THE MESSAGE OF THE BEL

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS STORY. By ADELINE SERGEANT,

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CHAPTER I.

The Christmas bells were pealing overhead. The chimes, flung out from a lofty steeple into the wild and blustering night, rose and fell upon the wings of the wind: now lost entirely in the rush of the winter storm, now sweeping with magical clearness across the ears of listeners in the silent streets below. Thus changing from moment to moment, the sound had a curiously ethereal effect: it seemed to typify the eternal order of things, whereby, above the darkness, tempest, and desolation of earthly sorrow, celestial voices were continually proclaiming peace and goodwill to men.

But transcendental meanings of this kind were lost upon one listener. "I hose bells are enough to deafen one," said Stephen Hatfield to himself, as the chimes broke clearly upon his ear in a momentary lull of the driving wind. "Haven't we din enough all day without having it at night as well ."

Din enough there was likely to be in the places he knew best. Redford was a large manufacturing town and a great railway junction, and Stephen Hatfield was a signal man on one of the lines that stretched away from the station in bewildering intricacy. His box was a lonely spot. Sounds from the town, however, reached it easily enough—the clank of hammers, the throb of great engines, the whirr of wheels from neighboring factories, the clash of bells from the church steeples, the thunder of heavily laden wagons over stony streets these were familiar to him, and almost indistinguishable one from another. But late en Christmas Eve such disturbances had ceased. The howling of the wind, the pealing of Christmas bells, could alone be heard; and yet Stephen Hatfield grumbled at the noise.

There must have been something peculiarly disturbing to him in the sound.

He was a dark faced, reticent man, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a way of looking at the people from beneath his heavy eyebrows that was not particularly agreeable. A perpetual frown had settled upon his low, broad brow. His countenance was vet sad rather than morose; the mouth was contracted as if from constant pain, and the dark eyes were melancholy when seen in resomething hidden and suppressed. What it was, perhaps he himself could have forget in a hurry," he muttered. searcely told.

He was making his way along the line to his box, going slowly, because it was not quite time yet to relieve his mate, and swinging a lantern in his hand. With his head down, and his lips muttering objurgations on the bells, he did not notice the figure of a man that came towards him, passed him, and turned back with a start. He heard, however, when his name was called. "Hatfield! Stephen Hatfield! You're

the man I came to see.' " Who is it?

"It's me; George Dene.' Don't you remember me?"

Hatfield started in his turn, and raised the lantern so that its light fell on the newcomer's face. His own countenance became saddenly tinged with a dull red flush, though in the darkness this change of color passed unnoticed. After a moment's pause, he to the general public, of which George Dene scenes of bygone days. He had once been was about to write to the clergyman there. said, in somewhat unsteady tones. "George Dene! Ay, I remember. And

what brings you to Redford, George Dene?" "Ain't you going to shake hands, Stephen?" said a friendly voice. "Don't you bear malice, old man! I've come to tell you that I've got work in Redford, and me and Grace thought we'd find you out first

"You-and Grace!" repeated the man strangely. He continued to swing the lantern to and fro, without looking at his old aequaintance or seeming to notice the offer of his hand. "Why should you try to find me you -and Grace ?"

The other—he was a much younger man -burst into a cheery laugh. "Why, to make friends with you, old man !" he cried. "Friends, as we used to be, you know, befere this-this-shadow, this-sort of cloud -came over us. It's all past now, surely. It's five years ago, and you've not remembered it against me all this time, have you,

"Yes, it's five years ago," said Stephen, meedily, with his eyes upon the ground. George Dene stared at him for a moment, but saw that Hatfield's words were not intended as an answer to his appeal. He went en, hoping to conciliate, blundering as only

a rare one for four years old, our Polly is. curve of the line, thundering over the yeurself-Good Lord, Stephen are you ill ?"

