

pany, and so questioned him on the subject. He replied that as I was a creditor, to save his name from unmerited disgrace, he must tell me. He could bear misfortune, he said, but could never bear to have his honesty doubted. So, unpleasant as it was to have his wife blamed, it was the least of two evils. He requested me, for her sake, not to tell any one that did not know of the oil money. Tears filled his eyes as he said, 'ladies do not look upon these things as we do.' I would not have mentioned the oil money, out of regard to his feelings, only to you as my lawyer. I say, if we can get it, I shall feel no qualm of conscience—for poor man, he cannot be more wretched than he is, and as for her, she richly deserves to lose the whole. But, Morton, we are fortunate men; come what will, financially, we have happy homes and good wives. Good morning; the matter is in your hands, and I will see you again, as soon as any thing more definite is known."

We need not attempt to describe how Harry Morton's conscience smote him as he listened to the recital of his client. How often must he have annoyed his wife by quoting Mrs. Parsons as an example in every way worthy of her imitation, and yet all she would say in reply was "She is not my style. I think life was given for something higher and nobler than to waste all one's energies upon one's house, or the table, and the clothes of the household." He longed to clasp his Carrie in his arms, but it was not yet five o'clock, and he must wait until six. Why had not that clerk chosen some other time to be sick?

To be continued.

## MUSINGS IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

HERE we sit! a number of Adam and Eve's children, but like phantoms, appearing and disappearing at every station, and no one can tell whence we came, nor whither we go! Here we have met, and looked at each other, and soon will disperse to wander to and fro upon the earth. I wonder what my *vis-à-vis*, the old gentleman with the gold spectacles, thinks of me? I have already judged him to be a benign individual of the old school, going to settle some important affairs before the "black camel" bears him away on his last journey. Those four young men, on the other side, playing cards—a reckless looking quartette—I immediately set down as phantoms who will vanish and leave no good behind them. And that young Jonathan, whose sallow complexion serves as an advertisement for pastry dealers, may perhaps be some great hero in common garb, but how disgustingly the "nasal twang" seems to grate upon the ear of the burly John Bull beside him!

The two girls with the jaunty hats—the lady in black and the one with the huge basket—the three Frenchmen with the little, black, gleaming eyes—the handsome man with the serene, sorrowful countenance—the two at the stove with enormous neck-ties—the pretty girl with the green veil, leaning over an apparently interesting novel—the mamma continually smiling—the papa indulging in the harmless and popular amusement of snoring—and the group of jolly oil-speculators at the further end;—there, I have them all with my eyes shut, and years hence, if I live to be fourscore and ten, with a pair of spectacles, (I hope they'll be as good as those of my *vis-à-vis*) I shall still remember every one of them, just as they are sitting, just as they are dressed, and just as they are occupied at the present moment. Yes, I shall certainly recollect those phantom figures around me, long after my grandmother's precepts are forgotten.

How is it, that the mind, without the least promptings from the will, retains so vividly, such unimportant items? While going about my daily duties, there often arises before me an array of insignificant doings and sayings, belonging to the childhood, and even babyhood era, while last night's sermon which I am trying to recollect, seems as far away as any evilly-disposed spirit could have banished it. And how provokingly distinct, before my scanning faculties, appears the

exact curl of the lip, and the precise expression of the eye, Mrs. Smith assumed as she looked at Mrs. Podgen's baby, while it is all in vain I struggle to recall that last important formula in Sangster's Algebra, which only yesterday I knew perfectly well.

It is just as probable that the gentleman of the old school at some future day, while in the very act of sitting down to write his last will and testament, will inopportunistically picture the little girl with the high cheek bones, as she is innocently sitting before him at present, with the four card-players in the back ground; and, as the measly-faced advertisement is contemplating the rich pastry of his evening repast, with serious intentions on behalf of the inner man, there may suddenly flash before him the image of the comfortably stout Englishman, as he looks now, writhing under the inflictions of the nasal twang; and, perhaps the lady in black next Sunday, while apparently listening to the minister reading his text, will be viewing, to the annoyance of her own conscience, the form of the gentleman with the serene, sorrowful countenance—the exact shape of his shoulders and set of his beaver—just as his coat tail was vanishing out of the car door; and the group of oil speculators, while entering the derrick, may—but no, no, I can suppose nothing of the sort relative to them. I dislike thinking of those oil men—they always remind me of Esquimaux and the lower regions.

