

oilla brought me here, Priscilla and these children;" and she drew Lilly closely to her side, as though she could not let her go.

"How did they know it was you?" demanded the wondering Alice.

"They didn't. If they had I should never have come." Then the story was told, and Alice, with happy tears, kissed first one then the other of her darlings; Miss Marcia kissed them too.

"I am lonely and wretched," she confessed. "Since Priscilla died, it has seemed as if I could not endure my life any longer. She asked me to forgive you, Alice, when she was dying, and, if she knows about it, it will make her gladder yet, wherever she is. You must all come and live with me, you and these dear children; yes, and Wallace, too," answering the unspoken question in Alice's eyes. "There's plenty of room in the old house, and I haven't many years left, perhaps, in which to make up for my long harshness. I must have you all."

So a new day of peace and forgiveness dawned on the withered heart and the empty home; and Alice, as she bent that night over the sleep of her little girls, murmured, with a smile which was half tears: "My angels, my own darlings, if it had not been for your tender thought of a stranger's grave, this had never come to us. Blessed are the peacemakers. Ah! my little peacemakers, may you be blessed indeed."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

"DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH."

The speech that day doth utter, and the night,
Full oft to mortal ears it hath no sound.
Dull are our eyes to read, upon the ground,
What's written there; and stars are hid by light.
So, when the dark doth fall, awhile our sight
Kens the unwonted orbs that circle round,
Then quick in sleep our human sense is bound,—
Speechless for us the starry heavens and bright.
But, when the day doth close, there is one word
That's writ amid the sunset's golden embers,
And one at morn; by them our minds are stirred:
Splendour of Dawn—and evening that remem-
bers—

These are the rhymes of God; thus, line on line,
Our hearts are moved to thoughts that are divine.

—R. W. G., in the *November Century*.

THE TRUE ROMANCE OF POCAHONTAS.

From her first meeting with Smith she became devotedly attached to the English, and rendered the settlers many services. She often secured supplies for them, and indeed seems to have haunted the fort, utterly naked as she was, after the manner of little girls among her people, who wore no clothes and showed no modesty until they were twelve or thirteen years of age, at which time they put on a deerskin apron, and were very careful not to be seen without it. The agile little barbarian would persuade the English lads to make wheels of themselves by turning upon their hands and feet, whereupon she would follow them, wheeling as they did, all through the fort.

Her real name was Matoax; but, by order of Powhatan, this was carefully concealed from the whites, lest by their supernatural enchantments they should work her some harm. When Richard Wyffin was sent from Jamestown to apprise the endangered Captain Smith, environed by foes among Powhatan's people, of the death of his deputy, Mr. Scrivener and his ten companions, by drowning, Pocahontas hid him, misdirected those who sought him, and, by extraordinary bribes and manoeuvres, brought him safely to Smith, after three days' travel in the midst of extreme peril. So, also, when Ratcliffe was cut off with thirty men, she saved the lad Spilman, who was then living with Powhatan, and sent him to the Potomacs. But the most touching story of all precedes, in order of time, the other two. In the same difficult adventure among Powhatan's people, in which Captain Smith was engaged when Scrivener was drowned, the treacherous chief had arranged to surprise Smith at supper, and cut off the whole party, when Pocahontas, the "dearest jewel and daughter" of the aged chief, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods" to warn the captain of Powhatan's design. Captain Smith offered to repay her kindness with such trinkets as the heart of an Indian maiden delights in; "but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for, if Powhatan should know it, she were

but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

In 1613 Pocahontas was among the Potomac Indians. Captain Argall, a man of much shrewdness and executive force, but infamous for his dishonest practices, happened to be trading in the river at that time. He quickly saw the advantage the English would gain in negotiations with Powhatan for the return of the white prisoners held by him, if he could secure so valuable a hostage as the chief's daughter. With a copper kettle he bribed Japazaws, the chief with whom she was staying, to entice her on board the vessel, where he detained her, much to the sorrow of the daughter of the wilderness, whose life hitherto had been as free as that of the wild creatures of the woods. To Jamestown, where she had frolicked as a child, and whither she had so often come as a friend with food, she was now carried as an enemy and a prisoner. She had refused to enter the town since the departure of Captain Smith.

This transaction, not very creditable to the gratitude of the English, accomplished its purpose in causing Powhatan to return the white men held in slavery by him, with the least useful of the stolen arms. But he still contrived to evade some of the demands of the English, who therefore retained his daughter until the affair took a new turn. John Rolfe, who seems to have been a widower, became enamoured of Pocahontas, now growing to womanhood, and wrote a formal letter to Sir Thomas Dale, proposing to convert her to Christianity and marry her, which pleased the governor, as tending to promote peace with the Indians, and was likewise acceptable to Powhatan. The chief sent an old uncle of Pocahontas and two of her brothers to witness the marriage.

This marriage brought about peace during the life of Powhatan, who, on one occasion at least, sent a present of buckskins to his daughter and her husband. A free intermingling of the two races took place, and Englishmen were accustomed to hire Indians to live in their houses and hunt for them. This amity lasted eight years.

