

"Where was her Aunt?" Uncle wrote that she was at home. When Edith found her all she could say was "Aunt!" She was unprepared for such a great change; but bringing her self-possession to her aid, she hastened to the side of the invalid. It was no more the able and all-potent mistress; there was only the semblance of her former self.

Edith saw that her aunt did not recognize her, for she was greeted with the question "Where are the girls?" Edith and Gladys, my legacies, you know," she added with a simple laugh. "They will soon be here," replied Edith, as she took in the situation, knowing that the patient must be humored. So Gladys was sent for. How happy she was to return to her only and loving friend and sister; for Edith was her very idol. Her heart was filled with a great joy, when the message came for her to return to Maplewood.

"You are quite transformed," said her teacher. How good news changes the countenance.

"Do I look better, Miss Cecil?" Gladys enquired anxiously.

"Decidedly, but why do you ask, my dear?"

"Because Aunt Middleton is so severe. I fancied she did not like my looks, I will be so glad if it makes me more agreeable to her."

"Is your aunt severe to you?" enquired Miss Cecil.

"No! No!" returned Gladys quickly; "but I fancied that she was disappointed. She had never seen either of us before, and I know when she came to our house when papa died, she scarcely noticed me, merely saying with a side glance, 'Is this Gladys?' I always thought it was because I was plain. If it were possible to please her, Edith would be glad too."

But Gladys was doomed to disappointment. Another urgent order hastened her departure, and she was soon at Maplewood. Edith met her on the threshold and Gladys, her own one, was folded in her loving embrace.

"Aunt Sophia is craving to see you, Edith, are you strong enough now?"

"Yes, Edith, I am getting so well I can walk almost anywhere."

"Well, come with me to see her. She is greatly changed." Hand in hand they tripped lightly along the corridor. Gladys smiled as if with terror, when the door was opened, and she saw Aunt Sophia. Not the stately lady she had left, but an invalid wasted, and moaning continually. Nothing comforted her now.

As Edith brought her sister forward, saying "Here is my sister, Gladys, auntie," the sick lady raised herself from her recumbent position, and with an almost majestic wave of the hand ordered "that trade's union bill out of that." All the hopes the sick lady had nursed were thus rudely dashed away.

Edith perceived, though she knew not why, that the sight of Gladys almost saddened her aunt. Her was a new trouble. She herself was compelled to be with the patient continually. No other hand but hers could please the invalid. The confinement to the sick room was very trying, and Gladys must not come there at all. It seemed to poor Edith, very hard to bear.

"Here," said she ruminating one day by her aunt's couch, "Here we are, two lonely girls, as it were, cast on this great busy world, with none to care for us. Hush! beating heart. He has promised to care for the Fatherless. We are not alone, I feel his power; it is ever present to help me. The world is full of beauty, and we must find it. The words of my song are true. I'll not shadow our lives by useless grief. The less of earthly love, the greater the Heavenly."

Though Edith knew it not her ministrations were nearly over. The disease which had baffled the physicians, was gaining ground, and the suffering lady was shortly seized by the Angel of Death.

Edith had truly solved her problem successfully. She had overcome self and selfishness every feeling to help those about her.

A few days since, she had declared herself to be a waif in a great, crowded, careless world. Now, by her kind uncle's wish she was mistress of Maplewood, mistress entire without other control than that of her guardian.

Aunt Middleton's home was soon all light and music. Rippling laughter resounded through the once silent halls. This

atmosphere of joy was all that Gladys needed, and good care soon cured her of any threatened delicacy.

"I can now sing my favorite song" said Edith to her sister one day.

"Joy is reserved for one."

"I have been thinking all day, Gladys, of my dear old teacher and friend, Madame Cordon. I have found the motto on my bookmark which she gave me, a wonderful talisman, 'cast your care upon Him for He careth for you.'"

Yes this was the secret of Edith's solution of the difficult problems that she had to solve. And now as she sat with her arm about her beloved Gladys, she knew that she had been cared for.

When evening drew her curtain about them, and the pleasures of the day were over Uncle Middleton, as he gave them a good night kiss, thanked God fervently for "Aunt Sophia's Legacy."

Speaking in Italics.

In the days when Mr. Barnes was the editor of the *Times*, an Irish member of Parliament waited on him and complained of the reports of his speeches, which appeared in that newspaper.

"What ails them?" inquired Mr. Barnes. The member replied that they were not literal reproductions of the speeches as delivered.

