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PAST MEMORIES. BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Poetry.

SAMUEL WATTS, and Proprietor.

Hew thrills once more, the longthening Of memory, at the thought of thee! Old hopes, which long in dust have lain, Old dreams come thronging back again, And boyhood lives in me: I feel its glow upon my cheek, Its fullness of the heart is mine, As when I learned to hear thee speak, Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies, I feel thy arm within my own, And timidly again uprise The fringed lids of thy hazel eves With soft brown tresses overblown, Ah! memories of sweet summer eyes, Of moonlit waves and willowy way, Of stars, and flowers, and dewy leaves, And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this. thy quiet eye hath smiled, My picture of thy youth to see, When half a woman, half a child,

For a mont the tears rose in her eyes, and bitter thoughts her heart, but the next moment she table, and she was standing before the dying embers. the child's movement. answered. It will be no trouble Charles," and Her dream had faded, and she pressed her hands He obeyed, and looking respectfully at his father, together upon her boson, and murmured, 'And said, she quietly to up the paper.

Her tone wso very gentle and subdued that he now." Strong faith had Margaret. Faith in a holier hapinvoluntarily ked up, but she held the paper pier home, within whose peaceful shadow come no before her jushen, and he could not see her face. longings; where every wish would be satisfied, He thought houst be mistaken, and resumed his every murmur cease. Strong, too, was her patient the boy, decidedly. former attitudes she read aloud in a sweet clear faith in the heavenly trength that should be given voice. She fimed, and laying down the paper her, to bear up underall her trials. She did not without any coment turned to the children, sayhope to win love for erself; and her life was one ing "Come, mdears, it is time for you to go." constant fulfilment c duty, where the only flowers "Oh. mann," said Charlie, "you know you in her pathway wer those scattered by her chilsaid you would lay us the "gipsy song," if we

Mr. Mervyn cam home in the evening rather later than usual. Ie went into the sitting-room " No, Charli said Ally, " mamma did not pro-

Somethy in her dream startled her, for she open-

'He s right, Margaret, you looked tired,' sai

eves. ien rising with her accustomed dignity she

hair re as smoothly parted as if visitors were ex-

the ristian may attain ; but the touching salness

and found the chiren by the fire, near which was mise, not actual promise ; she said if baby did not drawn a small sof "Hush, papa, whispered Char-"Is he crying Charlie?" asked his mother. lie, ' you will wae mamma. We waited for you

Charlie heitged a moment-his passionate love so long that she is gone to sleep. See, I have not for music, and move all for mamma's songs temptmoved, because e had my hand, and I was afraid ed him; buthe ooked up, saying, "I think he is I should wake k.' He looked don quietly and regarded his mother mamma."

She looked round. The servant had removed the "Sit down, Charlie," said she, calmly, noticing

' Please don't send me away papa.' 'You will go to school where there will be great many boys,' said his grandmother.

'But I would rather stay with mamma,' replied led for the grave. Four days of intense suffering had racked his little frame ; and now God counted 'That's the way the boy always is; he has no him among the angels. While Charles had been sleeping, the mother had held the infant in her arms,

spirit : always at his mother's apron strings. The boy's face flushed angrily, but he received a watching agonizingly the ebbing of the lite-sands warning look from his mother, and remained silent.

'Are you not satisfied with the school here?' for the mothers heart, though torn with anguish, asked Margaret, as calmly as she could 'Yes,' answered Charles, 'but it is better he was to go for a moment. and throw herself beside should go away, and learn to be a little indepen- the little bed, where he seemed to be sleeping in his

dent. You keep him too much like a girl. Let him infant loveliness, with his little white hands folded on his quiet breast, and his features so still, so tergo away, and be more of a man.' 'But he is too young,' suggested Margaret.

ribly motionless, and so strangely beautiful. They carried the darling to his resting-place, 'You would think him always too young,' said Mrs. Mervyn. 'I declare, Margaret, you are ruin- the quiet church-yard, where the spring-flowers ing the boy; he is a perfect baby, clinging to you would bloom over him; and the mother's heart bled it,' answered she, earnestly. as if he was afraid of being lost. I think it is time in silence for her lost one.

his head and gave him the medicine.

ed into that one night. Her beautiful boy, her

youngest born, lay in the adjoining room apparrel-

and when all was over she laid him away from her,

had no time to indulge her grief. All she could do

'Only in the next room' she replied as she raised arms round his father, as he said, 'Oh! papa, I am so glad mamma is better. If you could only see her. . Would you, like to stay and purse papa and

He seemed satisfied, and lay down again quietly. mamma, instead of going away, Charlie?' "Oh, papa, you do not mean it. I should be so It was well for him that he could not see her face. She felt as if the sorrow of years had been compress- glad.

