

down the lane. As he did so a smile crept over his features, as he thought of how quickly the dealer would discover the transcendent merits of the colt.

When Mr. Smart had turned a bend in the lane, and knew that he was well out of observation, he suddenly mounted to his feet, and, pulling the left rein fiercely, he at the same moment brought the butt end of the whip down heavily over the colt's left ear. This operation he repeated unceasingly, the poor bewildered beast absolutely refused to obey the left rein at all. Then Mr. Smart returned to the yard.

"What's your opinion of him now?" enquired the farmer, with a suggestion of triumph in his tone.

"The same as before," replied the dealer, "only he's worse than I expected. He's the most contrary, obstinate brute I've ever seen in my life. He's a born failure. Why, he won't answer to the bit, and I can't make him turn to the left at all."

The farmer grew very red in the face, and would most certainly have burst with indignation had not a good round oath found vent at this juncture.

"Well, I'm—" he exclaimed, springing up into the cart and seizing the ribbons. "Here, give me the reins; you don't understand the horse."

They dashed down the lane, but neither thrashing, persuasion or sweet green grass from the roadside could induce the poor beast to respond to the command of the left rein, and at last, tired out with thrashing the brute, the farmer reluctantly turned homeward in despair.

"You artful old cuss," said Mr. Smart, banteringly. "You knew that the horse was not worth his keep, but it takes a very wide-awake 'un to catch us napping."

The return journey was made in silence, except for the delicate irony with which Mr. Smart endeavoured to enliven his companion. Mr. Flewelling's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He could not respond to the dealer's remarks, which once would have roused his ire, but now sank into his heart like a knife. He was confused and suspicious, but wholly at a loss to account for the colt's delinquency, and it was with an effort that he restrained the tears from betraying the utterness of his dejection.

The reader who has accompanied me so far, cannot fail to have been impressed with the infinite compassion which abounded in the soul of Mr. Smart, and the spontaneous generosity which characterized his conduct. This was by no means the first time these admirable qualities had manifested themselves in his relations with those whom circumstance placed at a disadvantage. He was one of those men with whom a *really* deserving case for the exercise of a little benevolence was a command. How often had he endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his Sabbath school class that they should not enquire too strictly into the necessities of a case, but give with a full heart, and their reward would be more than commensurate! He always gave with a full heart himself, but then, he was so occupied with business, that the urgencies of his fellow-men too often escaped his observation, and his gifts did not embarrass him. He regretted it sorely, but what could he do? He was one of those who prefer to do good by stealth, and blush to find it known. He shunned publicity, and never even craved a personal paragraph in the Great Suringerton *Times*. He advertised, and that was sufficient for him. He had once brought a libel suit against a newspaper, and after the introduction of a lot of quite irrelevant matter into the proceedings, which did not greatly redound to his credit, he had been worsted. Since then he held newspapers in abhorrence, and often, especially in the presence of persons connected with the Press, expressed his views about them very strongly. But I am determined that he shall no longer hide his light under a bushel. "Full many a flower—" etc., but, however unwilling he may be to receive public admiration, I am resolved that his kindness to the helpless and friendless shall be made known. Hence this sketch, the truth of which I can vouch for, by the fact that I am a son of Mr. Flewelling, and was present at the time of this incident.

"Come, old Barabbas"—that was merely Mr.

Smart's cheerful way of verbally clothing his benevolence—"as I know that you are suffering with *temporary*"—with a considerate stress upon the word—"pecuniary embarrassments, I'll take the colt. He's not worth a brass farthing to me, but I understand that money's an object to you just now. But business is *business*—I'll only accept him at a price."

After some hopeless pleadings on the part of Flewelling, which the dealer, as if half retracting from his good intentions, characterized as an attempt to impose on his good nature—villainous extortion and ingratitude—a bargain was clinched at a figure which left Mr. Smart a margin of about 90 per cent. profit, but which was not enough to cover the farmer's rent.

That evening was a sufficiently miserable one to the inmates of the Oak Tree farm. The scene in the little parlour will remain for ever in my memory. A peremptory letter came from the landlord demanding the payment of the rent, and threatening the broker in the event of any further delay. Father and mother sat on either side of the table, looking, in blank despair, at a little pile of gold pieces, all insufficient to meet the demand. We children stood round with blanched awe-struck faces, not fully aware of the tumult in our father's heart, but comprehending that some dire calamity had befallen us. Youth is at once so quick in its perceptions and, by God's mercy, so blind as to consequences.

Poor old Dad! He had no heart for his pipe or newspaper that evening, and as we silently kissed him "good-night," the tears rolled down his careworn cheeks, and the "God bless you" that rose to his lips could find no utterance. The elder girls, who realized the full extent of our misfortune, of course wept copiously.

Mr. Smart took his prize to Great Swingerton the same afternoon, to prevent any little hitch happening. The following day he again rendered him ambidextrous, so to speak, by repeating the performance of the previous day upon the other side of his head, until the poor brute, not knowing which way to turn without incurring punishment, at last obeyed the reins as well as he did before making the acquaintance of his new owner.

All this I learned some years after the evil days which had befallen our family were bridged over and half forgotten. My sole object in rushing into print now is that it occurred to me that the story might meet the eyes of my benefactor, and he might like to receive my thanks for past favours *in person*. If he be among my readers, I hope his natural modesty will not prevent him from sending his card to the ever grateful

Thomas Flewelling.

