

### Our Minister's Sermon.

The minister said last night, said he, "Don't be afraid of giving." Why, what's the use of giving? And that's what I said to my wife, said I. "There's Brown, the miserable sinner. He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give a cent toward buying a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is, But I couldn't quite determine. When I heard him give it right and left, Just who was hit by his sermon. Of course there couldn't be no mistake. When he talked of long-winded prayin', For Peter and Johnson, they set and scowled At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say, "There's various kinds of cheatin', And re-lion's as good for every day. As it is to bring to meetin'." I don't think much of the man that gives The loud amen at preachin', And spends his time the followin' week In cheatin' and over-reachin'."

I guess that does was better enough For a man like Jones to swallow. But I noticed that he didn't open his mouth But once after that to holler. "Hurrah," said I, "for the minister"— Of course I said it quiet— Give us some more of this open talk, It's very refreshin' diet."

The minister hit 'em every time, And when he spoke of fashion, And rignin' out in bows and things, At woman's rolling passion, And countin' to church to see the styles, I couldn't help a-winkin'. And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you," And I guess it got her a-thinkin'."

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat, But man's a queer creation, And I'm much afraid that most of the folks Won't take the application." Now, if he had said a word about My personal mode of sinnin', I'd have gone to work to right myself, And not set there a-grinnin'."

Just then the minister, said he, "And now I've come to the follers Who've lost this shaver by usin' their friends As a sort of moral umbrella; Go home," says he, "and find your faults, Instead of huntin' your brothers'. Go home," says he, "and wear the coats You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked, And there were lots of smilin', And lots of lookin' at our pees, It set my blood a-billin'. Says I to myself, "Our minister Is gettin' a little better, I'll tell him when the usin' out that I Am not that kind of a critter."

### Their Summer Vacation.

He sat within his office, in the city's busy mart, And thought this very happy thought: "To-morrow I'll depart For quiet country places where the scenes that greet me here And all the city's noises shall be lost to eye and ear. Away with all this ceaseless rush; I'm weary of the strife, Oh, what a pleasure it would be to lead a farmer's life! I'll spend my week's vacation in the country fresh and free. Its verdant fields and solitude are just the thing for me."

He climbed up in the old barn's mow to feed the horses hay, And thought this very happy thought: "To-morrow I'll depart From all this dull monotony and dreary stretch of green, I'm going to the city where there's something to be seen. Why must I all my dreary days plod one prosaic round? Oh, I would dwell where busy hands in multitudes abound! I'll spend my week's vacation in the city's throbbing heart, Of which, did fortune favor me, I'd be an active part."

Each went to the desired place, but very strange to say, Each one, before the week was up, was glad to come away. They found each other's jokes of white were checked with shades of black, Though each were glad to go, yet both were gladder to get back.

### ADOPTED BY THE DEAN.

#### A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

Here madame was obliged to wipe away her tears, and her voice was broken with sobs as she continued: "He and many others that had been with him were arrested, thrown into prison, then marched out of Paris, away, I knew not whither; I only knew that it was a burning summer day—that his sufferings would be terrible. I found him again after a time; he was imprisoned at Z—. He was still alive. I went there, *mon enfant*, and with many of his colleagues he was tried. Some were condemned to death, others to transportation; figure to yourself, Esperance, what my feelings were, as I waited to hear that awful sentence. But God heard my prayers. Victor was not shot; he was transported for life. I saw him again before his ship sailed, and then, though I was so thankful for his life, yet, *mon enfant*, it was very hard, very bitter. He supported me, however; he told me that this transportation was no real disgrace, that he had merely done what he considered his duty. But he could not hide his anguish at leaving France. I think that but for me he would rather have died, and one of the last things he said to me was, 'Antoinette, I am thankful that the young De Mabilion is saved from this; I might have dragged him with me to his ruin, had he not been so shocked by the death of Clement Thomas.'"

"Poor monsieur, he was always so brave and good," said Esperance, crying from sympathy. "And you, dear madame, what happened to you then?"

