

"Was not that Beethoven's 'Sonata Pathétique'?" she cried eagerly, coming over to where Charley sat, staring in undisguised surprise.

"How well you play; I had no idea that you were a musician."

"Nor I, that you were a critic," said Charley. "No? my pursuits are various and diversified," answered she, with an arch smile.

"Shall I sing you something?" she added, with a slightly coquettish air.

So presently the room was resounding to the magnificent melody of "La Ci Darenì," and the astonished Mrs. Raymond came hurrying in, to behold her son gazing with enraptured eyes upon this inspired songstress, from between whose parted lips the superb tones came as easily as a bird's notes. When the song was finished, with a slightly mischievous smile, the girl's fingers took up the allegro movement of the sonata that Charley had been playing, and executed it with a precision and clearness of touch that elicited even Mrs. Raymond's admiration and approval.

"But, my dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, when the girl had arisen from her seat, "forgive the apparent impropriety on the part of a stranger, but you are evidently a lady, with education and accomplishments. Why should you accept such a menial position as servant in my friend, Miss Gangewer's house?"

"But I am not Miss Gangewer's servant," answered the girl, with wide-open eyes and a well-figured air of surprise.

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed his mother, severely. "I am sure you told me so—"

"Perhaps," interpolated the young lady sweetly, "Mr. Raymond considered my appearance justified his conclusion. I am Miss Gangewer's god-child; and I came on here, quite unexpectedly, to spend the summer with her, while my parents were in Europe. Last winter I went through a course of cooking lectures, so when I found my dear Miss Mary was without a servant, I insisted upon making myself useful to her. Perhaps that is the way your son's mistake came about, Mrs. Raymond," explained the girl demurely.

"Charley," said his mother, severely. "I hope this will cure you of that absurd habit of jumping at conclusions."

"Will you ever forgive my unardonable stupidity?" implored the young man, penitently, when his mother had vanished to prepare the tea-table.

"It was all the fault of that monstrous sun-bonnet, which could not hide your sweetness, after all, you lovely wild rose—"

"My name is Primrose, if you please, sir," said the girl, with the long lashes resting demurely on her cheeks.

"And prim you look," laughed Charley, "with your quaint, funny little airs and demure speeches. I have a faint suspicion, Miss Primrose, that you have been playing a part, and leading me into this trap."

"A trap of your own construction, remember, Mr. Raymond," said the girl, with a glance of gay and laughing defiance.

"And what a leveler to my pride it has been to be taken for a servant-girl."

"But at least I have proved to you my own sincerity," said Charley, with an accent of anxious humility.

"Primrose—what a dear, little, old-fashioned name it is—I love you. Will you be my very own Primrose?"

"If you think me worth the transplanting," the girl said softly, with a shy blush.

And so, the rain being happily over, these two walked hand-in-hand through the sweet gloaming of the summer night, back to Miss Mary's little cottage on the hill-top.

And when Mrs. Raymond discovered, later on, that her son was about to wed the daughter of a millionaire, the measure of her satisfaction was full to overflowing.

Disguising the Taste.

THE noxious taste of many wholesome drugs is so much against their use that a few hints as to harmless disguises of the flavors may be useful. A little extract of licorice destroys the taste of aloes. Peppermint water disguises the unpleasant taste of salts. Milk counteracts the bitter flavor of Peruvian bark. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten up and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another way of administering this disagreeable medicine or cod liver oil is to put a table-spoonful of strained orange or lemon juice into a wine-glass and pour the oil into the center of the juice and then squeeze a few drops of the juice upon the oil and rub the edge of the glass with the fruit.

On Being Happy. ..

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

OF two things I am entirely convinced. One is that happiness is, on the whole, very equally distributed, in spite of immense apparent inequalities. I do not believe that a nobleman, or one who by birth, position, or attainments is technically a "gentleman," has any materially greater chances of happiness than the working man.

The poor may often be inclined to envy the rich, and to fancy that if they were surrounded with the same superfluities of ease and luxury, they could not fail to be exquisitely happy. That view is an altogether mistaken one. The trials of the poor differ from those of the rich, but they are not greater. Indeed, the words "poor" and "rich" are purely relative terms. The poor man would look on \$2,500 a year as wealth; and a clergyman with \$2,500 a year would look on \$10,000 a year as wealth; but, in point of fact, greater means involve greater claims, and many a man with a large nominal income finds it burdened with so many outgoings that he is hampered with anxieties exactly analogous to those of his struggling dependents. * * * I state a simple fact when I say that, as far as struggle and constant anxiety are concerned, there are thousands of the clergy who feel the pressure of poverty far more severely than thousands of working men. And as for millionaires, they are so often overwhelmingly taken up with business and worry that some of the most unhappy men I have ever known have been men of the greatest wealth. * * *

The other truth, which may well comfort and inspire us in whatever condition of life we find ourselves, is this—that God has freely placed the best elements of happiness, those elements of life which can create a happiness far transcending any other earthly blessing within the reach of all, even of the humblest. Of spiritual blessings this is, of course, true. God has put eternal happiness within the reach of the slave, no less than of the emperor. St. Peter grew to be convinced that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him; and it is a curious fact that of the two best men and moral teachers which the heathen world produced, and who were the bright consummate flower of all Pagan morality, one, Epictetus, was a crippled slave, dwarfish and common-looking; the other, Marcus Aurelius, was an emperor of singular personal beauty and with all which the world could give him at his feet. I may venture too, as a passing illustration of what I said before, that of these two the slave was cheerful and happy, and the emperor, supremely noble as he was, scarcely wrote one page which did not express the inward sadness of his heart. I think, then, that if any poor man, or working man, is ever tempted to the sin of discontent, and is spoiling his life by constant murmuring and repining that he was not born in some other condition, he may be saved from this blaming of his own lot—which is a foe to all happiness—by steadily bearing in mind that—

"The sunshine and the shadow of our lives
Are less in our surroundings than ourselves."

