

the little solid silver tea service, and was anxiously and painfully social. She even had a wild dream of inviting an old bachelor, whom village gossip had always paired off with one of the Lyman girls, and the Doctor's uncle, who was a widower, to spend the evening and have a game of whist. But she did not quite venture upon that, considering it a rather desperate and dangerous remedy, like some on her father's shelves.

Hester read aloud to Letitia the most cheerful and humorous of Lamb's *Essays*, and even *John Gilpin's Ride*, by way of extreme diversion. But Letitia drooped more and more in spite of the unwonted festivity which was to serve as tonic to her flagging spirits. And Hester also grew thin, and Betsey saw that she did.

The baby had been gone six weeks when, one day after dinner, Betsey disappeared. Hester missed her, and supposed she had gone to the store. As time went on, and she did not return, she felt a little anxious and puzzled, since Betsey never went into a neighbor's house. However, she said nothing to Letitia, who was lying upon the sofa. All that afternoon Hester read aloud to her sister, who tried to smile in the proper places.

At six o'clock Betsey had not returned, for Hester had kept a sharp eye on the window as she read. The sisters were in the dusk, Hester had laid down her book and was wondering, with growing alarm what she had better do—whether she had better go to the neighbors or set out in search of Betsey herself. Suddenly she gave a start of relief. "There she is," she cried.

"Who?" asked Letitia, weakly.

"Betsey. She has been gone all the afternoon, and I have been wondering where she was."

"You suppose Mrs. Knowlton treats the baby well, don't you, Hester?" asked Letitia; and she asked her sister the same question many times a day.

"Of course she does. She is one of the best women I ever saw," replied Hester, soothingly.

Suddenly Letitia sat up, and clutched her sister's arm hard. "What's that? What's that?" said she. Hester gasped and looked at her. They both listened.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and Betsey Somerset strode in. She held the wailing baby with a stern clutch across her bosom. She had walked all the way from the North village, four miles, with him, and he had cried all the way. Her brown dress was wet nearly to her knees where it had dipped into the slush of the roads; her face was rigid, but there was an effect from it like a smile—a smile which did not depend upon any action of the muscles. She put the baby forcibly in Hester's lap.

"There," said she. Letitia sprang up from the sofa and threw her arms around Betsey, and wept hysterically upon her shoulder. Betsey stood stiff and straight, her arms hanging at her sides like a soldier. Hester was soothing the baby. "He knows me, I do believe he knows me!" she cried in a rapture.

Betsey disengaged Letitia's clinging hands, and urged her toward the sofa. "You'd better lay down again now," said she.

"You dear, blessed woman!" sobbed Letitia. "I've always thought more of you two than anything else in the world," said Betsey in a slow voice. "I ain't never wanted anything else. I'll go out now, and make his porridge."

Betsey Somerset as she made the porridge saw no reflection of herself in her own thoughts. Her hand slipped as she poured out the boiling milk, and she burned it severely. But she carried in the porridge before she bound it up, that the sisters might not know. She even stood for a moment and watched the baby eat. Then she went back to the kitchen, bound an old linen rag around her hand, and got supper. The fiery smart of a martyr shot through her whole body from her hand, but the triumphant peace of a martyr was in her heart.

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Irish Letter.

DEAR CANADIAN SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

I shall begin this month's letter by telling of a very bright scene I witnessed last Sunday—a "Labor Day" celebration. As a rule, I avoid Sunday celebrations—I do not care for them, but this is one which cannot take place any other day; the laborers must be unemployed in order to take part in it.

