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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

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MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS
FOR 1872.

During twenty-five years existence the circulation of the WITNESS has increased from 800 to about 20,000; or, counting by sheets issued, instead of 800 a week, we have in round numbers:—

Daily, 11,000 x 6 - -	66,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 2 -	6,000
Weekly - - - - - -	7,000
	79,000

The same rates of increase for the next quarter of a century would give us an entry into 500,000 families for 7,900,000 sheets. These figures are no more incredible than the present ones would have been twenty-five years ago, and we shall do our best, with the assistance of constantly improving appliances and facilities for reaching the public, and counting largely on the rapid growth of our Dominion and of its chief city, to realize them.

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We stand just where we have always stood, and look for success to that aid which has hitherto helped us.

THE DAILY WITNESS, is issued at Noon, 2, 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., and sold in every town and village for ONE CENT. We shall by 1st January, 1872, have completed our arrangements for city delivery, and will, by means of delivery carts and sleighs, be able to supply dealers in almost every corner of the city. We have a steam press running on bulletins alone, so that each dealer may receive one daily. *Daily Witness, $3 per annum, payable in advance.*

TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS.—Subscribers to the SEMI-WEEKLY WITNESS will after 1st January be supplied with a TRI-WEEKLY of the shape and size of the present DAILY WITNESS, which will be found to contain about as much matter as the present SEMI-WEEKLY, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter without any addition of price. *Tri-Weekly Witness $2 per annum in advance.*

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We have never been able to offer any inducement which has borne fruit equal to the assistance of those whose sincere friendship for the enterprise has prompted them to exertion on our behalf.

In all editions where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting $8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising in the DAILY WITNESS costs 10 cents per line for *new advertisements*, or for such as are inserted as new; 5 cents per line for *old advertisments*—that is all insertions after the first, when not inserted as new. The following are exceptional:—Employees or Board Wanted, one cent per word. Employment or Boarders Wanted, and Articles Lost and Found, 20 words for 10 cents and half a cent for each additional word.

The TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY WITNESS will be counted together, and all the issues of one week will be counted one insertion. Thus,

Weekly - - - -	7,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 3 =	9,000
	16,000

The service rendered will thus be greater in quantity, and for many kinds of business better in quality, than that of the Daily; yet, for the present, the same scale of charges will be followed. Thus an advertiser has, for the same money, advertising for as many weeks in the country editions as he has days in the daily editions. The above startling changes in the terms of the country editions we are enabled to make by increased printing facilities, and in the hope of securing a circulation that will attract advertising patronage. Advertisers may, we think, confidently count on a rapid improvement in the value of time contracts through the working of these changes. No advertisments will be accepted which are not in accord with the known principles of the WITNESS.

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We here announce cheaper papers than can be got anywhere else, and cheaper advertising, we think, in proportion to circulation, than is offered in Canada. Whether the papers are good, as well as cheap, the public are the best judges. All the departments of reading matter will be kept up as heretofore. We are giving increased attention to the commercial department.

(Continued on third page of Cover.)

MR. STANLEY, CHIEF OF THE "HERALD" EXPEDITION OF SEARCH.

MAP OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA.

// NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1872.

SAXON AND CELT.

BY J. W., B. A.

Those acquainted with English comic literature must be pretty familiar with the features of three representative men often introduced there. That person with the cunning twinkle about his eye, the good-humored but roguish look on his countenance, is evidently an Irishman. He is impulsive, funny, and mischievous. His want of caution often makes him ridiculous, his generosity sometimes makes him a dupe, still you cannot but like him. The next is a man of a very different stamp. In person he is corpulent, in manner gruff, in speech he is plain. His honest countenance is marked with lines which indicate strong self-assertion and dogged perseverance. This is an impersonation of the qualities of the Englishman. The third is quite a different specimen of humanity. His keen eye gives you the impression of caution and prudence; his careworn look betokens hard work and deep thought. Life, you can see, is with him a serious business. This is the representative Scotchman.

These three individuals embody in themselves what are popularly considered to be the national peculiarities of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Of course their traits and characteristics are somewhat exaggerated; still the inhabitants will be found in general to have them more or less fully developed

The second and third—the Englishman and Scotchman—may not seem to have much in common, and indeed according to the outline above sketched they have not; but judging their characters by the light of history and observation, we find much similarity combined with considerable differences. We find that they both have, as from their origin they should have, the features of the great Saxon family. The English race has been considerably affected by having absorbed a large Norman element. These Normans, however, were originally a kindred race, but during their sojourn in France they not only changed their language, but got many of their peculiarities modified. So that the English, although in reality as purely Saxon, or Teutonic, as the Lowland Scotch, have not the peculiarities of the race so strongly marked. But both have them in sufficient prominence to show their relationship to the German and Scandinavian families. The fact of the Normans having been amalgamated with the English, and the difference between England and Scotland in regard to political circumstances and physical features, will account for the dissimilarity of the two peoples.

The Scotchman, doomed to cultivate an ungrateful soil, in an ungenial climate, has felt the necessity for hard work and great thrift, and these are depicted on his countenance and affect his character. The Englishman, under milder skies and possessing a richer soil, has a character and appearance to correspond. But while close observation confirms the historical account of the common origin of the English and Lowland Scotch, the case is different in regard to the Celt. The more

minutely we inspect their character the more do we find them to differ from the Saxon. If we take the Celt in Ireland and compare him with those in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, or in Brittany in France, we find resemblances and differences corresponding to those found in comparing the Saxon in England, in Scotland, or in the North of Europe.

We might institute many interesting comparisons between the Saxon and Celt, in their several relations in life. We might compare the lively, light-hearted Irish cotter, with his frieze coat and slouched hat, with the English hind, with his lack-lustre eye and stolid countenance, having less appearance of intelligence in it than that of the horse he drives. Or we might rise higher in the social scale, when we should find the national peculiarities less strongly marked, but still remaining deep-seated under an apparent and superficial uniformity. But what we have undertaken is to contrast the characters of the two races as exhibited in war, in literature, and in religion.

The Celt is by nature a soldier, the Saxon is by nature a civilian. By saying so we do not mean that an army of Celts is more than a match for an equal army of Saxons, but that the Celt has the qualities that constitute the professional soldier. He has the high spirit, the love of fighting for its own sake, the chivalrous disposition that characterized the knights-errant of old. He has the dash that is needed for the cavalry charge, the courage that will rush on the point of the bayonet. He is fitted for attack when impetuosity and fearlessness alone are needed. No one who has read of the feats of valour of the Highlanders and Connaught Rangers in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, or in the Crimea, will question Celtic courage. But courage is not the only quality now required to gain a battle or succeed in a campaign. The art of war has completely changed. Engineers and artillerymen play the most important part now. The strategist who can plan well, and the gunner who can fire with precision, are the men who generally decide contests in these days. And here the Saxon's qualities stand him in good stead. He is not by nature a military man, but he has the qualities that make him successful in war. His home is first in his thoughts, then his parish, then his county, and then his country. Beyond this he sees little to admire, and nothing to love. Now the Celt's affections embrace in one wide grasp his whole country, and he can extend them occasionally to the world at large. He will fight for what he considers the cause of right in Timbuctoo as readily as in his own town. The Saxon only fights when his interest is directly or indirectly engaged, and then he *does fight.* Whatever he does he does thoroughly. Fighting is no child's play for him, but if it is to be done it will be done in earnest. He has not the Celtic impetuosity, but he has the bulldog tenacity, which leads him to carry out anything taken in hand through thick and thin. The fury of the Celt carries him on if the thing can be done at once; if not it spends itself and brings on a reaction. The Saxon works calmly and perseveringly, and he generally succeeds. These qualities of the two races have been illustrated in the whole of the contests between Ireland and England. We have also a good illustration of them in the late war between France and Germany. There is a slight mixture of Saxon and other elements in the French character, but the basis or main element is Celtic, and the people have shown in the late war their kindred with the Celtic races. The causes of that war are hard to trace, but one cause was the French love of military glory. Now no Saxon nation would plan and provoke a war merely for the sake of glory. It might for dominion, or plunder, or revenge (for the Saxon is a "good hater"), but never for fame, pure and simple, much less for the love of fighting. But the French are quite capable of doing so. As the Irishman will provoke a faction fight to get a chance of using his shillelah, so will the French provoke a national quarrel to get a chance of using their swords. They have often done so, as in the case of the Mexican expedition. The Saxon must have some good grounds for a quarrel—there must be something to excite his hostility, and once excited it is undying. The German (who is a Saxon) is by nature peaceable if let alone; but

touch his "Fatherland," and you raise the tiger within him. You find him indeed a man of "blood and iron." Then all the qualities of his race, his perseverance, his coolness, his unswerving devotion to any cause undertaken, come out.

The Germans carried on the late war like men who intended to win. They spared no cost, they allowed themselves to be restrained by no law, human or divine. They did things deliberately which shocked our humanity, but still they stuck to their purpose.

The French did many brilliant things, and persevered even beyond expectation; but it was under compulsion. Still they seldom or never followed up a victory so as to gain any advantage from it. They have not the iron will of the Germans.

The English may seem from their history to be fond of war, and yet they only seem so. Their interests, from a variety of causes, have brought them into many quarrels, and having got into them they fought with a courage little short of ferocity. In their contests with other nations they have succeeded by dint of skill and perseverance. Their character was brought out in their frequent struggles with the Irish Celts. Their calm courage and haughty temper, combined with a determination not to know defeat, have always in the end triumphed over the fitful impetuosity and fickleness of the Celt. The Irish have often risen and dashed themselves with fury on their enemies, the English, but the latter have stood as firm as the walls of granite that surround their coast; and soon the Celtic rage cooled down, and the struggle was felt to be in vain. It is this strength of will that has enabled the English to maintain their ascendancy over subject populations. They lost their possessions in France when the enthusiasm of the people was raised (by Joan of Arc) to an almost supernatural height. They lost America because they had to contend with a people possessing their own qualities. In that case "Greek met Greek"—obstinacy was opposed to stubbornness.

As to literature. Here the contest between the two races has been carried on under great disadvantages on the part of the Celts. Some of them (the Highlanders and Welsh) speak a language not understood by the great majority of the nation. And even where they do speak English, as in Ireland, the means of education have rarely till lately been within their reach. Till the present century the English Government prevented the Irish Celte from obtaining learning unless he renounced his religion. And then there is not a sufficiently wealthy and educated Celtic population in Ireland to whom the Irish Celt can address himself, and so he must remain silent, or write for those with whom he has little sympathy, and who have none with him. But when we have said all that can be said in his favor, we must admit that there are departments of literature in which the race could never take a high place. They are deficient in those powers that are necessary for attaining to great eminence in science, or in those departments of literature that require patient study or deep research and long application. They have a powerful imagination which enables them to excel in art and in those parts of literature where imagination is chiefly required. The Saxon has imagination too, but of a different kind. The Saxons are fed from within, the Celts from without. The Celtic flame burns brilliantly and fiercely for a time, but it soon exhausts itself. The Saxon's burns more slowly, but more steadily, and longer. If anything excites the love or hatred of the Celt he can express his feelings in words that stir the very soul. But anything that requires deep meditation, or long research, is beyond his reach. Ballads and songs, narrative poems and appeals to the feelings, and novels filled with adventures, are what he excels in. He does not take time to analyze his passion, but lets it shape itself in words which for elegance and pathos are matchless. We have not space to illustrate these points fully; we can only refer to a few well-known writers. Compare Campbell, a Highland Celt, with Burns, a Lowland Saxon. The former requires some stirring event to move his feelings, and then he pours forth his heart in torrents of passion. His poems are eloquent and spirit-stirring, but there is no analysis of the deep feelings of the soul, such as we see in Burns. Com-

pare Moore or Gerald Griffin (Irish Celts) with Tennyson or the Lake School, and the difference will be found radical. In the former you have stirring narratives, and passion pouring itself out in most elegant forms; in the latter you sometimes have narratives too, but they are introduced to illustrate and bring out their systems of mental anatomy and philosophies of life. We cannot have recourse to the Welsh for illustrations; but it is well known their poetry is like that of the other Celtic populations. It consists of stories—facts or fiction made the instrument for expressing the deep feelings of the people, and moving their ardent passions. One will be moved almost to tears by listening to one of their poems recited, though he may not understand a word of their language.

In the other departments of literature the Celtic characteristics come out. He is defective in the qualities required for a great historian. He wants the patience and determination necessary to collect materials and sift evidence, and the calm judgment needed for weighing character. For writing biographies or descrying the events of a period the Celt is well qualified. For examples we would refer to Moore's lives of Byron and Sheridan, and Campbell's biographies of the poets. Lord Macaulay also had Celtic blood in his veins, and it affected his history, which is rather a series of brilliant pictures than a sober relation of events, or a calm investigation of their causes. We might also trace the national peculiarities in the drama and novel, but we must hurry on. A comparison between Sheridan and Shakespeare, or Lever and Dickens, will convince anyone that distinctions of race are traceable in all departments of works of imagination. In fine the Celt has strong passion, a great command of language as well as taste and gracefulness. He has the qualities that move the heart and lead to action; that produce tears or excite laughter. The Saxon is fitted for patient research or deep investigation. He can move the heart, but it is chiefly through the intellect. He informs the judgment and appeals to the reason more than the Celt. In general literature the Celt is distinguished more by wit, the Saxon by humour. The Celt never aims at producing a quiet smile. His object is either to excite deep passion or raise uproarious laughter. He is not long in a calm or equable frame of mind, and his writings reflect his character.

We now come to consider their qualities as manifested in religion. But the previous question may be asked, "Does national character determine a people's religion, or in any way affect it?" To this we would say, that as far as true Christianity—that which is received by the heart and not by the understanding merely—is concerned, it is only divine grace that disposes us to receive it; but, in regard to the external forms of Christianity, as well as systems of false religion, we think it can be shown that national character has much to do in leading a people to embrace or reject them, and in modifying them when once received. Christianity was offered in its purity to the East and West. The Easterns went on refining on subtle points till they nearly reduced it to a level with their worthless systems of metaphysics. The Westerns paid less attention to the intellectual part of it, but set about adding to its simple ritual till they had nearly brought it as low as the superstitious rites they observed before receiving Christianity.

Those who have read Macaulay's Review of Ranke's History of the Popes must be familiar with the striking passage where he describes the progress of the Reformation. The tide of free thought began to flow northward and southward from the centre of Europe. It rolled on towards the Mediterranean until it had nearly reached Rome; then it commenced to ebb, and receded back to the south of Germany and the north of France, and there the tide-mark remains. Now, no doubt there were political and other causes that hastened or retarded the progress of the Reformation. but when we make all allowance we can for these, there is much that can only be accounted for by the national qualities that make a people disposed to free thought, or blindly to follow a leader. Protestantism had a good footing in France—it was stamped out; it had a very weak one at first in England or Scotland—it there gained the ascendancy.

If you start at the north of Europe, where

the Teutonic, or Saxon, race is pure, you find Roman Catholicism is unknown. As you proceed to the centre, where you begin to meet the Latin (a partly Celtic race), there is a mixture of Roman Catholicism, and as you go farther South, Protestanism almost disappears. The main exception to this uniformity is Ireland. There, in a northern latitude, we have a race clinging to Romanism with all the intensity of a passionate devotedness. This is no doubt partly accounted for by the fact, that England, by the means she used to establish Protestantism, made it a part of Irish patriotism to reject it, and that she was not able to use sufficient force to exterminate the old faith. She succeeded by dint of force with the Highlanders and the Welsh, and might, if the Irish had been circumstanced as these, with them too. There is nothing in their national character to incline them to cling to a false system; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to dispose them to examine the foundation on which their faith rests. Had the Irish Celts been circumstanced as the Welsh or Highlanders they might have become Protestants too; but their Protestantism would have been different from that of Scotland or Germany. Their creed, in as far as it could have been expressed on paper, might have been the same, but their emotional character would have come out somewhere. Presbyterianism and Independency among the Highlanders and Welsh are different from the same forms of religion in the Lowlands or in England. The clear exposition that delights a Lowland Scotchman falls dead on the ear of a Highlander or Welshman. Appeals to their feelings, and pictures of a future state drawn in the deepest colours, are what they like. The sermons of most of Irish and French priests are of this description too—violent harangues addressed to the passions.

Infidelity also takes different forms in the two races. The Saxon becomes an infidel after an examination, more or less careful and painful, which has failed to convince him of the truth of his creed—the Celt after seeing the bad effect of some corrupt form of Christianity, or the immoral life of some professed Christians. In France we see men who have never spent an hour in the study of Christianity, laboring like fanatics to destroy it.

We may illustrate the difference between the two systems of unbelief by a reference to two works on the "Life of Jesus." The one by Strauss, a German, the other by Renan, a Frenchman. They are both infidel productions, but the infidelity takes quite different shapes. Strauss' is destructive, Renan's is constructive. Strauss' object is to show that there is not evidence to support Christianity; he wishes to prove that the Christ in whom we believe is a mythical personage, and the story of the gospel a fable. Renan takes all this for granted, and goes on to construct a "Life of Jesus" chiefly from his imagination. He seems to think people must have something in place of the Christianity he assumes they have given up.

Whether the Saxon be sceptic or religious, he is intellectual: whether the Celt be believer or unbeliever, he is emotional. Whatever religion he professes he makes it assume a form to suit his disposition. In Wales, where he professes Protestantism, he impresses his character on it. Whereever the Saxon professes Romanism, as in South Germany, he tries to bring it into conformity to reason.

In conclusion.—We have tried to trace the qualities of the two races, as exhibited on those occasions when all that is good and noble in man is called forth. Perhaps the distinctions may seem too strongly drawn, but a wide and close inspection of the races, *as races*, and not as individuals, will show that the differences are real. Both races have many good qualities, but great defects. Had we a nation combining the good that is in both, we should have one we could admire and respect. And have we not this to some extent in this country already? Have we not the phlegmatic disposition of the one modified by the liveliness of the other? Have we not in many parts a union of Scotch caution and Irish impulsiveness; of English perseverance and Highland fervour; of French fire and German force? Religion is the great obstacle to the complete union of the races. But if Protestants would live lives as pure as their creeds, and infuse into their religion something of Celtic devotion, then, and not till then, their influence on Catholicism would be mighty.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT, THAYENDANAGEA.

BY KE-CHE-AH-GAH-ME-QUA, BRANTFORD.

Ever since the advent of the European to American soil, nearly four centuries ago, the extermination of the Indian tribes and nations has been going on. With the exodus of Europeans to America came death to the hardy and numerous aboriginal tribes. In South America we cannot number the nations extirpated by the Spanish conqueror. History gives but a faint idea of the number of red men who, in North America, have passed away before the cruel hand of war. Diseases before unknown to the Indian have likewise carried off their thousands. The gain to the nations of the world in the steady march of civilization westward, has not been counterbalanced by a corresponding improvement in the condition of the American Indian. Disinherited of their lands, in the majority of cases by foul means, the Indians find themselves to-day stripped of all but a miserable fragment of their once glorious patrimony, and the inheritors of the many vices and diseases of their white exterminators.

We owe a long debt of gratitude to the poor Indian. It is high time for Christian philanthropists to think of their duty to the few remaining tribes of red men; and, while studying the forms which the human intellect has developed among them, interpose to raise and elevate them in the scale of civilization.

Many bright examples are on record proving that the Indian mind is capable of a high state of civilization. The subject of this paper, Captain Joseph Brant, known by the name of Thayendanagea, pronounced Ti-yan-te-na-ga, is a wonderful instance of what Indian intellect can accomplish when sharpened and polished by intercourse with the better class of European society.

As our beautiful town of Brantford, or, as it was formerly called, Brant's-ford, known as the spot where Brant first forded the Grand River, is named after this brave chieftain, his memory and history should be honored and cherished with gratitude by its inhabitants. Would it not do credit to the white population of the country to erect a monument to the memory of Thayendanagea, that succeeding generations may see and know the hero after whom the fast rising town of Brantford and our beautiful county is named?

Joseph Brant, or more correctly Thayendanagea, was born in 1742; he was the son of Tehowaghwengaraghkin, (pronounce it if you can), a full-blooded Mohawk of the Wolf Tribe. His parents resided in the valley of the Mohawk, New York State, and were on an expedition to the Ohio River when Joseph was born. While Joseph was a mere lad his father died, after which event his mother returned with two children,—Molly and Joseph—to their old home, Canajoharie. Shortly after this the mother married a respectable Indian called Carrihoga, whose Christian name was Barnet, by corruption Brant. It is reported that the future brave war chief was first known by the appellation of "Brant's Joseph," and, in process of time, by inversion, "Joseph Brant." In the *London Magazine* for July, 1776, it is stated that he was the grandson of one of the five sachems who visited England in 1710, during the reign of Queen Anne. Chieftainship among the Six Nation Indians is not always hereditary; yet there is no doubt Joseph Brant was of noble blood.

When only thirteen he entered the war-path at the memorable battle of Lake George, under the command of General Hendrick. This gallant officer was slain in this engagement. This victory over the French laid the foundation of Sir W. John-

son's fame, for which he was created a baronet.

In relating the particulars of this engagement to Rev. Dr. Stuart some years after, the youthful warrior acknowledged:—"This being the first action at which I was present, I was seized with such a tremor when the firing began that I was obliged to take hold of a small sapling to steady myself; but after the discharge of a few volleys I recovered the use of my limbs and the composure of my mind so as to support the character of a brave man, of which I was especially ambitious." Brant was no doubt a warrior by nature. "I like," he said once in after life, "the harpsichord well, the organ better, but the drum and trumpet best of all, for they make my heart beat quick."

From all accounts, he must have been a lad of uncommon enterprise, giving early promise of those eminent qualities which were developed in the progress of a life of varied and important action. About the year 1760, after engaging with Sir W. Johnson in several campaigns of the bloody French War, he w s placed by his patron in an institute in Lebanon, Connecticut, called the Moore School, to receive an English education. It is an interesting fact that Sir W. Johnson subsequently married Molly Brant, a sister of Joseph.

After leaving the seminary, where he attained considerable proficiency in the rudiments of education, he again engaged in active warfare, and was employed in the war with Pontiac and the Ottawas, the particulars of which struggles are not recorded. In the year 1765, he married the daughter of an Oneida chief, and settled in his own house in the Mohawk valley. Here, for some years, he spent a quiet life, acting as interpreter between his people and the whites, and lending his aid to missionaries in teaching the Indians. Brant was noted for his hospitality. About this time the conversion and civilization of the Indians engaged much attention. Sir W. Johnson, and the Rev. Mr. Inglis, drew the attention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the necessity of having missionaries of the Church of England resident among the Mohawks. In 1770, the Society ordained a missionary exclusively for the Mohawks, with his residence at Fort Hunter. The Rev. John Stuart was the clergyman selected for this arduous and self-denying work. Captain Brant assisted Mr. Stuart in the translation of a portion of the New Testament. Dr. Stuart writes concerning this labor as follows:—"During the winter of 1771, I first became acquainted with Capt. Brant. He lived at the Mohawk village, Canajoharie, about thirty miles distant from Fort Hunter. On my first visit to the village where he lived, I found him comfortably settled in a good house, with everything necessary for the use of his family, which consisted of two children—a son and a daughter—with a wife in the last stage of consumption. His wife died soon after, on which he came to Fort Hunter and resided with me a considerable time, in order to assist me in adding additional translations to the Indian Prayer-book." Dr. Stuart further intimates that the work accomplished in the way of translation consisted of the Gospel of St. Mark, part of the Acts of the Apostles, a short history of the Bible, with a concise explanation of the Church Catechism. The son referred to in the above letter was Isaac, who died at Burlington Heights, near the City of Hamilton, in the year 1795; the daughter, Christina, married Aaron Hill, a Catechist in the English Church. Christina died at the Mohawk Village, Brantford.

In the winter of 1772-3, Brant applied to Dr. Stuart to marry him to the half-sister of his deceased wife, arguing, after the manner of white widowers wishing to form a like connexion, "that the fact of the relationship would secure a greater degree of love and tenderness for the children." The Episcopal clergyman refused on account of the forbidden relationship, when a less scrupulous German ecclesiastic gratified his desire by performing the ceremony.

It was about this time Thayendanagea became the subject of serious religious impressions. He became a thorough-going churchman, entertained a high respect for missionaries and the Word of God, and attended the celebration of the Eucharist regularly. From his serious deportment and the anxiety he manifested for the

civilization and christianization of his people, great hopes were entertained by his religious friends of his future usefulness to the church. The camp, however, is not the best university for the development of the Christian graces. Seldom has the military hero thrown aside the sword for the pen or the pulpit. Brant was always a high-minded, generous man, and, as such, set a noble example to his people. Had it not been for the counteracting influence of his war education, no doubt his afterlife would have exhibited more of the Christian than the military hero.

In the year 1771 commenced the upheaving of those elements which terminated in the revolutionary war between Great Britain and the American Colonies. The Indians being a powerful body, both parties deemed it politic and necessary to negotiate for their services. Brant, from his attachment to his late noble patron, Sir W. Johnson, who died in 1774, determined, with his warriors, to adhere to his son-in-law, Col. Guy Johnson, and, when the Colonel fled westward to avoid American capture, Brant, with his principal men, followed. Col. Guy Johnson appointed him his secretary. After discussing the policy they should pursue, Johnson proceeded to the Mohawk with a strong body of Indians. Brant now took a decided stand in favor of the royal cause, and, through all the subsequent campaigns of this deadly strife, evinced his strong and sincere adherence to the British crown. The Six Nations lost their extensive and fertile country, now the garden of the State of New York, through this attachment.

About this time Brant was made Principal War Chief of the Confederacy. It is not quite clear how he arrived at this dignity. Hendric was the last of the Mohawk chiefs who bore the title of King. He fell under Sir W. Johnson twenty years before, and was succeeded by "Little Abraham," a supposed brother of Hendric, of whom no further mention is made, excepting that he refused to accompany Brant and Guy Johnson in their flight from the Mohawk Valley. It is likely that force of circumstances facilitated Brant's advancement, such as his military distinctions, his descent from a family of chiefs, and his official connection with the Johnson family. As our Indian hero had now become a principal personage in these troublesome times, the title of Captain was conferred upon him in the Army of the Crown.

In the autumn of 1775, Brant embarked with Captain Tice on his first visit to England. The precise object of this visit does not appear. It is probable the sagacious chieftain deemed it prudent, before committing himself too far by actually taking the field, to ponder well the cause of "the Great King," lest, by an overscrupulous observance of the ancient covenants of his people, he should be leading them to certain destruction. On his first arrival in London, he was conducted to the inn called "The Swan with two Necks." Lodgings more suitable to his rank were provided; but he said, "I am treated so kindly I prefer staying where I am." During this visit he figured at a grand masquerade ball, dressed in the brilliant costume of his nation. His novel and striking appearance drew towards him much observation from the ladies. An amusing incident here happened. In the midst of the festivities, the Mohawk Chief, flourishing his war-club and raising the war-whoop, so frightened his admirers that they rushed wildly out of the room, tumbling down stairs in the greatest confusion. This visit confirmed him in his attachment to the British Crown. In the spring of 1776, he returned to America, landing secretly near New York. The disturbed state of the country rendered this precaution necessary. While in England Brant procured a gold finger-ring, with his name engraved thereon, stating he intended that the same should provide evidence of his identity in case he fell in any of the battles he anticipated. This ring he wore until his death. It was kept as a precious relic by his widow for four years, when it was lost. Strange as it may seem, during the summer of 1836, the identical ring was found by a little girl in a ploughed field near Wellington Square, while the venerable Indian Queen was on a visit to her daughter, Elizabeth, the accomplished wife of Col. Kerr.

