THE ICE OF THE NORTH.

White, immaculate, storm-beaten beaches,
  Lonely sea beyond seas, beyond ken,
From the ice of your farthermost reaches,
  Re-echoes your challenge to men!

They have sought you with worship and wonder;
  In despair they have sent forth their breath—
And for answer—the crash of your thunder,
  The shiver and silence of death!

You have wooed them, aroused them, and quelled them,
  You have prisoned them fast in your floes,
You have drawn them, betrayed and repelled them,
  And their bones lie a-bleach on your snows.

Is your diadem, gemmed with star-flowers
  From those far-flaming fields of the sky,
But the sign of a Tyrant whose powers
  Overthrow and destroy and defy?

Oh! imperious, pitiless regions—
  Snow-panoplied hills that entice—
Are those silent impassable legious
  But guarding a bosom of ice?

Or is it the radiant duty
  Of your rapturous heart of delight
That crimsons with current of beauty
  The dark span of your desolate night?

Through the long voiceless twilights that darken
  Your virginal, slumbering plain,
Do you dream of the sunlight, and harken
  For the voice of the southwind again?

Oh! mysteries never beholden
  By the ages, we question and wait
For the ultimate answer withholden
  In the mist-woven mantle of Fate.

By your star-vestured beauty still haunted,
  In the wake of your moons, we set forth—
By your perilous silence undaunted,
  We follow the call of the North!

—Margaret Ridgely Partridge, in Harper's Magazine.

The Old Schoolmaster.

By DAVID LYALL.

No one would have thought, looking at his benign face, or listening to the calm and measured tones of his voice, that the wind of tragedy had once swept across the old schoolmaster's life.

When the beginning actually was, nobody seemed exactly to know. The place without the old schoolmaster would have been inadequate, incomplete; in fact, altogether inconceivable.

Those who had been his contemporaries had died out one by one, and the only one who remembered the coming of the schoolmaster in the far back days was Captain Drew of the White House, where he had lived for seven and fifty years.

The schoolmaster had arrived in winter, dropping down suddenly from nowhere, a tall, slender, dark-eyed man, with youth in his step, but experience and sadness on his face. It was long before the advent of the School Board, in the days when education was for the few, and not for the many. The Loaning was glad to welcome the pale-faced stranger, when it was discovered that he had store of knowledge—classical knowledge, too, which he was willing to impart at a modest fee.

These were the days when great men were cradled in village homes, and trained in unpretentious schools by men who loved learning for its own sake, and imparted that love to others with thoroughness and care.

There was no standard then save love alone, and the few for whom books had the immortal message went out when the time came to deliver that message to the world with all the power that was in them.

Of such men, whose names are now upon the roll of history and of fame, the old schoolmaster had trained not a few.

His pride in the gallant boys who passed through his hands was only equalled by their affection for him. Indeed, he had a singular power of winning hearts, and many wondered how it was that one so gentle and yet so strong, so fitted in every way for the making of a home, should have elected to walk solitary through life.

The school was a broad, low building of the black whinstone peculiar to the neighborhood. It stood in an ample playground in which a few sparse trees that had survived the hard usage of many generations of Loaning boys made some slight shade in summer, and broke the force of the moorland gale in winter.

The schoolhouse was hard by, a small, low, picturesque, though highly inconvenient dwelling, embowered among green, its outside a picture at which many paused to look.

Here the old schoolmaster had lived for nearly forty years, ministered unto for three parts of that time by one Christina Fellows, a capable serving woman of the better sort, who alternately mothered and ruled him and hoped to close his eyes in death.

Christina had a hard face and did not wear her heart on her sleeve; but she had had her tragedy, too, and had peritably been a brand plucked from the burning by the schoolmaster's beneficent hand.

Accused of theft in her previous place she had been set adrift and might have gone under had not the schoolmaster taken her, without a character, when the hand of every man and every woman in the parish was against her, and she had literally not a place wherein to lay her head.

She had repaid that Christ-like act with a life-long devotion, but even Christina knew very little of her master's inner life.

"Gie him buiks," she would say; "he's a terrible man for buiks. If it wasna for me he wad read hissel' intil his grave."

The School Board and all its new-fangled ways, which in fulness of time robbed the old schoolmaster of his official position and placed him on the retired list, was the main object of Christina's hatred and contempt. It was noticeable that from the day when the schoolmaster gave up his active duties to another and a younger man he perceptibly declined both in health and in spirits. Happily for him they suffered him to remain in the little house, which did not meet modern requirements or satisfy the aspirations of the new schoolmaster, who wished everything up to date. This was a very happy thing for the old man. Dig up the old tree, root and branch, and there is small chance of its safe or successful transplantation.

The old schoolmaster and Christina dwelt together in their green bower with a perfect understanding, though in all these years the veil was never once lifted from the old man's heart and life.

