

RUTH ELLIOTT; OR, A PROPHECY FULFILLED. A TALE OF SOCIAL LIFE IN CANADA.

BY W. E. BESSEY, M. D.

PART IV.

Surely Goodness and Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—Ps. xxxiii.

"Two unseen angels in my daily paths attend Unswerving, from the cradle to the grave. Full-powered, but for my willfulness, to save My feet, my hands, my tongue, from every end Of error, and of sin, to which they tend,— Alike most loving, tender, true, and brave, And in whose high companionship I have This only pain, that I their grace offend.

How oft do they their silvery bowers leave, To come to succor us that succor want! How oft do they with golden pinions cleave The fitting skies like flying puritans, Against foul winds to aid us militant! They for us fight, they watch and duly ward, and their bright squadrons round about us plant; And all for love, and nothing for reward; Oh, why, should Heaven for men have such regard!

And still I think, how oft—I cannot to myself confess, Nor dare I offend how pure in God's pure view; Whose faithful angels all my steps pursue, Their sweet names being *Mercy and Graces*."

Five years have elapsed since the death of Arthur Blackstone, and the lovely young widow as she sat on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in July at the organ, singing and playing her favorite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," with her sweet little blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter of six summers playing at the parlor window looking out on the front-looking her best, more rosy, more youthful and beautiful than ever.

"Oh, mamma, here comes Mr. Bently up the walk, and he's got Carlo with him. I'll run and meet them, can't I, mamma?"

And before Mamma could reply she was out of the door and down the path to meet Mr. Bently and her friend Carlo. Carlo was a very pretty spaniel dog that little Florence took great delight in playing with, and the dog seemed to be much attached and greatly pleased with his little friend. Mr. Bently made much of the child, for he knew that was the easiest avenue through which to win the mother's heart.

Ruth rose from the organ and was standing in the door ready to welcome her devoted friend and lover—for he had never married. He had been absent over five years in foreign parts, but, always a true friend, he had never ceased to love her, and having returned within the past year and renewed his suit for her affections, was now her accepted and acknowledged lover. It was a pretty sight for the now happy mother as they came along, Mr. Bently taking Florence's hand and she leading the dog by a stick in his mouth. The mother's face beamed with joy as they approached, and ere they had ascended the last steps her hands were on Mr. Bently's shoulders, and with a gentle caressing for being so late she held up her sweet face to be kissed.

"Wait," she said, "until I get my sun-bonnet and we will go down in the grounds; it is much nicer outside than in the house these lovely summer afternoons."

She was not long in finding it, for she was an orderly housekeeper and had a place for everything and everything in its place; and taking his arm and Florence by the hand, they sauntered down the serpentine walk to their favorite retreat where the clustering vines, overhanging the lawn seat, placed against the foot of the great spreading Gilead tree that stood at the end of the walk on the brink of the steep declivity overlooking the valley that stretched away to the south, with its green fields and winding river glistening in the sunbeams; and quiet farm houses in the distance; making it a veritable paradise for love.

Little Florence and Carlo gambled on the green, while Ruth and Herbert Bently opened their happy hearts to one another, while their tongues, set free, grew eloquent with love's impassioned tale, and eyes "spoke love to eyes that spoke again." Their's was a love founded on esteem.

"She that would raise a noble love must find Ways to beget a passion for her mind; She must be that which she to be would seem; For all true love is grounded on esteem. Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart Than all the crooked subtleties of art."

This was a favorite retreat of Ruth's in the quiet summer afternoons; and here in the shelter afforded by the spreading vine she would spend an hour or two with her favorite authors undisturbed. And here, as if by a natural instinct, the lovers sought the seclusion that love delights in. And here they would sit together, sometimes for hours, lover-like, talking of each other, or the beauties of natural objects around them, without weariness, "dreaming the happy hours away," until the ringing of the silver tea-bell would call them "back from the Land Elysian" to partake of refreshment.

"Is not this a lovely spot?" she asked.

