Lamily Reading.

A Wife to her Husband.

After the recent death of the wife General McQuade, of New York, a slip was found in her purse by one of her daughters, containing the following beautiful poem:

One of us dear-But one-

Will sit by a bed with a marvellous fear, And clasp a hand, Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land

One of us, dear-But one-

Will stand by the other's coffin bier, And look and weep,

Darling, which one?

While those marble lips strange silence keep-Darling, which one?

One of us, dear-

-Present Age.

But one-By an open grave will drop a tear, And homeward go.

The anguish of an unshared grief to know-Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be; It may be you will slip from me; Or perhaps my life may just be done, Which one?

Each Day.

"How many days does a year have, mamma ?"

One at a time, dear: One, quickly fleeting, Going out to its meeting Of duties and pleasures, and comfort and joy;

One, my boy.

"Then how many to morrows are there, mamma ?"

None at all, dear : To-morrow alway Is lost in to-day, That, pulsing with life, bids to labor arise Ere it flies.

"Where does it fly to, pray tell me, mamma ?"

Into the mist, dear, That, ever folding From human beholding, Covers the past as we make it each day On our way.

I want to be good, but-how can I mamma ?" Only this way, dear:

Jesus, the lowly, So meek and so holy, Will teach little children no older than

What to do.

"How can he, so far in the sky, tell me, mamma ?"

Can't you see, dear? Into the hands of papa, And those of mamma, He has given the Bible, to guide to all joy

Our own boy, We'll follow Him every step, won't we out, 'tis a Breviary.' mamma?"

Yes, truly dear; Close to the end This tenderest Friend We'll follow so gladly each step of the

This new day -Pansy.

New Seleck Serial. MISTRESS MARGERY:

A TALE OF THE LOLLARDS.

BY EMILY SARAH HOLT, Author of "Sister Rose," "Ashcliff Hall," etc.

CHAPTER III.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOW BEFORE.

need Thee on that road, But woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God." -Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The guests departed about seven o'clock, and Dame Lovell got to bed a little before nine-an bour which was in her eyes most untimely. Margery, though she had not slept on the previ- thou hast, I would see it.' ous night, was unable to close her eyes for some time. The unwonted excitement kept her awake, and another idea, her falsehood to be made. too, mingled with her thoughts. The must be at stolen hours-probably in down the night. And what material should she use? Not vellum, for Sir Geoffrey remarked Dame Lovell, to Margery's ent copy been given him, in which the might ask what she was doing if she requested more of that precious article | two Breviaries, I wis.' than was necessary for her Breviary.

the rough draft of her illuminations, and she had a little of this left. She determined to make use of this paper so far as it would go, and to trust to circumstances for the remainder.

Thinking and contriving, Margery sank to sleep, and dreamed that Sir Geoffrey was reading the book to Lord Marnell, who, by that curious mixture which often takes place in dreams, was also Richard Pynson. From this dream, about ten minutes after she fell asleep, as it appeared to her, Margery suddenly sprang up to the conviction that broad daylight was streaming in at the window. She rose running down into the kitchen, was Joan, the drudge of the household, who moreover was rubbing her eyes, and apparently only half awake.

'Why, Mistress Margery!' said the girl in astonishment, 'your good mistress-ship is early, considering our late hours. The Dame is not yet risen.'

'In good sooth?' inquired Margery, looking at the clock, when she found to her surprise that it was barely five o'clock; and receiving from Joan the information that Dame Lovell had told to appear until six, she returned to her own room, and, drawing the book from task, that she never heard the door open, and started like a guilty thing when the well-known voice of her mother sounded close by her.

'Eh, Madge! Up and at work? Thou wilt work thy fingers to the bone, child! Is that thy mass-book? Nay, it is paper, I see, and that, I wis, is on vellum. What art doing, damsel?'

Pale and red, red and pale, went Margery by turns to this string of questions.

Why, lass, what hast?' asked Dame Lovell in surprise.

said Margery, descending to equivocation, and blushing more than ever; 'I heard you not open my door, and you voice started me.'

is this, child? Another Breviary? such fault as this?' Dost want two??

sure lest Dame Lovell should inform or three leaves. Sir Geoffrey, whose learned eyes would letting him suppose it to be another making.' Breviary, Margery, generally so truthtelling, was frightened into a lie.

'Ay, good mother,' she stammered | irate response.

thorns; but Dame Lovell made no book enough, trow.' mention of the incident, and she accordingly hoped it was forgotten.

Richard Pynson, entreating him to make an errand to Marston as soon as possible, fessor, yawning. 'I pin not my faith she passed into her chamber, and they lessly that she neither thought how thanks, into the hands of Master Carew.

into a bowl; while Margery, occupied never harm her.' with her distaff, sat at a little distance. "Ay, sooth we feel too strong in weal to side of the fire lay Friar Andrew, taking a nap, as was his afternoon the ladies.

