

In a sweetheart's eyes, or a mother's smile flushed far in  
the welded crowd,  
Or a father's proud voice, half sob and half cheer, cried on  
a son aloud.  
O, the billows of waiting hearts that swell'd would sweep  
from the martial ranks  
The gallant boys who bear on their breasts the rose of a  
nation's thanks.

A welcome! O joy, can they stay your feet or measure  
the wine of your bliss?  
O joy, let them leave you alone to-day—a day with a pulse  
like this!

A welcome! Yes, 'tis a tender thought, a green laurel  
that laps the sword;  
But joy has the wing of a wild white swan and the song of  
a free, wild bird.

She must beat the air with her wing at, will—at will must  
her song be driven  
From her heaving heart and tremulous throat thro' the  
awful arch of Heaven,

And what would ye have? There isn't a lad will burst  
from the shouting ranks,  
But bears like a star on his faded coat the rose of a nation's  
thanks.

ISABELLA VALENCY CRAWFORD.

### WHAT PEOPLE READ.

No doubt sensational novels are as a rule very poor stuff, especially those which are known in the trade as "shilling shockers." But however crude in style and loose in grammar they may be, they are generally quite harmless, and they meet the needs of a large number of people for whom it is unquestionably better to read exciting stories than to do what they would be doing if they were not reading. I find that no fewer than 346,000 copies of the "Mysteries of a Hansom Cab" have been sold in this country in the course of the last eighteen months, and 147,000 copies of "Madame Midas," another book of the same class and by the same author, in a twelvemonth; and the company which publishes them has, in the course of one year and a quarter, sold nearly 600,000 of these and other similar books, of which about one-third were disposed of by Messrs. Smith & Son.

Scarcely less remarkable are the statistics made public not long since at Bristol, from which it appears that some 350,000 copies of "Called Back" have been sold, and that upward of a million shilling volumes of the kind have been issued during the last four or five years. When we reflect that the population of the United Kingdom is not much more than 35,000,000, the proportion of readers represented by the figures I have given is sufficiently astonishing. And, therefore, because it interests the people who, for reasons already discussed, have no taste for choicer fare, and because it has at least some claim to our gratitude in so far as it has displaced low-class periodicals, I am disposed, so long as I am not required to read it, to support the "shilling shocker," which is certainly to be preferred to the "penny dreadful."—*The Fortnightly Review*.

### A DEER A FOOT LONG.

The ordinary notion of a deer is probably of an animal of considerable bulk, but this group of mammals, like many others, includes representatives of most varied sizes. One of the very smallest members of the group—a little creature not much more than a foot in length—is at present to be seen in the Marsupial House (which, by the way, shelters almost fewer "marsupials" than anything else.) It is known as Stanley's Chevretain, and was named by Dr. Gray after Lord Derby (grandfather of the present Earl), who owned a magnificent menagerie. Apart from its cloven hoofs, this animal looks less like a deer than a small rodent or even marsupial; it never possesses horns, and the male has a pair of very long curved canine teeth in the upper jaw, which may perhaps be used for fighting. A much more remarkable use has been assigned to these extraordinarily developed teeth; it has been said that the deer when too hotly pursued springs into a tree and remains suspended by its teeth until the pursuers have passed by. This is, however, one of those statements which hardly seem to need refutation.—*London Daily News*.

### A GOOD STORY.

Louis XIV. of France had in court a nobleman known to be inordinately anxious for distinction. One day the king asked him if he understood the Spanish language. "No, sire," was the answer. "That is unfortunate," said the king. The nobleman at once conjectured that the king wished to make him ambassador to Madrid, and, employing a teacher, he forthwith applied himself day and night to acquiring the language. At last, pale and exhausted, but with a satisfied, expectant look upon his face, he came to the king with the announcement. "Sire, I can now speak Spanish." "Do you understand it well enough to converse intelligently with a Spaniard?" "Yes, sire," the man answered, his heart beating high in anticipation. "I wish you joy," said the king, "now you can read 'Don Quixote' in the original."

## "The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

BY MAY AUSTIN.

### CHAPTER II.

"And on a Friday, too, Lord pity her"

The train was travelling at great speed, making the fence posts follow one another with dazzling rapidity.

