

Poetry.

IN HEAVEN IS REST.

BY FRIDERIC R. MARVIN.

Beyond the feverish cares and strife,
And all the joys which make our life—
In heaven—is rest.
Beyond our fears—a gallant chain,
And all our hopes, so false and vain;
Beyond what now we would conceal
From friends and foes—the wrongs we feel—
In heaven—is rest.

The angel band, the happy throng,
Around the throne, with harp and song,
Are there at rest.
There wearied ones, their conflict o'er,
A rest enjoy, unknown before;
And there shall we, our sorrows done,
Our battle fought, our victory won,
Forever rest.

Miscellaneous.

THE PASSIONATE CHILD.

A dark-eyed boy not playing at draughts with a little sister, two or three years younger than himself. His motions were deliberate and his manner absorbed, showing that he was deeply interested in the game. Suddenly a flash went over his face, and an angry word against his sister leaped from his tongue.

"I didn't mean to do it," said the little sister, in a deprecating voice.

"Yes, you did mean to do it!" the boy's black eyes lighted up with a fierce radiance; and there was a restless twitching of his hand, as if he impudently struck was troubling all his nerves.

"Silence, sir!" exclaimed the mother of the children.

"Yes, you did mean to do it!" repeated the boy, more passionately, and without seeming to have heard his mother's injunction.

"Silence, I say!" Angry blood now left a stain upon the mother's face. But a deeper stain dyed the boy's face.

"I'll kill you one of these days!" he almost shouted, as he pushed the small table at which he was sitting, with so much violence, that it fell over with a jar and a crash. Springing up, in wild excitement, the mother caught hold of the boy, and struck him two or three blows. Blindly and in rapid succession, he, meantime, struggling against her furiously.

"Now lift that table, and pick up the checker-board," said the mother, assuming an air of the sternest authority, as she released the boy, pushing him from her with such force that he went staggering half across the room. He stood still, on recovering himself, with his face yet deeply flushed, and his whole frame quivering with passion.

"Did you hear me?" demanded his mother.

The boy started not a foot.

"John!" the mother's passion was increasing. Against this barrier to her will, the title was swelling and foaming. But she might as well have spoken to a statue. "Pick up that table!"

No sign of obedience was visible.

Still blunder in her passion, the excited mother sprang, with uplifted hand, towards the boy; but, with a quick motion, he eluded her, and darted from the room. She was following, when a low voice, so solemn in its warning, that she could not resist the appeal, pronounced her name, and she passed and turned back.

"Mary, Mary! As you love that child, forbear."

"But what am I to do, Aunt Phoebe? Let him have his own way?"

The mother sat down, trembling, the flush dying out of her face until it became pale.

"Rule him in the way of reason, Mary."

"Reason! Talk reason to a child in the heat of passion!"

"Not to the child, Mary, but to the mother."

There was a slight appearance of surprise. "I am not sure that I understand you, Aunt Phoebe."

"The wise ruler," says Aunt Phoebe, "sits fire in the region of calm debate, and before acting, she determines the best mode of action. Was that your course just now?"

"There was no time for cool debate. I was required to act. John's wrong-doing demanded prompt discipline. A passionate temper like his must be checked in the first outbreak. You may hold him with a strong hand."

"You did not succeed holding him in the present case, Mary."

The mother's eyes dropped from those of her mentor, and fell on the floor.

"What am I to do?" There was trouble on her face as she looked up, and despondency in her voice.

"If we meet passion with passion, Mary, what is the result? A blinder and more desperate passion in most cases; thus the evil against which we contend is made stronger instead of weaker. Does that arm grow feebler by use? If a child is timid, how do we induce courage? By exciting his fears? No; so; we remove, as far as possible, whatever may awaken vague alarms, and teach him self-reliance and the habit of looking past the mere surface of things, and understanding what is beneath."

Help him to a condition of self-poise—help him to grow brave through his own mental power. Right will not do this, nor experiments on his timidity by which fear has sudden assault. If a child is inclined to the utterance of falsehoods, do we expose him to temptation in order to cure the evil? Will he not grow more indifferent to the truth? We show him the beauty and value of honor, integrity, sincerity, and uprightness, so that he may fall in love with them. You cannot lessen the stream by obstructing its current. The source must be diminished."

"He is so passionate! I tremble when I look to the future," said the mother, as tears filled her eyes.

"And you are passionate, Mary," replied the aunt.

"Passion against passion has worked injury from the beginning, and will ever work injury. You were a passionate child; and, as a woman, have not learned the great and important lesson of self-control. This being so, I see cause why you should tremble in looking into the future. On you, more than on any human being, rests the momentous issue. If you do not control yourself, you will never be able rightly to control him. By force and punishment you may, for a time, repress and subdue; but, steadily, under the reaction of passion against passion, will his fiery temper grow stronger, until, in the end, overlapping all barriers, it will dash onward at its own wild will."

A shudder ran through the mother's heart. She had painful memories to warn and frighten—memories of deeds in her father's family, the result of unbridled passion, which had shadowed many lives. Yet never, until this hour, had the right way of discipline for her quick-tempered child been suggested.

Passion against passion! How clearly she saw its folly and madness. Passion against passion was a struggle in which each side gained power. It was an undying conflict.

"He has disobeyed me," said the mother. "I ordered him to lift the table he threw over in a fit of temper, and he refused. Can I let that pass?"

