S—

...oem is published in the ...ner's Monthly. In our ...them that has appeared in ...—ED. PILOT.

...wolves that hunt for men,
...m wolves there be;
Hunger, and one is Sin,
And ... Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane,
That flit like spectres through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin and Hunger and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window pane
Are burned and branded into my brain
Like signal lights at sea.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

"BATTLE WITH LIFE."

Bear thee up bravely,
Strong heart and true;
Meet thy woes gravely,
Strive with them too!
Let them not win from thee,
Tears of regret,
Such were a sin from thee,
Hope for good yet!

Rouse then from drooping,
Care-laden soul;
Mournfully stooping
'Neath grief's control!
Far o'er the gloom that lies,
Shrouding the earth,
Bright from eternal skies
Show us thy worth.

Nerve thee yet stronger,
Resolute mind!
Let care no longer
Heavily bind.
Rise on thy eagle wings
Gloriously free
Till from material things
Pure thou shalt be.

Bear ye up brave
Soul and mind too!
Bend not so gravely
Bold heart and true.
Clear rays of streaming light
Shine through the gloom,
God's love is beaming bright
E'en round the tomb.

HATTIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY AUNT PEGGIE.

"Yes, I will marry him, and end the struggle! Life is not long any way. In a little while we will all be as though we never had been, and if I am faithful to the end, I shall have a joy not known on earth. What is the time here compared to eternity? Why should we fret and grieve when we are denied what we wish for? It is wrong; so I will try to think no more of Francis, but marry Mr. Grant, and end this wretched struggle to keep up appearances on nothing. Beside, I'll have no peace unless I do. Father and mother are so anxious to have me accept him that they will be downright angry with me if I refuse."

Thus soliloquised Hattie Mayham one cold evening in December, as she sat by the open wood fire in her room, trying to look on the bright side of the question—trying to console herself for the sacrifice she was contemplating.

"Oh, if I had only been brought up to support myself, how much better it would be for us all!" exclaimed she. "Mother does not need me since Katie and Bell have grown up, and I should have been teaching all these long years since I left school, instead of being dependent on father and waiting for Francis to come back and marry me. Ugh! I feel ashamed of myself when I think of the useless, aimless life I have led since I left school. Yet, really, I am not to blame. I have begged more than once to be allowed to earn my living like Carrie White and Mabel Vaughan; they seem so happy and independent, earning their four hundred dollars a year and doing what they please with it. But then, as Bell says, 'they are common people; no real gentleman would permit his daughter to work for wages.' What a ridiculous idea for poor people to get into their heads!

"But it is no use talking," continued she, drawing a long breath. "I may as well go to bed. Father and mother have that prejudice firmly fixed in their minds, and no reasoning of mine will root it out, so I'll just end it all by telling papa in the morning that I'll marry Mr. Grant. He has a nice home to take me to and plenty of money, and I can help my family so much; but I might have been lightening the burden all these four years, if father would only have left me.

"Ah, me! nearly eleven o'clock. I must retire. It is the last evening that I shall be Francis Whittier's betrothed wife. To-morrow Mr. Grant will be here, and then—O, Heavenly Father! help me to be brave and do what is my duty!" And with this prayer, Hattie arose very slowly and prepared for bed.

Poor Hattie! it was hard for her to give up the one bright dream of her life, and marry a man old enough to be her father. But what could she do? They were poor, her father owned no property, being only a book-keeper in a large mercantile house in Cincinnati, but received a fair salary—enough to live very comfortably had he been satisfied with that, but, like too many others, he aspired higher and tried to live like a millionaire.

His three daughters were fashionably educated; they dressed elegantly, and one not knowing their circumstances would have supposed him worth thousands. Of course all this dressing and keeping up appearances on such small capital must require considerable managing, and the girls were early educated in the mysteries of dressmaking and the faculty of making much out of little.

