Current Literature.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

There is nothing so cheering To him who has trouble A: to stick a right pin in The obstinate bubble. He'll fi: d life half sonshine; And, as to the rest of it, That may be lightened By making the best of it.

You're sighing and brooding, My n-ighbor, that's certain-Quick! Let in the daylight By lifting the curtain. Now toss off the burden And have a light breast of it— But, if you must bear it, Why, then, make the best of it.

At door, or at window, Go out on thought's pinions Forget your surroundings Enlarge your dominions, Your neighbors have sorrow Who are not in quest of it, And many, full many, Are making the best of it.

You meet with a friend, He seems gay—even jolly: You know he has care, You are shocked at his folly. Why, man, though he suffers, He'll not tell his guest of it-He's breasting the billow— He's making the best of it.

There's nothing that maketh,

When wee drains his vitals, The face so transcendant As patience through trials. And this is a test of it. That patience brings faith
When we're making the best of it.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

Three Times and Out.

If there were a spot on earth into which Christmas spirit had not penetrated, and from which it would be sternly shut out if the faintest breath of it should be detected in the effort to obtain an entrance, it was surely the in which Jennifer Morland sat one Christmas eve and waited. The statuettes and busts that made the lew high lights of the room were all pagan, inscrutable in calm, unsympathizing as their marble before the sculptor's pathizing as their marble before the sculptor's last Christmas Eve that you dare to breathe phisol gave it form; the pictures were mere it, think it, dream it. Now go."

And he went. This was Jennifer's time of fragments of river and forest scenery, tangles of dark green traversed by faint blue threa is of brooks, losing themselves and reappearing with elf-like freakishness, or Brazilian woods, dense jungles in which palms and vines and all manner of bright vegetation fiercely fought for space and life; the brooks, gay in all the fantastic luxury of modern binding, or rich with the beauty which middle age craftsmen lavished on all their work, ranged from lightest verse to deepest philosophy, but no religious volume found space among them, and in the piles of music which littered the piano and heaped the music rack was neither hymn nor mass; but all this might have been taken for accident. Fair ladies need not pin their hearts upon the walls of their sitting-rooms for visiting daws to peck at, any more than they need wear them on their sleeves, and yet they be humble and devout, true followers of the Master, but a g'ance at Jennifer Morland would have told the blindest of men that she was neither devout nor humble. There was pride in every line of the face, from the wide curve which the rippling yellow hair made on the white forehead to the tip of the small, cruel chin; pride in the arch of the brow, the curve of the nostril, the turn of the lip, and doubly intensified pride in the gray eyes that were so soft and yet so calm and steady. She was still young; it was but a year since her guardians had given up their trust and her to know from her whether his Christmas gift were so soft and yet so calm and steady. She vast wealth had come into her own hands, was to be happiness or misery. He had vowed never to look at her face again, and now he but at twenty-two thery was no more touch of yielding in her nature than in that of the most hardened worldling, and life to her was most hardened worldling, and life to her was neither cay sport nor path to a higher world, but only a game in which she was to win, fall before discretion and pride warned her, "You self." or fail who might. The only thing which seemed likely to hinder her purpose was that with the best will she had not learned either to simulate or to dissimulate, and her pride and her intentions were alike perceptible instead of being decorously concealed as they should have been for her purpose, for although s man may conquer by bodily showing that he Bertha?" is proud, a woman must seem humble unless she would be vanquished on every hand, and Jennifer's looks had already played her false more than once, in spite of exquisite modulations of voice and carefully rounded phrases. There was one who had never read them aright, to whom she had always seemed the sweetest as well as the fairest of women, and se he approached, her waiting was over.

"Con e in," she said, not turning towards the doorway in which he stood, dark, slender and graceful, a figure courtly in spite of the stiffness of modern dress, and gazed at her with eyes that were so nearly adoring that an artist, seeing them, would have taken for some saint's humblest worshipper. He obeyed, but as he came before her it could be seen that he hesitated, and as her eyes full of cold

scorn fell on him, he sank into a chair, almost crouching in it as he muttered, "Forgive."

Her lip did not curl; her face did not change, but her eyes dwelt on him steadily as she asked, "And why?"

"I loved you," he answered.

She did not speak, she did not move, but the scorn of her eyes deepened, "I loved you," he said again, and then she sp'ke, rising to her feet as she went on, and walking to and fro, a queenly figure, straight and slight, had spoken unwisely but her level again. and fro, a queenly figure, straight and slight, with long hands that now and then helped out her flowing speech, but were for the most part clasped before her, without stress but very worst. Y

il with firmness.
"Without doubt you loved me. You have me

the sky above but ourselves; clasped hands as if we could never separate, touched lips as if we could never separate, touched lips once—yes! I remember—and then you went away, and you forgot. I never shall, but I learned how to remember, and what to think of a foolish girl who gives her heart unasked. and when a good man gave me his love, I promised him my hand, and then you came

She paused, but still walked on up and down, and found nothing te say but to repeat, 'I loved you.'