CONTRITUM.

I was thinking, and the season
Of a youth my senses caught;
And, for some unearthly reason,
Back the morn of manhood brought;
Ere the brow was intersected by the furrowed lines of thought.

I essayed, and oft did lisp her
Sad, sweet name;—'twas beyond whim.
Sorrow softly 'gan to whisper,
And my eyes began to swim,
'Till a tear that slowly gathered over-ran the fringed rim.

Slumber's stealthy step was stealing
To that cheerless, silent room;
Soon my spirit bow'd, and kneeling,
Bended o'er an humble tomb:
I was thinking, then, this earth is but of after life a womb.

Fancy, like a ghost anointed,
With her jewelled hand and white,
To a distant Aidenn pointed,
Through the darkness of the night,
Where the clouds were torn and rifted,—all was radiant with light.

There, a golden harp to borrow,
Came a spirit, blonde and fair;
She, who bathed the feet in sorrow,
And wiped them in her hair—
Dried them in the tangled meshes of her long and silken hair.

Lean'd she o'er the lyre and nursed it,
Long it tinkled like a bell,
'Till in solemn splendour burst it,
With a wild and sweeping swell:
Ah, Turkman! thou mistakest, an' thou sayest Israfel.

Then a voice, that sweetly blended
On Elysian air did glide;
When a sister-spirit wended
To that angel-harper's side,
And God! O God! 'twas she! 'twas she! whom I refused a bride.

She, who walk'd the world in wailing,
A beauty pinched and worn,
With the garb of Virtue trailing.
Mine, the hand the veil had torn;
Mine, the laugh that pointed on her way the cruel hand of scorn.

The bead, it grew upon my brow;
Stood my stiffened hair;
The scene was slow dissolving now,
And closed the gates of prayer;
The clouds rushed in to close before the wail of *my* despair.

O memory! terror-haunted thing!
On a wintry Christmas night
My locks were of the raven wing;
When dawned the morning light,
Repentance lay upon my head, and my hair—my hair was white.

Quebec.

Foy.



"Does nobody want to be waked up early to-morrow?"
"No." "That's a pity! I have such a toothache that I can't sleep."

Bacon: "Does Count Chose speak English?" Snider: "Yes." Bacon: "With an accent?" Snider: "Yes, with an accent and without grammar."

"A gentleman should never take a lady's hand unless she offers it," says a book of etiquette. This knocks out old-fashioned ideas about proposing completely askew.

Doctor: "Well, my dear sir, what seems to be the seat of your disease?" Patient: "It doesn't seem to have any seat, doctor. It's jumping up and down all the while."

A California widow had plans made for a \$50,000 monument for her late departed, but when the lawyers got through fighting over the estate the widow was doing housework.

If there is anything more irrepressible than a fly interviewing a bald head, it is the man who, having once had a letter accepted and inserted in the paper, thinks that the genius of composition is inborn within him.

Bauble (severely): "Miss Sharpson, I understand you say that my attempts at wit are simply laughable." Miss Sharpson (with much humility): "My dear Mr. Bauble, I withdraw my words. To call your jokes laughable is to grossly misrepresent them, I assure you."

Enamoured youth: "Your father treats me with the most distinguished consideration. The other night he called to me as I was leaving and reminded me that I was leaving my umbrella." Sweet girl: "Yes; papa was afraid you would be coming back after it the next evening."

Bank teller: "Will you take it as presumption, madam, if I offer you these few roses?" "Miss Carmella Goldust: "I don't know you, sir?" Bank teller: "I am aware of that; but you are the only woman in the history of this bank who ever endorsed a cheque on the right end!"

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as she vainly endeavoured to dissect the turkey, "if you are not the poorest man to do marketing. This turkey's old as Methuselah." "Possibly," replied Fogg, unabashed; "but, my dear, it is a female bird, and courtesy to the sex prevented me from enquiring about her age."

They had been discussing phrenology and bumps, and little Johnny, who had been listening attentively, exclaimed: "Pa, I've got a bump." "And what kind of a bump have you got?" retorted Jenkins, delighted in the possession of a son with a mind so far above tops and alley laws. "I've got the bump of eatin'."

Little Johnny (looking curiously at the visitor): "Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus? I don't see any marks." Visitor: "Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten by any chicken." Johnny: "Mamma, didn't you tell papa Mr. Billus was dreadfully henpecked? Why, mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all red."

The wish-bone.—She: "There, it's yours. Now wish; but mind, you musn't tell your wish, or it will never come true." He (tenderly): "But may I not tell you?" She: "Oh, dear, no!" He (pathetically): "It never can come true unless I do tell you." She (shyly): "Well, then, in such an exceptional case as yours, perhaps you had better tell me."

A stout elderly lady was hanging by a strap and casting black looks at an inoffensive but ungallant dude, who sat sucking the head of his cane. A sudden lurch of the car flung the lady upon him with great force. "Say, dash it, don't you know, exclaimed the youth, "you've crushed my foot to a jelly!" "It's not the first time I've made calf's-foot jelly," retorted the woman, severely, as he vanished and she prepared to sit down.