LICEM & MAOJE

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s. F. SLOAN, Editor. .

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In spite of all the learn'd have said. I still my old opinion keep; The posture that we give the dead, Paints out the soul's eternal sleep

Not so the ancients of these lands-Again is mated with his friends, And shares again the joyons Start His imaged birds, and painted bowl.

And realism for a journey dressed Bespoke the nature of the soul, Activity that knows no rest. His how for action ready bout,

And arraws, with a head of ston Can only mean that life is spent, And not the old ideas gone. Herestili a lofty rock remains, (Now wasted balf by wearing rains,)

(And which the shaperd still admires,) The children of the forest played.

There oft a restlets Indian quoen, (Pale Shebah, with her braided hair, And many a barbarous form is seen, By midnight moans, o'er moistening dew

In habit for the chase arrayed, The hunter still the deer pursues. The hunter and the deer, a shade

And reason's self shall bow the knee,

To shadows and delusions here. Choice Miscellany

THE SECOND WIFE: OR. THE TRIALS OF A STIPMOTHER A CERISTNAS STORY

I was married. The final vows had been spoken, and I was no longer Agnes Park, but Agnes Fleming. I was the wife of a widower of thirty-eight, and the stepmother of three children! Not the first chosen, first beloved bride of a young, ardent lover, such as my girlish dreams and pictured; but only a second wife

The reflection was not sweet, nevertheless it was the thought with which I took my seat in the carriage which was to convey me to my new home The short wadding-tour was ended, and shortly we were "homeward bound" A long ride was She d still before us, for the village in which Captain Fleming resided was twenty miles from the near Fleming resided was twenty miles from the near tion of books. The best poets, the best historiest railway station; but he had ordered his own tion of books. The best poets, the best historiest railway station; but he had ordered his own tion of books. The best poets, the best historiest railway station; but he had ordered his own fully at the best novelists and biographers were carriage to meet us there, and thus I began fully

to realize that we were nearing home.
The road over which we journeyed was leve and smooth, and for a long time wound close by the bank of a beautiful river. Fields lay on one side, stretching far away, until they were skirted by low woods and hills; here and there a white farm-house stood, looking cheesful and almost gay in the afternoon sunshine The whole pros pect was rural, and very beautiful

My gloom began to pass away, smoothed be the sweet influences of the summer landscape and visions of future usefulness began already to float through my bring I had ample oppor to note through my triting I had ample oppor-tunity to indulge in these day dreams, for Cap-tain Eleming, tired with the long ride, was balf asleep by the side of his new wife. I was weary of taking the lead in conversation, and resolve to leave him to his meditations, as he had left me to mine After weaving for misself a very profitable future, I looked for a short time upon

the past. Ob. that past! Mine had been no gay and pampered girlhood; but, looking back, Lasw, on the contrary, years of loneliness, of weariness, and of sorrow For four years I had watched a young, beautiful, and gifted brother, as stricken with consumption he had wasted gradually away. We two were ophans, the last of our race, and

all in all to each other
But at last I saw bim laid in the coffin, and all my love and hope were long buried with him -Not that I became sad and misanthropic. No: life and duty were not dead, and looking forward I saw that there was yet much for me to do, perhaps suffer; so I planted sweet brier and violets on my brother's grave, and then went out to act and strive with the rest of the striving world. About a year after my brother's death, I met Arthur Fleming 1 bad been so shut out from the world by my brother's sickness, that I had no lovers, and very few friends, and I hardly be lieved I could ever again feel an interest in any one; but Arthur Fleming's kind, genial manner, and delicate attentions, warmed my heart to a new life. Unconsciously, my whole heart, all the more ardent for its long stillness, was given to this new friend It was with bitter disappointment that I learned he had already been once married, for I could not bear the thought of a rival, living or dead; yet I loved him, and when he asked me to become a mother to his when he asked me to become a mother with the mother with the second with the mother with the m sure that I should win from him, in time, an affection as deep and steadfast as my own. I knew he did not marry me for love His house was lonely, his children were pourly protected, and he needed a wife I had been recommended to him as one who would keep his house in order, and be a suitable companion for his children; after a brief acquaintance he proposed in due form, and soon it was all settled