At the very last, it seemed as if fate had relented and determined to make late amends. It happened on a bleak day in winter when the lowering sky seemed to breathe out threatenings, while the scudding snowflakes presaged the coming storm.

The Loaning moorland was very bleak on such a day, and the few passengers in the village omnibus, which plied from the station in the afternoon, were glad of the shelter of the old leather cover, kept for hard weather. There were three passengers only, one an elderly lady, richly though very quietly dressed, and wearing a thick veil over her face.

When she lifted it at the inn door to put a question to the landlord there was a haunting sweetness in her expression, and a dignity in her bearing which instantly commanded attention and respect.

She asked for a room, and for some light refreshment, and gave her name as Mrs. Grantley. About an hour later she walked through the falling snow along the village street in the direction of the school, and turned in at the gateway of the old schoolmaster's house. The daylight was fading as she lifted the latch of the wicket gate, and at the very moment Christina Fellows happened to be at the sitting-room window, for the purpose of drawing the blind after having lit the cheerful lamp.

"There's somebody at the yett," she said curiously. "A leddy, an' I dinna ken her. She must hae made a mistake."

The schoolmaster, deep in his book, returned an absent answer, and Christina hastened to the door to interview the stranger, and, if need be, put her in the right way.

"Yes, Maister Thornton lives here, an' he is at hame," she said in no little surprise. "Will ye step in?"

The invitation was not very graciously given, but was instantly accepted. Christina preceded the visitor to the sitting room door, which she flung open.

"Somebody to see ye, sir," she said excitedly; then, her curiosity getting the better of her good manners, she stood still to watch the effect, and if possible get a clue to the stranger's business.

The schoolmaster rose quickly to his feet, and came forward smiling benignly, blinking a little as the lamplight shone full on the eyes from which he had removed the reading glasses. Then Christina Fellows beheld a strange thing, from which she shrank with the secret shame of a strong, reserved nature incapable of any emotional display.

The strange lady, with her veil thrown back and her sweet face all aglow, spoke the schoolmaster's name in accents of tenderness, and laid her two hands on his shoulders.

"I've come at the long last, Tom," she said. "Thank God, it is not too late."

Then Christina, in a mortal panic, not over sure that she had heard or seen aright, closed the door in haste, and retired wringing her hands to her own domain. "Mercy me, sic ongauns! I wonder wha she is! It's hardly decent, but I maun wait or I see."

She felt, however, as if the end of all things had come.

The schoolmaster's face flushed, and he took the hands from his shoulder and held them close, then stooped to kiss them, and she drew herself a little away.

"I know everything, Tom," she said nodding and smiling, too, though her voice had an unsteady note. "I have known it only three days. In that time I have traveled seven hundred miles, praying God that when I came to the journey's end I should find you able to hear me speak."

"It is wonderful, Mary, wonderful," he said, speaking like a man in a dream. "I never thought that you and I should meet in this world, though I have long been certain about the next."

She made a gesture of fine scorn.

"I know of the lies that parted us, and of the noble part you played to save the good name of a man whom you thought I loved. He won me by these lies, Tom, and you bore the brunt. He was not even honest in his death," she said, and her voice took a tense note of scorn. "If he had been I should have found you long ago, and so we might have had a few more years together. It was a Christ-like act. You practically laid down your life, not for your friend, but for your enemy."

"Nay my dear," said the old schoolmaster quickly. "It was done for you."

"Well, but it was not wise nor well done for any of us, for I have had a hard life. But, please God, we shall have a few days of happiness and peace together; for since I find you alone in this little house I will never go away again."

She spoke like a woman who had counted the whole cost, and whose quest was ended absolutely. She laid her gloves on the table, untied her bonnet-strings, and pushed it, with a little thrill of laughter, to the floor, and the lamplight on her bright hair revealed not a trace of gray.

"You have kept your youth, Mary," he said, tremblingly, for in a moment the gulf of the years was not only bridged, but utterly swept away. "Look at me, a broken old man! Yet, if it pleases God to give me the sweet of your friendship for the few years that are left, I will give Him thanks."

She only smiled again with a deep, mysterious sweetness in her eyes, and sat down by the hearth as if she had found the place that was her very own.

Later in the evening an interview took place between the stranger lady and Christina Fellows, an interview which not only appeased the ire of that somewhat hard-visaged spinster, but spread out a new vista before her bewildered eyes. A message was sent to the Haws Inn, and the lady's belongings were forthwith brought to the schoolhouse, and the new era began.

It made a great talk in the Loaning, it being freely rumored that a mysterious rich relation had suddenly swooped down upon the old schoolmaster and was desirous of carrying him off to her castle in the south. Christina, for her own amusement, and to add to the dignity of the occasion, assiduously fanned the flame of village gossip, adding a few titbits of her own manufacture to the astounding sum of the schoolhouse romance.

