



Poetry.

WANTED.

Wanted—a heart that is brave, firm, heroic, Midway in station 'twixt weeper and stoic; Wanted—a purpose, an aim, an endeavor; Wanted—an end that shall fail me not—never!

Select Tales.

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.—CHAPTER III. (Conclusion next week.)

She went up softly, and Jem slammed the door behind her. It seemed as if it was the business of his life to shut everything.

The poor patient made a strong effort to collect herself, and to speak. She did not want anybody. She should do very well. This was no place for strangers.

"Dear me!" said he, "I am really very busy at this moment. Ask Ann Warrender if she can come again to-morrow."

"Come in," said he, when the cupboard was locked. "Will you please come, sir, and see John Billiter? He is not far from death; he asked for you just now; so I said I would step for you."

an-hour they would be back. Mary made the most of her time. She set the doors below wide open, and lowered the fire. She would not put on some water to boil, for it appeared to her that everybody and everything wanted washing extremely.

There was something else upon the stairs—the tread of some one coming up. It was the doctor. He said he came to pay his respects to the lady before him, as well as to visit his patient.

Mr. Finch was standing in front of his bookcase, deeply occupied in ascertaining a point in ecclesiastical history, when he was told that Ann Warrender wished to speak to him.

"Come in," said he, when the cupboard was locked. "Will you please come, sir, and see John Billiter? He is not far from death; he asked for you just now; so I said I would step for you."

"Yes, sir, and my father thinks the other two are beginning to sicken. I'm sure I don't know what will become of them. I saw Mrs. Billiter stagger as she crossed the room just now; and she does not seem, somehow, to be altogether like herself this morning. That looks as if she

was beginning. But if you will come and pray with them, Sir, that is the comfort they say they want. An infected house like that?" asked Mr. Finch. "And does he go himself?"

Mr. Finch was now walking up and down the room. He said he would consider, and let her know as soon as he could. "John Billiter is as bad as can be, Sir. He must be very near his end."

He afterwards declared that he went to his chamber to be secure against interruption, and there walked up and down two hours in meditation and prayer. He considered that it had pleased God that he should be the only son of his mother, whose whole life would be desolate if he should die.

"I don't know what your mother herself might say, Sir, for your consideration for her; but most likely she has, being a mother, noticed that saying about a man leaving father and mother, and houses and lands, for Christ's sake; and also—But it is no business of mine to be preaching to the clergyman, and I have enough to do, elsewhere."

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

Henceforth, Mr. Finch had less time for his diary, for clearing up points of ecclesiastical history. There were so many other things that he could not get time to use it. Sometimes he almost doubted whether he was in his right mind, so overwhelmingly dreadful to him was the scene around him.

Neale was ready enough now to give good wages; but nobody would reap an acre of his for love or money. He was told to be thankful that the fever had spared his house; but he said it was no use bidding a man be thankful for anything, while he saw his crops perishing on the ground.

Next, Mr. Finch saw, in his afternoon ride, a wagon-load of coffins arrive at the brow, from O—. He saw them sent down, one by one, on men's shoulders, to be ranged in the carpenter's yard. The carpenter could not work fast enough; and his stock of wood was so nearly exhausted that there had been complaints, within the last few days, that the coffins would not bear the least shock, but fell to pieces when the grave was opened for the next.

"What are they saying about the doctor?" whispered Mr. Finch to the landlord. "What is the matter about him?" But the landlord only shook his head, and looked excessively solemn in the yellow light which streamed from his open door.

"I don't know what your mother herself might say, Sir, for your consideration for her; but most likely she has, being a mother, noticed that saying about a man leaving father and mother, and houses and lands, for Christ's sake; and also—But it is no business of mine to be preaching to the clergyman, and I have enough to do, elsewhere."

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

undeniably true. He was just saying that he had been assured that something would soon appear which would explain the terrible scene of the time when the neighbors; and that something was plain ran in and exclaimed, with white lips, that there was a very fearful sign in the sky.

There indeed it was, a lustrous thing, shining down into the hollow. Was there ever such a star seen?—as large as a saucer—some of the people said, and with a long white tail, which looked as if it was about to sweep all the common stars out of the sky!

"Will it do us any good, Sir," asked the carpenter, sagely. "Not that I know of. How should it do us any good?"

"I hope Farmer Neale may be seeing it, observed a man to his neighbor. "It may be a mercy to him, if it is sent to warn him of his hard ways."

"What are they saying about the doctor?" whispered Mr. Finch to the landlord. "What is the matter about him?" But the landlord only shook his head, and looked excessively solemn in the yellow light which streamed from his open door.

"I don't know what your mother herself might say, Sir, for your consideration for her; but most likely she has, being a mother, noticed that saying about a man leaving father and mother, and houses and lands, for Christ's sake; and also—But it is no business of mine to be preaching to the clergyman, and I have enough to do, elsewhere."

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

pillow, or put a cool hand on her forehead, while one of the dying children hung on the other shoulder. At last, the little fellow was evidently so near death that the on her shoulder, his bony arms unmanageably, and his feet like those of a skeleton across her lap, she felt every painful breath through her whole frame.

"Now, Ned, I am coming to you, in a minute." "Is he asleep?" "Yes. He is in the quiet long sleep I told you of."

"I cannot come to you at this moment, Ned," said she, "but I will soon,—very soon. Do you know why your brother is not crying? He is going to sleep,—for a long quiet sleep. Perhaps he will go to sleep, and then he will be all right."

"What shall I play at?" "I don't know till we go and see; but I am sure it will be with something better than your top. But, Ned, are you angry with Dan? Do you wish that he should have the fever? And are you glad or sorry that he has no top?"

"I don't know what your mother herself might say, Sir, for your consideration for her; but most likely she has, being a mother, noticed that saying about a man leaving father and mother, and houses and lands, for Christ's sake; and also—But it is no business of mine to be preaching to the clergyman, and I have enough to do, elsewhere."

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

spectacle, and rejoiced in it, she scarcely knew why. When at last the breathing on her shoulder ceased, she let down the little corpse, and the face expressive of no pain. She closed the eyes, and, after a moment's silence, said:

"Now, Ned, I am coming to you, in a minute." "Is he asleep?" "Yes. He is in the quiet long sleep I told you of."

"I cannot come to you at this moment, Ned," said she, "but I will soon,—very soon. Do you know why your brother is not crying? He is going to sleep,—for a long quiet sleep. Perhaps he will go to sleep, and then he will be all right."

"What shall I play at?" "I don't know till we go and see; but I am sure it will be with something better than your top. But, Ned, are you angry with Dan? Do you wish that he should have the fever? And are you glad or sorry that he has no top?"

"I don't know what your mother herself might say, Sir, for your consideration for her; but most likely she has, being a mother, noticed that saying about a man leaving father and mother, and houses and lands, for Christ's sake; and also—But it is no business of mine to be preaching to the clergyman, and I have enough to do, elsewhere."

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it.





