

that we prevailed, and that she did consent to tell him all should a meeting prove unavoidable.

About ten o'clock the next morning he arrived, asked for Miss Malcolm, and was shown into the parlor. I went down, and oh! what a flutter I was in! However, I tried to command myself, and went in, of course expecting to see a stern Scotchman of the granite type. Imagine my surprise on being confronted with a tall, stout gentleman, who flushed and grew pale as I hastened to explain my errand; and very glad was I to get it over, although I am sure you could not have said which of us was the most nervous. When I had told him how weak Jennie was, or was supposed to be, and how necessary it was to avoid all exciting topics of conversation (at least on his part), I went for her and left her at the door.

I returned to my sitting-room, and waited there in as great a tremor as though I had been one of the parties the most concerned. I could not remain quiet. I wandered from my room to the stairs, and so, for about twenty minutes, when I heard a burst of hysterical sobs and laughter, and Mr. McDonald's voice calling: "Mrs. Lang! Mrs. Lang!"

I ran down.

"For heaven's sake, see to her!" cried he, as he literally rushed past me, and out into the street.

I did not mind him, but hurried forward to Jennie, who, with head thrown back against her chair, was laughing and crying at one and the same time.

"Oh! Mrs. Lang!" she cried. "Oh! oh! oh! my! Just fancy! He is married too, and—and—and—to—my!—my!—my!"

I literally gasped for breath. And then I began scolding her, for there she sat, laughing one moment and sobbing the next. She grew quieter under my scolding, and at last composed enough to tell me what had occurred.

She said that she had been too nervous and frightened at first to remark his looks, and that her anxiety to get the worst over, she had immediately broached the subject that weighed on her mind, and began telling him that she had long ago found out how unfitted she was to become his wife, that she had discovered that she could not love him as a woman should love her future husband; that, unconsciously, her heart had been drawn to another, and that—though she regretted not having had the courage to tell him before how matters were—that she was married! She had then raised her eyes, shocked at her own temerity, and dreading his anger, when, to her intense astonishment, far from seeming angry, he had started forward with an air of great relief, had grasped her hands and shook them warmly, congratulating her, and had added: "Now I no longer fear to ask your felicitations. Coward that I am to have allowed you so to distress yourself. But, believe me, it was only surprise at the coincidence that prevented my interrupting your story, for I also am married, and I am sure you will now gladly receive me as your uncle. I am married to your Aunt Marion, who is now waiting for you at the Hotel!"

She had then burst into that fit of laughter and weeping which had so frightened him.

Well, to make a long story short, Mrs. McDonald, who was as much relieved as her husband at the news of Jennie's marriage, received both her and Mr. Ervine very affectionately.

They remained in Canada for a month, when, after a visit to the United States, they went back to Scotland, taking Jennie and her husband with them on a visit.

Now, girls, it is time for you to go to bed, and for me to get a little rest after this unaccustomed exertion of story-telling.

Another night, if you care to hear, I will tell you something more about my boarders.

(To be Continued.)

SLAVE MAKING AND TYRANT MAKING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The boy who is kicked and cufft at four years old is ready at six to kick and cuff his little brother, and to stone or beat to death the first dog or cat he can torture unpunished. To be first a slave is the proper preparation to be next a tyrant. Nobody, we presume, questions this as a general principle; but, by a strange perversion of truth, the harshness and cruelty thus nurtured have been commonly confounded with manliness and courage. Fathers—themselves subjected in youth to such ruinous treatment, and with the finer fibres of their feelings thereby injured—are wont to condemn their boys to undergo the same process, with the dull and dogged assertion that it is "good" for them; and that it will "make a man" of Harry or Alfred to be "knocked about a little," and obliged to "fight his way" in a public school. To teach a boy to be manly and courageous by exposing him to injustice and cruelty, is as absurd as to try to make him physically healthy by causing him to breathe foul air. The boy who is subjected to such discipline is earning, in fact, to be the very reverse of manly; he is in good training for a bully. The only spirit which could enable him to endure such wrongs without moral injury—the martyr spirit of forgiveness of trespasses—is one, as yet, unattainable, and which, moreover, nobody for a moment expects a school-boy to display, or even to understand. His "honor" is he comprehends it—poor child!—lies in rendering blow for blow and insult for insult. And to call out this heathen, savage spirit, in the yet unformed minds and hearts of our boys is supposed, suppoth, to be the proper way!

