Spring's Departure.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The spring departs; and in her speeding
Haste,
Chased by a storm of murmuring winds
and bees
Scatters the withered lilacs as she flies.
The blue-bird mourns for her, the russet
wren
Lead out its young to see her 'ere she
leaves.
Her hands are full of garlands, some
albloom,
Some budding, and some dead. With floating
hair,
Thus fled Opine in her frenzied hour,
And like Ophelia, from her willow branch,
Spring, singing, falls into the lilied pool,
And in the crystal stream of Summer
dawns.
The heavens little weep above her form,
What time she floats adown into the past,
Till June, full blown and blooming, like
her rose,
Comes laughing in beneath the rainbow
arch.

Selected Serial.

SHILOH:

OR,
WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

CHAPTER XXII.

DISCORDS.

The new comers were Mrs. Burcham and Mrs. Shemnar—the one keen, brisk, alert, vigorous, the other slow, bland, smiling, and vapid. The former walked straight into the room, her sharp black eyes taking instant note of all that it contained; the latter sank down on a box just outside the door, complained of the heat, and fanned herself with her sun-bonnet, while her light blue eyes wandered slowly and half-absently from one object to another.

Both looked surprised at the sight of Ruth Winnot, and each gave her a characteristic nod, the one sharp and crisp as a gust of winter-wind, the other sultry and turbid as the breath of a morning in dog-days; but neither made any remark, for which unexpected piece of consideration, or mark of indifference, or uncertainty how to deal with so unusual a fact, or whatever it might be, I was sincerely grateful to them that I gave both an unusually cordial greeting, which probably startled Mrs. Burcham (though it may be questioned if she stood in need of such encouragement, and would not have done the same thing without it) to come and bend over me, inspecting my work.

"It is singular how spontaneous and inevitable is the tendency of some persons to arouse antagonism, provoke discussion, and elicit electrical sparks of ill-humour, wherever they present themselves. The acrid quality of their own moral atmosphere diffuses itself insensibly around them, and is returned upon them again and again, as the air of a confined room continually comes back to be re-inhaled, and still further corrupted, by lungs that have already vitiated its healthful, vitalizing properties. It is probable enough that these unfortunates never quite understand the nature or the cause of their infelicity, nor by what natural and unalterable laws their own uncomfortable moods are continually reflected back upon them, but go through life ascribing the opposition they excite and the ill-temper they evoke to causes entirely outside themselves. Either they believe that the world is, everywhere and always, the unlovely, bitter, hostile, and provoking thing they find it; or they fancy that it cherishes some unaccountable spite and rancour toward them, and grow ever sourer and more acrimonious thereby.

Mrs. Burcham belongs in this class. She not only has the gift of making herself disagreeable in a marked and peculiar degree; but the added power of detecting and bringing forth, as by the touch of a loadstone, all the latent disagreeableness of others. She and Mrs. Prescott rarely meet without a shower of sparks, as when steel strikes flint. Essie Volger often comes into collision with her in a way that evolves more clash, than harmony, and more than once in Sewing Society matters, I have avoided irritating friction only by declining to enter into any discussions.

So innate, and apparently involuntary, is her propensity to oppose, to battle, to condemn, that I have been driven to account for it by the supposition that her ancestors must have sprung, somehow, from that hot-headed race of warriors which cropped up out of the ground wherein Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth; and that the hereditary instincts have not been greatly weakened by a long interfusion of years, and alien blood.

"Mercy on us!" she exclaimed, lifting the worn and torn portion of the curtain upon which I was at work, "what in the world are you doing with those ragged things?"

"Mending them, Mrs. Burcham."

She turned to the part which had been restored, and examined it minutely.

"Well! it's a wonderful specimen of mending, there's no gainsaying that," she said, at length—but rather as if she grudged the admission, "still, I must say, I think it's a frightful waste of time."

"I cannot quite agree with you," I replied; "I do not regard anything, in reason, as a waste of time which adds to the comfort or the tasteful appearance of a home. The sense of sight calls for some gratification, as well as the other senses."

ESSIE VOLGER (taking up the subject with animation). If Miss Prest had embroidered a pin-cushion, or a tidy, to give to Mrs. Taylor, you wouldn't have called it a waste of time. Yet it would have cost more work, and not have been doing her half so real a service.

MRS. BURCHAM. Umph! I've neither tidies nor muslin curtains in my parlour. My curtains are of green paper; it didn't cost much to get them, and it won't cost much to replace them when they're worn out. And what is good enough for me, is good enough for my minister's wife, I guess.

