

he exclaimed, and then, stupefied, he remained with his face towards the crupper, unable to speak a single word, so utterly was he confounded.

"Acknowledge," whispered Sir Robert Knowles, "that you have told us a story without head or tail."

After changing his horse, Burdett put himself at the head of a brilliant and numerous company; the trumpets then flourished, and the procession commenced its march, with a fund of amusement sufficient to last several days.

(To be Continued.)

KINDNESS.

Be kind to each other,
O husband! O wife!
Frail, frail are the tendrils
That bind thee to life.
Soon one must be taken,
And one must remain,
To bear all the sorrow,
The parting, the pain.
Death's angel stands ready,
At every gate,
And one must go out,
And the other must wait.

Be kind to each other;
This life is so brief,
Let no self reproaches
Be blent with thy grief,
O, think of the dear face,
All covered and cold,
The poor hands that never
Thine own will unfold;
The dead lips that never
Can answer thee more;
Be kind to each other,
For life is soon o'er.

Be kind to each other,
O brother! O friend!
To one or the other,
Life soonest must end.
Each form must be shrouded,
Each face covered up,
You know not whose lips
Must first touch the cup;
Death's angel stands ready
At every gate,
And one must go out,
And the other must wait.

JENNY GEDDES.

Of the madness of princes, the least excusable seems the attempt of the Stuart kings to force bishops and episcopal rites upon the Presbyterians of Scotland. They knew that three-fourths of the people hated the name of bishop as they hated that of pope; that, except a few traitors or hirelings no Scotchman could endure the English rites and service; that the Scotch Church had resolved to adhere to its severe simplicity with heroic tenacity. Yet the Stuarts were equally resolute to put down religious insubordination. They saw, perhaps, that the Scotch Church was the creation of the people rather than of kings; that it owed its existence to the human labors and the divine gifts of men to whom royalty and nobility seemed but paltry baubles, to be dashed to pieces when they stood in the pathway of advancing truth, and that the doctrine of passing obedience which the English prelates had accepted with easy subservience could never be made acceptable to the followers of Knox and Wishart. But whatever might be their motive, no entreaties, no menaces of the angry people and even no real dangers could dissuade the stubborn Stuarts from their fatal resolution. James I. persisted in forcing upon Scotland his barren scheme of episcopacy amidst the scoffs and jeers of his countrymen. His successor Charles, I. animated by the daring bigotry of Laud, determined to convert the Scotch to the prelatical creed by the fiery sword of persecution. A service-book was prepared under Laud's especial care to be read in all the Scottish churches; the simple Presbyterian rites were to be suppressed by law; the arms of England and the authority of the king were to be employed in reducing to subjection that fervid intellect which had so vigorously cast off the spiritual tyranny of Rome. For a time it seemed as if Charles and Laud might prove successful. The Scottish clergy were apparently terrified and degenerated. Laud's service book was brought to Scotland by hireling curates, and amidst the horror and shame of the Presbyterian nation the bishop and the priests prepared to celebrate their Popish rites in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Then suddenly the nation rose, struck by the heroic act of a woman, whose name made renowned by the wonderful results of her swift resolution may well be associated with a Joan of Arc or a Charlotte Corday. On the day when the new ritual was performed in the High Church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, vast throngs filled the streets and followed the Anglican dean as he made his way to the pulpit. The Church was crowded with an eager but hostile congregation; and scarcely had the first words of the service passed the lips of the reader when Jenny Geddes, an old woman, sprang up in her place and cried out, "Villain, will you read the mass at my lug?" She lifted the stool upon which she had been sitting in her vigorous arms and flung it at the head of the astonished dean. Jenny's decided act was no doubt in singularly bad taste, but she became from that moment the leader of the people. The bishop of Edinburgh strove to

soothe the enraged congregation; the church was filled with uproar; the dean and bishop fled and were saved with difficulty from the rage of the angry crowd; the impulse swelled over Scotland, and in every hamlet or city the daring of Jenny Geddes was told with delight and a fierce resolution was formed, by ministers and people to live and die as "Presbyterian Protestants."—*Harper's Magazine.*

