

LET US LIVE BY THE WAY.

In the youth of the heart,  
Ere the glorious ray  
That was born of life's morning  
Hath faded away;  
While the light lingers yet  
In the eyes that are dear,  
And the voices we love  
Still remain with us here;  
While the warm blood leaps up,  
And the forest resounds  
With the tread of the horse  
And the bay of the hounds,  
Oh, ever and always,  
So long as we may,  
As we journey through life  
Let us live by the way.

As we journey through life  
Let us live by the way,  
Let us live in the thought  
That in mirth or in sorrow  
Has a strength for each day  
And a hope for each morrow,  
With smiles for the future;  
Though tears for the past,  
And joy in the hours  
That fly from us fast,  
Oh, ever and always,  
So long as we may,  
As we journey through life  
Let us live by the way.

MRS. SEABURY'S TRIAL

By LUCIE D. WELSH.



ELL, now," said Mrs. Beaman, briskly, to the other members of the Sewing Society, "after we voted at the last meeting to get a dress for every one of 'em, and a spencer for Johnnie and a cloak for that yellin' baby." And her glance swept triumphantly around the group.

"Won't they look kind of queer, all dressed alike so?" ventured Mrs. Lane again.

"I don't see as they will. They'll look kind of nice and neat, I think."

Mrs. Beaman's eyes were a trifle bright, and all her old friends knew what that portended.

"She'll be gettin' mad in a minute," they thought. "Then she won't do nothin'." It's her way or no way with Ann Beaman every time.

So there was no other dissonant voice, and the matter was considered settled.

"We'll cut and make 'em ourselves, and you can come to my house and sew on 'em. You know the conference meets with us next month, and we ought to have 'em done by that time, so we'll have to work fast."

"What color did you say the cloth was?" asked Mrs. Driscoll.

"It's a kind of a dark plaid, and not really dark, neither. It won't fade and it won't wear out for one while, I know. Now you all come to-morrow afternoon, and we'll begin. Mis' White's about Mis' Seabury's size, so we'll fit that dress to her. The biggest twin is about the size of my Rebecca, so we can get that dress easy enough, and we'll make one a little smaller for the other twin. The rest of 'em we'll have to guess at."

"I do hope the cloth isn't very bad," thought Mrs. Lane. "Ann Beaman hain't got no more taste than a settin' hen, and I do think Mis' Seabury would hate to wear anything very homely."

She knew it would be of no use to argue with Mrs. Beaman, so she said nothing.

A few weeks after this Mrs. Seabury sat by the window of her little sitting-room trying to amuse the fretful baby. Perhaps if the baby's mother had had less care and hard work the child would not have been so fretful. Even now her mind was filled with worry about the children's winter clothes. They had literally nothing, and the climate of northern Vermont necessitates something warm.

"Oh, if we could only get out of debt, how happy we should be!" she thought.

Her mind went back to that June day, twelve years ago, when she had married Mr. Seabury. How bright and fair everything had been to them! To be sure, Mr. Seabury was in debt for his education, but they were young and strong and could soon pay the amount. But the children came fast. Then the minister lost his health and was unable to preach for more than a year. The terrible debt still followed them, and now, after twelve years, they were no more able to pay it than they ever had been.

Mr. Seabury had no talent for making friends, and his manner in the pulpit had become diffident and halting. Perhaps he was discouraged with his fruitless struggle against fate. At any rate, he was thankful to get the chance of preaching in the little village of Dunbar, although he knew his abilities were far beyond the capacity of his hearers.

Through all these unfortunate years Mrs. Seabury's faith in her husband had never wavered, and she brought up her children to venerate him.

Her sad reflections were suddenly broken into by the entrance of Esther, the largest twin.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, throwing herself at Mrs. Seabury's feet and bursting into tears. "I never can bear it in the world! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" And her speech was choked by an agony of tears.

"What is it, Esther darling?" cried Mrs. Seabury, laying the baby on the lounge, regardless of its wails. "Tell mother all about it, dear."