"No, I'm not ill," said Hatfield, more shown him a gruesome scene. There was a

and the look of suffering upon it staggered

What were you saying?" In the darkness of the night a picture rose | body saw him. Hatfield would have snout. Shame, he thought, kept them silent all soul. before his mind's eye—a vision of the little ed to him if he had been able to speak; but these years. And now George Dene sought He sat alone one March evening, prepardows, the spotless cleanliness of the tiny as the engine rushed forward, the doomed field reflected bitterly—and flaunted his hours away, if sleep would visit him. in her hair, who went about her work with look of horror in the distended eyes, the him : for this that he had struck him out of hate the midnight hours. such a sweetness of love and hope upon her agony of the shrinking limbs. Then the his path and left him to his doom. gentle face !- ah, these belonged to another flying wheels passed on. . . . The sig-

"Thompson's waiting for me. Is there aught else you want to say ?" "Do you mean that you won't be friends with me?" asked Dene, with a gliumer of cold when he thought of it. truth lawning upon his denser mind.

man's life worth anything ?- Then you ask nerves. What does this vision mean? me to be friends with you !- Get out of my foolish, false face and her fickle heart-"

shan't speak of my wife in that way-you-" pened if George Dene had not gone away field contemptuously. The younger man had happen-I pray God !"-How many a year alight with passion. He was devoted to Name upon his laps !- "It's just my fancy, devil within him.

"I'il have her called false and foolish by he would never have gone down at such a no man! I'll teach you better manners little blow. When I see him again, I'll tell signalman made it necessary for Hatfield to of the officers of the ship; and when the Stephen Hatfield-by the Lord, I will." "What, you won't, you fool? Take that, to make matters up. Acd. I'll say that

and go to the devil! he would not look round. He expected that a Warning, it's I that am that man!" G orge would be after him in a moment, swearing, foaming at the mouth with rage, very hair upon his head lifted by the fright. in the main a good natured fellow, but sub- he could have gared to guit his post, run ject to fits of unbridled passion. Hatfield along the line, and see for himself that Dene was prepared for one of these.

either; the wind and the pealing of the bells. Presently Stephen stood still, raised his lantern, and looked behind him-nothing lights of the station could be seen. It seemed to him that the lamps ought to show him the platform; but there was nothing of the kind to be distinguished. Weit! what did he see? A dark something rising from the The face expressed power of a certain i ground-stumbling again and lying prone kind; something lay behind its quietude, across the line? Hatfield laughed grimly to himself. "I've given him what he won't

> Then he turned his face again to the blacker and wider space of darkness through which the many diverging lines of railway travelled into the night, and, swinging his lantern, set off once more to the signal box.

The whole interview had not taken five minutes, but he was astonised to find that he was not late at his post. After so great an upheaval of feeling he could scarcely believe that only five minutes had elapsed since he jumped down from the platform and made his way along the line. He noticed vaguely enough, that a man brushed against him as he arrived at his place—a stranger, not George Dene—and he wondered what a stranger could be doing in that unfrequented and somewhat dangerous spot. Dangerous! Ay, that was the word. Dangerous to those who did not know the ins and outs of the line; a forbidden place he took his place in the signal-box.

shudder, that this train passed over the tion. "We thought that you had given up He went about his duties as usual after lines close to the spot where he and George Dene had stood talking. "Lucky we didn't about it, and she had no thought of you. I Redford Station; nothing in his manner or a result of the functions of life, rather than stay much longer; he might not have got away so easy," he said to himself, taking it for granted that George Dene had get away. Then he devoted his attention to the signals, and tried to think no more of the scene slip, you see, Mr. Hatfield; and I ain't one behaviour. He had no friends. He lived that had passed.