"For days, *mon enfant*, I was like one stupefied; I could only look at the sea, and walk up and down the pier from which I had seen his ship sail. At last an English lady, who guessed, I suppose, that I was a relative of one of the emigrants, introduced herself to me, as I was walking backward and forward distractedly one day. She found out my trouble, inquired what I meant to do, and showed me all possible kindness. I told her that I had scarcely any money, that I meant to get a situation as a governess if I could meet with one, and that in time I hoped to save enough money to join my husband in his exile; not that I was very hopeful that day, for the hardships and sorrows made me ill, and I half hoped I might die. But the lady, Mrs. Henderson, said that she knew of a situation in England which she thought would suit me; she herself was a widow, and had been helping in one of the ambulances during the war; she was now returning to England, and she kindly took me with her. The situation was with her brother-in-law, whom you have just now seen, to teach his little motherless girl Marguerite. There! *mon enfant*, I have told you all now."

"Thank you, dear madame. You have

had terrible suffering indeed. You have not told me, though, where Mr. Henderson lives."

"In Devonshire *ma chere*—a very pretty estate of which Marguerite will be the heiress. We make now a tour in Wales, are staying for a few days at Bangor."

Frances, who had wandered away with the children, came back in time to hear this, and began to persuade Mme. Lemercier to spend a day with them at Llanfairfechan.

"You are very good; it would make me such pleasure," said madame; "but I think all the days are arranged; we go to-morrow to the Ogwen, and shall leave Bangor in two or three days."

Frances was sorry, as she was sure Esperance would like to see more of Mme. Lemercier; however, they had another long *te-te* when Mr. Henderson and his little girl returned, for Kathie was eager to have Maggie for a play-fellow, and, with the boys for protectors, they were allowed to follow their own devices; while Mr. Henderson was delighted to find a kindred spirit in Frances, and talked for at least half an hour over his favorite hobby of ferns.

"I have been disappointed in not finding more of the parsley ferns," Mr. Henderson was saying. "I had always heard of it as being so abundant in Wales."

"My brother-in-law found any quantity growing in Snowdon," said Frances. "Have you been there yet?"

"No, but I had some thought of striking inland again in a day or two. I have promised to take my little girl to Llanberis. We might perhaps combine— Well, Maggie, what is it?" as the child ran up to him breathlessly.

"Oh, papa! we are so happy, and do you know, Kathie Worthington is just my age—is it not funny?—and we mean always to be friends. And, papa, she has never been to Llanberis. Don't you think it would be very nice if we could go together?"

Mr. Henderson laughed. "Children's thoughts run apace," he said, glancing at Frances.

"Well, Maggie dear, we must see what Miss Neville says to this idea of yours. Run off now, and enjoy your play."

The little girl ran away obediently, well content to leave things in her father's hands, and Mr. Henderson turned to Frances with a smile.

"Perhaps, after all, Maggie's wish would give pleasure to some one beside herself," said Mr. Henderson, half hesitatingly. "Would it be possible for us to join forces with Miss Neville, and make the excursion to Llanberis together?"

"It is very good of you to think of it," said Frances; "but we are such a large party we should only hamper you, and, indeed, I am half afraid it would be too tiring for our invalid."

"There would be no walking," explained Mr. Henderson, "and Madame Lemercier would so much enjoy having her."

"We will talk it over with her," suggested Frances. "It would be very delightful, and I know the boys are crazy to see Snowdon."

Both Mme. Lemercier and Esperance were so delighted with the idea of the Llanberis expedition, that Frances could hesitate no longer, and indeed, Esperance was looking so much better, and appeared so little tired with her walk up the glen that there seemed no reason against trying the longer day.

Esperance went about now with a radiant expression, the sight of Mme. Lemercier's home-like face had made her feel much less forlorn, and she had greatly enjoyed their long talk together. Her strength returned rapidly, her spirits rose, and all the old cheerful courage, which had for a time seemed well-nigh crushed out of her, came back once more. Frances felt quite happy about her, for she knew that she was taking the present happiness as a preparation for the return to life at Richelieu, and she bent all her efforts to make the month in Wales as enjoyable as possible.

Monday proved to be one of those delicious days of early September, when even the most inveterate weather-grumbler cannot complain—a day of sunshine and soft breezy air, of blue sky and fleecy white clouds—a day, Esperance declared, on which it was impossible not to feel happy. The start was made early in the morning, Frances, with a sense of responsibility, driving with her four charges to the station, and feeling glad to have Esperance's help in keeping watch over the numerous possessions, ranging from butterfly-nets to air-ushions and lichen baskets.