4 Almost home." racisimed Captain Fleming. rousing himself to look out of the carriage window. The words sent a thrill through me, and I looked eagerly out, through the twilight shadows, to the house we were approaching. I was large, and stood at a distance from the village street, and it seemed to me in rather a desolate situation. Great trees swung their branobes over the gateway, and as we rode between them the wind made a sighing sound among the leaves. But the lighted lower windows shone cheerfully in the darkness, weming by their

brightness to walcome me home
Jane Fleming, my husband's sister, who had been his housekeeper since his wife's death, came to the door to meet us. The moment her cold fingers touched mine, I felt that there would be no sympathy between us; and when we had en tered the lighted parlor, and I had acritinized awake " her face, I was sure of it. Without a word she stood beside me while I took off my bonnet and gloves—she carried them away; then as silently total lack of system, order, and justice which Julis?" I saked.

walked into the ruem again, leading the three prevailed in this mock school. I was growing "I do not remen

children. I feel now the chill of her presence The three ran into their father's arms and weak hands could ever root out. them in return, I perceived that there was a and derkness forever. This show of passionate er." foodness made me glad, and, going to his side, I . I made no reply to this, but asked him why tried to win the notice of the children to my

"It is your new mother," said their father.-4886 has come to take care of you when I ans gone to sea again. Julia and Mary, go to your monther." Mary, a pretty blue eyed child of ten, came mind you, and make my father hate me;" and

The next morning I made it my business to go over the house and examine its conveniences. The first step upon the blood, gloomy staircase, chilled me: but when, after visiting every room, I sat down in the parlor sgain, I was almost discouraged. Such a dream, disordered house, I never saw In every change the curtains bung over the windows like shrouds, and the air was cold and damp as a dungeon. There was dust on the walls, on the windows, and on the furniture; there was gloom in every corner. The parlor, which might have been a delightful room, you not love me, Mary?"

seemed like a sepulchre The furniture, as well The child kissed me gravely, but did not reply as the pictures, were covered with brown holland; a locked bookense stood in a recess, and a locked piano was by the opposite will Lasked little Mary, who had kept close by me all the morning

why this was so.

"Aunt Jane does not like music," she replied; "and she keeps the bookcase locked, bet cause she says we must not read books until we "And why is the furniture all covered?"

asked Mary. "Aunt Jane wants to keep it nice"
"Well, Mary," I said, 'go now and ask your aunt Jane for the key of the bookcase. I want to see the books

She ran quickly, and returned followed by her aunt, who delievered up the key to me with a dubious kind of grace "I hope you will look thebookease when you have examined the books, ma'am," said Miss It was Julia Fleming "I don't allow the children to spend

their time in light reading."
"What are they now reading?" I asked. "They learn their lespns," she replied

there, making a library, small, but of rare value. Jane has not had time to get them mended." Is wee the first really pleasasan thing I had found in my new home, and I at an hour or two, glancing over one volume after another, and re arranging them on the sielves Suddenly Miss Jane looked in and in a mo-

forward, and anatching the book out of the child's and to help her make up the lost time hand, threw it on the talle, then led her by the shoulder out of the rook I was at first mute with amazement at this ough government; then I sprung up, and would have followed her, had not the fear of an outbrack restrained me. "Selfish creature !" | excluimed, "you are rving to make these children like yourself; ruining them for all god and happeness in life. lo Julia's sullenness ant coldness I see the fruit | Edward. of your labor Was Arthur Fleming blind when he left his children in your keeping?"

I saw no more of the children until dinner. when, by questioning, I learned that they had been studying all the merning with Miss Fleming I informed her that I should sit with them in the afternoon, as I v isted to see what progress essons, and for a few moments my heart so of gloomy and sad." failed me, perplexed by her ontemptuous glances, his are mine. Their interest must be mine, whatever difficulties I find in the way. I have

shall now deter me from doing my duty." After dinner Miss Jane and the children re paired immediately to the chamber which was used as a school room. In a few minutes I followed them, and quietly took a seat at the deak. She was drilling them in srithmetic, sending one after another to the blackboard, and talking all the time in a loud and petulant tone.