We went into town early, and first attended service in Christ's Church Cathedral, then I went to the Alexandra Club, which being in the principal street, (Grafton), the procession must pass on its way from St. Stephen's Green, where the muster took place, to the Phoenix Park, where platforms had been erected to enable the different speakers to speak from above the dense crowds which were expected. My husband went straight to the park, and I waited in town to see this procession. Thirty-six trades took part in it—I counted each as they passed; they were each headed by a carriage, in which the big-wigs of the particular trade sat supporting their huge banner, with the trade's union signs on it, and a picture representing the trade painted in glowing colors. Some of them were very pretty. Each had their band, and as one ceased playing the next in rotation took it up. It was a most orderly, respectable crowd, and quite pleasant to look at. Not so pleasant the news which a little news-vender attracted me by calling out: "Extra Sunday Edition! Attempt to blow up the four courts!" My friend got a paper and we saw that during the night some wretched miscreant had attempted to do so, fortunately failing. This friend went straight to view it for me, and indeed found the news too true. Every pane of glass in the immense building had been shattered; somewhere about sixteen pounds will have to be expended on glass alone before it can be used. Fortunately no lives were lost, or other damage done. It is thought to have been a mild reminder of the Phoenix Park assassinations, which that day was an anniversary of—a kind of gentle "here we are again" business. I should think they meant to do much more harm than they actually succeeded in, because some canisters were found which should have ruined the entire building, had they taken effect. And this word "ruin" brings me to another subject, one which affects my poor purse; I had my best frock ruined one day, or rather one evening, lately. I had been visiting in town, and thought I should enjoy a quiet walk home by the Donnybrook road, when lo! as I came along I met one carriage, then another, then another, and so on, until I found myself literally enveloped in drags, tandems, bugles, coaches, drums, riders, carriages, cornapeons, cars, dust and songs; I never remember feeling more dumbfounded. No gentleman with me, not even a boy, son. When

I got home, no tramp could have looked more dreadful—dust from crown to toe—and I had been rather smartly got up for visiting, which annoyed me all the more. I gave my husband tally-ho for not reminding me of the races, but "he went to them," so draw your own conclusions as to why he did not do so. Men are deceivers ever.

The Lord Lieutenant and suite passed me on this road. I wish he had thought me the tramp which by this time I must have looked, and thrown me his purse; perhaps he had not much in it, tho', returning from Leopardstown. He drove four-in-hand; another carriage followed (with six horses) full of ladies and children. (His sister does the Viceregal honors for him; he is a widower, with three little daughters.) Then a third carriage, with the ladies in attendance, and several tandems. One mail phaeton closed the party, with the exception of the outriders and dragoons in escort. Lord Houghton is a young, clean-looking man—I use this odd word, because it is exactly expresses him; he seems always spic and span, and I have come across him several times. He is a painter, a sculptor, and writes for magazines, as your humble servant does.

I shall tell you of the Kosmos Fete in my next letter. It is going to be a bazaar on a very, very large scale, the proceeds to be applied to the enlargement of the City of Dublin Hospital and endowment of several beds. My daughters are to assist at different stalls—one at the Down stall, which the lovely Countess of Annesly, nee Miss Armitage Moore, is to preside at, the others at the hospital stall. The dresses for the latter are to be nurses' costumes—have you uniform for your hospital nurses in Canada? I think they are sweetly pretty—"fetching," as a young nurse expressed herself regarding them one day to me. We have small dark bonnets, brown green or navy blue, according to hospital; long cloaks same color, dress same, with large snowy apron, body and straps fastening at waist behind; linen collars and long white cuffs, small cap with streamers at back, but when actually attending in sick room they must loop these up, to prevent their catching in or on anything. I think it is refreshing even to look at a good class of nurse—the contained face and firm mouth, which as a rule they all have, and then an expression in the eye (which I at least never have seen except in members of the medical profession and in nurses) crowns all, to me. I admire them more as a body than any other I have ever known; to be sure, there are giddy exceptions, but taken all in all nurses are a grand institution. Good-bye. Ever, your sincere friend,

S. M. STUDDERT-KENNEDY.



A Splinter in His Foot.

There he sits with the splinter. He tries to catch the end with his nails, but they are too short, it will not come. If he leave it it will grow worse, and yet he has not the courage to take his knife and open it up. He is only a boy, not a surgeon yet, and it takes some moral courage. If his mother were only here with her needle he could shut his eyes and let her do it; she wouldn't hurt any more than is necessary, for her hands are rough but very kindly, and would touch him carefully. Like a celebrated minister, who in preaching got a fly in his mouth, and did not know whether to swallow it or let it go and stop his sermon, concluded to do the former, it will be better for our little man to make one determined effort and get the thing out, then he will be on the road to recovery. It's bad enough to get a splinter or a thistle in one's foot, but there are much worse things. An old book, or rather a collection of books bound in one volume, tells us we cannot touch pitch and not be defiled, and also about a disease that eats as doth a gangrene, and also about something which is "as rottenness in the bones." Let us learn our lesson from the splinter, and feel glad it is clean wood in a healthy boy's foot, which in a few days will be all healed, with scarce a scar remaining.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:

