

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

NATIONAL LIBRARY
CANADA
BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEB.

1878.

CONTENTS

LIFE IN GLENSHIE: <i>The Author of "My Young Master," &c.</i> -	129	YOUNG FOLKS.—A Footprint on the Sand of Time: <i>Nell Gwynne.</i>	
MYSTIC MEMORY: <i>R. W. Boodle.</i> -	144	Drummer Fritz and his Exploits (Illus).— <i>Jack Granger's Cousin.</i>	
A WINTER FISHING TRIP: <i>Q.</i> -	153	A Drop of Water.—Puzzles and Answers	200
CLAUDINE'S STORY: <i>Festina Lente, Author of "The Holy Grail," "Hic Jacet," &c.</i> -	161	THE HOME.—Tucks: <i>Nell Gwynne.</i>	
SKETCHES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY: LORD SYDENHAM.	170	Useful Screens.— <i>My Lady Help</i>	227
A WINTER IN FLORIDA: <i>The Author of "The Girls' Voyage."</i>	178	LITERARY NOTICES.—The Captain's Cabin.—Literary Notes.	241
THE LOST TRIBES: <i>Rev. Prof. Campbell, M. A. (Reprint)</i> -	185	CHESS: Conducted by <i>J. G. Ascher</i>	246
		DRAUGHTS	249
		NOTICES.—Italy and its late King, Victor Emmanuel. — "E. H. N."	251

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEND FOR OUR

Engraved Plate and 50 Gents' Cards, \$2.75.
do. do. do. Ladies' do. 3.00.

A box of
BEAUTIFUL PAPER
AND
ENVELOPES

STAMPED WITH YOUR
Monogram
FOR
\$3.00.

GEORGE BISHOP & CO.,
Engravers & Stationers,

169

St. James St.,

MONTREAL.

ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING & PRINTING.

College and Lodge Seals, Certificates, &c.

JOB PRINTING!

WE are constantly adding to our Stock of PRINTING MATERIAL, in order to keep pace with the times, and we are thus enabled to turn out work of the best quality at very low rates.

CHROMATIC WORK

(A VERY ATTRACTIVE STYLE OF PRINTING IN COLORS)

done at a small cost over plain black.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

"WITNESS" OFFICE.



THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL II.

New Dominion Monthly.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY YOUNG MASTER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I am sitting lonely, musing,
Midway pausing on life's track,
Looking onward, looking upward,
But too often looking back.

The school is dismissed, the scholars are gone, the last echoes of their footsteps have died away, and I sit here enjoying the luxury of being alone.

I want to enjoy it too, for the time may come when I shall not be able to dismiss my cares at four o'clock.

I enjoy my leisure, but I enjoy my work also, thoroughly enjoy it, not so much that I like it, which I do—I like it well—as that I have no one to oversee, to direct, or take audible notice of my blunders. I never could do my best under the eye of a censor. Whatever I was trying to accomplish when I became conscious of a spectator was sure to be a grand failure.

Aunt Henderson once undertook to teach me how to make butter into rolls, called in the north "mescuns." The more she directed my efforts, the more she explained to me how very far from right was every attempt I made, the more she lamented my awkwardness, the more bewildered I became, con-

scious only of the terrible blue eye watching me, until I ended the matter by dropping the precious golden butter on the dairy floor, and fled, taking with me a stinging box on the ear.

Perhaps the remembrance of many mortifying failures owing to this dreaded *eye-shine* makes the sense of freedom which I now enjoy—the power of planning and executing without supervision, so precious to me.

I stand alone in the world, and success or failure lies before me; I have no one to help me to succeed, or to divide the blame with me if I fail. It lies upon me to prove, first to myself, then to others, that I am able to do that which I have undertaken. So in a position I never dreamed of occupying, in a country new and strange to my youth and inexperience, I sit in my log palace alone, looking dreamily through the little window across the bit of green to the alder-fringed Grace river. My new dignity and responsibility have such a sobering effect on me that I feel my girlhood slipping away—I feel old. I look, not at the prospect, but at the road pictured by memory, over which I have travelled, which has brought me to Glenshie, where I find myself teacher

of School Section No. 2. I see on that road a lonely little figure for whom I have a great deal of pity. I always did pity myself a great deal, perhaps because no one else seemed to see the necessity of doing so.

I was a child of the Manse, my father being Presbyterian minister of Grey Abbey, in the County Down. The Manse was a stone house, not very large or very new, one gable end covered with ivy, a great shelter and building place for the little brown sparrows. I was such a mere child when I left Grey Abbey that my recollections of it are fragmentary and dim, but delicious as glimpses of fairy land. I remember the little orchard at one end of the Manse, fenced in by a low moss-grown stone wall. In my memory it is always steeped in sunshine that is ripening and mellowing ruddy apples. There were two trees trained against the wall on the sunny side. Often in my dreams I am back again in the old orchard gathering the delicious pippins that grew on them. At the other end of the Manse, the ivied end was the garden, which had a summer-house formed of beech trees clipped into the form of a little temple. There was also a large rose tree growing close to father's study window, in which every year a pair of blackbirds built their nest. I remember how tame they were; how we could part the clusters of creamy white roses and peep into the nest where the mother bird sat without frightening her away.

It was but a little way from the Manse to the old grey church in which my father preached. Our family was small—papa and mamma, Walter and I, and our rosy, fat maid-servant, Jane Geddes—prized in our house both for her working ability and her name, which papa said was historical. It pleased him to think that she was a lineal descendant of that Janet Geddes who flung her creepie stool into history.

Walter and I had not always been the only children; there were three little

graves in the churchyard where slept three Manse babies that died in infancy. I do not know when or how the knowledge came to me, but I knew that mamma was not my very own mamma. Far away in the dimness of the past I see a white face on the pillow, and bright dark eyes that look at me with a look I have never seen in other eyes. I see myself, a tiny mite of a child, lifted up on the bed for the last look, the last kiss, the prayer that commits me to the care of the All Father. I always believed that I remembered this scene, although Aunt Henderson said it was impossible—that I had heard some one talk of it, and fancied I recollected. Aunt Henderson was father's sister; she came to see us once a year regularly. Mamma made no difference between Walter and me, but aunt Henderson did; when she came she petted my brother a great deal, but always found fault with me. She was the great trial of my young life.

Mamma said to her once: "Mary Ann it is not right to make such a difference between the children."

"I cannot help it, Helen," she answered.

"Why?" asked mamma.

"It is impossible for me to take to the child; she frightens me, staring at me with those great eyes of hers."

"Well, I like the child's eyes," said mamma.

"Well, I don't, Helen—they are too like her mother's."

"They are very fine eyes, nevertheless. Did you dislike her mother so much?"

"It was a very unsuitable match," said aunt.

"Why?" asked mamma.

"Every why," retorted aunt, with a snap. "Only think, she had really an O to her name; though we never mention it," she added, dropping her voice.

"Indeed!" said mamma, as if she were at a loss to know what to say.

"To think of him, a minister of the gospel—one of those whose fathers

came over from Scotland to Kilinchy with the sainted Livingstone, marrying a thoroughly Irish person, of whose family or friends we knew nothing," said aunt, with virulence.

"Was she a Roman Catholic?" enquired mamma, with a little hesitation.

"She was an Episcopalian; and whatever others may think, we and our fathers saw little difference between Popery and Prelacy," aunt replied.

"I never knew anything about her," said mamma. "Walter is very reticent about the past, and I respected his reserve, and never cared to enquire. I do not even know where he met with her."

"She was governess at Lord Rudolf Fitzgerald's. The family had a cottage by the sea at that time, and spent some months every summer there. From some whim or other, for they were Episcopilians, they attended Walter's ministry. He was then a licentiate of the Kirk, and was preaching on trial at Grey Abbey here. The family seemed to take a great fancy to Walter, paid him a good deal of attention, invited him often to the cottage—and all that. Lord Rudolf himself has often driven over to fetch him. He consulted him on spiritual matters—in short,

made an intimate friend of him. Well, the end of it all was, he married the governess, with Lord Rudolf's full approval, but not with mine. No one can ever say I was reconciled to the match."

"She did not remain with him long?" said mamma:

"No, not quite four years; she died of consumption."

Just then mamma noticed that I was in the room. I had been sitting quietly in a corner with the Pilgrim's Progress in my lap. She looked at aunt, and then sent me up-stairs for her work-basket, and I heard no more of this mysterious dead mother at that time.

That evening, when my father was sitting with us, they fell to talking about the coming over from Scotland. I think papa had been away at some meeting commemorative of that great event. However that may be, he brought the *Ulster Times*, and read to us—and father's reading was like music—a long piece of poetry about the coming over, written by Mr. McComb, of Belfast. I remember the lines—they recall to me the sound of my father's voice, and, indeed, they were the last he read in my hearing:

"Two hundred years ago there came from Scotland's storied land,
To Carrick's old and fortress town, a Presbyterian band.
They planted on the castle wall the banner of the blue,
And worshipped God in simple form, as Presbyterians do.
Oh, hallowed be their memory who in our land did sow
The goodly seed of Gospel truth two hundred years ago!

"Two hundred years ago was heard, upon the tenth of June,
On Carrick's shore the voice of prayer and psalm with solemn tune:
'Do good in Thy good pleasure, Lord, unto Thy Zion here;
The walls of our Jerusalem establish Thou and rear.'
Thus prayer and praise were made to God, nor dread of earthly foe
Dismayed our fathers in their work two hundred years ago.

"Two hundred years ago our church a little one appeared,
Five ministers, and elders four, the feeble vessel steered.
But now five hundred pastors and five thousand elders stand
A host of faithful witnesses within our native land.
Their armor is the Spirit's sword, and onward as they go
They wave the flag their fathers waved two hundred years ago.

"Two hundred years ago the dew of God's refreshing power
On Oldtown and on Antrim fell like Israel's manna shower;
The waters of the six-mile stream flowed rapidly along,

But swifter far the Spirit passed o'er the awakened throng ;
 God's presence with his message went as living waters flow,
 And thus His Spirit blessed our sires two hundred years ago.

" Two hundred years ago, afar, no Gospel sound was known,
 The heathen man, unheeded then, bowed down to wood and stone ;
 But better days have dawned on us—our missionary band
 Are publishing salvation now on India's golden strand,
 And to the sons of Abraham our sons appointed go,
 To Judah's race, rejected, scorned, two hundred years ago.

" Two hundred years ago was seen the proud and mitred brow
 Frowning on Scotland's envied Kirk as it is frowning now ;
 But enemies in church and state may threaten stern decree,
 Her ministers are men of prayer, her people still are free ;
 Nor threat, nor interdict, nor wile of legislative show
 Shall change the men whose fathers bled two hundred years ago.

" Two hundred years ago o'er graves the blue-bell drooped its head,
 The purple heather sadly waved above the honored dead ;
 The mist lay heavy on the hill, the lav'rock ceased to soar,
 And Scotland mourned her martyred sons on mountain and on moor.
 And still her's is a mourning church ; but He who made her so
 Is nigh to aid her as He was two hundred years ago.

" Two hundred years ago the hand of massacre was nigh,
 And far and wide, o'er Erin's land, was heard the midnight cry.
 Now Presbyterian Ulster rests in happiness and peace,
 While crimes in distant provinces from year to year increase.
 O Lord ! their bondage quickly turn as streams in south that flow,
 For Popery is the same it was two hundred years ago."

Papa read with the trumpet tone of triumph in his voice, aunt and mamma were enthusiastic listeners, and when he had finished reading they broke forth into praise of the verses, their writer, and the event commemorated.

Then the conversation turned to Scotland, its heroes, martyrs and bards—to the great men, giants on the earth, who stood in the forefront of the battle, and counted not their lives dear unto them in their zeal for the Lord's truth and the people's liberties.

While they talked of these things a part of me rejoiced in my Scottish ancestry, and my small share in the hereditary glories of Presbyterianism, while another part went out secretly after my dead mother and the despised O's and Macs from which she sprung.

From such conversations as these I got some knowledge of the men whom my father delighted to honour—Wishart and Patrick Hamilton, who for the truth's sake passed through the fire to Him whom they loved ;

Knox, that warrior of the Lord, who, warring not on his own charges, was able against all odds to stamp his own individuality on a nation and make the lines true :

" A virtuous populace shall rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around the much loved
 Isle ; "

Peden and Cargill and Cameron of the " days of darkness and blood," when the ministers of the word were hunted like the partridges on the mountains, when, like Nehemiah's builders, they wrought with one hand in the work and in the other held a weapon ; saintly Samuel Rutherford, who did not build his nest in any of this world's trees, and many another noble name.

And there were living men of whom my father said, they were worthy to sit and in the place of the mighty dead.

A great Scottish minister called Chalmers was the chief of these ; and there was a Mr. McDonald, surnamed Ferintosh, I did not know why, and our own Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, whose name was

a household word among us. I cherish these grand names as relics of those dear old days when my childhood's home was the Manse of Grey Abbey.

While playing in the garden during this visit of aunt Henderson, Walter suddenly dropped his little spade and said to me:

"Don't you think, 'Lisbeth, that God's a Presbyterian?"

I thought a little about it before I answered him, for Mr. Willey, of Kilwarlin, the Moravian minister, came to our place sometimes on Bible Society business, and father said of him: "He is an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile." So I said to Walter: "Many people who are not Presbyterians say 'Our Father.' I hope he is Our Father to all who call on him. He will be, too, if they call on him in spirit and in truth."

This was the home out of which I looked with eager questioning eyes on the little world into which I was born; and a quiet, thoughtful, semi-Scotch world it was.

It was not customary at the Manse to allow the children outside of the garden or orchard alone. I remember, on one occasion, papa and mamma being with us, playing on the sands by the shore, and wondering that I did not find shells like those on the mantel-piece in the best parlor, which I held to my ear to decide whether the tide was coming in or going out whenever I got an opportunity. It is like a dream to me that Walter ran away the first day he got into trousers, with the intention of going to sea like Robinson Crusoe, and that afterwards we were forbidden to go outside of our own boundaries when alone.

We sometimes went with papa or mamma to see Mr. Martin, the elder, who lived on a farm quite near us. We used to get curds and cream there, and were taken to see the guinea hens, and were chased once, and terribly frightened, by the large turkey.

I liked best of all to go to see Granny McLean, who lived in a little thatched cottage beyond our garden—a cottage white as snow, with lattice windows, having small lozenge-shaped panes set in stripes of lead. She had a wee bit of garden, sweet with southern-wood and thyme, and gay with sweet-williams, holly-hocks, wall-flowers and roses. The beginning of my great intimacy with Granny McLean was this: she had taken me into her garden to "pou a bonnie posy" for my mamma, she said, when a gay party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback swept past at a canter along the public road.

I looked after them with admiring eyes as long as the fluttering habits and streaming plumes of the ladies remained in sight.

"I wish I had a pony of my own," I said to granny,

"You would need a habit, too," said granny.

"Yes, I would like that also," I answered.

"I will give you a pony and habit when my ship comes in," said granny with a smile

"Have you a ship coming in, granny?" I asked

"Oh, yes, dear, I have a fine ship sailing to me from somewhere, I know."

"When will it come in?"

"Whenever the winds are fair."

"Will it be soon?"

"Keep a good look out, dear. When the winds are not contrary the ships will come in."

"Will my pony surely come with it?"

"Certainly," said granny.

"What will it be like?"

"Whatever you wish, my dear."

"Well, if it's all the same to you, granny, I would like a bay pony, with a light mane and tail—a long tail you know—and a dark blue habit, and a hat with a feather in it."

"Well, dear, as sure as my ship comes in, so sure the bay pony will be on deck for you."

I never told any one about the pony I expected to get when granny's ships came in, but I often pictured to my mind how surprised papa, mamma and Walter would be when the pony arrived. In our walks I never came to any place where there was a good view of the sea without looking if Granny McLean's ship was coming in with every sail set, and a bay pony on deck for me.

This was the first of my "great expectations." Long afterwards, when I read some simple lines ending

"How many watchers in life there be
For the ships that never come over the sea,

they brought to my mind my watching across the sea, my frequent calls at granny's cottage to ask, "Has the ship come in yet, granny?" and the hopeful expectancy that never grew discouraged with the answer "Not yet, dearie, not yet."

CHAPTER. II.

Truly our joys were limited and few,
But they sufficed our lives to satisfy,
That neither fret nor dim foreboding knew,
But breathed the air in a great harmony."

JEAN INGELOW.

Since I have been grown up I have heard and read a great deal about the gloom and austerity of Puritan sabbaths; speaking from my own childish memories, I must say our sabbaths were the nicest times we had.

Mamma was all our own on that day. Child-like, we loved stories, but there were no stories to us like Bible stories told by the tender mother voice. Mamma had the faculty of word painting in a great degree. We realized the scenes she described in simple words as if we were looking at them. We spent part of every sabbath, in imagination, upon the hills, under the palm trees, by the wells of the Holy Land. We sat by Abraham under the oak of Mamre, in the tent door, when he entertained

angels; stood by him, looking down over the plain of Jordan, "fertile and well watered even as the garden of the Lord," towards wealthy, wicked Sodom, and listened breathlessly while he took it upon him to plead with God for the guilty cities. We wept for the woes of the goodly youth who was separated from his brethren. We watched with Miriam by the river's brink, over the floating cradle which held the beautiful babe, who had arrived at that age when healthy babies "caper and crow" too much to be easily hidden. We lingered under the shade of the mighty cedars of that goodly mountain Lebanon,

"Where like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon."

Away in the waste howling wilderness we wandered with Jehovah's freedmen until they learned discipline and obedience. We followed them into the Promised Land, and were glad when righteousness exalted their nation, and sorry when they, for their sins, were left to the power of their enemies.

