said sometimes, "My dear, I am the happiest girl in the world. Don't Had any of us seen it before the wed- you envy me?" my heart has never found the least difficulty in replying.

Yet, she is happy. There is a look of contented matronhood growing in her face day by day, far sweeter than any thing her girlhood could boast. She is very fond of her husband too. It was charming to see the bright blush with which she started up from Mrs. Granton's fireside, the instant Augustus was heard calling outside. "Lis! Lis! Mrs. Treherne ! Where's Mrs. Treherne?"

"Run away to your husband, my dear. see he can't do without you. How well she looks and how happy she seems!" added the old lady, who has

By the way, I do not suppose house, and which Augustus thinks of ever actually proposed to our Lisa; only quite as much importance. He has made it was a sort of received notion in our Lisa a first-rate horsewoman, and they family that he would. If he had his mother never would have brought him here, have the most thorough enjoyment of beauty and contentment; which he bears life, fresh, young, animal life and spirits, with a stoicism most remarkable in a as is possible to conceive. Their whole young man who has ever been in love existence, present and future, seems to with her. Do men so easily forget? Some, perhaps; not all. It is oftentimes honorable and generous to conquer an spise a man who despised his first love,

Let me see: where did I leave myself? Oh, sitting by Mrs. Granton's fire; or helping her to take off her things-a sinecure office, for her "things"-no No, they ought not to weep; they are other word befits them-are popped

words, but I love Mrs. Granton. Every for he is too delicate to gossip about footstep; every angular fold in her ever-

grand people at dinner to night will And to begin: In order to shake off a think of her and myself, I cannot help of the breaking up of home habits, and ful natures that can adorn an old

Because age has failed to sour her affliction to harden her heart. Of all be a complete history of this visit at Tre- people I know, she is the quickest to herne Court, if, at a future time, I or praise, the slowest to judge, the gentlest any one ever do so? Will any one ever to condemn. A living homily on the have the right? No; rights enforced are text which, specifying the trinity of ugly things. Will any one ever come Christian virtues, name-"these threebut the greatest of these is charity."

Long familiarity made me unmindful of those qualities in her, till, taught by Let me see: to-night is Sunday: I seem the observations of others, and by my in the world, which may be supposed to

"Have you much company, then?" asked she, while I was trying to persuade grounds; first with papa, and then by form the shapeless "bob" of her dear old gray hair, and put her cap not quite so much on one side. "And do you enjoy it, my dear? Have you seen anybody you

"None that I liked better than my self, be sure. How should I?"

A true saying, though she did not un derstand its under-meaning. I have At church-time a fly drove up to the set more value on myself of late, and "What a disagreeable girl is that Theocan like her?" Has Mr. Granton an idea when the fly appeared; that I hardly that anybody-nay, let it come out! that like one another, and are both aware of

anybody does like me? did-that, after the first minute, I was questions keen, as I entertained her with of refinement," as he terms it, may be acquaintances we had made-a large suit, and were we ever so fond of one arm, and marched her through all the number—from county nobility to clerical another, this incompatibility would be have loved you one whit the more, only dignitaries and gay young efficers from apparent. People may like and respect you would have been married a little which the young man is quite capable. tirely of barracks and cathedral. But as two good tunes are not always capable for both parties. Then I had a great hunt after papa and she gave me no news in return, except of being harmonized. I once heard an Then I had a great hunt after papa and she gave me no news in return, except of being narmonized. I once heart an ingenious performer try to play at once in such anguish of regret, that I felt having promised Augustus—for some in mirth the heart is sad"—a happy gusta, and begging to introduce to her he had never rested till he had got his "The last Rose of Summer" and "Garry sorry for him. Then, suddenly: De

y interest me. He was always wouth, but I trusted his late Can his interest in then Transper dissay Augustus had sent her to sak if Mrs. Granton had seen Dr. Urquhart lately?

"Oh, yes; Colin saw him a few days since. He is quite well and very busy.' "And where is he? Will he be here this week? Augustus wants to know." "I have not the slightest idea. He

did not say a word about it." Lisabel inquired no farther, but began showing her velvet dress and her beautiful point-lace ruffles. Lady Treherne's present—a far more interesting subject. Verily, gratitude is not the most lasting of human emotions in young women who have homes, and husbands, and everything they can desire.