Many efforts were used, and arguments urged, to secure Brant's neutrality, or pre-

vent his joining the Royal standard. His old tutor, President Wheelock, sent him a long epistle on this subject, to which Brant ingenuously replied:—"I recall to mind, with pleasure, the happy hours I spent under your roof, and especially the prayers and family devotions to which I listened. One passage in particular was so often repeated it could never be effaced from my memory—viz., 'That they might be able to live as good subjects, to fear God, and *honor the King!*'" This letter was sufficient to convince anyone that Brant was firm in his attachment to the British cause. In June of 1776, Brant visited Unadilla for the purpose of procuring provisions, which were perforce furnished him. In a conference held at this time, he again expressed himself decidedly in favor of the Royal cause, alluding to old covenants and treaties entered into between the King and his people, and complaining of ill-treatment from the hands of the colonists. Shortly after this, Gen. Herkimer, of the American militia, started with a strong force for Brant's headquarters, upon what terms does not appear. Before the troubles between Great Britain and America, these two men were great friends. The troops that Gen. Herkimer thought proper to bring to this conference, accordingly, were viewed with suspicion by Brant. The chieftain concealed himself for a week, and when the conference was entered into, had a body-guard of five hundred warriors with him. The respective parties met unarmed, and every precaution was taken to prevent treachery. The parley terminated unsatisfactorily, and another appointment was made for the coming morning. Afterwards it was discovered that the General had engaged one Joseph Waggoner, with three associates, to shoot Brant and his three principal men. Whether the chieftain entertained any suspicion of foul play is not certain; but, as he entered the circle, he drew himself up with dignity, addressing Gen. Herkimer as follows:—"I have five hundred warriors with me, armed and ready for battle. You are in my power. As we have been neighbors and friends, I will not take the advantage of you." Saying which, at a signal, a host of armed warriors darted from the forest, painted, and ready for the onslaught, as their war-whoops too plainly proclaimed. The Chief then thanked the General for his civility in coming so far to see him, and trusted some day he might return the compliment. The late Colonel Robert Nelles, father to the present missionary to the Six Nations, the Rev. Canon Nelles, was a volunteer with the Indians and present on this occasion.

Brant next marched to the British place of rendezvous at Oswego. Here a great council was held with the representatives of Great Britain. The result of this conference was a treaty of alliance between the Indians and the British. In August of 1777, the bloody battle of Oriskany was fought. The destruction on both sides was very great. The veteran officer Herkimer here received his death-wound. Although the Indians were worsted on this occasion, the Six Nations, with the exception of the Tuscaroras and the Oneidas, remained faithful to the king. Brant, aided by Johnson and Butler, used strenuous exertions to win over the Indians of the Far West to the royal cause. Failing in all these efforts, the chieftain returned to his old quarters at Oghkwaga, where he continued to harass and plunder the colonists. In this guerilla warfare Brant always strove to stay the hand uplifted against the feeble and helpless. In his attack on Springfield, for instance, he drove off or took prisoners all the men, but concealed in safety the women and children.

Early in November, 1778, Brant was reluctantly prevailed upon to leave his winter quarters at Niagara, and accompany Walter Butler, a man whom he greatly disliked, in an attack on the beautiful and prosperous settlement of Cherry Valley, a village defended by fortifications and garrisoned by troops under Col. Alden. The motive that impelled Butler to this expedition was a desire to avenge an imprisonment he had suffered on the charge of treason. The wholesale slaughter of the inhabitants of this settlement is said to have been fearful. The ferocious Senecas spared neither old nor young in their indiscriminate attack. The terrible scenes in the carnage of Cherry Valley cannot be shouldered upon Brant, since he held but a subordinate position in

the Butler expedition. Eye-witnesses of that dreadful day state that the Mohawk chieftain frequently interfered to stay the uplifted tomahawk. Brant, they tell us, made an unsuccessful effort to avert the destruction of a family resident in this settlement, of the name of Wells, to whom he was strongly attached. One instance out of many that might be related, will show the *animus* which characterized Thayendanagea throughout the Cherry Valley slaughter. On entering one of the dwellings of that village he found a woman engaged in her domestic duties, of whom he immediately inquired:—"Are you thus employed while all your neighbors are murdered around you?" The woman replied:—"We are in favor of the King." "That plea will not avail you to-day," replied the warrior; "they have murdered Mr. Wells' family, who are as dear to me as my own." "But," continued the woman, "there is one Joseph Brant; if he is with the Indians, he will save us." "I am Joseph Brant!" was the quick response, "but I have not the command, and I know not that I can save you; but I will do what is in my power." At the moment of uttering these words he saw the Senecas approaching. "Get into bed quick," he commanded her, "and feign yourself sick." The woman obeyed. He put the Indians off with this pretext. Upon their departure, by a shrill signal, he rallied a few of his Mohawks, and directed them to paint his mark upon the woman and her children. "You are now probably safe," he remarked, and departed. It is an Indian practice thus to mark their captives; the known mark of a tribe or chief is a protection from danger at other hands. It will thus be seen that the term "monster" is entirely inapplicable to Brant in connection with the Cherry Valley slaughter.

In the months of July and August of 1779, Brant again signalized himself by various successful expeditions, destroying villages and resisting the movements of his pursuers with remarkable skill. With the Iroquois and the Oneidas, Brant had many a brush. In 1780 he descended again into the Mohawk Valley, this time circulating a report that he was about to attack the forts, for the purpose of obtaining stores. This rumor was only a feint to cause the militia to leave the villages, so that they might the more easily fall into the cunning chieftain's hands. The stratagem proved eminently successful. Much property was either taken or destroyed. Women and children were saved and borne into captivity. On one occasion Brant returned an infant one of his "braves" had carried off. With the messenger who bore back this child was a letter addressed to "the Commanding Officer of the Rebel Army," in which the chief avers that, "whatever others might do, he made no war upon women and children."

In the winter of 1780, Brant married his third wife, Catherine, the eldest daughter of the head chief of the Turtle tribe, first in rank of the Mohawk nation.

On the 24th October, 1781, the last engagement of importance connected with the Revolutionary War took place. In this battle the notorious Walter Butler was shot and scalped by an Oneida. Throughout these contests the Indians proved most efficient allies. No one can dispute the bravery of the Mohawk Chief. It may be said of him, as was said of the lamented General Brock:—"His eye was like the eagle's; his motions like arrows from the bow; his enemies fell before him as the trees before the blast of the Great Spirit."

This cruel war being ended—the tomahawk buried—peace proclaimed—Brant and his people, having disposed of their beautiful territory in the United States, applied to the Mississaugas, Ojebways of the River Credit, Upper Canada, for a portion of their lands. The Ojebways, in council, replied:—"Brethren, the whole country is before you; choose you a tract for yourselves, and there build your wigwams, and plant your corn." The Six Nations selected the Grand River tract, which, they said, reminded them of the country they had lost; they offered pay, but the Ojebways refused compensation. The Senecas also made an offer of a tract of land to the Mohawks in the valley of the Genesee; but, as Captain Brant long after said in one of his speeches, "the Mohawks were determined to '*sink or swim* with the English;' besides they did not wish to continue

in the United States." Notwithstanding the constancy and valor of the Aborigines, especially the Mohawks, during the Revolutionary War, Great Britain, in her treaty of peace, made no stipulation in behalf of her Indian allies; the loyal red man was not even named, while the ancient country of the Six Nations, the residence of their ancestors far beyond their earliest traditions, was included in the boundary granted to the Americans.

In 1785, Brant paid his second and last visit to England. The adjusting of the claims of the Mohawks upon the Crown, and the indemnification of their losses during the war, formed the object of the chieftain's mission. A cordial reception awaited him among his old military associates. Statesmen and scholars sought his society. The Bishop of London, Charles Fox, James Boswell, and other noted characters, showed him marked attention. With the King and Royal family he was a great favorite. He sat for his picture for Lord Percy, and Fox presented him with a silver snuff-box bearing his initials. On his presentation to His Majesty he proudly refused to kiss his hand, gallantly remarking, "I am a King myself in my own country; I will gladly kiss the Queen's hand." George III. was a man of too much sense not to be gratified with the turning of the compliment in Her Majesty's favor. That the Chief was not an unsuccessful envoy on behalf of his people will appear from the following extract from Lord Sidney's communication, dated Whitehall, 5th of April, 1786. * * * "His Majesty, in consideration of the zealous and hearty exertions of his Indian allies in the support of his cause, and as a proof of his most friendly disposition towards them, has been graciously pleased to consent that the losses already certified by his Superintendent-General shall be made good; that a favorable attention shall be shown to the claims of others who have pursued the same line of conduct." During this visit to England, Brant was the recipient of an elegant large octavo edition of the Gospel of St. Mark. This edition was printed under the patronage of the King, in alternate pages of English and Mohawk, and contained, in addition to the Gospel, the Psalms, occasional prayers, together with the service of communion, baptism, matrimony, and the burial of the dead. It was embellished with engravings; the frontispiece representing the interior of a chapel, with portraits of the King and Queen, a bishop standing on either hand, and groups of Indians receiving the sacred books from both their Majesties.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY E. H. NASH.

After Montcalm was wounded he dictated a letter recommending the French prisoners to the kindness of their captors.

Anew his life-blood is flowing;
  Speak lower—low,
He moans; his spirit is going
  From all below.

No, no, he is not yet dying—
  He moves again;
Ah! hear, with his latest sighing,
  In mighty pain,

His lips they are moved for others,
  He speaks the word
For the captives brave, his brothers,
  Though low 'tis heard.

'Tis heard, and now he is dying,
  A single moan,
And those who around are sighing
  Are left alone.

THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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CHAPTER XXI.

"I am sure that this visit surprises you," said Miss Lewis to Mabel, as the latter entered the drawing-room at the Rectory. Wondering whether the words conveyed a "cut," she replied,—

"We have met so seldom, Miss Lewis."

"That is just what I have come to speak about, and the few times we have met have not left very pleasant remembrances—at least to me. I am come" (speaking very hurriedly) "to apologize for my conduct o you. I feel as though I could not be married with this on my conscience. And now, will you forgive me for hurting your feelings?"

Mabel's lips trembled, when she said, "No one can injure me, or cause me a moment's pain, without permission from my Heavenly Father."

Miss Lewis looked at her, and thought, "She is too proud to own that my conduct could pain her."

"You will try and think kindly of me, even though I do not deserve it. Will you not, Miss Rivers?"

"Dear Miss Lewis, I do not bear unkind feelings towards anyone. I *have* thought the treatment I received here a little strange; but now I know it is discipline from a Father's hand; and since knowing this it has lost its sting."

"You are so much superior to me," remarked Miss Lewis, in an humble tone, "that even were your father a hotel-keeper ten times over, I would feel humbled in your presence."

"My father a hotel-keeper!" she exclaimed.

"Miss Lewis, fearing she had offended her by alluding to it, explained,—"I do not think *that* so low as some do. I am sure he was a respectable one, and brought up his family carefully. And now, you say, he is a Colonel in the American Army. Indeed I would have noticed you and associated with you from the time I knew how good you were, only Aunt is so particular. I will tell you confidentially, my own father was in trade—not in tavern-keeping though—and much beneath my mother in position; so this makes me more considerate of you than others are."

Mabel waited until she had got through speaking, then gave the heartiest laugh she had given since leaving her home in the South. Miss Lewis listened in amazement, wondering what caused the merriment. When Mabel could control her voice, she asked,—

"What led you to think my father an hotel-keeper?"

"Is he not one? Everybody says it. Mrs. Stiggins had it on the best authority."

"Well," said Mabel, "Mrs. Stiggins and everybody are as far astray as gossips generally are. My father is a planter, and a gentleman, and my mother a New England lady, the daughter of Judge Lawrence."

"Your father a gentleman!" exclaimed Miss Lewis, opening wide her eyes.

"Certainly; and your astonishment astonishes me more than anything I have yet met with in Oakboro'."

With another laugh she added, "Had I known that you doubted my claim on society I might have shown my credentials—although, on second thought, I do not think my pride would have let me do it. Dear Miss Lewis, has this been the whole trouble? Will you be kind enough to give my compliments to Mrs. Stiggins, and everyone else who feels interested in my pedigree, and say that my ancestors wer

as respectable as those of whom they boast. Excuse me for a moment, and I will bring you a letter in which there is mention made of a French gentleman, Count Des Rivieres. He is my father's cousin, and now holds a commission in the Northern Army."

She returned in a few minutes with her brother's letter, forgetting as she handed it to her, the allusions in it to the Roys.

"As Miss Lewis read it her face changed color, and returning it, she pointed to the passage about Dick Brown, and said, "knowing this you have despised us."

"No, said Mabel, I have scarcely thought of it, and if I had it would have made no difference. This winter has taught me the lesson, that none of God's people are to be despised."

"I do not know what Aunt Roy will say when she hears that this is known."

"If you wish it is sacred with me," replied Mabel. "I have never yet alluded to it, and, had I remembered what was in the letter, I would not have given it to you to read."

"How very differently you act from what we do," said Miss Lewis. "We do not deserve it from you." After a few minutes' pause she asked her if she would allow her to make her her confidante. She then stated her objections to her approaching marriage with Mr. Ellice, and asked for advice. Mabel did not know what to offer. Miss Lewis asked her to put herself in her place, and say how she would act.

"That is impossible, for, seeing I am not the bride elect, I cannot fancy myself in that position. But if you wish me to state candidly how I would have acted from the beginning—I would never have encouraged him. You say you do not love him, but were dazzled by his connections—*they* could have no attraction for me. So you see how impossible it is for me to fancy myself you. Then his Ritualistic views, the seed of which he has been so diligently sowing, and the consequent harm to the Church, together with his well-known drinking habits, would have led me to reject him."

"Miss Rivers," said Miss Lewis, with more energy in her manner than anyone had ever before seen her make use of, "I will take medicine to-night and be too ill to be married to-morrow."

"I would not do that, I would not think it right," said Mabel; "but cast yourself on your uncle's pity—he is your mother's brother—and he can explain to Mr. Ellice."

"Uncle! You do not know him. He would be furious at the mention of it."

"Then write to Mr. Ellice yourself, and explain your feelings."

"I will," she replied, vehemently; "to-night, before I go home—*now*, if you will supply me with pen, ink and paper."

"Perhaps you had better reconsider it."

"No, I have done with considering. I will *act*. I have wavered long enough; now I am decided. Mrs. Allan and Miss Weldon will not be the only ones disappointed to-morrow. I trust I am doing right, yet I fear the consequences to myself."

Next morning there was a great hurry of preparation in the rectory. Mrs. Allan, with Kitty's help, was dressing herself in her grey moire antique, and Mr. Allan and Edgar were in their dressing-rooms, with Fred and Willie to wait on them. Miss Weldon was in Mabel's room, bursting the hooks, and making the buttons fly off a delicate mauve silk dress, which she declared her dressmaker had spoiled in making.

"Here it wants but one hour to the time, and I have to sit down and let this out. I could never wear it as it is; it would squeeze me to death."

"I think," said Mabel, "you had better not touch it, but leave it unfastened until the last moment."

"They say your advice is always good. If I adopt it in this instance, will you take the consequences?"

"Oh, of course," laughed Mabel.

"You are a dear, good girl, Miss Rivers! I have a great mind not to go to the wedding, just to spite them for not asking you. Indeed, at first I would have refused point blank, only I could not resist the temptation, for it will be the first thing of the kind I have been at since mamma's death, six months ago."

"Are you ever disappointed in going to a place, Miss Weldon?"

"No, seldom. Why do you ask?"

"My experience of life is so different; I never feel sure of anything until I am in possession of it; nor of going to a place until I am there."

"What a queer life yours must be then! The other day I was envying you, because your happiness seemed to spring from something within, but now I am quite content with myself, and the life I lead. Do you know, all sorts of things come to me at hap-hazard, but they always seem to suit my taste. Indeed, with the exception of mamma's death, I do not know what trial means; and that was not so severe as it might have been, for she was so anxious to go that I would not keep her. Do you not envy *me* now?"

"No; God appoints what is best for both of us."

"What, Carrie! Not dressed yet!" said Mrs. Allan, entering the room, "and the sleigh to be here in a moment."

The clergyman, the invited guests, and a large crowd of spectators, were waiting in the church for the bridal party, but neither bride nor bridegroom appeared. In the midst of the eager expectation, the sexton walked down the aisle, and handed a note to Mr. Allan. He read it, raised his eyes, read it over again, took off his spectacles, read it a third time, and was about to motion the sexton to return, when the bridegroom entered and walked to his place. The groomsmen formed around him, and all turned to the door to watch for the bride. She entered; *not* Miss Lewis, robed in white satin and leaning on her uncle's arm, but Hilda Stiggins, dressed in a travelling suit, and followed by her mother and sister.

The ceremony over, and the two man and wife, Mrs. Stiggins invited Mrs. Allan and Miss Weldon to accompany them home and partake of the wedding repast.

"Nothing elaborate, you know: the notice was so short,—though privately I knew all along that he preferred Hilda."

Miss Weldon declined, and hastened back to the rectory to let Mabel know the strange course events had taken.

"You see," she said, making the house ring with laughter, "that it was a fortunate thing that I did not spoil my dress by altering it myself, for here I am back to announce that Miss Lewis has decided to keep her own name a little longer. Can you imagine what made her change her mind at the last moment?"

She evaded a direct reply by saying,—

"Whatever reasons she has, let us give her the credit of their being good ones."

"Mabel Rivers, you never commit yourself in the least; you never speculate, or say a foolish thing. I believe you are as perfect as Mrs Allan says—but at what a loss of ease! always on the alert lest you should become as weak as others. Now I am full of all sorts ot imaginings about Miss Lewis, and am particularly anxious to know if, at the last moment, she found he was not so highly connected as she thought."

"Oh! I do not think that there is the slightest doubt about his connections; you may be sure Mr. Roy was satisfied on that point before he gave his consent."

"Well, I can think of nothing else, for that seems to be the only thing that influences Oakboro. But here comes auntie, we will have some satisfaction from her."

Mrs. Allan scarcely waited to enter the house, before she burst out in indignation at Mr. Ellice's change of brides. She laid the whole blame upon him, while she accused Mrs. Stiggins of underhand work.

"The worst of the matter is, the breach in the Church will be widened instead of bridged over. Well I am resolved, no matter what Mr. Allan's feelings may be, that he shall watch and float with the tide —and if he has to relieve his conscience, he can indulge in the private protests he is so fond of. Young ladies, I must tell you that Mrs. Stiggins is an out-and-out Puseyite now. This morning she had a large cross (bought from the nuns, Percy Stiggins whispered to me) placed in her drawing-room, and before the bride left for the cars, she prostrated herself before it, and crossed herself as devoutly as any Roman Catholic."

"Horrible!" exclaimed both the young ladies.

"Is it not singular," said Mabel, "that while so many Romanists are seeking the light that is in the Bible, Protestants, with the book in their hands, are turning back to a vain, idolatrous worship?"

"It is fashion—all fashion," said Carrie. "A few fashionable ladies lead the way, and a crowd of sentimental worshippers follow in their train. It is a wonder to me, auntie, that there is a Protestant in this town."

"Why?"

"Because they seem such followers of the world, and you know Ritualism is the fashionable religion of the day."

"There are many of the salt of the earth here," said Mabel.

"Then," replied Carrie, "they must keep their light under a bushel, lest strangers should see it. This morning when coming home from the church, I was thinking that I have been here a month, and that I have received and returned the calls of everyone in the place, and that with one exception, in every house I have been, pedigree, or something relating to it, formed the staple of conversation. There was Mrs. Arnot, the wife of the mayor, entertaining me with a description of the expensive riding-habit she wore when a young lady, and of the delightful rides she used to have with an old college friend of her father; when everyone knows, or at least ought to know (papa mentioned it to me when coming here), that in her youth she was an honest, hard-working servant. Now, such inconsistencies among professing Christians I cannot reconcile; and apart from religion, these pretences are degrading. The society which encourages them must be false at the core."

"My dear Carrie," said her aunt, "if you do not take people as they seem, not as they really are, you will bring down the ire of the town upon you. Such a way of talking is counted treason here, and will be visited with worse neglect than Miss Rivers' low birth. By the way, Miss Rivers, there is another story, and probably the true one, out about you now; that you are a young lady of high birth, your father being a French Count, who settled in the United States. The talk of the town is divided between it and Mr. Ellice's marriage. Mrs. Stiggins has almost decided to send you Mrs. Ellice's cards. Other ladies are wondering why they could have mistaken you for the governess, for that you have the appearance and air of a real lady, and they regret exceedingly your leaving so soon, and hope you will allow them to call."

"Such impudence!" exclaimed Carrie.

"I hope," said Mabel, "that they will spare me the pain of receiving them; for though I wish to part good friends with every one, I would feel very much humiliated to have to return their visits."

"But you need not return them," said Mrs. Allan.

"I would feel obliged to receive their overtures of friendship, and not return evil for evil."

"Miss Rivers, you are an extraordinary girl," laughed Carrie,—"a perfect saint I believe. I wish, for my sake, you had one little failing, and some day I might take heart from it, and be encouraged to mount up to your pinnacle."

Far in that night, when Mabel and Miss Weldon were quietly sleeping, Kitty Lawson awakened the latter by stretching her arm across her face, in endeavoring to reach Mabel.

"Why, child, what are you doing here at this time of night, with a face as white as your night-dress?"

"Nothin'."

"Then if its 'nothin'' be off to your bed and don't stand shivering there, holding the candle higher than your head."

Miss Weldon was now fully awake, and was enjoying the child's distressed expression.

"You just go to sleep, Miss Weldon; I ain't a wantin' you; it be Miss Rivers I want."

Mabel was out of bed in a moment. Kitty, handing her her dressing-gown, whispered,—

"Mr. Edgar be in great trouble. Listen! That's him a sobbin' in the hall. No he ain't—I know what you be a thinkin' of—he ain't drunk. Leastways not awful bad; he come in standin' straight up to-night. That be mor'n an hour ago now, an' his father never heerd him; an' he's set there ever since, his head a lyin' on his hand. Just to hear him a talkin'!"

"What is he saying?"

"Oh! nothin', but drefful talk, an' that he be sure he be a goin' to hell, an' that all the heaps o' grace his father made him drink at Communion won't save him.

Then he'll stamp his foot an' say, 'I won't disgrace him, I won't disgrace his name.' There he be now! a goin' to his room."

Kitty suddenly blew out her light, and almost shutting Mabel's door peeped out.

"He be gone now—his face be awful red. Good night. When he be safe in his room, I can sleep. Do you think he'll ever be an angel?"

Mabel fell asleep thinking what a strange child Kitty was, and what a guardianship she took of Edgar—always on the alert to let him in at night, and to see that he wanted for nothing.

Chapter XXII.

"Well," said Mr. Allan, entering the drawing-room where his family and guests were seated, "here is an upshot to the aristocratic Mr. Ellice, which none of us looked for."

"What is that?" asked the ladies in a breath.

"Why, it seems his mother-in-law has taken upon her to open letters addressed to him, which came in his absence. One of them happened to be from his mother, who in feeling terms alludes to the dilapidated contition of her dear departed husband's bake-house, and fears that she will be obliged to curtail her son Herbert's allowance, to rebuild it. Another is from a sister in London, whose husband is a goldsmith, and after giving him a description of the last arrival, writes that dear John is doing a flourishing trade, and is getting orders from many of the nobility."

"How does Mrs. Stiggins feel?" asked Mrs. Allan.

"Feel!" said Fred, who had followed his father in, and was standing, skates in hand, waiting to tell his part of the news, "she cannot feel yet. She is boiling with indignation. Percy says she is going to put the scoundrel in jail for marrying her daughter under false pretences."

"What a relief to Mr. Roy, to find that his niece is not tied to him!" said Mr. Allan.

"Yes," replied his wife, "for dear Mrs. Roy would feel so degraded by the alliance. We had better go to Hollywood and be the first to congratulate them."

"Uncle, I would not go to congratulate them; for the day of the wedding, Mr. Roy told Miss Lewis that she must seek another home, as one who could be so blind to her interest would no longer be welcome under his roof."

"Really, things as strange as a romance are happening," said Mabel, joining in Miss Weldon's hearty laugh. The merriment became infectious, and spread to all except Edgar, who sat as he had been sitting most of the day, a book before him, which it was evident he was not reading. His father noticed that while the others laughed, he sighed heavily, and asked him if he were not well, and why he was not, as usual, at his office.

"Cannot a fellow take a couple of holidays without being ill?" he asked in return.

Next day was Saturday, and the morning's mail brought Mabel a sudden summons home. Her father had been slightly wounded, and her mother wished her assistance in nursing him at one of the hospitals. After making preparation for her journey, she spent the afternoon in paying farewell visits to her poor friends. Miss Weldon, unwilling to lose her society for even so short a time, accompanied her. When they had finished their round of visits, Mabel asked her if, as long as she remained in Oakboro', she would take her place among the poor, adding,—

"At times you will feel discouraged, and think it a thankless task: but persevere, and if you do not see the fruit of your labors, you will have the Master's smile in the consciousness of having done what you could—and *that* is reward."

On their return to the rectory, they found Edgar had left town for a visit to some friends in F——, and that he wished his mother to make his adieus to Miss Rivers, as he did not expect to be back before she had left. Mrs. Allan thought his going away this evening a little strange, and remarked upon his lingering manner as he left the house. "But there has been something wrong with him ever since Hilda Stiggins' wedding day. He has kept sober since then, still he is not the same young man he was before. Oh! by

the way, I remember now, he had some angry words that day with one of the other groomsmen about some lady. I wonder if that is the secret of the change !"

Mabel's last Sunday in Oakboro' arrived; and it was with a feeling almost akin to regret that, for the last time, she took her seat in the Rector's pew. Hers was a mind that clung to associations, painful as well as pleasant. And though this visit embraced the gloomiest months of her life, yet now that it was about to end, she felt as though she had formed an attachment for the school that had taught her so many lessons, and the place where she had been the means of bringing more than one stray lamb to the Fold. Lawson's sad death, but happy release, rose before her; and dear little Lucy's quiet trust in her Saviour, and her peaceful end. Kitty Lawson's wayward opposition to the angels, embodying, as it did, her expression of hatred to everything good, and the wonderful change that had taken place in her, also passed before her mind; and whatever other memories lingered around Oakboro', these at least were precious to her.

After the morning service, Mrs. Roy and several other ladies pressed round her to say "Good-by," and to hope that at some future time she would repeat her visit, when, they trusted, they would see more of her. Mrs. Roy gave her an invitation to Hollywood, and hoped that, as soon as her father was sufficiently recovered to admit of her leaving him, she would accept it.

But meeting with her Sunday-school class, to part from it probably for ever, was perhaps, her greatest trial. She had been in her place amongst them in all sorts of weather—the stormiest Sunday of that stormy winter found her name on the superintendent's roll, as a teacher present—and now she was going from them, to meet them no more on earth. As she took her accustomed place in their midst, she longed for an apostle's power to warn, exhort and point the way. Before they parted, one of her pupils presented her, in the name of the class, with a handsomely bound Bible, in which all of their names were beautifully written, intertwining each other in the form of a wreath.

As the school exercise were about to close, Jack Lawson stepped up to the platform and whispered something to the superintendent, who then informed the school that one of the boys connected with the robbery of the money-box acknowledged his share of the guilt, and now wished to restore one-half of the amount taken (which had been honestly earned by him in doing extra jobs for his master), and that until the whole was returned, he had resolved to spend none of his wages, except for the bare necessaries of life.

When the superintendent commenced his address Kitty stole quietly up and stood beside her brother, a broad smile upon her happy face, which ended in a triumphant laugh, when she saw him restore the money. Then putting her arms around his neck, she gave him a kiss of congratulation which sounded to the other end of the room, and that would, had it not been Sunday, have raised a cheer, instead of a subdued murmur of *encore*.

Jack confessed privately to Mabel that on the night of the excursion to the hunting grounds, he and Percy Stiggins had spent, in "The Boys' Billiard Saloon," the money which his father had given him for the purchase of books. But that he never touched what the old man had kept concealed in his bed; nor did he know anything about it, further than discovering its hiding-place and revealing it to Percy. Neither had he taken the purse the ladies had given, though he feared he had helped the thief to spend it.

Next morning, while Mabel was standing in the hall, muffled, waiting for Fred to drive the cutter round to take her to the railway station, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan and Miss Weldon were prepared to walk to it to see her off, a telegram was handed in to Mr. Allan. He read it, turned ashy pale, and dropping it, with a groan staggered into theing draw-room. His wife picked it up, and slowly read aloud,—

"Sir,—Your son Edgar was killed yesterday, Sunday, in a duel. His dying words were, 'Tell my father I died like a gentleman.'"

