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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

JOURNAL OF

W. & A. G. B. & S. LONDON

VOL. VI.

LONDON EAST ONT., AUGUST, 1882.

NO. 2.

[Written for the Family Circle.]
An August Evening.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

An August even fills the glade
With faintest earnest of the night,
The river rolls in filmy shade,
The hills are crowned with rosy light;
Far down the South in rich array
Tall cliffs of clouds by sunlight kist,
Return as thanks to dying day
A gift of gold and amethyst.

Along the slope the yellow wheat
Bends low before the forest breeze,
The rapids gurgle low and sweet,
The shadows deepen round the trees,
A night-hawk swoops adown the strath,
While 'neath the scented cedars cool,
The cows, sweet-breath'd, pass down the path
That leads them to the drinking pool.

The harvest moon now rises o'er
The bushes on a far-off brae,
A crane now stalks the river shore,
The light fades in the West away,
Fair Hesper glimmers thro' the tops
Of willows on the craggy height,
While thro' the dews of even drops
The mantle soft, of summer night.

Waiting.

Waiting while the shadows gather,
And the sunlight fades away;
While the tender gloaming deepens,
And the golden turns to gray.

Watching while the starlight quivers
Brightly in the heaven above;
I am waiting for her coming,
Waiting, watching for my love.

Listening for the well-known footfall,
And the voice whose loving tone
Sweetly bids me cease my waiting,
Watching, listening for my own.

Lingering still among the shadows,
As they deepen on the beach,
Hearts exchange in sacred stillness
Thoughts that would be soiled by speech.

Thus in perfect love and trusting
Winged moments pass away;
Till the holy, star-crowned night is
Sweet to us as golden day.

And as tenderly the gloaming,
Gathers on the brow of day,
God shall keep her, God shall bless her,
When life's golden turns to gray.

—J. Reid.

[Written for The Family Circle.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER II.

I MUST go to Upheld; but how? That was the question I asked myself day and night, and cudgelled my brains for a practical reply; but in vain. Not all my ingenuity could devise a means of obtaining the end I had in view. Mountains of difficulties beset my path. The doors of Upheld Manor were closed against me and mine; although this—I must confess—was partly our own fault; for shortly after Mrs. Edward Godfrey took possession, she sent a cordial invitation to Hetty and me, which was at once curtly refused by my father. Indeed not one of us—perhaps with the exception of Herbert—would have deigned to accept an invitation from the usurpers. Upon the whole, we were rather inclined to regard the invitation as a direct insult, however justly, or unjustly I am not prepared to say; though Herbert maintained that we had no right to resent being thrust out of Upheld, as Mrs. Godfrey's claim was a perfectly legal one, so long as that second mysterious will—of which no one seemed to have heard or known anything save papa and two old servants who alleged that they signed it as witnesses—remained undiscovered. After papa's haughty refusal of the invitation, no communication whatever was held between the two families; and it was extremely unlikely that my aunt would, at this late date, renew her invitation to me. But even were she to do so, I felt how almost impossible it would be for me to accept it. How indeed would my stubborn pride have to fall ere I could bring myself to enter the manor as Mrs. Godfrey's guest and poor relation. Moreover I knew that should I express a wish to go, there would be consternation at home, and I would have to encounter fierce opposition from every member of my family. Yes, even Herbert would oppose my going, because such a proceeding on my part would necessarily be displeasing to papa.

Meantime month followed month; summer had passed into autumn; autumn in its turn had given place to winter, and when the month of February came I was still as far from the accomplishment of my scheme as ever. But time had strengthened, not weakened, my purpose; and now, indeed, the idea had grown into my very life. All other desires, aims and purposes were laid aside, and the grand ambition of my life was to find my grandfather's will, which was to re-estate my father as master of Upheld. I do not know whether my ambition was a noble one, or worthy of the place it held in my heart. I only know that it was not a selfish one. God knows, not one thought of self-interest prompted my actions, nor entered into my dreams of re-acquired wealth. It was all for others. For my father, toiling over his unaccustomed task in a close, musty office; for my dearest mother fading and drooping in her poverty-stricken city home; for my noble, talented Herbert particularly

going the round of his uncongenial duties, while his heart was with his chosen profession—for my young brothers and sisters whose lives were over-shadowed by the curse of poverty. All my planning and scheming was for these dear ones; I had not time to think of self; I must act for others, and besides, dreams of self aggrandizement would only have blunted my perceptions and rendered me less able to cope with the difficulties in my way. There is no motive so calculated to clog the mind as that of selfishness, especially when clear thinking and decided action are requisite.

That winter was a hard one for poor people, especially, I think, for poor gentle-folks like us. Not only was the cold intense, but the price of almost every article in common use was raised. It was a season of general depression and distress all over the country; and in the poorer homes of England, and in the hearts of her bravest men and women there was blank despair.

Looking back on its bitter trials and struggles with poverty, I may truthfully say that it was the hardest period of our existence. Our fortunes were then at their lowest ebb. Mamma was ill most of the winter, confined to her bed and obliged to have medical attendance. And many a time did we deny ourselves necessaries that she might have the little luxuries the doctor ordered for her. We suffered cold and sometimes even hunger; but, thank God, we were able to keep the knowledge of it from mother. We discharged our one servant, and Hetty, a big girl of fifteen remained home from school to assist me with the housework. Ah, dear! That weary, weary winter! how long it seemed to us, God only knew, but it came to an end at last.

March was nearly ended and as the weather grew milder, mamma seemed to feel better, and papa picked up his spirits as matters began to look a trifle brighter.

As time passed on, and my project of going to Upfield seemed as far from being accomplished as ever, I grew almost hopeless of ever being able to put my scheme into execution. At last however fate seemed to play into my hands, and a way was opened to me for the accomplishment of my purpose.

Perhaps to some, it may seem incredible that a mere dream could take so strong a hold upon the mind of any person, endowed with a moderate share of common sense, and indeed to me it did seem marvellous; and all the more so that I was not usually superstitious; I tried several times to reason myself out of the romantic notion that had taken such an entire possession of my mind. But reason as I would about the idea, there it remained; and gradually a superstitious feeling took its place in my mind, to the effect that Fate, by means of a dream, was leading me towards the discovery of the lost will. It was a presumptuous thought, perhaps, for a mere girl to indulge in, but I never thought of the egotism of it. I was as one possessed by a great and solemn purpose; I seemed impelled by some hidden power, to go on to the very end of the matter, whether I was to meet with success or failure at last, I knew not; but I *must* obey the voice of fate which was ever urging me on.

One morning after breakfast, as I stood alone in the dining room, I carelessly took up the morning paper and glanced hastily over it; I saw nothing in it particularly interesting, and was laying it aside, when, happening to glance again at one of the columns, my eye caught sight of two names that riveted my attention at once, these were—"Mrs Godfrey" and "Upfield." I snatched up the paper again and eagerly read the following paragraph:

WANTED—at once, a young person as companion to a young lady in delicate health. Must be of a cheerful disposition, accomplished and well-bred. Apply to Mrs. E. Godfrey, Upfield Manor, Upton.

I read it over twice, and though my heart beat violently, I quietly laid down the paper and stood thoughtfully silent for a few minutes, during which time a dozen thoughts darted through my brain; but the instant resolve I had formed on reading the advertisement, remained unshaken. I would answer the advertisement and try to obtain the situation as companion to my cousin, Helen Godfrey; for knowing her to be in delicate health, I had no doubt whatever that she was the young lady mentioned.

"A young person, accomplished"—no 'cheerful, accomplished and well-bred,' that is it," I repeated to myself with a bitter smile, "Well! I am cheerful by nature, whatever adverse circumstances have made me; cheerfulness is easily

feigned at any rate; 'Accomplished?'—Well, I can play moderately well; and sing very well indeed—so people tell me—considering that I have never had any instruction; 'Well-bred?'—I flatter myself that my breeding is equal to Helen Godfrey's. So I think perhaps I may be the 'young person' designed by fate to fill the felicitous position of 'companion' to Miss Godfrey, of Upfield. Ah me! What a sharp pain, like a dagger thrust, was that that struck my heart! Was it a pang of jealousy? What a little time it seems since I myself was Miss Godfrey, of Upfield.

From the breakfast-room I went straight to mamma's bedroom and told her of my wish to take a situation as governess or companion; and then I mentioned Mrs Godfrey's advertisement and begged her to give her consent to my going to Upfield and to try and persuade Papa to view the idea in a favorable light also.

"Go to Upfield as companion to Helen Godfrey! Enis are you mad?" cried my mother aghast.

"No, mamma, not mad, only wearied with this hopeless struggle with poverty. There are so many of us to keep and so little to keep us on; I want to earn some money."

Here I blushed and hung my head guiltily; for I could not help thinking of that hidden motive, of which none knew save myself. But mother evidently mistook the cause of my confusion, and she looked at me with a half smile on her dear, kind face.

"My darling, I think there must be some other reason for this sudden wish of yours to go to Upfields; but do you not think, dearest, that Douglas should have come—?"

I sprang to my feet, my cheeks blazing with anger. "Mamma!" I cried passionately, "do you think it is to see Douglas to—run after him that I want to go to Upfield, how could you imagine such a thing? Douglas had no part in my plans at all. He—he is nothing to me." I choked as I said this and turned away to the window that mamma might not see the tears that blinded my eyes, at the mention of Douglas' name.

Nothing to me! Douglas Rathburn nothing to me! Witness Heaven! he is all the world to me and I lied when I said he was nothing!

Years ago, at Upfields, when Douglas was but a boy of nineteen and I a girl of fourteen or fifteen, he and I had been sweethearts. When he was away at college all the brightness seemed to vanish out of my life, and all the beauty from the fair country scenes about my home, because Douglas was not there to enjoy them with me. But he came home three times a year for vacation and those were blissful times for me; for our old intercourse was always taken up just where it had been broken off when he went away. We were always together, Douglas and I; and the elders looked on and smiled at our youthful love, but never interfered. Douglas was the son of Dr. Rathburn, of Upton, and the old man who was much attached to my father, was pleased to think that his son would some day marry Miss Godfrey of Upfield the daughter of his old friend. There was no engagement between Douglas and me. We had never exchanged a single vow in reference to our future, but we understood each other and I daresay the tacit understanding was more delightful than an open engagement would have been. At length the time came for Douglas' departure for Edinburgh, where he was to study for the next few years. I cannot bear to dwell much on that parting, it nearly broke my childish heart to say 'good-bye' to Douglas.

When the moment of parting came, we were alone in the garden, and I remember he put his arm around me and held me close to him for a moment; and shall I ever forget his words, his very last words to me:

"I wonder if you will love me as well when I come back again Enis?"

"I shall love you always—always Douglas," I answered, "even if you never come back again I shall love you just the same."

How my cheeks burned now, with shame when I recalled those words of mine; for the years had sped by, and Douglas was home again; but my laddie had never come back to me. He had been home a year or more and he had never sought me out in my new home. Not finding me at Upfield he had been well contented to let me go. Ah well! We all change; and perhaps those four years of life in the great busy world had changed him. He had gone away a boy; he returned a man. How could he know that the child he left at home, had

lived all those years on the hope of seeing him again, had counted with impatient heart the weary weeks and months as they rolled themselves into years? How was he to know, that a girl's heart nearly broke when the joyful news came of his return to England, and the weeks and months passed into a year and he never came to her after all her painful waiting?

