

Family Reading.

SHADOWS.

A little word—soon spoken,
In petulance and pain—
A golden link once broken
And never whole again.

Upon the brow a shadow,
Upon the lip a play,
The wealth of El Dorado
Can never buy away.

A shaft of sin and sorrow,
From heart to heart of love—
And O, the sad to-morrow
And the one heaven above!

O why should the true-hearted
Be to its own unkind,
Why should sweet love be parted
And scattered to the wind?

O why to all so smiling
Save to the one alone—
And other hearts beguiling,
But that we call our own?

O mystery of loving—
O wilful, tearful way,
That lingers in the shadow
And trifles with the day!

BISHOP HACKET.

DIED 1870. AGED 78.

Dr. John Hacket was Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. The incomparable Bishop Andrews, who was at one time Dean of Westminster, in the necessary absence of the master, would sometimes come into Westminster school and teach the boys. There that learned and pious bishop first took notice of this young scholar, for his great diligence, modesty, and strong inclination to learning and virtue, which he afterwards constantly cherished at school and university to his death.

Whatever our endowments of mind may be, "it is appointed for all men once to die." "There is one event to the righteous, and the wicked; and wise men must also die, as well as the ignorant and foolish;" and the time was now come that this wise, good bishop must die. Having at a great labor and expense restored Lichfield Cathedral, which had been laid most deplorably in ruins during the war, the last of his lordship's cares for that church was for the bells. Three only of the six were cast before his death, and only one (the tenor) put up, which indeed would not have been hung so soon, but that his lordship called upon the workmen to do it. The first time it was rung his lordship was very weak, but he went out of his own bedchamber into the next room to hear it, and seemed very well pleased with the sound, and blessed God that had favored him with life to hear it; but withal concluded it would be his own passing-bell, and so retired to his chamber, and never came out till he was carried to his grave. He had done his work, and he must depart to the Church triumphant.

Within a fortnight before his death, he remitted nothing of his former studies: when he was first taken ill, he did not conceive it to be mortal, and therefore sent the week before he died to a friend in London, to send him down the new books from abroad or at home; but being ever upon his watch-tower, when he perceived God beckoned him to come away, then he laid aside his books, and all communion or thoughts concerning any temporal matter; his heart was fixed, and not to be removed from the great object of eternal life. He would say to his visitants, he was a decaying old man, and desire them to avoid the room; where, in confession, he was ever most humble; in godly sorrow most contrite; in prayer most assiduous; in faith most steadfast; in suffering his sickness most patient; in desiring to be unclothed of the body most joyful and content. He showed no fear of

death; but rather rejoiced that the day of the Lord was come, which he had so often desired, and soon after departed with as gentle a transmigration to happiness, as I think was ever heard of.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

"So she is the heroine of that little romance," said Sir Walter Harcourt to himself, as, seated in his aunt's wagonette, he whipped up her horses, a serviceable though not handsome pair of greys. "I nearly put my foot in it! But how was a fellow to know? Lady Egerton's companion was poor, must have been, for she was wholly dependent upon her. Mrs. Rosebay is not poor—seems tolerably well off, in fact; but, after all, I may be running away with an idea. The Greek statue-woman Egerton raves about is possibly her friend; and yet why should she have blushed as she did, and turned the subject so sharply? If a friend, she had no reason to be anything but proud of her. Besides, Lady Egerton couldn't have two such acquaintances. It isn't in the nature of things."

This last consideration appeared to be conclusive, for, without any further effort at reasoning, Sir Walter Harcourt made up his mind that Mrs. Rosebay and the lady of whom he had lately heard as having created a sensation up in the North by her beauty, and as having acted with admirable tact and judgment when there was danger that this beauty would interfere with the plans of her benefactress, were one and the same person.

But he was anxious for some further proof; for the fact of Mrs. Rosebay's present independence was, upon his theory, a puzzling one, which needed explanation.

When his aunt and her parcels were comfortably settled in the wagonette, having first observed that there was more friendliness in her expression than when they parted, he said, with some carelessness, looking back at her—

"By-the-bye, Aunt Caroline, you know Lady Egerton?"

There was full half a minute's pause, which betrayed to Sir Walter the displeasing fact that his uncomfortably gifted relation knew his question had been made with intention, before she answered—

"What in the world has put Lady Egerton into your head just now?"

"Oh!" he answered, lightly, "nothing particular—a little incident I heard the other day."

"You know she is a friend of Mrs. Rosebay's."

This kind of inquisition was irritating. Sir Walter answered, with some sharpness, "I know it now, at least, upon your admission."

With perfect serenity Caroline Harcourt returned, "You may perhaps like to know a little more. Adeline Rosebay—I may tell you that she is living under a feigned name—was Lady Egerton's companion for some time after her widowhood. Her husband was notorious; there is no need to mention his name. She married him for his wealth, which was supposed to be prodigious. His death left her penniless—that is to say, the world believed that she was penniless. She ought to have been penniless, but you know what these people are. Something was saved out of the wreck. How? Well," shrugging her shoulders, "you must ask those who have experience in such matters. I am told there are a thousand ways of evading the law. None the less," she said with judicial severity, "it is dishonest; every unprejudiced person must call it so."

Sir Walter did not answer. He was busy removing with his long whip a colony of flies that had taken a fancy to the ears of one of the greys.

"You agree with me, Walter?" said Miss Harcourt. Her tone was that of one who intends to be answered.

He said, "Of course I agree with

you. Every one must agree with such a truism. To live on other people's money is dishonest. That is what you said, is it not?"

