

night, as I was going down, I was surprised to see a light below. Thinking the gas had been left burning by mistake, I went down; and when just on the last stair I saw that Mrs. Lyndon was still up. She was seated with her back to me, and leaned over the table. Was she asleep? I stooped forward to see. No; she was awake, and bent over something which she was moving between her hands. Old stories of misers in the depth of lonely night counting their secret stores of gold came whimsically enough to my mind. She had no gold, however; only a decayed old pack of blackened cards spread before her. I softly withdrew; I had seen enough; I had fathomed all the poor, sad little mystery with one involuntary glance. I too was of Arcadia; I too had come up from the country, where superstitions are still a faith, and omens and divinations defy Hamlet's philosophy. I knew at once that Mrs. Lyndon was trying some feeble, sad, sibylline work. Poor old creature, with her early and childish country superstitions still clinging round her, she was sorting the cards to discover in them some tidings of the husband who had deserted her—some hint as to the fortunes of the daughter whom she was breaking her heart to bring up as a lady.

Late that night I heard a hansom cab drive up to the door. I was reading something in my own room, and I looked out of the window. Some one got out of the cab and handed Lilla to the door-step. She was in opera costume—wherever on earth she had got it—and she looked indeed very attractive, and apparently very joyous, as she tripped up the steps. It was an elderly gentleman who accompanied her. I could see his iron-gray hair and rather red face. Lilla opened the door with her latch-key, while he got into the cab and drove off. I could hear him giving directions to the cabman in a peculiarly strident voice. Lilla crept very softly down stairs, where I suppose her mother was still sitting up for her.

Next morning I chanced to meet my young friend.

"Oh, Mr. Banks," she broke out, "I have such a headache!"

"You were dissipating last night," I answered. "That is what comes of late hours."

"How do you know? Did you see me come in?"

"Yes, that I did."

"I am so glad! Did I look well?"

"Charming."

"Did I really? Yes; my uncle took me to the Opera, and gave me the dress and cloak to go in—was not that kind of him?—and it was so delightful!"

"The music? What opera was it?"

"Oh! *Fidelio*. But I didn't care about the music; at least, I mean I didn't care so much about it. I was so happy, and delighted with every thing, and especially myself. I was a lady for a whole night! And we were in the stalls—I love the stalls! I never was there be-

fore—and we had supper afterward! And we drove home in a hansom. Now I have a headache; but I don't mind, for it's such a long time since I had a new dress; and I was so happy."

I could not help thinking of the poor old mother in the damp kitchen, spelling over her pack of cards.

Indeed, I could never look at that poor old woman without wondering for what unknown purpose she was ever sent upon earth, in what inscrutable way Heaven would compensate her in some world hereafter for her joyless drudgery here. Not merely was she not happy herself, but, with the kindest heart, the most unselfish nature in the world, she did not seem to have the power of making any one else happy. What hopeless misfortune had crushed her into beggarly inertness so young I did not know: but so long, at least, as Lilla's memory seemed to go back, the lives of the pair had been one unintermittent, humiliating, demoralizing battle with poverty. Poverty and drudgery appeared to have crushed quite out of Mrs. Lyndon all the feeling of religion which every where but in London seems to cling to the old and the unfortunate. The butcher and baker left her no time to think of heaven. Her one thought was for her daughter: to get the pretty girl enough to eat, to cook tender chops for her, to have little dainties for her breakfast and her supper, to keep her in clothes, to guard her against consumption, to dream of her one day becoming a lady.

