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THE LOG HOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY MATILDA C. EDWARDS.

Nay, let us keep the old log house,
Though rough and plain it be;
Through many and many a by-gone year
It has sheltered mine and me.
My father built this old log house,
In the blessed days of yore:
And my mother planted shrubs and flowers,
Around the whitewashed door.
My sisters planted locust trees,
And now those trees are grown;
And they are gone, aye, all are gone,
And I am left alone.
Recalling memories of the past,
And on this foot-worn sill
I sit at twilight's dreamy hour
In the log house on the hill.

Poor though it be, this old log house
A mine of wealth doth hold;
It hath within its lonely shades
A richer good than gold.
Here all my happy childhood passed,
Those sweet, delicious hours,
When all the earth seemed full of hope,
And light, and love, and flowers.
I found the wild-bird's nest in Spring,
I waded through the brooks,
And learned more songs from nature's harp,
Than I ever learned from books.
I found the cow-slip in the field,
The daisy in the dell;
I found the first blue violets,
After the Spring showers fell.

The partridge whistling in the wheat,
The robin on the tree,
Were little things, but oh! they brought
A world of joy to me.
Ah! that was years and years ago,
But the partridge whistles still,
And the robin wakes me every morn,
In the log house on the hill.

Across the slope of yonder hill,
Where the shadows lie so deep;
There, resting in the arms of hope,
My buried loved ones sleep.
You scarce can see the graves. The grass
Has covered every mound;
But when the holy angels come
The sleepers will be found.
You cannot see the forms I see,
Beneath those spreading trees;
You cannot hear the songs that rise
And melt upon the breeze.
You cannot see the eyes of love
That shine this hour on me;
You cannot hear the tender tones
That come from memory's sea.
Oh! for the sake of those dear hearts
That are lying cold and still,
I want to spend my lifetime here,
In the log house on the hill.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Well, darling," I said, catching her two hands in mine, as we met under the trees in the loveliest corner of the square.

I had no other words, and she did not need any.

'The old story," looking up at me, just a glance that showed her pretty eyes had been crying. 'I—I'm here, Shirley.'

Do you guess what those three words meant? That Edna Verdery, before the first star looked out of the opal sky up above us would be my wife.

Its the old story, you see—a penniless lover, a true-hearted little woman clinging to her faith, and a parental curse impending over both our heads.

I drew her hands tight through my arm, and we walked away very quietly, for she was tired, and the little hand trembled against my side. She only told me that she was not afraid, that she loved me, and one would be glad to rest when it was all over, and we too safe and far away together. And so we went on and were married.

Then I took home my wife. It was a poor home, but she was not afraid to sweeten it with herself, and she had said that she was glad to come. She never spoke of her father and mother, and never seemed to miss them or regret what she had lost in them. I never should have known that it was a grief to her, but for one day. She met me when I came home at night, with her face all sparkling, and her voice unsteady with excitement, and even before she kissed me cried out:

'I've seen my mother!'

'Your mother? Has she been here?' I asked.

'Yes! Only think how glad I was, how surprised! She came and kissed me, and forgave me," putting her arms around my neck and beginning to cry in her gladness, 'and forgave you, too; and she said she couldn't live and lose her only daughter. Oh, Shirley; it was the only thing more that I wanted on earth! I'm so happy, darling.'

'And your father?'

'He couldn't be so kind as she was,' said my little wife, with her cheek on mine. 'Fathers never are: but she thought—she was sure, she said—that he'd forgive it all, and that he loved me just as much all the time, and it would be all right at last, [illegible]. Oh, aren't you happy, too? Look [illegible] tell me you are glad, dear; you [illegible] how I wanted it!'

I was glad [illegible]—God knows; for my own [illegible] have cared to look [illegible]

[illegible] now. Mrs. [illegible] day after day, [illegible] and stood at [illegible] Edna Le-

Compte was pardoned and petted, and caressed as if Edna Verdery had never disobeyed. And then we were asked to dine 'at home,' she and I; and the old man greeted us both kindly, and kissed his daughter with two tears in his cold eyes, and seemed to bury our old enmity as he shook my hand; and after that night it was all sunshine between us.

But I never ceased to feel an odd chill in my heart like a prophesy of something bitter coming between us. Perhaps it was because instead of growing richer, since I married a wife, I only grew poorer, and the world outside of our little room got dark and threatening overhead, and seemed only a cold place for my unborn child to inherit.

He came to test its tender mercies just with the early winter, and as he came, Edna was very nigh going out forever.—She was a delicate little thing, and needed so much petting and nursing, and tender care—my heart ached as many a poor man's has done before, when I looked in the white little face that had been so rosy when I first took her from her home.—And instead of growing stronger, she only drooped more, like a flower in the first frost; and the child was as pale as she.