Mamma's mention of Douglas' name had suddenly touched the broken chord in my heart and it jangled painfully.

"My dearest I am so sorry; I did not mean to wound you," said she remorsefully.

"I know that mother dear" I said sitting down beside her. "But to go to Upfield, of all places Enis!"

"I do not think I mind that now mamma! and I might not get so good a chance again you know. After all too, my cousin Helen may turn out a very nice girl, and as for Mrs. Godfrey—well—I can hold my own with her, supposing she turns out disagreeable." I flushed uncomfortably in making this speech, for I knew in my inmost heart that it would be bitterly humiliating to me to enter Upfield as a dependent.

"What shall we do without you at home Enis?" said my mother, when I had succeeded in gaining her consent to my plan.

I gulped down a mighty sob and answered:

"Hetty must take my place, dear mamma, she is fifteen now and is really growing quite sedate; and you can get a small servant girl to do the heaviest part of the work! I will be able to pay her wages out of my own salary."

"But if it were only some other place than Upfield" reiterated my mother plaintively.

"Herbert would say you were very uncharitable mamma, dear," I said with a ghastly attempt at playfulness.

"And what will your father say Enis?"

Ah! what indeed? I murmured to myself. And what will the others say if it is decided I should go? All the rest of the day I went about the house, with the uncomfortable feeling of one who is conscious of having done a mean and shabby action.

It was finally—after a stormy interval—decided that I should follow the bent of my wayward inclination and go to Upfield. The letter had been written to Mrs. Godfrey and in due time her answer arrived, intimating that my services as companion to Miss Godfrey, were accepted.

Was I glad or sorry that it was so decided? I scarcely knew, for my mind was in a whirl. But I remember that the night before my departure from home, I cried myself to sleep very sick at heart, because everyone had turned against me; and yet it was all for them, what I was going to do.

Papa was coldly displeased and made his displeasure felt in every look and word he gave me; mamma was grieved at my leaving home; Herbert condemned me for going against my parents wishes, and downright Hetty openly declared her contempt for my want of spirit in consenting to go to our old home as a hired dependent where I had once been the young lady of the house; she expressed her belief that the reason I gave was not the only one I had, and opined that it was sheer selfishness on my part: that I only wanted to exchange the drudgery and narrow life of our city home, for the comparative ease and grandeur of Upfield. Thus the last week of my life at home was a most unhappy one for me, and if I was capable of being glad at anything, perhaps it was when the last night arrived; and as I have said, I cried myself to sleep and dreamed again—for the third time—that strange, weird dream of the old library at home, and my ever interrupted search for the lost will.

CHAPTER III.

HOW do you do Enis? Welcome to Upfield; do you know I have so often wondered what you were like, and now I find you are altogether different from what I pictured you in my mind. Is she not magnificent, Mamma, so tall and queenly; what a little mite I must appear beside you cousin Enis."

"Enis certainly looks more like a country girl, than a young lady from the city, from her robust health," answered Mrs. Godfrey languidly, but with a faint tinge of bitterness in her tone, and I caught her glance wandering from me to her own delicate, *petite* daughter, who looked as though a gust of wind would blow her away.

"You know Mrs. Godfrey, I was born and reared in the country," I replied, reddening at the implied rudeness of her words.

"Ah! to be sure," said she indifferently. "Helen will ring for the servant to show Enis to her room? Dinner will be ready in half an hour, you had better, make haste and dress; I will speak to you to-morrow morning respecting your duties as Miss Godfrey's companion," she added, turning to me, and then waving a dismissal to me, as the servant appeared at the door, she sank languidly back in her chair and commenced to fan herself.

And this was my welcome to Upfield! I was pale with anger as I followed the servant up the familiar stair-case, along the broad corridor and into a room at the side of the house, which had once been Herbert's bed-room.

"Can I do anything for you Miss?" inquired the girl respectfully.

"Nothing, I thank you," I answered, and she withdrew closing the door after her.

Controlling myself by a mighty effort, I forced back the tears that were ready to gush maddeningly forth.

"Oh! why had I come there? why had I come there to be insulted and spoken to as an inferior by that low-voiced, pale-eyed woman down stairs?" I rocked myself silently to and fro with my hands held tightly over my mouth to prevent the sobs that were prepared to bust forth at a moment's notice.

After a while I grew calmer, and remembering Mrs. Godfrey's warning about dinner, I set about making my simple toilet. But all the while my thoughts ran indignantly on "that woman down stairs," as I called her. What a sly, treacherous face she had; with her, almost colorless eyes, her thin, cruel lips, and her pale flaxen hair; what a soft insinuating voice, and what noiseless, cat-like movements. Ugh! Already I was beginning to feel afraid of her; there was something tigerish about the cruel thin lips, and the fixed gaze of the colorless eyes! Surely I was not far wrong when I used to say, that I believed Mrs. Godfrey would be capable of anything. And the impertinence of her calling Helen, "Miss Godfrey" to me; if she expects me to call her that she is very much mistaken, for I shan't do it; I am Miss Godfrey. Here I drew myself up to my fullest height, and stood a moment contemplating my own image in the large mirror.

"Am I what Helen called me? I mused, "magnificent" "queenly" am I that? will he, will Douglas think so? Or will he think I have grown too sombre and serious? I remember he used to like to see merry faces around him, and now, alas! the dark pale face that looks out from the mirror, seems to have forgotten how to be merry."

"I wonder if I shall like Helen?" thought I as I hurriedly got into my gown! I do believe I shall! she is very pretty and unaffected, and she called me cousin Enis! but perhaps it would be better if I hated her; affection for her might prove an obstacle in my path! make a coward of me in fact. With this thought uppermost in my mind I hastened down stairs just as the dinner bell sounded. Of the dinner I shall say nothing except that it seemed to me to last an unconscionably long time and was sufficiently uncomfortable to drive away my appetite and make me long, sickeningly to be at home again. But it came to an end at last, and Mrs. Godfrey arose with her usual noiselessness, and led the way to the library, whither Ellen and I followed. I then learned that it was there they always resorted in the evening; using it in fact as a general sitting room; as Helen explained to me, "on account of its being the warmest and cosiest room in winter and the coolest in summer," as if I did not know that of old, certainly on the evening in question it looked inviting; the weather was unusually warm for May, and both windows were wide open; and the lace curtains swayed softly in the wind; the trees outside rustled gently, and a faint odor of May blossoms floated in from the garden.

It is not my purpose to dwell on the trifling events of that first evening in my old home. I felt a strange restraint stealing over me in Mrs. Godfrey's presence; the uncanny gaze of her peculiar eyes had a painful fascination for me, and I shivered and lost my usual self-possession whenever she came near me or addressed me, and then, everything at the manor seemed so sadly familiar and yet so utterly strange that involuntarily the tears started to my eyes several times, during the evening. I remember Helen asked me in her gentle, coaxing voice to play for her. I arose at once to

comply with her request, and seated myself at the piano; it was a beautiful instrument, but it held no old memories for me, for it was a new one, purchased for Helen. I played nervously at first, for I knew my aunt would listen critically; presently, however, I grew more self-possessed, and forgetting my listeners altogether, I lost myself, heart and soul in the music, playing on, on, one piece after another as they came crowding into my mind, gliding at last, almost unconsciously into the familiar strains of "Home sweet Home." Then I ceased playing and looked round. Mrs. Godfrey had let fall her work and was leaning back in her chair, with closed eyes, her hands clasped loosely in her lap. Helen was sitting in a wicker chair at the open window, with her hands clasped at the back of her head, but I could not see her face for it was turned from me. Mrs. Godfrey was the first to arouse herself.

"You play well," she remarked coldly; "you have been well taught."

"Oh! Enis, you play divinely," cried Helen in her impulsive way, that I grew to love so much afterwards. "I shall have you at the piano half the time, till I am afraid you will be weary of it."

"I do not think I shall ever be weary of music."

"Ah! you love it? So do I; only I would always rather listen to others, than play myself. Do you sing?"

"Passably."

"Will you sing for me to-night, or are you tired?"

"I will with pleasure; I am not too tired."

"Then sing this; will you? It is a great favorite of mine."

She selected the song from a pile of others and passed it to me.

I glanced at it. It was "Douglas, Douglas Tender and True."

I bent my head silently over the music. How shall I describe the conflict of emotion going on in my soul at that moment; pride, sorrow, anger were battling together. Had I dared I would have refused to sing that song; but I was afraid to do so in Mrs. Godfrey's presence. How often in past years I had sung it to Douglas Rathburn! and I seemed to see again his frank blue eyes laughing into mine as he leaped his tall figure over the piano. I had never sung it since then; and now Helen asked me to sing it to her!

"Enis! what are you waiting for?"

I looked up quickly, I had forgotten Helen, Mrs. Godfrey, everything present for a moment, I had been back to the old golden days of long ago.

"I beg your pardon Helen," I said, placing the music up before me, not that I needed it, for I knew both words and notes by heart. I steadied my voice and managed to get through with it pretty creditably until I got to the last line, then my voice quivered, broke and ended in a sob that would not be controlled; I felt deeply disgusted with my weakness, and very much frightened, for I knew that Mrs. Godfrey was looking at me, and I felt, rather than saw, the cold sweat on her lips.

"Oh! poor Enis! you are tired I should not have asked you to sing to-night," said Helen pityingly.

"Perhaps Enis has sentimental memories connected with that particular song," said my aunt with slow emphasis.

(To be continued.)

Content.

Contented lie the noon-time resting herd,
Content are dotards, nodding heads of snow,
Content are prattling babes, too young to know
The hopes by which the mother's heart is stirred.

But strong men, fired with zeal unswerving, gird
Their loins with patience, and to battle go;
Their souls with yearning filled, little they know
Of lotus-fed content. The upward-soaring bird

Sees still new deeps above, and longing sends
Her song aspiring towards those loftier skies
She may not reach; and heroes, unto ends

Beyond attaining, strive with eager eyes,
In godlike effort that as far transcends
Poor dull content as heaven an earthly prize!

Arlo Bates, in the Boston Courier.

[Written for The Family Circle.]

Wounded Hearts.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAWNBROOK.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

THIS information struck me at first like a blow, and, as I regained control of myself a dazed, confused feeling came upon me of a dim knowledge of past events that was bewildering. But the idea of Sweeman's cruelty was again uppermost in my mind in an instant.

"And the brute takes revenge on the son for the wrongs done him by the mother," I exclaimed, a hot glow of indignation tingling in my cheeks.

"And if he does, what then?"

For an instant I felt myself stronger than Werbletree, because of a sense of being in the right with him defending a weaker, because an unjust, cause. "What then," I repeated still excitedly, "then he shows such cowardice as to make any torment he has suffered a just retribution."

"Listen," returned my companion composedly and authoritatively. "You are speaking of what you know nothing. I have watched the actions of men in all circumstances and know well the injustice with which one views another."

"But you are not in earnest, surely, in upholding such brutal conduct as Sweeman's?"

"No; I rather pity the man for being driven to such measures."

"This indeed was a new phase of Werbletree's character. Much as I had felt resentment towards the cruel miller, I could not help admiring my strong, sturdy companion's pure charity, and even felt the influence of it myself.

