DAWN.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"You are trying to make me vain. You forget that whatever I know, which is just enough to show me how much I have to learn, I have learned from you. As for being your superior in mathematics, I don't think that, as a clergyman, you should make such a statement. Here is your tea." And the owner of the voice came forward into the ring of light.

She was tall beyond the ordinary height of woman, and possessed unusual beauty of form, that the tight fitting gray dress she wore was well calculated to display. Her complexion, which was of a dazzling fairness, was set off by the darkness of the lashes that curled over the deep gray eyes. The face itself was rounded and very lovely, and surmounted by an ample forehead, whilst her hair, which was twisted into a massive knot, was of a tinge of chestnut gold, and marked with deep-set ripples. The charm of her face, however, did not, as is so often the case, begin and end with its physical attractions. There was more much more, in it than that. But how is it possible to describe on paper a presence at once so full of grace and dignity, of the soft loveliness of woman, and of a higher and more spiritual beauty? There hangs in the Louvre a picture by Raphael, which represents a saint passing with light steps over the prostrate form of a dragon. There is in that heaven-inspired face, the equal of which has been rarely, if ever, put on canvas, a blending of earthly beauty and of the calm, awe-compelling spirit-gaze—that gaze, that holy dignity which can only come to such as are in truth and in deed "pure in heart"—that will give to those who hnow it a better idea of what Angela was like than any written description.

At times, but, ah, how rarely! we may have seen some such look as that she wore on the faces of those around us. It may be brought by a great sorrow, or be the companion of an overwhelming joy. It may announce the consummation of some sublime self-sacrifice, or convey the swift assurance of an everlasting love. It is to be found alike on the features of the happy mother as she kisses her new-born babe, and on the pallid countenance of the saint sinking to his rest. The sharp moment that brings us nearer God, and goes nigh to piercing the veil that hids His presence, is the occasion that calls it into being. It is a beauty born of the murmuring sound of the harps of heaven; it is the light of the eternal lamp gleaming faintly through its earthly casket.

This spirit-look, before which all wickedness must feel ashamed, had found a home in Angela's gray eyes. was a strange nobility about her. Whether it dwelled in the stately form, or on the broad brow, or in the large glance of the deep eyes, it is not possible to say; but it was certainly a part of herself as self-evident as her face or features. She might well have been the inspiration of the lines that run:

"Truth in her might, beloved,
Grand in her sway;
Truth with her eyes, beloved,
Clearer than day;
Holy and pure, beloved,
Spotless and free;
Is there one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee!"

Mr. Fraser absently sat down the tea that Angela was giving him, when we took the liberty to describe her personal appearance.

"Now, Angela, read a little."

"What shall I read?"

"Oh! anything you like; please yourself."

Thus enjoined, she went to a bookshelf, and, taking down two volumes, handed one to Mr. Fraser, and then, opening her copy at hap-hazard, announced the page to her companion, and, sitting down, began to read.

What sound is this, now soft and melodious as the sweep of a summer gale over a southern sea, and now again like to the distant stamp and rush and break of the wave of battle? What can it be but the roll of those magnificent hexameters with which Homer charms a listening world. And rarely have English lips given them with a juster cadence.

"Stop, my dear, shut up your book; you are as good a Greek scholar as I can make you. Shut up your book for the last time. You education, my dear Angela, is satisfactorily completed. I have succeeded with you——"

"Completed, Mr. Fraser!" said Angela, open-eyed. "Do you mean to say that I am to stop now just as I have begun to learn?"

"My dear, you have learned everything that I can teach you, and, besides, I am going away the day after to-morrow."

"Going away!" and then and there, without the slightest warning, Angela—who, for all her beauty and learning, very much resembled the rest of her sex—burst into tears.

"Come, come, Angela," said Mr. Fraser, in a voice meant to be gruff, but only succeeding in being husky, for, oddly enough, it is trying even to a clergyman on the wrong side of middle age to be wept over by a lovely woman; "don't be nonsensical; I am only going for a few months."

At this intelligence she pulled up a little.

"Oh," she said, between her sobs, "how you frightened me! How could you be so cruel! Where are you going to?"

"I am going for a long trip in Southern Europe. Do you know that I have scarcely been away from this place for twenty years? so I mean to celebrate the conclusion of our studies by taking a holiday."

"I with you would take me with you."

Mr. Fraser colored slightly, and his eye brightened. He sighed as he answered:

"I am afraid, my dear, that it would be impossible."

Something warned Angela not to pursue the subject.