Quite well and very busy, though not too busy to write to Colin Granton. I am glad. I have sometimes thought he might be ill.

The dinner-party was the largest since we have been here. Two long rows of faces apparently forgotten the slight of "my in not one of whom I took the slightest interest save Mrs. Granton's and Colin's. I tried to sit next the former, and the latter to sit next to me; but both designs failed, and we fell among strangers, which is sometimes as bad as fallin among thieves. 1 did not enjoy my evening as much as I expected; but I hope I behaved well; that, as Mrs. Trenerne's sister, I tried to be attentive and courteous to the people, that no one need have been ashamed of poor Theo-

> And it was some comfort when, by the merest chance, I overheard Mrs. Granton say to Lisabel "that she never saw a girl so much improved as Miss Dora.'

Improved! Yes, I ought to be. There was room for it. Oh, that I may go on improving, growing better every day! Too good I cannot be. "Quite well and very busy

runs in my head that sweet, sad dity: "Men must work, and women must weep, For there's little to earn and many to keep Oh! to think of any one's ever working

Tuesday. Nothing at all happened. No letters, no news. Colin drove out his mother and me toward the Welsh hills, which I had expressed a wish to see; and, after lunch, asked if I would go with him to the riverside in search of a boat, for he thought we may still have a row, though it is still December, the weather being so mild. He remembered ago. I think Colin also is "improved."

He is so exceedingly attentive and kind. the most of it, for this journal seen very uninteresting.

I was standing, "flattening my nose, as children say, against the great iron gates of the avenue, peering through them at the two lines of bare trees, planted three deep, and the broad gravel drive, straight as an arrow, narrowing in perspective almost to a point; the lodge plainly visible at the end of the two miles, which seems no distance at all; but when you have to walk it. it's "awfu' lang." as says the old Scotch gardener, who is my very particular friend and my informant on all subjects, animal, vegetable, and historical, pertaining to Treherne Court. And looking at it from these gates, the road does seem "awfu' lang," like life. I was thinking so when some one touched me, and said,

'Dora. must have blushed as much as if I had been Penelope—that is, as Penelope used to blush in former days. And next minute I thought of her, and felt alarm-

"Oh, Francis, nothing is the matter -nothing has happened to Penelope?" "You silly girl, what should happen? do not know anything about Rockmount; was not aware but that you were all at home till I saw you here, and knew by the sentimental attitude it could be nobody but Dora. Tell me, when did

vou come?" "When did you come? I understood it was impossible for you to leave Lon-

"I had business with my uncle, Sir William. Besides, if Penelope is here

"You must know quite well, Francis. that Penelope is not here.'

I never scruple to speak my mind to Francis Charteris. We do not much it. His soft, silken politeness often Her eyes were very sharp, and her strikes me as insincere, and my "want our doings at Treherne Court, and the quite as distasteful to him. We do not Whitchester, which seems made up en- one another extremely, yet not suit, even sooner, which might have been better?

This promised to be one of

Still it might have struck Francis that We river, under the great Portugal laurels,

> "I have watched their growth ever since I was a boy. You know, Dora, once this place was to have been mine." "It would have given you a vast deal of trouble, and you don't like trouble. You will enjoy it much more as a visi-

Francis made no reply, and when I asked the reason of his sudden change of plans, and if Penelope were acquainted with it he seemed veved

"Of course Penelope knows; I wrote to-day, and told her my purpose in coming here was to see Sir William. Cannot a man pay his respects to his uncle without being questioned and suspected?" "I never suspected you. Francis-

until now, when you look as if you were afraid I should. What is the matter? Do tell me. For truly, I felt alarmed. He was so

extremely nervous and irritable, and his sensitive features, betrayed so much inward discomfiture, that I dreaded some ill, threatening him or Penelope. If

"Do tell me, Francis. Forgive my rudeness. We are almost brother and

"Which tie is supposed to excuse my rudeness. But really I have nothing to tell-except that your ladyship is growing blunter than ever, under the instruction, no doubt, of your friend, Dr. Urquhart. Pray, is he here?"

"Is he expected?"

