

## WOMAN'S MISSION.

Woman's mission, what is it?  
What to do, and what her end?  
Whence her grace, her gentleness?  
Why the sweetest, truest friend?  
Her purity and innocence,  
Springs of her holy influence.

In the night of pain and death,  
In the sorrow and the shame,  
Hers the love, the living faith,  
Burning with its cheering flame,  
Gently guiding the weary feet,  
With smile so sweet, so softly sweet.

At the waning of the day,  
Near the dying of the strife,  
Feeble with the slow decay  
Of the crumbling frame of life,  
'Tis hers with loving sympathy  
To soften each infirmity.

In the scenes of highest good,  
In the purer paths of life,  
Shines the holy womanhood—  
Loving mother, faithful wife.  
There rearing for eternity  
Souls in her angel purity.

Making thus the histories  
Of the nations as they grow;  
Weaving out their destinies  
While the empires come and go;  
Her influence so silently  
Aye moulding man's futurity.

Noble doing, holy sphere,  
Centre of a people's good,  
She can find a mission here  
Worthy of her womanhood;  
There with strong hope and charity  
To keep her trust, her ministry.

T. McD.

## THANKS FOR THE WEATHER.

When the weather is wet  
We must not fret;  
When the weather is cold  
We must not scold;  
When the weather is warm  
We must not storm;  
But  
Be thankful together,  
Whatever the weather.

## POOR JAMES WYMPER.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I suppose we might stand under the verandah?" suggested Bessy; and doubling up her skirts, she ran for it; for the rain came down with a dash—came down with a slant too, driven by the wind, so that the verandah gave them little shelter.

"I wonder if any of the windows (they were French windows, opening to the ground) are open?" said her companion, trying them.

"Oh, we mustn't go in," said Bessy.

"Very well."

"But the splashing is spoiling my dress; don't you see? and my boots will be wet through," pleaded the inconsistent one.

"Then go in," said poor James Wymper, opening a window. "and I will run round and make it all right with the people in charge."

In ten minutes he rejoined her, saying that it was all right.

"What a pretty room!" she said, looking at herself in the pier glass. (Did you ever know a girl to enter a strange room without going straight up to the glass?)

"Hum—m, yes," he replied, "but the fellow who built it was an ass. Why, you have to twist your neck to get a view of the river from these things?—with a contemptuous kick towards the French windows. 'If I had it, I would knock that verandah into a cocked hat, break out a big bow in the middle, and then it would be something like.'"

"Oh, you'd work wonders, I dare say," she said, rather crossly; "only it would be as well to do something toward getting a house of your own before you think about improving other people's."

"It would be nice to have a house of one's own," he said, "particularly—"

"Well, go on."

"Particularly if it had a bow window."

"James Wymper!"

"And a pretty meadow for picnics; but I suppose it would not do to give people leave to picnic on one's grounds."

"Why not?"

"Would that not be being good-natured?"

"I did not mean that sort of good nature."

"If I had a fine house and grounds like this, I might be good-natured then."

"It's no use arguing with you," she replied sharply. "Is it ever going to leave off? Our picnic will be quite spoiled."

"Never mind; we'll have another soon. I dare say Sam will send me more money."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, James Wymper, to take money like a beggar?" she said, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, I don't take it like a beggar."

"Yes, you do."

"No, I don't."

"A man who takes money that he does not earn, takes it like a beggar—there!"

"Who told you I take money I do not earn?"

"Of course you cannot earn it."

"Why, of course?"

"What a plague you are! What do you do to earn it?"

"Nothing now."

"What have you ever done?"

"Lots of things."

"Do you mean to say that this person you call 'Sam' really owes you money?" She came quickly to his side as she spoke, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Yes, he does."

"What for?"

"For my share of what we did at Chicago."

"That could not have been much."

"What?"

"Your share."

"Sam says it was half; Sam's generally right."

"Where is Chicago?"

"Well, now, that is good! You don't know where Chicago is, and you're clever. I know."

"Of course, when you have been there."

"That's true," he replied, after reflection.

"Did you really get your living there?" she asked.

"Yes, I did."

"Then go back. Oh James, do—do go back. I can't bear to see you as you are, dependent and looked down on. Oh, do go back and work like a man. I suppose it is because we women are so dependent that we prize and honor independence. For me there is nothing so contemptible as a strong man who is idle and contented. Go back to Chicago. I shall be sorry to lose you because—because I like you very much, and you have been very kind to me, but, don't you know, cannot you imagine how happy, how glorious it must be to strive and conquer; to stand erect before the world, owing nothing but to God and your honest labor?"

