

GIVING. Yes! I will give myself as I am Plainly that all the world may read. Give the most this brief life may show Hoping sometimes to meet a need. Give myself as I know I am, Often weary and sometimes sad; Give the joy that has touched my heart Trusting so I may make one glad. Give the longings that strive for speech, Strong ambitions and yearnings true Something better each day to reach, Something nobler in life to do. Give the beauty of nature seen In old ocean or summer wood; Gladness caught from the tree's deep green, Hinted softly, not understood Give the depths of a message read In the eyes of a trusty friend; Give the force of a handclasp felt Give—will giving e'er have an end? Give myself and receive in turn Many thoughts you may never know, Fancies slight full of mystery Held in silence, and better so. Give—but no, I can ne'er impart All myself, for I little know Of that being, and so at best Only glimpses these lines can show.

One petition I humbly lay Kneeling at the Eternal Throne— Father Divine! Who hast given me song Help me use it for Thee alone.

A. O.

FATE FIXED IT.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Well, sir, I've been waiting for your answer until my patience is quite exhausted." "Uncle, I've not answered again, only because I regret to offend or disappoint you. I can only reiterate my determination." "Confusion, sir, I want none of your sentimental nonsense! 'Marry only for love!'—a wife whose only dower is her pure, true heart! Very pretty, sir, to read about; very beautiful in theory. But I had hoped a little good sound sense from my nephew. I say, sir, because a girl is rich, has plenty of gold and land, is that any reason why she should not be loved?" "By no means, uncle. But if I were to accede to your wishes, money, not love, is the first, greatest, and in fact, the sole inducement for your nephew to seek Miss Leighton—" "Silence, sir! 'Tis not so. She is the daughter of my old friend; and we promised you to each other when you were little more than babies. Come, now, Guy, be a sensible boy, and do as I bid you!" "Uncle, uncle, I cannot. I should lose all my self-respect without winning the respect of my future wife, were I to—" "Then, sir, you are my nephew no longer! I'll cut you off with a shilling! I'll find some one else to leave my money to! Or endow a lunatic asylum. But that would be providing a place for you, you ungrateful young rascal!" "Uncle, I am not ungrateful! And as to your money, leave it where you choose. But your affection, I do value. Do not cast me from your heart, uncle," Guy Eversfield said, approaching his uncle, with extended hands. "Words, words, mere words, sir. I want actions. Now, upon my honor as a gentleman, unless you will try to win Miss Leighton, you shall never cross my threshold again. Do you understand, sir?" Guy looked intently for a moment into his uncle's face. It was not as he often had seen it, flushed and heated by a passion which, soon passing away, found him still the same kind, indulgent old uncle. There was no mistaking the cool determination. And he answered: "I do, sir." "Well, sir!" "Good-morning, sir. I am sorry to part thus." Guy's handsome face was very pale as he turned away. He knew it would be useless to say more—even to put out his hand for a farewell clasp. "Thank Heaven! I have health and strength. I can go to work. And, thanks to my dear mother's thoughtful care, I have enough money to keep me, with economy, until I can make money myself. Dear mother! Little did she think, when putting aside from her own scantily-filled purse something for her boy to do with as he chose, how much I would need it. I'll go immediately and accept Morris's offer. Go into his office, do his writing, and study with him. In two years I can be admitted to the bar. I've no doubt of making a living. And—bless her sweet face!—she will not care for riches. My beautiful darling! There is no doubt about it. I am in love as sure as ever was a fellow, and with a girl whose name I do not even know—perhaps, never shall. Well, this is the street where she got out. I will hunt for her again." Five weeks before, while walking on—avenue, Guy met his fate. He had noticed first the little figure before him, clothed in deep mourning. Then the bright golden hair that fell from beneath the little hat, and rested on the sable wrapping. He was thinking how very graceful she was, and wondering if her face was as beautiful as her hair and figure; and if he was to hurry forward a few

