

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1876.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand.
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design
The fathers spoke that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain.
To grace our festival time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in trace,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never brought nor sold!

Oh, make Thine us, through centuries long
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

This Hymn, with the music, was furnished exclusively to the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* from which we extract it.

HARRY WINSOME.

HOW HE WON HIS EPAULETS.

I.
LIFE IN THE GUN-ROOM.
(Concluded from our last.)

Harry didn't search his Bible to find the proverbial five-pound note, but he searched it to find something far better, mufi as he was; and night and morning he knelt by the side of his sea-chest, and he never felt a bit the worse for it.

Harry had been at sea for three years, and every day of those three years Hicks had had his rum; but one day poor Williams was so ill that he could hardly stand erect, and Harry did not hesitate to give him the rum that day.

Crash! That was a blow, and Hicks was the giver, and poor Harry lay stunned and bleeding upon the deck.

But that same evening, on the orlop-deck, Harry took off his jacket, which Lazy Lawson held, and told Hicks to stand up like a man.

I don't describe the fight. Suffice it to say that next day Hicks had to go on the sick list, and he couldn't appear on duty for a whole week. But nobody pitied Hicks.

And Harry's life in the gun-room was more pleasant after that.

II.

AT LAST.

When three years had passed away—and, oh, how quickly years do fly in the navy!—Harry felt he liked the service. When five years had come and gone he positively loved it, and wouldn't have changed places with a lord on shore. All this time Harry had never once been home, for when one commission was done he had volunteered for a second in the same station; and not only he, but his dearest friend, Lazy Lawson, and his faithful servant, Dan Williams, had all managed to effect an exchange into the corvette *Vengeance*, just newly out from England. Harry was soon senior midshipman on that ship, and ere very long junior sub-lieutenant.

You would hardly have known Harry Winsome now. He was no longer the little bashful boy, who rode on board his first ship on top of his sea-chest, but a tall and handsome young man—still a quiet-looking, and with a cast of care in his countenance, but with fair irrepressible hair that curled over his well-bronzed brow, and an eye that never failed to look you in the face.

"Heigho!" said Harry to his friend and chum one Sunday morning; "I wonder if there will ever be any fighting to give fellow a chance to win his epaulets."

"Epaulets, indeed!" replied Lawson, who was still a midny; "I only wish I could win my scales and stripes, let alone epaulets. But I suppose I shall never be anything but Lazy Lawson. I envy you, Harry. How the dickens do you manage it?"

"I just keep pegging away," said Harry. "Mind, I'm not jealous, Harry, but somehow I envy you."

"Why don't you keep pegging away as I do?" asked Harry simply.

"Oh, hang work and grinding!" said Lawson; "I can't do it, and there's an end. Besides, there's luck, you know. The skipper never fell into the hands of the natives, and gave me a chance of saving his life. And I happened to be on leave when the ship was on fire. Williams told me, though, it was quite a sight to see you, all black and grimy, scuttling the decks with the carpenter's axe. But—by gum, Harry! I'll never forget the day you jumped overboard, in half a gale of wind, after poor Joe Emmett. It was so funny; because, when I saw you come up

and the broken water all round you frothy and bloody, I made sure the shark had you instead of Joe; and you only brought up one-half of poor Joe after all—that was funny. Oh! you're a lucky, lucky beggar, Harry!"

"And so would you be, Lawson, if you would only just make up your mind to keep peg—"

"Strange sail on the lee bow, sir!"—this in stentorian tones from the man at the mast-head.

It was a sight to see the bright gleam that now shone from Harry's eye, and illuminated his whole face; it was a sight to see the alacrity with which, glass in hand, he shinned up the rigging; and it was a sight to see poor little Lazy Lawson stick his hands deep into his peg-top trousers-pockets, and gaze upwards after him.

"Lucky, lucky beggar!" said Lawson.

