

Our Young People

Houstonias.

Half a dozen Quaker ladies,
Straight and slim and small,
In a sunny Berkshire meadow,
By a low stone wall:

"Is thee come to Yearly Meeting?"
"Yea." "And thee, too?"
"Verily, and thee is early!"
"Opens next First Day."

And, in truth, the next May Sabbath
All that meadow fair
Scarce could hold the Yearly Meeting
Set for session there;

In their little gray-blue bonnets
Chatting, brim to brim,
Half a million Quaker ladies,
Straight and small and slim.
—Youth's Companion.

The Little Marquis of Ville-Marie
(By Francis Sterne Palmer.)

One afternoon in the summer of 1643 a ship from France, loaded with settlers and provisions, sailed up the River St. Lawrence and anchored opposite the little colony at Montreal, then called Ville-Marie de Montreal. In the first boat that put ashore came a black-haired, keen-eyed boy of fifteen, who stared curiously at the log to a and at the wild-looking hunters and trappers. He was pale and slender and the colonists wondered that such a weakling had been sent to take part in their rough life.

Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, was in command at Ville-Marie, and to him the ship-captain explained the presence of the boy. "The day before we sailed," said the captain, "he was brought to me by an old man, who said there were reasons why certain people wished to harm the lad; and in fact, that they had already held him prisoner and ill-treated him, as could be seen by his sickly looks. The old man feared that they would seize the boy again, so he begged me to bring him here secretly and leave him in charge of the Sieur de Maisonneuve. He is called Jean Rapin, and seems a shy lad. I know nothing more of him."

"Well, he may stay, whoever he be. Young men and boys are welcome, though this one seems but ill fitted for the hard life of the colonies." And so Jean Rapin began life in New France. He made few friends among the settlers and monks and soldiers at Ville-Marie, being shy and solitary, with an odd air of dignity. The colonists in joke called him "The Little Marquis," making sport of his dignified airs.

The long winter wore away and spring came, bringing the little Marquis other companions. A band of Algonquin Indians, busy with the spring fishing, made their camp on the island near the fort at Ville-Marie. The first in rank was Tessout, who had a son about Jean's age, and, in spite of the fact that one of the boys was a savage, they were alike in many ways, being both grave and silent; and so they became friends, talking together in a strange mixture of Indian and French. This Algonquin boy, Wattero, knew everything about the woods; he knew just where to find the shy hen grouse sitting on her nest of speckled eggs, or the teal duck that covered her greenish ones down among the reeds by the river. He showed the white boy the slender spotted fawns, and the little hares, so young that they were smaller than squirrels.

In return for this wood lore, Jean would tell about France and its cities and grand lords. One day the two friends crept into an evergreen thicket and lay there on the deep moss, while the French boy told stories of the old world that made Wattero wonder greatly.

"And besides being dressed in fine cloth and silver lace," said Jean, "the chiefs of my people have silver cups to drink from—like the one Father Duperon uses in church."

"I have never been in the church," interposed Wattero.

"Come to vespers with me to-day, and I will show you the silver cup that is like those the French chiefs drink from. Father Vimont, Superior of the Missions, is here, and there will be a grand service."

Wattero went to vespers, and saw Father Vimont and the attendant Jesuit priests. Jean pointed out the silver chalice.

"I would like to have it for a drinking-cup," said Wattero.

"This cup is very holy, like one of your grand medicine charms," Jean explained, "and not to be used as a common drinking-cup."

"All the better. My family are not like common people; my grandfather is a chief, and some day—if I grow to be wise and am a brave warrior—I, too, will be a chief. My old grandfather is sick, and I wish I had the cup for him to drink from; if, as you say, it is a medicine charm, it might cure him."

They separated, Wattero going back to the Indian camp; but he could not forget the glistening medicine cup. He had been brought up with the Indian notion that there is little harm in taking what one wants, and so, late that night, he crept like a fox through the French settlement and made his way into the church. A tall candle was burning dimly, and near it he saw

the glitter of the silver chalice. He glided up to the altar, and, stealthily putting out his hand, clutched the cup. The next moment it seemed to him as if all the spirits that guarded this great medicine charm had been aroused. He was seized from behind and thrown violently to the floor. The chalice was caught away from his profane hands.

He struggled and fought, but in vain. Ten minutes later he was a prisoner in one of the monastery cells. But it was no spirit that had seized him. When Vimont, the stern Father Superior, came from Quebec, he had found Duperon, the priest in charge of Ville-Marie, guilty of some small negligence, and had ordered a night of vigil and prayer in the church; so Father Duperon had been present to see the attempted theft of the chalice.