It is impossible to do justice to the tone in which Mrs. Burcham said "my minister." It seemed to imply that Mr. Taylor belonged to her absolutely—body, soul, family, and possessions. I am in doubt to this day whether Bona or Mala had most to do with my rejoinder; certainly it sprang from no inconsiderable depth of feeling of some sort.

"The rule admits of a much wider application than that, Mrs. Burcham; in a certain abstract sense, what is good enough for the beggar at your door is good enough for you; and what is good enough for you is good enough for the king; and what is agreeable to one portion of mankind ought to be agreeable to the rest. Therefore, since raw quimaux delight in raw meat and train oil, let us offer them for dinner to-morrow."

ESSIE. And a seal-skin suit to eat them in!

MRS. BURCHAM (seeing a loophole of escape, and making for it). You forget the difference in climate, Miss Frost!

I (quietly closing the aperature in her face). You forgot the difference in taste, habit, education, Mr. Burcham!

ESSIE (hurrying to make the fastening secure). Because Mrs. Taylor has been accustomed all her life to do without cows, sheep, poultry, a dairy flowing with milk and butter, a cheese room lined with cheeses, a cellar stored with apples, cider, vegetables, pork, presses bursting with blankets, quilts, comfortables, linen, and whatever goes to make up the completest idea of farm-house plenty—you would think it unjust and unreasonable that you should be required to dispossess yourself of all these things. Because Polly Sykes has no curtains at all to her windows, neither paper, muslin, nor anything else (except she makes an old newspaper do duty, now and then), is that a good reason why you should give up yours? So, if Mrs. Taylor has been accustomed to think her parlour incomplete without snowy muslin curtains, tastefully looped back from the windows, and books on the table, and pictures on the wall, and she has been able to get them, or has had friends kind enough to give them to her, do not grudge her the pleasure of leaving them, nor Miss Frost's time in mending them.

I (giving a last turn to the lock). Or, if you really think it should be "share and share alike," send her half your cows, hens, butter, cheese, &c., &c., and take half of her curtains in return.

ESSIE (flinging a gibe through the keyhole). Mending thrown in!

MRS. BURCHAM (her black eyes flushing ominously). I don't object to Mrs. Taylor's having embroidered muslin curtains if she wants them, and can afford it; I can't—and if she don't mind their looking like the last gasp of would-be gentility, before it gives up the ghost! But I own I do hate to see time wasted, and I did think yours and Miss Frost's ought to be too valuable to be flung away on old worn-out things, that must go to pieces in another wash or two, anyhow—but you ought to know best about that; if it isn't, all right.

ESSIE (musingly). To be sure, it would be better to buy new ones—they might last longer—and I think we might accomplish it, if you would be so good as to head the subscription, and take it round.

MRS. BURCHAM (reddening with anger). Thank you, Miss Volger; but I believe I can spend my time better than in encouraging my minister, or his wife, to strive after the pomps and vanities of the world—things he's bound to preach against, if he does his duty.

ESSIE (in apparent soliloquy, holding up a very dilapidated curtain, and gravely surveying it). Um—"pomps and vanities!" Decidedly more vanity than pomp, I should say! Light as a feather, and thin as a spider's web! Several holes—and a border around them! Plenty of open work—and next to nothing to hold it together! Ventilation simply provided for—protection dispensed with! Benevolently designed to let candle-light out—and sunlight in! Well, yes, vanity enough—in the sense of want of substance—and to spare! But as for—

AUNT VIN (severely, from the doorway, having caught the last sentences in passing). Essie Volger! you must be inside yourself to be a holding Mr. Taylor's things up to ridicule, like that! I'm ashamed of you! And as for the curtains, I'm sure they look well enough, after they're mended, if they was a little decapitated, to begin with.

"Aunt Vin!" screamed Essie, hysterically, "I never thought of ridiculing the curtains. I was merely trying to convince Mrs. Burcham that they do not come under the head of the pomps of this world."

"I should think not," returned Aunt Vin, emphatically. "Seems to me they'd go better among the fortifications of the flesh; though, to be sure, you've put in those patches and darns so nicely that they ain't even visible from here; but when I do get nigh-enough to extinguish 'em, they go to my heart. They show so plainly how ministers have to save and pinch to get along and keep up a decent appearance before folks—for it won't do for ministers to go shabby, they nor their houses—they've got to look respectable outside, though they've got nothing inside but the heads of their next concourse and an appetite! And what toils and hardships they have to endure, and no thanks to nobody! Poor creatures! they have to do the most work for the least rumination of anybody I know of!"

