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POETRY.

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Works that are earnest and brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

SELECT STORY.

At the World's Mercy.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

When I had taken off my bonnet, Mrs Godfrey introduced me to some ladies who were amusing themselves at the billiard table in the hall, and to a young man who was watching them—"Mr Tom Godfrey." He was a broad, muscular young man, with a rather abrupt manner, and a handsome, hard face. I wondered whether he was her husband's brother. He looked slightly when Mrs Godfrey uttered my name, but scarcely condescended to look at me. I hoped that this gentleman was only a visitor, for I instantly decided that I should not like him.

A good-natured young lady fetched a photographic album and showed it to me, all the time addressing her looks and occasionally her conversation to the abrupt young man.

Presently I heard a deep, pleasant man's voice scolding somebody; there was a little stir among the party, and a gentleman in riding-dress, very much like Mr Tom Godfrey, but much older, stouter, darker, and livelier, came in. He noticed me at once, and, after greeting the other ladies, came up to me.

"This is Miss Verney, I am sure," said he kindly. "I am very glad to see you. If I had only known what train you were coming by, I might have escorted you down from town and have had an hour's advantage over all these people. Tom, take this young lady in to luncheon."

The young man came up, and offered his arm rather brusquely; and we went with the rest into the dining room.

"I dare say you would like to sit next to Miss Falconer— Confound it no ice again!" said he, when we got into the room; and I was not sorry that he took no further notice of me through the meal.

"Where is Hubert?" asked Mr Godfrey.

"Mrs Hunt said something very cruel to him, and so he has ridden off to the kennels," said I.

"I only told him he liked to play Orson to Tom's Valentine," said a wide-eyed lady in black and amber, laughing.

"That is a grand compliment for you, Tom," said Mr Godfrey.

"I began to find out, during the meal, that I did not care for Mr God frey, although he was kind; his eye were bold and restless, and there was a shade too much of freedom in his talk for ladies society, I thought, though none of the other ladies seemed to think so.

The good-natured Miss Falconer informed me after luncheon that "Tom" and "Hubert" were Mr Godfrey's sons by a former wife.

"Is Mr Hubert Godfrey like his brother?" I asked.

"Oh no—not half so nice!" she answered decidedly. "At least, some people say like him better; but I don't. He is very good looking, and can be very pleasant when he pleases, only he never does please—at least he never pleases me. He is horribly lazy, doesn't care for anything but hunting and drinking, and is rough and insolent besides."

I wondered if he could be more

Then the children came in, and Mrs Godfrey brought them up to me.

"You see they look very meek in their clean pinafores, but they are not quite so lamb-like when they are playing by the duck-pond."

They were pretty children, with large gray eyes like their mother's; Rose was ten, and Bernard eight. They were very friendly, and took me to see the swans. They soon pleased the truth of their mother's words. Bernard having trodden on an old doll of his sister's, she flew upon him, twisted her hands in his hair, and knocked his head against a tree. I remonstrated, at which Bernard seemed surprised. She looked up at me without seeming at all offended, and said simply, as if in explanation—

"Papa says I'm twice the man Bernie is. And Hubert says, if he had anything to him, he would hit me back again."

"Hubert is a brute," said Bernard gravely—not as if personally aggrieved by his half brother, but as if stating a recognized fact.

"But you shouldn't say that, dear," said I gently.

"Oh, but mamma says he is!" said Rose. "And papa says he is a hulking —I forgot what; but I know it was 'sulking.'"

"And Tom says so too—everybody says so," added Bernard.

"You are very fond of Tom, are you not?" said I, cunningly putting out a feeler.

"Tom gives us chocolate sometimes," said Rose.

"But he boxes my ears," said Bernard.

I began to look upon Tom as the good villain and Hubert as the wicked villian in the "Babes in the Wood," and I wondered whether they were men of the family." concerning whom Lady Catherine had warned me, would not prove a fatal obstacle to my accepting this situation. But, as the afternoon went on, I slowly made up my mind that even the gentlemen must be dared. I liked the children, their mother, the house, the promise of entire control over my pupils; and I could not afford to be indifferent to the offer of increased salary after a time. There was something that was distasteful to me in the tone of the household; but I knew that in a little while I could draw back unnoticed, and lead my life between my bedroom and the school-room as I chose; a fancy such as that which Mrs Godfrey had taken to me could not last long, and, to judge from the behavior of Mr Tom Godfrey, I had no obtrusive to fear on the part of the gentlemen. So I decided to accept the situation.

If I could have foreseen the part I should have to play in the history of that household, should I have had the courage to stay?