"Julia!" she exclaimed, "if you make such awkward figures I'll put you back to the beginning of the book. Mary, will you stand upright, or be sent to bed? Decide now!" "I connot understand this sum, aunt Jane."

"Sit down, then, until you can," was the re-"Do you not explain what they cannot under-

stand?" I saked. "All that is necessary," she replied. "Mary could understand her sums if she attended to

An hour passed, during which Mary silently hang her head over her slate, and played with her pencil, Miss Jane offering no explanation; Mary was in costacies. "Oh, wilk you teach Edward alternately counted with his fingers the me to play?" she asked. "It would make me so buttons on his jacket, and drew houses upon his happy? slate; Julia, whose strong mind received knowledge almost intutively, studied her lesson onictly and without difficulty. Presently she gave decreasing.
her book to her aunt, and recited her lesson per

"Very well, Julia," said Miss Jane. "You may go into the garden and amuse yourself." "Do they not amuse themselves together?" inquired, with astonishment, not pleased with the idea of solitary, mirthless exercise. "Not unless they learn their lessons equally well," she answered. "Edward!" she anddenly exclaimed; "as I live, the boy is going to sleep! Stand in the corner, Edward, until you are

Edward colored scarlet and went to the corper, rubbing his eyes. I felt disgusted at the frightened at the work before me, fearful that ed. "Who was she?" Jane Fleming had sown more tares than my

embraced him affectionately, and as he caressed | Seeing that Edward was crying, I went to him bem in return, I perceived that there was a in his corner. "Go away!" he sobbed, when I laid my band reach it, would be enough to shield me from cold on his head-"go away-you are not my moth-

> "Because I am tired," he answered; "and you jandraust Jane won't let me sit down. "I and sunt Jane. Elward?" said I. "Yes," he sobbed out "Aunt Jane says you are come here to live always, and will make me bad called me mother!

The next morning Captain Flowing left for a feeling that I was a stranger had vanished—my heart had warmed so towards the little one whose suburn head neatled in my arms. My hashend most tender and affectionate, even tearful; with suburn head neatled in my arms. My husband most tender and effectionate; even tearful; with looked pleased, and smiled, giving his estater's me it was kind. After he was gone I stole up gratified look, and I observed the shadow of a smile on her lips, but it faded again as she glauced at Julia. When the check struck nine, flist Jane rose and led the while their chambers. I bade them good night as they went out, but I noticed that Julia made no answer.

The next morning I made it my business to go.

The next morning I made it my business to go.

Passed I was king. After he was good 1 store up grow room and spone the merchange in hitter weeping and sadness. What would become of loved by his children, if their hearts were irregionally stored against me! Would not his own grow gradually colder and colder toward me!—

Passed I masses the merchange in hitter weeping and sudness. Fearful prospect!—an unloved wife, a hated step-

mother? I heard a soft tap at my door, and little Mary entered doo, had been crying; and when she saw trans of tears on my face she came gently up to me and crept into my lap. "Do you love father, too?" she asked, in her

frank, simple manner. "Yes, darling, Nove him," I answered; "and I want to love you all, and be loved by you.-Now he is gone, I am very sad and lonely. Will

to the question. "Aunt Jane sent me to call you to dinner

when we had faished this lonely meal, and the children and Jane had gone up stairs to the afternoon lessons, I visited one or two rooms which had attracted my observation the day, before. One was the attic comber, where I had noticed a heap of old packages which I wished to examine. In one corner stood a pile of old pictures, some with broken frames, but which, on examination, I found worthy to be rubbed up and newly framed. One especially won my adbeautiful woman. The soft auburn hair and hazle eyes were very lovely, and the features, though not expressive of any great energy or depth of character, were faultlessly regular. Hearing some one on the stairs, I opened the

door to ask some questions about these pictures. "Are you busy, Julia?" I asked. "If not. I wish you would come here a moment."
Julia looked surprised, but followed me with

out any reply. "I want to know something about these She disappeared, and I opened the bookcase, tures," I said, "Some of them are very fine, which I found to contain a most excellent select and it seems to me strange that they should hang ere out of sight."
"They got injured," said Julia; "and aunt

the worm, sunny tint of the water, and the fields maker. the worm, sunny tint of the water, and the motion look almost as if the grass was growing there."