'I have concluded not to send you till yon are older.' said his father.

Margaret gave him a look of gratitude, which would have been a full reward could he have seen it; but he felt the silent pressure of her hand. She did not speak, but in her heart dwelt unspeakable hap-

A year after this a lady and gentleman stood at the window in a drawing-room of a large hotel. The lady was tall and handsome, and her companion gazed on her with a mingled look of love and admi-

. 'To-morrow, Margaret,' said he, with evident pleasure, ' to-morrow, we start for home. How glad Charlie will be to see us; and Alice will be so much grown we shall hardly know her.'

"I shall be delighted to get back and see the darlings,' she answered, ' and particularly as you are well again.'

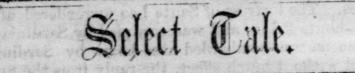
' I trust, Margaret,' said he, ' that when you read to me hereafter, it will be as a labor of love only." 'It has always been so, Charles. Do not doubt

Thy very artlessness beguiled, And folly's self seemed wise in me; I too can smile, when o'er that hour The lights of memory backward stream: Yet feel the while that manhood's power Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace Of graver care and deepar thought, And unto me the calm, cold face Of mankind-and to thee thy grace Of woman's pensive beauty brought. On life's rough blast, for blame or praise, The school-boy's name has widely flown; Thine, in the green and quiet ways Of unobtrusive goodness known.

Wilder yet. in thought and deed, Our still diverging paths incline; Thine the Genevan sternest creed-While answers to my spirit's need The Yorkshire peasant's simple line For thee, the priestly rite and praver, And holy day and solemn psalm; For me the silent reverence where My brothren gather slow and calm.

Yet hat's thy snirit left on me An impress Time has not worn out, And something of myself in thee, A shadow from the past. I see, Lingering e'en vet thy way about; Not wholly can the heart unlearn That lesson of its better hours. Nor yet has Time's dull footsteps worn, To common dust that path of flowers.



A WIFE'S TRIALS.

crying," said Charles Mervyn, shortly, to his wife. as he came in one evening from his office, and, sitting down before the fire, placed his feet comfortably on the fender. "Why can't you let Mary take him up stairs ?"

"I am afraid he is not very well," answered Mar-"Al nonsense !" said her husband. " The child you always are." is as well as I am. One would think he was your only one, to see what a fuss you make over him .-- | Heaven knows I am sick of his screaming."

him in his crib. She longed to remain a while with few verses, aftewards explaining them in a simple sows

"Then you may stay till I go and see, and if he so lovingly. Iw dearly he seemed to love her !is not, I will:ome back and play." In about ten The husband'sye turned from the boy's bright face minutes she sturned, saying he was very quiet; to the pale sacountenance of his wife. She looked and sitting own to the piano, she sang their very unwell, en suffering ; and his heart smote wished for fabrite. "Now kiss papa, and et us him, as he corasted her now with the blooming go," she saidas she looked on them with a mother's maiden he H, ten years ago, promised to love and cherish. Innumerable instances rose before

"Mamma hs such rosy cheeks," said Charlie, him of her 1g-continued patient forbearance; of climbing on hs father's knee. kindness unvaried on her part, met only by con-Mr. Mervyi turned and looked at his wife; but as she met hi eye the color fled from her cheek, and ledge this per. Could he tell her he was wrong?

the patient smile she usually wore was returned to His pride relled at the thought. No, he would her face.

were good."