As for the daughter, she was simply a kind-hearted, bright, clever little heathen, not surely incapable of conversion and training if any high-minded creature could but take her in hand. Just now no Fayaway, no naked girl of South Sea islands, could be a more thorough pagan than my graceful and pretty friend Lilla Lyndon.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

IT seems a curious anomaly that Scotland, where people are said not to know how to converse, but only to argue and *discourse*, should have produced of late a series of charming books of table-talk. This unexpected vein was opened by the publication of the Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Carlisle, who had lived familiarly with Hume and Robertson, and listened to the voice of old Johnson, or heard its resonance through his faithful echo, Boswell. Then came, after Carlisle's pleasant record of the great of his early generation, the equally faithful and agreeable "Memorials of his Time," by Lord Cockburn, the friend and biographer of Jeffrey, the companion of Scott, and a fellow-contributor with Sydney Smith, Brougham, Allan, and Horner to the *Edinburgh Review*. Dean Ramsay followed closely with his "Scottish Life and Character," and completed the familiar history of the literary men of the three generations which compose the Augustan era

of Scotland. There was a lightsome grace about all these books which took the world by surprise, for nothing of the kind was expected from that northern country, the mind of which was supposed, like its climate, to be immersed in a perpetual mist. They are, indeed, as cheerful reading as the French *ana* or memoirs, the best characteristics of which they possess, having all the intimate revelations of those familiar histories, tempered, however, by the decorousness of a severer morality.

Dean Ramsay has lately given greater completeness to his first work by the addition of what he terms "Pulpit Table-Talk." This, as its title indicates, is exclusively taken up with a record of the sayings and doings of the clergy. The author, though of the Scottish Episcopal Church, is a man of liberal sympathies, and is evidently disposed to hail every good Christian as his religious brother, whether he wears a surplice or not. In fact, as a native Scotchman, and living in Scotland, he has naturally more to say of the Presbyterians, who are in the ascendancy, than of his own sect.

Dean Ramsay must be a pleasant preacher to *sit under*, if he preaches in the enlivening strain in which he writes. He has evidently but little sympathy with dullness of any kind, and does not hesitate to denounce it, especially in the pulpit, and leaves us to infer that it is by no means a rare constituent of the four millions of sermons delivered every year in Great Britain. "Sir, in a sermon, the sin against the Holy Ghost is dullness," said Sydney Smith—a remark so irreverent that we should have hardly ventured to repeat it, had we not found it already quoted by our reverend author, who seems to have a very creditable horror of the offense it denounces, and accepts this advice of a friend: "Rather than see you dull and commonplace, I would see you bordering upon the eccentric or startling."

Dean Ramsay makes a distinction between a dry and a dull sermon, but upon common hearers the effect is the same. They both promote what our good clergyman terms the evil habit of sleeping in church. A dry discourse, however, may be learned, and of interest to some hearers, while a dull one is stupid, and can never please. Dr. Macknight, of whom the following story is told, is given as an example of the dry kind of preacher: This "logical and erudite" clergyman had been overtaken by a sharp shower in coming to church. In the vestry, and before the service began, the attendants were doing all in their power to make him comfortable by rubbing him with towels and other appliances. The good man was much discomposed, and was ever and anon impatiently exclaiming, "Oh, I wish that I was dry!" and repeating often, "Do ye think I am dry enouch now?" Dr. Henry, his colleague, who was present, was a jocose man, of much quiet humor. He could not resist the opportunity of a little hit at his friend's style of preaching; so he patted him on the shoulder,

with the encouraging remark: "Bide a wee, Doctor; bide a wee, and ye's be dry enouch when ye get into the pulpit."

People will sleep occasionally under the most wide-awake preachers, and these have accordingly been forced to resort to most extraordinary means of arousing their slumbering flock. John Wesley, noticing that some of his congregation were nodding, stopped suddenly in his sermon and shouted, "Fire! fire!" The people were greatly alarmed, and some one cried out, "Where, Sir—where?" "In hell, for those who sleep under the preaching of the Word," was the solemn answer of the preacher.

