

his wife, people in a small way of business as provision dealers—in fact, hucksters—who had taken her as a "nurse child" when they were in a still smaller way, and on whose charitable hands she had been left. Of her birth and parentage she knew nothing; her foster-parents had done all they could for her; not a little, considering their lights and their circumstances. She had been well taught at the National School, and when, in the "fever year," her foster-parents died within a few hours of each other, and the little they left had to be divided between their two children, a son and daughter, the girl who had had a child's share in their home and affection was qualified to earn her own living, and immediately placed in a position to do so by the influence of the doctor who attended the good old people in their fatal illness. Dr. Rourke had no notion, until after the death of his patients, that Katharine Farrell was not their own child; and though cases of so complete adoption are by no means rare in Ireland, he wondered that he could have been so mistaken in this instance, for the couple and their own children had nothing in common with the handsome and capable young woman who had attended them during their mortal illness with equal intelligence, devotion and fearlessness. When Patrick and Bridget Mooney rested well under the sod at Glasnevin, the fictitious family tie was loosened. The younger Mooneys cared little for Katharine, and she cared nothing for them. They would no more have turned her out of their home than their father and mother before them; but "why wouldn't she do for herself?" was a question which the younger Mooneys put to one another at an early stage of the changed condition of affairs, especially as Kate had always taken kindly to learning, which was not in Margy Mooney's line at all, and had ways with her that would please the "quality."

Early as the brother and sister with whom she had been reared, but had never been at one, discussed this question, they were later with it than Katharine, who had thought it all out, and taken her decision, before the shutters were down from the front of the little shop in the small street which had been her home as long as she could remember. She could get a certificate from the school which she had attended, and where she had learned to complete-ness all that was taught, and recommendation from the convent whither she had gone to be instructed in needlework and lace-making, and where she had acquired a certain refinement, both of ideas and manners, which widened the gap by increasing the dissimilarity between her and her foster-parents' children.

Dr. Rourke had a sister married to a medical man of lower rank than himself in their common profession, a "dispensary doctor" in a town in county Monaghan. Mrs. Mangan had four children, small means, a kind heart, a sweet temper, and the easiest-going husband that ever was "well-liked" and irregularly paid by a numerous but impetuous *clientele*. He took it out, however, to his perfect satisfaction, in sociability. There was not much money about in the Mangan household for purposes of education, and Mrs. Mangan, was, perhaps, rather overworked in ministering to the bodily and mental necessities of four little girls, whose cheery father had a general notion that "anything" would do to clothe, and "anybody" would do to teach them; and that there was no need to "bother," so long as he could keep them in food and physic. Dr. Rourke saw his way to helping Katharine Farrell to a respectable home, and also to providing his sister with efficient and not distasteful help, by sending the former as "nursery governess" to the children of the latter at a small salary. Accordingly, Katharine found herself installed in Mrs. Mangan's disorderly but kindly house, in a brief space after the death of her foster-parents. That portion of her story was now more than two years old, and Dr. Rourke's experiment had worked well. The handsome girl from the little shop in Dublin had not proved too uncouth or too ignorant, and Mrs. Mangan and Katharine Farrell became very good friends.

"That is to say," Mrs. Mangan afterwards explained, "as good friends as can be, when all the freeheartedness is on one side. I'm sure she knew from me every mortal thing there was to be known, and, God knows, Tom was never famous for holding his tongue about his own affairs or anybody else's; and sure, for that matter, what was there to hide? There wasn't a trouble I had—and I had plenty of them, for it was all going out and little coming in with us in those days—that Katharine didn't know as well as myself; and not a word did I know about her, all the time she was in the house, more than my brother told me when he sent her to us. She was taken up with the children and with us, and may be there was nothing to tell; anyhow, she did not tell it. I was always thinking about ourselves too, and it did not come into my head that the girl was secret-like until she took me by surprise by saying she could not stay any longer, the place did not agree with her. I never was so much taken aback. Up to that hour I'd have sworn she doted on me and the children, particularly Carline, and never had a notion of anything but that this was her home. However, she was as cool, and quiet, and determined as ever I saw any one, and stuck to it like a leech that the place did not agree with her, and that she had not her health in it. I never suspected it was an excuse, but I knew it must be a fancy; for she was the picture of health, and never took a drop of physic to my knowledge all the time she was in the place, though there was no stint of it, God knows, and it just under her hand, as one might say. But no matter, go she must, and go she would, and go she did. She bid the children good bye, and never a tear in her eye; but she felt it for all that, in her own queer way, and she trembled all over when I told her she must be sure to come to us for her holidays, and we'd pay her fare; and if she didn't get this school she was going after, she was to come back to us. The children missed her and so did I, I'll not deny it. As for Flora, it took all the peppermint lozenges and jubes in the surgery to stop her crying for a full week, and I did not know where to turn for anything. Tom was the only person in the house that did not mind much, but that was through Sam Sullivan, his assistant. 'I never could get any good of him while that girl was in the place, my dear,' he would say, 'and as to trusting him to make up a prescription or remember a direction if she was about the surgery, I daren't do it. Sam would have poisoned half the parish if I had not caught him in time more than once, Mrs. Mangan, so don't fret, it's all for the best. We'll send the children to dayschool, or, if you must have a governess, look out for a red-haired fright this time, not a red-haired beauty. It wasn't fair to me, ma'am, to me,' Tom would say, to make me laugh; but I would only tell him not to bother; he didn't know what a loss she was to me; how could he? No man ever knows how things get done in a house, let alone a man like Tom, that doesn't mind whether they do get done or whether they don't, so long as his boots are polished and there's a leg of mutton for dinner."

