

We are Growing Old.

We are growing old-how the thought wil When a glance is backward cast On some long-remembered spot that lies In the silence of the past ; It may be the shrines of our early vows, Or the tomb of our early tears ; But it seems like r far-off isle to us, . In the stormy sea of years.

Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part Our steps from its greenness now, And we mis the joy of many a heart, And the light of many a brow : For deep o'er many a stately bark Have the whelming billows rolled, That steered with us from that early mark-Oh, friends, we are growing old !

Old in the dimness and the dust Of our daily toils and cares-Old in the wrecks of love and trust Which our burdened memory bears. Each form may wear to the passing gaze The bloom of life's freshness yet, And beams may brighten our latter days Which the morning never met.

But, oh, the changes we have seen In the far and winding ways! The graves in our path that have grown green And the locks that have grown gray. The winters still on our way may spare The table or the gold ; But we saw their snows upon brighter hair, And, friends, we are growing old !

We have gained the world's cold wisdom new We have learned to pause and fear; But where are the living founts whose flow Was a joy of heart to hear ? We have won the wealth of many a clime, And the lore of many a page ; Bet where is the hope that saw in time But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes, And the woods their youth renew? We have stood in the light of sunny brakes, Where the bloom was deep and blue; And our souls might rise in the spring time then, But the joy was faint and cold ; For it ne'er could give us the youth again

Of hearts that are growing old.

Literature.

The clergy looked upon us with dis- for the Church; that, having taken a dis. favour; the county families came only on taste for that profession, he had studied special occasions, and we were dependent for the army; but having failed to pass upon the tradespeople and passing com-mercial travellers for patronage, except at Christmas time, when our manager, Hipson Hawes, produced a pantomine which brought in the farmers and their which brought in the farmers and their which brought in the farmers and their wives and daughters for many miles round, and a fair sprinkling of the inhabi-no more.

tants from the outlying villages. He was very nice looking, and there As I began by saying, I was six years old when I made my first appearance on the boards in a pantomime, and I am course I could see he admired me; but, the boards in a pantomime, and I am proud to say I achieved a decided success. he had never spoken to me since the The local paper called me an infant first night of the pantomime. I wondered Phenomenon; the manager patted me why not; there were plenty of the towns on the shoulder, my grandfather kissed people who though it an honor to get a me, and all our stock company said look or a smile from the Queen of Clubs; "Bravo, Estelle !" or "well-done, Little it was so odd that he-for he unmistak-Miss !" as we left the theatre. I will spare you the list of my succes- in Lawnborough, should hold aloof. Not

sive triumphs; suffice it that I became quite an attraction to the theatre in which, for the next ten years, I played small parts to the best of my ability; but it was not fair for me to get the applause. It was grandfather who coached me, who teucht me to get the applause. taught me to speak my lines, who re ear to compliment and flattery? hearsed my attitudes, and directed me None of them could pretend that I gave hearsed my attitudes, and directed me in all that I did; and I longed again and again when the people applauded, and I stood curtseying before the curtain, to rush to the wing and bring on my dear, kind, good old granny, and say, "This 15 the one you ought to applaud—it's his doing—without him I should be nothing." Well—a common event in everybody's life—I had been six, and I was nearly seventeen, good-looking, people were kind enough to say, and with sufficient talent for Lawnborough. talent for Lawnborough. further, I suppose I was something of a It was late autumn, the pantomime coquette by nature, and I liked to see preparations had already commenced, the lads around me, and to listen to their and I was anxiously waiting (for I loved clumsy efforts at pretty speeches; but my profession) to learn in what part I when, after escorting me home, they left was to enchant the natives at Christmas. me at the door of the little house where Hipson Hawes had announced "unparel- we lodged, I would run upstairs and fling leled attractions," and the local paper my arms around my dear old grandfathers

had gone so far as to prominently print neck, and cry, "I will never, never love that "our worthy lessee" had engaged a anybody but you, dear !" London author to write the forthcoming And he, gently stroking my hair, would piece, which was "to be put upon the answer, "God grant it so, my darling !" stage with a lavish liberality never before witnessed in this city." One evening Hawes the manager came is as natural for a girl to love as for a American Ma stage with a lavish liberality never before witnessed in this city."