Agnes Power was mechanically counting them as she gazed out of the car window, her thoughts far away with the mother she had that morning bid good-bye to, and again with the father who slept far off in a quiet country church yard. His loss seemed nearer to her this day. It had meant so much to her, not merely the loss of father, but companion and friend—the safeguard between herself and the world with its cruel hurts. His death had been not only the loss of love, but the loss of means; and so it was she sped to-day on her way to be Mrs. Melville's companion. People have misconceived ideas about poverty. Those who have ample means with which to meet life's demands, feel confident they could manage if they had not! In fact pity is seldom poured upon those who suffer from this moral cramp, for poverty is moral cramp. Some simple souls submit unresistingly to all its evils; while others, seemingly submissive, eat their souls out in a vain longing for a freer, larger life. It remains but to the few to fight against this hereditary taint and overcome the disease,—for poverty is a disease, and one which, when hereditary, is almost hopelessly incurable; a disease which creeps on and on, dulling hope, deadening dear desires, impoverishing every project of the mind, until the afflicted ones leave this vain world we all love so much, and are like their gilded brethren—forgotten dust.

People in poverty are subject to much severe criticism. If, by dint of good taste and management, they appear in garments which hold their own (in all but pocket) against those donned by fortune's favourites, they are counted extravagant; if, on the other hand, they are brought to such a low ebb as to lose all interest in their appearance, they are immediately termed slovenly.

Agnes Power possessed to a large degree that air which is supposed by right alone to belong only to those who are positive possessors of

"The gold that gilds (even) the forehead of the fool."

Anyone viewing her in the train that day would have felt instinctively that she was what the world calls "well off." Her dress was black, of course, and it fitted her figure very severely. The severe style suited her. She was in truth not over five feet six, but she carried herself so as to seem taller; even in repose there was an air of suppressed action about her, a vigour about the squarely cut shoulders and the set of her head. Her hair was distinctly golden, not that sickly yellow which comes from the chemists (cosmetics), but the golden hair which nature alone gives, with gleams of red and brown in it. There was a peculiarity, too, about this hair—waving back from the left temple was a band of pure white. Her eyes were dark blue and deeply set, with that frank and trustful look which deeply set eyes have habitually. When she smiled, and she was rather given to smiling, she displayed even, strong and very white teeth, but it was the chin which was her chief beauty. Not round enough to denote weakness, not square enough to be cruel, it displayed strength of character, and was a joy to contemplate. An Englishman describing her would have said she looked "clear," a horseman would have applied to her the epithet "well groomed," but to my eye she was fresh and fair to look upon and showed she had capabilities of even looking beautiful.

Now the frank eyes were masked with misery. A feeling of keen loneliness come over her—she felt so thoroughly alone. It seemed to her as though God's gift of individual life became less of a gift now that she was forced away from home and dear ones. A bitterness rose and almost overcame the loneliness. What had she done to merit this misery? She had had a beautiful childhood. She was grateful to God for that; but she wanted a blessed womanhood to crown that good. At the end of the car a party of three attracted her attention—a young married couple and their child. It was a pretty picture of conjugal felicity. The fond mother! the proud father! and the sweet unconscious babe. They were so entirely taken up with each other—these two. Their world went with them. Somehow the sight of their happiness made Agnes Power the sadder, not that she would have had their joy less, but she thought that her happiness should equal theirs.

A young girl and two attendant cavaliers were to her right. The girl was small and dark and pretty, and the two men with her seemed to vie with one another as to which would do the most for her. One had packed her numerous parcels into the rack above; the other had opened the window and placed his coat as a cushion for her to lean against in the corner; while number one had brought to light a book, which he, smiling, gave into her eager hands. Then number two had, with a superior smile, unwound the many wrappings of a square parcel he bore, and triumphantly displayed to view a box of chocolate creams. The girl had been profuse in her thanks and eaten of them with apparent enjoyment; but all the while one hand had closely held the book, and somehow Agnes felt that number one had done "wisely and well."

When Agnes Power emerged from the car the day still lingered. She was thankful for this. The greyness was bad enough, with all their unfamiliar forms and faces about, and night would have been doubly bad. She cast

searching glances along the crowded platform. Not a familiar figure, not a friendly face! She caught her courage in both hands and waylaid a burly 'bus driver.

"Is there a carriage here from Mrs. Melville?"

