

and together had entered their eternal rest? Who shall say?

How could I tell my poor heart-broken girl of the double desolation that had fallen on her? And yet it must be done, and that soon, for now she began to speak of her father, and to wonder how he would bear this great sorrow, and whether she should go to him at once, and not wait for his coming to her.

"Mary, are you alone now?"

"No; aunt Fanny is with me. She came before dear mother died, and will stay a little time if papa wishes. She is out now, but will be home to tea."

Aunt Fanny was Mrs. Lorraine, a widowed sister of Mrs. Mostyn's. I knew her well—a sweet motherly woman, just the one to comfort Mary in her trouble; and to know that she was with her took a load off my mind.

So, as gently and as tenderly as I could, I told her. May such a task never fall to my lot again! I will pass over the details of that scene. Even now I cannot think of it unmoved, for until then I had never even imagined such utter woe, such an agony of sorrow. I will pass over too the sad hours that followed, until at last the efforts of Mrs. Lorraine and myself had been so far successful as to bring some little rest and calmness to our poor Mary. As soon as she had somewhat recovered, she made me give her every particular of her father's illness and death; and she did not seem at all astonished when I told her of the vision that had brightened his closing eyes.

"They loved each other so much," she said simply, "that Heaven just let them go home together; and it comforts me to think it was so."

During the time which elapsed before we paid off I came once or twice again to Greenbank; for I had to bring home all my dear old friend's belongings; and who does not know what a heart-rending task that is? Poor Mary! What bitter tears rolled down her cheeks as she handled tenderly all the pretty things that her father had been so carefully collecting all through our commission for his two dear ones at home—West Indian baskets, Bermuda shell-work, Canadian furs—all so many silent witnesses of the constant, thoughtful love that ceased only with his life.

When the first terrible shock was over, I was thankful to see that Mary bore up bravely under her double sorrow, though her wan face, heavy eyes, and feeble step told too true a tale of the sudden and terrible blank in her life. It was not long too before I learned that the impending anxiety of a straitened income was added to her other trials. All that her father had to leave her was the sum of a thousand pounds and Greenbank, which had been bequeathed to him some years before by an uncle.

Modest as was Mary's establishment, and simple as were her tastes, it was impossible for her to remain at the cottage on an income of fifty pounds a year, and the only conclusion at which she and her aunt could arrive was that Greenbank should be let furnished and that they should join households. But how could she leave the old home where she was born and had lived all her life?

As yet I had not hinted at my own hopes and wishes, for I thought the time had not come for me to speak; I had not yet discovered what Mary's feelings towards me were; for she was just the same as ever—kind, frank, sisterly, but nothing more. But at this new crisis of affairs I saw that I must delay no longer, for already preparations were being made to let the cottage. And it was not long before I found my opportunity.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

BY AN AMERICAN.

When an American's ideals of the speech and manners of the English nobility and gentry have been originated, nourished and developed by Tennyson's Lady Clara Vere de Vere, or the high-born Lord Burleigh, they are sure to be distorted, if not quite upset, by familiarity with these fortunately-placed persons.

The social tranquillities, of which the American proverbially falls short, when found by him in their British utterance, appear so very like the stupidities, littleness or indifference of his own people, that, much as he may have longed to behold them, and eagerly as he may have striven to attain in his own person to his beautiful conception of a noble composure, his enthusiasms vanish when in the presence of that standard of manner which was bestowed by the poet upon Lady Clara. Indeed, it is not uncommon for him to prefer impetuosity, whimsies, and even petulance, to this semblance of stolidity. Of course he does not give voice to his changed estimates of the conduct of English social life, because, to do that, he must be absolutely without timidity; and no American gentleman or lady is ever quite that.

In one set, or in one stream of blood, it is considered in good form to be unruffled and apparently indifferent under all noticeable circumstances.