It was very unusual for Esther to break down. She was only eleven years old, to be sure, but in wisdom and experience she was twenty. She could scarcely remember when the burden of the housekeeping had not rested on her slender shoulders, while Hope, the smaller twin, had always had a baby in her arms.

"Tell me, Esther dear," repeated the anxious mother.

"Oh, mother, those awful dresses! We never can wear them—we never can! All just alike! And how the baby will look in a cloak of it! And poor Johnny has got to have a spencer, and it is such awful cloth!"

"Calm yourself, Esther, and tell me

what this is all about. I don't understand in the least."

"I went down to see Rebecca Beaman this afternoon," said Esther, controlling herself with a great effort. "Her mother asked me to wait in the parlor a few minutes for Rebecca was busy. The dining-room door was open a little, and I could help seeing into the room. All the ladies who belong to the sewing society were there, and oh, mother"—here Esther began to cry again—"they are making some clothes for us, and Rebecca was trying on my dress. They are going to make us each one, and a spencer for Johnny, and a cloak for the baby, all of the same piece of cloth, and here is a bit I picked up from the floor. Isn't it dreadful?"

It certainly was. As Mrs. Beaman told the ladies, it was a plaid. The predominant color was purple, and there were lines of green, red and yellow, the yellow being the widest. One dress of it would have looked strange, but the appearance of a whole family clothed in it would certainly be striking. Mrs. Lane had told the truth when she said Ann Beaman hadn't no taste.

Mrs. Seabury took the sample in her hand. It was strong and fine, as Mrs. Beaman had said. Esther stopped crying to see how the cloth affected her mother.

Mrs. Seabury possessed a quick imagination, and a keen sense of the ridiculous which the long years of hardship had not dulled. Already she saw in her mind's eye the family of five, clothed in that startling plaid, marching into church.

It was too much for her to bear. She leaned back in her chair and laughed and laughed.

"Why, mother, how can you?" asked Esther, indignantly. "Why didn't they make a coat for father at the same time? It would be just as suitable for him as it will for you. Oh, have we got to wear them?"

"I'm afraid we shall have to, dear. There really is no money to buy anything else, and we cannot go without clothes. We must be thankful for what we can get."

She could laugh no more, but was just on the verge of tears.

"If it wasn't so queer I wouldn't mind. Why didn't they get some plain color? Rebecca says her mother selected it. I didn't stay to talk about it—I couldn't. Rebecca walked part way home with me, and she talked about it all the time. Her mother paid for most of the cloth, and the society is making it up. How could they do such a thing? And poor Esther burst into tears anew. "Rebecca thought we'd be pleased," she added.

Mrs. Seabury had collected her scattered wits during this last speech of Esther's.

"Esther, my dear," she said, "this certainly is a cross for us to bear. But we must try to think of how little consequence clothes really are. The material is strong and warm. It will make us comfortable clothing and we must wear it."

"I don't see why," said Esther, rebelliously. "You can wear your old black dress and we children can stay at home."

"It never would answer," replied her mother. "Mrs. Beaman and the other ladies have meant to be very kind to us. We must consider their feelings. How hurt they would be if we refused to accept the present which has cost them so much, in time and expense! Come, Esther; you must help me in this matter. The other children will take it in the way that you do. If you accept the gift cheerfully, and as if you were pleased, they will do the same. I shall depend upon you to do this."

"I will, mother, I will!" replied Esther.

"And above all things, do not let papa suspect that there is anything peculiar about the clothes, for it would grieve him so."

Esther's example was of so much value that not one of the children made any complaint when the new garments were brought home and tried on. When the cloth was made up it looked even more startling than it had in the sample. The girls' dresses, even little Nannie's, were made just like their mother's, with straight, plain skirts and short-waisted bodices, each buttoned in front. Such frocks had been worn by children when Mrs. Beaman was young, and she saw no reason for making these in any different fashion. Her own daughter's was after the same style.

No one knew how hard it was for Mrs. Seabury to leave her house arrayed in such a garb. But it was a great deal harder for her to see her children made so conspicuous. There was no trace of her unhappiness in her face, however. Her struggle had been a silent one, in the solitude of her chamber, and no one knew that there had been a struggle.

