

Day Dreams.

The children played in the cool morn' air
At what they would like to be :
They posed as lords and as ladies fair,
And folks of a high degree.
For life looks fair at the break of day,
With little of work and much of play,
And all is possible—so they say,
When the heart, when the heart is young.

The morning changed to the heat of noon,
And then to the twilight chill ;
The children wearied of high life soon,
And quarrelled, as children will.
But they ran away home in the fading light,
To sob out their wrongs ere they said good night,
And the mother, the mother made all things right,
For their hearts, oh, their hearts were young.

And we need not sorrow, as years roll on,
If the hopes that have ceased to be
But bring us, when passion and youth are gone,
To the truth at the Father's knee ;
Who husheth us up, when our prayers are said,
Forgetful of sorrow, in restful bed,
To awaken again when the night has fled,
Where the heart will be always young.

In the Morning of the Vicar's Life.

BY ARTHUR W. TARBELL.

(Concluded.)

From *The National Magazine*.

"But it was different then. I left Oxford, as a countless number of men before and after me have done, with hopes and expectations that it would never have been in the power of mortal man to accomplish. Why, in those days, nothing less than the pulpit of the biggest church in London was going to satisfy me, and I was always imagining myself in the great cathedrals of the world, swaying the people and bettering their lives by bringing home to them as it had never been brought home before, the truth and beauty of right living. It seemed to me then that the greater half of mankind was travelling on the wrong road, when they might just as well have journeyed on the right one if the guide-boards had only been different. I saw everywhere misery and animalty where there might have been happiness and divinity; and I encountered at every turn unnatural ugliness where there ought to have been natural beauty. A poor, sodden, wretched, misguided humanity. As easily moulded as the clay beneath the potter's thumb, waiting for the leaders and the trumpet calls to march them on towards righteousness—such was the spectacle as I then saw it. And all this affected me how? It made me well-nigh restlessly crazy, ambitious, intensely eager for the word and the opportunity to come that I might throw my own heart and life into the struggle. And so I waited and listened, and as I waited and listened, many a light, as Wordsworth says,

'Dawned from the east, but dawned to disappear
And mock me with a sky that ripened not
Into a steady morning.'

"Do you ever go back to Oxford?" ventured the probationer, thinking that the Vicar's yearly journey had something to do with these early hopes.

"No, no, my lad, it wouldn't do. Nothing makes me so sad as the thought of how I used to dream out such grand Utopias at Oxford. It would be like a stab to me to witness again the scene of those visions. If I went back I should only see in every familiar spot and hear in every familiar sound, faces and voices that would mock me at my failure—if failure it has been. No, no, my lad, it wouldn't do," and the Vicar leaned back with a sigh and let his eyes wander absently over the room.

"Well, about that time I entered into my first incumbency, a wretched little parish, lost and hidden away in the mining district of southern England. I had to take it; there was no alternative and my poverty admitted of no delay. I was miserably disappointed, but it seemed before long that I was destined to meet with a still greater disappointment. For at the end of my first year I was asked to resign. It was a terrible blow, and at the time I could in nowise reconcile it. But now it is all perfectly clear. I simply

overshot their heads. I was drifting so much in the clouds myself then, that I doubt if I spoke more than five words in my sermons that year that an ordinary man with his feet on the ground could in the least understand; much less a man whose daily work it was to wield a pick in a coal mine. Yet time softened the sting of that blow somewhat, but there was another—

And here the old Vicar's voice faltered, and he stared into the fire with averted face. The younger man knew full well that here, in all probability, the Vicar was about to speak of something that had never before passed his lips.

"During that year I fell in love with a girl—the daughter of the manor-house. I need not tell you that she was good or that she was beautiful; my ideals being what they were, you must know what my choice would have been. It is sufficient to say that that was the *only* year that I ever really lived—a touch of the idealistic, a momentary realization of one's inner dreams, a glimpse of heaven. Near the parish there was a hill from which could be seen beautiful stretches of lowland downs, and beyond, in the far south near the horizon, the dim blue sea. On the summer evenings when the gloaming was deepening over the landscape, we used to wander up that hill away from the village, and let our eyes gaze far off over the scene and dream out our futures. And on one evening in the spring time, when the violets were purple in the woods, I remember she plucked a cluster of them and held them in her hand. I asked her for them and they became mine. And she said then that violets were to her the sweetest flowers that grew, and she hoped when she was dead that they would blossom on her grave."

"That year was bitter to me afterwards, yet my life would have been unblest indeed without it. For it was all the time I ever had with her. In the end, when I was obliged to resign and journey northwards to a new parish, I had to go without her, for her father would not hear of marriage. I was too poor to be regarded as an equal with aristocracy.

