

AUNT NANCY'S MIND ON THE SUBJECT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

And this is the New Testament,
And 'tis come in the sweet o' the year,
When the fields are shining in cloth of gold,
And the birds are singing so clear;
And over and into the grand old text,
Reverent and thoughtful men,
Through many a summer and winter past,
Have been peering with book and pen.

Till they've straightened the moods and tenses out,
And dropped each obsolete phrase,
And softened the strong, old-fashioned words
To our daintier modern ways;
Collated the ancient manuscripts,
Particle, verb, and line,
And faithfully done their very best
To improve the book divine.

I haven't a doubt they have meant it well,
But it is not clear to me
That we needed the trouble it was to them,
On either side of the sea.
I can not help it, a thought that comes—
You know I am old and plain—
But it seems like touching the ark of God,
And the touch to my heart is pain.

For ten years past, and for five times ten
At the back of that, my dear,
I've made and mended and toiled and saved,
With my Bible ever near.
Sometimes it was only a verse at morn
That lifted me up from care,
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark
Cleaving the golden air!

And sometimes of Sunday afternoons
Twas a chapter rich and long,
That came to my heart in its weary hour
With the lilt of a triumph song.
I studied the precious words, my dear,
When a child at my mother's knee,
And I tell you the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

I may be stubborn and out of date,
But my hair is white as snow,
And I love the thin, I learned to love
In the beautiful long ago.
I cannot be changing at my time:
'T would be losing a part of myself.
You may lay the new New Testament
Away on the upper shelf.

I cling to the one my good man read
In our fireside prayers at night;
To the one my little children liped
Ere they faded out of my sight.
I shall gather my dear ones close again
Where the many mansions be,
And till then the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

The nurse had never written the letter which the Professor had charged her to send, hence arose all the misunderstandings; but she was unanimously forgiven.

Herr Richter was distracted. He raved and tore out his hair in handfuls.

The manager of the theatre was furious. Miss Ross had treated them abominably. First she had bolted!—actually bolted! Then she had broken her contract! She was going to be married! The irate manager demanded compensation, and valued the loss her retirement would cost him at a thousand pounds sterling. He had about as much idea that he would get it as he had of obtaining the next new moon for a hootball; but, to his astonishment, he received a check for the full amount by an early post.

Madame Muller got orders to pack up the *prima donna's* belongings, and ship them to London. The horse and brougham were to be sold.

Madame Berg shook her head, and was sorrowful, for Stannie was a credit to them all.

The Countess von Geoler was rapturous, and declared her intention of being present at the wedding, whether she was asked or not.

Mrs. Mactavish wore the metaphorical sackcloth and ashes whenever she recalled the stinging letter which she had written; but the Principal, who was a man of great thought, explained to her at some length that if she had not written exactly as she did things might never have come to such a satisfactory conclusion.

When Gordon Hunter heard the news, he started at once for the East, where he remained for three years. She had told him that she would never marry, and now had given up fame and fortune for the love of an ageing man who had been her father's playmate. For her sake all womankind would ever be sacred in his eyes, but he could never love again—at least, he thought so then. Years after he married Eily Blennerhasset, and was happy in a mild, respectable manner; but he never cared to meet the Neils.

The Professor grew better from the hour of Stannie's arrival.

He had a long and serious talk with her about three weeks after a few passages of which I shall transcribe.

"Stannie, I cannot take you at your word! I fear that one day, when too late, you might repent it. Do you know that you were becoming famous?"

"Yes; I know.

"Some day you will pine to go back to the

old, exciting life! Think well before you renounce it. Consider yourself only; leave me out of the question."

"That's impossible!" she answered, smiling.

"You love the—the—the stage?"

"I do; but I am changed in many ways since I left Wirtstadt."

"You like a gay life and admiration; you will stagnate in St. Breeda."

"I can have parties for the students; they will admire me sufficiently. I think there's no place like St. Breeda!"

"Then you are decided? You will resign a brilliant career when just experiencing what it is?"

"Yes; come what may, I have sung my last before the footlights!"