Madame, Mr. Henderson, and Maggie met them at Bangor, and they went on by rail to Llanberis, the children in a state of uproarious merriment, Mme. Lemercier and Esperance talking and gesticulating, and Frances and Mr. Henderson finding plenty of time for almost equally animated conversation. At Llanberis there was a division, Mr. Henderson well armed with oilskin bags and fern-trowels, preparing to go up Snowdon, with Fred and Harry as companions, while the rest of the party arranged themselves in a capacious waggone and drove up the pass. Maggie, who had a good deal of romance in her disposition, insisted on telling them all the legend of Dolbadarn Castle, and, indeed, it was partly owing to her pity and admiration for the beautiful heroine, Margaret, that she had been so very anxious to come to Llanberis.

Esperance listened half dreamily, but could not bring herself to associate anything with the surrounding beauty—the ruined tower, the calm lake, the rugged granite-crowned mountains, were too restful, beautiful, too calmly grand—she could not think of the past at all, and Maggie could not win her sympathy for the tragedy of poor Margaret.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Mortlake had just returned from Scarborough, and, to tell the truth, she was not sorry to be in Richelieu again, for she had found two months at the watering-place rather dull. She was fond of society, and had been disappointed that scarcely any of her acquaintances had come to the place, while Bella had been cutting her seven-year-old teeth, and had been unusually fractious. On the whole, Mrs. Mortlake did not feel the better for her summer outing, and as she sat in the breakfast-room at the deanery one sunny September morning, her face bore a more than usually dissatisfied expression. She was waiting for her father and Cornelia, and, although the gong had twice sounded, and the breakfast was growing cold, they

still lingered over their letters in the library. Mrs. Mortlake, with growing dissatisfaction, cut the leaves of the "Guardian," and read the list of preferences, glanced through the topics of the week, skimmed the correspondence, counted the number of ladies wanting cooks, yawned repeatedly, and finally, with an impatient exclamation, rose and crossed the hall to the library to remonstrate with the dean.

"My dear father, breakfast has been ready for half an hour," she said, in a reproachful tone. "Surely those letters can wait."

Cornelia looked up; her face wore a startled, agitated expression.

"What is it, Christabel? Breakfast did you say? Yes, I will come. You would like a cup of tea in here, quietly, would you not?" she said, turning to the dean.

He assented, but did not look up, and Christabel, full of curiosity, hastened back to the breakfast-room, wondering what bad news the post could have brought. She fancied it must be in some way connected with the Mabilions; no doubt her father would feel it a good deal now if either Gaspard or Esperance met with any disaster, but, after all, need he reproach himself? He had been very liberal, and they were only cousins. Children and grandchildren certainly ought to be the first consideration.

She had made so sure that the trouble was connected with her cousins, that she was doubly startled by Cornelia's abrupt utterance as she came into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Well, Christabel, I don't know what is to be done; George Palgrave has proposed to Bertha."

"To Bertha!" exclaimed Mrs. Mortlake; "how altogether absurd. He must have known my father would not allow it." "On the contrary," said Cornelia, "they don't seem to have the least idea that he will object. George writes very properly, apologizing for having spoken to Bertha before he had asked father's leave, and explaining how it was that he was betrayed into a confession of his love before he had intended. It seems that he went to see grannie at St. Leonards, and found Bertha staying there; they were a great deal thrown together, and you know what grannies do when they get young people with her, she did nothing but plan excursions for them, and kept George hanging about the place till this was the result."

"What will father do?"

"He can only write to George, and refuse his consent. Bertha, poor child, must come home at once; I am afraid we have been partly to blame in this, we ought to have spoken to her in the summer, only of course I always thought she looked upon him as a sort of substitute for a brother."

"Of course," said Mrs. Mortlake. "I have no patience with her, she must have known that my father would never tolerate such a thing. A poor man and a cousin—preposterous!"

"Do not be hard on her," said Cornelia, pitying; "I feel as if it were all my fault for not speaking to her, and now she will have such sorrow, poor child."

Cornelia was unusually tender-hearted this morning; she was thinking of an episode in her own life, years and years ago, when love and happiness had seemed just within her reach, and had been suddenly snatched from her, leaving her chilled and embittered. Her heart ached for poor Bertha.

