

If We Had But a Day.
We should fill the hour with sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an
hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for
fresher power
To be and to do.
We should guide our wayward or weary wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly
hills.
As they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the dis-
content
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete.
We should waste no moments in weak re-
gret,
If the days were but one—
If what we remembered and what we regret
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set
free,
To work or to pray,
And be what our Father would have us to be,
If we had but a day.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

"Netta!" sang a shrill voice after me, as I ran down the lane.

I am Antoinette—Antoinette Langley—and they call me Tina, Toinette, Ante, anything containing any of the syllables, in order to abbreviate the tiresome appellation. Indeed, I considered myself called too often. On the present occasion I knew I should be called back if I did not run. I ran, and was recalled notwithstanding; I returned to the house more deliberately than I had left it.

"The most essential thing I have forgotten," said Aunt Tilda—the thing forgotten was always most essential with her. "It does not matter how many offers you get on the way, you are not to ride. You will spill the custard and your dress will be spoiled."

"I promise," I returned, gravely, holding the pail almost at arm's-length, "I will not ride unless Tom Armstrong or Susy Winters' beau overtakes me. He could not refuse Tom, you know, aunty, because I like him; nor the very sage Mr. Everard, because I do not like Susy. Besides, I have met him on occasions, and he—well, he interests me."

"As for Mr. Everard, he would never think of asking you. Susy is much handsomer—"

"Than anything you please, Aunt Tilda, if you except your lovely niece."

"Ride with Tom Armstrong, if you think best, Toinette Langley," said my aunt, suddenly leaving Susy; and she continued, her hand directed toward me in the form of an index: "He had better not bring his pink-and-white face around here any more, or I'll send you into the kitchen and receive his simpers myself! Pah! I can't abide a pretty man."

"When I return I will tell you which of the two I honored," I said, turning from her with a low bow.

Tom, whom my aunt calls a good-for-naught, is the squire's son, and has always been my preux-chevalier. I have buttered him and sugared him, as the mood seized me, and snubbed him unmercifully at times—he was so tiresome.

But Aunt Tilda had fallen into the way of fretting about him. For this reason and because he often assured me that Susy Winters' beauty could bear no comparison to mine, I had favored him of late.

Mr. Everard is a new arrival. He has just built a cottage—an artistic, unpretentious structure—hired a lone keeper, and settled down among us. His house just fits into the little nook where it was built, and seems to be a part of nature. The birds think it belongs to them, too, and hover around it in ecstasy.

Aunt Tilda it was who told me this, and she added that she did not at all wonder, for the other houses in Walton were an offense to architecture and the birds knew it.

But I do not see but there are feathered songsters enough in our elms, and I doubt if Aunt Tilda would exchange her gambrel-roofed home-stead, that has served the Langleys for four generations, for the "new-fangled concern," as Deacon Seward calls it, that Mr. Everard inhabits.

This Mr. Everard is an author—a man who writes heavy articles on social science, or some other incomprehensible subject, for the *Oceanic*.

We hardly expected that he would associate with us common mortals, but he had twice attended our "societies," each time bringing Susy Winters, whose father is his friend; and Susy, since this distinction, had assumed high airs, thereby exciting our resentment.

I had not proceeded ten rods on my way before John Seward, the deacon's son, drove up and asked me to ride.

"I should be so glad to, Mr. Sew-

ard," I said; "but Aunt Tilda just called me back to say that on no account was I to ride lest I spilled the contents of this pail, which is to be delivered intact to old Mrs. Turner."

"We might look out for that, Miss Tina," he said.

"Oh, yes! I am not at all afraid of spilling it," I replied. "I only fear it might offend aunty, who is inclined to think well of you now."

The young man drove on and I was exultant; for had not my aunt once been caught in her own trap? Of all the young men in Walton, bating Mr. Everard, John Seward was the one she would have most approved of my riding with, and I had not the least objection to his escort on occasions myself. I only felt that jealousy of my liberty which young America must have inherited from its Revolutionary ancestors, and I did not like dictation in my choice.

Soon after John Seward disappeared I heard another team behind me, sure-footed and striking in exact concert. I knew before he slackened his pace to pass me that it was Mr. Everard.

I lifted my face shyly (it was shaded by a pink sunbonnet) to make sure it was he, when, touching his hat, he said:

"But for your manner, Miss Langley, I should not have been able to make you out. I do not think you could change that with your dress. Will you ride?"

"I am going to Mrs. Turner's," I replied, "and aunty said I must walk all of the way."

"Well," said he, smiling, "it is a long walk, but I must not urge you."

