

The Thousand Isles.

BY CALER LYON.

The thousand isles, the thousand isles,
Dimpled, the wave around them smiles,
Kissed by a thousand red-lipped flowers,
Gemmaed by a thousand emerald bowers,
A thousand birds their praises wake,
By rocky glade and plamy brake,
A thousand cedars' fragrant shade
Fall where the Indians' children played;
And fancy's dream my heart beguiles,
While singing thee, the Thousand Isles.

No vestal virgin guards the groves,
No Cupid breathes of Cyrian loves,
No Satyr's form at eve is seen,
No Dryad peeps the trees between,
No Venus rises from their shore,
No loved Adonis, red with gore,
No pale Endymion wooed to sleep,
No brave Leander breasts their deep,
No Ganymede—no Pleiades—
Theirs are a New World's memories.

The flag of France first o'er them hung,
The mass was said, the vespers sung,
The *freres* of Jesus hailed the strands,
As blessed Virgin Mary's lands;
And red men mutely heard, surprised,
Their heathen names all Christianized.

Next floated a banner with cross and crown,
'Twas Freedom's eagle plucked it down,
Retaining its pure and crimson dye,
With the stars of their own, their native skies.

There St. Lawrence gentlest flows,
There the south wind softest blows,
There the lilies whitest bloom,
There the birch hath leafiest gloom,
There the red deer feeds in spring,
There doth glitter wood duck's wing,
There leap the miscalouge at morn,
There the loon's night song is borne,
There is the fisherman's paradise,
With trolling skiff at red sunrise.

The Thousand Isles, the Thousand Isles,
Their charm from every care beguiles;
Titian alone hath grace to paint
The triumphs of their patron saint,
Whose waves return on memory's tide,
La Salle and Piquet glide by side,
Proud Frontenac and bold Champlain
There act their wanderings o'er again;
And while the golden sunlight smiles,
Pilgrims all greet thee, Thousand Isles.

The Old-Time Farm.

Where giant hills a sheltered vale enfold,
An old-time farm lies nestling out of sight,
The red-tiled homestead peeping toward the light
Amid a grove of oaks, huge-boughed and old;
And larches, through quaint tenderness grown bold,
Run riot o'er the place in silent night,
And crimson sunset flushes now, to-night,
Flash all their grays and yellows into gold.
Here changes come not, and a stranger's face;
The winds indeed seem'd linked unto the place,
And bring no news of what the world's about;
And as I pass along, in strange surprise
The very horses in the stalls look out
And gaze at me with calmly wondering eyes.

—Cassell's Magazine.

The Blessed Love of Nature.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for
thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers be-
neath this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their
little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of
youth's bright summer day,
When rushing forth like untamed colt, the
reckless, transient boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day
long, a mighty heart of joy!
I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but O
I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore,
I yet delight to drink;
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
the calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in
the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall
round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a
heart that hath waxed old!

—William Motherwell.

SUPPORTED BY THEIR FATHER.—Thus writes one of the Presbyterian missionaries in Persia, the Rev. J. M. Oldfather:—"Two unmarried ladies from London, Miss Good and Miss Morgan, joined our circle about the first of December. Miss Good is sent at her father's own expense, and has taken Miss Morgan as her associate. She has a brother in Australia and two sisters in New Foundland at missionaries—all supported by their father.

Apple Blossoms.

One Monday morning in May, when Mr. Castor, of the law firm of Castor & Brush, entered his office, he found on his desk a bunch of fragrant white flowers with that delicate flush at the heart that make apple blossoms so irresistible.

"Apple blossoms, sir," his clerk explained. "I spent Sunday in the country, and brought them down thinking you might like to see some."

Mr. Castor's preoccupied face lighted up with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. Clark," he said. "Get some water, will you, John? We must keep them as fresh as we can. I shall want to take some home to my wife to-night. There; that looks quite country like, doesn't it Clark?" arranging the blossoms to advantage against the law books and falling back a little to look at the effect.