Breviary?' asked Sir Geoffrey. 'An was a marvellous poor scholar; he

Margery's heart leaped into her mouth, for now was the discovery of replying, however, 'I will seek it, book! How should she copy it? It father,' she rose and laid her distaff last forty years, and could have gone

other for week-days? Madge bring us for furmety, and his utter ignorance, words of the book-nay, the words of both of them.'

Margery left the room, and returned easily. in a few minutes, with both the books in her hand. Sir Geoffrey took them, and opened the illuminated one-the genuine Breviary-first. Margery reseated herself, and took up her distaff, but the thread was very uneven, and she broke it twice, while her father turned over the leaves of the book, and praised her writing and illuminations. His praise was sweet enough' but some time he must come to the end. and then --! How fervently Margery wished that Dame Lovell would ask and dressed herself hurriedly, and, an irrelevant question, which might lead to conversation - that Friar surprised to find nobody there but Andrew would awake-that Cicely would rush in with news of the cows having broken into the garden-or that anything would occur which would put a stop to the examination of those volumes before Sir Geoffrey arrived at the last leaf! But everything, as it always is under such circumstances, was unusually quiet; and Sir Geoffrey fastened the silver clasps of the thou wilt be a lady and dwell in Breviary, and opened the book without anything to hinder his doing so. Margery stole furitive looks at her that, child?' he added proudly. Cicely overnight that she did not intend | father over her distaff, and soon observed an ominous look of displeasure lips parted, - cold, silent, stunned. ereeping over his face. He passed its hiding-place, commenced her task over several leaves-turned to the of copying. Margery worked quickly, beginning, and then to the end,-then,

> 'Andrew.!' Friar Andrew snored placidly on. 'Andrew!' said Sir Geoffrey, in a louder tone.

Friar Andrew gave an indistinct sound between a snore and a grunt. Sir Geoffrey rose from his seat, and striding over to where his confessor slept, laid hold of his shoulders, and gave him such a shake as nearly brought him to the stone floor.

'Awake, thou sluggard!' said be angrily. 'Is it a time for the shep-'I cry you mercy, good mother!' in the fold, and the lambs be in danger?' 'Eh? Oh! ay!' said Friar Andrew, half awake. 'Time to sup, eh?'

'Look here, Andrew!' roared his offended patron, and see thee what up her head she whispered-'Poor Madge! did I fright thee?' this sinful maid hath been doing. said Dame Lovell kindly. 'But what | What penance deemest thou fit for

He handed the book to the friar. 'Poor Madge' she was indeed at The friar sat up, rubbed his eyes, this moment. Terrified beyond mea- opened the book, and turned over two

perceive in a moment what the book said he. 'I knew not you were was-and seeing more danger in his assaying to arouse me. I was dreamdiscovering its real character than in ing of a kettle of furmety of Madge's

'I trow here is a pretty kettle of furmety of Madge's making!' was the

'I conceive you not, good master,' 'I have, my child,' he answered that it existed. All that day Margery sat upon said the friar. The book is a good softly.

and restore the book, with her hearty on my Lord Marnell's sleve, though it heard her fasten the door. were made of slashed velvet. And I On the evening of that day, Dame trow Madge hast been too well bred up herself down on the rushes,* and bent Lovell sat at work in the wide chimney- to draw evil from the book. So let her head forward on her knees. The corner of the hall. Near her was the damsel alone, good master, and longer she thought over her prospec's, Mistress Katherine, scraping almonds give her book back. I trow it will the more dreary and doleful they unconsciousness was her charm. Self-

On a wide oaken settle on the opposite at the turn which affairs were taking, a writer who lived three hundred years custom; while on another settle, drawn Geoffrey's chaplain before she was born, attempted and failed in the impossible up before the fire, Sir Geoffrey and she had grown under his eye, and she Richard Pynson sat conversing with made, moreover, such a kettle of formety as he declared no one else 'Madge, lass, hast finished thy could make. Beside this, Andrew could never read a book at sight, and required to spell it over two or three times before he could make out the meaning. He could read his massbook, because he had done so for the through the service as easily without 'Ay, Madge is a feat scribe, truly!' | book as with it; though, had a differunspeakable distress. 'She has written pages did not commence with the same line, it would have perplexed him ex-'Two!' said Sir Geoffrey, laughing. tremely. Thus, under these circum-He had allowed her some paper for One for Sundays and feasts, and the stances his love for Margery, his love

combined to dispose him to let her off the Lord-into her soul.

chaplain with a sort of growl, and threw it into Margery's lap.

