

BUILDING AND BEING.

The king would build, so legend says,
The finest of all fine palaces.

He sent for St. Thomas a builder rare,
And bid him to rear a wonder fair.

The great king's treasure was placed at hand,
And with it the sovereign's one command.

"Build well, O builder, so good and great,
And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare my wealth, to show
A prouder palace than mortals know."

The king took leave of his kingdom then,
And wandered far from the haunts of men.

St. Thomas the king's great treasure spent
In worthier way than his master meant.

He clad the naked, the hungry fed,
The old of gladness round him shed.

He blessed them all with the ample store,
As never a king's wealth blessed before.

The king came back from his journey long
But found no grace in the happy throng.

They greeted him now on his slow return,
To teach him the lesson he ought to learn.

The king came back to his well spent gold,
But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore, and said
That the builder's folly should cost his head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast,
Till the time for his punishment date was past.

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it so,
That the king's own brother in death lay low.

When four days dead, as the legend reads,
He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From sleep of the dust he strangely woke,
And thus to his brother the king he spoke:

"I have been to Paradise, O my king,
And have heard the heavenly angels sing.

"And there I saw by the gates of gold
A palace finer than tongue has told:

"Its walls and towers were lifted high,
In beautiful grace to the bending sky:

"Its glories there in that radiant place,
Shone forth like a smile from the dear Lord's face.

"An angel said it was builded there
By the good St. Thomas, with love and care.

"For our fellow men, and that it should be
Thy palace of peace through eternity.

The king took this vision pondered well,
Till he took St. Thomas from dungeon cell.

And said: "O builder! the most is wise
Who buildeth ever for Paradise."

A FOOLISH MISTAKE.

1.

Lucy, which of us are you going to give up,
Mark Beaulere or me? It must be one of us,
dear, and the sooner you decide the better."

The speaker a tall, lithe, brown-haired,
brown-skinned young fellow of three-and-
twenty, with an honest face and a pair of earn-
est blue eyes, placed himself very deliberately
in Lucy Armstrong's way, as she was strolling
under the trees in the shady old garden with her
hat pulled over her eyes, and a pocket volume of
some poet in her hands. It was a scorching
July afternoon, and Lucy had quietly slipped
away from the half dozen ladies who were sitting
round her Aunt Hester's tea-table, discussing all
the latest news of the parish.

Mark Beaulere, an aesthetic young gentle-
man of thirty, with a very fine voice, rather
weak sight and a large income, was there too,
but as he generally was to be found at Miss Arm-
strong's tea-table, he counted almost as one of
the ladies; and Lucy was a little tired of them
all, and wanted to be alone. She looked as if
she were having some very pleasant thoughts,
as she sauntered under the trees, and seemed in
no way prepared for the sudden interruption.

"Why, George, you quite startle me," she
said, standing still, for George Leslie had placed
himself in her way.

"Why didn't you go in and have some
tea?"

"Because I wanted to talk to you, Lucy. I've
been trying to get an opportunity of talking to
you for the last week and I couldn't. I want
to know which of us you are going to give up,
Mark or me?"

"Seeing that I never possessed either of you,
it would be rather premature of me to say," and
she glanced up at him from under the shelter of
her hat. "Why, George, what's the matter?"
she asked, laying her hand lightly upon his
arm. "Are you ill—or angry?"

"No, only heart-sick and sorry and disap-
pointed," and the young fellow looked quite
haggard. "I suppose I ought to congratulate
you, and then efface myself as speedily as pos-
sible; but when a fellow has cared about some
one all his life, as I have cared about you, it's
not so easy, Lucy."

"What's not easy, George?" I really have
not the slightest idea of what you're talking
about," Lucy cried, growing very red and con-
fused. "Do tell me exactly what you mean, like
a good boy."

George winced and turned his head aside with
rather a savage expression. To be called "a

good boy" by Lucy under certain circumstances
would be all very well, but in that tolerant, al-
most patronizing tone, it was too much.

"Am I not to congratulate you on your en-
gagement to Mr. Beaulere?" he said grimly.

"Certainly not," was the very grave reply.

"Then you refused him, Lucy?" with humili-
ating eagerness. "I guessed you would."

"Mr. Beaulere has not done me the honour
of asking me!"

"Oh!" and George's face fell perceptibly.

"But you will refuse him, too, won't you?"
he continued. "He told me he was going to
propose this very day," in a savage whisper.

