

ward her father, for he had always acted as a stranger, indeed, worse, as a tyrant, who never interested himself with her but to command her to carry out some capricious whim he had conceived. Therefore, sitting in that room, which had now become darkness itself, and while thinking on the scene she had just passed through, the question arose in her mind, "Am I right, or wrong?" For a moment the reaction of feeling made her doubt the propriety of her conduct; but, recollecting the vow she had made to her dying mother, she regained in some degree her firmness, and in her distress became tempted to solicit the departed to intercede with heaven on her behalf. But from this her education revolted, and her unhappy reverie was quickly broken by a gentle tap at the door of her apartment. The knock was immediately followed by old Alice, bringing with her candles.

"What! exclaimed the old woman, as she entered the room, "is my darling sitting here in the dark? Sitting without fire and candle, and it's a snowing as fast as it can! What is the matter, my little dove?"

"Nothing particularly, Alice," replied Clara, as the old woman threw some fresh wood on the fire, and then drew the curtains to keep out the cold.

"Nothing, aye, my darling? the same word uttered in the same tone, and, I fear, proceeding from the same cause," she muttered to herself, as she went on with her efforts to make the room appear comfortable.

Alice had been the waiting-maid of Clara's mother before she married into the Chillington family, and almost the only privilege the bride retained was that of keeping Alice in her service. During the protracted sorrows of Lady Chillington this maid was made the confidant of her mistress, and a more faithful friend never had an existence. To her special care the dying mother committed her darling child, and she never failed in the duty enjoined on her. This position gave to her the familiarity she enjoyed.

Alice was now advancing in life, and her silvery locks shone beneath her snowy cap. But although her slow pace and stooping gait told that years were pressing their heavy weight upon her, yet her clear countenance and light blue eye, still untouched by the finger of passing time, in some degree redeemed her otherwise aged aspect. The old servant knew the pedigree and character of the Chillingtons as it lived in the popular mind, and, in common with others, she entertained a latent feeling of dislike toward them. To have offered Alice a cup of poison, would not have filled her with greater horror than to bring her into the presence of Sir Harry. But for Lady Chillington she would never have entered the Priory, and she would have left it immediately on her decease had it not been for the affection she entertained for Clara. Having finished her task, the old servant was about to retire, when her mistress said:

"Be seated, Alice; I wish for company to-night."

"I dare say you do, darling, it is only natural. When I was young, I, too, was fond of company. Did you hear the singers? I think they never sang better. When I was a girl I used to sing in church, and Aunt Toes used to give us a treat every Christmas."

"Who was Aunt Toes, Alice?"

"She was everybody's aunt, darling. She lived in Folkstone, and kept a shop, and when she died she left a sum of money to be given to the poor, and a guinea a year to the parson to preach a sermon in remembrance of her on what was her birthday."

"How strange!"

"It was strange; and the people who like to make fun—and there are always such in the world—used to say that the best part of Folkstone lay in its toes. But the singers did sing beautifully to-night; and it reminded me of the time when I was a girl, that I couldn't myself help singing until I fairly cried."

"Good soul," whispered Clara.

"Dear me, darling, how the wind does blow. I hope Uncle Jacob reached home before it commenced snowing."

"Has he been to see you to-day?"

"You know he always comes on the day before Christmas."

"What has he presented you with this year?"

"This," and Alice drew from her capacious pocket a souvenir, unfolded in a multitude of wrappers, which were separately removed by her, each piece being smoothed and folded before the other was touched. Having taken off the last wrapper, a silver snuff-box was presented, on the lid of which was delicately engraved the representation of a sailor, standing beneath the folds of a flag, and on the opposite side the following doggerel:

"When this you see, remember me,
And bear me in your mind;
Let all the world say what they will,
Speak of me as you find."

"It is a strange present for you, is it not?" inquired Clara. "You don't take snuff."

"I don't yet; but Uncle Jacob, thinking I might when I get older, sent across the sea to Rotterdam, and had it made on purpose for me."

"Has Sir Harry left the house?"

"He has, darling," and then in an undertone Alice muttered, "and it would be a good thing should he never come back."

Clara shuddered as she heard her humble friend, but how could she reprove her? She was aware that Alice knew far more than she dared even to guess, and she felt humbled, and was grieved. Clara dreaded the vindictiveness of the baronet for she knew the nature of it.

(To be continued.)

CAMP ROBINSON.

