

had she not continued mistress of her son's house and establishment during his minority.

"La petite Madelaine" (as, being the latest born, she was long called by her family and friends) opened her eyes upon this mortal scene but a week before her father was carried to his grave, and never was poor babe so coldly welcomed under circumstances that should have made her doubly an object of tenderness.

"Petite malheureuse! je me serais bien passée de toi," was the maternal salutation, when her new-born daughter was first presented to Madame du Résnel—a cold-hearted, strong-minded woman, more absorbed in the change about to be operated in her own situation by her approaching widowhood, than by her impending bereavement of a most excellent and tender husband. But one precious legacy was in reserve for the forlorn infant. She was clasped to the heart of her dying father—his blessing was breathed over her, and his last tears fell on her innocent, unconscious face. "Mon enfant! tu ne connaîtra jamais ton père, mais il veillera sur toi," were the tender, emphatic words with which he resigned her to the arms of the old servant, who failed not to repeat them to her little charge when she was old enough to comprehend their affecting purport. And well and holily did la petite Madelaine treasure that saying in her heart of hearts; and early reason had the poor child to fly for comfort to that secret source. Madame du Résnel could not be accused of over-indulgence to any of her children—least of all to the poor little one whom she looked on from the first almost as an intruder; but she felt maternal pride in the resemblance already visible in her elder daughters to her own fine form and handsome features,—while la petite Madelaine, a small creature from her birth, though delicately and perfectly proportioned—fair and blue-eyed, and meek-looking as innocence itself, but without one feature in her face that could be called handsome, had the additional misfortune, when about five years old, to be marked—though not seamed—by the small-pox, from which cruel disease her life escaped almost miraculously.

"Qu'elle est affreuse!" was the mother's tender exclamation at the first full view of her restored child's disfigured face. Those words, young as she was, went to the poor child's heart, that swelled so to bursting, it might have broken, (who knows?) but for her hoarded comfort: and she sobbed herself to sleep that night, over and over again repeating to herself, "Mon papa veille sur moi."

If there be much truth in that poetical axiom,

"A favourite has no friend,"

it is at least as frequently evident, that even in domestic circles the degree of favour shown by the head of the household to any individual member too often regulates the general tone of consideration; and that even among the urchins of the family, an instinctive perception is never wanting, of how far, and over whom, they may tyrannise with impunity.

No creature in whose nature was a spark of human feeling could tyrannise over la petite Madelaine,—she was so gentle, so loving (when she dared show her love) so perfectly tractable and unoffending; but in the Chateau du Résnel no one could have passed two whole days without perceiving she was no favourite, except with one old servant—the same who had placed her in her dying father's arms, and recorded for her his last precious benediction—and with her little brother, who always avowed to those most in his confidence, and to Madelaine herself, when her tears flowed for some short, sharp sorrow, that when he was a man, "toutes ces demoiselles"—meaning his elder sisters and monitresses—should go and live away where they pleased, and leave him and la petite Madelaine to keep house together.

Except from these two, any one would have observed that there were "shortcomings" towards her, "shortcomings" of tenderness from the superiors of the household—"shortcomings" of observances from the menials; anything was good enough for Madelaine—any time was time enough for Madelaine. She had to finish wearing out all her sisters' old frocks and wardrobes in general, to eat the crumb of the loaf they had pared the crust from, and to be satisfied with half a portion of soupe au lait, if they had chosen to take double allowance; and, blessedly for la petite Madelaine, it was her nature to be satisfied with everything not embittered by marked and intentional unkindness. It was her nature to sacrifice itself for others. Might that sacrifice have been repaid by a return of love, her little heart would have overflowed with happiness. As it was, she had not yet learnt to reason upon the want of sympathy; she felt without analysing. She was not harshly treated,—was seldom found fault with, though far more rarely commended,—was admitted to share in her sisters' sports, with the proviso that she had no choice in them,—old Jeannette and le petite frère Armand loved her dearly; so did Roland, her father's old faithful hound,—and on the whole, la petite Madelaine was a happy little girl.