Candidate No. 5 gave her brief clear replies to the questions put to her. At the conclusion of the interrogatory, which elicited satisfactory evidence of her competency, she was directed to write a sentence on a sheet of foolscap, as the other four candidates had done.

The Clerk rose, and indicated the place at the side-table. Katharine Farrell took the seat he pointed out, and drew off her cotton gloves, displaying a white and shapely hand; then, without either hurry or hesitation, she wrote for a few minutes on the paper before her. The Clerk stood at a little distance, and when she laid down her pen, he took up the sheet, and placed it before the chairman. In a perfectly legible hand, every letter well formed, candidate No. 5 had written—

"If the Board of Guardians shall be pleased to appoint me to the post of Schoolmistress, I will do my utmost to fulfil its duties to their satisfaction. "KATHARINE FARRELL."

"I think we have got our Schoolmistress," said Mr. Bellew, when Candidate No. 5 had retired to the waiting-room. "I never saw such a handwriting, for a woman, in my life."

"I don't think I ever saw such a face," remarked an elderly guardian on the chairman's right.

"Never mind that," said Mr. Bellew; "a pretty face is no hurt to a sensible young woman, and she's evidently a rock of sense. Look at her upstrokes; look at her n's and her u's—no mistaking one for the other. Not an uncrossed t, or an undotted i. Strong indication of character—order, method, conscientiousness. And what a capital notion, to write that sentence! First-rate, I call it, quite first-rate. My opinion is, that we've got our Schoolmistress. What say you, gentlemen?"

They said "Yes," and the chairman proposed that Katharine Farrell should be informed at once of the result of their deliberation. Thus it came to pass that the successful Candidate was No. 5.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"ROME IN CANADA," by Charles Lindsay. Toronto: Lovell Brothers.

ROME IN CANADA is a book of more than ordinary value. The style is a little heavy and cumbersome, but the information given is accurate, and gives evidence of careful research. The writer understands his subject thoroughly—writes not in passion, but with calmness and reason; while feeling the importance of the subject discussed, feels also that invective will not mend matters. It is conclusively shown that the Church of France was established in Canada, that is, the Gallican Church with all its ancient rights. From the Ultramontane have come all the troubles arising from priestly interference at elections, the claims of the Church to be above the authority of the state, &c. If this book shall succeed in interesting the people of Ontario in this question as it affects the Province of Quebec; and if it shall do anything to awaken the sleepy Protestants of the said Province, Mr. Lindsey will have done a good work. We most heartily commend the book to all who desire to understand the position and assumptions of the Church of Rome in Canada.

"THE KHEDIVÉ'S EGYPT." By Edward DeLeon, Agent and Consul-General. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1878.