And Aunt Vin went back to her work, shaking her head most lugubriously.

Mrs. Burcham started to follow her, but stopped in the doorway to say, petulantly,

"I'm sick of hearing people talk about ministers' toils and sacrifices! As if they weren't well paid for it!"

Now this has been a sore point with me, Francesca, ever since I found Cousin Will in that miserable little fossilized parish of Redburn, in a community of well-to-do farmers, going without eggs, milk, or butter, for weeks together, to say nothing of things even more necessary—in short, patiently solving the problem how little could keep body and soul together, and in imminent danger of sundering that long-suffering pair some frosty morning by a very slight miscalculation. I suddenly flashed out, therefore—

"Do you really think they are well paid for it, Mrs. Burcham? When you send for a clergyman, at dead of night, to baptize your sick child, do you pay him for it? When you desire him to come five miles into the country to preach a sermon over it, and three miles in another direction to see it decently buried—obliging him to hire a horse and carriage for the transit—do you pay him for it? When he visits you in your desolation, and teaches you how to assume the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness, do you pay him for it? When he leads you, step by step, down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, never letting go your hand until he has put it into the strong, tender one of Christ, do you pay him for it? And while, year after year, he watches for your soul, as one who must give account, battling with your indifference, bearing with your asperities, patient with your infirmities, gentle with your prejudices, sorrowing over your lapses into sin, carrying you daily before the throne of grace, and wrestling with God, as Jacob of old, for a blessing upon you and yours, do you pay him for it? Or are all these things 'in the bond' whereby Shiloh (Shylock were the better name, methinks!) agrees to receive him as her clergyman, and to pay something less than four hundred dollars for his services? Does that mean service by day, service by night, service in sickness, service in health, service of head and heart, service of prayer and teaching, service of care, of counsel, of warning, of forbearance, of consolation? Are all his kindly affections and quiet charities—every timely admonition—every sympathetic tear—every product of brain and hand—reckoned as bought and paid for by that four hundred dollars? Does nothing remain for friendliness, for generosity? For four hundred dollars is he supposed to have become so poor, abject, slavish, that he has nothing left to give another, either of the warmth of his heart, the utterances of his lips, or the prayers of his soul? Are none of these his? Are they all 'i' the bond?' All sold to Shiloh for four hundred dollars! And an excellent bargain! He is 'well paid!'"

MRS. BURCHAM (looking somewhat aghast). Of course I didn't mean all that, Miss Frost!

I. Will you be good enough to tell me what you did mean, then?

MRS. BURCHAM (stammering). Why—a—you know—a—that—a—we have a right to expect that our minister shall visit us in sickness, and attend our funerals, and all these things, because we all help to support him, you know.

I. Help to support him! There it is! Every other labourer is supposed to support himself by his labour; a clergyman is said to be "supported by" his parish. He never earns a fair salary, but his people "give him a comfortable support!" Did it ever occur to you to say that you helped to support your grocer, butcher, shoemaker, physician, lawyer, Mrs. Burcham? Did you ever base on that ground a claim to overweight in every pound of sugar, gratuitous supplies of meat, several pairs of shoes per year as a bonus for your patronage, night-visits never to be charged in the bill, and briefs and travelling not to be included in the fees? Yet a clergyman has his regular work, for which he receives a stipulated payment, just as much as any of these—writing of sermons on week-days, officiating in desk and pulpit on Sundays, care of Sunday-School, baptism of infants, regular visitation of parish, and perhaps burials of his own congregation (which he has a right to expect will be so arranged as to cause him no expense). If, in addition to these, out of the largeness of his heart and his zeal for his Master's service, he chooses to hold himself at the beck and call of every conscience-stricken soul, every sick woman, every dying man, every corpse, every mourner, every poverty-pinched household, within a radius of five miles of his dwelling—though some claimant never entered his church nor gave a sixpence toward his salary—let it be so accounted of as a favour, a deed of brotherly kindness, a loving gift a generous heart, to be gratefully received and thankfully acknowledged, and not as a service set down in the bond, and duty paid for! Do not assume that, because he is paid for conducting public worship, he is also paid for kneeling at your bedside and commending your soul to God. In the first place, love, sympathy, private prayers are not bought and sold in the market. In the second place, if they were, they would command a higher price.

MRS. BURCHAM (having recovered herself). You speak very contemptuously of that four hundred dollars; I suppose it does seem small to any one with extravagant city notions. But it is more than half the families in Shiloh have to live upon. Major Burcham and I haven't spent over three hundred, this last year, all told.

