

## Choice Literature.

## GRANDFATHER'S FAITH.

BY JULIA A. MATHEWS.

As the boys entered the enclosure, a venerable old chancier, intent on protecting his domestic roost, dashed down from his perch upon a rafter, with a fierce outcry. Caspar rushed upon him instantly. It was by no means the first time that he had aided his comrades in their work by quickly strangling any contumacious father of a feathered family that might oppose such a forcible entry of his premises; but the present patriarch was not to be so easily vanquished. With swollen crest and outspread wings, he flew upon his assailant, screaming with rage, and beating Caspar's devoted head and face with his heavy pinions; while the dog bounded into the air again and again, vainly trying to unseat his antagonist from his perch upon his head, barking furiously with mingled pain and rage.

Just at this point in the proceedings, as the four boys rushed to the aid of their champion, the door was thrown open, and two young men sprung in upon the freebooters. There was a quick stampede for the door, and a short, sharp scuffle; but the farmers would have come off victorious in their attempt to seize the whole party if it had not been that Caspar, seeing his master in jeopardy, dashed his head madly against the door of the hen-house, dislodging his painful encumbrance, and, with a fierce growl, sprang upon the young man who had laid his hand upon his friend. The shock, perfectly unexpected, staggered the man for the instant; and in that instant the boy whom he had caught with his right hand (holding another meanwhile with his left), but whose face he had not yet seen, broke from him, and with a bound cleared the distance between himself and the open door, and, in another minute, was almost out of sight, flying down the road with the dog in hot pursuit.

But the farmer was not much less swift of foot, and, leaving his other victim to his brother, he gave chase with such good will, that when he reached the house of Dr. Mason, a full half-mile from his own home, he was quite sure that he had seen his prisoner vault in at one of the lower windows as he entered the gate.

There was a light shining softly through the library blinds, and the young man rang the door-bell with a peal which startled the doctor and his daughter as they sat together, he reading aloud to her as she bent over her embroidery.

"Some one for me, I suppose," said the doctor, rising. "Twelve o'clock!" with a glance at the time-piece on the mantel. "I did not know it was so late."

"Why, Harland, is this you?" he asked, as he opened the door. "No one ill at home, I hope."

"No, sir; no sir," stammered the man, very unwilling, now that the doctor's kind, sympathetic face confronted him, to tell his errand. "But—but—Is your grandson at home, sir?"

"At home, and in bed these two hours past. You don't want to see him at this time of night, do you?"

"Well, sir, I'm much afraid you're mistaken, sir. Unless I've made the biggest blunder of my life, Dr. Mason, I caught him in my hen-yard just now, and chased him all the way home here. He jumped in at yonder window."

The doctor's face had darkened more and more heavily as the man spoke.

"Come with me," he said, gravely, when Harland concluded; and leading the way, he took him upstairs to Charlie's room.

The light from the candle in his grandfather's hand fell on the boy's face as it lay on the pillow, flushed and warm, but apparently quiet in sleep. Dr. Mason glanced at his companion, then leaned over the bed and spoke.

"Charlie!"

The name was softly uttered, and only a slow, somewhat heavy breathing answered him.

"You must have been mistaken," he said, turning to the young farmer.

"I wish I had been, sir," replied the man sturdily, "but I don't think it."

"But he could not have fallen into so sound a sleep so soon after such an exciting race."

"No, sir," was the sententious answer.

The doctor's face flushed. He bent again over the supposed sleeper, and this time the boy's name rang out in a sharp, strong tone.

"Charlie!"

He sprang up at once, and glanced round him with a startled look, his elbow resting on the pillow, his brown eyes lifted to his grandfather's stern face.

"What's the matter?" he asked, quickly.

"This is the matter," replied Dr. Mason, drawing aside, and pointing to Harland.

"Somebody sick?" asked Charlie, with a look of vague wonder.

"No, young master, nobody ain't sick," replied Harland, "unless you're sick of running. But you needn't try to put me off the scent that way. You looked sound asleep, and no mistake; but I know that curly brown head of yours if I didn't see your face; and here's the very clothes you had on too," touching Charlie's garments which lay on a chair near the bed. "Now I don't want to be hard on anybody belonging to the doctor, but this thing has gone on long enough, and it's got to be stopped; we farmers can't afford it, no way."

Every vestige of colour had faded out of Dr. Mason's face, leaving it almost gray in its pallor; but Charlie's ruddy cheeks were as bright as ever, and he sat gazing into the man's face with a curious blending of amusement and annoyance in his expression.

"You don't seem to remember that I don't know what you and Grandpa were talking about before you wakened me," said he, with a little laugh. "And, anyway, Grandpa," he added, a vexed look crossing his forehead, "I can't imagine why our friend here should be brought into my room at this time of night. If you had had no objection, sir, I should very much have preferred to have been called down stairs if he wanted to see me. There is some sort of misunderstanding here, of course; but if there is anything more to be said about it, I would be glad if you would take our visitor downstairs, while I get up and dress myself. I will follow you in ten minutes."

