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GWENDOLYNE.

'Neath the dusky cottage eaves,
Is a window framed in leaves,
Through them golden sunlight cleaves,
And strange patterns ever weaves
Yellow as the harvest sheaves;
And sweet Gwendolyne.

Spins, each day, her flax with care;
Dimpled shoulders, white and bare,
And the rounded arms so fair,
Seen through braids of golden hair,
Has she not a queenly air,
The peasant Gwendolyne?

From the dewy forest glade,
Where the deer in freedom strayed,
Through the long arcades of shade,
Came a princely cavalcade,
And they saw the peasant maid,
The peerless Gwendolyne.

On they came, with stately tread,
Each one with plume above his head,
Some of white, and some of red.
"By my faith," the leader said,
"Methinks you is the one to wed."
And points to Gwendolyne.

The brave knight wooed without delay,
The maiden set her wheel away,
And with the cavalcade so gay,
Just at the close of the day,
They reached the castle old and gray,
The knights and Gwendolyne.

And no more did the hands so fair
Know aught of toilsome work or care;
But gleaming in her golden hair,
And on her breast were jewels rare,
And rustling silks she had to wear,
The Lady Gwendolyne.

The Innkeeper's Child.

The inn where my heroine was born and lived was the only one in the neighborhood of the town of Cardale. It stood about half a mile out of the town, and was a famous place of resort for the young people who wished to have riding, shooting or fishing parties. Looking from the windows of the house, you could fancy, so wild and picturesque was the scenery all around, that you were miles away from any house; but if you left the building and climbed the hill directly east of it, you could see the town of Cardale lying below you.

Joseph Langdon, as he was generally called, Old Joe Langdon, had owned the inn since the death of his father, who was the former landlord. Here he had brought his wife; here his only child Minnie was born; here his wife had died, and here he hoped himself to die.

Just at the time my story opens, there was not a happier man alive than Joe. His inn was in a flourishing condition, with a new sign swinging from the door, and the old name, "Fox and Hounds," blazoned on it in letters an inch long. His pretty daughter had completed the education he had given her at boarding school in Cardale, and had returned home to pet her old father to his heart's content; and Joe, to complete his state of felicity, had just received notice that a party of young ladies and gentlemen from Oldfield Hall were coming down next day, to spend the day in riding and fishing, and would stop at his house for both luncheon and dinner.

"Now, Minnie, lass," said her father, "are you sure all is in order for the fishing party?"

"Yes, father," she replied.

"You see, Minnie, this is a fine company. There is Squire Oldfield's son, Mr. Harry and his sister, Miss Kate, and there are more; and to be sure, there is a Lord among them, Lord Herbert Adair, that they say is after Miss Kate."

"Well, father, all is ready; and now come out under the porch and we can chat together. Who is Lord Adair?"

"Why, he's a great Lord, Minnie, young and handsome and very rich; and they say his mother and Squire Oldfield's lady were very intimate when they were young, and they wanted Lord Herbert to marry Miss Kate. The young folks haven't seen one another yet, but his lordship is to come down here to-morrow to meet them, and as they are both young and handsome, why of course they will fall in love the first thing. Now, Minnie, sing to me while I smoke."

Minnie stood up in the porch of the little inn, and, leaning against one of the pillars, began to sing. A prima donna might have envied that young girl's voice—it was clear and most melodious; and every note she warbled was true and full. She made a very pretty picture, this little Minnie, as she stood there singing to her father. The last rays of the sinking sun fell upon her rich chestnut hair, her round white shoulders and arms, and threw out the colors of her pretty, gay dress, which was short enough to give a glimpse of a most dainty little foot, cased in a neat black boot. The long branches and bright flowers of a red rose twined around the pillar against which she leaned, and the whole effect was very charming. There were two people who thought so; one was Joe himself, as he lazily watched and listened; the other was a horseman, who had stopped his steed near the inn, and unperceived by the group on the porch was waiting a pause in the song to speak to the landlord. The rider was a young, handsome man, and evidently had an eye for beauty.

"Now, Minnie, sing one of the songs you learned at school," said her father.

"Whew!" said the rider in an undertone, as Minnie sang the first words of the cavatina from La Somnambula, "now for some screaming."

No such thing, Sir Critic. As the last note died upon the air, the young man struck his hands together, crying:

"Bravo, I beg your pardon," he added, seeing the surprise his appearance occasioned; "I have been here some time, but I could not make up my mind to interrupt such heavenly sounds."

The landlord was up, bowing, and Minnie had vanished before this speech was half finished. Giving his horse to the hostler, and ordering a private room, pen, ink and paper, the traveler entered the inn. After supper was served and eaten, he drew his chair up to the table and wrote the following letter:

"DEAR GEORGE.—Here I am at the "Fox and Hounds," as I told you I should be when I left you. I arrived here about an hour ago, and disturbed at her song the most lovely—but never mind now. Come down as soon as you can. The party from the Squire's will be here to-morrow, and then I shall present Lord Adair's regrets for his absence, and introduce to their notice. Yours truly,

HERBERT GRANT."

