Current Literature.

OUR KIND OF A MAN.

The kind of a man for you and me! He faces the world unflinchingly, And smites as long as the wrong resists, With a knuckled faith and force like fists; He lives the life he is preaching of, And loves where most is the need of love; His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears, And his face sublime through the blind man's

The light shines out where the clouds were dim

And the widow's prayer goes up for him; The latch is clicked at the hovel door, And the sick man sees the sun once more, And out o'er the barren field he sees Spring blossoms and waving trees, Feeling as only the dying may, That God's own servant has come that way, Smoothing the path as it still winds on Through the golden gate where his loved has gone.

The kind of a man for me and you, However little of worth we do, He credits full, and abines in trust Tuat time will teach us how man is just. He walks abroad and meets all kinds Of querulous and uneasy minds, And sympathizing, he shares their pain Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain, And knowing this as we grasp his hand, We are surely coming to understand ! He looks on sin with pittying eyes-E'en as the Lord, since Paradise-Else, should we read, though our sins should

glow As searlet they should be white as snow And feeling still, with a grief half glad That the bad are as good as the good are bad, He strikes straight out for the Right-and he Is the kind of a man for you and me! -James Whitcomb Riely,

Discovered in Time.

Some three miles back from our eastern coast, just within sight and scent of the salt water, lies a Suffolk village, Wynford by name, of whose scattered population four-fifths find their living and centre their material interest upon that broad area they call "their land."

A sleepy parish. An unemotional congregation of clodhoppers, then? By opinions, brisk little quarrels, many social grades of its own, and has, more-him to came and begged him to come no means, indeed! Wynford has decided over, its full quantum of human joys and sorrows; perhaps hidden among its sober generations, some tragedies, and

On Wynford green, near the flinttowered, thatch-naved St. Nicholas's whose casements one can look across anyone else miss me, either." the narrowing road into some twenty acres of park, where stands the chief house of the parish, the "Beeches."

Not a stately, exacting dame, ruling glove and be industrious." jealously over a tribe of bobbing, hat touching rustics, but a young and beautiful woman, who inherited through while hers were often grave. her mother, a position none ever needed to grudge her sweet and noble nature.

be, seems part of Wynford's very self, crumpled her forebead into negative one autumn day. He was an Oxford poor, You know how often I have been fellow, who, is sudden impatience at the barrenness of book life, had deserted it are independent enough, now, with all she of them that I fear it will be a about it. lamentable day when my son comes to take her from us."

"Your-son?" repeated Mr. Murray. politely-almost more than politely, at-

your parish of its mistress. You had yielding herself to a shower of grateful not heard this? Oh, well, I think our clergyman ought to understand what is keep this secret till I am gone. going on among us. It makes him at ease, does it not?" And, with the view of furthering this pleasant footing, Mrs. Orde chatted complacently into accounts of the neighboring family, and told how a Mr. Temple, well connected, but of no fortune had married the heiress of Wynford, manor, who, sadly enough had died, when their one child Agatha, was born.

"But there are two Miss Temples?" interpolated Mr. Murray, puzzled by remembrances of two attractive faces near his pulpit, of which one had earnestly marked (or so he fancied) every syllable of his first nervous sermon, while the other had wandered from pointed attention, through smothered

Temple by five years. Poor thing! Her father died long ago, leaving not the least provision for her; for, of course, he had only a life interest in the "Beeches." So his widow and little girl were simply dependent on the elder daughter. But the trustees were liberal, Miss Temple most unselfish and generous, and they

"Which was"-

"Four years ago, six months before our dear Agatha came of age. It was just when my son got his assistant judgeship, Mr. Murray-an excellent appointment-and, on the strength of his promotion, wrote home as he did. It has been a long engagement, has it not? But Geoffrey would never live on his wife's income, without means or position of his own, so he detrmined to keep

had no mind to trace its source, he felt the solitary fireside, was half inclined to complaint. wish he had never ventured from the scholarly seclusion of Corpus into the perils of a country pastorate.