"How sweet the perfumes which come floating on the breeze. The new mown hay, how I love its odour. And sometimes after a shower, the perfume from these Gilead trees, mingling with the roses and lilacs of the garden, makes the air as redolent with the perfumes as it now seems resonant with the subdued murmurs of a thousand musical notes."

"You are fond of flowers, Ruth, I perceive by the large collection of exquisite annuals, perennials, and exotics that adorn your garden?"

"Oh yes, Herbert, they are my friends and constant companions, and they seem to smile for me and speak to me of heaven."

"For who shall say that flowers Dress not heaven's own bowers Who its love without them can fancy, or its floor

"Who shall ever dare To say they spring not there And come not down that love might bring One piece of heaven the more.

"Oh pray believe that angels From those blue dominions Brought them in their bright laps Down 'twixt their golden pinions."

"Oh, there, you are sentimental. I have heard that people in love are thus affected."

"Well, be it so," she replied. "Yes, in love, I am, with nature—sweet, beautiful nature. The world's a paradise to me with its beautiful birds and flowers, and as man is lord of creation, you know, I must include him in the catalogue, and I'm in love with one, too, but he's one after Burns' own heart. You'll find his description in

the poem 'A man for a that.' He's gold that needs no guinea stamp to make him pass current."

"You surprise me with your eloquence. This, then, is your favorite theme?"

"Yes! Oh! see that lovely humming-bird," she exclaimed, "as he flits from flower to flower; what pretty things there are in nature. Do you know, sometimes when I sit here in this secluded spot watching that little creature, I wonder how many times a minute those tiny wings move."

"Ah," said he, "that would be a nice calculation to come at, a little more delicate than bargains on stocks and bonds."

"On, come now, my dear, leave stocks and bonds out of sight for one day and try to drink in the sweet delights of nature, by which we are surrounded. Look at that bumble bee there, how active he is as he climbs in and out of each flower or scrambles over a head of sweet clover, all the while keeping still as a mite, until he starts on his journey, when he strikes up a humming note as a warning of his approach; some say it is caused by the beating of his wings in the air. Whatever is the cause of that sound it seems to me that summer would not be summer without the presence of these innumerable choristers who enliven their work with song."

"Oh yes," he replied, "I love nature's music, and your conversation recalls those pretty lines of Baldwin's:—

"There's music in the pitying voice of woman, soft and mild, There's music in the prattle sweet of every little child; There's music in the voice of youth and of the ripper sage, There's music even in the shrill and quivering voice of age. There's music in the murmuring shells upon the rocky shore, There's music in the flap of sails and in the dripping car. There's music in the wavelets white that flash upon the strand, And with a thousand furrows line the smooth and yellow sand. There's music in the song of birds, the rustling of the leaves; And in the nodding of the ears amid the harvest sheaves. Wee, tender songs of nature's voice that like some soothing spell, Our hearts enthral and ever in our fondest memory dwell."

"The other day," said Ruth, "I was gathering violets down by the brook in the meadow yonder where they grow in such profusion—violets are my favorite flowers—and the scene and the circumstance recalled these beautiful lines:—

"Down where the river, and little brook meet Under a tuft of bright green grass, Hidden away from the wandering feet Of any one who chanced to pass, Nestles a lot of violets blue. That bathed in the sun and drank in the dew, And saw in the river their own rare hue Reflected as if in glass. They bloomed in the sunlight, so warm and gay, And smilingly welcomed each passing shower; They laughed at the brook as it ran away And passed their little bowers. They loved the soft breath of the balmy air, And breathed out a fragrance rich and rare, So subtle it was—and it was not there— In the heart of each sweet flower.

No rude hand plucked them out of their place Away from that cool shady spot, But the soft wind kissed them with soft embrace, To show they were not forgot, And they after day the song of the bird And the cry of the chirruping cricket was heard And the heart of each blossom with joy was stirred And blessed its quiet lot."

"Do you often go botanizing thus?" he asked.

"Not often," she replied, "but it is of thrilling interest to me, for it does seem as if each moss, each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank important in the plan of Him who framed this scale of beings; hold a rank which, lost, would break the chain and leave behind a gap, which Nature's self would rue."