"Pshaw! what do men care for one

"No

the proceedings of a young-I beg his mas blast. pardon-a middle-aged gentleman.

If Francis thought either to irritate or onfuse me, he was dissapointed. A his own edds without heeding me.

"Now, Dora, seriously, I want to him. Do find out for me, there's a good was the thought of Penelope, poor girl, coolly?—a lovely West Indian Island,

And he put his arm round me, in an nobody. elder-brotherly caressing manner which how I used to like his pulling Lisabel he sometimes adopted with Lisa and me, and which I never used to mind. Now, moorland—we won't say how many years I felt as if I could not endure it, and I thought I would put on my new dress slipped away.

"Then you really know nothing of Dr. Urquhart's whereabouts lately? He has not been to Rockmount?"

"No." "Nor written?"

know? Have you been quarrelinly with I told her so.

For, aware they two were not over fond of one another, a sudden idea-so disappointments to-night. People with ridiculously romantic that I laughed at it the next minute-made me, for one tives." second turn quite sick and cold

"Quarrelling, my dear child-young gentlemanly, as to quarrel with any Dee! What a beautiful view this Sir William in the best of humors, is

He began to expatiate on its beauties, with that delicate appreciative taste the expression of which he never fails. Under such circumstances, when he really seems pleased-not languidly, but actively, and tries to please others, I grant | ing of anything else. all Francis's claims as a charming companion-for an hour's walk. For lifeah! that is a different matter! When with him, I often think of "Beatrice's answer when Don Pedro asks if she will have him as a husband?" "No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days. Your Grace is too costly to wear every day."

Love-fit for constant wear and tear able to sink safely down "to the level of every day's Most quiet need; by sun and candle-light,"

must be a rare thing, and precious

"I think I never saw such a Christ mas-eve. Look Dora, the sky is as blue as June. How sharp and clear the reflection of those branches in the river. Heigho! this is a lovely place. What difference it would have made to me if Sir William had never married, and I had been heir to Treherne Court.

No difference to you in yourself," said I, stoutly. "Penelope would not

"Heaven knows yes, muttered he

"Not at all. Indeed, I meant not

of still, "at would be quite natural."

"No, I cried, in some indignation, "it would not be quite natural. Do you suppose we women are in such a frightful hurry to be married, that love promised and sure, such as Penelope has or scarcely with him; wherever he was he ought to have is not sufficient to make would be doing his duty. Yet, why us happy for any number of years? If should he be always doing his duty to you doubt it, you ought to be ashamed every one, except me? Had I no right! of yourself. You don't know women; I, to whom even Lisa, who knew nothing least of all such as my sister Penelope." | called him my friend? "Ay, she has been a good, faithful

And then he recurred to the beautiful. scenery, which I, feeling that extreme

her pleasant gossip about people with scream. whom she had been mixed up during her At dessert, the butler brought in the noblest youth, and the most perfect still "mine-mine."

I am fond of Colin myself. Was he not then rose. my first love? Hush! let me not, even in jest, pro-

fane thet holy word.

I sat with Mrs. Granton a long timesometimes hearing, sometimes not; pro-"You had better ask Captain Tre- bably saying, "yes," and "no," and In the cheering, confusion, and con nother? I thought a young lady was thoughts wandered-lulled by the wind, from "Max Urquhart, London." he likeliest person to take an interest in which began to rise into a regular Christ-

Yes, to-night was Christmas-eve, and all the Christmas guests were now gathering in in country houses. Ours, onth ago it might have been. Not too; there were rings at the resonant so frightened lest I should tell, and then now. But probably-and I have since door-bell, and feet passing up and down what would Dr. Urquhart have said! It's felt sure of it—he was merely pursuing the corridor. I like to recall—just for a Dr. Urquhart's planning, and he was to now something of Dr. Urquhart's pro- Mrs. Granton's fire, lazy, warm, con- been working like a horse for Francis's

ceedings, and where a letter might reach tent. The only drawback to my content

As it was to be a large party at dinner. -Augustus's present; black velvet; "hor-ridly old womenish" Lies had present shoulder, and "I don't see, Francis, why you should ridly old-womanish" Lisa had protested. | leaned my head on her shoulder, and cried softly, which brought me into great Wednesday. A real event happened not ask such a simple question yourself.