Walter, boy-like, preferred stories out of Judges and Kings of the wars of the Lord, stories of success and triumph or strange adventure. He liked to hear of the grand army marching round Jericho. I sympathised with the trembling anxiety of those in that beleaguered city, whose only hope for life and liberty depended on the good faith of the spies who caused the scarlet line to be bound in the window. We knew of the great battles from the battle by the waters of Merom to the battle of Ramoth in Gilead. We never wearied of hearing about the handsome and valiant young lad, who, before he had disobeyed and been rejected, went to look for the asses and came home an anointed king. Jonathan, and not King Arthur, was our ideal of a stainless knight. No feat of arms seemed so great to us as the defeat of the whole Philistine

army by Jonathan and his armorbearer at Michmash. We did not know which to admire most, the victorious youth of the fair countenance, who stood before the King with the head of the Philistine in his hand, or the unselfish displaced heir to the throne, who was so noble that he loved him as his own soul. We wept with Esau when his exceeding bitter cry came too late; we mourned for Saul, forsaken and doomed, when he hopelessly set the battle in array on the fatal and fated field of Gilboa. We wondered at the mighty work undertaken by a captive and a slave, when he planned, and carried out his plan, to build the city of his father's sepulchres in spite of the malicious opposition of the mocking heathen.

No scene in the "Arabian Nights" equalled in magnificence, to our imaginations, the gorgeous splendors of Shushan, the palace. We admired no heroine of history so much as that fair Queen, who, after waiting on the God of Israel for three days in fasting and prayer, went in to the King, royal in apparel, exquisite in beauty, to plead for her people, saying, "If I perish I perish."

Mamma showed to us where these heroes and heroines of the Bible got the power to do and suffer. We got wrought into our nature a belief in God as the God of wonders, the Hearer of prayer, the Mighty Deliverer when all earthly hope failed.

The historical Jane often told us stories of fairies, giants and dwarfs, witches and warlocks, by the kitchen fire on winter evenings; but she always ended her stories by saying, "And there was a great pie made, and I got a piece of the pie for telling the lie." This ending destroyed the pleasure her stories gave us. Though they were very wonderful, we wanted stories which were true.

There came a time of great trouble to the Manse shortly after Aunt Hen-

derson went home. Mamma was not to be seen, and Doctor Young, white-faced, large-nosed, and pompous, went out and in solemnly, with his shiny black hair and his shining black clothes, looking very like a tame raven, while strange women took possession of the house, and tip-toed round, speaking in scared whispers. When we asked any questions Jane stilled us with threats of being sent to Mr. Martin's (the elder) if we made any trouble. This threat caused us to take refuge in papa's study, where papa sat silent and anxious.

Then a time came when we were dressed in new black clothes, and taken into the best room, all ghostly with white drapery, and saw our mamma, still and white, with two little babes beside her.

There was a funeral, another grave added to the three that were already in our part of the grave-yard, and the Manse seemed desolated forever.

How we did miss mamma every moment, and long for her to come back again!

When I could not sleep at night, but lay in my little room in the ivy-covered gable end, listening to the wild winds shaking the ivy, I thought of mamma; I remembered how she, out of her pitiful heart, used to say when the winds raged: "Lord, take care of the poor souls at sea;" I thought of how good and kind and patient she was, how the very beggars mourned for her as a friend; I thought, also, of the times when I was naughty and disobedient till my heart was sore.

I often lay looking into the darkness, saying to myself, "If I could only see her once again to tell her how sorry I am that I ever was naughty, how lonely we are without her, how much we loved her," until a great awe and dread would creep over me, and then I would cover up my head and sob myself to sleep.

My father seemed to miss mamma

more than any of us. He got thin and pale, and was silent and preoccupied. He was much away from home about this time at public meetings. We did not know in the least what the frequent meetings were about, we only knew that they were of vast importance, that the welfare of the church and the world depended on some things being done, and others prevented. We knew that our father was away battling for the Lord, and we received him when he came home like a returning conqueror.

It was a sad coming home for papa. We noticed that his eye always sought for some one, and then he remembered, and stepped softly as on the day of the funeral.

Jane complained that he ate next to nothing, and seemed to have lost interest in every earthly thing.

He was kinder to us than ever, and indulged us more than Jane thought was right, but he was absent minded and sorrowful continually.

I heard father's people, Mr. Martin, the elder, and the rest who came to the Manse, say to Jane often: "You must be very thoughtful about the minister, Jane, as we are sure you are. He does not get over his grief, and he is ageing fast. He never was to say a strong man; he should go away a little for rest and change."

I do not know how long it was after mamma's death that papa was away from home for some days. He was at Lisburn, at an ordination I think, and afterwards he was going to some important meeting that was to be held in Belfast.

While he was away the Rev. Mr. Willey, of Kilwarlin, with his son, came to the Manse. Mr Willey wanted to see papa about a Bible Society meeting. He intended to leave a message with Jane, but she, fearful of making a mistake, invited him into papa's study to write it, and sent his son, little Willie Willey, out into the garden to play with us until he had done so.

While we were gathering gooseberries off the particular bush that Jane had given over to us, Willie told us of the new railway opened between Lisburn and Belfast. He showed us some pins rolled out quite flat and thin, like little daggers—fairy swords he called them. He said that he arranged them on the rail, and after the cars passed over them they were flattened out so. He told us also that a man had been killed by the cars the day before—crushed out of life in a moment, his blood and brains were spattered all round. "The cars," he said, "were so swift and cruel. Every one was talking of the accident yesterday when we were in Belfast."

After they had got some refreshment, hastily got up by Jane, and were gone, a great fear fell on me lest it might be my father who was killed. I could not rest, but went out and in anxious and miserable, while my imagination ran wild over this new and terrible danger, and the possibility of my father never coming back to us any more. When he did return he found me watching for him at the gate, and I ran to meet him and kissed him again and again, with joy that all my fears were vain.

After tea that evening we sat with papa a long time. Walter had been quarrelling with Jane, and now he complained of her to papa, and said: "I want my own pretty mamma back again. When will she come?"

Then papa talked to us of mamma, how she was walking in Paradise, robed and crowned under the shade of the glorious trees with their leaves of healing, by the crystal river, seeing Him who sits on the throne with the rainbow steps, an exalted Prince and Saviour. Then my secret sorrow burst out, and I said: "Oh, papa! could my own mamma not get in there because she had O to her name?"

Papa looked at me as if I had struck him. I saw his face bleach almost as white as his hair. He had got

very gray since mamma died, though he was by no means old. At last he said: "Who has been talking before you, Elizabeth?"

"Aunt Henderson, when she was here last, was talking to mamma," I answered. So he made me tell him all I knew, his dark eyes looking through and through me all the time. Then he said, "Your mother, Elizabeth, was the noblest woman I ever knew. I have been better all my lifetime for having known and loved her. Your aunt did not understand what she was talking about; you must not think of or mind what she said. Your mother died young because the Lord loved her, and she left me with a recollection of her too tender and deep for words."

"I was afraid, papa, that the O was something wrong, when I never heard her spoken of but that one time," I said.

"God grant, my little daughter, that you may grow up worthy of such a mother," said papa, solemnly.

"But the grave is not in the churchyard, papa, where my brothers and sisters, and my other mamma, are buried," I persisted.

"No, my child, it is not, because your dear mamma died abroad."

"Abroad! Oh, papa! And did I not see her, as I think I did, before she died," I said eagerly.

"Yes, I expect you did," said papa, slowly, "though I have no distinct recollection of it. Your mother was long ill and weak, but she had one alarming attack, when we all thought she was about to leave us. It was at that time, I suppose, that she asked for you, and you were lifted up on the bed to see her, as you fancy you remember; but she rallied afterwards, and seemed better for a time."

"Why did she go abroad when she was so ill, papa?"

"In hopes that she might recover, dear. Her dearest friend, and a distant relative besides, Lady Fitzgerald, came

to see her, and persuaded me to let her accompany her ladyship abroad to try a change of air and a warmer climate. I hoped a change of climate would benefit her, and consented, to my sorrow. She did improve wonderfully for a little while, and we thought she would be spared to us; but she had a relapse, and died quite suddenly. I got there too late to see her alive. She is buried in a little village in the south of France. Her grave is far away from us, Elizabeth. Her loss was a sore trial to me; it was a triumphant going home to her. It was not because I thought little of your mother that you never heard me speak of her, but because her loss shadowed my life, and I could not bear to open the old wound. If I had known what your aunt said before you I would have told you about your dear mother while she was here. She knows well that your mother was very precious to me, and her memory must be precious to you, my little daughter. I have more than one friend at the court of the Great King."

Papa said these last words in an absent manner, and relapsing into silence, sat musing. I became quiet also, because I was comforted. When we were going to bed under Jane's escort—very unwillingly—papa called us back and kissed us tenderly.

We said our prayers and went to bed quietly. Walter was too angry at Jane, and I was too happy, to chatter as we usually did. I fell asleep and dreamed happy dreams; no shadow of the coming morrow darkened them with its woe.

CHAPTER III.

Come, time, and teach me many years

I do not suffer in a dream;

For now so strange do these things seem

Mine eyes have leisure for their tears.

TENNYSON.

I remember that evening so distinctly, so sweetly, but the next day is all confusion in my mind. Jane said that

she was awakened by a heavy stroke on her bedroom door, that she felt awed and frightened, and then uncertain whether she had dreamed of the noise or actually heard it. Jane was a great believer in signs and wonders, and was often accused of being superstitious by my father, so, for fear of being laughed at, she remained listening and uncertain until she heard a strange voice in my father's room. She described it as a kind of gurgle or splash. Then she heard my father come out of his room and go downstairs. She exclaimed in her fright, "Lord have mercy on us! What is the matter, master?" She fancied she heard my father say, "Amen," but she was not sure. Getting up hastily, she wrapped herself in some clothing and ran downstairs. It was the grey dawning of an early autumn morning. My father had opened the hall-door and was sitting on a low hall table, in his old study gown, hastily thrown over his night-shirt, a hand on each knee, leaning forward a little. When she came near him she saw that the front of his gown and night-shirt were drenched with blood, and there was a pool on the floor at his feet, which were bare and splashed with red drops.

Jane screamed for Andrew Telfer, the man who farmed the Manse fields for father, who happened to be in the house that night, though he usually slept at home. Between them they laid him on the sofa in the parlor, and Andrew ran for Doctor Young, wakening Mr. Martin, the elder (who lived near), on his way. Father was not dead as Jane feared. After Andrew left he opened his eyes and tried to speak, but the effort brought a rush of blood to his lips, and before any one came he passed away with his head on Jane's arm.

And I, not knowing, slept on, and wandered in a happy dream with my two mammas through a summer land, bright with blossoms and fresh with verdure. When I awakened Walter and I were orphans indeed. The Manse

was full of the people who lived near, father's hearers they were mostly, and there was great lamentation over him. They would not let us into the room where father lay. The doctor came and went away again, and every one knew that all was over, that father was gone to his Master. We heard them speak to one another of his death, as having been caused by the rupture of a large blood vessel.

I cannot remember clearly the events of that dreadful time, they come back to my recollection in fragments.

Uncle Tom Henderson, whom I had never seen before, came to the Manse before the funeral and took the management of everything on himself. There were crowds of father's hearers and personal friends came to take a last look at him. They spoke of him as a faithful minister of the Word, as one who was a living example to his flock, and expressed their sympathy for the two children left by this dispensation entirely alone. There was a very large funeral, and father was laid in the grave and covered up from our sight forever. Uncle Tom stayed on settling and arranging father's affairs. He was a tall, slim man, with a quick eye and very rapid in his movements. He was a great puzzle to me. I found myself watching him with the wondering thought, "What will he do or say next?" When he sat quiet, with a musing look on his face that became him well, I thought him a very handsome man, but in motion he was odd, very odd. He had a way of throwing up his head, and blowing out his nostrils with a kind of snort, that made him look like a startled horse. He walked at a great pace, waved his arms about in a wild manner, flung out his words with a jerk, as if he hated to waste time in speech, and breathed as heavily as if he were moved by machinery that worked at high pressure. This was Uncle Tom.

The elders of the church and he held a consultation in the parlor with the door

shut, which I felt had reference to us. Walter and I wandered about disconsolately, I wondering to myself what ailed me, that I did not feel sorrow for my father's death more keenly. I felt as if I were walking about in my sleep. Jane, obeying Uncle Tom's rapid orders, packed up trunks and boxes with certain things which he selected. There was a sale of the household furniture, and the proceeds were handed over to Uncle Tom.

We were aware by this time that we were to go with Uncle Tom to his home far down in County Antrim, and Jane Geddes was to go also. On the last night which we spent in the Manse we were sitting in the kitchen, amid corded up boxes and trunks, feeling, I think, a little like shipwrecked people, and truly we were sitting amid the wreck of our home, when Uncle came in to notify us of his final arrangements.

It never dawned upon Uncle Tom's mind that any one under his orders presumed to think differently from him. He announced to Jane that he wanted her to remain behind long enough to thoroughly clean up the Manse after the disorder consequent upon the sale. There were some other things to attend to which she could do as well as not, and he could stay away from his business no longer. Walter and I were to go with him in the morning, Mr. Martin lending his car and swift horse to take us into Belfast to the coach office. With great precision, Uncle counted into Jane's hand the exact amount for her travelling expenses, and with the air of having arranged matters, he left the kitchen.

Jane was cross with Uncle, so cross that she felt like throwing a creepie stool at him, in imitation of her great namesake, if she could have believed it would have been as effectual.

"He is such a driver," said she, "always, 'hurry up! hurry up, Jane!' and no amount of haste would squeeze one word of praise or thanks out of him.

To see him snorting and steaming round, and looking as if he would blow up any minute, it is no wonder that his men call him the Steam Packet! He's miserly, too, and I believe it will be hard lines for us all, dears, to live in the same house with him. I would not go an inch if it were not for you two children that I have nursed since you were babies."

Next morning we were up before day. Jane had breakfast ready when we were roused by Uncle. She was sent up to help and hurry us in our dressing, which she did, abusing Uncle all the time.

It was very early in the morning, day was beginning to dawn, grey, cold and comfortless, when Walter and I, bundled up in our new pelisses, made out of dear mamma's blue cloth cloak, were placed on Mr. Martin's low backed car by Uncle Tom's hasty hands. There was not a streak of color in the east to speak of coming sunrise as we drove up the slope that led to the church. Passing Granny McLean's cottage, I remember thinking regretfully that if her ship did come in at last I would be far away and never get the bay pony—and in truth I never did.

I turned to look my last at the Manse. The morning star hung over it large and bright. Jane stood under the sycamore at the little front gate waving her apron to us. I knew she was crying, so was I, but the car rattled on, and the Manse of Grey Abbey, my childhood's home, the place of my father's sepulchre, lay behind me for ever—I never saw it afterwards. When the sun rose he had a veil of mist rapped round him, and looked, I thought, as if he were ready to break into tears like ourselves.

It was still quite early when we got into Belfast. The car drove into an innyard. Uncle was so busy flying around, unloading our trunks, and shouting rapid orders to Mr. Martin, that we stood unnoticed on the pavement. Presently a window opened near us, and a thin lady, with a good deal of

bright ribbon in her cap, looked out and called us.

"Are you going by the car, children?" said she.

"We are going by the coach, ma'am," I answered.

"By the coach, did you say?" asked the lady sharply.

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"You are in the wrong place then," said the lady, tartly as possible.

"Are we, ma'am?" I asked, quite frightened.

"Of course you are," returned the lady.

We looked round at Uncle Tom, who was flying round, and had almost finished unloading the car. "Do you belong to him?" said she, following the direction of our eyes.

"Yes ma'am," I answered.

"She says we are in the wrong place," said Walter, running up to Uncle Tom.

"No, no," broke in Uncle Tom, "All right! Run in, children, out of the way. We go by the car, Miss Courtenay. Does it start soon?"

The lady looked mollified, and gave Uncle the desired information quite graciously. "The car," she said "will start almost immediately."

She came out and took us into a little waiting room. Mr. Martin, with whom she was acquainted, told her who we were, and she spoke very kindly to us, and brought us on a salver two glasses of raspberry wine and some seed cakes. We were glad to get this little treat, for, on account of being waked up so early, and the excitement of leaving home, we had scarcely tasted breakfast. Jane had, indeed, put up some cakes for us in a little basket, but Uncle had taken charge of it, and he was so busy we did not like to ask him about it.

By and by Uncle came in, and Walter asked him if this was the coach office.

"We are not going by the coach," he said, "but on Miss Courtenay's car. The coach is expensive, and might upset. The car is just the thing to see the

country from—nice and low—no distance to fall. It is running opposition and is cheap; besides, we will be home earlier if we go by it."

After waiting what seemed to our impatience a weary time, Miss Courtenay's car was ready to start. It had its full complement of passengers without counting us. The lady with the bright ribbons said we could sit in the well of the car on the trunks. One of the passengers said he would make room for the little lady beside him, or keep her on his knee (alas, I stood on the foot-board most of the time). Uncle, who sat on the other side, took charge of Walter.

The car started with a flourish, and rattled and jingled through the streets out to the Antrim road. I remember passing many beautiful villas half hid in shrubbery. Uncle pointed out the Cave-Hill, which I could not see plainly through the mist, and was too much absorbed with fears of falling off to care about seeing. We were soon out in the open country. The car stopped frequently at wayside inns to water the horse. Sometimes he did not want to drink, and would not, but the driver and two of the passengers always did. The driver was a wiry, thin-faced man, with a long turned up chin and a short turned up nose. He had a hard, disreputable look, as if any amount of reckless mischief would be only fun to him. His recklessness seemed to increase so much after every call at the wayside inns that I was afraid of him. That was a dismal journey. The mist began to fall in fine rain, and we soon were uncomfortably damp.

The gentleman who took charge of me, meant, I am sure, to be kind, for he made room for me on the seat beside him, and put his umbrella over me; but when he and Uncle began to talk politics across the car he forgot me, I am afraid. I was so squeezed that I slipped down and stood on the foot board, holding by his coat. I was soon

tired standing. The gentleman's umbrella either dripped down my back or caught in my bonnet, while the political conversation went on for many a weary mile. It appeared that Sir Robert Peel had done something very wrong in Parliament, and had fallen in the gentleman's estimation very much on that account. I remember wondering if Sir Robert would be sorry. He talked about the rabble and the common people till I looked up at him to see if he was far above the common himself. I saw a man very straight and stiff, buttoned up to the chin, with a hard, red, clean-shaved face—indeed his face looked as raspy as if it had been scraped, and I concluded somehow that he had been in the army. I knew I was right when I heard him talk of the "Iron Duke" as one talks of a friend, referring often to the time "when we were on the Peninsula," or, when censuring Sir Robert Peel, "if the Duke had the management of affairs, sir, he would know how to keep the rabble down. A man like the Duke has resources within himself; he always rises equal to the occasion. Men like him, who know how to command, and, better still, how to compel obedience, should be at the head of affairs." Every little while he would shake his head over Sir Robert's political crimes and say, "Peel's a rat—Peel's a rat," and I longed to ask him how could that be and the gentleman a baronet and a member of Parliament. Wondering at this helped to divert my mind from my own weariness, till at last one of the passengers remained at an inn where we stopped, and I got his seat. We came to a place on our journey where the road ran through a peat moss. The peat had been cut away on each side till only the road remained, running like a broad wall through the moss.