But his brain seemed to be on fire. He was not confused in mind: he was, on the contrary, unusually alert and keen-witted. but he was restless, ready to start at every sound, to exaggerate every impression. The wind had dropped a little, the bells had ceased to ring. In the silence, which seemed to him almost unnatural, he heard the distant murmur of the train long miles away an embarrassed man could have blundered. Little by little the murmur grew : he saw "We've had a very happy five years on the the lights in the distance, he saw the redwhole. Our second little baby died, but the | dened vapour as the black monster rushed eldest is alive and hearty. . . . She is out of the darkness, sweeping round the And we took the corner cottage in metals and shaking the signal-box as it flew Mam-road, the one with the sweet-briar by. He stood in his place, lamps glowing bush before the door and the green shutters. | brightly above him, business-like, apparently Why, now I come to think of it, impassive as usual-but conscious of a curithe very house you thought of taking for ous keenness of all the senses, as if he were endowed with eyes that saw further, ears

He had caught a glimpse of Stephen's face, | that heard more, than those of mortal men. What did he see! What did he hear?

his foolish offer of friendship, his hope Hatfield came to himself with a start. the sounds fell upon his ear. It seemed to that all the past had been torgotten ! What Not at first did he realize that he had been him as if those Christmas bells would sink door. did he mean ? Was the man mad to think the victim of a mere momentary illusion - a him down to the nothermost hell. Chained

the shrick of the tortured man as the train freely. But hour after hour went by, bringpassed over his body seemed still to re echo | ing him no news. in his ears; but he knew well enough that If he were not mistaken, however, someit was utterly impossible for him to have thing had happened that night. Some exbeheld enything of the kind, or to have ditement had been aroused; he was sure heard a hundred cries as the deafening roar | that he had seen an unwonted group of figof the express train passed down the line. | ures doing unusual work upon the line-And yet he had seen it all so plainly ! Just | bearing something away with reverent foot as one might behold a whole landscape il- steps and lowered heads. Stephen Hatluminated by a lightning flash, so, he re- field's blood ran cold to think what that flected, he and caught sight of every detail something was. But not until the grey dawn -the various interlacing lines, the distant | was mounting in the sky, and the cold station, the platform with its rows of breath of day made itself felt through all lights, the poplars, and the old church- his veins, did any one come to him with tower in the background. And in the ews. midst of all, that prostrate form, that terrible advancing train! He turned sick and

In a few minutes he remembered the Hatfield turned on him with an oath. trains; and, on looking at his watch, found "Why should I be friends with you?" he that not more than five minutes had gone demanded savagely. "Why have you the by since the passing of the express. There insolence to come and ask me? Didn't you was not another train due for some little rob me of the only woman I cared for, of the time. He was glad of it; he wanted to colhome I wanted to have, of all that makes a lect his thoughts and steady his shaken

"It means a Warning," said Hatfield, way; I'll not answer for myself if you come | shaking as if he had the palsy, and casting too near. I hate you both, you, with your his eyes around the signal box in awful fear ies and your beastings, and her with her of supernatural powers. "It was no ordinary thing. I couldn't have seen all that "Stop!" shouted George Dene. "You if I had tried. It's what might have hap-"Out of the road, you fool!" said Hat what might have happened, not what did squared up to him, his face aflame, his eyes had elapsed since he last took that sacred his wife, and Stephen's words roused all the playing me a trick—God grant it !—suppose he didn't crawl off the line-Oh, he must "Take back what you said!" he cried. have got away. I did not strike him hard; him what I've gone through to night. He's "Out o' the road!" repeated Hatfield, a good-natured chap; he il be ready enough didn't mean to call Grace false or fickle. He struck him and pushed forward. He I'll make friends with them both when they heard a cry, a thud, as of a body falling, but come to Redford; for if any man ever had as had excited the curiosity of his acquaint- over the side of the ship. It often happen

So he reflected, starting and staring, the crushed out of all semblance to himself; the and vowing vengeance. George Dene was He would have given all his belongings if the build, the tweed suit that he had worne had got safely back to the station. But he But no sound of voice or step pursued him. dared not go. Several trains were shortly The wind perhaps drowned the noise of due, and to leave his duties involved risk to from Redford. Being questioned pretty watchfulness is necessary. Steamers fol more lives than his own.

Looking out, however, he espied an acquaintance—one of the porters—tramping but the darkness, and in the distance the down the line. Hatfield hailed him, and he stopped short, looking up at the signal box in surprise. H was making his way by the figure of a man making his way back to a short cut across the lines to his home. He knew the place so well that he could do it without thought of danger. "What's up?" he said, catching a glimpee of the white scared face above him. "Anything wrong

"Do me a favor," said Hatfield hoarsely "Go back-that way-to the station, and see if anyone has come to harm by the London express."

