

# THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.





course, who's gone now, and who was fond of flowers. I see, I see; you won't mind what I said—will you now?"

Jacob Cattle stared at her, but he evaded forth very hastily, "No."  
"I'll never see you again," she said, "I'll never look your way again; but take this, please, for this once, you're young."

And Polly held out her meal-caked bunch of flowers, at which the old man shook his head as though it had been a pistol loaded at him.

"It isn't for the money," said Polly, excited now herself, "I don't want any money—except old, please. I want to make believe you're taking them to her the same as ever."

The old man stretched out a trembling hand towards the flowers at this suggestion, and Polly threw them into his grasp and fairly ran away across the bridge again, leaving him looking after her open mouthed, and with some salt tears brimming over his blinking eyeballs, and making their way down the deep furrows in his cheeks.

On the Monday Jacob passed her as usual on his homeward route, and with his hat protruding low, and with a shaggy stare at her, too, as if no longer afraid to face her. But Polly looked the other way and would not see him—fell into the habit of hiding from him whenever on the following Saturday would also have eluded him, had he not come up the reverse way of the street, and take her measure by a look at her pocket.

"Let me have a good lunch to-day—a twopenny lunch," he said, in quite a business-like manner.

Polly Baxter was surprised, but she gave him the flowers he required, and he dropped his money into her basket.

"That you don't want them, now—do you?" she murmured.

"Yes, of course I do. That was a good thought of yours, child, last week. And I took the flowers to her."

"Oh! I see," gasped Polly.

"And shall do so every week, making believe, as you say, that she's satisfied for her own sake. It's not had thought at all," he muttered, "but she's so very fond of flowers."

"How old was she?" asked Polly.

"About your age, I should say."

"And ailing always, was she?"

"Till the last three or four years, yes. Good day, and then Jack hurried away, and this time she did not attempt to follow him.

It was from this time that Jacob continued to be as regular a customer to Polly Baxter as he had ever been, and had any one had the curiosity to follow the movements of the old man, he or she would have seen him every Sunday, in fair weather or foul, pushing on to Totter's Cottage to lay his little offering on the grave of the daughter who had been always fond of flowers. When the winter time came on, and flowers grew very scarce and dear, and Polly was compelled to raise her prices, the old man looked very pale and pained with pain, and did not move along with his customary alacrity on the country, limped painfully at times with the rheumatism which had seized him.

One very cold Saturday she said to him, suddenly—

"You ain't well?"

"Well, not quite well as I might be, perhaps," he answered, cautiously.

"I don't mind your paying for those some other time, you know?" she said, bravely.

"What?" he asked, as she came to a full stop.

"If you're hard up, it won't make much difference to me, and she's mighty, and he looked very hard at her from under his tangled, grey eyebrows; that's a kind thought, child. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say," she answered, surprised in her turn, "but it's Polly Baxter."

"Living where now?"

"St. James's Row," she answered, "at the back there. But why?"

"Good day?"

"That was the last time Polly Baxter met Peter Cattle in the London streets, for Peter disappeared again, and she, and the flower girl on Leadenhall Hill missed him altogether. He must be dead this time, poor old chap," thought Polly.

But Polly was again deceived. One morning a short, red-coated woman with a market-basket on her arm, and a key in her hand, looked hard at her, she stopped.

"Is your name Baxter?"

"Polly Baxter?"

"Yes, that's it?"

"Yes, that's it," said Polly, standing in George Street, Gravel Lane, No. 29. My lodger, the old man who used to buy flowers of you, wants to see you precious bad."

"He ain't dead then," cried Polly; "well, I am glad."

"Don't see what you're got to be glad about," said the woman, sharply; "but no, he ain't dead yet. He's coming home."

"Oh!—is he? Oh! I hope he ain't!"

"Can you find your way?"

"Yes, I can find my way."

Polly Baxter tramped away at once to George Street, and to No. 29, where, on the top floor, she found poor Jacob Cattle, very much down in the world, and with very little life left in him. The rheumatism had got an iron grip of him at last, and never had yielded, and his very nearly the last of him, at the red-faced woman had promised.

As Polly entered the room, he quite smiled at her as at an old friend.

"Polly," he said, speaking with great difficulty, "I want to put you in mind of an old offer to me."

"What's that, sir?"

"I want you to open a credit account with me."

"A what?" cried Polly.

"It's a term we have in Lombard Street," he explained, "to trust me, I mean, for a little while for a few days."

"To be sure?" cried Polly.

"I'll pay you soon; and I want you to do more than that, much more."

Polly asked and wondered till he took time to recover his breath, then he said—

"I want you on Sunday afternoon to take them to her, and say them on her grave for me. The you mind very much?"

"Not at all," said Polly. "I'll go every Sunday directly after chapel, if you'll tell me how to find it."