Mrs. Mortlake was more angry than pitiful.

"We have Esperance to thank for this," she said, in her vexed voice. "No doubt it was all brought on by that visit to the Palgraves in the summer. I knew no good would ever come of it, when my father adopted that child."

"That is sheer nonsense," said Cornelia, in her abrupt way. "The only thing I do regret a little is, that you have taken away Esperance's attic, and put her in Bertha's room—the child will want to be alone."

"On the contrary, I think it will be very good for her to have a companion; Esperance's chatter will keep her from brooding over her troubles; besides, I asked her in my last letter, and she made no objection. The attic makes a capital play-room for Bella."

Cornelia did not care to continue the conversation, and soon left the table to begin the difficult task of writing to Bertha, which Mrs. Mortlake altogether declined.

Bertha came home the next day, and early in the following week Esperance also returned. Frances Neville was coming back with the children to Worthington, so she was able to take her home in her carriage. Esperance had made up her mind to be very brave—she had even persuaded herself that she rather wished to get to the discipline of Richelieu, that she was anxious to be at work again after her long holiday; but in spite of this her heart sunk when she found herself once more alone in the dimly lighted hall of the deanery. The dean and Miss Collinson were at afternoon service, the footman told her, and Mrs. Mortlake had visitors in the drawing-room; then he carried her trunk upstairs and disappeared.

Esperance stood quite still, as if anxious to face her position. Her eyes wandered from the blue-and-white tiled floor to the frosted windows, up the dark oak staircase, and round the wainscoted walls, and she shivered a little as she remembered that this was a "coming home." She looked at the pictures of the dean's predecessors, and fancied they looked down at her pityingly, while the brown, glassy eyes of the two stags' heads looked almost fearful, and seemed to say, "We are sorry for you; we too are prisoners, out of our natural element."

She felt the tears gathering in her own eyes, and with an impatient exclamation roused herself, and went upstairs to her room. Forlorn and uncomfortable as it had been, she received a sharp pang when she found that the attic was no longer here; it was all strewn with toys, Bella was in one of the corners, beating a refractory doll, and her nurse was working near the window.

She rose, and received Esperance with enquiries after her health, and a warmth of welcome, which in the present chilliness of her feelings was really comforting. Bella, too, who was always much better behaved when away from her mother, ran up to kiss her, and, by the time the explanation of the change of rooms had been made, Esperance had quite recovered her spirits. She ran down-stairs to Bertha's room, and knocked at the door.

Bertha was sitting at her table writing; she put down her pen, but Esperance was across the room in one bound, and had

both arms round her neck before she could rise. She submitted to one of those warm, clinging French embraces, which Esperance was wont to give her, then said in her quiet, impassive voice, "I did not know you had come."

"I have been here five minutes, and not a soul have I seen except Bella and nurse—just think of that! You will have to kiss me for all the rest of the family."

"You look much better," said Bertha, still very languidly.

"Yes, I am quite well; it is you who look like the invalid. What is it, Bertha? I am sure you are ill!"

But she was not prepared for a sudden outburst of tears from her usually reserved cousin. Bertha had in truth found Esperance's endearments too much for her. In a few minutes she had, whether wisely or not, sobbed out the whole story to this most sympathetic of auditors. It had been no comfort to her to speak of it to the others. She had sat in one of the great library chairs, and heard her father express his slow, hesitating regrets that he was obliged to cross her wishes, and only grown more heavy-hearted. She had listened to Mrs. Mortlake as she sat over her bazaar work, showing the many worldly advantages she would have lost had she been able to marry George Palgrave, and had hurried away, at once sore-hearted and angry. She had Cornelia in her study and had only listened to her grave words of pity, with a conviction that her sister had never experienced this kind of sorrow, and had no right to talk. Now with a sense of relief, she told all to one who would sympathize without reproach, who would not add to her distress by saying, "You ought to have known."

They went down-stairs together, and Esperance received a kind greeting from her uncle and Cornelia, and a cold kiss from Mrs. Mortlake; there were some enquiries after her health, and a little conversation about Welsh scenery, and then she settled down into her old niche at the deanery.

