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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A JOURNAL OF HEALTH INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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Only A Woman.

Only a woman, shriveled and old;
The play of the winds and the prey of the cold
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'er bold.
Only a woman forsaken and poor,
Asking for alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll,
The waves of its music go over her soul!
Silks rustle past her
Thicker and faster;
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,
Icily cold, on an ice cold throne.
What do they care for her?
Mumbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread, but a stone.
Under old laces their haughty hearts beat;
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope caroled to her her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her;
Somebody kissed her;
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life,
Strong for her sake who was mother, or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death-shadows are;
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair,
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

The Breadfinder.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER I.

IN the month of April, 1831, a gentleman waited upon Mr. Ross, of No. —, Bedford-square, the referee of a young man, who had replied to an advertisement inserted in the *Times*, for a person qualified to instruct the advertiser's son in the higher branches of the classics and mathematics.

"I am very particular in the matter of testimonials," said Mr. Duncan, the gentleman who had advertised, "for I intend to give a liberal salary; and the party with whom I make an engagement must be quite respectable, and fully competent for the very responsible position which he aspires to fill."

"The young man, William Harding," said Mr. Ross, "is very estimable. I am sure that I greatly respect him. His attainments are of no ordinary character, but he has one fault."

"And that Sir?"

"Casts his virtues and excellencies into the shade," replied Mr. Ross. "He has the misfortune to be a Visionary."

"Ah!" said Mr. Duncan, "that is indeed a fault. A—a Radical politician, I presume?"

"Socially and politically, he is a Visionary," said Mr. Ross. "He speaks at low Radical meetings, and talks Utopias."

"I must apologize for troubling you, sir," said Mr. Duncan. "I wish you good morning. The salary I shall give will be liberal; the party, therefore, *must* be respectable. I am your servant, sir."

William Harding, who, at the age of twenty-one, had married, for love, a portionless girl of twenty, sat that evening in the little back parlor which he rented at Islington. A very little back parlor—eleven feet by nine. In popular phrase, you could not swing a cat therein. When his wife urged that circumstance as an objection to their longer remaining in it, he replied that he did not wish to swing a cat. To which she never failed to rejoin, that she did not suppose him capable of hurting a dumb animal; still her objection was valid—a cat could not be swung there.

"When I get Mr. Duncan's son to teach—" said William, on the night in question.

"If you do get him!" interrupted the young wife.

"Well; if I do!" continued Harding. "And I have little doubt of being well recommended, Emma; for I did justice to Ross's stupid boy—I will buy you a satin dress with my first quarter's salary."

"I don't want a satin dress, William," said the young wife. "I am quite content with my present wardrobe"

"Which contains two cotton gowns and a worn out silk one," said Harding, laughing.

"You forget, William, that a satin dress is but one expense, and that I should want a suitable bonnet and shawl to wear with it."

"There are bonnets and shawls to be bought, I suppose," said her husband.

"Oh! plenty of them, William dear," she replied, gaily. "One only wants the money."

"Which I will earn," said William. "I am to have eighty guineas a-year from Duncan——"

The postman's double knock resounded through the house. Shortly afterwards a note was brought in. It ran:—

"Mr. Duncan presents his compliments to Mr. Harding, and regrets that, owing to the political opinions entertained by Mr. H., he must break off the negotiation pending between them."

Harding suffered the note to drop from his hand.

"This is Ross's doing," he said.

"Blame yourself," replied his wife, peevishly. "This comes of your opinions about hanging. You know that Mr. Ross was more shocked at them than at anything."

"My dear," said poor William, "I only echoed the opinions of wiser men than myself."

"And very wise you are," said Emma; "your wisdom has lost you eighty guineas a-year; and I might have had a satin dress and a shawl and bonnet."

"My love," began Harding.

"Don't *love* me," retorted his wife. "What had you to do with who was hung and who wasn't? Eighty guineas a-year, and now you haven't eighty farthings, and people will be hung just the same. You have done a fine thing for yourself, upon my word"

"Beccaria," said William, "was of opinion——"

"Oh, don't talk to me of your Beccarias; send to them for eighty guineas a-year, and see what they will say. You are always picking up some fine name or other, but send to any one of them and ask them for a shilling."

"But my love," pleaded poor William.

"I am not your love, Mr. Harding," rejoined the young wife, majestically. "I might have gone to Mrs. Peasnip's next party—you may be sure she will invite us, and a pretty figure I should cut in a cotton gown, and my silk one is worn out, as you observed—but your absurd notions, Mr. Harding, will blight my prospects everywhere; and I declare that Julia Copperbolt passed me in the street only last Monday was a week, and it was only because you talked so stupidly about every man's having a right to vote—as if every man wanted a vote, and as if I wanted one; and if I'm only a woman haven't I as much right as a man? And it was only because you talked so like a fool—and I could see with half an eye what a fool you were—that Julia Copperbolt turned her head, and looked right into the baker's shop that we were passing, because she wouldn't acknowledge me."

"My dear Emma," began Harding.

"Mr. Harding, sir, your Emma—yes, ill-luck to her, she is your Emma—is not dear to you. Her purse at this moment holds nine shillings; that is all, Mr. Harding—that is all, Mr. Harding, that your Emma's purse holds; and this night you might have been engaged upon eighty guineas a-year, which," addded Mrs. Harding, snapping her little fingers contemptuously, "you have flung away."

"But, my love," said Harding, "it isn't my fault if this Mr. Duncan is so absurd as to believe that I can't teach his children Latin and Greek and Algebra, without thinking just as he does."

"A man who has his bread to earn," observed the young wife, "has no business to think at all. It is a luxury, Mr. Harding, which he can't afford."

She sank into a chair, and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

What was poor Harding to do? This was the first scene that had occurred since their marriage. All had gone on so smoothly hitherto. But it was a sad disappointment, and William felt for the poor girl—she was but a girl, whose heart had sunk under it.

The next morning, as he was about to quit the house, the landlady accosted him in the passage.

"If you could settle my little matter, sir," she said—she well knew that he could not; "I'm sure that I wouldn't have troubled you, but I have a bill myself to meet to-day, and where can we go for money, as my dear late husband used to say, but where 'tis owing?"

"You must give me till to-morrow, Mrs. Brandywine," said Harding.

"If you could do it to-day, sir," urged the woman, who had overheard the conversation of the previous night, and knew that only nine shillings was left in Mrs. Harding's purse, of which elevenpence-halfpenny went that morning for a loaf and butter.

"Upon my word I couldn't," answered Harding.

"Because, if you remember, sir, the agreement, when I consented to let you the apartments, was punctuality—you must recollect that, and the week is three days over, which is irregular."

Poor Harding, with dismay upon his countenance, backed towards the door.

"And if you could make it convenient to suit yourself with other lodgings in a week, I should be oblidged, Mr. Harding."

"Very well, Mrs. Brandywine, I will," said William, escaping into the street.

When he returned home he was afraid to meet his wife. He felt like a guilty man, because Mr. Duncan had rejected his services. But she met him kindly, and told him that she had paid the week's rent, and had money enough to last them a month longer.

"You have, Emma?" cried Harding, astonished.

"Don't scold me," she continued, looking into his face with a sweet smile, "I—bend your ear lower, William—I pawned my gold earrings during your absence. But we must seek a cheaper lodging, William dear—we must have only one room. And indeed, I shall not fret. You don't know how brave I can be, for all my foolishness last ntght."

He caught her to his breast and kissed her. He knew not till that moment how dear she was.

It was the time immediately preceding the passing of the Reform Bill. England was convulsed to the remotest extremities and London was especially agitated. The news had gone abroad that the iron railings in front of the houses in the suburbs had been forcibly torn up, and that the men in the manufacturing districts, and the Cornish miners, were preparing to march to the metropolis. Pawnbrokers, it was said, had experienced a run upon their establishments for second-hand guns and pistols. The crowd that was daily congregated in Parliament street, and in the vicinity of both Houses, was so great, that members with difficulty reached the Senate. Meetings of the working classes, and of Reformers generally, were everywhere held. Openly in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the eloquence of the orators electrified the multitude.

"You will join us to-night, Harding," said one of the popular speakers, who visited him that afternoon.

He dared not reply that he was engaged, for that would be a lie, and he was ashamed to confess that his defection must be attributed to his wife's influence.

"I will attend if I can," he contented himself with saying.

"How! are you growing lukewarm, Harding?" said the other, reproachfully.

"I am not, indeed," replied Harding, stung by the accents of his friend. "And to convince you that I am as earnest as ever in the cause, I will join you to-night and speak bolder things than any of you."

He returned from that meeting with elated spirits. His speech had gained him the notice of a member of Parliament, who was present on the platform, and who made him his secretary, there and then. With the first quarter's salary his wife was to have—it was a bargain between them—a new satin dress, and a suitable shawl and bonnet. The behavior of Julia Copperbolt no longer preyed upon her mind, and she looked forward to Mrs. Peasnip's party with a stout heart.

But what hope is there of human nature? The member of Parliament had sundry conferences with an influential statesman, and voted against the Reform Bill at the next division. He wrote a very polite note to Harding, declining his future services, and enclosing a check for five pounds.

"We have made a mistake," ran the note. "We cannot get reform in the present state of the nation, without revolution and subsequent anarchy, and to this I cannot consent, or be a party. Perhaps in thirty or forty years the country will be prepared for the change. In the meantime, my dear young friend, I should recommend you to moderate your political opinions. Take the good with the bad, and ours is a glorious constitution."

Harding sat dismayed. His wife read the note many times.

"Well, William," she said, at last, "You must follow Mr. Weathervane's advice; you must moderate your opinions. You ain't rich enough to have opinions. Oh, you're going to be cross, I can see. Poor me must never speak a word. But I will think as I like, and that's all about it."

He pooh-poohed her gently, and with a faint attempt at pleasantry, reminded her of a favorite apophthegm of her own about the good fish that the sea always contained.

"But they won't come to your net, William," she replied, "while you go on as you do. What are Gatton and old Sarum to you?"

The fish in the sea seemed indeed to shun William Harding, for not an advertisement did he answer that produced him anything—not a situation that he sought for, did he get. The winter was coming on, too, and the strange fowl that

were shot off the Battersea fields, told, according to the prophets, that it would be a severe one. They were now in one little room, and poor Emma was reduced to the greatest strait in house-keeping. Moreover, she expected a small stranger, and what provision could she make?

"I haven't even stuff for one little cap," she said, pettishly, "and where are the socks and frocks to come from?"

"They are sold ready-made, ain't they?" said William.

"Oh, what a foolish thing you are, William!" his young wife replied. "As if money wasn't wanted to buy them with."

"I forgot that necessary part of the business," observed Harding; "but perhaps, before many days——"

"You may catch a fish," said Emma, finishing the sentence for him.

CHAPTER II.

HARDING'S father was yet living, but his wife's relations were all dead except one brother, who was in Australia, trying his fortunes there. Harding's father was a money-lender by profession, and dwelt in Finsbury. They parted to each other's satisfaction, about two months before Harding married the lonely little girl, who was yet in mourning for her mother. He loved her, certainly, but her loneliness won him more than her beauty. If he had been prudent, the world said, he would have remained single, for how could a young man, whose father would not advance him one penny, keep a wife, when it was only with difficulty, and by many privations, that he supported himself?