"Now, Angela, I believe that it is usual, on the occasion of the severance of a scholastic connection, to deliver something in the nature of a farewell oration. Well, I am not going to do that, but I want you to listen to a few words."

She did not answer, but, drawing a stool to the corner of the fireplace, she wiped her eyes and sat down almost at his feet, clasping her knees with her hands, and gazing rather sadly into the fire.

"You have, dear Angela," he began, "been educated in a somewhat unusual way, with the result that, after ten years of steady work that has been always interesting, though somewhat arduous, you have acquired information denied to the vast majority of your sex, whislt at the same time you could be put to blush in many things by a school-girl of fifteen. For instance, though I firmly believe that you could at the present moment take a double first at the university, your knowledge of English literature is almost nil, and your history of the weakest. All a woman's ordinary accomplishments, such as drawing, playing, singing, have of necessity been to a great extent neglected, since I was not able to teach them to you myself, and you have had to be guided solely by books and the light of nature in giving to them such time as you could spare.

"Your mind, on the other hand, has been daily saturated with the noblest thoughts of the intellectual giants of two thousand years ago, and would in that respect be as much in place in a well-educated Grecian maiden living before the time of Christ as in an English girl of the nineteenth century.

"I have educated you thus, Angela, partly by accident and partly by design. You will remember when you began to come here some ten years since—you were a little thing then—and I had offered to give you some teaching, because you interested me and I saw that you were running wild in mind and body. But, when I had undertaken the task I was somewhat puzzled how to carry it out. It is one thing to offer to educate a little girl, and another to do it. Not knowing where to begin, I fell back upon the Latin grammer, where I had begun myself, and so by degrees you slid into the curriculum of a classical and mathematical education. Then, after a year or two, I perceived your power of work and your great natural ability, and I formed a design. I said to myself, 'I will see how far a woman cultivated under favorable conditions can go. I will patiently teach this girl till the literature of Greece and Rome becomes as familiar to her as her mother-tongue, till figures and symbols hide no mysteries from her, till she can read the heavens like a book. I will teach her mind to follow the secret ways of knowledge. I will train it till it can soar above its fellows like a falcon above sparrows.' Angela, my proud design, pursued steadily through many years, has been at length accomplished; your bright intellect has risen to the strain I have put upon it, and you are at this moment one of the best all-round scholars of my acquaintance."

She flushed to the eyes at this high praise, and was about to speak, but he stopped her with a motion of the hand, and went on:

"I have recognized in teaching you a fact but too little known, that a classical education, properly understood, is the foundation of all learning. There is little that is worth saying which has not already been beautifully said by the ancients, little that is worthy of meditation on which they have not already profoundly reflected, save, indeed, the one great subject of Christian meditation. This foundation, my dear Angela, you possess to an eminent degree. Henceforth you will need no assistance from me or any other man, for, to your trained mind, all ordinary knowledge will be easy to assimilate. You will receive in the course of a few days a parting present from myself in the shape of a box of carefully chosen books on European literature and history. Devote yourself to the study of these, and of the German language, which was your mother's native tongue, for the next year, and then I shall consider that you are fairly finished, and then, too, my dear Angela, I shall expect to reap a full reward for my labors."

"What is it that you will expect of me?"

"I shall expect, Angela," and he rose from his chair and walked up and down the room in his excitement—"I shall expect to see you take your proper place in your generation. I shall say: 'Choose your own line, become a critical scholar, a practical mathematician, or—and perhaps that is what you are most suited for with your imaginative powers—a writer of fiction. For remember that fiction, properly understood and directed to worthy aims, is the noblest and most far-reaching, as it is also the most difficult of the arts.' In watching the success that will assuredly attend you in this or any other line, I shall be amply rewarded for my trouble."

Angela shook her head with a gesture of doubt, but he did not wait for her to answer.

"Well, my dear, I must not keep you any longer—it is quite dark and blowing a gale of wind—except to say one more word. Remember that all this is—indirectly, perhaps, but still none the less truly—a means to an end. There are two educations, the education of the mind and the education of the soul; unless you minister to the latter, all the time and toil spent upon the former will prove to little purpose. The learning will, it is true, remain; but it will be as that quartz out of which the gold has been already crushed, or the dry husks of corn. It will be valuless and turn to no good use, will serve only to feed the swine of intellectual voluptuousness and infidelity. It is, believe me, the higher learning of the soul that gilds our earthly lore. The loftier object of all education is so to train the intellect that it may become competent to understand something, however little, of the nature of our God, and to the true Christian the real end of learning is the appreciation of His attributes as exemplified in His mysteries and earthly wonders. But perhaps that is a subject on which you are as well fitted to discourse as I am, so I will not enter into it. 'Finis,' my dear, 'finis.'"

