[...]NCE AND CREDIT.

[...]was dark, the markets dull,
[...]hange was thin, gazettes were full,
And half the town was breaking;
The countersign of Cash was "Stop;"
Bankers and bankrupts shut up shop,
And holiest hearts were aching.

When near the 'Change, my fancy spied
A jaded form, with hasty stride,
Beneath grief's burden stooping;
Her name was Credit, and she said.
Her father, Trade, was lately dead,
Her mother, Commerce, drooping.

The smile that she was wont to wear
Was withered by the hand of Care,
Her eyes had lost their lustre;
Her character was gone, she said,
For basely she had been betrayed,
And nobody would trust her.

That honest Industry had tried
To gain fair Credit for his bride,
And found the lady willing;
But ah! a fortune-hunter came,
And Speculation was his name—
A rake not worth a shilling.

The villain was on mischief bent,
He gained both dad and mam's consent,
And then poor Credit smarted.
He filched her fortune and her fame,
He fixed a blot upon her name
And left her broken-hearted.

While thus poor Credit seemed to sigh,
Her cousin Confidence came by
(Methinks he must be clever);
For when he whispered in her ear
She checked the sigh, she dried the tear,
And smiled as sweet as ever.

(Written for the HERALD.)

LA NEIGE.

A SKETCH,

BY

MRS. BEATRICE McGOWAN.

Some time later when Lady Bearwarden comes into the room, it is to find her in the same position. Her ladyship takes care to evince no surprise, or indeed any knowledge that she has seen her, but going over to another window, waits patiently for the explanation that she is sure will come. During the past year Rose St. Arnold has grown very dear to her. Although striving by every possible means to waken the girl to something of her old, bright self, the patient, gentle grief, so silently and bravely borne, has pleaded more for *La Neige* than aught else could have done to the widowed, childless heart of Lady Bearwarden.

There is a movement among the flowers, the rustling of a paper, and her ladyship knows that her niece is approaching her. She does not look up until the girl is standing close by her side, and then it is with her own cheery smile, that *La Neige* has learned to love above all things in the world.

"My dear; what is it?" she says, simply, extending her hands—a pretty French way she has of telling her sympathy.

"Thank God for me, aunt Sarah. *He* has been very good to me."

And once more the old, torn *Canadian Weekly* changes hands.

When her ladyship has finished, *La Neige* draws forward an arm-chair, and gently pushing her into it, takes her own place upon a hassock at her feet.

"Do not speak just yet, dear," she says, carressingly, clasping her hands over the elder lady's knees.

"I have got so much in my heart, so much that has been a stranger to it so long, that I almost dread to hear what you will say; I am so afraid that I know it already. But I had rather tell *you* what is in your thoughts than that *you* should tell them to me. You think that after all I must not give up my mind too much to this great, glad news, because of its being so long in coming to me. That were Gerald really alive, he would have returned to England before this. I know that it is a long time since this paper was printed, and that he was then very weak and ill, but I also know in my heart that he is living; nothing *can*, nothing *shall*, take that blessed conviction from me now. He thinks *me* dead. How is he to know that I was saved when even my name was inserted wrongly? When they only knew me as the niece of Lady Bearwarden, and quite ignored my own simple cognoman. Nothing would keep him from me did he know. I promised him to be faithful and he shall prove that promise no idle one. He cannot come to me, because he does not know. *Auntie, I am going to him*; only think I am going to find Gerald!"

Her lady ship begins to remonstrate—indeed she is very anxiously doubtful whether this sudden news of Captain Aylmer's rescue, has not proved too much for poor *La Neige*—when the latter interrupts her.

"Don't Auntie," she says, softly, "you would try and dissuade me out of going, through kindness; but you do not know how impossible it would all be. Nothing on earth shall prevent my going to Gerald, now."

"But my dear, you could insert cards in the papers first; then, when his exact whereabouts were ascertained, you might—if you still wished it—go yourself and——."

"As if I could wait quietly here while that was been done. O! Aunt Sarah don't try to prevent me; rather pray for, and wish me God speed. If I were to stay at home I should go mad."

"Well, well dear child," her lady-ship says, soothingly, and drawing the dusky head to her breast, "We will talk it all over this evening, after dinner, and meanwhile I will send for Mr. Ritchie; lawyers always know best how to manage anything of this sort. He might find out and suggest things of which we would never thing."

"O, what a blessed thing it is to have wealth sometimes," *La Neige* cries with some of her old enthusiasm, and raising her sparkling eyes to Lady Bearwarden "I never knew the value of it until today, for it is going to help me to find Gerald."

In all this changeful life of ours, is there any one thing like the hopefulness of youth? *Anything* so near a type of Heaven as the fervent trust which a *perfect* love engenders in the heart!