"Oh, and again, wi hout doubt, you did! You found me beyond your reach, and so you longed to draw me once more to your side. You found that you could not, and each day of denial, each evening when you saw me with another only added to your passion, and you felt that life was not life unless you could have me once more to love, to saik with walk with, protect from mimic dangers, to look up to you as a guardian against all evil. And then other men were at my feet, and you knew it and you felt yourself but one of many instead of the sole occupant of my heart, and

him.

"Forgive? Forgive you for trying to make me your own by separating me from my promised husband? Forgive you for going to him and telling him that whole story of my heart had youth, with insinuations that my heart had not changed, that I was still yours, althoug: I had promised myself to him? Forgive?"

"And you love me, Jennifer," murmured he, still kneeling, still not daring to touch her although she steed so close to him that it scemed almost as if she meant to tempt him to take those white hands and woo her for

grace, "Forvive?" repeated she, not heeding him. "Forvive?" repeated she, not heeding him. "Why, there is nothing to forgive. You told him nothing which he had not known from first hour of our betrothal. You could not stir his faith by anything which you might say of the endurance of my love for you; you could not push me from his heart by any ghost of faithlessness that you might conjure from your mind, and give life and being with that elever tengue of yours. I forgive you that clever tongue of yours. I forgive you what you have done, but not for what you are. I do not forgive your fait less falsehood, your light assumption of love's tone and man-ner. I do not forgive you for looking like a true and chivalrous gentleman, while really faise as only pure selfishness can be. I do not forgive you for daring to ask to come here totropic nest glowing in color and warm with the reflected rosiness of fire and shaded lamp ing, by looking at me with eyes that love, by speaking to me in words that are a caress, no matter what their sense may be; I do not forgive you for reminding me of the part and spoiling the present. It was Christmas Eve when you said I love you first, let this be the

11. Twenty years have brought changes upon the room from which Jeneifer Moriand dismissed her lover, have mellowed the glow of draperies and rugs, cracked the tone piano, given to everything the indeficable touch that robs of youth without conferring any new character, but still the room seems brighter then of old, for in more than one place it is vivified by touches that redeem its former character and make it more at one with human interest and care for human life. A gentle Madonra holding high the Babe and looking down with mild Syrian eyes smiles above the mantel; two work baskets and one writing desk make an amicable group by the window; a Bible and books of devotion are piled upon a table standing in a recess; a flute lies upon the piano; a little cabinet holds some choice toys, apparently relies of a happy childhood, and three chairs drawn together about a round table on which stands a microscrope with several open books seems to indicate joint study. The room is not so pretty, has less unity of effect, but it is more beautiful.

S . thought Alexander Penrhyn as he looked So thought Alexander Penrhyn as he looked about it, and flushed with humiliation, recalling Jennifer's words when she sent him out of it twenty years before, and remembered the long lovely days and evenings that he had spent in it in that far-off youth when he and Jennifer had loved. He had never expected to see it again, and yet fate had drawn him hither, and once more his feet had passed the threshold and he was waiting with sickening.

"It is of no consequence," answered he "And you-"
"Well, we-. But have you spoken to

"And you are sure that this is not a mere boyish amusement on your part, a little en-tanglement from which you may escape light-ly; or a mistake on her part? You will not ly; or a mistake on her part? You will not take an Italian journey next year, or was it to Egypt that you went when you made an error before?"

"Madam!" "Excuse me. A mother takes precautions, you know. Well—we refuse."

"You refuse!"
"Yes. My husband and I have nothing against your character, Mr. Penrhyn; your wealth is undeniable; your fame makes you a desirable husband for our daughter, but we vave memories.

You can have none that are not creditable to him," said a third voice, and Bertha entered, the veriest sunbeam that ever glad-dened a home, small, slender, swift of move-

Alexander?"
"You must not ask," he answered, and as he did so he saw in Jennifer's eyes that he had spoken unwisely, but he would not take

"Then do you tell me, mamms. Tell the very worst. You cannot change me. I am rock, adamant, diamond, if you like, sir. Tell

known me from childhood; we talked of love when we were but babies; pledged each other with rings carved from peach stones and strung pre nous treasures of cherry stone base one so learned and wise as Mr. Penrhyn. I strung precious treasures of cherry stone baskets to wear them next our hearts; then we as learned and wise as Mr. Penrhyn. I am not afraid. I shall bring him here, "and in a moment she had dragged him from a neighthought that we might walk thus forever; boring room and confronted him with the rowed on the river until the world faded and the sky below and the sky belo

ture of fondness and energy, while her mother and her lover looked at him with wonder at his calmness. When she had finished he smiled slightly and said, "My dear, this was not necessary. I consent."

not necessary. I consent."

'Have you forgotten: asked his wife.