And happier she was, a thousand times happier, than her cousin Adrienne—than Adrienne de St. Hilaire, the spoilt child of fortune and of her doting parents, who lived but in her and for her, exhausting all the ingenuity of love, and all the resources of wealth, in vain endeavours to perfect the felicity of their beautiful but heartless idol.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SAUCE.

Among the earlier missionaries to India were the Rev. Mr. McC. and wife. Although they did not succeed in making many converts, they secured the respect and strong regard of the people, who received their instructions with great interest and attention. During the disturbances, when the whole district was in revolt and the English were obliged to flee to the cities, the missionary was left undisturbed and unmolested.

But while they escaped the dangers incident to war and rebellion, they fell among the first victims to the cholera. Both the missionary and his wife died, within a few hours of each other. The wife survived her husband a short time, and on her deathbed commended her two children, named Lilla and Edward, to the care of a faithful ayah who had nursed the children from infancy.

The children were taken to some friends in Calcutta, who immediately sent them under charge of the ayah to Scotland. They arrived safely in Glasgow, and went immediately to their relations, but their helpless condition failed to awaken sympathy and they were received with more coldness than in Calcutta. Indignant at this, the faithful ayah removed to Paisley with her charge. Here, although among strangers, she received great kindness both for herself and the children. One mode of gaining money was making a chutney sauce, which was

sold in pots and cups. This sauce became a great favourite with all classes. The fat alderman used it with his dainty meats and the poor labourer seasoned his cold cut and collops with it. The sauce was called *Lilla and Edward's Sauce*, because it was through the sale of the sauce the ayah supported the two children and gave them an excellent education. This sauce was afterwards prepared from the same formula by a Glasgow house, and now has a world-wide reputation.

The faithful ayah recently died, leaving to Lilla and Edward, now grown to maturity, an ample fortune, realized from the sale of this chutney.

MUSICAL.

SIR,—I am glad to see that you have opened a musical department in your paper, also that you are alive to the wants of our musical public, as evidenced by your remarks on the concert of the Philharmonic Society. Both in England and the United States every city of importance has a large public hall where first-class concerts, lectures, organ recitals, &c., may be given; but in this respect, as in many others, we are far behind our neighbours, and it is high time for us to rouse ourselves from our lethargy and see what we can do to advance our city, and place within the reach of our children pure and healthy entertainments instead of the disreputable exhibitions which have of late disgraced Montreal.

As a contrast to the unsatisfactory state of things here, I send you the following extract from the *Chicago Tribune* with reference to the inauguration of the Cincinnati Music Hall by a Musical Festival:—

"The impulse given to business during the week was very great, and many thousands of dollars were left in the city by the great crowds who came from abroad. The hotel capacity was insufficient to accommodate the strangers, although people were packed together like sardines, and the parlors and ordinaries were filled with cots. The railroads and river packets were crowded. The street cars were overloaded. The stores were crowded. Thousands of people flocked to the great beer-halls on the ridge of the hills. The Loan Exhibition was continually crowded, likewise every other place of entertainment in the city. For a whole week one object seemed to animate everyone—to hear music and to spend money, and at the end of the week Cincinnati was much richer than at the beginning.

"Now that the Festival over, Cincinnati finds herself in possession of the largest and finest hall in the country, which has no debt attached to it, and is exempt from taxation. It contains not only the large hall, with its organ, adapted it to musical festivals, but a smaller hall also, which is suited for lectures and chamber concerts, and numerous ante-rooms, committee-rooms, a magnificent rotunda, 112 by 75 feet, and immense corridors on each side of the building, where thousands of people can promenade comfortably. Such a building as this, so superbly appointed in every particular and so perfectly adapted to the requisites of large gatherings, will be likely to make Cincinnati the locality of all important political, religious, scientific and social conventions. There is not a city in the country that can offer such an inducement. If its hotels were as well kept as those of other large cities, it could be almost useless for any other place to compete with her."