MISS ESSIE. Did you reckon all the milk, butter, eggs, potatoes, early vegetables, pork, rye, &c., that you used, at the market price?

MRS. BURCHAM (carelessly). Oh! we raise all those things, you know!

ESSIE (with a fiery spark in her eye). But Mr. Taylor does not raise them, you know! He has his sermons to write, and he must hold himself in readiness to respond to your calls in sickness, trouble, and death. He buys them, and you sell them to him at the highest market prices. You do not think them worth reckoning amongyour living expenses; they form a large item in his. If they really cost you nothing, why not let him have them at the same cheap rate? Come, I'll be one of fifteen or twenty to furnish Mr. Taylor with everything of ordinary farm-growth that he needs during the coming year. If we do not feel the loss of what we use ourselves, nor make any account of it, we shall not be ruined by an additional fifteenth or twentieth of his consumption.

There was a dead silence.

Then Mrs. Shemnar said, with her weak little laugh. "It's all very well for rich people like you, Essie Volger, to make such a proposal, but—"

ESSIE (interrupting her). That shall not stand in the way for a moment. I will give two shares, or three, in proportion to my means.

Another silence. Essie waited for some moments, while the flush slowly faded from her cheek; then she resumed her work, and her full, red lip took on its most scornful curve.

BONA (softly). Do you not see that all your discussion, carried on in this spirit, is worse than useless? Mrs. Burcham and Mrs. Shemnar will remember all your gibes and stings, and forget your reasoning.

I (choking down an irritating remark that was rising to my lips). Well! a truce to discussion! No doubt, Mrs Burcham will find her own graceful and effectual way of showing her regard for Mr. Taylor, even though she does not join in our curtain-mending, nor accept your proposition in regard to the farm-produce, Miss Essie. Probably she realises, not less fully than we, that his happiness and that of his family depend, from henceforth, very much upon the kindness, sympathy, and forbearance, of this people. She feels that whatever we do to make his abode a "House Beautiful," will, like all kindly, unselfish work, react favourably upon ourselves. Any parish which does its best to provide its clergyman with a pleasant and convenient home, thereby freeing him from petty annoyances and cares, and enabling him to give his mind, more unreservedly to his intellectual and moral work, will surely find its account, not only in the heartier, more thorough, and more helpful ministrations it will receive, but in its own warmer interest and affection, and its more vigorous life. And there will be, between it and its minister, a continually increasing interchange of kindly deeds, delicate considerations, gratitude, sympathy, love—every different from the parochial relation which exists where the clergyman is expected to visit constantly, and never be visited; always to sympathise, yet ask for no sympathy; to pray for all, and be prayed for of none; to study the welfare of each individual in his cure, while no one takes thought for him! I would not quarrel with the first-mentioned parish, if it did assert that it "gave its clergyman a support," since it would doubtless be equally ready to declare that its clergyman gave, in return, his labour and his love—the best of his thought and life; and I feel sure that Mrs. Burcham will do what she can to make Shiloh such a parish.

MRS. BURCHAM (accepting the overture). Of course, I want Mr. Taylor to have everything convenient and comfortable, and I'm willing to do anything in reason to make it so; but I shan't do much toward it if I stand here talking all the afternoon. Mrs. Shemnar, you and I might as well take that bedroom in hand. I'll go and look up Mr. Taylor, and find out what's to go in it.

In obedience to which beneficent inspiration, the two ladies walked off. Shortly after, Mrs. Seber, Mrs. Banser, and Miss Eryer arrived, and undertook to reduce the kitchen to order. Another small party set about imparting a look of orderliness to the second floor. Aunt Vin had already installed herself in the pantry, and was scrubbing, polishing, and arranging, *con amore*.

The long summer afternoon wore on. Once I was called to the sitting-room by Mrs. Prescott, to give my voice in some question of arrangement; and as I halted in the kitchen on my return, I was pleased to hear Ruth Winnot babbling away like a meadow brook to Essie Volger, while, now and then, her laugh gurgled merrily through both rooms. Coming nearer, and seeing her face uplifted and aglow, and her eyes dancing with merriment, I could scarcely rid myself of the impression that the wan and mournful Ruth had somehow been spirited away, and this bright, merry, sparkling creature substituted in her place. I was even a little saddened by the sight; as if I had found a bird singing its song, and building its nest, in a flickering strip of winter sunshine, mistaking it for the dawn of an unending summer.

At six o'clock everything was complete—the old house prepared for the new life which was to be lived in it, which, nevertheless, would not be much unlike many other lives it had known (since it must be woven of the same human wrap and woof), yet would be well worth living through, notwithstanding, with the peaceful light of piety shed over it, and immortal hope shining far on into the dusk.