There was a season of business losses and heavy failures; firm after firm gave way, and men went home idle, and my turn came with the rest. And I knelt down by my wife's bed, looked into her eyes, and told her and asked her to forgive me for the wrong I had done in loving her.

'Don't feel so badly, Shirley,' she whispered, moving her head on my shoulder. 'I know I am a burden to you darling; but I—I can't wish it undone; we are so happy still—we've got each other and a baby, and such a long life yet for all these little troubles to pass away in!—And it can't last long, you'll get something better than what you lost. Perhaps it will be the very best thing for us, after all, that you should lose this place, and so be forced to make a change.'

'Perhaps! its all a chance,' I said, bitterly; and I must sit with my hands tied, and you—Edna, they were right! I was a selfish brute to draw you down to this.

She clasped her arms around my neck and kissed me and stopped my mouth, and we were silent for awhile and the room grew dark in the twilight.

'Shirley,' she softly said, at last, would you let my father help you?'

'What do you mean?'

'Mamma asked me a month ago if you would leave New Orleans and take a position in my uncle's house in New York. I never told you, because—she wanted me to come home then, Shirley, and let you go alone, and I couldn't.'

'Go home!' I gathered her closer—the baby in her arm, too. Child has it come to that?'

'No,' she whispered softly. It never will; I'll go with you there, or anywhere else on earth, Shirley.'

'Is it too late to take the offer now?' I asked, starting up. 'Why do you ask if I'll let him help me, Edna? Better that than taking his alms, God knows—I've done that so long. What is this place? Child, I'd almost beg at the street corners for you, if that was all.'

'Will you go and see papa?' she cried lightening up all over her wasted little face.

'I don't know about it, only that mamma said that there might be an opening for you, and it would be much better than your old place, and papa would use his influence for you. Will you go, Shirley?'

'Yes, I will,' I said, stooping down to kiss her.

Something was dragging me back all the while—holding me fast by the bedside; within touch of her little hot hand and hearing of my baby's sleepy, soft breath—but I didn't heed it. I was desperate and her eyes drove me out into the world, to struggle with it, and win for her sake—and I went.

So the end of it was that letters went back and forth, and two weeks from the day that I was discharged from my clerkship, I was engaged by the New York house of which Mr. Verdery's brother was head, at a salary that would keep Edna safe all the winter, far enough out of the reach of want and need of alms.—Only it was a desperate man's resources you know—she must be in New Orleans, while I was in New York.

A winter at the north they said, would kill her and I must not dream of taking her away until she was thoroughly well again.

This was the way it happened. They were so glad to take her back—they had forgiven her so entirely and wanted her so, and that they were so fond of little Shirley, I ought to be willing and glad to leave them both to such tender care. I was neither; but I knew it was my duty to give her up, and I did it. I kissed her good bye at last, and dragged myself away from her arms; she tried to hold me back even then, and the last glimpse I had of wife or child was a little slender figure in an open window, half buried in white, soft wrappings holding up a baby, who laughed and sprang in her arms, and whose little hand she tried to wave to me.

Then came lonely winter at the north—the silent starvation of my heart through nights and days; the longing impatient hope. It only lasted a little while. I knew I should have her in the spring, in a home of our own that I had planned already.

It was in March when her letters, which had come faithfully all winter on their stated days failed suddenly. A week went by without a message from New Orleans; and when it came at last it was written in another hand.

It was a long letter, but I never read [illegible] fresh voice; and I stood near him turning through. I only read three lines, that told me she was dead—that my baby was buried in her arms. The yellow fever had broken out in the city, and my two were among the first to go. Her parents had left New Orleans, and before their letter reached me would have sailed for England.

So I never saw the little, white wrapped figure and the laughing baby any more.

I never saw either of their parents again.

It was better for us all. Mr. Verdery had said that the intercourse should cease with Edna's and the child's death; and God knows, I felt so too.

So I lived on in New York alone, and rose in the firm, traveled and made money; and wandered from city to city at last successful in everything that I touched without trouble or anxiety in life—only the burden of my empty heart. I was thirty years old when my darling died; I had plenty more years to live, and death was still a long way off. People called me a young man still after my hair was very gray, and I seemed to have grown old and tired down to my heart's core. And the years went by wearily; and I was forty-eight and my hair was white.

It was at Fleming's house that I met Harriet Stanhope. She was a cousin of his wife's and an attractive woman—not a girl—the sort of woman whom everyone calls interesting; clever and cultivated to the utmost sweet natured, and adapted and good, and with even more than a woman's share of tact.