"To Hon. Geo. Savage."

The next morning, quite early, the fishing party came down to the "Fox and Hounds." Mr. Grant presented his letter of introduction to the Squire and was politely requested to join the party.

"It must be nice to be rich and powerful" thought Minnie, as she saw the deference with which Mr. Grant assisted Kate Oldfield from her saddle to the ground, and marked the low bow with which he gave her his arm. "He called me Minnie this morning, just as if I were a servant," was her next thought. "How handsome he is, and what a pleasant voice he had!" "Minnie, Minnie! Where are you?" "Coming, father!"

And the young girl hastened down stairs to assist her father in waiting upon his guests. As she was passing along she met Miss Oldfield, who had torn her habit and was on her way up stairs to repair her mischief.

"Here, my girl," she said, rather haughtily, as Minnie passed her, "come with me and mend this rent."

Minnie followed the handsome brunette, who was evidently in a bad humor. She was still seated on the low stool beside her, at work upon the habit, when Harry Oldfield, Miss Kate's brother, joined them.

"Come, Kate, they are all waiting for you."

"Let them wait," returned Kate.

"I tell you what it is, Kate," said the young man, "I would not let them see how cross I was about Lord Adair's absence, if I were you. He has sent a very handsome substitute, and if his excuse is true, why I am sure it is a good one."

"Important business! Fudge! As if his agent could not transact his business. He will meet a cold reception when he does come."

"Caution, Kate. You may lose him altogether. Do be agreeable to his substitute, so that he may carry back a favorable report."

"If he comes here as a spy, he had better return," said Kate. "Doubtless he will be well paid for his news."

"Why did Minnie's cheek flush and her fingers tremble? Surely the girl's sneering, cold tone was nothing to her.

The party started off on horseback in fine spirits. In about two hours they returned slow, and sadly as a funeral train. Minnie hastened to the door. Upon a rude litter, carried by four of the party, lay apparently dead, the traveler who had the night before come to the inn.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"Lent his own 'orse to another man," said the hostler, "and the borrowed one struck the upper bar of the first gate, and threw him over. The 'orse was killed, Miss."

When George Savage arrived the next day, his friend was in a raving delirium. For days he hovered between life and death, and in all that time not one of the gay fishing party again came to the poor artist. Minnie was his nurse. Her old aunt, who was very much interested in the poor young man, directed her and George Savage in their treatment of the invalid; and when the young man was again out of danger, and his friend had returned to London, Minnie and her aunt were left to take care of the stranger.

Young Grant, in his convalescence, made a study of Minnie. When his friend Savage sent him any new books from town, and Minnie read them alone to him, he was delighted with the depth of information her remarks displayed. In short, Mr. Herbert Grant was in love.

One morning Minnie was reading to him in her rich melodious voice Miss Langdon's poems:

"It is a fearful thing,
To love as I love thee, to feel the world—
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world,
A blank without thee.
I have no hope that does not dream for thee;
I have no joy that is not shared by thee;
I have no fear that does not dread for thee;
All that I once took pleasure in—my lute,
Is only sweet when it repeats thy name;
My flowers, I only gather them for thee;
The book drops listless down. I cannot read,
Unless it is to thee."

"P-shaw!" said Minnie, trying to laugh. "Has not your friend sent you something more interesting than this?"

"Minnie," said Herbert, looking full into her large dark eyes, "I think it is beautiful."

What a brilliant color the innkeeper's daughter did possess!

"Minnie, my own Minnie, I love you," said Herbert.

A week or two later there was a very pathetic parting in the little room which Mr. Grant occupied.

"Good night and good-bye, Minnie," said Herbert. "I shall be off before you are up to-morrow. I will write in a day or two, and soon return to claim you, Minnie."

The next morning Minnie was up very early. Had she not to get her father's breakfast before he started to market? But after her father had left why did she not return to the house, instead of standing and talking to the hostler, as he fed and watered Mr. Grant's horse? It was a beautiful horse, and Minnie evidently thought so, else why did she stand stroking its mane and patting it so fondly? Mr. Grant was looking out of his window, and there was a pleased smile on his face when he noticed her. He came down a few moments after booted and spurred, and, though still pale and rather weak, in high spirits.

Minnie had a secret for her father's ear that night, and the old man said: "Well lass, if he proves he's a respectable man, and can support you; why he's a liberal kind of a fellow, I think, and I suppose I must let you go."

And Minnie, seated beside him, nestled close into his arms and sang her sweetest songs.

In an elegant apartment, in London, young Herbert Grant is pacing rapidly up and down, an elderly lady, seated on the sofa, is talking to him.

