

MEMORIAL ALTARS.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Where shall their dust be laid?—
On the mountain's starry crest,
Whose kindling lights are signals made
To the mansions of the blest:
No,—no,—no!
For, bright though the mountain be,
It has no gem in its diadem,
Like the life-spark of the free!

Where shall their dust be laid?
On the ocean's stormy shore,
With walling woods, at their backs arrayed,
And shouting seas before:
No,—no,—no!
For, deep as its waters be,
They have no depth like the faith which freed
The martyrs of the free!

Where shall their dust be laid?—
By the valley's greenest spot,
As it ripples down, in leaps of shade,
To the blue forget-me-not:
No,—no,—no!
For, green as the valley be,
It has no flower like the bleeding-Heart
Of the heroes of the free!—

Or where muffled pageants march,
Through the spired and chiming pile,
To the chancel-rail of its oriel arch,
Up the organ flooded aisle!
No,—no,—no!
For, grand as the minstrel's be,
They could never hold all the knightly hosts
Of Jackson and of Lee!

Where shall their dust be laid?—
In the urn of the Human Heart,
Where its purest dreams are first displayed
And its passionate longings start:
Yes,—yes,—yes!
By Memory's pictured wave,
Is a living shrine for the dead we love,
In the land they died to save!

JAKE'S LUCK.

"Whatever will Mr. Squimps say? Oh, girls, to think of it—poor, washed-out Amanda Liza, with her check aprons and faded calicoes—to think of her turning out an heiress! Whew! It takes my breath away. What'll Jake do now, I wonder?"

Miss Jennie Smith was an acknowledged leader in the Squimps academy. She had maintained her rotund person and round, good-natured face in spite of sour bread and scant rations. We thin and starveling girls looked up to her as a star of the first magnitude. We clustered around her in high conclave, as she sat on a desk in the school-room during the temporary absence of our worthy preceptor.

"Oh, she'll never think of Jake again," cried a sharp-faced girl in the corner. "I'll bet she will," rejoined Miss Smith, slapping her hand energetically on her old grammar. Miss Smith had "big brothers," which may partly account for the vim with which she was wont to express herself. "But, oh, don't I wish it was me! To think that Amanda Liza, that I used to lend my old collars to—"

"Young ladies, Miss Bimm!" cried a warning voice; whereat Jennie, with more haste than dignity, abandoned her lofty position, and there was a general stampede for seats as Miss Bimm, the head teacher, came sailing in, followed by Mr. Squimps, the principal, black, tall, and solemn as the shadow of a lamp-post. Now for stricter rules, longer lectures on propriety and a general surveillance founded on "certain recent occurrences."

What would Mr. Squimps say? Ay, to be sure that was always a question of importance, and Mr. Squimps always said a good deal. Here was an especial theme for his eloquence; for this case of poor Amanda Liza, who had been his bond-slave for ten years, cuffed and cornered, making no sign, and at last turning out to have relations of her own and a heap of money, and leaving his establishment "for good and all" in his absence, was a lecture too much for human nature, as he declared. For Mr. Squimps did not disdain to descend to "familiar colloquialisms" once in a while as a relief from the high mental strain of too much Latin and lexicon.

Mr. Squimps should have been a public speaker—so his wife declared, so all his friends affirmed—only the trouble was he would never have known when to stop. There was no "cork up" to him, the girls declared. Once given a little rope, a small vexation, an accidental jarring of his arrangements, and Mr. Squimps flowed out into limitless rivers of rhetoric. He argued his point down to the last whistle, wound up splendidly, touched up his side-whiskers, looked round for applause, turned over his wristbands, and, before you knew it, began again.

This was a splendid opening, this of Amanda Liza's—a girl whom he had taken out of "pure" charity when her folks died of fever, a girl whom he had educated, brought up in his very family, and—and—and—Mr. Squimps felt himself possessed on this occasion of all the stock in trade necessary for an orator.

"And Mr. Squimps like a father to her, too!" cried Mrs. Squimps, elevating her shrivelled little hands.

Mrs. Squimps was a small wrinkled lady, rustling about of an afternoon in a stiff voluminous silk, so little, so shrivelled, she seemed to

rattle in it as she walked, like a withered kernel in a walnut-shell. She had had the benefit of Mr. Squimps's eloquence the greater part of her life, and was much like a worn-out text—thin and thumbed and faded.

The good lady was humbly aware of her deficiencies. A mere bit of quartz, she did not attempt to shine even in her husband's refulgence. All real authority in her department was delegated to Miss Bimm, who carried things with an air, taught the "higher branches," and took the lead.