Werbletree was not a bigot, and had nothing to say against bigots. Only minds that see through prejudiced eyes are enraged because others have the same fault, and this law, applies to all faults similarly. If a lady disdainfully says "I can't bear the airs of Mrs. so and so," simple reason, independent of a knowledge of human nature tells us that it is the same haughtiness of character which prompts the jealousy wherewith she judges that she condemns in "Mrs. so and so." When critics censure they place themselves before a mirror. But to return.

"Well," I said; "supposing he was justified by circumstances, what of the boy's mother?"

"I was going to speak of Sweeman's attachment to her, but no matter, if you have loved as devotedly as he, you can understand without explanation; but if your fancy has been led from one to another no word of mine could convey the force of his affection."

I moved uneasily in my chair as his large eyes rested on me as if to ask if I understood what such love meant.

"She was a widow," he continued at length; "a young widow, penniless, but aspiring; beautiful, but selfish. Her own ambition was to be gratified at any expense, and when William Elson came in her way with—"

"William Elson!" I exclaimed half bewildered; "is Mrs. Elson Arthur Drammell's mother?"

I saw him acquiesce and then felt him place his arms about me as he half carried me to a sofa, and there I lay down, weak, half-conscious, eager for him to continue his narrative, yet too weak to ask him to do so.

CHAPTER XIV.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven and heaven is love.—Scott.

IT is not often a person calls to mind the peculiarity of the weather in recounting incidents of the past which are in themselves very engrossing, but the splendor of that particular autumn still remains vividly in my memory. Hazelgrove was more beautiful now than at any other season. The clustered nuts were bending their slim bushes, and tinged with brown a ripe appearance improved ten-fold the monotony of the greenness of the previous months. The

tinted leaves upon the trees, the calm cool air and the mellow sunlight covered all with nature's splendor.

During that autumn poor Nellie Elson had much to worry her. She had never been treated by her mother as a daughter should be, and though her father, in her younger days when he had had his health, had counselled and petted her, when sickness had confined him to his bed her training had been left to her teachers at school and at college—a circumstance not calculated to develop the most domestic love or even tenderness of disposition; but nevertheless, Nellie was neither a spoiled nor a cold-hearted girl. She had followed the instincts of a pure and noble nature, and by reason of the unostentatious manners she exhibited, was loved dearly by those who knew her intimately, and—I might well blush to confess it—I was among those who did not know her.

Our courtship had been one of a business-like character and neither, I believe had experienced any warmth of love in it.

The brightness of her nature shone from amid the clouds of her circumstances and while an undue reserve was exhibited by her to unfamiliar acquaintances, to those who knew her intimately she was a splendid conversationalist, a warm, confiding friend, and displayed a beauty of countenance not seen by those who knew not her very inner nature.

When I had first kept company with Nellie I had not known her, and even while I had looked forward to making her my wife her conduct had never inspired an intense love in me. Friendship, warm and confiding at times, at times cold and repellant, was all that had existed between us all this time. When I thought of this now, an excited anxious feeling would steal upon me and remorse would gnaw my heart till I longed to be free and at liberty to select a new choice among the fair sex.

Jessie Harle now seemed beyond my power and I wished to have the victory of winning her love. She was moneyless it is true, but at that time I was not aware of the value of money and though I knew my property was liable to be wrested from me at any moment, I would have made no difference so far as money was concerned between the two, Nellie Elson and Jessie Harle.

Werberlees had gone away mysteriously again and I was left with Arthur Drammel to wonder over my strange circumstances. To have staid at home must have been a constant strain on my nerves and the very night he went I took a walk into the city and found myself soon passing in the direction of Jessie Harle's abode. I had reached within a block of the house when I suddenly came face to face with Jessie and Walter Marston.

Meeting them so suddenly, and together—after not having seen them for so long and then under such other circumstances—I stood in amazement for a time, and in an instant it seemed to me the girl was at my side, having excused herself from Walter.

I did not realize my position for a few seconds.

"Oh! Joe," she said, "I've been wishing you'd come for so long" and she seized my hand and pressed it warmly.

"But—but" I returned confusedly; "you're leaving your friend. Was he going back anyway?"

"It makes no difference about him" she rejoined with composure as we saw him disappear at a jog in the street without ever looking around to see us. "It makes no difference about him. He's as cross as a bear to-night and he can go."

I understood the exact position of things now and I felt sorry for the poor fellow and heartily disgusted with the conduct of this thoughtless, heartless little Jessie.

"Have you met him often since?" I inquired, my inquisitiveness being superior to any other feeling at the time.

"No; not till to-night," she answered, assuming both in voice and manner a somewhat depressed appearance now and speaking very slowly indeed; "not till to-night and I'll never meet him again."

"Why, have you quarrelled?"

"I suppose so."

"What did you say to offend him?"

"I didn't say anything much till I saw you, and then I told him I had something important to tell you and if he didn't care I wished to be alone with you. So he just said

'you know whether I care or not,' and he wheeled about and turned red and went away."

"You acted rather mean with him I think" I returned in a half-joking voice from which she could not take offence.

"I don't care" and her saucy smile just put me in a good humor though I felt the injustice of her conduct.

By this time we had reached the door of her abode and she pressed me to enter.

I declined.

A look of disappointment clouded her light face as she entreated, but I was determined now to leave her for ever, and with a pretence of a business engagement I pressed her hand with a light good-bye and hurried off of sight; then leisurely walked on meditating on the strange and varied impressions the sweet young face had made on me. She was round-faced with dimpled chin and cheeks—the picture of merriment. Her hair, inclined to curl, clustered beautifully about her face. She was indeed pretty. Yes; I always admitted that, but she was as changeable as the weather of April. This I felt now even more than I had before. To-night illustrated practically her disposition in this respect even more plainly than did her conduct towards me on that last night I met her.

I was going away forever from Jessie now, at least I felt so in more than a mere sense of leaving her. Though I met her again it would not be the same as in other times. The bright-eyed Jessie I had once known, who had power to when my noble purposes had gone, and now in her place remained the thoughtless, fickle girl I had seen so rudely rush away from Walter Marston. Longing for someone to sympathize with and one of the fair sex too, I must go to Nellie Elson I can't say that I was sorry her mother was ill, not that I had wished her so, but because it gave Nellie and me a chance to talk together undisturbed. On entering the house I had been struck with something nicer than usual in Nellie's appearance and on that visit my eyes were so open that I saw her as she really was, and I loved her—loved her with all the devotion and eager passion of my nature. Did she love me? Was my presence on this night imparting a new knowledge to her of my love, or did she only regard me now as on previous visits? I felt as a right that she should view me differently because of the new love I felt for her, and this night I was familiar with her as it behooved me to be and told her of my thoughts.

My words delighted her.

A new warm light shone out of her confiding eyes right into mine, and as she said, "I have always loved you, Joe," a sharp pang on my conscience simultaneous with a sudden delight came on. The delight was the stronger and as I pressed my affianced to my breast I felt the first pure triumph of love I had ever experienced in my life. Oh; what a real pleasure. Can Heaven give purer, sweeter joy?

(To be Continued.)

[Written for The Family Circle.]

Nature's Own

Delightful task to rear the tender mind
And teach the young idea how to shoot.

Thompson.

There is a limit to whatever incursions human beings can make on the laws of nature. If there were no curb, man's state of depravity would be awful to contemplate and the average mental power would be less efficient, in proportion to what it might be, than it is. Yet with proper education—by education I mean not the common acceptance of the term, but a genuine developing, and training of the faculties—with a proper education, I say, the mind should be capable of an incredible amount more work than it is; and with due moral culture—a permeation of the child with its father's courage and its mother's love—the moral nature would exert an incredibly powerful sway over the particular person so cultured and his associates in general.

But as education and moral training now are nature herself is left to prevent more degradation, rather than assist in a higher cultivation. Indeed most parents do worse than nothing to assist, and many, who try most assiduously to train, overdo the work by not letting nature do her part—they disgust the child, so fond of freedom with their discipline

and create a disgust for authority henceforward. Training children to will right by reasoning with them is the great educational art, we are taught by Prof. O. S. Fowler, whose lessons we will not be wrong in following. This early teaching of the young idea is one of the most important duties of a parent's life, and no other deserves so much careful attention.

Concerning a future stage in a boy or girl's career in which it is usual that the parent's look after their son's or daughter's welfare, and generally manage to interfere too thoroughly, a lesson might be learned from Mrs. Mulock Craik, who says:

"It is curious to note how the heart first puts out its tendrils and stretches them forth toward the yet unknown good which is to be in after life its happiness and its strength. What folly of parents to repress these blind seekings after such knowledge—this yearning which nature teaches and which in itself involves nothing wrong. Girls will think of love, whether or no! How much better, then, that they should be taught to think of it rightly as the one deep feeling of life. Not, on the one hand, to be repressed by ridicule; nor, on the other, to be forced by romance into a precocious growth; but to be entered upon when fate brings the time, rationally, earnestly and sacredly."—*N. Kn.*

Caution.

If you your lips,
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where,
If you your ears,
Would keep from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

Ambition's Wait.

An artist toiled over his pictures—
He labored by night and by day.
He struggled for glory and honor;
But the world it had nothing to say.
His walls were ablaze with the splendors
We see in the beautiful skies;
But the world beheld only the colors
That were made out of chemical dyes.
Time sped; and he lived, loved and suffered,
He passed through the valley of Grief.
Again he toiled over his canvas,
Since in labor alone was relief.
It showed not the splendor of colors
Of those of his earlier years;
But the world—the world bowed down before it
Because it was painted with tears.
A poet was gifted with genius,
And he sang and he sang all the days,
He wrote for the praise of the people;
But the people accorded no praise.
Oh, his songs were as blithe as the morning,
As sweet as the music of birds;
But the world had no homage to offer,
Because they were nothing but words.
Time sped; and the poet, through sorrow,
Became like his suffering kind.
Again he toiled over his poems,
To lighten the grief of his mind.
They were not so flowing and rhythmic
As those of his earlier years:
But the world—lo! it offered its homage
Because they were written in tears.
So ever the price must be given
By those seeking glory in Art;
So ever the world is repaying
The grief-stricken, suffering heart.
The happy must ever be humble;
Ambition must wait for the years,
Ere hoping to win the approval
Of a world that looks on through its tears.

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

"Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the style-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

A receiving teller—The gossip.

Ready maid servants are in demand.

There were many knights in the dark ages.

"Sleeping out loud" is the latest child definition for snoring.

What's in a name? That which we cauliflower by any other name would taste as good.

If you want to get rich, mount a mule, because when you are on a mule you are better off.

Peacock feathers are emblems of vanity. They serve to point a moral and adorn a tale.

People learn wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

"Profanity is the masculine of tears," says the *Boston Post*, which is just as true as that hysterics are the feminine of argument.

Unkissed kisses may cause dissatisfaction to young ladies, but it is the unremitted remittances that worries the college boy.

That homely babies make the best-looking folks in an adage as old as time itself; but you dare not tell a mother her baby is homely.

Oscar Wilde is said to have cleared \$40,000 by his lectures in this country. He can now afford to buy trousers of the regulation length.

"Mr. D., if you'll get my coat done by Saturday I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game it won't be done," said the tailor.