"Dear Herbert," she is saying, "I wish you would listen to reason. What will Kate say."

"Kate, a cold-hearted girl, who saw me brought dying apparently, to a house within half a mile of her, and never sent to know if I survived my fall? I was a fellow-creature, at least."

"But, my dear——"

"Mother," said Herbert, taking her hand, and seating himself beside her, "you do not know Minnie. She is no coarse, uneducated rustic. Any lady may be proud of her beauty and talents—and, mother, I firmly believe, if it had not been for her kind nursing, I should have died."

"You did not send for me," said his mother.

"No, not until I was conscious, they did not know where to send," he replied. "George came down by former invitation, and I feared to tell you, lest in spite of your feeble health, you would insist upon coming to me. Mother, will you consent to call Minnie daughter?"

It took more than one coaxing to win her; but Herbert was her all in all, and she finally consented.

"My wife, my wife," whispered a young man in a carriage driven through London streets one evening, and he drew his companion close to his heart. "Here we are, darling; and now my poor tired bird can rest."

They had been on the Continent, and were coming home.

"Welcome, my daughter," said an elderly lady, pressing the traveler to her heart. "Welcome home."

"Would your lordship like any refreshments?" said a servant, coming in.

"Lady Adair," said Herbert, gaily, "shall I order refreshments?"

"Lady Adair!" said Minnie.

"Why, Herbert!" cried his mother, "have you never told her before?"

"Never! Yes, refreshments immediately," said Herbert, dismissing the man. "Why, Minnie, you look as terrified as if I had said I was a highwayman."

Minnie crept up close to him.

"Lord Adair or Mr. Grant," she whispered, "you are my Herbert still."

Egypt of To-Day.

It needs but a glance to show us how peculiar the position of Egypt in the present day is. A flourishing province of a great but decrepid and dying empire, it would long ere now have thrown off its allegiance and gained its independence but for foreign repression. At the time when Mehemet Ali and his energetic son Ibrahim Pacha were pursuing their conquests and threatening speedily to put an end to the Turkish Empire, it did not suit the political creed of Western Europe, the fancied interests of France or England, that that empire should be swept away. France and England eyed each other jealously over that strip of territory in the Lower Nile Valley, and by the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, and Palmerston was constantly giving check to Louis Philippe and his Ministers in their designs in that quarter. As was then thought, too, the only way to keep Russia out of Constantinople was to bolster up the Osmanli on their rickety throne. And so Western Europe compelled Ibrahim Pacha to turn back from his march through Asia Minor, and made his father give up Syria: and Egypt, forced thus upon herself, has presented ever since the aspect of a power chafing against its boundaries and seeking a new outlet for its strength. Barred in toward the north, it has struggled southward, and spread east and west of the Nile Valley into Nubia, Kordofan, Darfur, and the Soudan. Under the present ruler especially claim has been made for Egypt to be recognized as a civilived and civilizing power. Mehemet Ali paved the way for the new order of things by destroying the power of the Mamelukes and establishing a despotic irresponsible power; but it is to his descendant, Ismail Pacha, that the credit is due of making a deliberate and persistent attempt to engraft Western civilization, usages, institutions, and arts on to the old Mohammedan stock, He has not ceased to seek conquests nor to dream of independence, but has become imbued with the notion that to be powerful he must do as the French and English do. Under this motive power of a great ambition, Ismail has followed the policy of the founder of his race without swerving, and is building up an empire within the Nile basin which, when the territories "annexed" by Sir Samuel Baker are absorbed and consolidated, promises to resemble one of the mighty empires of old.

The key to the double-lined policy of the present ruler of Egypt is this ambition; this makes him court alike civilization and extensive dominion. No other province of the Turkish Empire can at all compare with Egypt in the orderliness of the government or in the extent to which it has succeeded in introducing civilizing agencies among the people. In this respect the conduct of Ismail is in marked contrast to that of his nominal master, the Sultan; and although under him Egypt has become loaded with a vast public debt—as yet almost the chief monument of progress in civilization that she can show—in nothing is the contrast more marked than in the uses to which Turkey and Egypt have severally put the money that has been lent to them. In the case of Turkey, hardly any of it has been used wisely, and the reckless folly and waste with which, even when a good end was in view, it has been misspent, has made the money borrowed by Turkey a curse to her. But in the case of Egypt hardly any of her borrowings have been laid out on a foolish purpose, although much of it may have been rather wastefully lavished on a good one. Egypt has, for example (according to an able little pamphlet recently printed by an eminent Egyptian banker), paid about seventeen and a half millions on account of the Suez Canal, which can not be said to have financially benefited the country as yet, however it may have increased its importance. Some twelve millions have been spent on railways which now yield a considerable return; and other items, including loan-mongers' profits, count upto within some seven millions of the total funded debt of the State. Besides this, however, the Viceroy has himself, in his eagerness to civilize, contracted some rather onerous obligations on the security of his private domains, with results rather disastrous than otherwise. The Daira debt, as it is called, is indeed one of the most sinister features of the financial position of Egypt, and the elements of uncertainty which these obligations, as a whole, throw over the future of the country are unquestionably great, especially when taken along with the fact that, however vigorous the administration, it is still personal and Mohammedan, and that, therefore, when the present ruler dies, there is no safeguard whatever against the State's being plunged into an abyss of anarchy and bankruptcy by a foolish or madcap ruler. Still the fact remains that Egypt has been vigorously ruled by Ismail, and has progressed far beyond what Turkey has done. The debts are but an index of his ambition, of his conviction that Egypt has a future, and that to fulfill her destiny she must take a bundle of leaves from the book of the Christian secretaries of the West.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Cham the French Caricaturist.