Angela's answer to this long oration was a simple one. She rose slowly from her low seat, and, putting her hands upon Mr. Fraser's shoulders, kissed him on the forehead and said:

"How shall I ever earn to be grateful enough for all I owe you? What should I have been now but for you! How good and patient you have been to me!"

This embrace affected the clergyman strangely; he put his hand to his heart, and a troubled look came into his eyes. Thrusting her gently away from him, he sat down.

"Angela," he said, presently, "go away now, dear, I am tired to-night; I shall see you at church to-morrow to say good-bye."

And so she went homeward through the wind and storm, little knowing that she left her master to struggle with a tempest far more tremendous than that which raged around her.

As for him, as the door closed he gave a sigh of relief.

"Pray God I have not put it off too long," he said to himself. "And now for to-morrow's sermon. Sleep for the young! laughter for the happy! work for old folks—work, work, work!"

And thus it was that Angela became a scholar.

CHAPTER XVII.

The winter months passed away slowly for Angela, but not by any means unhappily. Though she was quite alone and missed Mr. Fraser sadly, she found considerable consolation in his present of books, and in the thought that she was getting a good hold of her new subjects of study. And then came the wonder of the spring with its rush of budding life, and who, least of all Angela could be sad in spring-time? But nevertheless that spring marked an important change in our heroine, for it was during its sweet hours, when, having put her books aside, she would roam alone, or in company with her ravens through the flower-starred woods around the lake ,that a feeling of restlessness, amounting at times almost to dissatisfaction, took possession of her. Indeed, as the weeks crept on and she drew near the completion of her twentieth year, she realized with a sigh that she could no longer call herself a girl, and began to feel that her life was incomplete, that something was wanting in it. And this was what was wanting in Angela's life; she had, if we except her nurse, no one to love, and she had so much love to give!

Did she but guess it, the still recesses of her heart already tremble to the footfall of one now drawing near; out of the multitude of the lines around her, a life is marked to mingle with her own. She does not know it, but as the first reflection of the dawn strikes the unconscious sky and shodows the coming of its king, the red flush to her brow tells of girlhood's twilight that now so often springs unbidden ended, and proclaims the advent of woman's life and love.

"Angela," called her father one day, as he heard her footsteps passing his study, "come in here; I want to speak to you."

His daughter stopped, and a look of blank astonshmenit spread itself over her face. She had not been called into that study for years. She entered, however, as bidden. Her father, who was seated at his writing-table, which was piled up with account-books, did not greatly differ in appearance from what he was when we last saw him twenty years ago. His frame had grown more massive, and acquired a slight stoop, but he was still a young powerful-looking man, and certainly did not appear a day more than his age of forty-two. The eyes, however, so long as no one was looking at them, had contracted a concentrated stare, as though they were eternally gazing at some object in space, and this appearance was rendered the more marked by an apparently permanent puckering of the skin of the forehead. The moment, however, that they came under the fire of anybody else's optics, and, oddily enough more particularly those of his own daughter, the stare vanished, and they grew shifty and uncertain to a curious degree.

Philip was employed in adding up something when his daughter entered, and he motioned to her to sit down. She did so, and fixed her great gray ees on him with some curiosity. The effect was remarkable; her father fidgeted, made a mistake in his calculations, glanced all round the room with his shifty eyes, ah, how changed from those bold black orbs with which Maria Lee fell in love four-and-twenty years ago! and finally threw down his pen !with an exclamation that would have shocked Angela had she understood it.

"How often Angela, have I asked you not to stare me out of countenance! It is a most unladylike trick of yours."

She blushed painfully.

"I beg your pardon; I forgot. I will look out of the window."

"Don't be a fool; look like other people. Now I want to speak to you. In the first place, I find that the household expenditure for the last year was three hundred and fifty pounds. That is more than I can afford; it must not exceed three hundred this year."

"I will do my best to keep the expenses down, father; but I can assure you that there is no money wasted now."

Then, came a pause, which, after humming and hawing a little, Philip was the first to break.

"Do you know that I saw your cousin George yesterday? He is back at last at Isleworth."

"Yes, Pigott told me that he had come. He has been away a long while."

"When did you last see him?"

"When I was about thirteen, I believe; before he lost the election and went away."

"He has been down here several times since then. I wonder that you do not see him."