There is another set who claim to have modernized their manners. These are they who choose the opposite extreme in the conduct of their emotions. They cultivate a giddiness that is full of surprising activities, curious expletives and the slang words and phrases of the field, turf and stage. Of course there is a broad, happy

medium, but happy mediums in character or manners are sure to fail of rousing or holding the observant faculties of the student of human differences. The pictures of respectable inabilities, or of the shrinking, or perhaps the indifferent, are not strongly in them; consequently they pass without attention.

Of course the composed Englishman now and then raises himself upon supreme occasions, and frees his mind of some rare incubus or crisis of feeling, either physical or intellectual, but even then he utters his sentiments in a deliberate but thoroughly epigrammatic manner, which is as easily quoted as it is distinctly remembered.

This peculiar talent, whether cultivated or natural, crowns its possessor with the reputation of being a wit or an oracle. Of such men there are few outside of Great Britain; but in that kingdom they are so amazingly frequent that one is always wondering why they should be so highly regarded, especially as peculiar mental qualities are usually valued or perhaps dreaded according to their infrequency. The sworn devotee to the tranquillities is almost as exasperating as his opposite, the man who is an irrepressible exponent of effervescing sensations or explanations, but he is not quite so wearisome. Generally the latter, if not a tuft-hunter, is a sort of semi-buffoon who is unacknowledged as such, and yet who performs this service for certain tranquil types of the men and women of rank.

The barometrical and emphatic visitor says to her composed host: "It is a charming day, really perfect, and quite too heavenly, you know," and the tranquil person languidly replies: "Is it really? I did not know." "Yes, and if I hadn't been so knocked up by the ball last night, and so set down by a dinner which I must accept for three weeks from Monday, and so beastly out of sorts with my milliner, and Lady Peters hadn't bagged me for a week down in Yorkshire, which I loathe and abominate and detest because of that croaking old baronet who thinks I ought to marry him, debts, wig and all, I should have been round yesterday at five o'clock to see your delicious new tea gown, with cups and tray to match. If you were an angel in heaven you couldn't have handsomer china, nor more of it—could you now?—nor could you win a more charming vassalage to your drawing-room. I'm dead sure you couldn't, dear Lady Eleanor. You needn't trouble to answer, because I am sure you couldn't. Ta-ta, I am off for an interview with that divine creature whose address you gave me for dancing slippers with gilded heels."

The emphatic visitor passes out of the morning room of her intimate contrast with a swirl, while the impostor answers "Ta!"

To double this timely syllable would have been too emphatic an au revoir for the calm Lady Eleanor, and quite outside her rôle.

The English lady who approves of speech asks you not to be hasty when your engagements compel you to deny a request she has made. She informs you that the day is nasty, opposing circumstances are nasty, that she has a nasty headache, a nasty mannered maid, a horse with a nasty gait, a dog with a nasty snarl, a complexion with a nasty blowse, a lock of hair with a nasty kink, a bonnet with a nasty habit of being tilted the wrong way, and indeed nasty is a word that makes a fitting expression of condemnation altogether easy in England.

Even the most refined of English ladies chooses a turf or fox hunting sentence to explain that she is not quite well, or is uneasy or annoyed. She says:—"I am quite knocked up," when she is a little out of her best conditions, but on no account would she utter so horrible a word as b-u-g, but she might be able to call the little insect upon a rose leaf or a lichen—a-vermin!

When it comes to be a moving necessity to mention those unpleasant creatures which crawl or hop, and that love the human species as if they were cannibals and which are not—mosquitoes, the English lady mentions them metaphorically as flots and sharps.

After all the thing is the thing itself, and when one is ill the unpleasantness of one's condition is sure to be the same, no matter how variously the ailment may be mentioned and it is only the small matter of orthography, after all, that disturbs the temper of sensitive Americans, and irritates the supersensitive Englishman. Because the latter is conscious of being the elder and because a patriarchal strain in his blood persuades him that he is clearly in possession of the right to establish forms of speech, standards of behavior and social usages, and more than likely because he really has inherited a claim to obedience when he invites us to follow his examples, he lays down the law, but we who are stiff-necked, hot-blooded and obstinate resent and rebel, or else we are almost craven in our subjection. Our foolish resistance to those things which are best in English manners, or else our silly and abject imitation of those which are worst, make us to appear not wholly unlike those "Little Tin Gods on Wheels" at which all that large world which is neither in revolt nor yet in subjection, laughs with great glee.

