

INCORPORATED 1855

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As I watched the wreathed pillars,  
Groves of stately palms arose,  
And a group of swarthy Indians  
Stealing on some sleeping foes.

Stay: a cataract glancing brightly  
Dashed and sparkled; and beside  
Lay a broken marble monster,  
Mouth and eyes were staring wide.

Then I saw a maiden wreathing  
Starry flowers in garlands sweet;  
Did she see the fiery serpent  
That was wrapped about her feet?

That fell crashing all and vanished;  
And I saw two armies close,—  
I could almost hear the clarions,  
And the shouting of the foes.

They were gone; and lo! bright  
angels  
On a barren mountain wild,  
Raised appealing arms to heaven,  
Bearing up a little child.

And I gazed, and gazed, and slowly  
Gathered in my eyes sad tears,  
And the fiery pictures bore me  
Back through distant dreams of  
years.

Once again I tasted sorrow,  
With past joy was once more gay,  
Till the shade had gathered round  
me—  
And the fire had died away.

### "I WILL" IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Jessie Dennis is the little mother of the family, four in number. I cannot think what her father would

do without her. As for Ben, the eldest, you will see by-and-by, that he thinks much more of his own comfort than that of any one else.

Two years before this tale commences, Mrs. Dennis died rather suddenly. During her lifetime no cottage home in the village was more happy and comfortable than hers; she was an industrious, thrifty woman, and earned a good deal by working in many ways. But since her death Jessie has often to go hungry to bed, and but for her bright, determined spirit, always thinking, "I must not give up, I will try!" they would have no home at all, except in the work-house.

The father is a clever man at his trade, a carver in stone; but often away from home for weeks together; and since his wife's death, frequently forgets to bring back much of his earnings to his little daughter, so she has to be very careful and saving.

"Father! Willie wants to have a flute; can't you buy him one? He does sing so sweetly, and last week he tried old Colin's flute and managed it beautifully."

"Flute, indeed! What rubbish next? It's all I can do to clothe and feed you."

Willie's anxious little face clouded over; his love for music was remarkable in so young a child; and Jessie

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had always encouraged him, by teaching the little fellow all the songs and hymns she learned at school.

"Never mind!" thought Jessie; "we shall have one some day. I will try hard to get it for him. Suppose I ask Ben to take care of baby," as he was still called, though more than two years old; "and then perhaps some one may have a little work for me to do, or an errand to run. I must begin by putting by a penny now and then."

So away trotted Jessie with Bobbie, and soon found Ben sitting on a rock by the sea shore.

"Will you take care of baby for an hour or two, Ben?"

"Not I! little nuisance! He will be getting in the sea and drowning himself. He's never good when he's with me."

Bobbie lowered his brows and made a very determined face at his brother, cuddling up close to Jessie.

"Oh! I'm sure, Ben, he's a very good boy; you don't understand him; if you'd only just speak kindly he'd do anything you tell him. I wanted to earn a few pence if I could, Ben, and I can't if you will not take care of baby; I want some money so very



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much for something."

"I don't see it; why should I be nurserymaid? I've my own affairs to attend to."

"Have you some work to do, really? I thought you were only loitering here by the sea, or I would not have asked you."

"Mind your own business!"

So Jessie had to take baby home, and content herself with knitting; she made socks and stockings, a luxury they could not indulge in themselves now mother was dead; but Jessie sold them to a lady, who was a very kind friend to her. When Ben was left alone he began to think, and wondered what Jessie so specially wanted money for; but he could not guess. His mind was uneasy. He could well have taken care of Bobbie, and had nothing whatever to do; in fact, though a clever, active boy, he was selfish and idle. He jumped up at last and determined to mount the cliff, so that he might watch Tom Briggs' boat come in. A false step, a horrible feeling that he was falling, and in a moment he was lying at the foot of the cliff with a broken leg.

Poor Jessie's patience is now taxed to its utmost. Ben is a most troublesome invalid; baby has often to be left alone, which he resents by crying, and the father is out of work. But still the tired child works on, and never forgets the prayer her mother taught her, "Make me, dear Lord, to remember others, and forget myself."

And after a while the dark cloud passes over. Dennis has work again, Ben ceases to be so peevish, and Jessie still puts by her pence to buy a flute for her darling Willie.

At last she confides in her friend, and the coveted instrument is purchased, although unknown to Jessie, the lady adds a considerable sum to her hard-earned store.

Willie sits on an old basket, and astonishes the folks as they pass with his sweet melodies, while Jessie stands knitting, her heart brim full of happiness and wonder.

A voice calls her from the cottage; it is Ben. "Ask Willie to come and play a bit to me. And I say, Jessie, do you know I have been thinking a good deal lately, and I want to be a better boy when I get up again. I have seen you working all day long and never complaining; if you had

lectured me I shouldn't have cared, but you were kind like mother used to be, even when I was cross, and somehow I thought if she was watching, what would she think of me?"

But Ben could get no further, he hid his face down in the bed, and the sobs would come, do what he might.

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