Clark smiled, and Mr. Castor went to work at his law cases. But something was the matter with him. His thoughts would go wandering off to the green meadow by the side of the river where Clark told him he had broken the fragrant branch.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "whether it is anything like the meadow where—pshaw! what am I thinking of! In a case of ejectment—wouldn't I could sing 'Annie Laurie' used to know that tune." And he hummed softly to himself.

"Gave me her promise true," just as the door was thrown violently open and John Edson, the most quarrelsome man in New York, as his friends and enemies both agreed, burst in.

"What's the matter now, Mr. Edson?" asked Mr. Castor, rising to offer his client a seat.

"Matter? Matter enough, sir! But if he thinks I'm going to submit to be robbed by his knavery, he'll find himself very much mistaken! My brother, sir, my own brother—think of that sir!—is trying to cheat me out of my share of our paternal property. I want you to take steps immediately to stop his proceedings. He threatens to bring in a bill against the estate that will swallow up every cent—but what's that? Apple blossoms! Where did you get those?"

"Mr. Clark brought them down this morning. Sweet, though rather out of place in a lawyer's office, don't you think?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Edson thoughtfully; taking up the fumbler and smelling the fragrant things. "Where did these grow?"

"Up in a little country village in Connecticut. Clark is from the country, you know, and I should think from his descriptions it's quite a pretty place. Green meadows and river, you know, all that sort of thing. But what do you want me to do?"

"Wait a minute, can't you?" said Mr. Edson, impatiently. "You lawyers are always in such a tearing hurry."

Mr. Castor raised his eye-brows but made no verbal answer to his rather inconsistent remark, while Mr. Edson leaned back in his chair and looked at the apple blossoms. In a minute he started up and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"It makes me think of old times," he said. "I nearly broke my neck once climbing an old apple-tree for blossoms like that to give to Lucy Baird, the prettiest girl in school. I fell from the top branch, and my brother, I never had—but one, sir picked me up and carried me home. He was real good to me all the long time I was sick, too. I think he'd have died for me then, and just think that now we should be quarreling over a few hundred dollars! Castor, you needn't do anything about this matter—just yet, at least. I—I guess I'll go see him. And say,—rather shyly—"you couldn't spare me a little twig with a few of those blossoms on it, could you?"

Mr. Castor willingly broke off a branch and handed it to him, but he watched Mr. Edson's departure with a comical smile on his countenance.

"Those apple blossoms are doing sad work in this office," he said laughingly to Clark. "I've lost one promising case through them already, and as for keeping my own mind on anything legal it's an utter impossibility. It's quite evident to my mind that law and flowers were never meant to go together. I think I'll take home to my wife before they do any more mischief."

But as he turned to go out of the office door he saw the office boy eyeing his bunch wistfully.

"Here, John, would like a spray?" he asked kindly, and without waiting for the eager answer he saw on the boy's lips he tossed him one. Then he ran down the office steps humming again the tune that had haunted him that morning. He looked so pleasant as he stood at the street corner waiting for his car, that a ragged little girl who saw him ventured to ask:

"Please, mister, what is them posies?"

"Apple blossoms."

"Does they grow on trees that has apples on?"

"Yes."

"Oh my! wouldn't I like to see em once! Say, mister, would you give me a little one?"

"Yes. Here, child," breaking off another little branch and giving it to her. He watched her from the car window take off her old hat and stow away her treasure in that, and then clasping it close to her breast, set off on a run down toward the lower part of the city.

When he reached home and gave the branch to his wife, her faded, peevish face relaxed into a smile that was almost sweet as she took them from his hand.

"Apple blossoms!" she said. "How beautiful they are! Do you remember, Daniel, the apple blossoms that we gathered some thirty years ago?" and in another minute he and she together were recalling old times and associations, until the years that lay between their apple blossom times and now had dropped away, and the light and glory of passed days once more shed itself upon the gray hairs of the husband and the faded cheek of the wife.

