

But, instead, I was greeted with the native "Hi! Hi!" and the monotonous music of the camp. Native head-dresses, made of sweet grass braided, are worn.

One of the strangest caps made came under my observation a few days ago. When I entered a chief's lodge, and had been shown my seat, there sat beside me a large goose, so life-like, that I concluded a native taxidermist had arisen in the land of the lodges. Lifting it gently in my hands, I soon learned that it was a new hat, made for the chief by one of his wives!

The ladies of the towns and cities, who delight to wear in their hats the feathered songsters of the woods—thousands of which are killed every year to supply the demand—need date no longer on their ability to follow the fashions, for the red man can far excel in the variety of his head-gear, of which he feels proud; and yet even he would disdain to engage in such wholesale slaughter to satisfy a freak of fancy, unworthy of the name of humanity, religion, and love.

The Indian is not alone in his desire for the fantastic, as a walk through the streets of any of our eastern towns will speedily reveal, in the costly, gorgeous, and frail specimens of head-dresses that cover the *crania* of the nineteenth century Christians, who teach the heathen the gospel by precept and proxy, as the surest way to win them for Christ and the world.

## PILGRIM STREET.

BY HESRA STRETTON.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In response to numerous requests for a "continued story," we begin in this number a beautiful, touching, and instructive story, by HESRA STRETTON, which will be a favourite with our young readers.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A BROTHER'S SEARCH.

THE rain had been falling in driving showers all the morning upon the streets of Manchester, and it was no easy thing to walk along the pavements for the number of open umbrellas which were being carried to and fro by the foot passengers; while it was a matter of some peril and difficulty for a child to cross the slippery streets through the crowd of omnibuses and cabs which were being driven hurriedly about in all directions. Yet if any one had had the leisure and curiosity to gaze about him with such a ceaseless shower falling upon him, he might have seen a child making his way stealthily but swiftly along the crowded causeway, and over the dangerous crossings. A small child, stunted in growth by continual want and neglect, with squalid and tattered rags hanging about him, just sufficient to make it possible for him to appear in the streets. A little scarecrow of undisguised and unsightly poverty was the child; yet his face, in spite of its pinched features, bore a sweet and innocent expression, very different from the aged and vicious aspect of most of his street companions. There was a light in his blue eyes, and an open frankness upon his fair face, with the light hair falling round it, which seldom failed in attracting the compassion and admiration of those persons from whom he ventured to beg, when he felt sure that no policeman was near enough to see him; and he had already learned a wistful way of looking into every face he met, to read there the pity he might hope to find. But upon this rainy morning the child was too busily intent upon some other object to ply his poor trade of begging; and though his naked feet were ankle-deep in mud, and the rain drenched him through his tattered rags, he kept on his way

steadily and swiftly, until he found himself in front of one of the chief edifices of the rich city.

It was a very magnificent building—a palace upon which tens of thousands of pounds had been spent with lavish costliness. The squalid child came to a standstill, and seemed to be gazing up at it with a feeling of awe, from the broad terrace in front of it, upon which he did not venture to set his bare feet, until he had cast a timid glance at the policemen who guarded each entrance. He slunk under the palisade, and threw back his head to look up at the walls and towers, which seemed to rise up almost to the sky; while every window there, and every arched doorway, and the niches in the towers, were decorated with carved woodwork, and coloured glass, and chiselled masonry, after a very different fashion of architecture from that of the damp and dark cellar whence he had crept into daylight. Every point of the building bore some ornament strange to his sight, and the longer he gazed at them the more his feeling of wonder and awe increased. High up overhead, in the very centre of the grand front, and at the top of the highest tower, which he could only see with difficulty, there bent over him a great image of a man—or, more likely, of one of the giants of whom he had felt a vague but chilling fear whenever he had to steal alone through the streets at night; and this image held an immense stone in his hand, as if he would hurl it down from his great height and crush any miserable creature who should venture to enter into the grand portico below.

