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**THE GODS OF THE NATIONS.**

Last April an interesting exhibition was held in the Museum of Archæology in the University of Pennsylvania, a lengthy description of which is given by *Harper's Weekly*.

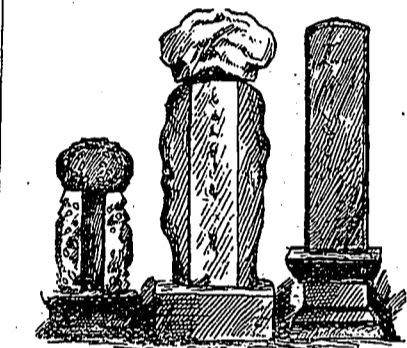
The basis of the collection is the Missionary Museum of the Board of Foreign

Missions of the Presbyterian church in the United States, brought together during the past sixty years by the missionaries of that body in India, China, and mid-Africa, and now for the first time subjected to careful study and scientific classification. This collection, made in greater part years ago, before native customs had been modified or changed, comprises many curious objects now unattainable, and of interest from their history and associations. Thus a sacred thread, worn by every Hindu of the three highest castes, was originally worn by an early convert, whose name, with the date of renunciation of his old belief, is minutely recorded, while an ancestral tablet was taken from the Hong occupied by the Presbyterian Mission at Fuhchau, China. The missionary collection has been supplemented with many loans from individuals and institutions in order to complete the circuit of the world, and the already large ethnographical collection of the museum itself, now in its

second year of existence, has been drawn upon. The catalogue, with prefatory sketches by various experts, is a hand-book of comparative mythology. It commences with a history of the religion of ancient Egypt, which is illustrated in the collection



India (Jainism) Paro Vanatha.



China (Ancestor Worship)—Ancestral Tablets.

by a Pantheon composed of images recently excavated by the Egypt Exploration Fund, and Mr. Flinders Petrie, whose work has received the financial support of the university. These have been arranged by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, the curator of the Egyptian section. Then follows India, with all the great gods of its innumerable deities—Brahma, Vishnu and his avatars, numbering many forms of Krishna, and Civa and his family, the destructive and regenerative forces, all arranged with reference to their relative importance.

Buddhism and Jainism follow, and among



China (Taoism)—Lau Tsz' and the Eight Genii. The notable idols here exhibited is a green stone image of Parc Vanatha, the founder of the latter religion, that is exquisite in its finish. The religions of China succeed—the state religion, with photographs of the Temple of Heaven at Peking, and ancestor worship, with ancestral tablets from private houses and ancestral halls; Taoism, with images of its founder, Lau Tsz', one with his disciples crowding around him, and then a hundred images of all sizes and forms, comprising the chief gods of that vast assemblage. Tu Ti Kung and his wife, the comfortable-looking old man and woman who are the gods of streets and houses, are in line with the formidable

Kwan Ti, the god of war, and the gods of medicine, physicians, barbers, sailors, and the deities that are worshipped for wealth and prosperity. Chinese Buddhism, with many forms of Amida and his sons, who preside over the Western Paradise, follow Taoism, and then a vast series of objects illustrating almost every detail of the religious life and ceremonies of our Chinese immigrants. Even their popular tales, which, filled with magic and necromancy, demand recognition, are accorded place in images of their heroes and heroines—notably Muh Kwei Ying, the martial heroine whose capture of her lover, Yang Tung Po, is one of the cherished incidents of Chinese romance.

Japan succeeds with a few objects of Shinto worship and an array of gilded



China (Taoism)—Tu Ti Kung and his Wife (Penates).

shrines, where the gentle deities of the Western Paradise, Amida and Kwannon, Shakanuni the teacher, and the compassionate Jiso, are ranged in order with the Seven Gods of Good Fortune and incense-burners and priestly implements.

The Mohammedan East, destitute of images, is displayed in a series of large photographs, illustrating the mosques and shrines of Jerusalem, Constantinople and



China (Popular Fiction)—Muh Kwei Ying and Yang Tung Po.



Japan—a Buddha from the famous temple at Ten-Ko. Mexico—Aztec Serpent God.

Cairo, Mecca and the pilgrimage, the dervishes and their ceremonies, and all the principal observances of the different sects. Besides are objects used by dervishes, stands for the Koran, and a number of beautifully illuminated Korans and other manuscripts from different parts of the East. The religions of America, discussed by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, furnish specimens of rattles and masks from the North-West coast; rattles, drums, dance-sticks, from the Indians of the United States; and a variety of idols from Mexico, Central America, Yucatan, and the West Indies. Notable among them is an ancient serpent god from Mexico.

Polynesia follows, with curious images from Easter Island, representing ancient heroes, and many stone and carved wooden images from various islands in the Pacific. Returning to Africa, one of the earliest homes of civilization, and that of the highest civilization of remote antiquity, a collection of images or idols from those interesting people the Fans, collected by the Rev. Dr. Robert H. Nassau, completes the circuit. The collection comprises other objects than images



Polynesia—Idol from Solomon's Island.

W. M. POZEL  
GALLION QUE  
AUBREY



THE HOUSEHOLD.

GIRLS, BE SENSIBLE.

Many girls are making a fatal mistake by thinking they are getting a man by linking themselves to any kind of a fellow. Nothing can justify a girl for marrying a drunkard. In order to be sure that your husband will never be a drunkard, make him promise before you marry him that he will never indulge in intoxicating drinks. Single-blessedness is far better than double-cursedness. You cannot expect a man who has lost self-respect to respect you, however much he may love you.

We heard of a young English lady who came to New York to marry a young man to whom she was affianced in England. He had come to this country two years previously to be engaged in business. She had known him as a sober young man. During the time she was preparing her wedding outfit he came to see her one evening when just drunk enough to be foolish. She was greatly shocked and pained. He admitted that occasionally he drank to excess. She immediately stopped preparation, and told him that she could not marry him. He protested vehemently and made great promises; but she declared positively that she would not dare trust her future happiness to a man who had formed such a habit. "I came," she said, "three thousand miles to marry the man I loved; but rather than marry a drunkard, I will return." And so she did, and proved herself strong and wise.

A thousand times better dissolve the tenderest ties than to be linked to that body of death called Drunkard. Do you believe it, girls? Go and ask the drunkard's wife what she thinks. Do not vacillate, hesitate, or yield when a drunkard offers you his hand, but

Learn to say a decided "No!"  
Which may spare you an untold woe.

Do not have faith in a drunkard's word, for he is unreliable. Too many have already done so whose throbbing hearts only ceased their hopeless aching in the chilling silence of the sepulchre. Let every young woman take a firm stand on the side of total abstinence, and it will do more to prevent intemperance than any present human means can accomplish. You can afford to be indifferent. It has to do with your temporal and eternal welfare. Then be up and doing all you can for the promotion of the Temperance cause.—*Rev. Jonathan Edwards.*

STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS.

If there is one thing above all others in which a mother should train her children it is to cultivate a natural and simple manner. Not alone in outward address to the world must young people learn to be honest and straightforward, but in their thoughts, in their methods of work, and in all their dealings with themselves as well as with the rest of the world. The habit of gush, for we know no better word to express the foolish practice of exaggeration in word and manner which so many people assume, having once become established, slowly saps the moral responsibility. It is a vice of manner, the result of slow growth, and it is not necessarily a pure hypocrisy. One may feel secretly that it is one's duty to praise a certain work of art, book or sentiment, though if the gusher should sincerely analyze her feelings she will find that she receives no genuine pleasure from it.

The story is told of a celebrated artist that he asked a lady once what she thought of his picture, and she answered naively that it was perfectly detestable. He thanked her and congratulated himself that in all the river of gushing commendation he had heard, this, at least, was honest criticism and therefore extremely refreshing, although it is not likely that even the most genial of artists would have enjoyed many such criticisms. Nor is it required that one should thus bluntly speak the truth on all occasions. No one is more universally detested or makes more genuine mischief than she who prides herself upon her ingenuous frankness. It is always pleasant to see a person who is honestly enthusiastic, but this has no more relation to a gushing manner than cant has to religion.

Young girls are very apt to assume be-

fore they realize it, a mock enthusiasm in their tone and manner because they often feel that the exigencies of the case call upon them for more than they sincerely feel. It requires skill and care to guide a girl away from such quicksands as these, so that she will grow up to be a genuine helpful and truthful woman. But nowhere is the duty of the mother more clearly laid out than to guard her child against any insincerity.

'Tis the little rift within the lute,  
That slowly widening, makes the music mute.  
'Tis the little speck in the garnered fruit  
That inward rotting, surely moldereth all.

AMBITIOUS HOUSEKEEPING.

Ambitious housekeeping is not always, nor of necessity, comfortable housekeeping. A little neglect of times and seasons, a little relaxing of an ironclad system, a reflection that the house is not a more important consideration than the people who dwell in it, will insure the minimum of friction, and it is friction that wears soul and body out. Not that we should tolerate dust and dirt, condone spotted tablecloths and ragged napkins, feed our families on ill-cooked viands, and allow one day's work to invade the appropriate tasks of the next. The wise house-mistress has a fair average standard, and, as a rule, holds her family up to a certain even degree of attainment. But there is a type, energetic, capable, notable, and fussy, and from her sway the angel of comfort, homely, tranquil comfort, flies away in fright. This woman cannot tolerate a few moment's tardiness on the part of the tired person who was up so late last night, that she is not ready for an early breakfast; she cannot sit still five minutes to hear her husband's comments on the latest political event; she must pull a curtain this way and a rug that, and alter the disposition of a chair, or set a table in another corner. Even at prayers her mind strays to the puddings and pies, and during the Bible reading she fidgets because the windows need cleaning. Don't be this sort of housekeeper.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CHILDREN'S THROAT TROUBLES.

