

The Hero.

WHILE hosts of cowards in our time,
Round idols old are falling,
I hear a voice from realms sublime,
To every true Man calling:
"Up and despise time-honored lies!
The reign of error, end it;
Bring forth the true, the fair, the new,
And manfully defend it.

"Men hide their ignorance with guilt,
And call it education;
And halls and colleges are built
To stamp out innovation;
Despise the bigot's vile behest,
That to his faith would pin you,
And utter thou the soul's protest
Which rises up within you.

"For he to whom the truth is true,
The very heavens adore him;
Tho' men with thorns his path may strew,
Yet angels walk before him;
He marches on with ne'er a doubt,
And does the work assigned him;
And what tho' all the rabble rout
Are barking on behind him?

"He's aye surrounded by a host
Of heroes, bards, and sages,
Who come to cheer him at his post,
While Freedom's battle rages.
Then never fear the taunt and jeer,
But what is wrong amend it;
Seize on the Right with all your might!
And manfully defend it."

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

MY WIFE'S GHOST.

CHAPTER II.

"Is that you, Jack?" comes in trembling accents through the key hole.

"Of course it is! Why the Dickens don't you open the door?"

"Where's Mary?" I ask as soon as I am on the other side and the door closed. I stand face to face with Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones is in her dressing gown, which shows signs of having been put on hastily; the lamp in her hand sheds flickering uncertain waves of light over her ruffled hair and anxious face.

"Gone!" A visible shiver and a sound like the rattling of castanets. Mrs. Jones' teeth are chattering. "I'll tell you upstairs; it's too cold to stand here, and I couldn't find my slippers when you rang."

Grumbling my dissatisfaction to myself, I discard my great-coat and overshoes and follow her.

"Well!" I say, when I again see Mrs. Jones.

"Oh," she replies, emerging from under the blankets, at least so much of her head as will suffice for conversation. "Mary came to me this afternoon and said she would not stay another hour in the house 'to be murdered an' cut up in her bid be them dissectin' vagabones.' It was no use telling her it was all nonsense, or to try to keep her; she would go, box and all."

"I hope you were not foolish enough to pay her her wages?" I ask in a grand tone.

"No, indeed, I should think not!" (this with indignant emphasis.) "But" (with evident reluctance) "her month was up on Monday and she was paid then."

"But where's Jane? Why could she not answer the door?"

"Jane? Oh, poor girl, she was sent for just after she put the children to bed. Her sister is dying, so she had to go at once."

"The usual excuse."

"No; I really think it was genuine, she cried so hard and was so sorry to leave me and the children. She promised to come back the first thing in the morning if her sister was alive!"

Here was a nice state of affairs; 10° below zero and not a servant in the house to attend to the fires!

"Where are the children?" I ask as soon as I have gloomily concluded to make the best of it.

"In the room near the one we are to have on the other side of the house. Our's wasn't ready, so I thought we might sleep here for once. I did not like to disturb them, poor dears, to move them in here."



A DIFFERENT SPECIES.

Miss Highstier—No, Mr. Dudeville, once for all I tell you I care for no man.

Dudeville—No man? But still you may care for me, don't you know!

I am soon in bed and asleep. I am awakened by a violent shake from Mrs. Jones.

"Do you hear it?" she whispers hoarsely into my half-awakened ear.

"Hear what?"

"That awful scream!"

"No; nonsense. Go to sleep. It's only a nail starting somewhere," and I turn my back on her.

"Oh, no, it isn't, Jack," she whimpers. "There! it's one of the children crying. Do get up and light the lamp."

I know I must, so I turn out half asleep and feel about for my dressing gown.

"Oh, do hurry. Can't you find a match? the box is close to you on the table."