"Mrs. Melville! What Mrs. Melville? Mrs. Mat, I reckon. No. Her horses don't come to the station for nobody. If you wish to get to her you had best get right along into one of them carriages adown there."

But when Agnes had got "adown there" every vehicle but one had made off, and this one appeared inaccessible, so close and dark its fastenings. Just then it began to sprinkle with rain and the driver came running along the platform.

"Jump right in; there's plenty of room," he called, and then the door was thrown open. Agnes Power hesitated for a moment. It held four persons already—two men, a woman and a boy; and the mixed perfume of bad tobacco and garlic from within turned her sick and faint. But there was no help for it. So in she scrambled, accepting the grimy hand held out to her assistance, squeezed herself into a corner, while the door slammed too, and then resigned herself to the delights of semi-asphyxia.

"Was it far," she asked, "to Mrs. Melville's?"

"That depended upon which Mrs. Melville she meant," the woman answered. "'Mrs. Mat' lived some way from the station; was she going to stay with 'Mrs. Mat'?"

Agnes gave a feeble assent. By this time she felt confident that her Mrs. Melville must be "Mrs. Mat."

When the vehicle stopped and the door was opened. Agnes' first feeling was one of pleasure. The shower was over and the air full of those delicious and delicate odours the rain brings out, and the large, grey, green-vined house, before which they had stopped, lay bathed in the glory of the setting sun's light, while at the gate a child stood waiting to receive her.

"I suppose this is Rosie?"

Agnes Power took the little thin hand into both of hers, feeling drawn to the child by means of her wan, pale face.

"Yes: I'm Rosie. Are you very tired after your journey, Miss Power?"

"Not in the least bit."

Agnes had a preconceived idea that a companion should never be tired, so made a brave beginning.

By this time they were in the porch. The hall door opened, and a little, smiling woman appeared. She advanced timidly, and spoke in pretty, tripping tones:

"Welcome, Miss Power."

She put up her face to kiss her, and Agnes Power stooped her cheek to hers. The burden seemed somewhat lifted; she had been dreading the dentist's chair, and lo! there was nothing to dread.

"You are to feel just as though you were my daughter," said Mrs. Melville. "You are to do whatever you like, and feel you are at home."

The sun sank just then, and so Agnes Power's room was in shade when she entered it, and the shade seemed to have settled also on her soul. She did not hear Bridget muttering, as she dragged her box upstairs:

"And on a Friday, too; Lord pity her!"

### CHAPTER III.

"She is such a gentle little thing."

Just three weeks had Agnes Power been established at the Grey House. She was no longer a stranger; she knew where all the cupboards and boxes were, where the china was kept, the silver locked away, the linen to be used and the linen to be laid by for "company." She knew she had to be dressed at seven, so that Rosie should not have to wait for her breakfast, and that breakfast came at nine. She had not received one unkind word; then wherefore this sensation of restraint on every side? why could she not even walk down the garden path without feeling the string compelling her back to the house? why should she fear to give forth any opinion contrary to pretty, smiling, quiet little Mrs. Mat Melville's? She was beginning to understand it now—Bridget's rebellious air, Simon Chunks' subdued tones, Rosie's wrinkles. She understood it, but yet she could not, if she would, explain what it was she understood!

One of the first things explained to Agnes was that no gentlemen were admitted to the sanctity of the Grey House. There was no man fit to be known in the place! Mrs. Mat Melville crossed her hands in her lap—wonderfully pretty hands they were, too, and loaded with exquisite rings.

"I assure you, Miss Power, I am positively disgusted with all the gentlemen here, I have been told they actually don't care to go out unless sure of champagne."

"I don't care for men at all," said Agnes Power, wearily—as she spoke it really seemed to her that she did not. She cared for nothing but a little home full of kindness and love many a mile away. A vague feeling of wonderment came over her, why should Mrs. Mat have married, holding men in such abhorrence? or was this abhorrence the outcome of that married life? She looked at the deceased Mat's photograph with increased interest at the next day's dusting. It was a stern face. It is a good thing for a man's face to be stern in outline, but there should be somewhere a tell-tale mark of softness to show the heart lying beneath; but here there was none to be found, look long as you would.

"I dare say he led her a life of it," thought Agnes, re-adjusting it in the frame. "She is such a gentle little thing."

(To be continued.)