

cing tolls to an exorbitant rate, for which sin of omission these operators are entitled to the public thanks. In no other way could they have so clearly shown that the real anthracite problem is one of transportation. The majority at this meeting, controlling all the coal-carrying railroads, finding nothing better to do at a moment of panic and widespread disaster resulting from their previous

acts, than to declare against outside interference with their management, afforded an irrefutable argument against their exclusive control of a great industry.

Let the public keep in mind that coal is reasonable in price only so long as production is uninterrupted, and that suspension has been always forced by exorbitant tolls on the avenues to market.

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### A HOROSCOPE.

I sit and sigh, but not with idle pain ;  
 I have outlived the callow heats of youth ;  
 The time of buds that go to come again  
 Is past with me, and I desire the truth.

The deep, deep truth of long, long love I need ;  
 I have no heart to waste in fruitless bloom,  
 But all my heart I have for love indeed,  
 And all my heart goes forth to meet my doom.

What can I do, but sit and fold my hands ?  
 I hear no footfalls of the one to come—  
 Else I would rise and run through many lands  
 To meet her coming, and to lead her home.

What do I long for?—since I know not whom ;  
 I long for peace from longing, and for rest ;  
 Whether that I grow old—I find in room  
 Of venturous pinions, now a homesick breast :

Homesick, though not with retrospective pain,  
 Hollow with hunger for a home to be,  
 Breaking for longing toward a sweet refrain  
 Forever borne o'er an enchanted sea.

This wind and wave has worn my youth away ;  
 'Tis long to anchor by the Blessed Isles ;—  
 Yet there I dreamed for me a future lay  
 Securely glad in one sweet woman's smiles.

Oh, inaccessible lady charmed from me !  
 I see thee sit at evening by my fire,  
 A light of wifely welcome circling thee,  
 As home I draw to close with thy desire.

I see thee there, my queen of feast and grace,  
 Throned at my board, dispense the Attic cheer ;  
 I look across and watch thee in thy place,  
 Mine, and so fair—so queenly, and so dear.

I hear thee sing clear carols of the hearth,  
 Pensive and sweet, in tender twilight glooms  
 My children love the music more than mirth,  
 And gather in from all the darkening rooms.

Steals on a holier household hour than all:  
 Thy children grouped about their mother's chair,  
 Upon thy knees with them I see thee fall—  
 Most beautiful among thy children there!

I talk with thee alone—I stroke thy hair—  
 I read thy eyes—I fold thee to my breast;  
 We mix our mutual dreams, and purely share  
 Love lapsing on through all our raptured rest.

The days go onward ever, sun and rain;  
 The nights between them follow, cloud or star;  
 The same to us, no matter loss or gain,—  
 Each unto each what naught could make, can mar.

And we grow old together, in my dream,  
 Like blended rivers placid toward the sea—  
 Alas, but now my lone divided stream  
 Still hither, thither roves in quest of thee!

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

“AUTHOR OF “ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,” “ALEC FORBES,” “ROBERT FALCONER,” ETC.

(Continued from page 556.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

I TOLD them my story. Even Clara looked grave when I came to the incident of finding myself on the verge of the precipice.

“Thank God, my boy!” said Mr. Coningham, kindly. “You have had a narrow escape. I lost myself once in the Cumberland hills, and hardly got off with my life. Here it is a chance you were ever seen again, alive or dead. I wonder you're not knocked up.”

I was, however, more so than I knew.

“How are you going to get home?” he asked.

“I don't know any way but walking,” I answered.

“Are you far from home?”

“I don't know. I daresay the people here

will be able to tell me. But I think you said you were going down into the Grindelwald. I shall know where I am there. Perhaps you will let me walk with you. Horses can't go very fast along these roads.”

“You shall have my horse, my boy.”

“No. I couldn't think of that.”

“You must. I haven't been wandering all day like you. You can ride, I suppose?”

“Yes, pretty well.”

“Then you shall ride with Clara, and I'll walk with the guide. I shall go and see after the horses presently.”

It was indeed a delightful close to a dreadful day. We sat and chatted a while, and then Clara and I went out to look at the Jungfrau. She told me they had left her mother at Interlaken, and had been wander-