I knew by the quick dilating of Julia's hasel

I knew by the quick dilating of Julia's hasel

Julia, surcestically.

"Jane, I wish you to stay with us" I said. ment her face was pale with indignation, for appreciate its excellence, and I regretted that "It is right that I, Captain Fleming's wife, there sat little Mary on the arrest, buried in a she had been so long debarred the privilege of shou'd be a mother to his children; and take sjar, but there was no light in there; only one charming old annual. Meadane took two steps oultivating her naturally artistic taste. I resolve their care and education into my own hands. I lamp barned on the piano forte, which had been,

"Now here is one in which I am still more inis this. Julia?" Julia started, and then the color rushed to her che ks as she answered in a low voice, "It is

my mother" I had suspected as much. The resemblance was stiking between the pictured face and little

"Is this the way that you preserve your moth er's portrait?" I asked. "Aunt Jane put it away before-"Before I came, Julia?" said I. "Yes," was the brief reply
well, I shall take better care of it in future."

leaid. "I am not come to stand between you they were making. The look with which she and your mother, Julia. I wish you to love and received this approuncement plainly indicated bonor her memory above all others. I shall try that I should be an unwelcome listener to her to make you wiser and happier than ever, instead

There was a slight quiver about Julia's firm that I half determined to have nothing to do lip as she turned and left the room. I began to spent three hours of every morning in study with better able than you are to take care of the with the children, but leave them to her, since feel encouraged. That evening I had a fire she was so jealous of them. But my better spirit made in the parlor, the piano was unlocked, and Mary's music and Julia's drawing; on the other prevailed over me "They are mine now," I I took my music from my trunks. In the afternoons they were free to practice at home, or thought, "for I am their father" wife, and all "gloaming," before there was any light in the to visit their village friends and receive visits in the to visit their village friends. room, save that of the tremulous firelight, I sat

down to play. They were all there; Jane knit come here of my own free will, and nothing ting in the corner, and the children seated silently about the fire. I found the piano an excellent instrument, and after playing a lively walts, which drew a sigh from the depths of Miss Jane's bosom, and a

> When I finished, Mary and Edward were sweet singing. stan ling, one on each side of me, and their glowing faces expressed their delight.
>
> 4I like that," said Edward. "I wish aunt

Jane wouldn't keep the piano looked, so that nobydy can touch it." A loud, warning cough, from his amiable aun made him shrink a little closer to me: " Do

sing another, please!" whispered Mary, and I sung Goethe's Miller and the Brook, that wild. merry old song:-"What do I my of a marmar! That our murmer be:

The the water nymphs that are slaging Their roundeless under me!"

"Mary!" said Jane, sternly, but the little girl did not heed it-her faith in her aunt was fust

sons as soon as you please to begin. I do not wish you to be confined wholly to arithmetic." I turned from the piano, and sat by the fire, after having lighted the astral lamp. Mary and Edward were dancing about the middle of the room, and even Julia smiled at their playful rudepess. Jame, seeing that they took no beed of his dreary coughs and sighs, rose and left the room. I took quick advantage of her absence. Geing to the bookcase, I selected an interest.

ing volume, and sat down with it near the lamp. "I do not remember that I have." she answer-

"Heratory is a very wonderful one." I said: I will read it if you would like to bear it."

Is it true?" cried Edward, leaving his play.