The London *News* draws the following sketch of this distinguished artist:

The most modest of men, he is also the most astonishing in appearance—giving the idea one would preconceive of such a man after studying his works. He was born in 1819 and of most aristocratic lineage, for his father, the Comte de Noe, was a peer of France. His mother was, however, English and young Amedee having been brought up entirely by her, acquired a British accent, which he retains to this day. Very tall, thin and upright, scrupulously correct and English in his attire, of manners externally cold and polished, he thoroughly realizes the Parisian idea of the Londoner; the more so as, like the sailor in Gilbert's ballad, he never laughs and he never smiles, though he is one of the most consummate practical jokers and comprehends the relish of them—a relish derived rather from the manner of the performance than from the thing performed. Thus one day he enters a grocer's shop, and is instantly surrounded by shopman zealous to attend on so well-dressed and dignified a customer. Passing opposite two open casks he gazes at their contents with a look of melancholy interest, and inquires "What are these?" "Prunes, sir," "And these?" "Steward pears, sir' 'Ah, I should have thought it," exclaims Cham with a long, deep and earnest glance at the pears; then suddenly raising his serious eyes and shaking the grocer's hand with a demonstration of the most feeling gratitude, "Thank you, one learns something new every day," and he walks out. On another occasion, going into a restuarant where he was unknown, he settled into a corner seat which happened to be generally reserved for a stockbroker who dined in the house every evening. The waiters said nothing; but the stock broker coming in felt wroth at the usurption, and was about to complain of it when he recognized the familiar features of the caricaturist. He thought he would have a joke at the expense of Cham, and calling the landlord aside, asked him if he knew who was that tall, thin and most solemn stranger? No; the landlord had never seen him before. "Ah, well, then I advise you to order him out as quickly as possible; else he will scare away all your other customers," whispered the stock-broker. 'It is Heidenrich, the executioner." The landlord gave a jump; but without an instant's loss of time walked up to Cham, and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten; and would, indeed, not consent to touch his money at any price. Cham's features betrayed not the slightest surprise at this communication. "May I ask who has revealed to you that I am the headsman?" he said in his gravest tones. "It is that gentleman yonder. "Ah, quite so," answered Cham, imperturbably; he ought to know me, for I flogged and branded him at Toulon not two years ago." It is alleged that the stock-broker recorded a vow never to play tricks on Cham again and similar resolutions are generally made by those who measure swords with the nimble caricaturist. He is adored along the entire line of Boulevards, and in every newspaper office, as a man who never enters a circle without raising merriment. It has been said of him that he would make even a stuffed bird laugh; but, one may add that encomium rarely deserved by a wit, that his good-natured shafts would never be sped even at a stuffed bird for malice.

Speaking Disrespectively of the Equator.

We heard a sermon recently on the subject of irrational reverence. It was suggestive and stimulating. It recalled to us the fact that one of the principal objects of American reverence is the Devil. There are multitudes who are shocked to hear his name mentioned lightly, and who esteem such mention profanity. We believe we do no injustice to millions of American people in saying that they have a genuine reverence for the being whom they believe to be the grand source and supreme impersonation of all evil. Of course this respectful feeling has grown out of the association of this being with religion, and is strong just in the proportion that the religion is irrational or superstitious. Now we confess to a lack of respect for the being who played our great grandmother a scurvy trick in the garden, and has always been the enemy of the human race; and we have persistently endeavored to bring him into contempt. It is harmful to the soul to entertain reverence for any being, real or imaginary, who is recognized to be wholly bad. That attitude of the man which defies, rather than deprecates, is a healthy one. If we have an incorrigible devil, who is not fit to live in the society of pure beings, let's hate him, and do what we can to ruin his influence. Let us at least, do away with all irrational reverence for him and his name.

