

## HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

By J. W. MATON.

Alone and friendless; doomed to die, With never a home to call my own; Not food, nor drink, nor shelter to me; Banished!—how cruel it seems to me!

Death-meaning and heartless the decree: Depart, forever, the child and me!

With the beauteous boy pressed to my breast!

Unseen the hand that leads the way From the home of plenty, far away, To a world of cold, of pain and bare, To live in misery and despair!

Hunger and thirst, and the maddening morn Of the day boy, so plaintive grown That Hagar feels, she knows not where, Creeds with hunger and thirst will care.

But a mother's love, so strong in death, Comforts her heart, while life and breath Still animates the form of one— The beauteous form of her darling son.

Only a short soul could she From sight and sound of Ismael's woe; Then she would have given all to die; How sad and piteous was the cry!

Her eyes bedimmed with scaling tears Are open'd at last; she listens, hears A voice from above, "Come, follow me."

"Behold a well, water near!"

Rise, drink, refresh thyself and child, And I will give thee life again.

For I will meet thee in future years,

A Prince of this earth thy heart reveres—

A King shall Ismael be,

And source of endless joy to me."

COLUMBIA, Mo.

## JENNIE'S ROMANCE.

By ARIEON.

"You don't pretend to say so!"

"But I do, really."

"True?"

"Just as true as you live and breathe!"

"Well, I never! When are you going?"

"In the morning, stage as far as Springfield, and then in the cars."

"Won't that be nice?"

"You can just believe so!"

"Remember and tell me all about Boston."

"Oh, I will."

"Wish I was going."

"Wish you was, too."

These were the words of a bit of conversation between two young ladies one Sunday morning, as they stood in the Congregational Church of Perryville, and pretended to be singing "Coronation."

Jennie Jones had confidently told Ellen White, when they arose to join in the singing, that she was going to Boston, and Ellen had expressed herself as perfectly surprised.

In Perryville, it was a great and important event for one of the citizens to go as far away as Boston. Once in a long while some adventurous Perryvillians visited Greenfield or North Adams, the village nearest Perryville, twice a year to Springfield, but no one, excepting perhaps Rev. Mr. Prudomme, ever went to Boston. Perryville was an isolated town in the backwoods of Northern Massachusetts, out of hearing of inland civilization, and a little world in itself. The people were Yankees of the purest stamp and quality, and as conceived as they chose to be.

Among the good people of Perryville, Mr. Thomas Jones was the magistrate—and to be the great man of a Yankee town is to be a person of some consequence. Thomas Jones was the best family in town, was the thirteenth of the citizens, and held all of the most important town offices. Jennie was his only child, and from her birth had been reared to believe her father the one bright star in Perryville. It had been the natural instinct of that his daughter might become a tall, lily girl, she could only be educated, and he determined that she should have the best educational advantages that money could buy. And so she was going to Boston—there to be transformed from a red-haired, milk-and-water country beauty into a cultured lady.

Ellie White hastened to import the importance of her visit, her neighbors, Mrs. Phillips, and lamp before Dr. Mr. Prudomme completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison was that Sunday evening, as he always did, to set up! "Well, I am!" The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts. "I want you to remember me, Jennie," he sadly said.

"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.

And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

The next morning came to 11, not another Mass. girl, but a New Englander, Mrs. Phillips, and lamp before Dr. Mr. Prudomme completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison was that Sunday evening, as he always did, to set up!

"Well, I am!" The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts. "I want you to remember me, Jennie," he sadly said.

"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.

And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

The next morning came to 11, not another Mass. girl, but a New Englander, Mrs. Phillips, and lamp before Dr. Mr. Prudomme completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison was that Sunday evening, as he always did, to set up!

"Well, I am!" The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts. "I want you to remember me, Jennie," he sadly said.

"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.

And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

The next morning came to 11, not another Mass. girl, but a New Englander, Mrs. Phillips, and lamp before Dr. Mr. Prudomme completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison was that Sunday evening, as he always did, to set up!

"Well, I am!" The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts. "I want you to remember me, Jennie," he sadly said.

"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.

And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

The next morning came to 11, not another Mass. girl, but a New Englander, Mrs. Phillips, and lamp before Dr. Mr. Prudomme completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison was that Sunday evening, as he always did, to set up!

"Well, I am!" The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts. "I want you to remember me, Jennie," he sadly said.

"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.

And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

The next morning came to 11, not another Mass. girl, but a New Englander, Mrs. Phillips, and lamp before Dr. Mr. Prudomme completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison was that Sunday evening, as he always did, to set up!

"Well, I am!" The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts. "I want you to remember me, Jennie," he sadly said.

"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.

And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

The next morning came to 11, not another Mass. girl, but a New Englander, Mrs. Phillips, and lamp before Dr. Mr. Prudomme completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison was that Sunday evening, as he always did, to set up!

"Well, I am!" The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts. "I want you to remember me, Jennie," he sadly said.

"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.

And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

noticed her. She felt of her pocket-book, and resolved that she should keep it at all hazards.