"A dangerous piece of road this on a dark night," said Uncle Tom.

"The authorities should have a

wall built on each side to prevent accident happening to His Majesty's subjects," said our military friend.

"We might as well be driving on the wall of Babylon," said Uncle Tom, laughing.

I looked down into the black depths, dotted with heaps of turf, piled up ready for drawing home, and thought, with terror, "What if the car should go too near the edge and fall over with us into the black depths below!"

"The mail coach is coming," said Uncle Tom.

Yes, there it was, sure enough, bowling along behind us at a great rate, drawn by four brown horses, that held up their heads and came spanking on as if drawing His Majesty's mail was fun and they liked it.

The coach was crowded with passengers, and looked top-heavy. The coachman, in his drab topcoat, with its large cape, flourished his whip; the guard blew loudly on his bugle a merry warning to clear the way. The road was wide enough to allow the coach to pass, but to my unaccustomed eyes it seemed too narrow, and there was no fence at either side.

Our driver had thrashed and shouted and sworn at his poor beast all morning, but he now stood up to put more vim into his performance, determined not to let the coach pass. It was right behind us now, the heads of the leaders—a terrible sight to me—almost touching us, champing their bits and sprinkling us with foam. On whichever side the coach tried to pass our driver kept before it, making his horse prance from side to side, leering round with his tongue out, enquiring of the coach driver if he wanted to pass, shouting back insult and defiance like one possessed. The two passengers who had been drinking with him cheered him on. The driver of the coach was pale with anger, but held in his temper as he did his horses, although I, in my terror, thought they would jump on us

every moment. The lady passengers screamed; the gentlemen—at least some of them—swore, I am afraid. The military gentleman, bidding me hold on for dear life, made a spring and caught the drunken driver, from behind, round the waist, pinning his arms to his side, and holding him with a grip worthy of his friend the Iron Duke, in spite of his oaths and struggles. At the same moment Uncle Tom sprang to the horse's head, turned him out of the way with a jerk, and held him till the coach tore past at full speed. It all happened in a few minutes, I daresay, but I will never forget the terror I endured.

The military gentleman told the driver, on releasing him, that if he gave any more trouble he would pitch him over into the bog. I daresay he thought he would be as good as his word, for he was quiet the rest of the way.

When we arrived at Antrim we had another instance of Uncle Tom's economy. He did not order dinner, but produced our lunch basket and called for three glasses of ginger tea. We did not like ginger tea, and we did want our dinner, but Uncle thought it was better than any dinner to take us out in the rain to show us Massareene Castle. As we only saw that part of it which towered above a high wall, we thought it small compensation for the loss of our dinner. He patiently showed us all the wonderful sights of Antrim, especially places made memorable during the rebellion of 1798. We were very inattentive listeners I am afraid, for Antrim remains to this day unknown ground to us. After we left Antrim it continued to rain steadily, and we were cold, miserable and silent till the car stopped at Miss Courtney's Inn in Ballymena. I hoped we would get supper here and get warmed, but again we were doomed to disappointment. Uncle took us away without allowing us to enter the inn at all. He gave orders that the trunks should be kept till called

for, and then hurried us off, but not before the driver came and asked to be remembered. I do not think Uncle remembered him as he wished, by giving him money, for he said something sharp to him about Bridewell. We were then taken by Uncle through some streets and into a mean-looking house, in the kitchen of which was a long grate with a very little fire in it. A man who was sitting by the fire stirred it up into a blaze when he saw how I shivered.

"Is there anyone here yet?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Not yet," answered the man.

"If I were at home, I'd make it a warning to them," said Uncle.

"Oh, they'll be along soon," he answered. "And these are the children, eh?"

"Yes," said Uncle, "these are the children."

"And Walter Ray's gone, poor fellow. He was a good man, if ever there was one," said the man.

"No doubt about that," said Uncle, decidedly.

"Are you going to keep the youngsters?" asked he.

"It is likely," said Uncle Tom, "at least for a little while."

"Is your wife willing? She's a thrifty, managing woman, and that kind seldom like to be bothered," said the man.

"What is to be will be, whether we like it or not," said Uncle Tom.

"You're a great fellow for foreordination, Mr. Henderson. Now, I believe in the freedom of the will. You can keep these children or refuse to keep them, can't you now?"

"I believe you can believe according to your conscience, Mr. Hood. I never argue," said Uncle Tom.

We were just getting comfortably warm when a tall, awkward, broad-shouldered boy in fustian clothes came in quietly.

"Here is John Symmons at last," said the man of the house.

"Where's the car?" said Uncle, quickly.

"Something was wrong about getting the car," answered the boy, slowly, looking down and twitching at his red fingers nervously. "The mistress said I was to carry little master, and the little girl could walk."

Uncle flashed a quick glance at the boy, which was entirely lost on him, as he never looked up, but continued cracking the joints of his fingers one after another; then bidding a short good-bye to the man of the house, he took my hand and went out again into the wet night, followed by the boy with Walter hoisted on his back. We walked through the dismal streets for a little while, then, to my utter dismay, left them behind us and went out into the country. Uncle Tom was a very rapid walker, and I had almost to run to keep up with him. I felt envious of Walter, who was fast asleep with his head on John Symmons' fustian back. I was hungry; I was tired, but I struggled along bravely because I was ashamed to complain. At last I gave up entirely, feeling that I could not go another step, I think it was that night I first began to pity myself. I thought there was no one in the world to care how tired I was.

I said timidly to Uncle, that if he would let me sit down on the roadside to rest I would go on again after a little while. Uncle came to a dead stop immediately, gave an impatient snort, saying, "I thought you were a little woman instead of a baby," turned

and pounced on me as if he were an eagle, clutched hold of me so tightly that he hurt me, and swung me up on his back without a word, only, "See that you hold on."

I was not big of my age; I was very tired; but I felt so insecure in my unaccustomed position, I held on so awkwardly—very inconveniently to Uncle, I think, for his breathing got rapidly worse—that John Symmons, in his turn, came to a stop, and broke silence, saying:

"This will never do, master."

"I do not think it will, John," he replied.

"Suppose you stop to-night at Aunt Mattie's," said John.

"Aunt Mattie's! It is just the thing to do, John. It is not far now."

With these words he turned and shot up a lane at a fearful pace, John Symmons following with Walter. The lane seemed to be that long one that has no turning, and, I thought, no end. I would have fallen asleep with weariness, only I began to think that Uncle Tom was not able to carry me.

"Let me walk a little, Uncle," I said, feebly.

"Hoot! Be quiet! You'll soon be there," said Uncle, sharply.

"You'll better let the little girl walk a bit, master," said John Symmons.

"I suppose you're right, John," said Uncle, setting me down; "but we're almost there."

"Yes, master, there are the dogs," said John, "barking welcome."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



MYSTIC MEMORY.

READ BEFORE THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, MONTREAL.

The mental feeling, which I have called "Mystic Memory," has been frequently described, and will be, when recalled, familiar to all. It will, therefore, be unnecessary to give more than two extracts to revive the reader's recollection of the phenomenon. The first occurs in the diary of Sir Walter Scott for February 17th, 1828, and is as follows:

"I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday, at dinner-time, I was strangely haunted by what I would call the sense of pre-existence, viz., a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time; that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. It is true that there might have been some ground for recollections, considering that three at least of the company were old friends, and had kept much company together—that is, Justice Clerk, Abercromby and I. But the sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a mirage in the desert, or a calenture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and sylvan landscapes in the sea. It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said."

The circumstances under which this occurred will be discussed further on. Scott also describes the same feeling in his "Guy Mannering," chapter 41; but the passage from his diary is naturally of a more authentic character. Dickens, who makes use of the same feeling in "David Copperfield," also experienced it personally, and has described it in his "Sketches from Italy." I give this passage in preference to others because, while Scott's experience relates to persons and conversations, that of Dickens has reference to places. The extract reads thus:

"At sunset, when I was walking on alone, while the horses rested, I arrived upon a little

scene, which, by one of those singular mental operations of which we are all conscious, seemed perfectly familiar to me, and which I see distinctly now. There was not much in it. In the blood-red light there was a mournful sheet of water, just stirred by the evening wind; upon its margin a few trees. In the foreground was a group of silent peasant girls leaning over the parapet of a little bridge, and looking, now up at the sky, now down into the water; in the distance a deep bell; the shadow of approaching night on everything. If I had been murdered there in some former life, I could not have seemed to remember the place more thoroughly, and with a more emphatic chilling of the blood; and the real remembrance of it, acquired in that minute, is so strengthened by the imaginary recollection, that I hardly think I could forget it."

This feeling, described by novelists and others, like Coleridge, Tennyson and Eugene Sue, of a romantic turn of mind, is not confined to them. It is one which we have all experienced, and while it formed a turning point in the religious development of William Hone, the hero of the celebrated state trial in 1817, it has been described by Lord Lyndsay in his "Letters," and by Tupper in his "Proverbial Philosophy." Strangely enough, it has not been made the subject of regular investigation, serving as it might to throw light upon many a vexed question in psychology. Though incidentally noticed by various writers, the only discussion that I have ever seen upon the subject occurs in a rambling string of letters contributed to the second and third series of "Notes and Queries." In the course of these letters, and in Dallas' "Gay Science," four theories are enunciated with confidence by their various authors, but there has been no regular discussion of the difficulties that beset the question. These theories it will be convenient to discuss as a means of arriving at some modicum of truth. But, before

doing so, I will briefly recapitulate the bodily conditions and circumstances under which this state of mind arises, and the points that are its special characteristics.

Where the patients have taken the trouble to ascertain and commit them to paper, bodily weakness and mental weariness have been the conditions under which the feeling has arisen. Scott's experience occurred after a succession of mornings of that constant study which began from the time of his bankruptcy and ended only in the stroke of paralysis, which weakened his intellect. The "vile sense of want of reality," as he describes it, was due, in part, perhaps, as he himself suggests, to a disordered stomach. Wine, he found, only augmented, and did no good to the disorder. He compares the state to the giddy condition of a patient after profuse bleeding. Dr. Wigan, whose theory will come under discussion, experienced sensations, such as have been described, at the funeral of the Princess Charlotte. He had nearly fainted away before this occurred, and in his case, as in that of Sir W. Scott, want of sufficient rest was the ultimate cause. He notices that he had passed through several nights of severe work. From these accounts, valuable alike from their sources and from the scientific way in which the phenomena are noticed, it may be inferred that at least one of the conditions of the state under investigation must be an overtaxed mind and body, a condition which naturally necessitates a semi-withdrawal of full consciousness, and this agrees with a writer in "Notes and Queries," whose personal experiences of this sort he compares to a day dream. These conditions must be borne in mind, as they will be subject of reference in a subsequent part of this discussion.

The peculiar features which characterise the state of mind, need merely a brief mention, as they will probably be

perfectly familiar; but they must be specially remembered, as any explanation that may be adopted must be in accordance with them.

1. The impression is one solely elicited by an actual occurrence betraying no sign of its existence beforehand, and appearing simultaneously with the circumstances or places of which it is a reflex.

2. This impression is projected into the past, and comes looming up, as it were, from it.

3. This past is utterly irrecoverable. The circumstances of it, the events happening before and after, are totally unknown.

4. The reflex impression is an hallucination, as far at least as our waking life in the flesh is concerned. From conversations merely it would not be safe to draw this conclusion, for conversations are hard to define, and the same ground is often traversed twice. But places have been recognized which facts show can never possibly have been visited before.

5. The actual facts that give rise to this curious sensation need not necessarily be out of the common, specially striking or noticeable. They are often, on the contrary, eminently commonplace.

Such are the bare facts of the feeling which may be called either Mystic Memory or Sense of Prescience. Now, with regard to this sense, it must either be an hallucination or a fact. If it be an hallucination, it is still one that requires explanation, but in this case all reference to the past is unnecessary. If the impression correspond to some fact—that is, if the sense of memory be a genuine one of something actually seen before—the sentient mind may have received the impression in one of several ways. It may have received it in the flesh or out of the flesh; if out of the flesh, the incident must have occurred in some previous state of being (and this is one of the theories

proposed for its explanation); if in the flesh, then the memory must be one of a scene beheld either in the world of dreams or in the waking world. The dream theory is susceptible of two morals—on the one hand we are called upon to admire the prophetic powers, on the other the profuse imagination of the human mind. Under the waking theory, this mysterious feeling will resolve itself into a forgotten memory of either the same or similar places or circumstances, reviving under the stimulus of a new perception. And this theory, though I consider that it ignores the actual facts, we shall shortly review, because it would seem to be a favourite one with several authors.

Thus broadly speaking on the hypothesis that the memory from the past corresponds to some fact, recalls some scene actually witnessed, there are three possible explanations:

1. The Pre-existence theory.
2. The Dream theory.
3. The Waking theory.

When these have been considered, it will be time to consider the hallucination hypothesis. Of these three theories, the last, as being the least important, shall be discussed first. This explanation, which I have called the waking theory, like many other untenable theories, is simplicity itself. We see a thing or something very like it, consciously forget it, but the trace remains stored up in the treasure house of our mind, though blotted out of consciousness; then some new impression takes place, and the whole comes back upon us—the faded lines come out clearly for us upon the paper. This is the theory adopted by Dallas in his "Gay Science" (1. 218), and is thus poetically described:

"So in the days of our feebleness we have witnessed scenes and events for which we seemed to have no eyes and no ears, and a long time thereafter we describe as from imagination what is really a surrender of the memory. (Imagination is here reduced to a bad memory or a very good one.) Looks and tones come back upon us with strange vividness from the far past; and we can picture to the life transactions

of which it is supposed that we never had any experience. Shelley was filled with terror when he thought of these things. In a walk near Oxford he once came upon a part of the landscape for the first time (as he deemed), which nevertheless his memory told him that he had seen before. When, long afterwards, in Italy, he attempted to describe upon paper the state of his mind in half feeling that he had seen this landscape before in a dream, he became so terror-stricken in contemplation of his thought that he had to throw down his pen and fly to his wife, to quell in her society the agitation of his nerves."

Such is Dallas' statement of his theory for the explanation of this sense of prescience, and it is used to support another which claims existence for a "hidden soul"—or in other words, for a marvellous faculty for forgetting and remembering again which no one has ever doubted. Scott, too, suggests this explanation in the passage from his diary already quoted, though it is plain that he does not put much faith in it. Both he and Dickens practically adopt it in their novels, by making these feelings arise in their heroes' minds when revisiting old scenes under changed conditions. Still, however, the theory cannot pass muster; it fails to explain the intense mystery surrounding the sense of prescience, and it ignores the well attested fact of its occurrence under totally new conditions, when a scene is viewed which can never have been beheld before by our waking eyes. If Shelley had seen the landscape before, this at once puts his case into a different category, though the result may be curiously similar. And, of course, in every science results the same or similar are constantly being arrived at from different causes. Now what we have to find is the cause of the special phenomenon before us, and of this the most noticeable point is the familiarity we seem to have with places or conversations that we have not, and cannot have, beheld or listened to before in our daily life.

We have next, passing from the most matter of fact explanation to the most transcendental, to examine the pre-ex-

istence theory—a very natural explanation to a by-gone age. Scott himself, as a description of the state, used the term “sense of pre-existence,” directly repudiating, however, any inference to be drawn from his words. Upon this view it was easy to see how our mind or soul, existing before the body, either in a disembodied or otherwise incorporated shape, took into itself a series of impressions, which, when afterwards it became attached to our frame, were constantly being revived. The phenomenon under discussion was no isolated case. All knowledge we know, according to Plato, was recollection, and we are familiar with the poetical side of this belief through Wordsworth’s famous ode :

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.”

The sense of mystic memory may have served to support Plato’s theory of knowledge, but he does not, as far as I know, mention the feeling at all, and it may in fact have been one of many sentiments left for modern ages to develop. The theory of the soul’s pre-existence out of the flesh was the immediate inference drawn by the materialist, W. Hone, upon his experiencing the sensation, and was the proximate cause of his embracing Christianity. In many ways this transcendental theory is a sufficient one, though, by the way, the term “sense of preexistence” is a misnomer, and rather a description of the inference from facts than of the facts themselves. But it is a theory unfitted to our age, a theory that asks too much, a theory resting on a basis that has long ago crumbled away, and as such it would be useless to argue against it.

“We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence.”

I now come to a third explanation

and one of much greater calibre than its predecessors. I mean the dream theory. This, like the others, receives a certain amount of support from the great name of Sir Walter. In its least exaggerated form the hypothesis is thus stated in the words of young Bertram :

“Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination?”

This theory is perhaps taken for granted by Tennyson in his poem, “The Two Voices.”

“Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

“Of something felt like something here ;
Of something done, I know not where ;
Such as no language may declare.”

The theory, too, receives support from the experiences of one Elihu Rich, who, in the panorama of a foreign city, recognized an old acquaintance. On learning its name he found that he had never been there, never seen it. But more curious still, it was the same and yet different. The panorama contained a church that he did not recognize as part of his associations, and this, upon enquiry, proved to be a late erection. He does not, however, say whether he had seen a picture of the city in his youth, from which, by constant habituation, a permanent impression had been derived, but which, as a picture, had been forgotten, owing to the lapse of time.