It was indeed a fantastic procession, for the cloth had held out wonderfully well, and Esther and Hope had short capes to wear with their dresses, while little Nannie had a long one with a hood to it. The capes were lined and wadded, and were really very comfortable.

Mrs. Beaman had felt that the crowning point was reached when she found pieces enough to make a cap for Johnny in addition to the spencer.

The parsonage was about a quarter of a mile from the church, and the Sea-

bury family had traversed nearly half the distance when a carriage drove up behind them.

"Herbert, Herbert, do see those queer looking people," said the lady who was one of the occupants of the carriage to her husband. "They are all dressed in the same kind of cloth. They must belong to some institution, or perhaps they are strolling players, and dress in that way to attract attention. Do stop and ask them something. I want to see their faces."

The gentleman, who was much older than his wife, smiled indulgently, and drew in his horse beside the little group.

"Can you tell me the way to Montrose?" he asked courteously.

Mr. Seabury turned to reply.

"Why, John Seabury, can this be you?" exclaimed the gentleman, holding out a friendly hand. "You don't know how pleased I am to see you again!"

"And I to see you, Professor Dawes, Ada," turning to his wife, "this is Professor Dawes, whom I knew so well at college. You have often heard me speak of him."

To save her life Mrs. Seabury could not repress the burning flush of mortification which rose to her cheeks as she acknowledged Professor Dawes's kindly greeting and replied to that of his wife.

"What will they think of us in these grotesque clothes?" she thought. "Oh, they will see that John has not succeeded as a preacher, and they will think I have been a drag on him and kept him from advancing. No woman who would dress herself and her children like this could be any help to a minister."

While these bitter thoughts passed through her mind Mrs. Dawes had been surveying the little family with kindly eyes; all the amusement had died out of them.

"A conference to-day," said the professor, turning to her. "What do you say about going in for a while? We can do so perfectly well, as our trip is one of pleasure and not of business. Our time is our own to spend as we please."

"I should like to stop very much," returned his wife.

"Then I will drive on and meet you again at the church," said the professor.

"I remember that John Seabury," said Mrs. Dawes. "He was in college when we were first married. You expected great things of him. Why is he buried up here?"

"He is doing good work here, doubtless," returned her husband.

"Well, I think he could do more of it in a larger place, where he would receive more salary. What a beautiful face Mrs. Seabury has! The children are very pretty, too. Did you notice the largest one, the girl with the big black eyes?"

"I didn't look at the children very much," replied her husband. "Were they not dressed rather queerly? Is that the fashion now?"

"Oh, you dear, foolish man, of course it isn't. Can't you see that they have had a donation party or something, and all those clothes have been given them? They are obliged to wear them, but don't they hate to? You could see it in every face, even to the baby in the carriage. It's too bad!"

Her remarks were cut short by their arrival at the church.

Mr. Seabury was pleased to introduce his old professor to his brother ministers, many of whom were not college men. It placed him on a different footing among them, and gave him new life and confidence. When it was his turn to address the meeting everyone was surprised at his eloquence.

During the intermission for lunch, all the ladies, even Mrs. Beaman herself, felt a little doubtful of the suitability of the purple plaid for the minister's wife. There certainly was something incongruous in her refined face and ladylike figure combined with that cloth with the crude coloring.

As for Mrs. Seabury herself, all thoughts of her attire had passed from her mind. She was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Dawes, and the time passed very pleasantly for both.

After lunch was over the professor and his wife went on their way again, with many good-bys to the minister and his Joseph-coated family.

"Isn't it fortunate that we happened to go through Dunbar to-day?" said Mrs. Dawes. "And how lucky it was that Mr. Seabury's family had been presented with those clothes! If they had not been dressed so queerly we shouldn't have noticed them. Then we shouldn't have stopped at the conference, and heard Mr. Seabury speak. And we shouldn't have known how his abilities were wasted here, and you wouldn't have had the opportunity of helping him."

"I help him, my dear?" exclaimed the astonished professor. "I never dreamed of such a thing, although it is a pity he should not have a larger field."