"Oh! you got to chapel, then?"

"Yes, but I've got to be there, which Polly Baxter carried out faithfully, until the end came, and Jacob Cattle was buried with his daughter.

After his death, Polly Baxter went regularly to the cemetery just the same, and laid her little bunch of flowers on the grave of him who had said kind words to her in life. That was the end of him, and of the story, she thought, until one day, a week or two afterwards, a poor little gentleman in black, called upon her, and asked her many questions, and made perfectly sure that she was the genuine and only Polly Baxter, flower vendor, before he surprised her with his news.

Jacob Cattle had been a lot of a miser, after all, and had swept together, by his faithful and humble services in Lombard Street, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. He had died with-out a relation in the world to care for him, and he had left his money to Polly Baxter, of 49, St. James's Row, F. B. D., in remembrance of her husband, and in settlement of his credit account with her.

Polly Baxter is married now, and she and her husband have a flourishing little grogshopper's shop and are doing very well. There are fresh news still on the old man's grave at Totter's, and one grateful heart keeps his memory near.

F. W. H.

## Phoebe Gray.

The solitary inscription on a sunken stone in a country churchyard.

Died "Phoebe Gray," that record lone.

"Was all that marked the sunken stone.

I gushed the grass aside;

But not a single line was there,

Her age or lineage to declare,

Or tell me whom she died,

The distant hawk's melodious thrill

Broke softly o'er the solemn still,

Beats the sunbeams' ray,

The old stone gleamed none purely white,  
As "Phoebe Gray" more her beauty light  
Around this "Phoebe Gray."

Was she a maiden fair of face,  
With comely form of winsome grace,  
And gentle smile and eyes so true?

A rustic belle, the village prize,  
Was young heart's love, a promised bride,  
That mouldered in the dust of time?

Was she a widowed parent's stay,  
The floweret on her family's ray,  
That perished ere 'twas noon?

Whose thoughtful eyes, and eyes of light  
Came as a ray of welcome bright  
To cheer the hours of gloom?

Whose sorrow's darkling shadows spread,  
Did she with wifely, gentle tread  
A helpful comfort bring?

Those tender deeds for vain unknown,  
May plead for her before the throne,  
In presence of the King.

Or was she one a valued wife,  
Content to pass her simple life  
With busy household care?

Whom many children now to greet,  
Around her knee at evening meet,  
To bless the nightly prayer?

Did social joys her mind engage,  
Beloved able by wit and song  
Did she high truths impart?

On works and words of love intent,  
Her life in gentle earnest spent,  
She wrought her Master's will?

Did wintry snow her whitened shawl,  
And long years low the steady shawl,  
Her children's children round her play,

To glad her life's declining ray,  
And soothe her aged brow?

Or did she linger on sickness,  
Parents and friends before her gone,  
The last of name or race;

No kind or kind to soothe her pain,  
Or pay the tribute of a tear  
At this her burial place?

Or came she with a weary heart,  
A stranger from some distant part,  
A silent, mournful guest,  
From wild ambition's dusting mate,  
From father's fulsome, hollow praise,  
In search of hidden rest?

And when life's shadow lengthen'd deep,  
And smil'd in this winnow sleep,  
Close to the spreading year,  
Some kindly thought reared high the stean,  
The only name they knew of?

What matter now, we cease to blame,  
Can but her brow with joy or shame,  
In the Judgment Day.

She stoop'd accepted of the throne,  
Presented as the Saviour's own,  
This long-dead "Phoebe Gray."

FINIS.

## Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

IX.

Peter refusing to have his feet washed by his Lord.—St. John xii.



It has come, in considering the life of Peter, down to the time when our Lord's death—seven to the day before He died. The time that Peter drooled—the time when the Master had looked for, was now close at hand.

"Jesus knew that his hour was come" (John xii. 1). The hour of all that was before Him, and His was a bitter part of His cross.

But in the bitterness of that coming joy, did He forget His disciples? Oh! no, "having loved His own that were in the world, He loved them unto the end." They had tried Him so much; they had been able to understand him so little, but He loved them, and "loved them to the end."

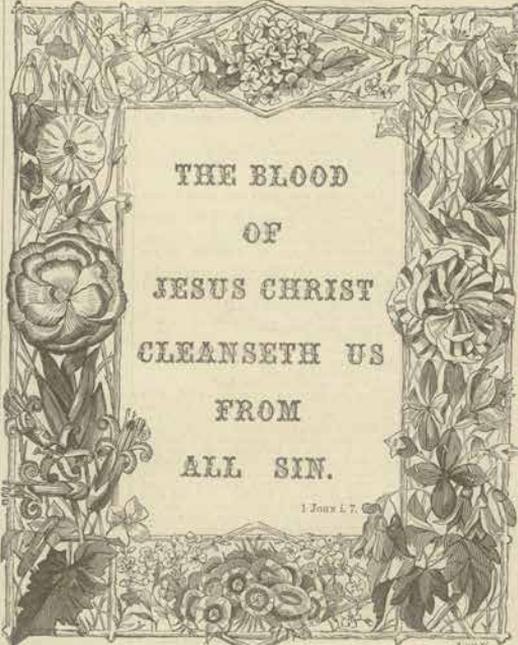
The feast of the Passover was now about to be

