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FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

A shadow fell across the dawn,
Dimming its light,
Nor faded off when rose the morn
In power and might;
But lengthened to a cross, earth-born,
Ere fell the night.

Through all the dawn no friendly hand
Lay clasped in mine;
No kindly word to help me stand
In morning's prime;
But with the eve stole through the land
A voice divine:

"Be still, brave heart! the upland way
You have to take,
The shadows drear that strew the way,
More fitting make
For heaven: press on, and often pray
For conscience' sake."

A second dawn, on which there fell
No shadows cold;
O'er each good deed a voice sang well
Sweet words of old:
The cross its rays—why? I can't tell—
Flung naught but gold.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

PANSIES.

Under the shade of the Lilies,
Down in the garden beds,
Close by the side of the brooklet,
The Pansies lift their heads

Black, and purple, and golden,
Brown, and blue, and white;
Under the shade of the Lilies,
Hid from the warm sun light.

Tell me, beautiful Pansies,
Close beside the stream,
With your bright eyes looking upward,
Say, do you ever dream

Of the days when old King Winter
Will sweep o'er the garden beds,
And the trail of his icy garments
Will take off your bonny heads?

Nay, say the jolly Pansies,
Shaking their heads in a row;
What care we for the Winter.
With all his ice and snow.

Safe midst the roots of the Lilies,
We'll softly nestle and cling,
Till out of the sunny South-land
Comes the warm breath of Spring.

Vicks' Illustrated Magazine.

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

The half-hour had just chimed from the Cathedral spire, and the bells were softly ringing for even-song. The Dean stopped in his hurried walk across the close to shake hands with Robert Armain, the richest and handsomest man in Dodington.

"I want to speak to you, Bob, after service. Go in; the girls will entertain you."

Mr. Armain stopped at the Deanery gate, and looked back over the quiet close.

"I'll ask Clare to-night. I shouldn't like to be refused by that cold, stately woman! I don't think she would, but I'll ask Clare—I'll ask Clare."

The Dean's daughter and niece were together in the drawing-room when Mr. Armain was announced.

"*Bon soir*, young ladies. I am your prisoner till the Dean returns."

"A willing one?" said the Dean's niece?"

"Such captivity is better than freedom, Miss Margaret. How does the tatting get on, Clare. Still at it?"

"Yes," she answered, lifting her head for a moment, with a smile that made her dark earnest face almost beautiful.

"Don't smile so brightly, Clare. I have some sad news to tell you. John Morrison's regiment is ordered to India. He leaves Dodington to-morrow."

"Why do you call it sad. Jack is glad to go. Who but cowards would wish their swords to lie idle now? I should rejoice, if I were a man, to be able to help our poor country people in India," exclaimed Clare, her dark eyes lighting up with the passionate fire of her nature.

Mr. Armain shrugged his shoulders.

"I won't pretend to judge Morrison's feelings as well as you, Clare. He did not look very delighted, though, at the prospect of falling a victim to some Sepoy's knife. We all would wish the poor things saved, but few care to be the sacrifice to redeem them."

Clare rose impatiently, throwing down her work.

"I am going into the garden. Flowers are better company than you this evening, Mr. Armain."

"Poor Clare!" he said softly, as she left the room.

"Why 'poor Clare?'" asked her cousin, in her calm, clear voice. She looked at him steadily, without a shadow of pain on the proud beauty of her face, though her heart was beating wildly with its grief.

"Can't you guess, Miss Margaret?

"I think you have offended her, Mr. Armain. You had better go and make your peace," she answered coldly.

"That's easily made. Clare and I have always been good friends since I came to Dodington."

He left the room, and went out into the sunny garden.

"Won't you leave the flowers and me to talk to each other?" Clare asked, as he joined her.

"I want to talk to you. Can you listen, Clare? It is about myself."

"Well."

He hesitated a moment.

"It is terribly lonely at the Court, Clare; it wants a mistress."

She lifted her beautiful eyes to his, with a sudden light in them. Did he read the secret revealed? He did, with sudden surprise and dismay, but he went on.

"I don't love your cousin much, Clare, but she is a fit mistress for my ancestral home. The Armains have always married such beautiful, stately women to reign at the Court."

"Indeed! But why do you tell me this," said Clare, speaking with her burning, tearless eyes upon the flowers.

"Won't you answer me as a sister, Clare? Do you think she would be my wife?"

"I don't know. Why do you trouble me with such questions, Robert? Ask Margaret herself."

"But, Clare——"

"For pity's sake, go away! I will not listen." She turned away bravely, struggling with her emotions.

"Clare, dear," Robert said, gently laying his hand upon her arm, "a woman's pride should be stronger than her love. Don't reveal that you care for any one before he asks to know."

They were cruel words, but they brought back Clare's calmness.

"Thank you, Robert; when I do care for any one, I will remember your advice."

He left her without speaking again, and went back into the drawing room. Miss Temple was standing at the window, the evening light falling brightly on her fair face and stately figure.

"A lovely evening," remarked Robert.

"It is. Where is Clare, Mr. Armain?"

"She will not leave her flowers. Miss Margaret, shall I tell you why I came to the Deanery to night!"

"If you please."

"I came to ask you to be my wife. I cannot woo as some men, Miss Margaret Give me a plain answer to my plain question."

She turned calmly towards him.

"I do not care for you, Mr. Armain. But there were no words of love in your question; there shall be none in my answer. I will marry you."

"Not loving me, Margaret?"

"You did not ask for love; I have none to give you. If I become your wife, Mr. Armain, I shall marry for wealth and position. You have my answer."

She spoke without a flush on her face or a quiver in her voice.

"Few women would be so candid, Miss Margaret. Why do you not care for me?"

Love cannot be gained without being given, Mr. Armain. You care only for my beauty; you don't love me—you don't understand me."

"It's a fair bargain—your beauty for my riches," said Mr. Armain, a little bitterly.

"A fair bargain," she repeated, and for an instant she laid her cold white hand in his.

It sent a chill through Robert Armain's veins, and Clare's brown eyes seemed to be looking at him again in mute, reproachful love.

* * * * *

Not one word, Margaret, that I may remember till we meet again on earth or in heaven?"

They were standing in the garden among the flowers, Lieutenant Morrison and Margaret Temple, the latter no longer calm and cold, but flushed and trembling, her eyes dim with tears.

"I am not worthy of your love, John," she answered; "I have sold myself for wealth. I am engaged to Robert Armain."

"Margaret, Margaret!"

"It is true; I shall be the mistress of the Court. Jack, I could never have been your wife; I could not marry a poor man."

"And you say you love me, Margaret! False—cruel!"

"I do—I do! Heaven help me! I cannot give my love to Robert Armain. It is all yours."

"Margaret, one moment before you go. We may never meet again—I trust we never shall."

She paused silently. For a moment they looked at each other; then, suddenly breaking down, the young man hid his face in his hands, sobbing out—

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie! And I loved you so dearly!"

"Jack, don't for heaven's sake! The Dean is coming!" she exclaimed, glancing up the path.

"You leave us to-morrow, then, my boy?" said the Dean, as he drew near.

"Yes, sir—I am come to say good-bye."

"Clare is in the drawing-room. Come in."

"I will say good-bye now, Mr. Morrison, said Margaret, calmly.

The Dean's grave eyes were on them. They shook hands and parted.

* * * * *

Summer was casting down her crown of flowers, reapers were busy in the harvest fields, and Robert Armain's wedding-day was drawing near. The sunny days that had ripened the fruits of the earth had taught Robert Armain what a terrible mistake he had made. The love he had scorned was more precious to him now than all the world beside, and he was plighted to Margaret. A few weeks before his marriage he was in the drawing-room with the two girls. Miss Temple was playing; her lover stood beside the piano, but his eyes were on Clare's face. The Dean's daughter was standing at the window, looking across the close with eyes that drooped a little beneath their lids.

"How do you like this new waltz?" asked Margaret.

"Very pretty," he answered absently. She looked up at him.

"Ah, you are not listening—and Clare is in one of her day-dreams! I don't care to play to myself;" and Miss Temple rose and shut the piano in lofty displeasure.

Mr. Armain made no attempt to conciliate her. He turned away carelessly, without a word, and crossed the room to Clare's side.

"Do play that waltz again—it was beautiful, Maggie," she said, turning to Miss Temple.

"I am tired of playing, dear—I want to write some letters," she returned, coldly, as she left the room.

Clare left the window, and took up her work.

"Maggie is looking very thin and pale," she said. "Going abroad will do her good."

Robert Armain paced the room without speaking. Clare's dark brown eyes were driving all thoughts of honor from his heart. Clare went on steadily with her work, and for a while neither spoke. Suddenly he stopped before her, his handsome face pale with emotion.

"Clare, I did not think you would have spoken so calmly of my marriage."

She rose flushing indignantly.

"Mr. Armain!"

"I know you love me. Clare, I knew it that night I asked your cousin to be my wife. Fool that I was! Don't let my mistake ruin both our lives."

"What do you mean?" she asked haughtily.

"Clare, I love you! For Heaven's sake be merciful! Say but one word, and you are mine forever."

She looked at him coldly, scornfully.

"I loved you once, Mr. Armain; but then I thought you an honorable man, who would hold his plighted word sacred. Loose my hand, please."

"It is your pride that speaks, Clare; I know you love me. Let your love plead for me," he answered passionately.

"Love you, Robert Armain! I utterly despise you!" She snatched her hand away, and haughtily left the room, giving no heed to his pleading words.

"Clare, Clare, listen one moment!"

She dared not remain. Her pride, her keen sense of honor, her strong will, could not destroy her love; it was pleading wildly for Robert Armain as he spoke. In a moment more she would have been clasped in his arms, happiness gained and honor lost.

* * * * *

Robert Armain spoke truly when he told Clare that her cousin was a fit mistress for his fair ancestral home. As lady of the Court she performed her part well, and Mr. Armain might well have been proud of the fair stately woman who ruled his household and bore his name—his wife in all but the love that is the truest tie between man and woman. Bound together by vows exchanged before God's altar, they were farther apart in heart than before their wedding day.

They sat together in the pleasant breakfast room of the Court on the first anniversary of their wedding-day, lingering over their letters. Mr. Armain's coffee was untouched; he had pushed his plate back to rest his head upon his hands, while he read the letter before him. It was from the Dean. He had been abroad with his daughter during most of the past year; now they were come home.

"Clare is almost herself again," wrote the Dean; "with tender care I trust she will quite recover her health. She is so like her mother that it makes me tremble."

"So the Dean is come home," Mrs. Armain remarked, laying down the letter she had received from Clare.

"Yes," her husband answered.

"Clare seems very homesick," his wife went on. "Dear child, I long to see her again."

"What did her mother die of?" asked Mr. Armain, without raising his eyes.

"Of decline when she was very young. The Dean almost broke his heart, I have heard my mother say."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Armain. He folded the Dean's letter and put it into his pocket. "Are you going to use the carriage to-day, Margaret?"

"Yes, I am going to Dodington. We have promised to be at Aversley this evening."

"I shall be ready to accompany you. Good morning."

"Good morning," she answered, as she would have returned the salutation of a stranger.

Her husband left the room, and Margaret took up the morning paper, turning by force of habit to the Army news. But the interest it had had for her was gone. John Morrison was in England; his spurs had been bravely won in India, but he had returned unscathed from his search for death. He was again in England—in Dodington—though Margaret did not meet him till that afternoon. She was paying a call at an old friend's house when he was announced.

Captain Morrison! The title was not stranger to Margaret than the familiar face now so strangely aged and worn. No longer the chivalrous lad that had won her love, but a stern, strong willed man who held her heart in his keeping, clasped the trembling hand she held out, and looked into her face with deep, sad eyes, so changed, yet with the same power to thrill her heart as of old. Nothing but the merest formalities passed between them, and, with a terrible dread weighing her spirits down, Margaret took her leave a few moments after his entrance. She has sold herself for wealth. Now, with bitter remorse that was worse than vain, she was beginning to count the cost, to see what a terrible bargain she had made.

The next day was wet and stormy. Margaret sat at the piano, playing a melody that sounded like an accompaniment to the sobbing of the wind through the rain. Her husband stood at the window, looking dismally out upon the lawn, where sodden leaves were driven to and fro and the great trees wailing above their dead children.

"Margaret!"

"Well, Robert." The music died away in a long mournful tone.

"How horribly lonely it is! We must fill the Court with company this autumn. A few of these days spent in-doors would drive me mad."

"Why don't you go out? You can take the close carriage, you know," she answered satirically.

Better do that than listen to the ghostly tunes you get out of the piano—they make my flesh creep. For mercy's sake don't play any more! I say we must fill the house with company."

"As you please," his wife returned, closing the piano and taking up a book. Her calm face irritated him.

"I do please then. One might as well have a statue in the house as you Margaret. Can't you have pity on a fellow, and talk a little?"

She laid aside her book.

"What do you wish me to say?"

He paced the room before he spoke again.

"I should like the Dean and Clare and Jack Morrison to spend a week or two here. Is there anyone you would like to invite besides?"

"No—but, Robert, don't invite Captain Morrison."

"Why? I wish him to come."

"I don't wish him to do so—I would much rather he did not indeed."

"Just because I like him, because his company would cheer me up a little! I know you too well, Mrs. Armain."

Margaret was deathly white—her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Robert, I beg you not to ask him here."

"I tell you I shall. It is utter nonsense. I shall ask him to-morrow. Have you the same objection to your cousin and uncle pray?"

"If I am to receive all the visitors you choose to name, it is useless asking my opinion," she answered, taking up her book again and leaving the room.

Robert Armain strode out into the rain, not caring whither he went. Of all spots on earth home was the most hateful to him. He almost loathed the cold stately woman he had made his wife. He had married for beauty; and now he too in bitterness of soul was beginning to count the cost.

* * * * *

"Won't you come, Clare? Robert wishes it very much—and I need not say how glad I will be to have you with me."

So spoke Mrs. Armain. She was standing by the fire in the Deanery drawing-room, her stately figure, in its sweeping silken robes, forming a strong contrast to the Dean's daughter. Clare was leaning back in her easy chair, weary with the joy of coming home again. She was changed, greatly changed. All the fire of love and hope had left her face. A sorrow-stricken woman she looked, save when she smiled the same sweet smile of old. That was unchanged. Sin alone can take away the beauty of a smile.

"You won't come then, dear?"

"No, Maggie. Don't ask me to leave my dear old home again. I feel better here—and—and—I'm not strong Maggie."

Mrs. Armain did not answer. Her delicate hands were twisting nervously in each other, and her dark eyes had a troubled look in them.

"Don't be vexed, dear," Clare went on. "You know papa could not leave his work—I know he would not."

"Why not say at once that you do not care to come?" said Mrs. Armain bitterly. "You are quite right. The Court is only a great state house, not a home—not a home, Clare. Stay in your own warm nest, birdie. Good-bye."

"Don't leave me, Maggie, so coldly would come if I could. Don't be angry.'

"Angry with you, my innocent, pure-minded darling! If I had not married for money, you would come, perhaps; but a curse is resting on me. Who shall tell where it will end?" And, without waiting for an answer to her wild words, she kissed her cousin and left the room.

It was more than three weeks later before Clare heard anything of the doings at the Court. One morning Robert Armain called. He was going to London by the noon express to stay a day or two on business.

"I am obliged to leave Margaret to entertain the visitors alone. I wish you could have come, Clare."

"Have you much company at the Court?"

"A couple of my old aunts, a distant cousin and his family, and Captain Morrison. I thought the Court was dull before, but it's worse than ever now. Every one makes it the aim of his or her life to thwart or annoy everybody else. You can imagine the result."

Clare laughed, and the Dean remarked, "Your duties as host must be no sinecure, Bob."

"By Jove, no! It's the hardest work I have ever done. Captain Morrison is as bad as any of them. I never saw a man so changed in my life. But I must be off. When are your roses coming back, Clare? Good-bye." He shook hands with them both and hastened away.

Clare had been ordered to take riding exercise. Her father had bought her a beautiful pony, and that afternoon Clare donned her riding habit and cantered away through Dodington into the quiet lanes. Everything was very still and silent under the autumn sunshine, and Clare rode on with loosened bridle, thinking not of the past, but of the future—the mysterious future that might soon lead her into the spirit-land. For Clare knew the danger the doctors feared was not over. Any sudden excitement, a chill, a keen sorrow, might break the silver cord, and, like her mother, cut her off in the flower of her youth.

A sharp turn in the road roused her. It curved along a low park paling to join the high-road. Clare hesitated. Close to her was a little gate leading into the shadowy Leaf strewn park. She knew the path well, and, pushing open the gate, cantered on under the great trees towards the house. She was in the grounds of the Court, and determined to surprise her cousin. She fastened her horse to the terrace pillar and run up the steps into the hall. The peace of the autumn afternoon had fallen upon the house. Nothing was stirring. Clare went into the drawing-room, but the great room was solitary in its splendor, and she was turning away, when a low stifled sobbing caught her ear. It came from the little inner room. The Dean's daughter crossed to the heavy curtains and softly parted them. Kneeling upon the floor, her proud head buried in her hands, was Margaret Armain. She was trembling with intense emotion, Clare saw, as she knelt down by her side.

"Maggie, Maggie, what ails you?"

"Clare!" Her hands dropped from her face, which she vainly strove to bring back to its usual calmness. She rose slowly. "Why have you come back here? Who sent you?" she asked fiercely.

"I came to see you. No one sent me. What is it, dear? What sorrow have you which I do not share?"

"Nonsense! I was a little hysterical that's all, foolish child—grieving because Robert is away," Mrs. Armain returned with a laugh—such a laugh—it made Clare shudder.

"Your face is more truthful than your voice, Maggie. I know you are in trouble—can't I help you to bear it? Don't you remember when we were children?"

"Good Heaven," Mrs. Armain exclaimed wildly, "do you wish to drive me mad? I must forget I ever was a child, ever anything but a lost woman—lost, lost for this world and the next! Don't touch my hand—don't come near me, Clare. I sold myself once for wealth, and found my golden servitude was misery; now I sell myself again, body and soul, honor and fair name for a little happiness. Loose my hands, Clare. Get up."

"No, no! Maggie, tell me what I think isn't true. Tell me I'm false to all our old love, to the love I bear you now, to think you could sin so deeply. Maggie, Maggie, tell me I'm wrong, for Heaven's sake, for your angel-mother's sake, for the sake of our happy childhood—tell me it isn't true!"

For one awful moment there was silence in the room where Clare knelt at her cousin's feet. Then Margaret Armain unclasped the hands that clung to her, and answered—

"It is. Get up and go home. You cannot, shall not save me. You will never see me again—never!"

Clare did not rise or speak—a dumb chill of horror had crept over her; her face grew cold and rigid, and with a low cry she fell forward upon the floor unconscious.

Mrs. Armain lifted her up and laid her upon a couch. As she bent over her in terror, the curtains parted and Captain Morrison entered. A hot flush rose to his face as he recognized Clare. Even her white still face had power to reproach.

"Is she ill? Has she fainted?"

Margaret turned to him. For a moment she could not speak; and never, in all the horors of India, had Jack seen such agony as was written on her face.

"She is dead, I think," she said in a strange hard tone. "I have murdered her by telling the truth. It needed only this."

For one moment Captain Morrison bent over Clare.

"Ring for help! I will go for a doctor and the Dean."

He had left the house the next instant, on his way to Dodington.

* * * * *

It was dusk before Jack returned to the Court. In the hall he met the doctor, who answered sadly the young man's question ing look.

"She is dying, Captain Morrison; she has broken a blood-vessel."

"Dying, doctor?"

The answer was interrupted. Mrs. Armain came down the wide stairs to Jack's side.

"She wants you. Doctor, you are not going?"

"I shall stay here to-night, Mrs. Armain," he answered gravely.

She bowed and turned again to Jack.

"Come." He followed her up the stairs, but at the library door she stopped. "I had nearly forgotten—I must telegraph to Mr. Armain."

Jack watched her while she wrote the few words and gave directions to the servant, in wonder at her calmness.

"You must be very quiet," she said, as she joined him again and led the way. Once more she stopped at the door of the chamber of death. A low voice reached them where they stood, and both held their heads reverently. The Dean was praying with his daughter.

Something in the old man's voice touched Jack Morrison more than all, and in an agony of remorse and sorrow he knelt down by the chamber door and wept. Margaret looked at him wonderingly, but she did not speak. There was a movement in the room. Margaret heard Clare's voice, and she opened the door and entered. The Dean silently clasped Jack's hand, and led him to the bedside.

"She wants to bid you good-bye," the old man faltered.

"I am dying, Jack. Oh, Jack——" She stopped; her eyes spoke the rest—all her fear and pain and sorrowful shame.

He bent over her and kissed her.

"You have saved us, Clare; you have lost your life to save us."

"I am glad," she said faintly. She closed her eyes for a little, and then she spoke again. "Jack, won't you try to be a good man? We were always like brother and sister. Won't you try to meet me in heaven?"

"I will—I swear it, Clare! Heaven helping me, I will."

Margaret was standing by the bedside. At these words she spoke.

"I cannot promise to be a good woman, but I promise, dear, to be a true and faithful wife."

There were few words after this. Through the evening the three watched in the silent room where death already cast its shadow. Towards midnight another came to join them—Mr. Armain Clare knew him and called him by his old familiar name.

"You will be kind to Margaret, Bob?"

Those were her last words. As another day was born she died quietly, without a struggle.

* * * * *

Directly after the funeral, Captain Morrison left Dodington for India. He had thrown up his commission, and accepted an appointment in the City of Palaces.

Many years have passed since then, but Jack has not revisited his native land. He is a rich old bachelor, and many councils are held in Dodington as to who will inherit the money he has to leave.

The gossips talk too of the probable heir of the Court, which has become very much neglected. Mr. Armain has no children—a fact that accounts in many minds for his worn, wretched face, and the faded beauty of his haughty wife. Day by day they are counting the cost of marrying without love.

At rest within the quiet cloisters lies the Dean's daughter. After life's fitful fever she sleeps well.

THE MOUSTACHE.

Some of the English newspapers at this season of enormous gooseberries and other evidences of a dullness of news and topics are discussing the question of whether it is lawful or becoming for clergymen to wear moustaches. They might as well spare themselves the trouble, for the laws of fashion move in evolutions which are not to be hurried or retarded by comment, objurgation or ridicule, and we can only hope and have faith that in spite of relapses into folly and artificialty, the tide of good sense flows on, and that the human race in civilized countries is making progress toward a nearer acknowledgment of the natural conditions of the body as fashioned by its Maker. In fact, the way is marked—in the male toilet at least—by the shedding and leaving upon the bank and shoal of time of various needless and costly artificialities, such as swords, periwigs, velvet coats, laces and ruffles, until man is not only becomingly but simply dressed, and an inviolable law, stronger than that of the Medes and Persians, prevents even the fop and fool from appearing in gay colors or gorgeous material. The last generation witnessed the disappearance of the silk stockings and the velvet breeches, and this age at least appears in the embryo stage of freedom from the servitude to the razor, which Lord Byron declared equal in severity to the primal curse inflicted upon womankind. We do not feel inclined to prophesy as to the exact time when the beard will be come universal, or, indeed, that it will ever become absolutely so; but it is certain that the tendency in that direction seems to be much more than a caprice of fashion, and to be really an evolution irrevocable in its permanency. Some abnormal circumstances, such as the Crimean war in England and the war of the Rebellion in this country, had a tendency to hasten the spread of the fashion for beards; but to those who trace the growth of the hirsute appendange from the slight patch under the ear of the statesman of Macaulay's time, to the full whisker surrounding the face, as in a frame of Count D'Orsay and Tom Duncombe, and from thence to the addition of the tuft of Thackeray's dandies, it must be evident that it was a movement that was only hastened and not developed by the exigencies of wars. To the social philosopher it would seem that the pointed beards and moustaches of the cavaliers of Van Dyke and the various and utterly extraordinary patterns of whisker affected by the gallants of the court of Elizabeth, were a stage of the transition from the full beard of carelessness and negligence toward the period of artificiality which culminated in the complete abnegation of nature in the naked faces of the age of Queen Anne, and which continued through the reigns of the Georges, until in the present generation beards began to be recognized and established on the sound principles of convenience and natural elegance, as rigidly artificial was succeeded by natural gardening. It is a principle of our present taste that nature is to be cultivated and not forced or destroyed, and it appears in the beard movement as in the other arts and practices of life.