Yet it looked well—I stood before the opprobrium, and subjected me to the days and admired myself in it; just a accusation of always weeping when there little. I was so glad to look well.

Foolish vanity-only lasting a minute. Yet that minute was pleasant. Lisabel who came into my room, with her husband following her to the very door. "I believe not. Why do you want to must have realpleasure in her splendors.

"Oh, nonsense, child! Why I am as vexed and cross as possible. So many colds, and rheumatism, and dead rela-

"Oh, Lisa." "Well, but is it not annoying? Everylady, I mean-am I ever so silly, so un- body wanted does not come; those not wanted, do. For instance: Dr. Urqubody? I assure you not. There is the hart, who always keeps both papa and not here. And Francis, who fidgets them both to death, and who I was so thankful was not coming-he is just which he has in such perfection, and in come. You stupid girl, you seem not the least bit sorry; you are thinking of something else the whole time.'

I said was sorry, and was not think-

"Augustus wanted to see him particularly; but I forgot, you don't know -however, you will soon, child. Still, isn't it a downright shame of Dr. Urquhart neither to come nor send?"

I suggested something might have happened. "A railway ascident. Dear me, I

never thought of that."

"Nor I." Heaven knows, no Whitchester, then counted how long it would take to drive to Treherne Court. and looked at my watch. No, he could not be here to-night.

"And if there had been any accident, there was time for us to have heard of it," said Lisa, and she took up her fan and gloves to go down stairs. "So. child, we must make the best we can of your friend's behavior. Are you ready for dinner?"

"In two minutes.

t'e family usually called him so. It was very strange his not coming-

reason which I did not know of. Also,

ent did not know of he had promi He once said to me, positively, that to this, the first Christmas he has kept in England for many years, should be kept with us, with me.

Now, a promise is a promee. I my self would keep one at all costs that in volved no wrong to any one else. He is Then something of the same mind. must have happened.

For a moment I had been augry, though Yes, mine! Of a sudden I seemed to

girl," said he, again sighing. "Poor feel all that the word meant, and to take all the burden of it. It quieted me. I went down stairs. There were the usual two lines of dinner-table faces, want of topics of conversation which al- the usual murmur of dinner-table talk, ways appeals me to in tete-a-tetes with but all was dim and uncertain, like a Francis Charteris gladly accepted. It picture, or the sound of people chatterlasted till we re-entered the house, and, not unwillingly, parted company. After luncheon-being unable to find new gown-how he would like to see me anybody in this great, wide house-I sat dressed as fine as a queen-and how he in my own room awhile; till, finding it hoped we should spend many a Christwas not good to be lazy and dreaming, 1 mas as merry as this-till something went to Mrs. Granton's and listened to seemed tempting me to start up and

long life. Who have every one this re- large letter to Sir William. It was a markable characteristic, that they are all telegraph message-I recognized the the very best people that ever lived, look of the thing; we had several during The burden of her talk is, of course "my papa's illness. Easy to sit still now. Colin," whom she makes out to be the seemed to know quite well what was most angelic babe, the sweetest schoolboy coming, but the only clear thought was

man upon this poor earth. One cannot Sir William read, folded up the smile at the fond old mother. Besides, message, and passed it on to Augustus,

"Friends, fill your glasses. I have just had good news. Ladies and gentlemen. I have the honor to give you the health of my nephew. Francis Charteris Esquire, Governor elect of-

"certainly," to many things which now gratulations that followed, Lisa passed I have not the least idea of. My the telegram to me, and I saw it was

As soon as we got into a corner by ourselves, my sister burst out with the

whole mystery. "Thank goodness it's over: I never kept a secret before, and Augustus was moment's delusion-the sensations of have brought the good news to-day; and that hour, between the lights, resting by I'm very sorry I abused him, for he has all alone at Rockmount, and expecting nobody.

At the dressing-bell, I slipped through the long, half-dark staircases to my room.

