

ever been before. Nothing was assured save the absolute truth of the maiden that I loved, but with this ally I was confident. I was impartial in my attentions to Adah and Zillah, and so friendly to both that Adah was as pleased and happy as the child. We chaffed the country neighbours whom we met, and even chattered back at the barking squirrels that whisked before us along the fences. Mr. Yocomb seemed almost as much of a boy as Reuben, and for some reason Miss Warren always laughed most at his pleasantries. Mrs. Yocomb looked as placid and bright as Silver Pond, as it at last glistened beneath us in the breathless, sunny afternoon; but like the clear surface fringed with shadows that sank far beneath the water, there were traces of many thoughts in her large blue eyes.

There was a cow lying under the trees where we meant to spread our table. I pointed her out to Miss Warren with humorous dismay. "Shall we turn back?" I asked.

"No," she replied, looking into my eyes gratefully. "You have become so brave that I'm not afraid to go on." I ignored her reference to that which I intended she should forget for one day, believing that if we could make her happy she would recognize how far her golden-haloed lover came short of this power. So I said banteringly, "I'll wager you my hat that you dare not get out and drive that terrific beast away."

"The idea of Emily's being afraid of a cow, after facing Dapple!" cried Reuben.

"Well, we'll see," I said. "Stop the rockaway here."

"What should I do with your hat, Mr. Morton?"

"Wear it, and suffer the penalty," laughed Adah.

"You would surely win it," retorted the girl, a little nettled.

"I'll wager you a box of candy then, or anything you please."

"Let it be anything I please," she agreed, laughing.

"Mr. Morton, you are not going to let me get out alone."

"Oh, no," and I sprang out to assist her down.

"She wants you to be on hand in case the ferocious beast switches its tail," cried Adah.

The hand she gave me trembled as I helped her out, and I saw that she regarded the placid creature with a dread that she could not disguise. Picking up a little stick, she stepped cautiously and hesitatingly toward the animal. While still ridiculously far away, she stopped, brandished her stick, and said, with a quaver in her threatening tone, "Get up, I tell you!"

But the cow ruminated quietly as if understanding well that there was no occasion for alarm.

The maiden took one or two more faltering steps, and exclaimed, in a voice of desperate entreaty, "Oh, please get up!"

We could scarcely contain ourselves for laughter.

"Oh, ye gods! how beautiful she is!" I murmured. "With her arm over Dapple's neck she was a goddess. Now she's a shrinking woman. Heaven grant that it may be my lot to protect her from the real perils of life!"

The cow suddenly switched her tail at a teasing gad-fly, and the girl precipitately sought my side.

Reuben sprang out of the rockaway and lay down and rolled in his uncontrollable mirth.

"Was there anything ever so ridiculous?" cried Adah; for to the country girl Miss Warren's fear was affection.

At Adah's words Miss Warren's face suddenly became white and resolute.

"You, at least, shall not despise me," she said to me in a low tone; and shutting her eyes she made a blind rush toward the cow. I had barely time to catch her, or she would have thrown herself on the horns of the startled animal that, with tail in air, careered away among the trees. The maiden was so weak and faint that I had to support her; but I could not forbear saying, in a tone that she alone heard,

"Do we ever despise that which we love supremely?"

"Hush!" she answered sternly.

Mrs. Yocomb was soon at our side with a flask of currant wine, and Adah laughed a little bitterly as she said, "It was as good as a play!" Miss Warren recovered herself speedily by the aid of the generous wine, and this was the only cloud on our simple festivity. In her response to my ardent words the girl had seemingly satisfied her conscience, and she acted like one bent on making the most of this one occasion of fleeting pleasure. Adah was the only one who mentioned the banker. "How Mr. Hearn would have enjoyed being here with us!" she exclaimed.

Miss Warren's response was a sudden pallor and a remorseful expression; but Mr. Yocomb and I speedily created a diversion of thought; I saw, however, that Adah was watching her with a perplexed brow. The hours quickly passed, and in the deepening shadows we returned homeward, Miss Warren singing some sweet old ballads, to which my heart kept time.