Dean Swift wrote a sermon especially addressed to the somnolent members of his church. The text was Acts xx. 9, where an account is given of Eutychus falling asleep during the preaching of Paul, and being taken up dead. "I have chosen these words with design," said the witty dean, "if possible, to disturb some part in this audience of half an hour's sleep; for the convenience and exercise thereof this place at this season of the day is very much celebrated." Afterward, in allusion to Eutychus sleeping in the window, he says: "The preachers now in the world, however they may exceed St. Paul in the art of setting men to sleep, do extremely fall short of him in the power of working miracles; therefore, hearers are become more cautious, so as to choose more safe and convenient stations and postures for their repose, without hazard of their persons, and upon the whole matter choose rather to trust their destruction to a miracle than their safety."

Sterne certainly, whatever might be his other defects, was not chargeable with dullness, and yet he availed himself frequently of tricks of rhetoric to keep his audience awake. He justified them on this ground when called to account by the Archbishop of York for his eccentricities in the pulpit. On one occasion, after giving out this text, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," he flatly declared, "*That I deny.*" A less refined but clever preacher made use of a similar device to secure the attention of an indifferent congregation. After giving the text, "I can do all things," he paused, and looking keenly at the Bible, said, in his native Somersetshire dialect: "What's that thee says, Paul?—'I can do aal things?' I'll bet thee half a crown o' that." So he took half a crown out of his pocket and put it on the book. "However," he added, "let's see what the Apostle has to say for himself." So he read the next words: "through Christ that strengtheneth me." "Oh," says he, "if that's the terms of the bet, I'm off." And he put the half crown into his pocket again, and preached his sermon on the power of Christian grace. Another preacher, impatient of a possible somnolence, cried out, in his loudest voice, in the midst of his sermon, "Victory! victory! victory!" A Reverend James Bonnar, an eminent Scotch preacher, effectually

ally awakened the sleepers of his congregation by an ingenious device. It was a very warm day, the church was closely packed, and he observed many of his people nodding. He therefore introduced the word "hyperbolic" into his sermon, and as he did so, paused and said: "Now, my brethren, some of you may not understand this word 'hyperbolic.' I'll explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were *all* asleep in this church at the present time, I would be speaking hyperbolically; because" (looking round) "I don't believe much more than one-half of you are sleeping." The effect was instantaneous.

There are some church-goers, however, who indignantly resist all attempts on the part of the preacher to keep them awake. An old clergyman of the dull and quiet sort, having got an assistant who was loud-mouthed and stirring, found that a regular member of the church had suddenly become slack in his attendance, and consequently went to his house to rebuke the backslider. He was not in; but his wife, on being asked why her gudeman was so seldom at church now, replied: "Oh, indeed, minister, that young man ye've got roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when preachin' yersel sae peaceably."

The text is the keystone of that formal structure, the modern sermon. It was not, however, so in former times, for we are told that the old divines frequently preached without any text at all; and we knew a celebrated clergyman who generally wrote his sermons before he selected a phrase from Scripture to prefix to them. The connection of the text and sermon is often forced. Rowland Hill, the eccentric English preacher, wishing to denounce the practice then prevalent among the women of wearing showy head-dresses called "top-knots," preached from this text: Matthew xxiv. 17—"Let him that is on the house-top *not come down*," and pointed to the latter part of the phrase, "Top-knot come down," as a Scriptural denunciation of the coiffure in vogue. Rowland Hill was an inveterate clerical punster. Preaching on one occasion at Wapping, a low district near London, he assured his hearers, who had been among the most dissolute of that unsavory quarter, that such *Wapping* (whopping) sinners even as they were might hope to be forgiven.

One preacher took for his text the word "and," and another "but." The latter, as Dean Ramsay tells the story, was a candidate for a lectureship, and had to deliver a discourse before the trustees of the endowment, in the way of competition; so he was determined to show how clever he could be, and took for his text the single word "but." He deduced from thence the great truth and the important doctrine that no position is without some corresponding cross or opposite trial. Naaman was a mighty man of valor and honorable, *but* he was a leper. The five cities of the plain were fruitful as the garden of Eden, *but* the men of Sodom were awful sinners. I called you, *but*

ye answered not, etc. When he came down into the vestry after his sermon the senior trustee of the lectureship met him and said, "Sir, you gave us a most ingenious discourse, and we are much obliged to you; *but* we don't think you are the preacher that will do for us." This was a practical application of his sermon that the pulpit orator had not calculated upon. One of Dr. Hawks's most effective "charity" sermons was preached from the text, "To beg I ~~am~~ ashamed," but a meaning was given to it quite different from the original intention. He turned it effectively to his purpose by the gloss that he was ashamed for his hearers that the neglect of so good a cause as that for which he was pleading rendered it necessary to beg for it.