Harding's difference with his father had respect to the profession of the latter. The youth's notions were strange and unsuited to the world. Have there not always been usurers? But Harding one day read some letters of his fathers, which he should not, for his soul's peace, have read. You may efface the stain of blood, but widows' and orphans' tears are indelible. When he had read these letters, he asked his father how many creditors he had in prison.

"Three," replied the old man, without a twinge.

"And how many post-obits do you hold?" proceeded the youth.

"Not many now, Bill," was the answer. "Only two."

"What is your interest?" demanded the son, growing bolder.

"It depends upon the value of the security," said the father. "As low as twenty per cent.; as high as one hundred and fifty. In Snook's case I had two hundred."

"Snooks is ruined ain't he?' queried Harding.

"He is, the spend-thrift," answered the usurer.

"And how many more have you ruined, father?"

"*I* ruined? They ruined themselves, Bill. They only came to me when the game went against them."

Harding retired from that conversation sick at heart. He began to despise his father. He could not sit at meat in the house without choking. Was he squeamish in his virtue? Let the world judge; for he would now have been in no strait if he had not come to an open rupture with the old man.

The winter had set in with more than its accustomed severity. Harding and his wife had managed to exist with parting with all they possessed to the pawn-brokers. They had nothing left to part with, and the little stranger was daily expected, with no provision made for the reception.

How very hard and cold and selfish is the world, especially the world of London, to the poor! Everything, from the splendor of fine houses to the gaudiness of shop-windows in the better streets, seems to twit them with their poverty, as though it were a heinous crime, and they stood without the pale of humanity. I will ever say that our social evils are greater than our political ones. We bow before the well-cut coat and the flounced silk dress, but the warm manhood, fresh from the Great Maker's fashioning, we look down on *that*, we despise *that*, unless the tailor or milliner has covered it with flimsy trappings and dexterously tricked it out. Fearfully and wonderfully is this man made. He has quick sensibilities and tender affections. His head aches as yours does, and his heart too. He loves his wife and children. His rough, course, honest, horny palm, has offered laborious worship in the early morning, when you, with head burried in pillow, were the hero of absurd adventures in a stupid dream. He is your brother—your better, though your rent-roll dates back for centuries—your better, too, O Radical Reformer, who with coat of super-fine Saxony, babblest at London Tavern and elsewhere about Universal Suffrage, alteration of the currency, and shun nest, with eye askance, thy fellow-reformer, clad in fustian. Alter the currency? Yes, but alter thy heart first; and know this, that of a truth, never was a proud man, or a man who scorned his fellow, the model of a good republic.

We are all guilty, for which of us will take the artisan, in mechanic's dress, by the arm? And will the artisan on good wages hail the mere doer of errands? Let us not fume about aristocracy. There is no aristocracy so repulsive in its tone as that which exists among the working-class.

Harding, now that he was poor and ill-clad—for his better garments were in the pawnbroker's keeping, was browbeaten in turn by the butcher, the baker, the greengrocer, and by the man who sold coals and wood. The pot-boy at the neighboring tavern treated him with insolence. Fine dames, the wives of tradesmen, scowled at him. The shoemaker who mended his boot, tossed his shilling into the till, as if it were bad money, and stared at him as if he were a suspicious character. The policeman turned on his heel as he passed, to scrutinise him; and if he loitered at a shop-window, bade him move on. The crossing-sweeper bespattered him with mud, and did not ask his pardon. The very dogs, so Harding thought, copied the churlishness of their masters, and met him with teeth displayed. It was no fancy—the dog reflects, as a mirror, the character of his owner, and will chase a beggar till his legs are weary.

"To-day there will be three of us," said the young wife, one morning "I feel too ill to get up. William, dear, light the fire, will you, and spread the breakfast things?"

Harding obeyed, almost sullenly.

"There is no butter," he said, presently.

"No, love; only dry bread. I am not hungry."

"*I* am!" cried the young man, with a frown. "You think of nobody but yourself, Emma."

"Yes, I do," she replied, meekly; "but I can't make butter."

"Haven't you anything," he said, "that will get it?"

"There isn't one halfpenny in the room, William," was the response.

"I know that," he said; "but something convertible?—something to pawn? You know what I mean."

"There are my boots," she answered, "I shan't want them for a month. You can get a shilling on them."

He caught them from the floor and went out. Was the butter wholesome that morning, purchased with the young wife's boots?

Such scenes as these are frequent!—seek them in the next street. But, great God! how they demoralise! Preach away, priest, with "forty parson power"—preach away, and duly take thy tithe! Art thou harassed in the attainment of the difficult bread? O bread-finding is stern work to the most of us, believe me. Dost hunger and thirst? Art cold o' nights?—o' days, too? Eats into thy heart the acid poverty, souring the milk of human kindness? Turn the brightness of thy countenance from the well-cushioned pews to the hard seats of wood, where the poor sit!

CHAPTER III.

THE breakfast finished, and the young wife's boots, in part, consumed as butter, William Harding lighted his pipe, and seated himself before the fire, placing a foot upon each hob of the stove.

"Am I to remain here and die, William?" said Emma, presently. "I have already told you that there will be three of us before the morning."

"Would you have me beg or steal, which?" he returned, hastily. "Will any doctor come into such a hole as this, or a nurse either, without first having their money paid down to them?"

"Then I am to die," said the poor girl, beginning to weep. "O William, I would have made the man ashamed of himself who would have said such a thing of you."

"Don't grumble, don't Emma," he replied. "What am I to do? I declare that I could hang myself as readily as I could look at a rope."

"I will pray to God for both of us, then," she said. "But, oh! William, if you should ever marry again—"

"That's it—that's her way," cried Harding. "I had need be patient. Fine consolation she gives me! Such a helpmate as I have got."

Strange contradiction! He had left his father because he had made widows destitute, and had eaten orphans' bread; and now he could treat a young wife, a young mother almost, in a manner so brutally selfish.

He started up presently, and vowing that he would get money somehow and somewhere, left the room without further explanation of his intentions.

Through the streets, threading the crowd, tearing along as if for a wager. It came on to snow. Children gazing through windows in snug apartments clapped their little hands at the pretty white feathers that the heavens were shedding on the earth. People well wrapped in coats and shawls only hurried home the faster, anticipating warm fire and tea and toast at nightfall. But the poor gnashed their teeth, and the rheumatism gnawed their limbs.

So thick and fast, that the light of day being intercepted by the falling flakes, tradesmen lighted the gas in their shops, and muttered that profits had need be great. So thick and fast, that drivers of vehicles moderated their speed lest they should run down adventurous individuals, who were bent upon crossing the street at all hazards. So thick and fast that churches and large edifices loomed through the mist in half-cahotic shape, or seemed about to fade away altogether in a dissolving view.

Whither bent? He knew not. Only to get money somehow and somewhere. A strange notion that he might find a purse upon the pavement took possession of him, and he walked and walked till every thread in his garments was soaked by the wet, cold, penetrating snow.

(To be Continued.)

Eve Guion's Love.

"JOHN Wallace!" called the mine superintendent through the speaking pipe, "some visitors are coming down in the cage. You will be kind enough to show them through the tunnels."

"Visitors!" I repeated to myself. "I must be flackey, too, as well as drudge! Well, so be it. It is only another stick to the load I am carrying. If it breaks my back so much the better. I shall be done with it."

When, at my Father's death, finding his estate heavily incumbered, I had deemed it my duty to place it at the disposal of his creditors, I found myself socially speaking in ice water. Those who had known me in my happier days knew me no longer, and houses where I had once been a welcome guest where now as impenetrable as their owners' ignorance of my existence. I could have borne all this well enough had only one home remained open to me—the home of Eve Guion.

She was a beautiful girl, young and, as I had believed, sympathetic. I had believed, too, that I had seen glimpses of something in her face that proved my hopes not to be so wild as they seemed.

But that, too, was over. A polite note from her father informed me his daughter could henceforth dispense with my attentions, and as I received no intimation of the contrary from Eve herself I concluded she, too, had declared my ostracism. After this, I lost hope and made no attempt to better my worldly condition.

I left the village and after two years of wandering, often in destitution, I stranded myself on the Maberly coal mine as gang master in the pits.

Our mine had a doubtful reputation, having been the scene of several distressing accidents. Consequently, we were rarely troubled by visitors from the upper earth.

This was a godsend to me. I could manage to endure the life I was living only on condition of not being too frequently reminded of the life from which I had been exiled. The idea of encountering persons whom I had known in better times was a constant terror to me.

It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the visitors who had been signalled from above.

As the cage stopped upon the level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downright misery. I saw before me the two persons whom of all humanity I had least wished to meet—Eve Guion and her father!

Had they heard of my whereabouts and come to witness my degradation? No. Who could identify the name of gang-master John Wallace with Wallace Grover? Besides, I remembered that Mr. Guion was a shareholder in the Maberly Mine. It was merely a simple sight-seeing tour after all. Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard had changed my appearance so that I was sure neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize me.

I stepped confidently forward, therefore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but, I thought, only with an expression of curiosity as to the looks of a man whose life was spent underground.

My head swam and my heart beat quick and loud, as I stood before her—more beautiful, because more serious and womanly, than when we had been intimate, two years before.

I noticed that her face was a little paler, and that there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me. The season I had spent in wretchedness, then, had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Not, of course, on my account; such an idea never entered my head.

"Have you been here many years?" she asked, as we prepared to descend into the galleries.

"Years enough, madam, to know the mine thoroughly," I answered evasively.

"My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps," said Eve coming to my side and quietly placing her hand on my arm. "I must trust to your gallantry Mr. Wallace."

I made no reply, but wondered if, woman as she was, she had no far-away hint of the cause of that sledge-hammer beating of my heart under her round arm.

We remained in the galleries two hours—more than twice as long as was necessary, to their thorough inspection. The old man was growing impatient, but the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to have an unaccountable fascination for Eve Guion.

She loitered on one pretext or another until I began to fear that I must have betrayed my identity to her quick eye.

Her face had grown strangely sad and anxious. I saw, too, that when she thought herself unobserved she watched my face intently. Had she detected me and was she seeking an opportunity of making her discovery known without betraying me to her father?

I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well that I should lose my self-control and all of my love, bitterness and despair would burst out in a torrent. I therefore was careful to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had guessed aright. She was endeavoring to separate me from her father that she might speak to me.

But I foiled her quickly but skillfully and, after the galleries had been explored twice over and there was no longer the shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.

As we entered the upper level we passed the dark opening of a disused chamber, which I had deemed unsafe to be visited.

Eve's eye caught sight of it.

"Here's a chamber we have not seen," she said.

"No, madam," I interposed, "it is no longer worked. The water has broken into it twice and it is considered dangerous."

"I mean to see it at all events," she replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me, I am sure."

She cast a strange, significant look at me, which said almost as plainly as words:

"I know you, Wallace Grover, and I mean to speak to you in spite of your caution."

