

beautiful head drooped, and she turned her face away. "Oh, Quintin, do not ask me so hard a question. I only know I can never let you leave me; but my father! He will never consent, and I cannot do what he refuses. He has loved me too long and too well for that!"

"Where is he?" cried Quintin. "Let me go to his studio and speak for myself. Since thou hast not said No, I will fear the word from no one else."

It was a strange place, that studio of Johann Mandyn's, with brushes, easels, and pictures finished and unfinished, jumbled together—the nervous, irritable little old man in the midst, his artist's cap always awry, and his black eyes always on the watch for the fame that was almost his, but never quite within his grasp. Art, his own glorious Art, was all he desired for himself; yet for Lisa, for Lisa's sake, he must be known for what he was. Had God ever bestowed an artist's genius and a child like Lisa upon one man before? Ah, the world must understand that yet!

He turned sharply, brush in hand, as Quintin entered. "Ah, it is thou," he said petulantly. "It is only Lisa who interrupts me at this hour."

"There was a time, in days gone by, when Lisa and I ran in and out together," answered the young man.

"Yes, yes; quite gone by, and better forgotten. Things are very different at ten years of age and at twenty-one."

"That is true," answered Quintin; "and it is precisely for that reason that I have come to speak with you."

Johann looked keenly at him, half ready to put his brush to the canvas again. "Do not talk in riddles," he said irritably. "Time is precious with a pursuit like mine."

"Then I have come to ask thee to give me Lisa for my wife," said Quintin, meeting his look with an undaunted face.

The brush was thrown violently from Johann's hand, and an angry scowl darkened his hard face. "Thou! Give me Lisa to thee! An artist's daughter and a blacksmith's son! Or if thou art no longer a blacksmith, thou art a tradesman, a worker in vile metals, and it is quite the same thing. Dost thou not know that art?" but he stopped, astonished at the flash that shot back from Quintin's eyes.

"A worker in vile metals may be an artist as well as thou!" he answered; "and however that may be, I am a man of honorable soul, and with hands that have wrought out a name and independence no citizen of Antwerp can despise."

"Well, well," said the old man, calming himself a little, "thou art a worthy fellow, I will not forget that, and I will not say Lisa shall not remember thee; but to marry her! None but an artist shall ever claim my Lisa's hand; the earth may melt away, but I will never change in that."

"But if she should never love an artist—if she loves only me?" urged Quintin.

Johann hesitated. "Then she shall be wedded, like her father, to the only true and glorious love, to art itself; and her father's fame shall be her dowry, her wedding gift! But never fear! Lisa has a soul that will answer when the true touch is laid upon it; in the meantime, it would be a strange thing if I should not take good care of my own child."

"It is of no use," said Quintin, when he had found Lisa again; "a whole world could not move thy father, that is plain; thou must marry an artist and no one else."

"Yes," answered Lisa, sadly. "I knew too well what he would say. Only an artist is worthy of an artist's child; he has told me that far oftener than he has said it to thee."

"That need make only one difference, however—a little time," reflected Quintin, quietly; "though time is a cruel jailer when he shuts loving hearts apart. Wilt thou wait for me until I am an artist, Lisa? Wilt thou not promise me that? It will not take more than two years, and then I will find thee again. It is God who plans all our lives; he will keep thee for me until I can return."

But few days passed before the Antwerpers were mourning a great loss; their famous iron-worker, their genius, from whom they were expecting still greater things, had left them—shop, house and business sold, and no one could learn precisely whither their owner had betaken himself. To Haarlem, it was rumored, but no one knew.

"The foolish fellow," muttered Johann Mandyn, at his work; "is there no other girl but my Lisa in the world, that he must throw away a trade quite respectable enough for him, and go idling off out of her sight? A fine husband he would have made, indeed!"

"Slowly, slowly, dragging, as it seemed to Lisa, at an endless pace, the two years wore away. Cruel jailers, indeed; and never a word or token did they allow to reach her as they passed. "But is not a woman's heart as strong to endure as a man's hand to work for her?" she asked herself, and she went about with a firm step, and sometimes a snatch of her old songs; but Johann watched her keenly now and then; her cheeks were losing that perfect color he had tried so often to copy with his brush. But even two years cannot endure forever; one by one the days wore away, and as the last one shone brightly over the old city a manly figure in doublet and velvet cap ran hastily up Johann Mandyn's steps, glanced at the window against which a beautiful face rested dreamily, and in another instant Quintin Matsys clasped Lisa once more to his heart.

"Lisa! Thou hast waited for me? But no; I need not ask!"

"And thou? Thou hast come back to me an artist?" answered Lisa with a glowing face.

"Did I not determine? Where is thy father? I am in haste, like a school-boy, to say my lesson to him, and tell him that Quintin Matsys, the artist, asks his daughter's hand."

"But thou canst not say thy lesson yet; thou must wait till he returns; he will not be at home for a full hour yet."

"I must wait? Come into his studio and we will see," answered Quintin; and Lisa led the way.