Harry came down as quickly as he had gone up, went below, and entered the commander's cabin. Shortly afterwards, the order was passed to let the men have dinner half an hour sooner; and even a novice could have told, from observing the unusually beaming faces of both men and officers, that something more than usual was in the wind. The ship was kept away a few points in the direction of the strange vessel, which in less than an hour could be seen from deck—a large three-masted ship, under every stitch of canvas she could carry and keeping well in toward the land.

The *Vengeance* rose and fell on the long smooth rollers of the Indian Ocean. Which of us has not seen or read of the beauty of this romantic sea; of its bright pellucid waters, beneath whose depths are spread gardens of marine flowers, or colors as bright as the hues of the rainbow; of the little cordilline isles that dot its surface, green-fringed with waving palm-trees; of its blue skies, flecked with fleecy cloudlets; of the strange sails that, birdlike, skim over its waters; and of the peace that seems to hang forever around it? For ever! Nay, not forever, for at night, when all is quiet, you can hear the cry of the tortured slave in the dark woods that line its shores; down among the flowers lurks the dreaded shark, the scorpion dwells on the coral islands, those strange sails are often pirates, and at times the cyclone careers across its waters, and many a gallant ship and many a brave sailor lie beneath its waves.

It was the rainy season. Instead of the bright blue sky usual in these latitudes, the sky was overcast and of leaden hue, the forked lightning played incessantly on the surface of the water, while any wind there was came in sudden gusts and wild, and had hardly come till it was gone again.

The *Vengeance* was in chase, and every eye on board was strained watching the great three-masted, still a long way ahead of them, for, although the *Vengeance* gained upon her in the hull, with every squall the strange ship seemed positively to fly over the waters.

When, after a short twilight, night fell, dark and lowering, the *Vengeance* was still a long way astern, and the chase seemed all but lost. Down in the captain's cabin a council of war was held, at which Harry was the youngest officer. Jooma, the dark-skinned Arab interpreter, was talking as he entered.

"I tell you what, sar," he was saying excitedly, "you wrong! Dat ship not go farder south; she cross the bar to-night, land slaves to barracoen; and then clear ship for the inspection of British officers!" And Jooma bowed low, in mock ceremony, to his audience.

"Well, after all, captain," said the navigating-lieutenant, "I think old Jooma is right. He talks like a book, and we are right off the Rangoona bar even now."

"Then, by heavens!" cried the captain, "where she goes my boats can follow."

"Hurrah to that, sar!" said Jooma.

"But, mind," continued the captain, "old friend as you are, Jooma, I'll hang you if you've deceived us!"

"Jooma live a long time yet, sar," said the Arab.

It was midnight when the *Vengeance* ceased to steam, and cast anchor outside the Rangoona River in five fathoms water. Midnight, and intensely dark. Five boats were called away, yet it seemed like madness to attempt to cross that dreaded bar to-night, where the rollers ran mountains high, and broke in foam on every side. "Whatever a man dares he can do," was the motto of Captain Cameron, of H. M. S. *Vengeance*. Jooma's boat went first, the rest following in Indian file, and all that even Jooma had to guide him was the constant tumbling in the Indian village and the occasional quivering shriek of an Arab sentry. The boats are among the breakers. Jooma's light, like a guiding-star, is on ahead—now seen, now hidden, with the rise and fall of the boat. Heavens! how those mighty waves tumble and roar, and, like giant monsters of the deep, toss their foaming manes all around them.

Only in the wake of Jooma's boat there is no broken water. Well he knows the passage.

The last boat to pass is Harry's. He is half-way through, when swiftly up behind comes a great curling wave. Harry sees the danger.

"Lie on your oars, men!" he shouts; "steady!" The last word is drowned in the roar of breaking water. The boat is caught like a cork and hurled swifter than arrow from Indian's bow full fifty yards shoreward—shoreward and into smooth water—safe, but filled to the very gunwale with water.

As silent as ghosts glided the boats up the river. Suddenly a voice which seemed to come from the clouds:

"Boat ahoy! stand off or I'll put a shot in you!"

"Dar she is, sar, captain!" cried Jooma exultingly.