* * * *

As the train moved off, Mabel, with eyes suffused with tears, gave a last nod to her poor friends who had crowded to say

"Good-by." And when Oakboro' disappeared from her sight, and as she thought all connection with it severed, she was attracted by sobs and the words, "Poor Mr. Edgar! Poor Mr. Edgar!" to the seat behind her. On turning round she found Kitty Lawson seated, a bundle on her lap, and fully determined, for better and for worse, to share the fortunes of her best earthly friend.

THE END.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N.S.

"How often," said Payne, the author of "Sweet Home," "I have been in the heart of Paris, London or Berlin, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing 'Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has ruthlessly torn me from office and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread." —*Littell's Living Age.*

Payne died at Tunis, at which place he was American consul for a few years.—*Author.*

O! strange perversity of fate that gave
No home to him who sang its noblest praise,
To every land where Christian banners wave
In strains becoming laurelled poet's lays;
But left to find in Moslem soil a grave,
Afar from home, with none his toil to cheer,
Or from his channelled cheek to wipe the tear.

In foreign lands, in penury and pain,
Oft had he heard the music of his song;
And as he marked its sweetly flowing strain,
What thoughts of country and remembered wrong
His soul o'erwhelmed, to ask is all in vain;
Enough to know life's chalice was for him
By Sorrow filled unsparing to the brim.

No home nor country his, yet his each clime;
He sighed for home—an ever pleasant dream,
By day and night; till taught by sounding chime
Of solemn bells, by chant of tuneful stream,
Or sighing winds, his thoughts dissolved in rhyme,
And to the world his song immortal gave;
Himself still houseless, homeless to the grave!

Oh! strange perversity of fate that filled
His being with the music of Sweet Home;
And gave it utterance that shall ne'er be stilled,
Yet bade him like a vagabond to roam,
With hopes and aspirations unfulfilled,
Till death, "the great deliverer," at the last
Oblivion o'er his sorrows kindly cast.

Yet then he triumphed; he who earth-thralled sought
Alas! so vainly, for a haven of rest,
Forgot his wand'rings, all his wrongs forgot;
For angel voices to his ear addressed
The melody his deathless song had taught,
In welcome to the many-mansioned home,
From which no inmates ever seek to roam.

MY FRIEND'S TRIALS.

BY M.

I was always very fond of Nellie Armstrong. We were school-fellows during the greater part of eight years, neighbors more than four, and friends ever. During our youth we were neither of us truly religious, though we lived correct lives and were unwilling deliberately to do any thing that we knew to be wrong.

Years passed swiftly and the Nellie and Mattie of school-days became wives and mothers. Our outward circumstances were very much alike, and always had been. We had both been only children, carefully and tenderly reared, in moderate circumstances (my father was a lawyer, Nellie's a doctor), and now we both were married to the men of our choice. My husband, who was the village doctor, had a large country practice,—more indeed than he could get through without assistance. We lived in a large, stylish house, with my dear father, whom we had persuaded to take up his abode with us, that I might endeavor to supply to him the place of my sainted mother. I had been married ten years and had five darlings about me, when Providence brought Nellie, from whom I had been some time separated, near me once more.

I forgot to mention that she married before me. Her husband was in business, and she left her native village to follow him. I also left some little time after, and though we had constantly corresponded, yet we had not met for many years.

It was tea-time,—that cosiest and best time of all, when with drawn curtains, well-trimmed lamps, and blazing fire, we can defy old Boreas, no matter how loudly he may roar. We were all at our evening meal, when my husband said, "Mattie, who do you suppose has bought Holme Lee?"

"Holme Lee!" I answered, in amazement. "Why, I was not aware it was for sale?"

"Nor was I. However, it is sold, and Luke Armstrong is the purchaser. There, I knew you would be pleased!" for my face showed how delighted I was that Nellie, my own dear Nellie, should once more be near me.

"I forgot to say," resumed my husband, "that the purchase has been made very suddenly. Mr. Lee has become involved, and not wishing to make the matter public, employed an agent. The Armstrongs take the place furnished, and may be expected any time this week. The suddenness, I suppose, accounts for your friend not having written, or perhaps she wished to surprise you."

Yes, that was it; she wished to surprise me; and next morning she paid me an early visit. That I was delighted to see Nellie, need hardly be said. How could it be otherwise? But, as I looked into the dear face, it seemed to me that she was not as happy as she appeared. What was it that had brought lines to both forehead and cheek, a glitter to the eye, a compressure of the lips? I was nearly a year her elder, and I had none of these. "Ah," as she said laughingly, "it was all 'the fine, pure country air' that had made me what I was, and in a little while she would be changed, too."

But months went on, and there was no change. Outwardly, a happier woman could not be; but I was not content with outward looks, and was determined to discover the cause. It did not take very long. Her husband's health was failing, and with it their means.

I could at first hardly say a word—my poor Nellie's lot seemed so sad; but a night's reflection, and an earnest prayer, brought me back to my former state of

mind. It took a great deal to trouble me now; for I had learned to cast all care upon the Lord; yet do not think I was selfish! No; that never goes with true religion; and, thank God, I had that now, true living, heart religion.

A few months passed over. I aided Nellie all I could, and I really think eased her lot somewhat; but she wanted more consolation than I could give. She wanted the never-failing grace of God; yet had never appeared to feel that she had it not. I had spoken to her over and over again of the exceeding riches of God's grace, urging upon her to give her whole heart to Him, to dedicate herself to His service.

"Why, Mattie," she would say sometimes, "I do love God! Surely you don't think me a heathen!" and I would have to be quiet, though I was far from convinced. "Ah," thought I, "real trouble will rest heavy there."

One day, when I had been unusually busy, just as evening was drawing in, I received a hurried scrawl from Nellie, urging my instant attendance at HolmeLee.

I started immediately, leaving a message for my husband; but what was my surprise to meet him at the lodge gate.

"I have waited for you," he said, "for Mrs. Armstrong told me she had sent for you. It is a sad case, Mattie dear, and you will have many a call upon you before all is over."

"What is the matter, James? Tell me at once; don't keep me in suspense."

"Luke Armstrong is seized with paralysis; he has had it in his system for years —that it was which rendered his temper so uncertain (poor dear Nellie had never mentioned that), which gave him the failing health, the loss of sight, the irregular step, till people who did not know his temperate habits thought he had been indulging; and, Mattie dear, I never told you, for I did not like to trouble you with a secret which would only worry you. There can be no good ending, for paralysis never lets go its hold. He too, poor fellow, never knew, for I did not dare tell him; it would only have hurried what I knew was coming slowly and surely."

"How is he now, and is there any hope of his recovery?" I asked at length.

"None in this world," was the reply, answering my last question first; "he is now perfectly helpless, and his speech indistinct. He may recover partially—may even walk about again—but at any moment he may have a return, and each attack will be more severe, till in mercy God sends the end."

"How long may it last?"

"He who rules over all alone knows, but to judge from his temperate life, regular habits, and naturally strong constitution, it may be years. I have had delicate-looking girls last for five and six years."

I could not say a word; my heart was full. I kissed my husband good-by, and left him, not saying a word about staying out all night; but he knew it for all that.

I shall not attempt to describe the next four years. Luke Armstrong got partly over his first attack. Nellie was overjoyed —"all would be right now." Alas! alas! perfect recovery never came. The first fit kept Luke in bed for three months; the second was more severe still, and now at the third there was no longer a chance of the poor, swollen, distorted feet ever touching God's earth again.

"Then, and then only, did Nellie's courage give way. Then and then only did words drop from her lips which I would I had never heard. By this time we were both pretty well advanced upon the road of life—I was nearly forty, Nellie a year younger. Her two daughters were aged respectively fifteen and thirteen; my eldest was fourteen, the other members of the family younger. My dear father had gone to his heavenly home the year before, and though I missed, yet I did not grieve for him. My children were all I could wish; our financial affairs flourishing; my husband was esteemed and honored everywhere. Could I wish for more? Yes; Nellie, my dearest friend, was in trouble, and, worse than all, did not know where to lay her burden so as to obtain ease.

"Holme Lee" had long since passed into other hands, and Luke, his wife, and two daughters, were now living in a little cottage quite near to me. It was a hard trial undoubtedly; that poor woman with her slender means, her failing strength, obliged to work every spare moment at her

machine so as to increase her small stipend, forced to keep two servant women that they might help her lift her husband in and out of bed, and then to hear herself blamed for doing so—it was hard, but oh! do not judge her too severely. Pity her, as I am sure her Saviour did when at length in anguish of spirit she gave way, and in a paroxysm of tears exclaimed, "Why should I have so much more trouble than others? Why should such a heavy burden be laid on me?"

I could not answer her then; I could only take her in my arms and kiss the faded cheek, the gray-streaked hair; but by degrees she grew calmer,—she even said before I left: "Yes! she supposed she must bear her trial, for she could not help herself." Yes, there was the rebellious ring in her speech; she must bear it because she "could not help herself,"—not from love to the God who had done so much for, her but because she "could not help it."

Sad was my heart that night when I reached my room, but an hour spent in the privacy of my own chamber restored me to my wonted state. There I had poured out all my troubles to a sympathizing ear, and I felt that God would help in the great work which, on bended knees, I resolved, with my husband's permission, to undertake. It was to fit up the spare rooms over the west wing and take entire charge of Nellie and Luke. Their own means would then be sufficient to place the two girls at a good boarding-school, besides a trifle over, which would take away in a measure the feeling of dependence upon another.

"Oh!" I thought, "if James can only bring them to see God's dealings in the same light that He has me, what a blessed day it will be for all." I never thought, you see, of having anything to do with it myself, and yet I was chosen as the instrument. Such a plan as mine could not be carried out all of a sudden. The scruples of both husband and wife had to be overcome, as well as the reluctance of the daughters; but my husband entered warmly into it, and as no one ever said "No" to him, why, by the end of summer, all was settled; Bertha and May were at school at K——, and Nellie and Luke my guests forever.

My story has reached a much greater length than I intended; but bear with me a moment longer till I get you to take a peep into the bedroom over the west wing, five years after that sad night when Nellie first openly rebelled.

Lying on the bed is Luke Armstrong, apparently as strong in body as that day —now over nine years ago—when he was first struck down with the fell disease. His hands are very white, and they wander a little restlessly over the bedclothes; otherwise he is so motionless that you would suppose him asleep. None but his nurses know that the movement of his hands and head are all that is now left him. Nellie, her hair somewhat gray, but with a mild, gentle expression of countenance, is seated on the sofa between her daughters, who have that day returned from school.

"Mother, dear," says Bertha, a fine girl of about twenty, "you look younger than when we went away. What is the secret?"

A smile of ineffable sweetness plays round the mother's mouth, as taking her children's hands in hers, she replies:—

"My darlings, when you went away I was fighting against the cross my Heavenly Father had laid upon me. I questioned His right to afflict me so, never remembering that 'the potter hath power over the clay,' that the God who made us has a threefold right to our submission, and to require us joyfully to take up the cross He lays upon us. Yes, dears; God has a threefold right. 'He made us, and not we ourselves;' has He not then a right, as our Creator, to do as He wills with us? 'He daily loadeth us with benefits;' ought not our gratitude to acknowledge His right? and has not His dear Son suffered and died for us? 'We are not our own, but bought with a price.' Ah, my children, it was a blessed day for me when my Heavenly Father opened my eyes that I might see His utter right to me; still more blessed when in all humility I acknowledged it, and like the publican of old, cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner." My dear friends, Mattie and her husband, were God's instruments, and your dear father and I shall never cease to pray for them."

Silence falls on the room, only broken

after a while by our entrance for our usual "good-night" to the invalid.

"How do you feel to-night, Luke?" enquires my husband, as he lays a finger on the thin wrist.

"Happy, ah so happy! Will you not kneel down and thank my God for me? This is no trial now, James. I rebel no longer; neither does my dear wife."

We all knelt down beside the bed, and though the words offered up were few, they were earnest ones, in which we thanked God for all His mercies.

Not long after this we placed poor Luke (poor Luke! now rich Luke!) under the green grass of the churchyard. He had departed quietly in the dead hours of the night, with only his faithful wife beside him. We do not grieve—how can we?—over his gain; nor have I ever regretted taking part in my friend's trials.

THE REFUGEES.

A TRUE STORY.

In the spring of 1861 there lived in a suburb of Richmond a thoroughly loyal Virginian, whose wife, brought up as she had been within sight of Bunker Hill Monument and within the sound of Boston bells, could hardly have failed of being loyal or even patriotic.

They had watched the course of events during the winter preceding the war with keen interest, but, like many others, without much fear that a great civil war was at hand which would drench Virginia with the blood of both North and South. They knew there was a strong Union party in Richmond and throughout the State. They were personally acquainted with some of the delegates to the Virginia Convention, and they could not believe that the Old Dominion would follow the mad leadership of South Carolina into secession and war. Mr. Sheldon, therefore, trusting that the storm would be averted, or at least confined to the cotton States, kept quietly on with his business, till the capture of Fort Sumter and the act of secession introduced a mad confusion which made it impossible for him to dispose of his property in order to go North without pecuniary ruin.

Hoping that each battle, as it occurred, would be the downfall of the Confederacy, and waiting and watching for an opportunity to dispose of their property for something more substantial than Jeff Davis's "promises to pay," the family lingered. Months passed and the rebel cause gained apparent strength, and the Confederacy seemed to have become a fixed fact; but as the great Army of the Potomac planted itself on the Peninsula and worked its way slowly up past Yorktown and Williamsburg, the hearts of the Union people glowed with new hope, and many a flag hidden away in trunk and drawer was looked at in secret pride as the time was anticipated when it should be flung out with shouts of welcome to the conquerors."

But though the longed-for "boys in blue" came so near that the welcome sound of their guns could be heard, and the rebels retreating in hot haste had once announced in the city that the Yankees were coming, the sad news was soon confirmed that the Federal army was withdrawing instead of advancing, and the hopes of the Union people died out as they learned that Harrison's Landing was abandoned. Mr. Sheldon and several other Union men then made an effort to secure passes with which to leave rebeldom, but they were denied. It was impossible to steal away secretly with wife, little children and grand mother, and so they remained, while still another year passed away and repeated drafts for the rebel army filled their hearts with terror. But men were growing scarce, comparatively, and one more draft placed Mr. Sheldon, an unwilling recruit, in the ranks of the traitors. To desert to the Federal lines was then his only hope, and he longed-for picket duty which might give him the opportunity. Three months of rigorous camp duty followed, but though many raw recruits were, during that time, brought into the rebel army from the camps around Richmond, careful guard was kept over such as were of doubtful loyalty to the Confederacy, and Mr. Sheldon found no opportunity of escape.

During all this time no furlough was granted, and the anxious friends knew not whether he had deserted or been called out to battle and fallen in apparently defending the odious rebel colors.

A Federal cavalry raid was made at last in some quarter which threatened some one of the rebel lines of communication, and all the camps were emptied of men to repel the invaders, and Mr. Sheldon being among them, was in the skirmish which followed; it resulted in the repulse of the Federal troops and the triumphant rebels returned to Richmond glorifying themselves over their victory, while one unwilling soldier, at least, in the ranks was stung with disappointment. Once more in camp, a furlough was asked for and granted, and the Union man in rebel gray presented himself a welcome guest in his own house.

The hated uniform was speedily cast aside, and taking his wife and her mother into his counsels, Mr. Sheldon told them

that he never could or would return to the rebel service, but secrete himself for awhile and then escape in disguise, if possible, to the North. But absolute secrecy was necessary from his own children, lest a word should be dropped before their rebel playmates, and the little girl and boy who had welcomed their father with exuberant joy were allowed to suppose that his furlough had expired and he had returned to camp.

The house had a flat roof, and between the roof and the ceiling of the chambers was an open space of about three feet in height. In Mrs. Sheldon's chamber stood a wardrobe which reached to the ceiling; the top of this was removed and a hole made through the ceiling large enough to admit a man's body; a pasteboard top to the wardrobe, with cords fastened to the upper surface to draw it up by, concealed the hole, and into this retreat the deserter mounted by stepping upon a portable sink which was placed in the wardrobe for that purpose, and drawing up the pasteboard after him all appeared as before, for the dim light in the wardrobe was insufficient to reveal the alteration of the top.

Not twenty-four hours after the time of his furlough had expired a rebel officer stood at the door. It was opened by Mrs. Sheldon's mother.

"Where is Sheldon?" he demanded.

"Why! isn't he in camp?" was the Yankee reply, asking a question instead of answering one.

"No," said the rebel, "else I shouldn't be here after him."

"Well, I've never seen him since his furlough expired," replied she—which was true.

"Very well," replied the man; "if he has deserted and we find him, he's a dead man; that's all"—and he walked away.

There was no light in the narrow hiding place, and no fresh air, except such as came up through the wardrobe when the pasteboard was let down and the door opened for that purpose. Great caution was always necessary in coveying his food up to him, lest the children's curiosity should be aroused, for the inquisitive eyes of a bright little girl of seven and the prattling tongue of a little boy of four were as much to be dreaded as rebel corporals. In two or three days posters appeared describing some rebel deserters, and Mr. Sheldon's among the rest, warning them to return and deliver themselves up if in the city, under penalty of death if discovered. Provost guards scoured the streets by day and houses were being searched wherever the people were known to be Unionists, and here and there an unlucky fellow was dragged from his bed at night by a coporal's guard.

There was a near neighbor of Mrs. Sheldon who, when conversing with Union people, was very strong in her protestations of loyalty, but for various reasons Mrs. Sheldon strongly suspected her of being quite as friendly to the Confederacy as to the lawful government. This woman was constantly running in at all hours and making inquiries and remarks concerning Mr. Sheldon, which kept the anxious wife on the rack with solicitude lest she should somehow find out the secret; she probably suspected he was concealed on the premises, and often expressed her belief that Mrs. Sheldon knew where he was.

It was difficult for an open-hearted, truth-loving woman, unusued to deceit, to parry these questions and preserve a demeanor befitting the situation; and the little children, who soon became aware that their papa was not in camp, added their constant questionings and little anxieties to the general fund of discomfort. About this time a body was found in James River, dressed in rebel uniform, but too far decomposed to be identified. Public opinion at once pronounced it to be Mr. Sheldon, and the supposed widow, willing to have suspicion diverted fron her own house for a time, professed to believe it probable and to mourn for him as dead, while the poor children shed the sincerely bitter tears of childish grief.

It was April, and the sun of the long spring days beating down upon the flat roof of the unventilated retreat made the heat already very burdensome, and this, together with the cramped position and lack of exercise, made the confinement severe for the prisoner; so at night, after the children were asleep and all was still, he would softly descend from his retreat and stretch himself upon his bed for a few hours, his wife meantime watching in the dark at the window. Every time a footstep was heard upon the sidewalk, or the tramp of the sentinel as he approached the house, her heart was in a flutter, and more than one hasty scramble into the loft occurred unnecessarily. Two or three times the house was visited by the provost guard, but without discovering him, and the lynx-eyed neighbor confidently asserted that she did not believe he was dead.

May came, and by the middle of the month the heat became unendurable, and it was evident that an escape must be effected as speedily as possible. He had lived six weeks in this painful concealment, when Mrs. Sheldon learned through friends that there was a man who had been employed by the rebels as a scout who had been doing quite a business in the way of getting men safely out of Virginia, not from any Union feeling, but for large sums in gold.

One day, having endured the torture of his confinement till the heat of the noon-

day sun made it unendurable, Mr. Sheldon descended into the chamber for a few hours to rest. Finding the lock out of order, he fastened the door after his wife left the room by placing his cane lengthwise between the door and the bureau, lest the children might enter. In the afternoon Mrs. Sheldon, who was out in the yard where her children, with several of their little playmates, were amusing themselves, sent her little girl into the house for some articles she wanted. The child ran bounding in, and not finding the article below stairs, she rushed up to her mother's chamber and threw herself against the door with such force that it flew open, and the startled child stood face to face with the not less startled father.

She did not speak, but with flying feet sought her mother in the garden, exclaiming, "O! mamma, papa isn't dead; he's alive; he's come; he's up stairs now!"

The horrified mother seized the poor child by the arm and thrust her into the house with such violence that she cried with fright and pain; when there she told her that she must not speak of having seen her father; that he would go away again, because he had deserted, and the rebels would kill him if they found him. The child kept her secret from that time, but it had been disclosed before the neighbor's children, and they expected the house would be searched before morning. There was no longer even comparative safety, and he must escape, if possible, at once. Steps were at once taken to communicate with the scout, and arrangements made for a Union family to receive Mr. Sheldon till the scout should be ready to take him on his perilous journey. But to accomplish the removal was a difficult problem where a man could not walk a square unchallenged, and must show a pass whenever demanded. The only device practicable seemed to be the one adopted unsuccessfully since then by a more distinguished refugee, namely, female apparel.

Fortunately Mrs. Sheldon's mother was of such a size that her clothing could be worn, and the disguise was adopted, even to false hair, spectacles, bonnet and veil, and the *quondam* soldier walked out of his own house on a bright afternoon, in company with his wife, unsuspected by neighbor or guard, and reached the friend's house in safety. After a delay of two days, and much difficulty in getting the necessary sum in gold, arrangements were finally made with the scout to receive him on a certain evening. It was necessary to hire a carriage to convey him out of the city and leave him at a place whence he could safely make his way to the scout's hut in the woods; and as no man could be hired to go as driver who would be a safe person, this delicate duty was entrusted to a boy of twelve years, the son of the friend at whose house they were staying. But he was a brave and loyal little fellow, and only too happy to undertake the mission.

Again Mr. Sheldon's disguise was adopted, worn this time over a partial suit of his own, and a young child carried in his arms helped to make the *ruse* successful. Mrs. Sheldon, not daring to ride with him, lest suspicion should be raised, was to start on foot for the same point and there take leave of him.

After the party, consisting of the boy and his mother, Mr. Sheldon and the baby had left the house, Mrs. Sheldon noticed that he had taken no hat to put on when he gave up the bonnet; so, taking a felt one which she could hold under her arm, she followed the vehicle. At the bridge the carriage was ordered to stop by the guard, but the brave little driver only reined in his horse, and saying "Passes for three," drove on, showing his paper, which the guard could not examine,—very fortuntely, for it contained no description of the nondescript who carried the baby.

At the point agreed upon, the carriage waited for Mrs. Sheldon, but just as she arrived in sight of it, mounted guards drove up from another direction and the boy drove rapidly on to avoid exciting suspicion and she returned sadly homewards. Near the woods where the scout lived the carriage at last stopped; the disguise was hastily thrown off and then Mr. Sheldon first became aware that his hat was missing. Master George promptly offered his own as a substitute, and though rather small it was accepted, while the hat worn by the little one supplied its place for George, though it was necessary to wear it somewhat jauntily. Hastily taking leave of his friends, Mr. Sheldon took the direction of the woods, while the rest of the party returned safely to Richmond. It was his intention to reach Baltimore, if possible, where he had a brother residing, and then send for his family whenever it became possible to do so.

Weeks and months passed, and food grew scarce and dear in Richmond, and no tidings were received from the fugitive. Earlier in the war Mrs. Sheldon had made frequent visits to the Federal prisoners on Belle Isle and secretly supplied them with many comforts. Often when sick prisoners were carried past her door towards the steamboats to be exchanged, she had carried out tea or coffee to refresh them, and been allowed to minister to their necessities, but this had long since been stopped by the rebel tyrants in power, and now she was compelled to see her own children forego many of the comforts of life which once seemed indispensable. The tales of sorrow which now came up from Belle Isle and the Libby caused anguish of heart to the secret friends of the Union, who would have

shared their last meal with the brave fellows if they could have had the privilege; the premium on gold had risen higher and higher, till Confederate notes were of little value, and still all applications for passes to go North were refused, and it was impossible for the family to leave the city.

At last, however, the sickness of late summer came on; food grew scarcer than ever, the victories of the Federal armies at Vicksburg and Gettysburg depressed the spirits of the hitherto exultant rebels, and there grew up on the part of the authorities a disposition to let women and children who desired to go North, depart in peace. Mrs Sheldon and her Union friends after some difficulty procured passes for their families, and at a fearful sacrifice nearly all their earthly possessions were changed for gold enough to get them to the Federal lines. A few blankets and one trunk for each family were all the fugitives were allowed to carry, and two army waggons with drivers were sent to convey them. The party consisted of Mrs. Sheldon, her mother and two children; and her friend with her mother and five children, Master George acting the part of a gallant little protector. It was a tiresome journey toward the Potomac, over roads made almost impassable by army waggons, through wood, and swamp, and felled timber, over miserable bridges, and streams with no bridges at all, till they reached the Rappahannock the second day at nightfall.

The river was wide and deep, and the only crossing was by means of a clumsy raft which served as a ferry-boat. The teams were driven on, and after much peril the party was landed on the opposite bank without accident, except the severe wounding of one of the horses in the leg, by a hook attached to a chain.

As soon as they were on shore, while the drivers were attending to the wounded horse, the ladies began to look about them for a place of shelter. It was already dusk, and as the horse was unable to proceed further that night, they were obliged to avail themselves of such protection as they could find. Not a human dwelling was visible, but two or three dilapidated and blackened chimney-stacks indicated that the fortunes of war had destroyed whatever there might have been of a settlement in days gone by. A poor deserted cabin of one room was at last discovered in the woods, and they gladly availed themselves of such shelter as it afforded. The blankets were spread upon the floor, and the weary children stretched their tired limbs upon them and were soon asleep.

The mothers sat patiently waiting upon the floor in the dark, for the drivers were using their only lanterns on the river bank, making all safe for the night, when they heard footsteps approaching, and the voices of strangers, and in a moment two men entered. On finding the premises already occupied, they, instead of retiring, announced their intention of staying there all night. It was beginning to rain, and the terrified women knew not what to do. They could not see their visitors, but they were rough-spoken men, most likely armed deserters from one army or the other. The drivers were mere boys, whose presence would scarcely intimidate them, though the ladies were glad to see them approaching with the lanterns. There seemed no help for it but to accept the situation. Presently one of the strangers lay down upon the floor and placed his head on Mrs. Sheldon's lap. She ordered him to rise, but he said he "was not going to hurt her; she need not be scared," and coolly kept his position. She was unable to rise under his heavy weight, and he lay there an hour or more, but offered no further insult. Unwilling to terrify the children, the ladies endured the long and tedious night, awake and in silence, while the men lay snoring upon the floor before them. Early in the morning the two strangers rose and took their departure, leaving the fugitives thankful to the good Providence which had preserved them from harm.

On examining the lame horse by daylight, the drivers thought they might proceed slowly a few miles that day, and having eaten their morning meal they resumed their journey. After three or four hours' travel through a lonely region, they were brought to a stand by rebel guards, who demanded their passes. The driver to whom they were entrusted felt in his breast pocket where he carried them, but they were missing. Other pockets were searched and the wagons ransacked in vain. The passes were lost, and as the guards were inexorable, there was nothing to be done but for the disheartened company to turn their faces again toward the Rappahannock, consoling themselves with the forlorn hope of finding the missing papers, either in the old house or on the river bank, where they had examined the horse's leg, but not without fear that their rough visitors had stolen them for some purposes of their own.

In the afternoon they again reached the river; the house was searched, but no papers were to be seen, neither were they to be found on the bank where the horses had stood. The journey could not be resumed without them, and to return to Richmond seemed the only alternative. While they stood discussing their misfortune a small boat was seen rowing across the river towards them; its only occupant was a negro boy. As the boat neared the shore he held up a white paper and waved it; it was the lost passes. A cry of joy burst involuntarily from their lips. The

honest fellow had found the papers where the horses had stood, as they had dropped from the driver's pocket in stooping, and seeing the same party at the same place again, he had conjectured that they were in search of the missing papers, and though he did not know what they were, he made all possible haste to restore them to their owners.

Once more on their way, the party met with no further detention till on the fourth day they arrived in sight of the lower Potomac. It was a thinly settled region, with here and there a house on the river bank, occupied by poor people who for large sums fed and sheltered refugees till they could escape across the river, or harbored smugglers who were enriching themselves by getting contraband goods safely into Dixie.