"Why do you think that anyone's come

Tom, for God's sake. I saw a man run along the line; I heard a cry. I can't tell you everything now. Go and find out the truth for me. You know that I musn't

Tom started back, grumbling yet curious.

The man was left alone. He waited and waited but the porter did not come back. to Dene's relations in Woodley; it fell upon Hatfield went on with his work, as occasion unheeding ears. He did not know that required, in a dull, mechanical fashion. His mind flew back, whenever it was released one in Staffordshire, and that the Corfrom the occupation of the moment, to the oner had got hold of the wrong one, and was one. Had he got up and gone away? young and happy; he had been in love with All that was said and done seemed to him Or was he still roaming in reckless fashion Grace Emery, and had walked about the like some strange, oppressive dream : he was that is partially decayed gives the most about those iron ways? Hatfield paused country lanes with her and thought that she conscious only of a desire to get into the common example. In the case of such de before entering his box to wonder whether knew his love. He had had a friend, too, air and lose himself in loneliness. he ought to go back and satisfy his mind and to this friend he had confided all his The inquest, however, was not held until phosphorus set free. upon this point. But why should he trouble hopes and fears. Great had been the shock, the day after Coristmas Day, and how he himself? he thought. George Dene was a terrible the awakening, when he learned at got through that Christmas Day he could man who took excellent care of himself : no last that his friend, George Dene, had won never tell. He could not have defined his fear about his safety. And thus sneering, Grace's heart; had carried the fair fortress, feelings as those of either shame, guilt, or as it were, by storm. "Your wooing was positive distress! he only knew that a great The London express was due in ten min. too long a-doing," Grace's mother had said weight seemed to lie upon him : he had got utes' time. It occurred to him, with a to Hatfield when he demanded an explana- into a black shadow and could not get out. the idea. You hadn't said a word to her the tragic ending of George Dene's visit to won't say but what if you'd asked her out bearing suggested that he bore the burden of right three months ago you might have had a guilty secret upon his soul. He was a little a chance. I watched her, and I think she'd surlier, a little grimmer than he used to be; have said 'Yes' then. But you let the time but there was no one to be offended by his that would force my girl against her will. alone, with a charwoman to clean his room You're a day after the fair." George said and cook for him now and then. The only something of the same kind. "He thought change in his manner of life after the inthat his friend had given up trying." Hat- quest was to dispense with the charwoman. field swore vehemently that George lied. He did not want any human being about Then, quite suddenly, he restrained him- him now. He felt himself cut off from his self and begged that nothing more might kind.

let him go ! Thus, with a dark brow and a sudden exdemeanour. He had never seen either of disorder. them again—until this day. He had thrown

Midnight came, and the porter had not man, and he was homeless and alone! nalman saw no more. Only an agonised returned. The bells broke out again, well-he was holding, and growled out an oath at think you would do better as Helen of Avoir and goodwill!" Hatfield ground alone! his own churainess. He was holding, and growled out an oath at think you would do better as Helen of Avoir and goodwill!" Hatfield ground alone! and goodwill !" Hatfield grouned aloud as that he, Stophen Hatfield, either forgot an injury orforgave it? . . . Would those bells it. He found himself tremport of peace and good will—peace and good to his spirit at that moment he felt as though in appeal of his spirit at that moment he felt as though to him as though in had been growing that would free wint to a many murder a whole houseful of people in the bells of the gout, and content to a whole houseful of people in the bells of the gout, and content to a whole houseful of people in the bells of the gout, and content to a whole houseful of people in the bells of the gout, and content to him as though in had been growing that the good will read at things the bells of the gout, and content to him as though in had been growing that the good free with the good will read at things the good will read at things the good him as though in had been growing the good will read at things the good will read at thin

adaptations for covel requirement

It was a foggy morning. A footstep was heard before the passer-by could be seen. A voice came out of the fog, followed by the burly figure of the man who relieved him at

" Morning, Hatfiled. Merry Christmas." Hatfield could not reply. "Accident on the line last night. Man killed by the London express not far from

here. Tom Burton says you saw him." "I don't know that I saw him," said Hatfield, struggling to free himself from the haze that seemed to envelop him, blinding his eyes and blunting his faculties at the same time. "I saw several folks on the line last night."

