

POETRY.

Gather and Give.

By GEORGINA KINGLE.

A butterfly poised on a chalice of dew,
Waving his wings of changeable hue,
Happened to think how cold it would be
To wave in the dew never to freeze,
As cups of the flowers—frail, beautiful things
Stirred by the breath of his awaying wings.
He said, as he sipped of the honey and dew:
"Wonderfully fair is the tint of your blue?
Wonderfully fair is your chalice; but say,
How do you live in this marvelous way?
What is your life if you cannot be free?
A secret you keep—pray tell it to me."

"It is nothing but tale; my petals of blue
Were simply intended to gather the dew;
Were simply intended a shelter to the
For the honey which Nature is making for thee.
We think not of wings; contented to stay,
Waving our cups in the golden day.
Free? We would ask no more freedom, thou
Fair,
Than to gather dew from the freighted air.
Life is worth living if butterflies come,
Waving their wings in the glow of the sun—
If butterflies come, and honey bees too,
To drink from our bosoms the honey and dew.
Wave through the sunshine, bright, beautiful
Things!
We envy you not your changeable wings.
Nothing's so sweet to the heart of a flower
As gathering and giving, hour after hour."

Why?

Why is the wrong so strong,
And the right so weak and poor?
Why goes black bread to the patient man,
And gold to the evil door?

Why dies the noble cause
We periled life to save,
While the baleful growth of an upstart sin
O'er shadows a nation's grave?

Why died that widow's son?
He was all she had to bless,
The children crowd round the selfish heart,
And gait but a cold carcase.

Who reads the riddle right?
And who can answer why
These clouds sweep over our mortal life?
Not you brave priest, nor I.

Why came a throbbing pain
To the heart so firm and fair,
While the crown of wealth and ad of blithe health
Some lesser angels wear?

Why went that young life out
On honor's perilous road?
The carping tongue and the jealous mind
Stay here to wound and goad.

A picture once I saw—
Three crosses against the sky:
And the heaviest cross was the highest one;
Perhaps that answers why.

To wave the banner and wreath
Was the privilege of the Jew;
But the boon to carry the heavy cross,
Was reserved, dear lord for you.

LITERATURE.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

By ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOVE AND DEATH.

AS if the very desire to live gave her a new hold upon life, Geraldine rallied little after having been made aware of the worst. Those about her were not deceived—at least those who were wise enough—into thinking that she would ever be well again, but were thankful for the temporary respite. But she herself would indulge in hope; she would say, "When I am well," "I will do this or that; as she had done when she had first fallen ill. "I should like to go out on Easter Sunday," and when Easter Sunday came and went, and the improvement had not much advanced, she said, "The warm weather will be in by Whit-Monday, I am sure I shall be well by that time." It was sad to see her clinging to life as she did, and tenderly those about her strove to loosen her hold on it. They feared to see her clinging to its last ledge as it were, and torn unwillingly from thence.

Mr. Huntingdon came to see her every day, learning more than he taught perhaps, but earnestly seeking to awaken in her the blessed hope of immortality. Many a searching question he had to answer, as the girl's eyes began to seek him, with more and more of trustful confidence; for what she wanted was a true human experience, the hold of a real hand to walk among the shadows.

Geraldine became the centre of the little circle, and her presence gave a new sense of reality to all their lives. Coming near her was like coming to a touchstone, where all that was unreal suffered detection, all that was worthless collapsed: and this not through any searching quality of intellect which she possessed. Geraldine was not clever as Ada was. Her mind was not dexterous, but slow. She did not receive impressions swiftly; but those which she did receive were indelible. The influence came out of her simplicity and directness—out of her ignorance itself, and also out of the position in which she stood. As a great black cloud in the background of a landscape will give a strange vividness to every object, a quite new distinctness of colour and outline, so did the darkness of death behind her give a new significance to the mortal things in the midst of which she moved, with light and radiance. Truth and beauty still upon her.

Mr. Huntingdon coming home to his sister Clara remarked this. "I never knew before what the simplicity of the Gospel was," he said.