kept, and our Lord would keep it with His discipline. It was then He instituted that holy supper of which an account is given to us in three of the Gospels—that supper which was to be a memorial for ever of "the Lord's death." "This is my body which was given for you." "Take and eat," "this cup is the New Testament in my blood," "drink ye all of it." Any one every one, who Jesus Christ will find that he cannot but keep that holy, simple, touching feast in which His most recent will. The supper, and the thing that originally been omitted. The Jewish custom was always to wash the hands and feet before meat (St. Luke vii. 44). This had not been done, probably because the disciples were aware that not one of them would do it for the others. St. Luke tells us that even after this supper there was a strife among the disciples as to who should be

greatest (St. Luke xvi. 25, 27). Just then might have been the moment when Christ rose to go for them what no one of them would do. "His riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments," that He might wash their feet. He was the High Priest: "He was come from God" (v. 37). He stooped to the lowest place—the place of a servant. "We are not told who was the first to rise to whom Christ came, that He might wash his feet. Some suppose that it was Judas, as he appears to have sat next our Lord, being the one who "dipped with Him in the dish. Judas would not be likely to make any opposition to having his feet washed by our Lord, for already he had betrayed Him; already He had sold His Master for the paltry sum of 30 lbs., the price of a slave. "You he saw his Master taking upon Himself "the form of a servant," and the word of a servant, and that willingly; and whatever Judas may have felt, he could scarcely be after this about at such a moment. When Christ came to Peter, it was a very different matter. He loved his Lord. It seemed as if he could not bear to see Him stooping so low. "The thought of his heart seemed to be, 'Lord, has it come to this? it shall never be.'" "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Yet Peter was only half-right in this thought of his. In one way he was all wrong. "If I wash these not," said the Lord, "thou hast no part with Me." What solemn words are these? No unwashed soul can have its part with Christ. David cried for this: "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin" (Ps. li. 2). It was this great lesson that was taught in the time of the Tabernacle, by the laver of brass filled with pure water, where the priests must wash their hands and their feet before coming to do their service for God, lest they die (Ex. xxx. 17, 21).

"Wash me Saviour or die!" But how many there are who do not wish their need of His washings. They fancy that their hearts are pretty clean—that there's not much sin. But remember that, nothing but a white robe will do for Heaven, and that not our idea of what is white, but God's—"whiter than snow." Hearing that he must needs be washed, Peter cries from his warm, earnest heart, "Lord, not my feet only,

but also my hands and my head." Here again, however, he was wrong. "He that is washed," said our Lord, "needeth not save to wash his feet." It was the custom in those days to go to the public baths before going to a feast, but as sandals only—not shoes—were worn, the feet would need re-washing before sitting down to meat, for the dust of the road would cling to them and soil them. When any one first comes to Christ to be forgiven, his sins are washed away, yet every day he will need some new cleansing for those new sins that come to stain his soul. In the Lord's Prayer, which was given us for daily use, we are taught to pray, "forgive us our sins." We shall never get beyond the need of this prayer. The real Christian will ever need, and feel his need of, cleansing every day. To such St. John wrote:



THE BLOOD  
OF  
JESUS CHRIST  
CLEANSETH US  
FROM  
ALL SIN.

1 JOHN 1. 7.

"If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanse us from all sin" (1 John. 1. 7, 8). Directly our hearts tell us we are wrong, we should seek this cleansing—this washing of the feet from the dust and soil of this evil world, that we may be "clean every whit." May the solemn voice of the Master sound in each heart that as yet may, also, be a stranger to this cleansing. "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me."

M. R.

COMMON SENSE.—There are forty men of wit for one man of common sense; and he who will carry nothing about him but gold, need every day be at a loss for small change.—Forsk.

## Marsh Marigolds.



FEW towns were grazing in a large meadow in one of the fattest parts of Yorkshire; a few rows were covering mostly as they now about and settled down for a moment or two in the soil-feld at the other side of the hedge; a few small herds were feeding, did their utmost upon this to drive the intruders away; a few hearts were breaking in the rows about herds; the left of the meadow; a few others were rejoicing again; and not a few were struggling with, or bravely taking up life's daffodil, narcissus, and crocus, at the time my story opens.