"There is another thing which troubles me also, Stannie. I am getting to be an old man. I am older than your father would have been had he lived. My life has always been a quiet one; I cannot alter it; and I shall never leave the old college. Think what a change it will be to you! The world will say that you could have done better. You might, at least, have married a younger man."

"I suppose you are growing old," she said, laying her hands upon his shoulders, while she gazed into his eyes; "but if you were a hundred you would never seem old to me! I might, as you suggest, marry a younger man, but I could never love him. Without knowing it, I have loved you all my life! I knew that I liked you, but until I got Mrs. Mactavish's letter I never realized that you were not my uncle. My musical training will not be lost. I would rather sing to you than to all the kings and queens in Europe. The advantage is on my side alone. I shall marry a man whose name is world-wide, whose books are translated into almost every known language, who is a living working power for good, and will leave a deep mark in the age in which he lived; while you will gain an inexperienced wife, who hitherto has lived only for selfish ends. But you shall help me to rise to your standard, and live for others, as you have ever done. I shall always take an interest in the profession which I have resigned. I hope that Madame Berg and Mercedes will continue to be my friends; and I'll go some day and see good Carl Richter, if I can't persuade him to come and visit me—us, I mean! But I value one approving smile of yours more than a hundred boisterous encores from strangers. I would rather go back to the little home in St. Breeda with you than live in a palace without you!"

Six weeks later, when all traces of the winter's storm had passed away, and the trees in the city squares were budding into greenness, those two were married.

Lady Lang insisted that the ceremony should be performed at her house. Sir John had taken her to the Professor on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, and it was only fitting that he should be the one who gave her to him for life.

Mr. Graem spoke the words which riveted their destinies together until one or other of them should die.

True to her word, the Countess von Geoler, lively and bright as ever, appeared in Great King Street. The Count accompanied her, and was none the less welcome that he was unexpected.

One other guest came uninvited, and dazzled good Sir John with her beauty.

Mercedes was in London when she received a letter from Carl Richter, filled with lamentations at Stannie's desertion of the lyric stage. Hastily packing up a few things, she started for Edinburgh, and made her appearance at Sir John Lang's.

Lady Lang fell in love with her at first sight, and kept her a willing captive.

Mrs. Mactavish and the Principal were also present—the former resplendent in a garment of olive-green velvet, trimmed with lace almost as yellow as a lemon.

Her cap-strings stood on end with virtuous horror when she heard who Mercedes was; but she never spoke to her, and avoided sitting near her, she was not much the worse of the alarmingly close proximity in which circumstances for once had placed her with a "play-actor."

It was six o'clock, and a train was rapidly nearing a northern city.

Something unusual was evidently going to happen, for flags were floating upon the housetops, and the station platform was covered with crimson cloth.

The somewhat confined space was crowded to excess, but still they squeezed in. The crowd, with the exception of a few grave, intellectual-looking men, consisted entirely of youths, ranging from sixteen to twenty, whose looks expressed the utmost satisfaction.

Outside there was a motley gathering; but the lads claimed the station as their own peculiar vantage-ground.

The train came in, puffing and panting as it slackened speed; and the passengers glanced at each other, then at the crimson cloth, wondered for whom so much honour was intended, and questioned the guards as to whether any of the Royal Family was expected.

The students—for such were the waiting lads—pressed eagerly forward, and when a tall gentleman, with gray hair and quick, black eyes, stepped from a carriage, a ringing cheer burst from three hundred clear young voices.

Those waiting outside took it up, and repeated it until the hills sent back the echoes,

The elderly gentlemen, with the refined, grave features, came to the front, and grasped their brother-Professor's hand with words of honest welcome.

The students followed their example, and surrounded him like a besieging army. Their own beloved Professor, on whom they had not hoped to look again, had come back to them from the very edge of the dark river.

"Welcome back, sir! You are welcome home! Welcome back to the old college! Hurrah for Alan Neil!" resounded on all sides.

He stood bareheaded in their midst, holding his hat in his hand, and those who were nearest to him observed that his eyes were moist with tears.