"Did you not wake disobedience a necessity?" asked Aunt Phoebe, in her calm, penetrating voice.

"I do not understand you."

"Think a moment. Your command did not reach his true consciousness—did not touch his sense of filial obligation; but only gave passion and wider force. It was impossible for him to obey."

"Impossible, Aunt Phoebe?"

"Strike a spirited animal, already quivering with excitement, and will he not start or plunge? What if you cry, 'who-a!' Will that soothe the irritation? The boy was not responsible for his conduct, and you will do well not to hold him to any serious account."

"But what am I to do, Aunt Phoebe? Let this outrage pass?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Deal with it as a mother who loves her child, and seeks its highest good, should deal."

"Easily said, Aunt Phoebe. But the way—that is the question."

"The true physician," replied Aunt Phoebe, "deals with causes rather than effects. Fever, for instance, he recognizes as an effect—the sign of some hidden obstruction to infant life—and he seeks, in applying his remedies, to reach this cause with as little disturbance of vital power as possible. If he can remove the cause, there results a peaceful cessation of the effect; but if he pursue a different course, assuaging fever as the real enemy, and attempting to flood the system with a strong arm, a stiff enema, and the sick man is made worse, perhaps destroyed. Look deeper, my dear child, than these outward signs of passion, which but give signs of a hidden malady. John inherits a quick, blind temper from his mother. If she had subdued, in any degree, that temper before the boy was born, there would have been a weaker transmission of evil proclivity. But, as he has derived it in full force, the mother's next best thing is to begin overcoming it in herself now, as the only way in which she can overcome it in her child. She must meet his passion with gentleness—his anger with such unobtrusive love, as will melt it away like snow in the sunshine. She must be the wise physician, and deal with causes, not effects. Help him to see the evil of this quick, springing passion, and help him, in loving self-possession, to begin the work of conquest. Were you so taught and helped in your early years?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Phoebe!" The young mother spoke with strong feeling. "Had that been so, I might have been a different woman now."

"And thus, you see, by thinking back in your own case, through a wise and gentle government, this passionate boy may acquire the mastery over himself."

(To be Continued.)

HOPE LESLIE'S CROSS.

"Patience, patience! I'll never learn that lesson!" said Hope Leslie to herself, as she leaned her head against the window-pane.

Now if I should tell you how beautiful was the house she lived in, what tender, loving parents watched over her, how every wish was gratified, I am certain some of you would say, "It is easy enough to be patient, with all that I could I am sure."

"That little girl who is unhappy because she is not so beautiful as she might be, would listen while I told her what soft blue eyes she had, and how her hair fell in rich curls over her pure white forehead, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"There is a dark side to every picture," some one has said, and now I'll show you the shadow that lies upon poor Hope Leslie's life. As she lies back on her soft couch, with so many beautiful things around her—look again, and tell me would you change places with her? I think not; as your eye catches that bent form, that shivering limbs, and even now you can see a look of pain upon that fair brow—for Hope is a great sufferer.

Years ago, when she was a dear little baby, her lungs were as soft and round, and her cheeks as rosy, as that tiny pet at home you love so well. But one day her mother, in her usual way, took her to the water, and from that time she has been a helpless cripple. Those little feet have never patterned across the floor, but are withered by disease. Of how often she has looked out from her soft pillows upon the street, and as she saw some poor beggar child, with a few shreds of ragged clothing, and a wretched, worn-out, and faded face, she would say, 'Well, I looked like that, I could make everybody love me, and it would be an easy thing to learn patience.' Wait a moment, I have not told you all."

"Think a moment. Your command did not reach his true consciousness—did not touch his sense of filial obligation; but only gave passion and wider force. It was impossible for him to obey."

"Impossible, Aunt Phoebe?"

"Strike a spirited animal, already quivering with excitement, and will he not start or plunge? What if you cry, 'who-a!' Will that soothe the irritation? The boy was not responsible for his conduct, and you will do well not to hold him to any serious account."

"But what am I to do, Aunt Phoebe? Let this outrage pass?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Deal with it as a mother who loves her child, and seeks its highest good, should deal."

"Easily said, Aunt Phoebe. But the way—that is the question."

"The true physician," replied Aunt Phoebe, "deals with causes rather than effects. Fever, for instance, he recognizes as an effect—the sign of some hidden obstruction to infant life—and he seeks, in applying his remedies, to reach this cause with as little disturbance of vital power as possible. If he can remove the cause, there results a peaceful cessation of the effect; but if he pursue a different course, assuaging fever as the real enemy, and attempting to flood the system with a strong arm, a stiff enema, and the sick man is made worse, perhaps destroyed. Look deeper, my dear child, than these outward signs of passion, which but give signs of a hidden malady. John inherits a quick, blind temper from his mother. If she had subdued, in any degree, that temper before the boy was born, there would have been a weaker transmission of evil proclivity. But, as he has derived it in full force, the mother's next best thing is to begin overcoming it in herself now, as the only way in which she can overcome it in her child. She must meet his passion with gentleness—his anger with such unobtrusive love, as will melt it away like snow in the sunshine. She must be the wise physician, and deal with causes, not effects. Help him to see the evil of this quick, springing passion, and help him, in loving self-possession, to begin the work of conquest. Were you so taught and helped in your early years?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Phoebe!" The young mother spoke with strong feeling. "Had that been so, I might have been a different woman now."