One evening Hawes the manager came round to our tiny lodgings and brought with him this famous London author. I had never seen a real play-writer before, and was not particularly impressed with the middle-aged, red-faced, grey-bearded man, who smoked a short pipe and wore shabby clothes, leaning back in grand-fother's choir as if the whole place here. father's chair as if the whole place be- more important part than that of the longed to him, and who actually ventured Queen of Clubs.





Queen of Clubs.

every time he spoke. Our manager was father had been out the whole afternoon, UUCLEND. not a person who as a rule was to be con- while I, sitting alone in our little parlor, tradicted with impunity. had been stitching, and mending, and Hipson Hawes, who introduced his friend singing-and thinking.

with conscious pride as Mr. Smith of Lon-I thought his greeting, when he returndon, was a man of sixty, who brushed his lacked something of its usual warmth; scant locks upwards till they stood on and there was a sad, weary look on his either side his bald head like ears. His face, as taking a seat opposite to me, he face was a fine mahogany hue, with a fixed his sorrowful eyes full on mine.

I was six years old when I made my fringe of white hair to set it off, and his "Do you think, dear-could you-perfirst appearance in public as the Ice expression, his manner, and his attitude haps not just yet-but presently-could MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST Queen in a pantomime. I can remember invariably struck a new acquaintance as you listen to Hugh Hodge? Do you as if it were only yesterday coming off at aggressive. His speech was short, sharp, think you could -some day, you know, the wing, my child's eyes dazzled with and quick, something like a terrier's Estelle, not all in a hurry-learn to love Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc

the flaring footlights, my cheeks flushed bark; but, as I and grandfather had good him enough to-to be his wife?" with the novelty of the situation, the reason to know, his bark was far worse I rose quickly from my seat and the music, and the applause, to be caught up than his bite, and beneath his rough ex- blood rushed to my cheeks. "No, granin the arms of a poor old shabby wizened terior beat as kindly a heart as was ever ny; no, never!" I answered. man, who cried, as the tears rolled down vouchsafed to a manager of a theatre. He sighed as he continued: "He would Pardon me if I am prolix in my des- make you a good husband. That farm of his cheeks. "Bless you, my darling! Well done, cription, but from their visit that evening his is as nice a bit of land as there is

my precious! God bless you !"

I date the commencement of a new life. round Lawnborough; he keeps a gig To the frequenters of the Theatre Royal Their business was soon explained. I -a most respectable young man-and Lawnborough this poor shadowy man, was to take a far more important part -and then you could leave the theatre." bent with age, pinched with poverty, and than I had ever yet attempted, should "Leave the theatre !" I echoed in lined by care and sorrow, was only the "Mr. Smith, of London," be satisfied with astonishment.

prompter; but to me he was the whole my capabilities; and it was not without "Would to Heaven you had never seen world. I called him grandfather, but no word in the English tongue can express the relationship that existed between us. for grandfather I believe I should have for grandfather I believe I should have how it would to Heaven you had hevel seen it," he exclaimed passionately. "But I might have known—I should have how it would be—my fault, all my fault." It was idolatry on his part; it was cling- broken down, but his painful quivering "What has happened ?" I asked.

And well it might be so. I had never upon his face melt away and change into were no longer a child,—that—that—you known a mother's care nor a father's af- one of pleasure and approval, I was satis- were beautiful, and there are those who

fection, and he had been everything to fied, that, at all events in his eyes, I had think that our profession is one without me from the first moment I can remem- not disgraced myself. ber. Father, mother, nurse, cook, com- "Well done, Little Miss," said Hipson know-have you ever spoken to Arthur

panion, and friend, all in the person of Hawes, patting me very kindly on the Desmond? this one poor old shabby man, the butt shoulder. alike of carpenters and ballet, who were "She'll do," said the talented author dared not own how much he had occupied

about his daily duties methodically and from London, which were the only words my thoughts, and my voice faltered as I uncomplainingly, with but one end in he had spoken since his first salutation ; answered that he, amongst others, had view-the happiness of his granddaugh- but you will readily believe these two congratulated me the first night of the words were sweet music in my ears, while pantomime.