Texts have sometimes been chosen with great aptness to point a rebuke. The celebrated Paley, the author of the "Moral Philosophy" and the "Evidences of Christianity," had occasion to preach at Cambridge on the Sunday following the visit of Pitt, who had just been made First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer at the early age of twenty-three years. Paley had noticed the obsequious attention of the leading members of the University to the young statesman, with the evident view of obtaining a share of the good things at his disposal. Paley determined to rebuke this servile worship and eager selfishness, and accordingly gave out this text: "There is a *lad* here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes," and added, as he looked round on the throng of dignitaries and place-hunters, "But what are they among so *many*?"

A text inadvertently taken has occasionally been the source of much mischief. Dr. Sheridan, the father of the celebrated dramatist and orator, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, being asked to preach for his friend, a country clergyman, delivered an old sermon with the text: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Unfortunately for the doctor, it happened to be the anniversary (which he had forgotten) of the accession of the House of Hanover. This was considered an insult by the court, and the preacher, who had been formerly a favorite, lost all favor, and with it, it is said, a promised bishopric. On the death of Princess Charlotte, when a wail of sorrow came from every pulpit in Great Britain, a celebrated divine startled his listeners with the text: "Take this cursed woman and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." This was not designed as an insult; far from it; for the preacher in his sermon took the view that if a character such as Jezebel was should be buried with pomp simply because of royal birth, how much greater should be the respect shown to the memory of so virtuous a woman as the Princess Charlotte.

The *death's head and bloody bones* style of eloquence, as it has been irreverently termed, is less frequently heard from the pulpit than it used to be. Preachers generally prefer nowadays the gentle and persuasive to the alarming or threat-

ening mode of sermonizing. Whitefield was a great master of the latter, and no one in modern times could frighten a sinner more effectually with the "terrors of the Lord." He, however, was a lamb in comparison with some of the preaching lions of the Middle Ages. The venerable Bede used to draw pictures of torment that the cruel imagination of Dante has not equaled. Mark with what picturesqueness of horror Bede describes the place of punishment: "He beheld trees all on fire, and sinners tormented on those trees; and some were hung by the feet, some by their hands, some by the hair, some by the neck, some by the tongue, and some by the arm. And again he saw a furnace of fire burning with seven flames, and many were punished in it; and there were seven plagues round about this furnace; the first was snow, the second ice, the third fire, the fourth blood, the fifth serpents, the sixth lightning, the seventh stench; and in that furnace itself were the souls of the sinners who repented not in this life. There they are tormented, and every one receiveth according to his works; some weep, some howl, some groan, some burn and desire to have rest, but find it not, because souls can never die." Again: "And Paul demanded of the angel how many kinds of punishment there were in hell. And the angel said, 'There are a hundred and forty-four thousand; and if there were a hundred eloquent men, each having four iron tongues, that spoke from the beginning of the world, they could not reckon up the torments of hell.'"