An evening early in August of last year, the place, the Bonaventure Depot, three individuals, evidently from their happy looks, bent on pleasure, which is further confirmed by the bundles of fishing-rods, tents, boxes of provisions and other impedimenta peculiar to fishermen, which they are placing on the eastern-bound train. And ought they not to look happy, for they are bound for Camp Robinson, in the far wilds of New Brunswick, the scene of former happy days, where they have captured many a lordly salmon and circumvented many a wily trout? The three may be styled for the present—the Secretary, the Grand Treasurer, and the Professor, and but one—the Doctor—is wanting to complete the quartette, and him they hope to pick up at Cacouna to-morrow. For six months or more has this trip been looked forward to with joyful anticipations, and for once, "Hope told no flattering tale."

We once saw the question propounded by a newspaper correspondent, "Can a man who plays the trombone be a good Christian?" And the reply was, "Yes, but his next-door neighbour cannot." What has this to do with a fishing trip? Did ever any reader of these annals sleep in a Pullman car without being kept awake for a good part of the night by the nasal trumpet of some neighbouring sleeper? Our trip was made lively in the same way. We can recall one fellow-passenger whose musical (?) instrument was in inverse ratio to the size of his body, and who made us feel the whole night like Coleridge's wedding guest, for "We heard the loud bassoon." But, music and all, we arrive on time in the morning at Point Levis, and after a hearty breakfast are again en route for the East. Among the passengers, who joined the train at Quebec, was our genial Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who is an old friend of one of our party, and who gave very liberal aid toward passing an exceedingly pleasant day on the train. For once let fishing and politics mingle; the writer of these annals being a *rouge* himself, cannot part with our worthy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and the recollection of the happy day spent in his company, without paying him the best compliment he can; had Providence only seen fit to make him a *rouge*, he would have been perfect; as it is, he is as near as possible to being so, wanting that one item. In due time the train reaches Cacouna, and there upon the platform stands the Doctor, all impatience to get off. Among the baggage is one suspicious-looking box, which the Doctor declares to be his medicine chest. By seven p.m. the now united party arrives safely at Metapedia, and there stands big Dan Fraser, the warm-hearted, hospitable owner of Metapedia Hotel, ready to welcome them. It is Saturday evening, and arrangements having been made for an early start on Monday morning for Camp Robinson, Sunday is spent quietly around Metapedia, than which a more beautiful spot is not to be found in Canada, combining as it does the due proportion of mountain and mead, wood and water, which go to make a perfect landscape. Early up on Monday morning, but not an early start—who ever made an early start from Uncle Dan's? The Secretary, ever indefatigable, is up by four a.m., and putting the whole household in a turmoil. "Is the Doctor up yet?" "Where's the Professor?" "Has anybody seen the Grand Treasurer?" and this torrent of questions is varied by a run to the door, a squint up at the sky, and a shout to the Indians to carry some baggage to the beach. The Doctor is snug in bed, sleeping the sleep of the just, interspersed with an occasional snore, for the Doctor can snore. The Grand Treasurer is already up and packing away his go-to-meetings, to be left at Dan's, and soon he will appear upon the scene in blameless fisherman rig—hob-nailed boots, bloomers—beg pardon—knickerbockers, flannel shirt, and soft felt hat, gayly decorated with Butcher's Mallard wings, Jock Scott's, &c. The Professor is still in bed, mentally debating whether it is better to get up and start, or wait for the porridge and cream. The cream carries the day, and to the disgust of the impatient Secretary breakfast is taken at Metapedia. Has not the Professor charge of the eating department? And shall he allow the poor Indians to toil up that rapid river without a good foundation of food to help their tiresome work? At last we are fairly started—a party of four, with five canoes heavily laden, and each manned by two Indians. As we push off into the clear waters of the Restigouche, a shout comes from the last canoe—"Stop at the rock spring." Some two miles up the Restigouche, from where the Metapedia joins it, there bursts from the rock on its bank an ice-cold spring. Soon this is reached, and the whole party meet for a brief rest. The pipe of peace is smoked, a little medicine taken, then up and away; the next stoppage being for dinner, at the mouth of the Upsalquitch. Less than an hour serves to cook and dispose of dinner, when we at once proceed up the river. No more halts till we reach Bolen's Brook, just above the Great Falls, and eleven miles from the mouth of the river, unless, perchance, as every one has his rods ready, we may meet a stray salmon or guileless trout on which to try our skill, though the Professor predicts, with the wisdom of a Vennor, that we shall see no salmon till we get to Bolen's Brook, and advises the Doctor, who is the novice of the party, to push on for that point, while the others take a cast at likely-looking spots by the way. Towards evening the last canoe reaches Bolen's Brook, where we propose to camp for the night. As it rounds the bend below the brook, a shout is heard from the opposite bank, and the Doctor

