

Floss's, and looked at her. The smile on his face was reflected in the many dimples of hers, but he did not speak; there was never any need for speech with these two—between the somewhat weary man of thirty-six and the joyous, fresh young child of four there existed a very perfect understanding. Worn out and disgusted as he often was by the follies of his wife, he could find it in his heart to forgive her all when the touch of his daughter's tiny hands was about him—when he looked into those innocent, crystal-clear eyes (so like Flora's in shape and color), and found in them nothing but absolute purity and love.

His heart might have grown arid and bitter but for this cool and quiet shadow that the child made in it, and through his love for her he became a better, more patient, and self-denying man, than he had been without her. A child that will come to you of its own free-will, that will look fearlessly into your eyes, put out its scrap of a hand to touch your face, that will trust you, love you, obey and follow you without a single doubt or scruple—is there any other God-given thing on earth that will so waken the good, so quell the evil, that dwells in us? He who would keep heart and lips and life clean, let him go as often as may be into the company of very young children, win their love if he is able, and then thank God for the humanizing, ennobling influence they will have upon him.

A little silence followed on Flora's petulant apostrophe to her husband.

Adam was looking at Mignon, noting all too plainly the weary droop of the slender figure, the enforced patience of the empty hands, and the outline of features as colorless as the gown she wore.

Colin, too, was regarding his wife attentively, and wondering what had happened that morning to ruffle her usually placid brows. He knew her thoroughly, this wife of his, her follies, her weaknesses,

her overweening vanity, her profound selfishness; his taste was outraged, his heart was wrung by her every day of his life, and yet—he loved her.

It may be questioned whether love does not strengthen with the faults of the person beloved instead of growing weaker.

We may regret our passion, we may even struggle fiercely against it; but struggle and pain alike serve but to rivet the chains the deeper, and each fresh instance of worthlessness, though it may wound our hearts, has no power to touch the core of our allegiance. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out."

We are not all so sternly made that we can act upon the cruel command; and to Colin, sorely tried though he might be, no such remedy would ever present itself. He had married this woman, and he would stand by the consequences of his deed.

There is something noble and pathetic in these silent heroes who stand so stanchly by their tumpery bargains, only thankful if the world do not see the rents and stains, the coarse venter and tawdry gilding, as plainly as they themselves do; who utter no complaint, give no sign, and are by people in general accepted as poor, sightless, doting fools, who have neither eyes to perceive nor wit to recognize their own disgrace.

"Here is father!" exclaimed Flora, in tones of consternation. "His face is as long as my arm; he has a bundle of formidable papers, and his very waistcoat tells how he is ready primed and loaded with dry-as-dust facts that will assuredly give us all moral apoplexy!—I fancy I hear baby crying—indeed, I am sure of it!" In a moment lace, work, scissors, and thimble, were rolled securely up, and, with that nimble dexterity which would seem to be one of the especial prerogatives of the fat ones of the earth, she had glided round a tree, and was lost to sight in a moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## I TOO!

"LET us spread the sail for purple islands,

Far in undiscovered tropic seas;  
Let us track the glimmering arctic highlands

Where no breath of men, no leaf of trees  
E'er has lived." So speak the elders, telling,  
By the hearth, their list of fancies through,  
Heedless of the child whose heart is swelling,  
Till he cries at last, "I too! I too!"

And / too, O Father! Thou hast made me—

I have life, and life must have its way;  
Why should love and gladness be gainsaid?  
Why should shadows cloud my little day?  
Naked souls weigh in thy balance even—  
Souls of kings are worth no more than mine;  
Why are gifts e'en to my brother given,  
While my heart and I together pine?

Meanest things that breathe have, with no asking,  
Fullest joys: the one-day's butterfly  
Finds its rose, and, in the sunshine basking,  
Has the whole of life ere it doth die.

Dove, no sorrow on thy heart is preying;

With thy full contentment thou dost coo;

Yet, must *man* cry for a dove's life, saying,

"Make me as a dove—I too! I too!"

Nay! for something moves within—a spirit

Rises in his breast, he feels it stir;

Soul-joys greater than the doves inherit

Should be his to feel; yet, why defer

To a next world's veiled and far to-morrow

All his longings for a present bliss?

Stones of faith are hard; oh, could he borrow,

From that world's great stores, one taste for this!

Hungry stands he by his empty table,

Thirsty waits beside his empty well—

Nor, with all his striving, is he able

One full joy to catch where hundreds swell

In his neighbor's bosom; see, he sifteth

Once again his poor life through and through—

Finds but ashes: is it strange he lifteth

Up his cry, "O Lord! I too! I too!"