It was the same queer place, half strange, half gloomy, with palettes and brushes laid, as if for a moment, beside an unfinished picture, the picture that beyond all others Johann Mandyn would have told you was to make his fame,—a wild, headlong grouping of the ruined angels' fall.

Quintin took up the palette, and Lisa held her breath as with a careless hand he began light strokes upon the fore-

most figure's outstretched limb. Would her father ever forgive such a reckless marring of his work?

But in another moment her musical laugh rang through the gloomy room.

"A bee! A bee!" she cried. "Only do not give it a sting, Quintin! There are too many bees already gathered round my father's brush." The bee was finished, the old man's step was heard, and Lisa hurried Quintin into an adjoining room.

"Ha!" cried Johann Mandyn, as his quick, nervous glance fixed upon his picture. "What miserable intruder has lighted here? Thou hast sucked poison, at least, for thy boldness, so begone!" and, seizing a fan, he brushed it hastily across the bee. But the insect did not stir; a second blow disturbed it no more than the first, and Johann brought the twinkle of his keen, black eyes closer to the canvas.

"What?" he cried, "What do I see? A bee, and yet not a bee? Whose hand is capable of this? What genius has honored my studio while I was gone?"

"An artist from a distant city, dear father," answered Lisa's sweet voice, "and he has left this picture also as a gift to thee."

Johann snatched the picture from her hand and gazed at it with brighter and brighter light shining in his face.

"I can do nothing like this!" he cried at last, with a despairing gesture. "Ah! if an artist like this would ask my daughter's hand!" and at that instant Quintin entered the room.

Two years can seem so long, and yet how quickly two more can flit away! The Antwerpers began to find they had lost no glory with their famous iron-worker, for their new painter was bringing still brighter honors to the town.

"Ah! but thou wert an artist, a true artist in thy soul all the time, and that is what my father often says, now that he is so proud of seeing me thy wife!" said Lisa, as she heard their praises.

Quintin looked earnestly down into her beautiful face.

"It was the good God's plan for me,—but then, also, one must always be determined," he replied.

The world has echoed Lisa's words down to our own time. Quintin Matsys's pictures are cherished as choice treasures to this day, and the Antwerpers whisper as they stand in their cathedral, and look proudly at its favorite altar-piece, *The Descent from the Cross*: "Yes, it was our own blacksmith boy who painted that, and those who are most learned in these things tell us that even Raphael's brush could not have done better with some of its heads."

ARTIFICIAL IVY LEAVES.

Artificial ivy leaves are made by taking green window Holland and using an English ivy leaf for a pattern. Cut out any number of leaves, making different sizes. Next lay them upon paper and with a warm iron, upon which you first rub some beeswax, press each leaf. To shape and vein the leaves, fold the leaf from side to side, making a crease from stem to tip; then likewise through to each point from stem. For stems take fine wire (not too fine to stand in shape), push the end through two small holes, previously made with a pin, far enough to turn back upon the under side, and twist carefully around, to secure it in place. The smallest leaves are placed upon the ends of the vine. Twine the wires with tissue paper, the color of leaves, and make long vines, with branches here and there. Ornament a flower-pot with a fancy cover, fill with clean sand, which place upon a shelf or bracket. Then plant therein your artificial ivy and train it as your fancy dictates, and you will have a vine that can look fresh and green without care and one that will not freeze.—*American Cultivator*.

THE MICROPHONE IN THE PULPIT.

The "Halifax (England) Guardian" gives the following account of an interesting experiment with the microphone: A microphone was placed in the pulpit of a chapel in this town on a recent Sunday, and connected by a private telegraph line with the residence of a gentleman over a mile distant. Every part of the service was distinctly heard at the gentleman's house, with the exception of a few words rendered indistinct by the preacher's becoming a little excited, and shaking the microphone. So faithfully did the instrument do its work that the chapel-keeper was heard to close the doors after service, walk up the aisle, and up the pulpit steps, in conversation with some one else. The idea is about to be put to practical use, the gentleman already referred to having given instructions that his house should be connected with another in the neighborhood, in order that an invalid may hear the service from one of the churches in the town.

THERE is in every one of us a work of the devil. It is going on day by day until he comes who alone has the power to arrest and destroy it. It is one of the blessed announcements of the gospel that Christ was manifested for the purpose of destroying this Satanic work and beginning his own instead. And if this good work is begun it will go on till it is completed in the day of Christ Jesus.

MANY persons are rich in doctrine and poor in practice. If we judge them by their creeds, dogmas, schedules and resolutions, we will conclude there is nothing wanting in their saintship; but measured by their walk and conversation, they appear far beneath the stature of those who are perfect men and women in Christ Jesus. It is when the rules are lived out that they are valuable. Clouds without rain, of what use are they?