"Mamma i always pretty," said Ally, indignantly. "Wien I am grown I mean to be just like

ed herey and sitting up looked around in sur-"You can'the so good," said Charlie, getting down and taking her other hand, and they went up prise 'My & boy,' she said affectionately, 'have

to the nurserv. In about fiften minutes Mr Mervyn too followed, you beentting here all this time? Why did you for a feeling of remorse he could not shake off came not wakne when papa came?'

over him, and the quiet of the parlor as he sat alone was unbearable He did not wish to see Margaret her hund very kindly. She glanced up surprised there again, so he determined to go to his room and at this usual tone, and the tears sprang to her sleep away this gloomy feeling."

hrough the night

As he passed the nursery door, which was partly went her own apartment and arranged her dress, open, he looked in. Margaret was sitting with her before took her place at the tea-table. For Marback to the door, with one arm around Alice, who garet s extremely particular in regard to her apwas sitting in her lap, and the other encircling peara; she thought it was due to her husband "Margaret, I wish you would stop that child's Charlie. who was kneeling by her side. Suddenly and cdren : and now the waves of her soft, dark the little fellow looked up thoughtfully. "Mamma," said he, ' does not papa love you ?" pecte In her pale, intellectual countenance wight For a moment she was silent, but her voice recov- be re indications of inward struggles and of vicered its usual gentle tone as she replied "of what tory That peace dwelt in the heart which only had become alarming. For awhile he left off readare you thinking, my dear ?"

"Why, to-night when you were so pretty and of hexpression told that her earthly lot had nuch garet, gently, as she pressed 'ar infant to her bosom, rosy, papa never seemed to care about it at all; sory. Her constant daily trials were known to and rocked backward endeavoring to lull it to sleep. when he looked at you, you looked quite pale-as butne, and suspected by few; and those who fou in her a ready, sympathizing friend, dramed

" Perhaps, my dear, your papa does not show all nobat she herself yearned for a kindly word. Yet he feels," she sail in a tone that belied her words. shead learned not to repine, at least not often, And now,' she added, ' will you listen while I an er children knew that in all their childishgrie- his mother one day in a petulant tone, as he seemed The wife rose, and carefully wrapping up the read?' The child placed one hand in hers, and one vaes 'mamma' was ready to assist them ; aid inlittle one, quietly carried him up stairs, and laid in his sister's and she opened the bible and read a ter willing car was poured forth all their joys and

him, but tea was ready-so stooping over him she way suited to their childish understandings. Then, a the course of the week the mother came She kissed his little forchead, murmuring. "God bless kneeling with them she offered a short prayer for v a tall, haughty-looking woman, with a stern you, my precious one,' and left him in charge of the pardon for the day's offences, and for protection foidding countenance. and a yet more stern, hding will. She must be first everywhere, and

At length after weeks of danger, Charles was pro something was done with him.' Margaret said no more ; she knew by experience nounced better. Physicians, who had hardly dared that to argue with the old law only increased her to hope, now assured Margaret he was recovering. irritation. Mrs. Mervyn expected she would reply, He began again to feel renewed interest in what was a group of happy faces were assembled around a and was evidently disappointed that she did not. passing around him; and his strength slowly re-It was decided that Charlie should go in about turned. The children came in to see him once more, two months ; and Mr. Mervyn and his mother ar- and he felt cheerful and even interested in talking fitting black silk dress, with a cap of snowy whiteranged various plans for his studies and his journey. to them.

The child remarked the quivering of his mother's One day Margaret went down stairs for a while stant indiffence on his. But could be acknowl- lip, and the tears that gathered in her eyes, and leaving Charlie with him, telling the child to stay boy about eleven years old stood with one hand on when they arose from the table, he threw his arms while she was gone.

around her, whispering, 'Don't mamma; I will try 'I wish I could see you my boy,' said his father, be more gele for the future ; and she would forget to be a good boy ; please don't cry.' holding the little fellow's hand, 'I hope I shall soon And the mother did not cry. She pressed her be able to get out of this darkness. Where are boy to her bosom, then stroked back the hair fondly your grandmather and Alice?'

from his beautiful forehead. Charles looked at 'Grandma took Ally out to walk, and she tried them a moment, then rose, and shutting the door to get mamma to go, she looks so ill." violently after him, left the honsa. With all his love ' Does your mamma look ill?'