She seemed loth to bring the evening to a close, and sat down at the piano. Adah and I listened, well content. Having put the children to bed Mrs. Yocomb joined us, and we chatted over the pleasant trip while waiting for Mr. Yocomb and Reuben, who had not returned from the barn. At last Mrs. Yocomb said heartily, as if summing it all up,

"Well, Richard, thee's given us a bright, merry afternoon."

"Yes, Richard," Miss Warren began, as if her heart had spoken unawares—"I beg your pardon—Mr. Morton—" and then she stopped in piteous confusion, for I had turned toward her with all my unspeakable love in my face.

Adah's laugh rang out a little harshly.

I hastened to the rescue of the embarrassed girl, saying, "I don't see why you should beg my pardon. We're all friends here. At least I'm trying to be one as fast as a leopard can change his spots, and the Ethiopian his skin. As for you, a tailor would say you were cut from the same cloth as Mrs. Yocomb."

But for some reason she could not recover herself. She probably realized, in the tumult of her feeling, that she had revealed her heart too clearly, and she could not help seeing that Adah understood her. She was too confused for further pretence, and too unnerved to attempt it. After a

moment of pitiful hesitation she fled with a scarlet face to her room.

"Well," said Adah, with a slight hysterical laugh, "I understand Emily Warren now."

"Pardon me, Miss Adah, I don't think you do," I began.

"If thee doesn't thee's blind indeed."

"I am blind."

"Be assured I'm not any longer," and with a deep angry flush she, too, left us.

I turned to Mrs. Yocomb, and taking both of her hands I entreated, "As you have the heart of a woman, never let Emily Warren marry that man. Help me—help us both!"

"My poor boy," she began, "this is a serious matter—"

"It is indeed," I said passionately; "it's a question of life and death to us both."

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "I think time and truth will be on thy side in the end; but I would advise thee not to do or say anything rash or hasty. She is very resolute. Give her time."

Would to God I had taken her advice!

(To be continued.)

SOW THE SEED.

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.

Sow, though the thorns may wound thee,
One wore the thorns for thee;
And though the world may scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer;
Name Him whose hand upholdeth thee,
And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land;
And when the evening falleth,
Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee
In its cold and sterile pride;
Some cleft there may be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.

Fear not for some will flourish,
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scattered grain be found.

Work in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own;
God guides the death of the thistle
The wand'ring wind hath sown.

Sow by the wayside gladly;
In the damp, dark caverns low,
Where sunlight seldom reacheth,
Now healthful streamlets flow.

Watch not the clouds above thee;
Let the whirlwind around thee sweep;
God may the seed time give thee,
But another hand may reap.

Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb;
Thou know'st not which may perish,
Or what be sowed to bloom.

Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripen'd grain will find
That the Lord of the harvest coming,
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

Work while the daylight listeth,
Ere the shadows of night come on—
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the labourer's work is done.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.

The learned Dr. Beattie tells us of healthy strong men who were always uneasy on touching velvet, or on seeing another person handle a cork; Zimmerman, the naturalist, of a lady who could not bear to touch silk or satin, and shuddered when feeling the velvety skin of a peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the pious an abomination; and the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror. Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water cresses, and neither he nor Peter Abono could ever drink milk. It is said of Cardan that he was disgusted at the sight of eggs. We have heard of a valiant soldier fleeing without shame from a spig of rue. The author of the "Turkish Spy" tells us that provided he had but a sword in his hand, he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark! William Matthews, son of the Governor of Barbadoes, had, like the above, a great aversion to the harmless spider. One day the Duke of Athol, thinking his antipathy somewhat affected, left him and his friends in the room and came back with a closed hand. Matthews thought he had a spider concealed there, and becoming furious, drew his sword, and would have done damage to the Duke or himself had not his friends interposed.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE N.Y. "Herald's" London correspondent says: Certain provisions of the new Land Bill perhaps foreshadow the downfall of the law of entail and settlement.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE number killed by the earthquake in Chio is now set down at 9,000, and 40,000 are said to be without food.

THE students, members of Council, and others connected with Edinburgh University, met and resolved to raise funds for instituting a lectureship on "History" in the University as a memorial of Thomas Carlyle.