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

There is no topic on which more discussion has been spent than that which is commonly called "The Servant Girl Question." This proposition will excite surprise and receive from many a sudden and hasty denial. But let those who doubt the statement call to mind other subjects which they believe to have occupied more attention, and which excite more general and sustained interest as matters for debate. Take for instance the greatest theme on which the mind can exercise itself—religion. We at once admit that from the earliest times of this era, in those circles in which discussion of any kind requiring some dialectical capacity has been carried on, this has been and still continues to be the topic of supreme interest and inexhaustible fecundity and freshness. A second Tower of Babel could be raised with the books published on theological themes, and were it possible to report and publish all the conversations, disputations, speeches, sermons, and other forms in which this subject has found verbal expression, it would be literally true that "the world could not contain the books" that would thus be called into existence. The solemn pre-eminence, however, of Religion as a topic of discussion over all others, consists not however so much in the universality with which it has been engaged in so much as in the earnestness, vehemence and learning which minds of the highest order have displayed in its defence and exposition. And enforcement as the whole duty of man. It has ever been, and yet is made the reproach of the large mass of mankind, even the most civilized, however, that they are naturally indifferent to this topic, and that they prefer to leave its discussion to a small minority. Compare this with the incessant, day-by-day, year-by-year, generation-by-generation agitation which goes on in every family in the civilized world respecting those upon whom falls the drudgery of domestic life. Age cannot stale, nor custom wither the infinite variety of aspects in which this topic is capable of being viewed; while its minor issues are as irrepressibly fertile as the Canada-thistle—and as profitable. A group of girls with their dolls, will discuss alternately their waxen pets and their mother's servants. The young bride meets in this question her first trouble. To the matron the discussion of her hand-maiden's ways and by-ways, their faults and follies, has an unutterable charm; it is to her what the Law was to the Prophet, a well-spring of delight; she literally meditates and talks thereon day and night. When years bring on freedom from the cares of house government, the garrulous grandmother sits, and through the tedious day consoles her soul with reflections upon the wisdom she displayed in managing the servants of her generation, and anoints the heads of her children with maxims for their guidance in maintaining discipline and order amongst the rebellious cooks and saucy house-maids of these evil days. The lover fancies that wedded life will be a perpetuation of those ecstatic interviews in which conversation is pitched to the poetic standard of an idyl. The husband finds that the conversation of his wife is a doleful monotony, with no variation, except that now it is "Jane," now "Bridget," now "that vile cook," now "that hussy of a nurse," who is the theme of the lamentation. Unless he is like the celebrated cliff poet sings of, which lifts its awful form so high as to midway leave the storm, while eternal sunshine settles on its head, the husband finds this interminable discussion about the servants so wearisome, that to save himself from lunacy he seeks a change of subject in the saloon or club. Strange to say, the subject is deemed by some still so interesting, so suggestive, so edifying, that it is worthy of being raised out of the sphere of private life into a topic for public conferences, where rhetoricians may gather and out-rival Cicero and Demosthenes in eloquently expatiating upon that soul-thrilling theme, "The Servant Girl Question." This has actually occurred the last week at Montreal. There were present college professors, high dignitaries of churches, D.D.'s, venerable divines, all that Canadian rank and Montreal wealth could give to make the assembly dignified—for what would a conference be without such imposing patrons? There is, it appears, mourning and bitterness in that city in many households for lack of help in the kitchen and nursery; so great is the trouble that, as we have stated, the whole spiritual influence and intellectual talent of the city is summoned to find a remedy. We have read the utterances of that assembly with great interest, as the topic is one we have dealt with again and again for years. Our views have met with small sympathy, we have been politely said to be Utopian, impractical, and even romantic; we have never heard any other answer, nor can any be invented to the following, which has sound sense and logical basis of facts for its support: "The whole modern trouble of mutual distrust and chronic irritation between mistresses and maids and their servants arises from the desire of the former to perform a miracle. They desire to effect a reversion of natural law and