But a still more striking corroboration is to be found in Rousseau’s confessions (Part 1, Books 3 and 6). In his earlier days he dreamed a dream of such surpassing vividness that the recollections of it had not been effaced by the morning. A mind less vigorous would have forgotten them, one less careful would not have registered them. He did both, however, and seven or eight years afterwards, when travelling in Italy, he came upon the subject of

his visions. The dream flashed back upon him, "and what struck me most of all," he writes, "in the recollection of this reverie is the fact of having recovered some of the objects exactly as I had imagined them. It had the air of a prophetic vision." Such a case as this should have great weight. We must remember, however, Rousseau's acknowledgement that only "some of the objects" were the same. Taken, however, with all allowances, this remains a very curious fact. Of course this dream theory is susceptible of two widely differing interpretations. In the one case we have to contemplate the ever busy mind or brain, freed from the control of the waking will and consciousness—picturing, imagining, varying and combining—making impression after impression upon the organ of conversation. What wonder, as Aristotle says, that one who is always shooting should sometimes hit? But the vicious part of this theory undoubtedly is, that while it explains tolerably well the dreamy recollections that have been experienced in regard places, it fails as applied to conversations and occurrences, which are equally the subject of these feelings. A landscape or a town is virtually capable of comparatively small variation. It does not take long to exhaust all the component parts of such a scene. Everyone has met them very early in his travels, or has seen them in pictures. From such data a mind busied upon such matters, and filled with a natural love of scenery, might easily surpass the fecundity of the kaleidoscope. But what mind could at once accurately and accidentally forecast a conversation upon an indefinite subject, picturing, too, the turns that minds other than itself would give it. Subjects are infinite in their scope, they range from Shakespeare to musical glasses, and when we remember this, and that the words, manner, &c., are all old friends to us in these experiences, surely the natural infer-

rence is that the mind capable of so forecasting them must be the possessor not merely of strongly imaginative, but of genuinely prophetic powers.

And this is really the strong side of the dream-land hypothesis. The mechanical part of the mind or brain is in many ways more powerful in hours of unconsciousness than it ordinarily is when we are, as the phrase goes, in the full possession of our senses. The tales of intellectual and other performances common in the state of somnambulism, but impossible at other times—the recovery of lost articles through memory's surrendering in dreams the secret it has before denied—the undeniably authentic accounts of long passages written in tongues unknown to the patient, but repeated during fits of delirium or other mental aberration—these, and other facts to be found in any manual upon the subject, all point to the activity, power and retentiveness of the mind untrammelled. What if to the conservative, reproductive, representative and other powers of the intellect be added, too, a prophetic power—latent yet existing, dormant yet awake when other powers sleep, existing but in germ, yet possibly, like the faculty of numbers, to be further developed in us as the cycles of change go on? "Time," says Aristotle, "is a good discoverer of such things, or at least a good co-operator." This is a possibility which it would be shallow at once to reject as false, for it is no mere fancy. The facts of clairvoyance are too plain to be misunderstood, too well attested to be readily denied. The human mind has at least the power under certain conditions of divesting itself from the trammels of space. Where, however, its range has as yet been found to be confined is on the side of time, and this is where, if in any place, the theory breaks down. This objection shall receive notice at greater length presently, but there is yet another to make against this parallel.

In the case of clairvoyance under mesmerism, another and a waking will intervenes, controlling and directing. What the passive mind or soul could not do at its own bidding, it does at that of another, and this is surely a real difference. To return, however, to the former point, viz., that the chief objection to the dream theory lies in the fact that if we accept it we must allow that under certain conditions the human mind is able to project itself into the future, like the mind of Anchises in the *Æneid*, and in that future (it may be years or months away) gaze at scenes, listen to conversations, and generally familiarise itself with what is often yet unborn in the womb of time. This is a very grave objection, and one positively insuperable to those that believe the maxim, "*Nihil potest esse in intellectu nisi prius in sensu.*" The phenomena of clairvoyance, of presentiments, of the appearance of dying people in the article of death to their surviving friends, drew from Tennyson the lines :

"Star to star vibrates light : may soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own ;
So—from afar—touch as at once?"

But to the obvious difficulties of this view, which annihilates space, we must, if we believe in the dream theory of mystic memory, superadd the still more serious difficulty of the annihilation of time.

Such, however, is the theory, for I believe no other to be tenable, which all are bound to accept if they believe the sense of prescience to be anything more substantial than an hallucination. The waking theory ignores the facts, the pre-existence and dream theories at least acknowledge them; both inevitably sanction transcendental views of mind and matter, which few, at the present day at least, are capable of receiving. But while the pre-existence theory rests merely upon ideas and modes of thought long out of fashion, the dream-land hypothesis has some fair show of facts in its favor. But as the common

sense of most people will be found unable to stomach it, all that is left for us is to look upon the sense of prescience as an hallucination or mental deception, and to explain it or classify it as best we may, along with other mental deceptions.

Now, if the sense of familiarity be a mere trick of the mind, and have no reality as its basis in the past, the scene, conversation or circumstances simultaneously with which the sense is felt must be the cause of it, and the relation between the shadowy and the real perception as follows:—Either the impressions arise simultaneously, and for some cause or other one is immediately projected into the past, a cloak of mystery cast about it, and there domesticated as an old friend. Or if they have not arisen simultaneously, but in succession, then one of two things must have happened—either the shadowy impression preceded in order of time the substantial, or the substantial the shadowy. And according to the manner in which we shall decide this dispute for precedence, we must explain the facts. If we grant an earlier origin to the shadowy impression, we must grant it, too, in a sense to be real, and must allow it to be, as it were, a weak photograph struck off immediately before a better one. But if, instead of the shadowy, the substantial is to come first, the shadowy impression loses the faint reality that it once had; it is no longer a perception derived from phenomena, but a reflex cast by the real impression into the past.

If, then, we are content to look upon the sense of prescience as an hallucination, we may explain it by one of three theories, which I will call

1. The Simultaneous Impression theory.
2. The Double Impression theory.
3. The Reflex Impression theory.

Whichever explanation may be adopted it is perfectly clear that they all rest upon an illusion of some sort,

and this illusion one impossible to a mind in its normal condition. Only a mind overtaxed or in a state of semi-consciousness could fall into the error of assigning to the past an impression derived either simultaneously with another, or but a moment before or after it. And such a condition of mind we have found to be attendant upon the occurrence of the feelings. Scott says that he was attended by "a vile sense of want of reality," he had been working too hard, admits that his stomach was disordered, and compares his condition to that of a patient after profuse bleeding. Dr. Wigan nearly fainted off owing to severe work and want of rest for several successive nights. Given such a state of mind, debilitated and weakened, it would be hard to pronounce any mental vagary impossible. Our mind is constantly awake, when we ourselves are asleep (for we can set it to wake us at any special time upon an emergency), and so the reverse may hold good, and while we ourselves are physically awake, our mind may be in a dull or somnolent state. It is in such a state that these peculiar feelings arise.

Before the discussion of the three proposed theories it will be interesting to recall a curious historical analogy, which, if it will not help us much to explain the feeling under discussion, serves to emphasize the parallel first shown by Plato between the mind and the state. In the phenomena "write large" the peculiarity to be noticed is undoubtedly a reflex impression, and argument from analogy would naturally predispose us to assign the feeling in a more confined area to the same category. But I would not press this argument in the face of a better explanation, and a much better can be found for mystic memory upon the double impression theory. The historical analogy, however, is at least curious. In the early days, or, as Hegel would call it, the preconscious history, of nations, one of the most noticeable

phenomena is that of the reduplication of events. We have two Theban wars, two Messenian wars, two Decian self-immolations, the events in each case occurring once, but reduplicated as the mode is in semi-mythological history. Similarly, in sacred history, the readers of the Gospel of Mary and the Protevangelion will remember how the wonders of the birth of Jesus were naturally repeated at the birth of the Virgin. The ubiquity of such phenomena amounts to an historical law, and the law is applied by Curtius (Hist. Greece, Vol. 1., page 132, Eng. Trans.) to explain the Trojan myths. These he considers originated during the conquest of Æolis by the Achæans. "In order to support themselves during the slow progress of the struggle the Achæans, ever lovers of song, fortified themselves by songs of the deeds of their ancient lords-in-war, the Atreidæ, and nourished their courage by recalling the god-like heroic power of Achilles. They celebrated their heroes not only as examples, but as predecessors in the fight. They saw them in the spirit walking before them in the same paths, and thought to be following in their footsteps, and merely recovering the right of possession acquired by them. *Such songs necessarily arose* at the time of the conquest of the Trojan land; and even if no vestige of them were preserved we should be justified in presuming them according to the general character of Greek heroic mythology." Similar was the sentiment that gave birth to the tales that gather round the so-called return of the Heraclidæ, while in English history the same tendency takes, as might be expected, a constitutional form, and to King Alfred were in earlier days ascribed the introduction of trial by jury and of representative government. It may be taken as an historical law, that in early days a striking event, one that at the time strongly impressed those that

participated in it, was naturally by a law of the human mind, which we cannot now understand because we cannot consciously think as men did then, reflected and reduplicated in the past. What if the human mind in its hours of weakness, and with consciousness but half aroused, still continues to do that which the national mind cannot now do, since the nation has arrived at the stage of full consciousness?

This interesting analogy is all that can be urged in favour of the Reflex Impression theory, and it is perhaps little enough. Between the different hallucination theories it is hard to decide definitely, but in favour of one—the Double Impression theory—there is so much to be said that the other two may be at once set aside. The reflex theory has but an analogy in its favour, while it strongly contradicts our consciousness that the shadowy impression is also the earlier. The simultaneous theory will receive treatment more conveniently when the double impression explanation has been stated.

Dr. Wigan, in a book upon "The Duality of Mind," published in 1844, which is referred to in "Notes and Queries," gives what seems a very probable solution of the question. The brain is double, just as the eye, nostrils and ears, and each hemisphere has distinct powers and acts singly. In a state of enfeebled mind, only one brain is at first lively, and an impression is produced upon it, which is instantaneously effaced, but again revived when the other brain wakes up to co-operate with its brother. Hence comes the consciousness of having beheld the scene before. We dimly remember it, just as we do the page of a book, which we read a second time over after a careless perusal a moment before. The impression upon the single brain is so faint that a long time seems to have elapsed between the two impressions.

Thus the phenomena of mystic

memory receive a thorough explanation. The peculiarity of our supposing time to have elapsed between the two impressions, when they are both the work of a moment, need cause us no difficulty, if we bear in mind the phenomena of dreams. A sound is heard which wakes us up, and while we are reviving, the brain or mind has suggested an explanation, has spun a theory, has passed through a series of events, which would take days or weeks in real life. Yet it is all the work of a moment. The main objection to this theory is a merely verbal one, and touches what is in no way vital to it. Dr. Wigan tries to prove the duality of mind, but mind it would seem is essentially uniate; the duality of brain, however, is a physical fact, and may sufficiently explain the phenomena. The brain is bipartite, let us say, and healthy action due to perfect sanity or full consciousness will bring them into complete unity; and unless they are so, unless both are working at once, the brain is working, as it were, short-handed, and is liable to error and hallucination. Kirke (*Handbook of Physiology*) allows that for all but its highest acts one cerebral hemisphere is sufficient, and mentions the fact that in certain cases one part has continued to discharge functions, though the other was atrophied. Now one of the peculiarities, before stated of this sense of prescience is that it is constantly felt upon most commonplace incidents. Wigan's theory thus seems a very plausible one, and would lead us to believe the double impression theory to be the true one. It would also serve possibly for the simultaneous explanation. Both brains are at work at once, but not in full co-operation, the mind brings them into unity, selects one impression as genuine and relegates the other to the past. The chief difficulty here is the simultaneity, and this it is hardly sufficient to parallel by the double vision common to periods of intoxication, or

by the double impressions of the same object that we can produce by interfering with the normal direction of one of our eyes.

A double impression produced by the the same object upon the mind at the *same time* seems almost an impossibility. The mind has not the duality which we know belongs to the senses, and such a double impression, could it occur, would only leave a blurred result, least of all could it produce the curious feeling which we have called Mystic Memory.

The result is that if we reject the

hypothesis that the sense of prescience is in reality a recollection from the land of dreams, a recollection of a wondrous forecast of the mind roaming over the yet undisclosed future, we must come to the conviction that this sense is merely an hallucination arising out of the half sleeping action of the brain. But whatever hypothesis we may adopt for its explanation, this sense of prescience will ever remain what I have called it, "mysterious," and must serve to strengthen our respectful admiration for the wonder and for the subtlety of the human mind. R. W. BOODLE.



A WINTER FISHING TRIP.

Situated about sixty miles north of Quebec lies a sheet of water known as "Lac des Neiges" or "Snow Lake," famous among sportsmen for the size and quality of the fish it contains. Lying as it does far from any settlement or road, it is seldom visited except by Indians, whose hunting grounds border upon it, or by occasional fishing and shooting parties, during the winter season. In summer, the difficulties attendant on travelling through the bush are so great as to render it an absolute solitude. There are two or three different routes by which this lake can be reached from Quebec, the one most used being via the Lake St. John Colonization Road, which passes within ten miles of the lake. This road has never been completed beyond Lake Jacques Cartier—sixty miles from Quebec—but the trees were cut down along the line surveyed for the entire distance.

At the time of which I write an attempt was being made by the Government to keep the road open for the whole distance in winter, in the hopes of thereby inducing the Lake St. John settlers to make use of it. For this purpose numerous "camps" were built at stated intervals from each other, and each was occupied by a *gardien*, whose duty it was to keep the road for his allotted distance in condition fit for travel.

Lovers of fishing in Quebec were highly elated at this splendid opportunity of driving, as was said, to within ten miles of Snow Lake, instead of having to walk as hitherto upon snowshoes, dragging upon Indian sleighs one's "traps," for a distance of forty miles, to that delectable region. Several parties left Quebec bound for Lac des Neiges, but somehow they

almost always on arriving at Lamare, the point at which it is necessary to leave the road and take to the rough blazed path leading to the latter lake, changed their minds and pursued the even tenor of their way to Lake Jacques Cartier, or some of the neighbouring lakes nearer the well defined road.

The writer formed one of a party which set out for Snow Lake during the winter of 187— with the full expectation of being able to drive to Lamare, and thus having only some ten or fifteen miles to walk to the camping ground.

Our party consisted of three persons, and we left the city about daylight on a cold February morning. Having to make a long round by way of Lake St. Charles, where we were to procure our bait—live minnow—we did not expect to get further than the house of the first *gardien* upon the road, a man named Lachance, who with one neighbor were the only settlers on the line of the road. Of course, like all similar parties, we had chalked out for ourselves a certain distance which we were to travel each day, but fortunately for our peace of mind and body, we did not then foresee how woefully we were to be disappointed in our calculations. We had reckoned on staying for the first night at Lachance's, camping the following one at Lamare, 25 miles further on, and reaching Snow Lake in the afternoon of the third day. The further we got out into the country the more evident it became that there had been a heavy fall of snow the night previous, which had not been observed in the city. The roads were very bad in places from the drifts, and we had to unhar-

ness our old mare no less than five times during the day, to pass her through the drifts. At a distance of 20 miles from the city we turned into the Lake St. John road, the entrance being conspicuous by two great wooden pillars standing one on each side of the road, from which the spot derives the name among the country people of "The Posts." Here the horse almost gave out, and we were obliged to walk the rest of the way to Lachance's house, some five miles distant, the horse following behind us. We reached Lachance's before dark, but were floored at once by the unexpected news that, in obedience to orders from the Government, all the *gardiens* had given up their posts a week or so previously, and the road was abandoned for the winter, as there had not been sufficient traffic upon it to justify its being kept open.

Having anticipated but a few miles walking, we had determined to do our own hauling, and therefore had not engaged Indians or guides for the purpose, as is usual with such parties, and we were quite unprepared for the long march we would have to undergo should we proceed. But our time was limited, and if we turned back we might lose our holidays, and so we decided to push on at all risks and make the best of it, notwithstanding that a party, only about a fortnight previously, had gone past Lamare with a guide, but had lost their way, and had been obliged after considerable hardship to return to town, not having even seen Snow Lake, although they were at one time within 7 or 8 miles of it. Lachance declared himself willing to make the attempt to take our effects as far as was possible on the road with his own horse. We found him to be very different from the majority of his countrymen; he was a man of great intelligence and observation, though, as is almost always the case with farmers in this vicinity, hard push-

ed for the means to keep body and soul together.

Whilst making our arrangements for an early start next day, two Indians who had been to town for provisions entered the house, and said they were bound to the same place as ourselves, having traps to attend to in that vicinity. They jumped at the chance of earning a trifle by assisting us with our loads, and we were equally pleased at our good fortune in securing their services at so opportune a moment. Early the next morning, accordingly, we started off, this time donning our snowshoes, from which we were not to be released for some time. Most of the party walked in front of the horse to "break" the road for him. Before we had gone far it became apparent that our progress would be uncommonly slow. However, not knowing how far we might be able to get the horse, and aware that before our journey was ended we would have quite as much hauling of our own loads as we could wish, we were bound to get all the work we could out of the beast of burden.

We had left Lachance's at 7 a.m., and about 2 p.m. reached the foot of a huge and steep hill, which was over a mile in length, and presented the appearance of three gigantic steps. It took us over two hours to surmount this obstacle, and on reaching the top we found ourselves exposed to a very cold wind, which made us glad to hurry forward as fast as possible into a slight depression in the land in front of us, which was hardly marked enough to be called a valley, and which contained a clearance, in the centre of which stood an unfinished house. It being now nearly dark, and the nearest camp, the Boulangerie, being some miles off still, this house was examined to see if it would be possible to pass the night in it. It had neither doors nor windows, still we could have managed with our tent, but, as the horse would certainly perish with the cold if we remained,

it was decided to move on at once. As if to add to the difficulty of travelling over such a road, it now grew dark, and it was ten o'clock at night before the welcome light of the Boulangerie appeared. Just before reaching it the road passed between two lakes, both of which were so near that a stone could have been easily thrown into either. This camp was occupied by a man named Bureau (who had been one of the *gardiens*) and his wife, to whom belonged the unfinished house previously passed. We were not sorry to see preparations making for supper, having eaten nothing but a hard biscuit apiece since leaving in the morning. It was now ten o'clock, and we had travelled only twelve miles in fifteen hours. The building itself is a long, low log camp, divided in the centre by a partition, through many of the chinks of which one's hand might be thrust. One end served for the residence of the occupants, and was kitchen, dining-room and sleeping apartment all in one. A camp-bed built across one end of the room, and large enough to accommodate twelve men, occupied a third of the apartment, most of the remaining space being taken up by an ordinary bed, a table and a huge stove. The other end of the building was used as a barn, outhouse and stable, and the prevailing smell over the whole building was very "horsey." There was another occupant of the Boulangerie, an old man who was awaiting the return of two sons who were away at Lac Jacques Cartier fishing.