Mrs. Squimps meekly took the kitchen, eminently fitter, as her husband declared, for that department, which was the foundation of all others. The foundation prepared under Mrs. Squimps' supervision was not very substantial. But elegance was the aim, gentility the law, at the academy, as Mr. Squimps observed, and no one asked twice for the same dish. An army of hungry girls, he remarked privately to Mrs. Squimps, would devour all before them unless properly restrained. Under this aspect sour bread and chill pancakes were judicious.

Amanda Liza, the girl about whom we were all just now in a *furor*, had assisted Mrs. Squimps and the maids in the kitchen of a morning, likewise of an evening; between these she generally sandwiched the thin hour of study which was denominated her "education." She was a slim, drooping eyed little thing, who never spoke up for herself; and if Jake hadn't spoken up for her once in a while, I think she would scarcely have held her own even under Mrs. Squimps's motherly sway.

"Old Jake," as we called him, was a black-eyed, ragged lad of eighteen, the factotum of the school, general fag, boot-black, and boy-of-all-work to the establishment, with an occasional elevation to coachman. Jake was subject to a state of chronic outbreak, restive, forgetful of rules, and "dreadful sassy," the maids declared. But Jake had his ideal, and that ideal was "Miss Mandy Liza." Her pale, patient face, her soft quiet voice, were potent with him. The girl was really poorer than Jake, lower in the scale, and with no apparent chance of rising from her bondage; but she recited with the young ladies, and it was Jake's high ambition to help her through with her chores and get her into class. Jake's guardianship of the girl was an accepted fact in the school and village round about. No boy dared play any tricks on Amanda Liza.

"Just you wait till I get my luck, an I'll teach you!" was Jake's admonition, accompanied with a clenching of his sturdy fist that ably seconded the argument.

The girl took it all very quietly in her gentle way, and seemed to have a kindly regard for Jake—mending his coat occasionally or darning his stockings—a thing Jake gallantly declared "she shouldn't do never again; he wouldn't have no ladies waitin' on him."

Ladies! The girls used to nudge each other and smile; but for all that they were very good to Amanda Liza, whose faded dress and meek ways set her apart from the noisy youthfulness of the rest of us. We never begrudged the extra polish which Jake in his capacity of boot-black bestowed upon her shoes, and we did not laugh when those same shoes made their appearance one day adorned with a resplendent pair of steel buckles, which were afterwards discovered to have been abstracted from the coachman's rig in which Jake occasionally did duty, and to which, I am sorry to add, he was ignominiously obliged to restore them.

Occasionally, on some rare holiday, we girls had the privilege of a drive out into the country, when the Squimpses' superannuated sorrel, covered with an elaborate netting to conceal its deficiencies, and pricking up its tasseled ears with quite a show of spirit, would set off on a brisk trot, animated, no doubt, by the prospect of a grassy nibble along the road. Gay times were those. Jake was at his jolliest, and we all—old Dobbin included—forgot our "short commons" and long lectures, and grew hilarious together. Even poor Amanda Liza, quietly stowed away in the back seat, brightened up in the sunlight, and was meekly merry. Once I remember old Dobbin cantered along so friskily that he upset the whole party on a mossy bit of rising ground, and, whisking his long tail facetiously, quietly betook himself to pasture, while we picked ourselves up as best we could.

"We might have had worse luck," said Jake, as he plucked Amanda Liza out of the heap, shook her out, and wiped the dust from her black apron, leaving the rest of the party to look after themselves. Which we did, scolding and laughing by turns, and giving, quite by accident, the front seat beside Jake to Amanda Liza the rest of the way. Ah! the twilight that summer evening was warm and mellow, the fields were glided, the meadows fragrant, and we heard a refrain of the grand eternal poem on the jolting seat of the old wagon, though Jake was silent the rest of the way, looking furtively now and then at the girl beside him, and being very attentive to old Dobbin. Poor Jake! Amanda Liza had shot up clean out of his reach since then, and what we wanted to know was whether the girl would remember him now in the days of her elevation.

A wealthy uncle, a splendid home, and money on her own account—ah! no wonder we had not seen Amanda since.

"They touched her off like a sky-rocket, and she vanished," said Jake ruefully. Had she vanished for good? Then poetical justice was a myth, and Amanda's patched shoes and faded dresses were not more worthless than she. We waited. We watched the windows furtively. We pricked up our ears at every ring of the door-bell, but weeks passed, and the golden

coach-and-six in which our Cinderella was to arrive did not rattle up the drive to the Squimps Academy.