She was constantly on the lookout for little ways of helping Cornelia now, for she had a vivid remembrance of her kindness to Gaspard, and the trouble she had taken during her illness; and Cornelia was not insensible to the attentions she had received.

So the autumn passed away, and the frosty weather set in; furs and winter wraps were brought out, housekeepers thought of their plum puddings and mince-meat, and Lady Worthington began to arrange the Christmas festivities.

"We must have a dance," she said to her sister, one December morning. "A delightfully mixed dance, to which all Richelieu shall be invited, from the cathedral dignitaries down to Mr. Jones' dispenser. I do like everybody to be happy, and for once all the cliques will be fused."

"They will keep in their own sets, I fancy," said Frances, "whatever you do."

"Well, we shall do our best," said Lady Worthington, hopefully, "and at any rate they will be all under one roof, dancing to the same music—surely that will establish a sort of fraternity? Claude Magnay will be here, too, and he knows everybody, and will dance with any one; and Henry will have some of his cousins down here. We can do a good deal, you see, with our own party."

"When does Claude come?"

"On the 23rd, and he has solemnly promised that he will not overwork himself as he did last year, and disappoint us just at the last moment. I have set my heart upon having him for this dance."

"To dance with the Misses Smith?" said Frances, laughing.

"Yes, to be useful, and to brighten everybody up. It does one good to look at Claude, especially when he is in a holiday humor. He is the most unspoiled genius I ever knew, and so delightfully fresh and young still."

"Yes, he does not look four-and-twenty. By the bye, will not Esperance come out this winter?"

"I should think so, and we must have her to this dance, whether or no. Let us write the invitations now, and we will send her a separate one, so that Mrs. Mortlake shall not have a chance of preventing her acceptance."

"You most cunning Katharine! I should never have thought of that."

"My dear, one must be careful with such people as Mrs. Mortlake—I do not trust her in the least."

The invitations were received at the deanery with much satisfaction. Mrs. Mortlake did indeed demur whether Esperance was old enough to go, but Cornelia was determined that she should have this pleasure, and made her write to accept it, condescending to talk of such trivial matters as ball-dresses in order to please her.

It seemed likely to be what every one called an old-fashioned Christmas, for on the 23rd there was a heavy fall of snow, and Claude Magnay, as he traveled down to Worthington Hall, was not sorry to find the usually bare, bleak country beautified by this white covering.

On Christmas eve Lady Worthington seemed bent upon making him useful, and in the afternoon asked him accompany her on foot to Richelieu.

So the matter was arranged, and Lady Worthington and her companion started at once on their snowy expedition, rather enjoying the novelty of trudging along country roads, with a keen north wind driving the snow-flakes in their faces. They shopped continuously for two hours, and it was quite dusk before they turned home again; but buying Christmas presents is tiring work, and the air was intensely cold. Lady Worthington paused involuntarily as they passed the gateway of the Vicar's Court.

"What do you say to a cup of tea, Claude, and just a few minutes by a fire, before we leave the town? I am sure the dean would be delighted to see you, and Mrs. Mortlake's tea is excellent."

Claude thought the idea a good one, and certainly it was a relief even to stand in the shelter of the deanery porch, for the night was bitter cold.

When the door was thrown open, a pretty picture was revealed. The hall was brightly lighted, the tiled floor was strewn with holly and evergreen. Bertha stood in the back-ground struggling with some tough sprays of yew, while Esperance sat at the top of a pair of steps putting the finishing touches to a wreath for one of the pictures.

She sprang down in a great hurry on seeing the visitors, and Lady Worthington

kissed her affectionately, while Claude looked and wondered. His "Mariana" was gone! this glowing-complexioned child of the south, with her innocent wavy hair and her bright eyes, was not "Mariana" at all. Was it possible that it was indeed Esperance?

He still gazed and wondered. Esperance half put out her hand, then drew it back, a little vexed that he had so evidently forgotten her.

"My uncle will be delighted to see you, Mr. Magnay," she said, with a charming little touch of hauteur.

Claude startled, as if from a dream, and the two shook hands warmly.

"A thousand pardons!—but you are so altered that I hardly recognized you."

"Ah! it is my short hair," said Esperance, coloring and laughing.

