Time.

Who, looking backward from his manhood' prime.
Sees not the specter of his misspent time?
—*Whittier.*

Time

Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.
—*George D. Prentice.*

Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well,
To-morrow earth and God in Heaven.
—*Miss Cook.*

Not wholly can the heart unlearn
The lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footsteps worn
To common dust the path of flowers.
—*Whittier.*

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide a down thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
—*Bryant.*

Ah, sigh not, love, to mark the tide
Of Time's unsparing wind!
It was not manhood's outward grace,
No charm of faultless form or face,
That won my heart and hand.
—*William Pitt Palmer.*

Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight
How all life's phantom's fleet away!
The smile of hope and young delight
Fame's meteor beam, and fancy's ray;
They bade; and on the heavenly tide,
Rolling its strong waves afar,
Are borne the wreck of human pride,
The broken wreck of fortune's war.
—*James G. Brooks.*

"Where is the world" cries Young, "at eighty? Where
The world in which a man was born?"
Alas!
Where is the world of eight years past? 'Twas there—
I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!
Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on 'ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And dandies, all are gone in the wind's wings.
—*Byron.*

THE NEW YEAR'S WISH.

Upon a certain New Year's day, Edward Vesey came into the parlor, just before breakfast was ready. He advanced, and, with the greatest gravity, saluting his father, began, in a solemn tone of voice, as follows:

"As formerly the Romans were accustomed, every New Year's day, to wish their friends all happiness, so I, thrice-honored father, come,——so I, thrice-honored father, come,——come,——come,——"

The little orator here stopped short. It was in vain he fretted, rubbed his forehead, and began to fumble in his pocket. The remainder of this excellent harangue was not forthcoming. The poor little boy was vexed, and quite in agitation. Mr. Vesey saw and pitied his embarrassment, and, embracing him, inquired if the oration was his own composition.

"Oh! no indeed, father," said Edward, "I am not half learned enough for such a task. It was my brother that drew it up. You should have heard the whole. He told me that it was in periods; and the periods, he said, were rounded off into the bargain. I will but run it over once, and you shall hear it then; or would you rather hear mamma's? I have *that* perfectly, I am sure. It is extracted from the Grecian History.

"No, no, Edward, it is not necessary; and your mother and myself, without it, are as much indebted both to your affection and your brother's."

"Oh, he was a fortnight, I assure you, at the work; and I employed much time in learning them. What an unlucky thing, that I should now forget, when I most wanted to remember it! No longer ago than last night, believe me, I delivered the whole speech, without the least hesitation, in the other room,—speaking to the clock, if it could but tell you."

"I was then reading in the library," said his father, "and to comfort you, must say I heard it."

"Did you?" exclaimed Edward, with animation. "I am glad of that! and do you not think father, that I spoke it very well?"

"Surprisingly, I must acknowledge," said Mr Vesey with a smile.

"But really, father, was it not very fine?"

"Your brother has quite crammed it full of eloquence," said his father. "And yet I should have liked a single word or two much better from yourself."

"But, certainly, father, to say that I wish a person a happy new year, and nothing else, is far too common to give pleasure."

"Yes; but why nothing else? Could you not, previously, have thought within yourself, what I wished most of all to enjoy during the course of this new year?"

"Oh, that would not be difficult. You wish, no doubt, to have your health, to see your family, your friends and fortune flourish, and to enjoy much pleasure."

"Well, do you not wish me all this?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Why, then, could you not have made me up yourself a compliment, without requiring the assistance of another?"

"Really," replied Edward, "I did not think myself so learned; but it is always so when *you* instruct me; I find out things which I did not think were in me. I can now make compliments to every one that I know. I need say nothing but what I have mentioned just this moment."

"It might apply very well to many people," said his father, "but should certainly be different with respect to others."

"Yes, I understand you pretty well, father; but I do not know what the difference should be; so please explain it to me."

"Well," said Mr. Vesey, "there are a multitude of what are called good things, that one may wish *any* person to enjoy; such as those you mentioned just now; there are others that refer to different individuals according to their situations, age, and duties. For example; one may wish to a person who is happy already, the long continuation of his happiness; to an unhappy man, the end of his affliction; to a man in office, that God's providence may bless his labors for the public welfare, give him necessary penetration, with the gift of perseverance to continue in them, and establish the enjoyment of felicity among his countrymen, by way of recompense on his endeavors.