"That is what I implied," she answered, with an increased geniality of manner. "And now, my dear Walter—"

"Wait a bit," he interrupted. "General truths are very fine things in their way, Aunt Caroline, but before you can apply them to any particular instance you must look at it all round. I know I am not brilliant in expressing myself"—she had put on a politely bewildered expression—"but you must see what I mean."

She answered, "Yes, you are a little metaphysical. I am not sure," shaking her head, "that you are not Jesuitical, too."

"Now, in the name of all that is sensible, Aunt Caroline—"

"Will you kindly control yourself, Walter, and attend to your horses? You are on the wrong side of the road, and the coach will be on us at once."

Muttering an apology, he gave his attention to his horses.

Presently they turned off the high road into a comparatively retired lane, overhung on both sides by trees.

Miss Harcourt touched her nephew on the arm.

"Drive slowly," she said. "It is pleasant here, and there is no hurry."

Not being able to find any pretext for refusal, he obeyed her wish, and, after they had driven some moments in silence, Miss Harcourt said, with her bland smile—

"Since there is no fear of coaches here, I can listen to what you wanted to say just now."

"Oh," he answered, "it was of no consequence."

"May I be allowed to be partly the judge of that? It is of consequence to me to know your state of feeling, Walter, and I can only hope to know it through your words."

"The fact is, I forget what I was going to say. It is no loss. Ten to one it was something foolish."

"Well, then," she said, "I must open our former subject again. I intend to be perfectly frank with you, and you, I hope, will take my frankness as a proof of my interest. There is a lady in this neighborhood with whom I do not want you to become intimate. When she first came I distrusted her. That feeling was instinctive, but facts which came to my knowledge curiously, have confirmed it. I have reason to believe that, to begin with, she was a heartless coquette, who married for money and position; and that, when the position slipped from her, she was unprincipled enough to cling to some of her ill-gotten gains, and make a new effort, by dropping her old name, and surrounding herself with vulgar mystery, to force her way into society. If you think such a woman is to be admired, all I can say is, I am sorry for you."

So Caroline Harcourt spoke; but once again passion had led her astray. She had miscalculated. In her sweeping condemnation she had been too strong, and quite other feelings than those she had hoped to awaken were roused in her companion's mind. He sat for a few moments, perfectly silent. She did not see his face. She believed she had convinced him. "No young people like to acknowledge that they have been mistaken," she said to herself, stroking her lace trimmings, and feeling really benevolent towards his silence. But he undecieved her presently. He turned his face towards her, and she saw there was something new in it, which ennobled him. And, in very truth, indignation, sorrow, noble anger, and certain passionate yearnings, which he himself could not have explained, were busy in this young man's mind, as he answered, with some scorn—

"And you think I can believe that the woman you describe is identical with the lady of whom Sir Henry Egerton and his mother speak with such frank

enthusiasm, and with the Mrs. Rosebay I met to-day? Aunt Caroline, I am afraid you have a low opinion of my intelligence."

Miss Harcourt protested that she knew what she asserted to be true; she had certain proof; but she did not produce her proof, and her nephew thought her protestations feeble; and the fact was that Caroline had spoken a little untimely. Her chain of evidence was wanting in one link. Circumstantially it was so strong as to leave her no reasonable doubt that she had hit upon the truth; but she still wanted the evidence of eyes and ears. Even this, she believed, could be procured; but it would require some diplomacy to obtain it.

There was one person in Melbury, she was told, who had met Mrs. Cockburn, the dishonored bankrupt's widow, shortly after her husband's death. That person would be able to tell if Mrs. Cockburn and Mrs. Rosebay were, as Miss Harcourt and her legal adviser believed them to be, one and the same.

Unfortunately, from Miss Harcourt's point of view, the person in question had enigmatical characteristics about him, which might render him difficult to deal with, if taken directly. She had heard that he was quixotic; she knew he was peculiar; but quixotic and peculiar people, in common with those who are neither the one nor the other, may be approached indirectly.

As, in silence, she and her nephew completed their drive, she determined to cultivate James Darrent.

(To be continued.)

AFRAID TO SWEAR ALONE.

The wicked practice of swearing which is so common as to offend the ear in every hotel, and almost in every street, is often mere bravado. Boys think it sounds manly to be profane, and men think it gives force and character to their sayings. Unlike most other vices, it is done openly, and is intended by the swearer for other people's ears. It is a public sin against God, and a public insult to all good men. The boldest blasphemers are often the greatest cowards.

"I will give you ten dollars," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night and swear the same oaths you have uttered, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed!" said the man; "an easy way to make ten dollars."

"Well, come to-morrow and say you have done it, and you shall have the money."

Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then came the gentleman's words to his mind. "Alone with God!" rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost or found. No art can restore the grape its bloom. Familiarity without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

The world is wide, these things are small,

They may be nothing, but they are all.

Nothing? It is the first duty of a woman to be gentle. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be conquered and not banish men and women from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a State's Prison offence, and certainly merits that mild form restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women

are th whom ferred a prin inalie lady, not b pulses to dar differ Carry look u rebuk toward a lary oblige traine not v world in sen she w an inv

A la ing a dows his fa a pool ing in for hi

The and te ful ho not fit forted though be as

"S cry o eagerl water Culva assura shado coveri ferred told m

I ha it agai with r as a ri battle fitting

"S an ok power that o and c It is tl weary bugle, the fl Let it this bl as the

"S school close t cross. little c picture the cl go out support

"Sa street, Tell it trying to the tion, a hind h spairin

"Sa ness, I have t Schlei eternit with s the cl "My s think trust. worthy to look friend can wa "Yes, I do r grace t