Claude did not contradict her, but in reality it was the change in her expression which he meant. "Mariana" had fascinated him, but this was something far higher! He longed for fresh opportunities of studying her face, so bewitching, whether in its sweet gravity or its smiling radiance and animation.

"I hope you have good accounts of your brother," he said, delighting in the swift kindling of the eyes at his words.

"Yes, Gaspard is very well," she replied. "I hear from him every week, such long letters, too, almost like a journal."

"And does he like his work?"

"Very much indeed. He has to superintend the coolies you know, and see that they work well; he is out-of-doors all day long, and is getting so strong and well again. I always feel when I read his letters how very much we owe to you and Sir Henry Worthington; I have always longed to tell you how very, very grateful I was, and Gaspard told me it was quite your doing that he came to Richelieu—it was so good of you to send him; it made the parting so much less bitter."

There was deep gratitude in her expression, just touched with sadness, then in a moment she smiled again, that pure, radiant, winning smile. Claude felt as if he were in some delicious dream—he made some brief response, he hardly knew what, and then Esperance spoke again.

"There is tea in the drawing-room, will you not come in? You must be very cold after your long walk."

Claude rubbed his snowy shoes on the mat, and followed into the almost oppressively hot drawing-room, where he was warmly received by the rest of the family. He was a favorite with the dean, and was at once pounced upon to listen to something about the planet Mars, and some late improvements which had been made in the telescope, and fortunately the dean was too much engrossed to notice that Claude's answers were vague and monosyllabic, or to perceive that he was bestowing all his attention on Esperance.

He did not speak to her much more that evening. Lady Worthington soon rose to go, and he was glad to hear her say to Esperance, "We shall see you then on Thursday evening; mind you come in good time."

Esperance promised, smiling, and then she followed them into the hall, picking up her fallen wreath, and standing in the doorway to wish them good-bye, in spite of the cold.

Claude walked away in silence, treasuring up his last vision of her as she stood on the white door-step, holding her holly wreath. He began to think less about painting her. What if he could make her his own, not artistically but in reality! What if he could shield her from some of the sharp, piercing sorrows of this wintry world!

"Well, Claude, you found your 'Mariana' a good deal changed, did you not?" said Lady Worthington.

"Quite; it is an angel face now," and Claude did not speak again, but fell into a deep reverie, and Lady Worthington did not disturb him.

(To be continued.)

### Fruits as Food.

It may be positively asserted that even the modern housekeeper, intelligent above her predecessors though she may be, still fails to appreciate the value of fruits. Nothing among all the productions of our bountiful mother can compare in richness and beauty, with their hues and flavors. Above all they give tone to the digestive organs, antidote biliary derangements, and afford an innumerable variety of dishes at once delicate and nutritious. Who rightly values the worth of the Northern apple or the date, that fruit which for half the year is the staple food of an Oriental race? Every breakfast table in the land ought each day to have a central dish of fruit, either cooked or in its native state. Oranges and melons, apple and grapes, figs and dates, currants and the royal line of berries, cherries and gooseberries, plums and pears, apricots and peaches, olives and grape fruits, all are rounded in outline, exquisite in coloring and delicious to the taste. In one respect all fruits are alike. They should be eaten only when perfectly ripe and as fresh as they can possibly be procured. The unfortunate denizens of large cities may be compelled to consume them after being hawked about the streets and plentifully sprinkled with dust, but that is the price they pay for other privileges.—*Good Housekeeping.*

### Secret of Being Charming to Others.

The world to-day is filled with half-morbid young people wishing they only knew how to make themselves more interesting and attractive to others. It is not a desire to be blamed, but one to be encouraged. The only trouble is that they get their attention concentrated on themselves, and the more they think of themselves the less do people want to look at the object they propose shall be attractive. No one ever fails to be delighted with a person who, having spent several summers in some enchanting spot in the mountains, takes in hand him, a stranger there, and leads him to the most poetic cascades or the sublimest points of outlook the whole region offers. Here, then, lies the secret of proving charming to others. It is by serving as guide and interpreter to something more inspiring than would be either of the two left to himself, and so bringing on an experience in which each loses his more individual life to find it in a fuller universal life.—*Boston Herald.*

She—Folks are saying that we're engaged. He—Well, we know better, don't we? She—Of course but do so awfully hate to disappoint people.