

# HOME & SCHOOL

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## He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes  
He  
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and  
bright,  
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night,  
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,  
So whether in green or desert land,  
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? Not always so;  
 Oftentimes the heavy tempests round me  
 blow,  
 And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest and I cry  
 Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,  
 And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,  
 "Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,  
 In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair  
 I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where  
 The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway  
 lead  
 He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,  
 But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;  
 And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
 Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

## Something about Peru.

THE coast of Lower Peru, between the sixteenth and eighteenth degrees of latitude, would present a most desolate uniformity of aridity but for certain fertile valleys which break the dreary monotony of the barren ridges that line the shore of the Pacific for three hundred and twenty miles. The fairest and most tropical of these valleys is that of Tambo, on the slope of the Western Andes. It is enclosed narrowly between a double chain of rocky hills, and rises gradually from the ocean-level to an elevation of six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The Tambo River flows through it and empties into the Pacific.

It was from this lovely valley of Tambo that Paul Marcoy, to whom the world owes much of its later knowledge of that country, started on a long journey across the sierra region.

At the period when Marcoy, with gun on shoulder and sketchbook under arm, is discovered, in the valley of Tambo, it contained three large haciendas (estates). One of these was a rice, cotton, and sugar plantation, the property of a friend of Marcoy, Pierre Leroux by name. He was a native of Besançon, and had been living in Peru for fifteen years, during which time he

had acquired and lost two fortunes in mining operations. As Marcoy has sketched him, with pen and pencil, we are shown a man of forty-five years of age, tall, with a countenance at once frank and intelligent, robust in health, sinewy of limb, and with the iron will of one who, having marked out a goal, seeks it unmindful of obstacles.

at Islay, a port about fifteen miles higher up the coast, and was now impatiently expecting its arrival, together with that of the ready-made pine wood sheds intended to house the machines. Once a week he went to Islay to make inquiries, leaving Tambochico in the morning and returning by nightfall. During these absences of his host,

aroused his interest, and he often stopped in his walk to converse with these people on the subject of the life they led there, and of their olive-culture and its revenues. The family had erected its dwelling among the olive trees, and although its members had all the outward appearance of ill-health and poverty, they seemed to be happy and contented, seated under their simple roof of mats, upheld by four posts, and with their household utensils scattered about them. They told Marcoy that their home was in the upper part of the valley, and that the simple shelter under which they received him was merely their temporary camping-out residence. Like all the other proprietors of the olive and fig plantations, they remained away from their plantations for eleven months of the year, leaving the trees to the care of Providence; the twelfth month, when the time to collect the crop had come, they passed where Marcoy found them.

From his friends of the *olivares*, our traveller would stroll a few hundred yards higher up to chat with the neighbours of the *higuerales*. The male adult owners of the fig plantations were generally absent, as they preferred to abandon the conjugal roof and hire themselves out as labourers to the large planters of the valley, some of them returning each night and others only at the end of the week. The women of the family meanwhile attended to the gathering of the figs and their preparation, in a dried state, for the markets of the sierra towns, or engaged in the manufacture of a sort of violet-coloured wine, made from the figs, which the people call *chimbangó*.

One afternoon, Marcoy was greeted joyfully by Pierre Leroux, who told him that the ship with the machinery, the consul had told him, might be expected at any time within three or four days. In his impatience the master of Tambochico resolved to start for the coast with as little delay as possible, and take up his quarters at Mollendo, where the vessel was to land her cargo.

The news of Pierre Leroux's visit to the beach, and a knowledge of its purpose, having spread abroad through the valley, scores of his neighbours, people whom he scarcely knew or had never seen before, came to make inquiries regarding the wonderful machines.

On the fourth day, in the afternoon, the sails of the expected vessel appeared above the tops of the group of rocks that form Cape Islay, and about the same time an Indian arrived with a letter to Leroux from the British



NATIVE INDIANS OF PERU.

Leroux's mind at the moment of Marcoy's appearance in the valley was absorbed in a project of introducing on his hacienda the use of certain machinery for cleansing his rice and cotton. He had ordered it a year before, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, from New York, through the British consul

Marcoy devoted a part of the day to peregrinations among the *olivares* and *higuerales*—as the small olive and fig plantations are called—which fringe the valley, and in conversing with their Indian proprietors. Among the five or six native families established in the *olivares*, one in particular