ENGLISH VIOLETS.

BY KATHARINE H. TERRY.

Within a sunny casement grow
Some clustering leaves all fresh and bright—
Bare leaves! Though I all care bestow,
And daily question why 'tis so,
No blossoms greet my sight.

The stately lily by their side
Though exiled blooms as sweet and fair
As when reflected in the tide
Of far-off Nile—old Egypt's pride—
It drank its life-drops there.

Dost long for thy own native air,
Thy sunny home beyond the sea?
Canst thou no compensation spare
For all the tender loving care
Which I bestow on thee?

'Tis thus I often question why,
Again, I wonder if these flowers
Have caught the grief my heart and I
Have tried to crush all silently
Beneath the passing hours.

I long again with them to smile;
To gaze upon their tender hue
Would once again my heart beguile,
And thus forgetting grief the while
I'd see but violets blue.

The Sweet Mystery.

A HALF-TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

"We have no vacant places at present, Miss"—the business man glanced at the card in his hand—"Miss Sublett. If you leave your address"—

"Perhaps," said Miss Sublett, "you would have room for an unpaid novice. I think I could make myself useful enough to repay the trouble taken to teach me the ropes."

Mr. Warner was quite accustomed to declining applications for positions in his store; indeed, it had become a mere routine with him. There was always the same polite readiness to listen to the biography of the applicant, which was, however, hurried on a little faster than the narrator intended; always the sympathetic desire to do what he could in the case of need (there was always need, of course); then a brief consultation in an inner room with some invisible authority; then a declinature; and finally, as an incline plane on which to shove his visitor with gentle rapidity to the street, there was the promise to notify her if a vacancy occurred.

To-day's visitor bothered him by her unlikeness to the rest. She was not nervous, did not seem anxious, spoke of no need, told him nothing of her history, and was evidently neither moved by the statement that there was no vacancy, nor hoodwinked by the suggestion that she should leave her address.

As she sat calmly awaiting his reply to her last proposition, the old merchant was struck with the perfect self-possession and dignity of her bearing. She was neither handsome nor showy, but the very lack of pretension accentuated her gentility. The style of the woman was not tailor-made style. "She will attract," said the old man, his perception of what was attractive in a woman being sharpened by forty years of picking and choosing—and refusing.

He agreed to her proposal, taking care to let it appear that he was doing her an immense favor. But somehow his new saleswoman did not seem oppressed by the obligation; she bowed slightly, drew off her long gloves, which Mr. Warner observed at once was a costly pair, took a white apron from her package, and announced herself ready to begin work.

"Your first name, please," said her employer. "My girls are only known in the store by their first names."

There was an instant's hesitation, and a suggestion as of one shrinking from an unexpected blow, before she answered, "Miss Carey."

"This is your first name?"

"No; it is my middle name, but I prefer to be known by it. My first name is Mary."

"Let it be Miss Carey, then," said Mr. Warner, after a moment's silence on his part. "I have Marys enough."

"You have sold goods before," said Miss Grace, a tired looking, youngish old maid who was put in charge of the novice, to teach her the mysteries of trade.

"No," answered her pupil with a merry smile. "Why do you think so?"

"You are not half stupid enough for a beginner."

"Thanks. That is an unusually fine compliment. I can learn something from you besides the meaning of these hieroglyphics; but you have fluttered me into forgetting what 'Hd 2' means."

At the end of her month Miss Carey thanked her employer for the opportunity he had given her.

"I can now ask elsewhere for a place with some assurance," said this wily young woman, "for I not only know the tricks, but I also know a good many people."

Of course Mr. Warner did not let her go; and she, moreover, made very good terms with him.

"What are you going to do to-night, Essie?" asked the girl at the stocking counter, as she busily sorted and re-arranged her boxes.

The girl addressed was leaning against the middle counter, in a tired, but graceful, attitude. She was out of bounds, but, being by far the handsomest woman in the store, the manager gave her great liberty when Mr. Warner's back was turned.

"I am going to see 'The Faithless Wife' with Joe Barton."

"I wonder you aren't ashamed, Essie Thorpe, and afraid, too, to be seen with that man," said Miss Grace, sharply. "You know what he is."