"Then, perhaps, he will inform you of my
reply in due course," and she looked up with a
droll twinkle in her bright hazel eyes. "Now,
George, if you're not coming in to have some
tea, please let me pass."

"But you don't care about him, too, do
you?" he whispered, with a very penitent
glance.

"Pardon me, I like Mr. Beaulere very much
indeed. Why shouldn't I? and I thought,
George, that you and he were friends."

George turned away with an exclamation that
sounded like "Confound him," and Lucy return-
ed to the house, serenely smiling under her
broad-brimmed hat.

The drawing-room was empty, but in a little
snuggery beyond, which her aunt called her own
boudoir, there was a muffled hum of voices, and
Lucy smiled more comically than ever as she
went up stairs to change her dress for dinner.

Both George Leslie and Mark Beaulere were to
dine at "The Nest," and Lucy, brimful of mis-
chief, resolved to tease George thoroughly before
she put him out of his misery.

So she donned a fresh muslin gown, and fast-
ened a crimson rose in her hair and then went
down and took her seat near the drawing-room
window, which commanded the entrance to the
front garden, and with a very demure smile
awaited the course of events.

Presently she was joined by her aunt, looking
gravely important, and bristling all over with a
secret. Miss Hester was a tall, thin, keen-eyed,
thin-lipped lady of as near forty as possible, with
smooth dark hair, regular features, and a stately,
not to say commanding presence; she had very
beautiful white hands, and she used them a good
deal in a majestic way. When dinner was an-
nounced it was by a wave of them she signified
to her niece that she meant to proceed at once
to the dining-room. Lucy followed her with
suppressed amusement beaming from every
feature of her face. She guessed pretty accu-
rately what her aunt's secret was, though, till
Miss Hester opened the subject, she would not
breathe even a hint of it. As the dinner pro-
gressed in impressive silence, she found herself
wondering why George did not come. Later on,
as she sat at the piano in the twilight, and
played over her favourite songs, singing snatches
of them, wandering aimlessly from "And Lang
Syne" to the "Lass of Richmond Hill," and
then to "Home, Sweet Home," she little
thought who was listening on the other side of
the blue tree that shaded the drawing-room win-
dow. There, in safe obscurity, Geo. Leslie
listened, till he heard the piano closed with just
the suspicion of a bang, and saw Lucy's slight
white-robed figure cross the room and approach
the open window, then he stole away noiselessly
with something between a sob and a sigh. There
was even a suspicious and humiliating moisture
in the poor fellow's eyes as he hurried across the
fields in the direction of the railway station.

"She's treated me very badly—but for all that
I hope she may be happy. Heaven bless her!"
he said, as he caught a glimpse of "The Nest,"
as the train shrieked past.

Then he shrank back into his corner, and
gave himself up to the bitterest reflection. He
found it difficult to realize that he was rejected;
yet Beaulere told him distinctly that he had
proposed to Miss Armstrong that afternoon and
had been accepted. There was no further reason
for his staying at Westwater; and he was going
to ask his uncle of the firm of Leslie & Long-
hampton, to send him on a confidential mission
to the extreme end of the earth, where they were
supposed to do business. George could not be
philosophical enough to look at happiness
"through another man's eyes," so he deter-
mined to get completely out of the way of Mark
Beaulere; and he could not even sum up
courage to congratulate Lucy, or say good-bye;
but he wrote her a nice letter, in which a good
deal of real feeling was hidden under some stiff
formal phrases, and through it all peeped a very
sore, bruised, affronted, but still faithful love.

Lucy laughed at it first, and then cried over it,
then wiped her eyes, and wrote an explanatory
and affectionate reply; but, alas! George was
gone on the confidential mission. His letter said
that he was on the eve of starting for China, and
bore the Southampton post-mark. He said he
might be absent for years, or forever. To poor
Lucy, in the first dismay of her discovery that
George was really gone, it seemed the same
thing.

II.

"My dear Leslie, this is a surprise and a
pleasure! How are you? When did you get
back?" and George Leslie found his hand
grasped by a portly, comfortable-looking gentle-
man in gold-rimmed glasses and a wideawake-hat.

"I—I beg your pardon, I don't—I can't quite
recall you, though I seem to remember your
voice," George stammered.