All are strangers to me, and yet not strangers, —inasmuch as they belong to the civilized nations of the earth, and bear none of the characteristics of the barbarous tribes. Although the pretty girl with the green veil knows nothing about my quiet home in London, and I am unable to say whether she has brothers or sisters, yet she reads novels, and so do I. She may be acquainted with Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope and Collins, so am I; and consequently I cannot consider her a stranger with whom I can have no sympathy. Although the lady in black knows no interesting episode of my life, and I am not aware of the position she occupies in the world, yet she is dressed as a mourner, and so am I. The same dread visitor has been at her door and at mine, and I feel drawn towards her in a mysterious way. Although I can tell none of my fellow passengers any of my domestic concerns—how my chickens were destroyed last summer by the rats till there was only one banty left—how I went to the country and rode on horseback and got thrown into the mud—how I was surrounded by the descendants of Job's comforters, telling me I would break my neck some day, and I half believed they would have been glad had I done it then—although I can confidentially whisper none of my little trials, yet I know, that, were I to fall back in my seat, fainting, they would all feel a certain amount of sorrow for me, and try to restore me like warm friends—(all except those oil men) so I am not altogether as a stranger in a strange land.

How many "enters and exits" during one short ride!—like life. We come, and go, and the world never misses us. The old ones we have watched pass by—do we see them now? No. They have quietly detached themselves from the travelling army; they were weary of the knapsack and have laid it down; the sword was heavy and they have let it drop. The manly forms, full and erect—the flower of earth's mighty flock—even they are steadily following the path that leads to the same portal, where the old men laid aside their armour, and stooped to enter the narrow gateway of the tomb. The young are all their lifetime hastening towards it; and the little ones, the tender little ones, go there, too, alone—not with a faltering step, as if they missed a hand to guide them, but with a trusting, fairy tread they enter, and lay them down to sleep. If there were no hereafter—if, when they laid us in the grave, we were to sink into nothingness, what an utter blank this life would be! We have felt at times an earnest yearning after something—something to stand the test of time, and not fade away when we learn to love it; something to prove a bulwark against the arrows of the world, and not fall like an unequal prop when we learn to lean upon it. This craving void in the heart can only be filled

to satisfaction with love—the rich free love of God.

Ah! the old gentleman is looking at me through his gold spectacles. He does not think that a round face like mine can conceal such a long mental visage—sometimes harbouring as bitter thoughts, and as serious reflections, as that beneath his own wrinkled brow; but it is not good to let the mind wander without control. In my case, I don't know whether to call it a reverie, or abstraction,—the latter, being a listless forgetfulness of self—a sailing along the current of thoughts as they come—till soon the anchor is gone, and stopping or steering is difficult;—the other, being a real working of the brain, in obedience to efforts put forth—the anchor under the entire control of the will; the one tending to weaken the intellect and dull the wit—the other serving to strengthen the brain and exercise the mental powers. Yet resolve as we will, the thoughts still rush away at random in every direction. They cannot be stopped—dear me! have the cars stopped already? What have I been dreaming about? Where is my muff? And actually, my tippet is gone! Ah, no, the old gentleman is handing them to me. Will those oil-men never get out of one's way! I must get home before breakfast—there is the nine o'clock bell ringing, and the porridge will be getting cold!

SALLY SIMPLE.

London, March 6th, 1866.

From a catalogue of second-hand books, just issued by Mr. Thomas Kerslake, of Bristol, we extract the following emendation to an obscure text of Shakespeare, which occurs in *Julius* reply to *Proteus* about the ring, towards the close of *Act v. Sc. iv.* of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona";—

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roof.

In the West of England, and properly in other parts, says Mr. Kerslake, when a case either of strong conversational swearing or of hard perjury is being talked of, it is not uncommon to intensify the narrative by saying "I thought the ceiling would crack over us," or "I expected every minute that the roof would have come in upon us." Perhaps, then, the work which is always printed *roof* was originally written *roof*. In which case the entire speech would be in the language common to Shakespeare and the plainest English ploughboy. It may have first been printed with a damaged type. Or the *f* may have passed into the *t* by wear and tear under the press, so that there is no need even of imputing an error to the compositor, or suspecting, in this instance, the fairness of his copy.

Prof. Tischendorf has published a new volume of his *Monumenta Sacra Inedita, Nova Collectio*. It contains, as an important addition to the "collection of Christian documents," a hitherto unknown palimpsest of all the Epistles of the New Testament, and the Apocalypse, which, however, has been reserved for the next volume. It was found by Prof. Tischendorf in the library of the Russian bishop Porphyrius. This learned prelate granted him permission to make the palimpsest more readable by the use of chemicals, and afterwards to decipher and publish it. The Scriptural text of the palimpsest is rendered in a very antiquated manner, and is only surpassed in this point by the five oldest manuscripts. Another work by the same *savant*, which has just left the press, augments the literature of Christian antiquity by five "inedita" of great interest. It forms a supplement to Tischendorf's "Evangelia" and "Acta Apocrypha," in which he gave fourteen inedita. It is called 'Apocalypses Apocryphæ.' Among these Apocalypses we mention those of the Apostle Paul, which had been considered lost. It answers exactly to the indications which Augustine and Sozomenus have given of it. Tischendorf found the Greek original text in the libraries of Milan and Munich.

A daughter of Mrs. Howitt is preparing for the press 'A Year in Sweden with Frederika Bremer.'