is seen careering up and down the beach, with his rod bent in a semi-circle, while ever and anon, far out in the stream, a silvery mass jumps a few feet from the water, quivers for an instant in the sunlight, then with a heavy splash disappears. Seen from where we are there seems to be no connection between the Doctor and the fish, yet each time it appears above the water, as knight in ancient tournament lowered his lance-point as he passed his lady-love so does the Doctor his rod. By the time we reach him the fish is nearly exhausted; one final rush, and then the Indian, wading a few feet into the water, deftly plunges the gaff into the fish, and with a shout deposits on the beach as handsome a twelve-pounder as ever swam the water—our first salmon. It is duly measured, weighed, admired and toasted. One more is captured before darkness comes on, and, as we are seated round the camp-fire, the Doctor's muse thus urges him to chronicle his feat of the afternoon:

And shall I praise each silver scale,
Or wonder at his goodly tail?
No—words of mine completely fail—
But I killed my salmon.

He was, in truth, a goodly fish,
As ever graced a lordly dish—
At last I had my earnest wish,
I'd killed a salmon.

Talk not to me of maidens fair,
Of ruby lips and golden hair,
Such things are fit for him who ne'er
Has killed a salmon.

How much further the Doctor's poetical fit might have carried him it is impossible to say, but the mosquitoes and black flies at this point made such a determined attack upon him that, in disgust, he sought the refuge of his tent.

Early hours are the rule in camp, and by five o'clock the whole party is up and has breakfasted. One canoe, with the heaviest of the luggage, has been sent away at daybreak, for there are thirteen long miles of heavy poling before Camp Robinson is reached. How pleasant the journey up stream! Not a mile is passed but some brook, crystal and cold, pours in its tributary waters, but though the trip is pleasant the fishing is decidedly bad. When around the camp-fire at night the day's spoils are counted. The tale is easy. The Secretary, one salmon; the Grand Treasurer, one; the Professor, one; the Doctor nothing, and among the whole not enough trout to feed the camp, and of these none over a pound weight, where in former years we got them by the score.

It is Wednesday morning, and we have passed our first night in Camp Robinson, our home for the next week. Let us look at our surroundings, which the Doctor's skillful hand has portrayed on another page. On the beach are our four canoes, and to the right of them the indefatigable Secretary is fast in a salmon—a likeness of which the Doctor would have given, but it would not stay long enough out of the water to be sketched—beside him sits his Indian with ever-ready gaff to land the fish. Near the shelter on the beach lies the lazy Professor, deep in a novel, while in the white tents in the background, the Doctor and Grand Treasurer are indulging in the post-prandial siesta. The smoking cone behind the bushes is not a small volcano, but a bark hut, erected by the Indians to smoke the trout and salmon. Camp Robinson stands on an island of some two acres in extent, where two streams meet in a nearly circular pool of eighty yards in diameter. The pool is literally swarming with salmon, but few of them will look at a fly, much less take one. Each morning sees the party start, now up one stream, then up the other, in pursuit of trout. Comparatively few reward our labours, yet the time passes pleasantly and far too quickly. An account of one day will serve as a specimen of all: Breakfast early and off up the north-west branch. The Professor is left to bring up the rear, to see that the provisions and things in camp are properly covered up, for bears are plentiful round, and attend to the commissariat. The old beaver house, some six miles up stream, is fixed upon as the meeting-place for dinner, where a hungry crowd assembles at twelve o'clock; but alas! for human hopes and empty stomachs, the Professor has forgotten the eatables and the dishes. Diligent search reveals a tin of pork and beans and a bottle of ale, which the Grand Treasurer has stowed away for his own edification (root for this occasion only, *edo, I eat*). And now, behold the Doctor and Secretary seated facing each other, astraddle upon a log, between them the open tin of pork and beans, and on the ground, within easy reach, the bottle of ale and the Grand Treasurer; each man is armed with a piece of wood, in lieu of a spoon, and thus we dine, while the Professor skirmishes round and snatches a hasty morsel wherever he can, seasoned by the blessings of his companions for his forgetfulness. A hearty supper on our return to camp makes everything right, and so the days pass. The following Wednesday sees the party gathered again at the Metapedia Hotel, the Indians are paid off, the rods taken down, the tents and baggage packed, ready for the train next morning, and, when supper is ended, the last ceremony is performed, when the Secretary calls out: "Gentlemen, number." Secretary, "Thirteen;" Doctor, "Seven;" Grand Treasurer, "Eight;" Professor, "Three."