Then she entered the chamber.

But she had miscalculated my tact. I turned to her father and requested him to enter with me in order to dissuade her from her rash adventure, and we followed her together. She gave me a reproachful look as we entered, and I heard her sigh.

The moment I put my foot into the chamber, my senses, trained by long experience to note the varying phenomena of the under-world, detected a hint of coming danger.

There was a faint rumbling in the earth. The air was close, and had a taint of electricity in it, similar to that which precedes a thunderstorm. There was surely peril in the mine, but how and whence it would come I could not guess.

As I turned to urge my visitor to a hasty retreat I caught sight of some small fragments of wet earth dropping from the wall near at hand, followed by a jet of water. Then I knew what was coming.

"Out! out for your lives!" I cried, springing toward the wall. "The water is bursting into the mine. Ring for the cage and give the alarm!"

The old man needed no second warning. With a cry of terror he sprang out of the chamber, and the next moment I heard him give the alarm. Then followed the shouts and trampling of the escaping men. I knew if I could hold the water in check for ten minutes I could save the lives of every one of them. As for my own—well, one life, and that a useless one, seemed a good exchange for a hundred fathers of families.

When I first saw it, the jet was no larger than a man's finger; but in a moment it had enlarged to the size of my arm, and a heavy stream of water began to pour into the chamber. There was no apparatus at hand, neither clay nor sand-bags to check it, as I well knew.

A happy inspiration came to me. With a Titanic effort I managed to thrust my arm into the fissure, and for the time being I succeeded in checking the leak.

Then, with my arm in the wall, I turned half around toward the opening in the chamber, and there, to my horror, still stood Eve Guion. I saw that her face was very pale, but firm and self-possessed.

"What are you doing here?" I cried. "This place will be full of water in five minutes."

"And what are you doing here?" she asked, quietly.

"My duty," I replied. "I am trying to hold this stream in check until the men escape."

"Then you will be drowned!" she exclaimed.

"What of that? Better one than a hundred. But go," I entreated. "I tell you you have only a bare chance to get out as it is. The water is pressing harder every moment. It will soon be too much for my strength."

"Then I will stay and help you, Wallace," she said, in a strangely gentle voice.

"Ah, you know me!" I cried.

"I have known you from the moment I entered the mine. I came here to see you."

"To taunt me with my poverty!" I cried. "When your father turned me away from your doors, when I became outcast and wretched, I thought I had the right to hide my misfortunes from your eyes."

"It is because my father used you so cruelly that I am here," she said. "I was not to blame, Wallace. I knew nothing of it until you were gone. Since then I have tried to learn of your whereabouts in order to let you understand my feelings. It was only yesterday that I heard of John Wallace in the Maberly Mine, and on the bare chance of identifying him with Wallace Grover I influenced my father to bring me here."

"Well," said I sorrowfully, "it is too late to think of the past now. Go, Eve. Go and keep poor John Wallace's secret. It will soon be over with him."

"You persist in remaining here?" she asked.

"I must!" I said. "I should be a coward and a wretch to desert my post now."

"Then," she replied, very quietly, "I will stay with you."

"Why?" I asked, amazedly; "are you jesting with me."

"Can I jest with death, Wallace, or—love?"

Then, before I could comprehend her words, she came to my side as I stood with my wrist in the wall, and, putting her arm around my neck, drew my cheek down upon hers.

"It is hard to die so young, Wallace," she said, sweetly, "but it would be harder to live without you. In the hour of death, my dear, we can dispense with false delicacy. I know that you have loved me many years and I have returned your love. If we have met again only to die, death at least cannot separate us."

With death staring me in the face—not five minutes off—I had never known a happier moment in my life.

As I stood there, with my arm in the fissure, with the blood surging in my head, and all my muscles straining with the effort to keep my position, I knew nothing more than that I felt the heart of the woman I loved beating against my own, her warm young cheek touching my cold one in the embrace of love and death.

Then consciousness of her position rushed upon me again.

"No, no!" I cried. "You must not die. Go live, my darling—live until it comes your time to meet me in the other world, where I shall be before you. Go, and believe no man ever met death so gloriously as I shall."

"We go out together, or we die together," she said firmly. "Speak of it no more."

Then a solemn silence fell upon us. The men must have nearly all escaped as I could tell by their distant shouts.

The earth was breaking away around my arm, and the water was already nearly two feet deep upon the floor of the chamber. I could hear the subterranean stream roaring more threateningly in the bowels of the mine. Another pound of pressure and I should be flung down and the chamber would fill.

Then came great desire for life. How could I bear to have my new found joy so suddenly smothered in the ground? Was there not yet one hope?

The sounds of the escaping men had ceased. If we could get the cage down once more in time we might perhaps escape after all. I explained my hope to Eve.

"Run," said I, "ring for the cage. I will hold on here a moment more. If we can reach it we are safe."

Eve looked at me sharply an instant—she feared I meant to deceive her into escaping while I remained behind, but she divined my intention.

With a quick movement she seized the light, lifted her skirts and ran through the water out of the chamber. The next thirty seconds seemed like hours.

I desperately held my own against the water, while every vein seemed bursting with the strain. I heard the bell ring for the cage, heard it slowly descend, then the water overcame me.

I was flung down as by a giant's hand. There was a roar and rush as of a Niagara, and, with a whirl of lights and faces, a chaos of confusion and terror, I knew no more.

When I slowly struggled back to life, after many days, I was far from Maberly Mine. I was no longer John Wallace, gang-master, but Wallace Grover, gentleman. I was in my father's house.

My old servants were around me, and, like a fairy who had worked a wonderful transformation, sweet Eve Guion was the dominant angel of the scene.

My affairs had been settled with my creditors very much more to my benefit than I had imagined could be possible. My ancestral home and a modest competence were still left to me.

This, too, was the work of Eve Guion, whose love and faith in me had never faltered in all my wretchedness and exile, and whose strong will had drawn comfort and happiness for me out of the depths of sorrow.

If Mr. Guion objected to the turn affairs were taking he had the sense to offer no fruitless opposition to his daughter's inclination; and I will do him the justice to say that he performed his part at our wedding with a very good grace.

—*Charles L. Hildreth.*

[*Written for the Family Circle.*]

Lines, Paraphrased from "Sunrays."

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

A shadow is ever cast by the earth
Into the realms of space
And yet by mortals 'tis never seen
Till it veils the Moon's fair face;

And so though Death each moment throws
A shadow on *some* hearthstone
It is never felt in its truth by us
Till it drives the light from our own.

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

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

An unpalatable dish—Cold shoulder.

A dangerous character—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

"No, Sir," said the practical man, "I don't go hunting. I find enough to lie about as it is."

He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said, "'Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

The man who is always boasting of speaking his mind usually has the least mind to speak.

A little child of seven thinks when the Bible speaks of 'children's children' it must mean dolls.

A recent poet says: "Mamma will not leave her home." The man who marries her daughter is to be congratulated.

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stibbéns, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men.

A New Jersey widow is said to have changed her religion because she wished to avoid meeting her husband in the next world.

The question that agitates the young female mind, is "Can the electric light be turned down to the faintest kind of a glimmer?"

When a lady who has been taking music lessons for the past eight years hangs back and blushes and says she really can't play, don't insist on it. The chances are that she can't.

Judge Tourgee is delivering a lecture on a "Family of Fools." We haven't heard it, but presume he refers to the girl who kindled a fire with kerosene, the boy who "didn't know it was loaded," and the man who asks, "Is it cold enough for you?"

A darkey who had been owing one of our mercantile firms for a long time stepped into the store and said, "Bos, I hear you is gwine to give folks what owes you a 'lowance." "Yes, yes: how much do you want to pay?" "Don't want to pay nuffin, boss—come ter get de lowance—my wife wants a shawl."

"When?" asked a superintendent, fixing his eye on the teacher of the young ladies' Bible class, "when does man most fully and conscientiously recognize and realize his own utter nothingness?" And the young man, who had led himself to the altar only a few short weeks ago, blushed painfully and said, with falterig voice, "when he's being married.'

"How can I leave you darling?" murmured a lover in tones of distressing tenderness, as he observed both hands of the clock approach a perpendicular on the dial. "Well, John," responded the girl with wicked innocence, "you can take your choice. If you go through the hall you will be liable to wake up father, and if you leave by way of the back shed you'll be likely to wake up the dog."

Lime Kiln philosophy *apropos* of the death of Elder Spooney: "He was honest, an' darfore poo'. He was conscienshus, an' darfore ragged. He was full of mercy an' pity an' sympathy, an' darfore had de reputashun of bein' weak in de second story. I doan' advise any man to be wicked, but I desire to carelessly remark dat de real good man dat am obleeged to turn his paper collars am shunned by society and laffed at by all de world."

They had different ideas as to what would "break the Sabbath." Their gardens joined. The worldly man, to check the fast-growing weeds, used the hoe on quiet Sunday afternoons. The strict, straightlaced deacon, before meeting, would take the watering-pot and give the plants a refreshing sprinkle. Not believing for a moment that he could sin, the good man lost patience with the worldly tiller of the soil, and asked him if he did not feel ashamed of working on the Lord's Day. The reply was meek, and yet it was savage: "The Lord sprinkles your garden, deacon, but never hoes mine."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men 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.*"

Anthony Trollope left personal property to the amount of £25,000. His novels produce a steady income of no inconsiderable size.

Mr. Nathan Shepard has arranged a selection of "Character Readings from George Eliot," just issued in the Franklin Square Library. A similar collection from Dickens was edited by Mr Shepard some time ago.

London Truth notes a record in the Publishers' Circular that the number of religious works brought out last year was 789, while that of novels was only 420, and is led to believe therefrom that after this we shall, perhaps, hear less about "the pernicious tendencies of modern literature."

Mr. Whittier, the poet, has recently written a note to a fellow-trustee of Brown University expressing a hope that the doors of the "noble old institution" will soon be opened to women, "a measure," he says, "which I feel certain would redound to the honor and materially promote the prosperity of the college."

Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" and Voltair's "Philosophical Works" were lately seized by Canadian customs officers on the ground of immorality. The collector refuses to return them to the publishers; and when asked what he meant to do with the books, replied, "*I suppose I ought to* make a bonfire of them."

"Authors and Publishers: A Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature," soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, will have much of interest to book-makers and writers generally. Information on copyright, preparing MS. for press, proof-reading, revising copy, publishers' methods, etc., etc., will be included.

In England the title of "Mrs." was formerly prefixed to the names of elderly unmarried ladies. Thus, in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Pirate," Dame Barbar Yellowley, although described as a "spinster," is called "Mistress" and "Mrs." The same designation is given in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews to Mrs. Slipslop, "who was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age."

Hamilton, the new Governor of Illinois, it seems, owes much to the great ambition of his wife, who is both an intelligent and lovely lady. She was *engaged to be married to* the youthful governor while both were attending the same school in Ohio. She then predicted a brilliant future for her betrothed, and had the greatest confidence that he would make his mark in the world. She persuaded him to read law, and it is said that in all his political battles Hamilton has been guided by the wisdom and good sense of his wife, who, like Mrs. General Logan, never takes a back seat when her husband's political advancement is involved.

