

He and She.

He sat in Honor's seat,
And rapturous ladies gazed into his eyes;
She stood without, beneath the wintry skies,

He spoke of Faith's decay;
The ladies sighed because he spoke so true.

Men bowed and ladies smiled where'er he went,
She stole through life, by shame and hunger bent,

Upon his wedding day
She stood with burning eyes that fain would weep,

The bride, so pure and true,
He took unto himself in haughty mood;
And all the paltry world applauding stood,

Half-clad, she stood upon whose maiden breast
He pledged his faith, for Love's supremest test,

—Christian Union.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

By Mrs. Alexander.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We must now retrace the course of
events with Marie, and go back to the agitated
evening on which Neville and Sir
Frederic had sought Miss Redoubt.

In a small back parlor in one of the narrow
streets leading from the main line near
Kennington Gate, neatly and stiffly furnished,

She had taken her whole fortune from her
port-monnaie, and was counting it—seven
gold sovereigns and a half, eight shillings,

She spread them out before her, and
gazed upon them sadly.
The night before she had slept heavily—the

On reaching London the night before she
had decided on Kennington as the locality
furthest from all she had hitherto known

Here, the excitement and sense of wrong
gradually subsiding, she would almost have
hailed death as a deliverer from the appalling

And now what to do? First, she must
get cheaper lodgings—these two miserable
rooms cost her twenty-one shillings. A

Yes, Mrs. Jupp was disengaged, and at
her young lodger's disposal.
"Good-evening," said Marie, as Mrs. Jupp,

"Thank you," said Marie. "You see I
am a total stranger here, having come over
from France to endeavor to earn my own

you no further," said poor Marie sadly.
"Thursday, before noon; if after that,
you're liable for another week; and you'll

Still Guy might through this relative
gain some clew to her; if he took the
trouble of seeking. Ah! would he care for,

When this was accomplished, it was still
but seven o'clock; and, prompted by the
restlessness of misery, she determined her-

An impulse to enter, and taste even the
vague companionship of a multitude of
strangers—even the shadowy sympathy of

CHAPTER XIX.

A tall, quaint man, with wild looking
hair, who had mounted the pulpit, upraised
a bony hand, and now the congregation

Then the sermon began—a quaint and
stirring discourse, which riveted our her-
oine's attention; and in the preacher's

But Marie made no reply, except to lift
the unconscious child, an effort almost too
much for her strength; and rousing the

"I never saw her like this before," said
the alarmed mother, "though she is a deli-
cate little creature. Agnes, my pet, speak

"Well, and I'm sure, 'm, I'm forever
obliged to you for your kindness and help.
If you'd been the child's mother, you

"We are living in a very humble way at
present," continued Mrs. Bushel. "My
husband has not been fortunate, though he

And Marie knelt in agonized yet thankful
supplication.
"If I can but maintain myself awhile
honestly, perhaps Guy will seek me out!

life I never can relinquish; and I trust our
home, though humble is genteel."
And regardless of reply, the fat lady

Mrs. Bushel was a stout woman with a
kindly, honest face, fair hair, and a double
chin, and mountainous shoulders; she was

Here, after ringing for some time, a slatternly
girl opened the door, over which, by the
light of a small gas jet, Marie perceived

He brought with him a faint, stale odor
of smoke, and was very quiet and civil. To
him Mrs. Bushel volubly detailed the sud-

"I do not think any one could have done
less for the pretty child," said Marie.
"And now if you will excuse my leaving

"I see," she resumed, "a card in your
window. May I ask if you let any part of
your house?"

Whereupon, Marie, in a few words,
explained that she had come to England to
seek employment, and could not afford

"I used to give lessons in France," she
concocted, after arranging with Mrs. Bushel.
"But here I must get more immediate

"Dear, dear! to think of that!" cried
Mrs. Bushel.
At the word lesson, she had glanced at

"Well, any one can see you're a lady, at
any rate; but dear, dear! you'll do nothing
at the needle. We'll see what we can

"Mlle. Thibaut, No. —, Acacia Row."
"Oh!" replied Mrs. Bushel, "a French
lady! I thought you did not speak English

"Law! Bushel, you never have no faith
or enterprise; she's a lady, and a sweet
creature, and she shall teach these dear

CHAPTER XX.

And Marie knelt in agonized yet thankful
supplication.
"If I can but maintain myself awhile
honestly, perhaps Guy will seek me out!

memories, the sad anticipations which
crowded on her, she wept herself to sleep—
the beloved name still on her lips.

Who can say that she was not right?
Our hero was but an average man, and
average men are not often gifted with the

Better, far, O reader! in such a dilemma,
be cast on the native generosity of a
woman humble in origin, lowly in nurture,

Marie, as she went through the form of
swallowing a cup of tea and a morsel of
bread. She felt strangely averse to re-

Next year is the centenary of organic
American Methodism, and it is proposed
that all the Methodist sects shall unite in

"I thought I'd just make all right at
once, and then you can come in when you
like. You'll excuse my appearance, but

It was a weary walk, yet she felt little or
none of the depression which a search for
employment would have thrown over a

Her first two applications were at once
rejected—not rudely, people are not grati-
tiously rude, especially men, to women

(To be continued.)

A Lost "Rubens" Found.

A Wilkesbarre (Pa.) despatch says it is
believed that the missing picture of Sus-
annah, by Rubens, which was stolen nearly

Neuralgia.

Dr. McCollagan extols the value of the
ether or rhigolene spray for the instan-
taneous relief principally of facial neuralgia.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Gleanings from World-wide Chris-
tendom.
The colored Methodist Episcopal Church
has more than 100,000 members.

The foreign missionary societies of the
world gained over 300,000 communicants
in the past year.

The American Bible Society is now mak-
ing its fourth general distribution of bibles
in the United States.

A recent letter received by the American
Bible Society from their agent in Japan
conveys the copy of a formal and forcible

One of his parishioners. One of the chil-
dren saw him coming, and ran into the
house to tell his mother. The little fellow

We want a religion that softens the step
and tunes the voice to melody, and checks
the impatient exclamation and harsh

A Novel Burglar Trap.

A most exciting and peculiar sport has
successfully been introduced by George
Avery, a Norwich, Conn., grocer. Mr.

A Recipe to Make Pretty Women.

A celebrated beauty, whose complexion
at 60 was fresher than that of our women
at 30, told me her secret this summer, and

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