"God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," said Clara, looking up with a keen, sweet smile.

Clara as yet had not gone to see any one. She could not altogether conquer

her shrinking from strangers, though it had lost much of the pain it inflicted on her once. But the day after her conversation with her brother, she went to see Geraldine. She had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Austin at the same time—a pleasure which she had longed for, but did not like to ask her brother to give her.

Mrs. Austin, on her part, felt a great attraction to Clara—an attraction which she felt, indeed, for all who were suffering and sorrowful, and which was heightened in this case by the charm of intellect and refinement which predominated in Clara. Ellen begged her to come and see her, and Clara promised to do so.

The improvement in Geraldine's health had been short-lived. April had passed away. The daffodils had come out under the lilac bushes at the bottom of the garden each like a mimic sun shining its little day. The last were fading under cold inclement skies when May came in; and Geraldine was visibly fading too.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MUSIC CARRIES THE DAY.

ARTHUR WILDISH delighted to draw out Ada after a good-humoured fashion, but he was forced to confess that in the playful encounter he had not always the best of it. Ada, who had got to believe in him as a sort of depository of universal knowledge, very often puzzled him with her minute and curious questions, and did not spare him when he was at a loss for an answer.

One Saturday afternoon, when he came to inquire for Geraldine and to find Lucy—as, of course, everybody knew perfectly well—he missed the latter and came upon Ada alone. Ada was in one of her moods of excessive concentration, moods in which she appeared deaf and blind to everything but the purpose before her. She was pale, but so she always was, only the small mouth was closer and more colourless, and the grey eyes had a far-off look in them. On this occasion the eyes looked up into Arthur's face, and the mouth said promptly and plainly, "I wanted to see you alone." She showed no excitement and no confusion. She was utterly ignorant of any outrage on propriety, and shutting her prisoner into the drawing-room, she went away and left him in smiling wonderment. Presently she returned with a small portfolio. "I want to show you what I have been doing," she began, with a business-like air. "I have been working steadily, you know; and Lucy thinks my drawings very good considering."

"She has been giving you lessons, I think," said Arthur. "She herself draws exquisitely. She has had every advantage, you know," he added, for fear of giving discouragement. Ada spread her work before him while he was speaking; some of the things on mere scraps of drawing-paper, and he began to look over them. "But these are not all yours," he said quickly.

"Yes, they are," she answered.

"Then they are astonishingly clever. And has Lucy been your only teacher?" he asked.

"My father used to give me lessons long ago," she said. "It was my favourite amusement when a child, but I never had any regular teaching."

"Lucy must be a very good teacher then," he said—she had his first thought, you see—"and you are an admirable scholar."

"Well," said Ada, rather impatiently, "I want to know if such drawing is of any value."

"Money value do you mean?"

"There isn't any other," said Ada, with a smile.

"No, I don't think they have," he answered. "You see so many can do things as well as that; and if not so well, still well enough to please themselves; so that the people who would care for them don't want them. Then the people who buy pictures wouldn't care for them."

"Now will you hear me sing?" said Ada, to the still greater astonishment of the unlawfully detained Arthur.

"I didn't know you sang," he said, without expressing any desire for the performance, and thinking it untimely only that Ada was so grave about it.

"I am going to try," said Ada.

"Will you play for me the music of that song Lucy sang the other evening? You played it for her."

That was something very different, still he sat down to the piano. "The Brook," you mean," he said.

"Yes, I have heard it several times, and tried it," said Ada.

He could not think what she was driving at, but he played, and Ada sang. She sang, as she did everything, without trepidation, without consciousness; and went through the song unflinchingly, triumphantly. It was the triumph of a perfect voice and of a perfect ear.

Arthur Wildish was enthusiastic now. "Why, Ada, you would make a great singer," he said, attracted to the girl as he had never before, seeing a great gift possessed in such perfect humility.

"Then I will be a great singer," she answered instantly. "I want to make money, and to make it fast. If you had thought I could paint pictures

that would sell, I would have been a painter; but the singing seems the easiest."

Arthur laughed. "You have high aims, but a low motive, Ada," he said.