The poet, Longfellow was such a thoroughbred gentleman, that the most timid were at ease in his society, and the presumptious were held in check. All the vulgar and pretentious people in the world," exclaimed a young man, fascinated by the elegant simplicity of the poet's manners, "ought to be sent to see Mr. Longfellow, to learn how to behave!" Probably no American unless it was the President of the United States, received so many visitors as the poet. They came from all parts of the world, were received—even the humblest—with a gracious kindness, which said, "The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see."

The late James T. Fields used to relate the following incident which happened in one of his visits at the home of the poet Tennyson. They were wandering on the moors about midnight, with no moon to light them, when suddenly the poet dropped on his knees, with his face to the ground. "What is it?" said Mr. Fields, alarmed lest a sudden faintness or sickness had come on. "Violets!" growled Tennyson. "Violets, man. Down on your knees and take a good snuff; you'll sleep all the better for it." Mr. Fields dropped on his knees, not to snuff the violets, but to have a good laugh at the oddity of the poet's action and words. But Tennyson was eager to make the most of the violets, which his keen sent detected as quickly by night as his vision by day.

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."

Fixed resolves, need short professions.

He who speaks, sows; he who listens, reaps.

Had there never been a cloud, there never had been a rainbow.

One thing attained with difficulty is better than a hundred with ease.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

Unkind language, on the principle of like begets like, brings the same return.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to forsee and prevent it.

The generality of men have, like plants, latent qualities, which chance brings to light.

Select that course of life which is the best, and custom will render it the most pleasant.

Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but omniscience can fathom.

A noble life should be the aim and pursuit of every one, whether identified with the church or standing alone.

The great weakness of most people lies in the fact that their neighbors know them better than they know themselves.

He who makes a great fuss about doing good will do very little; he who wishes to be noticed when doing good, will not do it long.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.—*Longfellow.*

If you have any faith, give me for heaven's sake a share of it. Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have plenty of my own—*Goethe.*

Ambition mistakes concerning wealth; she begins by accumulating power as a means of happiness, and she finishes by continuing to accomplish it as an end.

I think all lines of the human face have something either touching or grand unless they seem to come from low passions. How fine old men are!—*George Eliot.*

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty that some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write.

To be beautiful we must feed the spark of intellectual fire, by reading and meditation, until it burns in a steady flame, irradiating the face by its brilliancy, suffusing the countenance with light.

The best receipt for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in this world.

One perfect diamond is more valuable than many defective ones. One truth well fixed in the mind and comprehended is better than many half understood. A small opportunity fully realized is better than a great one misimproved. The wealth of affectionate sympathy and aid is better than gold, and fills the soul with most perfect peace.

Parting with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory;
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those within.

—*Longfellow in Michael Angelo.*

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

A hollow tree in Southern California has been made into a dwelling. Doors and windows have been put in, and floors built for eight stories, the entrance being by means of a ladder. Outside the topmost room is a small balcony, shaded by the foliage of the tree.

At a recent microscopic exhibition the sting of a honey-bee shown upon a screen was so sharp that the point could barely be detected. At the side of it was a common fine sewing needle, magnified in the same portion as the sting. The point of the needle seemed to be five inches across.

A piece of rose point lace at the London Aquarium, six and three-quarters yards long, is valued at five thousand dollars. There are ninety-six sprays to each inch of fabric, and each spray cost two days' labor, showing that it required seven years' work of a skilled workman to complete this trifle.

A Mulatto recently died in Cincinnati whose brain was found to weigh sixty-one ounces. The only recorded brain weights exceeding this were the brain of the famous naturalist, Cuvier, and that of a London brick-layer. The deceased had been a slave, and was in no way distinguished intellectually.

A German has patented an invention which stamps him as a Yankee by nature if not by birth. It consists of a little book whose leaves are made of perfumed toilet-soap, and is meant especially for travellers. When he wants to wash his hands he simply tears out a leaf (one is sufficient for the purpose); and the book can be put back dry into the pocket.

W. H. Vanderbilt has a wall covered with a myriad of butterflies of the most gorgeous colors, and gemmed all over with imitation diamonds. There are sixteen pannels of rose-colored velvet, each bearing one hundred and sixty-eight butterflies. The wings and eyes are thickly studded with artificial stones, and by gaslight the effect is dazzling. It seems to be a wall of diamonds.

The collector at Sitka has some beautiful boxes made of yellow cedar. This is a clear, grainless wood of a straw color, which has an odor somewhat like that of sandal wood, and nearly as pungent. The Russians in former times built many ships of this cedar, which is said to make the finest of timber for that purpose. Very little is known of the interior of Alaska, but on the coast this yellow cedar is the only tree which possesses much value for lumber. It grows somewhat scatteringly, and is pretty well cleared out about Sitka, where it readily brings ten cents per foot sawed.

After a long series of experiments, Mr. Maybridge, of California, has invented a method by which human beings, birds, and animals can be photographed with accuracy while in motion. He has been honored by a magnificent entertainment at the private residence of M Meissonier in Paris. Here he exhibited specimens of his work in the presence of the most eminent representatives of art, science, and literature. He is said to have been the only dissatisfied person in the assembly; his ideal being so far in advance of his present achievements that they seem to him merely suggestive of future possibilities.

Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridors at different places, and can be thrown into vibration or made to tremble as the head of a drum or the surface of a tamborine does when struck with a stick or the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains, a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all, rows of fine thread, called nerves, stretch like the strings of a piano to the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach, and pass in to the brain. If these nerves are destroyed, the power of hearing certainly departs, as the power to give out sounds is lost by the piano or violin when its strings are broken.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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We greet our readers at the opening of the second year of publication under the present management, with the gratifying assertion that the expectations with which we started out have been more than realized. The many kind words from subscribers, noticing our improvements, is encouraging, and their exertions on our behalf are widely extending our circulation, and support us in the expectation of still greater success during the present year.

☞ For the benefit of our numerous new subscribers we wish again to state that any person desiring to help us by securing new names will be allowed to retain a large cash commission on each subscription sent. Full particulars and a sample copy of the paper will be promptly sent to everyone applying by letter or post-card, stating that they desire to canvass for subscribers.

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☞ Address all business communications: LAWSON & JONES, Publishers, London East, Ont.

CIRCLE CHAT.

A MORE SPECIAL INCENTIVE TO LABOR than the ordinary routine of life produces has often power to call forth an amount of energy and ability of which we would, under common circumstances, deem ourselves incapable. A sense of the world's responsibilities from boyhood has, with few exceptions, prompted the greatest successes that the annals of the world can show.

MEDITATION ON WHAT WE READ is of more importance than reading itself. Reading without earnest reflection upon it is productive of no more discipline or developement to the mind than the preparation and recital of school-lessons with the sole object of passing an examination.

THAT THE EFFECT OF NOVEL-READING is injurious is a conviction of many worthy men and women who have never delved deeply enough into literature to distinguish between stories of different degrees of merit and different tendencies of influence. The romantic fiction that unsettles the boy's mind and makes him long for wild adventure, the sensational society story that causes the betrothed to desert the object of his affections to make his life less monotonous, and the exaggerated portraiture of existence that leads the more matured into realms of fancy while they should be engaged with the practical affairs of life—these are certainly injurious. But we have an elevating class of books that are designated by the same name to which has been attached such obloquy. The advancement of education should cause a more universal distinction between such books if our advancement cultivates tastes for reading, and if it does not it fails to produce that which should be its highest aim.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

Questions for answers should be addressed, Correspondents' Department, "Family Circle," London East, Ont.

J. P. A.—No; we have no numbers left previous to those of July 1881.

CONSTANT READER.—You will find the recipe you ask for under the head "miscellaneous recipes" on another page.

B. P.—A gentleman precedes a lady only when passing through a crowd. Under any other circumstances the gentleman follows.

D. B.—You have no right to disobey your parents in the matter. You will learn, as you grow older, that they are working for your own good.

MARY B.—The signification of an amethyst is sincerity; that of a pearl, purity; that of a diamond, innocence, and that of a sardonyx, conjugal fidelity.

M. M.—Your vicinity has never been canvassed by a regular agent. You will have a good chance to work up a big list of subscribers. See circular sent you, for terms.

WM. H.—Lose no time in apologizing. When a person is in the wrong, in such a case, it matters not who the party is he has offended, if he is a gentleman he will apologize.

L. G.—A lady having been introduced to a gentleman, at an evening party or elsewhere, is not demanded by etiquette to recognize him upon their meeting again, though she may do so if she choose.

AMY B.—Do everything in your power to obtain your parents' consent. If you find this absolutely impossible, and you are perfectly satisfied as to your affections, you would be justified in disobeying them.

H. L.—1. The expression "presents compliments" in invitations has gone out of use. 2. The expression "kind" or "very kind" is now considered better than "polite" in notes of acceptance or regrets.

J. K.—Subscribers wishing to have a volume of the FAMILY CIRCLE bound, and having lost any numbers, by sending us five cents for each number missing, will have them sent promptly. We can supply all or any numbers as far back as July 1881.

TEMPO.—By all means make up your mind to either one course or the other. Both have arguments, apparently, for and against. As it is a family affair, and one course would seem to be just to some parties, and the other to others, we prefer not to advise.

MAGGIE B.—It is considered by the best society very vulgar to use slang, and when a lady stoops to use it she is apt to lose the respect of those hearing her. It is the common talk of the bar-room, and the very lowest society, and if you do not wish to be considered of those, refrain from soiling your tongue with their customary language.

STUDENT.—In the second paragraph of Dr. J. H Gardiner's sketch of Bret Harte published in our February number the word "spreading" should have read "splendor." In the sixth paragraph another slight typographical error occurred "or" for "of." 2. Bret Harte is now the U. S. Consul at Glasgow.

ROSE.—Your lover's conduct justifies you in nothing rash. If circumstances permit, you would do well to go a distance on a visit; if not, try to occupy yourself with some pursuit that will require all your attention. Form the acquaintance of as many of the opposite sex as you can, and crush out the thought of your misdirected affection by allowing, at least, deep friendship to spring up toward some other gentleman acquaintance.

CHARLES C.—In the words "strain *at* a gnat and swallow a camel," in Matthew xxiii. 24, there was no doubt a misprint, passed over in the edition of 1611, which had held its place up to the time of the latest revision. It is now correctly rendered "strain *out* a gnat." It was the custom of the Jews to strain their wine through linen, lest, unawares, they should drink down some small insect. Archbishop Trench first called attention to the error.

Answers crowded out this month will appear in our next number.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Flesh Meat as Food.

The majority of people who give advice, gratuitously or otherwise, to persons suffering from mal-nutrition, or "general debility," prescribe first and foremost a generous meat diet,—"good, tender beef and mutton." Occasionally, when a physician of eminence is consulted, he will say nothing about meat, but will prescribe all the milk one can swallow—say four quarts a day—with picked salt codfish, freshened in cold water and cooked in the usual way, with milk thickened with flour or corn-starch; this three or four times a week to neutralize the constipating effect of milk. And for any one who can assimilate milk, this diet will make a "new man of you" with far greater rapidity and satisfaction than any quantity of the best meat to be had.