I had not known her very long before I could talk to her of the story that she knew already, and tell her about the day when I looked back and saw the little figure in the window holding up my child for me to see.

Well you have guessed already, I suppose at the end of this beginning. I never loved Harriet Stanhope—never.

But it came to me slowly at first, and very reluctantly, and then with a great shock, that this woman cared for me.—And I began to think of the possibility of her taking—in men's eyes, at least and to outward seeming—Edna's empty place in my heart.

She was lonely too, as I was with no near relatives, no home, and a sorrowful outlook before her. I never could bear the sight of a solitary and uncared for woman, and this woman touched all my pity and sympathy. I gave her that and my friendship most freely and sincerely, and that was all. But I began to think that even without love, life might be sweetened a little, and so I said to myself that I would marry her.

I did not resolve hastily. I had known her for over two years before I had thought of it all, and then it was long before the idea took a definite shape. I was traveling in the West, and one of the letters reached me at a large town in Ohio, that decided the last doubt that was in my mind. I read it twice, and then walked the floor all night, and lived my life over in memory, and reached far into the future to plan out what it would be—what it must be if God preserved it—and then I sat down to write to Harriet.

It was only natural that I should dream that night of Edna. She came to me at dawn and stood by my bed-side with the child, my son who bore my name and was so like me. And she told me that she had never died at all, but had been waiting for me all these years and God had kept her young, and the baby was a baby yet, only he would call me father, and the word was ringing in my ears when I awoke.

I thought of her while dressing, and I went down stairs at last, the letter in my breast pocket, sealed and directed to Harriet, and was dreaming of a woman older and fairer than she, when into my dream stole a voice, and the sound of my own name.

'Is everything ready, Shirley, dear?'

I looked up. There were two people at the little round table nearest mine, a lady quietly dressed as if for travelling, in black, without a touch of color, and a tall straight, broad-shouldered stripling, with a young face and eyes like hers. I knew they were mother and son before he answered her.

'All ready. The train starts in an hour. You've got nothing to do at all Madame Mere, but to sit and read a novel, or look out the window till I call you.'

And they laughed together. She had a girlish face and it was a sorrowful one too. Her eyes were brown. I looked into them, and all my youthtime looked back again; and I saw the old house in the old street in New Orleans, and the face in the window, and heard the baby hands patting on the panes. Only two brown eyes and a sweet voice, and a man's name spoken softly to call up all that witchery.

She arose from the table almost that minute.

'I don't want the strawberries, Shirley, I'm going up to my rooms, if you want to read a novel, you must run out and get one. I've packed everything and I want some light reading for the cars.'

Her dress was sweeping by my chair as she spoke, and stirred my senses—fast asleep so long—came a soft, violet scent, I was going mad I believe. As if no woman but Edna Lecompte had ever used that faint subtle perfume!

I started up and strode out of the dining room followed those two, and saw the mother go up the staircase—a slight, daintily moving little figure, with a touch of girlish grace in it still, while the son passed on before me to the office of the hotel. He went and leaned over the desk and spoked to the clerk, in his cheery, the leaves of the hotel register.

Mrs. Shirley Lecompte.'

'Shirley Lecompte, New York City.'

I turned and put my two hands on his shoulders. I could have taken him to my heart and kissed the child likeness in his face, but I did not say one word for a minute, while he flashed his brown eyes eyes round on me with a half angry frown.

'Are you Shirley Lecompte's son?'

'Where—where is your father?'

'My father is dead. That was his name,' looking straignt into my face. Then I dropped my hands.

'I was your father's friend my boy, I can see his looks in you; and your mother. Will you take me to your mother, Shirley?'

* * * * * * *

Well, I have forgiven him—the man who stole the sweetness out of life for me; he is dead and buried, and Edna is alive. Twenty years ago a forged letter told her that she was a widow, and the old man had his daughter back again; twenty years she had kept her life sacred to my memory, and loved me in her child, and waited for another world to give her into my arms again. She told it all to me that day, a long, long story; but this was the sum of it. I was dead and was alive again, was lost and was found.

And my life had its aim and crown, even so late; my love blossomed new, and my heart warmed, freshed with the old dead fires. We were happy, Edna and I. Out of the baby's grave rose up my strong, manly son to carry my name in honor and pride. It will have a nobler meaning when I am gone than ever in the past.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Fear God, honor the Czar.

To marry in May is to suffer alway.

On death, as on the sun, you cannot gaze with all your eyes.

The more dirt, the less injury.

A mere statement is not a proverb.

To stir the fire with another's hands is no hardship.

The moon shines, but does not warm.

The heart has ears.

Home is a full cup.

Calumny is like a coal; if it does not burn, it will soil.

Sorrow kills not, but it blights.

Rust eats away iron, and care the heart.