"Little Miss" was the name I went by as for the grandfather, he could hardly My grandfather looked at me closely, commonly in those days and for many a keep still,—shifting from one foot to the searchingly. "You have never deceived year afterwards, though my grandfather other, and walking, even tripping, about me my child," he said. I believe and the room, his quaint old lined face beam- trust you. But if you only knew--some called me Estelle.

His name was properly Samuel Sher- ing with delight. as "Old Sam," that I have known him mime. Let it suffice that in it an ani-look round in doubt when addressed as mated pack of cards played an important the played and the played an important the played and the played an important the played and the played and the played an important the played and the p rard; but so generally was he spoken of I will spare you all details of the panto- cause to rue the condescension of fine make of BOWS and ARROWS, and BOWlook round in doubt when addressed as mated pack of cards played an important there! we will say no more about it; and for Out Door Practice, can secure just Mr. Sherrard, to make sure there was no- part, and that I was cast for the Queen of time enough to tell you the story when_ what they want, at less prices than ever body else of that name present who might Clubs, with plenty to say, more to do, when there is occasion for it." be expected to reply. three songs and a dance.

He was a timid, retiring man, whose one The time flew rapidly on to Christmas, you question me about Mr.-Mr. Desobject in life appeared to be to efface him- for I was busy with rehearsals, and grand- mond.'

self. I have been told that in his youth father devoted every spare minute to in- "I was with Mr. Hawes at the Red he gave promise to be a clever actor, but structing me in my part. We both went Lion, my dear; he was anxious to secure want of confidence in his own powers had into it heart and soul: I with all the your services for the next new piece, and kept him back. Be that as it may, it has enthusiasm of girlhood; while he became thought business could be better discuss nothing to do with me or my story. I a child again for my sake. He laughed ed over a bottle of wine. Near by where speak of him as 1 knew him, - the kindest at the jokes, he crooked a chorus to the we sat a swing door opened into a skittle ers a large lot of CROQUET SETTS. The dearest, gentlest man that ever breathed, songs, he even attempted the steps of the alley. Through that door came the sound prices are so low that persons will not have a man that might have been a woman dance, above all, he clapped his hands, of voices mingled with the rumbling of to go elsewhere. applauded, and cried, "Bravo! - well the pins. They spoke of you, Estelle." without disgracing the sex.

In my early days, before even I made done! Encore!" with Boxing-Night-gal- "All Lawnborough does that," quoth I my debut at the Lawnborough Theatre, I lery power. remember lying awake in my little cot for I did not fully realize at the time how "You do not know, dear, what I mean;

his nightly return; and can I ever forget this was all done to give me confidence. they spoke of you as young gentlemen' how that dear old lined, battered face Mrs. llawes a good-hearted motherly (and he put a bitter emphasis on the would light with a big spreading smile as woman, whose boast it was that she had word) "speak of good-looking girls who he crossed to me and kissed me tenderly. bidding me sleep like a good child? once played Juliet, took my costume into her special care, and when the eventful ing on the stage, and it made my cheeks New make and very strong, at

honor and unworthy of respect. Do you I felt my colour come and go, and SUMMER



day you will know-how bitterly I have

before. "But at least tell me," said I, "why



Then the first thing on which my eyes night came, assisted to array me in the flush and my hands clench; and, old as I rested as I opened them in the morning most resplendent dress I had ever worn. am. I would have given them a lesson, would be his bent figure stooping over "Every inch a queen, darling-every but Mr. Hawes dragged me away, but not the fire , preparing something tempting inch !" cried grandfather, as 1 stood at before -- not before I had heard one of the wing waiting to go on; and I saw the them addressed as Arthur Desmond " for my breakfast. I could speak for hours of his loving ever-ready tears trembling in his eyes; If you can understand it, I confess I 'care, of his sorrowing watch when I lay ill but he quickly brushed them away.- | was pleased to hear that Arthur Desmond