'There! take it, damsel!' said he. 'I account it Andrew's business to take care of thy soul, and he saith it will not hurt thee. I mind it the less, as thou wilt shortly go to dwell with one who will see to thee in these matters, and will not let thee read Lollard

rolled over the floor with a clatter. She never heeded it. A terrible, indefinite dread had taken hold of her.

Father! what mean you?' she stammered forth at last.

'What mean I?' said Sir Geoffrey, in the same half-affectionate, half- clusively, as this poor untaught girl! sarcastic tone. 'Why, that I have promised thee to the Lord Marnell, Lord of the Bedchamber to the King's Grace, and knight of the Garter-and London town, and hold up thine head with the highest! What sayest to

She sat a moment with her white Then the bitter cry of 'Father, father,' awoke the echoes of the old hall.

Sir Geoffrey was evidently troubled. and had copied nearly a page in the closing the volume, he looked up and He had sought only his daughter's try to form her petitions into words— she was always painting with deft fingrandeur, and had never so much as the depths in which her soul lay were gers in everything from the honysuckle dreamed that he might be making her too deep for that; it was a wordless which she trained over the door, to the

he in surprise.

was all she said again.

thee thus, said her father in a perplexed He had caused her to hope. And home, and so make him his truest and tone. But thou wilt soon get over when she rose from her knees, best self. Neither man nor woman of this, and be right glad, too, to be so the prominent idea in her mind might the world could long resist the subtle herd to sleep when the wolf is already grand a lady. What shall I say to have been expressed in the words of influence of that home; the warmth of

Long, terrible, hysterical sobs were that keepeth God for his friend.' coming from the bowed frame-but no tears. At length, still without lifting who could not rest for the remem- sat on the broad piazza in summer or

I love him not. O father! I love him | could comfort her. She was surprised | erty—the liberty of perfect truth and not-I cannot love him!'

'Truly, my poor lass, I trow we child, with the book, even in sleep, held cannot shun it,' said he. 'I never fast to her bosom, as if she would perthought to see thee grieve so sore mit nothing to separate her from that minister. But her heart was like the The Lord Marnell is a noble gentle- Word of God which had given rest to 'I cry your good worship mercy,' man, and will find thee in silken her soul. tissues and golden cauls.

Sir Geoffrey did not rightly understand his daughter's sorrow. His 'silken tissues and golden cauls' did not raise the bowed head one inch.

'Father!' she whispered, have you promised him?'

appeared. Her state of mind was one Margery was exceedingly surprised that has been touchingly described by The truth was, that Friar Andrew was later- Sidney's sister, Pembroke's very fond of her; he had been Sir mother'-who, of all who have task of rendering the Psalms into verse, perhaps approached as near success as any one.

"Troublous seas doe mee surrownde; Saue, O Lord, my sinking soule, Sinking wheare it feeles no grownde, In this gulf, this whirling hole; Wayghting ayde with earnest eying, Calling God with bootles crying; Dymme and dryre in mee are founde Eyes to see, and throate to sounde.'

Suddenly, as she sat thus bowe down, too sorrowful for tears, like the dew to a parched flower came the

*Carpets were very rare at this time and only used on state occasions and for invalids. Their place was supplied by fresh green rushes, strewn on the floor. It appears rather doubtful, however, whether carpets were not sometimes used in

Be not your herte afrayed, ne drade Sir Geoffrey took the book from his it.' And therefore ghe han now sorowe, but eftsoone I schal se ghou, and ghoure herte schal have ioie, and no man schal take fro ghou ghoure iaie. Treuly, treuly, I seie to ghou, if ghe axen the Fadir ony thing in my name he schal ghyue to ghou.'*

Now, Margery bad neither teacher nor commentary to interpret to her the words of Scripture; and the result was, that she never dreamed of modi-The thread fell from Margery's fying any of them, but took the words the distaff, which simply and literally. It never entered her head to interpret them with any qualification-to argue that 'anything' must mean only some things. Ah! how much better would it be for us. if we would accept those blessed words as plainly, as unconditionally, as con-

But when Margery considered the question more minutely, poor child she knew not what to ask. The constant reference of everything by the Lord Jesus to 'the will of the Father' dared not ask for entire freedom from

*John xvi. 22, 23.

Her Monument.