'No: I remember. But one mistake does not vitiate a life. I consent."

"Tell me what he remembered," Bertha said, going to her lover as her father left the room, taking her mother with him, but he would not; and the newly betrothed carrowly missed a quarrel in what should have been their first moments of bliss; and when he had gone and Jennifer came back she found her sunbeam transformed into a small thunder cloud, as it often was on occasion, and she was besieged weth eager questions, not to be answered, of course, for how could she tell the girl that Alexander had once been her lover, or expose the fault that her husband had condoned?

"And I thought that I had found peace she moaned in bitterness. "I had the love of a husband and a daughter, the joys of intel you were mad with envy, jealousy, all manner lectual companionship, even something that of hateful feelings. Certainly you loved and what did you do?"

Lectual companionship, even something that I called the consolations of religion, and he comes, an I in one moment sweeps it all away. "Forgive!" he said, dropping on his knees hefore her, as she paused and looked down at him.

III.

Still another change has come to the little Still another change has come to the little sitting-room. Above the mantel hangs a portrait, of which the calm, rather dull face and quiet eyes are those of Jennifer's husband, one of the work baskets is gone from the window and everything is set in order, Jennifer, her golden hair still golden, but with saddened eyes and face from which the pride has mercifully been taken by life and widowhood, sits quietly at the piano and softly plays speedily all the time I was away; and ever since my armusic strange to her skilful fingers in the old days, but now very dear to her, and the on duty every day. I see first rate, and the swelling of sound of the choral greets Alexander Penrhyn as he enters, and for the fourth time sees her on Christmas Eve. There was holly in the windows and

massed in the vases, and the whole room breathed of Christmas, and Jenuifer herself, with holly on her breast and in her hair, sug-gested the festival, but Penrhyn saw nothing but her face as she played, until, taking a step forward, he caught sight of a locket which hung at her throat, a locket which he remembeced perfectly well. He spoke, and in an instant, before she turned, she had caught it from its place, snapping the thread of chenille that held it, and when she faced him she was pale and calm:

did not expect you," she said. "I come to you from Bertha," he answered

gravely.
"Bad news?" she asked, looking at his grave face.
"Yes and no," he answered lightly. "Jen-

nifer. Bertha has filted me. "How dare she," cried Jennifer. "She

He shook his head.
"Den't believe it, Alexander, It cannot be true. It sha'l not be true! Don't—lon't look so pale. You shall have her! You shall! Ah—h—" and hysterics seized her for so pale. You shall have her? You possible the first and last time in her life, and her sustain the true dignity and importance of their most noble calling.—Elmics, New York, eager protest was lost in a passion of tears and laughter, not quenched by Penrhyn's Husbandman. of absurdities supposed to be southing, "I'm glad!" he said bluntly, as a on as h

dared to say anything, thereby reducing her

to speechles ness.
"You see," Penrhyn went on, encouraged by her silence, "she has always, all through our engagement, been dissatisfied bocause I would not tell her why you opposed it; since her father's death she had insisted on knowing this secret. I refused to tell her; we quarrelled, and last night, while we were both staying at your cousin's house for the holidays, she sent me a note to say that-in fact, Jennsfer-she's married my nephew, Arthur.

"Oh!" was all that Jennifer could find reath to eja mlate. "And that's all," Penrhyn concluded, rising as if to go.
"Where are they?" Jennifer asked.

"Oh, safe enough; in fact I caught them They ran away like two fools, and they are housed at Penrhyn Place, safe enough, in all nscience."
"And you?"

"I'm going back to your cousin's."
"Do you?"

"Not if you den't."
"That sounds like old times, Jennifer.
You did care at first." I should not wish my daughter to be

"Like me? And to me? You would have been avenged, Jennifer, if I had only 2ared." She would not look at him, but he saw her

before discretion and pride warned her, do well to smile, do you not?"

"And why not?" asked he.

"Truly, I do not know," said she, "unless it is that I do not remember that you often smiled. We have received your note, my husband and I, and—Pray sit."

"It is of no consequence," answered he.

"Give it to me!" she cried eagerly. "Cowardly! Unmanly! How dare you?"

"Because I lave never ceased to love you, although I taught myself to think that I had.

Because you know that I love you—and—and Because you know that I love you -andis there another excuse, Jennifer? Look

"And because I have always loved you, "And because I have always loved you,"
she said, "in spite of pride in spite of
another man's love, in spite of my daughter.
But—truly, I did not know it until I was
alone. Not truly know it until to-day, my
first lonely Christmas Eve."

"And so you put on the locket," he asked.

"They will call us two old fools," she replied, irrelevantly.

"Better than that we should call ourselves
as "he retigined." We were two young fools.

so," he rejoined. "We were two young fools, but we are wise now. And when Bertha ejaculated, "How every-ody will talk, mamma!" Jenniter only body will talk, mamma!"

This was Jennifer's time of love.

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larger than the German Empire or France,
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