make them grow up into manly Christian gentlemen! In the vast old Winchester school-room the motto of the great founder, Bishop William of Wykeham, stands conspicuously inscribed, "Manners Makyth Manne." It is somewhat sad to discover from some recent correspondence in the newspapers what are the sort of "manners" which are supposed to "make men." In the first place, we are told that the system of flogging is still carried out there in the old barbarous way. The juniors are required to do hard manual work—to clean windows and plates, sweep carpets and so on—for their seniors, and are beaten for any neglect or disobedience. Next, and more important, it appears that the "prefects"—boys mostly of seventeen years of age—are each permitted to flog the juniors at discretion, with cruel rods, made of ground-ash sticks, several feet long. The smallest mistake of their lordly orders, or neglect of their comfort, is visited on the poor little fag with a regular scourging of twenty or thirty severe blows, with one of these instruments, and we are told that no less than 120 of such floggings have been administered during the yet unfinished term at Winchester. One gentleman states that he has seen a boy's coat cut to ribbons by a ground-ash, and his neck blue and bleeding from splinters from the instrument of torture. Assuredly, while philanthropists are discussing whether it be not too cruel to flog garters in gait for smashing their victims' skulls and gouging out their eyes, it is time we should discuss whether innocent young gentlemen sent to a great public school, for moral and intellectual education, are to be subjected to similar torture and degradation for no offence whatever but realising the arbitrary despotism of their school-fellows, and appealing to their masters for justice. But, if we cannot hope but that the poor boys subjected to such unmerited wrongs will be therefore forward nevertheless morally injured, what shall we say of the consequences to these young "prefects" being actually upheld in their tyranny, and allowed to believe that it is quite right and proper for a bully of seventeen to deliberately inflict pain and demoralisation on one of his companions, who happens to be younger than himself, and therefore liable to endure his despotism? Will it be anything short of a miracle if these lads, when they become, hereafter, masters, employers, officers, husbands, and fathers, do not retain the habits of oppression and cruelty thus fostered in boyhood? If it was our object to open a school of young Neros and Domitians; if we wished to multiply brutal captains of our ships, savage wife-beaters, and pitiless vivisectioners, what more efficacious system of moral education could we devise than that of putting ground-ash rods into the hands of every senior boy in a school, and bidding him use it on those younger and weaker than himself at such discretion as he may chance to possess at the mature age of seventeen! Mothers are often accused of wanting to "make their boys milk-sops" by keeping them at home. We must confess that, while such cruelties are sanctioned in our public schools, we think that, both for the physical and moral welfare of their children, they have a right to lift up their voice and say, "My son shall neither be trained to be a tyrant nor tortured as a slave."—*News of the World.*

ORIGIN OF THE "FIGHTING EDITOR."

The *John Bull* newspaper, edited by Theodore Hook, frequently indulged in offensive personalities, in remarking on the conduct and character of public men. A military hero, who would persist in placing himself conspicuously before the world's gaze, received a copious share of what he considered malignant and libellous abuse in the columns of the said newspaper. His soldier's spirit resolved on revenge. An officer and a gentleman could not demean himself by calling on a hireling scribbler for honorable satisfaction. No! he would horse-whip the miscreant in his own den—the *Bull* would be taken by the horn!

Donning his uniform and arming himself with a huge whip, he called at the office of the paper, and scarcely concealing his agitation, inquired for the editor. He was invited by the clerk to take a seat in the room. He complied, and was kept waiting while the clerk, who recognized the visitor, ran up stairs and informed the editorial responsibility of his name and evident purport. After an aggravating delay, which served considerably to increase the ill-temper of the officer, the door opened, and a coarse, rough-looking man, over six feet in height, with a proportionate breadth of the shoulder, and armed with a bludgeon, entered the room.

Walking up to the surprised and angry visitor, he said, in a voice of thunder—"Are you the chap as wants to see me?"