In England a man who parts his hair upon the side of his head runs the risk of being counted eccentric or affected. In America he who parts his locks on the top of his crown is of no account among the commonalities. In fact he runs the risk of being mentioned as an idiot. So much importance is placed in both countries upon insignificant things, forgetting that the true gentleman and gentleman all the earth round are so very much alike in the spirit of their lives and its conduct, that it matters very little whether their custom and speech be pat-

terned after a similar or a dissimilar formality. Thereby they will each understand and respect the customs of the other, and feel neither arrogance nor humility.—*Home Journal*.

MUSIC AND SYMPATHY.

Among the many pleasurable anticipations of a winter in the city, the enjoyment of good music takes a high rank. Every year the proportion of our citizens who delight in it and take pains to secure it increases; every year the popular taste improves, and every year our musical entertainments occupy a higher level, and musical culture receives a new impetus. Whoever will take the trouble to study the history of this art, from the monotonous dance chants of barbarian tribes, or the early Greek lyre, which had but four strings, representing the four notes which formed the probable limit of song at that time, to the present age of complex and wonderful symphonies and the countless and subtle modulations of vocal harmony, will discover that music, as an art, has ever kept pace with civilization, and has been an unflinching test of national advancement as a whole. Even yet, however, we have but a faint glimpse of its power and meaning. We value it chiefly, if not exclusively, for the enjoyment it gives, and we do not generally consider that it ministers to any higher end. It is true we hear something of its refining effects upon the character, and of its negatively good results in drawing people away from low amusements and debasing pleasures, but that it has any positive influence, save that of the immediate pleasure of listening to its delicious melodies, seldom occurs to our minds. Yet, were this the case, it would differ from all other sources of innocent enjoyment. The pleasure we experience in satisfying our hunger conduces to physical vigour and health. The mother's love for her child, delightful as it is, is chiefly valuable as the means of her child's well-being. The desire for success in an enterprise does not end merely in the satisfaction of that desire, but leads to more permanent advantages involved in the enterprise itself. Just so all other legitimate pleasures have further ends to subserve than their own existence, nor can we think that music forms an exception. In an essay of Herbert Spencer's, on the origin and function of music, suggests what is now perhaps generally admitted, that as speech is the natural expression of thought, so music is the natural language of emotion. Certainly, if the words which we speak convey our ideas, the tones in which they are uttered convey our feelings in regard to them, and the various emotions of pain and pleasure, of discontent or satisfaction, of cordiality or aversion, of eager interest or utter indifference, are much more apparent in the emphasis, cadence, and intonations of the voice than in the words themselves. All these may be called the music of speech, and just as words multiply in order to express the new and delicate shades of thought that increasing civilization and culture bring forth, so the intonations of voice are even more and more delicately representing the increasingly complex emotions of which we become capable. If, then, music is itself the very language of emotion, must the habit of listening to good music, which is true to its character, have a double effect upon us, over and above the pleasure it creates—first, to develop within us and to intensify the very feelings which it is translating; and, secondly, to enable us the better to convey to others the feelings which actuate us, even in the cadences and modulations of ordinary conversation? To share our thoughts with others by the use of well-chosen words, is an art which is fully recognised and cultivated; but to share our emotions by any truthful and adequate expression of them, is an art which the future has yet to teach us. Indeed, the very effort is regarded by many with something like contempt, and he who succeeds best in hiding his feelings is most approved. This is an injurious error, except in so far as the emotions are themselves unworthy and need restraint. If we are swayed by anger, impatience, jealousy, envy or hatred, the less we express ourselves the better. The sternest silence which we can maintain at such time is the surest method of subduing the rebellious moods. But to restrain and conceal feelings of love, kindness and good-will—to preserve an impassive exterior, when the heart thrills with affection and gladness—this is to crush out sympathy, and to silence the best promptings of humanity. The language of the emotions, whatever it may be, deserves the most earnest and careful cultivation, for by means of it is developed that sympathy which is the grand bond of human society. Upon it we are dependent, both for our direct happiness and our permanent well-being. This it is which leads men to deal justly and kindly with each other, which heightens every pleasure and softens every pain, which gives rise to all domestic and social happiness, and makes life's hardest passages endurable. To sympathize, truly, however, we must in some degree partake of the feelings of others; and this can only be done in proportion to the truthful and delicate delineation of them. Whatever can aid in that will also aid in promoting human happiness, and as the feelings become more worthy of expression, so every means of expressing them should become more and more eagerly welcomed. There is certainly no doubt that the effects of good music upon the feelings themselves are of a most beneficial kind, allaying evil passions, calming undue excitement, soothing sorrow, and inspiring fresh hope and courage in the despondent. If it shall be found also to have the power of developing and improving the language by which heart speaks to

