

AN AID TO MEMORY.

"While you're in the city, Ned, Won't you buy some 50 thread?"

"First, the thread suggests a string; Any string may be a measure;

I answer her as best I may, But now within the shop I linger;

LITTLE MISS EUNICE.

Little Miss Eunice had fallen heir to a fortune.

Little Miss Eunice sat in the best room of a large hotel in the city of St. John, and thought over the events of the last few days in silent wonder.

They were faithful thoughts, and seldom wandered far from home when memory was their guide.

There was much to think of when her thoughts went backward. How father had loved the little garden, so deserted now, that lay behind the grove, and how trim and flower-like he had kept it.

There always was much to banish retrospect, for the neighbors were constantly applying to her for help of some sort, till Mary, her ancient handmaiden, demanded ironically if they thought "Miss Eunice had nothing to do but make their clothes and darn their stockings and take them jelly and syrup whenever their brats caught cold."

The day the letter came, though, the thick letter which made such a sudden change in Miss Eunice's life, she had been knitting quite mechanically, sitting there under the pines, her eyes wandering now and then to the hazy cloud-crowned hills that marked the distant river's course.

On that eventful Tuesday she had been looking, not back, but far away, thinking with a strange longing of the beautiful things which happen to people who do not live on a rocky farm in a back settlement of New Brunswick.

And then—for things do happen strangely sometimes—the letter came. Mary brought it to her, and stayed while she read it, and heard the news of the fortune, which, though small in reality, seemed fabulous to them, and shook her head over the mean old uncle who had hoarded it all his days, and wondered greatly when Miss Eunice, after carefully perusing the lawyer's epistle, clasped her thin hands with a look of rapture and said: "Now I will do it."

Greater still was her surprise when Miss Eunice announced her intention to travel. To spend the winter in Europe. No one from Pine Settlement had ever done such a thing before, it was unheard of! But Miss Eunice's mind was made up; Mary should take charge of the cottage, and she would go. But first she must go "down river" to St. John, to see the lawyer and make her business arrangements.

How strange it had seemed to say goodbye to them all, to leave the white cottage even for a few days, to drive away toward the shining river, losing all sight of the well-known chimneys long before the water

was attained. Then, how fair the journey down the blue St. John, among the green low islands with here and there a house and barn; past grassed banks sloping up to fertile farms, and these to wider hills; past intervals fringed with alder and ruled with lines of plumy-foliaged elms; till at last the banks grew higher, more rugged, a breath of the sea came through the summer stillness, and the rocky city loomed in view.

All through that voyage Miss Eunice, in a shady corner of the deck, busied herself with plans for the coming winter, and the plans grew more definite as the river neared the sea, till she almost saw the small apartment in Italy where she would at last live out a dream.

Then the boat touched the wharf, and Miss Eunice found herself passing between double lines of vociferous cabinen, all seemingly bent on bearing her off, a willing or unwilling captive. She paused a moment in bewilderment; the next, she found her shawl strap and valise seized and herself meekly following a small dark man with a protecting manner, who politely ushered her into a coach and blandly asked:

"Now, madam, where did you say?" Miss Eunice did not remember saying anything, but she murmured: "New Victoria," and then was whirled away over stony streets, round sharp corners, down precipitous hills, till finally the hotel was reached, and the rest she needed became possible.

So it was that she was sitting at the window, dreaming and planning. But when the clock struck three she rose, put on her bonnet and her most business-like air, and set out to see the lawyer in whose hands was her business. She was rather an unusual figure as she went along the crowded streets, this little fair-haired woman in simplest gown of grey, with grey straw bonnet which had been the fashion when she was a girl, and grey knitted gloves, too large for the delicate hands. Yet she looked the lady that she was, in her homemade, out-of-date clothes, as some would give worlds to look it in their silks and satins.

Many a one, after a glance from those innocent blue eyes, went on his dusty way feeling as if he had been in the country, among ferns and forget-me-nots and all sweet, shy things for one happy moment.