Nothing more perfectly innocent and open than the boy's whole manner could be imagined. Harland himself was almost deceived by it. He stood looking in amazement at the speaker, very much inclined to doubt the evidence of his own senses. But Dr. Mason had been deceived before by that innocent manner, and he was not yet satisfied. Leaning down, until his white head almost touched the brown curls, he said earnestly,—

"Charlie, be honest and true with me. Look into my face, my boy, and tell me whether you have been on Harland's farm to-night. Whatever fault you have been guilty of, be true to yourself and to me, and tell me, on your honour, whether you have been there."

The handsome eyes looked straight into the bending, entreating face.

"I tell you, Grandpa, solemnly, that I have not been within a mile of Harland's farm since sunset."

"Thank God for that!" said Dr. Mason, and lifted up his face, and looked at the farmer.

"I think that there has been some error," said he kindly. "I am sorry that you have been wronged in this way again; but I cannot believe that my boy has had anything to do with it."

"I don't know how to believe that I'm mistaken, sir," replied Harland in a doubtful, uncertain tone. "I saw the young fellow go into that window downstairs as plain as I ever saw anything in my life. And as to these pants, I'd swear to them in any court of—"

Harland paused, and the doctor's heart stood still; for, as the man in his earnestness laid his hand upon the article in question, a faint "Peep, peep, peep," issued from the garment. In another moment his hand was plunged into the pocket, and drawn out again, holding a small chicken, drenched and half suffocated in the mass of crushed eggs with which the pocket was filled.

A farther examination brought forth more eggs, all broken in the boy's flight and hasty disrobing of himself, and a brood of twelve tiny chickens, just hatched, and every one dead.

But not one word of triumph or vengeance did the farmer utter. If he had been alone with the false young marauder, it is more than likely that he would have dealt him summary, and by no means light, punishment; for his little chickens were his soul's delight; and he was, besides, enraged at the deceit which had been, with at least some measure of success, practised upon him. But the grey head bowed wearily upon the wrinkled hand, as the doctor stood with his elbow leant upon the mantel, his pale face looking steadfastly down upon the now guilty face on the pillow, held him silent.

And when Dr. Mason turned to him at last, saying, "If you would be kind enough to leave us until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, I should be glad;" he went from the room with a low-spoken "Good night, sir," as gentle and as sad as if he had been leaving a house where death had cast its shadow.

Some time had passed since Harland had left the room, and still Dr. Mason stood leaning against the mantel, looking down at his grandson without speaking.

"Well, Charlie," he said at last, as if he had been waiting all this while in the hope that the boy might have something to say which might in some measure palliate his fault.

"Well, sir," said Charlie, relieved beyond expression by having the long silence broken, and speaking with an embarrassed laugh, "I'm afraid that small chicken has floored me pretty thoroughly."

Then he cried out with a great cry, as if the boy had struck him with a knife so sharp as to have cut to his very heart—

"Don't, don't! O Charlie, Charlie!" and turned away his face, and covered it with hands which trembled as Charlie had never seen them tremble before.

For a long while there was silence again between them; until, unable any longer to endure the sight of the bent figure and drooping head, the boy crept out of his bed, and, touching his grandfather's shoulder, said gently,—

"I'm sorry, grandpa; on my word, I am."

"On your word?" repeated Dr. Mason, without even turning towards him. "What is your word? Five years! Five long years of the deepest, strongest love of my old heart,—five long years of the most watchful care and training that I know how to give; and this is all that I have done! He can look me firmly in the face, and tell me an unblushing lie, and then laugh at its exposure!"

He seemed to be speaking to himself, in intense self-pity, rather than to his grandson, and after a little he turned and walked slowly from the room as if he had forgotten his presence.

Perhaps it was as well so. Perhaps no words of stern displeasure, no reproach or threat of punishment could have so humbled the boy, or have made his sin so hateful in his own eyes, as the sight of that usually erect, commanding figure, now crushed by shame and pain, and the broken tones of the deep, rich voice. When the door had closed upon his grandfather, he flung himself face downward on the bed, weeping and sobbing like a little child.

But Charles Stockton had wept and sobbed before. More than once in the five years since he had come to live in the shelter and the comfort of his grandfather's home, his affectionate heart had been touched by the grief with which his wrong-doing had darkened its brightness; but his sorrow had been only a wave which had broken in tears, and then rolled back; it had never reached the depths of his soul, and stirred into tumult the nobler impulses and powers which lay dormant there. Even now his paroxysm of repentance was not violent enough to last beyond a few moments; and long before his grandfather had even thought of going to his room, while he was still walking restlessly up and down the library floor, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head drooped forward upon his breast, he had fallen fast asleep upon his tear-wet pillow.

