

A SERMON FOR THE SISTERS.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

I neber breaks a colt afore he's old enough to trable; that's my tatter! ill day plenty big to An' when you see me risin' up to strucify me! I've clumb up knowledge-tree and done some apple-eatin'.

I nees some sistahs prizint, mighty prond o' what day wearin'; It's what you can't apples, now, you better be de chit! For when you hear'd yo' markit-prize, 'd hurt yo' heart! You wouldn't fatch a dime a peak, for all yo' fancy peelin'.

Oh sistahs—leath apples (for you're really mighty like 'em)—

I lub you, sistahs, dough's it's sudden I kin strike 'em; An' as I lub you, sistahs, for yo' grace, an' not I don't know how my apple looks, but on'y how it taste's.

Is day a Sabbath-scholah heah? Den let him 'torn his hair! How now, de'bie's boys played off upon their brudder!

Den you heah to a trader—an' at las' he struck de dray! Dat come off Joseph's struttin' in dat streak-coat on him.

My Christian frenz, dis story proobes dat eber He'd had a dozen fancy coats, as he'd been a 'man'! Do considerin' ob shinin' off, he foun' out all about it;

An' it wuz he a Christian man, as good as ever shotted.

It lanched him! An' I bet you when he come to get dat dray didn't for stylash coats or Philadelph breeches;

He didn't care his money when experiance taught him better.

But went a-lookin' like he's waitin' for a letdown.

Now, sistah, would you copy him? Say, won't an' min' dis sullen wahnin' bout de sin on fancy dray?

How you wuz upon you'self! I wish you might remember.

Yo' preacher isn't been paid a cent sense somwhere in November.

But better close. I sees some gals dis salmon's kind hittin' a whin'! An' sturbin' all dat' near whar dey's a-sittin'!

To be at dem, an' listen at dat unexpected jamboree!

It turns di' milk ob human kinness mighty nigh to clabber.

—Scrivnor for April.

A-s'men!

—Scrivnor for April.

HOW VAN DYCK WON HIS WIFE.

In one of the splendidly decorated saloons at St. James' was assembled a group of young and lovely girls, whose delicate fingers were busily engaged in different kinds of ornamental needle-work, which, under their skillful arrangement, formed bouquets which rivaled nature in the brilliancy of their colors and accuracy of shades. They were the Queen's maids of honor, and the girls, the gals of the day, whose fingers employed the time while waiting for her rising. The only grave person in the assembly was the Dowager Duchess d'Alby, the chief of the ladies of honor.

Among the blooming group, the youngest was remarkable for simplicity of dress and the quiet modesty of her whole appearance. Her attire was a dress of black velvet closed to the throat, but of which the skirt, open in front, disclosed a mass of white satin in sleeves, cuffs, and at the elbow and coquettishly disclosed the hand and hand of the most dazzling whiteness. A plaited tucker encircled her graceful neck, on which hung a chain to which was attached a large cross, and the luxuriant hair, simply parted on the forehead and confined by a large scarf, completed her costume.

This was the daughter of one of the most illustrious families of Scotland. Her father, Lord Ruthven, united to princely fortune a pedigree of which he was the proudest. The young wealth Lucy, his daughter, had scarcely arrived at the English Court on her appointment to a post in the Queen's household, there to complete the education which had been carefully guided by her father. Retired and simple in her tastes, her mind instinctively sought the subline in the works of nature and art. She excelled in painting, and her genius had often shone in the works of the best masters, which adorned the galleries of her father. Paul Veronese, Guido, Rubens were of the number of her friends, and she vowed them eternal gratitude for the light their talents shed on her solitude.

Van Dyck, with wondering eyes and oppressed breathing, made not the slightest effort to detain her. In his eyes she was no longer mortal, and in her departure he thought he saw the Madonna returning to her native skies. He was moved by his execution and excitement, he followed his artist to the Provost's house, his first bright words of the day were to eat it. The thought of his action is, that the larva he had created was to be a masterpiece. He seized his palette, his colors gave the form and his soul the life—in a few hours he created the most beautiful and most pure of virgins.

When the young girl saw after tracing her features he was occupied in imparting to his picture the soul which animated him, she rose silently, and with a calm and assured step, left the monastery by the same road she had had.

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