"And then one winter's night in my new parish—on just such a night as this—as I was dreaming of her before my lonely fire, I received a letter. It told me that she had been compelled by her father to marry a man she did not love. And— and she sent me something for me to always hold dear as a remembrance of her (God knows I did not need it), her picture and a cluster of violets."

The Vicar paused. It was evident that every word was drawn from him in agony.

"The next I heard," and here the old man buried his face in his hands, "was—was that she was—dead. Had died in child-birth. Of all the years I have been a humble minister in God's service I have failed on but one Sabbath; and I believe it was the Sunday after that."

The Vicar paused again, but his listener knew that he had not finished, and when he took his hands away he was once more master of himself, and his face bore a strange smile.

"Ah, well, that was all a good many years ago now. Time has done something to help me, but not much. I was a poor man then; I am a poor man now. But I was rich then compared to what I am to-day, for I had the love of a girl and the expectations of a youth; while now I can only look back and think of what might have been. So you see the call I expected and the opportunity I dreamt of never came; and the masses have never been swayed, the great books I had planned have never been written, and much, if not most of the unnatural ugliness of the world then, still remains unnatural ugliness now. And so I dream no longer—unless it be of a place where the weary in heart shall find rest. There, lad, there's my story—God bless you and good night," and the old man, unable to control himself longer, staggered from the room.

They were the last words the Vicar ever spoke in this world, for he slipped away in his sleep that night without a sigh and without a warning, holding in his feeble hands a cluster of violets that years ago had breathed a sweetness into his life and then faded. He had made his last journey southward to visit the grave, and had now gone on a longer journey upwards to join the spirit.

The next morning when the young churchman saw the picture by the Vicar's bedside, he exclaimed, "My grandmother?" So after all the old Vicar was not mistaken when he thought he saw something in the other man's face that carried him back to the night when that letter came.

And in time the young probationer became Vicar of the lonely Westmoreland valley.

(THE END.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

FARNBOROUGH PUDDING.—Take a deep pudding dish and butter it; cover the bottom and sides with thin slices of bread; then add a layer of apples, and sprinkle some sugar over; then a layer of bread, another of fruit, and so on till the dish is full. Fill the dish up with fruit juice, cover with a paste, and bake for four hours in a slow oven. Turn out when cold and serve.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Mix together a teacupful each of flour and castor sugar, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Break two eggs into this, scatter a pinch of salt, and then beat all to a light batter. Pour this on to three greased plates, set in a hot oven, and bake for ten minutes. Turn on a sieve to cool, and then spread each cake with the following mixture: Set a teacupful of water, two teacupfuls of sugar, and a tablespoonful of butter into a stewpan, and let it come to the boil. Then add a large tablespoonful of cornflour, mixed with water, and two ounces of grated chocolate. Stir till all is mixed, flavour with a few drops of vanilla essence, and spread on the cake. Press one cake lightly on the other, sift castor sugar over, and serve.

CRULLERS.—One well-beaten egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teacupful of milk, two dessert spoonfuls of melted butter, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Roll very thin, cut in two-inch squares, cut the squares in slashes, fry in deep fat, drain in a colander, and when cool roll in fine sugar. This recipe will make enough for three breakfasts.

BREAKFAST LOAF.—Beat two eggs separately; add one teacupful of sweet milk, two teacupfuls of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one level tablespoonful of sugar; beat thoroughly, then add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and beat again. Bake in a square tin, but not too shallow. Cut in squares and serve hot. A knife should always be heated for cutting hot bread.

RICE MOLD.—Stew two small cups of the best rice in a quart of new milk and half a teaspoon of salt until it is very thoroughly cooked, then sweeten and pour into a well buttered mold, put away until set, then stand it on the ice for an hour before turning it out into a glass dish. Serve with any kind of preferred stewed fruit and custard. Peel and core your apples as you would for baking, cut them into round rings and drop them into a syrup made of boiling sugar and water. When quite done take them out and arrange them prettily on a glass dish, let the syrup boil a little longer to thicken, strain it if it is not perfectly clear and pour over the apples; serve as they are or with whipped cream.

TRIPE CUTLETS.—Cut one pound of honeycomb tripe in neat shapes, the suitable size for serving to one person. Blend the yolk of an egg with tablespoonful of water. Roll the tripe in fine bread crumbs in which has been mixed a half teaspoonful of salt and a half saltspoonful of pepper; then in the egg, in the crumbs again. Put a large tablespoonful of butter in a pan; as soon as it browns lay the cutlets carefully in. Turn and remove from the pan the instant they are brown. Tripe is delicious thus cooked.

For masked chops take the dark meat of one cooked chicken, chop it fine and pound it to a paste. Mix with it two tablespoonfuls of cream, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Broil quickly a dozen mutton chops. Take them from the fire, season with salt and pepper. Make a little mound on each chop of the chicken. Dip quickly in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. Arrange these around a potato mound, pour over tomato sauce and serve.