Having found a shelter for the party, the driver at once retraced the road to Richmond with the wagons. At the house where the party stopped there were two men, deserters from the rebel army, who agreed to row them across to the Maryland shore for a large sum in gold, when the river should become calm enough, for at that point it was about twelve miles in width and under a stiff breeze almost as rough as the sea. That day and the next passed, and though the wind continued high and the river rough, the ladies, finding their money nearly exhausted, and their food and lodging of the poorest quality, resolved to brave the dangers of the river. The men reluctantly consented to attempt the trip and the boats were loaded and put off from shore, but constant baling was necessary to keep them above water, and they did not accomplish more than a third of the distance before they found it necessary to put back as speedily as possible. Another night was endured in comfortless lodgings, and they arose in the morning hoping to find that day either calmer waters or a safer boat. They were nearly worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and Mrs. Sheldon felt that she could not much longer sustain the constant strain upon mind and body; the time was drawing near when she hoped to meet her husband, and this hope supported her; but of his fate she knew nothing and all was uncertain before her. What if on reaching her destination she should find that he had never arrived? Her brave heart would not dwell on the possibility, but the thought would often recur, though she resolutely put it from her.

The boatmen, finding she was determined to cross if possible, went down to the river to try and make the worst boat a little safer, and the ladies made arrangements to start as early as possible. Suddenly there was a cry of alarm, and at a glance out of the window they discovered that the house was surrounded with rebel cavalry. The frightened children cried with terror, for they had learned to dread and hate the sight and sound of rebel troops, and the mothers' hearts quailed at the fearful possibilities that were before them. The sharp crack of a carbine was heard and one of the boatmen was seen running toward a corn-field. They were in search of deserters, and presently several of them dismounted and entered the house.

The officer demanded the papers of the refugees and after a brief perusal returned them, pronouncing them "all right;" and saying he had no wish to harm women and children, he turned his attention toward breakfast, and after devouring all the house contained, they mounted their horses and galloped away. One of the boatmen was captured and carried off with them, the other contrived to elude their search under cover of the high corn, and in the course of the day he crawled home, severely wounded.

The next day, which was Saturday, two more men were found whose services were secured, and the party set out once more to make a final departure from Virginia. It was quite late in the afternoon before the men were ready; one boat was somewhat improved, but the other needed constant bailing as before, but now the river was calm. Mrs. Sheldon and her family, with her friend and her children, all except Master George, were in the best boat; the rest of the party, without baggage, in the other. It was the last of August and it grew damp and dusky before the boats were across the river and the parties soon lost sight of each other. The Maryland shore was steep and the boat in which Mrs Sheldon and her children had taken passage was rowed up the river some distance to find a place where a landing could be effected. They finally succeeded in finding a more level bank and were put ashore; the trunks were landed with the women's help and carried up the bank, and then the man hastily made off with the boat, without even assisting them to find shelter for the night.

No house or barn was to be seen through the thick darkness, but one light gleamed brightly out a long distance away.

At first thought they were inclined to seek it out, hoping to find a friendly roof, but there was no moon, and they were unfamiliar with the ground; the experiment was quite as dangerous as exposure where they were, and of two evils they preferred the known to the unknown. So placing the trunks so as to afford a slight shelter, they spread down blankets for the children and laid them to rest, and the two mothers mounted guard upon the trunks. Not a sight or sound indicated the approach of the other boat, but they knew well that it might have gone far down the river to find

a landing-place, so they comforted themselves as well as they could and waited for the coming day.

The night was cool and verv damp, and their clothes were saturated with dew till they were chilled and almost benumbed. No sleep visited their eyelids, for they knew too well the condition of the other boat to feel easy respecting it, and the thought that it might have gone to the bottom with its precious freight was intolerable. At last the faint dawn of day stole up the eastern horizon, and as soon as they could see to walk, Mrs. Sheldon and her mother followed the river downwards for a long distance, hoping to find their friends, but no signs of them being discovered, they returned to their encampment and then set out in the other direction to find a house.

As daylight advanced they saw a farmhouse in the distance, and also discovered that the light which they had seen was not in a house but on a gunboat in an inlet or creek. They reached the farm-house just as the family were sitting down to breakfast. Their story was briefly told, and they were at once invited to share the morning meal. The proprietor of the establishment was an old-fashioned Marylander. He was no Union man, he said; he went for the Confederacy; but if women and children would run away from a good government he would not see them suffer, so they should be welcome to a good bed in his house and he would see what could be done about searching out their missing friends. A negro with a cart was at once sent off to bring the trunks and conduct the rest of the party to the house, which having been done, he was dispatched with orders to explore the river bank above and below, and inquire at every farm-house for the lost ones. Meanwhile the faint and chilled party were warmed and refreshed, the children made happy with an abundance of fine peaches, and the weary mothers shown to comfortable beds, though anxiety prevented sleep.

After several hours the negro returned with no tidings of the boat and said he "spected dey done gone to de bottom ob de riber." Mrs. Sheldon's friend was nearly distracted. She knew that her mother and her son were drowned, she said, and her agony was inconsolable and increased by self-reproach for allowing George to go in the other boat.

There seemed nothing for them to do but to make their way to Baltimore as soon as possible. There was no direct communication with that city from that part of Maryland, and their kind host sent off to the commander of the gunboat a request that he would take them on board and transfer them to some transport bound to Baltimore. Having gained his consent they were sent off early on Monday morning to the gun-boat, which was about to go down the river. There were no conveniences for such a party on board, and the commander hailed the first transport he saw, and though it was bound to Fortress Monroe, placed the fugitives on board.

They met with no returning vessel, as they hoped, and reached the fortress in safety. The next day a passage was secured for them directly to Baltimore on a transport which was also to carry away other refugees who had found shelter in the fortress.

When the time came for them to be transferred to the returning transport they found, to their unspeakable joy, that the other refugees were none other than their own lost friends. Their joy was too deep for aught at first but grateful tears. On learning their story it appeared that their boatman, through either ignorance or treachery, had put them on shore on a small uninhabited island in the river, where they had spent a wretched night. On the next day they made signals of distress which arrested the attention of a passing transport, and they were taken off and conveyed to the fortress.

The voyage up the Chesapeake was a joyful one, and once upon the pavements of Baltimore the fugitives turned their steps in a conflict of anticipation and solicitude, to seek their relatives and friends. When Mrs. Sheldon had found her brother's house and stood upon the doorstep her heart well nigh failed her, for the sense of the possibility of her husband's failure to reach there alive so overpowered her that she felt that if disappointment awaited her she should lie down and die.

The door was opened by her brother's wife.

"Have you seen my husband?" was her only question.

"Yes, he is here waiting for you," was the reply, and in a moment the separated family was reunited.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MARRIAGES I HAVE CELEBRATED.

BY REV. G. F. TOWNSEND, M.A.

The spheres of duty entrusted to my care have been widely various. I have been the vicar of a remote country village, of a large borough town, of an important London suburban parish, and am now the incumbent of a district in the very centre of the metropolis.

I well remember the first marriage at which I officiated. It was a simple, well-conducted rustic wedding, celebrated on a pleasant summer morning, in one of the

tiniest and dingiest of churches, in a parish not exceeding three hundred in population.

Two circumstances impress it on my memory. The parish clerk, a quaint old fellow, the patriarch of the village, immediately after I had "joined the hands" of the bridegroom and bride, sang out with a loud voice, in a monotone key, "God speed 'em weel." The words were so appropriate and so heartily given that they scarcely interrupted the service. I have never met with the custom elsewhere. The other incident occurred in the vestry after the service. The bridegroom put a half-sovereign into my hand, a sum much in excess of the fee, and asked for change. I gave it to him according to his request; but as I did so I plainly observed a shade of displeasure pass over the open countenance of the bride, which was evidently shared in by the whole wedding party. I felt conscious of having most unwittingly given offence. Nor had I long to wait for an explanation. The old clerk on his return from accompanying the newly-married couple to the church-porch, said at once:—

"Oh, sir! you should hae put the siller into the bride's hands. The money was gi'en you that you might do so."

I at once called to mind the rubric of the old Salisbury missal, the Prayer-book in use by the English Church before the Reformation, which directs the man, at the words "I endow thee," to place a piece of silver into the woman's hands. I have no doubt that this custom of the clergyman returning the "siller" to the bride was a traditional remembrance of this ancient form, which had not died out among this remote population.

The second marriage I celebrated has not less left an indelible impression on my memory. I exchanged within a few months my country curacy for that of a town benefice, also held by my rector, for pluralities were common in those days. In this parish it had long been the custom only to read that shorter portion of the Marriage Service which concluded with the first blessing, and to omit altogether what is called the post-nuptial part, consisting of the psalms, suffrages, collects, and sermon. Within a few weeks I had notice of a marriage by license, and, as it was my first upper-class wedding, I went to the church with some slight feeling of curiosity prevalent in my mind.

As I approached the large and commodious vestry, I heard sounds which plainly indicated that a numerous and unusually merry party had already assembled. On entering I found the bridegroom to be a well-to-do, easy, good-cheer-loving English yeoman, of free and friendly manners, between forty and fifty years of age. The bride was considerably younger, a plump, pretty-looking woman, with black sparkling eyes, laughing lips, a violent *nez retroussé*, and with a demeanor full of frolic and hilarity. The friends were all of the yeoman class, and were evidently intimate with each other and with the persons about to be married.

I prepared the register books with studied slowness and deliberation, that I might induce a great seriousness. When all was ready I requested the clerk to show the party assembled into the church. I quickly followed, and proceeded with the servce, curtailed according to the established local custom. All passed off with the utmost propriety and decorum. But I had scarcely finished the blessing and closed my book when, to my great astonishment, the lively little bride burst out with a laugh, and asked volubly and aloud a fusillade of questions: "Am I married? Is *that* all? Is there nothing else to do?" I described the scene to my rector, and obtained his permission henceforth to read the whole service.

The next marriage which has impressed itself on my mind was celebrated by me when on a visit from home. I was well acquainted with a celebrated vicar of one of the most important and populous of the manufacturing towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and I was requested to take the marriages in the newly-restored magnificent Parish Church on the Sunday morning.

I was there punctually to the stroke of half-past nine o'clock. On my entering the vestry, the clerk, a most official-looking person, wearing a black gown, informed me that there were (how many do you think?) thirty-four couples to be married. "An unusually large number," he added; "and yet not so much out of the way either;" and while he assisted me with the surplice and stole, he said, in compliment to my inexperience, or in suspicion of my attention to rubrical order, "There won't be much time to spare, sir. The bells commence at half-past ten."

On raising from my knees within the rails of the communion table, a singular sight presented itself. I saw the whole chancel, of splendid dimensions, entirely filled with a crowd of a most peculiar character. It was composed of persons from every condition of the middle and artisan classes, in which the largest elements were lads and lasses from the factories. The women were neatly dressed, for the most part in the brightest colors; many of them wearing white ribbons, veils, shawls, bonnets, and even dresses, marking them out as brides, or bridesmaids. The men were also specially got up. Most of them wore new coats, white waistcoats, neckcloths of every gorgeous and gaudy hue, most astounding pins, white gloves

(cotton), and hats brushed to the acme of glossy reflection. A subdued buzz of earnest and anxious inquiries was yet carried on, and there was that indescribable sense of flurry and nervous trepidation which indicated a state of bewilderment and confusion.

Well, what was I to do? How could I bring order out of disorder? How induce that attention and decorum which became so solemn a ceremony, by which thiry-four men and thirty-four women were to make their distinct separate promises to each other, and to unite their future destinies through life for better or worse.

My first aim was to insure silence. For this purpose I came forward, and lifted up my hand, indicating my wish to speak; and then, on quiet being obtained, I gave clear directions how the bridegrooms and brides, with the fathers or friends of the brides, and the bridesmaids, were respectively to place themselves. A general movement of feet, and a hasty unfastening and passing about of gloves esued. I did not, however, give these preliminary directions without exciting the alarm and interposition of the clerk, who came to the rails and again reminded me "that the time was short."

Order having been obtained, and a most effective grouping undesignedly produced, I commenced the service in a loud and distinct voice. I felt, however, that I had a difficult task before me, and that I was launching on a sea of troubles.

My first awkwardness arose on coming to the questions to be put to the persons about to be married. Each man and woman ought to be asked singly and by name, if of their free choice and consent they gave themselves in marriage. Under the present circumstances this could not be done, and I put these preliminary questions in a general way to those of each sex in turn. The next portion of service, the personal and individual interchange of mutual vows, is far more important, and I resolved that in spite of time, numbers, or remonstrance, no one present should fail to make a solemn, personal ratification of their engagements. What was to be done? After asking "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" I paused, and said—

"Each of the fathers, or friends representing the father, is required to give the bride into the hand of the minister, that he may in God's name give her to her husband; but as that cannot now be done, let each man, as from me, take with his right hand the woman with her right hand."

Here came the very pinch and crisis of the difficulty. I was neither a drill-sergeant nor a schoolmaster; and yet I was in a position requiring, after a fashion, the office of both, I proceeded thus—

"And say after me, 'I'——

The pronoun was manfully re-echoed from all sides; on which, holding up my hand for silence, I desired, *sotto voce*, that each bridegroom should name his own name and say "take thee," naming the Christian name of his bride, and then should repeat after me the remainder of the words I should speak. The directions were admirably obeyed. I then commenced the appointed formula a second time, a loud chorus repeating all sorts of men's names, and then more clamorously uttering forth the names of their brides elect, and then with steadier voices accompanying me to the end of their declaration, as if, like schoolboys, they thoroughly enjoyed their lesson. The brides needed no repetition of my instructions, and with the aid of a pause and slight signs, mentioned their own and their husband's Christian names, and uttered their vows with less depth of sound, but with a peculiar solemnity. In a similar manner I gave plain directions for the putting on of the rings, after which the required words were said after me with hearty alacrity and good-will.

One further difficulty remained. How was I to secure to so large a number the individual authoritative joining together of the hands of each individual couple by the clergyman, in which, according to some opinions, consists the essential legitimation of the marriage? I effected it in this way. I caused each couple to advance and kneel at the chancel rails till the space was full. Then, commencing at the north end, I joined the hands of every man and woman, and repeated to each the words of institution. The rail was only twice filled.

These arrangements occupied some time, so that the thundering harmony of a magnificent peal of ten bells broke upon the ear before the service was concluded. Of all the marriages I ever celebrated, this wholesale joining together of hands, and, I hope, of hearts, was the most unsatisfactory. I can well believe, from what I then witnessed, that there might be some foundation for the story frequently told in Yorkshire, that on one of these extensive celebrations of heterogeneous marriages the parish clerk gave out at the conclusion of the service this notice—

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, please to sort yourselves."

My note-book abounds with reminiscences of the eccentricities of bridegrooms. Once, on my putting the question "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" to a blunt Yorkshireman, he stared me in the face with a look half of effrontery and half of contemptuous pity, as if I was anything but wise in asking such a question at such a time and place, and blurted out the decided knock-me-down answer, "Yees, I coomed o'purpose, didn't I?"

On another occasion this ridiculous scene occurred in my London suburban cure. It was an "Hepsom race day," as the bridegroom, a thin, gaunt man, apologetically said, as he came in with hot haste, dressed in his stable clothes, into the vestrv a few minutes after eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the wedding. He proved, too, to be so simple a fellow that I had to direct him in his every answer, and he was so civil withal that he added or interpolated a "sir" at nearly every word; and, not content with this, every time he said "sir," he pulled his forelock, and lifted up one leg behind him, and made me a low bow. He went through his vow to his bride after this fashion:—"I, John Long, sir; take thee, Ann Short, sir; to be my wedded wife, sir; to have and to hold, sir;" and so on to the very last word.

I must be more chary of my recollection of brides. I could, however, many a tale unfold. I will only say that I have seen such a radiant smile of delight play upon a fair bride's face, as she has paid her vows, as made her countenance bright as might be the face of an angel; while, on the other hand, I call to mind one occasion when, on my remarking pleasantly to the bride as I put the pen into her hand, "It will be the last time of your signing your maiden name," that she dashed down the pen, and so looked, that from my inmost soul I felt pity for her husband and herself.

I have been exposed at various times to temptations to the undue performance of marriages.

One evening, after dusk, a gentleman called, and sent in his card, with a request to see me. I was then the vicar of a large provincial town, and could, as a surrogate, grant marriage licenses. My visitor in his application for a license was required to answer certain questions, and I soon discovered that there were impediments to his request which could not be got over. He at once candidly admitted that such was the case, and related to me what I had good reason to believe was the truth of his story. He had, in a word, run off with an heiress without the consent of her friends, and he offered me £50, and very soon proposed to give me £100, if I would grant a license, and marry them in my parish church at eight o'clock the next morning. The offer was refused, though I promised not to reveal the circumstances which had thus in confidence been made known to me.

These runaway marriages are most painful trials to a clergyman. I have been obliged to officiate at several. I always, however, try to stop them even at the eleventh hour, by remonstrating with the bridegroom, and by finding, if possible, some loophole to escape from the necessity of performing the ceremonv.

I call to mind one particularly distressing history. One day, about noon, a very gentlemanly man, of fashionable appearance, polished manners, and well-chosen dress, and distinguished with all the traits of one habitually moving in high society called on me and presented a license, with a request to be married in my church on the following morning, at ten o'clock. I at once suspected that all was not right. I examined the license most minutely, and particularly inquired if one of the parties had resided for the necessary time in my district. I was informed that the lady had been staying at an hotel for fifteen days, to give her the right to be married in my church. I then turned to the lady's age, as the licence stated her to be a minor. I was again foiled by the assurance that the bride's mother, a widow, and her only guardian, would be present with her daughter. I was completely baffled.

On the next morning the gentleman came first to the church, some minutes before the time fixed for the service. I had also gone early, in the very hope of meeting him. I begged him to come into the vestry, and, locking the door, I appealed to him by the respect due to himself and to his family, and by every inducement I could think of, to postpone for a time his wedding. With tears in his eyes he thanked me warmly, but expressed his intention to be married.

The bride shortly walked in, attended by her mother and by a man whom I found to be head waiter from the hotel. She was a rather pretty young woman, but without style or finish, and evidently inferior in rank and position to her future lord. On making out the register, her father's name was inserted as a tradesman.

Within a few weeks I received by post a most painful letter from the aged mother of the bridegroom. She wrote as none but a true lady could have written, and gave an account of her son. He was the heir to a large fortune, and had been in one of the most aristocratic regiments in the army. He had lately sold out, and married a young woman who had been a governess in her family; or at least she feared that it was so. As she had been referred to me as the clergyman who had married them, I was obliged to confirm (as I assured her I did with unfeigned sorrow) her worst fears; and, while I explained that I had no power to refuse to obey the license, I also detailed to her every expedient I had adopted, and every argument I had ventured to plead, that I might induce her son to consent to the postponement of the marriage. I received a letter of thanks, and there was the conclusion of the matter.

My own conviction is that few if any of these runaway marriages end happily. I should advise all my young friends that

they marry "discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God," with the consent of their parents, and with their families and friends around them; and then they may make their vows without fear of contradiction, or prohibition, even though they should (in the exuberance of their joy, or in their haste to forestall the appointed answer) change the honest "I will" of the Prayer-book, into the more downright and resolute exclamation of the Yorkshire bridegroom:—

"Yees, I coom'd on purpose."—*Our Own Fireside.*

TAKING FOR GRANTED.

BY MRS. E. PRENTISS,

Author of "Aunt Jane's Hero," &c.

"It was so ungentlemanly!"

"And so unkind!"

"And she bore it so sweetly!"

These, and a score of similar remarks, proceeded from a party of young girls returning home from an afternoon sewing-circle, and the object of their displeasure was the Rev. Jeremiah Watkins, who had been making an address to them on the subject of Foreign Missions. At every tea-table they represented he was made the subject of animadversion, and in most cases the result was—

"You don't say so!"

"I couldn't have believed it!"

"It is inexcusable!" and the like.

But there was one exception to the rule.

"Only to think, mother," cried Isabella May, the instant the family had gathered around the tea-table; "Miss Raymond told Mr. Watkins at the sewing-circle that we had agreed, at her request, to call it the 'Watkins Society,' in his honor, and he replied, 'So I heard, but supposed you said it in your coarse way!' Did you ever hear of such an outrageous speech?"

"Mr. Watkins is incapable of such rudeness," was the reply.

"Why, mother, half a dozen of us heard it."

"You misunderstood him. I am as positive that he never said it as that I did not say it myself."

"But I am positive that he did. We all heard it, and talked of nothing else all the way home."

"My dear, you are doing him a great injustice. How often I have warned you against trusting to first impressions. I am sure that when Mr. Watkins hears this absurd story he will be able to explain it."

"Come, let us have no more of this. I am ashamed of you for repeating such nonsense."

Isabella would gladly have defended herself by many vehement protestations, but she dared not run the risk of displeasing her parents, who were warmly attached to the young missionary, who was about to leave home and friends for a foreign field.

That very evening he called, and as he had been accused in the presence of the whole family, Mrs. May resolved to give him as public an opportunity to defend himself. In as few words as possible she told him the story, adding,—

"And now for your explanation to these foolish girls, for I *know* you can make one."

"I happen to remember my reply. I felt a little embarrassed at the honor done me by the young ladies, and said, 'So I heard, Miss Raymond, but supposed you only said it in your jocose way.'"

Poor Isabella May! The blood rose to her forehead, and she hurried from the room, the picture of shame.

"I hope this lesson will last forever!" thought she. "What fools we have made of ourselves. I will never be positive about anything again as long as I live!"

The resolution lasted till the next day, when she thought it her duty to go through a certain portion of the church soliciting aid for a very destitute family.

"Everybody gave me something but Mrs. Howard," quoted she; "and she wouldn't give a cent, stingy old thing!"

"Have you any other proof that she is 'stingy?'" inquired her mother.

"What other proof do I want? There she sits in her nicely-furnished parlor, beautifully dressed, and wouldn't give me a red cent. How can people be so mean?"

Mrs. May rose without replying to this speech, and unlocking her desk, took from it several account books.

"'The stingy old thing' subscribed liberally to our Ladies' Tract Society at all events," she said, handing the book to Isabella. "And I am treasurer of our Home Mission Society also; see, she gave more last year than any half dozen put together."

"But that is no reason why she should refuse to give a few cents to a poor, starving family," said Isabella.

"You are not stating things fairly. A few cents would have been received by you with indignation. And what right have we to dictate to her how she shall spend her money, or when?"

"I have no doubt," returned Isabella, determined not to be convinced, "that she is one of the sort who subscribe largely when it will make a show, and she can get you and Mrs. Wentworth, and Mrs. Ransom, and Mrs. Terry to admire her for it; and when a young girl, whose opinion she does not value, calls upon her, she draws her purse-strings together and tells her to go about her business. I am so disap-

pointed! I told poor Mrs. Murphy that I had no doubt I could raise a hundred dollars for her, and I've only got fifty. I thought Mrs. Howard would give fifty, at least."

"My dear, do you know of any one whom you should like to have decree just what portion of your money you should spend in charity, and how?"

"That is very different."

"Come now, we are just filling a box for the family of a Western missionary, most worthy, yet destitute people; I should like that grey suit of yours for one of the girls; she is exactly your size."

"My pretty grey suit! Why, mother! And I have just given Mrs. Murphy's oldest girl my brown suit!"

"How can you sit in this 'nicely-furnished parlor, beautifully dressed,' and refuse me one suit of your half dozen?"

"I think you are unreasonable, mother. I am sure I am conscientious about giving. I lay aside one-tenth of my allowance for charitable purposes, and that's all the Bible requires."

"And suppose Mrs. Howard does the same? Have we any right to require more of her than ourselves?"

"Perhaps not. But still, I do think she might have given me something."

"Then I have an equal right to say I do think you might give me that grey suit."

Isabella smiled, but looked a little foolish. A few hours later she burst into her mother's room with a—

"Well, I am about the biggest fool I ever saw! I went to carry the fifty dollars to Mrs. Murphy, and made a long string of accusations against Mrs. Howard."

"I hope you did not mention her name."

"Well, I did not intend to do that, but in the midst of my tirade, Mrs. Murphy interrupted me to ask of whom I was speaking, and when I told her she began to cry.

"'Oh, Miss Isabella,' she said, 'don't breathe a word against that blessed lady! Its me and mine she has saved from starvation this many a year. Its all along of the drink that she refuses to give us money. If my poor partner would only leave off his bad ways we should live in peace and plenty. But when he was her coachman he was that under the power of the liquor that he upset her carriage, and the horses ran a long way and got hurted so that they had to be killed; and don't you mind, Miss, how her beautiful boy was thrown out and made into a poor cripple?'

"I said it must have happened when I was a little girl, for I had never heard of it; but oh, mother, how ashamed I feel! What shall I do to cure myself of this habit of forming hasty and uncharitable opinions? Not a day passes that I do not get into hot water in consequence. Why, according to Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Howard has been like an angel of mercy to her. She will not give them money because 'my poor partner' gets it and drinks it up; but she pays their rent, and clothes them, and never gets out of patience with them, I declare I never heard of such a lovely character. The next time you call there I wish you'd take me. I mean to try to become exactly like her."

"Poor child, always in extremes," replied Mrs. May. "There is only one Being whom it is worth your while to be 'exactly like.' But you cannot imitate Him too closely."

"No, I cannot," thought Isabella, as she retired to her own room. "If I were more like Him I should not be so hasty and so uncharitable. But I have had a good lesson to-day, and one I shall not forget very soon."

She was a warm-hearted, generous girl, and when she found herself guilty of injustice to those about her, she felt deeply pained and grieved. And as she desired to surmount her natural faults and foibles, she sincerely prayed for Divine aid, while yet proposing, if one may use such an expression without irreverence, to form a sort of partnership between herself and God. She was to do a great deal by prayers and tears and efforts, and He was to do the rest. She had yet to learn the humiliating but salutary truth that her strength was perfect weakness, and that the soul that would be purified and sanctified must cast itself wholly upon Christ. So she went on, hating her easily besetting sins, but continually following them, thereby causing pain and trouble to herself and some of her dearest friends.

Among the latter, she prized most highly a former school-mate, Clara Bradshaw and her brother Fred. Clara was quite her opposite in character; she could reason before she judged, could reflect before she spoke; she had a large fund of good, common sense, and often kept Bella from her headlong mistakes. As to Fred, he was a genial, well-informed young man, whom Isabella admired and could have become fond of if he had given her a chance, but whether poverty or want of affection restrained him, he had never paid her any other affection than would be natural to pay his sister's friend. Still, unconsciously to herself, Isabella had some secret, undefined hopes that if he ever reached a position that would enable him to marry, she should be his choice. Meanwhile, as he evidently preferred no one to herself, she felt at ease; she had a pleasant home, which she was in no hurry to leave, and many spheres of happiness and usefulness lay open to her. He and Clara were orphans, and had a family of young brothers and sisters dependent upon them,

and this required incessant industry in both. But the scene suddenly changed. The death of an uncle put it into their power to alter their whole style of living. Fred need no longer drudge as boy's tutor, a business he detested; and Clara could now enjoy a little of the elegant leisure always familiar to Isabella.

"It is a great change for them," said friends and lookers on. "It will be a wonder if their heads are not turned." Indeed there was so much benevolent interest of this sort expressed, that Fred and Clara ought to have shown a vast amount of gratitude to almost everybody.

For a time Isabella rejoiced with her friends most warmly and truly. The thought that prosperity might change their relations to herself, did not cross her mind until the fact of change became evident. Clara, always quiet and undemonstrative, grew more and more so; Fred gradually ceased visiting her, and she rarely met him in his own home. What could it mean? She spent many and many a doleful hour in trying to fathom the mystery before she spoke of it to her mother, to whom she was in the habit of confiding everything she could reveal to any human being. But one day, as they sat together at work, she began on this wise.

"A line has been running in my head for several months—

"'Sadder than separation, sadder than death, came change.'

"Is it not true that to lose faith in friends is sadder than to be bereft of them? If they are separated from you ocean-wide, they are still yours, and if they die you feel that God has done it and submit to His will. But when they grow cold towards you there is nothing to hope for, nothing to do."

"This could not occur save through the will of God, my dear child, and I see no reason for not referring the minor as well as the great events of life to Him. But do not let us lose faith in our friends too readily. *Circumstances* may change while affections do not. Remember how prone you are to hasty judgments."

"There is no haste in this case," returned Isabella. "You have no idea what I have been going through ever since Fred and Clara came into possession of their uncle's fortune. Fred never comes near me, and Clara has grown so cold and silent!"

"Are you sure that there has been no change in yourself?"