Although we retired to rest immediately after supper, we spent a very wakeful night, for what with the great heat at which the place was kept and the incessant gabble maintained between our host and the old man all night long, we found it almost impossible to sleep, and were glad when, after a breakfast by lamp light, daybreak once more saw us on the road. We had not gone far before we met the two young men return-

ing from Lake Jacques Cartier, and they reported plenty cold weather, bad roads, and *misère*, with but very little success in the fishing.

The day's work was almost a repetition of what we had experienced the previous one, the roads, if anything, being rather worse, and the ascent continuous. By 2 p.m., we had got only within sight of the Camp des Roches, situated at the foot of a huge mountain which dipped into a lake of the same name. The drifts here were fearful, and we were over an hour getting the horse past the last two hundred yards of the road to the stable.

This part of the country is very high. The tops of all the mountains in the vicinity are bare of living foliage, and covered with "windfalls," showing what force the wind exerts here. There is not a tree standing higher than half-way up on the Montagne des Roches. As it was past four o'clock before the load was fairly dragged to the camp, we were obliged to make up our minds to be satisfied with the day's work—only eight miles, and we prepared to pass the night here. This camp was uninhabited, but, fortunately, still contained a large stove, in which a roaring fire was soon started, and the meal, which was dinner and supper together, cooked. It was seen to be impossible to get the horse any further than this, and so, though Lachance was willing to try again next day, we resolved to draw our own loads and let him return home the following morning. He was to return for us upon a certain day the following week, with the horse, if we had no snow storms meantime. Accordingly we packed our trains over night, and "turned in" early, so as to start very early in the morning, and so reach our destination before darkness set in. We slept better here, although the snow which had lodged in the roof came through in innumerable places in "little drops of water," but picking out as dry a plank as possible, each one for

himself, we had a pretty good night's rest.

The morning was one not easily forgotten by any of our party. Bidding farewell to Lachance after a hasty breakfast, at 3 a.m., we sallied out into the cold, and, each with his load, started off in single file along the lake for a short distance, and then turning sharp off to the left began to climb the mountain. The sky was cloudless, of a very dark, cold blue, and studded with many stars, which appeared not only to twinkle but fairly to quiver in the heavens. The pure white snow upon the lake, beaten by the wind into the exact imitation of waves, flew past us with a hiss at every footstep under the influence of a very bitter night wind, and the whole surroundings, hemmed in by cheerless looking spruce trees, looked as cold and gloomy at the hour as can be possibly imagined. One could not bear to face the blast, but with heads bowed low, and shoulders straining at the traces, we toiled up the long and steep ascent. The higher we ascended the more bitter did the wind feel, and the part of the road which had been beaten by travel showed as in a mould the prints of horseshoes, every particle of light snow being blown away. It was so slippery now that we gladly took off our snowshoes. The Indians, according to their inviolable custom, had started off at a very rapid pace, expecting us to follow and so become tired out very soon, and thus leave them with the game in their own hands as to the distance we would travel that day. But, fortunately, one of our party had seen the trick played before, and acting under his advice we did not rush after them, but kept steadily on, going just as fast as we could without over-fatiguing ourselves. As he foretold, we caught sight of them again after going a few miles.

We now reached the summit of the mountain, or, rather, the highest part of it over which the road led, and here we experienced the full fury of the wind,

which howled and whistled, and, when we faced it, caused us to feel a sensation like the heat of a fierce fire. It was impossible to keep noses and ears from freezing, so we made all haste to descend into a small valley on the other side of the mountain, and here halted to "thaw out." The road was now not so hilly as hitherto, but the beaten track still lay deep under soft snow, which of course rendered travelling both wearisome and slow. Five miles beyond Camp des Roches we came to a considerable opening in the mountains, through which flows the Montmorenci River, here both broad and tranquil. On the opposite bank the land receded in a tolerably level plot for a short distance, and then rose, forming a small mountain. The view up the valley of the river extended for miles, and so far as the eye could see the valley appeared to have been ravaged by fire, nothing in the shape of foliage remaining except a few small bushes growing between the charred tree trunks.

As yet we had been going in a northerly direction, but we now headed nearly due east, and, leaving the road, crossed the river at this point. Entering the course of a small stream, or *coulé*, up which lay our path, we almost immediately lost sight of the Montmorenci, and, in fact, of everything except the path and sky, the undergrowth on each side effectually shutting out the view. The ascent here was rather troublesome, as every few minutes we encountered fallen trees, breast high, over which we had to clamber and drag our sleighs, an awkward job on snow-shoes. Being well sheltered from the wind we found the work rather warm, but after travelling a mile or so,—and from the nature of the path it appeared to us very much as if we had mounted about half that distance in the air—we emerged upon its source, a small lake named Lac Noir, from the color of its waters and the depth. Our old enemy, Boreas,

here met us again, and soon gave us a thorough cooling down. It was now about eleven a.m., and starting a fire in the shelter of a thicket, we had a cup of tea, a ship's biscuit, and a junk of fat pork, the only meat unfrozen, all round before proceeding. We remained here only half an hour, and then set off again. We crossed the lake and entered another steep ravine, on emerging from which we skirted two other lakes, meeting upon one a party of two men returning from Snow Lake. They also reported the fishing very bad, and stated that although they had been there upwards of a fortnight, fishing for the market, they had not had success enough to pay their expenses. Exchanging the usual *bon voyage*, we separated, and now found the walking better, having the benefit of a beaten track to follow. After yet another short bush ascent we reached the highest point of our journey, a broad and swampy plateau, which forms the "divide" between the waters flowing into the Montmorenci and those discharging into Snow Lake. We were now at an elevation of considerably over three thousand feet above the level of the St. Lawrence, and upon one of the highest points in the Laurentian chain of mountains. From this the track gradually descended for some miles, when we crossed three more lakes, two of them lying so close together as to be almost mistaken for one. Near one of them we perceived a stout piece of new rope upon a young sapling, which the Indians informed us was a deer snare or *collet*, set only in the fall on a path used by the deer in going to drink. Shortly afterward we came in sight of the depression among the mountains, which appeared almost under our feet, and which contained the long-looked-for lake. We had now quite as much as we could do to guide the sleighs and prevent them from wrecking themselves against the

trees, or knocking us down by running against our legs, a thing which they succeeded in doing several times, nevertheless. I should think we descended at least four hundred feet in half a mile, and we were almost on the lake before perceiving it. It expands here into a beautiful round basin, about a mile in extent, and with steep wooded shores, excepting in one direction, towards which we headed.

The Indians now left us, turning off to a camp of their own in the vicinity, while we pushed on up the lake, which is about eight miles in length, but of a very uneven width, being so contracted in many parts as to present the appearance of a chain of lakes.

After going about four miles, we halted finally at a small island, on which we hastened to pitch our tent before darkness set in. We had travelled eighteen miles that day, so by the time we had got fairly camped and despatched our supper, we were glad to get to sleep. I do not know whether it is to be accounted for by the purity of the air, or by any influence possessed by the sweet smelling sapin branches forming the camper's bed, but this I, and every one else who has tried it, can testify, that a short sleep, even though broken, as it usually is, in the tent by having to rise several times during the night to mend the fire, renders one far more refreshed than an unbroken night's rest in a comfortable bed in the city.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, we began to set lines, and put down before dark about thirty near the tent and some several miles further up the lake, near the discharge, which is about the centre of the lake and is called Snow River. It empties itself into the Montmorenci at a point some thirty miles from Quebec. Having heard that there were two distinct discharges to this lake we had the curiosity to examine both, but from the appearance of one

of them we concluded that it was only during wet seasons, when the lake was extremely high, that it could discharge by means of it. The day following we were surprised at the numbers of birds of several kinds which came hopping round about the tent, and seemed quite fearless. The prettiest ones were somewhat larger than a sparrow, and their beaks were crossed. The males had very beautiful plumage, and were especially tame. They came so near us that we caught several by throwing a coat over them. Some of the birds sang quite as well as canaries, but we did not succeed in discovering their species. Our stay at the lake was shorter than we anticipated on leaving town. We had intended remaining a full week, but the travelling being so bad, and occupying so much more time than we had reckoned upon, we found we could stay only four days.

Day-break, on the fifth, therefore, found us busily engaged in packing our trains for the return journey. The day was the coldest yet experienced, and a strong north wind made it still more felt. Packing up proved very cold work, and we were glad when at length set out, moving as rapidly as we could to keep warm. We intended making Camp des Roches our stopping place that night, but the fates ruled otherwise. We had hardly gone half a mile from our island when the cold, which had been steadily increasing, grew intense, and we had all we could do to escape from being seriously frozen. At length one of us, who had been up the lake removing the lines before breakfast, and had got his moccasins wet, found that one foot was frozen, and we were obliged to go into the bush to "thaw out." We fortunately stumbled upon a wretched bark "camp," just large enough to allow us all to crouch in. In the centre we started a fire, and after losing a great deal of valuable time, and being

half smothered with smoke, succeeded in thawing the refractory member. We then immediately hurried off, still hoping to get as far as Lac Noir, where we would camp for the night beneath the tent. But the steep path from the "Basin" took us a long time to surmount, it being a very different matter to drag our loads up from what it had been to tumble down it on our previous journey, and we had lost too much time by delay on the road. We left our loads near one of the small lakes previously mentioned, and returned about three in the afternoon to see if we could find the Indians' camp, where we were sure of a hearty welcome and lodging for the night. We found the place after a short search, but were surprised to see no foot-marks about it excepting just by the door. The Indians, however, explained that they had not been out to visit their traps, as it was "too cold." They bade us enter, and as it was just dark, began preparations for supper, while we looked about us and examined the camp. It was about twelve feet square, and built of logs. The floor had been excavated to a depth of about two feet, and the earth thus dug out was banked against the walls outside, making the camp much warmer. Three hewn slabs pegged to a cross-piece formed the door or window shutter, whichever you please, for one opening about three feet square served both as door and window. About the centre was a great sheet-iron stove fully three feet long, which had been lugged up some years previously for a party of officers, but had been left there as too cumbersome to be worth taking back to town. The pipe was so short that it had been supplemented by a curled piece of bark, which was continually catching fire and provoking the maledictions of the younger Indian, Pete by name, whose duty it appeared to be to keep a sharp eye upon it, and stop each attempt at conflagration with

a tin of water, while Thomas, the elder, prepared the supper.

This operation amused us not a little. A piece of fat pork was set in the frying pan upon the stove to melt, while Thomas, having first laid aside his pipe, and very conspicuously rinsed—I cannot say washed—his hands with snow at the door (an operation with which he did not appear very familiar, and which he underwent probably out of regard for the feelings of his guests), dried them at the fire, and squatting down upon the floor with a bag of flour between his knees, poured therein a little water. The wet mass he mixed and kneaded thoroughly in the bag, and when it was sufficiently wrought, cutting off with his knife enough for a *galette*, he worked it between the palms of his hands into a flat circular cake the size of the frying pan. This he put into the now boiling fat, and it was soon pronounced done, and fished out to make room for another; and so the progress continued until each was supplied with one. This, with tea piping hot, guiltless of sugar, and served up in all kinds of receptacles, from the ordinary tin cup to old lobster and tomato tins, also belonging to the aforesaid luxurious party who had owned the big stove, formed our supper, and truth compels me to confess that I have seldom enjoyed a meal as much as I did that one. After our return I used to annoy my boarding mistress by expatiating upon Thomas' skill in cookery until she silenced me by vowing that should I ever again go out camping she would certainly charge me double board for a fortnight after my return, for she declared that I did nothing but eat and sleep for that time. Supper being over, Thomas indulged us with various tales of his experiences in trapping and hunting, of course liberally garnished, until nine o'clock, when we "turned in" for the night. We slept on the ground and passed a very comfortable and quiet night,

except that during the night one of the party, who had gone to sleep on a high bench, had a bad dream, which caused him to get so restless that at last he came down with a crash upon poor Thomas, who lay near, to his alarm and consternation, until matters were explained by the guilty party.

Next morning, thanking our entertainers for their hospitality, we donned once more the cumbrous snowshoes, and very shortly reached our loads, where we remained only long enough to unpack our stove pipe, which we left by the path for the Indians, and then pushed on. The snow which had fallen and drifted since our arrival had obliterated all signs of the path, but one of our party had been over the course several times previously, and we did not lose the track, although we did lose considerable time in deciding as to the correct route after crossing the lakes. Night was about to fall when we arrived at Lamare once more, and long before reaching the Camp des Roches it was quite dark. It is a point of honor amongst *voyageurs*, in this vicinity at all events, invariably, upon their departure from any camp at which they have stayed, to leave an armful of dry wood for the next comer to start a fire with. But this camp it was evident had been honored by the presence of some lazy rascal, who had not only burned every stick of firewood, but had even begun to destroy whatever fixtures he could about the building, and had capped all by leaving the door wide open on his departure. Tired and cold as we were, we had therefore to clear out the snow from the camp, and go up the mountain side in the darkness to cut the night's wood. One went for a supply of wood, another cut a hole in the ice to obtain water, while the third remained in the camp trying to start a fire by means of the dry bed branches. When the two who had gone returned, they found the man who had been left to start a

fire trying to scratch a match against the stove, holding the match between his teeth, being utterly unable to grasp it in his fingers, so benumbed were they with the cold. Cold as we were, we could not refrain from laughing at this, and one of us relieved him from his duty, and soon had a brisk fire going. Our rations were now so scant that it was evident we would have to go upon short allowance or eat our fish, but the latter had been hauled upon our sleighs too far and had cost too much trouble to get them to sacrifice them now, and it was the unanimous vote rather to go upon half rations than touch the fish. The long spell of cold at length came to an end, and snow fell in considerable quantities, but it ceased before morning, and the thermometer was not far from zero when we again set out. The "training" was the worst this day that I ever experienced in dry weather. At every step we sank, snowshoes and all, nearly up to the knees, and the snow was of that peculiar nature that it appeared to take quite as great efforts to pull down hill as up.

By the time we reached the Boulangerie we were pretty well done up, and two of us had our moccasins streaked at the seams with blood, from knots in our shoe straps cutting the flesh on our toes. A short time before we arrived we were agreeably surprised at meeting Lachance, as from the state of the road we had not expected him, but he said he had managed to get his horse as far as the Camp a la Croix, about five miles, and then leaving him there, had pushed on on snowshoes to assist us. He appeared surprised at our haul of fish, saying that up to that time that winter he had not seen a winter trout taken in that vicinity exceeding two pounds in weight. We had several of from five to nine, and a good number of two pound, one, and less.

However, we were too hungry when we reached the Boulangerie to submit to much questioning, and shortly after destroying a "square" meal we threw ourselves upon the great camp bed, on which we had already passed so comfortless a night, and had a sleep of fourteen hours! We arose new men, and about ten a.m. reached the camp where the horse was, and transferring our loads to him, by noon arrived at Lachance's, where we joyfully kicked off our snowshoes, without which we had been unable to stir a yard for so long a time. Here we remained only long enough to have dinner, being anxious to reach town that night. Our old mare being very fresh after her ten days' rest, bowled along smartly, and without other mishap than an upset in St. Pierre, near the city, we finally passed the toll-bar near midnight, and separated to our respective lodgings, where we rather "astonished the natives" by the quantity of provisions which rapidly disappeared before our vigorous attacks.

We were told that the weather had been very cold ever since we left, and that the thermometer on the morning of the day on which we left the lake had been as low as thirty degrees below zero in Quebec, while other places, judging from the telegraphic reports, suffered proportionally. A short time afterwards, a man who had been on his way down from Lake Jacques Cartier was brought into town to the hospital, having had his throat dreadfully frost-bitten on the same occasion. Taking into consideration the height of Lac des Neiges and its exposed situation, we considered ourselves fortunate in having escaped so well as we did, but for some time swelled ears and noses reminded us of our trip to the land of fish and frost.

CLAUDINE'S STORY.

BY FESTINALENTE, AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY GRAIL," "HIC JACET," "MAY-DAY," ETC.

(Concluded.)

In the course of the drive proposed by Mrs. Montford, Martin had found intense pleasure in talking to Claudine, who sat by his side. But no sooner did he enter the old ruined walls of the abbey, than his mood altered; he became grave and sad, and at length wandered away by himself, and sitting on one of the tombs beneath which some saintly old monk lay sleeping, he buried himself in his thoughts, which appeared to be of the most dismal nature. Mrs. Montford stood for one minute regarding him, then sighed and passed on.

"It seems that I must do the honors of the place," said she. "Come, children, I can tell you anything you may care to ask for about this spot."

"With what luxuriance the ivy grows here," observed Ruth. "How sad it is to see a noble building in ruins."

"How natural it is that it should be so. Everything material will decay—it must follow the course of nature," said Mrs. Montford. "You must guard against sentimentalism of feeling with regard to old buildings. It is unhealthy to be so much affected by a few stones falling apart from one another."

This was addressed to Claudine, who was standing by an old tomb, and with eyes full of tears was trying to puzzle out the inscription.

"I think of the hands that built the abbey, of the people who worshipped within its walls, of the days when the black stoled monks wandered about here, and of the change the centuries have made—it rushes over me," said poor Claudine, apologetically. "I wish I had never seen it," she added, turning away.

"You should think of the good uses the money which would be needed to keep up this abbey may be applied to," smiled Mrs. Montford. "Ruth, this was the 'refectory.'"

Claudine stayed by the tomb, poking out the letters with a bit of stick. In a little while she made the inscription distinct, but it was in Latin, and though Ruth was a good Latin scholar, Claudine did not know one word of the language. She got up and ran to the spot where Martin was sitting. "Oh! please, will you come with me," she said, but he did not hear, nor did he answer. Claudine bent forward and laid one hand upon his arm. He looked up then, abstractedly at first, and then with a sudden rush of color to his face and an intense gaze into Claudine's eyes, which made her turn her face away.