"Aim high," said Emerson. "Aim low," said General Jackson. Perhaps, after all, the best way is to shut your eyes and pull the trigger.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God." Nothing is said about an honest woman, because she isn't such an astounding scarcity, says an exchange.

The accuracy of a man's business qualifications is generally observed by his promptitude in consulting his watch while arranging an appointment two weeks in advance.

According to a recent decision in Iowa the girl can retain any presents made her by a lover whom she gives the cold shake. Jewelry for that State will be made very light after this.

"Mr. Snow, I read in de paper where a gal sued a fellah for kissin' her, but she can't recubber any damages." "Why not?" "Kase she had no notice up." "What for?" "Look out for de paint!"

"What made the mule kick you?" they asked of a gentleman who had been sent flying through the roof of a barn. And he answered: "Do you think I was fool enough to go back and ask him?"

Adolphus had just folded his arms about her. "Why," asked she, "am I like a well-made book?" He gave it up. "Because I am bound in calf!" The "binding" was hastily torn off.

"Do you believe in signs?" asked the shop-keeper. "Well, yes, I use to," said Fogg; "but since you placed in the window, 'Selling for less than cost,' I have weakened considerably."

"Waiter!" he called, after vainly struggling with knife and fork for full ten minutes on an alleged spring chicken. "Waiter, bring me a chilled steel wedge and a heavy hammer, for I'm interested now, and am determined to see of what material this thing is made."

"What is the origin of the old adage that 'none but the brave deserve the fair'?" asked a lady of her husband; to which he replied—"Why, you see, it had its origin in the fact that prior to the invention of gunpowder it was only the brave that could manage the fair."

"O, yes," said the tramp, as a tear glistened like a gum-drop upon his sun-stained face; "I served during the entire war." After stowing away the comfortable breakfast that was given him he finished the sentence—"I was a waiter in a Canadian restaurant."

An Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money rather than upon money without a man."

An ancient Bohemian who has come into a snug fortune, is felicitated warmly by an old acquaintance. "Yes" says the new Croesus, reflectively, "it is a pleasant thing to have money. And do you know what is most agreeable about it? You feel, sir, that you are appreciated—you find friends who esteem you for your own qualities alone."

An American editor thus advertises his missing hat: "The gentleman who inadvertently took our new beaver, and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us an infinite kindness by returning ours, and he shall receive our warmest thanks and two apologies—an apology for the trouble we have given him and the apology for a hat," he has left us."

A young nobleman in a frightful railway accident missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him and said: "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but a trace of anxiety depicted on his countenance. "Will you be good enough to see in which half he has got the key of my carpet-bag?"

"Maria," said a lady in New York to her colored chambermaid, "that is the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray how many do you own?" "Only seven, miss; but I's savin' my wages to buy another." "Seven! What use are seven silk dresses to you? why, I don't own so many as that." "Spects not, miss" said the smiling darkey; "you doesn't need 'em so much as I do. You see, mong you white folks everybody is quality, but we bettermost kind of collud pussons has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."

An elder, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause a tall, powerful-looking man, who was looking quietly on, remarked. "Elder, I don't want to interfere in yer business, but I want to say that this is an old sinner you have got hold of, and that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

A clergyman of Boston, if the *Courier* tells the truth, was met last week by a woman who has little reverence for the cloth. "Tell me," said she, with a benignant smile, which did not, however, disguise the acidity of her question, "why you close your church in the summer? Do not your parishioners require to be protected from the Evil One in the warm weather as well as in the cold?" "O, bless your soul, no," was the prompt response; "the Devil never stays in town in July and August; he follows the rest of the world to the watering-places."

The latest craze is the hat flirtation. It is too utterly utter, too intensely intense. The following is the code; Wearing the hat squarely on the head, I love you madly—tipping it over the right ear, my little brother has the measles—pulling it over the eyes you must not recognize me—wearing it on the back of the head, tal tal—taking it off and brushing it the wrong way, my heart is busted—holding it out in the right hand, lend me a quarter—leaving it with your uncle, I have been to a church fair—throwing it at a policeman, I love your sister—using it as a fan, come and see my aunt—carrying a brick in it, your cruelty is killing me—kicking it up-stairs, is the old man around—kicking it down stairs, where is your mother—kicking it across the street, I am engaged—hanging it on the right elbow, will call to night—hanging it on the left elbow, am badly left—putting it on the ground and sitting on it, farewell forever.—*Levenworth Times.*

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the man who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—Authors."

Mr. Stedman has returned from his European Tour.

A biography of Lord Palmerston is announced by Anthony Trollope.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Queen of Sheba" has been translated into French.

Mr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler, son of President John Tyler, is writing his father's life.

On the 10th ult. Rev. Henry Giles, the lecturer and author, died at Hyde Park, Mass., aged 76.

Garibaldi's autobiographical memoirs will, it is thought, be edited and published by his son Menotti.

Thomas Hughes is writing a memoir of the late Daniel Macmillan, senior, founder of the house of Macmillan & Co.

The next American Men of Letters volume will be, it is expected, "James Fennimore Cooper," by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury.

A series of "English Women of Letters" is announced in London, under the editorship of Mr. John H. Ingram, Poe's adulator.

The proposed lecture tour of Mathew Arnold on this side of the Atlantic during the coming winter will be productive of much good.

"Christian Reid" is the pseudonym of Miss Frances C. Fisher; "Edward Garrett" is Isabella F. Mayo, and "Margaret Sidney" is Harriet Mulford Lothrop.

It is said that Algernon Charles Swinburn is coming over to America in the course of a few months. It is his intention, we understand, to read his own works to the Americans.

Mr. George Nichols, of Cambridge, Mass., long known as a scrupulously accurate proof-reader and verifier of quotations, lately died in that city, at an advanced age.

The publishing of a new edition of Walt Whitman's poems will be undertaken by Rees, Welsh & Co., of Philadelphia, who will also publish the prose works of this "Giant among American Poets."

"The Dominion Review," a monthly journal, designed to combine the highest literary excellence with a comprehensive, independent discussion of political and literary questions, is a new publication started in Montreal by W. Drysdale & Co.

While in Atlanta, Georgia, Oscar Wilde is reported as saying that Edgar Allan Poe is "the best poet of America." He told the Bostonians on his first arrival in America that in England only two American poets were known—Ralph Waldo Emerson and Walt Whitman.

Among authors of books who have received honorary degrees this year have been the following; George William Curtis, L. L. D., Brown; Paul H. Hayne, L. L. D., Washington and Lee; George W. Cable, Doctor of Letters, Washington and Lee; H. Clay Trumbull, D. D., University of the City of New York; Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, L. L. D., Harvard; and Ainsworth B. Spofford, L. L. D., Amherst.

Gentlemen still living can remember when the Kilmarlock edition of Burns' poems could be picked up at an old book-shop for sixpence. To-day we see a copy advertised for £50 sterling; and Dr. Laing's copy, containing some marginal notes by the poet, was sold last year for £96. It is an interesting fact, moreover, that an autograph of the Scottish peasant usually commands a larger price than that of any crowned head whose manuscript has come down to us.

It is not generally known that Mr. Grant Allan, whose writings have attracted so much merited commendation of late, is a Canadian. He represents three of the nationalities that go to form the people of Canada. His father, an Irishman by birth, occupies the hospitable mansion of Alwington in the suburbs of Kingston, where Mr. Grant Allan was born. His mother is a Grant, and therefore of Scotch descent on her father's side; but her mother represented the family of De Longueuil, one of the oldest of the Canadian noblesse, its patent of nobility having been conferred by the Grand Mou-

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East, Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

Subscription Price.—50 cents per annum.
The largest cash commission to agents.
Liberal inducements to clubs.

ADVERTISING RATES.

PER INCH.

One insertion, \$1. Six insertions, \$5. Twelve insertions, \$8.

PER HALF COLUMN.

One insertion, \$2. Six insertions, \$8. Twelve insertions, \$15.

PER COLUMN.

One insertion, \$4. Six insertions, \$15. Twelve insertions, \$25.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

J. D.—Many thanks for your valuable assistance.

CHARLES F.—The line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" occurs at the beginning of Keats' poem "Endymion."

C. M.—If you wish to make the gentleman think you don't care you had better not mention the circumstance or even make the slightest allusion to it.

K. L. G.—You should not receive presents from any person you do not care to be indebted to. Presents from a young gentleman to a young lady should be paid for with love.

SUBSCRIBER A.—To remove sunburn and freckles and beautify the skin, put a quantity of elder flowers into a jug; pour boiling water on them; let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours, and strain through muslin. Wash the face with this every morning.

H. H.—Always retain your commission when sending subscriptions. Our returning it necessitates expense which is not required. Write the name of Post Office distinctly and when in cities where there is free delivery the number of the house as well as name of the street.

R. B.—There is no paper or magazine, so far as we are aware, gives a larger cash commission to agents than the FAMILY CIRCLE and only very few give as large. We are anxious to get the magazine introduced into all the intelligent, reading homes of Canada and the Northern States.

X. Y. Z.—(1) No; you should never write across what you have written in any letters. Postage is not that expensive that this is necessary. (2) If you are offended at receiving a letter you may either treat it with silent contempt or return it without a word to the sender. (3) See answer to "Maggie I." in the July number.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—No arrangements have yet been made towards enlarging the FAMILY CIRCLE; we have been content to improve it in its present size. There is a possibility, however, that at some future time our magazine may be greatly enlarged and improved. At present there does not seem to be enough demand in Ontario or even in the Dominion for a magazine such as you speak of.

WILLIAM W.—The very nature of your complaint will make you look more despondingly on your position than there is any necessity for. Nature is powerful to help you in building up a constitution if you will positively work to assist her. Take lots of open air exercise, eat little meat of any kind, avoid alcoholic drink, wine or beer and better do without tea or coffee. Go much into society and above all keep hopeful and merry over your meals.

Mary.—You are in no way bound to do as any gentleman wants you, with regard to keeping company with others, until engaged. Such circumstances admit of such varied experience, however, that you must consult your own judgment. If you have any desire to keep others company and the gentleman you mention is inclined to be jealous you had better let him go at once. You evidently don't think enough of him to become his wife.

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Caution and care baffle many a snare.

Beware of the mother of a man that despises women.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—*Ruskin.*

A rational view of worship is an expression of the divine in man.

Sensitive people wish to be loved; vain people wish only to be preferred.

A person may as well be in darkness as to be overwhelmed by a flood of light.

Chance is a void void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.—*Voltaire*

The remembrance of a tender word will last long after the speaker has passed away from earth.

A man must first govern himself, ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

We love the beauty of woman at first sight; and we cease to love it if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

It is not a knowledge of abstruse and difficult questions that we need, so much as a familiarity with the every-day affairs of life.

The man that lays his hand on woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.—*Tobin.*

If you would preserve beauty, rise early in the morning. If you would preserve esteem, be gentle. If you would obtain power, be condescending.

Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the society.—*Sir Richard Steele.*

You must work; nothing is to be got for nothing, and no man who chooses to be industrious need be under obligations to another; for labor of every kind commands its reward.—*Goldsmith.*

The reaction against materialism in science and dogma in religion has set in. Science must become imbued with the spirit of religion, and religion must adopt the methods of science.—*Jewish Tribune.*

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang, even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half its bitterness when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh.—*Addison.*

The dark ages were more dark and horrible, simply because the superstition of the people over-shadowed everything, retarded intellectual growth, and prevented what religious light there was from burning, and waged cruel and bloody wars.