And how was Mr. Geoffrey Orde's return awaited by the tenants of the manor-house? Seemed the days long or short to Agatha Temple till he came?

Why, scarcely could she tell. The playfellow of her almost babyhood—the lad who used to bring his school boy had gone from her while she was in her first girlhood-had wooed her as yet only with written words; and though she trusted every syllable, and idealized her absent love perchance more than most maidens-for, save Leonie, no other was near and dear to hear-yet to leave for him the home she clung to more each year, to cast her lot in with his, was a point over which sadness and gladness often fought, and victory lay as yet on neither side.

"I know what I shall do," asserted Leonie, very positively, one night in midwinter, when, being telegraphed as arrived at Southhampton, Mr. Orde When that man comes I shall hate him!

"O, Leonie! Why?" laughed her sisshorn of its sunny tresses in a freak of fashion, and left shining, curly, pro-vokingly coaxable. "Remember, when back, for fear tigers should eat him?

"H-u-s-h! Scandal-monger!" cried Leonic, her checks aflame. "Then I to a certainty now and then, a bit of was small and follish; now I am old and wise, and I wish he had kept across the sea forever. He'll take you away, and what shall I do?

"Keep house till we come back. Three upper ten, from the smart white villa of There will be so much for you and Aunt a late shopkeeper's buxom widow close Helen to do" (Aunt Helen was a distant by the rectory, to the red brick residence of a vice admiral's relict—Mrs. Orde—

Mrs. Orde—

Mind, you are not to miss me, or let

conie cave a iron. She means to be good, but she's like Mrs. Orde, and knows I'm poor-Here lived the lady of the manor, and-and-she'll make me mend my

> Agatha's dark eyes rested lovingly on her sister's young face, so like her own, save that its lines were always gay,

"Be industrious, little woman," she said, with a half motherly tenderness. "Miss Temple, my daughter that is to lazy, but—wait a moment," as Leonie Mr. Murray," exclaimed Mrs. Orde to wrinkles over "we richer folks,-"but no the newly come rector, on his first call one, Lono, will trouble you about being letter writting lately? Well, it was for you. And to-day all is settled. You for the opposite extreme-a moderate that my careful guardians have been hiving in the depths of the country, saving for your fortune. I wanted to "The people think so much of her and tell you before Geoffrey came home. Now you know and we will say no more

"But I must!" cried Leonie, clasping her sister impetuously. O, Agatha. how good you are to me! How can I thank you? Why every single thing I have, I owe to you!

"Yes, from India. He returns to rob ther's children," answered Agatha, caresses, "so there's nothing to pay back and I want no thanks; only, please

"Till you are gone!" echoed Leonie, nefully. "O. Agatha, to have you ruefully. kinder than ever, just before you go, is dreadful! I hope you may be happy, but I shall be miserable! When that horrible man comes, I'll try not to be wicked, but - I-shall de-test him!

CHAPTER SECOND. When Mr. Orde did return, then, Miss eonie accorded him a jealously cool reception, vastly amusing to those accustomed to her natural warm-hearted frankness; but, fully occupied in his attention to his fiancee, the gentleman appeared perfectly callous to this ungracious treatment. So, perceiving to her amazement, that she was receding yawns, into a comfortable little nap. "Surely I see two ladies often together, both young; I thought them sisters."

"So they are—at least, half sisters," exclaimed Mrs. Orde; "for Mr. Temple foolishly married again—a French lady, little Agatha's governess; and Miss Leonie is her child—younger than Miss sister's future husband was unprofitable

work; now, in a fit of repentant amiability, she resolved to please him.

By the time this happy reformation was effected, Mr. Orde had been back a month, and had discovered the value of the prize he had come home to fetch.