"What makes you love money so?"

"Tell me what I must do?" she asked, quite unheeding alike his praise and dispraise, and passing over his question.

"You must study hard, and under the best masters you can get," said Arthur; "and you have talents well worth cultivation. You might be either a painter or singer if you chose."

"Which takes the longest time to learn, singing or painting?" said Ada, hesitating a little.

"I would recommend you to study both," replied Arthur. "I am sure your cousin will be happy to give you the means of doing so. The music will help you in painting and the painting in music, and there is nothing good under the sun that will not help you in both."

"Oh, but there is not time for all that!" said Ada, quickly, perceiving the vagueness of his advice; "I want to be paid for what I do at once."

"In music, I suppose, you might do a little in that way," he answered.

"You might teach and work at once; but I don't know much about that."

"It was you who told me how much the great singers could make, hundreds of pounds in a single night," said Ada. "I heard you say you had been at a private concert at the house of a German merchant where Mdlle. Titiens got fifty guineas for singing a couple of songs."

"Well, but you are not Titiens. You may expect to get the same when you have become as accomplished and famous as she," returned Arthur, amused.

"But what a mercenary little thing you are, Ada. This, then, is your reason for asking so many questions about art and music, taking such an interest in the fortunes of their followers, and all the rest of it, which puzzled us so."

"Yes, I have thought of it before, but now I must do it," said Ada, quite gravely. "I must make money somehow. Cousin Fanny has lost hers. She has been very kind to us, and I must make it up to her."

"I am very sorry to hear of your cousin's loss," said Arthur; "I hope it is not ruinous."

Ada did not answer, but when Arthur rose to take his leave she thanked him very heartily, opened the door for him, and he went straight into Mr. Tabor's, and found Lucy also alone.

"What a strange girl that Ada Lovejoy is," he said to Lucy. "One can hardly tell when she is so like or unlike her; at one time she is so matter-of-fact and dull, and at other times all fire and impulse."

"I am beginning to like her better than I did," said Lucy. "Do you know what she puts me in mind of?"

"No."

"A glass of cold water."

"Well, I think she does throw cold water on most things."

"No, it is not that—that was what I disliked her for—only dislike is much too strong. After you have been eating sweets, the first sip of cold water is distasteful; but when you are really thirsty it is more delightful than anything else."

"She is certainly refreshing."

"Yes; and when I have found myself inclined to be angry with her way of putting things, I have found afterwards that it was only that she was putting them in a perfect direct point of view, while I wanted to look at them in relation to something else more agreeable to my own notions. But what has Ada been saying now?"

Arthur gave an account of his so recent encounter, ending with the loss of Fanny's fortune.

"She must be mistaken—she is surely mistaken," said Lucy, in a tone of such extreme agitation as amazed Arthur Wildish. Lucy was getting further and further out of reach of understanding, it seemed to him. Here she was, with the colour flying from her cheeks at the bare mention of the probable loss of property by a rather uninteresting elderly lady, and quite insensible to all the attractions of love and fortune which were at her service in his single person. She was evidently very much moved by what he had told her, and till he took his leave kept the restless and unhappy look which had come into her face, and the distraction of manner which showed that she was barely listening to his talk, that her mind was, indeed, wandering. She felt that it had, for her look at parting was like a plea for forgiveness; and when he left her she sat down like one who is suddenly set free from some hard task at playing a part, and allowed her face to become a perfect picture of fearless anguish.

She was startled almost immediately by the entrance of Ada. She had rushed in without her hat—her bright hair, child fashion, flying loose behind her—to give Lucy her version of the interview with Arthur.

"You will help me?" she said, when she had ended, and mentioned nothing whatever concerning her cousin.

"Yes, I will help you, Ada; but you have not told me about the loss of your

cousin's money," said Lucy. "What is it? Are you not mistaken?"

"No, I am not mistaken," said Ada, indignantly. "Mr. Tenterden told her himself that he had lost it and ruined her. He says he will try and make it up to her, but I don't believe he ever will."