One sentence of honest praise bestowed at the right time, is worth a whole volley of scolding. The sun understands how to raise plants and open flowers—he just smiles on them, and kisses them with his warm rays, and they begin to grow and unfold.

Mayor Wilson, of New Bedford, gave some homely advice to the graduating class of the high school, telling the boys that a trade was a desirable acquirement, and the girls that housework ought to be included in their accomplishments. Some of the boys and girls listened with manifest scorn.

There is always a best way for doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or love—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth of beauty to the morning meadows.—*Emerson.*

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Morning Air.

What is the pill that will keep us well, serene, contented? Not my or thy great grandfather's, but our great grandmother Nature's universal, vegetable, botanic medicines by which she has kept herself young always, outlived so many old Paus in her day, and fed her health with their decaying fatness. For my panacea, instead of one of those quack vials of mixture dipped from Acheron and the Dead Sea, which came out of those long shallow, black, schooner-looking wagons which we sometimes see made to carry bottles, let me have a draught of undiluted morning air! If men will not drink of this at the fountain-head of the day, why, then we must even bottle up some and sell it in the shops for the benefit of those who have lost their subscription ticket to morningtime in this world. But remember it will not keep quite till noonday even in the coolest cellar, but will drive out the stopples long ere that and follow westward the steps of Aurora. I am no worshiper of Hygiea, who was the daughter of that old herb-doctor Æsculapius, and who is represented on monuments a cup, out of which the serpent sometimes drinks; but rather of Hebe, cupbearer to Jupiter, who was the daughter of Juno and wild lettuce, and who had the power of restoring gods and men to the vigor of youth. She was probably the only thoroughly sound-conditioned and healthy and robust young lady that ever walked the globe, and whenever she came it was spring.—*H. D. Thoreau.*

What is Health?

It is that condition of body and mind which enables both to perform their duties properly and without pain. Some one part of the body, such as a finger, a hand, a limb, may be disabled without any injury to general health. But so far as this particular part is concerned, any want of capability shows the absence of health in the part itself, and in some instances either implies or brings about general disorder. The natural state of those who are born without actual diseases is health, and, as a rule, it may be said that our health is in our own keeping. In other words, to a very great extent it depends on ourselves whether life, bodily and mental, is happy and efficient, or whether it turns out a wretched failure. Even those who have inherited a tainted constitution may do much to keep the taint in check, and to repair the mischief handed down to them. There is a Gospel for the body and for the mind of man, as well as for the moral department of his nature. The same God made all these and cares for them all, as Christ proved by connecting bodily and mental cures with the salvation of the soul; and, as the whole man belongs to God we are bound to take care of every part of it. If any one asks, "Why need I trouble about my health? Why may I not do as I like?" the answer is found in the fact that we are stewards under God. Health tends to make us happy. It is God's wish that we should be happy, and we have no right to bring a moment's unhappiness on ourselves by transgression against or by neglect of his laws for the preservation of health. We have work to do for one another, for the family, for society; we are not at liberty to disqualify ourselves or in any degree to cut short our power of usefulness, by interfering with our own health. The loss of health often makes one individual a source of expense and trouble and grief to many; and to become this through one's own conduct is to be actionable at the bar of the Father of all for damages to the brotherhood of man.—*John Gill, M. D.*

"Too Much Houses."

If people only would take the sanitary measures that lie within their own power, they could retain their health, or they could in very many instances, regain it. Nothing is harder than to induce people to do what is for their own good. I have almost come to the conclusion that it is vain to try to persuade them. There is a lady who is very much afflicted with rheumatism. She has a good house with plenty of large, sunny rooms in it, where she might easily have her bed, and have a regular heat day and night, all winter, and where also

she could have, constantly, perfect ventilation. But she persists in sleeping in a small bed-room where she becomes almost rigid with cold every night, and which she keeps darkened by blinds (it has one window on the west side) and shut up by double windows all night. She can hardly rise at morn, and cannot dress alone. Then she will live in the family living-room, where men, women, girls, and boys keep the doors flying; where at one time the heat is too great, and at another time none at all, and she is in unrest.

One woman, did I say? There are dozens of them in the same distress who do these very things. They want to save fuel, save best rooms, save trouble, save money—in short, save everything but life. But what good will money do them when they are dead? They will soon be dead unless they turn over a new leaf and take proper care of themselves. If every invalid would set resolutely to work to cure himself or herself, and work in the right way, who can doubt that success would frequently follow the effort? . . . Simple, well-cooked food, pure water outside and inside, fresh air day and night, easy, healthful clothing, plenty of rest and sleep, these are the regulations for health. Who will adopt them? Who that is sleeping in a small unsummed bed-room will at once forsake it forever? If you have but one large sunny room in your house, set your bed in that, and open all your blinds and windows. If you ask why, go and contemplate a plant that grows in a cellar. That will tell you. You need to grow in the sun and air. "Fade your carpet?" Take your carpet up and put it away then, or sell it. Have nothing that tempts you to shut out the sun and air. We asked an Indian chief whose wife had died in Europe, "What was the trouble with her?" "Too much houses," was his solemn reply. Ay, that is the disease. "Too much houses," is killing people all the time.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Feet and Fashion.

Concerning the prevailing fashion of distorting, by reason of following the fashion, the natural shape of our feet, Dr. William Henry Fowler, in an essay read at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, said: "No sensible person can really suppose that there is anything in itself ugly, or even unsightly in the form of a perfect human foot; and yet all attempts to, construct shoes upon its model are constantly met with the objection that something extremely inelegant must be the result. It will perhaps be a form to which the eye is not quite accustomed; but there is no more trite observation than the arbitrary nature of fashion in her dealings with our outward appearance, and we all know how anything which has received her sanction is for the time considered elegant and tasteful, though a few years later it may come to be looked upon as positively ridiculous. That our eye would soon get used to admire a different shape may be easily proved by any one who will for a short time wear shoes constructed upon a more correct principle, when the prevailing pointed shoes, suggestive of cramped and atrophied toes, become positively painful to look upon.

Only one thing is needed to aggravate the evil effects of a pointed toe, and that is the absurdly high and narrow heel so often seen now on ladies' boots, which throw the whole foot, and in fact the whole body, into an unnatural position in walking, produces diseases well-known to all surgeons in large practice, and makes the nearest approach yet effected by any European nation to the Chinese custom which we generally speak of with surprise and reprobation. And yet this fashion appears just now on the increase among people who boast of the highest civilization to which the world has yet attained."

CHOLERA MEDICINE.—Over twenty years ago, several leading doctors of New York agreed on a recipe for the prevention of cholera, and published it in the *Sun*, from which it took the name of "Sun Cholera Medicine." It is this. Take equal parts of tincture of Cayenne pepper, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a little cold water according to age and violence of symptoms, repeated every fifteen or twenty minutes, until relief is obtained. An authority, after using it twenty years, says: "No one who has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the cholera. Even when no cholera is anticipated, it is an excellent remedy for ordinary summer-complaints, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, &c."

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

English pokes are in high favor.

Very plain skirts are fashionable.

Laces were never more worn than this summer.

Nile green and lavender are favorite tints for grenadine.

Wider brims than ever are seen on children's straw hats.

Lace mitts are again in favor. Black for ladies, and dark red for children.

A fashionable contrast of colors in imported dresses is blue with brown.

Straw hats and bonnets are adorned with wall flowers and shaded geranium

It is a fancy just now to have the parasol, fan, gloves, and hose to match in color and decoration.

Pale yellowish pink shades are much used in fine millinery and for neck ribbons and bows on white morning dresses.

Parisian-laced shoes, with pointed perforated toes of patent leather on French kid tops, are rapidly taking the place of buttoned boots.

For plaited skirts of fine woollen dresses wide box-plaits alternating with a group of knife-plaits are put the whole length of the skirt.

USEFUL RECIPES.

MOCK DUCK.—Take a round steak; make stuffing as for turkey; spread the stuffing on the steak; roll it up and tie it. Roast from half to three-quarters of an hour.

FRYING BEEF.—In a sketch on "Home-life on the Farm," a lawyer thus speaks of frying beef-steak, and doctors concur in his opinion: There ought to be a law making it a crime, punishable by imprisonment, to fry beefsteak. Broil it; it is just as easy, and when broiled it is delicious. Fried beefsteak is not fit for a wild beast. You can broil even on a stove. Shut the front damper, open the back one, then take off a griddle. "There will be a draught downward through this opening. Put on your steak, using a wire broiler, and not a particle of smoke will touch it, for the reason that the smoke goes down. If you try to broil it with the front damper open, the smoke will rise. For broiling, coal even soft coal, makes a better fire than wood.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Take a nice piece of beef, rump or sirloin, cut it in small slices, slice also a little raw ham, put both in a frying-pan with some butter and a small quantity of chopped onions; let them simmer together a short time on the fire or in the oven, add a little flour and enough stock to make sauce, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and a little Worcestershire sauce as seasoning, add also a few slices of hard-boiled eggs on the top, and cover with a layer of common paste; bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a well-heated oven. All dark meat pies can be treated precisely the same way; if poultry, leave the potatoes out.

BACON OMELETTE.—Cut a slice of bacon into very small pieces, and stir it into an omelette mixture made thus: Break two eggs into a basin, add a pinch of pepper and a teaspoonful of scalded and finely-chopped parsley; beat the mixture two or three minutes, stir in the bacon, fry in a small omelette-pan, in which an ounce of butter has been melted.

BEAN AND TOMATO SOUP.—Two quarts bean stock reserved from bean soup, one can of tomatoes, one tablespoon of sugar one teaspoon of salt and half of one of pepper. Cut the tomatoes small, add one cup of boiling water and the seasoning, and stew to a pulp. About half an hour will be required. Then put the bean stock on to heat, and when at boiling point add to it a tomato which has been rubbed through a sieve. Cut two large slices of bread into dice, fry brown in a little butter and put in the tureen, pouring the soup upon them and serving at once while they are still crisp.

VANITY CAKE.—One and a half cups of powdered sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one and a half cup-

of flour, half a cup of corn-starch, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, whites of six eggs; bake in two cakes, putting frosting between and on top.

LEMON SPONGE.—One ounce of gelatine, one pint of water two lemons, one halfpound of cut loaf sugar, whites of three eggs. Put the gelatine into a bowl, cover it with cold water, and let it soak for twenty minutes. At the end of this time add to it the rind of the lemons, squeeze over the lemon-juice, throw in the sugar, and pour all into a copper or porcelain lined saucepan, place the saucepan over the fire, and stir its contents until boiling, after which it must be allowed to boil for two minutes. At the end of this time pour the mixture through a sieve into a bowl, and let it remain therein until cold, but not long enough to set. Beat the whites of eggs slightly, pour them into the mixture in the bowl, and stir all together, when all must be whisked until thick and white. Pour the sponge into a mould, stand it in a cool, dry place, and when "set," turn it out upon, and serve in, a crystal dessert dish.

