

see young ladies independent. You are o course well educated?"

"My education has not been neglected, but I do not think this situation would suit one who cannot speak French."

"Oh, that would be no objection. The French Canadians speak English very fluently. They learn our language faster than we acquire theirs. I think the reason of this is they do not care about making blunders. They do not dread being laughed at as we English do."

"In that case," observed Emily eagerly, "I would like to procure this engagement for a younger sister. I could not be spared from home, papa and a blind little sister require my care. Unless it is absolutely necessary, I would not wish to leave them."

"And it will not be necessary," rejoined the doctor kindly. "Your father will get employment, and you can remain at home and keep house for him—until," he added gayly, "you get a house of your own to keep, and that period will not be far distant, for young ladies like you are not allowed to become old maids in Canada."

CHAPTER III.

GEORGINA DAVENANT.

With buoyant steps and a thankful heart Emily Davenant accompanied the kind eccentric physician to her humble boarding-house. With what different feelings had she trod the same streets scarcely an hour before; then dark clouds shadowed the fortunes of herself and family, but now a break had come in those clouds through which the sunlight of hope gleamed brightly. In our deepest seasons of distress from the most unexpected quarter often comes relief. When Mr. Davenant yielded to despair on finding himself sick and penniless, he knew not that this would be the means of delivering him from his present trouble. Truly "the darkest hour is before the dawn." Dr. Seymour's skill arrested the disease—inflammation of the lungs—which had attacked Mr. Davenant, while the friendly interest he manifested in his affairs and the pecuniary aid he afforded him relieved his mind of the torturing anxiety that had lately preyed upon it. The next morning he felt better. Emily then left him for a while to converse with Georgina about the situation of governess, which she might possibly obtain by applying for it. Since her separation from Dr. Delamare at Quebec the morning they landed, a painful change had passed over the bright joyous nature of Georgina Davenant. Though expressing the deepest regret at their parting, he had left them suddenly without declaring his intentions or speaking to her father on the subject of their marriage. The expectations which his professions of love had awakened during the voyage were not fulfilled, and yet there was a look of passionate regret in his expressive eyes when he bade her adieu that showed their separation gave him intense pain. This strange conduct had suddenly blighted the flowers of hope and joy in the heart of the young girl. Sweet blossoms they were, bright as frail, nurtured by the sunlight of love. This withdrawal of happiness from her pathway in life was a rushing blow beneath which she still lay wounded and spiritless.

The fascinating Canadian had indeed cast a spell of witchery around her. Through the weary days since their separation her thoughts clung to him incessantly, and her heart bowed down before him in helpless devotion. To banish him from her thoughts was a thing simply impossible she told herself over and over again, and to cease to love him, even if she never saw him again, was an effort beyond her strength. Wrapped up in her own self-grief, she showed little interest in the affairs of her family, scarcely noticed the anxious expression of Emily's face, or the look of weariness and disappointment with which her father returned to their humble lodging after every fruitless effort to procure employment. His illness, however, roused her from her apathy, and when Emily entered their apartment she found her reading to amuse her little blind sister Clara. This youngest daughter of Mr. Davenant was in delicate health. Blind from her birth, and unable to take the healthful exercise necessary for children, her constitution was fragile. Her face was thin and pale, shaded by wavy dark hair strangely contrasting with its pallor, and it wore a sad patient look seldom seen in one so young. She turned her rayless eyes towards the door as she heard her sister's well-known step and asked in eager accents—

"How is dear papa? Has the doctor made him better?"

"Yes, he says he will soon recover."

"Oh I am so glad! so thankful to God that he will not die!" exclaimed the blind child fervently.

"We have indeed reason to be thankful," was Emily's devout observation.

"I think there would be more reason for gratitude if papa had been spared this sickness," remarked Georgina with sullen discontent. "Emily is always talking of gratitude. I wonder what we have to be thankful for unless it is trouble and disappointment," she added bitterly, with a defiant look at her eldest sister.

"Oh Georgie, you are wicked!" exclaimed Clara with a sad reproving look.

"Well, I speak the truth, Clara. We are always in poverty, always disappointed. Why is this? Why are we worse off than others?"

"God does not deal with us worse than we deserve, Georgina," remarked Emily severely.

"Worse than I deserve you mean," retorted the young girl petulently. "Well I know I am not good, but I am no worse than others who never know sorrow and why should there be this difference. Besides you and papa have served God all your life and what are you the better for it?"

"Not much in a worldly point of view," said Emily with a dreary smile, "but life will not last for ever, there will be an end some day to all earthly trouble."

"If life is to be one long scene of trial it would be well for most people if they had never been born. I am sure I wish I never was," rejoined Georgina gloomily.

"This wayward and discontented spirit is sinful, Georgina; we should be thankful and patient in adversity."