"To an old man, one may wish a length of life exempt from every inconveniency; to children, on the other hand, the preservation of their parents, progress in their studies, with a love of the arts; to parents, the completion of their hopes, in bringing up their children; every species of prosperity to such as are our benefactors, and the long continuation of their kindness. It is our duty even to call to mind our enemies, and to pray that God may show them the injustice of their conduct, and inspire them with a wish of meriting our friendship."

"Oh, father," exclaimed Edward, "now shall have a budget of compliments for every one. I shall know what sort o wishes they will expect, and have no occasion for my brother's rounded periods, as he calls them; but why, as we should always have these wishes in our heart, pray tell me why the first day of the year, in preference to any other, should be pitched upon to publish them?"

"Because," replied his father, "our life is, as it were, a ladder, every step of which is represented by a year. It is natural that our friends should flock together, and rejoice with us, when our foot has got in safety on the step next to *that* which we lately trod, and to express their wish that we should climb the rest with equal safety. Do you understand me?"

"Oh! yes, sir, perfectly."

"It is, however, in my power to make this clearer still," said his father, by using what we call another figure. Do you remember, then, our going to the top of that fine church in London, called St. Paul's?"

"Oh! yes, indeed I do," said Edward, "Oh, what a charming prospect from the golden gallery! Why, you remember, we could see all London, and a great deal of the country from it!"

"Greenwich Hospital particularly struck your eye," said his father, "and as you could not then have any notion of the distance, you proposed that we should the following week go there on foot to dinner."

"Well, father, and did I not walk the whole long journey like a man?"

"Yes, I had no reason to find fault with your performance; but remember, I took care, at every mile-stone, on the road, to make you sit and rest a little."

"So you did; and it was, in my opinion, no bad idea at the first, to put up those figured stones beside the road. One knows, at any time, what distance he has walked, how much is still to come, and so regulate his pace accordingly."

"In this," remarked Mr. Vesey, "you have yourself explained the advantages which arise from our dividing life into those equal portions that we call years: for every year is something like a mile-stone in the road of life."

"I understand you," said Edward, "and the seasons are perhaps so many quarter-miles, which tell us that we shall very soon arrive at the next stone."

"I am glad," said Mr. Vesey, "that this little journey is still fresh in your remembrance. If you take it in a proper point of view, it will exhibit a true picture of life. Remember, if you can, the different circumstances that took place while you were posting on to Greenwich; tell them in the order in which they happened, as well as you are able, and we will make the application."

"I should scarcely remember the whole business better, had it happened yesterday. At first, as I was full of spirits, and desired to let you see it, I set out upon a trot, and made a number of trips; I do not well know how many. You advised me to go slowly, as the journey would be rather long. Upon the way, I asked for information about everything of which I did not know the meaning, and you gave it to me. When we happened to go by a bit of grass, we sat down on it, and you read a story-book that you had brought out in your pocket. Then we walked again, and as we went along, you told me many other things both useful and diverting likewise. In this manner, though the weather was not altogether fine, although we had sometimes rain, and once a hail-storm to encounter, we arrived at Greenwich, I remember, very fresh and hearty."

"Very faithfully related," said Mr. Vesey, "but for some few circumstances, which, however, I am glad you have not introduced; as for example, your attention to a poor blind man, whom you caught by the arm, if you remember, to prevent him from falling upon a heap of stones that lay before him, and on which he might have broken his limbs; the assistance that you afforded a poor washer-woman's boy, by picking up a handkerchief which had fallen out of his cart: but particularly the alms that you gave to several people on the road."

"Do you think, then, father," said Edward, "that I forgot them? I know that we should not boast of any good that we have had the opportunity of doing. But let me have the application that you just mentioned."

"The look, then, which you cast round you from the golden gallery, all over London, and a great deal, as you mentioned, of the country, is expressive of the first reflections of a child upon the multitude about him. The long walk which you chose to Greenwich, is the journey which we propose to ourselves through life. The eagerness with which you wish to hurry on at setting out, without consulting your ability for running, and which cost you such repeated trips, is the natural impetuosity of youth, which would excite us to the worst excesses if a faithful and experienced friend were not to moderate it. The instruction that you have derived, as we were walking on, from reading and conversing with me, and the actions of good will and charity that you performed, took off from the fatigue of such a journey; and you finished it thereby with satisfaction to yourself though there had fallen much rain, and even hail.

