

During the spring Mabel's purpose of living with her father, and obtaining employment as a teacher of music, was commenced. She was successful, and realized enough for their wants in a modest way.

The feeble invalid, so severely chastened, was become as a little child—willing to trust and to learn, and, through many conflicts and great tribulation, guided by his gentle daughter, he came humbly to the feet of the Great Teacher. Not in vain. Oh, no! When did a contrite heart plead in vain?

And now little remains to be told. Another year passed—a year of cheerful toil to Mabel; a year of patient suffering to her father; a year of active and successful enterprise to Delamere; a year of honesty, outspoken truth to Shanton Keen, who delivered in London a series of lectures on the philosophy of temperance, with great success; a year of restlessness to Mr Burnish, who went from place to place among the German Spa, seeking what he could not find—peace; a year of dawdling inanity and semi-intoxication to Mrs. Burnish, who became Gabb's bond-slave in consideration of secret supplies of Dr. Bland's famous invigorating mixture; a year of regret to Lady Burnish, who had never ceased to blame herself, though she would not own it, that she had been so stern to Mabel, whose character she felt constrained to admire; a year of rapid descent into the depths of blackguardism to Frank Horncastle. Yes! the year had passed, and they had not stood still, and more than Time. Some were better and some worse, like the rest of us.

Just as the summer day was coming that would complete Mabel's twenty-first year, one pleasant morning, a quiet little wedding party of six came out of the church near Miss Germaine's. There was the bride and bridegroom, a goodly pair; a little school girl bridesmaid, and her grave, kind governess matronizing the party; a groomsmen with a merry twinkle in his dark eyes; and lastly, a man bent with suffering more than age, supported in a bath chair, down whose pale cheeks tears of affection, rather than sorrow were gently flowing. Our readers recognize them, Mabel and Delamere, Miss Germaine and a young friend, Shafton Keen and Mr. Alterton.

If in a month afterwards we should like to look in upon the greater number of this small party, we should find four assembled in a lovely little home in Ireland, situated on a green hill's side, that overlooks a rich valley, and the sweep of a noble river. It is Delamere's farm. The white-washed dwellings of his work-people dot the hill side, and peep out among the trees. It looks a scene of health and peace. One of the pleasantest rooms in a gable of the house is appropriated to Mr. Alterton. Shafton Keen has made a run, as he says, to see them. He declares he must attack something, and as Mabel and Delamere are too provokingly good tempered to give him any chance, he spends his time in fishing, or holding jocular arguments with the peasantry. "Och, his honor's got the ready way wid him!" says Pat. Indeed, so pleased is the young surgeon with all around, that he often declared he would have cabin and potato-garden of his own there, only that Delamere and Mabel having made all the people sober, he should not in that district get salt to eat with his potatoes, and therefore, he must return once more, and seek bread in the great city, "Where," said he, "as long as my nacles prosper, I'm sure to get it buttered—more's the pity!"

And what of Delamere and Mabel? Oh, nothing! One can describe clouds; who can describe light?

(THE END.)

### For Girls and Boys.

#### "IN MOTHER'S PLACE."

"If you want to go and see granny, mother dear, you start off by the first train to-morrow morning," said Ted. "I have a holiday, and I'll stay at home and take care of baby and the house."

"Could you manage," asked his mother doubtfully.

"Manage? Yes, splendidly; why, there's nothing to do?"

Ted's mother smiled, but she accepted her boy's kind offer and started off early the following morning.

"Now I'm in mother's place," said Ted to himself. "I shall soon get all the work done; why, there's baby awake already!"

Yes, master baby was awake, and insisted upon being taken up and dressed at once. When that performance was over he screamed with indignation because his breakfast was not ready for him.

"Ah, I remember," said Ted; "mother told me she always had his bread and milk waiting for him. It seems to me there's lots of things to remember about a house and a baby."

A great number of things poor Ted found to attend to; the beds to attend to, the rooms to sweep and dust, the fire to attend to; the meals to prepare and master baby to amuse.

"It's not so easy as I thought, being in mother's place," he said to himself that night, as he sat and listened for his mother's welcome footsteps.

"Ah, there comes mother?" he added; "and very glad I am to see her."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

### A SMALL BOY'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH

Some people laugh and wonder  
What little boys can do  
To help the temperance thunder  
Roll all the big world through;  
I'd have them look behind them  
When they were small, and then  
I'd like to just remind them  
That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,  
The acorn grows a tree,  
The minutes make the hour—  
'Tis just the same with me.  
I'm small, but I am growing  
As quickly as I can;  
A temperance boy like me is bound  
To make a temperance man.

—*Youth's Examiner.*

### Our Casket.

#### JEWELS.

Never wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. It takes less time, and is surer to be done.

In private, watch your *thoughts*; in the family, watch your *temper*; in company, watch your *tongue*.

Purity, sincerity, obedience and self-surrender, are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

Advice should be like a gentle fall of snow, and not like a driving storm of hail. It should descend softly, and not be uttered hastily.

#### BITS OF TINSEL.

Many New Year resolutions are like some secrets "too good to keep."

A proof-reader's society in Boston calls itself the "House of Correction."

"Can a man marry his widow's sister?" is one of the traps laid for unreflecting persons.

Colman, the great mustard man, says that he has not made his fortune out of mustard eaten, but out of mustard wasted on plates.

The inventor of a new medicine advertises for a man to act as agent and undertake its sale, adding that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

When old Jacques broke through the ice:—"Your name? Your address?" "Yes, but—" "Not a word! It is forbidden to bathe in this lake, and I am not here to listen to extenuating circumstances."

"Ah, Miss De Smith, are you going to have a goose at dinner, to-day?" "Yes, I hope so; you'll come, won't you?" But somehow neither of them felt very comfortable after that.

"How is it, Fogg, that you are always advising everybody to marry, and yet you show no hurry about taking a wife yourself?" Fogg—"Because, my boy I am too much of a gentleman to help myself until everybody else is supplied."

The Texas editor and father who penned the following paragraph must have had a tough time: "if in proportion to size a man could yell as loud as a baby, there would be no telephones needed in this country."

At the post-office. Servant—"Is there a letter for the notary, my master?" Clerk—"Have you an order to get his letters?" Servant—"No." Clerk—"Then you must get one." Servant (returns in an hour)—"Here is the order." Clerk (looks through the letters)—"Very well, there is no letter to-day."

"Now let's go downstairs and ride in the electric railway," said a Boston lady to her sister from the country. "Oh, no," was the reply; "my son John has got me to ride on a steam railroad for the first time, but I always said you could never get me to ride on a telegraph wire, and you can't."