THE Princess Louise was thirty-three years old last week. This is one of the penalties of being a royal personage and having your pedigree recorded. Other Englishwomen born within three months of Princess Louise are now only twenty-six.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS was almost mobbed fifty years ago, in Vergennes, Vermont, for attempting to disseminate abolition sentiments. Now the county in which that town is located has a coloured sheriff. The town itself has a French mayor and a young woman as town clerk.

A BERLIN despatch from St. Petersburg says the revolutionists have found a manifesto demanding universal suffrage, freedom of speech, press, conscience, and election, and declaring that if this programme is adopted the Executive Committee will dissolve, and no violence will be used against any form of government thus sanctioned. The proclamation is dated: "Offices of the Will of the People, March 24th, 1881."

THERE is good reason to believe that Bismarck has perfected an alliance with the German Ultramontanes, who will support his financial policy and assist him in his war against the Socialists. In return Bismarck will let the Ultramontanes have pretty much their own way. In view of the reconciliation, there should be mutual retractions of the hard names and ugly epithets formerly applied by the parties to the alliance to each other.

IN compliance with the terms of the treaty of Berlin, the Porte agrees to cede Kholour to Persia. In consequence of a misunderstanding relative to the payment of dues for the maintenance of life-boat stations on the Black Sea, English vessels have been refused the right of entry to Constantinople. Affrays took place between partisans of the Albanian League and the Turkish inhabitants of two Albanian villages. Many were killed and wounded.

THE plague is reported to have shewn itself in the valley of Mesopotamia. A number of places are named where great mortality from the pestilence is said to reign; for instance, Kufa, Nedjeff, Djagra, Kerbelah, Maraguba, and others. By the advice of the international board of health, the Porte has ordered the infected places to be surrounded by a double line of soldiers and all the houses of the infected places to be burnt down. It is hoped that these means may effectually prevent the spread of the malady.

HER MAJESTY has visited Stoke Park, near Slough, Bucks, the residence of Mr. E. J. Coleman, with the view, it is believed, of purchasing that picturesque and historical demesne. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, was conducted through the various apartments. The deer park is one of the oldest in England. Her Majesty, it is understood, was greatly pleased with the interior of the house. The price asked for the mansion, sculpture, paintings, furniture, and land, is said to be £250,000.

CARLYLE AND BIBLE REVISION.

One of Carlyle's personal friends writes to us: "Carlyle, in 1873, told me he read of late years more of the *grand old Book* than of any other, and that he did not like even the idea of a single word being altered by new translation, as he liked the very words his mother had taught him; that there never was, and never could be, any better account of creation than that in Genesis, which was far ahead of all theories and cosmogonies ever propounded, and it was both reasonable and satisfactory inasmuch as it was that given by the Creator himself; that all the savans in the world would not get beyond it; and that as for the development theory of Darwin he had no patience whatever with these *gorilla damnifications of humanity*."—*Hand and Heart.*

OUR EXPENSIVE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

IN all ceremonials there is a great deal in fashion; and it occurs to us that if a few people of consequence would set the fashion of simplicity in marriage ceremonies, they would be doing a great service to the community. In many memorable instances the higher classes have afforded a noble example by leaving instructions that their funerals should take place without pomp or parade; and already we see the good results which have followed, funerals among the middle classes being as a rule much more simple than formerly; and consequently, to our mind, much more solemn. Births, deaths, and marriages, are three events in human life usually classed together, and which the statistician records, and the politician notes; but marriage is the only of the three in which the chief actors are voluntary and conscious agents. Surely it is the most solemn act of man or woman, and, properly considered, is little allied to pomp and festivity. Think what it is to assume, in a large measure, the responsibility of another's happiness and future well-being! And this is really what in marriage we may be said to do. Surely a solemn, impressive ceremony with simplicity of attire is more in harmony with the occasion than such pageantry and festivity. Of this we may be quite sure, that ostentation is but another word for what we understand by the term vulgarity. It is simplicity which is nearly allied to high civilization and true refinement; for as a great poet declares: "Simplicity is nature's first step and the last of art." Those who have witnessed a simple wedding and felt its solemnity will probably acknowledge that it was far more impressive than one in which gorgeous display distracted the attention of all present from the momentous event they came to celebrate. Those therefore who can ill afford unnecessary expense may take heart and resolve on a quiet wedding without dismay.—*Chambers's Journal.*