"I can, I do!" he cried, starting up. "It is glorious. Do you know, can you imagine what it is to have people despising you as a fool—an incapable—and yet to feel here" (he struck his massive forehead as he spoke) "that you were wronged, that you had not fair play? To feel knowledge, invention, power, coming, growing, burning in your brain—to see the ideas thus forming themselves under your hands, and to know that they were right and sound—to make those who came to scoff stay to praise? For this," he added, in a lower voice, "I humbly thank Almighty God, and good Sam Thacker."

Now, when Bessy Jervoice had had her say, as above recorded, and piqued by surprise and excitement, and perhaps something else, had said more than a well-regulated young lady ought to say, she naturally sat down and cried; but wonderstruck by the response she had evoked—a response which grew more astonishing, more fervid as it proceeded—she slowly raised her eyes; and there, before her, stood a James Wymper she had never seen before. Not a poor James Wymper in any sense of the term. The curate was right; and the magnificent head, its features lit up with pride and—well, it must out—love, was a sight to see.

"Forgive me," he said, taking her trembling hand, "for having played a part. It was Sam Thacker's doing. Said Sam, 'You go back a rich man among those cusses.' Sam is a regular Yankee, you know, 'and they'll just crawl over you, and suck your vitals; you sham poor and stupid, and you'll soon see who's who.' Ah, Bessy, how kind you were to me at first! Am I wrong in thinking, in hoping, that what was not so kind lately was meant for my good?"

"O, but how unfair—how—"

"Sold me presently, but hear my story. I ran away from Manchester because I felt dimly that I could improve and invent things if I had a chance; but I was awkward with my hands. I could not draw, I could not plan. I was not ready with my tongue; I could not explain; I got impatient when people did not understand me, and all went badly until I fell in with Sam. Sam is the handiest fellow in the world; and as for talking, he could coax a possum out of his hole; but at first he hadn't one idea of his own. Well, we worked together, and as we went on I got handy

and Sam inventive; and to make a long story short, we sold two patents for fifty thousand dollars each, and we have four more which bring about two thousand a year in English money as royalties. I'm going to pay my share in this picnic out of that money; and it is quite true that Sam sent me the cash, because all my remittances come through him."

"I—I think," stammered astonished Bessy, "that we must not stop here any longer."

"Just ten minutes."

"They will think it so odd."

"As you please. Will you have these flowers?" And he took a bouquet from a vase on the table.

"Put them back directly. How can you! Taking what does not belong to you! O James!"

"I bought the estate last week," replied poor James Wymper, quietly, "and I suppose the flowers go with it."

"Mr. Wymper, are you mad, or am I dreaming?" gasped Bessy.

"I bought the place as soon as I heard you were coming here. That's why I went to London—and to get some clothes."

"Please, take me back to mamma," and Bessy began to cry again.

"When you have answered me one question. I hardly dare ask it; but yet—"

But yet! The stupid fellow! it was evident that he had not yet patented a machine for divining a girl's thoughts. He hem'd and stammered, and beat about the bush, as he did in his pre-Sam-Thacker days, and at last got it out. What was it?

Bessy left that room, as Sam would say, "inside an elbow," with an accepted lover's kiss tingling her lips and glorifying her heart.

Never mind what had become of the picnickers; never mind the astonishment of Mr. Augustus Bailey and the rest when invited by the master of the house to have their dance in his dining room (on account of the wet), they learned who that master was; never mind the explanation with cousin Margaret. The only thing which I grieve not having space to do justice to is the conduct of Sam at the wedding, and the burning wrath and indignation of the honest fellow when he heard that his partner had been once known as poor James Wymper.

"Poor!" he almost howled; "why, there ain't a machine running on this old hemisphere, or in the United States, that he can't improve and beat. Poor! and he with the heart of a child and the brain of a Newton. Poor indeed! Let me catch any one calling him poor, and I'll get mad; and when I get mad there's shootin' round. Yes, sir."—Belgravia.