A child who has always had its own way is not likely to be willing to give it up when it is ailing and miserable, writes Elizabeth Robinson Scovil in a valuable article entitled "Make the Doctor a Friend," in the *June Ladies' Home Journal*. Bribes and entreaties are of little use then. The wayward will, un-used to discipline, is only strengthened by the weakness and weariness of the body. A wise physician said to me not long since that he had known cases where children's lives had been sacrificed because they had not been taught to obey. No doubt any doctor of wide experience could confirm this statement. Is not this a fact to make mothers ask themselves: "Am I preparing my child for sickness as well as health? If not, what can I do toward it now, before it is too late?"

It is usually in diseases of the throat that the greatest difficulty is found in inducing the child to submit to treatment. In diphtheria and scarlet fever it is sometimes impossible to make any application to the tonsils, either with spray or brush, without so exciting and frightening the poor little patient that the consequent exhaustion tells sadly against its chances of recovery. Accustom a child to open its mouth and have its throat examined. It can be done playfully, giving a sugar-plum as a reward when "mother can see way down his throat." The little one will never suspect that he is acquiring a habit which may save his life.

SOMETHING THAT PAYS.

It pays for a mother to take time enough to dress as well as she can, in order to be "pretty" for her children.

The man and woman grown looks back and remembers some dainty gown or a rose, perhaps, tucked in a bit of lace at the neck, or the scent of violets about her belongings, which makes the memory of his mother seem almost divine.

What boy does not feel proud of his mother when the other boys praise her? Mother is mother the world over, but the ideal is different for a boy whose mother

has graceful, pretty ways, who knows how to look dainty, and can make his home attractive for his friends.

In a certain family where the mother was an invalid, the daughters spent a certain amount of time in doing up pretty white wrappers and caps for her to wear; and during the ten years that she was an invalid she never wore anything but white.

"It is so becoming to mother," they used to say. "She always looked so pretty in her white dresses when she was well that it is a pleasure for us to see her wear them now;" and until she died the same loving care for her appearance was shown by all her family.—*Household.*

THE PRINCIPLES OF CANNING FOOD.

The destruction of germs, and the exclusion of air, are the principles upon which the canning of food is based, writes Maria Parloa in a seasonable article on "The Canning of Fruits and Vegetables," in the *June Ladies' Home Journal*. If these things be properly done, no preservative need be added, except to give a flavor. Some substances require long exposure to a high temperature before all the germs are destroyed, while others need only to be heated to the boiling point, and then be boiled for a minute or two. Nearly all small fruits are easily preserved by thoroughly heating, and then canning. The larger kinds require a longer time for the heat to penetrate every part. Some vegetables, such as peas, beans, corn, etc., require a long exposure to a high temperature. Meats are still more difficult to keep, and it is the practice to add a chemical to the water in which the cans stand that the temperature may be raised to a degree even higher than that of boiling water.

The essential things in canning fruit are to have the jars and covers hot, and the fruit boiling hot. The jars, also, should stand perfectly level; fill them with fruit and juice, passing a silver knife between the can and the fruit that all the spaces may be filled with the juice. Now pour in syrup until it runs over the top of the jar; seal at once. When the jars are cold, set them in a cool, dry, dark place. Fruit is always better flavored when sugar is put with it; the amount is a matter of taste. To preserve fruit syrups prepare the fruit as for jellies. Strain the juice and put on to boil. To each pint of juice add half a pound of sugar; boil for fifteen minutes, stirring well, bottle and seal while boiling hot.

VARIETY OF FOOD.

There is a source of ill health in many rural homes which certainly should not exist. The cause here referred to is lack of variety of food. It may sound strange to some to hear such a cause of ill-health existing on our American farms, but such is actually the case. It is true that really good vegetable and fruit gardens are lacking at a great part of our rural homes. There may be a few vegetables growing in the garden at the height of the season, but such a thing as an effort to have fresh vegetables in abundance nine months in the year is almost unknown on a Northern farm, and the same is true in reference to fruits. While it is possible to have fruit on the table every day in the year grown on a farm in the North, there is not one farm in ten thousand so supplied. Vegetables and fruits take the place of medicines in maintaining health and vigor of the body. Indeed, it is doubtful if people supplied with an abundance of fresh vegetables and ripe fruit have much need of medicine or medical aid. More and more attention to this matter is needed.—*Dr. G. G. Groff.*

MOUTH GLUE.

To make "mouth glue," heat pure glue, such as parchment glue or gelatine, with about one quarter or one-third of its weight of coarse brown sugar, in as small a quantity of boiling water as possible, until dissolved. When perfectly liquid pour it on a flat surface, which has been very slightly oiled, and as it cools, cut up into pieces of convenient size. When required for use, one end may be moistened with the mouth,

and is then ready to be rubbed on any light object you may wish to join. A piece kept in the desk or work-basket is very convenient.

MUCILAGE.

To make good postage-stamp mucilage take two ounces dextrine, one ounce acetic acid, five ounces water, and one ounce alcohol. Add the alcohol to the other ingredients after the dextrine is completely dissolved. This makes a very nice mucilage for scrap-book use. It will keep good a long while, if the bottle is tightly corked.

CHICKEN COOKERY.

CHICKEN BAKED IN RICE.—Cut the chicken into joints, lay it in a pudding-dish in a pint of veal gravy, with slices of veal, fill up the dish with boiled rice, well pressed, cover it with a paste of flour and water, and bake it one hour in a slow oven. If you have no veal gravy, use milk and salt it well, and pour over the rice one or two cups of thick cream.

CHICKEN FRIED WHOLE.—One young, tender chicken trussed, as for roasting, but not stuffed. Very nice dripping for frying. Put it in a steamer, or in a colander over a pot of boiling water, keeping it at a fast boil for fifteen or twenty minutes. Have ready the boiling hot fat in a deep frying pan. It should half cover the chicken, when, having floured it all over, you put it in. When one side is a light brown, turn it. When both are cooked, take up, put in a covered kettle or tin pail, and set in a pot of hot water, which keep at a slow boil half an hour. If you like a delicate flavor of onion, put a few slices in the bottom of the kettle before the chicken goes in. Anoint the chicken plentifully, after laying it on a hot dish, with melted butter in which you have stirred pepper and chopped parsley.

PLAIN CHICKEN SOUP.—Cut up the chicken and break all the bones; put it in a gallon of cold water, let it simmer for five hours, skimming it well; the last hour add, to cook with the soup, a cupful of rice and a sprig of parsley. When done, let the kettle remain quiet a few minutes, then skim off every particle of fat with a spoon. Then strain through a sieve, removing all the bones, bits of meat and parsley; press the rice through the sieve. Now mix the rice by stirring it with the soup, until it resembles a smooth puree. Season with pepper and salt.

ANOTHER CHICKEN SOUP.—Take two or three pounds of veal and vegetables and one small chicken cut up; boil these in two quarts of water, cut up four onions or a leek; grate two carrots and add them to the soup; salt and pepper to taste; skim it clear. Other vegetables may be substituted or added as may be preferred. Thicken the soup with a little batter of flour and water, with an egg beaten in.—*American Poultry Yard.*

PUZZLES NO. 14.

CONCEALED BIBLE NAMES.

Rebecca introduced us.  
"Hannah, am I to go too?"  
When once in a rut, how hard it is to get out of it?  
Isaac was a son of promise.  
She meant what she said.  
I have at least twenty reasons for my action.  
Initials spell the name of a personal friend.  
I. G. P.

WORD SQUARE.

1. That which puzzles. 2. Clay used as a pigment. 3. Covering for the feet. 4. Straight. 5. Stops.

ENIGMA.

My first is in farm, but not in lot.  
My second is in caldron, but not in pot.  
My third is in flay, but not in whip.  
My fourth is in drink, but not in sip.  
My fifth is in lace and also in cotton.  
My sixth is in decay and also in rotten.  
My whole is a country in Europe.

CHARADE.

I am a writer of the eighteenth century.  
Behold and curtail, the weary seek me gratefully.  
Curtail, I am an abbreviation for a corporation.  
Behold, and I am an exclamation.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.  
My 23, 8, 9, 29 is a valuable substance.  
My 15, 27, 26, 4, 5 is a sharp instrument.  
My 31, 14, 10, 13, 20, 6 is a color.  
My 12, 13, 6, 30, 21, 25 is to oppose.  
My 11, 2, 3, 21 is sea-foam.  
My 22, 23, 7, 26, 17, 16, 1, 11 is a great virtue.  
My whole is the first line of a familiar poem.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 13.

BIBLE PUZZLE.—The women who went to anoint the body of Jesus on the first Easter morning.—*Luke 24.*

ENIGMA.—Spencer.

WORD SQUARE.—D A R E  
A R I D  
R I D E  
E D E N

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Constance wished to give a Christmas party. All the Little Folks came in fancy dress. Two little boys as Cooks, with Holland aprons and Nightcaps on their heads. Another came as a Negro. A little girl called Virginia came as Dresden China; another as a Fairy, with a Diamond Star on her Head; and many more curious costumes. The entertainment ended in a very dainty supper, at which they had a Turkey, Ducks, a Goose, and Apples. One little boy ate too much kandy, and then said it wasn't Nice.

UNITED DIAMONDS.

C F  
S H Y R S U L E  
C H E E R F U L L Y  
Y E S E L L Y  
R Y

TO OUR READERS.

We will publish results of "Charade Competition" in our next number.



### The Family Circle.

#### HE PLEASED NOT HIMSELF.

Let not the drinking Christian speak of Christ  
As his example! For, behold, Christ lived  
A life of suffering! He died a death  
Of pain, of shame, of fearful agony,  
That He might save poor sinners from the death  
That never, never dies. He went about  
On purpose to do good to all around.  
He pleased not himself. And will you say  
The drinking Christian follows after Christ?  
He drinks to please himself, or else, perchance,  
To save himself from ridicule and scorn.  
Thousands thus drink who never fall through  
drink.