"There was none till I was chilled by their behavior. At present I feel none of the sweet confidence I used to have in their friendship, especially Clara's. And, mother, there can be no harm in telling you, but it mortifies and even chafes me to see Clara, who for a little while dressed herself and the children as became their new position, fall back into all her old economies. She has actually taken Will and Tom out of school, and is teaching them herself, as she used to do. I used to pity her when she was obliged to do this, but now, I hate to own it, but it is true, it revolts me to see such meanness in one I have loved so devotedly. Oh, mother, nobody knows how I have loved her! And now I have lost my ideal, for if there is any one defect in a character I cannot forgive, it is meanness."

"I will own that your statement surprises me," said Mrs. May, after a time. "But habit is second nature, you know, and Clara was born and brought up in a painful, narrow school. Perhaps she does not yet realize how large her fortune is. It is very large, your father says, and she can afford herself every reasonable indulgence. But do not throw away a friend you have loved so long for one fault. Remember that you are not faultless yourself, and that your defects are probably as repugnant to her as hers to you."

Isabella said no more. She felt that she knew more than she could make her mother see. The wound was deeper than a human hand could reach, and the alienation between herself and Clara became more and more decided. They kept up appearances, but that was all. The old, delightful past was gone, and with it some of Isabella's youthful faith in those she loved. And, as time passed, she could not help pouring her grievances into other ears; this, that and the other friend learned that Clara had been spoiled by her good fortune, that her pretended affection for Isabella had been mere love of the gifts lavished on her in her poverty, that she was incredibly parsimonious, yes, and there was no doubt she had prejudiced her brother against the warmest-hearted, most faithful friend she had ever possessed. People were only too willing to believe all this, and of course it came back to Clara's ears greatly exaggerated. She was a proud girl, and suffered in silence, not offering a word in self-defence. Two or three years passed on during which Isabella's old love would have turned into contempt and aversion, but that she was a Christian girl, accustomed, with all her foibles, to pray for those who wounded, as she would for those who despitefully used and persecuted her. Then it began to be whispered about that Fred Bradshaw was leading a dissipated, worthless life, wasting his own and his sister's substance in riotous living.

"Of course he would not care for me or expect me to care for him if all this is true," thought Isabella. But I must know it from Clara herself, not from mere public gossip."

Finding that she could no longer conceal the misdeeds of her erring brother, Clara confessed the economies she had practiced in order to shelter him from public scorn, how her heart had been slowly breaking under its disappointments and shame, and that so far from being rich and able to live at ease, she was now reduced to almost their original poverty. Isabella could not express her penitence and sorrow.

"How could you let me misjudge you so?" she cried. "What is a friend good for, if not to weep with those who weep?"

"Fred was such a dear brother!" replied Clara. "And I had always hoped that he might make you my sister. At first I would not betray him to you, hoping that after the first pressure of temptation was over he might, like the prodigal son, come to himself. But the consciousness that I was keeping from you a secret of such importance made me, no doubt, appear constrained and unlike myself. Then I was suffering such wearing heartaches and suspense that I could not feel bright and loving as happy people can. And I knew that, not understanding economies, you would assume that they sprang from a narrow mind, a thing your generous soul loathes. People have shaken their heads and begged me not to let mine be turned by my good fortune, when I have been going about with a heart like lead. And other girls have talked by the hour about some article their dressmaker had cut wrong, while I was writhing under real sorrow. Yes, and not a few have run on about the petty foibles of their servants when I was straining every nerve, listening for Fred's step, and wondering with what evil company he was then occupied."

"I wonder you did not lose your senses."

"I am not one of that sort. I have need of them all. Fred has squandered not only most of our money, but has ruined his health, and lost his reputation. No one would receive him into his house."

"And all this time I have been abusing you, you poor child!" cried Isabella, once more bursting into tears. "Well, I can make no promises for the future after the failures of the past. I can only hope that the deep-seated, gospel-humility I have so long needed, will spring up out of all we both have suffered, and that, through God's blessing, this is the last time I shall take anything for granted that touches a human character unfavorably. If you can feel any respect or affection for me, I shall only be too grateful for it, and I know now that I never lost mine for you; I prayed for you every day, and often and often said to myself,—In heaven all coldness will have passed away; we shall see eye to eye, and know as we are known."

It is needless to add that the reconciliation between the friends was complete, and that Isabella had, at last, learned a lesson whose impressions nothing could efface. Alas that it should be so, but we are fallen, erring beings, and have to be taught, like refractory children, everything under the rod.—*N. Y. Observer.*

MONOTROPA.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

The woods are wet with dew—
  It hangs upon the leaves in glittering tears;
And see, the damp, dead oak leaves pushing through,
  A group of flowers appears.

Flowers cold and deathly pale,
  No flush upon their alabaster cheek;
They feel no sun, nor bend to any gale,
  No bees their white bells seek.

They do not smile and glow,
  Or wave green leaves upon the summer air;
Their bended heads are still and white as snow,
  And exquisitely fair.

They seem not real, live flowers,
  But phantoms of last summer's lily bells—
Pale ghosts revisiting the forest bowers,
  Haunting the lonely dells.

Where are the leaves that played
  High over them in fresh and breezy air,
The green delight of that last summer's shade?
  Behold them lying there,

Brown, dark, decaying fast;
  And these wan spirit-blossoms chilly grow
Where those dead leaves were scattered by the blast
  And trampled by the snow.

Do yon wild roses thrill
  And shudder, think you, when they see their white
And ghostly faces, and with inward chill
  Turn to the sun's warm light?

Rather, they bend and say,
  With love and pity: "Ah, dear souls of flowers,
Ye bloomed so fair your fleeting summer day,
  Come ye and look on ours!

And if you come to call
  Us where our heaven, the rainbow, spans the skies,
Joyous we seek, while rosy petals fall,
  The flowers' Paradise!"

—*Independent.*

Young Folks.

CHATS AMONG THE SILENT:

THE SHRIMP AND THE LIMPET.

BY M. E. R.

The tide was going down along the rocky Yorkshire coast, and now the full glory of the setting sun bathed with golden radiance the long lines of shingle, the widening strip of wet sand in Scarboro' Bay, the rocks covered with slime and sea-weed, and the broad, deep pools which the sea had left, and in which the anemones opened their petal-like lips, the star-fish crawled slowly, and the tiny crabs nestled, half buried, among the sand and shells.

Bounding the Bay on the left, as you faced the ocean, rose the castle hill, standing boldly out with its crown of noble ruin against the ruddy sky, and towering majestically above the old town behind it.

On the right, with the receding water just lapping its perpendicular wall, stood the spa, thronged with gaily-dressed pleasure-seekers, whose bright dresses shone out like jewels against the dark background of shrubberies and gardens, which clothed the tall cliff to its very summit.

The beach itself was nearly forsaken; the children and nurses who had been playing or sitting at work there had gone home to tea, and other people had left the sands for the spa, attracted by the brilliant music which had commenced there.

Did we say that the beach was deserted? If we did, we made a grand mistake, and hasten to rectify

In one of the rocky pools of which we have spoken, there swam a shrimp—a very lively little fellow, indeed, and considered a promising shell-fish among his ocean brethren. And not alone by them, we may add, for he had an extremely good opin on of himself; partly, perhaps, because—like all the rest of his tribe—he had an M.P. at the end of his name; and partly because he thought that he was very much more active, energetic, agile and graceful in his movements than many of his acquaintances.

"Really!" said he, soliloquizing, as he swam round and round the pool, wriggling his tail ostentatiously, and every now and then jumping clean out of the water in an ecstasy of self-admiration, "Really, now, I am a very happy fellow! The sea must think a good deal of me, or it would never have given me this grand pool all to myself. Let me see!" and the conceited creature took a dive to the bottom and investigated, with some curiosity, the corners and crannies of his new little water world.

Here and there bloomed a deep crimson anemone, which opened affectionate jaws of welcome for his reception; but the shrimp was too wise to come very near; he had still a distinct recollection of the fate of his elder brother—a fine, enterprising young fellow, who met his death in the disinterested embraces of a zoophite, having been discovered, too late for assistance, with his tail vibrating feebly out of the anemone's mouth, as if waving a last farewell to the outer world.

With this painful memory yet fresh in his mind, our friend the shrimp soon quitted the dangerous neighborhood of the beautiful sea-flowers, and darted further on his voyage of discovery.

He had made acquaintance with every inhabitant of the pool in a very short space of time; and having satisfied himself that not another shrimp lurked in any cranny, he gave himself up to the delights of his solitary grandeur. No doubt, if he had ever heard of the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, he would have given utterance to

those memorable words, "I am monarch of all I survey!" But you must remember he was only a shrimp, and though a very well educated member of his tribe, and quite an ornament to the society in which he had hitherto moved, his learning was confined to shrimp lore, and having never, therefore, heard of the reverses of fortune befalling Alexander Selkirk, he was unable to make use of that eloquent and well-known phrase. Still, he did what he could; he jumped, and dived, and wriggled as only a shrimp can, and he congratulated himself in his own fashion, and behaved as ridiculously in the water as a good many people do on land when their vanity and conceit fairly run away with them.

How long he might have conducted himself in this remarkable manner we cannot tell; but raising his head from the water in one of his elegant leaps, he spied, clinging firmly to the rock that overhung him, a limpet, with a little family of limpets, each with its tiny shell sticking close to the hard surface of the craggy stone.

"Dear me!" cried the shrimp, with a flourish which whisked a few drops of water over the young limpets, "Dear me! who in the world are you? What very queer creatures you are, to be sure!"

Mrs. Limpet glanced quietly down at the shrimp, and perhaps she curled her lips with contempt at his extremely rude and ungentlemanly speech; but she certainly gave him no answer, and he continued in the same tone—

"My name is Mr. Shrimp, and this pool is mine, for there is not another shrimp in it; and now, as you presume to grow on a mountain that overhangs my water-park, I think you might tell me who you are?"

"Our name is Limpet," replied the head of the family, elevating her shell a little as she spoke; "and I should be very much obliged to you if you would stop splashing in that absurd way, for you are keeping my children awake, and it is getting late."

"Hoity toity!" said the shrimp, with another flourish of his never-wearying tail. "Pretty ones you are to talk of going to sleep! Why, I should think you did nothing else, from the look of you, sticking to that rock. I wonder what would become of me if I were fixed up like that?"

"I almost wish you were," thought Mrs. Limpet; but she did not say the words, for she did not like to wound people's feelings, and she could see how much the shrimp thought of himself and his freedom. She paused a moment before she answered, then she said gently: "We are strangers to you, Mr. Shrimp, and so you do not know that our life to us is as happy as yours to you. Now, if I were to judge you by myself, I should say that nothing could be more miserable than to be writhing, and tumbling, and splashing about in the way you are doing at present. But you see we are differently constituted, and our habits are suited to our station in life."

"O, I dare say!" said the shrimp, "it's all very well to talk; but do you mean to say that you don't envy me my agile form and graceful movements?"

The limpet at this could hardly forbear laughing; but she contrived to reply: "You seem to forget, my dear sir, that ideas of beauty and happiness differ. I see no beauty apart from repose. You see none apart from incessant motion. My life seems miserable to you. Yours appears the same to me! Had we not better cease to speak upon this subject, as we cannot possibly agree?"

"Nonsense!" said the shrimp; "I am sure that in time I shall bring you over to my way of thinking. Now, for instance, here is one advantage I have over you. If danger comes, I can dive, and plunge, and swim, and burrow; I can dodge, and hide, and race, and do everything but fly. Now what can you, poor wretched thing, do to save yourself?"

"I am neither poor nor wretched," replied the limpet, contentedly; "and for protection I cling to this rock. So firm is my hold that a hand can scarcely tear me away, and as no one would gain anything by taking so much trouble, I am generally left in peace."

"Well," exclaimed the shrimp, "I must say you're a sorry creature at best, Mrs. Limpet, and I would not change places with you for a dozen pools such as I inhabit now."

"Nor I with you, sir," replied the limpet, drowsily; "and now, if you please, I want

to go to sleep, so will you be good enough not to talk any more."

The shrimp took a few turns round the pool, then quietly settled himself in a corner, and finding that he was rather weary, was soon in the "land of nod."

Early morning came. A fresh breeze blew from the sea, made still fresher by the in-coming tide.

"Hurrah!" cried the shrimp waking up, "what a glorious morning!" and rousing himself, he was soon capering madly about the pool, while the limpets watched him in silence.

Wholly engrossed with his own beauty and grace—such as they were—the shrimp did not notice that other eyes were following him, brighter far than those of the limpets.

A little boy, with a tiny net, stood upon the rock close by, and now gently lowering the net, he drew it out with a jerk, and drew out with it our friend the shrimp.

"Well," said the boy, as the shrimp wriggled and jumped and writhed in its efforts to free itself from the meshes of the net, "of all the ugly creatures that ever were, I think you are the ugliest. I never thought shrimps ugly when I saw them on the table at tea; but then they were a pretty color, and besides they couldn't move about as this wretch is doing! Never mind, I'll take him home and boil him for breakfast; he will look better then."

"Stop a moment, Harry," said a little girl, who had just come to the spot, and who had noticed the limpets. "I want some of these funny shells to carry back to grandmother. Do please try and get them off for me; they stick so tightly."

"Nonsense, Sissy!" said Harry, as he glanced down and saw his sister's fruitless efforts. "Those are only limpets, dear. It would take us a great while to get them, and when they were got, they would only die, poor things, and are no good to anybody." So saying, Harry turned homewards, and Sissy followed.

"Children," whispered Mrs. Limpet to her little ones, "never allow yourselves to be discontented with your lot, and never suffer self-conceit to take possession of you. We may be thankful that we are not shrimps, for you see what the fate of this shrimp is, though he tried to make us envy him. Perhaps if he had remained quietly at the bottom of the pool, and had not been so anxious to show himself off, he would not have been seen and fished out."

Let us hope that the little limpets remembered their mother's advice, and grew up to be humble-minded and contented creatures, satisfied with their simple life, and trying to do their duty in their small sphere.

A BIT OF A SERMON.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things, great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says *any* lie is white!
He who falters, twists or alters,
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me, but believe me,
To *himself* he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely and securely
As a kernel in a nut!

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often soothe and soften,
Gild a joy, or heal a pain;
They are treasures yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things, great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever, now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

—*Good Words for the Young.*

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "SOWING THE GOOD SEED," "ADRIENNE CACHELLE," ETC

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER XXVI.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

—*Cowper.*

When Effie had made her father comfortable, she ran out and brought a cupful of brandy, thinking nothing else would rouse the ebbing life. With this she wet his lips and put a little in his mouth; then she rubbed his hands and feet until they were in a glow, then his chest and throat, with the brandy. After a long time she was rewarded by seeing the dim eyes open and a faint moan escaped the parched lips. Again she administered the brandy, which so revived Hamilton that he even tried to sit up, but could not.

"Where am I?" he asked faintly, looking about the room and then at Effie.

"In a room I've got for you, father. I'm Effie, your own daughter; I've come to nurse you, and make you well."

He shook his head and murmured, "Never;" then he closed his eyes and sank back. Effie ran out again and with great difficulty succeeded in getting some beef, which she got Lizzie to boil for her, having sent the eldest girl off as before for some wood.

When she went back to her father she found that he had swallowed the entire contents of the cup she had left beside him. Effie almost regretted having left it so near him; but he seemed so much better, and looked at her so earnestly when she entered, she felt thankful for anything that had restored consciousness for a time.

"So you're Effie," he said, as she sat down beside him and took his hand. "How did you come here?"

"I felt so anxious about you, father; I couldn't stay away. God sent me to you, father."

"Seems like it, doesn't it? I wish you'd get me some more of that," he went on, slowly pointing to the cup.

"Oh, no, dear father; don't ask for it. I'll have some good beef-tea ready for you soon; that's better."

Hamilton shook his head.

"Have you been ill long, father?" Effie asked.

"Oh, yes, a long while. I must have lain there, off and on, four weeks—it was awful;" and the poor creature shuddered.

"And no one to speak to you or wait on you all that time?"

"No one,—no one."

"Oh, father dear, why didn't you write to me?"

"I was took sick sudden, you see, and couldn't. It's good of you to come—it's good."

Each word seemed an effort, and Effie was longing to speak to him of better things ere it was too late.

"Father," she said at last, "do you think you're going to die?"

"Oh! yes, sure, child; I was just gone when you came, and you brought me back like."

"And are you ready to go? Do you feel glad like mother did?"

"No! no! no!" exclaimed the dying man, almost with vehemence. "Why did you ask me? why did you bring back those awful things when I was quiet? Oh——" and with wild eyes her father glared upwards as if seeing sights too terrible for words.

"But, dear father, if you go to Jesus He'll take you even now."

"Not now; it's too late!"

"Oh, no, father dear; never too late; remember the thief when he hung on the cross, how he took Jesus for his Saviour, and the Lord said to him, 'To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.'"

"Read it to me."

Effie took her Bible from her pocket—where she had placed it when she left home in case of meeting her father—and read the passage, and also many sweet promises telling of Our Father's compassion for all, not willing that any should perish.

"But I've been such a sinner," moaned the poor creature.

"St. Paul said that he was the chief of sinners, and yet that Christ Jesus came to save him."

"I'm afraid it can't be for me such words is."

"Yes, indeed, father dear; for you and everyone."

"If Jesus spoke to me as He did to the thief, I'd go to-night where He is, and where my Jeanie is. It's wonderful. If only He'd speak to me?"

"Ask Him, father dear; ask Him!"

Evening was coming on now, and Effie could not see her father's face; but he had clasped his hands together, and remained very quiet, so Effie stole out to buy a candle and to get the beef-tea. She found the little Simmonses gathered in delight round the blazing fire, for the nights were still cold, and they had not had such a luxury for many a day. It did poor Effie good to see them.

Lizzie was still working—the additional light the fire gave enabled her to sew a little longer. Effie singled out her little shopper and sent her off to buy two candles, determined to do all she could for her friends. Being very careful, she had saved a good deal of her wages, and Miss Maude had paid her expenses from Utica, and given her more than would take her back; so Effie felt quite rich, and glad, indeed, to help those the hardness of whose situation she knew so well by experience. While she was waiting, Jackie came in in great spirits, displaying fifteen cents as his first day's earnings, and ready almost to smother Effie in his gratitude.

"You'll bring every cent home to sister," said Effie, smiling at the eager little fellow.

"I will!" said the boy, decidedly, and Effie believed him.

The careworn sister's face was a good deal brighter that evening as she sat at her work by Effie's candle.

When Effie again, kneeling at her father's side, offered him some of the beef-tea, he took no notice of her. He seemed to be in the same condition as when she first found him. She poured a little of the liquid between his lips, but it appeared to have no effect; so, lighting the candle and sticking it up between the fallen bricks of the fire-place, Effie began her lonely night-watch. Hour after hour she waited, hoping some sign of reviving strength would come; but she waited in vain. Alarmed at last, she took one of the hands that lay clasped so calmly on the quiet breast. Effie started back; it was cold and clammy! Duncan Hamilton had passed away.

The daughter knelt down and smoothed back the damp dark hair, while a few tears dropped on the broad pale brow her mother had loved so well. She wondered, as she gazed at the poor body, where the freed spirit was. Who could tell? Truly only He who had recalled it. But Effie was so thankful she had come, if it was but to see the last. The poor lonely creature had felt, at all events, that some one cared for him, and the last words he had heard or spoken had been those of heaven and not of earth.

By and by daylight began to creep in and cast such a weird light over all that Effie felt a strange dread stealing over her, so she slipt away into Lizzie's room. She found the girl already astir, trying to rub her hands sufficiently warm to work with; she turned round as Effie entered, and saw everything in her face.

"Oh! he's gone already!" she exclaimed. "When did it happen?"

"I don't exactly know," said Effie sitting down, trembling with cold and exhaustion. "I had been sitting a long while, then I touched his hand and it was quite cold; that must be an hour ago."

"And you've stayed alone ever since?"

"I'm not afraid; what is there to be afraid of? But Lizzie, indeed, I don't

know how to manage anything about the funeral, you know. When mother died I was so little, and even then Solly did everything for me."

"Well, and I will this time; you just lie down in my place, and try and get a sleep; I'll see to things for you."

"You're so kind," said Effie, wearily lying down by the still slumbering children.

"Kind! indeed, put it the other way if you like!" and Lizzie tied on her bonnet and went out.

Chapter XXVII.

"Surely goodness and mercy snall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Lizzie Simmons did all she promised, and even more; but Effie did not let her lose by it, for she sat with the children and sewed while the sister was out, and when Lizzie took up her work in the evening she found the coarse skirt all neatly finished. It must be confessed a tear or two found its way on to the rough cotton, but fortunately for Lizzie left no stain behind. Long before these quiet hours had come, all that was left of poor Duncan Hamilton had been lain in the silent grave, close beside his wife, Lizzie Simmons said, for old Noles had buried her too, and knew the spot. The thought of this was pleasant to Effie. She could not indeed feel any very great grief at the death of her father; she had hardly known him, and if he had ever done anything to win her affection it was when she was a baby,—when "wee Effie" was old enough to run about and love attention and petting. Duncan's thoughts were taken up with other things than "wife and bairnie," and the little heart twined round mammy, grandfaither and grandmither, and for his own fault the father was shut out. But Effie of today had loved the poor brokendown man for her mother's sake, and felt very grateful to Lizzie for all she had done, and glad to think mother had father so close beside her.

There was nothing now for Effie but to go back to Miss Maude, and her heart bounded at the thought; but in a moment she had made a new resolve that she would stay with Lizzie for a day or two, to try and cheer her up.

"But I know you want to get back," said Lizzie, as Effie made her proposal, "and it don't seem right to keep you."

"But I'd like to stay a little while and see how Jackie gets on."

"Well, if you'd like to, of course I won't say anything."

"Is it too late to get work now, do you think?" asked Effie, as Lizzie folded the completed shirt.

"I don't know what you're ever made of, Effie Hamilton. It must be of sheer goodness!" said Lizzie.

"Nonsense," laughed Effie. "You have not answered my question."

"No, I don't think it's too late, only—"

"Only you don't like going out so late," said Effie. "Well, I'm sure it's best not to. We'll talk to-night and make it up to-morrow."

The next day and the next, Effie worked hard, doing almost double of what poor Lizzie, who was a slow worker, did. Each evening Jackie came home with increased gains and higher spirits, and his example stirred up the other children, and each became anxious to work. So Effie tried to direct their energies. Lizzie declared when Effie was leaving that she felt like a different creature, while the children, instead of being perfect little plagues, helped her quite nicely. She only hoped it would go on thus. Effie thought it would, and encouraged them all. Then she went off with her friend the carter, after leaving all the money she had beyond what was necessary for her expenses safely stowed away in Lizzie's teapot.

Our young friend had a very thankful heart on her way home. She had often feared that the separation from her dear mistress might be a very long—perhaps a permanent—one; but now she was going back to her mistress in less than a week, her mission accomplished, her work done. She could have perhaps wished she had been with her poor father earlier, but it seemed as if God had not so willed it, and she must be grateful for being able to do what she had done.

The journey home appeared very much

shorter than that of a few days previous. When she reached Utica, Effie felt a little backward at rousing up the Rittermans at so late an hour of the night, especially as they had not known of her absence; however, as she had come by this train in preference to leaving New York alone at night, she had to make the best of it. She got the baggage-man to take herself and her trunk to Mr. Ritterman's, as it was on his way up. When at the door she knocked vigorously for some time; but no sound was heard. At length, as she was almost in despair, and getting rather frightened at standing in the street attracting every one's attention, an upper window opened, and the worthy grocer protruding his night-capped head, called out,

"Who's there?"

"It is I, Mr. Ritterman; Effie Hamilton. Oh! please do come down and let me in right away."

The head went back with muttered exclamations, and almost immediately the door opened; but it was Solly who seized Effie, saying in her quick, energetic manner,

"What's the matter? tell me quick."

"Nothing, Solly, nothing; but you've shut out my trunk, Solly, and somebody may take it."

Solly swung the door open, and with one vigorous arm landed the trunk into the middle of the hall.

"Well now, where have you been?" she asked, planting herself in the middle of the hall, and making a funny picture in her long night-dress and a jacket thrown over her shoulders.

"I've been to New York," said Effie, knowing it was of no use to remonstrate with Solly on standing in the cold hall in her bare feet.

"What did you go for?"

"I went to find my father; I thought I ought to go to him."

"Humph! and did you find him?"

"Yes; I found him dying, and took care of him till he died."

"And where did you stop?"

"I stayed with Lizzie Simmons."

"Where's Nance?"

"She's dead; died just after you left."

"Come up stairs to bed," said Solly, and, turning, led the way. On the landing she stopped,

"Would you like something to eat?" she asked, looking round.

"No," replied Effie. "I'm not hungry."

At the door of Mr. Ritterman's room—inside which extensive preparations were going on—Solly stood still. "You needn't get up, either of you," she shouted. "Effie went down to New York to find her father, she found him and he died, and she buried him, and came home again, that's all; so go to sleep. Effie will go with me."

I need not say how joyous was the meeting with "dear Miss Maude."

"I felt sure you'd come back, Effie dear," she said, stroking Effie's hand fondly, and looking down lovingly with her large dark eyes. "Dear Belle was so good; but I'm glad to have you back,—you know I can ask you to do things for me I didn't like to trouble her with. The Lord has been very good to us both, has not He, Effie?"

THE END.

THE STORY OF LITTLE PET.

BY IZORA C. S. CHANDLER.

"When I get to be big, I'll be a man," said six years-old Nellie Farnsworth. "And I'll have a great farm with tall trees to climb, and if any little girl wants to climb 'em, I'll let her." Here a sidelong glance was cast through the open door into the room where her mother was sitting.

"Then I'll drive black horses ever so fast! and I'll have a white horse to ride, and he'll gallop. And I'll have swings under every tree, and a bonfire every night after dark. And there'll be a big bell on the house to call the men to dinner, and a gold rooster on the barn, only—" and here a shade of regret crossed the sunny face —"only he won't crow."

"You're a regular boy, that's what you are!" responded her sister Minnie, who was a quiet, lady-like child a little older.

"No; I ain't a boy now, but I'm going to be when I get to be a man," added Nellie, complacently. "And if you're good, may be you can come to see me, sometime."

The mother and her eldest daughter, Hester, who had overheard the above conversation from the room where the two children were busy with their play-things, exchanged amused glances.

"Do you suppose Nellie really believes what she says, mother?"

"She believes it as we believe some im-

possibly glorious future, which we picture to ourselves."

"But the idea of her being a boy when she gets to be a man!" said Hester, smiling.

"Why," returned Mrs. Farnsworth, she sees men who own farms, and drive fast horses, and have gold roosters that don't crow upon their barns, and she looks upon such as living in a high state of beatitude the whole time. I do not quite think that she expects to become one of them, yet their manner of living is her idea of earthly bliss."

"But, mamma, dear, whatever shall we do with her? Since you forbade her to climb the trees in the grove, she has walked around the garden fence upon the edge of the uppermost board, and this morning when I chanced to go into the garden after she had finished her lessons, and you had let her go out to play, I heard a little cry of pleasure, and looking up, whom should I see but Nellie walking the ridge of the barn-roof!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the alarmed mother. "How did the child ever get up there?"

"Why, I dared not call to her for fear I might endanger her life still more by startling her. I held my breath until she walked to one end, turned around and came back, when she stepped down upon the door in the loft, which was open, and in a few moments came out from below, with an apron full of eggs, and looking so satisfied and happy, that I only asked her not to do so again for a month."

"Well," said the mother, with a little sight of relief, "she will keep her promise. And yet," with a new fear, "she may not know how long a month will be, and repeat the exploit in a week."

"O, yes, she does; for she said that it would be four Sundays. What can you do then?"

"I shall have need to think and to pray," returned the mother. "Dear child, how she troubles me!"

Little Nellie's four Sundays were passed at last. She announced the fact to Hester early on the Monday morning following.

"Yes, my darling, your four Sundays are passed. Get your sun-bonnet, and we will go out to the barn."

"I'm ready, come," said the child, taking her impatiently by the hand.

The elder sister looked towards the mother, who kissed her with tearful eyes.

"My dear, let me forbid her."

"No; do not, mother," and the two sisters went out into the sunshine, but the shadow of a cross rested upon the elder.

Nell danced along the path.