In 1616, more than two years after their marriage, Rolfe and Pocahontas went to England with Sir Thomas Dale. Powhatan sent some Indians with his daughter, one of whom was commissioned to count the number of the English. The arrival of the Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called after her baptism, produced a great sensation. She was received by the king and many distinguished people, went to see a play, and, by the help of her naturally quick wit, bore herself very well. But it became necessary to desist from calling her the wife of John Rolfe, for the king was very jealous, and it was seriously debated in the privy council, whether, by marrying the daughter of a foreign potentate without the king's consent Rolfe had not committed treason.

The climate of London, and perhaps also the congenial habits of civilization, affected Pocahontas very unfavourably, and she was taken to Brentford, where Smith, then busy with his preparations to sail for New England, visited her. In the successful efforts of Rolfe and others to win her to the Christian faith and to marriage, they had not scrupled to deceive her, by telling her that Captain Smith was dead, probably because they knew she would not marry another white man while she believed that great warrior alive. When, therefore, she saw the "brave" who had been the object of her maidenly admiration, she turned her face away and refused to speak for the space of two or three hours. When she did, it was to claim the privilege of calling him father, which Smith granted only after importunity, afraid, perhaps, of incurring the king's displeasure. Pocahontas went to Gravesend to take ship for her return to America, much against her will, for she had become weaned from her savage life and greatly attached to the English. At Gravesend she died of smallpox three years after her marriage, leaving one son, from whom some of the most prominent Virginia families trace their descent.—*From the Century.*

THE STORY OF CHUB.

Everybody about the depot knew Chub, the basket boy, for he was always limping through the rooms crying, "Apples! Peanuts—peanuts—ten cents a quart! Apples—two for a penny! Right this way, Mister, for your fresh-baked peanuts and ripe red apples!"

Where Chub came from, or to whom he belonged, was a mystery. He was always at his post from early morning till nine at night. Then he would disappear, but only to return punctually the next day.

He wasn't at all communicative and said but little to any one in the way of conversation. Yet everybody liked him; his pale face and withered limb were sure to appeal to their sympathies. I used to like him myself, and it always pleased me to see him get a good day's custom.

But it's over a year now since Chub sold apples and peanuts at our depot, and I miss him yet. There is a real lonesome place over in the corner; here he used to sit and eat his lunch at noontime. It was his favourite seat, and it never seems filled now.

I often hear our agents and Simons remark when they glance in that direction: "It seems kind o' lonesome not to see Chub around."

I remember as if it were yesterday, the lady coming in leading that little witch with a blue silk bonnet crowning her curls. It was the sweetest baby I ever saw. As she ran about the depot laughing and singing she happened to espy Chub limping his rounds. She ran right up to him, and putting out her tiny hand touched his crutch.

"Oh, oo poor 'ame boy," she cooed, "I'se dot a tis' for oo."

Chub's face fairly glowed with delight as he bent his head to receive the kiss from the rosebud lips. He reached her a handful of peanuts, which she took and placed in her little sack pocket.

"Ise love oo, poor 'ame boy," she said, softly, "tause oo was dood to me."

"Come here, Birdie," called the lady.

"No, mamma, no! Ise doing with poor 'ame boy," she said resolutely, sticking close to Chub.

But the lady came and took her away, and Chub hobbled into the other room.

The lady was busy with her book and didn't notice her child slip out, but I did, and every now and then caught stray glimpses of the little figure as she ran up and down the platform.

By and by we heard a whistle. 'Twas the fast mail going up, but it don't stop. I thought of the baby and so did her mother.

"Birdie," she called, but no Birdie answered. Just then I glanced out, and there stood the little one in the silk bonnet right upon the track.

I fairly stopped breathing from very terror. The mother ran forward shrieking. "Will no one save her? Will no one save her?"

"Yes," shouted a voice. I saw Chub limp wildly out and snatch the little form from its perilous position, and throw it on one side just as the train thundered by.

The baby was saved; but upon the track was a crushed and mangled form. They lifted him sadly, and laying him down upon one of the seats, went for help.

It was too late; for he only opened his eyes once and whispered, "Is she safe?"

They brought her to him, but he did not heed. She stroked the still, white face with her tiny hands, and cooed in sweet baby fashion as she looked around upon the crowd:

"Poor 'ame boy done fast seep! done fast seep!" —*Detroit Commercial Advertiser.*

JENNY LIND'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Once at Stockholm Jenny Lind was requested to sing on the Sabbath, at the King's palace, on the occasion of some great festival. She refused; and the King called personally upon her—in itself a high honour—and as her sovereign commanded her attendance. Her reply was—"There is a higher King, sire, to whom I owe my first allegiance." And she refused to be present.

In 1873 Brazil had 333,201 slaves. On June 30th, 1882, their number was 147,168.

The enormous sum of \$202,000,000 is invested in the submarine cables of the world, supposed to aggregate 64,000 miles in length.

On December 13th Mr. Gladstone will have been fifty years in Parliament. What a busy life the British Premier has lived as politician, author, and citizen.

The Committee of the British House of Commons who have been considering the case of Gray, have affirmed that Judge Lawson acted within his jurisdiction in imprisoning Gray.