"I don't need urging," holding up my hand to be helped in. "I am too wise to walk that distance when I can ride as well."

"Why did she wish you to walk?" he inquired, when I was seated.

"Ostensibly on account of the custard," I said, touching the covered pail—"as though I would spill it—but really lest I might ride with Tom Armstrong. She dislikes him, and thinks he is omnipresent when I am out."

"Upon what is her aversion based?"

"His beauty. The same platform of my regard."

Mr. Everard laughed, and leaned forward to peer under my sunbonnet. I was quite serene.

"That is rather a shaky foundation, is it not, Miss Langley? It seems to me a man should have something better to recommend him to a true woman's regard."

"Oh, well," I replied, "Mr. Armstrong is clever. Not in the English sense of the term, perhaps; but I don't think he would harm a fly. Aunt Tilda calls him innocent, because she thinks he lacks energy."

"Perhaps you are strong-minded," said Mr. Everard, "and that accounts for your preference, as such people are strongly attracted by their opposites, it is said."

He was evidently making sport of both Tom and me, so I only answered with a toss of my head, for the time oblivious of my covered pail, and on alighting soon after at Mrs. Turner's door, Mr. Everard exclaimed:

"What a sight for gods and men!"

The custard had spilled a portion in my lap, and yellow streamlets trickled down from his side. I was filled with dismay; but he seemed master of the position, and looked down with a quiet laugh.

"You are distressed," he said. "Ah, Miss Toinette, forgive me! I fear that I have not looked out as gallantly for your custard as Tom Armstrong might have done; and then 'Aunt Tilda' might take a dislike to me, and I had intended to make her a propitiatory offering, and try to induce her to let her niece take a long ride with me. It would give me pleasure to take you next week to the Falls."

"To the Falls!" I repeated, looking up with slow delight.

I had not seen them since I was a child. They were but fifteen miles away; but aunty would never let me "flame off," as she called it, that distance, with a parcel of giddy-heads; so I had never been included in the distant excursions of the young folks.

"Yes," he replied, to my exclamation.

"Will you go?"

"I could not think of refusing," I answered; "and for Aunt Tilda, her heart must be adamant to spoil such a treat."

"Well, we will go, then, and it will make me almost as glad as it will you, for it is long since I have seen a frank look of pleasure like that which beams from your face."

Upon entering the house I deposited my pail in Mrs. Turner's pantry, finding that there had not so very much of the custard escaped. And with the anticipated pleasure promised me I felt less like a martyr than usual in trying to make myself useful to the old lady, who was not of a very genial nature, but disposed to be fault-finding even

with those who were trying to benefit her.

I walked home, and on entering exclaimed that I was nearly exhausted.

"Then you should have ridden with John Seward," remarked my consistent aunt.

"Why, aunty, you know you forbade riding."

"And you know, Miss Antoinette, that I would have been perfectly willing to have you ride with John."

"But there was the custard, Aunt Tilda, and beside I wanted to keep my word."

"You rode with Tom," said my aunt, looking a little wrathful.

"I rode with Mr. Everard," I confessed, and she made no comment.

A few days after this I sat in the door picking over currants, when Mr. Everard made his appearance. He was armed with a bouquet and a basket of luscious-looking strawberries. The former was for me, the latter for Aunt Tilda.

She was pleased. And when an emotion of pleasure moves her she is just lovely and nothing else.

I was half in fear that Mr. Everard would forget to invite me to the promised ride and engage my aunt instead. But no, he asked for the pleasure of taking us both. Mr. Winters' family was to be of our party, he said. Aunty graciously consented.

Well, we had our ride, which was delightful; and during the season there were a series of societies, as usual, and a picnic or so—the only means of dissipation presented to the rural mind in a community eminently staid and church-going.

Occasionally I went with Tom, sometimes with Mr. Everard—Susy Winters coming in, likewise, for her share of attention from the latter gentleman.

At last, in its season came a grand nutting party. Tom was my attendant. I had used a little maneuvering—strategy I dignified it—to receive his invitation in good time so that I might say I was engaged when Mr. Everard came later with a request (which I thought he would), as a just punishment, you see, for his having taken Susy to the last society when I considered it my turn to receive that attention.

It was October at the last. The trees were half afame, and the hectic leaves had whirled into variegated heaps that served us for seats when we grew weary.

Mr. Everard took Susy and was more attentive to her than circumstances called for I thought; and I got dreadfully bored with Tom's interminable nonsense, and slipped away into the woods. I rather enjoyed, in prospective, Tom's bewilderment when he discovered my absence.

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