

## Family Reading.

### SILENT SORROW.

Sad are the words that men have spoken,  
But in the speaking they find relief.  
Dear to the heart that is rent and broken  
Is the passionate tale of its wasting grief.

But sadder yet is the silent sorrow  
That grows in the stillness from day to day,  
And waits and yearns for the great to-morrow,  
Yet dreads the thought of the far away.

Ah! ye are happy whose tears are flowing;  
Your geig, like a ship on the outward tide,  
Has spread its sails and the winds are blowing  
Its canvas on to the ocean wide.

But he is saddest whose grief is lying  
Deep down in the chambers of his breast,  
Away from the kingdom of tears and sighing,  
Alone and still in its hushed unrest.

### OUR NELL.

#### CHAPTER 1.

The farm-house at Elm-tree corner is a grey old place, and much out of repair. In front its rows of windows, running up into the steep brown gables, looking out from the clustering ivy upon a pleasant garden, and letting in the fragrant scent of lavender and musk. But here at the back its aspect is not romantic: the house is sunk a few feet below the level of the home field upon which it gives; the bare grey walls rise from a flagged pathway running up to the pump and the kitchen door, from which a flight of worn stone steps leads up to the short-cropped grass of the meadow. Nothing under the sky, however, can remain prosaic at this moment, for a fiery sunset has just blazed itself away behind the dark woods of Beechover Hall, and now the world is turned to fairy land in the mellow after-glow. The clear softness of the light, and the softer dimness of the shadows, give grace to the rugged outlines; the reds and browns and mossy greens glow in a yellow haze; and the great old elm at the corner shows a yellow lining to its flickering leaves.

Mrs. Masters, standing at her kitchen door, with a big brown stocking on her knitting-needles, is not out of harmony with the gentle radiance of the scene. Mrs. Masters, is a matronly woman of middle age, retaining enough of her youthful appearance to justify some solicitude concerning the color and freshness of her cap ribbons. And now, as she stands in the evening light, and looks at her children before her, motherly love and pride shine out from her face and make it beautiful.

Nell, too, as she sat on the top of the steps, had her share in the transfiguration of Elm-street corner. Nell was eighteen, and lacked the rounded outlines and dimpled softness that ought to grace that age; the outlines of her figure were too angular for grace, yet, now, in the softened light, it could be seen that time might do something for the girlish figure. Nell was not looking at the sunset; if you had suggested this object for her contemplation she would probably have looked into your face with her grey eyes to see if you were serious, and then she would have laughed in a very frank and hearty manner.

She is laughing now, as she rides to Banbury Cross with the little brown urchin on her knee. Her short curly hair, of a light shade of brown, is brushed straight back from broad fearless brows. The grey eyes beneath look out upon the world with equal fearlessness, the fearlessness of eyes that have every-

thing to discover, with nothing to tell. Inquiring, sagacious, grave, there is little to be seen in them; but with them, much can be seen. Their owner uses them to read the world with, and they do her great service; nevertheless, she errs often in her reading, for she has not yet learned to read herself. It is well that Nell's forehead and eyes give no hint of baseness, for the firm decisiveness of lips and chin says plainly that what the mind conceives, that will the will carry out. For the rest, she has a clear skin, though tanned a d freckled; and she shows a row of even white teeth as she laughs.

At present, her mind is wholly bent upon coaxing Master Bobby to forget his grievances, and bring his mind with resignation to the prospect of bed. Bobby, with a blissful slice of bread and jam, and much fun provided for him, deems it expedient to enjoy these good things while they last, but with a sense of suspended tears, and a lurking consciousness of woe. For had he not been ruthlessly dragged from the glories of the hay-field, where he had toiled with all his little might the day through? while Jack, in virtue of superior age, was left behind for the crowning triumph, to ride on the back of old Jenny as she leads the team, bringing home the last wagon-load of the happy day. But at that moment, when the fun had reached its height, and tears of laughter have chased the tears of woe from Bob's brown cheeks, he is borne up to bed so fast that he has not breath to cry; and just as he is thinking he will have time to do it when he gets into his snug cot, behold, there he is, and fast asleep as soon as his curly head touches the pillow.

So now the laughter and merry voices cease, and as the shadows deepen, Elm-tree Corner is left in quietness, complete but for the tune which Nell softly hums as she proceeds to "look" the supper. For Sally is, like the rest of the world, away in the hay-field, and hungry as hunters will they all return.

Nell moved briskly in and out the great flagged kitchen, and the cool sombre pantry, where the yellow butter lay fresh and dainty in its green dockleaves, and the elm-tags tapped against the lattice.

Her mother was still standing in the doorway, when the click of the gate which divided the field-path from the road, struck sharply on her ear, and she lifted her eyes from her knitting.

"Nell!" she said, quickly, "come here, love."

Nell went to the door, and, following the direction of her mother's eyes, saw, outlined darkly against the pale sky, the figure of a young man crossing the field with rapid easy strides.

"Do you think as that's Mr. Oliver's new relation that was expected from foreign parts?" asked Mrs. Masters. "He can't be going anywhere but to the Vicarage, passing here at this time o' night; and there's a foreign look with him, too."

"Yes; it must be," answered Nell. "Any way, I know he's there; for when Martha fetched the butter yesterday, she said she hoped it was good this week, as Miss Lettice's cousin was to arrive that afternoon. I might have heard the whole story, no doubt, from the color of his hair to what he likes to his breakfast, only Sally knows I hate her gossip."

"Well, love, you're quite in the right to stop that girl's talk. Her tongue runs on like a clock, if it once gets a-going; though, as likely as not, she'll stand and stare, without a word to say for herself, if you ask her a question. But I do think we might take interest in Miss Lettice's kin, and not be over-curious."

