

POETRY.

How Long, O Lord!

BY THE REV. JOHN C. AMES.

How long, O Lord, how long shall Zion wait
The dawning of that happy, glorious day,
When Thou shalt come again in royal state,
The clouds of heaven Thy fair and shining way?

How long, O Lord, how long shall those who love
Thy name and kingdom, upward look in vain,
Gazing all whilst toward the skies above,
In expectation of Thine advent reign?

How long, O Lord, how long shall earth lament
The absence of her King, whose presence bright
The agonies wounds with which she now is rent
Alone can heal, and chase away her night?

How long, O Lord, how long shall sin prevail,
When Thou hast died from sin's sad thrall to free,
And this, Thine own, Thy ransomed world bewail
Its heritage of pain and misery?

How long, O Lord, how long shall Thou delay
Response to those who, with Thy altar call,
Nor bring Thy vengeance forth the dreadful day,
That on Thy foes perverse shall surely fall?

How long, O Lord, how long ere men shall hear
The herald cry, Behold, behold the Lord!
In glory infinite He draweth near,
The Church's Bridegroom—her Beloved, Adored?

How long, O Lord, how long ere men shall see
The flashing splendours of Thine advent hour;
When Thou shalt come in glorious majesty,
And here on earth assert Thy mighty power?

O Lord, how long? Shall not our waiting eyes
Behold the breaking of that promised day,
See Thee, with angel train, descend the skies,
In glory manifest, and bright array?

How long? How long? Oh, haste Thy coming,
Lord,
Responsive to Thy Church's pleading voice;
Let friend and foe Thy faithfulness record,
And heaven and earth in wedded peace rejoice.

LITERATURE.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

CHAPTER IX.

WAS IT WELL DONE?

PHILIP had accepted two invitations for Christmas week—viz., to dine at Mrs. Austin's on Christmas Eve, and on the following day at his partner Mr. Tabor's. The company assembled in Mrs. Austin's drawing room, which he was the last to enter, consisted of the Tabor, Fanny Lovejoy, and the incumbent of the district church and they went to dinner in the following order; the clergyman, Mr. Huntingdon took Mrs. Austin, Mr. Tabor took Mrs. Torrance, and Philip took Mrs. Tabor, Lucy and Miss Lovejoy bringing up the rear. But at table Philip was seated between the two latter. Philip could not well have been placed in a position more trying to him. There he was, seated between an attraction which he had the strongest determination to repel, and a repulsion which he had the good grace to desire at least to conceal. Philip was certainly very unfair to Fanny; but he was by no means fair in many things. Mrs. Tabor, watching her darling, and seeing the look of sweet content which dawned upon her face as she took her seat beside him, felt mightily indignant at his unfairness. That impulsive little woman had the strongest desire to cross over from her place, and bodily protect her little Lucy by taking her away from his side. If he didn't want to marry Lucy, why didn't he go and marry somebody else and make an end of himself? she had said, to her husband's amusement, for the subject had been renewed more than once between them. She felt sure that in some way he had been tampering with the child's affections. "After all he may be only waiting to have something more to offer her," suggested Mr. Tabor.

"As if we would only part with her to the highest bidder!" cried Mrs. Tabor indignantly. "He has a great deal more than you had when I engaged myself to you," she added, "you had only three hundred a year."

"And you had nothing at all," said Mr. Tabor, fondly. "But, my love, I tell you frankly, I don't understand Philip. He has made over open with me lately about his affairs; it is just possible, however, that he may be saving in order to marry. You know young people nowadays can't set up house on a hundred or two as we did, and Philip had less than nothing to start with."

Lucy had begun to prattle to Philip in her soft fresh voice, and he answered in almost savage monosyllables, the effect of the restraint he was putting on himself for he at least had made up his mind that he was not in a position to marry Lucy Tabor, and he had as great a horror of tampering with the girl's affections as Mrs. Tabor could possibly have desired.