"You, no; I wish to see the editor of the paper."

"That's me; I'm the worry man."

"There must be some mistake."

"Not a morsel! I'm the head biter of this *Bull*," said the fellow, bringing the nobbed end of his bludgeon in fearful proximity to the officer's caput.

"You the editor! Impossible!"

"Do you mean to say I'm telling a lie?" roared the ruffian, as he again raised his knotty argument.

"Certainly not—by no means!" said the officer, rapidly cooling down, and dropping the whip and his wrath at the same time.

"Worry well, then! What are you wanting with me?"

"A mistake; my dear sir; all a mistake. I expected to meet another person. I'll call some other day," and the complainant backed to the door, bowing to the drab stick before him.

"And don't let me catch you coming again without knowing who and what you want. We're always ready here for all sorts of customers—army or naval, civil or military, horse, foot or dragoon."

The officer retired, resolving to undergo another going by the *Bull* before he again ventured to encounter the herculean proportions of the fighting editor.

When the clerk informed the occupants of the editorial sanctum of the visit of the late Colonel, neither Hook nor the publishers cared to face the horsewhip. A well known pugilist, the landlord of a tavern in the vicinity, was instantly sent for; a slight preparation fitted him for the part, in which he acquitted himself with complete success. The story rapidly circulated, and the reputation of the "fighting editor" of the *John Bull* prevented further remonstrances from persons who felt themselves aggrieved by the liberty of the press.

EGYPTIAN LUXURY.

In the palaces of the Viceroy, or Khedive as he is now called, are seen the signs of Eastern luxury and the material civilization of France; delicately carved and gilded chairs, covered with finest silk; soft-tapestried divans running around the walls; beds of solid silver, covered with glittering satin, costing as much as 15,000 dols. each; long Eastern pipes with mouth-pieces of lightest-colored amber, set with diamonds and precious stones, some of them valued at 30,000 dols. a-piece; gold trays, plates and goblets of gold, rimmed with gems—even diamonds; silver basins to wash the hands in before a repast; low, round silver tables, a foot high, for dining; magnificent cushions to recline on in smoking or eating; little coffee-cups of solid clusters of diamonds, rubies, or emeralds; hundreds of slaves in each establishment, eunuchs, waiting-women in flowing costumes; immense rooms decorated in white and gold; azure and silver, rose and lilac; floor of inlaid marble, porphyry, and alabaster; constantly playing fountains, whose trickling sounds fall so agreeably on the ear in a warm country; masses of gorgeously framed mirrors. One sees in all this that the French upholsterer has been at work trying his best to blend Paris and Cairo. This is viceregal magnificence within. Without, in the great gardens about the palaces of Gizeh and Kioak, there are white statues on green backgrounds, columns partially covered with vine tendrils, marble walks, mosaic pavements, velvet-like verdure, the spray of fountains sparkling in the rays of a sun which never fails to come at its appointed hour; the air charged with the perfume of flowers. Here is really dream-land—the lotus country where it is always afternoon. On the nights bright, gloved lights, distributed through these grounds, whiten the rose, flicker through the branches, and send shafts of silver across the sward; rockets, serpents, revolving-wheels, and various other kinds of fireworks blaze out upon the night, and for a time pale the fire of torches and lamps. One is at first inclined to believe that this is a scene of the "Arabian Nights;" but when strains of "Barbe Bleue" are borne through the air, the mistake is corrected and the place discovered to be Mabilie—*lest the Parisians.*

BEREAVED.

