

to enjoy the prospect, or to ramble on the shore.

A stay of a fortnight was made in Chili, visiting Concepcion, Santiago and Valparaiso—the Vale of Paradise, as the Spaniards called it, on account of its lovely scenery. In making a railway trip to the Andes, the author met a young Canadian engineer, to whose intelligence she pays a high compliment. She tells of a plucky English engine-driver who, although the tender had run over his foot, still stuck to his engine till it ran off the track. It was forty-two hours before he could receive surgical aid. One of the saddest sights was the ruins of the church at Santiago, in which two thousand persons, mostly women, were burned to death in 1863. The genuine Panama hats, we learn, are very expensive—the best costing as much as \$340; but they will last forever and wash like a pocket-handkerchief.

On the first of November they began their four weeks' sail of four thousand miles across the lonely Pacific to Tahiti. As they reached Clark's Island, a curious circular coral reef, Lady Brassey was hauled high up the mast, in a "boatswain's chair," to enjoy the prospect. "When I got accustomed," she says, "to the smallness of my seat, the airiness of my perch, and the increased roll of the vessel, I found my position by no means an unpleasant one," especially as "Tom climbed up the rigging and joined me shortly afterward."

Our author fell quite in love with the beautiful South Sea Islands. At first she was a little afraid of the natives. The whole party was armed, and even the ladies carried revolvers, at the first island on which they landed. The recent murder of Commodore Goodenough and of Bishop Patterson were fresh in every mind. But they met with nothing but kindness. The coral growths and fish, sea-weeds and shells were of exquisite brilliance and beauty. Our author purchased a quaint, old-fashioned pet pig, which she called "Agag, because he walked so delicately, but the others named him Beau, on account of his elegant manners." Tahiti seemed a fairy scene:

"Like a summer isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea,"

abounding in the loveliest landscapes and exquisite fruits and flowers. The natives, dressed in bright-coloured robes and crowned with garlands, appeared to enjoy a perpetual holiday. But even this paradise had its drawbacks—cockroaches three inches long and ravenous mosquitoes made life miserable at night. (In Ceylon our author found mosquito-proof rooms, like large meat safes.) The native church was crowded on Sunday with an intelligent congregation, many of whom diligently took notes of the sermon. These, the author found, were the Bible-class, whose pride it was to repeat nearly the whole of the discourse. The hymns were sung with much fervour, and the sacrament was administered with the substitution of bread-fruit and coconut milk for bread and wine. Under missionary influence the exports of the island has risen from £8 400 in 1845, to £102,000 in 1874.

On December 22nd they reached Hawaii, and visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron.

"Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids, and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff a hundred feet high into the sea at its base, as shown in one of our pictures. But alas, many of the natives of this lovely land are lepers, and live in isolation on an island by themselves. A French priest has nobly devoted himself to the religious instruction of those outcasts of mankind, sharing also their irrevocable doom—an act of heroism rarely paralleled in the annals of philanthropy.

On the 4th of January, 1877, the tourists sailed from Honolulu for Japan, a distance of 2700 miles. They reached Yokohama February 2nd, and saw the sunrise behind the snow-covered Fujiyama, or "matchless mountain" of the Japanese. *Jin-riki shas* were summoned, and the wonders of Tokio explored, of which a very graphic account is given. The strange blending of European and Oriental life, costumes, and customs makes Japan one of the most interesting countries in the world. Everything seems reversed; they clothe the cattle, and the men go nearly naked; the carpenter pulls his saw and plane towards him and the tailor thrusts his needle from him. The party visited the great bronze sitting figure of Daibutz, fifty feet high, six hundred years old, on whose thumb a man may sit.

After a visit to Kioto and Osaka, they left with regret the "Sunrise Kingdom." The incorruptible honesty of the Japanese tradesmen is highly commended, as also the beauty and ingenuity of their art and the amiability of the people.

On February 26th they reached Hong Kong, that maze of junks, sampans, and shipping from every port in the world. The pertinacious Chinese so swarmed on the yacht that they had to be dispersed with the cold water hose. The "pidgion English," as spoken by grave merchants, seemed like the silliest of baby talk. "Take piecay mississy one piecay bag top side" seems as hard to understand as "Take the lady's bag upstairs;" but it is easier to a Chinaman's intellect. The crowded towns, the vile odours, disgusting cuisine, squalor, and the seething mass of humanity of the mis-called Flowery Empire, were very distasteful after the neatness and even elegance of Japanese life. A strange superstition is that of sending home for burial the bones of Chinese who have died abroad. Frequently a ship-load of 1,600 bodies arrives. The passage of a live Chinaman costs \$40, as against \$160 for that of his dead body.