This doorway, towards which the child cast his wistful eyes, was well guarded by policemen, and could only be gained by ascending a broad staircase of many steps, where there was no possibility of concealment. The boy, disheartened and sorrowful, crept along the terrace, with his soundless and cautious footsteps, in search of another entrance, until he came upon a sight which filled him with nameless terror, such as children alone can feel—the image of a fierce and cruel woman, such as he had seen many a time in the wretched street where he dwelt; but under her knee, and in her cruel hands, there was the figure of a murdered child. He stood there spell-bound for a few minutes, and then, with a sob which no one heard, he stole back again, close under the shadow of the grand, massive walls, as far as the perilous flight of steps which led into the inside of the building. All the time he had seen people passing in and out, without check or hindrance, many of them of a class with whom he was familiar: women with shawls thrown over their heads instead of bonnets, and men in worn-out clothes, and boots that were little better than the coat of mud which covered his feet; and these were walking up and down the grand staircase with a freedom which at last encouraged the boy. Step by step he ventured slowly upwards, until he found himself sheltered from the pitiless rain within a porch so large that it contained a double row of massive pillars, beyond which were doors of glass; and standing upon tiptoe, the child could peep into the hall within.

Ah! what a place it was! He caught his breath in a deep sigh of amazement and delight. From somewhere there came a beautiful light; yet to him there did not seem to be any windows, unless those were windows which looked like pictures of men dressed in robes of crimson and purple and blue, with crowns of gold upon their heads. The pavement seemed made of precious stones of many colours, formed into a beautiful pattern. There were many doors opening into the hall, and a crowd of people were passing in and out busily, very strange people—some poor and miserable like himself, only none so young—and policemen in their well-known dress; and men in scarlet coats, with

long, white wands in their hands; and gentlemen in black robes, with white wigs upon their heads.

The child, standing upon tip-toe, gazed upon all that was passing before him in profound wonder and bewilderment. A policeman, whose beat was near his cellar, had told him, with wonderful condescension, that the place was called "The Assize Courts;" but he had no idea of what that name might mean. All that he understood was, that somewhere within this magnificent palace his brother Tom was to be taken before the judge, and, perhaps, would be sent to prison. And whatever would become of him without Tom?

He had some vague hope that if he could creep in, unseen by the police, and steal along among the shifting crowd, he might, by some chance or other, meet with Tom; and if he could do him no good, he could at the least give him the half of a sweet bun which he had begged from a lady at the door of a confectioner's shop, as he came along. The eating of the other half had been a great treat to him, and it could not fail to be a comfort to Tom, even if he had to go to jail. But, perhaps, he would get off somehow, like Will Handforth, who stole an umbrella out of a house when the door was open, and boasted of it among his comrades, but contrived to get off from punishment. And Tom had not stolen anything. If the judge would only let him speak, he would be sure to tell him the truth, and then he would know that Tom was not a thief. Perhaps one of the grave-looking gentlemen passing through the grand hall was the judge. Oh! if he could only dare to go in and speak to him! But the child felt that it would be easier to die than to speak to the judge unbidden; and he had no one to speak for him and Tom. He had almost forgotten the grandeur and brilliancy of the place in his profound anxiety about Tom, when he was suddenly startled from his survey by a hand seizing the collar of his ragged jacket, and being well shaken in the strong, rough grasp of a policeman.

"Now, you be off," he said, harshly. "At any rate I'll keep the courts free of such miserable young fry as you."

"Oh, please leave me alone," implored the child. "I only want to see Tom; and perhaps he'll be sent to jail for ever so long, and I shall never see him again."

"He'll not be here," was the answer; "and if you don't take yourself off, I'll kick you off. Crowding up the courts with such beggars as you! Be off, I say."

The boy turned away without another word, and descended slowly, one by one, down the steps of the broad staircase, until he came to the lowest. He was in the pelting rain again now; but the policeman had returned to the shelter of the portico, and was no longer watching him, so he sat down upon the wet stones, and gathered his rags about him as he leaned his head upon the step above him. He had no one in the world but Tom, and Tom was somewhere within these walls; and after a fit of silent weeping, which was both strange and pitiful in a child so young, he fell into an uneasy slumber. The rain washed his naked feet, and drenched his rags through and through, and matted his fair hair, but it did not awake him. The people also passed up and down—men and women and children—but, as if by common consent, they left the wretched child in peace; until at last he was roused by being gently stirred with a stick, and starting up in a fright, with a dream of policemen, he opened his eyes, and saw a face bending over him.

A pleasant face it was, grave but kind, and just now there was a look upon it which, in some way, made the heart of the miserable child feel light and