"Thankful for poverty and patient when the dark cloud of adversity hangs over us like a pall!" sneered Georgina. "How I hate such cant! Patience indeed! When life is so embittered as to be a curse instead of a blessing."

Emily looked deeply pained. It was the first time she witnessed such an outbreak of rebellious feeling in her sister, and she felt how severe must have been her late disappointment to all forth such bitter repinings and produce a distaste to life.

"But the cloud is passing. Dr. Seymour says he can procure papa employment in a public office, and that he will soon be well enough to enter on his duties. Besides," Emily continued, "if you wish to accept an engagement as governess there is one you might obtain. A lady living somewhere near the Richelieu River wants one."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A Detroit woman being struck by lightning, yelled "Police!"

A Connecticut amateur farmer swings the scythe with one hand and bears aloft his trusty umbrella with the other.

Here is a "personal" advertisement in a French newspaper:—Eliza, you can return to the house, the bell on my nose is gone."

"It is a sin to steal a pin," and a man in Philadelphia has been arrested for that very offence. The pin has a diamond attached to it.

A Connecticut paper says, "At present two-thirds of the population of Paduence pass Sunday fishing for musk-rats with shot guns. This is the way the other third knows when Sunday comes."

Medical students are warned not to ask a certain Western minister to preach for them. He has his text ready. "In his disease Asa sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

A newly converted reporter thus notices a minstrel troupe. "For those who do not consider it a sin to witness minstrel shows, this entertainment will furnish a pleasant relaxation from revival meetings."

A Connecticut love-lorn swain, much given to serenading his Dulcinea with "I'm lonely tonight, love, without thee," was interrupted by dogs the other evening, who effectually dispelled his loneliness during a two mile race.

An inquiring citizen of Madison, Ind., thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

A Janesville Alderman was asked to estimate the damage a cow had done in a yard. He did so liberally. He was then introduced to his own cow as the author of the mischief. Tableau, interspersed with profanity.

A grocer being solicited to contribute to the building of a new church, promptly subscribed his name to the paper in the following eccentric manner: John Jones (the only place in town where you can get 11 pounds good sugar for a dollar) 25 cents.

Alexander Dumas, *père*, was one day asked to contribute ten francs for the funeral of a bailiff who had died in destitute circumstances. "What?" exclaimed the great novelist, "ten francs for burying a bailiff? Here are one hundred francs—bury ten bailiffs."

Mrs. Agnes Bullock, a Virginia lady, recently cut a new set of teeth though she is ninety-six years old. She was splitting kindling wood, when the teeth—which were worth sixty dollars—fell out of her mouth, and the axe dropped on them. Her husband says it will be a great many years before she gets another set to cut.—*St. Louis Globe*.

A little girl in a New York orphan asylum quarrelled with another girl and scratched her face. For this she was punished and required to learn and repeat a verse from the Bible,

being allowed to make her own selection. She chose the first verse of Psalm, 144, which is as follows: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

A most matter-of-fact death is reported in Chicago—that of a woman who has for some time past been ill with rheumatic affection. One morning she felt better, and sent her husband to market to purchase sundry articles. On his return she said: "Did you get the veal?" "Yes." "And the cauliflower?" "Yes." "What did you pay for them?" He answered so much. "That was about right," answered the prudent wife, turned her face on the bed, and died almost instantaneously.

In Sparta, Wisconsin, a new doctor, just arrived in town, called on the editor of the village paper at midnight, in a storm, to subscribe for his paper, and pay five dollars for the insertion of a business card. The poor editor stood at the open door in his shirt, the rain beating against his legs, for want of accommodations in the house for his new patron. Hunting around to make change, in the excitement, he started a perspiration, took cold, and was sick. The next day he had to call a physician. Of course he patronised the new doctor who had paid him some cash. He was sick three weeks, and had to pay the doctor forty-eight dollars more than he received from him. He says that he never will take money from a doctor again.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.—We spoke the other day of a cheese which took the prize for gymnastics at the Norristown fair. Since then we have learned that at a restaurant in this city they always keep the cheese chained to the counter; and when, sometimes, it breaks loose and rushes for the front door, they send a dog after it and bring it back. This reminds us of an event which occurred while we were in the navy, during the war. One warm evening, while standing upon the poop-deck of the ship complaining to the captain of the fact that the biscuits were wormy, we heard a scuffling noise upon the gangway stairs. Proceeding to make an examination, we saw six or seven hundred ship-biscuits rush up the steps and shy over to the side of the vessel, where they climbed up to the port-holes, and leaped out to get a breath of fresh air. We know that these things are mysterious; but if they can teach us to admire and reverence the wonderful beauty of Nature and the adaptability of her laws to the wants of animals, we shall feel much happier than we did before.—*Et.*

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