But who would have thought of care and quiet on entering that quiet meadow on that unusually bright and cloudy Mayday? Yet the idea of them came then in what seemed a most unlikely form. For, presently, a tall and pretty girl, dressed in the latest fashion, and looking well cared for, came through the gate into the meadow, and stood gazing about with a far-away look in her young eyes. And soon she spoke in low, disinterested tones—

"I am weary of my quiet, homestead life, scooped up in our house with ignorant people all about me. My mamma declares I am losing all my chances of a bright and distinguished future, while I stay here doing nothing—literally doing nothing. I have no real work to do. My services are not required either in the business or in household work. It is not as if we were poor, and obliged to live in that petty house behind the shop, where we almost seem to be surrounded with the trifle, cheese, and tallow-candles by which our money is produced. For their might retire now, but if he will not, why should he object to my going out into the world on my own account? There, I should surely meet with a patron, brighter but I should mingle with a higher class of people, and they would recognize what I am!"

Then, drawing her beautiful figure proudly up, she continued—

"Whenever I am quite away from my present surroundings, I am taken for some great lady. My father has had me well educated, but now he spoils everything by my staying at my father's house—"To be the mistress of his house," he says—"a post of which I am not ambitious," and he is right!"

Then the dirty flatness of the meadow, the sameness of the scenery, and the grey clouds overhead oppressed her troubled spirit so much that she was turning quickly to go away, when she suddenly perceived a quantity of bright marsh marigolds. Now she, Marina, felt, dearly loved flowers, and her countenance brightened up at the sight of them. Quoting Jean Ingolw's joyous cry—

"O brave marsh marigolds, rich and yellow, Give me your money to hold!"

She ran to them and gathered a great handful. These she set down on the grass to arrange. And the flowers gave her, not money, but what was worth far more, better and more healthily thoughts. "What a poor place this meadow would have been but for you," she murmured; "you have made it beautiful. After all it is a most glorious thing to beautify and comfort what is commonplace—to bring 'a joy for ever' into dulness and monotony." Then the great Spirit, which is not far from any one of us, suggested that she should do that, by going back to her daily life and taking it up with the determination to reform and make beautiful her home—even as the flowers the diary landscape.

Reverently bowing her pretty head, Marion said, "I will," and asked for help where it is never denied.

About a fortnight afterwards, on a pleasant, sunny day, a handsome young man came through the gate into the meadow and began padding and down in a restless, dissatisfied manner. For some time not a word escaped his lips, but at last, as if he could keep silence no longer, he exclaimed, "I cannot do it! It is too hard! too hard!"

Throwing himself down on the grass, he buried his face in his hands, and remained for several moments sunk in deep thought.

Uncovering his face by and by, and leaning on one elbow as he lay there, he picked the grass up restlessly with his fingers, muttering, "Life is very hard! It is always thus, I mean continually, do the things I don't like to do, and have undone those which I like. My brother always has his own way. He is going to college, and can then be almost what he chooses; but my father insists upon having one son to succeed to his trade, and just because I am the younger I am to have no choice

in the matter. Why need he have set his heart upon this? He might be the owner of the business, and I have always wished so much to do great things for my fellow-creatures; to be a missionary, or—just why think of all that, when my parents have determined I shall be an ironmonger, as my father is; and I know I ought to respect their wishes agreed on me with tears. Really at the fair, blue sky. As he did so, the words of a great writer flashed across his mind: "Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much; the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of an heroic life."

"I will do it," he said, firmly; "I will try first, as Kingsley has it, to 'do the work that's nearest,' to fulfil the wish of my parents, and become a respectable tradesman—and then, who knows? I may do greater things than I have even dreamed of!"

The young man, Malcolm Grove, left the meadow, and, walking swiftly, had soon reached the town, entering an ironmonger's shop, he went up to an old man, who stood alone, behind the counter, trying to arrange some small wares with a hand that trembled so much as to make the matter one of no little difficulty, and laying his hand affectionately on his shoulder, he

for you are keeping the first commandment with promise."

Not all at once, but gradually, very gradually did these two, Marion Holt and Malcolm Grove succeed in carrying out the good wish which they had made in the large meadow, among the marginals and beneath the fair, blue sky. For the way of the Cross is a narrow way, along which none of the selfishness inherent in our weak nature can be borne; and often, just when they seemed to be progressing the most favourably, something would happen to hinder and impede their progress. At such times Marion would resort to the quiet meadow, and try to think over the better thoughts, which had visited her there; but Malcolm, from the shop door and window, or from the window of his own room, or the streets of the town where he carried on his business, would look up to the sky and remember the great promise of which it always reminded him.

In the daily life which these two young people took up in their spirit, they had frequent opportunities of meeting and being with each other, and something in their common situation, views, and in the sympathy with which each saw the other cheerfully enduring and making the best of what was unseasonal and distasteful—in their position and employment, attracted and drew them first into the bond of friendship, and then into one still more sacred.