steps, ahead of her, would she think him very rude if he turned to catch just one glimpse? He had about made up his mind to risk it, when fortune favored him. A little girl, barefoot, and looking generally miserable, came quickly by; touching the maiden, she cried, holding towards her a basket: "Do, pretty lady, buy my flowers! Just one little bunch!" Never had Guy seen a lovelier face than the one that turned to look at the little flower-girl. Hastening forward, ostensibly to buy a bouquet, he stood beside the beautiful girl. She had selected a little bunch of violets, and putting her hand in her pocket she hesitated. A startled look came into her eyes, as she said: "I have lost my pocket-book; or—some one has stolen it. I'm most sorry for your sake, poor child!" In an instant Guy came to her relief. "Permit me," he said, handing his well-filled wallet. "Thank you, sir," she returned with a beautiful blush. "If you will buy some of her flowers it will answer as well," returning the bunch of violets to the basket, she was moving away, when Guy caught up the violets and tossing a note into the basket, he said. "These are the only flowers I care to keep." "But, oh, sir, you have given me much too much!" "Not for these, little one," Guy answered, smiling, and passing on. The child darted forward to overtake the beautiful girl and tell her of her good fortune, and she turning again to the child's touch, Guy was made happy by another look. He raised his hat. She could not mistake the respectful and admiring gaze. With a smile, a slight inclination of the graceful head, she passed on. He would not follow, as much as he desired to know more of her; and he had never met her since, although certainly not less than twenty-five times had he walked up one side of the street and down the other. Seated on a porch just outside of the library was Lewis Brewster, another nephew of Mr. Eversfield. He had heard every word of the conversation of his uncle with Guy, and rejoiced at the conclusion. "Now is my chance, if I'm not mistaken," he said, "for either the rich wife or my uncle's fortune. Indeed, perhaps both. I hardly think, however, that the old gent will hold out against Gny. He has a strange hold on his heart. My father he never loved, while Guy's he did love more than all the world. What he has done for me was all on account of public opinion. He did not care to cast his sister's son off entirely, so he gave me an education, and to understand that was all he should do for me. I must either now spend the best of my life in working for my daily bread, or find a rich wife. I much prefer the latter." Looking through the blinds he saw his uncle about leaving the room. Another moment, and the hall-door closed after him. "Now, how am I to find my little jewel? The name I have. Now let me think. Ah!—yes! I will look in the directory." Entering the library, he went up to his uncle's desk. His face brightened, and he exclaimed: "I am in luck! Here is my lady's or rather her mamma's card—Mrs. Leighton, No. 120 West—street. I'll do that street to-morrow morning until night. If I get a glimpse at my little lady I will make her notice me." The next day was Sunday. Thinking Miss Leighton would surely be going to church, Lewis Brewster, faultlessly dressed, began to traverse the street on which the heiress lived. Fortune, indeed, seemed continually smiling on him. When he had gotten almost opposite her dwelling the door opened, and a very handsomely dressed young girl stepped out. Hastening across, he ascended the marble steps, and with the most graceful bow possible, inquired if Mr. Green lived there. He had not overestimated his powers of attraction, for certainly the young girl smiled very sweetly when she answered, "No, sir." Nor did she seem anxious to dismiss him. The result was quite a little conversation; and when Lewis said "Good-morning," he breathed a little sigh, and raised his handsome dark eyes very pleadingly to hers, and went away. "Oh, dear! but isn't he just perfectly splendid? I wonder what he meant by sighing and looking at me so? Certainly, if I was to see him many times, my heart wouldn't be my own long. Many times! I declare, I'm not certain but it's only half with me now. I hope I shall see him again. I wonder who he is." While the young girl was thus thinking of Lewis, he was deeply engaged with thoughts of her. "Well done for you, Brewster," he said. "You are all right now. Well, the girl is pretty. She'll do. There is a golden lustre about her that will more than compensate for actual beauty. She is not difficult material to work upon. If I mistake not, she will enjoy a little romantic affair—a runaway match. However, to-morrow I shall be able to decide better."