"Now, my lads," cried Captain Cameron, "you heard the threat! That's our prize. We've only got to take her. Mr. Lawson, sheer off a few yards with your boat, and keep the blue lights burning." A broad glare of ghastly light was the almost instant reply.

"Tumble up, men!" shouted the captain.

"Hurrah!"

What spirit there is in an English cheer, even from soldier-throats. But, ah! you should hear it as it comes from the lungs of our brave blue-jackets, when eager for the fray, when every pulse is bounding, and the foe is there before them.

It surely was not men they met on the deck of that slave-ship. Half-naked they were, dusky-skinned, and slippery, with long hair and wild eyes—men who fought with brandished spear and broadsword. They were the northern fighting Arabs, half pirates, half slaves. How fiercely they fought, how bitterly they died, and how terrible was the fight that raged under the blue uncertain light! For fully half an hour, with clash and shout and cry and moan, the battle continued, then all was still save for the groans of the wounded. Harry had fought as only young Englishmen can and always do fight, and when it was all over he dropped apparently lifeless on the deck. It was his first fight, remember—he had fainted with excitement and fatigue.

It seemed a very long night to be alone with the dead and wounded, for both sides had suffered severely. At last, however, morning broke; the sun leapt up out of the sea, red and fiery, shimmering over the waters in a curtain of crimson.

There was still the barracoen on shore to capture, and the slaves, who had all been landed, to liberate, and Captain Cameron lost no time in setting about it. The wounded and dead were sent over the bar to the ship, and then a landing was effected on the edge of a mangrove forest, and honest Jooma soon found a path which conducted them straight to the Indian village. Sailors, perhaps, do not look very soldier-like on shore, but nevertheless they can do their work, as witness the Crimea. Here, however, an unexpected difficulty arose. The village was surrounded by a high wooden palisade, and as they were wondering how to get over, a pattering fire of musketry was opened on them and several men dropped.

"Let us pitch each other over! here goes, I'm first!" cried Harry Winsome.

"Hurrah!" and in five minutes, reader, there wasn't one man-Jack at the wrong side of the palisade except poor Dan Williams, who happened to be last, and had nobody to pitch him over, and what do you think he did? Why, lay down and cried for vexation.

The Somali Indians and Arabs made a stout resistance, and for hours the fight was hand to hand, from one burning house to another.

Back again on board the *Vengeance*. An awning is spread amidships, and under it hangs many a poor fellow in his hammock, and among them Harry, who was grievously wounded in the late fray.

Steaming onward at full speed through the Indian Ocean, Bombay was reached at last.

When Harry was able to get about a bit in a palanquin and was feeling as if he had got a new lease of life, one day Captain Cameron came on shore with a packet of letters.

All Harry's letters were papers but one—it was his commission as lieutenant.

Harry Winsome had won his epaulets.

When Harry read it his eyes sparkled, and the old pinching came back again, and for a moment he thought he must make a fool of himself; but he didn't.

Harry is home again, and holding his mother in his arms. Home! Oh, reader! it is worth while going abroad for a few years if only to know the meaning of that one word, Home.

"I tell you," said General Strathburn (Harry's uncle), that, peace or war, there is no better career in the world for a boy of spirit than the old English navy." The General is right.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

A few years ago a young woman named Maria Heller, who lived in a small village near Haman, in Silesia, had several epileptic fits, and while she was under their influence she pretended to receive divine inspiration and to be able to prophesy. As some of these supposed prophecies on local matters were verified, many of the villagers in the vicinity began to believe in her, and when at last she foretold the Franco-German war their belief was much strengthened. Later on, some time in the year 1871, Maria announced that the Lord had revealed to her that a dreadful war would soon break out and devastate the whole of Europe, and that Australia would be the only secure place of refuge in the world. She exhorted the villagers, therefore, to accompany her to Australia, holding out a promise that after remaining there ten years she would bring them to Jerusalem as a second resting-place, and subsequently they should return to Germany, where peace and plenty would then be found. Many of the ignorant peasantry believed, and commenced preparations for the journey. They put all their money into one common fund, and, leaving themselves to Maria's guidance, proceeded by way of Hamburg to London, whence they took steamer to Melbourne. The party, numbering sixty-four persons, reached Melbourne in 1875. Here, however, their number was reduced to sixty by the secession of four of them.

