

am!" Dick exclaimed, plunging first through the water, and then through the thick uncut grass of the plantation towards the church in pursuit of her.

There she was, indeed, poor Jenny, in her old and favourite haunt among the young spruce fir trees close to the porch, but she could not reach the pale green shoots or pink tassels to-day, for her long tether was twisted in hopeless tangles about a fallen stump, and poor Jenny was prancing around on her hind-legs, butting at it with her horns in vain efforts to be free, and uttering every now and then the plaintive bleat which had guided Dick through the plantation to her side.

"Poor Jenny, poor old Jenny!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms round her neck in the first impulse of his excitement and delight, and kissing her brown cheek; but Jenny was in no mood for coaxing just yet, and butted at him severely. It was not until Dick began working at the other end of her chain that she seemed to understand that he had come to her help, and then she danced eagerly towards him on her hind legs again, and rubbed her brown nose in turn against the child's fair cheek.

It was some time before Dick's anxious fingers could untwist the tangled chain, and then the heavy stake had to be pulled with quite a wrench from under the fallen wood; and then—what then? What was it that danced and sparkled and burned in the sunlight under Dick's eyes, sending the crimson colour to his cheeks and a rush of glad startled thoughts to his heart? What was it set his hands trembling with almost a sense of fear as the heavy stake fell from them and he stooped towards the ground? Was it possible—was it right—could it be, that such happiness had fallen to his share?

Yes, there it lay, just where it had fallen in the long uncut grass—Miss Ethel's gold watch and chain, with the diamond seal almost concealed by the fallen wood, just under old Jenny's brown nose, which must have grazed it at least a hundred times.

Dick could scarcely believe it; he lifted up the unlooked-for golden treasure with doubt and trembling and joy; he heard, in a kind of dream, the sound of boy's voices—loud-raised, passionate voices—drawing near, and he stuffed watch and chain and all inside the breast of his little holland waistcoat, with almost the air of a thief.

He did not want to meet them just now; he did not want them to know yet; he could not feel quite sure, quite happy about it all, until he had run home by the way he had come, until he had climbed up into his mother's arm's again, and laid his treasure there.

Already Jenny was far ahead of him, dragging her chain and heavy stake after her. She had had enough of wandering for to-day; she was tired of pulling and twisting, and running round and round on her hind legs ceaselessly. She was just as anxious as Dick to get home; indeed it was all he could do to get up to her, and lay hold of the iron stake, to prevent its catching in the underwood, and causing fresh delay.

Then on they went together, Jenny frisking along like quite a young goat, in all the gladness of freedom, Dick following, almost breathless, behind, one hand holding her chain, the other tightly held inside his holland waistcoat over the hidden treasure.

Oh, what a happy triumphal procession it was—splash through the cool brown stream again, on through the prickly thistles, in for one moment to Mrs. Marsden's cottage to shout "all right!" into her poor bewildered ears, on through the pasture, and down through the dusty road almost at a canter, faster and faster as Dick drew near to his mother, and Jenny drew near to the quiet paddock which she had forsaken that morning,

Baby was still asleep; Mrs. Randor was in the doorway, knitting a pair of long grey hose which were to cover Dick's legs in the winter. In a moment he was in her arms, with his mouth close to her ear, and his hot flushed cheek against hers.

"Listen, mother! Mother, listen! I've found it!" Mrs. Radnor was proud and well pleased with her boy, as old Jenny clattered round to the paddock, and one heavy burden of doubt and fear rolled off from her troubled spirit; she thanked and blessed him many times in an instant, and scolded him almost as quickly, as her lips touched his burning cheeks, and her cool hand pushed back the mats of fair hair from his forehead.

But when he drew out his folded hand from his bosom, and showed Miss Ethel's watch and chain, and the diamond seal hanging to it, Mrs. Radnor was silent. She, too, felt as if it were almost too much, too great good fortune to have come in their way, too great a blessing to have fallen to their share. It was not for some time that she seemed quite to understand it, and then Dick's simple story and child-like faith brought back strength to her own weary and heavy-laden heart, beyond the worth of gold; and she and Dick had a happy hour together, before the other boys came in, white with heat and dust, and churlish with disappointment.