The portly gentleman laughed. "Well, you're
more changed than I am, I dare say, and yet I

knew you in a moment. Is it possible that
you've forgotten—"

"Beaulere? Why, of course; how stupid of
me!" and George's brown face grew a very
curious brick colour as he wrung his old friend's
hand. "I've been away five years, Mark, and
it tells on all of us."

"I wish it told such a flattering tale on me as
it does on you," Mark said with a smile. "Come
and dine with me, old fellow—no excuses—it
won't put us out in the least. Mrs. Beaulere is
at Brighton with Miss Armstrong, so I'm en-
gaged. We live at Putney—jump in," as a
"bus" came up, "and tell me all about your
adventures, and when you returned."

"I only landed three days ago, and I haven't
had any adventures, except of the most com-
monplace, practical kind. The business I went
out to manage turned out very well. I made
some money, and I've come to England to settle
down—that's all. How is Mrs. Beaulere?"

"Quite well, thanks. Have you put on the
halter yet, George?"

"No. The Celestial Empire is certainly not
the place of all others to tempt a man to mari-
mony."

"Lucky fellow! I wish I had gone there
with you."

George was silent—it seemed like treason to
echo the wish. It was just like that monster
Mark, ever to express it. Of course he made
poor Lucy miserable, that was only to be ex-
pected. How he ever could have become so
supremely dull and commonplace George couldn't
imagine. When he entered the drawing-room
he couldn't help noticing little evidences of
Lucy about her old-fashioned work table—a
black cat, which he seemed dimly to remember
—books and a drawing or two. His heart beat
a little quickly; and on the whole he was glad
that he had not to meet her on the first evening.

"Does Miss Armstrong always live with you?"
he asked presently.

"Yes, of course; where else could she live? I
indeed, I don't know in the least how the house
would get on without her. You see, my wife
and I go in for politics and literature, and that
sort of thing; and if we hadn't someone to keep
us in order and see to our creature comforts, I'm
afraid we'd starve. If ever you do marry,
George, don't select a clever woman with a taste
for logic and metaphysics," Mark whispered,
looking round cautiously. "It's simply aw-
ful!"

"I never fancied Mrs. Beaulere would de-
velop a taste for those subjects," George replied;
and then he smiled a little sadly as he thought
of Lucy as a blue-stocking, and Aunt Hester,
who has always been his special horror, whisk-
ing about the house, upsetting the domestic
comfort of everyone, and waving her hands in
command or disapproval, unceasingly.

"I never could stand it, I know," he said to
himself, as Mark went on giving him some de-
tails of the establishment, with a sort of rueful
good humour. "A clever wife and an energetic
aunt-in-law, would be too much for me."

And it had evidently proved too much for
poor Mark Beaulere. He was no longer slender,
sentimental, and aesthetic; indeed, his chief
idea in life seemed to be thorough enjoyment of
such pleasures as remained to him. He enjoyed
his dinner, for instance, thoroughly, and grew
quite confidential over his coffee after.

"It was very sudden, your going away,
George," he remarked after a long chat over the
old times at Westwater, and the pleasant even-
ings they used to have at "The Nest." "Do
you know, I thought you had rather a fancy for
Lucy?"

George grew brick-red again, and bent his eyes
resolutely on the table.

"It would have been a capital thing for you;
and I believe she liked you, for she seemed al-
together out of sorts when she got your letter.
In fact, George, you might have done much
worse than have married Lucy Armstrong."

Still silent and steady contemplation of his
glass, on the part of George.

"And for that matter, you might do worse
than marry her still."

George looked up with a sudden angry flash,
then he grew quite white. Mark was not chaf-
ing in the least, he felt that; still he could not
take it all in at once.

"I believe it's entirely on your account she
has remained single," Mark continued, with
good-natured garrulity, "in spite of all her
aunt's efforts to get her well married."

"Did you say Mrs. Beaulere was staying at
Brighton?" George presently asked, in a very
meek voice; because I thought of running down
there for a few days. Will you come, Mark?"

"No, thank you," with a droll shrug. "My
wife and Lucy are staying at the Royal; give
them my love, and tell them they need not
hurry back, as I'm all right."

"Lucy, dearest, can you forgive me?" It
was all a dreadful mistake from first to last! I
thought it was you Mark wanted to marry; and
when he told me that evening that he had pro-
posed and been accepted I was frantic. Aunt
Hester never once entered my head."