There is no resisting the natural gravitation of a farm-house toward the kitchen. It was there that we all assembled, by tacit concurrence, when the work was done, and it was there that I said—

"It seems to me it would be well to sing the Gloria in Excelsis now, by way of pleasant finale to our afternoon. We will baptize the old house in a stream of harmony, making short work with ghosts and spells, and washing away whatever accordances of feeling, temper, opinion, or faith, may cling to the walls. Lead off, Ruth."

Ruth lifted up her voice with fervour, Essie joined in spiritedly, I took the alto, Mr. Taylor supplied the needed background of a bass, and other voices fell in or strayed out, according to inclination or ability. The glorious old song of praise rolled its rich tide through the rooms, penetrating to the darkest corners of garret and cellar, and leaving everywhere, I hoped, some helpful, healing, reviving influence.

Then, the party scattered. Before Miss Essie took her leave, she invited Alice and myself to tea with her the next afternoon, and managed to include Ruth in the invitation, with so much tact and cordiality, that the would-be recluse promised to go before she knew it, and was left in a state of infinite amazement because she had done so.

When all had gone, save our own little party, Mrs. Prescott drew me aside into the pantry. Loaves of bread, piles of biscuit, a tempting variety of cakes, balls of butter, ritangles of cheese, brown-paper parcels, and baskets of fruit and vegetables, were marshalled upon its shelves, in sufficient force to ensure to Mrs. Taylor some weeks of easy and inexpensive housekeeping. Mrs. Prescott pointed them out, and named their donors, with a mixture of feelings. Mrs. Danforth had covered herself with glory.

"She said she'd never heard of such a thing in her life," said my guide, "but, as soon as she found out what I wanted, she was ready to send everything she had in the house."

To one small cord of gingerbread, however, with a kind of Uriah Heep air about it, she gave a withering glance.

"I would just like to chuck that out of window," she said, spitefully; "would you believe it? that's all Mrs. Burcham brought, and she as well off as anybody in the parish, if not better! The truth is, some give liberally and some don't give at all, and all share the credit. Mr. Taylor sees his pantry well filled, and thinks everybody has had a hand in it, and believes he's in clover. But he won't live here long without finding out who his friends are, that's one comfort!"

A comfort that has its reverse of discomfort?

Mr. Taylor was to spend the night at the Divines, not to disturb the newly-created order of his dwelling before its mistress's arrival, therefore, windows were shut and doors fastened, and finally, standing on the broad, irregularly-shaped doorstep, he turned the key on the silence within.

"How strange," said Alice, softly, "to have a home full of promise, and not one memory!"

(To be Continued).

—Miss Rosewood, who took part in amateur theatricals—"Oh, I'm so tired, I had to stand all the evening." Miss Sharp, who was in the audience—"My dear, you have not had to stand nearly so much as we have."

—Josh Billings says: There is one thing about hens that looks like wisdom—they don't kackle much until after they have laid their egg. Some pholks are alwus a bragging and a cackling what they are going tew do bef rehand.

—"What do you want to set such a tough chicken before me for?" indignantly exclaimed a fair damsel in a restaurant, the other day. "Age before beauty, always, you know, ma'am!" replied the polite attendant.

—A gentleman overhearing a car driver asking an exorbitant fare of an unsuspecting foreigner, expostulated with him on his audacious misstatement of the tariff, concluding with the words, "I wonder you haven't more regard for the truth." "Och, indade, thin, I've a great dale more regard for the truth than to be dthragging her out on every paltry occasion," was the reply.

—It is related of John Wesley, that he was walking one day with a Christian man, who poured out his troubles in a steady stream, and mournfully concluded by saying that, "He couldn't see through them at all." Just then they past a cow which was looking at them over a wall. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow looks over the wall?" "No," replied the disconsolate brother. "I will tell you," said Wesley; "it is because she cannot look *through* it. That is what you need to do with your troubles; look over and above them."

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Indigestion and Constipation,
Liver Complaint and Biliousness,
Low vitality and Nervousness,
Skin Eruptions caused by Constipation,

Costiveness and Pain in the bowels,
Uric acid poison in the blood,
Rashes and Boils caused by Constipation,
Enfeebled sight and Nervous Tremors,

Mental and physical depression,
Agueish symptoms from Indigestion,
Nausea, Dizziness, and Foul Breath,
Youth and age troubles of women,

Inaction of the secretory organs,
Looseness of the bowels,
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