GOLDEN CAKE.—Yolks of eleven eggs beaten, and two cups sugar, one of milk and one of butter; mix four cups of flour with four teaspoonfuls baking powder, and, just before putting into the oven, mix all thoroughly together. Flavor to suit taste.

SILVER CAKE.—The whites of eight eggs, two cups sugar one-half cup of butter, three-fourths cup sweet milk, three cups flour, and two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with lemon.

CORN CAKE.—Take sufficient ears of corn, slit the hulls through the middle, and scrape off the cob, pressing with the flat of the knife to obtain all the milky substance, add salt, two beaten eggs, flour enough to make the whole adhere together; divide into two tablespoonfuls on a hot buttered iron griddle or frying-pan, and cook a light brown on both sides.

TIN WEDDING CAKE.—Rub one cup of butter and three of sugar to a cream; add one cup of milk, four cups of flour, five eggs, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda, one-fourth pound of citron. This makes two loaves.

ICE-CREAM.—Take three pints of sweet cream, a quart of new milk, a pint of powdered sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten light, a tablespoonful of vanilla; put in the freezer till thoroughly chilled through, and then freeze. This is easily made, and is very good.

HOP BEER.—One handful of hops, boil an hour, strain, and add one pint of molasses and enough water to make two gallons. When luke-warm add one cup or cake of yeast let it stand over night skim and pour it off from the yeast carefully, add one tablespoon of wintergreen and bottle for use.

STARCH.—If you want good starch, mix it with cold water; add boiling water until it thickens, then a dessert-spoonful of sugar and a small piece of butter. This makes a stiff and glossy finish equal to that of the laundry.

HOUSE-KEEPERS' NOTES.—Never allow salt meats of any kind to boil hard.—Tough meat may be made quite tender by soaking it in vinegar and water for six or seven hours.—Alum dissolved in water will kill bed-bugs if applied where it is most needed.—In grating nutmegs begin at the flower end; if you commence at the other, there will be a hole all the way through.

"The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning" is the title of a book by Ellen H. Richards, Instructor in Chemistry in the Woman's Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is a manual for the studious housekeeper. It gives no explicit directions for cooking and cleaning, but scientific reasons why they should be thoroughly done. This book is an example of woman's insight into household labor which man would not think of seeing, and shows the need of an acquaintance with science on the part of women teachers.

BAD WATER.—Pulverized alum will purify the most foul water. Take two heaping tablespoonfuls of it and sprinkle it into a hoghead of water, stirring it rapidly, and after the lapse of eight or ten hours all the impurities will have been precipitated to the bottom. The water will be pure and sweet. A teaspoonful will sweeten a pailful of water.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

George Eliot.

GEORGE Eliot was an artist in the highest sense; her works possess the qualities of true works of art. There is in them a constant recognition of the universal. The poet of nature embodies in his verse the spirit of nature as it were, so that they become luminous, and produce in the reader the feelings which true communion with nature itself would have called forth. And if the poet of human life is to produce real and lasting work, he must body forth something of universal human interest. George Eliot possesses this quality in an eminent degree. Her works do not deal with the brief question of the passing hour, with morbid, sentimental feelings, having no deep root in human nature. She has turned her gaze "from that grosser, narrower light by which men behold merely the petty scene around them to that far-stretching, lasting light, which spreads over centuries of thought, and over the light of nations, and makes clear to us the minds of the immortals who have reaped the great harvest, and left us to glean in their furrows." The questions with which she deals are of eternal interest, and press forever on men's spirits. This involves a profound insight into human life; and, tried by this test, George Eliot's works stand on a very high level. They reach into that region, above which such forms as those of Homer and Shakespeare alone are seen. George Eliot saw into the very heart and soul of life. What subtle analyses of character has she drawn! Her works abound with pictures of the very inmost thoughts, feelings, and spiritual experiences of man and woman. Her characters think aloud; the processes of the growth and decay of their spiritual natures are laid bare; with what sometimes terrible truthfulness are the soul's most secret struggles rendered visible.

The true artist is in sympathy with his subject; and George Eliot was full of genuine love for humanity as such. She overflowed in sympathy. Nature even was embraced within it—her constant, sympathetic references to natural scenery lending an additional charm to her works. Round the common people especially her interest gathered, and her affectionate regard for them alone, rendered possible those wonderful delineations in her earlier works. Her figures are, therefore, not merely life-like but alive. They are not mere skeletons of men and women. The bones have been covered with flesh, and the whole infused with streams of fresh, warm life. Real men and women are met with in her pages. Hence they teach as life itself teaches, with this difference only: their inner heart is laid bare, and the reader is permitted to look into their very souls. A microscope, as it were, is put into his hands, through which the mysterious struggles of the human spirit are discernible, conveyed by their bare exhibition both warning and instruction. Take *Romola* for example. As a work of art it is the highest specimen of the author's genius. *Adam Bede* may be almost perfect in its way, but there is as much difference between it and *Romola*, as between a picture of the simplest scene and the more complex work of a Michael Angelo. Florence, and the great European life-currents then coursing through it, as well as the deeper struggles of individual souls in contact with those everlasting problems which human life presents, are all reflected in this polished mirror.

George Eliot taught a profound philosophy of life, all the more so that it was through artistic forms. To her the universal shone always through the particular. She had a vivid sense of the eternal laws and principles that govern human life. She saw and gave magnificent expression to the truth that there is a moral harvest, a process of reaping and sowing, going on. Actions are like living seeds cast into the soil. They spring up, mature, and become centres of living energy forever. Man's life is controlled by laws as inexorable in their operation as those which regulate the physical world. George Eliot had thus a grand conception of human life as a whole. The idea of Humanity, to her no mere abstract term

but a living reality, received a splendid setting in her works. Human life was a vast organism rearing itself in the world, spreading its leaves and branches throughout the centuries. Men were related to each other as the members of any other organism, differing from them only in their consciousness of that relationship. Her law of life was, therefore, simple, but sublime. Self-sacrifice, the giving up of purely selfish and personal aims for the larger life in which all the good and great have shared, was the beginning and the end of life to her. "It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything, because our souls see it is good." It is the vivid recognition of this that makes George Eliot one of the greatest teachers of the century. She teaches as life teaches; her figures, while alive, being also transparent. And according as they follow or reject this law of life, they grow into fullness and splendour of manhood and womanhood, or wither, shrivel up and perish, as the chaff driven before the wind. George Eliot does not go outside of life to find a motive-power to action of the highest kind. The grand theory she held supplied one of the strongest, which thoughtful minds in every age have recognised. Work! realise this true life, live in this wider life, so that from you something may proceed that will be built up into the structure of humanity itself! On the development of George Eliot's religious ideas an interesting chapter might be written. Her works throughout are infused with a genuinely religious spirit, though, intellectually, she differed widely from conventional ideas. She lived in the purest atmosphere and under the constant influence of the most exalted thoughts. And there can be no reasonable doubt that her works contain "the highest ideals of Christian life and character and the purest exposition of Christian ethics." She also had a gospel for her age; no new gospel it is true, but something better. It set forth, in imperishable forms of art, old yet eternal elements and principles of human nature and life, which belong not to this or that individual or age, but to all time and possess enduring interest to men as men. George Eliot, has joined the company of the mighty dead who still live in the thoughts, feelings, and lives of their successors. But she has left an enduring record of her life, and must continue to be a fountain of inspiration towards the right and the true and the good throughout many generations.—*Dom. Review.*

Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris."

"Man About Town" indulges in this pleasant reminiscence in the New York *Sunday Star*: We were talking together, the other day, about Greeks, apropos to Bernard's queer marriage with Damala, when I recalled a curious incident related to me by Edwin Forrest. I had gone on to Philadelphia to take my Christmas dinner with poor Forney, and of course a call upon Forrest was in order. The veteran tragedian showed us through his picture gallery, and I happened to please him by admiring his favorites—Napoleon at Kremlin, and a pair of merry rascals bathing, I think they were. Presently we stopped in front of a portrait of Fitz-Green Halleck, with whom all three of us were acquainted when he served as a sort of Newman Nogs in the office of the Astors.

"Who would have thought," said Forrest, "that such a chap as Halleck could have written 'Marco Bozzaris,' a poem that fires my blood whenever I recite those lines:

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires!
Strike! for your altars and your fires!
Strike! for the green graves of your sires!
God and your native land!"

"And strangely enough," he continued, "I met the son of Marco Bozzaris while I was in Greece. He had seemed to me a traditional personage; but to meet his son gave him a reality which I have never since lost."

"What sort of a man was young Bozzaris?" I inquired.
"Six feet two inches high," replied Forrest, "straight and slim as a plain tree; a face like the antique; a model, sir, of manly beauty. Only a hero could have had such a son."

"And was his mind equal to his physique?"

"I could not tell at first. He spoke no English, and my French was not fluent. However, we managed to understand each other a little, and I told him about Halleck's poem. He had never even heard of it. The mood was on me, and standing up in that Greek cave, with not a soul near who knew English, I recited the whole of it to the son of the hero whom it has immortalized. Sir, he understood *that!* I could see the blood thrill in his veins, his eyes flash lightning, the color come and go in his cheeks, and when my voice dropped and broke for the concluding lines, where Bozzaris sinks to sleep in death at the very moment of his victory, the son's eyes filled with tears that dropped like diamonds, to the ground as he gazed at me. Ah! oratory, sir, is the universal language, But I should have liked Halleck to hear his poem recited by me to such an audience."

Emerson and Oratory.

Mr. George William Curtis says that "Emerson was very susceptible to the power of fine oratory. No man ever praised more warmly the charm of Everett in his earlier day. When Webster delivered his eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson in Faneuil Hall, Emerson was teaching in Cambridge, and Richard H. Dana, Jr., was one of his pupils. The day before Webster spoke the teacher announced that there would be no school upon the morrow, and he earnestly exhorted his pupils not to lose the memorable opportunity of hearing the great orator. Dana was of an age to prefer fishing to oratory, and strolled off with his line to the river, where he passed the day. When school was resumed, Mr. Emerson with sympathetic interest asked him if he had heard Webster. The fisher, half ashamed, reluctantly owned his absence. Emerson looked at him with regret and almost pain, and said, gravely: 'My boy, I am very sorry; you have lost what you can never recover, and what you will regret to the last day of your life.'"

Balzac's Cup of Tea.

The death of Balzac's widow, at the age of seventy-seven, recalls the charming anecdote told in one of his letters. When travelling in Poland he arrived rather late in the evening in the neighborhood of an isolated chateau, and was asked to stay there. He soon made himself known to the mistress of the house, and had had some conversation with her, when a beautiful young girl came in and silently poured out the tea. She was advancing toward the stranger with a cup in her hand, when the lady of the house again took up the conversation: "You were saying, M. de Balzac—" At that moment the cup the young girl was holding dropped on the ground, and she clasped her hands, exclaiming, "Can it be the great M. de Balzac?" "For that one instant," writes Balzac, "I tasted the sweetness of fame!"

The girl was Evaline Rzewuska, who afterward became Countess Hanska, and who finally, after many years of tedious waiting, married poor Balzac, who died a few months after the wedding, which took place in 1850. During the long courtship which preceded it Countess Hanska took a great share in the writing of Balzac's novels, and wrote him innumerable letters, which it was to be hoped her daughter may be induced to publish.

