

## O Love, My Love No More!

O LOVE, my Love no more!  
 My heart goes back to the days ere love was o'er:  
 But I have grown most wise since then,  
 I have learned much of the ways of men.  
 I tell my heart that love is done,  
 And glad am I the end is come;  
 I tell my heart that this is best,  
 —It only sigheth at the bitter jest,  
 And turneth again to the days made sweet  
 By thy love, the touch of thy hand so fleet!  
 And I think my heart would gladly give  
 The whole of the life I hope to live,  
 For one touch of thy hand, of thy love one breath,  
 Though the touch of thy hand and thy love were  
 Death!

MARTHA WALLACE.

## How the Craze Spreads.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

**W**HY, how do you do, old fellow? I was speaking of you to Maria only last night. How's your wife? And that baby? I suppose she's quite a big girl by this time."

The speaker, one of those genial, pleasant men, who seem to radiate good nature, appeared to have the delight of this unexpected meeting largely to himself, for his friend, Paul Schaft, though trying to appear enthusiastic, was evidently but little inclined to answer at length the questions as to his doings, his home, and his family, which John Rodgers poured out with such eagerness. But this passed unnoticed by John, who, perhaps, understanding his friend's temperament, continued his efforts to make him unbend, and after a while partially succeeded.

"John," at length, began Mr. Schaft, "is your wife æsthetic?"

"Ascetic? Ha! ha! No, indeed; she loves a good time as well as myself. To be sure, being a square, old-fashioned Presbyterian, she can't quite go the theater, but you should see her at the minstrels! Or, if she can make any child an excuse for the circus, that's her delight. Ascetic? No, no."

"You misunderstand me," said his friend, with a slightly amused look, "I said *æsthetic*. Has she taken to painting on china, art needle-work, bric-à-brac, and those things?"

John's jovial face grew almost grave. He had suspected things had gone wrong with Paul, since he sold his snug farm, and moved into the city; but he was not prepared for this, and answered with some little indignation in his manner, "My wife paint her china! She's a deal too careful of it. Not but what she's quite a dab with the brush."

Here Paul nodded sympathetically, and murmured, "Oh! she's got it like all the rest of 'em."

"But," continued John, unconscious of the mental interruption, "she thinks too much of her *china*. Now tins, old milk-pans, and slop buckets, and such like, she does real good to with her paint, and though she wouldn't like her neighbors to know it, for folks is now getting so stuck up, and above work—she has painted a fence. Not whitewash, you understand, but real paint. As to needlework, my Ma-

ria was always a master hand at that. Why, don't you remember her cutting out the clothes for your first baby, and helping your wife to sew on them? I recollect how she wondered—" Here Mr. Rodgers suddenly lost the thread of his discourse, not wishing to "recollect" how Maria had wondered, "how that go-ahead Paul had come to marry such a silly piece of laziness,"—and went on. "As to bricks, or any thing of that sort, Maria always had a notion there might be sulphur springs on the farm, but I never heard her mention clay or bricks."

"Oh, how I wish I had staid on the farm," said Paul with a sigh. "And you have six children, John?"

"Six of 'em, yes. And the youngest just beginning to toddle round after ma. How many have you?"

"Only two. The eldest ten, and the other a little thing just two years old. But my wife is æsthetic—paints, embroiders sunflowers, decorates."

"Then the business you took up hasn't paid as well as farming?"

Paul looked puzzled for a moment, not seeing the drift of John's remark, and added, "I've made plenty of money."

Honest John could not conceal his indignation. "And you let that delicate wife of yours paint and decorate! Maria never could believe she could ha' done it. I know something about decorating. Had the meetin' house done over, and the 'decoration' cost a heap. But I didn't know as women ever did that; and to think that *your* wife—!" John closed his lips with a snap.

"You don't understand, old fellow, and I'm glad you don't," said Paul. "It's refreshing to meet some one who has not gone crazy on 'blue and white,' or 'Japanese art,' or something of that sort. I'll tell you about it; we've an hour before we reach the city."