"Yes, Edward," I replied; "it happened many inquiringly. Edward and Mary were already eager to hear crying, "for her to come and spoil all, just as we her; and little Mary, rejoiced, sprung to the it, and Julia looked quite interested, though she were to have such a merry Christman." said nothing. I took Edward in my lan and began to read the strange thrilling story. listined with the deepest attention. By and by Julia interrupted me, saying,

u are fired, let me read awhile, mother I was tired, and gave it up to her gladly-she At nine Jane came and called them to bed

and with a grave amile she kissed, me and bade me good night.

That night my pillow was hanned with hap py dreams.

Much of the ensuing wear speak is rear, ranging the rooms, in order give them a meet of the first Mrs. Pleming from its garret corner, and hung it over the mantle in the parlor. It had the beautiful landscape reframed, and in adorned a little room opening from the back parlor, which had been used as a speak bedroom, and answered clowly, "Last week, in the great and answered clowly answered clowl lor, which had been used as a spare bedroom, but which I converted into a miniature library. I went with the children into the field to butter A low ery escaped Mary's lips. "Jame," A for early Mayflowers, with which to fill the vacts graped; "my hupband—where is he?" the form and make the rooms bright and fragrant.

and make the rooms bright and fragrant. Mary took her first music lesson, and was already promising to sing, "Let we love one snother," on Christmas day, at which time her father days on a broken plank, every soul was fint." would be home. Julia had so far descended. I could atter neither ery nor more, so stanwould be home. Julia had so far descended. I could atter neither eryshoremen, so stan-from the cold heights of reserve as to ask me to him was this terrible news. I only looked into

ble in her travelling dress. We were all supprised—I most of all, for I had boped that the happiness of the children would win her kind. ness also, but I was mistaken.

"Where are you going, aunty?" asked Mary, ber blue eyes expanding with astonishment. Miss Jane deigned no answer, but ate her breakfast in unbroken silence; then, turning to me, announce.

to accomplish. These girls were growing ap miration—it was the portrait of a young and under my care, discreet, sober, and reasonable. I shut out the vanities and follies of the world and seriousness. But Arthur Fleming must bring a strange wife here, who, in two short weeks could, by her willy nottness of manner, win their foolish young hearts away from their tried friend and fill their heads with vanity. I will not stay where I and my instruction are objects of contempt. I leave you to your painting and playing, your singing and boquet making. I am not penniless, an you probably suppose. I have still a home to go to, now that I am driven thank-

words. The children looked wonderingly at me

and at ber. "Don't go, aunty! Mother doesn't want you

mean to make them happy in their home, in their mored into the little room. studies, and to fit them for good and useful lives terested," I said, taking up the portrait. "Who You can help me in this work, and I will be your friend Will you stay, Jane?"

"No. Mrs. Flowing," she replied, indignants ly, "I will not stay where I am a mere cipher But, children, I do not desert you. If you are ever fatherless, or in trouble, I will come to you and you shall have your home with me again. The stage coach, which Jane had accretly or dered to call for her, now rattled up to the door; and with her green band pox clasped closely in ber arms, she took her seat in the stage. She gave a nod of freezing dignity to me, a farewell of compassionate affection to the children, and then the coach drove sway

I now, with the children, felt at home and at Six month passed rapidly, and how pleasantly my vivid recollection of them testifies. As the fully competent to teach the children myself, I them. Two afternoons in a week I devoted to children." return. Our evenings were spent in reading; and in the three months of that summer they gained more intelligence than in years before .-Their interest in knowledge was aroused, and whatever they read was made a subject of free and cheerful conversation, thus fixing important facts in their memories and training their minds to sing. It was an old, plaintive Scotch song, that I chose—something to touch and melt the several very fine crayon pictures, and Mary adment the several very fine crayon pictures, and Mary adment the several very fine crayon pictures, and mary adment the several very fine crayon pict ded to our evening readings the charm of her

At Christmas time we expected Captain Floming. With what a glad pride I looked upon my happy group, and thought of the gratitede he was that sound?" She went to the winwould feel, when he saw their improvement and witnessed their affection for myself. I looked forward with a beating heart to the meeting. It was a fortnight before Christmas, and we were already deeply engaged in preparation for the merry season. Green boughs, with which to decorate the rooms, were being made in festrons and garlands, and, in a sly corner, the Christmas tree was waiting its hour of triumph. Julia was burrying to finish a picture of Santa Clause, to hand over the Christmas tree, and Mary was practising incessantly, "Let us love one another," at the piano forte, while little Edward entered with even greater seal, if possible, into the preparations for the festivities. Seated in his little chair, which, with a show of secreev was turned with its back to the room, he was working with his knife on a present for "mother," be a little wooden vessel.