Now that the potatoes are planted and the garden seeds sown and roots growing, you have a little leisure to enjoy looking around you. In these long evenings, as you water the flowers and vines and shrubs, you cannot help stopping to see how many yellow crocuses are looking out at you from the front bed, or see once more the tints of the tulips. Then, how smooth the lawn looks since it was raked, and, yes, yonder is a full-blown rose showing among the buds and leaves, breathing out its perfume. June, beautiful, beautiful June, is here once more, and, like some haunting tune or half-forgotten rhyme, brings back memories of long-gone happy days. Alike to mind come the orchards, flower-laden, with the hum of bees and whispering leaves, the wood-flowers shy, the winding stream kissed by the alders and willows; the quiet lake, just rippling on the sandy shore or reflecting in its depths rock and fern and tree. Memories of calm June days, of sunlight and fragrance, of moonlight and sparkling dew-drop, of the whip-poor-will in the twilight. How well it is these come so fresh to mind while the work and worry and care are well-nigh forgotten as memory turns the past over for contemplation; the sunbeams of joy and beauty remain, and the clouds and darkness and discord are forgotten. Amid the memories, however, and rising far above them, are the faces of the friends with whom these things are associated. Alone, among even such beauty, no remembrance of happiness would be left. And this brings me to say, with Pope,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

I have seen how deeply my nephews are interested in that row of trees they set out this spring, and how glad they are to see them coming on so well, rejoicing when the showers water them. I have seen them, too, go into the stable to groom and feed that well-formed, strong-limbed horse, with which, in their eyes, no Arab's steed can compare. I have seen the girls so combining nature and art in arranging their bouquets as to make a pleasing resting-place for even weary eyes. I have seen, too, the spring hats and dresses, "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair." But above all the flowers and the dresses were the girls themselves. Everything fails to reach the human being, and all else seems wasted if it tend not to develop and ennoble the person, be that boy or girl, man or woman, or the infant of a day. Made after God the Creator's image, what a privilege to co-work with Him and make those around us more like Him.

So, my young friends, as you plant and water your trees and flowers, care for your dogs and rabbits and pigeons and hens, just think over these lines:—

"There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow
And flowers of generous virtue blow.
To plant, to watch, to water there,—
This be our duty, this our care."

The words of J. G. Holland's "Gradatim" are familiar to some of you:—

"I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from the common clod,
To the loftier aim and the broader view."

The fact of doing a right act often turns the scale for right through a lifetime. You know how natural it is for each of us to uphold what we have done; if it is wrong we stray, if it is right it throws our whole weight on that side, and once having taken that stand, it is easier to take it again.

I would just like to tell you how small the things are which influence a life. The deep, wide Saskatchewan River starts away up in the Rocky Mountains—a tiny stream, but its volume increases as it journeys, and wide and deep and swift it majestically sweeps on its journey to the sea.

UNCLE TOM.

P. S.—I see some of you are becoming very impatient to see "Our Souvenir Photograph," and I'm not surprised. We have been delayed by a few who were late in sending their photos, but the group will be ready for distribution in a few days now; it is tastefully arranged, and mounted on a card ten by twelve. The only unpleasant part I have in connection with it is, that I must charge each recipient seventy-five cents, as I had to pay \$9 a dozen for getting them reproduced.

Answer to Correspondent.

Have great trouble with dried raspberries and apples getting wormy if kept for any length of time. Can you suggest a cause and remedy? J. S. G.

When your fruit is dried and ready to store away, fill a large tin and set it in the oven and let it get so hot you can scarcely handle it. Be careful in heating not to scorch the fruit. Stir occasionally. Then take out and throw a thin cloth over it to keep flies away until it cools. Then put up in paper bags and tie tightly. It is the fly that deposits its larvæ when the fruit is drying, that causes it to be wormy months after it is stored away, and getting it so hot kills the germ that causes your trouble.