She went on a good deal more in this fashion, but I had nothing to say—I felt was the least prospect of a marriage in

Marriage! just at that moment there might not have been such a thing as marriage in the world. I never thought of it. I only thought of life—a life still of it. I only thought of the a kept safe, laboring busily to make everybody happy, true to itself and its promises, forgetting nothing and no one, kind to the thankful and unthankful alike, Compared to it my own insignificant life, with its small hopes and petty pains all crumbled down into

nothingness.
"Well, are you glad, Dora?" Ay, I was; very glad—very content. Papa came in soon, and he and I walked up anddown, arm in arm, talking the matter over, till, seeing sitting alone in a recess, we went up to him, and papa again wished him all happiness. He merely said, "Thank you," and muttered somethin "wishing to explain by and by and muttered something about "Which means, I suppose, that I am

shortly to be left with only one girl to

take care of me-eh! Francis," said papa smiling.
"Sir-I did not mean-I," he actually stammered. "I hope, Mr. Johnston, you understand that this appointment is not yet accepted—indeed, I am uncertain if I shall accept it."

Papa looked exceedingly surprised: and remembering some of Francis's sayings to me this morning, I was rather more than surprised-indignant. But no remark was made, and just then Augustus called the whole party to go down into the great kitchen and see the Christmas mummers—or guizers, as they are called in that county.

We looked at them for 2 long halfhour, and then everybody, great and small got into the full whirl of Christmas I had a time-table, and searched merriment. Colin, in particular, grew through it for the last train stopping at so lively that he wanted to lead me under the mistletoe; but when I declined, first gayly, and then seriously, he desisted, saying he would not offend me for the world. Nevertheless, he and one or two more kissed Lisabel. How could she endure it? when I-I new sometimes feel jealous over even a strange touch of this

The revels ended early: and, as I sit writing, the house is all still. I have just drawn up my blind and looked out. The wind has sunk; snow is falling. I like snow on a Christmat morning.

Whom have I unto whom to wish those

good wishes which always lie nearest to I shut the door after my sister, and one's heart? My own family, of course I shut the door after my sister, and stood still before the glass, fastening a brooch, or something.

Mine, my friend. He was that. Whenever they were vexed with him, all the stood still before the glass, fastening a papa and Lisa and Penelope, far away. Poor, dear Penelope? May she find herself a happy woman this time next year. Are these all? They were last Christmas. But I am richer now—rich. er, it often seems to me. than anybody in the whole world.

Good-night! a merry--no, for "often Christmas and a good new year

Fun ai When a man atta he may be termed The Hartford P. is a person who particular religious An editor always tionary, if nowhe ly place that The baker's busi

able; a good part while he sleeps.

An old bachelor published under th Some men give means, and other "Don't shiver for saying of Archbish culiarly applicable themselves miserab

A young city fell winter. He had a two hundred apple age he tapped ecider.

There was a two boys. One o was bigger smaller, who was defiantly retorted are as big as a cl scare me. A meddlesome ol at a young mothe

never ought to he krows how to hold either," was the qu A Scottish clergy ple were making ra livering a sermon. gars ye tak' up y really he could not meenister, then di

Son to his fond f him where he is in pa, I've got a much had last quarter." where are you? "Fourteenth, you l a better place? the stove A married gentle net the father of to him of the temp his daughter. At ion, the old gentler of the grumbling o claimed:—"You ar

petuous jade, an complaints of her The husband made: Says the Springfi minded men we kn other day, after go usual exercises for provided, and whil were sighing and w nourners were com his harrowing eloc fully into his cha ment :- "The usus be taken." Even

ourners fairly an There was an a error in a Washi day:—A few night coloured, was shot mises, from the eff n forty-eight hou longed to a "co it was by his osed he was not elf in a small way casion presented it solutions of his br that in the hour o liand "where chick death are felt and is said by his frie where in the print

> Rules f Hever get out If anyone is it Den't burden y

wraps; shivering

When you find ome one else dov to keep on top. If a green skate a greeny. If your straps order, swear at bad for the soul. If you happen lend them to a

If a pretty girl sizes at your feet. and offer her you Don't learn to ioned method : t If you get und your ulster or se ho comes along pleasure. If your sister

sister, or anyone

work to play the like her. If you fall, do up ; you can tak rip and doub

make sport for t Skatera would that love on ska A fellow that ow a commanding u can have the pr Always carry you; then if yo tell her you saw

you want to gi lieve you. If y lozenge when y lieve you more

> seeth and give 5 cent sample