order; to reconcile two things than which no two others are more irreconcilable; to blend what can no more be harmonized than fire and water; they are like a child pining after a cake which they know has been eaten. Strange to say, not a single one of those dignitaries who discussed this subject at the Montreal Conference on the domestic service question, showed even a sign that the true philosophy of the subject-matter of that conference occurred to him at all, much less been studied over and thought out honestly to its logical end and teaching. The speeches made at this notable gathering will have as much effect as reading the Sermon on the Mount in a stable would have in removing the epizootic. The remedies that were proposed for the evil discussed were all very good, open in fact to only one objection—that they were intended for, and only could relieve a totally different complaint to that for which they were then prescribed. The miracle, we affirm, that mistresses and masters are attempting is this: they are endeavoring to maintain a relationship between themselves and those whose services they require which originated in a semi-barbarous state of society, which is essentially semi-barbarous in its very nature, which implies that certain classes are yet in a semi-barbarous condition, and which, where it is maintained to a certain extent in theory, is as much an anachronism as it would be to build a temple to Jupiter in Montreal. The sense of servile subjection in those who sell their labor belongs to a state of social state long extinct; it has gone for ever as a class feeling and instinct; yet it is the absence of this and the attempt to ignore its absence which is the chief moving cause of the outcry about and against domestic servants. To talk as the speakers at Montreal did, as though a little kindly treatment of domestics would ensure all that is wanted, is to make precisely the same mistake which those made who fancied that slavery was no evil when its victims had humane treatment. The slave who had a gentle master were better off than those in the hands of Legree—but not the less a slave. So with the girls in service; it is a relief, doubtless, for them to have kindness from their employers, but it is possible, nay, it very often occurs that their self-respect is as deeply wounded by ostensible kindness as it could be by harsh and unfeeling treatment. There are not a few mistresses who manifest a singular skill in impressing upon their servants how deep and impassably wide is the social gulf between them, while performing what has all the appearance of a generous action. There are natures so inexpressibly mean as to gloat over every manifestation of servility in those they employ; nay, there are those who take offence at any sign of self-respect, any gleam of independence, any efforts to throw off the bonds of servitude and its badges in the wage-paid classes. It is only too true that domestics, in their present unsettled state, are not conscious of the force, bearing, and direction of the tide which has lifted them on its breast away from the old land-marks of their class. But it is abundantly clear that as a class they show a keener insight into the future than their employers. The girls see before them a prospect of better days, of times when the graceful instincts of their sex will be less repressed, when the range of their mental vision shall be widened, and the charities, cares, and joys which give such a charm to life shall be theirs to share in more freely; when they shall not have to submit in the silence of a crushed spirit to the taunts, sneers, snarls, and cruel haughtiness and callous insolence which has been and yet is the pride and glory of many a mistress to utter and display, as though a servant was not of the same flesh and blood as those she serves. There are large houses in this city and others, where the sleeping accommodation for servants is not as good as that provided for the horses. Many a poor girl, far more than would be credited, is made sick for life by rheumatism or lung disease, from sleeping in the cellar of a mansion. We have heard mistresses thus guilty of an inhuman crime, in destroying a fellow creature's health, dilate upon the naughtiness of girls in objecting to such treatment, because they have shown them some kindness; just as though for an annual new dress a young girl ought to be willing to acquire chronic rheumatism or become consumptive. The plain truth is, that human vanity so far as servants feel it, is likely to have a check. Because one human being sells his or her labor to another for a certain reward, called wages, is no longer going to give the buyer the privilege of treating the seller with scornful and supercilious hauteur, as though the sale were a degradation. No! that day is gone, mistresses of Canada, old things have passed away, and your attempts to put back the Clock of Time by making your domestic servants into social Pariahs and dealing with them as though they were brainless, soulless and heartless machines, is the true cause of the trouble which disturbs your households. Peace will never come to them until you learn to bring the administration of your homes into harmony with the spirit of this age, and the spirit of your Master, who said, "Honor all men." "Be kindly affectionate one to another, in honor preferring one another." "Give unto servants that which is just and equal." You will have to use your helpers in the future not so much as instruments for the gratification of vulgar vanity and ostentation as you do at present. It will be necessary to recognize in short that they bargain to give their time, labor and skill to you for a certain compensation, and that there the bargain ends. Your bearing to them must be

inspired by exactly the same Christian courtesy and gentleness, and sympathy, and respect, as, strange to say, it has been hitherto expected that they alone should monopolize. It has long been the duty of a servant to see that there be at least one lady in manners in the house—herself; it is now to be her privilege to insist on having a sharer of this dignity—her mistress. The transition into the new order of relationship between helper and helped, will doubtless be an agonising experience to those whose pride will be thus lowered. But "revolutions are not made with rose water." And the revolution is a bitterness to many which is abolishing caste and all its manneances, and vanities and inhumanities, and heathenish degradation of classes and breaches of Christian charity, and insults to the God and Father of us all.