Lucy's reply was a little unintelligible, but
after a time they managed to understand each
other. Miss Armstrong could not long resist a
lover who had been faithful to her for five years,
even when he believed her lost to him forever;
and George resolved to marry her out of hand,
so that there should be no more misunderstand-
ings. Sometimes Mark Beaulere chaffs them
both a little about George's mistake; but he al-
ways boldly asserts that the great mistake was
Mark's after all.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Prince Imperial of Japan is to be edu-
cated in France.

Post-office Savings Banks, which have proved
such a success in England, are to be started
throughout France with the New Year, accounts
being limited to a maximum of £30, and inter-
est being allowed at the rate of three per cent.

THE legal sanction about to be given to the
establishment of thirty female colleges through-
out France, gives rise to much opposition on the
part of the philosophers of the ancient régime,
who behold in this new system of education for
girls the total destruction of all the charm and
grace of womanhood.

M. PERRIN has no objection to the return of
Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt to the Théâtre-Français.
In the event of her coming back, the director in-
tends waiving his claim upon her of the 100,-
000 francs damages allowed him by the Court.
But should she elect to appear on any other
Paris stage, he would then insist upon receiving
the whole amount.

THE schoolmaster was apparently not abroad,
or rather was all at sea, when the lately-issued
French census papers were drawn up. Amongst
the directions for filling up each paper, which
are printed on the back of each of them,
the recipient is directed to give the city as well
as the country of his or her birth, "such as
Dublin, England." We would respectfully ad-
vise the preparers of the official documents of the
city to give some time to a brief study of the
elements of geography.

THERE is a curious change taking place in the
shop-keeping classes of this city—the monster
houses have crushed out the medium establish-
ments. Only the very modest or the most
humble appear capable of continuing that
struggle for life, and how? The owners are
simply artisans, who convert the shop into a
dwelling and a work room, and these produce
and sell on the spot 30 per cent. cheaper.
Gambetta has promised a bill on the labour
question. He is believed to be favourable to
loaning state money at a very low rate to arti-
zans whose character will justify confidence.

EVERYBODY knows that a Paris cab goes by
the name of *fiacre*, but very few know anything
of the original source of this designation, fewer
still that it is traceable to a native of our sister
island. In a life of Saint Fiacrus, or Fiaker,
which is published, we learn that the person to
whom the French cab owes its name was the son
of an Irish king, and was born in the year 600.
Another legend makes him the Crown Prince of
Scotland, son of "Eugenius IV., King of Scot-
land." Pilgrimages to the relics of St. Fiacrus
became very fashionable in the seventeenth cen-
tury, and the coaches in which the pilgrims
made their visits were adorned with a picture of
the saint, either on the outside or inside. St.
Fiacre was supposed to ensure them against acci-
dents. Hence the hired carriages were called
voitures de Saint Fiacre, which was afterwards
shortened into "fiacre."

HUMOROUS.

JOSH BILLINGS says:—"There are 2 things
in this world for which we are never prepared, and those
are twins."

THE man who can see sermons in running
brooks is most apt to go and look for them on Sundays
when trout are biting.

ONE man asked another why his beard was
brown and his hair white? "Because one is 20 years
younger than the other."

IT seems that competition has forced the price
of false teeth so low that it isn't really worth a body's
while to cut his natural ones.

ECONOMY is wealth. A Philadelphia lady,
who found a baby in a basket on her doorstep, took the
infant to the station-house, but saved the basket for
marketing.

A CURRENT paragraph states that "a Vir-
ginian, who was sentenced to the penitentiary a few
days ago for horse stealing, at one time paid taxes on
\$100,000 dols." The demoralizing effects of the tax-
paying habit cannot be too deeply deplored.

THE meanest man in the world lives in Bur-
lington. While a deaf, dumb and blind organist was
sleeping on the post-office corner, the wretch stole his
instrument and substituted a new-fangled churn there-
for; and when the organist awoke he seized the handles
of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when
the "shades of night were falling fast," the meanest
man in the world came round, took his churn, restored
the organ to its owner, and carried home four pounds
of creamy butter.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or
Kidney diseases and have tried all kinds of
medicine with little or no benefit, and who de-
spair of ever being cured, have still a resource
left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place
of almost all other methods of treatment, being
mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system
known to man, and the most thoroughly scien-
tific curative power ever discovered. As time
advances, greater discoveries are made in the
method of applying this electric fluid; among
the most recent and best modes of using electri-
city is by wearing one of Norman's Electric
Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Nor-
man, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.