heart, and thus of drawing humanity nearer together in sympathy, an additional reason will arise for its culture and extension, and the delight which it now affords will be but a foretaste of the richer and deeper happiness it has in store for us.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

HYMNS AND HYMN-TINKERS.

BY A. P. HITCHCOCK.

"Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honor to reprint many of our hymns. Now, they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are; but I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favors: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men." So wrote John Wesley something over a hundred years ago in the preface to A Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists. The outburst is both amusing, as showing the decided opinion the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., held in regard to the merits of his own and his brother's work, and instructive, as indicating the extent to which the practice of hymn-mending had been indulged in, even at that day. It has had but little effect, however, as a restraint upon the tinkering tendencies of succeeding compilers. There is hardly a stone in all the noble temple of our English hymnology which has not been chipped or beplastered, sometimes quite out of its original form and color, by the literary defilers. In a few cases they have done really good service, removing ugly projections or filling up unsightly cranies left by the carelessness of the original artist, but as a rule their work has been fearfully and wonderfully bad.

Looked at from the literary point of view, it is as disfiguring as are the names of John Brown and Ezekiel Spriggins cut into the cap-stone of the pyramid of Cheops. Seen from the moral side, it is hard to understand how these emendators defend their work from the charge of absolute dishonesty. Forgery is an ugly word, but there is no other which applies. The attempt to eliminate from Paradise Lost all references to hell, in order to make that poem edifying to such as disbelieve in eternal burnings, would probably be received with little favor, even if honestly undertaken. The words which people of good taste would use in reference to the man who should make it would be either very severe or very contemptuous. Yet the hymn-book compilers, of every denomination, have unhesitatingly and freely remodeled the hymns written by members of other sects, in order to adapt their phraseology to the creeds of the churches in which they were to be used. It is fair to suppose that such divines as Watts, Doddridge, Newton, and the Wesleys had certain well-considered opinions upon the subjects of which they wrote. It is not fair, nor is it honest, that their carefully chosen words should be so transposed or changed as quite to reverse the original sense. Nevertheless, this is frequently done, so that the singer, acquainted only with the hymn-book versions, is often led to suppose that the writers whose names are appended to them were sharers in his peculiar belief, when, as a matter of fact, they would have condemned his faith as absolutely heretical.

HUMOROUS.

AN EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER.—Here's bait for worms.

WHEN a man has no mind of his own, he can always find a woman who can give him a piece of hers.

AT a recent school examination the son of a coal dealer was asked how many pounds there were in a ton. He mis-*sed*.

BEFORE marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterwards she became dearer and he her treasurer.

THE potato is a belligerent vegetable. It frequently gets into hot water and bursts its jacket.—*Boston Commercial*.

WHY should the whale be called the politician of the sea?—Because he frequently comes to the surface to spout.

"When I was very young," remarked the late M. Thiers once, "I was so little that I needed a pole to knock down the strawberries."

EVERY man is fond of striking the nail on the head; but, when it happens to be the finger-nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.

SAID the lecturer, "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb, therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

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