They were, therefore, quite industrious, and not nearly as worthless as Hattie would have us suppose, although their work all went for appearances. Their fashionable friends would have held up their hands in horror could they have seen the amount of turning and making over of old dresses, the shifting, brushing and re-trimming necessary to keep these four ladies looking like "other folks."

Hattie had often rebelled at so much striving and straining to make a genteel appearance, and had begged to be allowed to do something for herself. Her education was more thorough than that of most fashionable young ladies, and she could have taught very acceptably. But her father would not consent to it; he would not have one of his daughters toiling in a ...ng criticised by all the ...arents whose displea... for the pitiful sum she would receive, forgetting that her salary as a teacher during the year was more than all three of the girls had to spend in that time. Her mother was more against it, if possible, than her father; wondered where Hattie got such notions and thought she might as well get rid of them, for she was not going to let her ruin her prospects for marrying by becoming a school-teacher, beside, everyone knew school-teachers never married.

It was Mr. and Mrs. Mayham's one hope to see their daughters well married; they had toiled and stinted and strained every nerve to bring them up to appear as well as their associates, who were daughters of merchants, bankers, and men of wealth and honor, and they would then be amply repaid for all the sacrifice they had made for them.

But alas for human planning and expectation! Although their daughters had plenty of beaux, yet there were no offers of marriage except Francis Whittier, who had proposed to Hattie and been accepted, about four years previous to the opening of our story. He was a very enterprising young man, with many truly estimable traits of character, but very little of this world's good.

The announcement of Hattie's engagement caused quite a commotion in the family. They admitted his worth, but he was poor; and Mrs. Mayham said she had always hoped and prayed that her girls would never have to struggle as she had done. Katie and Bell declared if they could not better themselves they would remain as they were; while papa, who had remained silent until all had expressed their opinions, said very decidedly that, until Francis Whittier had a home and income sufficient to support Hattie as she had been in the habit of living, he could not have her: and as he was only a young lawyer with a small practice, he guessed it would be a long time before he would be ready to claim her. He was sorry that Hattie had been so foolish as to fall in love with a poor man.

The result of this conversation, which occurred four years ago, was a consultation between Hattie and her lover, ending in a decision on his part to go West, and try to carve out more rapidly a fortune sufficient to enable him to support Hattie as her father wished. During the time he had been gone, although he had applied himself strictly to business, studying early and late, yet he did not seem much nearer the acme of their desires than when he left her.

But a young lawyer cannot spring into a practice with one bound; he must work his way into it; and although Francis, at the end of the four years, did not seem much further ahead than when he started, yet he was really further along on the road to success; for he had gained by his strict attention to business the esteem of some of the best men in town, who had marked his application and, at the beginning of the fifth year, consulted and employed him in several important cases, two of which he gained, thus bringing him into the notice of other prominent men.

With many bright anticipations of future happiness and joy he wrote to Hattie of his success, and begged her to be patient, hoping that ere long he would be able to claim her and end the weary waiting. But this letter never reached Hattie; if it had, no amount of persuasion could have induced her to cast him off for a wealthier man.

About three months previous, Mr. Grant, a very rich old gentleman, had met Hattie at an entertainment given by one of her fashionable friends, and had fallen so desperately in love with her pretty, bright face, that he resolved then and there to win her if wealth and perseverance could do it, and immediately commenced paying his *devoirs* to her. At first Hattie treated him as she would any other elderly gentleman that came to the house, singing and playing for his entertainment. But when she saw he was coming with serious intentions, she tried to avoid him.

This, however, offended her father, so she was compelled to accept his attentions or incur her parent's serious displeasure; for Mr. Mayham was almost sure that Mr. Grant meant to make Hattie his wife, and although he was so much older than she, he hoped his daughter would accept him.

Therefore when, one evening, Mr. Grant drove up to his office and asked the pleasure of driving him home, his heart beat high with expectation; and his anticipations were realized, for before they had been together many minutes Mr. Grant asked Mr. Mayham for his daughter Hattie, promising to settle a large amount on her the day she became his wife.