Leaving Hong Kong, the *Sunbeam* sailed through the Straits of Malacca, stopping at Singapore and Penang. The passage of the Straits was delightful. The beautiful bright birds and flowers, the snowy turbans, gay silks, and bronze forms of the natives, and

the luscious tropical fruits were full of novelty and attraction.

Long before they reached it the travellers could distinctly smell the "spicy breezes" of Ceylon. The scarlet cranes, crimson-tipped cinnamon trees, purple sunsets, and brilliant gems, all seemed to glow with tropical sunlight. The Cingaleso gem-sellers are sad rogues. They will ask a thousand rupees for a paste gem for which they will take fourpence.

Leaving Colombo, April 5th, in ten days the *Sunbeam* reached Aden, the "hottest place on earth," and, after ten days beating about in the Red Sea, reached Suez on the 25th. The weather became rapidly cool, furs were in request, and the ladies were busy making flannel jackets for their monkeys, who pined for their sunny Southern homes.

While the yacht passed through the canal, the party went by rail to Cairo and the Pyramids, rejoining it at Alexandria. Rapidly steaming up the Mediterranean, they stopped at Malta, and received a visit from H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who had made almost the same cruise in the *Galatea*. After stopping at Gibraltar and Lisbon, and getting a good tossing about in the Bay of Biscay, our tourists at last sighted Old England with rapturous hearts, and reached Hastings, May 25th, after an absence of nearly eleven months. During this time they had travelled 35,375 miles, of which 20,396 was made by sail alone, not over 350 tons of coal being used during the voyage of forty-six weeks.

The trip was a most enjoyable one, though not without sundry mishaps. More than once the head gear was carried away and heavy seas deluged the cabin. Twice the ship caught fire, to the great consternation of the passengers, but the use of chemical *extincteurs* promptly extinguished the flames. The small-pox broke out in the fore-castle, causing much anxiety, but providentially no life was lost during the entire voyage. The narrative is one of great interest, and conveys in pleasant form much valuable information about out-of-the-way places and people. It will prove one of the great attractions of the *Methodist Magazine* for the coming year, as month after month the reader will follow the accomplished authoress through her many strange experiences. The 118 graphic engravings will add greatly to the interest of the narrative.

#### DANGER EQUALLY SHARED.

A FRENCH officer, General Cherin, was once conducting a detachment through a deep and dangerous glen. Seeing that his men rather flagged, he spoke to them encouragingly, counselling them to bear the fatigues of the march patiently. A soldier near him muttered angrily, "It is all very well for you to talk of patience—you who are mounted on a fine horse; but for us poor wretches it is a different matter." The quick ear of the general heard the words; perhaps the narrow anks that hemmed in the road, concentrating the sound, conveyed them. He felt that it was unjust that his men should think he would not willingly share all their dangers, so he reined in his horse at once and, dismounting, said to the murmuring soldier, "Here, take my place awhile." Scarcely had the latter

mounted, his face covered with confusion, when a shot from the adjacent heights struck the poor fellow, and he fell badly wounded. The general turned to his troop and said, as some were told off to carry their comrade, "You see, my men, that the most elevated place is not the least dangerous." Life is in this like a battlefield, and it should make the lowly contented with their lot. The most elevated places are by no means the least dangerous.

#### THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

IN the best chamber of the house,  
Shut up in dim uncertain light,  
There stood an antique chest of drawers,  
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.  
One morn, a woman frail and gray  
Stepped tottlingly across the floor:  
"Let in," said she, "the light of day;  
Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer!"

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,  
Kneelt down with eager, curious face;  
Perchance the dreamt of Indian silks,  
Of jewels, and of rare old lace.  
But when the summer sunshine fell  
Upon the treasures hoarded there,  
The tears rushed to her tender eyes;  
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

"Dear Grandmamma" she softly sighed,  
Lifting a withered rose and palm;  
But on the elder face was naught  
But sweet content and peaceful calm.  
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed  
Upon a baby's half-worn shoe;  
A little frock of finest lawn—  
A hat with tiny bows of blue;

A ball, made fifty years ago;  
A little glove; a tassled cap;  
A half-done, long-division sum;  
Some school-books fastened with a strap.  
She touched them all with trembling lips;  
"How much," she said, "the heart can  
bear!  
Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die  
The day that first I laid them there.

"But now it seems so good to know  
That all throughout these weary years  
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,  
Their eyes have been unstained by tears!  
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight,  
When earthly love is almost o'er;  
Those children wait me in the skies,  
For whom I locked that sacred drawer."  
—Mary A. Barr.

#### MOTHER'S TURN.

IT is mother's turn to be taken care of now." The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon, but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence.

Girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which, for years, they have patiently borne.