"I know it has not occurred to you, but it has to me, and that is the same thing. Mr. Merton, who edits the Christian Messenger, is going to resign in the spring to go to India. His wife told me so. And you are going to get his position for Mr. Seabury, who can write beautiful sermons, but cannot preach them very well. I know all about it, for Mrs. Seabury told me,

and this idea came into my mind at once. You will do it, won't you, Herbert?"

"Well, well, I don't know!" said her husband, dubiously.

The plaid dresses went to church every Sunday all winter, and appeared at the suppers and entertainments given by the society. Long before spring it was painfully evident to every one that those garments had been a grievous mistake—to every one but Mrs. Beaman; apparently she admired the work of her hands as much as ever.

"I declare," said Mrs. Driscoll to Mrs. Lane, "it makes me ashamed every time I see that circus procession marching up the broad aisle at church. If Ann Beaman ever gets us in such a box as that again, I guess she'll know it!"

In the spring the town was electrified by the news that Mr. Seabury had received a very flattering offer to edit the paper of the denomination. The salary was so large as to seem miraculous to these simple people. There was no question about Mr. Seabury's acceptance. Of course he must take it. Such chances come only once in a lifetime.

If the people were surprised, how much more so were the minister and his family! They little knew how important a part the plaid dresses had played in the matter.

As soon as it was decided that they would go, Mrs. Beaman marched boldly up to the parsonage.

"Mis' Seabury," said she, "I guess I made a mistake when I bought that cloth. It really wasn't just what I thought 'twas, come to get it home. I guess you hated to wear the things, and I don't blame you any. You have looked mighty queer."

"Mrs. Beaman," answered Mrs. Seabury, "what you did was out of the goodness of your heart. You realized our necessities and tried to fill them. I have always appreciated the true kindness which prompted you. The particular colors of the cloth were of little moment."

Mrs. Seabury hesitated a moment, then continued:

"It wouldn't be quite honest for me to say that I liked the garments or that I really enjoyed wearing them or seeing the children wear them; but I never have lost sight of the fact that your intentions were of the very best."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Beaman, heartily, "I'm glad you don't bear me no ill will for making you all look like a menagerie. I guess those things won't do to wear down where you are goin', though. So, if you'll just get all the clothes together, I'll take 'em home and color 'em so you'd never know what they had been."

Mrs. Beaman was as good as her word, and the twins rejoiced in dark blue dresses, while Nannie and Johnny appeared in brown. Mrs. Seabury's gown came home a fine black, warranted never to grow rusty. Mrs. Beaman had no equal in the county when she once began to color.

The baby's little cloak was left untouched, for he had fretted himself into a better world some weeks before, and the uncouth garment was always a most precious possession to Mrs. Seabury.

Every summer Mrs. Seabury and the children make a visit to Dunbar, spending most of their time with Mrs. Beaman; and the minister's wife never regretted the courage with which she faced her trial.—Waverly Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Students and physicians in Berlin can now avail themselves of a newly founded circulating library containing only medical books.

The swallow has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs a scoop-net-mouth, for he does all his feeding on the wing.

Place a snake on a smooth surface, as a polished table, and it makes no headway, because it finds no resistance on the smooth surface to aid it in pushing ahead.

An attempt to acclimatize ostriches in South Russia has proved successful. The ostriches born in Russia are much less sensitive to cold than the imported ones, and their plumes are equally good.

Major William J. Davis, Secretary of the Louisville (Ky.) School Board, has sold his collection of fossils to the University of California for \$15,000. Major Davis sacrificed the magnificent collection to pay his debts.

With the assistance of the latest machines, a piece of leather can be transformed into a pair of boots in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of sixty-three people and through fifteen machines.

A new X-ray tube, with adjustable cathode, shows that the exact position of the cathode enormously affects the penetration of the rays, a change of a third of an inch giving a range of penetrative power from the highest to none at all.

The wave length of Rotengaz rays, according to Promethes, has been ascertained by Dr. Fromm, of Munich, to be fourteen millions of a millimeter, or about seventy-five times smaller than the smallest wave length of light. The determination was based upon interference-phenomena.