"You see when we first moved to Yarmouth, it was a very quiet place; near enough to the city for me to go to and from my place of business every day, and not so near, I thought, as to tempt us to take up with city styles of living. But about four years ago, there came a lady to visit there, who struck up a great friendship with my wife, and she was quite astonished that we took no art paper. So as Jeannie was always fond of reading any new papers, and I was always ready to pay for them, she subscribed for the one her friend said was the best. There was the beginning of it. We had been careful, and I had laid by a good bit of money, and I was quite willing to furnish the parlor and best bedroom anew. Well, instead of Jeannie and I going to the city together, and choosing the carpets and suites of furniture—having a pleasure-day together, and—

"Topping off with the minstrels, if she was like my Maria," interrupted John.

"Well, a pleasant time any way—instead of this, my wife writes to the man who edits her art paper, to ask *his* advice! And he gave it. The wood-work was all to be painted black and yellow, and he sent the wall paper. There was a 'dado' and a 'frieze,' and stuff to go between them; but Jeannie'd forgotten to say that the house was an old-fashioned one, and though the rooms were large, they were very low, and so, when we came to paste on the 'dado,' there was only a narrow strip between that and the 'frieze'—and all the rest of the paper was wasted! But, as long as she just only ordered *things*, I didn't so much mind. It was expensive, that's a fact; but, as I told you, I've been making money, and could afford it, but—the house got so dark, and so full! All the comfortable chairs were sent up garret, and we have straight-backed things that look as if you'd stolen 'em out of a meeting-house. Then came the painting on china—I liked it at first."

"Did it herself?" asked John, with interest.

"Yes; and considering it was home-made, it wasn't bad-



But Jeannie lost her head about it. She'd be 'grounding' a plate, and the baby had to go hungry."

"Lost something besides her head, I should say," muttered John.

"Or there would be a meeting of the Decorative Society, and, as she was president, she had to go, while poor little Ursula—isn't it an old-fashioned name for a baby?—was left to the nurse, and was bad with the measles before we found it out. Then came the glass-staining, and the nursery windows were all fixed up with colored glass like a church window. Really very pretty, but you couldn't open one of them.

"But the worst of all is the 'bric-à-brac.' That means every-thing from a cabinet down to an egg-shell, costing ten times what it's worth. Our house is full of the stuff, and little Sule—I can't always say Ursula—is just as careless a baby as if her mother knew nothing about æsthetics, and, you bet, she makes havoc amongst the bric-à-brac. Yesterday 'she was shut up in a closet till I came home, 'Cause I boked a itty cup,' she said. But the cup was a real 'something,' with a grand name, and had cost thirty dollars."

"Whew!" exclaimed John.

"Oh! it's all very lovely looking for a while. Only the 'dado' and 'frieze' have made Jeannie hate the house. But I tell you I'd give a good deal for a real, old—no, I mean new-fashioned tea, out of plain white china, so that you could enjoy it, and not be admiring the painting, and complimenting the artist; and I long to sit in a comfortable chair, without any chair-back."

"Don't you like a back to your chair, old man?"

"Wait till you see a 'chair-back' and have to admire the needle-work, and hear all about it! Then, even Mamie has caught the craze, and is intense and unnatural. Little Sule is the only natural thing in the house."

"I'm real sorry," said John, sympathetically. "Do you think Marie could help you? What say you to bringing your wife and children—the two won't count among our half-dozen—and staying awhile at the farm. Maybe if your wife got away from that society, and left her art paper behind—"

Paul Schaft thought the offer a most kindly one, at all events, and the friends parted, with the understanding that they were to meet again at Moss Farm, the following month.

Mrs. John Rodgers, whole-souled and hospitable as her husband, yet felt some fears when she heard of all that Jeannie Schaft had learned.