"But Tom Burton says you sent him in search of one-"

"Yes. I had a warning."

"What do you mean?" "Nothing. Was the man dead?"

" Quite dead." "I knew it," said Hatfield, as he turned

attend the inquest upon the body that had gale is at the heaviest the captain invariable been found. It was to him a terrible piece takes a place there. Precautions are some of work; but strength of nerve returned times used, as by stretching heavy canva with the daylight, and he exhibited no around the bridge, to deaden somewhat the further strangeness of look or manner, such effects of a passing wave which might break ances. The man who had been killed was that a green sea weighing tons strikes the face was unrecognisable, but the fair hair. eft no place for doubt in Stephen's mind. He identified the body as that of Georg, have been carried out of the bridge by the thus our every-day words become Dene, carpenter, r sident in Woodley, a surging seas and lost. Driven as are steam. Kentish village, nearly two hundred miles ers at a high rate of speed, the greatest much of this matter, or be too se sharply concerning his words to Burton, low somewhat an ocean lane, and it may be Hatfield answered that Dene was an old | broad and wide, and yet chances of a colliacquaintance, that he had stopped him on | sion are always possible. Especially when the line to tell him that he was coming to the coast is near are the officers stationed live in Redford, that they had then parted on the bridge, and eyes are strained for an an equable temper and a mild and had met no more.

there was a man on the line?" he was there is dirty weather is an exciting exper-

"I had forgot the London express when I parted from him, and was afraid that he of one of the officers is the man at the wheel had not gone back straight to the station," said Hatfield.

"Had you any dispute with him?"

warning'?"

"Don't stay to ask questions. Go back, it was only the wind," Hatfield answered it. It comes aboard, and the good ship stubbornly.

He knew that he had lied in saying that | skin, the breath almost knocked out of them, there had been no dispute, but he did not still these brave men on the bridge hold What was the use of telling the their places. Certain white incrustation, truth? Would it bring George back to life | which sometimes show themselves on the Would it comfort George's widow ? smoke-stacks of steamers when they come again? "This is a rum start," he said to himself. | Would it lift from his spirit the load of an- into port, attest how seas have broken quite Hatfield lost sight of him in the darkness as | guish which Stephen Hatfield knew he must | over the bridge. now endure for evermore?

He only half heard some talk of writing there were two Woodleys: one in Kent and

be said. They were right; he did not want he occupied a small house in a row of to be a salt herring lying in the road. On to marry. They need not say anything to workmen's cottages, not far from the station. turning it over with our feet it seemed slop-Grace about him. No, he bore no malice to There was a tiny square of garden, a wood- py, and we foolishly passed it. anyone. Only—would they have the good- en pailing and a gate before the house. In- "A few yards farther on another brillians ness to hold their confounded tongues and side there were four rooms, two on each streak of light attracted our attention, and floor, and the staircase between them. we this time decided to attempt its capture. Hatfield lived in the kitchen at the back of A piece of paper was employed, to prevent cess of rage in his deep tones, he had stalk. the house, and slept in the room above it. an unpleasant meeting, and we then lifted, ed out of the house, leaving Mrs. Emery and The front room, which opened directly upon most circumspectly, what proved to be neith George Dene astounded, affrighted, at his the garden, had fallen into almost hopeless er more nor less than a piece of Scotch for