Some matter of fact reader of this "over true tale"—a Scotchman, of course it must be—will no doubt want to know why the place pictured on another page was called "Camp Robinson." It's a secret, however, and the writer has promised not to tell that it was named in honour of the Secretary, who, poor man, had, and still has, one very bad fault—he will begin to fish before three in the morning and fish till it is dark at night.

THE PROMISE.

BY JOHN READE.

Bright daughters of a happy home,
Where Love is lord and Peace is queen,
Where sorrow, if it ever come,
On sweet, strong sympathy can lean.

I fear you'll deem that I let slip
A heedless promise without care
Of what was formed by tongue and lip,
So that it pleased you, ladies fair:

And that, in presence having so
Acted my part, I came away
Regardless of the debt I owe,
Nor with the least intent to pay.

If thus you deem, you do me wrong—
My promise was sincerely meant—
Three ladies asked me for a song
And, flattered, I gave glad assent.

And many a day since that bright morn,
At even when the sun goes down,
When worn with toil and vexed with scorn,
And weary of the noisy town,

My fancy forms again the scene—
I see you three fair suitors stand,
Each with her charms of face and mien
And making each the same demand.

Ah me! Ah me! The sigh means much—
I cannot find the words to say—
But I'm afraid that fancy's touch
Deceives me in the twilight grey;

And that not promise but request
Has been forgotten long ago,
And that I may be called a pest
For speaking of the debts I owe.

Yet, having knowledge of the gate
Which leads, fair maids, to where you dwell,
I think the risk is not so great
Of rudeness if I pull the bell.

And if my "*tre gran donne*" be
To their own nature not unkind,
They will forgive my honesty
And gently call the debt to mind.

Ah me!—Again that burdened sigh—
That day of promise fades away,
And in far years that have gone by
I see three children at their play.

That was a day of promise, too,
By those sweet children well fulfilled:
And, when the ripe fruit smiles in view,
Why brood o'er what the frost has killed?

Time's harvest is the good alone,
The net result of ordered plan—
God's will and work, which well atone
For any blunders caused by man.

Of those who 'neath the trellised porch,
With me so fondly watched you then
Some in the shadow of the church
Sleep where no voice is heard of men—

Sleep as they sleep whose work was done
With faithful hand and heart and brain,
God grant us when our race is run
With those dear friends to meet again!

But to my task.—Or said or sung,
What words are meetest for to-day?
These, if I knew, by pen or tongue
Are just the words that I would say:

But thus to utter what I feel
Is much beyond my feeble art.
Meanwhile I wish you years of weal
In keeping with both form and heart:

And with the blood that fills your veins
And fellowship of gentle souls,
And with whatever else remains
That destiny for good controls.

Such is my wish and prayer to-day
(Which may the Giver Good fulfill)—
"But still"—I think I hear you say,
"The debt you owe remaineth still."

I grant it; but my simple rhyme
Is witness of remembered vow,
Which, in some happy aftertime,
To pay in full I promise now.

New Year's Day, 1880.

VOUDOUISM.

Dr. Peebles, the lecturer, says that he recently saw salt strewn on doorsteps in New Orleans. He asked what it meant, and the reply was:—"It is consecrated salt, to ward off the demoniac charms of the voodoo. There are 20,000 of them in New Orleans, and they work magic, put spells on people, produce bad luck, and even death." He made some investigation on the subject, and among the professed voodoo priests whom he found was an old, oddly tattooed negro called Dr. John. "This man," he says, "left Africa in 1839. He confessed to having had twenty wives. Previous to the civil war he was rich, owning at one time fifty slaves. Many prominent men of the South had faith in his magical powers. Such men as Slidell and Gen. Beauregard used to consult him. When ignorant people came, he used cards and crystals; but with the higher classes he simply employed his 'second-sight' gift, making at times, it is said, startling revelations." Dr. Peebles describes how he visited a voodoo camp, where negroes danced and chanted around a caged serpent, and boiled the claws of birds, the scales of fish, the fangs of snakes, and other things, for charms. He is a spiritualist, and believes that voodooism is a low form of spiritual manifestation.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. J. T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.