

Recollections.

Why was I never married? Was I pretty long years ago? Just one at a time dear children. And then I will let you know.

SELECT STORY.

FOR MY SAKE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Chapter IV.

THREE LITTLE WORDS.

Left alone, Helen covered her burning face with her hands, and sank back among the sofa cushions. That childish request! she murmured.

With pale face, and an ear of anxious expectation, Helen Ingleson moved restlessly about the apartment where she had been for half an hour awaiting the expected interview.

MARRIED IN SPIE OF HIMSELF.

My son, I am glad you are once more at home, where I hope you will remain. You have graduated with all honours, and made your tour of Europe.

At length he recovered, and began to think of departure. One morning, while seated together beneath the grand old trees that shaded the mansion, he said, —

At length the idea struck her that her hair, which was of great beauty, and the pride of her parents, might be of some value; and she accordingly set off one morning privately for Breslau, and disposed of her beautiful tresses for a couple of dollars.

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In a few moments he recovered the shock, and by the aid of the sturdy farmer entered the house, and was quickly stretched on a sofa in the parlour.

Although no bones were broken, he was severely bruised and shaken, and scarcely able to move.

You are welcome to the best care my house affords—in truth, I owe it you, and more, as my dog caused your fall. I knew not that he was loose—'twas the neglect of some of my men.

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Little shoes—tiny tokens that once some curly, golden head had brightened the corners and chased the shadows from the household!

All wrinkled and worn they looked, but clean. Ah! mother has little else remaining of her darling but these.

She gazes at them there; her eyes grow dim, and, as they float in misty mazes before her vision, her thoughts go back to the time when in joyous health he called her 'Mother,' and then, at a later period, when, with grasping, sobbing breath, he murmured 'Dear mother.'

How many times has a sweet little voice cried from a distance, or whispered confidentially in her ear, Mother, my little shoe is in a knot.

When these shoes were new they were invariably placed at the head of his bed with the toes turned up, and many times could he be heard fussing with them, when father and mother talked in the best room of the family affairs and the crops.

But now nothing, save the sweet recollections of his angel presence and these two mementoes, console her.

Yes, sweet mother, well may thy dear chastened face sadden, and thy loving eyes grow dim as thou lookest at these tiny treasures of the dead.

Little shoes! Is it strange that they are precious?—is it a wonder that they are clean, when a mother protects them?

Parents, care tenderly for your children, so that, as time rolls on, you may never have an empty pair of shoes.

And, while your heads are resting on the lap of our great mother—Earth, they will be doing their duty to God and their country.

During the Seven Year's War, the exertions of the Prussians at some critical period to suppress the sinking fortunes of their enterprising monarch were of a nature truly astonishing; but they were far outdone by the public sacrifices which were voluntary made by individuals to resist the invasion of the French in 1813.

An anecdote of a Silesian girl is recorded, which serves in a striking manner to show the general feeling which pervaded the country.

At length the idea struck her that her hair, which was of great beauty, and the pride of her parents, might be of some value; and she accordingly set off one morning privately for Breslau, and disposed of her beautiful tresses for a couple of dollars.

The hairdresser, however, with whom she had negotiated the bargain, being touched with the girl's conduct, reserved his purchase for the manufacture of bracelets and other ornaments; and, as the story became public, he in the end sold so many, that he was enabled, by this maiden's locks alone, to subscribe a hundred dollars to the exigencies of the state.

CURRAN, when opposed to Lord Clare, said that he reminded him of a chimney-sweep, who had raised himself by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to his neighbours to witness his dirty elevation.

A DRUM-MAJOR who ran away in action, when reproached with cowardice, remarked,—"I'd sooner be a coward all my life than a corpse fifteen minutes."

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LITTLE SHOES.

The mellow rays of the sun, just gilding the tree-tops and bidding farewell to the mountains, danced through the casement of the old room, and shimmered over the spot where lay too little shoes, alone in the stillness.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'A', 'Volu', 'S.', '2', '9', '16', '23', '30', 'JAM', 'ENC', 'Pictu', 'Glass', 'n great', '221 V', 'One do', 'mater', 'St. J.', 'Just I', 'Fresh', 'Spi', 'Straw', 'Syn', 'Bran', 'A', 'C', 'Op', 'W. Ro', 'Sept. 1', 'H', 'BOOK', 'E.', 'Impor', 'NE', 'Constan', 'School', 'Prayer', 'nom', 'Musical', 'French', 'Conce', 'Album', 'Tissue', 'A larg', 'Lately s', 'PRIN', 'Also, Ag', 'turing', 'A large', 'CLO', 'JEWEL', 'May 1', 'Parso'.