At this time all they possessed was a little over £200 in money and some household effects which they had brought from their German homes.

They at once made their way to the Berrella District, where two of their countrymen, named Berndt, had settled. From one of these (Mr. Carl Berndt) they received great assistance, as most of their business had to be done through him, they not being able to speak a word of English. After vainly persuading them to throw off the authority of the woman Heller and to submit no longer to her authority, he at last declined to have anything further to do with them. They consequently became much straitened, and were nearly reduced to starvation. Their settlement is divided into two encampments, about two miles from each other, and they have built themselves barks to live in. They have altogether 800 acres of land, which they have now commenced to cultivate. Their gardens promised to be productive, but towards the end of last year provisions were running short and they were sore pressed.

One of the party who had seceded and taken service with Mr. Berndt says that Maria has great control over them all; that she does not work, and that under her they all run great risk of starving.

Some of these particulars have come to the ears of the police of the district. An enquiry was set on foot, and from the report made together that the party were living almost entirely on "damper" or bread, but that there were no signs of starvation, for the children appeared to enjoy rude health, and most of their elders seemed well, although having a worn appearance. Supplies of provisions were sent them until their harvest could be got in.

The party are described to be Lutherans, but they seem to have greater faith in their prophetess and her utterances than in anything else. They believe that during her trances she has conversation with spirits, and that God speaks to them through her. They left their homes and native land because they believed it to be the command of the Almighty. Maria herself says that she has had these trances since childhood, and believes God speaks to her in them.

Maria Heller is described as a little over thirty years of age, looking, however, nearly forty—not at all of a prepossessing appearance, and with a rather suspicious, uneasy look. There is some doubt as to whether she is married or not, as one of the seceders from the party stated that she selected one of their number for her husband because she had received a "message" that she was to do so, and that they lived together; that this man had since died, and she had selected another of the party, to whom she was then engaged. Maria herself, however, indignantly denied having ever been married, or having lived with any one as if married.

Whether this small infatuated band will gain any new adherents it is hard to say. It is more than likely, however, that the party will dwindle down into insignificance from secession or other causes, or perhaps become entirely broken up if anything should happen to their leader. But this little episode shows how, in our enlightened nineteenth century, people can be worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to leave their homes on the faith of a promise supposed to be divinely revealed to them through one of their flesh and blood. True, the people were poor, ignorant peasantry, but it affords evidence that fanaticism still rules rampant in many quarters, and requires but the stimulus of a charlatan to carry it to extreme lengths. And yet, strange to say, there are many otherwise sensible folks who will regard Maria Heller as a spiritualistic "medium" sent for the special furtherance of a noble cause.

NEW FILTERING BASIN,
HAMILTON.

At the southern end of the beach which divides Burlington Bay from Lake Ontario the Filtering Basin is located. Into this the water from the Lake percolates through a natural sand bank some 200 feet wide, thus forming a natural filter. From this basin the water passes into the pumping well at the engine-house (shown to left of sketch), where it is forced by two powerful engines to the reservoir on the side of the mountain, about two miles east of Hamilton, and from it is distributed throughout the city.

The capacity of the old filtering basin having been found insufficient, the corporation decided on the construction of a new one and of sufficient capacity to meet all requirements. A sum of \$30,000 was granted for that purpose, and work began last July, operations being carried on under the direction of the City Engineer, Wm. Haskins, Esq. It is expected the works will be finished by October of the present year. On their completion Hamilton will, owing to its fine natural facilities for filtering, distributing, &c., be in possession of a system of water-works equal, if not superior, to any other city on the continent.

ROUND THE WORLD.

A Chess match between English and American players by Cable is being arranged.

The toleration clause of the new Spanish Constitution will be made a Cabinet question.

Austria will discontinue giving aid to Herzegovinian refugees.

Ex-Queen Christina will return to Spain about the end of May.