But tell me truly: Can a Christian say,  
"No man will fall whom I have taught to drink?"  
"Am I my brother's keeper?" some will say.  
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yea, thou art,  
Far, far beyond what thou canst know on earth.  
Thine influence for good or evil now,  
Yea, thine example now may make or mar  
The life, the prospects of thy brother here!  
May help him forward on the heavenward road,  
Or land him in perdition at the last.  
And though thou may'st not know it in this  
world.

Thou surely wilt find out with joy or grief,  
When all appear before the Judgment-seat.

W. H. SMITH.

Belle Vue, Ironbridge, Salop.

#### A LAY PREACHER.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

(Concluded.)

Mr. Styles was almost shocked and almost awed. His boy never came to him in this way. Not so did he ever go to God, except in some great straits of life, and these had been few with him. His prayers were formulas, followed with faithful exactness.

"Do you always ask God for everything you want, Eddy?" he inquired as the child rose from his knees.

"Yes, papa. Dee says he takes pains about little sparrows, not to let them starve or get hurt; and I am bigger than a sparrow, you know, a lot. Besides, he's my Father, and he has got time to tend to me. But you have to write sermons so much, papa."

There came back on Mr. Styles' mind sudden memories of the hours he had passed in his study—lounging, reading, sleeping, perhaps; while his children grew up almost as strangers to him, and were led to God by the hand of a stranger. Memories, too, of his own dry, faithless forms of prayer; of the Fatherhood he had publicly preached, practically denied. A little child had led him, far beyond commentaries, to the Spirit that giveth life.

"Dee!" said Eddy one day the next summer, "ministers ain't ever naughty, are they?" His father knew well what aroused the question which he had heard from that study window, where he had already learned so many lessons.

"Bible says Peter denied the Lord three times; but Peter was good and he preached too."

"I shouldn't think they would be naughty and cross."

"Guess they have to be sometimes, so's to know how to be patient with other folks, Eddy. Bible says, 'We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like we are.' That was Jesus, you know. Bible says: 'He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust.' Ministers are made just like other folks; but I expect they do try harder to be good."

As one year and another went by, Desire still stayed at the minister's. She was not a skilled servant; she had a certain dullness of perception that prevented her learning the deft ways of a trained cook. She could not combine, or plan, or organize. She was at best a pair of neat, faithful hands, needing a quick head to direct them; but the Styles family would as soon have parted with one of themselves. If ever children were literally brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," these were, and Dee did it. That they

grew up honest, unselfish, pure-minded, and therefore well-bred, was the result of her training and influence; for they were thrown upon her hands by the long illness of their mother and their father's pre-occupation. And both father and mother owned their heavy debt to her with a real gratitude; owning also to God in their hearts how far they had been set in ways they knew not, of nearness to Him, of daily godliness, of patient self-sacrifice, by this unconscious apostle.

But Dee was not always to be left to minister in the outer court.

Mr. Styles had left Coventry, with renewed health and renewed energy, after a four years' stay and accepted the charge of a parish in Compton, a large New England town.

His preaching had undergone a thorough change in character since his renewed spiritual experience. It avoided doctrines and dogmas to wrestle with the daily problems of life, the needs and sorrows of humanity, the Almighty Helper, the lost flock, and the Divine Seeker and Saviour. Desire delighted in the newness of spirit, unsuspecting as a child of her own influence therein. She was happy in Compton as in Coventry, for her home and her Bible went with her. But after a few years her strength seemed slowly to fail. That she could no longer work as usual pained her; but it was a far deeper distress that she could no longer go to church. "A little cough tormented her; her appetite failed; she did not sing any more at her work. When Eddy asked her why, a vague, perplexed shadow stole over her eyes, and her voice was pathetic, as she replied, "Bible says, 'All the daughters of music shall be brought low!'"

She was always serene and helpful, rendering little services as long as any power remained in her feeble hands and slow-dragging feet; but before long her flesh failed indeed—she lost her strength so entirely that she could no longer keep up and about, but took to her bed in silence. This was hard for the once busy feet and active hands; but the patient soul received it with all calmness.

The minister came in daily to look at this household saint; and one day said to her, with that curious wish we all have to investigate the hearts of the dying or the ill, and forewarn ourselves of our own probable experience in the like state—

"It is very hard on you to lie still here, Desire, isn't it?"

She opened her soft languid eyes on him with the old look of patient wonder.

"Bible says: 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?'"

And the minister, finding himself answered, as was Job's objectionable wife, went away in silence, feeling that he had indeed spoken "as one of the foolish women speaketh."

By-and-by Desire grew still weaker. She asked the doctor how long she was going to live, before he or any other had told her she was to die. Her faith was the true child-trust that lies down to sleep on a journey, not knowing where its waking may be, but sure that still its father's arms will be about it, confident that wherever he is is home.

Dr. Martin answered her as quietly as she asked. He was not a religious man, and Desire was an astonishment to him. Here was no philosopher, no stoic, no strong-souled man; but a weak woman, going to death, as she went out into life, without a dread or a hesitation. He could not understand it, and to be convinced of ignorance is the first step toward the acceptance of wisdom. Desire had preached more efficiently to him than all the sermons of a lifetime.

When she found her time was to be brief, she wanted to kiss the children good-bye, and one by one they came to her. She lay on her little white bed, a figure of smiling peace. A few late crimson roses stood on the table, a plate of oranges was within reach of her hand. She had grown thin almost to emaciation; but her face was refined into strange beauty, and her great gray eyes shone with a languid lustre as they fell upon her dear little flock. Eddy was a big boy, now, of 16; but he knelt down by Dee till his head was close to her own, and she kissed him as if he were still a child.

"You must have Dee's Bible, Eddy,

Bible says: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

She did not say "Remember me;" but the boy never forgot her nor her Bible either. That was all Dee's legacy. After she had kissed the others and shared her oranges among them, and they had left her in a certain awed stillness, yet smiling back to her last lovely smile, Eddy and Joe stole back for one more look, and Joe, always the family inquisitor, must needs say—

"Dee, ain't you a bit afraid to die?"  
Desire smiled wonderingly. "Afraid? No, Josy. Bible says: 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' Mine isn't." And her answer lived in those two hearts as long as she dwelt in memory.

Both the minister and his wife were with her when she fell asleep. She had her hand in Helen's, and, having said good-bye to them both, had closed her eyes and her faint, slow breath seemed almost gone, when suddenly those eyes opened. Their vagueness and languor were dispelled, and under the wan, white lids, those lucent spheres overflowed with clear and living brightness, like two drops of dew that from the crystal depths return the level dazzle of a summer dawn.

"Altogether lovely!" broke in a rapturous whisper from her pale lips. Then the dawn was clouded forever. The gentle breath ceased in one faint sob. Desire had gone home.

Many people thought it strange the next Sunday afternoon to find a coffin set before the pulpit, and the minister's family grouped about it as mourners. It was not adorned with plated ornaments or stainless flowers, or open for curious eyes to inspect the chrysalis that its risen inmate had left behind; but on the simple pall lay a wreath of glittering oak leaves and bunches of wild sweet fern, that sent a wholesome breath of perfume abroad through the church.

Mr. Styles preached from the well-worn text, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path;" but, instead of recording the testimony of the ages to the authenticity of the Bible, or vindicating its verbal inspiration, or extolling its literary merits, he discoursed only of its common sense and its vast capacity to be a guide and help in all the daily wants of human life and in the dark and lonely hour of death, and he wound up his sermon in these words:

"My brethren, the saint whose mortal relics lie before our eyes to-day was a living example of these truths. Simple almost to the verge of folly, ignorant, poor and friendless, she came years ago into my house as a servant, and was, far more abundantly than any of us whom she there ministered unto, a servant of the Lord. That I am to-day a Christian man, able to minister to other men with acceptance of God, I owe, under God, to her unconscious influence. Her single talent was used daily and hourly, and the increase was twenty-fold. She lived with the Bible in her heart and on her lips, she taught it to me and mine as a living truth to live by, and she died to us with its speech for her latest accents.

"She has entered into her reward and rest, and left here a fragrant and gracious memory, that few of earth's shining ones have ever given to their survivors. 'Bible says' was her rule, her comfort, her strength; and her obedience, her cheer, her faithful labor, interpreted to all who knew her what that Bible could be when received with a child's simplicity and faith.

"There are some of you here, dearly beloved, who think you owe your entrance into the new life to the help of my ministrations. I want to say to you now, in presence of the dead, who cannot shrink from the praise she would not have understood while living, that whatever good you gather from my utterances as a preacher I achieved long before you knew me, and received slowly and ungraciously, as a rock receives the sun and rain, which at last disintegrates and makes it fruitful, from the hourly and unconscious ministry of Desire Flint, whose body lies before you, to whose burial as her kindred in the Lord I invite you, and to whose life I recommend you as to the 'living epistle' which has preached the eternal Gospel of Christ better than my own lips or my own living. Having been utterly faithful over a few things, she has ceased to be a stranger and gone home."

#### AMONG THE MONGOLS.

The late James Gilmour, missionary in Mongolia, in one of his letters gives the following curious information as to the superstitious notions of the people:—

On one occasion I was living some weeks in a Mongol's tent. It was late in the year. Lights were put out soon after dark. The nights were long in reality, and, in such unsatisfactory surroundings as the discomforts of a poor tent and doubtful companions, the nights seemed longer than they were. At sunrise I was only too glad to escape from smoke and everything else to the retirement of the crest of a low ridge of hills near the tent. This—perhaps the most natural thing in the world for a foreigner—was utterly inexplicable to the Mongols. The idea that any man should get out of his bed at sunrise and climb a hill for nothing! He must be up to mischief. He must be secretly taking away the luck of the land! This went on for some time, the Mongols all alive with suspicion, and the unsuspecting foreigner retiring regularly morning after morning till at length a drunken man blurted out the whole thing, and openly stated the conviction that the inhabitants had arrived at—namely, that this extraordinary morning walk of the foreigner on the hill-crest boded no good to the country. To remain among the people I had to give up my morning retirement.