'Yes, poor mamma, she does not cry now, but for his boy, and all his fathers pride, and his efforts to gain the child's affections, he had never succeeded she looks so sad and ill.'

the one the lad now gave his mother. Margaret ob- ly. The child hesitated, and he repeated his question. served his look of displeasure and divined the cause. 'I don't know whether she would like me to tell A shade came over her face, when she caught the eye of the old lady fixed intently upon her. In a moment she recovered her wonted calm, quiet man- I must try and be willing to go, as she wanted me to do so, but she never says anything about ner, and proceeded to her usual occupations.

it now. Charles had suffered great pain in his eyes; so Charles clasped his child's hand tighter. great, in fact, as to prevent him reading at all at 'I have not heard the baby cry. Why don't they bring him in. Charlie ?' night. Till his mother came, Margaret had read to The ltttle fellow did not answer, but in a few mohim almost every evening, but now he had again ments said. used them so much that the pain and inflamation ing by lamp-light; then he was compelled to give up his books for a greater part of the day. In the

anxiety consequent upon this, Charlie's going was not talked of. Murgaret gave up most

ber time to the sufferer, reading to him and playing and singing when he became weary of the reading. 'I thought you did not like music, Charles,' said almost to forget his situation in listening to Margaret. This remark destroyed all his pleasure, and

again brought back the helpless feelings he had for a time succeded in banishing, and though Margaret sang the favorite songs, he lay quiet on the sofa, without taking further notice, his hands over his eyes. Yet he could not help thinking how thought-

ful and forbearing his wife was, and how much she

' Love to Heaven, then, Margaret! I cannot conceive how it could have been love to-me.' ' Please do not talk so, Charles. You know I and

perfectly satisfied, perfectly happy now." It was a chilly evening, late in the autumn, that bright fire, in a cheerful sitting-room. One little face was pressed close against the window-pane, peering out in the darkness. An old lady in a closely ness, sat by the fire, apparently reading, though every moment the book was laid aside, and she listened to catch the sound of carriage wheels. A manly his little sister's shoulder, and the other round her waist. pressing his face to hers.

'There they come, grandma,' he suddenly exclaimed, throwing open the door, and rushing out. The travellers were received with open arms, and very soon, divested of their wrappings, were seated by the blazing fire, ' Mamma, oh, how happy we are, and papa can see us! Ally and I have done nothing to-day but talk about you.'. And he threw his arms fisrt round one and then the other of his parents, as if he did not know which to be the most rejoiced to see. Finally, however, he leaned on the back of his mother's chair, and looked down into in obtaining such a look of devoted attachment as . "Did she cry any before?" asked his father quick- her face, as she told about their journey, and talked of what happened during their absence.

'The children have been so good, Margaret, said Mrs. Mervyn, ' that I will let you praise them as you papa, but she used to cry a great deal, and more much as you ylease. Charlie has already taken the after you said I was to go away ; but she told me entire charge of Ally's education out of my hands. Charlie was near enough to get a kiss, and to have one arm of his happy mother thrown around him. 'You look like a young girl again,' continued

Mrs. Merwyn, smiling upon her daughter-in-law, ' and Charles seems quite in love with you, as he has hardly taken his eyes off you since he sat down. 'There is a summer of the heart, you know, mother,' answered Margaret, 'and mine is very bright ; and there is more than usual sunshine there

now, as I have you here all round me.' . It is a summer, Margaret, that comes after a dreary winter,' said Charles. . . May the flowers bloom hereafter without being blighted by unkind Margaret was touched by Mrs. Mervyn's genth manner, which showed so evident a desire to efface, from her memory all past unkindness. For her effort, but it was resolutely made, and before long she learned truly to love and appreciate her gentle daughter-in-law. She found, too, that in loving each other, the husband and wife did not love her the less; nor was her son's love taken from her

KING WORSHIP .--- That was a curious morals and politics in Europe, a queer consequence 'Oh, papa, please don't send me; but I will call of the triumph of the monarchial principle. Feudalism was beaten down. The nobility, in its quar-Stop Charlie,' said his father, holding him fust, rels with the crown. had pretty well succumbed, and the monarch was all in all. He became almost divine;

· Shall I call mamma, now? · No. Are you tired? " Oh no,' replied the boy. "I wish you would let me stay, papa.'