Poor Charlie! No wonder that the doctor's brave heart trembled as he thought of his future; for the battle of life lay before him, and all his most trusty weapons were broken by misuse, or rusted by idleness and want of care.

(To be Continued.)

As a preventive of the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla has grown into great favour. It fortifies the system and purifies the blood.

## "TEMPORARY INSANITY."

It is often said that no one would commit suicide if his mind were in a healthy condition. That may be said, however, of every other crime; yet overmastering jealousy is not held to excuse the murderer. In a very bad case that happened in a suburb of London a few years ago, where a son, an officer in the army, after a long and cruel persecution of his father, finally killed his father and then shot himself, the jury brought in a verdict of "Wilful Murder," and then one of "Temporary Insanity;" the parricide was buried in the same grave as his victim, with wreaths and crosses and "floral tributes," and all the rites of Holy Church. There is, indeed, no such thing as "temporary insanity" lasting ten minutes, unless all powerful passions are to be so described. And how does such temporary insanity differ from Satanic instigation? There is a mean between uncharitable harshness and the abnegation of all Gospel discipline. The clergy are the stewards of God's mysteries, and are bound to guard them and dispense them prudently. The great Church movement of this century was started by five letters from John Henry Newman to the *Record* on the revival of discipline as a note of the true Church. The movement has in some directions had marvellous success. In carrying out its first and best aim it has had, alas! no success at all.—*Church and Queen.*

## MISSIONARY WORLD.

## INDIA.

"The Brahmos have done a good work in their protests against the evils of caste, and in every public question of morals they are generally on the right side. But as their teaching on sin and atonement is much the same as the Unitarians', they have failed to impress on their followers any sense of the sinfulness of sin. They have never reached the poor and uneducated, and at the present time their influence is steadily decreasing.—*Church Missionary Intelligencer.*"

"The Northwest Provinces lie between the Punjab on the northwest and Bengal (or the Lower Provinces) on the southeast. Through the whole of their extent, from end to end, they are traversed by the two great sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna. The Ganges, bursting in from the Himalayas on the plains at the peculiarly sacred place of Hurdwar (Haridwar, gate of Hari or Vishnu), holds the more northerly course, and flows past many large towns (Cawnpore among the number) to Allahabad, where the Jumna meets it, and the two great rivers flow in one stream past Benares into Bengal. The Jumna flows past the very sacred place of Muttra, past Agra and other large towns, and loses itself in the Ganges at Allahabad. The province is in an especial way the true home of the noble old Aryan race. Mr. Sherring, in his 'History of Protestant Missions in India,' speaking of the people of the Northwest Provinces, says: 'In place of the stunted, dark races of Bengal, of great vivacity, and of considerable keenness of intellect, you have a fine, stalwart people, tall, strong-limbed, often powerful, of noble presence, ready to fight, independent, of solid rather than sharp understanding. The Bengali is proud, but it is because he is subtle and quick-witted, and thinks he is capable of overreaching you. The Hindustani is proud, but it is because of his trust in his strong arm, because of his long pedigree, because of his well cultivated, manly habits.' He further says: 'Hinduism is in the fulness and maturity of its strength in these Upper Provinces, where it has acquired a strong compactness of an almost impenetrable character. Hence the greater difficulty of the progress of Christianity in the northwest than in Bengal, and, indeed, than elsewhere in India.' It was in these provinces that the chief scenes of the Mutiny of 1857 were enacted, and the names of many of its towns—Meerut, Cawnpore, Agra, etc.—are invested with a sad significance to many in this country to this day. The great masses of the rural population (the backbone, as they have properly been called, of the populations of India) have been, to a large extent, almost untouched.—*Church Missionary Intelligencer.*"

## SLAVERY BY CONTRACT.

The Australian papers have for a long while teemed with revelations about the contract labour slavery of the South Sea Islands, or what goes by the name of the "Kanaka-Labour Traffic." The Gilbert and some other islands are visited for the purpose of securing natives for Fiji, Australia and Guatemala, who sign a contract for five years' labour in the country to which they are to be deported. Once there they are sold to planters for the term of years. It is doubtful if many of them understand our reckoning of time, and they are led to "sign" the contracts by deceit, and cruelly seized and constrained by little less than outright force, and the results, as in Guatemala, show great mortality among them; a small part only live out the five years, and fewer ever return to their homes. This traffic has carried off a third of the population of the New Hebrides; and the Queensland governors have received application from over 400 would-be agents to bring out these "black-birds."

It appears that a "tramp" steamer named *Montserrat* has been engaged in this business, carrying these victims to Guatemala, having just now landed some four hundred. It is in testimony that two years ago four hundred others were sold in Guatemala, of whom only one hundred and eighty now survive—the smallpox, malaria and other pestilences which seize these foreigners having carried off the rest. A few months ago the brig *Tahiti* was capsize with three hundred of these contract slaves aboard, all of whom perished.