The train started, and Jennie felt a little less perturbed. The dark gentleman took from his pocket a copy of the morning's *Republican*, and began to read.

"Just like a pickpocket!" Jennie thought. "Perhaps," she added, "he thinks I'll get sleepy by and by, and then he'll give me chloroform. But I guess I'm smart enough for him!"

The summer scenery of dusty Hampden county lost its charms to the country girl, who, utterly regardless of the beauty of hill and vale, kept her eyes fixed nervously on the very suspicious-looking gentleman in the seat before her.

Presently the train reached Palmer, and among the passengers who entered was one gentleman who stopped beside Jennie's seat, and in a pleasant, many-toned voice asked, "If it was engaged?"

It was slight, but the dark gentleman was just starting, and the questioner's words were made indistinct to the young lady. She understood the word "engaged," but the rest of the query was inaudible to her.

"Which gentleman?" asked the conductor, not at all pleased with the disturbance.

"That man!" Jennie cried. "Don't you know for all I care?"

"He took the seat by her side.

"Warm day," he began. Jennie looked poutingly out of the window.

"Yes," she simply said. "I hope I do not crowd you," the stranger said apologetically, and in such a pleasant voice that Jennie turned and looked fondly at the conductor.

The conductor looked doubtfully at the boy, and a pair of black eyes smiled at him with the frank lips. He was dressed in a light summer suit, very becoming to the breezy nature that he showed. Jennie had never seen such a captivating man, and she was ashamed of herself for showing so much pertinacity. She thought that perhaps she was mistaken, and that he had not asked who she was. "Of course," he said, "you are a good-looking young man."

"I beg your pardon, but you have eyes like a Western lady's—gentle, dove-like and calm."

Jennie felt flattered. "The Western ladies are very pretty," the gentleman said, "I have travelled extensively in the West, and have yet to see a lady in New England so fresh and fair as the Western girls. I always find fair ones are so rare. You may doubt me, but no fairer face than yours have I seen here."

"Thank you," Jennie glibly answered.

The stranger sighed, and continued: "Now, I am going to Boston, and expect to die of *ennui* for fair women are a discount there."

"I am also on my way to Boston, sir," the girl said.

"Indeed! Are you going quite through on this train?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is too bad. I stop over in Worcester on train. You are travelling alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is indeed a good loss," Dr. S. remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it."

"Do you think Mr. Lawrence took it?"

"A man's soul, that duty is duty. The reverend gentleman smiled blandly.

"I am glad that you are satisfied of my innocence," he mischievously said, and added: "Did you lose a large sum?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

"That is, indeed, a great loss," Dr. S. remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it."

"Do you think Mr. Lawrence took it?"

"A man's soul, that duty is duty. The reverend gentleman smiled blandly.

"I am glad that you are satisfied of my innocence," he mischievously said, and added: "Did you lose a large sum?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

"That is, indeed, a great loss," Dr. S. remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it."

"Do you think Mr. Lawrence took it?"

"A man's soul, that duty is duty. The reverend gentleman smiled blandly.

"I am glad that you are satisfied of my innocence," he mischievously said, and added: "Did you lose a large sum?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

"That is, indeed, a great loss," Dr. S. remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it."

"Do you think Mr. Lawrence took it?"

"A man's soul, that duty is duty. The reverend gentleman smiled blandly.

"I am glad that you are satisfied of my innocence," he mischievously said, and added: "Did you lose a large sum?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

"That is, indeed, a great loss," Dr. S. remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it."

"Do you think Mr. Lawrence took it?"

"A man's soul, that duty is duty. The reverend gentleman smiled blandly.

"I am glad that you are satisfied of my innocence," he mischievously said, and added: "Did you lose a large sum?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

"That is, indeed, a great loss," Dr. S. remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it."

"Do you think Mr. Lawrence took it?"

"A man's soul, that duty is duty. The reverend gentleman smiled blandly.

"I am glad that you are satisfied of my innocence," he mischievously said, and added: "Did you lose a large sum?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

"That is, indeed, a great loss," Dr. S. remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it."

"Do you think Mr. Lawrence took it?"

"A man's soul, that duty is duty. The reverend gentleman smiled blandly.

"I am glad that you are satisfied of my innocence," he mischievously said, and added: "Did you lose a large sum?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

and then the cars went on, and the train was over.

So again had been the companion ship of Mr. Lawrence that Jennie had for a whole hour forgotten all about her fear of pickpockets. Now the thoughts came again. There was the dark-bearded gentleman still in the seat before her. There was—no, there was not! She put her hand to her bosom. Her pocket-book was gone. She made the discovery, and announced it with a little scream, and then a succession of shivers.

The attention of all the passengers was excited, and the gallant conductor came running to the scene, expecting to find the lady in an epileptic fit.

"Oh, oh! It is gone! He has got it!" she cried, in perfect agony.

"What is it, madam?" (The conductor did not ask the question very pleasantly.) "Your pocket-book has been stolen by a gentleman in the train."

"What?—I don't mean to reproach you, but I think you ought to be a bride, and not a widow."