"I don't care what he is!" cried the girl, angrily, with red in her cheeks. "He is very nice to me—brings a carriage for me and a bunch of flowers, and takes me where I have so much fun that I almost forget this hateful place where I have to drudge all day."

"But don't go to-night, Essie, dear," said Miss Carey's soft voice. "If you promise not to go out with that man for a month, I will bring a carriage for you this evening, and take you to a delightful place."

A most surprised silence fell upon the group of listeners, but the sound of the office door creaking on its hinges startled the idlers back to their places. Miss Carey followed up her offer, and the beauty reluctantly made the bargain.

"Has somebody died and left you rich?" asked Miss Grace, sarcastically. "You seem to have money to throw away."

"I don't call any money thrown away that will help to keep a young thing like that out of harm's way," said Miss Carey, her face glowing with earnestness. But the sweet earnest face was unusually grave the rest of the day, for, truth to tell, this rash promiser wondered how she could make her promise good. "What place do I know of," she asked herself over and over; "what place can I take the girl to that will amuse her untrained mind as those sensational plays do?"

"I say, girls," said Miss Essie, in a half whisper, the next morning, as she stood in a group of girls who were hanging up their hats and coats, "where do you think Miss Carey gets money enough to spend on us as she did last night? She took four of us in a carriage, as she had promised me, to some lovely tableaux where only swell people go. I tell you we felt fine. They were in a private house, you know, given for a hospital or something, and I hardly knew myself when an old lady in lace and diamonds, *real* lace and *real* diamonds, mind you, came and spoke to me, and called me 'my dear.' She and Miss Carey were as thick as hops; the old lady called her Mary, and I think Miss Carey must have asked her to come and speak to me, to make me feel more at home, I guess. Heigh-ho! I wish I was rich and respectable."

Evidently, Miss Carey had accomplished something by this effort; it surely was something to make a poor, unfriended, tempted girl long to be respectable.

"Miss Essie, I want you to do something for me," said the new saleswoman, a few days after the tableaux party. "I want to get some girls to spend an evening in my room, playing games; I know some charming games. Will you get me up a party of eight from the store—and," Miss Carey looked a little quizzical, "persuade them to come."

Miss Carey boarded in the house with a large number of Warner's girls, but had a room to herself; while most of them, for economy's sake, lived three and four in a room.

The evening was a success. After the first ten minutes of stiffness, the girls found themselves laughing and talking gayly, and getting thoroughly interested in the games around a bright, softly shaded lamp. And now these "evenings" became a regular institution; but the party was different on different evenings.

"Miss Carey must be well off," said one of her girl guests, as the party separated for the night. "Even small cakes and lemonade, or apples and nuts, cost something when they are handed around three times a week."

"Goosey!" answered her companion, "do you think she would slave at the store, and live on old Crauch's hash and potatoes, if she had any money?"

"Well, she certainly is a mystery," said one.

"A mighty sweet mystery," sighed another. "I'm only afraid she is too good to last."

"Where's Essie?" asked Miss Carey one morning of that young woman's two room mates.

The month's promise to keep clear of Joe Barton had been kept, but the month was just out, and Miss Carey's heart sank within her as the girls got up with a rustling sound from the breakfast table to hurry off to work.

"Oh, you fed her too high last night, Miss Carey," laughed one of them. "She's sick in bed."

There was only time for a three minutes' visit to Essie's room, a bare, comfortless room, and cold, too; but the girl's fever was so high, and her cough so sharp, that Miss Carey was miserable about her all day, so miserable that she asked to be let off two hours earlier in the afternoon to go back to see about her. Mrs. Cranch had done all that a busy, ignorant, not very sympathetic, woman could be expected to do; but Essie was very ill, and very much alarmed by her landlady's suggestion that she had pneumonia.

"I'll die, I'll die!" she moaned, tossing her beautiful white arms wildly about, while the veins in her forehead swelled painfully.

In a half hour's time Miss Carey had the patient in her own room, and a first-rate doctor was at her bedside.

"You had no right to send for a doctor," cried the poor girl. "I cannot pay a doctor."

"But I can," said Miss Carey, quietly; "and it was I who sent for him. Now be a good girl, and help us to get you well."