Again it was a bright, sunny May day. The gay marshes, marigolds were blossoming luxuriantly in the large, that meadow where the cattle grazed as quietly, and the rooks came flying so cautiously on their way to the adjoining field.

"I am glad that we have come to this large window this afternoon, for it was here that the most eloquent sermon I ever heard or saw was preached to me," said Marion, as Malcolm came through the gate to where she was sitting.

"How strange!" he said, wonderingly, "for I, too, have something to tell you, Marion, which occurred here."

Presently they walked up and down on the soft grass, among the rattle and the flowers, while they told each other what they had seen and thought and felt upon the two May days three years ago.

"Yes, I shall always love the spot," said Marion, in conclusion; "and yes, my pretty ones, stopping to gather some of the marsh



"MALCOLM CAME THROUGH THE GATE TO WHERE SHE WAS SITTING."—Page 93.

said, "Father, dear, leave that to me in future, and see what a good ironmonger I shall become—the best in the town, I hope."

"My boy," said the old man, with a sob of joy; "my boy, you have made me happy. Now your mother and I will end our days in peace. For see, I have made the business what it is, and I think we could not bear to see it go into a stranger's hands! But come and tell your mother, my boy; come and tell your mother."

Together they retired to an inner room, where an old lady sat knitting by a good fire.

Briefly the news was told, and very welcome to the young man was his mother's heartfelt, "God bless you, my son, you will never regret it."

marigolds, "for having taught me what true beauty is, and what its duties are—not that I have been able to carry out your teaching," she added, humbly.

"Oh, Marion! when you know that you have been not only the soul and life of your home, and the daily comfort and blessing of your family—but—"

But here Marion, laying her hand upon his lip, forbade him to say any more about it.

"Well, well, I will let that be, darling, if I must," he said as soon as he could speak; "only if you have not told all that, what am I doing here? My very presence is a proof that you have been all that is good and noble."

"I must have imposed upon you dreadfully, you poor, beloved creature!" laughed Marion, as she placed two fine marsh marigolds in his button-hole. "But, Malcolm dear," she added, "if my sermon was preached by the flowers, I think yours was no less by the sky, which suggested those grand words, and Malcolm, I think—"

"What do you think?" he asked, seeing that she hesitated.

"Why, I think, my Malcolm, in the way he studies daily to gratify his parents and in his whole life, is just writing that volume of which he talks so much!"

"I had not, and I was thinking of my book then, had I, Marion dear?"

"No, and perhaps you were not; I did not mean that book would be so very completely finished, and which I am confident will do so much good in the world, but that other far greater one—"The Record of an Heroic Life."

"Ah, Marion, that I might be! But I am so very far from being what I want to be, I am ashamed, gravely, so gravely that at first Marion did not like to speak but her words about those frolics beside his thoughts, then she said in a low voice—"

"It's just the same with me, I am none satisfied. Yet I seem to want more than ever, that spirit of holiness, and is not that just 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness'?"

"It is, Marion; and we have the promise which is added, 'And oh! how happy we have been in all our striving after it, proving, as Kingsley says, that—'

*The reward is in the doing.*

*And the reward of pursuing*

*Is the prize.*

And, darling, ever and above the sweet, sweet poem which we have enjoyed, in the quiet discharge of our duties, but happy we are now and shall be, shall be, Marion, even when this earth has passed away.

Marion glanced at her uncle-looking husband, for they had been married about six weeks, and then at what he was saying—the wise, blue sky, and pressed his arm a little closer, may he say playfully. So they stood a few minutes in a silence which was more eloquent than any words.

EMMA M. KAYTON.

He says, "I am the Lord," the changeless One;

He bids you trust Him, as loosens a son;

Both in the hour of bright prosperity,

And also when all earthly comforts cease.

The Saviour's love no variating knows,

It holds the helm in all our earthly woes;

beneath love's banner, we may safely rest,

With Jesus as our soul's abiding guest.

Prisoned in the furnace, and of the widow, He

A Father to the fatherless will be.

With availing kindness He will bless,

And clothe us in His spotless righteousness.

With kindness, love, and with loving care,

He guards His own, long as they sojourn here.

The rainbow of His presence, and His love,

Impart a joy all other joys above.

And when the King in beauty we shall see,

That love will be his crown eternally.

GEOFFREY BEECHER.

## Little and Good;

OR,

### Manners Make the Man.

BY

EMMA MARSHALL,

Author of "Euphrasia," "Life's Aftermath," &c. &c.

PART II.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### RECAPITULATING.

HAD never seen Edward's face near that expression before. For the time at least the self-assertion had died out of it, and it was in a voice faltering with emotion that he said, "Ed, is this my father?"

"Yes, Edward."

Robert Moon looked out both hands, and Edward took them in a firm grasp. "Forgive me, my son," he said, "forgive me, I never give you a name that you can ever be proud of, but I can give you the blessing of a poor father who will try to do right by you and all I can for the rest of his days, by God's help."