But Miss Eunice thought not of her own appearance, nor indeed, which was strange for her, of other people's. She scarcely noticed the shop-windows with their brilliant goods displayed. Her thoughts were bent and settled on her plan. The office was reached at last, the shabby room where her father's friend sat and moiled his life away among blue papers and red tape. His greeting was warm and cordial, and brought Miss Eunice back to the humanities.

The business was soon settled, for everything seemed very plain and simple. There was no will, and her right to the property was perfectly uncontested, she found. The only other relatives were here in St. John, the lawyer told her, but they were not so near of kin as she. Yes, he said, they must be second cousins of hers; a very clever young man and his sister, a cripple. The young man had come to him about it when the uncle's death was heard of, but of course he saw at once that her claim could not be disputed. A remarkably fine fellow he seemed, and very poor.

Miss Eunice's interest was thoroughly awakened now. She inquired closely, determined to know all her friend could tell her of Malcolm, the clever cousin who was her next of kin, and the lawyer, warming with his subject, and forgetting the possible effect of his words on the singularly unselfish nature with which he had to do, drew a very touching picture of the earnest-eyed youth toiling all day in a foundry, then hurrying home to study, study, study, in the small attic room by the crippled sister's side.

When he was done, Miss Eunice said, earnestly: "He must let me help him. He must have the education, the opportunity, that he needs."

And the lawyer answered: "My dear Miss Eunice, your whole fortune would not more than give him that, and I fear you can scarcely persuade him to accept a present."

"Is he so proud?" Miss Eunice asked, wistfully; and the lawyer answered, hesitatingly, that he would not call him proud, exactly, but very independent. And Miss Eunice said it came to the same thing.

"But I must try to help him, somehow. I will think it over."

And think it over she did, all that evening and the greater part of the night, and when morning came her mind was made up.

Immediately after breakfast she donned again the small straw bonnet, and turned her steps in the direction of the office. Her plans were not quite definite, but of one thing she was sure. The trip to Europe must be given up. And Malcolm was to be helped. The lawyer said it would take her whole fortune to give him the education he needed. Well! she would see. The lawyer should go with her to meet this struggling cousin, and between them they would persuade him to be sensible and let her help him.

She realized now how selfish her dreams had been growing; realized it more as she found what a pang it cost her to give them up. A faint flush crossed her clear cheek as she thought of it. When she put it fairly to herself, how much less important it seemed that she, with not a soul to share her pleasure, should visit Europe, see wonderful ruins and hear beautiful music (ah, she caught her breath there!) than that this young Malcolm should have the chance it was in her power to give him.

After all a strange, home-sick feeling was waking in her heart; not so much for the white house among the pines as for the dear, vanished faces, the young, old voices that had talked over with her the beautiful foreign sights, which now she would not see. Her dreams of the day before, she saw looking back from this new standpoint, had been taking her heart and mind all away from her dear ones; yet she knew that no new lands could hold for her such friends as she had lost. She had lived in the past too long for that.

So, all through the noisy streets she fought the resolute longing with yet more resolute will. At last, still so absorbed she noticed nothing, her generous purpose fixed in her heart, she stepped upon the crossing before the lawyer's house.

Then—there was a roll of wheels, a clatter of hoofs, a start of cry, a gathering crowd.

How it happened none could tell. Whether that gentle soul took flight beneath those iron hoofs, or left its shattered

dwelling when they laid her softly on the office lounge, they did not know. But they knew that round her mouth there lurked the faintest smile of sweet surprise.

Little Miss Eunice had entered into her fortune!—J. Elizabeth Gostwecke Roberts in The Churchman.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Young Souls Need Choice Care and Keeping, as Well as Love.

As a general thing I don't believe in sermons served as restaurants serve beef—in thick slices. I believe in teaching truths as one whips cream, dropping in the moral for flavoring. But I tell you there are times when I feel like mounting a pulpit and thundering with Calvin until the air emits sulphur. When I see the inhumanities practiced upon children, how they are neglected and unjustly punished, wrongly developed and spoiled by over-indulgence, I wonder what God is doing up in heaven that He sits patiently by and watches it all. If we treated our flower-beds as we treat our children there wouldn't be a blossom left in the world. If we served our meals as we serve our children there would be rampant indigestion and black-browed death at the heels of every one of us. Now and then you see a wise mother and sensible father, but the biggest half of humanity receive their children as the little captain yonder receives her Christmas doll; as toys to be dressed extravagantly, fed indiscriminately, and handled according to moods. We forget, half of us, that a little child's sense of injustice, and sorrow, and wrong, is compatible in development with the slow maturity of its body. What will seem a petty trial at twenty, is unalleviated woe at five. The possession of uncounted gold at forty will not be more precious than the possession, at three, of what we snatch from its hands without a word of apology. Take the time to explain to your little one why you deprive it of some cherished possession, and you will save the little heart a vast amount of unnecessary aching.