Fanny went on eating her dinner in silence. Poor Fanny, she stood just a little in awe of Philip, and had done so ever since his boyhood, when he had been both disagreeably conscientious and conscientiously disagreeable, and had frequently in those moods fallen foul of the spoiled Fanny. She loved him, but it was from household use and wont, and because she was of a loving nature; but he had been more or less to her a veritable *enfant terrible*. Also at the present moment Fanny had upon her mind a feather bed—not metaphorical but actual, a feather bed with all the appurtenances thereof, and sundry other articles of furniture which

she had sent off to her uncle's house out of her own. And though those things were strictly hers to do with as she would, she felt quite as guilty as many another would who had stolen them, and also, though she was not under the slightest compulsion to tell Philip what she had done, she had a well-founded conviction that out it would come.

Gradually Lucy began to wonder at Philip. She glanced up at him from time to time, puzzled at first, and then hurt—grievously hurt, so hurt that her heart seemed in her throat, and she could scarcely swallow a morsel. Lucy had in former days been potted by Philip. She had sat on his knee. He had stroked her hair and her hands with a peculiar caressing touch, which the child had loved; and though they had not but seldom recently, there was outwardly the old frankness between them still. Even at her party the other night, though he had held aloof at first, he had come to her at last, and had stayed by her, making her heart beat fast with pleasure. What had she done to offend him? She could not account for it at all.

And yet it was not difficult to account for Philip's conduct. He had resolved to give up all idea of Lucy, and had begun to banish her image from his very thoughts, when that unlucky party placed him once more so near her that to resist the attraction became impossible. He had resisted it as long as he could, and then getting warm with excitement he yielded, and for the rest of the evening had defied all prudence and self-control, though he heard their voices plainly enough. But he had determined never to risk so much again, for what he put in peril was not only his own honour but Lucy's happiness.

Therefore he answered abruptly, moodily, even harshly, the remarks which Lucy addressed to him, and made her feel that she had never been so unhappy in the whole course of her life. Poor Mrs. Austin, engrossed by Mr. Huntingdon, little thought of the discomfort of at least three of her guests.

Mr. Huntingdon was a large, fair, comfortable-looking young man, with an air of great self-satisfaction; that would have been Philip's description of him. But the ladies around him, and they were but a sample of some hundreds, would have pronounced it an inexcusably unfair one. He was of course the idol of a circle, naturally and necessarily, for he was the only creature to whom, from the dead level of their suburban society, they could lift their eyes. And he was by no means an unpleasant object. He was good, he was handsome, he was tolerably cultivated, and he had about him a manly simplicity, which his admirers were doing their best to spoil. He was poor, and the church was not endowed. He was remunerated for his labours by a moiety of the seat-rents. It was therefore necessary to keep up the congregation, in order to keep out of debt. He had to get up, and to keep up, an amount of fervour which he found it difficult to maintain—at least, in the atmosphere of the St. Luke's congregation. It was very difficult to sustain any fervour at all in the presence of that sea of millinery, blooming faces and shiny pates of comfortable papas, who asked him to dine with them, and discussed passing events, while they guarded against the least allusion to those spiritual matters which were the work of the clergyman's life. No one in that congregation appeared to have any troubles, no one appeared to have any sins. Our clergyman, who longed to do battle with real evil in men's lives and souls, found himself fighting with shadows. It took the heart out of him, for his was the heart of a worker, not of a preacher; he was no preacher—few are. He took occasion to lament his lukewarmness openly, and it had a great effect. He was held to be quite apostolic; his church filled and he became popular, and was of course tempted to preach in the style which made him so. Every effort which he made after thorough sincerity of life seemed to lead him further from it.

When the three gentlemen were left to themselves, Mr. Huntingdon succeeded in leading the conversation into a more serious channel than usual, and in the course of it Philip broached some opinions which startled the clergyman, as coming from one who considered that he had a right to be held a member of the Church of England. Philip was not sorry to startle Mr. Huntingdon. He was not a perfect character; he was out of temper with himself and things in general, and he gave undue prominence to what rested in his mind as speculation rather than belief. And when Philip asserted that he believed a great many people were going about in the world without souls, having literally and truly lost them, Mr. Huntingdon set him down as dangerous, and all the more dangerous that he attempted to support the theory by reason, and even by the authority of Scripture. Mr. Huntingdon knew nothing of Philip's life; but even if he had known it to be more blameless than most, he would never have endorsed the maxim, "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right." He would, on the contrary, have held most conscientiously to the converse, that his life could not be

right who was in the wrong with his creed.