There is a good deal of irrational reverence for the Bible. There are men who carry a Bible with them wherever they go, as a sort of protection to them. There are men who read it daily, not because they are truth-seekers, but because they are favor-seekers. To read it is a part of their duty. To neglect to read it would be to court adversity. There are men who open it at random to see what special message God has for them through the ministry of chance or miracle. There are men who hold it as a sort of fetich, and bear it about with them as if it were an idol. There are men who see God in it, and see Him nowhere else. The wonderful words printed upon the starry heavens; the music of the ministry that comes to them in winds and waves and the songs of birds; the multiplied forms of beauty that smile upon them from streams and flowers, and lakes and landscapes; the great scheme of beneficent service by which they receive their daily bread and their clothing and shelter,—all these are unobserved, or fail to be recognized as divine. In short, there is to them no expression of God except what they find in a book. And this book is so sacred that even the form of language into which it has been imperfectly translated is sacred. They would not have a word changed. They would frown upon any attempt to examine critically into the sources of the book, forgetting that they are rational beings and that one of the uses of their rational faculties is to know whereof they af firm, and to give a reason for the hope and faith that are in them.

The irrational reverence for things that are old is standing all the time in the path of progress. Old forms that are outlived, old habits that new circumstances have outlawed, old creeds which cannot possibly contain the the present life and thought and opinion, old ideas whose vitality has long been expended—these are stumbing blocks in the way of the world, yet they are cherished and adhered to with a reverential tenderness that is due only to God. A worn out creed is good for nothing but historical purposes, and when those are answered, it ought to go into the rag-bag. Forgetting those things which are behind, the wise man will constantly reach toward those that are before. The past is small; the future is large. We travel toward the dawn, and every man who reverences the past, simply because it is the past, worships toward the setting sun, and will find himself in darkness before he is aware. Of all the bondage that this world knows, there is none so chilling or so killing as that which ties us to the past and the old. We wear out our coats and drop them; we wear out our creeds and hold to them, glorying in our tatters.

There is even an irrational reverence for the Almighty Father of us all. We can, and many of us do, place Him so far away from us in His inaccessible Majesty, we clothe Him with such awful attributes, we mingle so much fear with our love, that we lose sight entirely of our filial relation to Him—lose sight entirely of the tender, loving, sympathetic, Fatherly Being, whom the Master has revealed to us.

In a sermon to which we have listened the preacher quoted Coleridge's definition of reverence, which makes it a sentiment formed of the combination of love and fear. We doubt the completeness of the definition. Certainly fear has altogether too much to do with our reverence, but if perfect love casteth out fear, where is the reverence? That is an irrational reverence which lies prostrate before a greatness which it cannot comprehend, and forgets the goodness, the nature of which, at least it can understand. That is an irrational reverence which always looks up, and never around—which is always in awe, and never in delight—which exceedingly fears and quakes, and has no tender raptures—which places God at a distance, and fails to recognize Him in the thousand forms that appeal to our sense of beauty, and the thousand small voices that speak of His immediate presence.

The Perfect Host.

The perfect host is as rare a being as a great poet; and for much the same reason, namely, that, to be a perfect host requires as rare a combination of qualities as those which are needed to produce a great poet. He should be like that lord in waiting of whom Charles II. said that he was "never in the way and never out of the way." He should never degenerate into a showman, for there is nothing of which most people are so soon weary as of being shown things, especially if they are called upon to admire them. He, the perfect host, should always recollect that he is in his own home, and that his guests are not in theirs; consequently those local arrangements which are familiar to him should be rendered familiar to them. His aim should be to make his house a home for his guests, with all the advantage of novelty. If he entertains many guests, he should know enough about them to be sure that he has invited those who will live amicably together, and will enjoy each other's society. He should show no favoritism, if possible, and if he is a man who must indulge in favoritism, it should be to those of his guests who are more obscure than the others. He should be judiciously despotic as regards all proposals for pleasure, for there will be many that are diverse, and much time will be wasted if he does not take upon himself the labor and responsibility of decision. He should have much regard to the comings and goings of his guests, so as to provide every convenience for their adit and their exit. Now I am going to insist on what I think to be a very great point. He should aim at causing that his guests should hereafter become friends, if they are not so at present, so that they might, in future days trace back the beginning of their friendship to their having met together at his house. He, the perfect host, must have the art to lead conversation without absorbing it himself, so that he may develop the best qualities of his guests. His expense in entertainment should not be devoted to what is luxurious, but to what is comfortable and ennobling. The first of all things is that he should be an affectionate, indeed a loving host, so that every one of his guests should feel that he is really welcome. He should press them to stay; but should be careful that this pressing does not interfere with their convenience, so that they stay merely to oblige him, and not to please themselves. In considering who should be his guests, he should always have a thought as to those to whom he would render the most service by having them his guests; his poorer brethren, his more sickly brethen. Those who he feels would gain most advantage by being his guests, should have the first place in his invitations; and, for this considerateness he will be amply rewarded by the benefits he will have conferred.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

Calling on a New Neighbor.