"Oh, if that is all," said Mr. Barnes, "I dare say it can easily be remedied, and I promise you that when you make another speech it shall appear, word for word, as you deliver it."

The member did make another speech, and was horrified when he saw it in the paper, with all its sins of omission and commission on its head. Worst of all, every blunder that he had made was printed in italics. In a state bordering upon frenzy he hurried to the *Times* office, and sought Mr. Barnes, whom he almost overwhelmed with a torrent of abuse.

The editor listened calmly till he had finished, and then said, "What have you to complain of now? We have simply acted according to your own wish, and given a literal report of your speech."

"Bad luck to your impudence!" cried the enraged man, "did I speak in italics?"

Style a Good Thing.

The common herd needs a little of it, intermingled with the plain, make the picture complete. All good clothing and bright colors would grow monotonous if it were not for the tender shades of poverty and simplicity throw into the paths of business and society. To be sure, you get the best touches of human nature from the humble. The poor furnish the best lessons of life. These who struggle for bread or a place in the world teach us the most and tell us the best stories that are written. Culture is too apt to make us liars. Perhaps not in the offensive sense, but in reality. To sit on the wheel of fortune and stop at the stilted marked style and fashion means to appear what we are not and act what we do not believe. To cultivate the graces alone is to be a cheap actor. It is better to be rude, natural and honest than to be polite and insincere.

Persuasive Abduction.

During Sherman's march to the sea, the "Boys in Blue" sometimes resorted to strategic measures to fill the mess-pot. One day a burly soldier attached a strong linen thread to his bayonet; at the other end was a small fish-hook seductively baited. Passing an Irishwoman's cabin, he dropped his hook among a flock of geese and caught a big gander. As he started off on the double-quick, the woman noticed her pet gander rapidly following the retreating soldier, and, not suspecting the cause, came promptly to the rescue with, "Arrah now, me darlint, don't run! Shure the gander won't hurt ye, me honey!" "I know he will! The durnen thing means business!" replied the defender of the flag as he disappeared over a hill with the squawking gander in hot pursuit.

Every human soul has the germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand it.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

No. II.

Egerton Ryerson.

One of the most noteworthy leaders of public thought in Canada, a little before his death in 1882, put on record the "story of my life," a most interesting autobiography, and replete with valuable references to the men and events of the last half century in our country. Of this we propose to give the readers of *TRUTH* some account, always giving credit by quotation marks when we use Dr. Ryerson's own words. "I was born," he tells us, "on the 25th of March, 1803, in the Township of Charlotteville, near the village of Vittoria, in the then London District, near the County of Norfolk." His father was a native of New Jersey, and in the Revolutionary War had sided against Washington and with King George; he served as an officer in one of the Colonial regiments raised at that time to supplement the forces of the regular British army. The elder Ryerson, with his brother Samuel Ryerson (his name had been misspelt in his army commission, and a blunder in so venerable a document was too sacred to be ever corrected) came to Norfolk county, then a trackless wilderness of forest, and settled on the Lake Erie coast between Vittoria and Port Ryerse. The life on these pioneer farms has been graphically described in a memoir by Egerton Ryerson's cousin, the late Mrs. Amelia Harris. It was continuous hard work and rough fare, with few and scant opportunities for education. Egerton seized eagerly on what presented itself. His brother-in-law, Mr. James Mitchell (afterwards Judge Mitchell) "an excellent classical scholar" kept the district school. Egerton was well grounded in grammar which "was of great service to me, and gave me the advantage over other pupils." He had also the inestimable advantage (from the purely literary point of view) of being thoroughly grounded in the Bible. As early as the age of twelve the boy Egerton became deeply impressed with religious ideas, and soon after this came under the influence of Methodist teaching, which shaped his views of religion for his whole life, though, as was natural, they underwent some modification afterwards.