Don't yank your little one over a crossing by its arm. If you cannot carry it, go slow, and try to remember its weakness. How would you like to have the museum giant come along and haul you across State street by your collar-bone? What would be a mere indignity to you is a positive cruelty to your child. Don't feed a little bit of a digestion with everlasting candy. If you must feed it sweets use a little moderation, and confine yourselves to the least injurious. Candy, as it is served by most confectioners, is too rich for the stomachs of adults, but it is absolute ruin to the chances of a child to start the race of life with a light-weight. Saddle the best horse that ever started with five hundred pounds, and how far would it hold out? You saddle your horse with worse odds when you start around the track of human life with a poor constitution. Let the baby drink concentrated lye and be done with it, but don't give it tea and coffee. Wouldn't a dead baby be as well off, provided it went to heaven, as a dried-up wisp of nerves and irritability, a wizened little morsel of humanity, old before its time, with a stomach like tanned leather and nerves like burning fagots? No matter what all the old women in the world say to the contrary, tea and coffee are unfit drinks for children, and tend to nervous precocity. Cultivate confidential hours with the boys and girls as they grow up. Encourage free chats about every event of the day. Never ridicule the most trivial confidence; never be in too much of a hurry to listen. Let the cake burn in the oven, the caller wait in the parlor, or the hour for some special appointment go by rather than bluff off your child when it has something to tell or any advice to ask. You will never regret a sacrifice made to help smooth the way for their inexperienced little feet. Keep the children off the street and away from indiscriminate companionships. If you have an heirloom of old lace in the family you keep it choice, but the heirloom of the delicate fabric of an immortal soul you take no thought of. You throw it into the defilement of the streets and expect to return it to God some day pure and undefiled. Young souls need watchful keeping and choice care, as well as love. Be a little less solicitous about the non-essentialities of life, the number of frills on the petticoats and the fashion of hats, and vice, should be cared for by the government and brought up, in spite of themselves, to be a credit and support to the land of their birth, rather than a disgrace and perpetual expense. Until we can go further back, and regulate matters so that criminals and papners shall not be allowed to propagate their species, we have no hope of salvation save through the better development of the children. And it behooves parents who have the means and the leisure to spend more time with their children, more thought on their development, and to grow more tender-hearted and just and wise in their dealings with them.—Amber, in the Horseman.

HER HERO.

"Have you ever?" I asked. Of sweet Doll, as we basked In the flood of the moon's pale glory,

"There's a man," Doll replied— And I thought that she sighed. Though her lips wore a smile arch and merry—

"He's a little bit odd, And they say that he's cold, But his face is that round and that jolly I can scarcely conceive. But the more I make believe, How I grieved as she told of her folly.

"But his name," I implored, Forswore Doll I adored, And to think of her loving above her Was the bitterest blow That could fall, don't you know, On a young and a passionate lover.

"As for that," Doll laughed— And I saw that she did chide! With the sang froid of a romancer— "I've not heard, you see, He's just known to me."

"As the man in the moon," was her answer. —Time.

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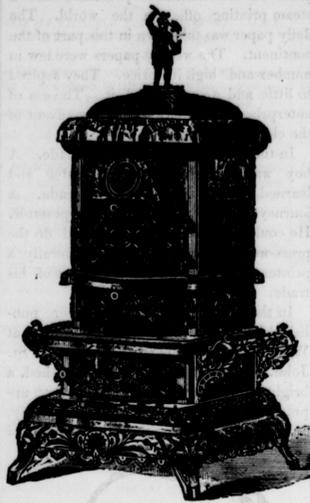
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