The next morning many of the colonists were assembled on a grassy slope that lay east of the fort and stretched down almost to the river's edge. Vimont, gaunt and grim-faced, robed in the black gown of the Jesuits, was there, among a host of monks of inferior rank; Maisonneuve also—a stately figure, surrounded by his soldiers. One of the monks held Wattero, whose hands were tied. Father Vimont was to judge him for theft and desecration.

Maisonneuve whispered to Vimont, "Father, this boy is the son of Tessout, an Algonquin chief of importance; be careful what you do."

"Whoever he is, he shall smart for what he has done," returned the monk.

While they spoke, a dark, lithe figure had crept to the edge of the forest, and now crouched there, only a few yards away, watching the Frenchmen on the grassy slope. Tessout, the chief, had missed Wattero—though his sleeping in the woods was nothing so very unusual—and had sent out to see what had become of him.

"Bring the culprit before me," said Vimont.

When the straight, slender Indian lad was led forward, the priest, eying him sternly, spoke in the Algonquin language.

"Boy, you tried to steal one of the cups of the Holy Communion; there could be no worse crime. If you were white, you should suffer death, but your ignorance inclines me to mercy; you shall have twenty strokes of the whip across the shoulder."

He had no sooner ceased than the Indian, who had lain in the bushes intently listening, moved away stealthily for a short distance, then rose and darted off, running like a deer towards the Algonquin camp.

Wattero was silent for a moment. When he raised his head and looked his judge in the face, his eyes were as stern as the priest's own. "No cup is too good for a chief of the Algonquins," he said; "and if I feel your whip, you shall feel the arrows of my father's warriors. It will take much blood to heal the whip-wounds on the back of a chief's son."

Maisonneuve spoke aside to Vimont: "I fear that was not wise mercy; to these proud savages a whipping is disgrace worse than death. The camp of Tessout is close by, and in it are enough warriors to destroy our whole settlement."

As the soldier finished speaking, Jean Rapin stepped forward. "Father Vimont, I had told Wattero about the holy chalice, and he, thinking it must be a great medicine charm, wanted it for his old grandfather, who is sick. Rather than have him—who is guilty of no wrong according to the ways of his people—suffer this punishment, I will stand in his place and take the strokes. It matters less to me than to one who is an Indian and a chief's son."

Vimont thought a moment. He saw that a prudent way of upholding the Church's dignity was to let this nameless French boy be substitute for the young savage.

"It shall be as you wish," he said to Jean. Then, turning to Wattero, "This white boy takes the punishment, but remember it is punishment for your evil-doing. Brother Richard, see you do not spare to strike lustily, for this is no light matter."

The things which tied Wattero's hands had hardly been cut when they emerged from the forest a long line of Algonquin warriors, each holding a drawn bow. Silently and grimly they filed into the open space and surrounded the French. The monks trembled, and even Vimont's frowning face grew pale. Maisonneuve's sword flashed from its scabbard, and the soldiers raised their heavy muskets; but they were outnumbered four to one. The Indians seemed only awaiting a signal from Wattero to let their arrows fly.

"Stop them, Wattero!" cried Jean; "tell them you are in no danger!" Wattero came forward and spoke to the savages; then he turned and whispered to Jean, "I have only to speak and an arrow shall pierce every Frenchman here; say to me that you will not be struck with that whip, and these men shall die, and you shall go with me and be my brother."

"Wattero, it is nothing," said Jean; "the blows will be no dishonor to me—when they come in this way, to save a friend. Think no more of it, and tell your father's warriors that there is no trouble."

The Algonquins, now that they saw their chief's son was not to be insulted, dropped the ends of their long bows to the ground, and looked on with apparent indifference.

Antoine Richard, lay brother of the monastery, held the whip, and one of the soldiers, Noel Meron, a big fellow with a black beard, whispered to him, "Antoine, strike not so very lustily; the little Marquis is my friend, and I will not have him too ill-treated; do you hear?"

"I'll do the Father's bidding," said Antoine, scowling at Jean, for he was one of those who had taken offense at the reserved ways of the little Marquis. He began pulling back the loose sleeves of his gown, as if he meant to strike his hardest; and he was still busy in this way when a gun-shot sounded far out on the river. Those on the grassy slope looked and saw that a canoe had just rounded a point on the island and was coming towards the landing place. Besides the Indian paddlers, there was a Frenchman in the boat, and it was he who had fired his musket as a salute. "I know him!" exclaimed Maisonneuve; it is Pierre de Bruson, the ship-captain, who was to come from France with settlers for Quebec.