The ragged little girl meanwhile ran on for quite a little way till she came to one of those narrow, filthy courts crowded with tenement houses, and steaming with horrible odors in the warm May sunshine. She entered one of these tenement houses and ran lightly up the steps to her especial domain, a little room where, besides herself, only Biddy Macarthy with her husband and baby lived. Biddy was sitting near the window rocking the baby in her arms when the child entered.

"Whisht, Meg! The baby's awful sick."

"Don't he get any better, Biddy?" asked Meg, creeping softly to her side.

"No, he don't. Oh, if I only had him home in the green fields of old Ireland he'd be well entirely; but how can he breathe in this shuffling room?"

"Look here, Biddy. See what I've got." And Meg took off her hat and showed the precious spray of apple blossom. "Do ye think that came from the green fields ye spoke about?"

Biddy gazed at it in wonder and delight. "Oh, the purty things!" she exclaimed. "It's just the picture of those I've seen many's the time growing in the orchards in the ould country. Le me take it, Meg."

She held it close to her face, and drank in the fresh, sweet perfume eagerly. Then she put it down to the baby, and he feebly smiled.

"See!" cried Biddy. "He knows the swate thing. He'll get better now. Take it away and put it in water Meg,

and set it where he can see it."

Meg ran off and soon returned with an old blacking bottle full of water, into which she stuck the precious twig. Then she sat down to look at it and listened to Biddy's tales of the "ould country," till night came, and she had to go to bed; but she slept with one hand on the bottle in which her treasure was.

About midnight she was roused from strange dreams of great forests of beautiful posies like hers; by the shrill cry of terror and agony.

She started up calling "Biddy! Biddy! what is it?" and was answered by the cry, "Oh, my baby, my baby! My baby's dead!" and the low moan of anguish from the stricken mother. She did the best she could to comfort her, but what could a child do for a broken heart?

The next day the body was ready for the funeral. The mother sat on the floor beside the little pine coffin in stony despair when Meg crept slowly up and laid her cherished branch, now reduced to two faded blossoms, and one just bursting pink bud, in the baby's hand. Biddy looked up and burst into tears. "God bless you, Meg," she sobbed. "Shure, there's lots of blossoms where he is now, the darlint; but it's I that's going to see these purty posies in his little hand. Oh my baby! my baby!"

Mr. Edson, for his part went down to his brother's office and entered with a little hesitation. The brother, a man older than Edson, with one of those stern, self-repressed faces which say as plainly as words could, "I've had a hard life, and I don't care a cent about you; I'll have what I can get whether you suffer or not," started as Edson came in. His eyes rested an instant longingly on the apple blossoms; but the next moment he drew back asking coldly, "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, George," answered Edson, fingering the flowers awkwardly. "I came to see about the matter—that—that property, you know. It's a pity we should quarrel about it, and—and—well, I don't care. You're the oldest and had the hardest row to hoe always, and I guess likely there was fully my share spent on me when I was in college; and see here, old fellow, I'll do whatever you say if you'll speak to your lawyer and send him to my office."

There was a moment's silence, and the younger Edson, looking down, saw his brother put his hand to his throat as if he were choking. The next moment the elder spoke almost as awkwardly as his brother had done.

"It wasn't the money I cared for, but—but I wanted the old place. I—well, I had some old associations with it."

The younger brother started. Associations? What associations of pleasure could George have with the old place? There were none, there could be none, except those with Lucy Baird, who had been for one short year his own wife, now laid away in Greenwood. He sprang forward. "George, did you care for her? You could have won her if you had tried, and you knew it. She cared for me first because I was your brother. Did you mean to say you gave up the chance of winning her for me?"

For a minute or two the Edsons might as well have been a couple of Frenchmen meeting after a long separation. The elder was the first to recover himself.