of fever, of his joy at my pleasure, of his Then the music struck up, I made my thought of me, spoke of me, even though grief at my tears. I could tell how in his first entrance, and-my triumph began. his words had given annoyance to my jealous dread of permitting any but him- It-the pantomime-was a great suc- dear good grandfather, whom, to tell the sels to serve me, he once essayed to make cess. I-Estelle - was a great success. truth, I fancied on this occasion a little with them. me a dress : how, in my childish thought- I had never heard such enthusiasm in our too fastidious. lessnesss, I clapped my hands, and laugh- theatre, where as a rule the applause, ed till the room rang again at the unfor- when there was any, was conducted in a tunate bag, too big here and too small style of decorous sleepiness characteristic there, which resulted; and then how I of everything in Lawnborough; and I hidden beneath a shroud of snow. and suddenly ceased my merriment, and gaz- could hardly believe that it was I who there was skating on Manniton Mere, ed in open-eyed wonder at two tears rol- roused the staid respectability of the about a mile from the town. ling down his cheeks in grievous disap- dull old town to an activity of delight pointment, in sad regret, that, try as he which prompted them to kick panels, might, he could not be everything (mod- thump umbrellas, and clap hands till the grandfather's desire, I had attended no iste included) to me. chandelier shook with the noise.

Of course we were very poor, but he I went home in a perfect fever of denever let me feel our poverty, and I found light, hardly realizing my success as yet, ny's duties had called him to the theatre; when I grew of an age to understand such but proud to know that I had done credit before me I had spread out the offerings things, that he pinched, and screwed, and to grandfather's teaching. As I laid my the morning had brought me. starved, in order that I might have no head upon my pillow in a wild whirl, all wants. the events of the evening passed before

As you may easily imagine, the salar- in rapid succession. I saw the lights ies at our theatre were cut down to the flaring between me and a sheet of faces; very lowest penny. I heard over again the music, the ap-

Lawnborough was a dull, old-fashioned plause, the congratulations, and the flatcathedral town, with a High Street that teries, till at last I fell asleep, wondering dated back a couple of centuries, and in- who the handsome young fellow could habitants that ought to have been ante- have been --- a gentleman, certainly-who diluvian. had paid me so graceful a compliment in

Archæologists, antiquaries, and artists so musical a voice, and had looked at me loved it, and were to be found grubbing -well, I hardly know how-but as no about the old ruins and the churches, or one had ever looked at me before. standing in the market-place, sketch-book It may seem a very small thing, the

in hand, any day during the summer success in a pantomime part, before an months; but general tourists and ordi- audience of country bumpkins, in an ob- his pocket money in admission to the pit, nary holidaymakers gave it a wide berth, scure faded theatre in an out of the way, where he sat, in the centre of the front branching off at the junction five miles old-fashioned cathedral city; but I was row, his eyes riveted on me nightly away to Dashington and Flirtgate, or at very young, and had seen no larger town throughout the performance. the most, driving through the narrow than Lawnborough in my short life, and winding streets on Topham's coach, en it appeared to me as if there were no route for Pierchester. Lawnborough was greater triumph possible. in the hands of the clergy, stiff of neck, Night after night the same scene was

white of tie, irreproachable of coat, who lived in the Close in the odour of what repeated, and nearly every night I noticed might have been sanctity, but was sus- in the course of the performance the enpiciously like vaults.

concern at the best of times, and at the me on the production of the piece. He worst-well, at the worst it would have never came behind the scenes again, but paid better to take the roof off, and grow I thought-or was it fancy ?-that his and perfectly useless, as I at last acknow eyes followed me incessantly while I was mustard and cress in the pit. Grandfather had lived half his life in on the stage, and that his applause was

Lawnborough; always at his post when intended for my especial benefit. the theatre was open, and when closed One evening I summoned up courage for the dozenth time for a line, a word, still drawing his few weekly shillings from to inquire of Mrs. Hawes if she had ob-

the proprietor as "agent and superin. served him, and could tell who he was. dent." At least, so the advertisement "A young scamp, my dear," she ansran: "Eligible Country Theatre to be let wered in her most sepulchral tragedy sent me such a valentine. for the Summer Season. Apply to S. tone, "and after no good, coming here Sherrard, Esq., Agent and Superintend- night after night; but," and she sighed fore me, but with my entire thoughts deeply, "he pays his money." ent, Lawnborough.

have the wherewithal to live from year's mond; that he was the son of the Dean Grounds. end to year's end. of Lawnborough, and had been intended

trance into the boxes of the young gen-