He went to the shore to meet De Bruson, and, after their greetings, the two walked up the slope to where Vimont stood. Jean's shoulder was bared, but Antoine Richard had paused to look at the newcomer. Maisonneuve and the ship-captain and the monk talked together. Finally Maisonneuve spoke aloud to the soldiers:

"An offense has been committed against the church, and Father Vimont says some one must suffer. Jean gave himself in place of the Indian boy (and lucky for us, for else we might all be scalped by this time), but Jean is a slight, weak lad, and there are many stalwart fellows here; so long as the strokes must be given, will no one volunteer to take them?"

"That will I, and gladly—if that will satisfy the priest," said big Noel Meron. "Come on, Antoine Richard; if you do not lay the strokes on hard enough I will duck you in the river, and you lay them on too hard I will duck you also, so make up your mind to a ducking, anyway."

A moment later Antoine swung the whip and brought it down with all his force on Noel's brawny shoulder. "Strike harder, man!" cried Noel, yet making a grimace at the pain; "have lay brothers no muscle?"

"That will do," said Maisonneuve to Antoine. "Are you satisfied, Father Vimont?" By St. Denis! if the dignity of the church requires that more strokes be given, one of her own especial children shall take them; my soldiers shall have no more of them, though they take them ever so gayly. And now," he went on, speaking so that all could hear, "and now you must know that Pierre de Bruson brings word that he you have called the little Marquis is a Marquis in sober truth, and heir to one of the fairest holdings in all fair France. The wrong that was done him has been righted, and now he is summoned to France to inherit his own."

Jean was a little paler than was even his wont. "Old Jules, who took care of me, always said that things would come right in time," he said. Then he turned to Wattero: "I would ask you to go back to France with me if I did not know you like it best here, where there are grouse and deer, and Iroquois to fight, and where you will some day be a warrior and chief—so I will not ask you. But you, big Noel Meron, I do ask you; come with me, and you shall be senechal of a castle where I can remember being when a little boy, which overlooks sunny vineyards in Burgundy."

"That will I, and gladly, little Marquis," said Noel Meron, in the very words he had used when offering to take the strokes of the whip; "for I am tired of this snowy land of New France. Antoine Richard, I think to let you go free of the ducking I promised; to give it mayhap, were unbecoming the dignity of a senechal. But there is one thing you shall do if you would keep a dry skin—that is, give three lusty cheers for my master, the little Marquis of Ville-Marie, and of fair land in far-off Burgundy."

And Antoine did not hesitate, for he knew that Noel Meron was a man of his word.

Conversational Quotations.

Sam Weller (Pickwick Papers) did not originate the expression "wheels within wheels," as many supposed; he used it, truly, but the idea is from the Bible, (Ezekiel, x, 10.) Another Biblical expression, which would hardly be recognized as such at first sight, is "the skin of my teeth." (Job, xix, 20.) We are indebted to Cervantes for the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy." (Don Quixote, part ii, chapter 33.) while the familiar phrase "Diamond cut diamond," is due to Ford, the author of "The Lover's Melancholy." (Act I, Scene i.)

Although Sheridan's well-known character, Mrs. Malaprop, did "own the soft impeachment," (The Rivals, Act V, Scene iii,) we must credit Shakespeare with the origin of the saying that "comparisons are odorous," (so frequently attributed to that estimable lady,) as he puts these words in the mouth of Dogberry. ("Much Ado About Nothing," Act III, Scene v.) Ben Johnson ("Tale of a Tub," Act IV, scene iii.) and Butler, ("Hudibras," Part I, canto i, line 821,) both smell a rat; and to Tusser, the author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," the truism "Better late than never" is due.—[Chambers' Journal.

With The Poets.

Country Winds.

O, the Contrary Winds! the Contrary Winds!
How my straining eyes their fury blinds.

The waves are strong,
And I toil so long,
So long and hard, while the tempest wild
Shrieks o'er the grave of a darling child.

But lo! on the crest of the raging sea,
The Contrary Wind bringeth Christ to me.

O, the Contrary Winds! the Contrary Winds!
How the terrible conflict wears and grinds.