To say that Mr. Mayham was elated would be putting it very mildly; he felt that at last his toil would be rewarded: he would have one rich son-in-law, and Hattie would be settled. One daughter less to strive for, and he knew that Hattie was generous enough to divide her income with her sisters. In the exuberance of his joy he forgot all about Hattie's early attachment, and when, on telling her of Mr. Grant's proposal upon his arrival home, she reminded him that she was no longer free, he was struck dumb. He had forgotten about Francis Whittier, and his disappointment was so intense that he reeled, and Hattie thought he was going to faint. She pitied him and said she was sorry to disappoint him, but felt that it was impossible for her to give up her first love.

"Pshaw!" replied Mr Mayham, recovering his speech and losing his temper, "I do hope you are not going to let that foolish attachment stand between you and the best chance you will ever have. Just think! you have been waiting four years for that fellow, and you are liable to wait four more. Now a good and wealthy man offers you a home and fortune, and I do think that it is your duty to accept his offer. It would be such a relief to me to see one of my girls settled. There are three of you, and Heaven knows I have tried to do my duty toward you. If I should die, what would become of you? Have you ever thought of that, Hattie? Have you ever reflected that I might be called away?" he continued, in a softer tone. "See, there are grey hairs on my head; I am no longer a young man, and should sickness come upon me, our present income would be cut off. We have saved nothing; have lived to the full extent of our income for your sake; and now you have a chance of repaying me by accepting the proposal of a worthy man, well calculated to take care of you. It is cruel of you to refuse, Hattie."

All this and much more he said, before he dismissed her with the hope that she would think well of what she had heard, and not let a foolish fancy ruin the best prospect she ever had.

It was just after this conversation that we find Hattie sitting so dismally by her little fire, talking to herself. She fully realized that her father's words were true: but why should they be true? It was cruel to bring her up in a style they could not afford, and then expect me to give up all her bright hopes and her great love, to marry a man old enough to be her father.

Now, although our heroine loved Francis Whittier with all the strength of her warm, young heart, yet, after due deliberation, she concluded to acquiesce in her parent's wishes. She studied it well that evening: fought a hard battle between love and duty—and duty won.

Next morning she wrote a long letter to her discarded lover, telling him how matters stood and begging him to think as well of her as possible; that she had been true to him during his absence and would have continued to wait for him could she have supported herself. But she was not permitted to do that, and it seemed impossible for her to depend on her father any longer. She was doing what she believed to be her duty, and hoped to gain the reward promised to all who sacrifice self for the happiness of others. It was hard to give him up, but life was not long, sooner or later they would meet where there was neither parting nor marriage.

The letter was finished, and her next act was to gather all the little mementoes he had given her—souvenirs of that happy time now past forever—and look upon them for the last time before putting them out of sight. Ah, reader, there is no greater sacrifice than giving up a heart's love! Mr. and Mrs. Mayham were not aware of the great suffering their daughter was enduring; they were not cruel, only worldly.

No pen can describe the delight and relief of the family when Hattie was securely married and off. Not one of them ever gave a thought to the sacrifice she had made; never once noticed the pale cheek and listless air of the bride. All they talked of was the luxurious home and handsome carriage she would have on her return, well knowing that Hattie's home would be theirs whenever they chose to make it so, and that much of her large income would be enjoyed by them also. Mr. and Mrs. Mayham appropriated a large share of credit for the training of their daughter, and thought this more than repaid them for the saving of so many years.

After due time Mr. and Mrs. Grant returned from their bridal tour and took up their residence in their elegant mansion. Katie and Bell spent much time with their sister, and poor Hattie tried to make her husband happy.