"You must not say this, Ada," said Lucy, quietly but firmly, noting a part once more. "I do not believe it, and if it were true you ought not to say it. Do you know it may seriously injure Mr. Tenterden, and perhaps others also—my father, for instance?"

Ada looked rebuked. "Fanny said I was not to tell," she exclaimed; "at least, that I was not to tell Geraldine and the rest."

"Then why did you tell me?"

"I did not promise to keep it a secret," said Ada.

"Promise now, then," said Lucy.

"Very well, I promise," said Ada lightly, and she sat down before Lucy's piano and ran her fingers over the keys blindly searching for their music.

The room swam round with Lucy, but she sat patiently till her father and mother came in, and it was close on dinner-time, giving Ada her first lesson in music.

(To be Continued.)

CHRONOLOGY OF ANCIENT COINS

By C. E. LORD, D.D.

The subject of ancient coins deserves special consideration from the light thrown by it on chronology. Not only do these coins give us a picture of early art and civilization, but they define great historic events, and form a sort of monumental history of the past. Especially are they worthy of notice in giving to us sharply defined periods of the great characters and events of past ages of the world, as indirectly confirming some of the most interesting facts of the Bible. Money, in lieu of simple barter, has been used in the earliest ages of the world; and far beyond authentic history there may be traced, outside of all books or manuscripts, the history of gold, silver, and bronze used as a medium of exchange by the ruling authorities of nations.

COINS KNOWN IN ABRAHAM'S TIME.

In Scripture history, as early as the time of SHAM, this was the case; and we read that ABRAHAM returned from Egypt "very rich in cattle, silver, and gold." This, according to the commonly received computation, was 1018 years before Christ. That much of this gold was actual money, is seen by the painted sculptures of Egypt, showing that silver and gold were known to the Egyptians, and used as a circulating media. This money was evidently in the form of rings, and passing by weight and not by tale, and thus very distinct from that of coins. A positive notice of this kind of money is given us, where ABRAHAM is stated to have given to ABIMELECH, King of Gerar, one thousand pieces of silver, and to have weighed to EBRAHIM the silver which he had named "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." Thus the shekel was established as a national Jewish weight, though as yet it was unknown as a coin.

We must then make a wide distinction between money used in the form of coins and money used by weight. The latter preceded by long centuries the former, and cannot be traced to an earlier period than 850 B. C. Being favored with ample facilities of studying one of the best private collections of coins and medals perhaps in the world, through the kindness of a friend whose taste and wealth has enabled him to secure treasures invaluable to the student of history, we propose simply to give the dates of a few of his coins that were the earliest known in past ages of the world, and which synchroized with great historic periods of human civilization.

We were shown the primitive coin of Miletus in Ionia, which undoubtedly belongs to

THE FIRST PERIOD OF COINAGE.

This had a very rude impression on one side, and on the other, merely the indent formed by the punch used to drive the metal into the die or mould containing the engraved design. This coin was nearly globular, had the lion's head and the punch mark at the back, executed with great rudeness. This coin may have been struck 800 B. C. the earliest, certainly not more than 850 or 900 B. C. The gold coins of the Lydians and others in this gentleman's collection date back as early as 700 or 735 B. C. Some of the coins found in the ruins of Sardis, the ancient capital of Lydia, are supposed to be the coins of Croesus, which are of later date. We noticed also the dories or Persian staters of DARIUS HYSTASPES, who finally subdued the Greek colonies about 520 B. C. The coins of the island of Aegina show the most ancient period of coinage in Greece. They are recognized by the tortoise, which is their invariable type, and supposed to belong to the eighth century before the Christian era. The Parian marble gives a date which accords with 895 B. C., but GARCIA, CLARKE, BOCH, and MULLER give the dates between 788 or 770, and 744 and 730 B. C.

Our general inference then, from a study of the chronology of coins, is this:

Money by weight, existed in the most distant ages of the world's history. There is no doubt that gold, silver, bronze, and all precious metals was given in exchange for merchandise.

LONG BEFORE ABRAHAM'S TIME.