"These circumstances, too, convey instruction; for in life there are no other means than the performance of our duty to keep off disquiet, and to cherish peace within us, notwithstanding those vicissitudes of fortune which would otherwise perhaps go near to overwhelm us."

"Yes, yes, father, all this suits wonderfully well, and I shall have much happiness, I see beforehand, in the year that is now begun."

"It rests with you alone," said Mr. Vesey, "to make the year quite happy; but once more let us return to our excursion. Do you recollect, when, in going round, that we might see a little of the Park, we came upon Blackheath? the heavens were then serene, and we could see behind us all the way that we had been walking."

"Yes, indeed," answered Edward, "and I was proud of having walked so far!"

"By *proud*," said Mr. Vesey, "you mean rejoiced. Are you then equally rejoiced at present, while your reason, which now dawns within you, pauses and casts back a look upon the way that you have already made in life? You entered it quite weak and naked, without any means of making, in the least degree, provision for your wants. It was your mother who gave you your first food, and it is I that have the forethought to provide for you. How do we desire you to repay us? We want nothing more than that you should yourself endeavor to be happy, by becoming just and honest; by learning your several duties and by seriously intending to discharge them. Have you then fulfilled these few conditions, no less advantageous to yourself than easy? Have you first of all been grateful for God's goodness, who has given your parents possessing the means to bring you up in ease and honor? Have you always shown these parents the obedience and respect that you owe them? Have you paid attention to the precepts of your teachers? Have you never given occasion for your brothers or your sisters to complain of envy or injustice in you? Have you always treated those who wait upon you with a proper sort of condescension, and at no time claimed from their inferior situation what it was their duty to refuse you? In a word, do you possess that love of justice, that equality of conduct and that moderation, which we, by our instruction, are, at all times, doing what we can to set before you?"

"I hope, father," replied Edward, as his eyes were bent upon the ground, "that you will forget the past, and look only to the future. All that I ought to have done, I promise, by God's blessing, to do hereafter."

"I accept your promise," said his father, embracing him; "and fully kept, you may be persuaded, it will ensure your happiness, not only throughout the year you have just commenced, but throughout your life."

The Death of the Old Year.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year you must not die;
You come to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year you must not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He hath no other life above;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold my friend,
And New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

"THE HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Dublin Saturday Magazine.

CHAPTER I.

In a mean and poorly furnished cabin on the western coast of Ireland lived those to whom our story refers. A poor fisherman, with his wife, a growing up daughter, and two younger sons, constituted the household. The time is Christmas eve, and though the season is not cold or frosty, the strong gales blowing on that iron-bound coast prevent the hale, hearty, and generally successful fisherman from plying his usual calling.

The eldest son is "away in Amerikay," and as the father and mother draw their settles closer to the expiring embers of a clear turf fire which has been burning on the hearthstone, their conversation naturally reverts to him; while the "colleen," whose lover has gone to that "land of promise," sits moodily listening to their remarks, and occasionally, but rarely intrudes her own opinion on the elders.

Being Christmas eve, the larder almost empty, and the gale blowing so hard that there is no possibility of putting out to sea, they are planning how to make the morrow pass as cheerfully and happily as they possibly can.

"Sure, Biddie Flannigan has killed a pig this Christmas, and would not scruple to lend us a bit till the fishing comes round again."

"Indeed it's true for you, Peggy darlin'; many's the time she's helped us, and a good woman she always was; but then, alanna, to my thinkin' it would be a mane thing to borrow our Christmas dinner, so we'll go to the chapel. Aye, and we've given Father Mulcahy his dues as usual, and if we do make our dinner of praties and milk, no body need be a bit the wiser."

All this time Ellie Keegan, the daughter of the fisherman, had not said a word, but she now burst forth,—

"I glory in your spirit, father, not to let any one know how we have been forsaken by them as ought to have cared for us, and that them as went away and promised to be thrue-hearted, has given us up entirely."

Poor girl! her feelings was too much for her, so, throwing her apron over her head, she had what is denominated "a good cry."

At length she started up and said.

"Wirasthrue! and there is not even the Christmas candle to the fore."

She sent her younger brother to the next neighbor (the Biddy Flannigan, owner of the pig) to beg her to lend her, if possible, a candle for the evening.

"Och, then, ma cushla, but you're the lucky boy; the man at Raheen had only the two remaining and he said to me, 'Perhaps some of the neighbors may want one, and you had better take it with you'; and sorra neighbor I know is more welcome to it nor yourselves."