Five years had changed the girl friend he had left, into a beautiful woman. all lived admirably together till Mrs. whom, he was bound to love, not by promise only, but by keen appreciation of her worth, grown now and ripened even as she herself. And for weeks his task seemed very easy, while to Agatha, increasing knowledge of her betrothed increased her happiness. Of a surety the course of their love promised to run smooth. Proud Mrs. Orde's air of dignimatch grew day by day; the village grew interested in the coming wedding and the bride-elect began to be busy exabroad till he carned a pension; but, I ceedingly over plans for her wide am thankful to say, the last three years of his exile are not to be lonely. Now you understand what brings him home, Geoffrey Orde would tell her he grudged the time she spent in confabulations Mr. Murray understood Mrs. Orde's with Aunt Helen over the many trusts modestly triumphant confidence only too to be left in her or the rector's hands, well. By some process of reasoning he but the eager confidence with which she would seek to draw him into her sharp cry of pain, whispering, "So false! revelation had spread a shodow over his projects, and her delight in his approval, own lifer and as he went back alone, disarmed him of any passing chagrin deserved it all. And yet it is so hard!' past the golden brown beeches, to his and left him no shadow of excuse for While she sat shivering over her

They were all of them certainly very happy—perfectly content. And yet— How a cloud rose on this fair sky, none knew exactly. Those whom it over-shadowed most, acknowledged it last of all. For it was so easy, so right of fore the very thought of whom she cow-Leonie to glide into treating her almost ered guiltily; brother with the free winsomeness that kept her childish spite of her nineteen lad who used to bring his school boy years. He was of necessity almost as laurels for her praise—the youth who often her companion as Agatha's. She had been fond of him long ago, and— was it not her duty to be fond of him now? To what precise depths this duty led her, she didn't stop to measure, until

safe to bask, pleasantly amused, in the animated presence of her younger sis-ter, never finding out, till May's warm fixed for the first day of June, that he was turning traitor to his troth; that the charm of Leonia's gay nature was midwinter, when, being telegraphed as arrived at Southhampton, Mr. Orde might any hour appear at Wynford. to himself would he allow this possible "Agatha!"—
"Agatha!"—
"Hush! He belongs to

"I think urged his mother anxiously "O. Leonie! Why?" laughed her sister, stroking the willfully posed head, Beeches, "I do think, Geoffrey, as Agatha sings no duets with you, you would be wise: to sing fewer with Leonie."

"And why?" said her son, shortly. "Well Agatha-may not like it. Other ceople may—at least they do, notice it."

"Still, I should be sorry," his mother seem to slight your wife that will be. People might say that you were marrying for money, and Agatha doesn't de serve that, Geoffrey.'

"With or without money, she deserves

he would be-loyal; and, strong in sell- prise Aunt Helen will rule me with a rod of trust, went next day to the Beeches, and covered) Geoffrey Orde was speeding found himself listening for Leonie's away to the far east. step, watching for Leonie's coming, made infinitely glad by the dangerous hour's music which unsuspecting Agatha pressed on them while she gave sence, brought back in her brave serenaudience to homely guests.

That hour he vowed, though, should driven her away. be his last of dalliance with a temptation that was getting to strong. Resalutely he would avoid Leonie henceforth, resolutely devote himself to Agatha. And so for days he did, dulling bewildering Agatha, who thought the did, weakens mistrust as to her fitness unspeakable, the heart that was just learning its luckless secret.

"How the child frets over your leavwondered, with a sudden fear, was it for that alone she sorrowed.

A doubt, double-barbed, shot through her mind. Guitless herself of falsity in a single thought, it seemed unworthy evil, treasonable to two she loved. But truth or treason it must be. Which, for the peace of all. she must find out.

It wanted only two days of her marriage, and on the last evening but one. her nearest friends gathered at the Beeches, all noticing approvingly, the close attendance of Mr. Orde at her close attendance of

Once only he left his post, when Leonie, who had obstinately refused a sin-gle song, suddenly yielded and sang, not the gay air that used to suit her best, but the very saddest of her strains with a tremulous pathos that ended in a sob. Then Geoffrey Orde drew slowly towards her, as if scarce master of his steps, and, as the notes ceased, looked down into her fever-bright eyes with such a glance of love as Agatha had never awakened.