"You wanted me," he said, gently taking her hand, "and you do not know how much I wanted you—how like an angel you came to me at the moment when my thoughts were careering wildly over the borderland of reality."

"Mrs. Montford was right," said Claudine, bravely, "to tell me to beware of feeling too much for the decay of a noble abbey, as this once was. Come away—do not stay longer here."

"What! Fly the spot for fear of further temptation?" smiled Martin. "No, let us sit here quietly for a while, and I will answer for it that as long as you are by my side nothing unpleasant will come to my mind's eye."

"I wish it never did," said Claudine wistfully. "I wish—I wish you would leave this country place, where there is such temptation to live in the past, and

would come to New England. Why," said she, with enthusiasm, "the very voyage would help to cure you."

"To cure me," said Martin, slowly, with a startled look into her honest face. "Claudine, am I a sick man in need of cure?"

She answered by a look, and he continued:

"I believe I would do as you say but for—" His eyes wandered across the shadows to the sunlit fields, and he seemed ashamed to finish the sentence.

"Tell me right out," said Claudine, modestly. "A thing is not so bad when told."

"It is an old prophecy," he said, "which brings dishonor on the head of him who, neglecting its import, is content to go forth into the world and not seek to elucidate the mystery which shrouds the death of the man who was supposed to be murdered by Jules Montford."

"But why try to find out what is impossible?" said Claudine, with regret in her voice. "Do not, pray do not lose so much happiness for such a shadow."

To her surprise, Martin looked at her with brightening eyes. Then he took both her hands in his.

"Do you absolve me from the sin of neglecting the purport of this old prophecy?" said he, half laughing, half earnestly.

"Certainly, most gladly," said Claudine, rising.

"Say after me, then—I, Saint Claudine, do absolve thee, Martin Montford."

But Claudine did not speak; she looked up into his face with earnest pleading, and he suddenly lifted her hands to his lips, and then let them go.

"I will not trouble you," he said, gently; "but if you take these old things that I love away from me, you must give me something better in their place."

Claudine could not answer; his voice had an earnest and tender intonation, that she strove in vain not to under-

stand. Presently he came to her side, and took her hand, hoping that she might look up at him, and give him some token that he was understood, but Claudine's eyes were bent on the daisies. He drew her arm through his, and said, gently, that they would try to find his mother. Strange that it should prove so difficult a task, and that quite an hour should pass by ere they found her, although she was perched upon a wall in a conspicuous position. Doubtless, Martin was short-sighted. Time, which requires so much killing in a country place, had suddenly taken to himself wings, and flew past, carrying the minutes and seconds with him, unheeded by Martin and Claudine, who were both absorbed in looking into one another's heart, and who were flying even faster than the wind to the precipice where Love declares himself either victor or vanquished—where he stands ready to bear his votaries to celestial heights of joy, or to hand them over to Despair—who waits ready to hurl his victims to the abyss of woe, unrequited love.

Martin at last succeeding in finding his mother, told her, with an amiable smile, that he had been looking for her for the last five minutes. Mrs. Montford, whose patience was quite exhausted, gave Ruth's arm a little nip, and answered blandly that he had mistaken the time—was it not an hour since they arrived at the abbey? Martin looked at his watch, colored furiously, and went to unfasten the horse.

The drive home was very pleasant. Martin and Claudine were so unobtrusively happy, and so unconscious that the fact of their being lovers was so patent to Mrs. Montford and Ruth. Mrs. Montford was in such high spirits—in such delight at the prospect of such a charming end to her fears for her son's happiness—that she made the whole party merry. A witty and clever woman, how, then, could she allow Martin to grow up so moody and ab-

stracted a creature? Simply that her husband (to whom her parents had married her when she was a mere girl) had been a gouty, tiresome old man, who hated his son because his mother loved him, and because he himself had never been able to inspire her with any affection for his own disagreeable soul. He chose, therefore, to travel on the continent, or to reside for a few months at a time in London, and he willed that Martin should have a tutor and live entirely at the Grange. The selfish old man died at last, and Mrs. Montford gave all her mind to bringing her son from his gloomy thoughts of dead events to some interest in the present age. This, however, was no easy task, since he could find no pleasure in fashionable society, and would not be interested in politics or in anything less than a hundred years old. She had been induced by her son to reside for some few months at the Grange, and meanwhile was contriving in her own mind methods by which to win him from his morbid love of old things.

"A letter from father," cried Ruth, clapping her hands as she saw the letter lying ready for her. Then she tore it open. "Oh, Claudine! Claudine!" she cried, jumping up and down with the open letter in her hand, "Father is coming—he will be at the farm to-night, and only think, he is going to take us back to America next week!"

Claudine tried to look glad, but in making the effort raised her eyes to Mrs. Montford's face; a sudden aching, a sudden pang, the thought of separation from such a kind friend was insupportable. Her eyes travelled on and met Martin's fixed upon her with a pleading too eloquent to be misunderstood. Claudine grew white to her very lips. Mrs. Montford would see nothing, but she took Ruth's arm, and they went upstairs.

"It is very sudden," said Ruth, "but I long to be home again."

"That is very natural," observed

Mrs. Montford, who had tears in her eyes.

What they did or where they went was hardly heeded by Claudine or Martin. Martin, who stood looking at Claudine, with the cloud clearing from his brow, with a sudden comprehension of a reality he had never understood before, a sudden overpowering knowledge that he loved something barely twenty years old—and that in comparison with this love his old love for the centuries past was as a bagatelle. So Martin stood and looked at Claudine, and Claudine at the door by which she would have made her escape if Martin had not stood there with his back against it.

"Claudine," began Martin, and when she looked up shyly at him he found it wonderfully easy to speak. Much more difficult was it to realize his happiness when he found that Claudine was so happy to hear.

The dressing bell rang, and the shadows of early Autumn were closing in. Already a dismal moaning of rising wind made itself heard, but no one heeded its mournful dirge.

"Come and let us tell mother," said Martin.

They found her in her sitting room, busily knitting, and Ruth was reading by the firelight. Claudine knelt down on the rug and hid her face in Mrs. Montford's arms, while Martin found words to tell his beautiful life story.

Ruth immediately began to cry—whether for joy or for sorrow she did not explain; Mrs. Montford went into transports of joy—and just then the clock struck half-past four. Claudine sprang up as a sudden thought flashed into her brain, and her scheme, concocted by daylight, came to her mind. It was growing dark now, but Claudine was brave as a lion this afternoon, and with a mischievous light in her eyes she sprang up stairs, and flew along the corridors.

The dinner bell rang at five o'clock,

and Ruth, Mrs. Montford and Martin found occupation in talking over the future, and in wondering and hoping as to the coming interview with Claudine's father. Presently the butler entered, announcing that he had ordered the dishes back to the kitchen, as dinner had grown quite cold in waiting so long.

"Where is Claudine?"

Every one asked the question (Martin asked it of himself a hundred times since she had left the room). Ruth ran up stairs to bring her down, and all waited in the expectation of hearing their merry voices on the stairs; but instead of this, Ruth came flying down the stairs with bewilderment and dread in every feature. Claudine had not been to her room at all. The maid had waited for an hour, in the expectation that she would require assistance in changing her dress.

"Where can she be?" asked one of another, and after a silence in which it was found that no one could solve the question, Martin left the room, and traversed the stairs and lobby, calling loudly, "Claudine! Claudine!"

There was no answer.

Ruth ran up and down the corridor, making darts into dark corners, crying out, as if in a game of hide-and-seek, "Oh, Claudine, you are here, I know;" but when silence answered her she began to grow angry, and bitterly upbraided her sister for hiding away from them.

"Claudine, do you not hear us calling? We are tired of hunting for you. *Do* come out—*do* answer."

But Claudine apparently had no sympathy for Ruth's tears and upbraiding.

Mrs. Montford, finding that the matter seemed serious, called her maid, and with her assistance instituted a systematic search from room to room, opening every chest, every cupboard, peering into every crack and cranny that so slight a person as Claudine could creep into and hide.

Still Martin's voice rang through the house—"Claudine! Claudine!" and the rooms above echoed his voice with painful clearness, "Claudine! Claudine!"

The butler had an idea of his own.

"Was it not probable that, as the young lady expected her father to be at the Farm, and as she had her outdoor things on, might she not have run across the woods home?"

"Most unlikely," Ruth declared, in a cross tone. "Claudine was afraid to enter the wood alone."

Nevertheless the butler begged permission to take some men and go and see if he could find her, and that given, departed on his errand.

That evening Mrs. Montford saw more of the old nooks and cupboards of the Grange than she had ever cared to see before; saw old things that filled her soul with melancholy, and made her regret having seen them. Still persevering, however, from storey to storey she mounted on her search—raising her gentle voice, calling louder, "Claudine! Claudine!"

There was no reply.

Martin grew desperate. He ran up and down stairs calling, calling, listening to the echoes which alone answered him, and feeling more wild as no Claudine appeared.

A stranger, after ringing the door bell until he was tired, opened the door without ceremony, and walked into the hall. By a strange chance the seekers had met there on the way to fresh search, and a wilder set of beings to come upon could hardly have been seen.

"Why, Ruth, child," said the stranger, "are you all mad here? I have been ringing the door bell for half an hour."

Ruth rushed into his arms with a loud cry of pain and of relief, and Mrs. Montford begged Mr. Bach to come into the dining room.

"I have most painful news to break

to you," said she, trying to command her voice.

"No breaking, madam—say it right square out," said Mr. Bach, in a firm, clear voice. "Something has happened to my child. Is she ill, dead, or disabled?"

"We have lost her," said Mrs. Montford, and then sat down with a sudden hysterical burst of tears.

Mr. Bach beckoned to Martin.

"A word with you, sir."

He took him aside.

"Tell me the whole story, from beginning to end. Spare no detail—let me have exactly what happened."

"It is a mystery I cannot solve," said Martin. "Claudine left us to dress for dinner, and half an hour afterwards could not be found. She had not been to her room at all, and though we have searched the house from top to bottom we cannot find her."

"Claudine?" said Mr. Bach, frowning and looking intently at Martin.

"With your permission," said Martin, a little color flushing his face.

"Describe your premises outside."

"The outbuildings have been thoroughly searched," said Martin.

"Of course, I did not mean stables, etc. You seem to have some remnants of a moat there. Does the garden open into it?"

"The moat is about three feet deep," said Martin, "and the sides are now overgrown with bushes, so that any one falling into the water could quite easily climb out again. There is a large garden, but it also has been searched. From it a path leads to the wood, and that on to Mr. Bach's farm. The servants are now searching in that direction."

"If I know Claudine," said Mr. Bach, with a quiet smile, "you need not fear that she would venture ten yards alone at dusk. No, depend upon it, the child has hidden herself for fun, and has fallen asleep in a remote corner of the house."

"I am much relieved that you think so," said Martin, with a little color coming back to his face.

"And now, madam," said he, turning to Mrs. Montford, "I ask your permission and your son's help to institute a thorough search."

"I shall accompany you," said Mrs. Montford. "I shall not rest until the dear child is found."

As they crossed the hall Mr. Bach said, suddenly, "Any secret rooms in this ancient mansion?"

"Only one."

"Show it."

Martin led the way—the panel moved back and the small place discovered itself. Mr. Bach entered, knocked the panels vigorously, tried to examine and discover a hidden room behind, but ceased as Martin said:

"She could not be here. The butler was laying dinner when she went upstairs—he would have seen her."

"True. Have you any more such places?"

"None."

"No secret underground passage? But nonsense—my little girl would never venture into one. But what are the legends connected with the house?"

"There are several ghost stories," began Martin.

"Bosh!"

"Just so—but—"

"Father," cried Ruth, with quivering lips, "Molly *would* say that the turret contains a secret chamber."

Martin frowned.

"Those rustics imagine they know everything, and they invent stories to suit themselves."

"There you do them injustice," said Mrs. Montford. "They have not imagination enough."

"She said her grandmother told her, and she had it from her great-grandmother," cried Ruth, who hated to be ridiculed.

"We will search the turret chamber," said Mr. Bach, decisively. "I shall

easily find out if there is space enough in it for a secret closet."

There was no appearance of anxiety in Mr. Bach's countenance. It seemed as if he almost ridiculed the idea that Claudine could have done anything but hide. He really felt a little amused when he saw the absolutely scared expression which dwelt upon the faces of those who had searched so long in vain.

"Ah!" he said, triumphantly, "we shall find the child in some such dark hole as this," pointing as he spoke to a dark passage from which opened rooms equally dark and sombre in aspect. It was a strange looking party, each one bearing a light and looking with keen interest to see what the practical intelligence of Mr. Bach would induce him to do.

Could he do more than they had done? Alas, no. And at length, when every room of the old deserted Grange had been thoroughly searched, when every chest and cupboard had been ransacked, then Mr. Bach himself lost heart, and standing on the stairs, raising a face growing even as scared in expression as Martin's own, called in tones louder and louder, "Claudine—my Claudine." There was no answer. Now it was ten o'clock, and a night of dismal rain and mist had set in, and the wind was rising. The shivering servants whispered together in groups, and would not leave the hall, and the butler came to Martin and told him that a wild night was to be expected, for the wild fowl were screeching fearfully. Martin threw open the hall-door and went outside, but could hear no sound. "I hear nothing," he said; then in answer to Mr. Bach's look of enquiry said, "The servants say the wild fowl are uneasy, but I think their fears make them imagine sounds."

"This turret chamber—you have not shown it to me, yet," said Mr. Bach.

"I did not, simply because the stairs are so rotten as to be unsafe. However, if you like it we will go."

The whole party followed.

"Mother, dear, do not insist on coming up these dangerous steps," said Martin.

"I *must* come," she said. "I cannot rest until the child is found, and she *must* be here, for we have searched the whole house besides."

With great difficulty the whole party clambered into the turret chamber, and when there the wind whistled and moaned so fiercely that they could not hear one another speak. Mr. Bach, with careful eye, went over the stone walls, and then looked disappointed.

"If only it were oak panelling one might suppose it possible that a small recess might be enclosed in such thick walls; but of course it is out of the question with merely rough hewn stones such as these. How mournfully the wind moans—there is something almost human in the sounds."

"Almost human. Poor Claudine!"

"Let us go," said Mr. Bach. "There is no place to hide a cat here."

"How did this come here," said Ruth, picking up a piece of paper. "Was it here the other day?"

It was a leaf of a black letter Bible, almost crumbling away as they touched it.

"I have some in the library like this," said Martin. "In absence of mind I must have brought it up here at some time."

"It was not here a few days ago," said Ruth, in a tone wholly unconvinced.

They one by one climbed down the turret stair, and then scattered, each one to follow his own idea in the search—and all meeting here and there with whiter, more helpless faces, and all over the house resounded the call for "Claudine! Claudine!"

Martin took a lantern, and rapidly searched garden, moat and wood, and with a wild fancy that she might have wandered there, searched the old ruins of the Abbey, where they had spent such a happy morning. The night had

begun to wear away when he returned, and Ruth lay on the stairs with her face in her hands, passionately crying, and refusing to be comforted. Who was there among the anxious searchers who could offer her a word of comfort. Upstairs, Mr. Bach's voice could be heard with its perpetual cry, "Claudine! Claudine!" Mrs. Montford was wandering restlessly from room to room, and calling also; and the servants, shivering with dread, talked audibly of ghosts and looked ghostly themselves, with such white scared faces.

It was time for some one to take the command, and this Martin felt very keenly. For once he determined that he would make himself *master* of his household. In a few decisive words he ordered the servants to bed. He next reflected as to what he should do with Ruth. Clearly his mother ought to know. He sought her, and entreated her to take some rest, and to induce Ruth to do the same. Happily Mrs. Montford was a very sensible woman, and could see that until morning light she could do no more than hinder the cause by staying up. Here Mr. Bach came upon the scene.

"You have sent the servants to bed," said he. "That is well, and now the ladies must retire." He walked quickly up to the spot where Ruth lay, and lifting her up, carried her upstairs to Mrs. Montford's room. Thus Martin and Mr. Bach alone kept watch, and they went into Mrs. Montford's room, and stood by the fire, each waiting for the other to suggest some haunt as yet unsearched.

Claudine's little sketch of the turret had been pinned to the wall in order that it could be fairly criticized by the party generally. The eyes of both gentlemen were fixed idly upon it. Presently Mr. Bach laid his finger on the highest window, and said in a quick, eager tone:

"What is the meaning of the window there?"

"It is Claudine's sketch, and she erroneously believed the turret room had a window. As *you* saw to-night, it has *none*."

"I never knew Claudine make such a mistake as that in a sketch," said Mr. Bach. "She has a wonderfully quick and correct eye. Another thing strikes me."

"What is that?" said Martin.

"Has she her perspective and dimensions wrong? She makes that tower far larger than from seeing the inside I should imagine it to be.

"I think she is correct there," said Martin. "Such an idea would naturally occur to a stranger who did not know how immensely thick our walls are. Why, even this room boasts walls four feet thick."

"I should like to satisfy myself about that window," said Mr. Bach. "Come out of doors and let us see if we can solve the question."

"Yesterday," said Martin, "there was no window there—loop-hole, I should say. I cannot think it worth thinking of while we have a grave matter on hand."

"You are wrong there," said Mr. Bach, with gravity. "I know Claudine, and I am convinced she is somewhere hidden in this house. She would never dare go out alone at night. My opinion is that there is some secret hole in this house you do not know of, and I am inclined to believe that it is in this same turret chamber. Do you not remember that the room is unequally divided; the larger part being on the side furthest from this window which Claudine has, *according to you*, wrongly inserted. If Claudine saw this, and jumped at the idea that the story was true which stated that a secret room was there, she may have found it true, and shut herself in."

"Let us go up, then, and call," cried Martin.

They went up immediately, and called, but no answer came to them. The

wind still blew in furious blasts, moaned and shrieked, but to all their calling came no answer.

Mr. Bach paced the room, sounded the walls, measured and scrutinized, then again descended, and went straight out of doors. Alas! the night was dark, the rain fell, and the turret loomed like a ghost in the distance.