To the various modes of preparing and delivering a sermon, the writing and reading, reciting after learning by heart, the skeleton and the extempore, Dean Ramsay adds the peculiar method pursued by the celebrated Robert Hall. He was a great invalid, and kept much to his sofa. He thus got into the habit of mental composition, and being very careful in regard to style, and of good memory, his most celebrated sermons were thus composed, and delivered *verbatim* to his congregation, and subsequently repeated to a reporter for publication. "When Wilberforce," says the dean, "was told of this habit of Hall, he called it the *viviparous* mode of producing a sermon; that is, by a direct or living birth, as opposed to the oviparous process, of which the written manuscripts in other sermon-producers represented the egg. I recollect my distinguished friend, the late Marquis of Dalhousie, having this power. When a candidate for East Lothian, as Lord Ramsay, he composed in his head, at Coldstream, an elaborate speech, which he first delivered at Haddington, and then corrected the report, which had been taken down, so as to make it a *verbatim* copy. On my mentioning the circumstance to the first speaker of the day, William Gladstone, I recollect his saying that he envied the power."

In a talk about the great preachers of modern times the universal apprehension seizes at once upon the well-known names of Whitefield,

John Wesley, and Robert Hall, of England, Chalmers and Irving of Scotland, Lacordaire of France, and Channing of the United States.

The effects of Whitefield's eloquence seem to have been marvelous. He frequently preached in the open air to a gathering of three thousand persons, every one of whom, such was his sonorousness of voice and the rapt attention of his listeners, could hear every word he uttered. On one occasion while preaching a wall upon which hundreds of people were sitting fell, but so intent was his audience that not the slightest confusion or interruption ensued. Whitefield's style was emphatically a preaching one, and its power is not sustained in his printed discourses. This eloquent preacher did not disdain to resort to an occasional *tour de force* to awaken interest or produce an effect. While inculcating upon his hearers the fact that salvation was not to be won except with labor and self-denial, he said: "You seem to think it a very simple matter; you think it quite easy. Oh, just as easy as for me to catch that insect flying past me" (grasping at a fly or supposed fly). Then, after a pause, he opened his hand and exclaimed, in a solemn voice, "But I have missed it." He is said to have often repeated this piece of clerical legerdemain.

Wesley's sermons, unlike those of Whitefield, read well. There is one against the extreme doctrine of election and reprobation which Southey has declared to be one of the "finest examples of impassioned eloquence in the language," and it certainly must be acknowledged by all, whatever be the difference of opinion in regard to its force of argument, to be a brilliant example of powerful rhetoric.

Robert Hall, the great English Baptist preacher, is conceded to have been the most accomplished pulpit orator of his day. His printed sermons are models of dignified English. His style has been characterized as a cross between that of Burke and Johnson. His most remarkable sermon is the one on the death of Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV. of England. This noble passage fully justifies all the praise which has been given to that eloquent production: "We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh, the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands, 'to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind.'" Hall was of a very independent spir-

it, and especially impatient of that interference with his preaching and other duties in which members of a congregation are so apt to indulge. A good story is told, on the authority of Dr. Chalmers, of the manner in which Hall once rebuked one of these overbusy interlopers. A member of his flock, presuming on his weight and influence in the congregation, had called upon him and taken him to task for not more frequently or more fully preaching *Predestination*, which he hoped in future would be more referred to. Hall, the most moderate and cautious of men on this dark question, was very indignant; he looked steadily at his censor for a time, and replied: "Sir, I perceive that *you* are predestinated to be an ass; and what is more, I see that you are determined to 'make your calling and election sure!'"

To our American divine, Channing, who is appreciated more in Europe even than in this country, we have this tribute from Dean Ramsay: "The style of Channing is carefully elaborated. He indicates the most refined and elegant taste. His sentiments express the purest emotions of Christian love and peace. His estimate of the Divine nature is lofty and emotional." The admiration of Channing as a writer is not confined to England. Count de Remusat, a distinguished French critic, has shown in his masterly biography that they are capable even in France of rising to the appreciation of the pure morals and refined dialectics of the American preacher.