"My lads," he said—"my own dear lads, you cannot be more pleased to see me back than I am to be again amongst you. During my illness I know that I had your deepest sympathy. I thank you for it now. When health came slowly back, my thoughts were often with you in the class-rooms. Well, you see, I am strong and well once more. Next session we must make up for lost time. Now allow me to introduce my wife to you. Some of you will remember her. She is a St. Breeda girl, who grew up beneath the shadow of our college walls."

Once more the students' voices rang through the air towards the hills, as he handed his beautiful young wife from the carriage.

"Three cheers for Mrs. Neil! Three cheers for the *prima donna* with the golden hair!" shouted a fresh-coloured young Highlander.

"Will she sing to us, Professor?"

"Yes, that she will! Come to my house any evening you like and she will not refuse, you. Only come in detachments, gentlemen, if you please. My house is rather too small to contain you all at once."

He led her through the crowd to his carriage which was waiting at the station door, and they drove to the old house in College Bounds.

Nothing was changed there—everything was as she had left it.

Perhaps to some the rooms would have appeared small, and the furniture worn and shabby; but to Stansmore Neil everything was hallowed by early recollections.

"Do you regret anything now?" her husband asked, as they stood together at the window and looked across the moorland to the mountains. "St. Breeda is an out of the way place, and I am a middle-aged man," he added, with a little laugh.

She did not answer him, but she smiled—such a smile as a woman gives only to the man whom she loves.

"Your day of triumph has ended very soon," he continued. "And it promised to be so fair. It would scarcely be human if you did not sometimes look back with longing yearnings."

"Never, Alan, never!" she answered, pressing closer to his side. "The days when I enthroned ambition, and the flattering acclamations of a passing hour, are dead and gone. Nothing can ever revive them. If I had loved you less, I should have clung to them, and been happy in a way, for I did not believe in the power of an unselfish, holy love; but to-day I own its sublimity, and rejoice that I am rescued from the lot for which I craved so wildly, and blessed with a good man's first and best affections."

"Amen," said the Professor, softly.

THE END

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

FIFTY-FIVE Fellows have been elected into the Society of Painter-Etchers. Nineteen members of the Council became Fellows without ballot, bringing up the total to seventy-four.

A meeting was held on the 11th inst. at the Mansion House, Dublin, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor taking the chair to inaugurate the "Art Association of Ireland."

For the first time in the annals of the Calcutta University a native gentleman has been elected president of the Faculty of Arts. This honor has been conferred on the Hon. the Maharaja Jotindra Mohan Tagore, C.S.I.

L'ABBÉ FRANZ LISZT has just been elected corresponding member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in the section of Music, in the place of the late M. Gaspari. His two competitors were Johannes Brahms, of Vienna, and Arrigo Boito, of Milan.

MADAME ROSA BONHEUR has nearly completed a "Lion and her progeny" which she is executing for M. Gambart's gallery at Nice, and it is reported that that gentleman has presented to the Royal Gallery at Madrid Bonnat's "St. Vincent de Paul."

AN exhibition will be opened at Gothenburg on June 1st next, to which the best artists and sculptors in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland will contribute. There will also be an exhibition of pictures from various private collections in those countries.

MR. H. S. FOXWELL, M. A., has been elected to the Chair of Political Economy in University College, in succession to Prof. Stanley Jeyous. According to the usual custom, we believe the Senate recommended two candidates to the council—Mr. Foxwell and Mr. F. Y. Edgeworth, M.A.

THE Academy is informed on the best authority that in a policy of assurance taken out by the late Lord Beaconsfield in the year 1824, he there

described himself as born in the parish of St. Mary Avo. As the policy still exists, and the entry is in his own handwriting, this may be regarded as conclusive evidence of his real place of birth, in spite of his statement in old age to Lord Barrington.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

"The story of Helen Troy," by the author of "Golden Rod (Harpers) is a bright tale of Fifth Avenue Society, well drawn in the main, but lacking in any great depth of interest for any except those to whom the description of a society ball is an intellectual feast, or who gauge a novel by the number and accuracy of its fashion plates. The style of the book, however, is chatty and pleasant and it will no doubt find readers.