## PETER THE GREAT

## THE TWO HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH CELEBRATED.

Russia on the 11th of June celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Great Peter, the Father of the Russian Empire, and the founder of its future greatness. St. Petersburg, as the monument of his genius, was naturally in all respects the place, par excellence, in which to honor him to whom, of all Russian sovereigns, honor is due. For three weeks past immense preparations have been made, whole streets and thoroughfares have been blocked up, stands have been constructed on the Isaac's Plain for the convenience of the grand monde who were not to take an active part in the ceremonies of the day, and invitations—that is, orders—were sent to the inhabitants of the houses lining the principal streets and squares to decorate their dwellings and to provide for the illumination of the evening. Corporations have been bringing up their dusty banners, which seldom see the light of day; the gay world, too, has been getting ready its best attire; and soldiers at a distance from the town have been marching towards the suburbs of the city, so as to be prepared to add to the eclat of the day's proceedings. This morning, at seven o'clock, a salute of twenty-one guns announced to the inhabitants the commencement of the solemnities, and at nine o'clock deputations from the nobility of the city and Government of St. Petersburg proceeded to the little house of Peter the Great, which is situated on the banks of the Neva. Here the nobility were met by the Court clergy; and the whole party, preceded by an image of the Savior borne aloft, paid a visit to the tomb of Peter, in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul within the fortress. Before arriving at the latter place, the procession was met by the clergy of the cathedral, who received the image, and marched in a body to the fortress, where, it must be remembered, is situated the church containing the tombs of the Imperial family, from Peter downwards. At the cathedral were collected the various souvenirs of Peter the Great, dating from the battle of Poltava, in which he gained a signal victory over his rival and determined antagonist, Charles XII. of Sweden. For instance, there were the uniform of Peter and his gorget arranged on the cushion; his hat, which was pierced by a ball during the aforesaid battle, and his sword occupied another cushion, on which was also embroidered in silver the memorable order of the day:

"As to Peter, know that life is little to him, provided that Russia lives in glory and prosperity for your happiness."

On another cushion, placed in front of these, was a gold medal, struck in honor of Peter, and as a souvenir of the solemnities of the day. From an early hour this morning the troops have been in motion; the regiments of the Guard in their splendid holiday uniform, with bright furbished arms, battalions of the line, and an artillery which musters more than 100 guns, have been converging towards Isaac's Plain—the great centre of operations. In the church were posted detachments of the Preobrazhensky and Simionefsky regiments, while outside were drawn up lines of cavalry and infantry, composed of three representatives of all the regiments dating from the time of Peter, with their standards of the same epoch. On the arrival of the Imperial family and great dignitaries of the court, a funeral service was celebrated at the tomb of Peter with all the pomp and splendor of the Greek ritual, by Isidore, the Metropolitan of Novgorod and St. Petersburg, the termination of which ceremony was announced by a salute of thirty-one guns from the fortress. As soon as the Emperor had quitted the cathedral the image of the Savior and the souvenirs of Peter were transported through the gates of the fortress to the banks of the Neva. Here another cortege was formed, consisted of steamboats and smaller craft—one bearing the image; another the yawl constructed by Peter's own hands; another the Metropolitan Isidore and the Archbishops who took part in the service; a fourth, the Grand Duchesses, attended by the ladies of the Court; a fifth, the Council of the Empire, the Ministers, Members of the Senate, and deputations from the nobility, others containing representatives of the Army and Navy, the Captain of the Port of St. Petersburg, and deputations from the Imperial and river yacht clubs. It was a grand and stirring sight as the procession moved off—the effect being heightened by the booming of cannon, the deep tone of the gigantic bells of St. Isaac and the neighboring churches, and the solemn music of the military bands disposed in the vessels between which the procession directed its course. On leaving the Cathedral the Emperor set off to the Isaac's Plain, where, mounted on horseback, and accompanied by his aides-de-camp and a long suit of officers, rode along the lines of troops until the cortege had arrived at its destination, and had landed its precious relics. Another procession was now formed, headed by all the corporations in St. Petersburg; and with this addition, passing in its course the celebrated monument of Peter the Great, it slowly moved toward the Isaac's Church, where, as at every place, extraordinary preparations had been made for the worthy celebration of the great event. Here the image of the Savior, which, from its special connection with the great military successes of Peter, plays so conspicuous a part in the day's proceedings, was received by one of the Archbishops, who had advanced to meet it at the head of the dignitaries of the Church, with their rich and gaudy banners and crosses. Another grand service was then performed by the Metropolitan, in presence of all the elite of Russia, for the accommodation of whom special preparations had been made by the authorities of the Church. So soon as the service in the Isaac's Church was terminated, the whole procession, with the exception of the corporations once more set off in the same order as before to the foot of the monument of Peter, which had already been adorned with plants and flowers. Here a third and final religious service was performed before the image of the Savior, in the presence of the Emperor and the whole body of troops, together with the tens— one may almost say hundreds—of thousands of eager and enthusiastic spectators of the extraordinary scene. On the