Dean Ramsay, with the predilections natural to a Scotchman, is disposed to give his countryman and friend, Chalmers, the palm for pulpit eloquence. If he were not eloquent, where, asks his eulogist, may eloquence be found? His power as a preacher was undoubtedly very great and abiding, and yet he knew nothing of oratory as an art, and used none of its artificial embellishments. So far from possessing what are ordinarily considered the natural requisites of an orator, his person was ungainly, his voice hoarse and monotonous, and his action without grace. He not only spoke with a broad Scotch accent, but pronounced his words with the provincial and discordant twang peculiar to Glasgow and its neighborhood. To a stranger the first sight of Chalmers and the sound of his voice were positively repellent; but he soon not only overcame prejudice, but secured subjection by a subtle power which, if not eloquence, had all its qualities of commanding attention and winning sympathy. The secret of his strength was in his earnestness. On one occasion he preached a sermon on cruelty to animals, and in the course of it described in glowing colors the excitement of an English hunting-field, which he termed "this favorite pastime of joyous Old England, in which there sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory." He described the "assembled jockeyship of half a province," the gathering of "gallant knight-hood and hearty yeomen;" and he spoke of

"the autumnal clearness of the sky," and "high-breathed coursers," and "the echoing horn," "the glee and fervency of the chase," "the deafening clamor of the hounds," and "the dying agonies of the fox" in such a strain of lively earnestness that Lord Elcho's huntsman, who was present, declared that he could hardly keep from getting up and giving a view-holloa.

Chalmers is so well known as a writer that it is hardly necessary to quote any thing from his published works to justify his claim to power as a rhetorician. For the sake of the comment we give a short passage, which, moreover, is one of the most poetically pathetic of modern prose. After speaking of the sons and daughters of a Scottish pastor, who were obliged at the father's death to leave their home, he paints this charming picture: "With quietness on all the hills, and with every field glowing in the pride and luxury of vegetation, when summer was throwing its rich garment over this goodly scene of magnificence and glory, they think, in the bitterness of their souls, that this is the last summer which they shall ever witness smiling on the scene which all the ties of habit and affection have endeared to them; and when this thought, melancholy as it is, is lost and overborne in the far darker melancholy of a father torn from their embrace, and a helpless family left to find their way, unprotected and alone, through the lowering futurity of this earthly pilgrimage." Dean Ramsay heard Chalmers preach this sermon, and says that the tears of the father and the preacher fell like rain-drops on the manuscript.

Chalmers, like most great preachers, wrote but few sermons, but preached these over and over again, and never failed in fervor of delivery. "I heard him preach," says Dean Ramsay, "his beautiful sermon on the love of God in the parish church of Haddington, and on my expressing my pleasure at having been present, he said, 'I felt rather uncomfortable, for I saw a gentleman present who must have been hearing it for the fourth time.'"

This habit of writing but few sermons and repeating them often was common to the famous pulpit orators of France, and people went to hear Massillon, Bossuet, or Bourdaloue, on the important festivals of the Church, as they might go to the theatre to hear again and again the various pieces of the classic drama. Dean Ramsay, with a fellow-sympathy with those of his cloth, thinks that those people who complain about hearing old sermons again are unreasonable. The old Scotch phrase is "Could kail het again;" but "could kail" may, thinks our good divine, be, like old wine, the best.

Edward Irving, who was admired by Sir James Mackintosh, and from whom Canning said before Parliament assembled that he had heard the most eloquent sermon he ever listened to, uttered what Dean Ramsay terms the most powerful appeal ever made to a Christian congregation in behalf of the poor. Here is the passage: "And here a fancy cometh upon my

brain which I dare hardly utter, lest it overwhelm the feeling of this assembly, and unman myself into unbecoming weeping. I fancy in some sad abode of this city, some unvisited pallet of straw, a man—a Christian man—pining, perishing without an attendant, looking his last upon nakedness and misery, feeling his last in the pangs of hunger and thirst. The righteous spirit of the man being disembodied, I fancy it, to myself, arising to heaven encircled by an attendance of celestial spirits, daughters of mercy, who waited upon his soul when mankind deserted his body. This attended spirit I fancy rising to the habitation of God, and reporting in the righteous ear of the Governor of the earth how it fared with him amidst all the extravagance and outlay of this city. And saith the indignant Governor of men, "They had not a morsel of bread nor a drop of water to bestow upon my saint. Who of my angels will go for me where I shall send? Go, thou angel of famine, break the growing ear with thy wing, and let mildew feed upon their meal. Go, thou angel of the plague, and shake thy wings once more over the devoted city. Go, thou angel of fire, and consume all the neighborhood where my saint suffered, unheeded and unpitied. Burn it, and let its flame not quench till their pavilions are a heap of smouldering ashes."