CHAPTER V.

Mrs Godfrey seemed much pleased when I told her that I should like to come, and, after arranging that I was to return the following week to stay, they sent me back to the station in a brougham. I had to get out of the train at London Bridge, walk to the Temple, and go by the underground railway to Park's Court.

It was a little before the time when the trains are crowded with men returning from the city; but in my carriage there was already a gentleman in each corner. I did not notice any of them until they got out one after another, and there was only one left Then, without my looking up or his speaking, it flashed upon me who he was. I raised my eyes shyly, and they met, as I felt sure that they would meet, those of Eugene Baraoh. He came a little nearer to me, and said, in a low voice:

"You are going away."

"How did you know it?"

"I learned it from the board up in front of your house." I did not dare to ask. But you will not refuse now to tell me where you are going?"

I felt that in this acquaintance there was danger; and, with a pang that surprised and alarmed me by its sharpness, I decided that I must refuse. But to do so was difficult.

"I think, Mr Baraoh, we were all wise in deciding that our strangely-made acquaintance should die a natural

death," said I, with inward rage at the clumsiness of my speech.

"But I have never so decided," said he, in a low tone, in which I detected no earnestness that frightened me. "You know that I take a deep interest in your welfare and your sister's—that my interest is natural and just; you know that I will never obtrude upon you in any way; and yet you refuse to make me known to you! I love you—please listen. You must have known it; and I wish to justify myself in your eyes, if I can."

"I must listen to just so much of your justification," said I, with a seeming emphasis on the word, "as you can say before we get to the next station, when either you or I will leave the carriage, Mr Baraoh."

"Very well," said he. "I fell in love with you, being already engaged to a beautiful and generous woman. I did not know my danger till I could not escape it; and, upon my honor, I do not believe I could have avoided it. What can a man do, when he meets his ideal, but love her, whatever be his engagements? Don't think that I mean he should slink out of them, or give half faith where he is bound to give whole loyalty. I will tell the truth to the woman I marry, whoever she may be, as truly as I am doing to you. Miss Verney, and be that time is shall not burk her to know it. I am not going to sit down and nurse my weakness. But it is not all a weakness, and therefore I ask you to trust me. If I could have been so foolish and infatuated as to fall passionately in love with a mere lovely face, I would have crushed the fancy by avoiding the face; but I am in no such case. The love I feel for you is founded on the very strongest respect, esteem, and something more. The thought of your having to fight your way alone in the world, brave as you are, and not only you, but your sister too, has made me shudder over and over again. I know that there are very few ways in which a man can help a lonely girl, but there are some. Circumstances having made me in some way acquainted with your affairs, you could appeal to me with confidence. You may think that impossible after the confession I have just made to you; but I think that, after a little reflection, you will trust me better, now that I have told you the plain truth, than if I had urged you to give me your confidence with lies and half-truths. I swear to you that I will never say a word of this to you again, unless——" He stopped, and went on again hurriedly—"I swear that I will try with all my strength to forget you just so much as to leave me nothing but your very sincerest friend."

I leaned back trembling. I had not got out at the next station, as I had threatened. His earnestness had had its effect upon me; but I was not so much carried away by it as not to see that his "justification" left him in the wrong.

"I think you have scarcely given the most delicate proof of your friendship, Mr Baraoh."

I hardly knew how cutting my words were until I saw their effect upon him. He turned away with bent head, the bitterest mortification I had ever seen on his face. My heart leaped up, as I felt that he was reproaching himself with ingratitude to me, and a passionate longing to comfort him woke within me. We were silent for a few minutes; we were near Earl's Court now, I knew; would he let me go without speaking a word? Could I do it? But he turned to me again.

"I can not ask you again to let me have your address; only I do, and do not think me an utter ruffian, let me give you mine?"

"I will take it if you like. But I would rather die than——"

"He interrupted me quickly.

"Have mercy. I hope from my soul

that you may never be in need of a friend; as long as I live, even if I never see you again, you will never be without one."

He took out a card, scribbled his London address on it, and gave it to me. The train was stopping; I had bowed and risen to get out; a better impulse than the proud one which urged me to leave him without another word made me turn quickly and hold out my hand. In an instant he was passionately kissing my wrist.

"Heaven bless you!"

And I said gently "Good by;" and the minute after I was on the platform, and the train was carrying him away.

I felt that the excitement of preparing for my departure for Hawkstone was a good thing for me, to counteract the more dangerous excitement of that meeting in the train. Elsie was much interested in my account of the household, and amused herself by making up absurd stories about them.