The boy, whose name was Patrick, after the national patron (familiarly called Paudheen), having received the candle, was subjected to a severe cross-questioning on the part of the buxom widow as to the reason of its having been forgotten. For a time he tried to evade her, but at length was forced to confess that the times being bad they could not manage to get one, nor get the usual piece of meat on this occasion. The good little widow listened very attentively to his details, and then taking down a large jar of honey, and a loaf of bread of her own baking, she gave the boy a huge slice and bade him eat that and dream upon it and see if his dream would come true. The poor fellow, nothing loath, eat his bread and honey, and started for his home, but like a wise child, as he was, said nothing of the fair Biddy's questionings, nor of his own replies thereto, but on going to bed found his sleep much disturbed by the vision of a beautiful leg of pork, with greens in abundance. So vivid was this dream that when on returning from the chapel the next day, he saw what appeared to him the identical leg of pork, with the greens, he was more pleased than surprised, and looked upon it as quite a fulfilling of his dream and nothing else.

Not so the rest of the household; they wondered who could have sent it, and the fisherman vowed that if he only knew, the first good fish he ever caught should go to repay the donor.

Everybody was pleased, with the exception of the grown-up daughter, Ellie, who still felt almost affronted at a dinner being given to them by any one, and much inclined to blame the young men, who, on leaving, had vowed never to forget the "ould home." Nevertheless, they had a pleasant Christmas dinner, and often did they ponder on the words of the good priest, when he said, "Never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread."

CHAPTER II.

The Christmas evening passed off cheerfully and happily, and many a guess was hazarded as to the benefactor who had so generously provided for their comfort. If Master "Paudheen" had his own ideas on the subject, he took good care not to divulge them, well knowing how annoyed his parents and sisters would be that he should have made their poverty known to any one, even to the kind-hearted Biddy.

In a few days, the wild weather abating, old Keegan was enabled once more to go out fishing, and was most successful, catching a few fine cod, which he carried to the neighboring village of Raheen to dispose of, and having reserved one for the use of his own family (a piece of extravagance not often indulged in), he resolved to pay a visit to his neighbor, the widow. On entering he found a leg of pork set out for her dinner, which so much resembled his own that he discovered at once who had given them their Christmas dinner, when, grasping the fair widow's hand, he thanked her most sincerely. She tried to deny it, and then, finding that it was useless, she burst forth with,—

"And then who has a better right than the one you helped many a time? But sure I have good news for you. I was in Raheen this morning atore you were, and got this letther for you."

The old man examined it, and soon discovered that it must have been enclosed in another, when the fair widow blushingly confessed that it came in one from "John" to her. She gave it to her old friend to read, who after a vast deal of trouble, and "spelling out," learned that it was an offer of marriage from the said John, setting forth how long he had l c., but that being poor he would not ask her to be his wife. "Now," he writes "I have good wages, and can make you comfortable, if you love me well enough to come out with the father and mother, and the young craythurs. Ellen, of course, will come for the sake of Milligan, who can now afford to keep a wife too."

At first the old man could hardly understand it all, and remained quite mute, until Biddy, throwing her arms round his neck said, "won't you have me for daughter after all?"

The old man, solemnly laying his hand on the head of the young woman, which lay on his breast, said, "May the Blessed Virgin and all the saints protect you, my purty darlin'. 'T is I that'll be proud to call you daughter: and now, alanna, just step over with me to see the ould woman and make her happy."

All this time the old man held his son's letter between his fingers; he now folded it carefully in a red cotton handkerchief, which he placed inside his hat, and then covering his fine bushy gray head of hair with the latter, started for his own cot, accompanied by the betrothed of his son.

Arrived at home, the latter was introduced as "Biddy, our future daughter," an announcement requiring explanation and the due perusal of the different missives. There were ample enclosures for making merry on New Year's day (but which ought to have arrived in time for the Christmas dinner), and also for taking the family across the Atlantic. Even the proud and passionate Ellie was convinced that her young lover had not forgotten her, and quickly made up her mind to reward him for his faithfulness.

We will leave them making their preparation for departure to that land at which most Irish emigrants look through a golden medium. I mean the younger portion of the family made their preparations for departure, but the "ould people" could not be persuaded to leave their own dear cabin on the high western cliff, against which the mighty waters of the broad Atlantic washed in interminable waves, with a deep boom surpassing that of the most powerful artillery.