Mr. Tabor, always cautious and peace-loving, seeing how matters were going between the two young men, made a motion to join the ladies. These ideas of Philip's revealed to him a new, and rather uncomfortable phase of his junior partner's mind.

So they adjourned to the drawing-room, and Mr. Huntingdon at once made his way to the place where Mrs. Austin was seated by the side of Mrs. Tabor. Mr. Tabor went over and joined Fanny and Mrs. Torrance, and the former seized upon the opportunity to give him an account of her uncle and cousins. Lucy had been playing already, and Mrs. Austin had begged her to go on. Common politeness required the unattached Philip to go and turn over the leaves of her music for her, which he accordingly did.

"Sing us something, Lucy," cried her father, when she paused, and Lucy sang. Mr. Tabor, listening (for he loved his daughter's music), caught a depth of tone in it which he had never heard before; and he could not help exclaiming when she had finished the song, "Well done, Lucy!"

Was it well done? It was the pain at her heart that wrung the music out. She was being taught to love by love's suffering instead of by its joy, though as yet she did not know that it was so. When she had finished her song, she smiled as she thanked Philip and turned away, and he allowed her to pass over to her mother's side. It was Lucy's first sorrow, and her first dissimulation was to hide it, which the girl did heroically.

Shortly after, the Tabor's went away and broke up the little party. Once at home, Lucy kissed her father and mother with a semblance of her old gaiety, and ran up-stairs to her own room. But in her own room she knelt for a long time quite dumbly. She had no words for the pain within her. The thought in her heart was only "Why do I suffer thus?"

On the morrow Lucy joined in the household greetings, and walked to church with her father, a little paler than her wont, which was all that showed outwardly of the change within. The last time she had sat there with her parents, listening to the Christmas service, she had been a more child—so it seemed to herself; she could look back upon herself as so different. Only now had she come into a separate existence, with a life and experience of her own, and it was pain. And yet the pain was a quickening one, as if she had passed from winter into spring—had come forth into bud and blossom, though the wind was cold, and the frost might blight and wither.

In the evening at her father's house the company was the same, with two additions—Mr. Wildish, and a young doctor who had settled in the neighborhood; both units, like Philip and Fanny, who had no circle to gather to. But under the new arrangement, necessitated by these added units, a complete change was wrought upon the rest. The party was as lively and warm as Mrs. Austin's had been chill and dismal. Lucy was seated between Arthur Wildish and the doctor; the latter robustly sanguine, as a young physician ought to be, the former, who was of Celtic blood, with a quite un-English flow of enthusiasm and spirits; and on the surface Lucy was gay. Even Philip, seated by Mrs. Austin, was charmed into accord with the general geniality.

It was only at the close of the evening that he discovered, or thought he discovered in Mr. Wildish a tendency to hover about Lucy, as a bee hovers round a blossom, and that he found it necessary to stand beside her to protect her from his buzzing.

Philip could not help smiling, when he found that the subject of the conversation which he aroused his jealousy was working men's clubs. "Confess that you know rather more about the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, Lucy, than about the habits of working-men," said Philip.

"I fear it is true," said Lucy, "but I can listen; and Mr. Wildish has been telling me a great deal about them. He has been giving me an account of a club he has helped to establish, where they go to read the newspapers and amuse themselves."

"And I assure you," said Wildish, turning to Philip, "that some of them are as nice, intelligent fellows as you could wish to meet."

"I don't see anything remarkable in that," said Philip. "There is far greater equality of intelligence among men than we are apt to suppose; and I wonder that working men can endure to be treated like a parcel of children, and potted and patted on the back perpetually."

"Our club is to be self-supporting," said Wildish, "all that we have done is to initiate it."

"Whatever is worth doing for them, they can do for themselves if they choose," said Philip; "and if they don't choose, there is no good done at all."

"May not we, who have leisure and cultivation, help them to choose?" said Wildish eagerly.