For two weeks Essie's new friend fought the battle single-handed at the sick girl's bedside. There were plenty of offers from her fellow-workers of help; but the self-appointed nurse would not leave for an hour, snatching only such sleep as she could get with her head on the same pillow.

"It is better not to change nurses, don't you think so, doctor?"

"Better for the patient, certainly," answered the old doctor, "but not for the nurse."

"It is the patient we have to consider now; never mind the nurse."

"But she had better mind," was the grave answer.

"Have I been away from the store long, Miss Carey? Will they dock my pay? Am I almost well enough to go back? You see I have no home to go to, and nobody to help me."

It was the fifteenth day since Miss Carey had found this poor child in piteous case, and had undertaken her. She was too weak to lift her head, but the disease was conquered.

"You must not talk, Essie, if you do I shall have to leave you; but, if you promise to listen quietly, I'll tell you a nice little tale, like they do children in story books."

The wan eyes were fixed on the speaker's face, askingly, while she told of a young woman who had inherited a great fortune, with ten times as much income as she could spend on herself. How she had wondered and wondered what she could do to help somebody with it, and how hard it was to know what to do. Finally, the young heiress had decided to devote her money to helping poor girls, who were obliged to go out into the world and make their living. "But I do not know what they need," she said to herself. "I must go and be one of them, and find out."

Miss Carey stopped, for great tears were rolling down Essie's wan cheeks, and a thin hand was stretched out to her. "Come here," said the weak voice, "I want to kiss the hem of your dress. We wondered what was the mystery about you, but we did not know it was like the Son of God."

"Oh, hush, my dear Essie, don't say such a dreadful thing!"

"Didn't you read me this very day that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor? That's just"—

But her lips were stopped with a gentle kiss.

"And now," continued Miss Carey, "I think I know just what they need; a great sunny, comfortable home, with plain but pretty rooms, and good bread and meat, and somebody to welcome them back at night, and a cosy parlor, and soft lights, and games, and, O Essie, we'll have such good times! As soon as you are well enough we'll go out together and buy the house and furnish it. I cannot let you go back to the store again; you and I are to be the *house-mothers*, you know. The girls shall have their friends come to see them in the evenings, provided they are not Joe Barton kind of fellows, and you and I must make things pleasant for everybody."

"It sounds like heaven," sighed the poor waif.

"It seems like heaven to me, too, to be able to turn my poor gold and silver into so much happiness. How stupid rich people are not to know the delight of such a plan!"

"Miss Carey," said the sick girl, with a sudden burst of tears, "I never believed much in the story of the Son of God coming down to earth for us; but now I can't help thinking it's all true—all true!"—*Congregationalist.*

— THE MOSLEM IN AFRICA.—"There is no need to mince words about it; the only hope of Africa is "the blessed influence of Christian civilization," and there seems no hope of success in Christianizing work unless the Moslem power is checked and turned back by force. We had to resist secession in this country with guns in our hands. In Africa Moslem aggression will have to be resisted by armies before the natives can have more than a crude idea of our religion. The way to reach this end does not yet appear. It is idle to waste life longer in the present ways. They cost much and secure no new soil. Stanley's discoveries have their logical conclusion in armed occupation of the fair lands he has traversed to his retreat. It is simply a question of the Moslem or the Christian as a possessor and civilizer. The natives are sure to fall into the hands of the Moslem unless Europe steps in between them and their terrible enemy.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Do you feel as though your friends had all deserted you, business calamities overwhelmed you, your body refusing to perform its duties, and even the sun had taken refuge behind a cloud? Then use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and hope will return and despondency disappear. Mr. R. H. Baker, Ingoldsby, writes: "I am completely cured of Dyspepsia that caused me great suffering for three years. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the medicine that effected the cure after trying many other remedies."

— We are too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things; but the great point is to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit.—*Cecil.*

Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruises or broken skin, with a bottle of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, costing only 25 cents.

— Colored Gentleman—"Permit me, Miss Simberly, de extreme felicity of presenting my seat." Miss S.—"Thanks, kindly, Mr. Jonsing; but don't deprive yourself." C. G.—"No depravity, ms'am; no depravity at all, I assure you."