"Ah, my little Rose," her lady-ship says earnestly "but, you have taught others the value of it, or rather the value of the generous heart, for which all Bearwarden loves and blesses you. What will my poor people do without you?"

And she the poorest of them all when this girl shall leave her. Poor in all the luxury of her beautiful home, whose one gleam of sunshine to the childish mother, *La Neige* has been.

They sit and talk, despite her ladyship's protest to leave it all until after dinner, while the soft, grey twilight grows deeper and darker, and the man comes in to light the lamps. Then dinner is announced and Lady Bearwarden rises at once. One of the very few rules exacted of its guests by the mistress of the court is a prompt attendance at the dinner table. It is her one weakness, she to whose gentle nature *Noblesse oblige* means everything. And even to-night long force of habit is stronger than excitement.

"Rose," she says, suddenly, and stopping half way across the room, "you did not mention how you got the paper. Did some one send it to you?"

"No, auntie, Lieutenant Hammond gave it to me."

"Lieutenant Hammond," my lady says, in surprise.

"Yes," she answers, flushing slightly, "and won my—my sincerest friendship for it. I am afraid that we have been very unjust to him, Aunt Sarah, but I think he understands now."

Lady Bearwarden looks at the sweet, confused face, and reads the whole story.

"He *may* mean well," she says, to herself, when *La Neige* had left the room, "but I never trusted him, and it would take a great deal to make me do it now.

And yet, perhaps, the love he has felt for my darling may have made him a better man, as all who come near her feel her influence. Let me see," she adds, thoughtfully, picking up the paper of the floor, "I have forgotten the date. What was it?"

She reads the date slowly—the twenty-fourth of November, just three days after the men were taken to the hospital, and what might not have happened in those three days? Then on the next page, at the bottom of a column, a short paragraph.

"We regret to learn—as we go to print—that one of the two men, Captain Aylmer, taken to the hospital of the hotel Dieu, on Monday, and rescued by the bark *Relief*, after the burning of the *Alert*, lies in a very precarious condition; his recovery is considered almost impossible. If not already done, steps should be at once taken to communicate with his regiment in England, if the whereabouts of his friends are not known."

"God help her, poor child," Lady Bearwarden says, with a sigh; "it was *this* that Cyril Hammond gave her to read. I can understand now, how he has avenged his own disappointment; and yet he has failed for once. If it has to be told, loving lips shall tell her first. But it need not; it will do no good for her to learn it yet, and, perhaps, heaven knows her own unshaken conviction, that Gerald is indeed alive, may be a Heaven sent inspiration of the truth. God's ways are not our ways, and unconsciously to himself, Cyril Hammond may have wrought a good work unawares.

Later that night as she is leaving the drawing room—Lady Bearwarden and Lady Bearwarden's legal adviser, without whose council her ladyship would hardly take the responsibility of drowning a kitten, having arrived at the sudden conclusion that they can discuss the remainder of their plans a great deal better without her—*La Neige* turns and asks my lady for the paper.

For a moment the latter is cruelly disconcerted. Her habitual, easy repose and natural quickness of perception have alike deserted her.

Mr. Ritchie comes to her ladyship's rescue with admirable promptitude.

"I must request you Miss St. Arnold," he says, quietly, "to allow me to keep the paper in question until to-morrow or the day after. It may be of considerable service in our present investigation, and besides I have not perused it as carefully as I would wish."

"Certainly," Rose answers, with a smile, and ah, how strange a thing it seems upon her beautiful face now; "you may keep it as long as you wish of course. I only wanted to glance over it again, thinking that there might possibly be something I had overlooked."

How fervently Lady Bearwarden thanks that merciful chance which has prevented her, *La Neige* does not know until long years afterwards.

When Mr. Ritchie at length rises to bid her ladyship good-night—and it is in close proximity to the "we sma hours"—everything is definitely settled. Miss St. Arnold, accompanied by my lady's own maid—a faithful servant and trusted friend of thirty years standing—is to go to America.

Listening to her vivid representations and reading the dangerous light of great and newly awakened excitement in her face aright, the shrewd man of the world reasoned wisely, that it would be more prudent to allow her to go and find out for herself than to run the risk of subjecting her—in her present weakened state—to the cruel uncertainty of alternate hope and disappointment.

"Your ladyship will see that I am correct," he says, pausing to draw on his gloves. "In my experience I have acquired something of a physician's knowledge in these things, and I repeat that were we to prevent her from carrying out her scheme of finding Captain Aylmer, or, at least, from undertaking the present journey to that end, the consequences might be serious.

Miss St. Arnold has so long indulged in morbid grief—a grief without anything of hope in this world—that this sudden transition *must* have something upon which to work. Let her go.