Through the inmost soul
The billows roll;
The flesh gives way, the courage quails,
At the sweeping cyclone fierce assails.
But with Contrary Winds, on the lashing sea
Walks the Lord Christ, coming to rescue me.

O, the Contrary Winds! the Contrary Winds!
Through the rain of tears their song reminds

That He who fed
The throng with bread,
While praying yonder before the throne,
Is watching me as I toil alone.

He sees my need,
And with loving speed,
He comes in the path that the storm has made,

Saying: "Lo! it is I; be not afraid."
So I praise my God for the Savior He
Sends ever with Contrary Winds to me.

—R. Kelso Carter.

My Ships at Sea.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to wait me on my way,
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me.

Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Caroline A. Mason.

Too Late.

What silences we keep year after year
With those who are most near to us
and dear!

We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in
our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach
they go—
Those close, familiar friends who
loved us so;

And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some
fond word

That once we might have said, and
they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we
expressed
Now seems beside the sad, sweet un-
expressed,

And slight the deeds we did to those
undone,
And small the service spent, to
treasure won,

And undeserved the praise for word or
deed,
That should have overflowed the sim-
ple need.

This is the cruel fault of life—to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in
the place

Of some dear presence, is but empty
space,
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the "might have
been?"

—Nora Perry, in Chicago Israelite.

Little Mamie read on her Sunday
school card:
"God makes, preserves and keeps
us."

Looking up suddenly, she said:
"Mamma, what do you suppose he
does with 'em all?"
"With what, my dear?"
"Why, all those preserves."

When the Queen Eats.

Her Majesty at Tea With a Scottish Neighbor.

A Lady Describes a Dinner Party at Windsor Castle.

THE QUEEN GOES OUT TO TEA.

The Queen honored Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld by going to tea with them on the 27th ult. Her Majesty's visits are now heralded by several messengers. As she only decides in the morning what she is to do in the afternoon, an immediate notice of Her Majesty's intention is sent to the hostess about to be honored, so that she may not make other plans. Then, about an hour before the Queen's arrival, the Indian attendants appear in a royal carriage bringing the set of easy steps by which Her Majesty descends from the carriage. Host and hostess meet their august visitor at the main entrance; the host is generally honored by being allowed to take the Queen's arm. On reaching the drawing-room the Queen seats herself, but all others remain standing unless Her Majesty motions them to be seated. When tea is served, unless specially invited to do so by her, no one else has any. The Queen usually makes an excellent meal at tea-time, delighting especially in scones, of which cream is a component part, and shortbread. Whatever party is staying in the house visited by the Queen none appears unless when the hostess mentions the name of her guests (which she always does), the Queen knows and she desires to see any of them.

DINING WITH THE QUEEN.

"Being asked to sleep and dine at Windsor Castle is a great honor," writes a lady contributor, "but as papa and mamma are accustomed to it, they were not so excited as I was, who was going for the first time. I must say, however, that it seemed a little flat that we should be told what train to come by, so that we should arrive just before dinner, precisely as if we were going to stay at the most ordinary country house. Until we got to the Castle it was all just like any other journey, and I found myself actually yawning as we drove out of the station. Once, however, the carriage had turned in under George IV.'s gateway there was no possibility of anything but intense excitement. There was the very entrance which the Queen herself uses.

DRESSING FOR DINNER.

Well, we were shown to our rooms, and then, oh! the fuss and flurry, and the dreadful haste and excitement, for you know it takes much longer to get on the kind of costume which one wears when one is going to dine with the Queen than to get into an ordinary dinner-gown. However, it was all done at last. So I followed mamma out into the grand corridor, and we proceeded slowly towards the dining-room. It was a wonderful place, that corridor. Imagine a long lofty apartment, lighted by tall windows on one side, which looked out on the courtyard—imagine this running round two sides of the great quadrangle—and on the inner side innumerable doors opening into suites of rooms of all kinds—guest-chambers, including a special suite for the Prince and Princess of Wales.

THE GUESTS.

"About half-way down the left arm of the corridor a group of people was standing. These were the other guests. We had scarcely joined them when the master of the household and some other officials, all dressed in Windsor uniform, made their appearance and directed us to arrange ourselves in two rows, the men on one side and the ladies on the other, towards the door of the oak room—for as we were a small party we were to dine in the Queen's private dining-room, which was called the oak room, and is just over the royal entrance, and not in the state dining-room, which is at the other end of the corridor. Mamma, who was the most important lady present, was farthest from the door, and I stood next to her as the next most important, which was rather absurd, because I was quite the youngest of all the ladies, and two of the others were wives of two of the principal Ministers. The tiresome result, too, was that I went in with one of the Ministers, who might have been about 60, and the other Minister's wife, who was very stout and deaf, fell to the officer of the guard, whom I knew well, and had often danced with in town.