The Mongols are very suspicious of seeing a foreigner writing. What can he be up to? they say among themselves. Is he taking notes of the capabilities of the country? Is he marking out a road map, so that he can return guiding an army? Is he, as a wizard, carrying off the good luck of the country in his note-book? These, and a great many others, are the questions that they ask among themselves and put to the foreigner when they see him writing; and if he desires to conciliate the good-will of the people, and to win their confidence, the missionary must abstain from walking and writing while he is among them.

On another point, too, a missionary must be careful. He must not go about shooting. Killing beasts or birds the Mongols regard as peculiarly sinful, and any one who wished to teach them religious truth would make the attempt under great disadvantages if he carried and used a gun. This, however, is a prejudice that it is not so difficult to refrain from offending.

The diseases presented for treatment are legion, but the most common cases are skin diseases and diseases of the eyes and teeth. Perhaps rheumatism is the disease of Mongolia; but the manner of life and customs of the Mongols are such that it is useless to attempt to cure it. Cure it to-day, it is contracted again to-morrow.

The question, "How did you get this disease?" often elicits some curiously superstitious replies. One man lays the blame on the stars and constellations. Another confesses that when he was a lad he was mischievous, and dug holes in the ground or cut shrubs on the hill; and it is not difficult to see how he regards disease as a punishment for digging, since by digging worms are killed; but what cutting wood on a hill can have to do with sin it is harder to see, except it be regarded as stealing the possessions of the spiritual lord of the locality. In consulting a doctor, too, a Mongol seems to lay a deal of stress on the belief that it is his fate to be cured by the medical man in question, and if he finds relief often says that his meeting this particular doctor and being cured is the result of prayer made at some previous time.

In Mongolia a foreigner is often asked to perform absurd, laughable, or impossible cures. One man wants to be made clever, another to be made fat; another to be cured of insanity, another of tobacco, another of whiskey, another of hunger, another of tea; another wants to be made strong, so as to conquer in gymnastic exercises; most men want medicine to make their beards grow; while almost every man, woman and child wants to have his or her skin made as white as that of the foreigner.

When a Mongol is convinced that his case is hopeless he takes it very calmly, and bows to his fate, whether it be death or chronic disease; and Mongol doctors, and Mongol patients too, after a succession of failures, regard the affliction as a thing fated, to be unable to overcome which implies no lack of medical ability on the doctor's part.—*The Christian.*

## AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

In Amelia B. Edwards has died one of the most remarkable women of the century. Her versatility of talent has been happily described by including her among the "people who do so many things well that they compete with themselves."

She was born in London in 1831. Of late years her home has been near Bristol, in a pleasant suburban residence called "The Larches." Her father was an English officer, who won distinction during the Peninsular war. Through her mother, the daughter of an Irish barrister—Robert Walpole—she claims descent from the Walpole family, brilliant in letters. To her mother's home teaching she owes the beginning of the education which has fruited so richly.

She began to compose stories at the early age of four, and her pencil was as precocious as her pen, some sketches playfully made on the back of a letter when she was a child of twelve inducing the great caricaturist Cruikshank to offer to take her as his special pupil. It is interesting, in view of her ultimate success, to find, what was unusual in those days, that she was trained with the thoroughness then peculiar to the education of boys.

It was as a novelist that she first became known. But with vivid imaginative powers she combined a rare capacity for painstaking research which found full scope in her Egyptian studies. According to one of her biographers it was almost by accident that Miss Edwards at first turned her attention to Egypt. Travelling with a friend in Italy they went to Egypt to escape a season of heavy rain and this proved to be the turning point in her career. The relics of a great antiquity all around her, and her indignation at the shameful destruction going on among them by the ever present relic hunter, impelled her to do more than protest against the vandalism. With her woman's practical wit she soon evolved, and with a few others founded, the Egyptian Exploration Fund through which such notable work in the discovery of ancient historical sites and investigation of relics has since been done. Her book, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" was a phenomenal success, and "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," will always be an authority on the subject. The former was illustrated by upwards of eighty engravings from drawings finished by her on the spot in Egypt and Nubia. Since 1880 she has devoted her attention chiefly to Egypt, and was a regular contributor to several leading journals and periodicals at home and abroad. A number of her articles appear in the new edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." She was also a contributing member of the various oriental congresses held in different European capitals, a member of the Biblical Archaeological Society, a member of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, and a vice-President of the Bristol and West of England National Society for Women's Suffrage. It was for Miss Edwards that Smith College, for the first time in the history of America, conferred upon a woman the degree of LL.D. From Columbia College she received the degree of L.H.D., and from the College of Sisters of Bethany Ph.D.

Miss Edwards is not only known as a writer of books of travel, and of popular novels, she was a composer of music as well. She had also a fine voice and had she cultivated her talent for sketching, as Cruikshank wished her to do, she would, in all probability, have attained eminence as an artist.

Miss Edwards was too busy a worker to be much of what is known as a society woman, but her sweet vibrating voice, her strong sympathetic face, and her brave heart will not soon be forgotten. And her work remains.

## A WONDERFUL STORY.

The following remarkable incident in the history of the orphan asylum at Dusselthal is related by the Count von der Recke:—

It happened once that, for the purpose of supplying the need of those under my care, I had been obliged to incur a debt of 1,000 thalers. The day when my bill for that amount became due was approaching, I perceived that I had not the money to meet it, and after careful consideration, I

could see no prospect of obtaining such a sum.

In this difficulty I had recourse to prayer and, after a time, I received a feeling of assurance that the Lord would provide for my wants, and send me the assistance I required in due time. This feeling increased upon me, though my secretary grieved me with his doubts and fears; and he was continually saying, "You may hope the money will be forthcoming, but where is it to come from?"

When the day arrived, and no new prospect of money appeared, he seemed to triumph in the defeat which he thought was awaiting my still unshaken faith and hope. When I perceived this, I retired into my room, closed the door, and on my knees implored the Lord, for His name's sake, and for the sake, too, of this young man's immortal soul, that he would not let my humble confidence in Him be put to shame, nor suffer the impending distress to come upon me.

I arose strengthened and composed, so that when he entered and asked me, in a mocking tone to give him my orders for the discharge of the bill, I answered him

mentioned several ways—such as the funds, purchase of lands, etc. To each of these proposals he shook his head, and at last said, "No, no, those are not of the kind I mean: I wish to devote this money to the service of the Lord, and I want your advice as to the best way of doing that."

"Oh," replied my friend, "if that is what you mean, send it to the orphan and destitute children at Dusselthal." And this was the money that arrived in the hour of our need.—*Friendly Greetings.*

## SAVED THROUGH A SINGLE LEAF.

The Rev. Maurice S. Baldwin gives the following interesting incident:—Some of our friends, a moment past, spoke about knowing whether good had been done by tracts. I know of one devoted, earnest man, who is working and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, who in years gone by was a very reckless and indifferent man, in South America. He was living there not a godless life, but an indifferent one. He was, as it were, without religion.

The circumstances by which he was brought to the knowledge of the truth as



AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.

calmly, "Do not be afraid, but go now to the post and fetch the letters." I had no suspicion of the manner in which relief was to be sent to me: I only knew that my Lord, in whose service I was engaged, had seen our trouble, and I felt confident that He would send relief; for He has promised to hear the prayer of faith, and His word is everlasting truth.

My secretary turned to go, but stopped himself to ask, "But if I do not find anything, what then?" "Only go," was my reply, and I again lifted up my voice to the throne of grace.

He came back with an altered countenance, and as he rushed into my room he burst into tears, and handed me a letter with a stamp on the cover, showing that it contained 1,000 thalers. The Lord had beheld our distress before it reached us, and had already provided against it.

On reading the letter, I found that a pious young man at Berlin, a baker, had been to a friend of mine in that city to ask his advice, saying that he had unexpectedly acquired a considerable property, and wished to know how he could put out 1,000 thalers to the safest interest. My friend

it is in Jesus are so remarkable that the slightest narration of them cannot but be profitable.

He said he was walking in the streets of Buenos Ayres, feeling lonely and sad. He had been brought up amidst the bloody revolutions of that country. He saw nothing but deeds of sin and shame, he heard nothing but that which shocked his ears, and as he was walking through the streets of that southern city, where the population is nearly all Spanish, he was struck by seeing a leaf, just a solitary leaf of a book, on the pavement as he was going by; he stooped down and picked it up, and to his astonishment found that it was the English tongue—he was astonished because he was in Buenos Ayres.

He took it up and read it. It was not a tract, but it was a leaf out of a book, and that book was the "Life of Hedley Vicens." It was only one leaf, but that leaf spoke of the faith of Hedley Vicens. He thought, how could a man, living in the army, fighting its bloody battles, how could he become a Christian? Well, thought he, if he could be a Christian I suppose I could be

And that little leaf struck him so much that he wrote to England, and asked if there was such a book there published would they kindly send it to him? He did not know the name of it, but it was about some Hedley Vicens—would they send it to him?