"Lifting the veil of the future, Guinny, listen. On a sunny afternoon in early spring a light tap will be heard at the schoolroom door. My dignified sister, without looking up from the exercise she will be correcting, will say, 'Come in.' Enter a young man—I will not disclose whether it will be Val entine or Orson—with a glove in his hand, from which he has, of malice prepense, wrenched the button. He is very sorry to trouble Miss Verney. Will Miss Verney have the kindness to sew it on for him? Miss Verney takes the glove, replies frigidly that she will, and adds that she will send it to him when finished, by his little sister. Exit young man, trembling and ab-ashed; and never more they saw the man no turning to the school-room. There is the making of a romance in that household, Guinny—whole cupboardfuls of skeletons, which——"

notions of honor will forbid you to tell me about; but at least I shall expect a full, true, and particular account of Orson."

The next week Elsie and I bade good-by to our home and to each other, and, feeling very sad and lonely, I started for Hawkstone. Mrs Godfrey had promised to send a carriage to meet me at the station; but when I got there I saw only a smart-looking mail-phaeton waiting; and, not thinking it likely that that had been sent for me, I decided to walk on. As I gave an admiring look at the pair of hand, some bays, who were rather restive, I noticed a young man jump into the phaeton and take the reins from the groom. The groom looked at me, and said a few words to his master, who answered—

"Go on then, and look sharp."

The man came up to me and touched his hat.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but Mrs Godfrey has sent the carriage for you, and young Mr Godfrey will drive you."

But I had recognized in "young Mr Godfrey" a man who had annoyed me by staring rudely at me while I was waiting to take my ticket at London Bridge.

"Please tell Mr Godfrey that I thank him, but prefer to walk."

The groom went back while I walked on; but in a minute more I heard the phaeton close behind, and the young man sprang out and came up to me.

"Miss Verney, I believe?" I bowed.

"Mrs Godfrey will be very much annoyed to hear that you walked when she sent the carriage on purpose to meet you, and commissioned me to drive you. You need not be afraid of the horses running away; I'm used to them, I assure you."

"Thank you, but I am not. Mrs Godfrey will pardon my nervous fears, and I really prefer to walk"—glancing up into his handsome, insolent face with a strong determination that nothing should induce me to trust myself with him, however good a whip he might be.

He looked much annoyed, bowed without speaking, jumped up into the phaeton, and drove off, while I walked on quietly, indignant with Mrs Godfrey for sending him, and with himself for his bold brusque manners.

When I arrived, I was told that Mrs Godfrey was out, but was expected home soon, and in the meantime was ready for me in the school-room. While I was despondently eating bread and butter, I heard a man's step in the

large hall; the door was not quite closed, and presently the scent of a cigar came in. A few minutes afterward I heard a carriage drive up; another man's step in the hall, and then Mr Tom Godfrey's voice; he was the smoker apparently, for he spoke in jerks—I suppose between the puffs of his cigar.

"Well, how did you get on with Becky Sharp? You must have found her fascinating enough to bring her round by the longest way; I know by the time the train was due."

"I didn't bring her at all. I've been to Blake's," said the surly voice of the driver of the mail-phaeton.

"Ah, then you thought Mrs Godfrey's description of her charms overdrawn? I forgot that you only promised to bring her if she found favor in your eyes."

"She wouldn't come—said primly she preferred to walk. She was afraid of the horses," said he, with a sneer.

"Afraid of the driver, more likely, Hubert! The delicate fascination of your manner alarmed her. Or perhaps she is romantic, and expected you to carry her off by force."

"I should have liked to take her as far as the common, and rattle down the hill as the bays can go, and shake a little of the confounded primness out of her," said he savagely. "I will some day. I'll be like a lamb now, and induce her to trust her precious little pers n to me and the bays, just for a quarter of an hour, to please the children. I'll pack them in behind with Wilson."

While his brother was laughing at this kind speech, another carriage drove up.

"There is Delilah, I expect. Now for a storm! She will think I've insulted her new *protege*, as she wouldn't

at the moment of Mrs Godfrey's entrance into the hall I quietly shut the door; I had not dared to do so before, but had had to hear, indignant, disgusted, and yet a little amused, the conversation of those hateful brothers.

The next day I wrote to Elsie, giving an account of my arrival, and I did not forget my promised description of "Orson."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"Excuse me sir, said the beggar, 'but did you ever hear it said that money talks?' " "I have," said the wayfarer. "Well—er—would you mind letting me have a dime for a few minutes chat? I'm awful lonesome."

A Glasgow Free Church has refused an annual gift of £100 from a brewery firm for mission purpose