"I'm glad you saw me, Hester," she said at length.

"So am I, dear."

"For now you know how well I can do it, that there is not a bit of danger of my falling."

"I am not so sure of that."

"O, but didn't you see how easy it was? Just put my foot upon the lower board across the door, then upon the latch, then upon the upper board, than on top of the door, and away up on the roof. O, it's so easy! Will you stay out here while I do it again?"

"No; I will go into the barn, and while we sit upon the hay, I will tell you a story. Then, if you wish to go up, I will let you.

Nellie gave her a long, searching glance.

"I mean what I say, dearest."

"Well, then, why mayn't I walk first, and then hear the story?"

"Because, if you do, you cannot hear it."

"Won't you tell it to me?"

"No."

"Well, then," very slowly said Nellie, "I guess—I'll—go—with—you."

They found a cosy nest in the sweet hay.

"Sit here, Nellie, where I may look into your eyes.

"Once there was a little girl nearly as large as you, who was the only little girl her papa and mamma had. She was not very pretty-looking, but they loved her very dearly, for she was all they had."

"Didn't they have any boy?" asked Nell, in a little fit of disgust.

"The Lord had not seen fit to give the little girl a brother, and she lived alone with her parents, with no one to play with."

"How did she look? Was there, true, such a girl? do you make it?"

"It is all true."

"I am glad. I like true girls."

"She had dark hair, eyes, and complexion. She was lithe and slender, and it would have been very easy for her to climb trees or walk fences, or, if she had been as old as yourself, I do not think she would have hesitated to do as you wish to do now."

"Walk the barn-roof! O, she's splendid! I like girls who a'n't 'fraid. Now Min never wants to do anything but play 'doll,' and 'go visiting,' or walk a little way: but I—O, I wish Min was like your girl!"

"This little girl," resumed Hester, "was called Pet by her parents. Sometimes she was good, and did just what her mamma wished her to, and sometimes she was so naughty that she would stretch the seams in her patchwork if she wished to run and play, and not sew. If her mamma made her sew more because she was naughty, then she would sit upon a stool in a corner, and think unkind thoughts all the time she was doing it."

"That was bad. I guess I don't do that way very often," mused the little listener.

"I hope not, dear. Well when Pet was nearly of your age, she went to see another

little girl who lived a short distance from her home.

"Her papa led her over there, and was to leave her for a couple of hours while he went to the village, and call for her on his return. Pet was very happy, and the two little girls began to play right away, so as to make the most of the two hours."

"What was the name of the little girl Pet went to visit?"

"Her name was Susie; and close by Susie's home was an old saw-mill which was to be torn down that summer, and a new one built in its stead. The men had not yet commenced the work. Susie's mamma had always let her little girl play about the old mill, for Susie was a timid little girl, and never rushed into danger."

"Guess she was like Min, wasn't she?"

"Very nearly. Well they played hide and seek among the logs, and they looked in where the engineer had kept the fires, and they imagined there was fire there then and cried, 'Boo!' at each other, and ran away as fast as ever they could. Then they found some sticks, and played 'band' by drumming on the old rusty boiler, and singing at the top of their voices. Susie's mamma heard the noise, and ran to the door, but when she saw that the little things were only playing, she smiled and went into the house. Then they all at once became aware of the great noise they were making, and they felt a little ashamed, and laughed a bit as they climbed down and scampered away."

"I like a noise," said Nell. "Tum-te-tum-tum."

"Just then," went on Hester, "they discovered the track leading from the ground away up to where the saw worked, and up which the men had drawn the logs on the car, to be sawn into boards.

"This track consisted of two strips of very strong wood, about four inches wide, and several feet apart. It was supported by a number of tall posts, driven into the ground at equal distances.

"'I believe I could walk up one of those,' said Pet.

"'O, but you mustn't,' said Susie. 'You'd fall.'

"'But I never do fall off from any place I try to walk, and I'm going to try.' So she put her foot upon one of the narrow rails.

"Susie called to her to come back, but she would not, and went on until she reached the top."

Here Nell clapped her hands.

"I wish there was an old mill here," she cried.

"I cannot deny that Pet's little heart fluttered a good deal when she was half way up the fearful height, but she walked steadily on until she reached the top. She stood still a moment, then a little proud of her success, cried out:

"'I'm going to walk down the other.'

"'O, don't, Pet, don't; please don't!' begged Susie.

"'But I shall," said Pet. And she proceeded to do it.

"Susie was almost crying. Her little visitor ventured first one foot, and then the other, until she was so far out that she could not turn to go back. It is much easier to go up than down.

"The soles of Pet's little morocco shoes were worn quite smooth, and it was very difficult for her to keep from slipping. She swayed: then regained her footing, but her little friend down upon the ground seeing her danger, uttered shriek after shriek, at the top of her voice.

"Pet knew that Susie's mamma would see her if she did not hasten, and she put one foot down quickly; it was not right, and poor little Pet felt an awful thrill go through her heart, as for the next instant, she tried to save herself, and failing to do so, fell down, down.

"She struck upon her shoulder and lay quite insensible, until long after Susie's mamma had carried her into the house.

"Pet's papa came then, and Susie's papa ran after a physician, who came just as the little sufferer's mother, almost wild with grief, rushed into the house. They were all afraid the little girl would die, and the doctor for many days shook his head whenever they questioned him."

"Did she die?" asked Nellie.

"It might have been better if she had, for after months of care and anxiety on the part of her parents, and after many, many dollars had been spent for medicines and doctor's directions, her mending was very slight and slow. She grew pale and thin, her head ached sadly, and her shoulders—O, my darling, pity poor Pet! her shoulders bent forward till a bunch, very slight at first, grew out between them, upon her back.

"Her mamma and papa would not think, at first, that it would ever be anything serious. But it kept getting a little and a little larger, till her poor form lost its shape, and she knew that if she lived, she must grow into a deformed woman, who would sometimes be laughed at by thoughtless children.

"When she became older, and the Lord had given her two little sisters and a brother, she told her mamma that she did not wish to be called Pet any longer, but"—The speaker paused while a faint little voice asked:

"Was it you Hester?"

"It was I, Nellie."

"O, Hester! O, sister. I'm so sorry—for—" the little voice could not say any more, but two little arms found their way

about Hester's neck, and a tear-wet face was pressed caressingly against her's, while the child sobbed convulsively.

"There, darling—there, Nellie. It was very hard for me to tell you this. But I shall not be sorry, if my little sister profits by it."

"I will; I do."

A half hour afterward, when the two sisters went into the house, one face pale with emotion, and the other stained with weeping, Mrs. Farnsworth went into her own room and fell upon her knees.

Here Nellie found her, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, whispered:

"O, I love God for giving her to us; don't you, mamma?"

"More than I can tell."—*Zion's Herald.*

BENNY:

THE BOY WHO ALWAYS WAS RIGHT.

BY JOANNA H. MATHEWS.

"Mamma, is papa coming home to-night?"

"No, dear. He said he should not be able to leave till Thursday."

"Tuesday, mamma. I am quite sure he said Tuesday, and this is Tuesday."

"Very well, Benny, If you know better than I do, why do you ask me?"

"But I am sure, mamma," repeated Benny, wishing that his mother would agree with him and allow that she was mistaken.

"Very well," was the only answer he received.

"But, mamma," he said fretfully, "I want to light up my Chinese lantern, and hang it on the piazza to welcome him, and I have only one taper. But I know he said Tuesday, and I want it ready to-night."

"You may do as you think best, Benny; to-night or Thursday," said his mother gravely.

The Chinese lantern was lighted and hung in the portico, but its beams welcomed no papa that evening. The one taper was gone, and Benny went to bed crying bitterly, for his mother refused to buy him another, feeling that it was time he should be broken of this habit of believing that he knew better than those who were older and wiser than himself. So there was no Chinese lantern to welcome papa.

But do you think this cured Benny?

You shall see.

"Come, Carrie, you know mamma said we might go blackberrying this afternoon. It is time to set off."

"She said if it did not look like a shower, Benny. You know how it rained before mamma went this morning, and she said it would be likely to shower again this afternoon. I am sure it looks like rain now, and that she would not wish us to go."

"I am sure it don't," said Benny in his own positive tone. "It is not going to rain at all, and I shall go. Do find your basket, Carrie, and come."

"No," said Carrie, "it may not rain, but it looks as if it would, and I think mamma would not allow us to go."

"But I know she would, and I'm sure it's not going to rain. Why the sun is shining ever so bright," persisted Benny. "It won't rain a drop."

"Yes, the sun is shining, but see that cloud in the west," said Carrie, who though four years older than Benny had not the right to force him to stay at home.

"I'm going any how. I know it won't rain. If you like to stay at home and have a stupid time, you can," and seizing his basket, off trudged Benny, and was soon out of sight.

"Didn't I say it wasn't going to rain? Carrie always thinks she knows so much," he said to himself as he plunged deeper and deeper into the thicket where the blackberries hung so ripe and large, and picked away eagerly, delighted to see how rapidly his basket was filling. "I'll have a whole lot for tea, and mamma will enjoy them."

He was so much in earnest about filling his basket and thus proving to his sister Carrie how foolish she had been, that he did not see that the sunlight had gone and the dark cloud was fast moving up over the sky; he did not even heed one or two low mutterings of thunder. But presently the darkness increased so that Benny looked up startled at the sky.

Sky! There was no blue sky to be seen; only those black, threatening thunder-clouds over his head. Benny did not like a thunder-storm even in the shelter of his home, and he was more like a cat than a boy in his dislike of a wetting, and not another berry did he wait to pick before he turned hastily homeward. But before he even reached the edge of the wood through which he had to pass, the storm was upon him. Through the forest swept the gust, bowing the tops of the stoutest trees and stripping off their leaves and smaller branches; down came the pelting rain, and not rain alone, for large hailstones mingled with it, and poor, positive Benny received more than one hard knock, as, dropping basket and berries, he crouched upon the ground, trying to cover his eyes from the glare of the lightning, and to close his eyes to the deafening crack of the thunder peals.

A sorry figure Benny was as he reached the foot of the piazza steps half an hour after, and the western sun, breaking through the departing thunder-cloud, shed its golden rays upon him, water dripping

from every thread, covered with mud, his hat gone, his hair hanging over his eyes. Basket and berries, too, were missing. His father and mother were just driving up, for they, too, had been caught by the shower and were obliged to turn for refuge into a friendly shelter.

But they had not troubled themselves about their children, whom they believed to be safe at home; for, as mamma said, she had charged them not to go out if it looked like rain, and it had been quite plain all the afternoon that the storm was coming.

"It did not rain; oh no, it did not rain!" had been the words with which Carrie intended to greet her brother; but when she saw how drenched and miserable and ashamed he looked, she would not be unkind to him, and only said: "O Benny, poor boy! Come up and have on some dry clothes."

But mamma was surprised, as well she might be, to see Benny in such a condition, while Carrie stood neat and prettily dressed to await her home-coming; and she soon learned that all this had come about through Benny, as usual, believing himself wiser than any one else.

So it always was, nor did Benny hesitate to contradict and set up his own opinion when there was no need of it.

"My sister has gone to Boston, but will return in a day or two," said his mamma to a visitor.

"Baltimore, mamma." Mamma was silent, as she often was on such occasions.

"Baltimore," repeats Benny. No answer.

"Aunt Laura's gone to Baltimore not Boston," persists Benny, who is not satisfied with believing himself right, but wishes others to think so too: and the lady who is talking to his mother thinks what a very ill-mannered boy this is.

"I'm going to take this parcel to mamma and ask her if I may have a piece of chocolate out of it?" says Benny, meeting his sister Carrie at the head of the stairs.

"There's no chocolate in that parcel, Benny. Don't you know the chocolate papers always have the French stamp on them. That is only—"

"It's chocolate," interrupted Benny. "I know it's chocolate."

"Just as you choose," says Carrie, and passes on.

"Chocolate, Carrie, chocolate," persists Benny, as he runs down the stairs. "Mamma, may I have a piece of this chocolate?"

"You may have a piece of what you find in that paper, Benny."

"Benny eagerly opens the parcel; but to his great disgust finds only—soap!

"Where is the chocolate, mamma?" he asks.

"You were quite positive it was in that paper, Benny. Since you do not find it there you may do without."

Do you want to know what cured Benny of his great positiveness?

He was out with a party of little friends one day, gathering wild-flowers, when they saw some beautiful blue-flags; and Benny became very eager to have them. But they were in dangerous, swampy ground, as the other children, all older than Benny, knew right well.

"Don't go there, Benny, it is boggy," said one.

"You'll go in," cried another.

"That's not boggy," said Benny; "see how green it is. Bog is muddy and black."

"Not always, sometimes it is very green, and that ground is surely unsafe." said the eldest and wisest of the party. "You'd be in up to your knees, Benny."

"Here's a place I can go over on, I know," said Benny, poking the ground with a long pole he carried. "I know it will bear, and I'm going to have those blue-flags."

"If you stick you can pull yourself out then, Master Poz," said the elder boy.

"Now see! Didn't I say it would bear? I know it's not bog," triumphantly cried Benny, waving his pole and jumping incautiously to another green spot which looked as if it might afford a secure footing.

"Alas! in went Benny. Up to his knees? Yes, and up to his waist, shrieking and struggling as he sank. But his struggles only served to send him deeper and deeper, as in his terror and despair he did not heed the directions of the other boys to remain quiet.

"He knows it's not bog now, I suppose," said one; but the matter was too serious to allow of either taunts or jests; and the boys speedily turned their thoughts to the means of releasing their unhappy companion.

This was no easy thing to do. The danger into which Benny had so obstinately run was as great for each one of them, even greater, since the treacherous ground which would not bear one would certainly not bear two or more. No one dared to venture, but two or three started off in search of help, while the rest remained to comfort and encourage Benny. But meanwhile he was sinking, more slowly now, but surely and steadily; his own heart and those of his companions sinking too, as they saw him little by little disappearing. By the time help arrived he was up to his shoulders, and it was with no little difficuly and danger to themselves that the men who had come to save him succeeded in doing so.

The fright and the wetting which he received, with the illness which followed, proved a severe lesson to Benny; and I am glad to say that when he was cured it was of more than his fever; and after this he was not always right.—*Christian Weekly.*

JOHN FLAXMAN, THE BOY DESIGNER.

BY MARY B. WILLARD.

I want you to imagine a dingy little shop in London—a shop where plaster images were sold a little more than one hundred years ago.

After your imagination has compassed this, fixed the dark old room with its busts and figures firmly in your mind, I want you to take note of a dwarfed and puny human figure sitting propped up with pillows behind the counter. A large-headed, small-framed boy crowding, as well as the crutches and pillows will let him, close to the one diamond-paned window. Let imagination go now, for I am going to tell you facts, not fancies.

The boy's name is John Flaxman; the shop is his father's, and he is trying to catch the last gleam of light for his Cornelius Nepos. Think ot it, boys? You who quarrel with ten lines of Virgil; think of this tiny fellow eagerly devouring such stupid Latin as Cornelius Nepos.

One day, when everything was just as I have told you, in came the good Dominie Mathews, and finding him struggling with his book, looked to see what it was. Off he went in a hurry, as soon as he found out, determined that a boy who wanted knowledge as badly as that should have it in more palatable shape I've no doubt he thought somewhat disgustedly of his own wayward, roystering little fellows, who went to the best school in Covent Garden, and yet had to have their Latin fairly hammered into them, and wondered at the difference in boys.

By and by he came back with delightful translations of Don Quixote and Homer's Iliad. That day little John Flaxman began a new existence. Don't forget that it was more than one hundred years ago. The Iliad charmed him most, and he soon had sketched in black chalk the Ajax, Hector, and Achilles of his poetic imagination. Then he tried wax and plaster, and took the impression in one of these materials, of every medal or seal that pleased him.

Not long after, I suppose because his heart was growing happier in this new work, his body grew stronger; the pillows were taken away, and then the crutches, and you can imagine his happiness when he found that his limbs would carry him.

The good clergyman's wife took him home with her very often and explained to him both Homer and Milton. She watched him, too, as he worked up his rough charcoal pictures of the scenes to which she introduced him. One of these, a picture of a human eye, he one day showed to a great artist. I think he couldn't have been so very great either, for he ill-naturedly asked, "Is it an oyster?"

Little John, however, was great enough not to mind it or be discouraged by it, and he kept on all the while improving, until a little while after his kind friend, Mrs. Mathews, obtained for him his first order —six original drawings in black chalk from Homer. For these he got well paid and well praised.

When he was fifteen years old he became a student at the Royal Academy, and the same year took the silver prize. The next year, failing to get the gold medal, though he had worked hard for it and believed he deserved it, he said to his father; "Give me time and I'll give the Academy something to be proud of yet."

All this time that he was studying so diligently, he was working hard at home, making casts and images of plaster that brought in a few pennies each and helped to keep the wolf from the door.

While he was drudging and plodding, the great event of his boyhood was coming to him.

If you will turn over your plate at dinner some day, as likely as not you will see the name "Wedgwood" printed down deep in the ware. It is not that Mr. Wedgwood made that particular plate, but because he was the inventor of English earthenware. His name was Josiah Wedgwood, and he lived in John Flaxman's time. Discovering a process for making white porcelain, he determined that such beautiful ware should have only beautiful shapes, and hunting up our little friend, said:

"Well, my lad, I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and clever designer. I'm a manufacturer of pots—name Wedgwood. Now I want you to design some pots for me; nothing fantastic, but simple and tasteful. I'll pay you well. Do you think the work too poor?"

"Oh, no sir," said John; "give me a few days and I'll see what I can do."

"That's right; work away. Mind I'm in need of them this minute. They are for pots of all kinds—tea-pots, cups, etc. But what's more, I want a design for the royal table service. Think of that, my boy; for the Queen's table."

John did his best, and it pleased kind Mr. Wedgwood, who gave him constant employment. He made the loveliest patterns, after Greek and Egyptian models, and Queen Charlotte did actually have a dinner service of his design; it was the first ever made in England for kingly or queenly use, and to this day our best crockery is called "queensware" for this very reason.

Mr. Wedgwood did as he agreed, he paid John well, and for several years he worked on in this way, occasionally modelling a

plaster monument or statue, for he was too poor to buy marble.

Perhaps some of us, in these more hurrying years, and with his genius, might not be content with this humble work, but patient John Flaxman counted himself happy to go into every house in England with his tastefully formed tea-cup and cream jug, furnishing even the children—especially and always the children—a higher ideal of beauty and art.

I don't know as I can rightfully tell you any more about Flaxman, for here his boyhood ends, and it is as a boy designer that I recommend him to you. But I am sure you will be glad to know a little more about his more successful career.

I think you will like to know what a brave, noble woman he married; how, one day, the President of the Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, hearing of his marriage, said to him: "Now, sir, you are ruined for an artist;" how John went home, sat down beside his wife, and said, "Ann, I am ruined for an artist." "How so, John?" said she. "How has it happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, laughing, "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it." Then he told her how the great President had said that if a man would be a great artist he must go to Rome and study the great masters. "And you shall go to Rome," said Ann, "and be a great artist. I'll never have it said that Ann Denham spoiled John Flaxman for an artist. We will work and economize."

And so they did, and before long John went to Rome and Ann went with him, and there, beside a great deal of studying and accomplishing many other beautiful works, he made the statute of a great lord in England, that was sent home and placed in Westminster Abbey, and made the greatest sculptor of those times say: "This little man cuts us all out."

Coming home to England he found his old prediction true—the Royal Academy was proud of him, and showed it by making him its Professor of Sculpture.

Last and best of all, John Flaxman was a Christian artist, and in all of his works there is a Christian lesson.—*Little Corporal.*

THE GAME OF "SUCCOTASH."

Our young folks at home have been kept wide-awake many evenings by the new game of Succotash. As every boy and girl ought to know, Succotash has two parts—viz., beans and corn. It is best in learning the game to commence with the first part, *beans*—in this way: All the players being seated, one begins by counting "one," his next right-hand neighbor says "two," the next "three," and so on, until "*seven*" is reached, but instead of saying "seven" the player says "*beans.*" Then keep right on counting, each naming his proper number in turn, "eight," "nine," "ten," etc., until "fourteen;" but say "beans" instead of fourteen. Go on again, saying "beans" instead of "seventeen," or "twenty-one," or "twenty-seven." In other words, the rule of the game is: "Beans" is to be said instead of seven or any multiple or compound of seven. Of course, when seventy is reached it will be "beans" all the way through, with "beans, beans" for seventy-seven. Whoever fails to say "beans" in the right place, or says it at a wrong number, is "out," and the others play on, until all are out. The counting is continued up to "eighty-four," then begins at one again.

When "beans" are mastered, begin with "corn," using it wherever "nine" occurs, or any multiple or compound of nine, and continue the counting up to one hundred and eight.

Next try and mix them, for "Succotash;" naming "beans" and "corn" in all the right places at the sevens, nines, etc. Be sure and call out "succotash" at twenty-seven, because it is a muitiple of nine and also a compound ot seven; at forty-nine, which is a multiple of seven and a compound of nine, and at any other number where these parts both occur as multiples or compounds. To play the game without mistakes, will require quick thinking and careful speaking. The game can be varied by using any other numbers, and those who have had hard work to remember the multiplication table will find it a capital exercise to fix the figures in mind so that they will stay in their places.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Pour water into a tumbler until it can hold no more; then lay a small cork anywhere upon the surface. It will float to the middle and remain there. Now, if you put this same cork into a tunbler half-full of water, the cork will float to the edge and cling to the class. Move it towards the centre as often as you may, it will drift back to the side again. Try the experiment, young friends, and put on your thinking-caps.

"COME UNTO ME."

Words by MISS E. KELLAWAY. *Abergavenny, Eng.*

Matt. xi. 28.

Music by GEO. E. LEE.

1. Hark! 'tis the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing to thee, Wea - ry and burdened one,
2. Hark! 'tis the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing to thee, Child of My love, lean hard,
3. Hark! 'tis the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing to thee, Fix all thy faith and hope
4. Hark! 'tis the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing to thee, Speak for Me while thou may'st;

p 1st time. 2nd time.

"Come un - to Me." { For thee My blood was spilt, / To take a - way thy . . . . . guilt;
But lean on Me. { I'll cheer thee in dis - tress, / When cares a - round thee . . . . press,
Sole - ly in Me. { Thine ev - 'ry step I'll trace, / And guide thee by My . . . . grace,
Be bold for Me. { The world may mock and sneer, / But thou needs't never . . . . fear,

mf *pp*

I'll cleanse thee, if thou wilt But come to Me.
In this lone wil - der - ness: Then lean on Me.
Till thou be - hold My face: Then rest in Me.
For I am al - ways near, So speak for Me.

The Home.

FAULTS OF IMMATURITY.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

A great portion of the errors and mistakes, and of what we call the follies, of children arise from simple ignorance. Principles of philosophy, whether pertaining to external nature or to mental action, are involved which have never come home to their minds. They may have been presented, but they have not been understood and appreciated. It requires some tact, and sometimes delicate observation, on the part of the mother to determine whether a mode of action which she sees ought to be corrected results from childish ignorance and inexperience, or from willful wrongdoing. Whatever may be the proper treatment in the latter case, it is evident that in the former what is required is not censure, but instruction.

A mother came into the room one day and found Johnny disputing earnestly with his Cousin Jane on the question which was the tallest—Johnny very strenuously maintaining that he was the tallest, *because he was a boy*. His older brother, James, who was present at the time, measured them, and found that Johnny in reality was the tallest.

Now there was nothing wrong in his feeling a pride and pleasure in the thought that he was physically superior to his cousin, and though it was foolish for him to insist himself on this superiority in a boasting way, it was the foolishness of ignorance only. He had not learned the principle—which half mankind do not seem ever to learn during the whole course of their lives—that it is far wiser and better to let our good qualities appear naturally of themselves, than to claim credit for them beforehand by boasting. It would have been much wiser for Johnny to have admitted at the outset that Jane might possibly be taller than he, and then to have awaited quietly the result of the measuring.

But we can not blame him much for not having learned this particular wisdom at five years of age, when so many full-grown men and women never learn it at all.

In a word, what Johnny requires in such a case as this is, not ridicule to shame him out of his false reasoning, nor censures or punishment to cure him of his boasting, but simply instruction.

And this instruction it is much better to give *not* in direct connection with the occurrence which indicated the want of it. If you attempt to explain to your boy the folly of boasting in immediate connection with some act of boasting of his own, he feels that you are really finding fault with him; his mind instinctively puts itself into a position of defense, and the truth which you wish to impart to it finds a much less easy admission.

If the mother waits until the dispute and the transaction of measuring have passed by and been forgotten, and then takes some favorable opportunity to give the required *instruction*, the result will be far more favorable. At some time, when tired of his play, he comes to stand by her to observe her at her work, or perhaps to ask her for a story; or, after she has put him to bed and is about to leave him for the night, she says to him as follows:

"I'll tell you a story about two boys, Jack and Henry, and you shall tell me which of them came off best. They both went to the same school and were in the same class, and there was nobody else in the class but those two. Henry, who was the most diligent scholar, was at the head of the class, and Jack was below him, and, of course, as there were only two, he was at the foot.

"One day there was company at the house, and one of the ladies asked the boys how they got along at school. Jack immediately said, 'Very well. I'm next to the head of my class.' The lady then praised him, and said that he must be a very good scholar to be so high in his class. Then she asked Henry how high he was in his class. He said he was next to the foot.

"The lady was somewhat surprised, for she, as well as the others present, supposed that Henry was the best scholar; they were all a little puzzled too, for Henry looked a little roguish and sly when he said it. But just then the teacher came in, and she explained the case; for she said that the boys were in the same class, and they were all that were in it; so that Henry, who was really at the head, was next but one to the foot, while Jack, who was at the foot, was next but one to the head. On

having this explanation made to the company, Jack felt very much confused and ashamed, while Henry, though he said nothing, could not help feeling pleased.

"And now," asks the mother, in conclusion, "which of these boys do you think came off the best?"

Johnny answers that Henry came out the best.

"Yes," adds his mother, "and it is always better that people's merits, if they have any, should come out in other ways than by their own boasting of them."

The mother may, if she pleases, come still nearer than this, if she wishes to suit Johnny's individual case, without exciting any resistance in his heart to the reception of her lesson. She may bring his exact case into consideration, provided she changes the names of the actors, so that Johnny's mind may be relieved from the uneasy sensitiveness which it is so natural for a child to feel when his own conduct is directly the object of unfavorable comment. It is surprising how slight a change in the mere outward incidents of an affair will suffice to divert the thoughts of the child from himself in such a case, and enable him to look at the lesson to be imparted without personal feeling, and so to receive it more readily.

Johnny's mother may say, "There might be a story in a book about two boys that were disputing a little about which was the tallest. What do you thing would be good names for the boys, if you were making up such a story?"

When Johnny has proposed the names, his mother could go on and give an almost exact narrative of what took place between Johnny and his cousin, offering just such instructions and such advice as she would like to offer; and she will find, if she manages the conversation with ordinary tact and discretion, that the lessons which she desires to impart will find a ready admission to the mind of her child, simply from the fact that, by divesting them of all direct personal application, she has eliminated from them the element of covert censure which they would otherwise have contained. Very slight disguises will, in all such cases, be found to be sufficient to veil the personal applicability of the instruction, so far as to divest it of all that is painful or disagreeable to the child. He may have a vague feeling that you mean him, but the feeling will not produce any effect of irritation or repellency.

In the example already given, the mental immaturity consisted in imperfect acquaintance with the qualities and the action of the mind, and the principles of sound reasoning; but a far larger portion of the mistakes and failures into which children fall, and for which they incur undeserved censure, are due to their ignorance of the laws of external nature, and of the properties and qualities of material objects.

A boy, for example, seven or eight years old, receives from his father a present of a knife, with a special injunction to be careful of it. He is, accordingly, very careful of it in respect to such dangers as he understands, but in attempting to bore a hole with it in a piece of wood, out of which he is trying to make a windmill, he breaks the small blade. The accident, in such a case, is not to be attributed to any censurable carelessness, but to want of instruction in respect to the strength of such a material as steel, and the nature and effects of the degree of tempering given to knife-blades. The boy had seen his father bore holes with a gimlet, and the knife-blade was larger—in one direction at least, that is, in breadth—than the gimlet, and it was very natural for him to suppose that it was stronger. What a boy needs in such a case, therefore, is not a scolding, or punishment, but simply information.