The book was sent, and that man to-day is a living witness for Jesus Christ, brought out of darkness into marvellous light, shining forth God's glory in the holiness of a consecrated life of abiding union with him, brought to the knowledge of the truth by the seed that fell in that southern republic. No one knows where the little leaf came from, but, blessed by the Spirit, it was there to woo and win a wandering heart back to the fold of the Good Shepherd. Dear friends, we speak about results—some one has said only Omniscience can tell what results are. I believe it—God alone knows what the results are.—*Selected.*

## A PLEA FOR THE FROG.

You would hardly believe how much the frog has contributed to the knowledge of the world. The web of the frog's foot is so thin and transparent that under the microscope the blood can be seen moving. Looked at in this way, the blood is seen to be not a mere fluid, but you can see what looks like circular discs borne along, something like the cakes of ice that are carried by a stream in a freshet. In this way the student of anatomy can learn in a moment more about the circulation of the blood than could be taught in any other way in a much longer time. Moreover, what he sees he knows as he does not know what is merely told him, just as you may have learned in books about the hippopotamus, for instance, but the sight of one first gives you real knowledge about it. Further, Professor Frog is not merely a teacher, he is a discoverer. The changes seen in the blood when the web is inflamed taught more in regard to the nature of inflammation than had ever been known before. Through the frog galvanism was discovered. Galvani, an Italian, noticed that the leg of a dead frog that was being prepared for the table twitched violently under certain circumstances. This led to examination and experiment, and the discovery of galvanism. In addition to all this, so much has been learned from the frog in relation to the nervous system that it would almost take a book by itself to describe it. Let any boy think of this when he is tempted to throw a stone at a frog, and ask himself whether he is likely to do as much good as frogs have done. You know how Franklin discovered that lightning is a form of electricity by flying a kite in a thunder storm. I remind you of these things to show that there is nothing so trivial that it may not have an interest for science.—*C. C. Everett.*

## THE SUPERINTENDENT.

A superintendent should never put off duty. Promptness of action on his part is indispensable to success. He cannot afford to rely upon things as they turn up from Sabbath to Sabbath. He must look ahead, and provide for contingencies. And especially must he, as soon as possible, get vacancies in classes supplied. Many a superintendent, excellent in other respects, spoils his administration of affairs by forgetfulness or by inadvertence, and comes on the Sabbath with things unprovided for which he should have attended to during the week, and which, had he not overlooked, would have added materially to the comfort and effectiveness of the school. Some are so busy with other matters that they forget to see about getting teachers for classes, or books or papers for the pupils at the right time, or to look after something important that they proposed to do. Besides, if the superintendent is remiss in attending to matters which should be done at once, he sets a bad example to teachers and scholars, who thus become less prompt in meeting their respective duties. Moreover, a forgetful superintendent gives occasion for much talk and complaint, as well as for disappointment.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

THERE are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried deep in the will of God.

## SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By *Marguerite Bonvet.*

## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Their thoughts were travelling in different directions; and while the count stood musing, Constance pursued her own without interruption.

"If you think there is no wrong," she said, "I will tell you all about my cousin Sweet William." And she laid her hand on his arm with a confiding little gesture, and an air of secrecy that was quite captivating. "I love to speak of him though I seldom do to any one but nurse. He is the dearest cousin in all the world, and so beautiful! I think you have never seen any one quite so beautiful as Sweet William. His name is Sweet William, but I call him Prince William sometimes. In truth, he is more like a prince than any of these noble lords." And she emphasized her ruthless assertion by a wave of her little arm that took in the entire assembly. "Do you know, I often wonder how Sweet William will look when he too is a great lord."

"That is a serious question," said the count, laughingly.

"He will not look like you," she added eyeing him critically; "for his curls are very brown, and his eyes are big and dark. Sometimes you would almost think they had tears in them, they shine so. But his sweet mouth tells you they have not. Sweet William is always smiling. I have never seen him weep, and I think he never does. He is so very good I am sure he has no reason to shed tears over his sins, as I have."

Count Philippe smiled involuntarily; but he was fain to check himself with speed for my little lady was quite serious.

"And you say this lovely Sweet William is shut up in a great tower?" he asked.

"Yes; but he is quite happy, for he has his good nurse always with him. He is only quiet and thoughtful, and his cheeks are not so rosy as mine. I think it is because he wonders a great deal. We are very different—Sweet William and I. Nurse calls us the Shadow and the Sunshine."

The young count thought what a pleasant picture to see the two beautiful children together—the sprightly, elf-like little maid and the gentle, winsome boy. There was something singularly attractive about Constance, and his interest grew deeper every moment. Without wishing to seem curious he felt a desire to know more of this little twin-cousin in the tower, and to look into the strange mystery; for a mystery he was sure there was.

"And what has Sweet William done that he should be put in a tower?" he inquired.

"I do not know—no one knows," replied Constance, artlessly; and she was a little puzzled because the Count Philippe looked incredulous. She was quite sure, however that Sweet William had never done any wrong, and she told the young count so. She believed in her little cousin so thoroughly, she trusted him so implicitly, that she felt some anxiety lest any one might form wrong impressions of him. They were all waiting, she said,—waiting and hoping; and some day something would happen—she did not know exactly what—that would give Sweet William leave to go from the Great Tower; and then they would all live happily at the castle. Constance thought this "something" must happen very soon now, for she had been waiting nearly a year.

"And Sweet William," she added, "has been waiting ever since he was a baby. That is nearly nine years ago. Sweet William and I were babes together then."

And, pray, what was the good Lasette doing while all this was going on? She must surely have fallen asleep, or been too rapt in the marvels that greeted her honest eyes; for never before had she watched so ill over her fair young charge. True, something unusual had just occurred. The young King of France had engaged in a playful hand-to-hand encounter, and come off victorious. Every one had been intensely interested but my lady and her friend the count. But now the mad applause that rang through the crowd, and the great commotion that was made, put an end to any further conversation between them that day.

After that my lady and the count grew very intimate. They saw each other every day at the games, and Constance went with him to see his beautiful charger—he having heard of her fondness for horses, and all about the favorite Roncesvalles, and indeed about everything at Mount St. Michael that she thought might interest him. Count Philippe spent little of his time in the gay society of the lords and ladies of the court; he seemed quite content to be with little Constance. Every day he grew more and more attracted to her; and every night, as he stood alone in his chamber, he grew more and more puzzled by his own reflections.

## CHAPTER XIII.—THE COUNT AND THE SAILOR.

At last the great tournament came to an end, and many of the noble guests were leaving reluctantly the scene of all these splendid festivities; but Count Philippe seemed more reluctant than the rest, and he lingered on as long as Duke William of Normandy and his little daughter were to be seen about the pleasant valley. One day, when he had not seen them at all, he went to his tent in the evening feeling very lonely and dispirited. He sat thinking a long time—thinking of the days when he too was a little child like my lady's cousin Sweet William, and when he loved a little girl almost as fair as my lady herself. And he grew so sad thinking about these things that he was fain to draw from his breast a little locket, the sight of which seemed to comfort him very much. It was a locket brought to him years ago by a poor sailor, the only living soul saved from a terrible wreck. There was a pretty face in the locket, and the count looked at it long and earnestly.

"You are wonderfully like her—wonderfully like her!" he repeated, half aloud.

Then he kissed the sweet face tenderly, and was about to restore the locket to its place, when it slipped from between his fingers and fell to the floor. As it did so, a hidden spring flew open, and something fell out from the back of the little locket—a slip of paper, worn and creased, with only a few dim words written upon it. Count Philippe had never seen it before. He took it up, and read it a great many times over, I think; for the few hurried words could not have held him there so long in silence. Then, little by little, the mystery became clearer, and suddenly a fearful truth flashed upon him like daylight. He sprang to his feet. What could he do? Nothing then, for the night was already far spent. He would have need to wait till the morning. Then he would see the little girl once more; he would speak with her nurse, and learn more of this little child in the Great Tower.

But at that very hour my Lady Constance and her nurse and all of Duke William's company were once more on the gallant ship; and while Count Philippe was spending his night hours walking restlessly about his chamber, and his feverish brain was at work over his strange discovery, her little ladyship was sleeping tranquilly, as every wave bore her nearer and nearer to the old fortress-home in Normandy.

Some nine or ten years before, when Count Philippe was but a very young knight indeed, he had met with a great sorrow. He had loved a lady very much, and another knight, scarcely older than himself, had come and taken her away. That lady was his sister. He thought at first he could never bear to part with her. They had played together as children, and grown together out of childhood, and never been separated an hour until that luckless day when this gallant courtier had come and married her. It was true the young husband was good and brave and handsome, and the lady loved him very much, and was willing to go anywhere in the world with him; but this last thought was scarcely a comforting one to the young Philippe. I cannot tell you how much he missed his sweet sister. Only brothers who have loved and lost their dear sisters can know what a sad thing it is. After she had gone, he spent much of his time in writing long letters to her, which she rarely received, and which she as rarely replied to; for in those early days young ladies, though lovely and accomplished in many ways, were not as well versed in the art of letter-writing as they are now; and besides, traveling then was so uncertain that sometimes

it was years before families that were separated had any news of one another.

So time went on without Count Philippe's ever hearing a word of his dear companion; and he was just beginning to be reconciled to her absence, when a terrible thing happened.

A Norman vessel bound for France was wrecked in a fearful tempest, and every soul on board perished but one poor sailor. That sailor would rather have died a thousand times than have been the one left to tell the dismal story; yet he alone was spared. A fair lady had been intrusted to his care by some good and faithful Normans; and when the storm was raging highest, and the ship was sinking fast, and the voices of a hundred human souls rose up in agony, he had heard no voice but hers, and had tried to save her alone. For some hours he swam bravely, bearing her in his arms, and clinging to the end of a broken oar that supported them; but at length the poor lady grew so weak and exhausted and chilled with the cold that she was very faint, and knew that she could not live much longer.

"My good friend," she whispered faintly, giving him something she held fast in her hand, "I have not strength to live. If you reach the land, in Heaven's name find my brother Philippe of Chalons, and give him this; it will tell him all. The good God keep you!" And she sank to the bottom.

The sailor was rescued by some good fishermen, and in the early morning he reached the land in safety; and never a day or a night did he rest till he had found the Count Philippe, and given him the little locket, and told him the fate of his beloved sister. And from that day the faithful Norman had wandered about homeless and friendless, never again serving on the treacherous sea nor daring to show his face in Normandy.