The day following Lewis saw her at the window. A smile, a bow, given and returned. Another day, and they met to meet again and again, many succeeding days. "If I dared to ask you, sir, how dearly I would love to. But—but—you know—" she was saying, when Lewis, interrupting her embarrassing apology, said: "Yes, yes, I know, dear one, that your mamma is keeping you very close. She is anxious to give you to a man who cares nothing for you. And if you are forced to marry him, it will be a terrible sacrifice—a financial affair!" The girl's eyes were full of astonishment. She said quickly: "Oh, you are mistaken, I am not—" "Heaven grant I am—and that you will not yield to their persuasions. If you should—" His voice trembled. He could not speak for a moment—and then with quivering lips and choking voice, he said: "Then, what will become of me?" Well, it needed but little more to be said, and it was settled that he was to become her husband. Guy Eversfield had been less fortunate in finding his love. The weeks rolled into months, yet he saw her no more. He had almost despaired, when one evening he was returning from a business tour to P—; the cars were unusually crowded. At one of the way-stations the conductor entered the car with a lady. Guy had noticed that there was not a vacant seat. Ever gallant, he stepped out and with winning grace offered his. The lady raised her veil—and Guy could scarcely restrain an exclamation of joy as he beheld the lovely girl who had occupied his thoughts for many weeks. Although no sound escaped his lips his eyes spoke plainly the glad surprise. With a faint blush, a smile, and bow of thanks and recognition, she accepted the seat. The conductor suggested a seat in the smoking-car, but Guy preferred to linger near. He was not going to lose sight of his love again so soon. A fat old gentleman sat beside her; Guy was getting quite desperate when the conductor called out, "Passengers for C—," and the old gent, jumping up, hurried out. Guy lost no time in presenting himself beside the fair girl, and asking: "Will you permit me?" In response to her smiling assent he seated himself, and said, in his frank, charming way: "I cannot feel that we are strangers." She could not withstand his earnest, honest look, and answered: "Fate, it seems, has decided we shall not be." Immediately Guy handed his card. An exclamation of surprise half escaped her lips, and her color deepened. She continued to look at the card for a moment. Then turning to Guy, she said: "Your name is familiar to me, Mr. Eversfield. I have met your uncle at Mrs. Leighton's. My name is Mira Lester." When they arrived at P—, Guy was delighted to find Miss Lester's friends were not at the depot to meet her. He was hurrying off to obtain a carriage, when she stopped him to say: "I would prefer to walk; the distance is short, and the evening delightfully pleasant. I am staying with Mrs. Leighton, —street." On the way, Guy told of his fruitless attempts to see her again; and when reaching her destination, he asked permission to call. Miss Lester told him she had been absent ever since the morning after they first met. In answer to his request to call, she said: "Mr. Eversfield, I am companion to Mrs. Leighton. She is an invalid, and my time is very much engaged with her. Even were it not so, ought not your call rather to be on Miss Leighton?" "Ah! I see you have heard the story of Miss Leighton and myself being pledged to each other in our childhood! I have never seen her to remember; and with all due respect to the young lady, I am not anxious to. Miss Leighton and myself can never be more than now. A few days after meeting you, I gave my uncle to understand this. Well, he sent me forth. I've not seen him since." Mira understood that she had influenced his decision, and she said: "You were hasty, Mr. Eversfield. You should have seen Miss Leighton. You might have grown to—" Guy interrupted her, saying: "Never! Then it could not be. The very idea of Miss Leighton was hateful to me. Without a sigh I accepted my uncle's decision, and shall with joy resign a fortune, if, by so doing, I can win a heart of my own choosing." They had reached Mrs. Leighton's door, and when Guy had touched the bell, he said: "I will not ask to enter to-night. It is late, and you are tired. But to-morrow, May I?" "An revoir," she answered, with a beautiful smile. And Guy knew that his plea was granted. When, the next evening, Guy entered Mrs. Leighton's, he was not surprised that he passed the spacious and elegant drawing-room, and was ushered into a cosy little sitting-room. He felt far happier

with little Mira Lester there than he could possibly have done with the mistress of the mansion, surrounded by all the magnificence in her apartments. Mira soon knew that she had won the true and devoted love of a noble man; that for love of her he would gladly put aside all the luxury and ease that he had been accustomed to, and accept a life of toil and privation. Yet there were many misgivings in her heart as she listened to his words of love. "Ah, you know so little of me—of my family. I believe you love me; but when the stern realities of life are before you, may you not regret?" she said. "Never—never!" Guy answered, fervently, clasping the little hand closer in his. "Will you always love me as now?" she whispered, low. "Never less, dear one, and more and more as the years grow many with us." "Guy," she said, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, "I have a widowed mother; she needs my support." "And mine, my own," he answered. "Guy," her hand was on his shoulder, her heart eagerly searching his—"Guy, you may be disappointed—you will. My mother is employed here, in this house; you—" "Oh, my love, why will you fill your heart with doubts? Your mother is my mother, and where'er I find her, in 'pallace hall or lowly cot,' hers is the post of honor, for she is the mother of my queen!" "Then come to her." Mira led Guy through a little hall, and opening the door, ushered him into a very handsomely furnished room. A gentle, delicate-looking woman reclined in an invalid's chair. Guy's eyes were full of astonishment. But he drew near, and taking the extended hand, raised it to his lips, saying: "Mother—Mira has given me permission to call you so—will you give us your blessing on our love?" "Right willingly, my dear son," she said; "and there is somebody over there who will join his blessing with mine, I'm sure." Guy had not noticed the gentleman seated on the other side of the apartment. He turned, and Guy exclaimed: "Uncle!" turning his inquiring gaze from one to another. "Yes, 'uncle,' you young rascal—no, you dear boy! Yes, God bless you—both of you!" Mr. Eversfield said, clasping Guy and Mira in one embrace. "I—I cannot understand," Guy began saying. And Mira, turning her pleading eyes to his, said: "Oh, forgive me, Guy—" "Forgive! Nothing of the kind. Bless, rather. 'Pon my soul, if I am not crying, when this is the happiest day of my life!" "Ah! my boy, Fate wove her web about you. This dear girl is Miss Leighton—" "Then whom, in Heaven's name, is this girl?" cried out Lewis Brewster, who had entered the room just then, holding by the hand a pale and trembling girl. "Forgive me! Oh, forgive me, Lewis!" the girl sobbed. And Mr. Eversfield exclaimed: "What is all this about? What does it mean?" "It means, sir, that this girl married me under false pretences. I believed her Miss Leighton," Lewis answered, angrily. "Ah, ha! Indeed! And now you find out you have married the maid instead of the mistress! Serves you right! But she is too good for you!" "I—I—it is not legal, sir! I will not stand to it! I was deceived!" Lewis continued. "Oh, I tried to tell you once, but you would not let me. You would call me Miss Leighton. And I feared to lose you. I loved you! Indeed I did!" "Poor girl! You are to be pitied. And you, sir—did you not deceive her with pretences of true love? Bah! were it not for her, I would pitch you out of the window! She is your wife! And look to it, sir! I will not have my niece treated with any disrespect, even by her husband. There, child, dry your tears. I will take you with me until your husband finds a home for you. You, sir, had better try and win the same position that you occupied an hour ago in your wife's heart. Go, now!" Crestfallen and sullen, Lewis left the room and house. But he returned to his senses in a few days, and preparing a home for his bride, took her to it, declaring, at any rate, she was the handsomest girl he knew, and looked the lady every inch. When the door closed after Lewis Brewster and his wife, Mira turned quickly, and said: "Guy, I meant not to continue this deception. When I first found out your name—I hardly know why—I only gave you part of mine; unless—" here her sweet face was covered with blushes—"I liked you well enough, even then, to be anxious to have Miss Leighton become less hateful to you. I would have told you when you first called, but your uncle made me promise not. Am I forgiven?" "Don't speak of forgiveness, dear love," Guy said. "This is the happiest day of my life, and I think a special providence took my affairs in hand, and directed my wayward steps to a most happy end. But you will forgive me for saying that although I have won the heiress, she is of no greater value to me than my little love, whose only wealth I believed, was her pure and true heart, and that, to me, was more than all the gold that earth can give."

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