It was afternoon, and Julia and I had been discussing the propriety of inviting some friends to enjoy our Christmas eve with us. We were now in daily expectation of Captain Fleming, and every sound of wheels made us rush to the window.

"Father is come!" cried Julia, as the sound of wheels, instead of passing, stopped at our door, and we simultaneously sprang up and res to the window. There, indeed, stond the ex-"You have read of Josa of Are, have you not, pegted coach; but who was that old lady, with a green band box held tightly in her arms, now

"Well, meet her kindly come," I said, and by that time the ball-door . As she seeed, and turned her smiling face had opened, and Jane Fleming stood in the midst terraid up, there was a sound belief a quick of ue, receiving our greetings with a kind of grim fortstep toward the hall. The door was flung smile. The girls divested her of all her many open, and-Had one risen from the dead? shawls, and, cloaks, and furs, and Edward drew

As she warmed her feet at the grate. Miss

a chair for her close to the fire.

shyly towards me, and kissed my cheek, but
Julia, the eldest, merely gave me har head.

Julia seemed to have imbibed something of her
aunt's toy manner, for she sat sloof, and watched
me coldly. The little boy now lifted his head
from his father's shoulder, and seeing that Mary
stood by me unharmed, ventured to approach
me
"Come to me, Edward" and Miss Bleming,
with a frown.

Was his name Edward! Loanght him so my
arms and held him closely, so that he coulders," I said to myself, "they
arms and held him closely, so that he coulders," I said to myself, "they
arms and held him closely, so that he coulders," I said to myself, "they
seeret heart that I would make him like the
brother Edward I had lost. In an insteat the
feeling that I was a tranger had vanished and
was conserved and statement of poor Jossa," and so the first first should break.

I looked round, but Jane was on the appointe
Shall we stay, mother?"

"Lot them says little longer," I had to Miss
"I told you'll divided him closely, and the said to myself, "they
with the story.

"Sing me one little song!" said Mary, when
little hand sullenly, and turned his face away
from me
some me.

Jane now same forward, and I turned from
the story was ended.

I complied willingly, and sang, "List ut love
sprung up and gave me a good-night kins; Ed
word followed her example.

Shall we stay, mother?"

"Lot them says little longer," I had to Miss
"I told you'll divided him don't come to the says and a had not
with the story.

"Sing me one little song!" said Mary, when
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"I his to five my introduction of the little five my
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sprung up and gave me a good-night kins; Ed
word followed her example.

Shall we stay, mother?"

Shall we stay, mother?

"I have five my introduction."

Shall we stay, mother?

"I have five my introduction."

and answered slowly, "Last week, in the great storm, the Mary Fleming was wrecked."

"The Mary Fleming was wrecked and out h .-Seve the mate and one sailor, who fluted two teach her crayon drawing, and I was astonished the faces of my 'children, who gethered bloos at the talent she already exhibited.

One morning, when I had been about a fort.

Inght with them, Jane came to the breakfast the prehead my bewildering anguish. She put her young, strong arms about me, and led me, un-

resisting, to my chamber—there, watched by her alone, I lay silent and motionless all day leng. But my brain was busy. "Is it to this, an untimely death," I thought, "that all I love are fated to come? My heart was wrapt in my beantiful brother, and he haid down to die in the glory of his youth. My love rose out of his grave and gathered itself, strong as life, about my ed her decision.