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL.

"We waited a few minutes, and I had just made out that the portrait facing me was that of Lord Beaconsfield, when there was a fuss; somebody said something, and there was the Queen in the black dress and cap with the white veil, looking just like her photographs, and there we were all curtseying away like a lot of school-girls, and the men bowing like Chinese mandarins. Poor Mrs. X—, the stout Minister's wife—I mean the Minister's stout wife—got perfectly scarlet with the exertion. So we went into a blaze of lights, gold plate, and scarlet liveries and sat down just like at an ordinary dinner. My partner proved to be rather a nice old man, and talked to me a good deal in a whisper. He told me that it was not etiquette to speak louder, which I knew already; and that it was not

etiquette to talk very much, which sounded rather dull.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

"The proper thing seemed to be to eat as much as possible, talk very little and keep one's eye on the Queen, in the hope that she might honor one by addressing one. Her Majesty talked to the older people, but there was not much in the way of conversation. In spite of my intense awe I nearly laughed now and then to see mamma sitting up so prim and saying so very little, for at home, you know, we all listen to mamma, as if she was an oracle, and so does everyone who comes to the house, which is a little trying at times. When the Queen rose we followed her to the corridor again, and not to the drawing-room, as I had hoped. The rest was very short. Her Majesty went round and spoke to each of the guests. That practically ended my dinner with the Queen, for her Majesty soon departed, and the rest of the evening was quite informal. The next morning we went away early after breakfast, and did not see Her Majesty again."

A Smile And a Laugh.

Professor—What terrible affliction did Homer have?

Pupil—He was a poet, sir.

Young housekeeper—Have you some fine salt?

Grocer—Yes, ma'am.

Young housekeeper—Is it fresh.

Housekeeper—Your milk is as thin as water today.

Milkman—Well, mum, it was very foggy this morning when we milked.

Little Marie—Mamma, when I grow up can I marry a Dutchman?
Mamma—Why a Dutchman, dear?
Little Marie—So I can be a duchess, mamma.

Priscilla (just arrived)—Are there any men here?

Phyllis—Oh, there are a few apologies for men.

Priscilla—Well, if an apology is offered to me, I shall accept it.

Housekeeper—Half the things are torn to pieces.

Washerwoman—Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I count them as only one piece, mum.

The difficulties of ladies with inexperienced maids is illustrated by this incident, related by a New York paper:

"There's no coal, mum," said Bridget, "and the fires are going out."

"No coal! Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there was coal!" answered Bridget.

An accidental hitting of the keynote of a familiar phrase caused a little tot to make this funny break: Her mother in hearing her prayers, told her to ask the Lord to make her a good girl.

"Dear Dod," said the little thing, "pleath try and make me a good girl—and if at firh you don't succeed, try, try again," she unexpectedly added.

"Helen," said Mr. Whykins, "what's the difference between a woman and an umbrella?"

"The difference," she answered serenely, "is that a man isn't afraid to take an umbrella with him wherever he goes, and that he doesn't try to conceal the fact that it's above him when the real emergency arrives. That's the principal difference, Henry."

LEARNED MNEMONICS. — Professor A.—Do you know I find it difficult to remember the ages of my children!

Professor B.—I have no such trouble. I was born 2,300 years after Socrates, my wife 1,800 years after the death of Tiberius Caesar; our son John 2,000 years after the entrance into Rome of Titus Sempronius Gracchus for the re-enactment of the leges Liciniae, and our Amanda 1,500 years after the beginning of the Folk-wandering—that is perfectly simple, you see.

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality; for there was the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Cauldron, the Devil's Glen, etc. Said the traveller:

"The devil seems to be the greatest land owner in these parts!"

"Ah, sure, your honor," was the reply, "that is so; but he lives in England. He's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland."

The successful horse-dealer is never at a loss. Witness the following incident, from an exchange:

A young Englishman was negotiating with a dealer for a horse. The horseman expatiated on the many good points of the animal under discussion.

"It seems to me, Mr. Muggins," remarked the young man, "that the horse has rather a big head."

The remark came at once: "Big 'ead, big 'ead, do you call it? Why, look at Gladstone; what a 'ead 'e's got!"