"I always disliked him, and kept out of his way."

"Gad, you can't dislike him more than I do; but I keep good friends with him for all that, and you must do the same. Now, look here, Angela, will you promise to keep a secret?"

"Yes, father, if you wish it."

"Well, then, I appear to be a poor man, don't I? And remember," he added, hastily, "that with household expenses I am poor; but as a matter of fact"—and here he sunk his voice, and glanced suspiciously round—"I am worth at this moment nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in hard cash."

"That is six thousand pounds a year at four per cent.," commented Angela, without a moment's hesitation. "Then I really think you might put a flue into the old greenhouse, and allow a shilling a week to Mrs. Jakes' mother."

"Curse Mrs. Jakes' mother! Nobody but a woman would have interrupted with such nonsense. Listen. You must have heard how I was disinherited on account of my marriage with your mother, and the Isleworth estates left to your cousin George, and how, with a refined ingenuity, he was forbidden to bequeath them back to me or to my children. But mark this, he is not forbidden to sell them to me; no doubt the old man never dreamed that I should have the money to buy them; but you see I have almost enough."

"How did you get so much money?"

Get it! First, I took the old plate my grandfather bought, and sold it. I had no right to do it, but I could not aford to have so much capital lying idle. It fetched nearly five thousand pounds. With this I speculated successfully. In two years I had eighteen thousand. The eighteen thousand I invested in a fourth share in a coal-mine, when money was scarce and coals cheap. Coals rose enormously just then, and in five years' time I sold my share to the co-holders for eighty-two thousand, in addition to twenty-one thousand received by way of interest. Since then I have not speculated, for fear my luck should desert me. I have simply allowed the money to accumulate on money and other investments, and bided my time, for I have sworn to have those estates back before I die. It is for this cause that I have toiled and thought and screwed and been cut by the whole neighborhood for twenty years; but now I think, with your help, my time is coming."

"With my help. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"Listen," answered her father, nervously tapping his pencil on the account book before him. "George is not very fond of Isleworth—in fact, he rather dislikes it; but like all the Caresfoots he does not care about parting with landed property, and, though we appear to be good friends, he hates me too much ever to consent, under ordinary circumstances, to sell it to me. It is to you I look to overcome that objection."

"I? How?"

"You are a woman, and ask me how you should get the blind side of a man!"

"I do not in the least understand you."

Philip smiled incredulously.

"Then I suppose I must explain. If you ever take the trouble to look at yourself in the glass, you will probably see that Nature has been very kind to you in the matter of good looks; nor are you by any means deficient in brains. Your cousin George i svery fond of a pretty woman, and, to be plain, what I want you to do is to make use of your advantages to of your advantages to get him under your thumb and persuade him into selling the property."

"Oh! father, how can you?" ejaculated Angela, in an agony of shame.

"You idiot, I don't want you to marry him; I only want you to make a fool of him. Surely, being of the sex you are, you won't find that an uncongenial occupation."

Angela's blushes had given way to pallor now, and she answered with cold contempt:

"I don't think you quite understand what a girl feels—at least, what I feel, for I know no other girls. Perhaps it would be useless for me to try to explain. I had rather go blind than use my eyes for such a shameful purpose."

"Angela," said her father, with as much temper as he ever showed now, "let me tell you that you are a silly fool; you are more, you are an incumbance. "Your birth,'" he added bitterly, "robbed me of your mother, nad the fact of your being a girl deprived our branch of the family of their rights. Now that you have grown up, you prefer to gratify your whims rather than help me to realize the object of my life by a simple course of action that could do no one any harm. I never asked you to commit yourself in any way. Well, well, it is what I must expect. We have not seen much of each other heretofore, and perhaps the less we meet in the future the better."

"You have no right to talk to me so," she answered with flashing eyes, "though I am your daughter, and it is cowardly to reproach me with my birth, my sex, and my dependence. Am I responsible for any of these things? But I will not burden you long. And as to what you wanted me to do, and tihnk such a little of, I ask you, is it what my poor mother would have wished her daughter——"

Here Philip abruptly rose and left the room and the house.

(To Be Continued.)

WANTS VS. NEEDS.

Little Dot—Oh, mamma, the organ grinder's monkey is at the window, an' he has a little round box in his hand.

Mamma—Well, my pet, what do you think he wants?

Little Dot, after a glance at the organ-grinder—I guess he wants to borrow some soap.

THE PRIZE-WINNER.

The autumn girl who gathers leaves,
Won't hit it, we surmise.
Like the autumn girl who stays at home
And turns out pumpkin pies.