The old Latin proverb said, "Every one is the architect of his own fortune." That is quite true, and it is equally true that everyone makes or mars his own happiness. Believing as the basis of all my belief, without pretending to ignore all the perplexities of life, that "God is love," I feel sure that He meant us to enjoy—in spite of all necessary trials and drawbacks—the best and purest happiness. But, as He left us free to be good or evil, so He left us free to make ourselves, in general, happy or unhappy. He created everyone of us for happiness, as the trees of the forest for good, nor is there any partiality with Him,

"Who sees with equal eyes, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall."

Our Heavenly Father imparts His best boons to all alike. He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth His rain on the just and on the unjust. The blue sky, the loveliness and perfume of the flowers with leaves impregnated with dew, the sheen of the green fields in the sunshine, the yellow wealth of harvest, the silver flash and crystal purity of water, the great trees "bosomful of lights and shades, murmurs and silences," the unnumbered laughter of the sea, the great sun flaming in the zenith, the crimson glow of sunsets, the moon walking in her brightness, the stars, "those eternal flowers of heaven," all the prodigality and pomp and dread magnificence of greater things—what gorgeousness of wealth, luxury, or ostentation can provide spectacles one millionth part so lovely or solemn as these? Yet these are open to the humblest, and so is all the beauty and tenderness of "the human face divine." The mother's bosom is as warm and sweet for the peasant's infant

as for the millionaire; and the young artisan who walks on Sunday afternoon with his sweetheart in the parks knows the unspeakable elevation of pure, unselfish love perhaps even more than does the man of fashion, even when the marriage of the latter is not one of mere arrangement and convenience, settled by considerations of wealth and social position. And are not his children, with their innocent faces and little flaxen heads, as infinite a treasure, and as unspeakable a delight to the working man as to the greatest prince in all the world, and are not these children endowed with the same infinite capabilities, so that there is not one of them who might not be so trained by others and so faithful to himself, as to grow up into a benefactor of men and a saint of God?

The fact is that we are all—even the best and wisest of us—bad economists of happiness. We might, every one of us, be far happier than we are. We ignore and we misuse the opportunities which God has given us. We do not delight as we might do in the daily splendours of nature with which He surrounds us. He hath made all things beautiful in their season; but, because we fill our hearts with things earthly, sensual, and even deminish, we have neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor hearts to understand. Consider the sky and the clouds alone—what inconceivable pageantry there constantly is in their aspect; yet how few of us admire or enjoy this pageant! How does nature glorify with a few cheap elements! A famous writer says, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos and unimaginal realms of fairy."

And he exclaims in another place, "In this refulgent summer it is a luxury to breathe the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of the flowers. . . . Night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness the stars pour their almost spiritual rays. One is constrained to respect the perfection of the world."

And if we be deaf and blind to the music and the wonder and the power of the outer world, "the shapes of things, their colour, lights and shades, changes, surprises," which God made for our delight, how much more careless are we of the yet finer and more celestial elements of joy which lie in those human affections upon which we so often trample! It is said that in some of the Breton nunneries the daily prayer of each is, "O God, grant me this day to be useful to someone." Good John Newton used to say that if he went out and saw a child crying because it had lost a halfpenny, and made it happy again by giving it another halfpenny, he thought that on that day he had not lived in vain.

There is a joy in being kind, in doing good, in living for others, in making others happy, in restraining our own selfishness, in repressing the sensual and unsocial passions, which those only know who habitually endeavor to be worthy of it. We may find the most constant source of peace and contentment in little nameless daily acts of duty and love; and if it be blessed to rejoice with them that do rejoice, it is also blessed to weep with them that weep. Are there not thousands in the working classes, as in all other classes, who utterly fail to draw water out of this well of happiness which is given to us all freely, without money and without price?

Then once more we all have, or may have, our homes. I say "may have" because the illendness, the brutality, the squallor, the bitter words and cruel deeds, the drunkenness and waste which exists in many homes, utterly destroy this best gift of God, and turn a home into a lair of wild beasts, or kindle the fire of hell upon its hearth. But any working man who is diligent in his business, and is a total abstainer, and fears God, and loves his neighbor, may thank God, for—

"One dear home, one saving ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Shining within when all was dark
And comfortless and stormy round."

The impressions, then, which I would leave with my readers is this: that, even if none of us can be perfectly happy—even if happiness be "a pearl not of the Indian but of the Empyrean ocean," still there are very few of us who might not by greater faithfulness, and by a better use of God's gifts, be at any rate much happier than we are. Troubles we shall certainly not escape. Life will try the nerves of all of us. "I am a man," said the Emperor Montezuma, "let that come which must come." "I am a man," said King Frederick the Great, "therefore born to trouble; but to all the storms of misfortune I will oppose my own constancy and will live and die like a king and like a man." But when we have taken Christ for our Captain, and do our duty to all the world, trials are robbed of their deadliest power to injure us. "To suffer with Christ is not to suffer," or at any rate our light affliction which is just for a moment cannot be compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which shall be hereafter.