WE admire Christian boldness and are always ready to speak a word of praise for the heroism that fears no danger and braves any responsibility. But a becoming modesty is no less a gracious disposition and trait of reverent faith. There is a character that shrinks and almost cowers under the vast obligations of a Christian profession, and who dares withhold his praise of its adoring beauty. In the day of real trial, when fidelity becomes a matter of life and death, it will stand as firmly as that which in common circumstances seemed to shame it by its fortitude.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

IT is proposed to found the Selwyn College at Cambridge, Eng., as a deserved memorial to the late Bishop Selwyn, the missionary bishop to the South Sea Islands.

THE value of the entire amount of gold in the world is estimated at nearly \$7,000,000,000. It might all be contained in a block 17 feet high, 28 feet wide, and 56 feet long.

THE Russian Greek Church possesses 38,602 churches, including cathedrals, 12,860 chapels and oratories; 18,887 arch-priests, deacons and preceptors; 56,500,000 members, of whom 29,000,000 are women and 27,000,000 are men. The sums received by the church during the year amount to about \$9,000,000.

A LADY who desires no notoriety has given \$20,000 to the Commissioners of Charities, in New York city, for the purpose of erecting a surgical pavilion on the grounds of Bellevue Hospital, where respectable patients may receive care separate from those who cannot be regarded as respectable. The building will contain rooms for thirty patients.

REV. NOAH M. WELLS, residing at Vienna, Mich., is said by a writer in the "Observer" to be the oldest Presbyterian minister in the United States. He is now in his ninety-seventh year, having been born in 1781; was in the ministry and somewhat prominent in 1812. His ministerial life was largely spent in Western New York, and later in Michigan. His deafness now prevents his attending church.

THERE are now in London and suburbs 864 Anglican churches, being an increase of 224 churches in ten years. Of these churches 42 have daily communion, against 11 in 1869; 35 have eucharistic vestments, whereas only 14 had them in 1869; and 14 use incense, being an increase of 6 in 10 years. Some 58 use altar lights and in 179 the eastward position is taken. Some 386 have voluntary choirs and 252 have free seats.

THE present year is the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the first pastor of a Reformed Dutch Church in the United States. Rev. Jonas Michaelius assumed the pastorate of the Dutch Church in New Amsterdam in April, 1628. He found here fifty members present at the first communion. From that small beginning this branch of the Reformed Church has become a body consisting of nearly 79,000 communicants, belonging to over 43,000 families.

A GENTLEMAN who had given some \$25,000 or \$30,000 toward the building of a church, was waited upon when a pastor was to be secured, and asked what were his wishes in regard to the proper person to be selected. His Christian reply was; "I am but one member of the church. Get the man who will be best suited to build up the church and to advance the cause of Christ," and he utterly refused to give any intimation of his choice, fearing lest it should unduly influence the church.

THE members of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle have what they call "Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon Tract Society," with its centre in London, but with thirty-seven depots at various points, supplying 250 districts in the country. During the last eight years it has circulated 80,000 of his sermons as loan tracts. This great preacher not only reaches an immense congregation, but through this means and the publication of his sermons elsewhere has, perhaps, a larger audience than any other living minister.

A MORMON entered the Third District Court in Salt Lake City one day lately, with his two wives, and asked naturalization papers for the second spouse. When asked whether she was living in polygamy, she answered yes. The District Attorney thereupon objected that she was not of "good moral character," as required by the law, and the objection was sustained. The Salt Lake "Evening News," the Mormon Church organ, advises polygamous wives, in similar cases hereafter, to call themselves by their maiden names and take the position of unmarried women before the courts.

BISHOP BOWMAN and the Rev. Dr. Haven, of Syracuse University, have conveyed to the British Methodist Episcopal Conference a suggestion, on the part of the church in America, that an Ecumenical Council of the various branches of the Wesleyan family throughout the world be convened in London, England, and the last English mail brings the intelligence that it has been "most enthusiastically received by their brethren" on that side of the water. It is proposed that the conference be composed of ministerial and lay members in as nearly equal numbers as possible, selected by the highest executive authority.

TWO missionaries from Lyons, France, lately arrived at Alexandria, Egypt, have taken up their abode at Zagazik, where the government, although the Koran forbids Mussulmans to make presents to Christians, has found a way to present them with a suitable lot for a Catholic Church. The reception of these missionaries, both by Europeans and Mohammedans, has been most gratifying. Several Protestant children, aged about twelve years, have been baptized by the Franciscan Fathers of Alexandria, and many of their parents have followed the example given by their children. The Christian Brothers have also a large establishment there.

THE Foreign Sunday School Association, which has its headquarters in Brooklyn, wants \$70,000 a year, instead of the \$4,000 it has been receiving, to establish Sunday Schools all over the world. It is going to send out collection-boxes with holes for money to all Sunday Schools who will receive them and put contributions in them. It is said that one cent a year from each Sunday School child in the United States will accomplish this. The Society wants \$500,000 a year, but declares its intention of being satisfied at first with \$70,000, just to make a start on. "The field is the world," is the motto stamped on the boxes which are sent out. These boxes are to be opened once a year, and the contents remitted to President Woodruff at Brooklyn.