I think we had almost given it up, and Amanda Liza's base forgetfulness and ingratitude were becoming an old story, when one day at noon Jake came rushing in among us, hot and shining, and holding between his thumb and forefinger a dainty billet. He looked like an embodied "hurrah" at that moment.

But, to tell the truth, Jake could not quite make out the writing, for which all his "opportunities," as our worthy principal designated his vicinage to wisdom and learning in the capacity of shoe-black, the lad was unable to decipher manuscript—"hadn't the patience," he declared.

Jennie Smith read the letter for him amidst general applause. Justice and righteousness had triumphed, it appeared, and Amanda Liza had proved herself a "regular brick," as Jennie, with beaming eyes, observed handing back the precious scrap of paper to Jake, who carefully wrapped it in his ragged handkerchief. The letter contained a brief invitation to the lad, urging him to come and see his old friend—a day was appointed for the visit, and the street and number where she was to be found were written out in a round, school-girl hand. A fashionable and wealthy quarter of the city, where Jake was not likely to be very familiar.

Jake set himself to work without loss of time about blacking his boots, albeit the appointed day was somewhat about a week ahead. But it would take a deal of fixing, he explained confidentially, to get ready, and he hadn't much to fix with. Jake's normal condition was not that of a dandy, certainly. He could only, as a general thing, be lured by the prospect of a drive to "red himself up," as Mrs. Squimps said. To be ragged and let alone was his heaven. But this time he rose to the greatness of the occasion—he brushed and scoured, washed out his sole white shirt, dusted and straightened his battered old hat, and mended his trousers.

Deeply interested in Jake's fortunes, we watched the proceedings. "But Jake," said Jennie Smith one day, "what are you to do for a coat?"

Unhappy suggestion! Jake looked aghast. He hadn't thought of that. Certainly he couldn't make his appearance in that overgrown coachman's rig, in which he was wont to illustrate the academical respectability on the road. And he had nothing else. No nice sissy had ever before developed itself for anything save shirt sleeves and a woollen jacket.

An awful pause came over our deliberations for Jake. Miss Smith whistled, and finally suggested her water-proof—we were all ready to fling ours at his feet—but Jake couldn't go muffled like an Italian brigand. He shook his head.

Night closed without any solution of the difficulty, but we trusted that somehow the lad's quick wit would find a way out of it.

The next morning, however, a new sensation turned us from the contemplation of Jake's disasters. The house had been robbed. We were all terribly scared, and Mr. Squimps was in a fever of declamation and wrath. His coat—his best-beloved blue-black coat, in which he was wont to dignify trustee meetings, ornament his pew of a Sunday, and pay visits of state to his patrons—his coat had been stolen. His coat, a man so devoted to the interests of education that he scarcely had time to go to the tailor's; to think that an ungrateful, inappreciative, idle world should have permitted him to be robbed; he raved, he stormed, he threatened vengeance, he lectured us on the degeneracy of the times, and forgot our Latin.

Vague forebodings of lurking assassins, masked robbers, and frequent skirmishes into the wardrobe and dormitories about this time kept us all in a nervous flurry, to the exclusion of all thought of Jake. But late one twilight afternoon, as we sat huddled in the windows of the long school-room waiting the supper-bell, we saw him issue from the outhouse. Oh, horror! Oh, apparition of terror! For with its tails nearly touching the ground, his long sleeves overlapping his hands, Jake wore without a doubt the missing coat, boldly marching in his stolen finery down towards the road in sight of us all.

In sight of sharper eyes too, it seemed, for not far from the house Mr. Squimps himself pounced upon him.

Poor, kind, light-hearted Jake! We held our breath that day and the next, for Jake had been marched off to prison, and Mr. Squimps's eloquence and morality were in full flow. He said a longer grace than ever at dinner, and we were all glad, when hungrily eyeing the scanty board, we heard the visitor's bell summon him to the parlor. I think we were in better appetite than usual that day, and we left little behind us for our Mentor as we fled up stairs towards the school-room. Passing the parlor door, there rushed out upon us a little figure in a trailing silk dress and bonnet, full of nodding French flowers. It was Amanda Liza.

"Oh, girl!" she cried, hysterically, bewildered with an apparent desire to embrace the whole troop. "Poor Jake!"

Mr. Squimps, tall and solemn, rose with dignity, and closed the parlor door upon their further conference. We heard him make this counselling remark:

"I always knew he'd come to no good!" It seemed that Amanda had learned of Jake's mishap through some stray newspaper, where the well-known name of the virtuous and vengeful Squimps had met her eye. She comprehended the situation, and came to the academy to plead for her old friend.