"Working men will soon be the most

leisurely class in the kingdom," said Philip. "What man who is going to do anything for himself sets out by working only nine hours a day?"

"But surely nine hours is enough to devote to hard manual labour?" said Wildish.

"No, it isn't, unless man wants to do something harder," said Philip.

"Too bad," cried Wildish, laughing; "all work and no play you know."

"What are the things you think best worth having, Wildish?" asked Philip. "Money?"

"No."

"Ah, well, then, because you have enough of it; but suppose you had not enough of it, and could get nothing that you wanted without it?"

"Well, we'll say money then," said Wildish.

"After that education, social consideration, the right to rise into any position for which you were fitted—these are the best things as regards this life. They are within reach of the working men, but they must work harder, and deny themselves more than, as a class, they have any idea of, in order to get them."

"I don't see how that bears upon our argument," said Wildish. "You are against working men's clubs."

"No, I am not," said Philip.

"Well, you are against people of the upper classes, helping to establish them?"

"No again. I am only in favour of working men doing that, and far greater things, for themselves."

"But their wants claim our consideration, do they not?" said Wildish.

"And I want them to claim a far higher," said Philip.

"Mr. Wildish would lead them to higher things," broke in Lucy, blushing.

At this Mr. Wildish looked radiant.

"And Philip," she added, turning to him, "I know you want to be able to treat them as true equals, and to meet them wherever men may meet as such."

"What are you disputing so vehemently, with Miss Tabor for umpire?" said the doctor, coming up.

Mr. Wildish gave the information.

"Then you ought to beg Miss Tabor's pardon for discussing such a subject with her," returned the doctor, whose manners and ideas were somewhat underbred.

"No, indeed," said Lucy, earnestly, and not in the least intending to flatter Mr. Wildish, "I have been very much interested."

But the doctor had broken up the discussion, and Lucy was called upon to sing; so the little group separated immediately, nor did it form again, only when Philip was saying good-bye, and Lucy found herself beside him for a moment out of the others' hearing, she took courage to whisper, "Are you offended with me, Philip?"

"Have I been cross to you, Lucy?" he said, for answer.

"Something very like it," she replied, between laughing and crying.

"Forgive me," he whispered; "I am very wretched."

There was no time for more. Her eyes had questioned, but he could not answer; and the effect of his words he could not possibly foresee. Their effort was to make Lucy forget her own grievance and dwell completely upon his, giving up her whole heart to yearning tenderness.

(to be Continued)

MIDNIGHT STUDENTS.

We take the following from the London *Watman's* notice of a new book entitled "At Nightfall and Midnight." Mr. Jacob, in writing after dark, gives several instances of authors who like the smell of the lamp, and write better by the "midnight oil." Sir Walter Scott (in the latter part of his life) and Charles Dickens, however, both wrote early in the morning. But astronomers who make notes throughout the night are proverbially long lived men—Cepheus living to be seventy, Galileo seventy eight, and grand old Herschel reached the good old age of eighty-four. Among night students may be noted Archbishop Williams, "England's last clerical Chancellor," who required but three hours' sleep to keep him in good health. He began his studies at six o'clock in the morning, and continued them to three the next. John Selden, Dr. Hook's Mr. Popsy, and Voltaire were all, in their way, "night workers." So were James Watt and Mirabeau. Marat, in preparing his work on the English Constitution, only allowed himself two hours' sleep, working vigorously away at his book; and Napoleon, it is averred, seldom slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. We have read, too, that Daniel O'Connell in early life rarely slept more than four hours during the entire day, and Cuvier sat up nearly all the night reading. Dr. John Brown, the divine, and Alexander von Humboldt, were both "night-workers," the latter being between eighty and ninety years of age when he died. Said Humboldt, "I work almost uninterruptedly till three in the morning. Then I sleep, perhaps, three hours. Washington Irving wrote late at night, and in his sixty-eighty years says to a correspondent: 'It is no half-past twelve at night, and I am sitting here scribbling in my study, long after the family are abed and asleep; a