"Father," I heard him say, "I've just come from the death-bed of my mother's sister, and before she died she told me she had kept back from me that you might still be alive, out of love to me. She mustn't wait, poor soul, and yet I wish I had known—I wish I had known. It's a awful thing to see death, Ed, and Edward turned to me, sobbing.

"Come home home of you with me," I said, and driving his cold hands through my arm, we all walked to the house which was young to me. There Margaret and Cherry awaited us with kindly welcome, and Edward, soft and subdued, was drawn that over to Cherry.

When Mrs. Gray's will was read, it was found that she had left her adopted son entire control over her property, which was considerable for her station in life. Edward had several debts to pay, incurred through his early extravagance, but even then there was a fair little income.

Robert was just into possession of his uncle's money, but he wisely decided that he had better leave the bulk of the money with Edward, taking a very small share for his daily needs.

This, however, was thought by all of us concerned, not the best plan for Edward. Although softened and really anxious to work, we, who knew him best, knew that the good words might soon disappear, like the steaming cloud and sunshine, dew.

It was, after much consultation, decided that Edward and Cherry should go out to business, in the shape where, from letters he showed us, Robert Moon had a good master, led a honest and untroubled life.

So on one beautiful August morning our Cherry became Edward's wife, and I had to give her to him for better or worse. A week later and you might have seen, for her mother and me, watching the departure of the ship which was to take the son we loved best on earth, beyond the seas.

There are some moments in life which are burned as a lot in one's soul; and I can carry the near to my grave. Such was that moment to me. Locked hand in hand, Margaret, I saw and felt all that was to come from the Southampton pier that fast retreating vessel.

"She is gone now!" Margaret linked the silence last. "Come away, this once away, and—"

"But I could not move, and I felt at her feet in a deep swoon."

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### REVIEW.

My story is drawing to a close. I cannot write many details of the blank time which followed Cherry's departure. I was very ill that winter, and my nose, not to mention my eyes with continual weeping. We both felt that the light of our eyes had gone from us, and yet we never talked of the deep sorrow in my heart.

I gave up my situation after my illness, and, through Mr. Campbell's kindness, I came to the pretty house in Grosvenor Park, where I have written, as I have said, under the eye of Mr. Arthur, the story of my life.

Here Margaret lived with me for ten years; here we received the letters from distant lands, in which we had full assurance concerning her affairs; and my letters reached us. For some time Cherry's address was like a bit of herself, happy and contented. She had a little son, whom she named Philip, a daughter whom she called Margaret.

When she was established in business, and things went well. Then his father died, and I suspect he had done the work, and Edward had looked on a smaller man than when he married her. He succeeded, though the trial, I know, to hide her grief from us.

"Then she had better grief in the loss of little Ed and Meg by force."

"Yes, but in the letter in which she told us this, I saw her heart was broken."

"I saw that too," on mother's breast," she said, "so she had no more can know what I feel."

We begged her to come home to us. We said the paper must come into our hands. Edward made sure her, and she would come home."

But the next mail brought the news that she had gone to her children, and that she was at—"

After this, my dear friend declined visibly, and the end soon came.

It was a painful departure—smiles of greeting to those she was meeting, rather than tears for him she left behind.

When Margaret was gone I was alone indeed. Then I needed employment, and besides the usual tailoring business which I carried on for the wants of all the families in the village, I had a dress and history, and I brushed up the little Ed, who had acquired in his absence. Edward made some more, pressed away. I tried to fill up my lonely life with service, and with degrees, Mr. Arthur's friendship, if I may venture to call it so, helped me a deal.

Of late I have felt a weakness and sinking which I think, means that the Rains is learning how to leave little Cherry for ever, and all the more making by my door, or by the fire in winter, and do not care to cross about it so all time.

When I received the letter I there a letter from those letters, I think the same is very much what the boy said. His early training was all in the line of duty. When she is once set up for an idol, it is hard indeed to give up its worship. Still, it is impossible that the memory of such life as Cherry led in her childhood utterly away, and in one of his last letters he remembered her. "My darling, who always tried her best to point me the way to God, and who has been so new here with our children. Pray for our old Paul, that I may find them there at last."

Yet I have felt a weakness and sinking which of faith are answered. After long years did not see the prayers of our dear lady of Grosvenor into an answer? The letters, I think, however, are changed. My dear old Paul, I think for him into the sun fall of paternal instinct, whom I saw and away from Southampton with his son and his wife.

"Father is very good to me," Cherry often said.

## The Faithful Friend.

Friend is a friend, all other friends above,

His very name and nature, that of love.

A faithful friend, in whom no change we see,

The brother, love for our adversity.

All other love grow cold, and leave us cold;

But love is a never-failing friend;

In past, in present, and in future years,

That love in character the mass appears.