Of course there are many intelligent persons who understand that meat is not necessary for either health or strength, while there are others who do not eat beef or pork for fear of eating diseased meat; as in various districts where pleuro-pneumonia prevails among cattle, when cows first show signs of illness they are hurried off to the butchers who ship meat to Philadelphia and New York and other like points.

To illustrate the superiority of beef-eating races, the English are most frequently alluded to as men of fine physique, which is true; but the English peasantry as a class are of more robust and stalwart physique than the nobility, and they do not have meat in either quanity or quality to the same extent as the latter; while the Irish peasantry, which produces more giants, probably, than any other race, has very little meat to eat. Porters in the south of Europe, famed for their strength, I have been informed, eat meat but at stated times—on holidays or fete days.

However good or bad meat may be for adults—it being a matter which they can by experiment best decide for themselves—it is unquestionably an unwholesome diet for children and many are the feeble little people one sees whose parents stuff them with rich meats in order to make them strong.

Several years ago, Dr. James R Deaming, the distinguished New York specialist, was called to take charge of the health of an Orphan's Home, where were one hundred and ten children between two and four years of age. The first year there were five deaths; this was considered a "good year," as there had been as many as nine deaths in one year's report. Dr. Leaming then placed the home on a dietary, giving the children under seven no animal food except milk, but allowing them vegetables and fruits suited to their wants, with farinaceous food in variety. The children over seven and under fourteen, were given some form of flesh meat three times weekly, vegetables, fruit, and farinaceous food. There was one exception to the milk diet in hot weather—all the children were allowed picked-up cod twice weekly. The result of this dietary was to reduce the mortality to one in two years, and at one time there was but one death in the home for six years. This simple dietary was put into practice in the home about 1859, and had been adhered to since that time, with admirable results. Dr. Leaming also gives it as his belief that the results of simple diet have been equally as good in private practice. The most healthy, strong, and finely developed child that I know at five years of age, has been reared without meat.

The London *Lancet* says: "Nervous diseases and weaknesses increase in a country as the population comes to live on the flesh of the warm-blooded animals. Meat is highly stimulating, and supplies proportionally more exciting than actually nourishing pabulum to the nervous system. The meat-eater lives at high pressure, and is, or ought to be, a peculiarly active organization, like a predatory animal, always on the alert, walking rapidly, and consuming large quantities of oxygen. In practice we find that the meat-eater does not live up to the level of his food, and as a consequence he cannot or does not take in enough oxygen to satisfy the exigencies of his mode of life. Thereupon follow many, if not most, of the ills to which highly civilized and luxurious meat-eating classes are liable." If one wishes to draw a conclusion, he has but to consider the sedentary habits of American women, their nervous diseases, and their propensity for meat-eating.

In this country, with its abundance of delicious vegetables in great variety, there is little excuse for such excessive meat-eating as prevails, except that it requires much more skill and labor to prepare and cook a variety of vegetables well. I remember hearing a poet who lived much in hotels say that he was obliged to eat meat at nearly every meal because of the wretched way in which the vegetables were prepared. But if people, and especially mothers, realized the advantage to be gained by a simple, natural diet for their growing boys and girls, it would not be difficult to get into the habit of providing plenty of good vegetables. Although to preserve health is never a matter of so much importance as to restore it, still people will do for their children what they neglect to do for themselves; and it has come to be a maxim, I believe, that everybody is interested in knowing what pertains to health, even if not given to practice its precepts.—*Mary Wager-Fisher, in Christian Union.*

Breathe through the Nose.

Dr. Ward, Physician to the Metropolitan Throat Hospital, in an article on singers' throat troubles, in the *Musical Critic*, treats of the various kinds of catarrhal troubles experienced by public singers, and repeats the well known fact that the nose is the only channel through which the air should pass during ordinary breathing, the mouth being intended only as an accessory agent when, on certain occasions—as for instance, running—the lungs demand a rapid supply of air. The air, in passing through the nostrils, is warmed and sifted of its harmful ingredients, and thus prepared for its reception into the delicate structures below. If it passes directly into the mouth without the above preparations, it will frequently cause irritation and inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the mouth and throat, by being, in the first place, too cold, in the second place by containing irritating particles of dust and other matter.

Hunger and Appetite.

Dr. Fournic, the French physiologist, distinguishes between hunger and appetite by describing the former as a general desire for food, no matter of what kind, while appetite is the feeling of pleasure which results from the gratification of that desire. This is proved by the fact that often, when we are not hungry, appetite comes while we are eating or at the mere sight and smell of some favorite dish. The question as to where the seat of feeling of hunger is has been much discussed by physiologists. Leven asserts that it is not known at all, while Longet and Schiff believe that it is diffused through the whole body; but this latter view is disproved by the fact that in some diseases people waste away without ever having the slightest feelings of hunger. Dr. Fournic's theory is this: When meal-time arrives the glands of the stomach become filled and distended, and ready to accomplish that function of digesting the food. But if food is not introduced they remain in this distended condition, and the result is the uneasy feeling we call hunger. Excellent proof of this theory is afforded by the habit of some Indians of eating clay to appease hunger. The introduction of the clay is followed by the discharge of the glands, and the sensation of hunger is arrested.

Rules for Bathing.

1. Never bathe when exhausted or within three hours after eating, unless the bath be confined to a very small portion of the body.

2. Never bathe when cooling off after profuse sweating, as reaction will then often be deficient.

3. Always wet the head before taking any form of bath, to prevent determination of blood to the head.

4 If the bath be a warm one, always conclude it with an application of water which is a few degrees cooler than the bodily temperature.

5. Be careful to thoroughly dry the patient after his bath, rubbing vigorously, to prevent chilling.

6. The most favorable time for taking a bath is between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon.

7. The temperature of the room should be at about 85° or 90° F.

8. Baths should usually be of a temperature which will be the most agreeable to the patient. Cold baths are seldom required. Too much hot bathing is debilitating.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Plaids and checks are popular; stripes are by no means given up; and, on the other hand, the number of plain tissues is remarkable. Figured stuffs are to be seen both in wool and silk, and chines form a considerable part of nouveautes in dress materials.

A very graceful style of toilet is the detached semi-train, slightly puffed at the top, and which can be raised up with the hand without touching the skirt properly so-called. This skirt should be trimmed all round, as it shows when the train is raised.

Out-of-door jackets, in the chasseur style, are more fashionable than ever, and will be worn this spring by all young ladies, whether married or unmarried; only the former wear it for undress toilet and the latter scarcely adopt any other model, unless it is the long redingote. Dress mantles for married ladies are still of the visite shape, and will be worn for the spring and summer of rich brocaded silk, trimmed with black lace, beading, embroidery, and jetted passementerie.

The walking-dress is generally made of some fancy woollen material and in very simple fashion. The visiting costume alone is elegant, being mostly made of silk plain and figured, or of some light woollen fabric and figured silk. A pretty toilet of this style is of dull blue cashmere, divided at regular distances all the way down by deep tabs of silk of the same color brocaded with old-gold dots; three small ruched flounces round the foot. The bodice is of figured silk, very tight-fitting.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Celery Soup.—Cut celery small, and stew until it is very soft. It is then to be rubbed through a sieve or colander, to separate the fibres. This celery pulp is added to a good stock—a plain soup made from meat, with only salt as a seasoning, slightly thickened, and seasoned with pepper, etc. This is the usual celery soup as met with at restaurants. It is better if made with milk. We are not aware of any definite proportion; the celery pulp is thinned with milk; flour stirred up with butter is added to slightly thicken it, and salt and pepper are used as seasoning. A small lump of sugar will greatly improve it. Serve very hot.

Hamburg Steak.—Cut or pound round steak to make it tender, spread it with fried onions, fold, pound again and beat; this is, for those who like onions, a delicious breakfast dish, and is easily prepared In greasing the gridiron for broiling rub with a bit of leaf fat; this is always well to do, it does not mar the flavor, and it does not waste as butter does.

To Broil Beef.—In broiling or frying beef-steak a knife should be used to turn it in preference to a fork.

Milk Bread.—The preparation for milk bread is quite different from that of other bread; it is not kneaded, and is as little in the hands as possible. To make it: Boil and cool one pint of milk, add to this one tablespoonful of butter or drippings, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half a cup of potato yeast, five or six cups of flour; mix with a knife without kneading; rise and shape into loaves, rise again in the pan and bake forty minutes.

Escalloped Apple.—Put alternate layers of soft bread crumbs, sliced apple, sugar, bits of butter and spice in a buttered pudding-dish Have a thick layer of bread crumbs moistened in melted butter on top. Use one-half a cup of sugar, one saltspoonful of cinnamon or nutmeg and a little grated rind or juice of lemon for a three-pint dish. Bake one hour, or until the apples are soft and the crumbs brown. Cover at first to avoid burning.

Sandwiches.—Chop ham, using one-fourth fat to three-fourths lean meat, until very fine. Mix one teaspoonful of dry mustard and one saltspoonful of salt with cold water to a stiff paste, and mix with it one-quarter of a cupful of butter creamed. Cut stale bread in very thin slices, spread with the mustard paste, then with the ham. Put two slices together, and cut in rectangular pieces.

Gold Cake.—Cream together three-quarters of a cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar; beat thoroughly and until smooth and light the yolks of eight eggs and one whole egg; add to the butter and sugar, and beat well together; and one-half a cup of milk, one-half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk, one and one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar sifted with two cups of flour, one saltspoonful of mace or one teaspoonful of lemon.

Silver Cake.—Cream together three-quarters of a cup of butter and two cups of sugar; add one-half a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of almond extract, four and one-half cups of flour, one-half a teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half a teaspoonful cream tartar, and the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

Sponge Cake.—1 cupful sugar, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls melted butter, 5 of milk, 1½ cupful of flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 of lemon extract.

Marble Cake.—White sugar, 1½ cupfuls; butter, ½ cupful; sweet milk, ½ cupful; ½ teaspoonful soda; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; whites of 4 eggs, beaten very light; flour, 2½ cupfuls. Dark part: Brown sugar, 1 cupful; molasses, ½ cupful; butter, ½ cupful; sour milk, ½ cupful; 1 level teaspoonful soda; flour, 2½ cupfuls; yolks of 4 eggs; cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg to suit the taste.

Frosting.—Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, and stir in slowly one cup of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Beat all together five minutes, and spread upon the cake; set aside to harden.

To Cook Rice.—Take two cups of rice and one and one-half pints of milk. Place in a covered dish and steam in a kettle of boiling water until it is cooked through; pour into cups, and let it stand until cold. Serve with cream.

Short Cake.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar, one cup milk and three of flour.

Mississippi Corn Bread.—One pint of boiled rice, mashed fine, one pint of corn meal, one teaspoonful of butter or lard; bake in a pan like a pound cake, in a hot oven.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

To Remove Freckles.—Bruise and squeeze the juice out of common chickweed, and to this juice add three times its quantity of soft water. Bathe the skin with this for five or ten minutes morning and evening, and wash afterwards with clean water.