She built it herself; and yet she did not know that she had a monument She lived in it; but she did not know

She rose suddenly, and quickly great; or that she was specially useful; 'Thou art an ass!' was the civil turned to go up the stairs leading to or that she had achieved anything worth answer. Seest thou not that it is the her own room. At this moment living for. Sometimes when she read For there is nothing so sacred on earth Day after day passed on, and translation of Scripture whereof the Richard Pynson rose also, and quietly the stories of historic heroines she, too, as a home; and no priest on earth so Margery worked harder than ever at Lord Marnell spake, by Master John taking up the book, which had fallen had her "dream of fair women" and divine as the wife and mother who copying the book. She finished her Wycliffe, the Lollard priest? Mindest from Margery's lap on the floor, he looked with a sigh upon her life made makes it; and no gift so great as the task just one day before the month was thou not that which he said about handed it to her. She took it with up of little deeds, so little that even she gift which grafts this bud of heaven on one hand, and gave him the other, but who did them was not conscious of the the common stock of earth. Her 'An what if it be?' said the con- did not let him see her face. Then doing, she whose loom moved so noise- children rise up and call her blessed; long she was at it nor what a beautiful When she had done so, she flung pattern she was weaving. Indeed, it would have seemed to her, if she had thought about herself or her work, to consciousness would have destroyed her monument.

She was not a great woman; or a least no one thought her so. In truth, they did not think much about her they simply loved her. She wrote no books; her letters never circulated in wider circle than that of a few favored friends. Her song of love was too sacred and she was too shy to sing it to the public or to strangers. She was not President of a Dorcas Society: nor the life of the Sewing Circle; nor a leader in the Woman's Prayer-Meeting; nor the teacher of a great Bible Class, She had admiration for women with a 'gift;' sometimes she was a trifle tempted to envy them; but she had no 'gift' herself. She did not even sing in the choir. Her only singing was a lullaby to her own baby. As to public speaking, she never was on a platform in her life; never lectured—not even her husband; never led in prayer, except when 117).

her husband was away from home, and then only by reading in a tremulous voice from a book at family prayers. This was the one occasion of her life when self-consciousness came in to terrify her and deprive her of that simple naturalness which was her gift.

Her monument was her home. It grew up quietly, as quietly as a flower grows, and no one knew, she did not know herself, how much she had done to tend and water and train it. Her husband had absolute trust in her. He earned the money; she expended it. And as she put as much thought in her expenditure as he put in his earning. each dollar was doubled in expending. She had inherited that mysterious faculty which we call taste; and she cultivated it with fidelity. Every home she visited she studied, though always unconsciously, as though it was a museum or an art gallery; and from every visit she brought away some thought which came out of the alembic of her loving imagination fitted to its appropriate place in her own home. She was too genuine to be an imitator: for imitation had struck her forcibly; and now she is always of kin to falsehood; and she abhorred falsehood. She was patient the crushing blow which had fallen on with everything but a lie. So she nevher, lest it should not be the will of er copied in her own home or on her the Father. So she contended her- own person what she had seen elseself with a supplication which, under where; yet everything she saw elsethe circumstances, was the best she where entered into and helped comcould have offered. She did not even plete the perfect picture of life which cry which went up to God. But its bureau in the guests room which her 'Why, child! dost not like it? said substance was an entreaty that the designing made a new work of art for Father would do his Will, and would every new friend, if it were only by a She rose from her seat, and went to bend her will to it; and what- new nosegay and a change of vases. him, and kneeling down by him, laid ever He saw fit to give her, He would Putting her own personality into her her head, bowed on her clasped hands, always give His presence and His home, making every room and almost upon his knee. 'O father, father!' love; that whatever He was pleased to every article of furniture speak of her, take away, He would not take from she had the gift to draw out from every Truly, lass, I grieve much to see her the word unto his handmaid wherein guest his personality, and make him at the old proverb, 'He loseth nothing its truth and love thawed out the frozen proprieties from impersonated eti-An hour afterwards, Dame Lovell, quette; and whatever circle of friends brance of her child's grief, came softly gathered around the open fire in win-'Is there no way to shun it, father? into Margery's chamber to see if she ter knew for a time the rare joy of libto find her sleeping as quietly as a little perfect love. Her home was hospitable because her heart was large; and any one was her friend to whom she could old Jewish Temple - strangers only came into the court of the Gentiles; friends into an inner court; her husband and her children found a court yet nearer her heart of hearts; yet even they knew there was a Holy of Holies which she kept for her God, and they loved and revered her the more for it. So strangely was commingled in her the inclusiveness and the exclusiveness of She never dreamed that she was love, its hospitality and its reserve.

Ah! blessed home-builder! You have her husband also, and her praiseth her.' - Christian Union.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP. - A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drop had been too hastily snatched away and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops that live the whole night through and sparkle in the moonight, and through the morning on ward to noonday. "The sun," said the child, " has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upward: "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set-a glittering jewelry -in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven .- Wit, Wisdom, and Philosophy of Richter (Standard Library No.

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