'Till fortune's smile, or adversity's distress,

That love divine, outshines the comfortless;

Reverent no person shall it merit first,

Not can the love of those ever first.

The widow's mother, or the orphan child,

Has often in bereavement sweetly smiled,

As in their lonely solitudes, that love

Has bid them sit for grace on One above.

Birth, with its many sorrows, oh! may try

To drive away from nature, that of love.

To seek to rob us of our peaceful rest,

By kindling sinful doubts upon our breast.

Oh! listen not to earth, but hark ye to

Of One, who tells of love, and says, Believe.

The friend of sinners speaks, and speaks to you,

And can you doubt but that His words are true?

in her early letters," and his words so hard for us, to keep the business of the world from coming in."

"Why should we ever be hopeless about any one? Hope on, love on, and pray on, and in due season we shall see," if we faint not.

Eventide light shined in, and in its clearing light I saw the forms of those who had passed away, I saw, too, the poor, feeble, ragged cripple, spruned, and dejected. I heart the sweet, childish, said, "Oh, poor boy, and I feel the touch of Margaret's gentle, pitying hands. I see the pale form of the mildest man I ever knew, as he shrank from his household gods, and married them one after the other into their new home, male and male, by Margaret's hand."

I hear *his* voice, clear and ringing, as he encouraged me to hope and strive after a higher and better life, and said—

"Little and good, you know, Phil. Manors made the man."

And I was two in that, who denigrate struggle with the sickle and flint, when, Christ-like, he was ready to die for us who had hated him and would have injured him had it been possible.

Yes, and the eventide light shined on his way to the golden vale, on the little toddling child, who held the doll I gave her in a close embrace, on the child's comforter, who whispered to my ear, "God loves Phil," on the fair and graceful maiden, who grew lovelier every day, and every day nearer to my heart.

And these others are so beautiful that I sorely care to follow our *Christy* course that wild day, when she went out to return to us no more. She vanished from my sight then, but the love still in my heart, and I fancy sometimes that when I come in the Gate of the City that her voice will welcome me with the old message, *God loves Phil*.

Alas, my friends, *Christy is gone*. Not that we have not God, but that He loves us. Good words these, for life and for death.

Mr. Arthur came in an hour ago on his way to Oxford. He told me to be sure and finish my "history" before he returned. He wears the look on his chin as he who has written a portrait which is what up on all persons. To-day he touched the organ as he stood leaning against my window-sill, and I listened down to it, and—

"Look that, I think I missed the other day, and it looks so like *his*. My fair and sweet mother."

The face smiled up at me as I took the book in my hand—the fair, sweet mother as her son called her. "As I gave it back to her I said—"

"Thank God, sir, for such a mother."

"I do, Phil, and I often think of her when I am going a little abed, you know, *Phil*."

"That's right, sir, keep her well in mind."

"Yes, and Phil, I don't forget your main aim, and when I am in a grumbling mood, and think I can't do more, if I were a bit tempery, you know, and had not lost much time, then when I was laid up, I say to myself, "Manors make the man!"

He shook my hand, and turned back at the threshold with his gay bright smile.

"Manors have made you, Phil, and so mistake, and then he was gone."

"Shall I ever see him again, I wonder? I feel the beam of life is getting low but the light is in the pathway, and the dawn of a better day is drawing near, where the foot of those who were shining in the brightness of the eternal day-dream."

THE END.

## Mrs. Barton's Resolve.

"YOU seem to be lost in thought, Mrs. Barton."

"And so I was," replied the latter, looking up from the book which she was turning to see a friendly face peering over the open window.

It was that of *Charlotte Somers*, daughter of the tall-earthy man who was on his way home from the village.

"It was a grand deal to think about to-night," exclaimed Mrs. Barton, "there is the house next

door let, and the new people coming in to-morrow."

"Yes, so I heard," replied Charlotte, "I'm full of love for my neighbours again. It has been a long time empty."

"That is not all," said Mrs. Barton, with a gloomy countenance.

"Why, what's amiss?"

"Only that he's the man that has taken my husband's place at the works."

"The man who was a moment ago did not quite know how to say. It was true George Barton had 'struck' for more wages, and been dismissed from the engineering works where he had been employed. He had then gone to another town and found work, and his wife remained at home to be the man who had stepped into her husband's place. This was no doubt natural, but such feelings ought not to be encouraged, for they grow in the mind like weeds, choking all the fair flowers of charity and love."

And so Mrs. Barton was in no fit temper to welcome her new neighbours. Moreover, she observed sympathetically she would have nothing to say to them, they must keep to themselves, and not have anything to do with her, or she would be their 'benefit.' This was intended as a threat, what she meant by it, Mrs. Barton scarcely knew.