We are perfectly sure that never again will the old fisherman or his faithful partner want the means of homely comfort, and certainly never again will they be without their Christmas dinner.

RISKING HIS LIFE.

A Story of New Year's Eve.

"It is cold enough to freeze the heart out of a miser and make the white bear dance for joy," grumbled Tom Orton, as he looked out of the window on the snow-cumbered streets. "How I wish I could be at home to night and take care of you and the babies, Jenny. And I would only for"—

He thought of how much poverty was pinching them, and would not sadden the hearts of those he loved by mentioning it.

"Only for what, Tom?" asked his wife from the bed, where, ill herself, she was taking care of their two sick children.

"Only that they'll be wanting me," he replied. "You know its New Year's eve, and we've gotten up an extra entertainment."

"Yes, Tom; and a sorry day for us, now that I am sick, and the children wanting medicine and"—she would have said "food" but could not bear to add a feather's weight to his load—"so much depends upon you."

"I know," he replied, hastily brushing the moisture from his eyes and striving to conceal his anxiety; "but I am well and strong Jenny, and the winter is nearly over, and you'll be well again."

"But if anything should happen to you?" she questioned with a heavy sigh.

"Don't think there is much danger," he said, repressing a sob as he thought of how desperate would be their situation—of the rent due, the scanty store of provisions, the little of fuel remaining, the more than a month of hard winter yet before them, the needs of a family that a poor man learns by the most bitter of experiences.

"But there is, dear Tom. No one is ever safe living the life you do. There are so many chances for accident."

"Don't fear, I'll take care of myself—won't run any extra risk; and as I have nothing to do in the latter part, will be home early."

He stepped to the bedside; drew the covers more closely about his wife and children, kissed them, put more coal in the stove, attended to everything possible for their comfort, and prepared to face the cold and go to his nightly employment. Yet an uncommon spell seem to chain him. He lingered, fidgeted, glanced uneasily at the clock.

"Isn't it time you were off, Tom?" questioned his wife. "You know it is quite late."

"Yes, Jenny, but somehow I don't feel like leaving you alone."

"Oh, I am used to staying alone." So she was, poor thing! "And you said you would be home early."

"Yes, yes."

An active, sober man was he, and a skillful performer. He had been trained to the profession from childhood—knew no other, and under ordinary circumstances could easily "keep his head above water." But the tenting season had closed exceptionally early, the winter was hard, money was "tight," and every place of amusement suffered in consequence. To these things were added sickness, and brave hearted as he was he could not suppress a shiver of anxiety as the future stared him in the face.

He passed along the narrow streets, through more pretentious ones—passed the houses of millionaries, and entered Broadway. That, at least, was brilliant and gay, as if there was nothing of poverty and human suffering in the world—as if none in the great city were familiar with hunger, and cold, and sickness—as if there never was to be any awakening from a golden dream of luxury and pleasure.

"Ah! thoughtless wealth and fashion," he murmured, bitterly, as he saw fur-clad forms, and pampered steeds, and richly-mounted harness, and gilded sleighs, and costly robes dash along, "How much ye will have to answer for in the day of final reckoning, for neglecting your poor, toiling, suffering brothers and sisters."

Suddenly a confused cry—a wild tumult—the drawing away of teams on either side, or dashing into cross streets startled him, and he knew something unusual was taking place. Then came the shout of "run-away! run-away!" and he felt life or property, or both were being whirled on to destruction.

"Are you mad? Do you want to be killed?" hurriedly asked many, as they ran to places of safety and he remained standing upon the curb stone.

He gave no heed to the warning. He had braved death far too often to shrink from it in any event, and most certainly when at such a distance. His eyes were fixed up the street upon a team of noble bays that were tearing along, mad with fright, and swaying the sleigh from side to side—were running at their utmost speed, each striving to outdo the other, straining every nerve—were running away driverless. Had that been all he would not have troubled himself, deep as was his affection for blooded steeds, for he was not at the moment particularly in sympathy with wealth. It was quite another matter that chained him.

At the first outcry he had sprang to and climbed a lamp-post, and so obtained a clearer view—one that thrilled his heart to the very core, caused his breath to be more deeply drawn, and his pulse to momentarily cease to beat.