"It's unfair; I say it's awfully unfair!" Stephen muttered, angrily, striding out of the cottage again, as the whole truth broke upon him; and as he spoke, the gold of Miss Ethel's watch and chain dimmed under little Dick's eyes, as he stared down at them.

But the cloud soon passed away, for Bruce, who was older and braver than Stephen, drew near to Dick, and, putting his arms round his little brother's neck asked him, coaxingly,

"What will you do with the money, Dick—with the grand two pounds, old boy?" And then poor little Dick had his first sweet taste of pure unalloyed pleasure as he told Bruce that mother had said that she thought the two pounds would buy the Belgian bird in the new cage, and the bat and ball, and the red hood for baby, and pay next week's rent, and have a good many shillings over; and Dick whispered to Bruce, though he did not tell his mother, that with these good shillings he intended to buy the nice grey knitted shawl for her that he had seen in the village shop window.

Bruce was greatly pleased; and Stephen—who was not half such a bad fellow after all, and really fond of his little brother—came in soon, with his temper greatly improved, and an armful of ivy for Jenny. Baby woke up from her sleep in a good temper, too, as if she knew all about it; and that was a very happy night in the cottage, and Dick was the happiest there, with a pure unselfish smile on his face, and a pure unselfish joy in his heart, for although the rector lived five miles away, and the two pounds could not be claimed until to-morrow, already Dick had his reward, for he had done the thing that was right; he had not pleased himself, but he had helped others, and been obedient to his mother, and Dick felt as if he wanted nothing more, for "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

THE most natural beauty in the world is honest and moral truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measure that of harmony and music. In poetry which is all fable, truth is still the perfection.—*Shaftesbury.*

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear, and cold,
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife;
And yet—a little LOVE can brighten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams and age an aching void,
Which Dead Sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild, tempestuous storms is rife;
And yet—a little HOPE can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amid the broken treasures scattered there
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife:
And yet—a little PATIENCE strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel leaf;
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our way;
Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirit's stay;
Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CLEARNESS.

The capital defect of the writers and speakers of the present day is a want of clearness, method, and power in dealing with matters which daily come to hand. Education has come to be a mere thing of bulk or quantity. It consists of accumulation. Men are losing their mental as well as physical digestive functions. Confusion, intellectual lassitude, and a want of method and of power to grasp the core of a subject are the consequences.

It is true that men always see the beauty and value of clearness of conception and strive after them. But too many labor at expression alone or chiefly. They whine about their want of utterance. They labor at parterre, as they suppose; and the result is a minimum quantity and a maximum of weakness and deformity in quality. Such people have no clear ideas. Instead of putting their minds in order and laboring for clear ideas first, they strive for clearness of expression. It is pitiable to see one of these people struggling and writhing to say what he has not got to say. Yet their lips go and they make a sound—"ephemeral sound of a sound." If any one who has clear ideas himself has any doubt as to the truthfulness of this criticism, let him listen to the halting, inconclusive, rambling sermons which he can hear from many of our popular extemporaneous pulpit orators. Let him hear and carefully analyze the confused, misty, frothy discourses which too often fall from some pulpits, and which the young women cannot too much bepraise, because "the language was so beautiful," and his doubts will soon vanish.

Now, what is the remedy? Simply let us give up the hallucination that we have anything worthy of the name of ideas, except those which are sufficiently clear to be expressed in clear language. Style is the mere skin of thought, and will be radiant and precise as thought is bright and well defined. All matured ideas which one has, he can express. Clearness of thought and distinctness of enunciation will secure any of our preachers large and attentive audiences. The reason that people go to sleep in the morning service and stay at home in the evening, is because the preacher has either a muddy mind, or a thick tongue.

To watch without prayer is to presume upon our own strength; to pray without watching is to presume upon the grace of God.