A new family moved into the neighborhood on Friday, and at dinner the next day Mrs Cobleigh said to her husband:

"Cobleigh, a new family has taken Holcomb's house, and I guess I'll run over and see them this afternoon."

"You don't know them, do you?" said Mr. Cobleigh, in some surprise.

"Why, no; but that don't make any difference in such a case; for, you see, they are total strangers, and it's proper that the older neighbors should call on them out of courtesy. Now, I know how I'd feel if I was in their place—not knowing a soul about here—I'd like to have some one call. And so I want to do to them as I'd like them to do by me, you know."

Mr. Cobleigh was much pleased with this expression of the golden rule from his wife, and told her so.

"The other neighbors will be calling without doubt," she added, "and I don't want to be among the last."

After washing the dinner dishes and putting the house to rights, Mrs. Cobleigh put herself in excellent condition, and started out on her laudable call.

At the tea-table Mrs. Cobleigh said to her husband:

"I went over to see the folks in Holcomb's this afternoon."

"Ah," said he, "was she glad to see you?"

"O, yes, I asked her if there had been any of the neighbors in and she said I was the first. She ain't very old—not more than thirty, I should say—and she's got three children, one of them a baby. The two others are a boy and a girl, both of them old enough to be of help to her. The boy was off somewhere, and the girl was racing through the yard like a wild Ingin, although she is eleven years old, and looks as strong as a horse. Now, if our Mary was one-half as strong as that trollop, I'd be satisfied. It makes me so vexed to see a mother slaving her life away and a big tom-boy of a girl tearing around the place like all possessed. She came into the house only once while I was there and then she stood up against her mother like a great baby and put her finger in her mouth and flouted herself like a spoiled child. I don't see, for the life of me, what the women of this age are thinking of to bring up children in that way. And she looked herself as if she was ready to drop with all the care and work. Her husband is a shoemaker and works at the factory. They can't be in such very good circumstances, I don't think, for the parlor carpet is only a two-ply ingrain, and I noticed it was spotted in several places. The parlor chairs are just common wood stained, and she has a large awkward bed-lounge instead of a tete-a-tete, and it doesn't match with the chairs at all. Her crockery is simply stone china, and there are several old pieces among it. She didn't have any china, at least I didn't see any, and if she'd had it she'd showed it, I know. She ain't going to have anything on the kitchen floor, she says, and only a piece of oil cloth in the dining room. What oil cloth I saw was old and faded. She has got up the kitchen stove—it's like old Mrs. Ransom's—but it was covered with grease, and some of the pipe was badly rusted. I don't see who people can be so careless with their property. That pipe would last ten years if it was properly cared for. Then her parlor stove stood out in the shed, without anything over it, and it will pretty soon go the way of the kitchen pipe. I spoke to her about it but she said she didn't think it would take any harm. O, she's an easy one, that's plain enough to be seen, and if she don't have trouble with that girl before many years pass, then I'm no prophet. The baby was on the floor when I was over there, playing with some empty bottles. It's a real bright child, but it don't have proper attention. I don't believe its hair has seen a comb in three days, and its clothes look as if they had been mopped over the floor for a fortnight; they were as black as ink. I declare it seemed like getting into a new world to get back home. But I had to go, of course, and I am glad now its over with. It won't be necessary for me to call again."

And Mrs. Cobleigh having discharged a Christian duty to a neighbor, gathered up the crumbs from her lap with a napkin and smiled complacently upon her family.—*Danbury News.*

Who Hath Wisdom.

He who turneth away his head when he puncheth up a fire.

She who putteth not on her bridal raiment until the bridegroom appeareth.

He who smiteth not a strange animal but first informeth himself as to its nature.

He who punisheth ye refrectory mule at a distance, with a long pole.

She who does over her old bonnet when her husband stoppeth his whiskey.

He who subdueth his temper when the provoker of his ire is the biggest fellow.

He who pledgeth himself to abstinence when ye liquor recoileth from his stomach.

Ye young girl who persuadeth not herself that ye husband will be kinder than ye lover.

He who putteth not up his money on a horse-race, without first having an understanding with ye horse's rider.—*Brunswicker.*

The Use of the Novel.

Where are we to look, if not to novels, for the truest and most highly finished pictures of life? What could make up to us for the loss of such writers as Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, and Sir Walter Scott? How often do we hear a worse sermon than that which Parson Dale delivered to his village congregation, as we read it in the pages of My Novel? And how usefully do we often find a knowledge of novels comes to our help in society! In the course of nineteenth century life we meet with seasons when various persons, more or less known to each other, meet together for the purpose of celebrating certain social rites, and when it is absolutely necessary, if the ceremonies in question are to be successfully conducted, that the celebrants should engage in what is sometimes called "conversation," or more familiarly "talk." Let us suppose two people, who are unacquainted with each other, placed together at a dinner party. They have got to sit side by side for the next two hours, and probably would find it (at any rate we may suppose one of the two would) rather dull to keep silence all that time. But what are they to talk about? Art, pictures, and music, traveling, dancing, croquet, archery, all have been tried and found wanting; when by some lucky chance, a novel has been mentioned, and then at last a subject has been found mutually interesting to both parties. And surely it is more harmless, if not quite so delightful, to pass this time in criticising some fictitious character than in making remarks upon living friends, or satirical comments upon our next door neighbors.—*The Argosy.*

Sculptors of our own Faces.