**** **** **** ****

Francis Whittier received Hattie's letter of renunciation with a heavy heart, and it took all the joy from his life. But he was a true Christian, and his faith in his Heavenly Father alone saved him from despair. He never, however, was the bright, cheery fellow that he was before he lost his only love. In a little while he had a fair income and could not help deeply regretting that Hattie could not have been permitted to wait for him.

Fourteen years have passed since Hattie's marriage. She has a little daughter twelve years old, and her husband is very feeble. Francis Whittier has not married. Poor Katie married a man of reputed wealth who left her destitute a year after marriage; she now keeps house for Hattie. Bell is still on the lookout for a chance to better herself; she stoutly affirms that she will never marry until she can marry rich.

And here, kind reader, we will leave them.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Don't strike a moustache when it's down.

A button is a small event which is always coming off.

A lady need not be athletic though she jumps at an offer.

About 78,000,000 lead pencils, costing $4,000,000, are anually used in this country.

"Has sound color?" asks a philosopher. "O, yes. Have you never heard your roan voice?"

"A decent day's wages for a decent day's work" is a good motto. Live up to it, every body.

The French wine crop of 1877 is estimated at a total of 1,240,916,986 gallons, as against 920,028,556 in 1876.

The wolf, says a Russian proverb, changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better; she changes her's every afternoon.

"What's the man yelling at?" asked an Illinois farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the boy, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

On the wall of a certain railroad station in Indiana is posted this notice: "Loafing in this room is strictly forbidden and must be observed."

A witness was so exhausted that he called for a glass of water. The judge said to the examining lawyer, "Let him go; you have pumped him dry."

Sidney Smith must have had some sad experience when he compared the whistle of a locomotive to the squeal of an attorney when Satan first gets him.

"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, the flying age, and now I am in the muciage, and—" there it stuck.

The temperature of the blood in health is preserved exactly at the same degree, whether the individual is placed at the pole or equator. This has been satisfactorily demonstrated by scientists.

At a hop given at Narragansett Pier, last week, a guest gave as a reason for dancing with every other lady in the party before dancing with his wife, that he reserved the best for the last.

As every sensible man is fond of a good horse, the following quotation from an old English publication on "White-stockinged Horses" will be read with interest:

If you have a horse with four white legs,
Keep him not a day;
If you have a horse with three white legs,
Send him far away;
If you have a horse with two white legs,
Sell him to a friend;
And if you have a horse with one white leg,
Keep him to his end.

The Virtues of Oatmeal.

In Great Britain children of all ranks are raised on oatmeal diet alone, because it causes them to grow strong and beautiful, and no better food can possibly be found for them. It is also quite as desirable for the student as for the laborer, and for the delicate lady and her hard-working sister; indeed, all classes would be greatly benefited by its use, and dyspepsia, with all its manifold annoyances, can be kept at a distance. Oatmeal is more substantial food, it is said, than veal pork or lamb, giving as much or more mental vigor, while its great desideratum consists in one's not becoming weary of it, for it is as welcome for breakfast or tea as is wheat graham bread. It can be eaten with syrup and butter as hasty pudding, or with cream and sugar, like rice. It is especially good for young mothers, upon whose nervous forces too great a demand has been made, and they lose the equilibrium of the system and become depressed and dispirited. Oatmeal requires to be cooked slowly, and the water should be boiling hot when it is stirred in.

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on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
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une2 8 and 12 Charlotte street

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Plumber & Gas-Fitter,
has removed to his shop, Hunter's Building,
NO. 86 PRINCESS STREET
where all orders entrusted to him will receive immediate attention. may18

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,
Lagrange Yards, Little River.
LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand large Supply of
PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,
Common and Pressed
DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore For land and other purposes.
Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.
Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 589 St. John, N. B.

New Bowling Alleys
THE Subscriber will open his
New Bowling Alleys,
about the 24th May, in his New Building, Sydney street, adjoining St. Malachi's Hall.
may11 C. COURTENAY.

M. McDONOUGH,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 2, North Market Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.