Sorrow comes often, but death only once.

The poor man has a sheepskin coat, but a human heart.

Behind the orphan God himself bears the purse.

Poverty is not a sin—but twice as bad.

Seven nurses cost the child an eye.

He blushes like a crab.

Set out a crust for the wanderers.

The sun gets up without consulting the Squire's clock.

Long are a woman's locks, but short are a woman's wits.

A woman's preparation, a goose's life time.

A dog is wiser than a woman; it does not bark at its master.

Let a woman into Paradise, she'll be for bringing her cow with her.

The sun works by day, and rests by night.

In wintry cold no one feels old.

On the stove is always summertide fair.

No man ever died fasting.

By a wedge may a wedge be driven out.

Black may be toil, but white is its price.

Prayer on the lips, and labor on the hands.

Mother Rye feeds all fools alike; but Wheat picks and chooses.

In a still pool swarms devils.

No taper for God, no stick for the devil.

The devil is poor; he has no God.

God waits long, but hits hard.

Trust God, but look to yourself.

Pray to God, but row ashore.

Be silent when God has struck.

God straightens the crooked arrow.

Luck gives to the foolish, God to the wise.

A fool shoots, God guides the bullet.

A beard is honorable, but even a cat has moustaches.

Moustaches for honor, but even a goat has a beard.

In the other world every pockmark will become a pearl.

The devil is old, yet he has no birthday.

An old cock crows not for nothing.

Not long hurt the bumps from a loved one's thumps.

A wife is not a guitar; when your playing is done, you cannot hang her up on the wall.

Why so blithe? I'm going to be married. Why hang your head? I've got married.

A good wife and rich cabbage soup.

The master is the head of the house, the mistress its soul.

A parent's blessing can neither be drowned in water nor consumed in fire.

Hold your own till you give your word, but having given your word, [illegible].

Honor is better than wealth, and honor's loss is a great woe.

A visible girl is of copper, but an invisible one of silver.

From the parental land—die, but go not forth.

Fear or no fear, fate cannot be avoided.

He who sweats afield and prays to God at home will never starve.

From him who remembers old times, knock out an eye.

Remember friendship, but forget evil.

A bad peace is better than a good quarrel.

Where simplicity is there are a hundred angels, but where duplicity is, not one.

Whosoever is content with little, him will not God forget.

On him who rises early God bestows gifts.

He who neglects copecks will never be worth a rouble.

A word of kindness is better than a fat pie.

A word is not a bird; if it flies out you will not catch it again.

Fear not the threats of the rich, but the tears of the poor.

In the other world usurers have to count red-hot coins with bare hands.

One's head does not ache from another's drunkenness.

To eat honeycomb in peace one must stifle the bees.

Where there is an oath, there is also a crime.

When dogs of the same house differ let not an outside dog interfere.

The ears do not grow higher than the forehead.

At a wedding all are Boyars.

It is bad for the sheep when the wolf is a Voevode (keeper.)

Fear not the law, but the judge.

What are the laws to me, if I know the judges.

A custom is not a cage; you cannot remove it.

Custom is older than law.

The stronger is the most in the right.

Who goes bail, he will suffer.

A cut-off slice does not belong to the loaf.

The blood of the guilty is water, but of the innocent a woe.

Teach not a swan to swim.

Slavery drinks mead, and freedom water.

PEACE IN THE FAMILY.

The following excellent rules of providing peace in the family have been given:

1. Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.

4. To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

5. When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer to "overcome evil with good."

7. If by sickness, pain or infirmity we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are so suffering to drop a word of kindness and sympathy to them.

9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of the weather and of everything and to encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to the servants; to praise them for little things when you can.

12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.

13. To try for "the soft answer which turneth away wrath."

14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves "have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves but to bring others forward.

16. To be very gentle with the young ones, and treat them with respect.

17. Never to judge one another harshly, but to attribute a good motive whenever we can.

☞ A gentleman one evening was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion he said:

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

She "gave it up."

"Because," said the rude fellow, a mirror reflects without speaking, but a lady speaks without reflecting."

"And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady.

He could not tell.

"Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished.'

☞ People who sit at their front windows and stare at their neighbors from morning till night will, perhaps, not be deterred by the fact that a South Brooklyn woman in this line of business had her nose frozen fast to the window pane one day last week, and was subsequently obliged to have the tip of it amputated. Nevertheless, the affair cast the radiance of a profound joy over the entire neighborhood.

☞ An old edition of Morse's geography says:—"Albany has four hundred dwelling houses and twenty-four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street."

To be patient and thorough in a[illegible] compel success in a[illegible]

[illegible] is nothing very [illegible] report. It [illegible]

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