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AT DAWN.

As I awoke, I felt a mighty sea.

Who could quiet be so sad and

But neither, and with half-dimmed mind,

So I sat up, and with a gasp I said,

Thinking in the joy because I knew

So all night I gazed, and in my mind

Full of a sorrow deep, and in my mind

Pathos for the flowers dead and low.

Then, as the dawn came, sweet peace had set

Upon the troubled spirit, with white wings,

And, under the glow of the King's

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TENDER AND TRUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DAWNING OF LOVE.

A tall, fair man, in a velvet shooting

coat, coming slowly across the fields,

gun in hand. A handsome, aristocratic

looking man, in spite of his careless

dress.

A girl, with sweet, grave eyes, and

bright, brown hair, leaning over a low

white gate.

A sudden joy in the man's eyes when

he sees her—a little tremble in the

limb, and then for a moment—silence.

That is the picture I see for down

memory's track, as the mists that the

years have gathered roll away, and again I

greet, as plainly as if it were but yesterday,

those two, one of whom was my dear

darling, and the other my darling's

lover.

It was the old, weary and usual

story—very in the telling and weary in

the acting. She was all the world to

me, while I was nothing to her. And yet

I wrong her. She did love me, in her

gentle, winsome way, as a child loves

one who has guarded and watched her

with care.

"You like me, James—don't you?"

she would sometimes ask, roguishly, and

I would laugh and call her a baby, even

while the man's heart within was longing

to tell her of the love that filled me

and would linger till God should give me

rest.

I never did tell her, though sometimes

the temptation seemed greater than I

could combat. I know so well how it

would have pained her gentle heart to

know she had caused me sorrow, however

unintentionally. And I loved her too

well to shadow, even lightly, her days

with grief.

She was the light of our home—this

girl, with her grave eyes and merry

ways, and the sunlight of that dull, gray

life into which my footsteps had fallen

ever since before the trouble had come

upon us which had driven our father to

a suicide's grave and left us beggars.

I was the pastor of St. Stephen's

Church—a little, unostentatious edifice,

whose congregation was none of the most

refined. Bitterly indeed had I rebelled

against the quiet, uneventful life which

I knew lay before me when I accepted

the rectorship of Kingston, but gradually

had buried all my high hopes and aspira-

tions, and the years, as they glided on,

ward, had brought me peace.

One day a message had come to my

sister from a friend who was dying in

London. She obeyed the summons, and

three days later she returned with a

little, shrunken child, who crept like a

tiny ghost into my arms, laying her

head on my shoulder.

"James," said my sister, "I want to

have this little binding stay with us. She

is fatherless and motherless, and has

LAUGHLETS.

"Time will tell"—a lady's age.

To make cakes short—eat them.

Why is a convict like a balloon? Be-

cause he is 'sent up.'

Why is a clerk like a gun? Because

he can be discharged.

When does a man have a wife in law?

When he sues for a divorce.

Teacher (to new pupil)—"How much

is 8 and 8?" New pupil—"88."

Why does a man cross the street? Be-

cause he wants to get on the other side.

What is the difference between a Cath-

olic sister and a Catholic woman? Nun.

When does a girl have a naughty boy?

When her bonnet strings are in a hard

knit.

When is a Republican employee like a

rubber ball. When he gets bounced by a

Democrat.

Never touch an Irishman now, lest he

turn upon you and ask you who was Jas.

G. Blaine.

When a drunkard spends his last cent

for whiskey, what condition is he in?

Senseless.

Why is a school-boy after a flogging

like the American flag? Because he is

red, white and blue.

What is the difference between a drink

of whiskey and a drunkard? One is set

up and the other is upset.

There are many weakly papers in this

country. They are one-half patented,

which alone keeps them alive.

If a former Governor is an ex-Governor,

a former prospector is an ex-prospector,

and an old sample is an ex-sample.

A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

Some time ago there lived in Edin-

burgh a well-known grumbler, whom we

will call Sandy Black, whose frequent

fits of spleen produced some amusing

scenes of needless irritability related by

all except the brute's good, patient little

wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a

quarter, the fish and eggs were excellent,

to a turn, and breakfast passed off

without a cause for complaint.

What will you have for dinner, Sandy?

Mrs. Black.

A chicken, ma'am, said the man

husband.

Roast or boiled? asked the wife.

Confound it, ma'am, if you had been

a good and considerate wife, you would

have known before this what I liked!

Sandy growled out, and slamming the

door behind him, left the house.

The dinner time came and Sandy sat

down to the table. The fish was eaten

in silence, and on raising the cover of

the dish before him in a towering pas-

sion he

Boiled chicken! I hate it, chicken

boiled is a chicken spoiled!

Immediately his wife raised a cover

for another chicken roasted to a turn.

Ma'am, I won't eat roast chicken!

roasted Sandy. You know how it should

WOM