January passed away. February, with up his employment on the line, and left the its changeful smiles and tears, had made phorescent surface, and the night being well town that same night, not knowing, not the old earth new. Even in Hatfield's utcaring, whither he went. Chance guided terly neglected garden, a few crocusses influence. After drying it next day, we his feet to Redford, and threw him into pushed up their golden heads, a few bunches again tried it in the dark, and it still showed It was as if lightning had flashed and communication with the railway officials at of snowdrops nodded to the wind. The man brilliantly; so the wet had nought to do the same of the Janetion. He have a good about the did not be did the Janction. He bore a good character, did not look at them. The gay spring sun- with it. Under a lens no fungus could be graffly than ever. "Go on with your tale. man lying on the rails, in the track of the and had no difficulty in getting work. He shine tried in vain to pierce the gloom of seen, only the rough, broken fibres on the work were you saving?" advancing train. He did not move: he did did not write to his old friends, but he knew his lonely dwelling, the voice of human love surface." But what George said he did not hear. not drag himself away as it came on. No. that they had heard where he was living, and pity was yet to seek an entrance to his

house that was once to have been his own; his tongue was glued to the roof of his him out, offered him friendship—as if there ing his supper. For the time he was off of the trim little garden, the shining win- mouth, and he could not get it free. Just could be friendship between these two, Hat- night-duty, and at liberty to sleep the heavy rooms: the mistress of the whole, a slim man lifted his head and knew his fate. happiness in the desolate man's face. It was an intermittent visitor, and generally fair girl with smiling eyes, and the sunshine Hatfield saw the agonised countenance, the was for this that Hatfield could not forgive brought bad dreams. He was learning to Troy," she warbled. "Do you think is in her hair, who went about her work with look of horror in the distended eyes, the

Suddenly there came a knock-a timid, hesitating knock—to the front door. It weights and measures confused his brains and his own clumsiness. He waited till the dupois !" knock was repeated before he went to the

coast, Markdule, Mr. Boisen Stokes of Alplon to Miss Emma Downing of Empireous.

The Bridge of an Ocean Steamer. With steam power naval constructions for covel requirements

steamer as long as are some blocks in the York, to be able to see, from some elements point on the deck, ahead, astern, bear, necessity. The man at the wheel, place right above the rudder, is a thing of the past. Certainly the idea of the bridges a steamer derived its origin from the pla houses on American steamers, which were built near the bows, and in use long belon they were known in Europe. To the ne mes of a nautical turn of mind how oned these huge vessels is brought neatly along. side of the dock or taken out into the street without a collision, or even a bump, in matter of wonder. It is an officer on the bridge who sees everything and anticipate all possible contingencies. Convenient to his hand are the various signals, and he controls the action of the engineer. New him, within call, is the quarter master, and with a single word he gives the needel in. structions, and a quick and cool hand it is that is at the wheel. Of a pleasant day when all is clear, a position on the bridge of an ocean steamer is a de ightful one You are high enough above the deck to be free from all the smells of the ship; and this place on the bridge is sometimes given to distinguished passer ers by the captain It is perfectly enjoyable there when the sty is clear and the water smooth, but it is the most uncomfortable of all places in rough weather. On the bridge every roll and matter how ugly are the seas, how terrible they more thoughtful next time they more they may be the time they more they more they may be they more they may be they more they more they more they may be they more pitch of the ship is accentuated. Here, no bridge as if it were a huge hammer, and canvas no more resists the force of the sea pretty lips as did before the inno than were it paper. On more than one occasion brave men in pursuit of their duty early sight of the land if it be day, or of the "What made you say to Burton that light if it be at night. A night at sea when ience. The wind is howling through the rigging, and the seas angry. Just in front If a particularly ugly sea be seen coming, a word from the captain intimates how the steamer is to escape it. Just a slight tum of the spokes of the wheel suffices, but some "Why did you say that you had had 'a times, while one heavy mass of water is being evaded, another presents itself on the "I thought I heard a cry, but I dare say opposite side. Then the steamer has to take staggers under the blow. Drenched to the

Phosphorescence.

The cause of phosphorescent light, as well as its nature, is, in many cases, a puzzle alike to the common and the scientific observer. This light comes from very differ ent sources. The appearance of any cay, the light may be attributed to the

But the same name is given to the light emitted by the glowworm or the firefly In this case there is no such decomposition of elements.