The monuments of Egypt, Carthage, Babylon, and Nineveh, all show this, and we have transmitted to us gold and silver ornaments as the result of antiquarian researches that go far beyond the age of ABRAHAM. It is possible that the precise date when coins, or money by tale, commenced, may never be known. We have only data approximate to the dates of the very year. We have seen the silver coins of Aegina, incuse and obverse, with the impression of the turtle, said to be 850 B. C. As the third period of coinage comes on, the obverse side has the turtle more developed. We have seen also the Roman As of the earliest coinage, said to be as early as 587 B. C., and Egyptian coins 400 B. C. The general history of these coins and others show a progress in art and general execution, as there is a coming nearer to the Christian era; while the gold and silver coins of the Emperors of Rome, especially those of NERO, possess great artistic beauty and finish. As the Roman Empire falls to pieces, and approaches its stage of utter dismemberment and ruin, coinage becomes more debased; art declines until only wretched specimens are presented. But

ONE VERY SINGULAR FACT

stands out in attestation of the death of Christ and the progress of Christianity—viz.: The coinage of CONSTANTINE, who reigned from 338 to 361 A. D., possesses Christian emblems, the principal one being the labarum, or sacred banner, bearing the monogram of Christ; while in the reign of JULIAN the Apostle, from 355 to 363 A. D., these emblems disappear. Thus, as we have the chronological and historic truth of Pagan worship of gods and deified men, inscribed on the coins of Greece and Rome, and upon the Jewish shekel, emblems purely Mosiac, telling us of the typical nature of the Jewish economy—so also Christianity—its rise, progress and depression—is found upon coins that may be called Christian coins, as distinguished from Pagan coins. The coins of the middle ages, and those that are modern, give to us also sharply defined features of the nature of the religion existing. Coins may be traced back 850 or 900 years B. C., and the progress of civilization and the character of the religion professed, up to our day, may to a considerable extent be found inscribed upon them.

MISSION SCHOOL AT JOPPA.

In accordance with the action of the Foreign Committee reported to the Board of Missions in October last, the School at Joppa became, at the beginning of this year (1874), a part of the work of the Board. The School is under the charge of Miss Mary B. Baldwin, who was, for many years, connected with the Greek Mission. We are now looking for advices from Miss Baldwin concerning the school; her arrival in Syria was noted in the January number.

The following description of Joppa will be regarded by our readers as both timely and interesting.

THE CITY OF JOPPA, AND THE PROPOSED RAILWAY CONNECTING IT WITH JERUSALEM.

Joppa is one of the oldest cities in the world. It is the same place which in the book of Joshua is called JAPHO. Its name in Hebrew is Yapha, which means "beauty," and any one viewing it from the sea will say it deserves the name. This word is still used by the native inhabitants, but foreigners almost always call the place Jaffa. In the English version of the New Testament Joppa is used, that being the English form of the Greek name of the city.

Joppa is about forty miles north west of Jerusalem, and is not only the port of the latter city, but also the sea-port of Judea; though the approach to it has always been, and still is, dangerous, owing to a rocky ledge which stretches almost entirely across the harbor. To this city Hiram, king of Tyre, sent the cedar and pine wood from Mount Lebanon to be used in building Solomon's temple. By way of Joppa, too, like materials were conveyed from the same place, by permission of Cyrus, for the rebuilding of the second Temple under Zerubbabel. Here Jonah, "took ship to flee from the presence of the Lord." Here also at the house of Simon the tanner, "by the seaside," St. Peter raised Tabitha to life and had the wonderful vision in which he was taught that the Gentiles were to be fellow-heirs with the Jews in the kingdom of God. Christianity flourished at Joppa and it became the seat of a Christian Bishop.

In the time of the Crusades it was taken possession of by the forces of Godfrey de Bouillon previously to the capture of Jerusalem. Saladin partly destroyed it in A. D. 1188, but Richard of England rebuilt the destroyed portions. In the following century it was occupied by the French, then by the Egyptians, and finally by the Turks in whose possession it still is.

The present town of Joppa is seated on a promontory which rises to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet