

## "GOD KNOWS."

[An emigrant ship foundered in a storm, and of the 220 who went down, only one—a little child—drifted ashore. When the waif was laid at rest from her troubled baptism, the question was asked by somebody, "What name?" and the reply was "God knows." A gentleman present, touched by the words, caused a headstone to be erected, bearing only this: "God Knows."]

## I.

An emigrant ship with a world aboard  
Went down by the head on the Kentish coast;  
No tatter of bunting at half-mast lowered,  
No cannon to toll for the creatures lost.  
Two hundred and twenty their souls let slip,  
Two hundred and twenty with speechless lip  
Went staggering down in the foonched ship.

## II.

Nobody can tell it—not you nor I,  
The frenzy of fright when lightning thought  
Wove like a shuttle the far and the nigh,  
Shot quivering gleams through the long fogot,  
And lighted the years with a ghastly glare,  
A second a year, and a second to spare  
Mid surges of water and gasps of prayer.

## III.

The heavens were doom and the Lord was dumb,  
The cloud and the breaker were blest in one;  
No angel in sight—nor any to come!  
God pardon their sins for the Christ His Son!  
The tempest died down as the tempest will,  
The sea in a rivulet drowns lay still,  
As tame as the moon on a window-sill.  
The roses were red on the rugged hill,  
The roses that blow in the early light  
And die into gray with the mists of night.

## IV.

Then drifted ashore in a nightgown dressed,  
A waif of a girl with her sandal hair,  
And hands like a prayer on her old blue breast,  
And a smile on her mouth that was not despair,  
No stitch on the garment even to tell  
Who bore her, who lost her, who loved her well,  
Unnamed as a rose—was it Norah or Nell!

## V.

The coasters and wreckers around her stood,  
And gazed on the treasure-trove landward cast,  
As round a dead bird the sturdy wood,  
Its plumage all rent and the whirwind past.  
They laid a white cross on her home-made vest,  
The coffin was rude as a red-breast's nest,  
And poor was the shroud, but a perfect rest  
Fell down on the child like dew on the west.

## VI.

A ripple of sod just covered her over,  
Nobody to bid her "Good night, my bird!"  
Spring waited to weave a quilt of red clover,  
Nobody alive had her pet name heard!  
"What name?" asked the preacher, "God knows" they  
said,  
Nor waited nor wept as they made her bed,  
But sculptured "God Knows" on the slate at her head.

## VII.

The legend be ours when the night runs wild  
The road out of sight, and the stars gone home,  
Lost hope or lost heart, lost Pleiad or child,  
Remember the word at the drowned girl's tomb!  
Bewildered and blind the soul has repose,  
Whether cypress or laurel blossoms and blows,  
Whatever betides, for the good God knows!  
God knows all the while—our blindness His sight,  
Our darkness His day, our weakness His might!  
—Benjamin F. Taylor.

## THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

Many years ago there dwelt in the town of P—, a pretty village, distant some miles from the market town, a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden, who had a decidedly ugly and cross-grained but wealthy father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child, and report said she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full \$10,000—at that period, a very handsome fortune, to be sure.

The sparkling eyes and winning ways of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous; but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway against him or her.

In the meantime Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret. His name was Walker—Joe Walker, and he was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with

the management of his place for two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer and good manager was the plain, unassuming, but good-looking Joe Walker. He was only 23, and he actually fell in love with the beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his old employer's only daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was, Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly and frankly, and promised to wed him at a favorable time.

Things went on merrily for a while, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them which excited his anger and suspicion. Very soon after Joe learned the old man's mind indirectly in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem; and so he at once set his wits to work.

By agreement, an apparently settled coolness was observed by the lovers towards each other for five or six months, and the father saw, as he thought, with satisfaction, that his previous suspicions and fears had all been premature. Then, by mutual consent, Joe absented himself from the house at evening; and, night after night, for full three months, did he disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bedtime. This was unusual, and old Danforth determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant; but, after several months, the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young lady's hand.

This was capital—just what old Danforth most desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child, and he would help to get Joe married, and thus stop all further suspicions or troubles at home. So he said:

"Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?"  
"Yes, sir," said Joe. "That is, other folks say so. I'm not much of a judge."

"And you like her?"

"Yes, sir; yes."

"Then marry her," said old Danforth.

"I can't; the father objects."

"Pooh!" continued Danforth; "let him do so; what need you care? Run away with her!"

"Klopp!"

"Yes! Off with her at once! If the gal will marry you, all right. Marry her and bring her here. You shall have the cottage at the foot of the lane; I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased, and the old man may like it or not, as he will."

"But—"

"Give me no 'buts,' Joe. Do as I bid you; go about it at once, and—"

"You will stand by me!"

"Yes, to the last. I know you, Joe; you're a good fellow, a good workman, and will make anybody a good husband."

"The old fellow will be so mad, though."

"Who cares, I say? Go on quietly, but quickly."

"To-morrow night, then," said Joe.

"Yes," said Danforth.

"I'll hire Clover's horse."

"No, you shan't."

"No!"

"I say no. Take my horse—the best one—

young Morgan; he'll take you off in fine style, in the new phaeton."

"Exactly."

"As soon as you're spliced, come right here, and a jolly time we'll have of it at the old house."

"But the old man might drop in on us."

"Bah! He's an old fool, whoever he is; he don't know your good qualities, Joe, as well as I do. Don't be afraid. A faint heart, you know, never won a fair lady."

"The old man will be accounted."

"Never mind; go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife, at any rate."

"I'll do it!" said Joe.

"You shall!" said Danforth; and they parted in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark, on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, decked in a new black suit, and looking really very comely. The old man bustled about the barn with him, helping to harness young Morgan to the new phaeton, and leading the spunky animal himself to the road. Away went the happy Joe Walker in search of his bride. A few rods distant he found her, as per previous arrangement, and, repairing to the next village, the parson very quickly made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took the bride, and soon dashed back to the town of P—, and halted at the house of Danforth, who was already looking for him, and received him with open arms.

"Is it done?" asked the old man.

"Yes—yes," answered Joe.

"Bring her in, bring her in," continued the old fellow in high glee; "never mind compliments; no matter about the dark entry. Here, here, Joe, to the right, in the parlor, we'll have a jolly time now," said the anxious farmer, pushing away for lights, and returning almost immediately.

"I am married—"

"Yes, yes—"

"And this is my wife," he added, as he passed up the beautiful bride, the bewitching and lovely Minnie Danforth.

"What!" roared the father. "Joe, you villain, you scamp, you audacious cheat, you—you—you—"

"It is true, sir; we are lawfully married. You assisted me, you planned the whole affair, you lent me your horse, you thought me, last week, worthy of any man's daughter, you promised me the cottage at the foot of the lane, you—"

"I didn't! I deny it! You can't prove it. You're a—a—a—"

"Calmly now, sir," continued Joe; and the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge their union.

The father relented at this. It was a job of his own manufacture, and he saw how useless it would be finally to attempt to destroy it.

He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.

The marriage proved a happy one, and the original assertion of old Danforth proved truthful in every respect. The cunning lover was a good son and faithful husband, and lived many years to enjoy the happiness which followed upon this runaway match, while the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement, for he saw how completely he had overshot himself.

**PATERNAL DUTY.**—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them that competence which he desires. Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible of domestic affection, the love of parents and brethren and sisters, a taste for home pleasures, habits of order, regularity and industry, hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*