Fold up the richly-embroidered robe, lay by the tiny shoe and white-plumed cap, for the poisoned death dart has for ever stilled the pulse of the little wearer. The dead lids curtain the sea-blue eyes; the dimpled hands are folded rigidly over the pure white breast; the prattling voice is hushed, and the pattering feet are cold and silent for ever. The broken toy is neglected, and the radiant smile, that seemed like a summer rainbow about our home, has frozen upon the pallid lips. The rosewood crib is tenantless now, but in the narrow little coffin we find its occupant; and there, too, is the heart-smitten Rachel, bending in stony woe above, the babe whose spirit smiles in glory. The nestling dove has flown from her bosom, and long will it be ere the windows of her darkened heart are opened for the song of birds, the breath of dowy blossoms, or the sparkling sunshine to enter. Time will move on, and other immortals may flutter their stainless wings about the parent nest, but no after-joy can dim the memory of the sainted first-born. Life seems now but a broad Sahara, with no gleaming, green oasis—no bubbling springs and shady palms to lure the weary pilgrim over its arid waste. "The shroud and coffin and the rattling clods!" She, abandoned, and bends with wilder grief above the starry child, the precious seed—her first seed, so soon to be sown in God's holy acre. The tender nursing, the cherished idol, has gone, bearing her tiny life, scroll folded, and without blemish of stain, no earth-taint marring the sacred script.

VULGARITY.

We commend the following extract to the thoughtful study of the young:—Nothing is so disgusting and repugnant to the feelings of the noble and the good as to hear the young or even

the old, use profane, low or vulgar language. The young of our towns are particularly guilty of profanity. In our day it seems the "boy" unless he can exclaim in this great sin, is considered "childish" by his fast companions. We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not strictly proper. Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for money. It was used when quite young. By using care you will save a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it after restoration to health they had no idea of the pain they caused; they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since, they had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, you who are tempted to use improper language and never disgrace yourself.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Where is the railway passenger who, when he leaves the train, is so commonly polite as to shut the door behind him?

Where is the tourist who can contrive to change a £5 bill upon the continent and not find himself a loser thereby?

Where is the butler who allows his master's friends to taste as good a glass of wine as he produces for his own?

Where is the reading party which sticks closely to its studies even in the finest weather?

Where is the public orator who can ever keep his promise to "say a few words only?"

Where is the billiard marker who will win your money from you and refrain from assigning half his victory to flukes?

Where is the railway porter who will hurry to attend to you if you are known upon the line as one obeying strictly the placarded direction to give no fees to any servants of the company?

Where is the bolder who never lets his bill exceed his given estimate?

Where are they born the people who say cowcumber, hospitable, nayther, and advertisement?

Where is the organ fiend who will move off from your door without your fetching a policeman?

Where is the barber who can manage to content himself with cutting your hair simply, without making any cutting remarks on its scantiness?

And lastly—Where is the young lady who can pack up her own boxes and not leave half her "things" behind her?

A TRUTHFUL ALLEGORY.

A traveller was pursued by a unicorn. In his affright he fell, and, as a fallen man, caught at whatever was in his way; he caught the branches of a tree. He looked before himself, and saw a fearful precipice. He looked back, and saw the unicorn ready to destroy him. He looked again before, and saw a hideous dragon, with jaws ready to receive him. He looked at the roots of the tree, and saw two rats, one white and the other black, gnawing alternately at them. He looked among the branches of the tree, and saw it filled with poisonous asps, ready to sting him; but from their lips dropped honey. Regardless of surrounding danger, he caught the honey, ate it, and perished. O man! see here thyself! the tree is life; the unicorn death; the precipice, eternity; the dragon, the destroyer; the rats, day and night, numbering the hours of thy stay on earth; the asps, thy own bad passions, the honey, pleasure, of which thou partakest to thy eternal ruin.

NEVER PLAY A PART.

Be what you are, and do not be ashamed of it. If Heaven made you this, or that, or the other, you are that and nothing else. You are only a plain person; very well; it is good to be a plain person. At all events, don't try to be stylish, nor pretend that your uncle, the shoemaker, was an English nobleman. You have no "grand aspirations," no "yearning after lofty things," so don't pretend that you have. Neither roll your eyes, nor quote poetry that you do not understand. You can't play the piano; then don't say you are "out of practice." Out with your opinions. If you think a thing wrong, say so; don't wink at it because it is fashionable. Take the common-sense which God has given you and use it. Some silly folk may smile, but you will meet with some one, after a while, who will appreciate your truthfulness, and say, "No humbug there," and take you at your true value. And if not, why, you will respect yourself, and that a humbug never does.

Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has, it is stated, found among the Assyrian records an account of a deluge similar to that recorded in Genesis. Mr. Smith will read a paper on the subject before the Society of Biblical Archaeology.