"There, there, John," he said, in exactly the same way he used to speak when they were boys together, "I've been hard, but you see I never had a wife to soften me, and I intended to pay you for your share of the property at first, but—well, it's no use talking it over. Of course you didn't know, but I kept thinking you might have known if you wanted to. But there, never mind that now. Did you know that Midland Bonds are going up? I'll make a good thing out of them yet."

"I can't stay," answered Edson, opening the door, "but I'll see you again. Come up to dinner with me, won't you?"

"I will," answered his brother heartily, and with a cordial handshake they parted.

The younger brother went straight home and put the precious branch of apple blossoms, which had been the divining-rod to him, showing him where the richest treasure of a brother's love lay hidden, into a glass and set it where he could see it often. The older as he turned to his desk again, saw three petals lying on the floor. He hesitated a moment, then stooped and quickly gathering them up laid them reverently in his pocket-book.—*Christian Union*.

Jumping the Rope.

Dr. Peck, of the Surgical Institute, Indianapolis, recently performed a surgical operation on the leg of a young girl sent there for treatment. The bones of both her legs will have to be partially removed, and the little sufferer will have to submit to two painful operations. The cause of her affection is from jumping the rope, a pastime engaged in generally by young girls, resulting in necrosis or death of the bone. The doctor stated to a reporter that similar cases were constantly occurring from this same cause, but more frequently resulting in necrosis of the spine, and that not a month passes but more or less cases of this character come to the Institute for treatment. He says that rope jumping produces continuous concussions on the joints which impinge upon the bone causing at the first stage periostitis and finally resulting in the death of the bone. He thinks that parents and teachers should be warned of this dangerous sport, and eradicate it entirely from the playgrounds of children, as it is ruinous in its efforts, and is the prime cause of more cripples among the female portion of the community than probably any one cause. He also added that, during the practice of his profession deaths had been occurring coming under his observation, which were the result of this pernicious pastime. In conclusion he said: "I would warn children against rope jumping and would advise parents and teachers to prohibit it under all circumstances.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

SOME NEW ENGLAND GIRLS.—Though Richard had scant experience in such matters, he was not wrong in accepting Margaret as the type of a class of New England girls which fortunately for New England, is not a small class. These young women for the most part lead quiet and restricted lives so far as the actualities are considered, but very deep and full lives in the world of books and imagination to which they early escape. They have the high instincts that come of good blood, the physique that naturally fits fine manners; and when chance takes one of these maidens from her inland country home or from some sleepy town on the sea-board, and sets her amid the complication of city existence, she is an unabashed and unassuming lady. If in Paris, she differs from the Parisiennes only in greater delicacy of her lithe beauty her innocence which is not ignorance, and her French pronunciation; if in London, she differs from English girls only in the matter of rosy cheeks and the rising infection. Should none of these fortunate transplantings befall her, she always meets them by adorning with grace and industry and intelligence the narrower sphere to which destiny has assigned her.—*T. B. Aldrich in June Atlantic*.

—All the Methodist publishing enterprises do not pay. The *National Repository*, their literary venture and the *Golden Hours*, a young peoples' magazine, have so involved them in debt that the General Conference has ordered their discontinuance. The *Advocate* at Atlanta and New Orleans are voted fifteen hundred dollars a year for two years; and one thousand dollars for the next two years, and then to be discontinued if they do not pay. The *Atlanta Advocate* sunk two thousand five hundred dollars last year. One thousand dollars a year was voted the *California Advocate*, and \$7,545 to pay its debt. The *Portland, Oregon, Advocate*, after sinking \$25,000 has been given to a local conference with all the printing materials, \$2,500 cash, and a payment of its debts.—*Ecceangelist*.

—If the devil ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites. They are the greatest dupes he has; they serve him better than any others, and receive no wages; nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortification to get to hell, than the sincerest Christian to go to heaven.