Judging from these remarks, Cincinnati would be a sort of terrestrial paradise if it only had what we have, viz., a first-class hotel. What a pity we cannot amalgamate the two cities, or, better still (at least more feasible), build a Music Hall. For many years the great need of our city was a properly appointed hotel; that want has been supplied by the enterprise of our citizens, and is already beginning to bear fruit. A music hall, though almost as great an acquisition to the city, would not cost nearly as much to build, and would probably pay for itself in a short time if properly managed.

I would estimate the concert-going community at 10,000. Let each give five dollars and the thing could be done at once. The building (as in Cincinnati) could be handed over to a committee or musical association, and the money derived from concerts be expended in bringing to our city such singers as Miss Thursby, Mrs. Osgood, or Mr. Whitney; then, with such an admirable body of singers as we have for a chorus, we might be able to give concerts equal to those given in any city of a similar size in England or elsewhere. To show my personal willingness to assist in this undertaking, I beg you will hand the Treasurer of the Philharmonic Society five dollars (enclosed), hoping that a sufficient number may be found willing to contribute such a trifling sum for so worthy an object.

EXETER HALL.

On Thursday evening, the 13th instant, Dr. Davies gave another Organ Recital at Emmanuel Church, Montreal, which was if possible even more attractive than the previous one. The taste displayed in the rendering of some of Haydn's masterpieces was very good, and in fact such as was to be expected from the performers.

At Zion Church, Montreal, on Thursday the 14th instant, one of those pleasant evenings was passed, when the material and mental appetites were feasted by a "strawberry festival" and a carefully selected programme of music and recitations, headed by addresses given by the Pastor and the Rev. Mr. Roy. Whether the strawberries helped to make the music nice, or the music gave zest to the appetite for the strawberries or not; at any rate, a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent.

Kellogg spends the summer in Europe.

Marie Roze will pass her vacation in England.

Cary will rusticate at her summer home in Durham, Maine.

An exchange says: "Di Murska is still the same wonderful artist that she always was; she sings the gymnastic style of music with the same flexibility of voice, coldness and apparent ease as ever."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ON THE TREK IN THE TRANSVAAL. By Harriet A. Roche. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. pp. 367.

This book, which has already gone through three editions, will be of interest to Canadians because its author is well known in Canada and was formerly a resident of this city and of Ottawa; indeed, like all who have resided here, she seems ever loyal to Canada, for allusions to "dear old Canada" often occur. The snow and cold remind her of our winter. If she meets Sir Garnet Wolseley at his grand ball at Maritzburg, it is of Canadian friends they converse. The picture given of the transport from Natal to the Transvaal would make one contented with roughing it in the backwoods of Canada. The mode of locomotion in South Africa is not quite equal to the G. T. R., nor even to the cariole on the ice. The history of the journey of six hundred miles to the Transvaal is one continuous series of disasters. The means of transport is with carts or waggons drawn by from six to ten yoke of oxen or by a team of six horses. The roads are not macadamized, but are generally full of water, or boulders, or mud, and seem a constant succession of up hill and down dale. The hotels are not equal to our Windsor; the floors are generally of earth covered with carpets or rugs; what the servants have omitted to steal, the cockroaches (as big as very small mice) eat up, and the ants devour the rest, not forgetting the wood or even the timber of the house. What with heat and cold and want of preparation for either in South Africa, Canada, without the ostrich farms, the diamond fields and gold diggings, is a very good place to live in. The book, without giving much insight into the trade and commerce, the society and institutions, the religion or politics of South Africa, is nevertheless entertaining, and is written in a sprightly style, and gives an exact picture of what it pretends to do, namely, to give an account of "The Trek in the Transvaal." We may add that the book received very flattering notices from the *Educational Times*, the *Colonial News* and other English journals.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA is now issuing Policies and Permits for Travel, covering all accidents by land or water—fatal or non-fatal—at the same rate which had hitherto been charged for insurances covering accidental death only when beyond the limits of Canada. An Insurance of \$5,000 if killed, or \$25 a week if injured, for a three months' trip to Europe, costs now only \$25 in this Company. The Head Office at 103 St. Francois Xavier Street.—EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.—Adv.