In the sleigh was a young and beautiful woman, pale with terror, and clasping two lovely children to her breast. Orton thought of his Jenny and their little ones, and resolved to save. The impulse was noble but how was it to be accomplished? Far beyond any human control were the frantic horses. To attempt to seize the reins as they dashed past, and to stop them, would be madness—would be to be dragged down and trampled to death. He saw this—saw that the course of the horses would bring them directly upon him, and though the crowd furiously warned him back, and warned him of his danger, he stirred not, only braced muscles and nerves, and set his teeth with determination.

"My God!" exclaimed a man, who, bolder than the rest, sprang forward, grappled and would have drawn him away. "You will be killed! instantly killed!"

Tom Orton shook him off just as the horses reached him, watched his opportunity, seized upon the harness as they were sweeping past, sprang lightly upon the back of the nearest, grasped the reins, and turning to the affrighted woman and screaming children, shouted:

"Keep quiet. I will save you."

And save them he did. Before a block had been traversed the horses were made to realize that he was their master, and a sharp curb cutting deeply into their mouths brought them to a standstill.

The crowd cheered lustily. The police assisted the woman and the children out, and carried them into a neighboring store, and as soon as the former had in a measure recovered her senses, she asked for her preserver, that she might thank and reward him. But he was not to be found. All that could be learned was that as soon as the steeds had been taken charge of by others he disappeared.

"Who could he have been?" questioned the lady, with still ghastly face and bloodless lips.

"Can't say," answered the policeman, constituting himself spokesman; "but he was a brave fellow, anyhow. I wouldn't have taken the risk he did for thousands."

"A brave fellow, indeed," was the response, "and I would give very much to know his name and where he is to be found."

So would the policeman, that something of the glory might attach to himself. But the lady departed homeward without obtaining the desired information, and the sensitiveness of Tom Orton caused him to lose the one opportunity of his life to have risen above iron-handed poverty.

Meanwhile he was hurrying to business. More time had been occupied in the rescue than he thought possible, and though applause was dear to him (as to all), yet he could not stay to listen, and as for risking life for money, he had not not even dreamed of such a thing.

Out of breath, he dashed into the dressing room, and was received with reproof for being late.

"Couldn't help it," he replied, "I saw a pair of fiery horses running away with a sleigh and a woman and two children—thought of my Jenny and the children, and had to stop and save them."

He told the story very briefly and modestly while getting ready—didn't seem to fancy he had done anything wonderful, and soon was dashing around the arena upon the spirited steed, "witching the world with wonderous horsemanship."

The audience applauded to the echo, and carried away by the excitement, he rashly determined to execute his most daring acts—those given only upon the greatest occasions, forgetting that the horse he rode had not been trained to them—was young and wild.

The result was soon painfully apparent. Though some were accomplished in safety, yet when he attempted leaping over a banner the fluttering frightened the horse, he bolted suddenly, and Tom Orton was hurled heavily on the ground.

He endeavored to rise and make light of pain, but a strange sickness came over him, the lights flickered and grew dim, he gasped for air, and he knew nothing more until somewhat revived in the dressing-room he heard familiar voices.

"Oh God! what will become of Jenny and the babies," he gasped faintly. "I am done for, and—and"—his tears and sobs choked him.

"Don't fear for them, Tom," said a dozen hearty voices, and as many grasped his hands as could obtain hold, "We'll see that you are taken care of."

"Thanks, thanks," murmured the injured man. "But tell me the worst."

"A broken leg is all that appears serious," answered a gray-headed man—a strange physician who had been summoned. "Though I cannot account for the marks upon your side, my man."

"Probably he hurt himself when he stopped the runaway horses," was suggested, and the story told.

"Humph! A very dangerous business—next to foolhardy; not one in ten thousand would have escaped alive," replied the physician, with pursed lips and flashing eyes. "Well, all that can be done now is to get home. Then I will make a more minute examination."

Very tenderly was the noble-hearted fellow taken to his humble abode, and the scene, when he was laid upon the bed, side by side with his sick wife and children, caused every eye to overflow with tears.

"Tom, dear Tom," said Jenny, as well as she could for her pitiful sobbings, "what will become of us—of the children? We shall all starve and die together."

"Not while we have hands," replied his associates, and every heart was touched and every arm nerved to do the utmost toward relief.

They all looked around anxiously for the physician—had supposed he had accompanied them. But he was not to be seen, and their grumbling became loud and deep.

"I can bear anything," said Tom, "but for you, Jenny, and the children," and he entirely broke down.

"And I could curse that doctor for an unfeeling wretch," blurted out one of the most passionate. "But it is ever thus. We give our lives freely to please the public, and when anything happens they care nothing for us."