Pure English.

The small value of grammar, as commonly taught, is illustrated by the case of Jannet Hamilton, of Scotland, who wrote essays in absolutely faultless English; yet she had never studied a book on grammar. Her education was from a close and repeated study of Shakspeare, and a very few other books, which she almost completely learned by heart, and she thus fell into their use of language.

Gibbon wrote: "A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life; I would not exchange it for the wealth of all the Indies."

When Sir James Fox was Bishop of Winchester he rang for the cook to bring dinner, and the fellow coming up without it, he said he would be much obliged to him to let him have it as soon as possible. "I speak this," added he, as Bishop of Winchester; "but, as a man, let me tell you if you come up without it again, I will break every bone in your body."

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Faith

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,
Where the anchors faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail;
I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;
I know that passion needs
The lash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;
That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of peace;
In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt—
And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the universe on their side;
And that somewhere beyond the stars,
Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars,
I shall see him—and I will wait.

Wedding Superstitions.

There is no period in a woman's life that so completely changes her whole existence as marriage, and for that very reason she is more superstitious and fanciful at that time than any other; and while superstitions are fast becoming a something of the past, there are very few women who will not hesitate before making Friday their wedding day, or will not rejoice at the sunshine, "happy is the bride the sun shines on." June and October have always been held as the most propitious months in the twelve, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in junction.

In Scotland the last day of the year is thought to be lucky and if the moon should happen to be full at any time when a wedding takes place, the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always full. In Perthshire the couple who have had their banns published at the end of one and are married at the beginning of another quarter of a year can expect nothing but ends.

The day of the week is also of great importance, Sunday being a great favorite in some parts of England and Ireland. And although an English lass would not marry on Friday, the French girl thinks the first Friday in the month particularly fortunate. Most of us know the old saying concerning the wedding day:

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday is the best day of all.
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

In Yorkshire, when the bride is on the point of crossing the threshold, after returning from the church, a plate containing a few square pieces of cake is thrown from the upper window of a house by a male relative; if the plate is broken she will be happy, if not she will not expect to escape misery.

In Sweden a bride must carry bread in her pocket, and as many pieces as she can throw away, just so much trouble does

she cast from her; but it is no luck to gather the peices. But should the bride lose her slipper, then she will lose all troubles, only in this case the person who picks it up will gain riches. The Manxmen put salt in their pockets, and the Italians blessed charms.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has been fixed, and it is believed much harm will ensue if the bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads or beside a closed gate upon his wedding morn. in making the cake (supposed to be made by near relatives of the bride) if good or bad wishes are indulged in during the process they will surely have their effect.

When the bridemaids undress the bride, they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her! Nothing will go right. Woe also to the bridemaids if they keep one of them; for they will not be married before Whitsuntide or till the Easter following at the soonest.

If the bridal party venture off dry land, they must go up stream. The bride must, to be lucky, wear

"Something old and something new,
Something gold and something blue."

If she should see a strange cat or hear a cat sneeze on her wedding day, then she will be very happy; and if on her wedding morning she steps from her bed on to something higher, and again on to something higher still, she will from that moment rise in the world.

In leaving the house and church, she must be very careful to put her right foot forward, and on no account allow anyone to speak to her husband until she has called him by name.

To break the wedding-ring is an omen that the wearer will soon be a widow;

"But as the wedding ring wears,
So will wear away your cares."

A Very Cautious Man.

A singular incident occurred at the German Imperial Deposit Bank in Berlin. A well-known German writer, who for over thirty years has lived abroad, came there for the purpose of depositing the whole of his present fortune (320,000 marks), together with his testamentary disposition of the same. After having duly signed the numerous blanks necessary on that occasion, and received the proper receipt at the hands of the cashier, what must have been the latter's astonishment at seeing the depositor deliberately tear that important paper into shreds! "What in the name of goodness are you doing?" he exclaimed. "Don't you know that it will take full three years before you can legally expect to obtain a duplicate receipt?" "Just because I do, I have torn the original," was the reply. The gentleman in question, be it known, has several times been the happy possessor of quite large fortunes, which he has as often lost by bad speculations, and otherwise. In order to guard this time against similar mishaps, he hastened to put the profits of a lucrative literary enterprise into a place safe beyond peradventure for at least three years.

Tommy's Club.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"Cause he says if any body will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

"But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"

"Well, I don't know, unless it is to knock down subscribers that don't pay for their paper. I suppose there are plenty of such mean people."

That boy stands a chance for the Presidency if he lives—*Young Folks' Rural.*

A little boy, whose parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by his Sunday-school teacher, "Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?" "Because they couldn't pay their rent!" was the reply.

Interfering in Neighbors' Quarrels.

A goose, which was travelling across the country for the benefit of her dyspepsia, was resting herself in a bit of thicket, when along came two foxes in search of something not too utter for dinner. Being tired and disappointed it was only natural that they should feel quarrelsome, and as they halted near the thicket one of them observed:

"If you were half as sharp as the books make you out you would not now be hungry enough to gnaw at the bushes."

"And if you were half as big as you think you are you would pass for a lion, minus the roar," sneered the other.

"I don't want any impudence from no fifteen-cent animal of your build!" warned the first.

"Don't give me any chin-music or I'll make a wreck of you!" yelled No. 2.

"You're a thief!"

"Ditto!"

"You're a——!"

At this point the goose could stand it no longer. Walking out from the thicket she put on a benevolent look and observed:

"Gentlemen, let me settle this dispute. In the first place I want to remark——"

But she never remarked. The foxes made a rush and gobbled her up, and as they picked their teeth of the last of the feathers, No. 1 remarked:

"None but a goose would have sought to have settled a dispute between two foxes."

"And while I have great respect for a peacemaker," added the second, "I have invariably observed that they are the eaten party. Neighbors who quarrel cannot only take care of themselves, but in the most cases of the goose who sticks her bill into the fuss. This banquet will now adjourn."

An Art Customer.

"Have you any second-hand ancestors for sale?" asked a gaudily-dressed woman, with a shrill voice, of a well-known art dealer on Woodward avenue.

Ancestors?" echoed the bewildered man, "I don't think I quite understand you."

"Don't catch on hey? You must be as stupid as you look then, but it's hard to believe. I've got a new house, and it's all fixed up and furnished tip-top, and now I want to buy some ancestors to hang in it."

"I'm sorry ma'am," explained the dealer, civilly, "but all my ancestors are hung; here's a holy family by Murillo I will sell you cheap, if it will suit."

"Thank you; I don't want another family by Manillo or any other man—one family in a house is enough. If you've got any aboriginal by Chromo I dunno but I might take it, but there's a heap more style in a gallery of ancestors, and I'll look around." The last seen of her she was punching the eye of "A portrait of a lady," in oils, with her parasol at another art store, and asking the dazed clerk "what that woman was worth."—*Free Press.*

About Cats.

Cats are commonly supposed to be an invention of Cato, who, to spite a hated rival, constantly invented this and many other similar ideas to torment his enemy with. This, however, is merely a fable, as the real purpose for which cats were intended, is veiled in obscurity, all the descendants of the inventor having sworn never to reveal the truth. Nevertheless, some interesting facts and habits have been discovered during researches, which may be of interest.

Cats live to a great age, especially those used on board ship, having even been known to out-live some of the crew. These, by the way, have nine tails, which number has been very often confounded with the number of lives other cats have, and which is certainly untrue, as it is well known that the wear and tear on a cat's imagination, thinking of a way to escape, after being killed the fourth time, usually kills her for good. The surest way to kill a cat is to be careful of her; she will die of pure spite then, as such treatment would be exactly contrary to what a fine, healthy cat ever requires or receives. Cats are faithful creatures, and have strong affections; numerous instances are known where cats conceived such a liking for canary birds that they could not live without them—or at least they didn't.

There are many things about cats which are regarded as omens by some people. A cat near a bowl of milk or a cold chicken is a sure sign you are going to lose something. A cat on the back fence, with a good voice, is a sure sign of trouble—for the cat. Two cats found with their tails tied together hung over a clothes-line is a sure sign of a disagreement—between the cats—and a determination to “fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer.” Cats are provided with claws to caress their friends with; which habit, by-the-way, is very affecting, often melting those friends to tears. Cats are supposed to die naturally sometimes, although no other proof of this is presented than the finding of the bodies.

Finally, cats live solely for and, with a never satisfied desire to be a nuisance, and they usually succeed.

Be Patient.

Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished; when every interruption is received impatiently, and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past, then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out by crowding two days' tasks into one. If only we can keep cool and calm, not allowing ourselves to be flustered, we shall be less wearied when we have reached the eventide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expect may not arrive, but if we can preserve our tranquility of soul and demeanor, we shall get through creditably.

The Inquisitive Boy.

“Pa,” said a little boy, “what makes people pray?”

“Why, my son, they pray for—they pray for—that is, they ask the Lord to save their souls.”

“And if I pray, will the Lord save my soul?”

“Yes; when you pray with faith, your prayer will be answered.”

“How with faith?”

“Why, if you pray believing at the time that your prayer will be answered.”

“But how can I pray that way if I don't know. If I knew that I could get what I prayed for, then I could believe that I would get it, and could pray with—what did you call it, papa?”

“Faith.”

“Faith,” repeated the child, “If I was to believe that by praying for a goat I could get him, and was to pray, would I get him?”

“No.”

“But I want a goat, and if I was to pray I'd have to pray for one. Pa, what makes men groan when they pray at church?”

“They groan as a kind of amen.”

“Do they like to groan?”

“I don't know.”

“Do you groan?”

“Sometimes.”

“Do you like to groan?”

“No.”

“Then what makes you groan? You don't have to, do you?”

“That'll do now—hush.”

“But if you don't want to groan they couldn't make you, could they?”

“I'll box your ears, sir, if you don't hush. Go on away now. I'd rather be questioned by a prosecuting attorney.”—*Arkansas Traveller.*

Little John Fizzletop was a page in the Legislature when it was in session, and his conversation has had a political flavor ever since. Yesterday, for instance, he asked his mother, “Am I to get a second piece of pie after I get through with this?” “Indeed you are not.” “Then, Mrs. Speaker, in this case, the sooner there is a change in the administration, the better for the material interests of the country.”

The Graduate.

Now watch this young strut of a youth as he comes forward with his essay on Rome. How full of life and proud grace in his step. How confident he is of the fact that he is about to electrify the world with his marvellous store of knowledge of ancient history. How bad he seems to feel because, in his opinion, the governments of the nineteenth century are unworthy to be compared to the governments of ancient Rome or Greece. In the eyes of this knowing youth the steam engine, electricity and the press are nothing compared to the ordinary palaces and monuments built by the hands of the miserable slaves of ancient times. If this youth had his way, how he would revolutionize affairs. How he would do away with some of the prosy things of to-day, and in return restore to us the glory and grandeur of old Rome and old Greece. But the youth has his own way but for a moment, and there he breaks loose for a last time To-morrow he goes out into the big world and gets lost. To-day he is too big even for the fine clothes he wears. To-morrow his clothes will prove too much for him; therefore he will leave a part of them in the care of an uncle. We may never hear of him again, and he may turn up some day as a reformed drunkard, and again electrify us with his eloquence. But the chances are that we are safe, that this ambitious youth will, on leaving the stage to-day, be inveigled into some large store where in the future he can devote his powers of oratory on dry goods boxes, and on his fellow-workers in the basement.