"To my mind Nature is still, as ever, the thin veil which half reveals, and half conceals the faces, and lineaments supernal of our King. There are frequently hunters of botanical specimens hovering round, and I always welcome them as my friends; because we worship at the same shrine, think the same thoughts and are interested in similar things. The botanists I like best are Asa Gray, Chas. H. Bessey, Dr. Spotton and Mr. Lincoln."

"Take mosses, for instance; how beautiful and how interesting," replied he. "Have you ever studied them?"

"There is a fresh and lovely sight, A beauteous heap, a hill of moss Just half a foot in height. All lovely colors there you see, All colors that might ever be, And mossy net-work too is there As if by hand of lady fair The work had woven been."

"I have often studied the mosses as I have climbed the mountain heights or visited some moss-covered ruin in the Old World. All travellers do, more or less; for, as you ascend from height to height, the varieties change. Some are simply wonderful to see; words fail to describe them. They reminded me of what Ruskin says of them. He calls them 'meek creatures; the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness fruitless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin—lying quiet upon the tumbling stones to teach them rest.' No words that I know of will say what these mosses are; none are delicate enough, none perfect enough; none right enough to describe them. Strong in lowliness, they neither branch in heat, nor pine in frost. To them, slow fingered, constantly started, is intrusted the heaving of the dark, eternal draperies of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, Iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow; and the summer dews on the parched meadow the droppings its cowslip-gold—far above among the mountains the silver lichen sports star-like on the stone; and the glittering golden tinges upon the edges of the distant western peaks, reflect the sunsets of ten thousand years."

"Yes," she said, "that is a trip I should like to make, taking in dear old England my father loves so well—France, Italy, Switzerland and the Alps; to climb Mt. St. Gothard or Mt. Rigi, rest at the *Kulm* or 'Eagle's Nest' (6000 feet high) and far above the fleecy clouds; rising at early dawn of day to witness that wonderful sunrise so many rave about. Tell me something of your travels, Mr. Bently," said Ruth. "You have been absent for five years—sad and eventful years to me—you have drifted with disabled steamers in the North Atlantic, have been cast away among the Shetland Isles, have seen the 'midnight sun' and the Laps with their reindeers harnessed at North Cape in Norway. You have seen Venice, Genoa, and Lucerne, have climbed the Rigi and seen that gorgeous sunrise far above the clouds; and high up the slopes of the Wengen Alps, have witnessed the descending avalanche from the lofty Jungfrau with its crown of perpetual snow, crashing all before it in its death-dealing progress down the opposite side. You have visited Rome with its relics, Egypt with its Pyramids, Persia with its indolence, India, with its magnificence, profuse wealth and gorgeous temples, China with its strange people, the Yosemite and the towering Rockies on this continent as you returned, now tell me, of all you saw, what pleased or impressed you most?"

"Well, the most profound impression I remember to have felt was when the shaft broke and we found ourselves adrift in a heavily laden ocean steamer, during a stormy season in the North Atlantic. We were three weeks out before we were found and towed into Liverpool by another of the Company's line. It is such a feeling of helpless helplessness, in some sense akin to despair. A passing steamer is signalled and told to say we are disabled, but all right, shaft broken, and under sail. I was amused at a timid clergyman on board, who, growing impatient, troubled the captain a good deal, and also complained of the men swearing. 'Well,' said the Captain, 'so long as you hear them swearing there is no danger, and immediately he went forward to listen, and returned, saying, 'Thank God, they are swearing still.' I was much impressed by the strange phenomenon of the midnight sun in Norway. I felt, standing on North Cape, as if I were standing on one edge of an egg-shaped body and could watch the sun in his entire circuit. There is no sunset there, during the six months the sun is north of the equator. The British museum, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Houses of Parliament in London, among other things, pleased and impressed me with their grandeur. But the Louvre of Paris, with its sixteen separate museums, astonished me beyond anything I had ever fancied the art of man could have attained to. To enumerate the wonderful productions of painting and art that are to be seen there would in itself weary you; and the stories of the estates of the Grand Hotel and Grand Magasin de Louvre are the finest in the world and occupy an entire square. The old Louvre is connected with the Tuilleries by the new Louvre and is considered in an architectural point of view to be unequalled in palatial beauty. The theatres are very fine and the acting always of a high order. The hacks are cabriolets and reminded me of the calashes of Old Quebec. To a woman Paris is centre of the world, for here fashion takes its cue, and everything that can be devised to attract and captivate a woman's fancy is to be seen in the magnificent shop windows and fronts, or magazines, as they are called. In Switzerland the scenery is overwhelming in its grandeur,—the mountains are lofty and ascended by rail, but the sunrise on the Rigi is something to be remembered for a lifetime. Away above the clouds—earth like a dark mist below—the sunburst forth with a grandeur peculiar to itself, that impresses one as nothing else does. I could think of nothing to so aptly express the wonder it creates in the mind so truly as Moore's poem, beginning:—

"Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see, And we could almost think we gazed Through golden vistas into Heaven."

"But talking of impressions, there is nothing to compare to the solemnity and awe-

like feeling that is felt on entering the great St. Peter's or the Vatican at Rome. No feeling impressed me but grandeur on visiting the Pyramids and Mausoleums of Egypt—or of magnificence in viewing the vast marble temples of India. But, in Rome one enters the great St. Peter's and feels as if overshadowed by a long Past, a living Present and an eventful Future."

"Enter! its grandeur overwhelms thee not; And why! It is not lessened; but thy mind, Expanded by the genius of the spot, Has grown colossal, and can only find A fit abode wherein appear enshrined Thy hopes of immortality. Thou art in Rome! a thousand busy thoughts Rush on my mind, a thousand images, And I spring up as girt to run a race. Thou art in Rome! The city that so long Reigned absolute the mistress of the world; The mighty voice that prophets saw and trembled; There as though Grandeur attracted grandeur, ere beheld All things that strike, enoble—from the depths Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece, Her gods, her temples—All things that inspire Wonder, delight,—who would not say the forms Most perfect, most divine, had by consent Flocked thither to abide eternally Within those silent chambers where they dwell In happy intercourse."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLKS.

BY JULIA M. LIPPMAN.

Two of Them.

Four small shoes with copper tips, Two big drums and two small whips, Two bright heads with golden curls— "Cut 'em off! They're like a girl's."

Cake must be enough for two, One bit piece would never do, Two milk-cups and two high-chairs— Everything must go in pairs.

Lots of noise with big toy drums, Two loud shouts when papa comes, Two small heads at mamma's knee,— Twins are tired as can be.

Barbara's Lesson.

"Barbara!" The little rosy-cheeked owner of that name was lying on the lounge in the sitting-room, very much interested in reading "Dotty Dimple."

"I suppose grandpa's left his cane most likely," she said to herself. "It seems as if he is the most forgetfullest man I ever saw. I most believe he hides his hat and cane when he comes in so's to have me hunt 'em up. Maybe he don't, but it seems so."

"Barbara!" called again grandpa's quivering voice.

"I'm coming," said Barbara, just to quiet her conscience, for she knew very well grandpa could not hear her.

"I just want to finish this chapter, and besides, grandpa thinks you go out too much," added the naughty girl to herself.

Then she went on with her reading, but she did not enjoy it any more, so she put it away, and went to see what was wanted of her.

"Grandpa called you to go down to the store with him," said grandpa. "He wanted some peppermint drops for his cold, but he's so forgetful I don't like to trust him alone, and I had to let him take a ten-dollar bill because wasn't any change. I do hope he won't lose it! You didn't hear him call, did you, Barbara?"

"I—O grandpa, just see that robin in the plum-tree! And here comes grandpa all right!"

"I don't know," said Grandpa Grey, going to the door. "He looks as if he was troubled, or something."

"O Grandpa," faltered Barbara, "what is the matter?"

"You haven't lost the money, I hope," added grandpa, anxiously.

But the old man did not answer. He dropped down on the nearest chair, and began to turn his pockets inside out nervously.