"Mrs. Fleming," she said, "I cannot stay here contentedly when I see you daily undoing with all your might what I have been laboring so hard should be should shoud look up to me with there pitiful faces and cry, 'We are orphans!' Where was he when we, his wife and his children, were making Christman from their knowledge; I reared them in prudence garlands? We were singing, and weaving by the

warm firelight, while he, now struggling, now faisting, and sinking, was smothered in the horrible waves!" Such thoughts as these filled my brain with conscions horror; and all day I lay as one bewambed. But suddenly, as it grew dark, and Julie brought a light into my chamber, I was struck by her settled expression of woe. I had forgotten that I was not the only sufferer. That thought give me strength. I rose, took her by My eyes filled with tears at these scornful I gathered them about me, and we all went to-

I could speak to them of comfort. The next morning our paper came, and its tidings. Days passed = sowiy, terredy the wat beginning to realise that we, of late such a joy-full group, were now "the widow and fatherless." It was evening, and we all sat in the little library. The door of the parlor behind us was

Edward lay in my arms asleep, his soft carls falling over his forebead, and half-veiling his fresh, fair face. Julia and Mary on each side of me, sat at work on m usuing dresses. Jane, ton, in the ormer, was sewing black thibes --How different our labor form that wi h which we had expected to usher in the Christmanure ! By and by Julia looked up with an auxious

expression "Mother, are we poor?" she asked, I was glad that I could answer in the negative. "But," I added, "we know not how soon we may be. This great misfortune bus taught us that nothing is certain. We mu-t not lean idly on what we possess, but propere ourselves for labor if need be. To morrow I wish you all. to begin again your studies " Jane dropped her medie and thread. 41

thought it was understood that the children should go home with me," she said. "Perhaps willage school was extremely poor, and I was you think I am poor and helpless; but you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am probably This announcement startled me, but there was no need. Mary threw her arms around my neck

while Julia, her eyes glowing with excitement, enswered quietly and firmly, "Our mother has the best claim on us, aunt Jape, and until sho, sends us away, we will never leave her. More than a mother she has been to us, and we have. never been so happy as in this past helf year. We love her better than all other friends; and shout of delight from my little Edward, I began to habits of active thought. Julia adorned the now that our father is gone we will not leave her to sing. It was an old, plaintive Scotch song, while of our sittle library and little library has alone."

look of thankfulness, and say, "I will be as falthful to you as you have been to me, Julia."
"Hush!" said Mary, starting from her feet. dow and looked out. It was only the wind," she added, and sas down by me again. Jane shot indignant glances at the children "I little thought," said she, "when I came here to work and wear myself out for you, that you would so soon desert me for a stranger." "Aunt Jane." said Julia, quickly, "remem-

ber it is our mother to whom you speak our second mother, to whom we owe so much." Miss Fleming looked stern, but was eilent. "I do hear a footslop," said Mary, and again she peopled from the window; but all was dark and silent. My heart sched with weary dissen-

sion, and I made a last attempt at peace. "Sister Jane." I said , "you shake your head, but you were his sister, and must therefore be mine-for his sake I forgive you for the many attempts you have made to turn my children's I replied. "Both Julia and you may take leshouse, but bold a mother's place to the children my beloved husband left in my care. For them newceforsh, and for them only, I shall live and labor. I have thus far tried to do them good, Trust them to me, and let there be no more un-

pleasant feeling between us....for his sake."

Jane Fleming looked at me for a moment, and then burst into tears. She wept a few momenta. and her heart was softened. "Agnes, forgive me!" she said, to my saton. ishment and joy. "You think me heartless, but indeed I am not, through I have been harsh. It

bundling out of the enceb door, sending sharp was my love for my brother and his children that glances up at the windows, while the coachman took down her trunks?

"It is sunt Jane?" said Julia, with a long sigh of disappointment, and she looked into my face.

There was a moment of silent, pleased surprise; quiringly.
"It is too bad, too bad!" said Mary, half-her sisted. Juliu gravely stooped down and kissed

piene forte and sung with her whote heart "Let

"My wife ! my children! my blessed Agnes!" exels med Captain Floming, his vice house with Courledad to Frank D.