ANONYMOUS authorship is the fashion, apparently due to the success of Messrs. Roberts now popular "No Name" series. The last volume of this series is a tale of Russian life, or rather of American life in Russia, entitled "The Tzar's Window," the pet name by which Peter the great was wont to call his city. The story is light, but the interest in the characters is well kept up, and the descriptions of St. Petersburg and its customs are graphic and evidently drawn from the life. In view of the recent interest in that unhappy country, the writers experience and especially the comments on the Czar's appearance and habits will meet with a wide appreciation. (Boston, Roberts Bros. Montreal, Dawson Bros.)

KNERWORTH, the ancestral seat of the Bulwer-Lyttons, is the subject of the opening article in the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, written by Mr. William H. Riding, to whom ample facilities for the purpose were afforded by Lord Lytton.

"Across the Gulf," by Rebecca Harding Davis, is in the best vein of a writer whose stories are never weak or common-place. The other short stories in the number are "Harcourt's V-line Mango," by S. A. Shields, and "Six Views of Miss Starr," by Elyn Dwyckwood, both clever character sketches evidently drawn from life. The serial, "Craque-a-Doom," maintains its interest while drawing to its conclusion, and the editorial departments are as well filled as usual. The whole number is especially suitable for summer reading, and begins the second volume of the new series.

Harper's Magazine for July is an unusually interesting number. Mr. Champney contributes a charming description of Oporto and the Oporto vineyards, with beautiful illustrations. Mrs. Annie Howells Fréchette describes the life of Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise at Rideau Hall—giving all those details in which the public has a legitimate interest. This article is illustrated with excellent portraits of the Marquis and his royal consort, and with interior views of Rideau Hall never before published. T. B. Aldrich contributes the first part of an article entitled "A Day in Africa;" George H. Holden contributes a sketch entitled "Hawthorne Among his Friends," containing a characteristic and hitherto unpublished letter written by Hawthorne to his friend William B. Pike. While among the poems of the number are two especially noticeable—"First Appearance at the Odson," by the late James T. Fields; and "My June-Boy," by Christine Chaplin Brush.

THE July number of the *North American Review* bears the usual characteristic of timeliness. Carl Schurz leads off with a suggestive paper on "Present Aspect of the Indian Problem." Next a caustic writer gives the views of "A Yankee Farmer" on "The Religious Conflicts of the Age," to the discomfiture of the modern Agnostic, Moralist and Evolutionist. Another trenchant article is "The Power of Public Plunder," by James Parton, which appeals to the sons of our men of character and wealth, on patriotic grounds, to enter into politics, and become the safeguards of their country against rings and bosses. Mr. Henry George dwells on "The Common Sense of Taxation." "The Cost of Cruelty" is presented by Mr. Henry Bergh, and "A study of Tennyson" comes from the pen of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard.

IT is interesting to notice where the magazine writers come from. The July *Scraper* will contain contributions from John Esten Cooke, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Sidney Lanier, J. A. Macon, William Murfree, Sr., Constance Cary Harrison, George W. Cable, W. D. Howells, Harriet McEwen Kimball, Sarah D. Clark, George P. Fisher, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Charles Barnard, Maurice E. Egan, Albert Stickney, May Croly Roper, Eugene Schuyler, S. B. Parsons, Jr., D. L. Proudfoot, H. W. Elliott. Of these, the first seven are Southerners, the next six New Englanders, the next five New Yorkers. If the names of the reviewers were given, there would be accessions to the last two classes. There was, of course, no consideration of section in making up the number, but a recent increase of acceptable work from Southern writers is said to be remarkable. Mr. Elliott is from Ohio, we believe, and happens to be the only representative of the West—a section which is continually doing good literary work in many fields.

"By the Tiber" is the title of a somewhat more sustained effort by one of the popular "No Name" writers, the author of Signor Monaldini's novel. One sentence quoted from its page will give a better idea of the style of language employed than any attempt to describe it at length.

"While the golden mandarins were dropping