The novelty of travel will do her good physically, though perhaps unnoticed by herself, and the knowledge that she is, in a measure, depending entirely upon herself will strengthen her own powers of self-reliance and cause her to better endure whatever may be in store for her."

"I know that you are right," Lady Bearwarden replies, turning away her head, "as you always are, but it is very hard to part with her; were I not so feeble I would go with her myself, but that is impossible. God grant that her prayers may be heard and that he is alive."

"With my whole heart I trust it may be so," the gentleman returns fervently, and then adds more cheerfully, "and in that case the separation would not be for long, my dear friend. Who knows but that we may have children's feet running through these old halls some day, and your lady-ship have nieces as dear to you as their mother is now."

His words bring a happy light to the tender, aged face and with a warm grateful hand-clasp, she bids him good night.

Three days latter, *La Neige* once more sees the white cliffs of England fade from sight, but it is with a feeling absolute gladness.

Could the steamer go with the velocity of the wildest winds that could waft her to that little town upon the beautiful Canadian river, it would be all too slow.

The day comes at last when the *Inverness* touches the New York quays, Miss St. Arnold and her companion make not a moment's unnecessary delay in gaining the cars that are to take them to Boston. From thence they go by steamer to St. John, the gay, enterprising commercial capital of her majesty's province of New Brunswick, when twelve hours by rail brings them to the end of their journey.

To the beautiful little northern seaport; to the place which has known Gerald Aylmer; to the *eldorado* of poor *La Neige's* future hopes.

Lingeringly the fair spring sunshine falls upon each object in the pretty room; upon the snowy draped bed, lounges and chairs with their spotless linen covers; the lace hung windows filled with a few rare flowers and more warmly and caressingly than all else, upon the great, easy chair drawn in front of the fire—for it is only March yet—but so drawn that every beam of sunshine will fall across it.

It's occupant sits with his head resting upon his hand and his elbow upon the arm of the chair, but not so deeply buried in thought that the door opening gently and a light footstep crossing the room have not the power to startle him.

She comes and stands close beside his chair, right in the track of a wandering sunbeam. Only a dark, softly robed girl, with braids of mid-night hair and a pale, wierd, Rem brandt face, with great circles round the tired eyes as though weeping and watching had both their work.

"Such a lovely day, dear" she says, cheerfully "a few more such ones as this and the doctors say you will soon get strong."

"Strong, yes!" he answers, wearily "but helpless always. Ah, *La Neige* how strange it all seems! These two last years."

"Not strange, only, Gerald," she answers fervently, sinking on her knees at his feet "God has been very good to you and me; saved us when others perished; given us again to each other; and sent us light in our darkness: a light whose divine halo has come to us even from Calvary. How little I ever thought years ago, that I should know the truth at last. You cannot know how near it was to me when I thought I had lost you. I used to yearn and wish so often to go for just once into the little chapel at Bearwarden—you remember it Gerald? I fancied that if I could go all alone and kneel before the altar and pray for you *there*, that I should be almost happy; and I have thought since," she adds in a lower tone "I have thought that Heaven may only have sent us all our troubles, in order to work out its own wondrous grace for us."

[Conclusion in our next.]

A painter named Samuel Shay and a companion, whose name was not learned, where at work upon a building on Pride street yesterday afternoon when the scaffolding gave away. Shay was precipitated thirty feet to the ground and was seriously injured. His companion, when the support gave away, nervously clutched the cornice with both hands and hung suspended in the air. His only means of holding himself was the pressure of his fingers and the balls of his hands against the ornaments. With a powerful grasp the man hung there fully four minutes, when he was rescued by men who hurried to the window near him. When taken from his perilous position the man trembled like an aspen leaf, every fiber in his body quivering, and then sank helplessly in a heap to the floor. Hundreds of people witnessed his perilous situation, and loud shouts arose when he was rescued.—[Pittsburgh *Telegraph*

Climo's ever-popular Photographs, at liberal prices, are made at 13 Charlotte street (Jack's building). His beautiful prize stereoscopic views (all saved) of New Brunswick scenery, and St. John before the fire, can also be had at above address and of dealers.

THE RENTING OF HOUSES TO WOMEN OF ILL-FAME.