'Yes, your mamma is with the baby, I suppose. But you think I am very cruel, Charlie, to send you ness,' he added, regarding his wife affectionately. away to school.

" Ob. no, mamma said I must not say that; for I should learn a great deal, and that you wished me to study very hard. Papa, please don't think mam- haughty disposition so to change required a great ma ever lets me say anything wrong about it.' " And why should L not think so, Charlie?" ' Because mamma always thinks you are right. and she was very sorry when I was so discontented about it."

"Well go and bring the baby here now, and let when given to his wife. me kiss him.

But Charlie did not go. 'Why don't you go, Charlie ?' he asked. mamma

forward to meet her.

stairs, but you told us not to."

"May we come now ?" said little Alice, putting little girl always sept on a small couch. She start- t's patience irritated her, and she called it lypocher dimpled hand into her mother's and holding up ed on seeing her hisband but silently began to un- sy. She had done more to produce the colness her mouth for a kiss.

The mother folded both the darlings in her arms, soon Alice too.' then taking a hand of each, led them down into the sitting room. Papa's arms were ready for Charlie, and Ally sat at a low foot-stool at her feet till ten was brought in, when they all took their places at the table.

Mr. Mervyn had felt a pang of self-reproach as his wife left the room so gently, but he repressed it, |4 saying. "She does not care-she takes every thing just 80."

Margaret was the only child of a well to-do tradesman, and for this reason had Charles Mervyn married her, never dreaming that in winning the love of such a woman he had found a treasure more preious than could be purchased for gold. He thought her cold and passionless, but her heart was to him a sealed fountain, and he 'ad never thought to fathom its depths. She, on her part so often met with rude repulse, that she had long learned to keep in her own breast all those expressions of affection that she would have poured so freely forth. On her children, there, she lavished the wealth, of love with which her heart was overflowing. There indeed was no need to repress the warm gushing feelings of her nature. Yet she was a judicious mother. She had learned to conquer her own natural spirit, and threw it on the tabloefore her. A look of such mother's other hand, and laid her check aginst it. kiss them, bidding them go quietly down. To Charlie thus she knew how to rule over them. She encouraged in them tender, affectionate feelings, and a dark frown of diseasure settled on his brow. inwearied was her watchfulness. These little ones almost of veneration. Long had she felt that it ant as I can. was in vain for her to hope for her husband's love ; with a patient, gentle faithfulness that hoped for dislike has made everou_____, no return. "She had a hidden strength," which

that she was so patient. When he saw how the for myself on this suect.' children loved her he would wonder that it was so ; but as he did not love her before they were married, faults ?" she asked, ithe same sad tone.

She crossed the landing, and opening the door of 'Now, Charlie, dear,' she said, 'go to your room I son's house wished to be as absolute as in her the nursery, two bright looking children bounded and don't forget to ask God yourself, to bless you : (n. She was selfish, exacting, and jealous if her and to pray for pappa and mamma.' The boy threw a's loves. In fact, love for her son was the only

"O! mamma," cried Charlie, a fine little boy of his arms around her neck, and kissed her warmly sinterested feeling she possessed; and she could nine years old, " we wanted so much to come down before departing. Margaret also arose, and taking of bear that another, even though that other was Alice by the hand led her into her room, where the swife, should divide that love with her. Marga.

> dress the child. The baby was quietly sleeping and tharles felt for his wife than she herself imagined. But Margaret knew and felt it, yet her voie had ot lost its gentle tone, nor her manner twards

> ' Are you unwel. Charles ?' at length she said. He made no repl-, but stood leaning against the Mrs. Mervyn its unvarying respect, mantel-piece looking moodily into the fire. She About a week after the old lady's arrival, s Marthought he did not bear her, and going up to him garet was sitting for a few moments in he own she laid her hand a his arm, and repeated the room, she heard loud sounds, from the nursey. She stepped to the door, and Charlie was speaking pas-

'No.' he answerd, frigidly, without lifting his signately eves, or apparentlynoticing her in the least.