A WIFE OF THE PERIOD.

I.

"YOU are standing in your own light, Milly," said Aunt Sophia. "I have not a word to say against Frank Caryl; he is intelligent and good-looking, and well-principled, I believe; but then you see he hasn't a cent in the world but his salary."

Milly smiled brightly. "You have left out one qualification, Aunt Sophia; not much in your eyes, perhaps, but rather important in mine: he is very fond of your unworthy niece."

"That is understood, of course; no great thanks to him for it, either; it is not so very difficult. Mr. Arnold thinks enough of you, for that matter."

"I am very much obliged to him, aunty. And now just let me ask you one question: are good looks and good principles, good sense and affection, so very common in this world that they should be thrown aside without a moment's consideration, simply because they do not happen to be joined to large means as well?"

"But Mr. Arnold is an agreeable man, and we know nothing at all against him."

"Certainly not; I hope there is nothing to be known. But I have not an atom of regard for him, and I've a great deal for Frank."

"Oh, you are in love, like other foolish girls. I don't doubt that. Let me tell you that these romantic passions are a very poor foundation for the business of living. People who marry with a tolerable liking for each other, and with circumstances all suitable and accordant, have a much better chance of finding themselves a

happy couple at the end of half a dozen years than those who risk every thing for a mere personal fancy. These ardent attachments soon burn out—'when poverty comes in at the door,' you know—"

"We do not expect to be so very poor; we shall have enough for comfort."

"Yes, of the plainest description—when you might have every luxury! And how long will you keep even that? If Frank has nothing now he is not likely to lay up much, with the additional expense of a wife upon his hands."

"Now you are almost unkind, Aunt Sophy. If Frank had thought only of himself, and of advancing his own fortunes, we both know he would be better off."

"And what surety have you that those people will not be coming upon him again at any time?"

"It is not probable that they will require any farther aid. The boys are in situations that provide for them, and the sister is very happily married. If misfortune befell them, I should be both sorry and ashamed if we did not help them to the utmost of our power."

"You are determined, I see. Well, have it your own way; I wash my hands of it."

"Just what I can't allow, Aunt Sophy. You must smile upon us, and wish us well, and be happy too, or else we can not be so."

And the good lady, whose ambition for her niece was, after all, but another way of showing her affection, yielded to coaxing and caresses. One last word she could not forbear:

"I feel it all the more, Milly, because Barbara Ellis is going to do so well. You two have always kept about together—my own niece and my husband's; and now just look at the difference! Why, there is nothing that Barbara can not have, if she wants it."

"She can't have Frank," said Milly, laughing.

Aunt Sophy argued no longer. She even promised to reconcile her husband to the projected marriage; or, at any rate, to make the attempt. Mr. Ellis looked very coldly on it. Frank was a good fellow, he admitted, but not likely to get on in the world. If a young man were in business there was some chance for him; it was sink or swim, and he *might* swim. But a teller in a bank! He might go on a hundred years at just the same rate; there was no opening, no advance for him. He would be a poor man all his days. However, he supposed Milly knew what she was about. One thing was certain: if she chose to be so foolish she must not reckon on *him* to make up deficiencies. Having delivered this opinion he began to feel that, so far as it concerned himself, the match was well enough. If he had approved it very warmly a good deal might have been expected of him. And then Barbara would think he ought to do just as much for her. As it was, a very moderate present would suffice in both cases.

The wedding took place quietly, and the young couple began life together. It was be-