Many and many a time had Count Philippe looked at the dear face in the locket, and kissed it lovingly; but never before had he known that through all these years his sister's dying message to him lay hidden away there unheeded. And now, when his sorrow was almost sleeping, a light broke in upon him in the person of a sunny-haired little girl, whose love for her dear cousin had reminded him of his happy childhood. By some singular fancy he thought he saw a resemblance between her and the little sister he had loved long ago. He had seen it that first day at the games—in her little dimpled smiles, in the blue depth of her eyes, in her waving golden hair; and the thought had grown so strong that it haunted him day and night. Every day had brought something that seemed to confirm his conjectures about her, and every night he had resolved to lose no more time in waiting, but speak out all that was in his mind. And yet in some unaccountable way the days had come and gone, and the bright little apparition with them; and now the truth was revealed to him when it was too late. He had made a discovery which had sent the hot blood rushing to his brain with anger and indignation one moment, and tortured him with fearful doubts the next. The mystery he had thought solved at first now grew more and more intricate. The words on the little slip of paper in the locket said, "My little child is a prisoner in the Great Tower. O Philippe save—" And the rest was so dim and blurred that he could read no more. The little boy in the tower must be his sister's child; and yet Constance was so like the lady in the locket he would have sworn they belonged to each other. There was a dreadful mystery; he knew it, and he was the one appointed to clear it, not only from choice, but from duty.

Like an energetic young nobleman as he was, Count Philippe lost no more time in meditation. He set out to find the good mariner who had brought him the locket, and on whom he had never laid eyes again. It seemed a weary task, and almost a hopeless one at times; and it took so many days and weeks that the young count grew discouraged more than once. But there is a gracious Providence that brings about even things which seem impossible in a most astonishing way. Quite unexpectedly, and after what appeared to Count Philippe a weary time to wait, the good sailor was found and made to relate all that he knew of the story of Mount St. Michael. It was a long narrative, often broken by

sighs from the honest lips that told it; for the Norman sailor remembered it all as if it had been yesterday. It was not until then that the young count learned all that had really happened to his dear sister—all the grief she had had, and what she had suffered at the hands of the cruel Duke William. It was then he learned the fate of the little child who had been wronged to satisfy the cravings of a wicked revenge. Oh, if he had known it all, what a deal of suffering might have been spared to many innocent hearts! Would not the years and best efforts of his early manhood have been spent in righting this great wrong!

But the good sailor had never dreamed that the little locket would remain unopened for nine long years. Indeed he had thought more than once that, save for the loss of their beloved lady, peace and contentment must long ere this have been restored at Mount St. Michael. He had often wondered what had been the fate of the implacable old duke when found out by the young count in all his wickedness. He had hoped, too, that sometime the good Normans would forgive their poor countryman for having so ill-piloted his fair charge, and bid him return home and be happy. And he had waited wearily, and, like many others, he had waited in vain. Never a word had come to him concerning what had happened at Mount St. Michael. Never had he seen the young count since that first day until now; and the strange discovery fell upon him with the same sad force. Both felt it was the workings of a mysterious Providence which neither of them could understand. It was with this as with so much that happens in this world: a very little knowledge would have prevented it all; but on that little hung the scourge of a great evil. But even the evil in this world tends to some good end; and this one was designed to teach a great lesson. Although the burden of it fell upon an innocent and helpless child, he was to be the unconscious instrument of a just and merited retribution.

The young count and the sailor talked and worked together for many days, and at last it was arranged that they should set out for Mount St. Michael, and that Count Philippe should there demand his sister's child of the Duke of Normandy. It was done so quietly that no one knew of their intention; and even while the two were journeying towards the old Norman castle, Sweet William and my Lady Constance were again in the Great Tower together, enjoying the peaceful evening hours as of old, while William heard of, and my lady re-lived many times over, the delightful days at the great tournament.

And my lord, little dreaming of the startling announcement about to be made to him, was also enjoying a few peaceful and quiet days, basking in the splendor of his own greatness. It would have been hard enough for him to be found out in all his sinfulness, to be thwarted in his revengeful purpose, to be baffled in his ambition. But something far worse than all this was in store for him. A chord in his cold nature never touched before was soon to be rudely awakened. He had never loved much, yet through his love he was to suffer more than from any of the defeats and disappointments of former years. The cloud that hung over Mount St. Michael for so many years was to be dispelled, and many hearts to be lightened of their anxious burden. No one suspected it—not my lord, surely, who felt quite safe in his strong castle; nor the dear little captive, though the day of his happiness was dawning; nor yet the good nurses, who knew the whole mystery of the Great Tower.

The story of Mount St. Michael was no longer a secret nor a mystery to one person at least; for while they journeyed together towards Normandy, the sailor had said to the count,—

"Your sister's child, my lord, was a little maid."

(To be Continued.)

## A TEN MINUTES A DAY CLUB.

Several boys belonging to the "Ten Minutes a Day" Society, have occupied the "minutes" for a number of weeks, in going from house to house in the town where they live, and gathering such religious papers as their owners were willing to give away. At the end of a month they sent them to a missionary who had called for reading matter.—*The Pansy.*

STAR PICTURES AND STAR LESSONS.

From *Child's Companion*.

III.

Our next star picture will need five counters, and these you must place in the shape of a letter W.

When once you can make them neatly in this shape, you must learn where to place them.

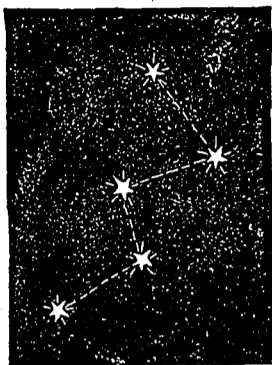


Fig. 4.

This W-shaped cluster of stars is called Cassiopeia, and having made the plough and placed the Pole star, then on the other side of that Pole star place your W. You see that two lines drawn from

the Pole star will give you the two outside stars of the W.

There are about fifty-five stars in this group called Cassiopeia, but these five are the brightest, and the shape is so easy to find and to remember, that we will learn only these five at present.

Now prick all you know—plough, Pole star, and Cassiopeia; put your pin into the Pole star and turn all round, and you will see that when the plough is nearest to you, Cassiopeia is on the far side of the Pole star; and when the plough is farthest the Cassiopeia comes nearest. This is the real movement that you see by night in the sky.

But is it not strange that when you look up into that real sky and see the real shining stars, you hear no sound? Yet they are all whirling along at such a rate—some of them moving one mile and a half every second—that is, 5000 miles every hour. We cannot picture it, it is more than we can imagine. How very great and how wise, and how powerful our Father must be who can guide all these rushing bodies, and keep them in their places century after century!

IV.

We will take for our next lesson the beautiful star Capella, in the group or constellation called Auriga. This very bright star is believed to travel at the rate of thirty miles each second, and it is one of the yellow stars. If you notice carefully you will see how wonderfully the colors of the stars differ. There are white stars, golden or yellow stars, reddish stars, and bluish ones too. To find Capella we must go to the counters again, and place Cassiopeia and the plough and the Pole star as in the last lesson.

Now draw a line from the highest pointer of the plough to the nearest star of the W, and imagine a triangle on this line. The star at its point, as you see it in the figure, will be the chief star in Auriga, that is, Capella. You will also see in the sky that Capella has a triangle close to it of very small stars. This will help you always in finding Capella in the sky when you see this tiny triangle close by the brilliant star with no others near it that shine half so brightly.

But we must not think that because some stars look tiny, therefore they are the smallest. Think how large a fire balloon looks before it goes up. Perhaps you have watched it starting, and looked until it grew smaller and smaller as it went off, till you could only see it as if it were a tiny red spark, and at last it went so very far away that you could not see it at all.

What is it that makes that big blazing ball look so very small? It is the distance, it is too far off for you to see it at last at



Fig. 5.

all, and yet there it really is still the same in size and brightness.

So you see the appearance of a star depends a good deal on the distance it is from our world. Some really smaller stars, because they are nearer our earth, look much bigger and brighter than others which are much larger in reality, only being so very far away they appear to be the smaller of our twinkling lights.

V.

We have now found stars on three sides of the Pole star; we must next learn one which fills the vacant place.

We will place our counters for all we yet know, i.e., Pole star, plough, Cassiopeia, and Capella. Now take a line from your last star of the plough handle, and draw it right up to the farthest star of the W (Cassiopeia); now another line about as long away to the left, and another line from Cassiopeia to meet it. When these lines form a triangle they will meet at a very bright star called Vega.

This is one of the brightest stars in the whole sky, and it shines with a bluish light. The group in which we find Vega is called Lyra or the Lyre, but I think you could hardly trace the shape of a lyre in the five stars which are the chief in this group.

As we spoke in our last lesson of the dis-

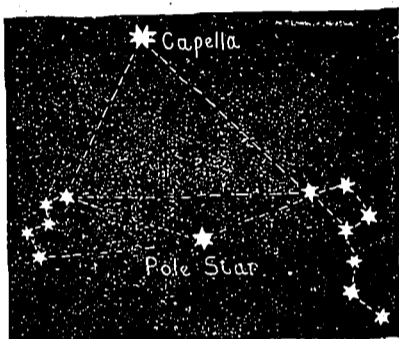


Fig. 6.

tances of the stars, I should like to give you a little idea of how far these heavenly bodies really are from our earth.

Picture now to yourselves a flash of light starting from our sun to come straight to our world. It would take eight and a half minutes to reach us, and in that time it would have travelled thousands of miles each second.

Think what a journey and what a rush: the length of the journey we cannot even picture. Listen to the clock as it ticks out each second, and remember that for each tick the beam of light has been rushing along about 180,000 miles. Then think of the numbers of seconds that there are in eight and a half minutes. What a tremendous distance!

Well this gives you just a faint idea of how far away our sun is from us, and yet

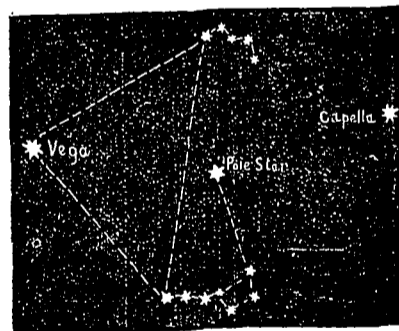


Fig. 7.

there are stars whose light takes three years—twenty years—seventy years—yes, even hundreds of years to reach us! It is too vast—we cannot follow it. It only shows us what a wonderful God ours must be, and what power He has to be able to govern all these rolling mighty bodies, keeping all in perfect order.