She looked at his for a moment, sighed, and re "she's a great deal better than you are." "You impertinent boy !" said his grandhother sometimes the case in his mother's. moving her hand, wat into the little room where murmured, 'Mamm,' comforted for a moment by you to speak, is it ? It is well you are going way.'' that he must leave home and go where he could con- knew, but her heart must have been touched ; Charlie was sleepin. As she bent over him the bor angrily. "This is the way your mother eaches dered far away to aand where no cloud can come the boy, swelling with passion. My mother is alover the spirit, andkneeling beside the bed her ways good, and I an good when I am with her; lingering fever, which confined him entirely to his her on the bed delirious with fever, and calling the market place of Europe, and not a few totks are heart breathed forthits deep thankfulness to Him and you know it makes me angry, is the reaon you room, and for a time absorbed the attention and ex-

who had enabled heso long to endure; and she talk so.' prayed for strength atiently and cheerfully to bear on, in coming years the cross he had laid upon

evident dissatisfactic was visible on her face, that "This is a pretty way to bring up your cildren,' she recommend particularly the care of his little soothing him. Even to Charlie he said nothing, said Mrs Mervyn, sharply.

' Forgive me, Chles,' she said, in a gentle

'I shall be obliged said he coldly and bitterly. and old "

'Pardon me, mam,' he interrupted, 'my "No I am not good," said Charlie, 'an mamma he mistook for want of feeling. It provoked him mother's opinions doot govern me. I have judged does not think so ;" and going up to the ld lady,

" And why are youo very severe a judge of my wrong to speak so."

the world get along ; and I dare say Margaret does those who do not fe are always perfect.' And turning to his mother, followed her out of he room. he said, ' Charles,' she said, throwing her arms around his Sleep here, Margaret, do not go out.' The table was the place where Mrs. Meyn genwith a scornful laughe left the room. 'I am not going to sleep,' she answered, in a not care." She stood with one and leaning on the back of a erally chose to make her attacks on Magaret, so When tea was over Margaret went up to the bachair. The usually det look of patient resigna- that in case she should ever succeed in puting her tone of great distress. by and found him sleeping quietly. tion, now so habitualhad changed to one of intense out of temper Charles might be there to wtness it. "I will send you some supper, Mary.' said her sufferring. But as s stood, her thoughts went And so much did she exert herself in thelaudable worried by her nervous manner. mistress; "I wish you would stay with him a little while." She found her husband and Charlie reading, and Once more a mother arm encircled her, and a conduct and wants were as carefully notice usual she was quite well, and would return in a few min-Ally sitting on the floor dressing her favorite doll. my punishment to be denied this.' father's hand was laid blessing on her hand .- and even Charles thought that his wife mut either utes. But minute after minute passed by, and still She also took up a book and read for some time. Then came youthful hes and deeper happiness .- be a martyr or a consumate actress. To-nght, as she was away. He wondered what it could mean, when she perceived that her husband had laid down and lay listening to the slight noise made by the fire, ' we shall be so happy. his paper, and was shading his eyes with his hand. She was again a girl, bading life's flowery path .-- they were at the tea-table, the mother said, Around her played on gentle zephyrs; and she " Charles, when are you going to send Charlie till he fell asleep. " Shall I read to you, Charles ?" said she, laying He slept about an hour, and when he awoke Mardown her book, and looking at him as he sat with dreamed not spring cold ever depart. Again the away ?" happy maiden stood beeath the vine-covered arbor. Margaret started, and Charlie rose to go to her garet was again beside him. He kissed her over and over again, and then put his are taken out with a spoon. his face turned away from her. . Where have your been ?' he asked quickly, "Oh, do not trouble yourself," he replied coldly, and listened to the vowof him she loved and now- side: without removing his hand.

had to bear from his mother's unkindness. He was astonished at the constant patience she evinced, and

yet he thought she must feel. Every day since his illness, as he observed her daily conduct. he involun- obey me? tarily felt for her increasing admiration. He say there was something he could not understand, which he must respect, and which rendered her far superior to himself; something which seemed to raise what will mamma say to me for telling yon !' her far above the daily trials to which he acknow-

ledged she was exposed, and to enable her to wear the same cheerful smile through all.