Tom Orton groaned heavily. The awoke his little girl. She raised up in bed, strained her eyes, clapped her tinny hands, and shouted in true childish glee and wonder:

"Mamma! Papa! See—an angel!"

All eyes were turned in the direction she pointed, and in the doorway stood a beautiful woman, leaning upon the arm of the physician!

Yes, an angel had come to them. Tom Orton had risked his life to save that of the daughter of Doctor Armitage and his grandchildren, and the merest chance had given them the knowledge who it was.

But never was an equestrian feat better rewarded, and never a more charitable angel appeared upon earth, since creation's dawn. The beautiful woman so miraculously snatched from destruction, aided by her father, munificently provided for the immediate wants of the stricken family of her brave preserver, and provided generously and amply for their future comfort. Thus through peril and disaster there came to the sick and suffering family of Tom Orton, indeed and in truth, a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE GUARD ABOVE THE HEART.

I believe I have given all the orders, Alma, just as you wished. The little library is already arranged with the last little bracket and statue in place; the dining-room and kitchen with china, silver, linen and supurb old-fashioned sideboard, just as you directed; have everything in place. And your room—how I wish you could go and see it—is beautiful. There can be no greater harmony than the blending blue-and-gold furnishings of that room."

"You are very good, Arthur."

"Thanks, Alma; but not half so good as you in loving me so tenderly and loyally. But I was bothered about one thing, sweet."

"What was it?"

"Your writing-desk. It is such a gem. I don't believe you can ever write anything but poetry at it. I could not get a place in the library for it to suit me. This light was too sharp, and that light too dull. I fancied it needed a soft, mellow light, so I set it in your room, and will leave you to arrange a place for it. I flatter myself that everything else will please you."

"The pictures?"

"They are all hung. I can hardly tell you now where each one is. The Beatrice Cenci I hung over the library door which enters to your room."

"Why, what made you give it such a poor place as that?"

"For just one little reason of my own. Her great, sad, suffering, patient eyes are duplicates of your own. So I have hung it there as a sign to me that the door beneath it opens to a place wherein the goddess of my life presides; also that when the door is shut, your face shall look down upon me, and follow me with mournful and guardful tenderness."

"Though your love and fancy, Arthur, make my eyes to-day as luminous as Psyche's, perhaps to-morrow those that love me most may forget or wish to forget that I ever existed; for who can determine now, whether Psyche, the very idol of all poets, was a reality, or a dream.

"But to-morrow you will become all the reality my life shall ever know or wish, for to-morrow, when the priest has had his service and the witnesses have written their names, and your dainty finger has a new ring upon it, I shall see you down in the pretty gold- and blue room where Beatrice keeps guard. Then you shall dismiss or retain the historical sentinel as you please, for you shall fill all my to-morrows with your own sweet self."

He took both her slender white hands in parting and said:

"Remember, we are to be promptly at the church at four. Good-by, sweet, till then."

Her eyes filled with tears, and she clung to him tenderly as if she would not have him go; but she only said.

"Well, Arthur, let Beatrice stay where she is and whenever you look at her think of me, if you will."

This last so low that he did not hear. But he went out busy and happy with thoughts of his wedding day.

Alma stood still until the door closed behind him, then she clasped her hands and cried:

"Who am I? What am I? that I should deceive such a man."

When Arthur went on the morrow where the merry guests were assembled for the wedding, the white-robed bride was gone; but in her room was found a note for Arthur Leroy, which read:

"Arthur, forgive me. I have not meant to deceive you. How it has all come about I hardly know any better than yourself. But true it is that when you read this I shall be the wife of another. Farewell, and may your noble heart find forgetfulness of

ALMA."

Five years after, Arthur Leroy was standing watching the silent, dark-eyed, picturesque group which sat on the gray steps of the Trinita di Monte in Rome. While he stood and looked, a tall, graceful woman dressed in mourning came down the street and stood beside him. She glanced hurriedly at the same group which his own eyes were scrutinizing.

Arthur was pursuing his artistic studies at Rome, and was searching for a model. The woman beside him was on a similar mission. She, however, seemed to find none among the group to suit her, and she started to go. As she turned, their glances met. Arthur and Alma were face to face. Her eyes were sadder than ever, and her garb was weeds of mourning.

"Arthur!" she exclaimed, in surprise, holding out her white, slender hand.