The human face is a sublime, a beautiful, a mysterious revelation. The life experience traces itself upon the living clay, and, like the soul which looks through, is transfigured or disfigured by bodily habits, vices or passions.

It is a great misfortune to be preoccupied with vulgar or trivial things; they cannot make the heroic face. The reason that poets have such beautiful faces, in spite of habits like Burns' and Poe's, is that they contemplate beautiful things, and think grand and generous thoughts. All the great painters have been handsome and remarkable looking men. Titian, and Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke, readily illustrate my statement. Tintoret had a solemn and grand face; DeVinci, a noble and beautiful face; Rembrandt, a sagacious, honest, profound face.

Our fine sculptors, Brown, Ward, Palmer and Thompson, have faces finished by the ideal. The finest faces in Europe were the faces of Shakspeare, Moliere and Goethe. Their faces prove to us that just in the measure that we escape sordid thoughts and material cares, and occupy our minds with the beauty of nature, the wit of men, the poetry of life, we set to work a skilful sculptor, who day by day models with an imperceptible and sure hand the heavy, expressionless clay; and in time the rude features become almost grand with goodness like Lincoln's, beautiful with tranquility like Washington's, or Titanic like Webster's.

Comparative Savings.

The French papers publish interesting returns of the savings banks of that country. There are 508 with over 2,000,000 depositors, and 525,000,000 francs, or $107,000,000 on deposit January 1, 1875. During the preceding year 75,000 workingmen had made deposits averaging $40 each, $25,000 domestic servants averaging $31 each, and 57,000 persons of other occupations averaging less than $30 each. The entire deposits for the year were $7,400,000, of which the first two classes above named contributed $4,200,000. The French savings bank system dated back to 1835, and the depositors now average 57 to the 1,000 of population. In Massachusetts, with a million and a half inhabitants, the total deposits are more than double that for the 36,000,000 of France. It must be remembered, however, that the French are given to hoarding in their own dwellings instead of depositing with others, and that co-operative enterprises absorb more capital from the common people in France than in Massachusetts. At the same time it is a striking and creditable fact that the depositors in Massachusetts equal nearly half the population, which indicates, moreover, to what a large extent it is a manufacturing and daywork population.

The Violet as a Bonapartist Emblem.

The *Sport*, speaking of this flower as the symbol of one of the political parties in France, narrates the following: The adoption of the emblem dates from the first years of the Restoration, and was due to an inspiration of Mlle. Mars, the celebrated actress of the Theatre Francais. She was a Bonapartist, and did not disguise her opinions, so that shortly before the Hundred Days, while playing in a new piece, she appeared with a bouquet of those flowers in her bosom. The incident caused great excitement in consequence of the recollections attached to the violet, which was in season when Napoleon returned from Elba, at the end of March, and the population of Paris at once associated the flower in the homage with which they welcomed the return of the exile. The day after the arrival of the Emperor in Paris every button-hole was decked with it, and ladies wore it in their waistbands and in their bonnets. That circumstance was the starting point of the political meaning of the violet, but the bold manifestation of Mlle. Mars fixed the meaning of the symbol.

Many are Called, &c.

Ethan Allen, of Revolutionary war fame, was in church one Sunday with a number of friends listening to a very high Calvinistic minister (exact stature is not recorded). The text chosen was, "Many shall strive to enter in but shall not be able," and the preacher premised his remarks by observing that the grace of God was certainly sufficient to include one person out of ten. "Secondly" disclosed the fact that not one in twenty would attempt to avail himself of salvation. And "Thirdly" it came out that but one man in fifty was really an object of divine solicitude. "Fourthly" was announced, and the estimate of the elect now reduced to greater correctness, the sad conclusion was being drawn that one out of eighty—when Allen seized his hat and evacuated the pew, exclaiming, "I'm off, boys, any one of you may take my chance."

Can't do-it vs. Try.

Can't do-it sticks in the mud; but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and up he went to the top of the beech-tree. The snow-drop said "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try," and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

Little Things.

Suppose the little flowers should think
That they were much too small
To be of any use to us,
And so not bloom at all.
How much that's pleasant we should lose;
For as we pass them by,
Every one little flower that blooms
Is pleasing to the eye.

Suppose the little raindrops thought
That they were much too small
To be of any use on earth,
And so not rain at all;
Then the fruits would never grow,
Nor roses in the bowers
For all the little raindrops help
To make refreshing showers.