FIVE ROYAL DAUGHTERS.

Adoption of a Moral and Temperate Education Most Gratifying.

One must be thoroughly acquainted with the history of the last sixty years to be able to form an idea of the personal influence which Queen Victoria has exercised over the affairs of England and Europe while there is not one among the four hundred millions inhabitants of the British Empire who does not look upon her gracious Majesty as a mother without a rival in the art of bringing up her children.

The sons of George III., and especially the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, had left such deplorable souvenirs behind them, that the principal object of Prince Albert and the young Queen was to rear their children so as to resemble their granduncles, and especially their grand father, as little as possible. It might be regarded as an exaggeration to state that the young royal couple were perfectly successful in the case of their four male children, yet the Prince of Wales and his brothers have never openly scandalized English propriety. On the other hand the system of education applied to the five daughters has been more gratifying. They have not all fulfilled their earthly mission with an equal amount of success, but not one of them has been as insignificant or mediocre woman.

The dream of the royal household was to train the young princesses who were destined to reign over foreign countries in such a manner as to make them useful auxiliaries to the modern monarchical idea. The young sovereign, not yet of age, at the time of her eldest daughter's birth, traced the following outlines of a policy to be followed by the preceptors charged with the religious instruction of her daughters with a foresight which was very rare to one of her age:

"Teach them," she writes, "to respect God and religion. I desire that they should be imbued with a sentiment of love and not fear, for our Heavenly Father. Death and the future life must not be presented in terrifying colours to them, and I do not wish for the present that they should be taught the difference between the various Christian sects."

In this curious document are betrayed the matrimonial pre-occupations of the mother of a family who is thinking of the establishment of her daughters while they are still in the cradle, and commanding that they should be brought up in a Protestantism vague enough to permit of their being converted to the religion of their husbands. From the most tender age the princesses of the royal house of England learned that their first duty was to identify themselves as much as possible with useful, social, philanthropical works, and to acquire a sufficiently extended education to enable them to take part in the intellectual and artistics movements of the day.

At the age of thirteen the Princess Victoria, who was afterward to become the Empress Frederick, performed most confidential duties for Prince Albert. On the day of her marriage, even, the preparations for which had had little of romance in them, Prince Albert, proud of his daughter, whose education he had himself superintended, remarked to his son-in-law:

"You will perceive each day that your wife has a child's heart and a man's head."

What was the fate reserved for this wonderfully endowed princess, who astonished Lord Clarendon with the surety of her political coup d'oeil, and who at the same time was no mean artist? A melancholy remark falling from her lips when as the widow of the Emperor Frederick, she was visiting the exhibition of the Stuarts in the new gallery in London, might perhaps be considered as the resume of this, career, opening under such brilliant auspices, and crossed by so many deceptions. Stopping before the picture of Mary Stuart, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter involuntarily exclaimed:

"I am happy that the day has passed for cutting off queen's heads. If I had lived at that time I should have had my throat cut several times during the last few months."

With less startling faculties and less universal aptitudes, but with more sweetness of disposition, the Princess Alice attempted to play the same role at Darmstadt that her elder sister was playing at Berlin. The letters which Queen Victoria's second daughter, then the Grand Duchess of Hesse, addressed to her mother, revealed a remarkable political turn of mind, an exquisite sensibility and a perfect passion for works of philanthropy. Notwithstanding her zeal, her ardor in going to the aid of the unfortunate, the Grand Duchess Alice whose memory is revered in England, never became popular in the land of her adoption.

Enlightened by the experience of the two elder, the three younger daughters of Queen Victoria, were content to marry in England. The Princess Helen who wedded the head of the younger branch of the house of Schleswig-Holstein, consecrated herself to works of social charity. There is not a busier woman in the three kingdoms to-day.

The Princess Louise, who married the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, is as much interested in artistic societies as her sister, the Princess Helen is in philanthropic works. The Marchioness of Lorne does not alone encourage fine arts, she preaches by example. She is one of Thornycroft's most brilliant pupils, she is the sculptor of the Queen's statue which stands in Kensington garden. She is the most amiable and contented of all the royal princesses.

CERTAIN POISONOUS FLOWERS.

As so many salads are now made from flowers even children have taken to eating buttercups, and, as a result, a small boy at Pittsburg died a few days ago. The poisonous flowers are buttercups, celandine, wood anemone, daffodils, narcissus, lily, snowdrop, jonquil, wild hyacinth, monk's hood, foxglove, nightshade, briony, mezerone and henbane.