The blood receded from his face and left it white as marble. The old life and the old pain surged back. He took the hand she extended, and said in a cold, cruel voice:

"Mrs. Russel, I am glad to meet you here. In search of a model, too?"

"Yes," she said in a voice which had a perceptible quiver: "but I have found none to suit my purpose. I am going now to the Piazzi di Spagna. Won't you join me, and tell me how you are and how you have been?"

He walked beside her as she started off, saying:

"Thanks. As to how I am now—well; how I have been—I have forgotten."

She felt the litle thrust; but it was easy for her woman's wit to parry it by saying with her old *naivete* of manner:

"Well, you see the influence of your taste had its influence on me. I have turned artist myself."

"You did not have to turn artist; you were always one by nature."

She saw clearely enough that the steel was still in this man's soul. She had placed it there, and she resolved to pluck it out at once.

"But you never told me I was an artist."

"I never knew till"—

"Nor did I know it myself," said she, interrupting him, "till Mr. Russell's death two years ago, when I was left almost without means or resouces of any kind."

She paused; but the announcement of the death of the man who had robbed Arthur Leroy of his bride drew no comment from his set lips. She had long ago taught him to endure surprises in silence.

"Then I came here to study; to learn, if I can, the dream-toil of an artist's life."

"In which calling you have my best wishes for your success, and my services always at your command," he said, with unfeigned sincerity.

"Your good wishes, Arthur, are grateful to me, and I shall be only too glad to avail myself of your valuable suggestions, if—if I may only know that I am forgiven."

"You are forgiven. But I do not forget. Everything which I put into your room is there yet untouched. From that day to this hour the doors have been locked; the long curtains at the windows are drawn down, the blinds are closed, and a deep shadow rests upon all within. So the doors and windows, and curtains are closed about the memory in my heart. The shadow rested there also a long time. But to-morrow it will be lifted. The Beatrice I brought with me. I put it above my door here in Rome as an emblem of the guard which you had taught me to set upon my heart. At last I have found one pair of eyes more luminous among the shadows than are those of Beatrice or Psyche. On to-morrow the picture above my door and the guard above my heart will be taken down and the light of the new eyes will enter in."

She was in doubt as to his meaning. Was he purposely obscure? Was he talking of the old love? She took it for granted.

"God bless you, Arthur," she said; "I do not deserve as much as you accord?"

"For the old love's sake, for the grand and beautiful Alma"—

She started as he called her name. He had not done so before. She laid her hand upon his arm, and said in a low, tender voice, as her eyes filled with tears:

"Arthur!"

"Wait a moment, please, he resumed; "for the sake of Alma which *was*, her little room, which my love made for her, shall never be opened while I live. She cast the shadow upon it; I shall never lift it. To-morrow I shall be married to Miss Bruce. She is an artist too."

The hand up on his arm trembled, and the queenly woman at his side grew deadly pale, and swayed slightly forward as they walked. He drew the hand more securely through his arm and added: "Will you pause at the di Spagna, or shall I see you to your hotel?"

"We will go on, if you please. Thanks for your kindness."

Then, after a pause, she said: "You have been frank and just, Arthur. The tenderest are the cruelest. I don't know how it is, but we have both proved it. May God forgive us both, and bless you always."

Five years have rolled the dusty wheels over that sad day when Arthur and Alma met and parted at Rome.

He is with his wife in Scotland. She has become famous and rich, and is back at her old home. Often when the days are fair, a tall, queenly woman is driven slowly through a certain street, and from her open phaeton looks up curiously, reverently, tenderly to the windows of a house which have not been opened for ten years. The blinds are covered with dust. The curtains, and all the pretty blue-and-gold furnishings are crumbling under the immovable shadow within. But the old love is only a memory now, covered with years. The rainbow-tinted aspirations which were set within it once have given place to the solid colors of a calm, smooth life without.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

The mother had talked so much about the whooping-cough, and worried so over it, that the child was afraid to leave her side. One night, after the little fellow had been put to bed and to sleep, a jackass was driven past the house, and when just opposite set up his he haw, he-haw, he-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of bed, screaming at the top of voice, "The whooping-cough is coming, mamma; the whooping-cough is coming." He didn't catch it that time.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

For evening wear at home, slippers are the style. Handsome ones are made of plain silk or satin, or of brocade, and artificial blossoms or deftly made bows of satin ribbon. Stockings the shade of the slipper should be worn. The effect is charming.

DEFECTIVE PAGE