"I think we shall have a storm to-night," said the young woman, who wished to turn the conversation.

"There is hardly a bit of morning on the breeze, and it seems getting so dark."

"Yes," said Mrs. Barton, "it's like rain. The lightning has been singing all day. I notice they seem fonder of bell weather than any other kind of most on days like this. I like to hear them."

And she passed her hands over her eyes as she said the words, and a storm of tears came to her eyes. Mrs. Barton had a soft spot in her heart for the blackbird's song; and when she listened to the blackbird's song, and when she looked at the little child who had lived all trials and flowers, and who had passed away before her into the soil of heaven.

"I must not say talking any more," exclaimed Charlotte, "Father will be looking out for me. I must come and have a longer chat with you to-morrow, Mrs. Barton, and I hope you will let me in and see me. It's impossible here for you now."

"Yes, you come soon again," was the reply, "and I'm glad to hear you say getting on so well the dumplings." They left Mrs. Somers, and she returned to her bed.

After this pleasant little speech Mrs. Barton dismissed her friend with a smile, and she felt cheered herself by saying the kind words.

The following day brought the new neighbours; their furniture and goods arrived in a cart, and the unloading of which Mrs. Barton watched from her front window. She was particularly interested in a child's little cot which had a fall and curtains, some nice ivory tapers, and an old clock which might have stood for the original of the one celebrated in some of *Graceland's* "Beauties."

Beautiful objects, nothing struck her fancy as being worthy of remark; but she sat working in her window all afternoon, keeping an eye on all that was going on next door.

Until late in the evening the work of getting things to rights was not completed. The sounds of hammering and hurrying furniture about next door again, and Mrs. Barton, under other circumstances, would have entered the next house, and looked into the new corners, but the hateful feeling of jealousy kept her from thus denouncing herself, as she thought it, and so she sat her door and looked out of window from whence an evening name on, she caught a glimpse now and then of a poor, thin-looking woman, at the best door, shaking her eyes with her hand, as she looked down the road for something, or somebody.

It was not her husband, he was busy in doors, remonstrating away as if his life depended upon it, and Mrs. Barton reminded to herself, and watched, and got quite nervous on the subject, well at length two forms appeared in sight, an old man and a child, at eight o'clock, when the woman rushed

into the house, and she saw the man who had stepped into her husband's place. This was no doubt natural, but such feelings ought not to be encouraged, for they grow in the mind like weeds, choking all the fair flowers of charity and love."

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cut and clasped the little one in her arms, as she said, "I've been looking out for you this half hour; come in, mother, but you've got on."

Was the little one a trouble?"

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed the hearty roar of Sergeant Somers. The table was set, and Mrs. Barton was again pleased to have her. She gave herself a holiday this afternoon on purpose to take the child for a walk in the park.

Mrs. Barton started from the window in anger. She had not thought her friends would have taken up with these people, and so she went to them before she walked away into her kitchen. "I was at the back of the house, and so I'd rather to think the matter over. How long a time was occupied in this reverse of matters now, but all had been settled in the next dwelling for some time, and the last notes of the black-bird had ceased to float the evening air, and the stars were coming out when Mrs. Barton was roused by a scream from next door; then she distinctly heard the woman calling,

"Help! help! the child will be choked!" and forgetting everything like anger in a moment, up sprung Mrs. Barton to the rescue. She dashed into the next house, and up stairs into the room whence the cry proceeded, and there found the distressed mother alone with her child, which, it would, had swallowed a huge peppermint, which had stuck in its throat, and the mother could do nothing but wring her hands.

Mrs. Barton's measures were always prompt, and decided, and in this case she acted to the advantage. Noting the child, she knelt in front of the door, shook it, and by a well-timed blow on the back, induced by a few drops of cold peppermint-leaf, and the child's life was saved. Still she said Mrs. Barton had not kept to her promise of giving her new neighbours a "benefit," that of her "Beauties" and "Treasures" of mind?

She subsequently heard how little *Scotch* had been left at the toll-house, for the kind words of Charlotte to the latter, after "while the matter was being made ready for completion." I did not expect to find such good faith as they seem to be, and the woman, "for I know nobody in these parts, and am one and not know for instance from any one."

"I don't know that," began Mrs. Barton, but the sentence remained unfinished, for she felt she intended to be a stranger to her neighbour, and had not circumstances altered her mind.

From that time forth all jealousy departed, nay more, the occupants of the adjoining cottages were Mrs. Barton's friends, and she soon weeks later Mrs. Barton left the village to join her husband in a town in the north of Kent, and she stopped at the village to bid farewell to the old possessor and his daughter, and her last words to the latter were: "Yes, go and see them as often as you can, Charlotte; they'll miss me, I know, and the little one has got to be a heart's sorrow, for she misses me as you. Mary will be glad to hear of you. I wish them every happiness and God's blessing."

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