A girl of about the same age—a farmer's daughter, we will suppose—under the influence of a dutiful desire to aid her mother in preparing the table for breakfast, attempts to carry across the room a pitcher of milk which is too full, and she spills a portion of it upon the floor.

The mother, forgetting the good intention which prompted the act, and thinking only of the inconvenience which it occasions her, administers at once a sharp rebuke. The cause of the trouble was, simply, that the child was not old enough to understand the laws of momentum and of oscillation that affect the condition of a fluid when subjected to movements more or less irregular. She has had no theoretical instruction on the subject, and is too young to have acquired the necessary knowledge pratically, by experience or observation.

It is true that children may be, and often, doubtless, are, in fault for these accidents. The boy may have been warned by his father not to attempt to bore with his knife-blade, or the girl forbidden to attempt to carry the milk-pitcher. The fault, however, would be, even in these cases, in the disobedience, and not in the damage that accidentally resulted from it. And it would be far more reasonable and proper to reprove and punish the fault when no evil followed than when a damage was the result; for in the latter case the damage itself acts, ordinarily, as a more than sufficient punishment.

In many cases, both with children and with men, the means of knowledge in respect to the danger may be fully within reach, and yet the situation may be so novel, and the combination of circumstances so peculiar, that the connection between the causes and the possible evil effects does not occur to the minds of the persons

engaged. An accident which has just occurred at the time of this present writing will illustrate this. A company of workmen constructing a tunnel for a railway, when they had reached the distance of some miles from the entrance, prepared a number of charges for blasting the rock, and accidentally laid the wires connected with the powder in too close proximity to the temporary railway-track already laid in the tunnel. The charges were intended to be fired from an electric battery provided for the purpose; but a thunder-cloud came up, and the electric force from it was conveyed by the rails into the tunnel and exploded the charges, and several men were killed. No one was inclined to censure the unfortunate men for carelessness in not guarding against a contingency so utterly unforeseen by them, though it is plain that, as is often said to children in precisely analogous cases, they *might have known.*

There is, perhaps, no department of the management of children in which they incur more undeserved censure, and even punishment, and are treated with so little consideration for faults arising solely from the immaturity of their minds, than in the direction of what may be called school studies. Few people have any proper appreciation of the enormous difficulties which a child has to encounter in learning to read and spell. How many parents become discouraged, and manifest their discouragement and dissatisfaction to the child in reproving and complaints, at what they consider his slow progress in learning to spell—forgetting that in the English language there are in common, every-day use eight or ten thousand words, almost all of which are to be learned separately, by a bare and cheerless toil of committing to memory, with comparatively little definite help from the sound. We have ourselves become so accustomed to seeing the word *bear*, for example, when denoting the animal, spelt *b e a r*, that we are very prone to imagine that there is something naturally appropriate in those letters and in that collocation of them, to represent that sound when used to denote that idea. But what is there in the nature and power of the letters to aid the child in perceiving —or, when told, in remembering—whether, when referring to the animal, he is to write *bear* or *bare*, or *bair*, or *bayr*, or *bere*, as in *where*. So with the word *you*. It seems to us the most natural thing in the world to spell it *y o u*. And when the little pupil, judging by the sound, writes *y u*, we mortify him by our ridicule, as if he had done something in itself absurd. But how is he to know, except by the hardest, most meaningless, and distasteful toil of the memory, whether he is to write *you*, or *yu*, or *yoo*, or *ewe*, or *yew*, or *yue*, as in *flue*, or even *yo*, as in *do*, and to determine when and in what cases respectively he is to use those different forms?

Now, when we consider the obvious fact that the child has to learn mechanically, without any principles whatever to guide him in discovering which, out of the many different forms, equally probable, judging simply from analogy, by which the sound of the word is to be expressed, is the right one; and considering how small a portion of his time each day is or can be devoted to this work, and that the number of words in common use, all of which he is expected to know how to spell correctly by the time that he is twelve or fifteen years of age, is probably ten or twelve thousand (there are in Webster's dictionary considerably over a hundred thousand); when we take these considerations into account, it would seem that a parent, on finding that a letter written by his daughter, twelve or fourteen years of age, has all but three or four words spelled right, ought to be pleased and satisfied, and to express his satisfaction for the encouragement of the learner, instead of appearing to think only of the few words that are wrong, and disheartening and discouraging the child by attempts to make her ashamed of her spelling.

The case is substantially the same with the enormous difficulties to be encountered in learning to read and to write. The names of the letters, as the child pronounces them individually, give very little clue to the sound that is to be given to the word formed by them. Thus, the letters *h i t*, as the child pronounces them individually—*aitch*, *eye*, *tee*—would naturally spell to him some such word as *achite*, not *hit* at all. And as for the labor and difficulty of writing, a mother who is impatient at the slow progress of her children in the attainment of the art would be aided very much in obtaining a just idea of the difficulties which they experience by sitting upon a chair and at a table both much too high for her, and trying to copy Chinese characters by means of a hair-pencil, and with her left hand—the work to be closely inspected every day by a stern Chinaman of whom she stands in awe, and all the minutest deviations from the copy pointed out to her attention with an air of dissatisfaction and reproval!

There is, perhaps, no one cause which exerts a greater influence in chilling the interest that children naturally feel in the acquisition of knowledge, than the depression and discouragement which result from having their mistakes and errors——for a large portion of which they are in no sense to blame—made subjects of censure or ridicule. The effect is still more decided in the case of girls than in that of boys, the gentler sex being naturally so much more sensitive. I have found iu

many cases, especially in respect to girls who are far enough advanced to have had a tolerably full experience of the usual influences of schools, that the fear of making mistakes and of being thought "stupid," has had more effect in hindering and retarding progress, by repressing the natural ardor of the pupil, and destroying all alacrity and courage in the efforts to advance, than all other causes combined.

How ungenerous, and even cruel, it is to reproach or ridicule a child for stupidity is evident when we reflect that any supposed inferiority in his mental organization can not, by any possibility, be *his* fault. The child who shows any indications of inferiority to others in any of these respects should be the object of is parents' or his teacher's special tenderness and care. If he is near-sighted, give him, at school, a seat as convenient as possible to the black-board or the map. If he is hard of hearing, place him near the teacher; and for reasons precisely analogous, if you suspect him to be of inferior capacity, help him gently and tenderly in every possible way. Do every thing in your power to encourage him, and to conceal his deficiencies both from others and from himself, so far as these objects can be attained consistently with the general good of the family or of the school.—*Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young.*

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

"I am going to my room, Peter," said a lady to her waiter, on rising from the lunch table, "and I do not wish to be disturbed. If any one calls say that I am out."

Peter looked aghast.

"Say what, mem?"

"That I am out, Peter. I wish to rest awhile, so as to feel well for the evening."

Peter was an old, faithful negro, and had been reared in a pious family in Virginia. He had never been taught much—he was barely able to read—but he had been taught *truth*, and to him a lie seemed almost an impossibility. He had found his way to New York and to an elegant house, full of all nice conveniences and arrangements, which to Peter seemed most wonderful, in contrast to the old country place where he had spent so many years. He was a good servant—did his work nicely, and his beautiful mistress, who had always been kind and considerate of him, he thought almost an angel.

"Tell them you are out, and you asleeping in your room up stairs!" thought Peter. "How am I to do that?"

Peter went on, muttering to himself and putting his dining-room in order. He must give that word at the door, or he must offend his mistress, and perhaps lose his place, which seemed to him so good.

"Ah, well!" thought Peter, "Its not my falsehood—its her's—and its just as much a part of my business as washing these plates or rubbing this silver." And so Peter told the first untruth that he remembered in his whole life; for Peter understood being "*out*" in a literal not conventional sense.

How few ladies realize that they are responsible for any influence or moral training over their servants! We all require servants to be honest. We enquire most carefully after their antecendents, whether they are Protestants or Catholics, or if they have ever been known to do a dishonest or intemperate act, in places where they have lived before; but we do not stop to think if they have always been dealt with in an honorable and Christian way; whether they have lived with ladies whose influence was for the right, and who have aided these poor and oftentimes friendless persons, to overcome the bad surroundings of their early life; or whether they have been thrown with those whose only thought has been to get the necessary work of a household done for the least possible wages, not caring for anything beyond, and least of all, for the moral culture of servants.

I was amused, somewhat, at the time, in making an engagement with a plain, rather unpromising looking girl, to hear her say, with most perfect coolness, "Well, ma'am, I am willing to take $10. I had expected $12, but I had rather take less and live in a respectable family." But on reflection I thought there was, not only great good sense, but something touching in the remark, after all. To a girl of self-respect, and the right kind of feeling, it is a *great* thing to live in a respectable family.

A lady told me of a girl who came to her perfectly unrecommended, but who had a good face, and she resolved to take her and try her, and she believed she would prove a good servant. She was obliging and obedient, performed her work neatly, and the lady was quite congratulating herself on her good success, when, on going to her servant's room one morning, she found, secreted between the mattresses, several little articles of wearing apparel which belonged to herself. She was thunderstruck. Annie had been an awkward girl, and rather difficult to teach, but she had never suspected her of being dishonest. Her first impulse was to send her directly away; then she said to herself, "If I turn her away I can never recommend her to any other place, and most likely the girl will be utterly ruined. Instead of this, I will talk with Annie, and see if I cannot get her to correct this fault." She called Annie and showed her the things she had found. The girl seemed greatly ashamed and much

affected. She said she had come to her almost destitute; she needed to be dressed neatly, or she feared she might lose her place, and she thought a lady with *so much* would never miss these little things. The lady talked to her, showed her that the sin was as great as if she had taken articles of more value; that it was *stealing*, and if she should turn her away she might be unable to get another respectable place; that she did not believe she was at heart a dishonest girl; that she felt she had perhaps been thoughtless and yielded to temptation this time, and if tried longer she might never commit the offense again. The girl was deeply repentant, thanked her again and again, and promised it should be the *last* time there should be occasion to find fault with her. The lady added that for twelve months after, she proved most unexceptionable in her faithfulness, attention and integrity, and when she was obliged to break up housekeeping and part with her servants, the girl thanked her with tears for her kindness, telling her that she had been the means of making her a good honest girl.

So, many times, I am sure, more consideration and thought on the part of ladies would make more honest, active and disinterested servants. We are too prone to forget that they are placed in our keeping by our good Father, and that some time we may be called to an account for the influences we have exerted over them.—*Mother at Home.*

THE BROKEN NOSE.

A LETTER.

My dear Louisa,—I happened to hear you remark the other day to your cousin's little child, apropos of the new arrival which has come so recently to add more sunshine to her bright and happy home, "So now your nose is broken, my little fellow!" If you could have seen him since, as I have, stand and watch the cradle with jealous eyes, and darkening face, and swelling, embittered heart, you would wish for power to retract the careless speech. I know very well what you will say. "You did not mean anything by it," but Georgie did not understand that, and does not now; and it is at least a question whether such careless and unmeaning speeches are not included among the "idle words," for which our Master says every one of us must give account at the last day. "Idle," this word has not been however. It has been at work very steadily ever since; and I venture the assertion that you have never preached so short a sermon that was so effective. Jealousy is a lesson easier taught than forgotten; it is an easy thing to scatter a handful of seeds on the open soil of spring; but if half your lawn grass-seed is weeds, it is a wearisome operation to pluck up the grown weeds by hand when summer days come.

When Aunt Louisa gave Georgie a little dog last spring, nobody said anything to him about a broken nose. But do you imagine that a dog is able to give one-half the pleasure that "baby" could be made to afford to Georgie if he were taught to welcome his little brother, and to look forward with anticipations of delight to all the pleasures of self-denial that baby's coming will, or at least might be made to bring? I use the term "pleasures of self-denial," advisedly; for I am sure there is no enjoyment like that which a loving self-sacrifice brings with it; and that Georgie's life might be made immeasurably more joyous if he were taught to welcome with love the baby, and to study to add to his pleasures and enjoyments by little sacrifices of his own. As it is, until your sermon is effaced from his mind, every self-sacrifice will be an enforced one, and will seem to him a new injury inflicted on him by the one whom he ought to have been taught to welcome as a brother, but whom, if he follows your teaching, he will regard as an intruder.

No, Louisa, depend upon it that God, who has set the solitary in families, knows our needs, that a lonely life always tends to be a selfish life, that an only child is likely to be a spoiled child, not only by reason of parental indulgence but by reason, also, of his very loneliness, and that the child is happiest who has for his playmates brothers and sisters not removed by the lapse of many years from his own age. I am aware that there is a *pseudo* philosophy which defends the poverty of our modern fashionable homes, and casts reproach upon the wealth of our fathers on the ground that one child is enough to absorb the thought and attention and care of both father and mother. But I do not observe that the hen with one chicken clucks less anxiously or scratches less incessantly than a hen with a full brood. I am sure that my grandfather, who had ten children, and my wife's grandfather, who had fourteen, had children better behaved—according to all reports, I don't pretend to speak in this matter from personal observation—than those of the modern model households, where one child or possibly two are supposed to absorb the time and attention of the mother, and really do monopolize that of a nurse in infancy and a nursery governess in childhood. And I am quite as sure—in this matter I do speak from personal observation—that those household groups of many children, who taught each other kindness, courtesy, and industry by their necessary relations with each

other, grew up to be more useful citizens and happier Christians than the average of the Alexander Selkirks whose home is an uninhabited island, and who grow up without the education which home companions give, and for which no other companionship is an adequate substitute.

Your sincere friend,

RUSTICUS.

—*Christian Weekly.*

THE PARLOR.

The superfine apartment of many of our modern houses, ordinarily termed drawing-room or parlor, is an abomination to taste and common-sense. To set apart the main portion of a structure intended to live in, and after filling it with a variety of tawdry furniture, too fine for use, to close it hermetically, is evidently an absurdity. This absurdity, however, obtains so commonly that it may be almost regarded as national.

The grandeur and spaciousnesss of palaces and stately mansions may, indeed, be said to have a practical use, inasmuch as they are more or less essential to the periodical show and entertainment exacted by society from their inhabitants. The ordinary citizen, however, is under no social obligation that we know of to renounce the use of the best part of his dwelling-place. His wife can surely do proper honor to the rare visits of the Reverend Ignatius of her parish, and the formal annual call of the wife of rich Bullion, the broker opposite, without reserving an apartment expressly for the purpose.

The parlor of which we propose to discourse is not the show or lumber room of fine upholstery, but the sitting-room of the family, and this should be essentially adapted to that object. The largest and best-situated apartment may be appropriately used for the parlor, since it is the usual rendezvous for all the inmates of the house during periods of leisure and enjoyment, and at times is the place of reception for a greater or less number of visitors. Extent of space, as well as freedom of ventilation, is therefore especially necessary to the room which must be more frequently thronged than any other in the house. An open fireplace, with blazing wood or a grate of seacoal, affords an excellent ventilator during the winter, when almost every other means of entrance or exit of air is closed, and, if economy will permit, may be used, though the general warmth of the dwelling is sustained by the ordinary furnace. A brisk, visible fire is, moreover, always a cheerful object and an attractive point for the concentration of the family about the domestic hearthstone.

As we consider an abundant supply of the sun's light to be essential to the wholesomeness of every occupied apartment, we would insist more especially upon the freest allowance to the general sitting-room, where so much of the life of the family is passed. We heartily agree with the joyous Sydney Smith, who, as he burst into the parlor, would throw aside curtain, blind, and every other obstruction, and letting in a flood of daylight, exclaim, "Let us glorify the room!" The sitting-room should always be situated, if possible, on the sunny side of the house, not only for the sake of health, but cheerfulness.

The common practice of shutting out the daylight has ordinarily for its motives the saving of the delicacy of tint of the superfine carpets and hangings of the parlor, and of the complexion of its inhabitants, or concealing their want of it. We do not admit either of them to be proper. We have no hesitation in preferring the pure brightness of heaven's light to all the fantastic colors of Paris and Brussels art, and the natural ruddiness of health to the real or affected paleness of fashion.

The furniture of the parlor, which is not only the family sitting-room, but the place for the reception of visitors, may be unquestionably of a choicer kind than that of the rest of the apartments. Finery, however, should always be kept in due subordination to utility, and we do not admit of chairs and sofas so gorgeous that they must be generally concealed from sight and secured from touch under the cover of ugly smocks, and carpets so delicate of tint that only the glass slipper of a Cinderella can safely tread upon them. The parlor, which may be regarded more or less as the school of manners of the family, is to a certain extent to be used ceremoniously. Children are not expected to lounge and romp in it with the same freedom as in the nursery, and its usual occupants, young and old, are supposed to hold themselves ever in readiness for the visit of friend or a chance visitor. While, however, a certain formality of decorum may thus be proper, there should be nothing allowed to restrain the freedom of intercourse of the family, and prevent the physical care and comfort of any of its members. Superfine furniture, with the ever-watchful care it enjoins, is sure to do both; it checks movement and stiffens the manners. The modern drawing-room, with its vulnerable splendor and chilly formality, is a great discouragement to genial companionship and hospitality.

We prefer large rugs or movable carpets to immovable ones, as they can be readily lifted for the sake of cleanliness, and at a moment's notice to give opportunity for a permitted romp of the younger folk.

The parallelograms into which the requirements of the town lot has shaped most

of our rooms, leave four walls, the ugly stiffness of which it is difficult to break by any ingenuity of taste. If the builders would take our advice, they would never construct a parlor without a bow or bay window to interrupt somewhat the necessary formality of the parallelogram. Something can be done, however, to mitigate the box-like arrangement cf the modern sitting-room by appropriate frescoing of the walls, and breaking their continuity by pictures, statues, or brackets, and hanging book-cases. The color of the walls should never be white. The tint (although this should vary according to circumstances) which seems most generally becoming is a light maroon, and it harmonizes well with the ordinary dark wood of parlor furniture and paintings without interferingwith their effect.

To complete the idea ot the parlor as the family sitting-room, books for general use are requisite. The library or study of the studious may be left for the moment entirely out of the question; but, apart from its requirements, the parlor should always contain certain works, especially of reference: an encyclopædia, gazetteer, atlas, dictionaries of various languages, a few of the standard classics, and a Shakespeare, that there may be at hand a means of settling at once the various literary and scientific questions which are sure to arise in every family of ordinary intelligence. A small book-case, then, so filled, must be a part of the furniture. The photograph album, the portfolio of sketches, the chess and checker boards, and other permissible games and sources of diversion, are, of course, indispensable in that habitual resort of the family, as we regard it—the parlor.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ROBIN STORY.

Our robin was a forlorn little creature that had been lost from the nest and was in danger of being devoured by cats, when it was brought in by two little girls, who were anxious to save its life. Our good "house-mother," whose heart is full of tender compassion for all God's creatures, at once took it in charge, and it soon learned to open its mouth wide on the approach of the hand that brought it a dainty morsel. In due time it learned to feed itself; and on its fare of chopped egg and potato, varied with an occasional insect, or a few shreds of lean fresh beef, it grew to be a plump, lively robin. We provided a lar: e cage for it, giving it, however, occasionally the freedom of the room. It was very playful and inquisitive, but never failed to make a distinction in its regards between its foster mother and the other members of the family. On her shoulder it would perch, out of her hand it preferred to be fed, and to her call it promptly responded by an answering note.

When, with returning spring, our robin's cousins again made their appearance, we fancied that it looked with wistful eyes through the bars of its cage at its kindred pursuing their business or pleasure on the lawn or among the trees. The propriety of letting the bird go free was discussed. There was no immediate danger to be apprehended from cats, for these destroyers had been taken away "buggy-riding," many miles into the country, and left at farms where they could find plenty of rats and mice to catch. Why should not Robin, then, have full liberty? So the cage was set on a flower-stand, under the trees, close by the front door-step. A supply of food for future emergency was placed within the cage and the door left open. Robin's first flight was into the house, around all the old familiar places, extending it even to a tour of observation up stairs. Soon the way in or out through the door or windows was learned. Nor was the cage forgotten and despised. There food and water were always found and the accustomed perch afforded a welcome place of repose for the night. An ample dish of water, set near by, furnished a convenient bath, which was frequently enjoyed, sometimes twice a day.

For many weeks our Robin slept in the cage every night. Every evening the cage was hung up in the hall and set outside in the morning. But Robin's visits to the neighboring beech grove were becoming more frequent and the periods of absence longer. It also brought a companion, a shy fellow, with darker wings and a brighter red breast. Soon it became evident that new friendships were supplanting the old. Robin's visits still continued, but as soon as its hasty meals were over, important business called it back to the beech trees. The first night Robin slept out there was some apprehension for its fate, but it was thought pretty certain that no harm had befallen it, for the children had seen it among the flower beds after the snn had set. All anxiety was dispelled by its reappearance bright and early next morning.

One morning the news flew through the house that Robin had come to the door with four little Robins. The whole family gathered to see, and there, sure enough, was our indentical Robin, the happy and busy mother of quite a family, which she had brought to show her friends. Since then we have often seen her. But family engagements and cares have wrought a change in her. We sometimes say, "There is our Robin," but we cannot certainly identify her among the multitude of robins that have spent a safe and happy

season in our trees and among our strawberry beds. They have eaten some of our berries, but they have liberally paid for them. And our rule is to plant enough for ourselves and the birds. This year we had more than we could consume, even after the birds had their fill. One thing is certain, Mrs. Robin, with all her children and relatives, and all the other birds, shall be welcome next year if we live to greet them, and none shall make them afraid.—*Observer.*

DOLLY VARDEN SCRAP JARS.

Choose a large earthen jar of as desirable a shape as you can find, and from one to two feet high. They are to be had in great variety at the china stores, or one may now and then be picked up at second-hand shops or auction-rooms. Perhaps it may once have been used for pickles, or lard, or some other useful but homely purpose quite foreign to our present subject; but never mind that, it will now serve just as well for this new purpose; and if its shape be graceful, and dimensions within the permitted limit, we shall soon transform it into something very striking and elegant. The jar should be very smooth—unglazed is better than glazed—but at least free from flaws and lumps. If there are found a few slight roughnesses on its surface, these can be easily removed by means of friction, using either a small file or sand-paper for the purpose. The jar must then be painted with two or three coats of good oil-paint; either black, drab, or ultramarine blue will be the best; and this will require several days, as each coat must be thoroughly dried before another is given. Then comes the decoration, which will enable you to exercise all your taste and ingenuity. The designs are to be of flowers in bouquets and wreaths; and for your purpose choose either the gay figured Dolly Varden chintz now in the market, or bright prints of the same general style. These colored prints may always be had in sheets from dealers in artists' materials; or you may, perhaps, find among your own stores some pretty scraps that will answer nicely to work in—birds, for instance, look very well. Some of the best I have seen for this work are the various designs for decalcomanie: in fact, anything with very bright colors will be available. These are next to be cut out very carefully, so as to leave none of the groundwork visible, and then fixed upon the jar with gumarabic, pressing them firmly so as to drive out all air-bubbles and cause them to adhere closely in every part. When enough have been fastened on all sides of the jar to look well and be satisfactory, the white may be varnished with white dammar varnish, and this will give an even polish to paint and pictures alike. The jar, when finished, will be quite ornamental, as well as useful for holding scraps or waste papers.

SOMETHING ABOUT FLAVORS.

BY JOHN H. SNIVELY.

We all know that butter, though nearly inodorous when fresh, soon acquires a scent anything but pleasant when exposed to the influences of air and heat. Such an exposure causes a disagreement between the constituents of the butter, and they separate and manifest their own individual peculiarities. One of the products of such a decomposition is *butyric acid*, and it is to the presence of this substance that rancid butter owes its disagreeable odor. The chemists themselves can hardly be sure whether this acid exists already formed in the butter and merely separates when favorable conditions occur, or is generated from other elements when the decomposition takes place. We can only be certan that it is there after the butter has become rancid.

Separating and purifying it, we have a colorless liquid of a very sour and burning taste, and corrosive enough to attack the skin like "oil of vitriol" or "aqua fortis." Its odor has already been more than hinted at; we may add that, in the pure state, it is suggestive of very strong vinegar as well as spoiled butter.

It is difficult to separate this substance from butter, or rather to free it from certain other things which closely adhere to it; so, for practical purposes, it is made from sugar, sour milk, and a little decayed cheese, which are made to act on each other in such a way that the acid is artificially produced.

Butyric acid looks or rather *smells* like a very unpromising approach to anything in the perfume or pleasant-flavor line; but we are now only a step from developing something wonderful out of it. If it is mixed with its own volume of alcohol and a little sulphuric acid (vitriol), and the compound heated, a new liquid is formed which, possessing something of a likeness to both its parents, is yet very different from either. This liquid belongs to the *ether* series; is colorless, very volatile, and has an almost perfect resemblance in taste and smell to the *pineapple.* The more diffused within a certain limit, the more pineapple-like does it become; and a solution of this butyric ether in a proper proportion of alcohol, gives the "extract of pineapple" we get at the shops.

There are some other acids, with learned but strange names, that behave in the

same manner as the butyric, and so we get apple-flavored ether, pear-flavored ether, quince-flavored ether, and perhaps some others that I have forgotten or never heard of; and from admixtures of these, with dashes of cloves and touches of orris-root and sprinklings of other things, we have the "fruit flavors" that are almost invariably served in our cakes, candies, and ices, instead of the real thing.

A question of importance is apt to arise at this point. Are these things wholesome? It is a difficult one to answer. An eminent authority attributes the flavor of pineapples and some fruits of the melon species to the presence in them of minute quantities of butyric ether; but, admitting this, it must be borne in mind that the imitations of art, however perfect, rarely—in fact, we think it may be said never—represent fully the products of nature. To delicate stomachs, these artificial flavors are less grateful than the natural ones. The fruits themselves are undoubtedly to be preferred, and where these are unobtainable or cannot be applied to the heightening of dishes that are otherwise considered too tame, it is rather better to use lemon or vanilla.

The rind of the lemon supplies the flavoring principle, which is a light straw-colored liquid, usually known as the essential-oil of the fruit. This oil is easily separated from the rind both by distillation and expression. Dissolved in alcohol, it constitutes the "extract" and "essence" of lemon, so well known. Oil of lemon rapidly spoils by contact with the air, acquiring the nature of turpentine, and consequently is unfit for use as a flavor. Care should accordingly be exercised in selecting it or its preparations, as it sometimes happens that very bad oil is converted into "essence" and disappointment must of course result from the use of such an article.

The Vanilla bean, or more properly *capsule*, is the fruit of a climbing plant or stout vine, native in the West Indies, Mexico, and South America. Several varieties are known and cultivated, the *Vanilla aromatica* yielding, it is said, the finest fruit. The capsules are collected before they are quite ripe, dried in the shade, and then coated with some fixed oil, after which they are tied up in bundles, inclosed in sheet-lead or tin-foil, and are then ready for the market.

The best of these pods are six to eight inches long and about one-fourth of an inch in thickness, and are nearly straigtht, tapering a little at either end. Their surface is wrinkled, and of a rich brown color; the interior contains a soft black pulp, in which is imbedded a large number of very small shining black seeds. The aroma of the vanilla is said not to exist in the bean when growing, but to be developed during and after the curing process.

As vanilla, in substance, is inconvenient to use in many cases, it is now nearly always met with in the form of "extract." This preparation, otherwise so desirable, suffers the drawback of liability to adulteration with tonka-bean. Tonka is quite a different article, and was well known in the days of snuff-taking as a scent for the "titillating dust," from which use it is still commonly known as "snuff-bean." Although having a somewhat vanilla-like flavor, it it a very undesirable substitute for that article.

The surest way of getting a good extract of vanilla is to make it, which is easily done by slicing into small pieces an ounce of vanilla-beans and covering them in a bottle with a mixture of one-fourth of a pint of alcohol and the same quantity of water. Shake well every day for a week, and then strain through a coarse cloth; or the straining may be omitted, and the liquid poured off as wanted for use. If a mortar is at hand, instead of slicing, beat the beans to a coarse powder with a little "hard-crushed" white sugar. By thus becoming one's own manufacturer, the tonka may be avoided and the luxury of the genuine vanilla flavor enjoyed at a moderate cost.—*Hearth and Home.*

PROCRASTINATION.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

An inclination to put off till to-morrow that which were more appropriately done to-day, seems quite natural to almost everyone, but it is one of the symptoms of depravity, and the earlier it is fought and conquered the better. There are some sensible mothers whose constant endeavor is to prevent this habit from gaining a foothold in their children's characters. From earliest childhood they watch and nip it in the bud. Those who have lived an active life—every moment claiming its own special work—are the mothers who can best train their children to understand the full value of the prompt, regular performance of each duty, however small.