"There is nothing for it but to wait for daylight," he said, returning to the house. "Now, lad, we have done all we can. Take a chair, and try to sleep for an hour."

Martin scouted the idea as impossible, and watched with keen eyes for the daylight long after Mr. Bach fell asleep. He was still watching for daylight, he believed, when he heard voices round him, and the stirring of many feet. He started up, wide awake. Mr. Bach, with a triumphant face, stood there, and with him some country folks, who acted as stone-masons.

"Claudine was right," said Mr. Bach, dragging Martin to the window. "Look there!"

Martin looked, rubbed his eyes, and looked again, for there surely enough, with its ivy screen dangling wind-blown yards below, was a loop-hole.

The reason of the presence of the stone masons came upon Martin like a flash of lightning, and with an impetuous movement he rushed up to the turret room. The men followed with lumbering steps, cursing the broken stairs and the darkness of its windings. Martin was found feeling with eager fingers for the spring by which the stones would move, and show to him his beloved in the secret chamber.

Mr. Bach dragged him away.

"No time for that kind of thing," he said, hoarsely. "While you are hunting for the spring the child will die of fright. The wall must come down."

The masons set to work, and presently, as their heavy instruments struck the wall, back with a groan rolled a door, and the small aperture opened to

view the secret chamber. All knelt at the opening, peering in, and sickening at the dreadful sight it disclosed. For in the centre of the room stood a small oaken table, and on it lay a black letter Bible, whose leaves fluttered on to the floor in the draft of air which came from door and window. In a large oaken chair, drawn to the table so that the occupant could lean its arms upon it, was the skeleton of a man.

In a corner of this place of sepulture lay Claudine, sobbing in her sleep.

Claudine's story was very easily told. How she had determined to prove that she was right in her surmise that the turret room contained a secret chamber, and of how she had knelt beside the wall, pressing with all her weight, and of how she had discovered the spring, and had crawled through the small door into the room; of how the darkness of the place had frightened her, and had caused her to forget on which side of the room the door was, and of how she had heard it suddenly shut with a little click that told her it was tightly fastened. There was nothing more to relate, except her terror, her frantic terror, as she found no efforts of her own could free her from her cage. She had fainted, she had shrieked, and, moaning, had sobbed herself to sleep. Thus they found her.

She had not seen the skeleton, and they never told her that it had been found—they feared her vivid imagination would picture it in dreams. Neither did they think it wise to tell Ruth.

But Mrs. Montford, with Mr. Bach and Martin, saw that the bones were laid in the family vault, and then with intense interest perused the letter which the poor man had written. It told how, in James the Second's reign, he had been persecuted for his religion, and had taken refuge in the secret chamber of the Grange; of how he had found it impossible to escape from his fate when he could not open the door; of how he had striven to let people know

of his incarceration ; of how the rustics had only been frightened away from the place by the noises which he had made. This letter he signed JOHN MONTFORD.

And for the murder of this man the bones of Jules Montford lay in the wood—and he had been hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Be sure that none of the party cared to know more of the Grange. Martin persuaded his mother to accompany him to the "New World," which she very

gladly did. Once there, Martin began a life of energy and enterprise, and Mr. Bach gave him Claudine to be his wife as soon as he saw that he was in earnest in making something of his life.

Mrs. Montford is happy. Martin is cursed of his devotion to the past—for now in Claudine he has a keen, loving interest in the present.

And the Grange is going to be pulled down, for Martin has sold it to a farmer of enterprise



SKETCHES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

LORD SYDENHAM.

When the second rising in Canada of 1838 had been put down, and it had become evident to the home authorities that a union of the two provinces had become absolutely necessary, the choice of a new governor to carry out these intentions was naturally a difficult question to decide. Lord Durham's mission had proved a most signal failure, and that violent nobleman had just returned to England after a stay in Canada of not quite six months. It must be admitted that, if conciliation was sought for, the choice of a representative was peculiar. A political squib of the day by Tomkins has come down to us:

I.

"How comes it Durham's sent abroad on embassies to roam?

His claim is this—he makes himself unbearable at home.

II.

"Nature made Durham, I've a strong suspicion,
With all this wormwood in his composition,
Like Hodson's bitter ale, whose destination
Is not for home *consumpt*, but exportation."

Not only was Lord Durham by nature a most violent, disagreeable, overbearing and haughty man, but he was even then in a state of health which would have sufficed to make the most amiable of men peevish at times. Moreover, he had forgotten, it seems, the lessons he had had every opportunity to learn in Russia, where he had been an ambassador. It was to be expected that the Tory papers would not express much satisfaction at the nomination of radical John George Lambton, but mere political enmity can scarcely account for the rancor and malevolence displayed by *Blackwood* at the appointment. In

speaking of His Lordship, that review exclaims: "The very temper of that person is, of itself, equal to a sentence of revolution in the Canadas. Arrogant towards the weak, humble and prostrate to the dust before the high and mighty, ever capricious and insolent of demeanor where unrestrained by fear or station, utterly devoid of moral courage, and of passions fierce and uncontrollable, with the consciousness of impunity, a despot by instinct and impulse." His first act, it must be admitted, would seem to give some grounds for the accusation. He sent eight of the leading rebels, then held in custody, as convicts to Bermuda, adding that in case they should be at any future time found within the limits of the province, they should "be taken and deemed to be guilty of high treason, and suffer death accordingly." The exile was to last during pleasure, and the sentence, considering the offence, was certainly not a cruel one. However, one rather essential formality had been omitted—they had not been tried. Lord Durham had actually taken upon himself, with a disregard of formality that would have done credit to an eastern despot, to pass sentence upon a number of British subjects, and a sentence carrying with it, under given circumstances, the penalty of death, without subjecting them to even the form of a trial! Such an unheard-of proceeding could of course not be tolerated in England, and a very nice storm was raised about the Governor's devoted ears. Lord Brougham led the attack by asking the Secretary of the Colonies whether he had seen the

ordinances said to have been issued by the Governor of Canada, "which ordinances, if the noble lord who was at the head of the government of Canada presumed—he repeated it, presumed—to carry into effect, he would be guilty of murder." There was but one course left, that of disallowing a proceeding it was impossible to defend, and Lord Durham received instructions to issue a proclamation repealing his ordinance, which he did with no very good grace, and then in high dudgeon, and without the authorization of any kind from the home government, departed for England, leaving the administration in the hands of Sir John Colborne. The consequences of the disallowance, together with the British indemnity act, as might have been expected, were another outbreak. As an able English reviewer puts it, summing up the conduct of the British Government before, during and after :

"We first winked at and promoted republicanism and sedition to such a degree as to fan them into actual rebellion; and though aware for years that an insurrection was rapidly approaching, we left the colonies with only 3,500 British troops to protect them from destruction. When the first revolt was put down by this gallant handful of men, and the strenuous support of the loyal North American British population, we carried the system of conciliation, concession, and dallying with treason to such a length as to cause the rebellion to break out a second time, under circumstances of still greater horror, and when it required to be extinguished in oceans of blood."

It was under these circumstances that the Right Hon. Poulett Thomson was called upon to take possession of the reins of government in Canada. Many circumstances seemed to concur to make his task more easy than it had been for his predecessors. The rebellion had been twice put down, the last time effectually. The execution of twelve of the leaders, and the transportation of fifty-eight more from Lower Canada alone, had had a salutary effect. The choice of the new governor also was a happy one. His manners were most agreeable, not to say fascinating ;

he had, moreover, considerable abilities, great determination and unceasing industry. Moreover, he was most ambitious, and, above all, coveted a peerage, which would enable him to follow up his political career in England without the constantly recurring risk and expense of an uncertain electoral contest. Mr. Poulett Thomson, it was said, did not much like giving up his place at the Board of Trade; he would have preferred remaining in the British Cabinet, with a seat in the House of Lords, but the general elections were approaching, and he was by no means sure of Manchester, for which he sat, at all times an uncertain and expensive constituency. It had, however, been deemed that one creation out of the Cabinet at the time would be enough, and Mr. Spring Rice, who without a doubt had a better claim, was made Lord Mount-eagle, while Mr. Thomson sailed for Canada as Governor-General, and reached Quebec on 17th October, 1839. We find mention made of him in the exceedingly amusing, though perhaps not particularly discreet "Grenville Memoirs," published a couple of years ago.

"I had," says the author, "a great deal of conversation with Poulett Thomson last night after dinner on one subject or another; he is very good-humored, pleasing and intelligent, but the greatest coxcomb I ever saw, and the vainest dog, though his vanity is not offensive or arrogant."

The picture is no doubt to a certain extent true, though he must have assumed a somewhat more dignified demeanor when bearing on his shoulders the whole weight of vice-regal honors and responsibilities. That he was a man of indubitable strength of will there can be no question. There is an amusing anecdote told of his sending on one occasion for the Attorney-General (at the time Mr. Ogden, if we are not mistaken), and telling him he wished some particular measure passed through the House. The Attorney-General suggested that he had great

doubts as to whether the bill could be passed. "The measure must be passed," was Lord Sydenham's not particularly courteous reply; "if you cannot carry it through I must find an Attorney-General who can."

It was not to be supposed that a man of such determination would allow any ordinary obstacles to deter him. The impediments in his way, moreover, though numerous, do not appear to have been very great. The mass of the English population may be said to have desired the union, though not exactly on the terms on which it was ultimately established. The loyal portion of the French-Canadians desired it also, as putting an end to trouble and strife, which threatened to be perpetual so long as the provinces remained separated. As to the dissatisfied portion, they had just been taught that their darling idea of a *Nation Canadienne*, however much they desired it, was beyond their powers to compass, and discouraged, disorganized and abandoned by their leaders, were quite prepared to accept the terms dictated to them by their conquerors. Some of the means resorted to, however, by Lord Sydenham are hardly to be excused, even on the plea of the emergency of the times. A handsome bribe to the priesthood, if not a very moral, was at all events safe to be a most effectual lever. The Governor-General proceeded at once to Montreal, and there convoked his special council, and one of the first measures laid before them was

"An ordinance to incorporate the Ecclesiastics of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice in Montreal, to confirm their title to the Fief and Seigniory of the Island of Montreal, the Fief and Seigniory of the Lake of the Two Mountains, and the Fief and Seigniory of *Saint Sulpice*, in this Province; to provide for the gradual extinction of Seigniorial rights and dues, within the Seigniorial limits of the said Fiefs and Seigniories, and other purposes."

It is on this ordinance these gentlemen, doubtless, found themselves for the brutal outrage perpetrated upon the

Oka Indians a short time ago. Garneau states in express terms that the act of incorporation was granted "in order to conciliate the Catholic clergy," and somewhat further on says significantly in relation to the protests against the Union that they "were drawn up in the districts of Quebec and Three Rivers, all the clergy joining therein." The clergy of the district of Montreal it would seem did not join in the expression of dissatisfaction.

Mr. Poulett Thompson felt it was safer to hurry matters as much as possible, and he had, moreover, a very strong spur to his natural energy and impetuosity in his desire to send the Union Bill home to his friends in time for the coming session of the Imperial Parliament; besides which it was a matter of much importance not to allow parties now split up into innumerable factions, especially in Upper Canada, time to combine. We have seen that he left almost immediately for Montreal, and calling his Legislative Council together—the only legislative body existing in Lower Canada—he submitted to them, without delay, the resolutions on which was to be based the Union Act. These resolutions were passed without any very great trouble, and on the 19th of November the Governor-General left for Toronto. The resolutions were six in number, declaring: the first, the advisability of the reunion of the provinces; the second, the approval of the Council of Her Majesty's intention to effect such a reunion; the third, the expediency of providing a suitable civil list; the fourth, that it was right that the debt contracted by Upper Canada for the improvement of internal communication, as being of advantage to both provinces, should be borne by the Union; the fifth, that the terms of reunion should be left to the wisdom and justice of the Imperial Parliament; the sixth and last, that a permanent legislature, in which both provinces

would be adequately represented, was expedient, with a view to the security of the country and the cessation of the expense its defence cost the parent State. These resolutions were all carried on division, by a majority of twelve to three, except the third, relating to the advisability of establishing a civil list, which Mr. Neilson, alone and most unreasonably, opposed. Writing from Toronto, the Governor-General says in reference to the passing of these resolutions: "I have succeeded in Lower Canada in far less time and with greater ease than I could have expected from Sir John Colborne's account to me of the state of feeling, especially in his own Council. The fact is, that his Council ran out, and did not know how to proceed. I have given them my opinion strongly, at the same time that I expressed my willingness to hear and give due weight to theirs."

A rather amusing account is given by one of the opposing councillors of the Governor's way of putting his opinion strongly. Mr. Poulett Thomson having heard that Mr. Neilson, a very prominent Lower Canadian politician, and a man who, from his strict personal integrity and great ability as a writer, wielded considerable influence, and who was at the time a member of the Council, had expressed opinions adverse to the proposed union, sent for him to hear his views and consult with him on provincial affairs generally. A greater contrast it would be difficult to imagine than the exceeding courtesy, the fashionable, almost foppish appearance of the one, mingling the winning ways of an accomplished courtier with the studied manners of a fine gentleman, and the cold, impassive reserve and solemn demeanor of the other, with his tall, gaunt and by no means graceful figure, grave and determined expression of face, and piercing black eyes watching intently from beneath his overhanging brow. The Governor

must have felt at once that polite speeches, courtly blandishments and vice-regal smiles would recoil harmlessly from that rugged block of Scotch granite, and nothing but strong, sound reasons would shake the editor of the *Quebec Gazette* in the convictions he had once formed. The interview was a very short one. In answer to an enquiry from the Governor, Mr. Neilson declared at once that he thought the union an ill-advised measure, distasteful to the great majority of the Lower Canadians, and agreeable to only very few others—assigning as a reason that it tended to the oppression of the French-Canadians. He was then proceeding to justify the soundness of his views when he was interrupted with the sharp enquiry:

"Oh! You are inimical to the proposed union?"

"I am so," was the equally sharp reply.

"Then," abruptly responded the Governor, "we shall never come to an understanding on the subject," and so the interview ended.

It is a matter of some surprise that of four French-Canadians who voted as councillors on the resolutions, one alone voted against them, all the others in their favor; which would seem to show that all the French-Canadians were by no means so opposed to that measure as Mr. Garneau in his history endeavors to make us believe, though it must be admitted, on the other hand, that to this day they have no very great affection for the memory of Lord Sydenham. In truth the conduct of the French-Canadians would seem to point to the fact that the English are not the only people fond of a grievance. The constitution of 1791 had been so distasteful that they had considered themselves justified in an open appeal to arms against it, and when a responsible government was granted, they cried bitterly for the liberties of 1791. There was, however,

it must be admitted, not much love lost between the Governor and the French-Canadians, if we can judge from some extracts of his correspondence which have reached us :

"If it were possible," he says, writing from Toronto at the close of 1839, "the best thing for Lower Canada would be a despotism for ten years more ; for in truth the people are not yet fit for the higher class of self-government—scarcely indeed, at present, for any description of it."

And again in Sept., 1840, after he had received the pleasing intelligence that he had, in acknowledgment of his services, been raised to the peerage, the object of his most earnest wishes, and had successfully carried his Union Act in Upper Canada—at a time when one would suppose he would be sure to be in a good humor, and disposed to look at things on their sunny side, he writes from Montreal : "As for the French, nothing but time will do anything for them. They hate British rule, British connection—improvement of all kinds, whether in their laws or their roads ; so they will sulk, and will try—that is, their leaders—to do all the mischief they can." Does it not seem strange that in 1876 these words should be as true as they were in 1840 ? Does it not seem almost incredible that barely eight short years of separation from the guiding wisdom and practical good sense of the British members of Upper Canada should have sufficed to send them back, leaders and all, to the benighted days of thirty-six years ago ? Two months later, writing from Montreal again, he says : "The only things I cannot manage here, which I should like to deal with, are education and emigration. The first I can do nothing in ; first for want of money, and next, that I cannot get the priests to agree to any feasible scheme. They pretend to be in favor of something, but are in reality opposed to teaching the people at all, being weak enough to think that so long as they are ignorant they are under control." In 1875 our French-Canadian fellow-countrymen have marked

their crab-like progress by the remarkable Education Bill of last session.

The Union Act, however, had been passed through the British Parliament by Melbourne's tottering, tumbling ministry, known in parliamentary history as "the bed-chamber ministry," their principal strength resting in the fact that, being in office when the Queen came to the throne, they had named from among their friends all the principal ladies of the household, and in that way exercised a considerable indirect influence over Her Majesty. The ministry was very weak, not so much perhaps in the House of Commons as in the House of Lords, and it was in the latter house the principal attack upon the measure was made. Lord Ellenborough attacked it severely, and so did Lord Gosford. The latter nobleman's speech is dwelt upon with much gusto, and reproduced at some length by Mr. Garneau in his "History of Canada." It was but natural that Lord Gosford should oppose a union asked for in the same petition from the constitutional association which prayed for his recall. He felt just then extremely sore at the want of success of his mission as Commissioner and Governor, both in one, to Canada. He had been probably selected because he was an Irishman, and consequently supposed to understand something about the art of humbug, and moreover he had been, not long before on the Orange Question, remarkably well drilled in that line by its arch-professor, O'Connell. The object of his mission was conciliation ; soft-sawder would therefore be requisite. Never was there a greater failure—Irish blarney could not stand for a minute before Canadian *blague*. He came to humbug, he was completely gulled. His elaborate overtures at friendship were received with equally labored declarations of respectful attachment and happy admiration. Great was the joy of "la Nation Canadienne" when it became known that His Excel-

lency and his Secretary, with great trouble and the aid of a borrowed French dictionary, had officially answered some communication in French. Joy became enthusiasm when the representative of the Queen, at the meeting of Parliament, addressed the House of Assembly in the same tongue, supplying afterwards a translation in his own despised vernacular; but enthusiasm became delirious ecstasy when, at a grand ball given at the Chateau on the *St. Catherine*, the patron saint of toffy and French Canadians, the Governor-General and the High Commissioner combined was actually seen flirting and pulling "tire" with Mrs. Bedard, the wife of the notorious Mr. Bedard whom Sir James Craig had thrown into prison for treason. This good understanding, however, was doomed not to last long, and upon Lord Gosford refusing to establish in Lower Canada an absolute republic, with the Queen's nominees, and his hands tied as president, their love turned to hatred, and he finally left Canada for England as cordially detested by the French as by the British Canadians. There remained, however, another and a much more powerful opponent of the bill, so powerful indeed that the measure was passed only by a slender majority—that was the Duke of Wellington. Lord Sydenham had thought proper, while publishing some of Lord John Russell's despatches which served his purposes, to withhold others until after he had got this resolution through the Legislature of Upper Canada. The despatch he withheld related to the granting of responsible government, which was fully established only in 1847 under Lord Elgin. Had that despatch been published at the time it was received there is no doubt that Lord Sydenham would have had immense trouble in obtaining the assent of Upper Canada to his views. The despatch was kept back and the resolutions passed. The Duke of Wellington must have had some ink-

ling of the fact, for he kept from time to time putting questions in regard to colonial affairs, and constantly repeated his well-known words of warning, "*Let us have no mistakes.*" Then at last, when he had unmasked the whole matter, reviewing the conduct of the ministry, he thundered forth the terrible accusation against Lord Sydenham, "*and thus Her Majesty's lieutenant founded his government on misprision of treason.*" The duke was right. The withholding of that despatch was, beyond doubt, in law, misprision of treason; but for over a quarter of a century, under that same Union Act, Canada made immense strides in material prosperity and modern civilization. The Canadians, it is true, as Lord Sydenham had predicted, for a time tried sulking and opposition, but soon finding that kicking against the pricks was very poor satisfaction, they put their shoulders to the collar, and before long, instead of being overborne and oppressed as they had feared, managed under the skilful leadership of Sir George E. Cartier, and by the help of a small Upper Canada minority, to keep the almost uninterrupted control of the Legislature, so that they had no grounds of complaint.