habit which I have fallen into of late." Dr. Channing used to remain at his desk till two or three in the morning; but as a warning note, and a terribly significant one, Sir William Hamilton was stricken down with paralysis in his fifty-sixth year through midnight study, and Isaac Watts injured his constitution through curtailing the period allotted to sleep. Rousseau and his father read romances by midnight—hence, perhaps, we may trace something of the romantic dreams of this "sentimental whiner"—though his writings shook France to its centre, as did Voltaire's, and the bitter literary quarrel between these two remarkable men would be amusing, were it not so saddening to think that such intellects could so grovel in mire. Charles Lamb protested that the *o* was absolutely "no such thing as reading but by a candle," and daringly asserted that he would "hold a good wager" that Milton's morning hymn "was written at midnight. Do Quincy and Coleridge were both "night-workers"—the former, however, stupefying his brain with opium, but his "dreams" (mad and beautiful) brought him money—though his exquisite style raised a literary structure from the "useless fabric" of his visions. Wordsworth, however, the calm, gentle poet, whose memory lingers on the soft cadences of Nature (never mind that sneer of Bulwer Lytton's *Time and Tide*), "out-babying Wordsworth," has uttered his protest again at midnight work. Thompson's selected time for composition was midnight; and Horace Walpole wrote that strange romance, "The Castle of Otranto," in eight nights, from ten o'clock to two in the morning. If we mistake not, Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in six "nights" of the week. Poor Thomas Hood, with feeble health and shattered nerves, wrote mostly by night, "when all was quiet," and the "bustle of the day" and the noise of the children "stilled in sleep." Byron used to think his favorite time for composition was the "night," and probably it was, after he had taken several bottles of soda water. Then that eccentric painter, John Martin, who, it is rumored, used to heap up some of the coals from his cellar to make "rocks" for his pictures, relates how, in his young days, by close application till two or three in the morning, in the depth of winter, he learnt that knowledge which was afterwards so valuable to him. Of the talented Henry Venn Elliott and his brother Edward it used to be said at Cambridge during their University course, "The Elliotts' lamp never went out all the night. The one read early; the other late." Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," was written in the middle of the night, because the poet's mother had such an irritable temper that there was no peace in the house till she had gone to rest. "Ingoldsby Barcham" wrote mostly at night, and Mrs. Gore has mentioned in her "Recollections and Reflections," as to how she kept up a fashionable house, and at the same time "wrote," that her plan was to receive friends "daily at five o'clock up to midnight," when she "at once made for her room, and wrote till seven or eight in the morning." Dr. Livingstone and Hugh Miller were both students of "the lamp," and if we may hazard a conjecture, from internal evidence in his works, it could be shown that Shakespeare (whose employment as a player and manager must have taxed his energies to the utmost during the morning and a portion of the evening) was a midnight worker. And what might be narrated of modern "midnight workers!" "Paterfamilias expects his morning paper very regularly, and is irate if it is at all late. Does he ever think that many clever "midnight workers" have been patiently, quietly getting up that broad sheet for him? "Midnight workers," whose messages are flashed beneath broad seas and over wide continents; "midnight workers," whose pens only rest when the gray light of the morn dawns over the great city. Some of the best writers on the *Times* have been "midnight workers." And it is often noticeable that after a heavy debate, when the fate of a Government was hung in the balance, and a division has taken place, say, nearly at two o'clock in the morning, a leading article will appear in our contemporary showing that a gifted "midnight worker" has closely followed the debate, and is prepared with rapid hand and clear brain, to tell Paterfamilias, and thousands besides, the political drift and importance of the decision arrived at. Take, again, the weekly papers, how many "midnight workers" are wielding the pen till the small hours on Saturday morning, until, at last the time comes when "we must go to press." Writers may have procrastinating faults, we grant, but editors, generally speaking, like to write "up to time." Of the patient grand work of the midnight toilers of journalism, what pen can tell us? Silently, and unknown, they do their work, and pass away.

"We understand," says a London paper "that the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, an American theologian, long resident at Berlin and author of a recent work on 'Church and State in America,' has been invited to address the meeting, over which Earl Russell will preside, to express sympathy with the German Government in its struggles with Ultramontanism."