The moustache was last in making its way to acceptance, and for a long time, as the readers of Lord Farintosh's conversation with Clive Newcome at Brighton will remember, was considered the distinctive mark of either an artist or an officer in the army. It was in some sort considered rakish and disreputable, and grave seignors and others who had a stake in the country fought shy of it long after they had adopted the full beard for the rest of the face. Even yet the prejudice continues, and persons of an especially sober mind, and those who desire that their piety should be recognized, make a point of presenting a clean upper lip to the public. It is rapidly passing away, however, and those who do not shave because they like it do not feel compelled to reap even the upper lip as an evidence of character. As might naturally be supposed, the clergy were the slowest to adopt a fashion which savored peculiarly of worldliness, and the first who wore a moustache might be set down as bold as one who started a radical reform in theology, were it not, we presume, in the nature of an evolution which struck a number at the same time, and therefore did not excite the animadversion of a solitary example. In this country and in certain dissenting sects in England, in which it is a motive to be as unlike the fixed clerical garb and appearance as is consistent with sobriety, there was less difficulty in the way, and except in the Catholic church, no form of beard-wearing among clergymen is likely to attract particular attention. In the church in England there is seemingly a longer struggle or a slower growth, and there are virtuous people who contribute to the negative side of the present discussion, who object to see the moustache associated with the surplice. But, as we have said, it is in the line of evolution which cannot be stayed, and the time is probably at hand when the beard in all its forms will invade the pulpits of every denomination except the Catholic, whose rules are fixed and immutable, and beyond the power of fashion. At present the advocates of the clerical moustache have a powerful argument in the customs of the fathers of the church, and can point to the portraits of the judicious Hooker, Jeremy Taylor and a long list of the soundest divines of the church, to show that correct theology is not inconsistent with a hirsute lip and an elegantly trimmed beard. In general terms it may also be said that so much does not depend upon the moustache as the manner of wearing it, and that while one fiercely waxed or of *outre* proportions might justly be objected to as unbecoming a minister, another of modest droop and reasonable size might wisely adorn the most pious countenance in the land.

GOSSIP.

While it would scarcely be just to say that all the gossip in the world is set afloat by woman, we fear that she is possessed by that demon to a much greater extent than man. If this gossip was always harmless, the evil of tattling would be less. Unfortunately, however, this is not the case. Not only are matters of but little consequence rolled under the tongue like a sweet morsel, but characters are torn to shreds, and circumstances that should be covered over by the veil of silence are ruthlessly exposed by the eager gossip. The more disgraceful the event the greater pleasure does the tattler take in its discussion, the more earnest is she in her efforts to disseminate the shocking tidings. She knows no fear, and alas! she knows no mercy; she has got hold of something worth talking about, and she hugs it to her heart as a treasure of great price. This eagerness to gossip about the affairs of others is a terrible flaw in the character. Gossip is rarely good-natured. She goes about with a poisoned dagger. She is the meanest goddess to worship, because she is full of malice and all uncharitableness. She strikes in the dark, and knows no pity.

The Greeks represented the Harpies as women of frightful countenances, with serpents in their hair, and holding the torch of discord. Were we to paint the gossips of society, the modern Harpies, it is thus that we would portray them—women of frightful countenances, with hissing serpents twined in their hair, and holding the torch of discord.

In 1709 an edict was issued at St. Helena for the punishment of gossips. The ordinance was as follows: "Whereas, several idle, gossiping women make it their business to go from house to house about this island, inventing and spreading false and scandalous reports of the good people thereof, and thereby sowing discord and debate among neighbors, and often between men and their wives, to the great grief and trouble of all good people, and to the utter extinguishing of all friendship, amity and good neighborhood; for the punishment and suppression whereof, and to the intent that all strife may be ended, charity revived, and friendship continued, we do order that if any woman from henceforth shall be convicted of tale-bearing, mischief-making, scolding, or any other notorious vices, they shall be punished by ducking or whipping, or such other punishment as their crimes or transgressions shall deserve, or the governor and council shall think fit." After so terrible a threat as this, no doubt the women restrained their tongues, tranquility and peace were restored, and the reign of gossip was forever over at St. Helena. If such a punishment as this was inflicted upon gossips everywhere, we fear that there would be very few dry women, or women whose tender shoulders did not ache from the effects of the merciless lash.

DUTIES.