Standing near with his hostess, was the rector, looking ten years older than when he came to Wynford. People said

the place couldn't suit him. "Your sister sings with tears in her voice," said he, and, waiting vainly for response, saw to his pain that tears were trembling too, on his companions

dark lashes. "I am—tired," said Miss Temple.
"Will you tell Aunt Helen to bid all good night for me?" and, turning swift-ly away, abruptly left her guests, of whom one departed soon, sharing, in not

comprehending, the pang that drew her into solitude.

"She was tired"-a plea that barred all talk with Leonie that night, all share in next day's preparations for the festive to-morrow. Geoffrey Orde, coming as usual, early, was met by a message only "Would he return towards evening?" And when he did return, for the first time Agatha descended from her own room and went for a last hour with her lover.

Leonie, too restless for all company, wandered bither and thither; flushed, now pale; betaking berself at last to the small "study," where, with her more than sister she had worked and fied gratulation over her son's excellent played her way from childhood up to now, and then with door fast locked she watched two figures pace across the lawn, intent on speech so earnest neither turned or noticed her.

A book was in her hands; what book she never knew A rose she had idly plucked fell to the ground uncared for, As the two passed from sight, the self control, so difficult to her impulsiveness, forsook her utterly. Back into the room she shrank, covering her face, with a so false! Ten thousand times I have

While she sat shivering over her roubles, sunbeams shrank into twilight, wood pigeons cooed forth their slumber songs on boughs without, and in the gloom she dared at last to weep-for herself; for him who, worst pang of all, shared her great grief; for Agatha, be-

"But she shall never know!" she cried through her tears. "If only she can go, and I can die, why, she need never know.

"Never knew what?" said a soft, sad voice close by her; and the next instant Leonie was in her sisters arms.

"O. Agatha," she entreated, striving alas! they were unfathomable.

And Geoffrey Orde, his word and honor pledged to Agatha, felt himself mean!"

to get free, "let me go! Don't come so kindly to me! Don't ask me what I mean!" to get free, "let me go! Don't come so

"Wait!" answered Agatha, with a wonderful calm on her pale face. can tell you, Leonie, what it all means. weeks were entered, and his wedding That two of us have nigh made a terrible mistake, but have found it out in time. I was slow to see it, Leonie, but I know it now. I have no right to Geof-

> "Hush! He belongs to you, not me. It has been a tangled skein for us but, this is the only right way out of it; and Geoffrey sees that it is so.

"But Agatha," urged Leonie, trem bling between exceeding pain and mar-

of you ment to be faithful to me. Perhaps"-with a wistful faltering in her "Agatha is entirely above any wretch-i jealously," said Mr. Orde, impa-could not be. There, darling, there!" as Leonie wept passionately on her bosom-"let Goffery come to you" ventured on, "that you should even step was sounding on the path outside), and thank God for all of us, this hour is not too late!"

How this extraordinary news was received by the household and wedding guests, by poor dissapointed Mrs. Orde, the best any human creature can give by the whole startled parish, we must her," returned Geoffrey, warmly. "Don't leave to our reader's imagination. Long fancy I underrate her mother." And before the ferment of excitement had with that, Mrs. Orde had to be satisfied, subsided, a quiet marriage had taken on though the ambiguous speech left her place so Agatha had willed it, and all yielded to her-and with his bride, Still, he meant to be-nay, he vowed (not portionless, as, to his contrite sur-

Till the hubbub of discussion was past, Agatha Temple deserted The Beeches, and, returning after weeks of abity, scarce a trace of the trial that had

"Leonie is happy!" she says, and allows no one to blame her sister in her hearing.

Perchance her home, her people make up for her what she lost. Perchance his own spirit into unutterable aching, the very power to renounce what she two had quarreled, and filling with pain ever to have filled the state she missed. Or perchance (and this may run many wishes), it may be dawning on her, that womanhood's fair crown is yet waiting. ing!" said Aunt Helen, pityingly; and if she will but wear it; that in her Leonie's sister, gazing at her, white and hands lies all the happiness of a man listless, wandering through the garden, who has loved her from the first momont he saw her, and that the sure response stirring within her own heart promises her yet a glad future as John Murray's wife.

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