"I don't know, mother," he said, with a hopeless look. "I'm afraid—I can't seem to remember, but I'm pretty sure I put it in my pocket when I paid for the things. Yes, I'm pretty sure, but 'tisn't here."



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

Fig. No. 1.—The "Clovis" coat, made in dark blue cloth trimmed with black Persian lamb, for a miss of fourteen years. The hat is a blue felt, trimmed with blue velvet and a bright-colored bird. The pattern is in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents.

Fig. No. 2.—The "Dalmar" coat, made in rough brown cloth with almost invisible stripes of a lighter shade, for a boy of four

years. The back is similar in arrangement to the front. The hat is a Tam-o'-Shanter of brown plush, with a brown silk pompon at the top, and a brown ribbon bow at the back. Three yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards of forty-eight inches wide will be required to make this coat in size for four years of age. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price twenty-five cents each.

"Well," said grandma, wiping her eyes on her apron, "you are too old to go to the store alone. I don't know how we can spare the money, but there will be some way. Don't feel bad, father. We don't need many things," and the dear old lady smiled through her tears, and took up her knitting.

Poor Barbara! She felt as if she could never be happy again. For notwithstanding her heedless ways, she had a tender heart, and dearly loved her grandparents, who had taken her, a feeble baby, from her dying mother's arms, and had been to her all that father and mother could be.

How much she owed them. She knew very well the ten dollar bill could not be spared without sacrifice.

She slipped quietly out of the house, and went down the village street, looking carefully as she went; but she saw nothing of the money, and her heart grew heavier every moment, and the hot tears dropped on the bright leaves at her feet. She reached the grocery where grandpa went to trade, and went in, asking, in a trembling tone,—

"O Mr. Cummings, did Grandpa Grey— Before she could finish her question, the grocer answered, "Yes, he left his change on the counter, and he got out of sight before I could call him. Here it is, Barbara, but he is too old—your grandpa is—to go about alone."

"I know it; it was all my fault," said the little girl. "I'll never let him go again. Thank you, dear Mr. Cummings, for keeping the change," and Barbara hurried home with the money held firmly in her hand and wiping the tears from her eyes, she cried,—

"It's all right, grandpa! I've got it here in my hand—don't you see? I heard you calling me all the time, too, and pretended not to hear; but I'll never in all my life be so naughty again, if you'll only forgive me."

"You are a good little girl, Barbara," said grandpa.

But Grandma Grey took off her spectacles and wiped them carefully; then she bent down and kissed the little girl's flushed, penitent face, and said, "I hope this will be a lesson to you, my dear child, for grandpa and grandma are growing old, and you will have to take care of them now."

One Way to Be Happy.

Most boys and girls think that if they could only have everything they wanted to wear, to amuse them, they would never be cross or dissatisfied. That is a mistaken idea. Things outside of yourself do not make happiness. I knew a boy once, about nine years old, who it seemed had everything that could make a boy happy—a lovely home, a papa and a mamma who did everything in the world to make him happy. He had a printing-press, a velocipede, a bicycle, sled, skates (ice and roller), books—everything; and yet he was the most unhappy child I ever saw. One winter morning the streets were covered with snow.

All the boys in the neighborhood were out with their sleds, shouting and laughing and having the best kind of times. This boy went about the house frowning, growling, and whining. What about, do you think? He was not satisfied because his sled was no longer, and utterly refused to go out. He "would not go out with such a mean sled," he said. That afternoon I was walking not far from this boy's house when I heard shouts of laughter from some children who were out of sight around the corner. When I did see them I stood perfectly still. There were four little children without overshoes, or overcoats, or mittens. They had an old broom and two older boys were pulling him along by the handle. The fourth child, a girl, was running along holding the little one on the broom. Their eyes were shining, cheeks just like roses, and they certainly were just as happy as though they had the most beautiful of sleds.

The following conversation was overheard among some little children:

Three tiny, ragged boys were playing together in the sunshine Thursday on a sidewalk near one of the North End railway stations. A fourth youngster came up, his eyes glistening with pleasure, his dirty face proud with delight. "Oh, boys," he cried, "I've found a tin-cint piece."