"When I had attained the age of eighteen, the Methodist minister in charge of the circuit which embraced our neighborhood, thought it not compatible with the rules of our church, to allow, as had been done for several years, the privilege of a member without becoming one. I then gave in my name for membership. Information of this was soon communicated to my father, who in the course of a few days said to me: 'Egerton, I understand that you have joined the Methodists: you must either leave them or leave my house.' It is hard at the present day to understand such bigotry on the part of this gallant, and in all ordinary matters, generous veteran officer! Yet in his position, and in the Upper Canada of 1821, what seems to us bigotry was natural enough. Those stern old Tories, the U. E. Loyalists, desired above all things the ascendancy of the church of England as by law established, of which the great and good George III. was head. One of their ablest leaders, Governor John Graves Simcoe advocated the establishment of a State Church in Canada, because that Church favored a distinction of classes, and these opposed Republicanism. The half dozen or so clergy of that church held comfortable positions, with good pay, mostly as chaplains in garrison towns; if they did not evince much zeal and had not the fiery enthusiasm of the Methodist itinerant preacher, at all events they and their church were unmistakably *respectable*, loyal, and favored by His Majesty's Government. No gallant British officer's son should be long to any other religion than that of his most sacred Majesty George, Defender of the Faith. Egerton, however, could not and would not give in; it was to him a matter of life or death; he was strengthened also by his mother's sympathies and prayers. He left his father's house, began a career of self-help as a Master in the London District Grammar school. There he was very successful, and added much to his classical reading, a branch of study for which this eminent educationist always expressed the

highest regard. He also read Blackstone's Commentaries, a good foundation for a writer of political pamphlets. Soon followed reconciliation with his father, who offered him a deed of his farm. But Egerton felt called to higher duties, and in 1825 at Beausville, near Hamilton, preached his first sermon as a Methodist minister.

An important era in Egerton Ryerson's eventful life was that of his active work in the ministry of the Methodist Church of Upper Canada. His first charge was so extensive as to be in truth missionary work; it was what was called the York and Yonge street circuit; comprising the town of York (now Toronto) with many townships of the county of that name. There Mr. Ryerson was brought into intimate contact with those who formed the strongest section of the Reform Party under W. L. Mackenzie in 1837. There too his gift of political pamphlet writing was called forth by the attacks of the Rev. John Strachan (afterwards well known as bishop of his denomination in Toronto) on the Methodists, whom he accused of being secret Republicans and American sympathizers. Ryerson's rejoinders to these calumnies soon gained him the ear of the country, and in the columns of the *Guardian* (1829) his vigorous pen assailed the Clergy Reserves and other abuses of the kind. Besides his regular ministerial work Mr. Ryerson in 1826 and 1827 undertook a mission to an Indian settlement on the Credit River. This was attended with much hardship, the Indians being only partially reclaimed from savagery, and much given to intemperance. But Ryerson threw himself into the good work of conversion with characteristic energy. His diary shows how sanguine he looked forward to the happiest results, such as have too seldom been realized in any Indian mission from the days of the Jesuits until now! In 1827 he was appointed to the extensive Cobourg circuit extending from Bowmanville to Trenton, at the head of the Bay of Quinte, with, of course, "Indian Missions" in addition! In 1842 Egerton Ryerson's clerical career may be said to have closed with his appointment to the very congenial position of Principal of the newly established University of Victoria College at Cobourg. This was in 1842. It was while Principal of Cobourg University that Egerton Ryerson first entered the arena of party politics, as distinguished from semi-religious questions, such as the Clergy Reserves. Lord Metcalfe's government to which Ryerson then gave the support of his powerful pen, was both weak and unpopular, but its head had the ability to discern, and the good sense to reward, the invaluable support given to it by an able political pamphleteer. Ryerson's letters in defence of Metcalfe at once gained the ear of the country. At that time good political writing was in request. It was not then as now, when political writing is ground out daily from the dullest brains in the country into two political "organs," two extinct volcanoes, emitting mere noisome smoke, thin and acrid, with no power in them to convince, annoy, or benefit any mortal! The Metcalfe Government was grateful. At least in those days government was not what it is now, clogged and water-logged by this and that wire-puller or civil servant nowadays, before a government can in the smallest degree reward a public writer who has been of service to his party, and still more to the public, some Mr. Peckaniff of the Ontario Cheese packing department, steps in with his lack-lustre influence to prevent it. The Metcalfe Government had at least the courage of its opinion, they simply rewarded the writer who had saved their existence with the most splendid and lucrative position in their gift; the consequence being that never was public trust more conscientiously or more brilliantly discharged.

In 1844 the Rev. Egerton Ryerson received the appointment of Superintendent of Public Education for Upper Canada, with a liberal salary. Carte blanche on the treasury for tours to England and the continent of Europe, and almost autocratic power. S. Ryerson, single handed, raised the vast edifice of our Public School system. It needed his keen business habits, his strong practical common sense, his personal magnetism, his vigorous presence potent to overbear opposition, to complete so difficult a task. After a labor of twenty years the end crowned the work. Dr. Ryerson retired on full salary in 1870; in 1882, full of well spent years, and well-earned honors, he was laid in the grave amid a vast concourse of mourners.