DEEDS OF BLOOD.

THE MURDER CALENDAR OF NEW YORK.

The New York Times publishes a list of the homicides which have been committed in that city in less than two years, giving names and dates in each, and says:—

An analysis of the list shows that 139 cases of homicide appear upon the records since the 1st of January, 1870. In six of these cases the murderers committed suicide immediately after the murder, and there was, of course, an end of these cases. In ten cases the prisoners were discharged by the coroners, as the evidence did not justify holding them for trial. In twelve cases the offence was committed by persons unknown, who have never been discovered; and in two others the assassins, although known, have never been arrested; and in one case the prisoner died of wounds after his arrest. Subtracting these cases, and there are 118 left, which have been sent to the District Attorney for disposition. Of this number one has been sent to the House of Refuge, two to the Lunatic Asylum, and sixty-one have been brought to trial, of which number seventeen have been acquitted and forty-four convicted, but two of the latter have been awarded new trials. Of the others convicted, two have been executed, four sentenced to be hung, but are awaiting the decision of appeals, three have been sentenced to State Prison for life, one for fifteen years, and the others for terms below seven years. In sixteen cases, indictments have never been found; in eleven others the accused have been indicted, but not brought to trial, and three appear to have been discharged on bail after indictment. There now remain sixteen cases of those sent to the District Attorney, in which there is no record whatever, and the fact constitutes the one insoluble problem of the records. All the rest of our murderers have been accounted for in some way, however unsatisfactory, but these sixteen are absolutely missing. They appear upon the Coroner's books as having been sent to the District Attorney, but no trace of them can be found afterward. But this absence of all results is only an aggravation of the offence in the results we have in nearly all the other cases. The rule appears to be established by the judicial record that the taking of human life is to be followed by not more than three years' restraint in State Prison, as even that moderate term will be found to be below the average of the sentences.

These facts are singular as showing why murder is so prevalent in this city. The record now for the first time published proves conclusively, as has long been suspected, that the chances of punishment for the crime are very remote, and that anyone feeling inclined to indulge in homicide is justified in expecting that he will escape with, at the worst, some mere nominal penalty. One of those lawyers who are chiefly engaged on these murder cases, not long since assured a *Times* reporter that he could get almost anyone charged with murder clear of severe penalty, and he admitted that himself and his class were responsible for the numerous homicides, because of the skill and persistence with which they use the technicalities of the law in favor of their clients. It has come to be generally understood among the ruffianly classes that "hanging is played out," and although Reynolds, who first made the phrase notorious, was mistaken as to himself, his case was only an exception to prove a general rule. Nobody of brutal instincts hesitates to commit murder because of fear of the consequence, and the exhibit now made of what becomes of our murderers, shows how fully they have been justified by the facts, and how intimately they are acquainted with the secrets of the administration of justice in this city.

Love is sed to be blind, but I know lots of phellows in love who can see twice as much in their gals as I can."

A Dutch judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided:—"He have punishment plenty; I life mit one."

A WARNING.—Young Lady—"And so Adam was very happy? Now can you tell me what great sorrow fell on him?" Scholar—"Please, miss, he got a wife!"

"Define the difference between experimental philosophy," said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Why, sir," replied the boy, "experimental philosophy is asking you to give us half a holiday, and natural philosophy is you saying, 'don't you wish you may get it?'"

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE, TORONTO TIME

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40	9.50	1.20
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10	6.20	11.30
Paris	0.00	10.25	3.23	7.50	12.57
London	6.45	12.50	5.25	0.00	2.45
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	0.00	5.05
Windsor	4.20	5.15	9.20	0.00	6.45

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Windsor	4.20	7.45	8.25	11.30	7.45
Chatham	6.05	11.20	9.55	1.10	9.10
London	6.00	8.40	0.00	12.35	1.55
Paris	7.40	10.20	0.00	2.10	6.05
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	0.00	3.35	7.35
Sus'n Br	10.55	1.00	p.m.	5.35	9.30

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.10	
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40	p.m.	6.00	9.50

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35	7.40	
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.15	p.m.	5.30	9.30

GRAND TRUNK EAST.