We waited the news of Jake's fate breathlessly, nodding and whispering among ourselves. For there would be a trial or something terrible, of course we hardly knew what. Mr. Squimps was away all the afternoon, the classes were demoralized, and we stood idly gazing out of the window at four o'clock, when a carriage came up the drive. To our amazement Jake sat on the box, elate and erect. He sprang down and opened the door with a flourish, and out stepped Mr. Squimps.

"The girl pleaded so hard that I have decided not to prosecute," said Mr. Squimps; and if a splendid new coat fresh from the tailor's and a plump silken purse of unknown manufacture had anything to do with this decision we were not informed of it.

"And I'm going to live with Miss Mandy Liza forever!" cried Jake, when he came among us, his face lit with a glory as if he were departing for heaven.

Would Amanda Liza dress him in a blue coat and brass buttons, and make him her coachman at good wages? Ah, what a rise for poor Jake! Amanda Liza was his saint, his angel, the hem of whose garment he touched reverently. There was no commonplace element about such love as this, and Jake would be content to let down her carriage steps and look after her ponies all the days of his life, we thought. And that was the last we saw of him at the Squimpses."

But years after, when I was travelling in Australia with my husband, Mr. Smith and myself were invited to the ranch of one of the magistrates there, whose broad estates covered miles of mountain and meadow, and who owned almost literally "the cattle upon a thousand hills." In the lady of the mansion, a delicate and dainty personage, I recognized with a cry of surprise and delight my old school-mate, Amanda Liza; but I did not know the portly dignitary upon whose arm she hung until I heard her laughing whisper—"Oh! Jake, don't you remember old Squimps?"

THE RITE OF CREMATION—BURNING THE BODY OF A REMARKABLE MAN AT BOMBAY.

The *Times of India* announces the death of one of the best known Hindoo townsmen of Bombay, Mr. Venayekrao Juggonathjee Sunkersett, and thus describes the ceremony of cremation:—"Beyond the fact that the bodies of deceased Hindoos are burned and their ashes thrown into the sea (we are speaking now of Bombay), little is known by the general Anglo-Indian public regarding the funeral ceremonies of the larger portion of the community amidst which they live. Not fewer than a thousand persons must have taken part in the funeral procession, every family in the caste having furnished one or two of its male members to swell the melancholy cortege. All bareheaded, and dressed in white garments, the solemn procession marched slowly on. First came an array of linkbearers, whose torches shed a weird unearthly gleam over the spectacle. Then, surrounded also by lighted torches, and borne aloft on the shoulders of six men, the corpse was carried, in front of which walked a number of Brahmin priests chanting a monotonous dirge for the departed. The body was laid on a bier, over which, covering it up to the shoulders, a red shawl was laid, the head and face being exposed to sight. The procession occupied the whole breadth of the street, and formed a compact body for about 200 yards. Along the road relatives of the deceased were employed, according to custom, in distributing copper money among the swarm of mendicants who hung on to the skirts of the procession. Arrived at the burning-ground—the body, still lying on the bier, was deposited on the ground, round which the torchbearers formed a circle. The bier consisted of split bamboo sides and arms, and with a rush bottom. The object of depositing it on the ground was to allow all present to take a last look at the features of their beloved friend and leader. Many simply salaamed and went away; others knelt long over the body and seemed as if engaged in prayer; while others, again, particularly a number of old and faithful servants, sent up such a chorus of tumultuous lamentations as in the still night air might have been heard a mile away. From 20 minutes to half an hour this continued, the torches illumining the dead man's face with a vivid light, and the brilliant moon shining peacefully over all. But all this time the men attached to the burning ground had been busily employed in erecting the funeral pyre, and at the proper time the corpse was lifted off the bier and placed in the centre of it. The officiating Brahmins then anointed a portion of the body with a mixture of which the principal constituent was ghee. Hard by was piled a heap of fragrant sandalwood split into thin faggots, and these the relatives of the deceased laid one by one upon the body, the priests all the while reciting prayers for the dead. This ended, the servants of the ground built up the pyre to its proper height with common firewood. All being ready for the final ceremony, the Brahmins lit a small fire of sandalwood, and having consecrated it, gave a flaming brand to each of the kinsmen present, whose duty it was to light the pyre; whereupon the multitude set up a sudden and unanimous cry, which was interpreted to us to be an appeal to the Almighty to take the deceased's soul unto himself. Then the flames shot up into the air, a canopy of smoke overhung the spot, and all was over; the mourners dispersed, and by midnight nothing remained of our well-known citizen but a handful of white ashes and a few calcined bones."