

have added as truly, that the wife was her husband's crown of rejoicing.

But if you deem that the seed planted by Father Wade came to bloom and maturity without much careful watching, and much prayerful fear—that the danger of flood and of drought did not

seem imminent at times—that without God's patience and Love's most vigilant endeavor the harvest was gathered in, how have you misread newspaper paragraphs and the human heart! How have you misinterpreted many a wife's mild countenance and ways—many a man's reverent deference to woman!

## THE LOST STEAMSHIP.

“HO, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!  
Tell me what is that far away—  
There, where over the Isle of Sand  
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?  
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,  
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,  
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife—  
Tell me what is it, Fisherman, pray?”

“That, good Sir, was a steamer stout  
As ever paddled around Cape Race;  
And many's the wild and stormy bout  
She had with the winds in that self-same place;  
But her time was come; and at ten o'clock  
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;  
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,  
And at dawn this morning she was no more.”

“Come, as you seem to know, good man,  
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,  
Tell me about her all that you can;  
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.  
Tell me how many she had aboard—  
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true—  
How did it fare with her human hoard;  
Lost she many or lost she few?”

“Master, I may not drink of your flask,  
Already too moist I feel my lip;  
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,  
And spin you my yarn about the ship:  
'Twas ten o'clock, as I said, last night,  
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;  
And scarce had broken the morning's light  
Than she sank in twelve feet of water, or more.

“But long ere this they knew her doom,  
And the Captain called all hands to prayer;  
And solemnly over the ocean's boom  
The orisons rose on the troublous air.  
And round about the vessel there rose  
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,  
Like angels in their ascension clothes,  
Waiting for those who prayed below.

“So these three hundred people clung  
As well as they could to spar and rope;  
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,  
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.  
But there was no blubbering weak and wild—  
Of tearful faces I saw but one,  
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,  
And not for himself, but the Captain’s son.

“The Captain stood on the quarter-deck,  
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;  
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,  
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.  
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—  
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—  
’Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;  
And that was the last they saw of him.

“I saw one young fellow, with his bride,  
Standing amidships upon the wreck;  
His face was white as the boiling tide,  
And she was clinging about his neck.  
And I saw them try to say good-by,  
But neither could hear the other speak;  
So they floated away through the sea to die—  
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

“And there was a child, but eight at best,  
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;  
All the while holding upon his breast  
A little pet parrot, whose wings were clipped.  
And as the boy and the bird went by,  
Swinging away on a tall wave’s crest,  
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning cry,  
And together the three went down to rest.

“And so the crew went one by one,  
Some with gladness, and few with fear;  
Cold and hardship such work had done  
That few seemed frightened when death was near.  
Thus every soul on board went down—  
Sailor and passenger, little and great;  
The last that sank was a man of my town,  
A capital swimmer—the second mate.”

“Now, lonely Fisherman, who are you,  
That say you saw this terrible wreck?  
How do I know what you say is true,  
When every mortal was swept from the deck?  
Where were you in that hour of death?  
How did you learn what you relate?”  
His answer came in an under-breath—  
“Master, I was the second mate!”

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

## LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



## CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH I PLAY THE SPY.

THE room to which Bedford conducted me I hold to be the very pleasantest chamber in all the mansion of Shrublands. To lie on that comfortable cool bachelor's bed there, and see the birds hopping about on the lawn; to peep out of the French window at early morning, inhale the sweet air, mark the dewy bloom on the grass, listen to the little warblers performing their chorus, step forth in your dressing-gown and slippers, pick a strawberry from the bed, or an apricot in its season; blow one, two, three, just half a dozen puffs of a cigarette, hear the venerable towers of Putney toll the hour of six (three hours from breakfast, by consequence), and pop back into bed again with a favorite novel or review, to set you off (you see I am not malicious, or I could easily insert here the name of some twaddler against whom I have a grudge-kin): to pop back into bed again, I say, with a book which sets you off into that dear invaluable second sleep, by which health, spirits, appetite are so prodigiously improved: all these I hold to be most cheerful and harmless pleasures, and have partaken of them often at Shrublands with a grateful heart. That heart may have had its griefs, but is yet susceptible of enjoyment and consolation. That bosom may have been lacerated, but is not therefore and henceforward a stranger to comfort. After a certain affair in

Dublin—nay, very soon after, three months after—I recollect remarking to myself: “Well, thank my stars, I still have a relish for 34 claret.” Once at Shrublands I heard steps pacing overhead at night, and the feeble but continued wail of an infant. I wakened from my sleep, was sulky, but turned and slept again. Biddlecombe the barrister I knew was the occupant of the upper chamber. He came down the next morning looking wretchedly yellow about the cheeks, and livid round the eyes. His teething infant had kept him on the march all night, and Mrs. Biddlecombe, I am told, scolds him frightfully besides. He munched a shred of toast, and was off by the omnibus to chambers. I chipped a second egg; I may have tried one or two other nice little things on the table (Strasbourg pâté, I know, I never can resist, and am convinced

it is perfectly wholesome). I could see my own sweet face in the mirror opposite, and my gills were as rosy as any broiled salmon. “Well, well!” I thought, as the barrister disappeared on the roof of the coach, “he has *domus* and *placens uxor*; but is she *placens*? *Placetne* to walk about all night with a roaring baby? Is it pleasing to go to bed after a long hard day's work, and have your wife nagnagging you because she has not been invited to the Lady Chancelloress's *soirée*, or what not? Suppose the Glorvina whom you loved so had been yours? Her eyebrows looked as if they could scowl; her eyes as if they could flash with anger. Remember what a slap she gave the little knife-boy for upsetting the butter-boat over her tabinet. Suppose *parvulus aulá*, a little Batchelor, your son, who had the toothache all night in your bedroom?” These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind as I helped myself to the comfortable meal before me. “I say, what a lot of muffins you're eating!” cried innocent Master Lovel. Now the married, the wealthy, the prosperous Biddlecombe only took his wretched scrap of dry toast. “Aha!” you say, “this man is consoling himself after his misfortune.” O churl! and do you grudge me consolation? “Thank you, dear Miss Prior. Another cup, and plenty of cream, if you please.” Of course, Lady Baker was not at table when I said, “Dear Miss Prior,” at breakfast. Before her ladyship I was as mum as a mouse. Elizabeth found occasion