The others crowded around and discussed the treasure excitedly. Then they sat down on the curbstone to compare reminiscences of recent lucky finds.

"I found 'mos' a hull piece of a top, yesterday," said one. "I found a big bone in our alley, a 'norfal big bone," said a second, "I'm goin' to make a jumper out of it."

The youngest child—the very dirtiest, smallest, thinnest baby that ever walked—had listened with a smile of perfect content, and now he chimed in, in a tone whose joy and pride no words can convey:

"Thith mornin' I foun' a peanut."

You see, it is not what you have, what you find, that makes you happy, but the use you make of it. If you use it to enjoy it, get all the pleasure and profit there is in it out of it, you will be happy in its possession; but if you think all the time that you want the thing you have not got, or cannot have, you lose all the pleasure locked up in your present possession. You know Paul said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Now that is a text for you to think about. Paul meant that he had learned how to use the present time; the present gifts, the present friends; that it was not wise to keep grasping all the time for something out of reach. Think about it.

The Lion and the Mouse.

A lion was sleeping in his lair, when a mouse, not knowing where he was going, ran over the mighty beast's nose, and awakened him. The lion clapped his paw upon the frightened little creature, and was about to make an end of him in a minute.

Then the mouse in a tone of pity besought him to spare one who had so thoughtlessly offended, and not stain his honorable paws with so trifling a prey. The lion smiling at the little prisoner's fright, generously let him go.

Now, it so happened, not long after, that the lion, while ranging the woods for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunters; and finding himself entangled, without hope of escape, set up a roar that filled the whole forest with its echo.

The mouse, hearing the voice of his former prey, ran to the spot; and without more ado, set to work to nibble the knot in the cord that bound the lion. In a short time he had cut the noble beast free, convincing him that kindness is seldom thrown away.

Patience may be bitter, but the fruit will be sweet.

For good ho... quites as abe... and without w... accomplished, na... At first glance, in... experienced, i... keeping is not a... sufficient allowa... time, but in th... Cooking and w... ing, these are s... but I will ventu... there is seldom... without know... sweeping and d... do it properly. I... the most impo... ed with good h... housewife who... large variety of... deliberation an... good housekee... emergency, sa... guests, with t... such as poultry... spices and herb... inviting meal.

We all know... that the b... day in the wee... and we have al... city expect mo... in the town, be... dently, that e... fruits, grow on... see, therefore,

to be a good h... than in the tow... stores to run to... and made up d... may be deficie... housewife then... only for emerg... attractive for... those who go o... shop to bear th... ing knowledge... portant acquisi... that knowledg... serenely happy... formed irregul... And this latte... suggestion. I... cooking should... one individual... the occupation... should not be a... dishwashing, w... and churning, ... the family tho... of being excell... about would b... weariness of ... so many work... that branch in... gaged. Nor n... with method, ... should be as m... the washing an... of work. This... to where there... or other femal... creating work... change and di... tematic chang... in carrying it... specially will f... only for home... dainty and mi... work by which... pleasing and a... and brothers... Books on coo... fancywork are... much can be... necessity they... and one has to... recipes and... pose of this de... and as far as... are of little p... give informat... dishes or old... special occas... portions of the... other subjects... such, for exa... ing of carpet... furniture; th... rooms; the tr... etc. In addi... portant feat... some canning... for which spe... attain good r... required or p... prepared to r... receipts, not r... and the know... money.

The follow... with a speci... ordinarily at... CREAMED... and slice len... two tablesp... and a little... mixture boil... sauce three... has been sti... Boil once, a... POTATO... mash smoot... toes. Add... thirds of a... the whites... pepper to... handle wor... bread crum... hot lard.

BRETS.—pare them... stalk to ret... of the veg... tender in a... hours' boil... while hot, ... on salt, pe... are then re... PARSNIP... parsnips a... When col... of an inc... pepper. I... into flour... in the fryi... enough pa... brown on... To ROA... singed the... clean whi... per and s... sized onio... quantity o... large tea...