And so shall little children think
That they are much too small
To be of use to others here,
And do no good at all?
Ah! dearest children, think not so,
For little acts of love
Are pleasing in the sight of God,
And outlasting up above.

Children's Friend.

The Way That Had no Remarkable Qualities.—Most boys who get into the newspapers are very remarkable boys.

Joe had nothing about his looks, or actions, or color, that attracted the particular attention of anybody.

When he first breathed the vital air he was a simple boy-baby, with two hands, two feet, two eyes, two ears, one mouth and one nose. He did not laugh, and crow, and sit upright, as young geniuses do in their young babyhood, but he slept, and waked, and ate (baby food, of course) and cried like any common baby.

When he grew older there were no uncommon developments except that he was fat, healthy and heavy.

Nobody congratulated his mother on raising a future President, nor applauded the bright genius that sparkled in the baby's eyes. The gossipers looked wonderingly at each other as the tender mother watched over her baby boy, provided for his comforts, and pressed him to her warm bosom.

He grew to boyhood, but he was only a common boy. He learned his A B C with difficulty, and was slow in learning to read. His teacher thought he would never get through the multiplication table. But he never forgot it.

When the boys went a fishing, Joe went too, but he was slow in getting his line ready. The other boys were on and in and around the lake before his hook was fairly settled in the water. "Too slow to move," the boys would say. "He'll sit there expecting the fish to come to him."

It was even so; he remained stationary and fixed; but when night come, somehow his basket was always full, while many of the bright, talking geniuses went home with the sad intelligence that the fish "wouldn't bite."

Joe's home was full of life, and noise, and bustle of intelligent older children and bright younger ones. Joe found himself, and everybody else found him, solitary and alone, taking very little notice of the stir around him.

When he grew to be a man, the bustling driveheads laughed at his plodding: but by some means he seldom made a mistake, and though he did not seem to accomplish as much in a week as many another did in a day, yet at the end of the year there was always something tangible in his results, while the work of those who seemed to utterly outstrip him at first, ended in demolished air castles.

He has passed the meridian of life. Men eminent in the profession respect his judgment. Business men, coming upon the stage of action, long to learn the secret of his success. The bank leans upon him to carry it through the trying crisis, merchants and manufacturers lean upon him to save them from bankruptcy. Steady, constant, and hard study made him a scholar; persevering industry, accompanied with economy, raised him to opulence; close observation and deliberate reflection cultivated a sound judgment, and honesty and integrity secured for him the confidence of all who know him.

Stand Fast.—It is a hard thing for a boy or a young man to hold steadily on the right way when all around him are going in the other. It may seem to be useless, except as a trial of his own principles, for him to stand fast in the hour of temptation; but a silent influence goes out from such an example more powerful than that of many sermons.

A young man in the army used often to be urged to drink, but always answered, "No," firmly yet civilly. This irritated some, and provoked others to ridicule, and once he was asked to give a reason for such "unsoldierly conduct."

"Because I promised my father and mother that I would never taste a drop of liquor," he answered. After this they redoubled their attack, striving by all their arts to induce him to break his resolution, but in vain. The persecution he endured was most trying, but he had his reward. One by one his messmates began quietly to follow his example. Oaths were not so common, cards were thrown aside, and at least half of them seemed wholly changed in their outward deportment. Many, no doubt, were well-trained youths at home, who had been led astray by evil example; and now this consistent Christian example had awakened and led them back.

Every time you stand firm in the midst of temptation, you do good to others as well as yourself. Every time you yield to what you know is wrong, you do a great evil to those who entice you to sin. Even "a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

Even a child can exert an influence that may result in the saving of a precious life and soul from ruin.

"As the Twig is Bent."—"Well, I declare! I don't see where that child gets his disposition from," I heard a mother exclaim not long since.

O, how easily an impartial observer could have told her; but she could not see; and she would not have believed had she been told.

An incident, comical in some respects, but yet seriously suggestive, came under my observation within that mother's door-yard, the relation of which will help to solve her moral problem:

"Jack!" screamed a bright-eyed, fair-faced little girl, of not more than six summers, to her younger brother, who had dumped himself under the wall, where he was digging sand with a strip of shingle—"Jack, you good-for-nothing little scamp, you are the torment of my life! Come right into the house this minute, or I'll take the very hide off of you! Come in, I say!"

"Why, Totty," exclaimed her father, who chanced to come up at that moment, "what in the world are you saying? Is that the way you talk to your little brother?"

"O, no, papa," answered the child, promptly, and with an innocent smile. "We was playing keep-house, and I am Jack's mamma, and I was talking to him just as mamma talked to me this morning. I never really spank him, as mamma does me sometimes."

A Sweet Answer.—A little boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on a minute, and then said, "I didn