

ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN  
NEW JERSEY.

HAMMONTON TRACT OF  
AND IN NEW JERSEY.

THEY THOUSANDS JAMES,  
USE OF THE TRACT OF

From the St. Andrews Standard, Nov. 20, 1867.

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No 47

## Poetry.

### "Consider the Lilies of the Field."

English Prize Poem, University of Toronto, 1867,  
by W. H. Ellis, B. A., of Toronto.

O weary child of toil and care,  
Trembling at every cloud that lowers,  
Come and behold how passing fair  
Thy God hath made the flowers.

From every hill-side's sunny slope,  
From every forest's leafy shade,  
The flowers, sweet messengers of Hope,  
Bid thee "Be not afraid."

The Wild-flowers blossom in yonder bowers,  
And the lilies of the field are in the dale;

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I couldn't bear it. Indeed I could not. He's poor. I know, but he's a gentleman, and I like him so much.

No more of this absurdity, my dear, said Mr. Richmond, he has been artful enough to make you think him perfect, I suppose.

Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond.

With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

It's so naughty of you, said Mrs. Richmond. But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa.

When he has seen the letters there'll be no more of this absurdity, sobbed Miss Lucilla. Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance.

He used to be very romantic himself in those old times, said Mr. Richmond. Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him.

So does Fred, said Lucilla.

And that love will be worthless without me, and about my being beautiful, (he thought as she moved.) But she said nothing to any of these things, said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dare not promise that he would.

She consoled her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and as she placed them into one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as these were, and drew them out.

Those letters were to Lucilla also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a maid old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolding them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same number and much more romantic than those the music-master had written to her daughter Lucilla—a strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter.

When she left the desk she looked guilty, and frightened, and some thing in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any of these things, said Mrs. Richmond.

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his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage he started to his feet.

Infamous! he cried; I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him—I'll murder him!

As for you, my dear, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher!

I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

Oh, papa, are you crazy? Frederick never stopped a such thing. Let me see this letter. This is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love-letters to mamma, written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, too, you know?

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm chair in silence, very red in the face.

How did this occur? he said sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond retreating into a corner, with a handkerchief to her eyes sobbed.

I did it on purpose? and passed as though she expected a sudden judgment. But hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

You know, Charles, said she, it's so long ago since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first sight, how papa and mamma objected; and how last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is good if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back and plainer myself; women have more time to remember you know. And we have been very happy, have we not?

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might as well be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room before the result of the love story was next morning. It was favorable to the young teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and not gone half so far as elopement; and in due course of time the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the approbation of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little rose had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

THE PRETTY HAND.

I am not a bashful man. Generally speaking I am full of confidence and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, dance well, sing tolerably; I don't tread on ladies' dresses when I make my bow; and I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to.

Yet, there was one period of my life when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then, I sometimes did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the said hands and feet consists my greatest beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago I fell in love. I did not walk into it quietly, weighing my idyl's perfection against her defects. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

Mr. Hayes, Miss Arnold, said a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love.

She was fairly like figure, with long, brown curls floating down over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky blue dress.

Her large dark blue eyes were full of saucy light; yet, oh! how tender and loving they could look.

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquettes that ever teased the heart out of poor man, Susan Arnold was the most bewitching.

I would pass an evening with her and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; She was very cautious.