and mortification, that Charles preferred Margaret's nursing to her own. He called on his wife for everything, without knowing that he did so, because there while you were ill, and I am afraid I am wrong to

by its occasional assumption of authority, as was

Charles could obtain no relief, so it was decided "No, it's not the way she teaches me," replied sult physicians likely to restore him. But, before

with us,' and taking letter from his pocket, he Little Alice came round softly, and tok her about papa, and their mother would tell them and Once only he exclaimed,

sister; and truly was she rewarded for the strict except to ask him how his mother looked.

regarded her not only with love, but with a feeling tone of apology. ' will try and make it as pleas- tell your grandmother that yot are sorry fo speak- ing but a devoted love for his mother, and the habit ing so? But the child drew more closely ther, and of obeying her slightest command, could have en- rertore her again to health.

sobbed convulsively. 'You are unjust,'he answered, sadly, 'but you "Yes, yes, that is always the way; kishim and where he had to endure the irritable temper of his fort, and spoke as kindly and cheerfully to him, know your mother ds not like me ; and that this tell him he is a good boy, and grandmothe is cross grandmothe is cross grandmothe is cross grandmothe is cross description of the state of the his mother even suspect it, lest it should distress no danger for her now."

he held out his hand, saying, "Forgive m, I was For a moment Mrs. Mervyn looked atonished, istered the medicine, but then again went out. For and wife together.

"why don't you want to go ?" The child was still silent. Charles grew thor-

"Oh. napa,' sobbed the child, ' we have no baby now. He is gone to heaven. Charles relaxed his hold, and lay quiet.

' Papa, dear papa, don't feel so badly. loser. ' tell me all about it.'

"He was not ill long, and mamma had to while grandma nursed him, but he died in her arms. Mrs. Mervyn soon found to her extreme anger and I thought poor mamma would die too, she looked so ill. But she came in and stayed by you, and while the royal procession made its progress. Shall she does not ery about it; but I know it is that, that makes her ill. We were afraid to tell you

"You shall not talk so of my mamma." b said, was nothing in her manner that ever irritated him tell you now; but you know, papa, you made me." lear your grandmother and Alice coming; let them

come in. What Charles said to his mother then no one when she left his room she inquired in a tone of real kindness, for Margaret. But poor Margaret was

. Charles when they told him insisted on being carried to het room. So they bandaged his eves, and "Charlie said a low, displeased voice at hiside." garet did not leave him day or night. She would putting him in a large chair, wheeled it beside his "Mamma !" he cried, throwing his armsaround throw herself on a couch and snatch a few minutes wife's sick bed. The doctor, when he came, obher waist, "oh ! mamma I could not help spaking. rest, but the slightest movement of Charles awaken- jected to the husband's remaining, saving his health Don't send me away," he cried imploringl, cling- ed her. She was ever there, attending to his by the bed, listening to Margaret's broken words of cut off about six inches long, and boiled like other The next day at oner, Mr. Mervyn suddenly ing to her tightly. "I am not good when yu leave wishes, anticipating them, in fact, as no one else grief and suffering; but spoke to no one, nor took greens make a capital dish, which partakes in some could. The children came softly to the door to ask any notice of what any one said except the doctor.

> "Oh! if I could only see! His children's caresses seemed to have no effect i At length, however, their painful anxiety was

relieved. The doctor pronounced Margaret out of danger, and said she only needed careful nursing to

' Is she well enough to talk, doctor!' said Charles

Margaret's face flushed when she saw her husband's chair. Charles asked to be moved closer beside her, and stooping down bent over her and garet was not with him. In a few moments she re- kissed her forehead. Mrs. Mervyn walked quietly be kept perfectly good for three years. It is well to turned, and gently bathed his forehead, and admin- out, and closed the door behind her, leaving husband purchase a large supply when eggs are cheap, and

my whole life, from this time, does not prove the to the house. See that the lime does not corrode