"My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

— "Is your dog intelligent, Edith?" "Yes; no matter on what subject you speak to him, Fido always wags his tail just the same."—*Puck.* Lots of people just like Fido.—*Boston Globe.*

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop more serious trouble in the way of Congestion or Laryngitis, or perhaps Consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.

— "So that fellow Brown married the popular Miss Jones and she had a dozen better men at her feet?" "Yes, and he calls her 'E pluribus unum.'" "'E pluribus unum!' What does he mean by that?" "Won from many. Brown is a great Latin scholar, don't you know."

— Any work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor and steady application, will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, etc., are the results of disordered Stomach and Biliary organs,—regulate the trouble at once by a few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters.

— It is not talent, nor power, nor gifts that do the work of God, but it is that which lies within the power of the humblest; it is the simple, earnest life led with Christ in God.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

Backward Boys who Became Foremost Men.

For the comfort of all parents of "backward boys," there is the story of one of the most illustrious men that ever lived, Sir Isaac Newton. We have his own authority for saying that he was extremely inattentive to his studies, and stood very low in the school. At fifteen, he was taken away from his books, and set by his mother to the useful work of tilling the ground and disposing of its produce. But his love of study increased with the years; he returned to school, and was fitted for the university. "The history of science," says Sir David Brewster, from whose biography of Newton these facts are taken, "affords many examples where the young aspirant had been early admitted into her mysteries, but he who was to give philosophy her laws did not exhibit such early talent." When Newton entered Trinity College, Cambridge, he brought with him," continues the memoir, "a more slender portion of science than at his age falls to the lot of ordinary scholars. Cambridge was consequently the real birthplace of Newton's genius."

Sir Walter Scott was another "backward boy." His autobiography tells us that he was behind the early classes in which he was placed, both in years and progress. "I did not make any great figure at the high school in Edinburgh," he says, "or at least any exertions I made were desultory, and little to be depended upon." "Names, dates, and other technicalities of history," we are told, "escaped his memory in a most melancholy degree, but it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad." But when Scott came to the reading of Spenser and Tasso, and, above all, Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, his imagination was quickened. Still, Greek stood in his way, and his instructor, Prof. Dalzell, pronounced upon him the severe sentence, "dunce he was, and dunce he was to remain."

One of the most brilliant naturalists of this generation was Francis Maitland Balfour, whose life was unfortunately terminated by a fall when he was ascending or descending an Alpine peak. At twenty-seven years of age he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and three years later received a royal medal for his discoveries. Oxford, Edinburgh and Cambridge all endeavored to secure him as a professor. Before he was thirty-one years old, he had accepted a professorship instituted for him in the University of Cambridge. Darwin wrote to him: "I am proud to receive a book from you who will some day be the chief of the English biologists." But Balfour, in common parlance, was a "backward boy." He had great difficulty in learning to write, for he was not only left-handed, but inapt in acquiring particular muscular movements. He also found difficulty in learning to spell, and in the ordinary school work he made but little progress. But at Harrow, as we are told by Prof. Michael Foster, from whose memoir these statements are derived, one of the masters, Mr. Griffith, in extra-academical hours, discovered that the pale, earnest, somewhat clumsy-handed lad, though he gave no promise of being a scholar in the narrower sense of the word, had in him the makings of a man of science.

All these boys, be it observed, were "backward" before they received the right kind of intellectual nourishment. When they found their proper intellectual habitat, they became among the most forward and distinguished of men.—*Pres. Gilman, in Youth's Companion.*

Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes us: "For fifteen years I have suffered with Indigestion, and during that time I could get nothing to give me relief, although I tried a great many different kinds of medicine recommended for that complaint. I now feel like a new man, and this wonderful change has been accomplished by the use of four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. To me it has been a valuable medicine."

— Hold fast to God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbor. That is religion, that is the law and the prophets, and the true way to all better things that are yet to come.—*George Macdonald.*

Among the many remedies for Worms, McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup takes the lead; it is the original and only genuine.—Pleasant to take and sure in effect. Purely vegetable.

— People often say they cannot speak or say much in meeting. No wonder they have nothing to say who daily feed twenty columns of newspaper to one square inch of Bible.—*H. L. Hastings.*

Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., was cured of sick headache, biliousness and general debility by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, which she praises highly.

— Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.—*Grymstone.*

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