The condition and prospects of Egypt have a special interest at present, and the American reprint of Mr. DeLeon's book comes opportunely. Since the Israelitish exodus, every traveller in the land of the Nile has thought himself compelled to write or lecture about it. Books upon it are as plentiful as the flies that plagued Pharaoh. But because it has been to most people simply the land of the Nile, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, there happens to be a great deal to be said about its government, people, resources, finances, development and future. The tourist, like the flies, buzzes loudly and gets over much ground in a short time, but picks up only very small scraps. Mr. DeLeon, from his office and long residence, was able to go below the surface, and had the best of opportunities for forming opinions. The result he gives in a most graphic form, and his book is easy and pleasant, at best very instructive reading. Its sketches of character are vivacious, its conclusions shrewd and well reasoned. Its title is the key to its author's views. The present Khedive, in spite of all its extravagance has regenerated Egypt. The sketches of Ismail's public and private life, obviously, impartially and certainly vividly drawn, give us an estimate of him which bears the mark of *vérité*. Successful merchant prince, unsuccessful financier, strong of mind, keen of perception, ambitious, extravagant, hard-working, hospitable, an amiable ruler and a good father, is Mr. DeLeon's estimate of the Khedive's character. Ismail's great weakness was thus admitted by himself: "Every man is mad on some one subject, my mania is for building." To this our author adds, "a passion for real estate, and a vaulting ambition which sometimes overleaps itself." How his manias have worked for good and for evil we must refer our readers to the book itself. His predecessors and their dreams; the life and influence of the old foreign colony; the natural divisions of the country; its productions; its inhabitants, their treatment from the time of the Pharaohs till now, their present condition, what has been done and what needs to be done for them, are the subjects of several pleasant chapters. Mr. DeLeon thinks that the Fellahs have not risen much above the level of that life, of which the sculptured walls, built thousands of years ago, tell the story; and that taxation and extortion have made their state a disgrace to humanity. Their endurance he ascribes to centuries of oppression and their easy good nature. But these opinions may be seriously questioned, and can be satisfactorily dealt with only by the test of figures. The story of the Suez Canal; the great irrigation works; the exploration of the Soudan; the slave trade; the army; the judicial system; education and social life, are all well treated by our author; and so sharp are the lights thrown upon them that we pass them over with great reluctance. The chapter on finance cites briefly the opinions of the most eminent of those financiers who were summoned to devise some plan of extricating the Khedive from his difficulties, and who so signally disagreed; but the figures are not detailed enough to furnish a sound basis for argument. Mr. DeLeon's own opinion is that, with time and freedom from undue pressure, the Khedive's affairs will straighten themselves. "The shadow of the stranger" furnishes another interesting chapter, in which the international interests and jealousies are pointed out. In conclusion our author, who firmly believes in Egypt's resources and prosperous future, raises the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians." The book furnishes material enough for the formation of an opinion on this subject, and readers can judge for themselves; if European politics do not settle the question for their soon. There are several appendices; two containing much information as to the Suez Canal and the attitude of England; the others giving statistics on various subjects, notably on exports and prices of crops, and a summary of the scientific results accomplished by the latest expeditions into the interior. Mr. DeLeon's style is crisp and well balanced, and his book, as a whole, one of the most interesting of the season.

"ART DECORATION APPLIED TO FURNITURE," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Illustrated. (New York: Harper and Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1878.)

Since 1871, when Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste" began to spread the principles of art to every day furniture, the "Aesthetic Movement," in spite of much jeering and of the eccentricities of amiably idiotic extremists, has made much progress. It has crossed the Atlantic, and aided by the culture and wealth of the older cities of the United States, exercises a sensible force against the barrenness on the one hand, and shoddy decoration on the other, of American houses. For a time Eastlake was the only authority, but, though the good done by his book can never be undervalued, for it was the beginning of the domestic crusade against falsity and ugliness, it was soon evident that guidance to a wider knowledge and means for obtaining a more liberal interpretation of the principles of taste were needed. To these ends much has been written, and Mrs. Spofford is among the authors who have increased the popular knowledge and afforded guidance to natural taste. Her articles, which appeared last year in *Harper's Bazaar* have been collected in book form, and in spite of the difficulty of the subject, make an excellent handbook. The arrangement is philosophical and historical giving the reader a good opportunity to follow the development of the subject as a whole, or to consult the work on any particular point. Constructive differences are, for the general reader, amply indicated, the author wisely avoiding the quagmire of detail, though much more is given than would be thought possible. Ornament is dealt with very fairly, the chapter on its theory, application and legitimacy being worth careful reading. Mrs. Spofford is strong in the faith that its *raison d'être* should be apparent, and that it should be sternly subordinated to general effect. The influence for the Renaissance for good and for bad, is also handled well, and is traced through its intricacies with much ability. The chapter on the "Queen Anne" style is a pleasant essay, and explains clearly how this deservedly favourite style, came, in its present modification, to be so natural, unaffected, beautiful and convenient. We would like to follow Mrs. Spofford's remarks on the different articles of furniture, hangings, carpets and the treatment of the different rooms, and to notice the chapter upon the Pompeian, Oriental and Moorish styles, but to raise exceptions and to criticize fairly is beyond our limits, though we hope to return to the subject in another manner. The final chapter "on the art of furnishing" is a neat little essay, a notable point being the satisfactory explanation of the "home feeling." One grave defect is, we think, the small consideration given to colour. It may be urged it is a separate subject, but we cannot imagine effective treatment of furnishing without full guidance as to the correspondence between form and colour. However, there is a page and a half, and it is a pity there is not much more of such sound advice, though throughout the book it is by no means absolutely wanting. There are many other points on which Mrs. Spofford's ideas might be challenged, but her work is truly unbiassed, and presents a freedom of choice from lucidly and clearly given information expressed in a graceful style well suited to the subject. The author's qualifications as a guide are evident, but never more than in her closing words. "Taste, after all, as we have said, the offspring of genius and 'tact, is the great secret of the art of furnishing, and, although that is a thing to be cultivated, just as much as any seedling that the gardener transforms from its barbarous wildness to 'full beauty, yet no rules can supply its original deficiency." She has shown research, care and good judgment with a thorough love of art, and is a good example of that woman's influence, to which she gives a chapter. The book is well got up, paper, typography and illustrations are excellent, and will make a good present, in which and all other ways we hope its principles will be widely spread.