The St. Louis *Western Watchman*, in a leading article under the heading of "A very Important Decision" suggests means by which the "social evils" to which we referred a short time ago, might be effectually got rid of, and the health and morals of our city permanently purified. In St. Louis the Court of Appeals recently gave a decision on the question of public right about which the citizens had argued long, legislated much and suffered to the verge of exasperation. The *Watchman* says: "The decision is a noble vindication of the right and duty of the people to protect public decency and to punish a crime all the more dangerous to the general well-being because of its close alliance with all the baser passions of human nature. For twelve years we have clamored for some check or remedy against the ever spreading crime of harlotry, and have essayed every expedient, every specific, every invention quack ethics volunteered by reformers only to find in the end the remedy was worse than the disease. We abolish it by statue, we regulated it by law, we suppressed it by force, but the monster grew in spite of its death wounds, and like the fabled serpent of old as fast as one head was knocked off ten new ones sprang up in its place. We had about given up the contest and abandoned the field in despair when to our surprise and utterable gratification the Court of Appeals stepped in and pointed the way to victory and secured decency. It showed us that the foe which had all along eluded and baffled us was not the real enemy, nor the one whose discomfiture could promise any advantage. The poor unfortunates whom youthful disaster had driven upon the streets were not the worst nor the principal offenders. They were birds of prey, and like hawks and vultures braved death and laughed at wounds. We must destroy their cover.

The Court of Appeals has decided that the men and women who build houses for these creatures are the real prostitutes and should be proceeded against, not as accessories but as principals to the crime. Our most virtuous and respectable property holders, the owners of lands and houses, the dwellers in marble halls, our leaders of fashion, our contributors to the charitable enterprise and supporters of churches, will discover that there is little legal or moral difference between those who sell their souls for bread and those who rent houses for the terrible traffic. The Court affirmed its decision on principles of common law, and we are glad of it; for we are very partial to old fashioned notions on this subject. The law which brands prostitution as a crime and its pursuer as an enemy of society is in harmony with those principles of right which have always prevailed in human society, and is taken from the great statue book of God. The theatre of war has been removed to another field, and the conflict will be short and decisive. It now lies in the power of our police to make St. Louis one of the most decent cities in the land, and to give virtue and modesty that protection in our midst for which they have so long clamored in vain. We do not wish to see the poor victims of despair subjected to any new misfortunes; heaven knows they are punished enough already. We do not wish to see the wrecks and ruins of female virtue paraded through the streets and exhibited to the public courts. Let them go their sad mournful way; but woe be to them who live and grow rich from the salvage of their shipwreck. We must apologize to our readers for obtruding this vile subject upon their notice; but when they remember how much the patience of our decent citizens has been tried in the past and how near we were falling into a dispensation of scientific infamy, they will agree with us that the occasion calls for notice and congratulation.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

FARMER'S CAKE.

One egg and the yolk of another, one cup of sugar, a lump of butter as large as a hen's egg, half a nutmeg, one of thin sour cream, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of saleratus, one cup heaping full of flour; beat the eggs, sugar and butter together, then add cream and saleratus, nutmeg and flour last. If you wish it extra nice, put in the whites of two eggs and use white pulverized sugar and one teaspoonful of the essence of lemon; leave out the nutmeg.

RASPBERRY SHORT-CAKE.

Stir into one quart of flour two teaspoonfuls of cream of tarter and a little salt; add two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, or rub into the flour one large tablespoonful of butter or lard; dissolve a small teaspoonful of soda in a little milk; mix with milk; bake quickly and thoroughly; then cut open and lay in sweetened raspberries in abundance, as prepared for the table; close again quickly while hot, that the berries may cook somewhat. To be eaten without a sauce.

BRAN BREAD.

To one quart of bran flour rub in a teaspoonful of salt, and very thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; the latter should be stirred in at least three minutes; that it may be well incorporated; then add two scant tablespoonfuls of molasses, and mix in sufficient new milk to make a stiff batter. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, stir in thoroughly and quickly, pour into a well-greased round tin, and bake slowly one hour. This will keep fresh and moist three days, and is relished by those who can not eat "Graham Bread" prepared in other ways.

FRENCH TOAST.

For a family of five, take five slices of bread (the longer the bread has been baked the better), and have ready a bowl of water, into which a pinch of salt has been dropped Take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and thoroughly grease the bottom of a frying-pan. Then beat five eggs to a froth; dip each slice of bread into the water, then into the egg, and place it flat on the bottom of a frying-pan; pour over the bread the remaining egg which was left in the bowl; set the frying-pan over a fire, carefully turning the bread over when it becomes a light brown. Pepper and salt to taste, and rest assured as often as it is brought on the table, just so often will your dinner be praised.

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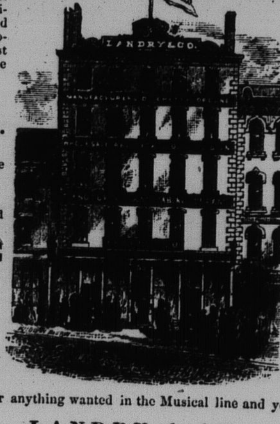

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