—*Detroit Chaff.*

A Lesson on Young Americans.

Question—Who is this?

Answer—This is the American boy.

Q. What does he wish to do for a living?

A. He wants to be a bank clerk or a broker or a doctor or a lawyer, or get a place in the Custom House or Post-office or go into the army or become a minister.

Q. What is the ambition of the country and village American boy?

A. To go to the city and “get a situation.”

Q. For how much pay?

A. For two dollars a week the first year, and perhaps, if he is smart, all he make otherwise.

Q. How are many American boys, in both village and city, brought up?

A. They go to school until seventeen or eighteen years of age and then hang around home or street corners until they get married.

Q. And then?

A. Then there is a row, and the old folks of the first part manage to provide in some way for the young folks of the second part, and both parties drag out a sort of unpleasant existence.

Q. What is our American young man's idea of living?

A. Life for him is no life at all unless he can have his spring, summer, fall and winter suits of clothing, change his neckties with every fashion, endure the miseries and want of a semi-fashionable boarding-house, and spend what is left of his salary at the end of the month in taking a young woman to the theatre, with carriage and fashionable restaurant supper at the close of the performance.

Q. Is this right?

A. Yes, it is right, but the blacksmith's apprentice cannot do it very easily.

Q. By the way, what has become of all the American apprentices to useful trades?

A. They are all dead.

Q. And who are most of the workers in iron and wood and leather and bricks and mortar?

A. They are mostly foreigners.

Q. But what can the American boy do?

A. He can aspire to be a Vanderbilt.

Q. And does he realize his aspiration?

A. Not often. But sometimes he brings up as a bank-teller or cashier or public official who disappears suddenly and leaves his accounts short behind him.

Q. But do no American boys learn trades?

A. Oh, yes; but they frequently commence rather late in life.

Q. Where?

A. In the State prison.

In Unison.

BY D. ANDROSE DAVIS.

Why stand we apart with our work in the vineyard,
 Since God's every child has its mission to fill?
 Oh, why not go forward like brothers and sisters,
 Forever united, in earnest good will?

Are we not all in the hands of Jehovah,
 All the recipients of his divine care?
 Then why so ungrateful or not to be willing
 To let every soul have its God-given share?

Oh, if we look upward for wisdom and guidance,
 How quickly the angels respond to our call,
 Using forever, their utmost endeavor,
 To make us evangles of kindness to all.

The trees of the forest have no altercation,
 But stand in their order as if they were one;
 Their roots and their branches make progress together,
 Until their great work of the temple is done.

The sunshine, the rain, and the dew drops of morning,
 Are ever the same to the high and the low;
 For nature, we find in her blessed bestowal,
 Is always impartial, wherever we go.

The star gems that sparkle in beauty above us,
 So many and varied, all acting their part,
 Are seeming to ask us to be more fraternal,
 With shoulder to shoulder, and heart pulse to heart.

For tho' in God's wisdom our missions are varied,
 Our hearts best emotions should still be the same;
 And favors, the kindest, from one to another,
 Should always be known as our purpose, our aim.

Undue Homage.

As illustrating the universal homage paid to wealth, a good story comes to us of two ladies who met upon a recent social occasion. They had been in the habit of meeting upon the same occasion for several years and—passing on. This time they met and chatted most affably. Said number one to number two, "How well you are looking, Mrs. Blank? I think I have never seen you look so well." "Oh yes?" said number two. "But I think I shall be better-looking next year if my husband's income keeps on increasing. Rich women are always handsome." And she spoke so laughingly that it was not until she had passed on that the very complimentary lady was fully aware of the implied rebuke.

I S'all S'leep Wiv Him To-Night.

Sometimes I believe the little ones say the best things after all. I know a little family in Detroit who are heart-broken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but to-day only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened, and the light of their countenance went out with the red sun only the other night. The father is a railroad man whose duties call him away from home three-fourths of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start for home, to telegraph his wife apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year-old and the dispatches usually ran as follows, "Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night." The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the "tele-draf" a great institution. The other night, when the fever had done its work and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed, and said: "dont ty, mamma; I s'all s'leep wiv Dod 'oo know. Send Dod a tele-draf, and tell him I s'all s'leep wiv him to night." But the message went straight up there without the clicking of wires or the rustle of wings.—*Detroit Chaff.*

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Bibles and Their Titles.

An interesting collection of Bibles was some time ago exhibited in London, which comprised copies of all the editions that, because of peculiar errors of the printers, or from some other reason, have been known by strange names. Among the Bibles on exhibition were the following:

The Gutenberg Bible.—The earliest book known. Printed from moveable type; is the Latin Bible issued by Gutenberg at Mentz, A. D. 1460.

The Bug Bible.—Was so called from its rendering of Psalm xci, 5, "Afraid of bugs by night," Our present version reads, "terror by night." A. D. 1551.

The Breeches Bible.—The Geneva version is that popularly known as the Breeches Bible, from its rendering of Genesis iii, 7 ("Making themselves breeches out of fig leaves"). This translation of the Scriptures—the result of the labors of the English exiles at Geneva—was the English Family Bible during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and until supplanted by the present authorized version of King James I.

The Place-makers' Bible.—From a remarkable typographical error which occurs in Matthew v, 9, "Blessed are the place-makers," instead of peace-makers, A. D. 1562.

The Turn of Day.

The *Atlanta Constitution* says: I heard a lady say to a physician, the other day: "I was watching one night at the bedside of a dying child. I asked the doctor when death might be looked for. He replied: 'Any time after 12 o'clock.' Why did he set that time?" "Because," replied the physician "for some unexplained reason a large majority of natural deaths, especially when the patients are children, occur on the turn of day," as the country people say. That is, from 12 to 3, either at noon or night." "There is no explainable reason for this?" I asked. "None. It is one of the mysteries that envelope death. But of 100 persons dying by natural process, 80 will die within three hours."

A Bird Dispute.

The nest of a pair of ravens, in which the hen was sitting was nearly destroyed by a storm. With strenuous efforts the birds repaired the damage, and the hen continued her incubation, when a second storm arose which again assailed their rudely-constructed domicile. For a few days the ravens were missing, after which they returned, but conjugal disagreement finished what the violence of the winds had begun. The work of building it was recommenced, but one bird was determined upon repairing the original, while the other began building a new nest. For a time the divided labor was proceeded with, when, as if by mutual compromise—their affection being too real to permit either of them to "stand out" any longer—both abandoned their separate undertaking, and finally completed a new and substantial nest, in the shelter of which a vigorous brood was reared. The "moral" can be read without spectacles.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

A stranger consignment has seldom been received at a freight office than one which a steamboat company's agent at Salonica recently agreed to deliver in Constantinople. It was a box of ordinary size and appearance, and would not have attracted special attention had it not have borne the inscription "human heads." It actually did contain the heads of nine robbers, who had been captured by the Turkish gendarmerie in Macedonia. In accordance with an old custom the heads were on their way to the capital, there to testify that the operations of the police in the province were energetic and vigilant.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle meandered thence into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the immortals.—HAZLITT.

Cheerfulness.

A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull, and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair. And if anyone pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different is the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck. He may be swept away with an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is an invaluable trait of character, and should be assiduously cultivated.

Golden Words.

A Good adviser says: "Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as the devotion of a son to her. We never knew a boy to turn out badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor, weary wife in after years. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother, at middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife in the sore leaf of autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother."

An Economical Dog.

Instances of canine economy are by no means rare; but the account of a dog miser, is, so far as our records extend unique. Dandie, the animal referred to, was a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It frequently had money given to it, because, besides other interesting signs of sagacity, it would go to the baker's and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding it. This his master discovered in consequence of the dog's appearing one day with a breakfast roll when it was known that no one had given it any money. Suspicion aroused, search was made in the room where the dog slept. Dandie appeared quite unconcerned until his bed was approached, when he seized the servant by her gown and tried to drag her away, and became so violent that his master had to hold him. Sevenpence-halfpenny was found hidden in the bed. Dandie did not forego his saving propensities even after this; but he exhibited a great dislike afterward for the servant who had discovered his hoard, and in future was careful to select a different place of concealment.

An Aim Ahead.

If we could all be great—if each of us in this grand and beautiful world might win fame and honor—if we might gain the praise of the multitude, and be pointed out in the throng as the gifted artist, author, or statesman—it would be very pleasant, doubtless, and soothing to our pride. But if all were eminent there would be no eminence. If every one stood at the top of the ladder, this would be a very humdrum world, for the mainspring of trying to win any good thing is emulation. But it is certain that all cannot be at the top. Society is made up of all grades, but while some will always remain in the humble ranks of plodders, even the lowest may accomplish some great object, which, though it does not secure fame, may win peace and joy. The golden rule of life is to "Do everything the very best you can." We may make our mark as well in one place as another, though perhaps not as plainly; but if, in the beginning of our career, we make up our minds to do every duty promptly which comes in our way, to act and speak kindly as we have opportunity, to make life easier to others, if we can do so, in short, to do all we can toward making the world a pleasant place to live in, we will win something far more precious than fame—the love of those around us, and the approval of God.†

H. V.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

This month the contest for the prize has been fought by those who were not afraid of difficulties, while a good number thinking them too hard, backed out and did not write at all. We want all to write whether they answer all the puzzles or not. Lizzie Kinniston, Park Hill, was the only correspondent answering them all correctly and richly deserves the prize which we have awarded her. A similar prize of a nicely-bound, interesting story book will be given for the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number.

Correct answers have been received from Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Hartley J. Doane, Thornton; Mary Craig, Colchester; W. Cunningham, London East; Nettie Bisnett, Rond Eau; J. D., Kirkton; J. A. Galbraith, St Mary's; Richard L. Eddy, London; Bertie, Brooklyn; George H., Toronto; Walter Jackson, Montreal; J. H. Evans, Hamilton; Minnie Carreus, Sarnia; Kate Wilger, Toronto, and W. H. Groat, Port Huron.

AUGUST PUZZLES.

1.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- A vowel.
An abbreviation for the name of a Canadian Province.
A village in the Province.
The name of the Province.
A town in the Province.
Atmosphere.
A vowel.

2.

DECAPITATION.

Whole I grow in the fields; behead me and I am an admirer; behead again and I am above; behead again and transpose and I am an abbreviation of a title of respect.

3.

HIDDEN COUNTIES IN ONTARIO.

1. They were both well and in good spirits.
2. We began to halt on the hill.
3. He is adding tons and cwt. together.
4. That is a good ox for driving.
5. Thomas peeled the bark off a tree.
6. He came worth nothing; went worth thousands.

4.

SQUARE WORD.

- A songster.
A river in Europe.
A girl's name.
A color.

5.

REBUS.

U U  

CHARADE.

Repeat a well-known quadruped;
My next you'll find in nation.
My whole reveals a wicked deed
Of deepest degradation.

R. L. Eddy

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

1. Decapitation:—Start—tart—art.
2. Rebus.—An M on E—anemone.
3. Easy square words:—

I	H	I	T
	I	R	E
	T	E	N
			II
	R	O	W
	O	R	E
	W	E	T
4. A had 5 sheep and B 3.