"Come, little one, it is time to get up." The child is perhaps disinclined—thinks one more little nap would be comfortable. But it is time to prepare for breakfast, and what is gained by delay is nothing but the first lesson in selfish indulgence and procrastination. The child does not need it. If it went to bed, as it should have done, when the birds folded their heads under their wings, it requires no more sleep. A few gentle words or caresses will soon chase all traces of slumber from those bright

eyes, and the little one, merry as the birds, is soon ready for breakfast.

While children are very young, begin this education, and see that it is distinctly understood that no excuse but illness can avail. They must be up at a given hour, and by the time they are twelve years old you will find it difficult to keep your little girls and boys in bed beyond the regular time. You have thus established a habit of early rising which will cling to them through life,—that is, if their mother gently and lovingly impressed upon their minds what they would lose by delay and gain by promptness. But, although a stern and severe compulsion may secure obedience while under your eye, by that course you make the act so disagreeable and repulsive, by associating it with your stern manner, that they are tempted to rush to the other extreme whenever they can do so with impunity.

Children naturally love play better than work or study; but it is better that they early learn that there is something besides play which even little girls and boys can and must do. They, of course, with no evil intention, will be inclined to stretch the play-hour or recess a little beyond the appointed time. It is the parent's duty to watch and guard against this, not on account of the real good which a child might accomplish in these few extra moments, but for the sake of establishing a habit which will be of infinite service for the child in after years, that the discipline, though for the present not joyous, may work for its future happiness and usefulness. Therefore, make the hours for recreation as frequent as seemeth you good, only let it be distinctly understood that when that time expires there must be no delay, no procrastination. As the child grows older and able to exercise a little judgment it will soon become conscious of the loss incurred by dilatoriness, and the gain secured by a prompt performance of duty. A judicious mother will soon teach it how to contrast the two modes of action, and a few unfortunate experiments will fully corroborate her teachings. The penalty to be paid for leaving any duty which should be done now until "by-and-by," generally follows very speedily after the omission.

When quite young we were given a piece of work one morning which should not have occupied an hour's time. In the afternoon our brothers were to go to a neighboring town in a sleigh, and we were promised a ride with them, on condition that this work was finished in season. It was a rich treat, and we were greatly elated. The work we were set to do was so easy we made merry over the idea of a failure. But the sun did shine so brightly, and it was so pleasant to stand at the east windows and watch the men at the huge wood-pile sawing and splitting the winter store of wood; and it was such fun to see the old gander chase our little roguish brother away from the place where the stately old fellow kept watch and ward over his mate on her nest, that every few minutes our sewing was forgotten and we were seated on the old-fashioned window-sill. A gentle voice often reminded us that we were wasting time, and must be left behind if that simple seam were not finished in season.

"Oh, mother, I can finish it just as easy!"

"Yes, dear, if you work steadily, but not if you delay in this manner." Dear, patient mother! How much easier for her to have taken our neglected work and done it herself than to keep such a vigilant watch over a giddy girl; but for a child's good a mother bears all things.

Time flew by unregarded by our idle fingers. Presently a sleigh dashed up to the door, the bells jingling merrily. It cannot be time! But a cheery voice rang out, "Come, sister, not a minute to spare," —and that little, little bit of work not quite done!

"Oh, mother! mother! Only a few more stitches! See! Oh mother, let me go!" But, even while we uttered this piteous wail, we knew that mother could not break her word. When she took her sobbing little girl on her lap, and explained how necessary it was that we should suffer the penalty of our persistent procrastination, if we should ever destroy this bad habit, we were conscious that her grief was deeper than our own, that she suffered with us. We did not soon forget that lesson, and it did not require many more similar ones to effect a pretty substantial cure.

No one is more strongly tempted to put off till a more convenient season, here and there, some minor duty than a housekeeper whose cares are many, and helpers very few. By afternoon she is so weary, rest would be very pleasant, but just as she thinks she may indulge in one half-hour's quiet, some little item rises up that should receive attention to-day. "I have half a mind to let it pass till to-morrow," but to-morrow has its own duties, and unexpected ones may arise. A few experiments in this most excusable of all procrastinations will teach the folly of the attempt to add to the already filled register of the next day's work the duties of the present time.

The clothes are brought up from the wash; on sorting them out and putting them in place you find a small hole in this article, or a rip in that. You are very tired, your head aches, to thread your needle and mend those few small rips or holes seems a burden. "It is so little I'll let it go till next week, one week's more wear can't make much difference," and it

is laid aside unmended. How is it when it next comes up from the laundry? A huge rent or a most appalling hole is the result. A heavy wind arose when the clothes were on the line, and with every snap a dozen more stitches were added to the work that procrastination has cost you, if indeed the garment is not runied past any repairing. "A stitch in time saves nine."

Some friends have just left your house. During their visit much work accumulated, while you felt bound to entertain your guests. Either you are with no help but your own hands, or your servants are very busy, and you say, "I'll take off the soiled linen from the bed, and leave the room to air a few days, or till a more convenient season."

The airing is all very proper, but two or three days are not needed for it, and if you leave the bed unmade you will not find it wise or at all labor-saving in the end. Let the room and bed air until you are ready to take off the sheets and pillow-cases that need to be changed. When you go up to do that, take with you the clean articles, and being there, why not finish the work and leave all in order? But, if instead of that you say, "We'll put the 'spare chamber' in order to-morrow," perhaps just as you are retiring a carriage stops at your door, and guests quite unexpected arrive, who find it convenient to stop with you over night, to be ready for the morrow's train, and late in the evening the guests' chamber must be prepared. Just try this once or twice—you'll not care to try it oftener—and see if some one don't come unannounced just as, tired and sleepy, you are ready to retire. Will it be any easier to do the work which was put off till a "more convenient season" at this late hour than it would have been to have finished it at the proper time?

"There is hardly enough bread to last through to-morrow."

"Well, it is stormy; we shan't be likely to have company to-morrow. I guess this will answer, or we will stir up some biscuit if needed."

In spite of wind or weather, be sure if you risk the delay you will have unexpected guests, and will regret that you neglected to be ready for the emergency.

"Here are some letters which should be answered immediately."

"I guess it won't make much difference if I leave them till to-morrow. I am very busy now." So you wait. Are you any less busy to-morrow? A headache, or a sick child, or company, prevents an answer then. Your correspondent waits anxiously for your reply, the failure of which may be the cause of great inconvenience.

We could multiply examples, but your own experience will fill up the picture, and, if you are wise, teach you that each day has its own duties, which can be mastered, but if you add to them the work of yesterday you make the burden grievous to be borne. Your old "copy-books" told you when you were young that "*Procrastination is the thief of time.*" In riper age remember it. "Never put off till to-morrow that which you should do to-day."—*Christian Union.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Stewed Apples and Custard.—Seven good-sized apples, the rind of one-half lemon or four cloves, one-half pound of sugar, three-quarters pint of water, one-half pint of custard. Pare and take out the cores of the apples, without dividing them, and, if possible, leave the stalks on; boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes; then put in the apples with the lemon-rind or cloves, whichever flavor may be preferred, and simmer gently until they are tender, taking care not to let them break. Dish them neatly on a glass dish, reduce the syrup by boiling it quickly for a few minutes; let it cool a little, then pour it over the apples. Have ready one-half pint of custard made by recipe, pour it round, but not over the apples when they are quite cold, and the dish is ready for table. A few almonds blanched and cut into strips, and stuck in the apples, would improve their appearance.

Beef Fritters.—The remains of cold roast beef, pepper and salt to taste, three-quarters pound of flour, one-half pint of water, two ounces of butter, the whites of two eggs. Mix very smoothly, and by degrees, the flour with the above proportion of water; stir in two ounces of butter, which must be melted, but not oiled, and, just before it is to be used, add the whites of two well-whisked eggs. Should the batter be too thick, more water must be added. Pare down the cold beef into thin shreds, season with pepper and salt, and mix it with the batter. Drop a small quantity at a time into a pan of boiling lard, and fry from seven to ten minutes, according to the size. When done on one side, turn and brown them on the other. Let them dry for a minute or two before the fire, and serve on a folded napkin. A small quantity of finely-minced onions mixed with the batter is an improvement.

Apples and Rice.—Eight good-sized apples, three ounces of butter, the rind of one-halt lemon, minced very fine, six ounces of rice, one and a half pint of milk, sugar to taste, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, six tablespoonfuls of apricot jam. Peel the apples, halve them, and take out the cores; put them into a stew-

pan with the butter, and strew sufficient sifted sugar over to sweeten them nicely, and add the minced lemon-peel. Stew the apples very gently until tender, taking care they do not break. Boil the rice, with the milk, sugar and nutmeg, until soft, and, when thoroughly done, dish it, piled high in the centre; arrange the apples on it, warm the apricot jam, pour it over the whole, and serve hot.

MACARONI SOUP.—Threeo unces of macaroni, a piece of butter of the size of a walnut, salt to taste, two quarts of clear medium stock. Throw the macaroni and butter into boiling water, with a pinch of salt, and simmer for half an hour. When it is tender, drain and cut it into thin rings or lengths, and drop it into the boiling stock. Stew gently for five minutes, and serve grated Parmesan cheese with it.

VEAL LOAF.—Boil three pounds of veal until tender, chop it very fine, and add two eggs, six Boston crackers rolled fine, one table-spoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, and one teacup of water. Pack in a pan and bake one hour. To be eaten cold, sliced thin. It is very nice for tea.

PORCUPINE CAKE.—The ingredients are one coffee-cup of fine white sugar, half cup of butter, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful of soda, and two cups of flour. Cream for the above: two eggs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of corn-starch, and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Have ready a teacupful of soft-shelled almonds. When the cake is cold, and just before taking it to the table, pour the cream over it, and stick the almonds over the top.

APPLE CAKE.—The grated rind and the juice of one lemon, one sour apple pared and grated, and one cup of sugar boiled together five minutes, will make the jelly. To make the cake, take four eggs well beaten, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter as large as a butternut, one cup of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in four layers, and spread the above jelly between the cake.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Stir together two cups of Indian meal, two cups of flour, one egg, half cup of molasses, one cup of raisins or dried fruit of any kind, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, with enough sweet milk to make it as thick as cake batter. Turn it into a pudding-bag (leaving plenty of room for it to swell). Place it in a steamer, and boil three hours. Do not raise the cover until done. Sauce for the above: one egg beaten with one cup of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and one pint of sweet milk.

HAM AND OTHER OMELETS.—Half a pint of milk with two teaspoonfuls of flour carefully intermixed, and three spoonfuls of finely-powdered cracker, sifted; add six eggs, well-beaten; butter a griddle, stir the omelet mixture well together, and pour thinly and evenly enough to cover the griddle; then immediately scatter over the surface of the omelet a layer of finely-minced ham; then fold immediately half of the omelet over on to the other half; then fold once more, so that it will come off the griddle in the form of a quarter of a circle, four-double. Finely-shred onions and minced veal can be used in the same manner. This quantity will make enough for six persons.

LAMP CHIMNEYS are most apt to crack after being washed. In my own experience, they are less apt to break if moistened with the breath and polished with a cloth or paper, and afterwards with a chamois-skin, which gives them a clear brilliancy.

TIN-WARE.—If a housekeeper is ambitious, and prides herself on shining tinware, let her use whiting. Wash the tinware clean and wipe dry, and then polish with a dry cloth and dry whiting. That article is cheap, and gives a new, bright look to everything it is used on.

BREAKFAST BREADSTUFFS.—Has any one ever tried "corn muffins?" I make them with buttermilk, corn-meal, a little flour, a little butter or lard, salt, and soda, and bake them in my muffin-irons. They are beautifully crisp and light. They need to be quite thick—almost like "Johnny-cake." they have a chance to bake thoroughly in the shallow irons, and we are very fond of them.

CREAM-CAKE.—A cheap and excellent cream-cake for every day is made in this way: Break two eggs into a cup, and fill the cup up with sour cream. Add one cup of sugar, one cup of flour (perhaps a very little more), salt, soda, and nutmeg. This can be used also for a jelly-cake.

Literary Notices.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER. By George Macdonald.

Most of what the Rev. George Macdonald writes is well worth reading. His books have an elevating and liberalizing tendency, and are some of them very remarkable for richness of thought and illustration. "The Vicar's Daughter" can scarcely be classed among his best works. The most noticeable thing about it is the skill shown by the author in writing what purports to be a woman's auto-biography, without once showing the masculine hand which has really been at work. If the author's name were not given, no one could imagine that it was written by any but a woman. The readers of "The Seaboard Parish" will remember that Ethelwyn, the daughter of the Vicar, married Mr. Percivale, the artist. This volume tells the story of her married life, uneventful in itself, and only interesting as developing character, and introducing us to various notable personages, of whom Lady Bernard and Miss Clare are the most prominent. Miss Clare is a lady by birth, refinement, and culture, who lives in the attic of a tenement house, and influences by example and teaching its numerous inmates, who call her "Granny," although she is quite young. Lady Bernard is one who, with rare discretion, seeks to make a good use of enormous wealth. The man of money, but no culture, is represented by Mr. Morley, and the Bohemian artist by Roger, brother to Percivale. The story is throughout so domestic in its character, that it is likely to be a much greater favorite with women than with men, and, no doubt, the thoughts contained in it will be a great assistance and help to many a wife and mother. In one particular, however, the influence of the work is altogether on the wrong side, and that is with regard to the use of wine and tobacco. Again and again the use of these articles is mentioned not merely incidentally, but with an evident favor, and with an apparent defiance of those who hold that such use is an injury to the individual and a wrong to society. For instance, in the account of a little dinner-party, Mrs. Percivale makes an apparently unnecessary point of stating that "Percivale produced some good wine from somewhere, which evidently added to the enjoyment of the gentlemen, my father included, who likes a good glass of wine as well as anybody." Quotations on this subject might be multiplied; but one will show, as well as a dozen, the *animus* of the book.

The pretty story of the bride's introduction to her new home, will give a very good idea of the general character of the book. We give it in full:—

It had been before agreed that we should have no wedding journey. We all like the old-fashioned plan of the bride going straight from her father's house to her husband's. The other way seemed a poor invention, just for the sake of something different. So after the wedding, we spent the time as we should have done any other day, wandering about in groups, or sitting and reading, only that we were all more smartly dressed—until it was time for an early dinner, after which we drove to the station, accompanied only by my father and mother.

After they had left us, or rather we left them, my husband did not speak to me for nearly an hour; I knew why, and was very grateful. He would not show his new face in the midst of my old loves and their sorrows, but would give me time to re-arrange the grouping so as myself to bring him in when all was ready for him. I know that was what he was thinking, or feeling rather; and I understood him perfectly. At last, when I had got things a little tidier inside me, and had got my eyes to stop, I held out my hand to him, and then —I knew that I was his wife.

This is all I have got to tell, though I have plenty more to keep, till we got to London. There, instead of my father's nice carriage, we got into a jolting, lumbering,

horrid cab, with my five boxes and Percivale's little portmanteau on the top of it, and drove away to Camden Town. It *was* to a part of it near the Regent's Park, and so our letters were always, according to the divisions of the Post-Office, addressed to Regent's Park, but for all practical intents we were in Camden Town. It was indeed a change from a fine old house in the country, but the street wasn't much uglier than Belgrave Square, or any other of those heaps of uglinesses, called squares, in the West End; and after what I had been told to expect, I was surprised at the prettiness of the little house when I stepped out of the cab and looked about me. It was stuck on like a swallow's nest to the end of a great row of commomplace houses, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, but itself was not the work of one of those wretched builders who care no more for beauty in what they build than a scavenger in the heap of mud he scrapes from the street. It had been built by a painter for himself—in the Tudor style; and though Percivale says the idea is not very well carried out, I like it much.

I found it a little dreary when I entered though—from its emptiness. The only sitting-room at all prepared had just a table and two or three old-fashioned chairs in it —not even a carpet on the floor. The bedroom and dressing-room were also as scantily furnished as they well could be.

"Don't be dismayed, my darling," said my husband. "Look here"—showing me a bunch of notes—"we shall go out tomorrow and buy all we want—as far as this will go, and then wait for the rest. It will be such a pleasure to buy the things with you, and see them come home, and have you appoint their places. You and Sarah will make the carpets, won't you?—and I will put them down, and we shall be like birds building their nest."

"We have only to line it; the nest is built already."

"Well, neither do the birds build the tree. I wonder if they ever sit in their old summer nest in the winter nights."

"I am afraid not," I answered; "but I'm ashamed to say I can't tell."

"It is the only pretty house I know in all London," he went on, "with a studio at the back of it. I have had my eye on it for a long time, but there seemed no sign of a migratory disposition in the bird who had occupied it for three years past. All at once he spread his wings and flew. I count myself very fortunate."

"So do I. But now you must let me see your study," I said. "I hope I may sit in it when you've got nobody there."

"As much as ever you like, my love," he answered. Only I don't want to make all my women like you, as I've been doing for the last two years. You must get me out of that somehow."

"Easily. I shall be so cross and disagreeable that you will get tired of me, and find no more difficulty in keeping me out of your pictures."

But he got me out of his pictures without that; for when he had me always before him he didn't want to be always producing me.

He led me into the little hall—made lovely by a cast of an unfinished Madonna of Michael Angelo's set into the wall—and then to the back of it, where he opened a small cloth-covered door, when there yawned before me, below me and above me, a great wide lofty room. Down into it led an almost perpendicular stair.

"So you keep a little private precipice here," I said.

"No, my dear," he returned; "you mistake. It is a Jacob's ladder—or will be in one moment more."

He gave me his hand and led me down.

"This is quite a banqueting hall, Percivale!" I cried, looking round me.

"It shall be, the first time I get a thousand pounds for a picture," he returned.

"How grand you talk!" I said, looking up at him with some wonder; for big words rarely came out of his mouth.

"Well," he answered merrily, "I had two hundred and seventy-five for the last."

"That's a long way off a thousand," I returned with a silly sigh.

"Quite right; and, therefore, this room is a long way off a banqueting-hall."

There was literally nothing inside the seventeen feet cube except one chair, one easel, a horrible thing like a huge doll, with no end of joints, called a lay figure, but Percivale called it his bishop; a number of pictures leaning their faces against the walls in attitudes of grief that their beauty was despised and no man would buy them; a few casts of legs and arms and faces, half a dozen murderous looking weapons, and a couple of yards square of the most exquisite tapesty I ever saw.

"Do you like being read to when you are at work?" I asked him.

"Sometimes—at certain kinds of work, but not by any means always," he answered. "Will you shut your eyes for one minute," he went on, "and, whatever I do, not open them till I tell you?"

"You mustn't hurt me, then, or I may open them without being able to help it, you know," I said closing my eyes tight.

"Hurt you!" he repeated, with a tone I would not put on the paper if I could; and the same moment I found myself in his arms, carried like a baby, for Percivale is one of the strongest of men.

It was only for a few yards, however. He laid me down somewhere, and told me to open my eyes.

I could scarcely believe them when I did, I was laying on a couch in a room—small, indeed, but beyond exception the loveliest I had ever seen. At first I was only aware of an exquisite harmony of color, and could not have told of what it was composed. The place was lighted by a soft lamp that hung in the middle, and when my eyes went up to see where it was fastened, I found the ceiling marvellous in deep blue, with a suspicion of green, just like some of the shades of a peacock's feathers, with a multitude of gold and red stars upon it. What the walls were I could not for some time tell, they were so covered with pictures and sketches. Against one was a lovely little set of bookshelves filled with books; and on a little carved table stood a vase of white hothouse flowers, with one red camellia. One picture had a curtain of green silk before it, and by its side hung the wounded knight whom his friends were carrying home to die.

"Oh, my Percivale!" I cried, and could say no more.

"Do you like it?" he asked quietly,. but with shining eyes.

"Like it?" I repeated. "Shall I like Paradise when I get there? But what a lot of money it must have cost you!"

"Not much," he answered; "not more than thirty pounds or so. Every spot of paint there is from my own brush"

"Oh Percivale!"

I must make a conversation of it to tell it at all: but what I really did say I know no more than the man in the moon.

"The carpet was the only expensive thing. That must be as thick as I could get it, for the floor is of stone, and must not come near your pretty feet. Guess what the place was before."

"I should say—the flower of a prickly pear cactus, full of sunlight from behind, which a fairy took the fancy to swell into a room."

"It was a shed, in which the sculptor who occupied the place before me used to keep his wet clay and blocks of marble."

"Seeing is hardly believing," I said. "Is it to be my own room, where I can ask you to come when I please, and where I can hide when any one comes you don't want me to see?"

"That is just what I mean it for, my Ethelwyn—and to let you know what I *would* do for you if I could."

"I hate the place, Percivale," I said. "What right has it to come poking in between you and me, telling me what I know and have known for—well, I won't say how long—far better than even you can tell me!"

He looked a little troubled.

"Ah, my dear," I said, "let my foolish words breathe and die."

I wonder sometimes to think how seldom I am in that room now. But there it is, and somehow I seem to know it all the time I am busy elsewhere.

He made me shut my eyes again, and carried me into the study.

"Now," he said, "find your way to your own room."

I looked about me, but could see no sign of a door. He took up a tall stretcher with a canvas on it, and revealed the door, at the same time showing a likeness of myself—at the top of Jacob's ladder, as he called it, with one foot on the first step and the other half way to the second. The light came from the window on my left, which he had turned into a western window, in order to get certain effects from a supposed sunset. I was represented in a white dress, tinged with the rose of the west; and he had managed, attributing the phenomenon to the inequalities of the glass in the window, to suggest one rosy wing behind me, with just the shoulder-root of another visible.

"There!" he said. "It is not finished yet, but that is how I saw you one evening as I was sitting all alone in the twilight."

"But you didn't really see me like that!" I said. "I hardly know," he answered. "I had been forgetting everything else in dreaming about you, and—how it was I cannot tell, but either in the body or out of the body there I saw you, standing just so at the top of the stair—smiling to me as much as to say—'Have patience. My foot is on the first step. I'm coming.' I turned at once to my easel, and before the twillight was gone had sketched the vision. To-morrow you must sit to me for an hour or so—for I will do nothing else till I have finished it and sent it off to your father and mother."

I may just add that I hear it is considered a very fine painting. It hangs in the great dining-room at home. I wish I were as good as he has made it look.

The next morning, after I had given him the sitting he wanted, we set out on our furniture-hunt; when, having keen enough eyes, I caught sight of this and of that and of twenty different things in the brokers' shops. * * * I may mention that Percivale was particularly pleased with a cabinet I bought for him on the sly—to stand in his study, and hold his paints and brushes and sketches, for there were all sorts of drawers in it, and some that it took us a good deal of trouble to find out, though he was clever enough to suspect them from the first, when I hadn't a thought of such a thing; and I have often fancied since that that cabinet was just like himself, for I have been going on finding out things in him that I had no idea were there when I married him. I had no idea that he was a poet, for instance. I wonder

to this day why he never showed me any of his verses before we were married. He writes better poetry than my father—at least my father says so.

Indeed I soon came to feel very ignorant and stupid beside him; he could tell me so many things, and especially in art—for he had thought about all kinds of it—making me understand that there is no end to it, any more than to the nature which sets it going, and that the more we see into nature, and try to represent it, the more ignorant and helpless we find ourselves;—until at length I began to wonder whether God might not have made the world so rich and full just to teach his children humility. For a while I felt quite stunned. He very much wanted me to draw; but I thought it was no use trying, and indeed had no heart for it. I spoke to my father about it. He said it was indeed no use if my object was to be able to think much of myself, for no one could ever succeed in that in the long run; but if my object was to reap the delight of the truth, it was worth while to spend hours and hours on trying to draw a single tree-leaf, or paint the wing of a moth.

Notices.

STANLEY.

We this month present to our readers the portrait of Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone. He is, undoubtedly, the hero of the day in England. All doubts concerning the reality of his discoveries have been dispelled, and England holds in high esteem the American whose success has put the leaders of her own expeditions to shame. The jewelled snuff-box which the Queen presented to Stanley, was accompanied with the following words from Lord Granville:—

"I have great satisfaction in conveying to you, by command of the Queen, Her Majesty's high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening a communication with Dr. Livingstone, and so relieving Her Majesty from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller. The Queen desires me to express her thanks for the service you have thus rendered, together with Her Majesty's congratulations on your having so successfully carried out the mission which you so fearlessly undertook. Her Majesty also desires me to request your acceptance of the memorial which accompanies this letter."

BRANT.

The sketch of Brant's life, commenced in this number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, is by a lady who resided for a long time among the Indians as the wife of a missionary, and who had unusual opportunities of gaining information upon this subject, which is an important one in Canadian history. The *nom de plume*—"KE-CHE-AH-GAH-ME-QUE—signifies, we are informed, "the lady from beyond the blue waters." It is a matter for regret that we have not been able to obtain a portrait of the noted chief, and, indeed, we are not aware whether one exists or not.

SERIAL STORIES.

As our readers will have observed, both our serial tales—"That Winter," and "Effie Hamilton"—are concluded this month. We have not yet found an original story of sufficient merit to follow these; but trust that this want will be supplied before very long, as there must be many in Canada capable of writing such. To guide young writers, we may say that we seek stories which are interesting but not sensational, which recognize and illustrate the truths of evangelical religion, and which have the scene laid on Canadian soil. This last, however, is not essential.

ADDRESS WANTED.

The writer of "How We Received Prince Arthur," will oblige by communicating her address to the editors of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

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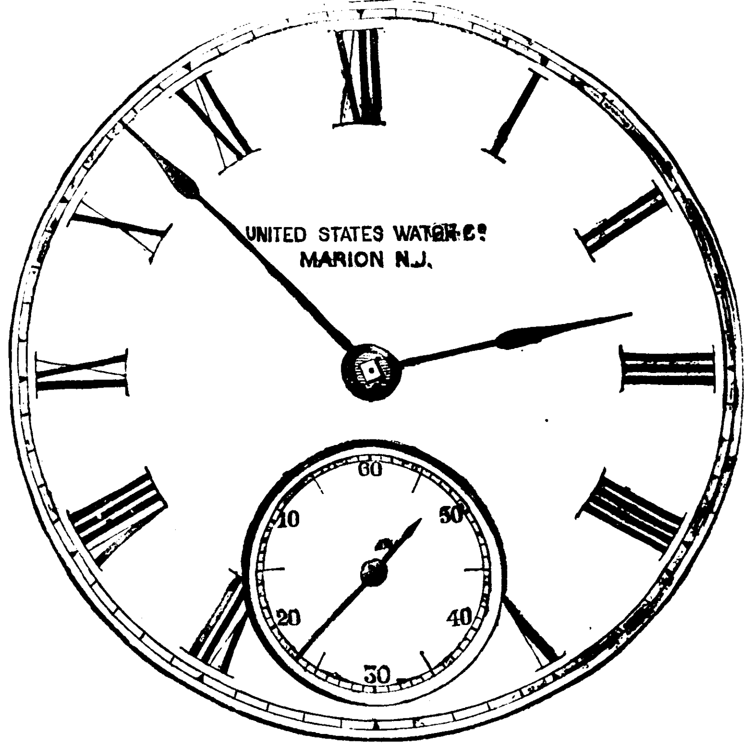

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(*Continued from second page of Cover.*)

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The WITNESS is the working man's paper; the merchant's paper; the farmer's paper; the clergyman's paper; the ladies' paper; the children's paper; the teetotaler's paper; the Christian's paper.

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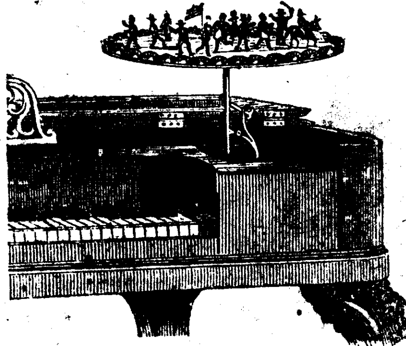

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