The phosphorescence of the sea is referred to the presence of minute medusæ-cres tures of the simplest organism. There are some species of fungus that are producer of light. In these instances it seems to be a phenomenon accompanying death.

This light is given off in some instance where the decay does not seem likely & liberate any phosphorus, and where, if any fungus is growing, it cannot be detected easily. A Scotch writer, Mr. W. A. Smith, tells how he was surprised at the appear ance of a piece of fire wood. In this country a decaying maple log, lying in a wet place, yields the best results.

"During our walk through the woods the other evening we came upon what appeared

from one of the fallen trees alongside.

"Apparently a new break was the phoe-

Not Helen of Troy.

She was fair, fat and forty and was discussing the coming fancy ball with her dear. It ly beloved husband. "I have almost decided to go as Helen of would suit me ?"

"Well," murmured her husband, as

A Practical Woman.

HOUSEHOL

It is a fact beyond dispute, th does any good, and usu matters worse than they were marte to call forth opposing evil bersted, which in turn brings on bard words from the first spe what should have been a passing plos into a disastrous storm. We ster says that a scold is foul-mouthed wom clamorous, foul-mouthed we have not realized the haps we have not realized the haps we have not as this, when quite as much as this, when

ourselves to express what we fe neither wise nor elegant. Is there excuse for tired, mothers who never know the rest? There are such, and with many of them, who never, for or year in and year out, know wifeel rested. This may not be own to the amount of work they ha form, though that of course was cause, but, having once gotten state, it would require a very le Is it any wonder that we often able, and that the overwrought test against every incivility? Perhaps husband and children ways as considerate of our feeling they ought to be, and to remin

neglected daty, we scold. The minded forcibly enough, no dou eradicate every particle of natur. Constant fretting renders us ver and in order to be loved we mi As dreadful as this result ma

not at all that may be expected course long indulged in. The ch to take on the same tone, and so fault-finding soon fall as naturall of childhood. They will, of co up a copy of their scolding mo reaching as Eternity. We cannot pressed with its importance. import, not only to our own hap to that of every member of the f Bat is it possible with these and strained nerves, to possess I know of but one way. "Thou canst walk and weary !

If in my strength thou trustest That is what He means when H " My grace is sufficient for the

Defences of Young Me A mighty defence for a youn good home. Some of my reader with tender satisfaction to their It may have been rude and rus among the hills, and architect or never planned or adorned it. fresco on princely walls never lo ticing to you as those rough he You can think of no park or planted on fashionable country ractive as the plain brook that of the old farm house and sang weeping willows. No barred dorned with statue of bronze, open by obsequious porter in ful half the glory of the swing gate. Many of you have a second dw your adopted home, that also is ever. There you built the first f

here your children were born. trees you planted. Each room because once in it, over the hot p ed the wings of death. Under t expect when your work is done and die. You try with many the excellency of the place, b There is only one word in the la can describe your meaning. It Now I declare it, that young paratively safe who goes out in with a charm like this upon his mery of parental solicitude, praying, will be to him a shield ter. I never knew a man fait his early and adopted home, ane time was given over to an d dissipation or wickedness. his enjoyment chiefly from ou ation rather than from the mo spoken, may be suspected to be

unpresuming pleasures of w road to ruin. Absalom despise house, and you know his histo his death of shame. If you s sarily isolated from your kind ner associates, is there not so you can call your own? Into i and pictures, and a harp. Ha over the mantel. Make ungod back from the threshold. Co pot with the knee of prayer. mary of other days, a father's nother's love, and a sister's c

How to Carve a Go green goose neatly truss a turn" looks very temptin er, but there is so little meat the size of the bird that un ally carved only a small n The breast of the go and fatter than that of a tur e cerved differently, althou

the same directions for ligaments connecting to the same tough, and mu the form are required th Place & on a platter wit insert the knife fir of the breast bone. C the wing joins t of the knife into body, and cut Then cut through the body.

the body, pres of the knife You Thought A at the sure th m a most im the quic

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