For Skin Diseases.—Broacic acid has been used with great success as an external application in the treatment of vegetable parasitic diseases of the skin. A solution of a dram of the acid to an ounce of water, or as much of the acid as the water will take up, is found to meet the requirements of the case satisfactorily. The affected parts should be well bathed in the solution twice a day and well rubbed.

To Darken the Hair.—Take two ounces of olive oil, four ounces of good bay rum, and one dram of the oil of almonds; mix and shake well.

Barber's Shampoo.—To one pint of warm water add half an ounce of salts tartar. Cut up very fine a piece of castile soap, the size of two crackers, and mix it, shaking the mixture well, and it is ready for use.

Hair Wash.—Bay rum six ounces, aromatic spirits of ammonia half an ounce, bergamot oil six drops. Mix.

To Remove Stains From Silk.—Boil five ounces of soft water and six ounces of powdered alum for a short time, and pour it into a vessel to cool. Warm it for use, and wash the stained part with it and leave dry.

To Clean Silver.—For cleaning silver, of any description, there is nothing better than a spoonful of common whiting, carefully compounded so as to be without lumps, reduced to a paste with gin.

To Cure Warts.—Take a piece of raw beef steeped in vinegar for twenty-four hours and tie it on the part affected. Apply every night for two weeks.

Remedy for Chapped Hands.—After washing with soap rinse the hands in fresh water and dry them thoroughly, by applying Indian meal or rice flour.

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."

Some Lyric Poets, and Their Critics.

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
("Romeo and Juliet" act iii. Sc. 3.)

THE poet and the critic have been at variance from time immemorial, yet I doubt if any modern poetical work has been subjected to so much mistaken criticism as the imaginative and impassioned style of poetry of which Shelley and Swinburne are perhaps the most notable representatives. It has at all times been a common complaint against such writers that they subordinate the true and natural to the unreal and mystical, and that their poetry is consequently of only secondary value. As a typical instance of this kind of criticism, I will quote the opinion of Sir Henry Taylor, as given in the Preface to "Philip van Artevelde.

Speaking of Shelley and his followers, whom he calls the "fantastic school," he says:—

"Much beauty, exceeding splendor of diction and imagery, cannot but be perceived in his poetry, as well as exquisite charms of versification; and a reader of an apprehensive fancy will doubtless be entranced while he reads; but when he shall have closed the volume, and considered within himself what it has added to his stock of permanent impressions, of recurring thoughts, of pregnant recollections, he will probably find his stores in this kind no more enriched by having read Mr. Shelley's poems than by having gazed on so many gorgeously colored clouds in an evening sky."

Again, in another passage, he finds fault with "the new poets," of whom Byron and Shelley were the chief, on the ground that they did not attempt to "thread the mazes of life in all its classes and under all its circumstances, common as well as romantic;" and he comes to the conclusion that such poetry, "though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order. It may move the feelings and charm the fancy, but failing to satisfy the understanding it will not take permanent possession of the strongholds of fame."

This criticism undoubtedly expresses the views of a large class of critics and readers. And in a certain limited sense it is an undisputed fact that Shelley, like others of the "new poets," did not study life under all its circumstances, as Shakespeare or Goethe studied it. But when Sir Henry Taylor and those who think with him proceed to assert that such poetry is therefore a failure, or at any rate worthy only of partial and limited approval, they are arriving at a most unjust and unwarrantable conclusion. For lyric poetry is valuable not as a philosophic study of every phase and condition of life, but as an expression of certain spiritual emotions which are none the less real because they are not universal. Poetry is a many-sided art; and it is absurd to lay down a strict rule and define that as the only poetry, or as the only noble poetry, which takes a purely dispassionate and philosophical view of life. All this must ever be a matter of individual opinion; and therefore those who attempt to judge lyric poetry by the alien standard of practical utility or philosophic precision must stand condemned of being naturally incapable of comprehending the very essence of the lyrical spirit. Their criticism may be perfectly true in its merely negative assertions, while all the time it entirely fails to understand the object and motive power of the poetry it assails.

In short, there is a natural deficiency in the minds of some critics, however acute they may be in other respects. In applying the ordinary rules of literary criticism to the ethereal subtleties of the lyric poetry, they are engaged in a hopeless task of beating the air. They grasp the impalpable, and complain that it is light and unsubstantial; they stare at the invisible, and pronounce it mystic and obscure; they listen diligently for the inaudible, and are mightily offended because they hear nothing. They accordingly pronounce certain styles of poetry to be unreal, shallow, meaningless; and never for a moment suspect that they themselves are in fault, owing to their own inherent inability to appreciate certain delicate emotions. When a disciple of the common-sense school finds himself, as Sir Henry Taylor says, in no way enriched by reading Shelley's poems, we are inevitably reminded of Peter Bell and his very disparaging opinion as to the utility of wild-flowers:—

A primsose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

But, before we go farther, it may be well here to inquire what is this hidden charm in the spirit of lyrical poetry, so vague and unreal to some, yet so true and ever-present to others. We can scarcely hope to define it successfully, for it is well-nigh indefinable; we can only appeal to the intuitive perception of those who have felt it, and who can bear witness what a reality it has been to them. It is the charm of expressing by language something far more than what is conveyed by the mere meaning or the mere sound; the power of evoking an echo from the spiritual world, such as music can often give us, or the clash of distant bells. It is the miracle of kindling by words that divine sympathy with the inarticulate voice of the elements, which we feel in the presence of the wind, the sea, the mountains. It is that communion with the spirit of nature of which Shelley writes, as none other could have written:

Fair are others; none behold thee;
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendor;
And all feel, yet see thee never,—
As I feel now, lost forever!

Such sympathy is dæmonic, heaven-sent, unattainable by human diligence or philosophic speculation; those who feel it not will forever fail to comprehend it, and those who have once felt it will value it above all mortal possessions. It is of such as these that Swinburne speaks:

For these have the toil and the guerdon
That the wind has eternally; these
Have part in the boon and the burden
Of the sleepless unsatisfied breeze,
That finds not, but seeking rejoices
That possession can work him no wrong:
And the voice at the heart of their voice is
The sense of his song.

For the wind's is their doom and their blessing;
To desire, and have always above
A possession beyond their possessing,
A love beyond reach of their love.
Green earth has her sons and her daughters,
And these have their guerdons; but we
Are the wind's and the sun's and the water's.
Elect of the sea.

While speaking on this subject I could hardly have quoted from a more appropriate source than from the writings of the poet who, next to Shelley, has been endowed with the largest share of lyric inspiration; and who has certainly been not less misconstrued and misunderstood than was his great predecessor. Critics are never weary of harping on the so-called aberrations and extravagances of Mr. Swinburne's genius; and our ordinary reading public, with its usual complacent self-confidence, fondly imagines his poetry to be nothing but a mass of crude and unintelligible jargon. Yet those who have an ear for the subtler under-tones of lyric melody know well that in all Mr. Swinburne's poetry, in spite of obvious mannerism and minor blemishes, there is an intense reality of sublime spiritual feeling, which alone is sufficient to mark him as one of our greatest poets. If we compare his writings with those of his chief contemporaries, we shall find that although he may be inferior to them in many respects, and especially in those points on which our orthodox critics mostly insist, yet he has one poetical quality which is peculiarly and eminently his own. He does not possess Mr. Browning's great drmatic insight and wide scope of intellectual vision, nor Mr. Tennyson's serene philosophical composure

and exquisite felicity of expression; but in place of these he has in an eminent degree a gift which they do not possess—the spirit of deep and passionate sympathy with all that is natural, elemental, primeval, and the power of expressing this spirit in words which themselves seem to be absolutely spontaneous and unpremeditated. What Lord Macaulay said of Shelley is true also of Swinburne:

"The words 'bard' and 'inspiration,' which seem so cold and affected when applied to other modern writers, have a perfect propriety when applied to him. He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art, but an inspiration."

In taking another instance to illustrate the reality of this lyric sentiment, I purposely choose the name of one who has been singled out by critics for a large share of condemnation. A comparison of writings of Edgar Allen Poe with other American poetry will show very clearly, to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, that he alone of his fellow-countrymen has the quality of which I have been speaking. He has none of the strength of Walt Whitman, or the humor of Lowell, or the quite beauty of Longfellow; but he has what they have not; his best poetry, although disguised in a thin garb of artificial metrical arrangement, is full of the truest lyric spirit. His poetry is very variable and even in his best pieces there are very obvious blemishes; but nevertheless I must sincerely pity those shrewd critics who can detect in such poems as "Ulalume," "For Annie" and above all "Annabel Lee," nothing but senseless jingle and alliteration. I would almost venture to propose as a sure touchstone and criterion of a true taste for lyrical poetry that last most weird and wonderful stanza of "Annabel Lee:"

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Many persons will doubtless assert that this lyrical faculty, even if we grant its existence, is by no means so valuable a gift to a writer as that of calm philosophical observation and dispassionate judgment; common-sense, they say, must come first, and inspiration afterwards. I am not now concerned to disprove this assertion; my present object has been merely to show that there exists in lyric poetry something beside and beyond the ordinary poetic qualities, and totally different in kind. It is therefore idle to attempt to bind down this spirit by any critical rules, or to assert that such poetry, because it does not satisfy some arbitrary standard of criticism, is therefore inferior or valueless. Critics always perform a useful task when they point out literary defects, and so purge away the dross, more or less of which is to be found in every poetical work; but they must not forget that a still higher and more important task is to discover the gold: the good and not the bad should be the main object of our search. It is certainly a serious error to overlook the faults of a poem which we admire; but to fail to discern the excellences of a poem we dislike is a far graver and more irreparable blunder. For this reason the sincerest admirers are on the whole the truest critics; they alone can fully appreciate and sympathize with the spirit of the author.

In speaking of this lyrical spirit as vague and impalpable, I have not meant to imply that it is necessarily purposeless and aimless. On the contrary, it has many times been enlisted in a noble cause; seldom in any that is not noble. It is seen in its most glorious aspect when it is united with lofty and unselfish philanthropy, as in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," or with ardent love of liberty, as in Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise." But in many cases it is like the wind, that bloweth where it listeth; and a wise critic will then allow free scope to what he cannot control, and, if he himself cannot appreciate or understand, will at least recognize the fact that others may be able to do so. At present it constantly happens that poems are ridiculed and disparaged for no better reason than that the critic has not the power of comprehending the subject on which he writes. Whenever I hear a critic harping on the "weakness" of Shelley's style, the "poverty of thought" in Swinburne, or the various "fatal shortcomings" of other great poets, I am irresistibly tempted to draw his attention to that suggestive passage in "Pickwick" in which Mr. Winkle criticises so severely the quality of his skates:

"These are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeered there's an orkard gen'l'man in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

—*Temple Bar.*

To a Mountain Heartsease.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like the petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And, leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises,
And passes in a tear.

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil:

One moment only; for the pick, uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept thy bruised leaves.