We must try to learn more of His wisdom and His power and His love; and some day we shall hear His own voice speak to us, and shall see, face to face, that Almighty Friend who "made the stars also."

TO-DAY for God what hast thou done?  
I ask thee, restless mind!  
Shouldst thou soar upward to the sun,  
Yet peace thou couldst not find.  
O, hast thou wasted all thy powers  
Upon this fleeting earth?  
Or cast away the precious hours,  
Unmindful of their worth?  
—Kate Cameron.

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By *Marquerite Bouvet*.

CHAPTER XIV.—REWARD AND PUNISHMENT.

Count Philippe and his companion had travelled all night long, when at last the dense blackness melted into gray, and in the ghostly morning light Mount St. Michael and its grim old castle rose from the misty sea. Deep gloom reigned everywhere. It had steeped the lonely place in more than its usual loneliness. It clung to the barren coast, wrapped in silvery vapors, to the gray towers and turrets still but faintly outlined against the leaden skies. Who would have guessed what a sweet vision of freshness and beauty lay hidden in the very highest of those frowning turrets? Like the gray old giant of the forest sheltering its tender nursing in the lofty branch, as far as possible from earth, as near as may be to heaven, so Mount St. Michael held its treasure in its strong arms, safe and close.

The boy William lay there sleeping, surely the fairest born in Normandy; a picture of warmth and color, more than enough to make up for the chill, colorless world outside—color in the dark curls lying loosely on the white pillow, in the tender eyes now hidden by the beautiful eyelids and their fringe of soft black lashes. Who can tell what visions of freedom and happiness delight him now? And there is color not less beautiful on the softly-rounded cheek, glowing with the rosiness of healthful sleep, and in the sweet red lips, parted and half smiling—at fortune, perhaps, who is to do such great things for him this day. Ah, Sweet William, lovely image of childish grace and innocence, sleep but this one hour, and it shall be thy last in the great, dreary dungeon! To-day the sorrows of captivity are at an end for thee, and freedom no longer a vague dream but a glorious reality.

It was very early, and others were asleep at Mount St. Michael besides the gentle William; but in less than an hour after, when it was known that two strangers had arrived at the castle, and that one of them was a young count from France, and the other a sailor whom every one had thought dead these many years, the whole household awoke as if by magic, and all was life and interest. The first of all the honest hearts made glad by these tidings was that of the old Norman peasant when he welcomed back his loved one after all these years of patient waiting. It was through him that the news reached the castle-folk, for the poor old man could not contain his joy. Through him they learned that the Count Philippe was the brother of my lord Geoffrey's fair lady, and that he was come at last to claim his sister's little child. They heard how the ship in which she sailed away from Normandy had been wrecked. They heard the story of the little locket, how the paper in it had been found. They were told how much the little Lady Constance resembled her young uncle, and what a brave, good knight he was, and how he had met my lady at the tournament, and a great deal more; and the greatest excitement prevailed.

All that Duke William heard of these rumors, however, was that a young nobleman from the court of France awaited his pleasure; and as he did not suspect the nature of the young count's visit, and was always glad to make a display before other noblemen, he prepared to give him a most courteous and splendid welcome.

Some hours later all of Duke William's retinue had assembled in the great hall of the castle. The nobles stood in two long lines on either side of my lord, who sat at the one end in his ducal chair, wearing a heavy crown of jewels, arrayed in silk and purple, and beaming down majestically upon every one. Constance sat on a little stool at his feet, with no more charming ornaments than her own bright smile and her crown of golden hair. A look of great expectancy stole into her big eyes. She had been silent for some little time, and was just preparing to begin a series of eager questions, when a movement was heard in the hall and the Count Philippe entered.

A cry of joyous recognition broke from my lady's lips. Disregarding all the rigid formality of such a ceremonial as this, she ran forward to meet him exclaiming,—

"O my lord, you have come all the way from France to see me!"

"All the way from France to see you, my Constance," repeated the young count tenderly, bending over her and putting his arm about her little figure as if he meant never to let her go again.

Every one looked surprised—most of all Duke William, whose expression of surprise was slightly mingled with displeasure; for he resented the young nobleman's familiarity with his little daughter. Count Philippe, still holding Constance by the hand, came forward, and knelt before the duke to receive his greeting. Then he rose, and looking about him with an air of brave assurance, made known his errand, speaking with gentle dignity; for he was a courteous as well as a brave and noble knight.

"My lord," said he, "I am here to undeceive you, for it is plain that you, too, are ignorant of the truth concerning this little lady. Constance is your brother Geoffrey's child and my sister's; and I have, by your gracious leave, come to take her back to her kindred. Your own son, William, is in yonder Great Tower, by what chance I know not; but it will doubtless please you to release him early, and deprive him no longer of a father's love."

A deep stillness fell over the assembled nobles. Duke William's face was ghastly white. His deep eyes gleamed fiercely, and his beetling brows were knit over them in wrath. Constance thought she had never seen my lord look so terrible, and for the first time in her life she shrank from him and was almost afraid.

"What madness is this?" he asked at length, in a voice that trembled with agitation.

Count Philippe drew forth the little locket containing his sister's face. It was the image of Constance. Then he laid the little message before him, and Duke William read the few dim words that had been his undoing. He remained as one transfixed. All breathing was hushed and the room was deathly still.

"And what," said he, after a fearful pause, "is all this about the Lady Constance and my son William? Speak!" he thundered.

The count turned and beckoned to his companion, who was waiting without, saying,—

"This good man, my lord, whom you may remember as once a brave sailor of Normandy, will tell you better than I."

The old mariner then related how nine years ago my lord Geoffrey's fair lady had been taken to his grandfather's hut, and there awaited the ship that was to take her back to France, away from my lord's displeasure; and how she had wept at parting from her little child, and how she had spoken of it as her tender baby-daughter, and begged them to give it her own true name, Constance; and how she had said they must pray and hope and wait, and she would send her brother the count to bring her little one back to her. Then he told of the frightful storm and of her death; and there was not an eye but was dim, save that of Duke William. And lastly he told of the strange misunderstanding about the locket, and the finding of the little paper at last, and the young count's search for him, and indeed all that had happened since. All this he told and could vouch for its truth. But how it happened that after these nine years he had come back and found this same little daughter as happy and free as a bird at Mount St. Michael, and had heard of another child of the name of William who was in the Great Tower instead, he really could not say.

"Mayhap the good nurses, Mathilde and Lasette, who did attend the little ones, may know" more of this than any one else.

Duke William's face had not changed a muscle during the whole of the sailor's narrative; but at these closing words a sudden fear overtook him, and one could see that a terrible struggle was going on within him. His hand trembled visibly, and a cold moisture beaded his dark brow.

"Bring," said he to one of his attendants—"bring hither the two women and—and the child from the tower!"

(To be Continued.)

TRUE GREATNESS can only be the result of a fully rounded character.



## BOOTS AND SHOES SINCE TUDOR TIMES.

When fashion left the peaked shoes it passed to the other extreme, and shoes became so preposterously broad that in England a law was made prohibiting their extending to more than six inches in width. Instead of ending in a long viper-like point, the shoe under the Tudors became so short that the upper part only just covered the toes, and was sometimes fastened by a band over the instep.

In Edward the Sixth's time the round toes tended again to a point, and became much longer in the uppers (Fig. 27). The



Fig. 27.—Shoe of time of Edward VI.

hose, which was generally of dark-colored cloth, must have had a very pretty effect seen through light kid shoes, such as were then worn.

The shoes of the early Tudors had hardly any heels, but during the reign of Henry II., of France, contemporary with Edward VI., the French ladies wore prodigious heels to their shoes, rendering them quite cloven-footed. In both countries it was the fashion to adorn the shoes with large rosettes. In a portrait of Louis XIV., when young, his shoe is adorned with an enormous rosette (Fig. 28). There is a lady's shoe at Cluny, of the time of Henry II., with a great rose on the instep made of silver lace. This shoe has a very thin, high, wedge-shaped heel and a long metallic point, engraved in chevrons, attached to the toe. (Fig. 29.)

Concurrently with the rosetted shoes it was the fashion in France to wear a kind of *galoche*, called a *patin*, which was in reality a shoe with a wooden sole with two clumps, the interval forming a sort of arch. Every one wore them, and those of the rich were so ornamented as to attract the denunciations of the pulpit.

Luxury in shoes was carried as far under the broad-toe *regime* as under the pointed. Cardinal Wolsey is said to have worn gold shoes, by which we suppose is intended shoes embroidered with gold thread. When we read that Sir Walter Raleigh used to go to Court in shoes so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded in value £6,600, we understand the danger which threatened England in consequence of the discovery of the New World, and why Puritans made such a stand for simplicity in dress. The "great Eliza," as we all know, had a very feminine weakness in this direction, and the gentlemen of her Court evidently played upon it. Gray introduces Sir Christopher Hatton dancing before the queen, and declares that—

"His bushy beard and shoe strings green,  
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet  
Moved the stout heart of England's queen.  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

At the close of the fifteenth century the nobility went into a fight armed *cap-a-pie*, foot-gear being as monstrous as the rest of their armor. Feet like great wedges, or formed like a vulture's claw, were the fashion when Maximilian I. became Emperor of



Fig. 29.—Lady's shoe of court of Henry II. of France.

Germany. But gunpowder exploded these final phantasies of feudalism, and, by the middle of the sixteenth century, men were riding to battle in great jack-boots. These boots were, in some cases, as may be seen at Cluny, so immense that they attracted myths akin to those which surround the "giant-killer's seven leagued boots." Thus it is gravely related by Brantome, in his

"Hommes Illustres," that John Frederick of Saxony, being surprised by Alva, after the battle of Muhlberg, while at church, fled in dismay, leaving his gigantic boots behind, either of which was "large enough to hold a camp bedstead."