DETROIT TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30	0.00	
Port Huron	9.25	7.00	9.00	0.00	
Sarnia	10.20	0.00	9.45	0.00	
London - Leave	11.20	7.30	a.m.	2.45	p.m.
Stratford - Leave	1.50	0.00	1.25	9.15	
Guelph	3.45	7.30	3.10	11.05	

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto - Arrive	6.00	10.15	5.25	1.05	
Whitby	8.22	0.00	5.37	1.05	
Oshawa	8.00	0.00	7.07	8.55	
Bowmanville	0.00	0.00	7.15	9.07	
Port Hope	9.25	0.00	8.30	10.30	
Cobourg	9.40	0.00	8.55	10.45	
Bellefonte	11.30	0.00	11.15	1.00	

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto - Arrive	3.00	0.00	4.10	5.45	
Prescott Jn	3.35	0.00	4.10	5.45	
Montreal - Arrive	8.00	9.10	9.30	10.30	

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25	1.30	
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00	6.15	
Kingston	4.05	0.00	2.00	4.00	
Cobourg	8.25	0.00	6.15	8.10	
Bowmanville	9.35	0.00	7.35	0.00	
Oshawa	10.00	0.00	8.00	0.00	
Whitby	10.12	0.00	8.12	0.00	
Toronto - Arrive	11.30	0.00	9.30	11.00	

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto - Lve	11.30	3.45	7.30	11.45	5.30
Guelph	1.50	5.28	9.25	1.55	8.35
Stratford	3.30	7.45	12.10	3.45	0.00
London Arrive	0.00	9.10	2.10	p.m.	10.45
Sarnia	6.45	0.00	3.30	7.30	0.0
Port Huron	6.35	11.06	3.30	7.30	0.00
Detroit - Arrive	9.15	4.05	6.05	10.00	0.00

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Moving North. Moving South.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto	7.00	4.00	Collingwood	5.05	4.00
Newmarket	8.50	5.30	Barrie	6.50	5.40
Barrie	10.30	7.35	Newmarket	8.50	7.40
Collingwood	12.20	9.20	Toronto	10.35	9.30

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

GOING NORTH.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto	7.00	4.00	Collingwood	5.05	4.00
Markham	8.50	5.30	Barrie	6.50	5.40
Uxbridge	10.30	7.35	Newmarket	8.50	7.40
Midland Junction	12.20	9.20	Toronto	10.35	9.30

GOING SOUTH.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Midland Junction	7.00	4.00	Collingwood	5.05	4.00
Uxbridge	8.50	5.30	Barrie	6.50	5.40
Markham	10.30	7.35	Newmarket	8.50	7.40
Toronto	12.20	9.20	Toronto	10.35	9.30

ST. LAWRENCE & OTTAWA RAILWAY

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FOUR TRAINS DAILY, MAKING CERTAIN CONNECTIONS WITH GRAND TRUNK R.R. And with the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain, and the Rome and Watertown railways, for New York, Boston, and all points south.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Prescott Wharf, depart	1.15	6.30	4.10	2.00	
Prescott Junction	1.30	6.40	4.20	2.10	
Ottawa arrive	3.50	9.20	6.50	6.15	

Going South.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Ottawa, depart	10.30	12.50	8.10	10.00	
Prescott Junction	12.40	3.40	12.05	3.05	
Prescott Wharf, ar	12.40	12.50	12.15	3.15	

CANADA CENTRAL AND BROCKVILLE AND OTTAWA RAILWAYS.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Leave Brockville	8.30	2.15	3.2		
Leave Ottawa	7.00	10.00	4.20	6.00	
Arrive at Sand Point	12.50	8.00	8.20		
Leave Sand Point	6.00	9.10	3.45		

Connections made at Sand Point with steamers to and from Pembroke, Portage du Fort &c