And yet, O poet! in thy homely fashion
Thy work thou dost fulfil;
For on the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still.

—*Bret Harte.*

A Gracious Act.

The following story is told of Thackeray. "Once," said Mr. Chanfrau, "when travelling in the South, I noticed in our car a tall, stout gentleman in a big coat. He was alone. His manner was so gentle and unassuming that I was both charmed and amazed to learn he was Thackeray. We'd a prompter in our company, Jack Huntley—poor old Jack!—who was an Englishman. When he found out it was Thackeray he shuffled up the aisle until he stood just behind the novelist, who was smoking. Huntley took off his hat and gazed with a world of pride down upon the quiet face, and then, with that charming English pronunciation, blustered out: 'Mr. Thackeray, yer honor, Hi am an Hinglishman.' When the man began to speak Thackeray had half turned his face, but not his gaze, upward toward Huntley, but at the sound of the familar Cockney voice, the note of manly respect and reverence in that 'Yer honor Hi am an Hinglishman,' his whole face was illumined. He grasped Huntley's hand, and there he sat and chatted with our rough old prompter for over half an hour. It was a very gracious act."

Japanese Journalism.

The editor of a Japanese newspaper apparently does not find it an easy matter to fill its columns. A recent number appeared with a large space left entirely blank, save for a number of straight lines that crossed it, and with an apology for this extraordinary appearance that is amusing enough. The editor says that, at the last moment, he found that what he had written for that space was entirely wrong, and hence it had to be taken out. He had no time, he added, to obtain matter enough to fill up the vacant space, and so was obliged to leave it with nothing there.

SELECTED.

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

The Dead Stowaway.

A report of a steamship wreck tells how "washed up on the beach by the waves lay the body of a stowaway, looking horribly brutal in its rags, and sought and cared for by no one." The circumstance called forth the following beautiful and touching lines from the pen of Will Carleton:—

He lay on the beach, just out of the reach
Of the waves that had cast him by:
With fingers grim they reached for him,
As often as they came nigh.
The shore-face brown had a surly frown,
And glanced at the dancing sea,
As if to say, "Take back the clay
You tossed this morning at me."
Great fragments rude, by the shipwreck strewed
Has found by this wreck a place;
He had grasped them tight, and hope-strewn fright
Sat still on the bloated face;
Battered and bruised, forever abused,
He lay by the heartless sea,
As it Heaven's aid had never been made,
For a villain such as he.

The fetter's mark lay heavy and dark
Around the pulseless wrists;
The hardened scar of many a war
Clung yet to the drooping fists.
The soul's disgrace across that face
Had built an iron track;
The half-healed gash of the jailman's lash
Helped cover the brawny back.
The blood that flowed in a crimson road
From a deep wound in his head,
Had felt fierce pangs from the poison fangs
Of those who his young life fed;
Cursed from the very beginning
With deeds that others had done,
"More sinned against than sinning,"
And so is many a one!

He had never learned save what had turned
The steps of his life amiss;
He never knew a hand-grasp true,
Or the thrill of a virtuous kiss
'Twas poured like a flood through his young blood
And poisoned every vein,
That wrong is right, that law is spite,
And theft is honest gain
The seeds were grown that had long been sown
By the heart of a murderous sire;
Disease and shame, and blood aflame
With thirst for the fountains of fire.
Battered and bruised, forever abused,
He lay by the moaning sea,
As if Heaven's aid were even afraid
Of a villain such as he.

As he lay alone, like a sparrow prone,
An angel wandered nigh;
A look she cast over that dark past,
And tears came to her eye.
She bent by the dead and tenderly said:
Poor child you went astray;
Your heart and mind were both born blind—
No wonder they lost their way!
Angels I know had fallen as low
With such a dismal chance.
Your heart was ironed, your soul environed—
You were barred of all advance!
Cursed from the very beginning
With deeds that others have done,
'More sinned against than sinning'—
And so is many a one!"

The Influence of Women.

They are the salt of the earth. They are the fine linen and pure gold of society. They are the most honest, the most just, the truest, and most exalted. They are the quiet noiseless agents that make that public sentiment which is always the best tribunal for the trial of all great social questions. They train the best statesman, teach the greatest soldiers, and inspire the sweetest poets. As the prattling child rules by its weakness, so does woman rule by her serene gentleness. Her deft touch puts the secret springs of the whole world in motion. She speaks behind the throne in a whisper, but her words turn the balance against the howl of the mob and calm the waters of a turbulent sea. She is the guardian angel of the world's destines, the ministering spirit that passes noiselessly from heart to heart and seals up all mankind in one harmonious brotherhood. If the millennium ever comes, if there is a time when swords are turned to ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, when peace, and love, and honor reign supreme in the minds of men, woman will have wrought the new work, and she will be queen of the new kingdom.

Kisses on Interest.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said:—

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn expression upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two.

"Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadow she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and yet, if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

The Latest Creed.

Dr. H. W. Thomas says, regarding the recent and still progressing reforms in religious matters:—

"The new theology teaches that sin and suffering go together; it recognizes the natural and divine laws of retribution as present and acting now, and that it will continue forever, so that now or a million years hence, if in this or any other world a soul sin it must suffer. The new theology does not limit the mercy of God in any number of years, or to time alone; nor does it limit the freedom of the will to this world, but teaches rather that the mercy of God, and the liberty of man, and the laws of right, and reward, and suffering all transcend these narrow bounds and flow on the same forever. And hence it teaches that all sin will receive its proper punishment, and it leaves all souls with God in the assurance that as a father He will deal with all in a tender love and justice, and in the hope that all shall at least be won to obedience and love, and hence to happiness."

Nothing to Do.

Coming west on a dining car on the Fort Wayne and Pennsylvania Road, the other day, the passengers were putting in the time waiting for a late breakfast, conversing on all kinds of topics. Two men were in a seat talking, when one said. "Nine o'clock is a later breakfast than I am accustomed to. I always eat breakfast at seven." The other man, a splendid looking young fellow, said, after a yawn, "I never eat breakfast till ten o'clock." The man with whom he was talking said, "You must take it pretty leisurely about getting to business." And then the nice looking young fellow said, "Business! I have no business. I have nothing on earth to do, and never had a thought of doing anything, and never had a care. I have an income." Everybody that was within hearing turned and looked at the great, strapping fellow who had nothing on earth to do, and he fell away below zero in everybody's estimation. We pitied the fellow from the bottom of our heart. Nothing to do. No ambition, no nothing, but to get up an appetite for the next meal by drinking bitters, no business to take his mind from his lazy life. Then we studied the fellow all day, and half of the next day. Honestly, it got so the passengers looked down on him, and sneered when he passed.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Hypocrite.

No man is born a hypocrite. If he were born with this faculty to dissemble he would not be a hypocrite. It would be his nature, and a hypocrite is one who lives what he is not. His religion is a fraud; his business is a deception; he makes love to a woman for selfish purposes, and solemnly promises to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, when, at the same time, he simply means to use her as a stepping-stone for his own social or business advancement.

Look about you, and see how many such there are.

The world is full of them.

The man who begins by wronging his wife, if he is a consummate hypocrite, always enlarges his field and practises deception upon the world. After all his fine vows to the woman who gave up all else for him, and clung to him with arms of faith, he neglects her for "the boys." For the balm of her breath he gives her the fumes of whisky, and, to sum up a long and bitter story, she sinks quickly into the grave with a broken heart. The pitiless clods that fall upon her coffin-lid are no colder than his heart had been for her.

Now that his wife has lain down in that dreamless slumber, your nice man begins to reform He is seen at church, and wears a pious air. He takes a great interest in the cause of religion, and, being a business man, sees "money in it." He goes to church with great regularity, and every day's experience teaches him that religion is a good thing. He gives a nickel to the poor, announces in the paper that he gave a dollar, and thus lendeth to the Lord. He is opposed to tippling, makes an occasional speech against the accursed cup, and going home, mixes a three-ply toddy for his larnyx strained in the cause of temperance.

To Choose Well.

Professor Felix Adler, in a lecture on "Marriage and Divorce," began with saying that the alter of Hymen had ever being hung with roses, and that there was no theme on which such fiery, thrilling and tender poetry had been expended as on the ever fresh and dewy theme of love. Should we venture to approach so ethereal a sentiment in the spirit of sober prose? Yes, of a truth we might, for our object was to convert these dreams into facts and to subject the dreary realm of prose more and more to the dominion of poetry. A previous acquaintance with the stern laws on which the happiness of human intercourse depended was necessary to check and reform the roving imagination of youth. Very many persons were so entranced with the prospect of a union with the being they loved that they regarded marriage as a great privilege and forgot that it was also a great obligation. The Professor said he did not propose to enter into a discussion on which side, whether the bachelorhood or fatherhood, the surplus of advantage lay; he believed that the action of the majority of men was proof of the general opinion on the subject. He asserted that the entire question was rather one of duty than of advantage, and that there was an obligation upon all men who could possibly afford it to assume the responsibilities of wedlock, from which, in the absence of exceptional circumstances, it was sheer selfishness to withdraw.

Strange as it might appear, his advice to the female sex was of an opposite nature. It was more consonant with the instincts of noble maidenhood not to keep marriage in view as an end. Yet it was imperative that young women should have better opportunities than are now afforded them for learning what their duties in wedlock are with regard to the economy of the household, to childhood and its development, and with regard to the careers of men and the interests for which the struggle of life was waged. Without departing from the true sphere of woman's work every girl should be able to render some service to society by which she could gain the means of self-support independently of the question whether her parents were wealthy or not. Marriage should be a complete union. The so-called love match might or might not prove a true marriage. As to marriages for money—the people who entered into them were well enough punished for their sin. He would rather be tied with cords to a yellow fever patient whose body was festering with the plague than to be tied to one whose soul was dead to his, whose moral nature he abhorred. There was another kind of reprehensible marriage which was entered into from motives of vanity. "My wife shall be admired," says the husband. "Behold! I am the lord of this charming creature; I am the sun and she is the moon Judge, then, what a luminary I must be!"

It was the low motives governing marriage that were the curse. The world was full of misery, of secret heartache and despair, because of such unhallowed connections. While it was true that there were some matches made in heaven it was also true that there were some matches made in hell. A man might have led a most dissipated life, and yet how readily he was forgiven on the ground of having sown his wild oats if only he had manners and rank, and, above all, wealth, to excuse his faults. The point that should receive especial attention in the selection of husband and wife should be the compatibility of their characters. It was difficult to say in just what that consisted, but the parties themselves could tell whether their motives were harmonious. A partial remedy for the troubles relating to marriage might be found in the coeducation of the sexes. In reality the ideal of womanhood was at fault—the supposition that woman, aside from her household functions, was intended only to be the complaisant companion of man. She deserved to be regarded as the comrade and companion of man in his spiritual life in his intellectual labors, in his highest moral and religious aspirations. The object should be not to make the exit from marriage easier, but to surround the entrance to marriage with wiser and truer safeguards.

Heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The world and the ages;
Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Waiting for a Photograph.