There are some specimens of early boots at Cluny, one of the time of Henry III., which goes right over the knee. Doubtless these solid boots would stand years of wear and even then had an intrinsic value which caused them to descend to strange uses. Thus, in the "Taming of the Shrew," Petrucio is described as coming "in a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced."

In the time of the Tudors it was rare for a nobleman even to wear boots, but towards the latter part of the reign of James I., boots became the wear of all classes in England. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador of the day, told his countrymen that all the citizens in London went about booted, just as if they were about to go out of town, and that all Englishmen, even the ploughmen and meanest artisans, wore boots. Nevertheless, boots had not ceased to be the distinctive mark of men in a good position. "He's a gentleman, I can assure you, sir, for he walks always on boots," says some one in a dramatic work of the time (1616). An incidental proof then is this going about in boots of the general prosperity of all classes in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In our illustration we give two specimens of cavalier's boots, with broad toes, the leg being of a soft flexible leather that lay in folds; the distinguishing peculiarity, however, is the enormous top, which was made to turn up or down at the will of the wearer. Fig. 33 is an example of the former, Fig. 34 of the latter. They were turned down in order to exhibit the lace trimmings which were attached to the cloth linings.

This fashion of giving boots the shape of a funnel was the sole extravagance in costume which the Puritans did not discard. The boots of a Roundhead were as outrageous in the matter of tops as those of a Cavalier. If any one looks at the Puritan boot depicted (Fig. 35) he cannot fail to observe its defiant character. Not only does it plant itself on the ground with Cromwellian firmness, but there are in the folds of the leg suggestions of stern old Ironside faces; taken with the top, the outline of the back gives the profile of one of Frederick the Second's grenadiers; looked at in front you may fancy you see the Nestor of the old Imperial Guard. The

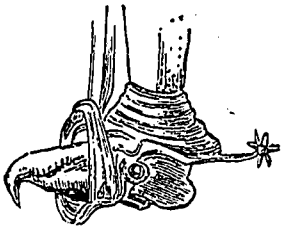


Fig. 30.—Foot-gear of German noble, end of fifteenth century.

more ordinary boot of the period is depicted in Fig. 36.

The use of the shoe-tie as the main decoration was carried to its full excess by the bewigged and bespotted beaux of the Court of the Second Charles. The ribbons of the tie were very broad, and stiffened so as to stand out several inches on both sides. Fig. 37 is a specimen.

The ladies' shoes were not broad in the toe, nevertheless they ended squarely. In an Italian example we have seen of the time of the first two Stuarts the toe resembles a duck's bill. This was cut out very much at the sides in the mode of the former century, when it was the fashion to show the color of the hose.

But in England these stiff and stately forms gave place to a more plebeian shoe. In the foot-gear of the time of William III. we have a shoe with a very encroaching point, the many furbelows and enormous stiff ties of absolutism being reduced to a pair of plain ribbons, which are firmly buckled on to the instep (Fig. 39). Ladies' shoes of the same period were sometimes slashed and decorated with a little embroidery. The little shoe (Fig. 40) below the one just described appears to be an example. Next to it is another curious specimen of foot-gear, on which we see a clog of wood fastened to the sole (Fig. 41). This in-

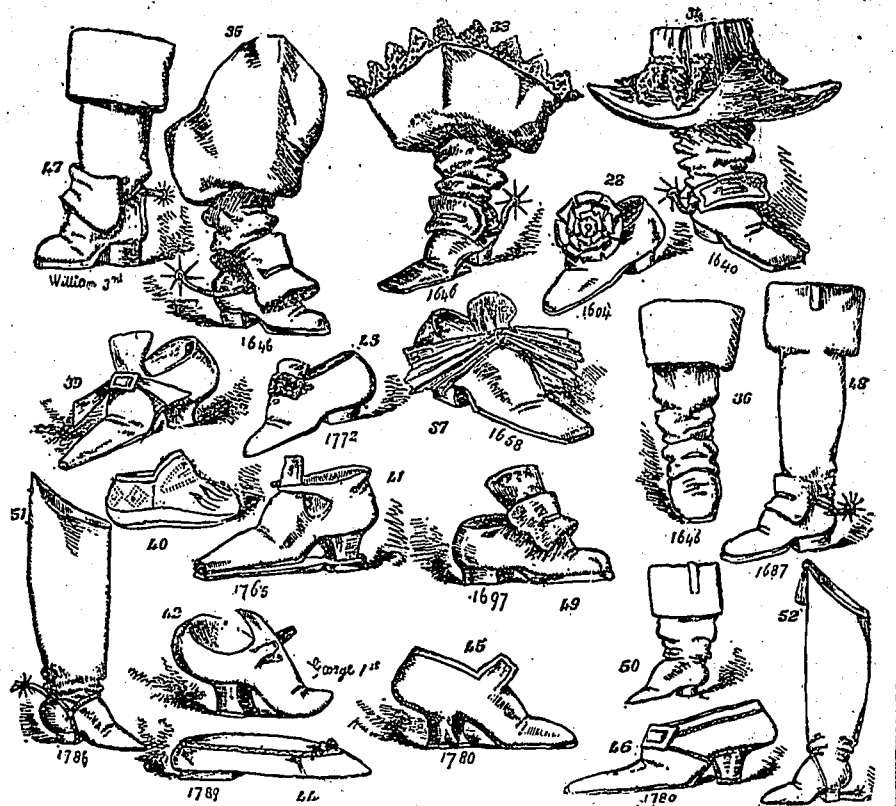


Fig. 28.—Rosetted Shoe. Figs. 33 and 31.—Cavalier's Boots. Fig. 35.—Puritan Boot. Fig. 36.—Ordinary Boot, Commonwealth. Fig. 37.—Courtier's Shoe, Charles II. Fig. 39.—Courtier's Shoe, William III. Fig. 40.—Lady's Shoe, William III. Fig. 41.—Curious Shoe, early part of Eighteenth Century. Fig. 42.—Lady's Shoe, George I. Figs. 43, 44, 45, and 46.—Shoes, George III. Fig. 47.—Boot, William III. Fig. 48.—Boot, James II. Fig. 49.—Shoe, William III. Fig. 50.—Top-boot. Fig. 51.—Boot, George III. Fig. 52.—Hessian Boot.

convenient shoe became fashionable about the latter end of the seventeenth century. From the date of our example it appears to have continued as late as 1765.

With the reign of George I., a very homely shoe comes into vogue, bearing a near resemblance in shape to the old fashioned coal-scuttle (Fig. 42). Having, however, seen many of its contemporaries at Cluny, we know that, humble as was its shape, nothing could exceed in delicacy the material or the beauty of the colors in which it was made up. Of embroidered silk, of morocco, or fancy leather, the favorite colors seem to have been sky-blue, cabbage-green, or rose. At least so we judge from the examples at Cluny, where this period—that of Louis XV.—is well represented. The general form is the same as here represented, but it becomes more picturesque and piquant than that of its English sister. The little upturned toes have a pettish air very suggestive of the frivolity of the time. Their great peculiarity is the position of the heel, which was placed almost in the centre of the foot.

During the reigns of the two simple-hearted kings, George III., and Louis XVI., ladies wore a very plain style of shoe. The heel less towards the centre became lower and lower, a large ruche covered the instep, and the toe tended to become more and more oval (Fig. 43).

The material and colors of the ladies' shoes during the last quarter of the eighteenth century had, notwithstanding their simple forms, something of the luxuriousness of the earlier generation. Thus the shoe marked Fig. 45 is of blue figured silk, richly decorated in needlework. As a rule, however, the colors become a little quieter and the trimming less profuse. The tendency is for the heel to sink more and more while the toe broadens and flattens, and sometimes elongates, as in Fig. 46.

High heels and buckles came into vogue once more with the year 1800, significant sign that reaction had once more gained the day, and expected to keep its place by coercive measures: The Napoleonic Court, however, did not patronize high heels, every one there standing on his own level, that level being exactly determined by the amount of assistance he had rendered, or was able to render, to its master's ambition. Flat shoes, sometimes round-toed, sometimes pointed, were the fashion of this period.

Few persons in the British Isles go better shod to-day than the British soldier. What his foot-gear was at the end of the seventeenth century, may be seen by a glance at the ugly boot marked Fig. 47. The boot marked Fig. 48 appears to be that of a gentleman of the reign of James II., and is not at all bad, but the military

boot is in every respect disagreeable. Enormously wide, the interior must have required stuffing, with a heel so high as to throw the whole weight of the foot on the instep, with a ponderous mass of solid leather, made weightier by a huge extra piece of leather over the instep, and a bit of iron rising from the heel to support the spur; such were the boots in which the English army won the Battle of the Boyne.

More than one pair of boots of this description are in existence. A pair found in a cupboard of an ancient building in Bagshot Park, Surrey, about 1837, are described as weighing about 10 lbs. each, being made of the thickest hide—lined and padded—with very thick soles and large rowelled spurs, attached by steel chains. Charles XII. of Sweden wore boots of this kind. From the specimen shoe of the time (Fig. 49) it will be seen that the foot-gear of the reign of William III. was remarkably solid and heavy.

Boots of the make inscribed 1786 (Fig. 51) were more worn in England at this time, while in the early part of the present century boots in which the higher part rose in front of the shin became the vogue. Under the Directory in France the general lassitude is evinced by the fact that men not only wore silk stockings and pumps in the street, but even travelled in the latter.

The tasselled Hessian boot (Fig. 52) and the well-known Wellington followed one after the other, the latter being still worn by some indefatigable sticklers for bygone fashions.

The top-boot, still the wear of huntsmen, was in common use by country gentlemen fifty years ago.

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