neck, 'don't say, that ; only love me, it is all I ask.' with carrots, and commend it as not only improving God knows, I do love you,' he answered, with the appearance of the butter, but the flavor and deep feeling, ' but I know not whether I can ever quality. The following is the process :- To the 'I am afraid you are unwell,' said he anxiously, forgive myself for all my unkindness. I never knew cream, or five pounds of butter, take a good sized you, Margaret ; but you have made me love you so orange carrot, wash clean and grate off the deepest that not a shadow of doubt upon the subject shall colored portion : pour a tec-cup of warm water on She stooped down, and passed her hand which cross your mind again.' He passed his hand over it, let it stand a short time, then strain through a the mirror that memo placed before happiness. - prayer, for her daughter-in-law. Yet the oildren's was cold as death, over his forehead, assuring him her forehead, and then over her face. 'If I could cloth, and add to the cream before churning. only see you again, Margaret! Perhaps it will be To MAKE FRUIT PIES .- No under-crust should be made to apple or any fruit pie. It is always heavy, "No, no,' answered she, cheerfully. ' you will be and not fit to eat. Place a narrow rim of past well again-and Charles,' she added, in a low tone, around the edge of the plate, and fill with the fruit, either raw or stewed, and cover it. The juices will. ' May Charlie, come in ?' said a pleasant voice. be retained much better, and it will save a sight of The door opened, and the child entered. leading lit- butter and flour, which is no trifling consideration tle Alice by the hand. The child's face beamed with in these days, and what is of more consequence, save, pleasure, as he saw his mother looking so happy. dyspepsia, which costs more. After eatting, they

the proudest and most ancient gentry of the land did menial service to him. Who should carry Louis "Charlie, my boy, will not your mother let you XIV's candle when he went to bed? What prince of the blood should hold the king's shirt when his Most Christian Majesty changed that garment? The French memoirs of the seventeenth century are full of such details and squabbles. The tradition is not vet extinct in Europe. Any of you who were present, as myriads were, at that splendid pageant, the " My child,' said the father, softly drawing him opening of our Crystal Palace in London, must have seen two noble Lords, great officers of the household, with ancient pedigrees, with embroidered coats, and stars on their breasts, and wands in their hands, walking backwards near the space of a mile, we wonder-shall we be angry-shall we laugh at all these old world ceremonics ! View them as you will, according to your mood ; and with scorn or respect, or with anger and sorrow, as your temper 'You have done perfectly right, my boy : but I leads you. Up goes Gesler's hat upon the pole Salute that symbol of sovereignity, with neartfelt awe ; or with a sulky shrug of acquiescence, or with a grinning obeisance; or with a stout rebellious. No -clap your own beaver down on your pate, and refuse to doff it, to that spangled velvet and flaunting feather. I make no comment upon spectators' be havior ; all I say is, that Gelser's cap is still up in

A quart of peas sown in a shallow box, fifieen. inches wide by eighteen inches long, at any time of the year, and cut off when about 4 or 5 inches high, and boiled like spinnach, with a little salt, makes a would suffer : but Charles refused to leave. He sat most delicious dish. The tops of Jerusalem artichokes, however, be overboiled-and for impaired constitutions it is invaluable. In April and May late potatoes should also be peeled some ten to twelve hours and steeped in cold spring water before they are cooked .--- This is a great improvement ; it makes the potato nearly as good as those dug in October-L. Gardeners' Chronicle.

.To PRESERVE EGGS .-- To every gallon of water the next morning, when the doctor came into the allow one heaped gill of unslacked lime, and one pint of rock salt. Slake the lime by pouring on the water boiling. Add the salt and when it is perfectly cold. put in the eggs, taking care that every had or cracked one is kept out, or the whole will be spoil-Let them be entirely covered with the brine, and set them in a cool place. In this way they may 'Margaret, my wife,' said Charles, earnestly, 'if hens, let the eggs be put in as soon as they come

COLORING BUTTER .- Some practice coloring butter

"Charlie," said his mother firmly, " wilyou not obedience she had always required of them. Nothabled the boy to remain so long in the nursery,

One day Charles awoke, and to his surprise Mar-

he did not think he could now After all, he 'Your faults, main!' he exclaimed in feigned and took the child's hand; almost unconsious that a few days it continued thus. No attention was thought, "it is the way half the married people in astonishment. WI said you had faults? Oh no, she did so. Charley drew it away direct, and re-