About twenty years ago a party left a gold locket, inclosing a photograph, with a photographer to have the picture retouched, and also an enlarged copy made from it. The work was done in due time, and awaited the call of its owner. For these twenty years both the locket and the enlarged picture were kept safely, ready for delivery, although the party might reasonably have been given up for dead. A few days ago a lady entered the gallery and asked for the locket and picture. The photographer turned to a little receptacle in which he keeps matters of that sort, and handed the lady what she wanted. She was a little older than she was twenty years ago.

The artist has a few more reminiscences of the same sort awaiting owners, though none were left so long ago as this one. Among them is a watch-seal that was left with him ten or twelve years ago. About two years afterward the owner came into the gallery, saw that the work was done, and said he would call again and get it He has not called yet.—*San Francisco Call.*

My Heirship.

Little store of wealth have I;
Not a rood of land I own;
Not a mansion fair and high
Built with towers of fretted stone.
Stocks nor bonds nor title deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate nor jewels rare,
Broidered silks of worth untold,
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.
In my gardens narrow round
Haunt no costly tropic blooms,
Ladening all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir, by Grace of God,
Richer, grander than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.
Heir of all the ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labor, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day!
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears—
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to Heaven,
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons, hath given!
Aspirations pure and high—
Strength to do and to endure,
Heir of all the ages, I—
Lo! I am no longer poor!

Julia C. Dorr.

"Hard work Ain't Easy."

Take off your coat early in the fight, my son. Don't be afraid of hard work. It can't hurt you. Ten o'clock isn't too late to knock off, and 5 o'clock doesn't come so very early in the morning, to a young man. It doesn't come so early as 3, by two hours, and yet how often do you go to bed at 3? No! I'm glad to hear you say it, because while 3 o'clock is a very early hour at which to rise, it is paradoxically a very late one at which to go to bed. In order to be up with the lark in the morning, Telemachus, it isn't at all necessary to sit up with him all night. But if you are at work, the mid-night oil won't hurt you. It will do you good, because the hard workers are all long livers. You'll never work yourself to death, my boy. Now, there's your sister; she is more liable to work herself to death than any man you ever knew.

I believe the ceaseless, monotonous sound of old Eurycles's household duties and domestic cares, or young Nausicar's worry over the family laundry would kill the oldest man in America in a week. It is true that woman's work goes on forever, but then, bless your soul, fair Hermisne, don't let that worry you. You don't go on forever to do it all. And you don't have all of it to do, even where you live.

Man's work goes on forever, too; and I'm glad of it. But I'm not going to stay here to do it all, and I shan't do any more of my own while I do stay, than I am obliged to. Don't fret because woman's work goes on forever. You will have shirts to make and socks to darn for Neoptolemus not more than fifty or sixty years anyhow. And as for you, Telemachus, it isn't hard work that destroys young men; it's the intervals that kill. It's the relaxation that hurts. Some time you may wake in the morning with the worst head upon you that ever made you sigh for death. And you were not sitting up to work until 2 a.m., either.

You will know there isn't a line of Virgil, or a unite of mathematics, or one stroke of honest hard work in that headache that is going to throw one more wasted day into your bright young life. If you had burned the mid-night oil over the work-bench, at the forge, or at the desk, or at the lathe, it never would have manufactured such a headache as that. It might, and it would, send you to bed tired as a shadow of death, but you would open your eyes next morning on an honest world of hope and sunshine and manly ambition, without a blush of shame in all its radiance. You'll never work yourself to death, my boy. The harder you work the less mischief and trouble you will get into.—*Burdette*

An Excellent Reason.

With never a word she passed me by,
With never a look or sign;
She silently went her way, and I
As silently went on mine.

No one could have dreamed who saw her face,
As we so coldly met,
That her heart was touched by the faintest trace
Of memory or regret.

Nor did I think that one apart,
Who watched my tranquil brow
Would have guessed that the memory stirred my heart
Of a faithless, broken vow.

And they needn't have guessed or wondered, you see,
For this was the reason why—
I didn't know her, and she didn't know me,
And so—she passed me by.

—*Walter Learned.*

Checks as Wedding Presents.

One of the old veterans of Wall Street was the other day giving some fatherly advice to one of his clerks, about to be married, and in closing his sermon he said:—

"Directly after the ceremony there will be a banquet, of course. When your wife turns her plate she will find a check for fifty thousand dollars under it."

"Do you really think so?"

"Oh, I know it. That's the prevailing style nowadays. The check will be passed round, and finally given to you to pocket."

"And next day I will draw the money on it."

"Oh, no, you won't."

"Why not?"

"Because there won't be any to draw. Don't make a dolt of yourself by rushing to the bank."

"But I thought—"

"No matter what you thought. Save the check to frame and hang up. When I was married, thirty years ago, my wife found one under her plate. I've got it yet. I thought too much of her father to mortify his feelings, and I know he has always respected me for it. That's all my son. If you run short on your bridal tour, telegraph me."

Hotel Coffee.

The *Wall Street News* is responsible for this story:—

"Coffee! coffee! Did you ask if I would have coffee?" asked a guest at a Cleveland hotel the other day.

"Yes, sir," whispered the waiter.

"Have you coffee mixed with chiccory?"

"We have."

"And beans and peas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your coffee black as night and thick as mud?"

"It is, sir."

"Lukewarm and flat as dish-water?"

"That's it, sir."

"Warranted to give a man Bright's disease and enlarged liver inside of four weeks?"

"We positively guarantee it, sir."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, give me three or four cups of it for it's a whole year since I've had a chance to get hold of any genuine hotel coffee."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A Manly Street Arab.

"Sergeant," said a diminutive specimen of the street Arab, as he met an officer wearing a sergeant's uniform, on the street about 10 o'clock last night; "can you send an officer to guard some property to-night?"

The urchin's clothes were tattered, his face was dirty, and he was soaked with rain; but there was a manly air about him for all that. The officer looked somewhat astonished at the request coming from such a strange source, but asked kindly: "What do you want an officer for, my boy?"

"Because,' answered the child and tears filled his eyes, "I was leaning against a store window on Chestnut street, and I guess I pushed too hard, and the glass broke, and I couldn't make anybody hear, so I started as fast as I could to find an officer, to keep anybody from stealing the things in the window. And, Sergeant, I have thirty-five cents I made selling papers to-day. If I give you that, don't you think they will let me go until I could make enough to pay for the glass? It is every cent I have, but I don t want to go to jail.'

"Keep your money, my boy," said the officer, "I will see that the store is guarded, and if you go and tell the owner to-morrow, I don't believe he will take a cent from you. Anyhow, I can trust you."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I will be sure to go and see him, and I will try to save all the money I can to pay him, if he wants it," and drying his eyes he went on, probably to a cheerless home.

Lazy Annie.

If there was one thing Annie disliked more than another it was to get up early in the morning. The little birds would sing their sweet songs in her window, and her pet pigeons would coax her with their soft, cooing voices, but Annie would not stir. She said one day: "Mamma, I don't see why you always make me go to bed when I am not sleepy and get up when I am;" for next to getting up Annie disliked going to bed.

This fault of Annie's worried mamma a great deal, for it was very trying every evening to say, "Come Annie, it is time for you to go up stairs; come, no more playing or reading to-night," and to hear Annie say fretfully, "Oh mamma! can't I stay up just a little while longer? Why must I go now?" etc. It grieved mamma very much, and she wondered what she should do to cure her little girl of this evil habit.

One day she took her to see a lady who had been an invalid for years, unable to lie down or sit up with any comfort on account of the great pain which she endured. During the course of conversation she said to Annie, "Oh, my dear little girl, if I were only like you what would I give! I look back now and think how I used to complain every night when my dear mother wanted me to go to bed, and grumbled every morning about getting up. I would be thankful enough now if I could only go to bed as I did then, instead of being obliged to sit up all night in this chair; and glad enough would I be were I able to get up at sunrise and take a walk in the early morning when the birds are singing in all the trees and everything is glistening with dew; but that can never be again. My dear mother is in Heaven, but I always reproach myself when I think how I worried her about such a foolish thing. I am sure you would not treat your mother so." Seeing Annie's face look very sober, she said, "This is too sober a subject for a little girl like you, we will talk of something more cheerful."

Annie said nothing until she and her mother were on their homeward way, then she asked, "Mamma, did you tell Mrs. Gray about me?"

"No, my dear," said mamma.

That night Annie went cheerfully to bed, and in the morning every one was astonished to see her walking about the garden long before breakfast. Some said, "Whatever has got over Annie to take such a turn? It won't last however." But it did last, and Annie became a healthier and happier little girl, and gave pleasure to all around her. The first thing her eyes rested upon every morning was this text, beautifully illuminated, which hung up on the wall opposite her, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*Good Words.*

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The number of correspondents, we are glad to see, is increasing. This time many have answered all the puzzles so the prize was awarded to the one sending the neatest and best letter—Wm. A. Thompson, Toronto.

A similar prize will be given to the one sending the neatest and best set of answers to the puzzles in this number before April 5th.

Correct answers have been received from the following:—Hannah Kinnesten, Park Hill; C M. Stewart, St. Catherines; Ernest Livingston, Hamilton; Minnie Woodbridge, Kingsville; William E. Galley, Toronto; Josie Abel, Windsor; Charlie H. Anderson, Toronto; F. M. Davis, Millington, Mich.; Annie Bailey, Windsor; Clara M Vollans, Windsor; F. Weaver, Bognor; Josey Harrison, Park Hill; William Groat, Port Huron; R L Eedy, London; E G. Woodley, Toronto; Bertha Miller, Walkerville, Robbie B. Bell, Windsor; Frances H. Scott, South Lake; Clara Brown, Toronto; Eliza Anne Lindsay, Griersville; Anna I. Stevens, Kirkdale, Que; "Nemo," Goderich; Jessie Campbell, Point Edward; Lillie Shaw, Toronto; "Scout," West Point, New York; H. R. Ross, London; Willie Campbell, Kingston; Henry West, Ottawa; Robert Harris, Toronto; Mary Sheppard, Berlin, and Minnie A. Ramsay, Ulverton, Que.

MARCH PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

A long staff.
Above.
Dregs.
Formerly.

2

REBUS.

FUL
W.

3

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a weight, and leave an animal; behead an animal, and leave a part of the verb to be.

Behead a billow, and leave sound; behead sound, and leave a measure.

Behead a conjunction, and leave an article of dress; behead an article of dress, and leave a preposition.

4

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter in "lack"
The noise of a bird
A punctuation mark
A friend
One of the United States
A girl's name
A letter in "need"

5

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole of 9 letters is a council
My 8, 7, 3 is a color
My 8, 5, 9 is a fastening
My 4, 7, 2 is a period of time
My 6, 7, 3 is a vessel
My 4, 9, 3, 8, 5, 1, 8 is a professional man.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

1 Square word:—
C O D E
O V E N
D E A D
E N D S

2 Decapitations:—
S-p-ear.
S-h-are
S-t-art.
B-l-and.
S-t-one.

3 Diamond puzzle:—
D
S U N
D U T C H
I C E
H

4. Easy decapitation:— S-hip.

5 Hidden fruit:— Pear, Apple, Peach.