It is true that even light duties too often appear as irksome tasks, while we eagerly indulge in pleasures that cost us great labor and pain. The wise and true man recognizes the fact that his duties are many indeed, nearly all of life—and making pleasures of them adds so many pleasures to his life. But men of reasonable health and fortune are too apt to feel independent of the world, and to act upon the selfish idea that no one assists them, and they are therefore under no obligations to their fellow-man. Carlyle says that one cannot move a step without meeting a duty, and that the fact of mutual helplessness is proved by the very fact of one's existence. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. In all that concerns our neighbors we have an interest that is at once natural and unavoidable.

—The late George Robins, the well-known auctioneer, said in one of his advertisements of an estate that he had for sale: "In that favored region the moon is always at the full."

Varieties.

—The Amoy-Shanghai cable has been reopened.

—The eruption of Mount Vesuvius has moderated.

—The widow of Daniel Webster, now in feeble health, is at New Rochelle.

—Pills may sometimes fail to act on the liver, but sawing wood never will.

—About as low down as a man can get and not spoil, is to live out his wife's reputation.

—The new beauty in London society is an Irish girl of the name of Miss Gubbins.

—Everybody seems to think himself a moral half bushel to measure the world's frailties.

—I don't bet on precocious children—the huckleberry that ripens the quickest is the quickest to decay.

—The Imperial Bank of Russia announces that it holds 147,789,805 roubles in coin against notes issued to the amount of 723,810,155 roubles.

—Recently the Metropolitan (London) Board of Works took possession of the Waterloo bridge and the Hungerford foot bridge, the last toll bridge east of Lambeth.

—There is a perfect stagnation in trade in Jamaica, and, indeed, in agricultural business likewise. Such a depression has not been known on the island for seventy-five years.

—A fisherman at Kingston, Ill., saw a coffin floating down the river. The tide took it toward the shore, and he pulled it in. Holes had been bored in the top, and inside he found a live baby, about two months old, with a nursing bottle half full of milk.

—Some memoirs about to be published in Paris, state that Thiers was so small a baby that he could be put into a wooden shoe. He was baptised in a cellar, since the reign of terror had but just come to a close, and the priests were all afraid to perform the ceremony in a church.

—The Pope is, they say, a most indefatigable letter writer. He has taken it in hand to reform the regular clergy, beginning at Rome, and has had furnished to him a list of all the priests resident, with particulars as to their private lives and the manner in which they discharge their duties.

—The Duke of Devonshire, by two successive flukes, though born a simple squire, became first an Earl, and then what he is now. His Grace is the possessor of an enormous fortune, has six country seats distributed in the three kingdoms, and the historical mansion known as Devonshire House.

—Five years ago a party of men were bathing in the Boyer river, near Dunlap, Iowa. Frank Pike lost a valuable ring, an heirloom. About a month ago, Pike was with another party at the same spot. He said he believed that he would hunt up that ring. He was joking, but coming up from the long dive he held the ring in his hand. He had struck the bottom, grasped a handful of mud and hit the right place. This is a Chicago *Tribune* story.

—Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, though she has not kept all the commandments, is represented as very kind-hearted. In Paris, where she generally lives, her name is associated with many acts of generosity. She does good whenever opportunity offers, and always, if possible, in a purely private way. When money is needed, she is one of the first called upon, and she never refuses to give—and give liberally. Her gross figure hides, but does not interfere with a very sympathetic and tender heart. The late sale of her jewels brought some $400,000 more than it was thought they would bring, and she intends to devote the whole of this sum to a tomb for the young Queen Mercedes, her daughter-in-law, of whom she was very fond.

—THE HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.—One of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water; yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver sitting on his boat, winds a great goat skin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth. Then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line; and, thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

—Of Prince Bismarck at home, a correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "Nothing is more simple and touching than the respectful and silent enthusiasm with which his wife and children surround him, and the devotedness they show to him. In his family circle he lets himself be governed by their anxious tenderness. When he leaves the table his wife or son brings him his long clay pipe and lights it for him. This first pipe smoked, a second, all ready, is handed to him, and this is afterward gently taken from him without a third being brought. The Prince yields to this silent tyranny, which relieves him of a portion of his personal cares. His son Herbert told me, 'I have put my father to bed, for he, too, you see, ends by being tired.' He is treated, indeed, by his family as a demi-god, and cared for as an infant. On hearing him chat with his family one is struck by the clearness with which he stoops to familiarity, and also by the feeling of irrisistible force which he inspires, so that when once he has said anything it becomes law."

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