"Yes," said John, "she can paint on china, and work flowers on silk and canvas, and pays no end of money for old cups and saucers, but you're to hold your own, or you won't do her one bit of good. I ain't afraid of your being taken up with such folly," he added, with a tone of pride in his voice, as he looked on the thorough-going country matriarch; the best butter-maker in all the neighborhood, and a master-hand at crullers and doughnuts.

June brought the expected visitors. Could that easy, languid woman of the world be the helpless Jeannie of former years? Sule was the only one of the family that Mrs. Rodgers and her girls could understand—at first.

But alas! the guests had not been in the house more than a week, when Tot, the Rodgers baby, was heard screaming with delight over the "pitty fower" in her bread and milk bowl, painted, oh! wonder of wonders, by Polly Rodgers!

Paul Schaft gave a warning sigh—too late! John confessed to pride in his daughter's taste and skill, and was even found bringing home stray peacock's feathers to be placed "æsthetically" in the sitting-room; while a "dado" of India matting gave a new and cool look to the parlor. And so, by degrees, instead of Mrs. Schaft's being won back to simplicity, the whole Rodgers family caught the craze, and the visit

from which such different results had been expected, ended in Polly Rodgers being carried off to spend the winter in Yarmouth, and entering as an art student at the society's rooms.

"China painting," "art-needlework," and "bric-à-brac," are now household words at Moss Farm, but the basis of a good, solid, practical bringing-up, has given to what John will still sometimes call "the craze," a sensible turn; and the girls, who never had possessed much surplus money, have so perfected themselves in the particular branch to which the taste of each had led her, that many an added comfort, as well as many "a thing of beauty which is a joy forever," finds place amongst the adornments of Moss Farm.

John and his friend often visit each other, and their wives, in comparing experiences, confess that both in the useful and the ornamental, there may be a happy medium, and learn the valuable lesson of being "temperate in all things."

## Leisure Hour.

(See page engraving.)



R. W. M. Wyllie, the painter of the original of our beautiful engraving "Leisure Hour," is an English artist who always finds his inspiration in water. Among the most admired of his pictures are "The Herring Fishery," "Low Water," and "Les Pensées," which latter picture represents a young lady meditating on the sea-shore. Some of his marine pictures are especially fine, and his consummate skill enables him to give beauty even to a dreary sea. He finds attraction in every-thing connected with the water; ships under sail or at anchor, small boats at their moorings, and the figures of sailors all have beauty for him.

The picture entitled "Leisure Hour" shows us a young sailor fishing in his moments of leisure. As he leans over the side of the vessel, with his line in his hand, his face wears a thoughtful, even sad expression, for he has not found his dream of going to sea a pleasant realization. He has met hardships and dangers of which he never dreamed. The fore-castle has been a rough school, and the companions he met there not such as he would willingly choose. Through storms and cold he must mount the rigging, and battle with the canvas sails; or he must be at the wheel, or do deck duty. He has to submit patiently to harsh language and frequently to cruel conduct, but he has no redress.

No wonder the sailor boy of our picture looks thoughtful and sad, and thinks of the home and the mother he has left. He is evidently of an affectionate disposition, for he clings lovingly to the dog, which is watching with deep interest his master, as he hauls up "the finny people of the deep." He is just the boy who will go back to the old home, for his heart longs for love and sympathy, and he is glad to receive it even from a dumb animal.

Many a lad, like the one in our picture, has broken away from the safe moorings of home, and launched out upon the treacherous sea of life; and many a one has lived to repent it, and turned gladly again to the love and sympathy of "the old, old home." Many a boy, too, who thought that a "life on the ocean wave" would make him as happy as a king, has been most grievously disappointed.

The artist has given us a very beautiful and suggestive picture, executed with great care and skill, showing that he is possessed of keen observation as well as high powers of genius. The ropes and pulleys are remarkably well done, and the dog is drawn with great faithfulness and precision. The sailor boy is both natural and attractive, and the entire composition is highly effective and pleasing.