The sound of heavy wheels in the distance put a stop to further talk, for Nell was off at a tangent round the corner of the house, and down the private bit of road that ran between the farm buildings and the house, skirting the length of the garden wall on the one side, and the farm-yard on the other, till it joined the turn-pike road at the bottom. Here Nell, out of breath, unlatched the gate, and, with a gay expectancy in her face, leant back upon it to keep it open.

It was now nearly dark, but the heavy crop of the ten-acre field has been harvested that day, and, though not a drop of rain had yet fallen, the weather-wise shook their heads about the morrow. Above the filbert hedge which parted the garden from the road, Nell could see the top of the hay-wagon, awaying from side to side, with a goodly array of pitchforks stuck into it, and Job, the shepherd, enthroned in the midst. Then the whole cavalcade hove in sight, the top-heavy fragrant load leaving fluttering wisps of hay in its track; Jack's proud position on the back of the leader calling for much shouting of, "Gee-up, lass," and "Gee-whoa, Jenny," and much digging of his young heels into Jenny's broad patient sides. At her head plodded William, the ploughman; while the women, with their rakes, in sun-bonnets and cotton gowns, came along at the side. Mr. Masters walked behind and apart, with slow steps, and using his stick carefully.

Nell had eyes for her father only. Letting the gate swing back after the wagon, she sprang to his side, and tucked his arm under hers, with a fearless confidence which none but Nell would have used towards him. Evidently there was a good understanding between father and daughter.

#### CHAPTER 2.

The sun shone forth next morning from a blue and cloudless sky, and had already spoiled the thirsty earth of its store of gracious dew, when Miss Lettice, the Vicar's sister, gathered a bunch of yellow tea-roses for her breakfast-table. Breakfast was laid, as usual, in her little parlour, and as Miss Lettice placed her roses in their china bowl, she surveyed the table with a smile of content. Snowy linen, dainty old china, bright red strawberries with their leaves, golden butter, and richest cream, combined to make a good effect; through the window, the view of the lawn, and its standard roses glowing in the heat, enhanced the shady coolness within.

The sound of a quick step on the stairs, with a kind of a spring in it, found its way into the parlor, and Miss Lettice's smile shone full and cordial. The door opened, and a young man presented himself, in a flannel suit, with the freshness of the morning bath and toilet still upon him.

"My dear cousin, you see me for once thoroughly ashamed of myself; and when you have progressed a little in your knowledge of my character, you will agree with me that this is saying a good deal. I am quite aware that a punctual eight o'clock is your breakfast-hour, and yet here am I making my appearance at half-past nine, the second morning after my arrival. But I do trust that you have not waited," said he glancing at the table.

"If I had," said Miss Lettice, "you would have found me such a very sorry companion, that I hope you will pardon my rudeness in consideration of my infirmity. If I do not break my fast at the ordinary hour, my temper suffers from it all day. I fear I can make no such apology for James. The dear man was sore put to it to wait the half-hour on your first-morning. He is down at six o'clock regularly for a walk before breakfast, and the study swallows him up for the morning by nine o'clock."

"Well, really, cousin, this ruthless invasion of your domestic peace is positively barbaric. But what are we to do? I feel assured that I shan't come down any earlier to-morrow morning."

Here the young man's brown eyes looked at once so penitent and so helpless that Miss Lettice was fain to laugh.

"I am afraid you are somewhat fatalistic, Walter. But come and eat your breakfast in peace. I have no doubt we shall find some way of getting out of the difficulty."

Miss Lettice took her place at the top of the table, and proceeded to pour out the coffee with that complete air of leisure which is more often to be observed in a thoroughly busy person than in an idle one.

"You put a premium upon late hours," said Walter, as he took his seat; "this table is simply perfection. No one but you could have turned breakfast into a poem. These strawberries—ah! I have not seen anything like this since I was in England last. It is a downright sin to eat such a meal, unless one could paint it first. I'll have a try some of these days."

"You are a pleasant visitor, Walter, in spite of your late misdeeds. It is really a comfort to have one's efforts appreciated. James' dear old eyes are blind to everything short of a parishioner or a sermon, and he relishes cold mutton equally with my delicate dishes."

"Well, I think I can assure you that, whatever faults you may find in me, a lack of discriminative appreciation will not be one. I do flatter myself that I know how to enjoy."

"A somewhat dangerous knowledge, cousin Walter. But now, tell me, how are you going to amuse yourself in this out-of-the-world little hamlet, with an ecclesiastical cousin and his old-maid sister as your only companions?"

"Ah, I perceive you don't know me yet. In the first place, one must have bad taste indeed not to appreciate you; and in the second, I must tell you that I have such a capacity for idleness, that—"

"My dear Walter, forgive my interrupting you, but as you seem bent on trying to enlighten me as to your disposition, I must warn you that I never form my judgement of a person's character from what he sees fit to tell me of it."

(continued.)

"It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated 'White Shirts,' made by White, of 65 King Street West, Toronto. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A White, 65 King Street West, Toronto."

## Children's Department

These answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

### BE IN TIME.

Be in time for every call,  
If you can, be first of all—  
Be in time.  
If your teachers only find  
You are never once behind,  
But are like the dial, true,  
They will always trust in you—  
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;  
Set out with a willing heart—  
Be in time.  
In the morning up and on,  
First to work, and soonest done—  
This is how the goal's attained,  
This it how the prize is gained—  
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great—  
Never yet were found too late—  
Be in time.  
Life with all is but a school;  
We must all by plan and rule,  
With some noble end in view,  
Ever steady, earnest, true—  
Be in time.

Listen then to wisdom's call;  
Knowledge now is free to all—  
Be in time.  
Youth must daily toil and strive;  
Treasure for the future live;  
For the work they have to do;  
Keep this motto still in view—  
Be in time.