But all Loaning imaginings fell far short of the actual end of the story, which presently shook the place to its very foundations.

One fine February morning the schoolmaster and his guest departed from the Loaning, being accompanied to the station by Christina, who bade good-bye to them in tears.

Two days later this announcement set the county by the ears.

"At Edinburgh, by special license, on the 19th inst., Thomas Bradbury Thornton, to Mary Caxton, widow of the late Sir Charles Grantley, of Garth Castle, Pembroke." — British Weekly.

MODERATION.

"WE may grasp virtue so hard, till it becomes vicious, if we embrace it too straight, and with too violent a desire.

"A man may be both too much in love with virtue and be excessive in a just action. I have known a great man prejudice the opinion men had of his devotion, by pretending to be devout beyond all examples of others of his condition. I love temperate and moderate natures. And immoderate zeal, even to that which is good, though it does not offend, does astound.

"Those who attempt to regulate the manners of men, theology and philosophy, will have a saying on everything. There is no action so private that can escape their inspection and jurisdiction. They are best taught who are best able to censure and curb their own liberty.

"There is no just and lawful pleasure, wherein the intemperance and excess is not to be condemned; but to speak the truth, is not man a miserable creature the while? It is scarce, while in his natural condition, for him to have the power to taste one pleasure, pure and entire; and yet, man must be contriving doctrine and precepts to curtail the little he has; he is not yet wretched enough unless by arts and study, he augments his own misery."—Michael Seigneur De Montaigne.

HOUSE DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

Famous Mansion in Belfast Suffers Damage by Fire, Losing an Ell.

Since the fire a few days ago, which destroyed the ell or back wing of the Edward Sibley residence, at Belfast, the attention of the public has been called to this grand old mansion standing back from High street, with its wide spreading lawns surrounded by fine old trees, says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

It is known to but few, however, that this structure was designed by none other than Sir Christopher Wren, the famous English architect, who also designed St. Paul's Cathedral. The mansion was built in 1842 by the late Judge Joseph Williamson, of Augusta. It came into the possession of Timothy Thorndike, Quartermaster in the Twenty-sixth Maine Regiment, in 1873, and later to his daughter, Mrs. Edward Sibley.

The house is handsomely furnished and is frequently the scene of society affairs, Mrs. Sibley being a charming hostess and entertaining royally.

The main house stands practically intact, although somewhat damaged by smoke and water. It is one of the show places of the city and one of which all are very proud.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Reform is always headed for reaction.

It isn't safe to make love, even to an engaged girl, for she can break it off.

A man's idea of indulging his wife is if she will spoil him.

The longer a man can stay away from his family the more he can lie about how he misses them.

If there were no telling of lies we'd have to disbelieve the truth.

A man starts out expecting to get rich and ends up thinking he is lucky to keep out of the poor house.

One good deed can deserve another a long time without getting it.

The more money a man will spend on flowers for his wife the less he will want to spend on necessaries for her.

A woman can forgive her husband most anything if nobody else will.

A little cold nerve will get a man a bigger reputation for ability than a head full of brains.

Money doesn't give a person virtues, but it makes people act as if he had them all.

A man might be able to spend some of his own money on himself if he had no family.

A woman is an exceptionally good card player when she deals her partner a poor hand and doesn't blame him for it.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

The Way to Read.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes, was it not, who owned up to his perference for reading in books to reading through them? "When I set out to read through a book," that autocrat wrote, "I always felt that I had a task before me—but when I read in a book it was the page of the paragraph that I wanted, and which left its impression and became a part of my intellectual furniture." If we were only franker, most of us would confess to being like Holmes in this matter of our reading. To be sure, we have an old-fashioned disinclination to set down a book in the middle of it; we feel it our duty to finish whatever we have once begun at the beginning; yet if we yield to our New England conscience herein, we are only deterred from "beginning" books I mean neither reading straight through their tedious opening pages, nor hastening, like a woman, to learn by the concluding chapter how it all "turns out." Open your book in the very thick of it; that is the true way of getting at its soul.—Atlantic. 18

How to Cure Hiccoughs.

Hiccough is a distressing and sometimes a dangerous complaint. Many times a swallow of water will stop it. If simple measures fail the following has been found very efficacious. The nerves that produce hiccough are near the surface in the neck. They may be reached and compressed by placing two fingers right in the center of the top of the breastbone between the two cords that run up either side of the neck and pressing inward, downward and outward. A few minutes' pressure of this kind will stop the most obstinate hissough.—Dr. Charles S. Moody, in the May Outing.

Hindoo Invasion.

Hundreds of Hindoos are pouring into San Joaquin county, Cal., and probably in the hope of securing work at once most of them have discarded the turban for American hats, much to the surprise of the more devout of the race. Their religion has heretofore kept them from discarding their turbans, but the late arrivals appear to have been coached in the art of becoming, to a certain extent, Americanized.