The Union was proclaimed on the 10th February, 1841. There were several reasons for selecting that day in particular. It was the date of the assent to the Imperial Act of 1838, depriving Lower Canada of its former constitution, and of the Treaty of 1763, which ceded Canada to the British Crown, and moreover it was the anniversary of the marriage of the Queen. Even in his proclamation Lord Sydenham could not help showing the predilection he so strongly felt for Upper Canada by referring to the feelings of affection and interest he entertained towards that province, and keeping what an Irishman might call an eloquent silence concerning his love for Lower Canada.

At the approaching elections for the

first United Parliament, the dissatisfied French-Canadians massed the whole of their strength, so as to defeat the union if possible. The elections, as is, and must always more or less be, the case in times of great popular excitement, were accompanied by considerable violence. The opposition party, of course, laid the whole blame to the door of the Governor, but there is no proof that he encouraged the disorder in any way. In the county of Montreal the French party were driven from the poll the second day, but the violence had been inaugurated the day before by the French themselves, and an Irishman had been beaten to death by them. At Terrebonne, it is true, Mr. McCulloch was returned without a vote being cast for his opponent, Mr. Lafontaine, who contested the seat with him; but Mr. Lafontaine himself admitted that almost all his followers had come armed with cudgels, and that those who had none had stopped at a wood to provide themselves with some, and that, although the parties were about equal in number, he had retired without attempting to poll a vote only because he considered his opponents held a more favorable situation for fighting; so that the blame may fairly be divided between both parties in about equal measures.

The House met on the 14th June, 1841, at Kingston, and, as was expected, an amendment to the address was immediately moved by the Hon. John Neilson, condemning the Union, and to the effect that, "there are features in the act now constituting the government of Canada which are inconsistent with justice and the common rights of British subjects." The amendment was lost on division, by a vote of fifty to twenty-five, Mr. Christie voting with the minority, and Mr. Baldwin and five of his followers voting also among the twenty-five. Lord Sydenham felt very sore at the defection of Mr. Baldwin, who had resigned his portfolio the very

day of the opening of the session. It is said the cause of the difference between them was some changes Mr. Baldwin wished, at the last moment, to make in the Cabinet, to which Lord Sydenham would not agree. The session passed off smoothly enough. Sir Allan Macnab, with his well-known tact, seizing the right moment, managed to pass a measure to enable contested election petitions to be brought in after the time fixed by law for their reception had expired, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Government; but the bill was thrown out in the upper house. Lord Sydenham was in high spirits, and though he had suffered severely from an attack of gout, his ever-threatening enemy, the air of Kingston seemed to agree with him, and he was rapidly recovering. Moreover, he had made arrangements to leave for England immediately on the close of the session, having long before obtained leave of absence on account of ill-health, besides having two months before sent home his formal resignation. On the 4th of September, however, he unfortunately got a severe fall from his horse. The principal bone of his leg was fractured, and a very large wound inflicted above the knee by the angle of a jagged stone against which he was dragged. At first he appeared to be doing well, the bone was uniting, and fever had not yet declared itself to any very great extent, though he was nervous and restless. From his bedside he continued to conduct the whole business of the session as he had done before, receiving the officers of the Government and members of the House as freely and conversing with them as openly. So much interest did he take in what was going on that he ordered two dragoons to be stationed at the door of the Parliament Buildings when the House was sitting, so as to receive at short intervals written reports of what was being done. He continued to display the same mental activity and

energy which had always characterized him, an amusing instance of which has been told. Some minor measure had failed to pass through the House, and Mr. Christie, to whom for some or no reason the bill had given particular umbrage, having seen somewhere that an obnoxious bill had once been kicked out of the House of Commons, proceeded to treat this unfortunate Act in the same ignominious manner. His conduct reached the ears of Lord Sydenham, who immediately sent for a copy of the bill, tore off the first sheet, dictated from his bed a new heading and preamble, and sent it back to the Attorney-General with instructions to have it passed, and it was passed, probably unrecognized. A week before his death he received his appointment to the Grand Cross of the Bath, and wrote to Lord Falkland to send the "Pique," the frigate in which he had come out, to Quebec to take him home. On Friday, the 17th, the Legislature was pro-rogued by General Clitherow, Lord Sydenham correcting his speech in the morning himself, and continuing to transact public business through the day. That night there was a change for the worse; the next day it became evident there was no hope.

"In the afternoon," writes an eye-witness, "Lord Sydenham invited all the members of his family to unite with him in receiving the holy sacrament. After the administration of the

sacred ordinance he took leave of them individually, addressing to each some words of kind remembrance, accompanied by some token of his regard. He then desired to be left alone with his chaplain, and during the night he continued constant and fervent in prayer, and in preparation for the awful change about to take place. No murmur at his untimely fate ever escaped his lips, but in his death he evinced the same firmness and strength of mind which in life had been his distinguishing characteristic. Throughout the night his sufferings continued unabated, and repeatedly those who watched thought that his last moment had come; but it was not until seven o'clock of Sunday, the 19th, that he breathed his last."

Thus died in the zenith of his fame, facing death like a brave man and a good man, one of the most promising young statesmen the mother country has ever sent to Canada. He was in the prime of his life, only 42 years of age, and had reached the goal towards which he had struggled so manfully and to which he had looked forward so long and so anxiously. Had he been spared and returned to his native land, to take his place among the peers of the realm, there can be no doubt that Canada would have found in him an able and willing friend and a zealous and enlightened advocate to look after her interests in the House of Lords. Fate decreed otherwise; the "Pique" sailed without him, and his mortal remains still rest in Kingston under the sod where they were deposited with much pomp and ceremony on the 24th Sept. 1841—thirty-six years ago.



A WINTER IN FLORIDA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GIRLS' VOYAGE."

For the benefit of a large number of my fellow beings whose thoughts are of necessity directed southward when winter winds and dampness make life a burden to them in northern latitudes, it seems an act of benevolence to draw attention by a word sketch to one of the most charming places in Florida.

Fear not, dear reader, a hackneyed description of Jacksonville and St. Augustine attractions, of which you are already sufficiently informed by guide books and magazine articles, even if not by actual experience. Jacksonville is certainly a lively place, yet all do not care for its festivities; there are charms in old St. Augustine that easily make captives by the thousand, yet there are lungs and bronchial tubes that complain at that soft sea air and crave the dry atmosphere of the pine woods, and to the owners of such troublesome organs we proffer an invitation to accompany two travellers far up the St. John's, to a "Land o' the Leal" called Onoro.

Of the two in question both were ladies—spinsters, they called themselves, though the younger could hardly make a just claim to that title. She was in the habit of assuming it at times when desirous of convincing her relatives that the escort of a gentleman for the contemplated southern trip would be quite unnecessary to such experienced women as herself and Miss Hayes. The latter, however, might be thus termed with more propriety, but never did girl in her teens possess a greater talent for enjoying herself and seeing fun in all circumstances than did this same spinster, whose pathway in life had been a thorny one, the roses in it

generally blooming just beyond her reach. She might once have used the pathetic words of the little Irish girl we read of—"Such lots of good times in the world, and I ain't in 'em!" and when a "good time" came to her in the shape of a chance to go to Florida with her young invalid friend, Mattie Wallace, as her chaperone nominally, she availed herself of it with a buoyancy that even sea-sickness could not smother.

After four days and five hours' steaming over quite a smooth sea (for winter), the "Seminole" passed Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah river, and the travellers settled down in the city of shade trees and grass squares for a while, only to wait there until they should learn the name of the most healthful place in Florida; for Mattie said: "We left home to find a good climate, and nothing less than the very best that Florida can afford will satisfy me this time."

"I believe we are in a fair way to find it now," said Phœbe Hayes, when, after many days of waiting and deliberation, she came back from a call of consultation upon an acquaintance. "Here is a card that bears a cheerful advertisement. Just listen, Mattie," and she read of Onoro, Orange County, "situated in one of the most healthy and desirable portions of East Florida, surrounded by orange and banana groves, and bordering on two spring-water lakes." There a physician keeps a house for the accommodation of guests, and claims that his grounds are high, rolling pine lands, entirely free from dampness or marsh, being three miles inland from Lake Monroe, and

about two hundred miles south of Jacksonville. It is accessible almost daily by comfortable steamers from Jacksonville to Mellonville, where conveyances are provided.

"How do you like the sound of that?" asked Phœbe, when she had read the card aloud, and looked at her auditor for approval.

"Oh, these advertisements are always painted in high colors," said Mattie, doubtfully.

"Perhaps so, but there must be some truth for a foundation to all this, and we might go at once and find out. The train this afternoon for Jacksonville will take us there as well as it would to-morrow, so why should we delay? Let us go and seek our fortunes!"

"Suit yourself," said the young lady; "you are my chaperone. Only remember your solemn responsibilities ere you whisk me off to the land of oranges and alligators at three hours' notice."

Miss Hayes' energy triumphed, and soon after the next sunrise they had reached Jacksonville, and there embarked in the "Katie," one of the river boats that run up to Sanford and Mellonville.

"This is a charming experience for a January day," said Miss Wallace, as she leaned back contentedly in a deck chair, and surveyed the distant banks on either side of the broad St. John's, and the curving white wake left by iron wheels on the calm water.

"The air has the suggestion of chilliness, as if it were a spring morning, but the sun makes my very heart warmer than it ever was at home—at least in winter. A little more and I might almost feel affectionately disposed towards my fellow-travellers, though I do not see a prepossessing face among them. What if we should find ourselves in no more congenial society at Onoro?"

"Then we should have to make the best of our situation, and probably

find some noble and loveable qualities even in people who look as uninteresting as most of these do," replied Phœbe, her eyes resting upon a tall, pallid woman, who regarded Miss Wallace with stares that were becoming more and more disconcerting to that young lady.

After a while she advanced and seated herself beside Miss Hayes, as if impelled by the desire to converse with some one, and asked questions of a personal nature, where they came from and where bound to, etc.; remarking that Miss Wallace looked so much like a friend of hers that she could hardly keep her eyes away from her, which indeed seemed to be the case. Mattie grew indignant, and tried to silence the inquisitive female by a frosty manner, but failed to effect this, and the great black eyes continued to stare at her.

"Hain't you got the consumption?" then asked this curious traveller. That being a question no one cares to have presented in a point-blank style, Miss Wallace may, perhaps, be pardoned for replying tersely and with a frown, "No, I haven't. Have you?"

"Why, no," the woman answered. "I ain't comin' up this way for my own health at all. I come from the town of Stark, in this State—that's my home—and I'm a takin' this 'ere journey for the good of a young person who's been stayin' at my house for her health. She's a northern girl, and of course 'twould be her death to go home now with her lungs so bad; so the next best thing was to go to Pilatky, where she's got friends that can do more for her than I could, and I come along with her, for she's too sick to travel alone."

"And did you leave your home and children (for I believe you told us that you had some little ones) to take care of this young stranger?" said Phœbe, with interest shining in her eyes.

"Well, what else could I do for the

poor dear? And, besides," added the gaunt woman, her sallow face brightening with a new expression, "don't you know it says in the good Book 'I was a stranger and ye took me in,' and something about its bein' noticed by the Lord as done for Him when we do for any of His people? I must go and see if she don't want some ice-water," she said after a pause, and went into the cabin to wait upon a frail young creature, whom the ladies had noticed with pity, wondering what friends she had on board.

"Phœbe," said Miss Wallace, with a little tremor in her voice, "I am sorry I snubbed her. I forgive her stares, for she is one of the 'jewels' that the book of Malachi tells of."

Her repentance was not without fruits, for she soon found an opportunity to comfort the invalid girl with her cologne bottle and a few sympathizing words, and addressed her protector with kindness not unmingled with respect.

At Pilatka they, with others, left the "Katie" to pursue her winding course up the river, which becomes freakish after that point, narrowing, and darting round sharp corners, where pine woods stand in dark relief against a golden sunset sky; then, as the moonlight prevails, expanding into great Lake George, and contracting again to wander through palmetto thickets. At nine o'clock next morning this peculiar stream again became a great lake called Monroe, and our travellers' river journey terminated at the little town of Mellonville upon its borders. That comfortable vehicle familiarly termed the "Onoro hack" was ready to receive them. A drive of three miles among tall pines, and past orange groves, where yellow fruit showed temptingly in masses of dark green foliage, and then appeared a large, homelike dwelling on the banks of a lake, bluer than the Florida heavens. It was pointed out to them by the driver, with the ejaculation,

"Here ye are, ladies! and if ye don't like the place better after two months than after two days, ye'll be different from the most of them I brings here."

The welcome received at the Onoro House from the genial Doctor and the ladies of his family soon gives one a sense of belonging to their household, and the forty boarders, so pleasantly influenced by the social atmosphere prevailing there, readily admit a new comer into their circle. On the front piazza the ladies stood to take a survey of their new surroundings—a broad walk sloping down to the sparkling lake that supplies the establishment with water of the purest quality, and is too deep and clear to affect the atmosphere unpleasantly; a rustic arbor, where hammocks swinging in the soft breeze give suggestion of afternoon naps to be enjoyed there; paths winding among tastefully arranged flower beds, which relieve the dazzle of white sand; groups of pines with festoons of gray moss floating down from their lofty branches, and on either side of Onoro Lake another blue sheet of water within easy walking distance—such are the characteristics of this winter retreat, and both Miss Hayes and Miss Wallace felt that their prospects were favorable as they followed the summons of the dinner bell into a great cool hall. Astonishment was their portion there, but it was of a pleasing kind. "Where is the tough meat we expected?" said Mattie, in an undertone. "Never did I think that Florida could furnish such beef as this," and, indeed, there is cause for such surprise at Onoro not only because of good meat; at every meal one is reminded that a lady must be behind the scenes providing with thoughtful skill. A letter written to a friend at the north by Mattie Wallace, after Miss Hayes and herself had seen January and February pass under the sunny skies of Onoro, gives an idea of how time slips away in that healthful region of white sand and pines.

ONORO, February 19th, 187—.

I have become a Florida air-plant, dear K., drawing in from the pure breezes a daily tonic, and basking in sunshine that is seldom clouded. For two months we have not had more than three really rainy days, and the weather has generally been warm. When a cold wave sweeps over the country and your thermometer falls to the neighborhood of zero, we enjoy such clear, bracing weather as belongs to a New England October, and wood fires are comfortable for a while, yet after sitting by them we are apt to say, "Oh, how warm this room is!" and gladly make our escape into the sunshine. From the proximity of three lakes you might think it would be damp here, and early in the morning I sometimes notice drops of moisture hanging on my window shutters. Let an invalid stay in-doors, or on the piazzas till after nine, I would suggest, and after that, if there is drier and more delicious air in the world I should be glad to hear of it, though I might not take the trouble to seek it, being so well satisfied at Onoro.

Do you want to know how people pass the days down here? Those who are well, or nearly so, can visit orange groves and Indian mounds, they can drive to the St. John's to fish, or hunt the woods for botanical specimens; in short, they need not pine for amusement. On the other hand, how do you suppose people who are on the invalid list contrive to kill time? There are several here whose strength can carry them no farther than mine can, and I am not sure that we do not have more fun than the well ones in a quiet way. Let your thoughts wander with us in our morning walks around the grassy lake-margin to the Doctor's banana grove, where we rest under the broad leaves and see the ripples of Silver Lake within a stone's throw. Pursuing a winding course among the

banana plants, we come into the garden of a lady, whose love of flowers and success with them are equalled by her pleasure when she can bestow them on any one who comes to see her, if she thinks they will appreciate them. Here we see the guava, pine-apple, citron, and red pepper growing, orange trees sprinkled with white blossoms that load the passing breezes with their rich fragrance, and some of them bearing the fruit in all stages of growth. We are quite likely to be invited to sit under their shade and partake of oranges, and only suffered to depart when our hands are filled with the loveliest garden flowers.

The hour following dinner is a peculiarly social one, for a satisfactory meal leaves most mortals in a good humor—doubly so when finished off with plenty of oranges, and tea that would do credit to any drawing-room, (I take pleasure in mentioning the tea, because I have lived in houses where that beverage would remind you of nothing more or less than three dried huckleberry leaves to a quart of hot water.) After dinner, I was about to say, the boarders assemble on the piazzas to chat until an afternoon drowsiness scatters them in various directions. The invalid girls retire to hammocks swung under a little cluster of pine trees, or in the rustic arbor near the lake, and there they gaze rapturously at the "summer heavens," (though it really is February or March), listening to feathered warblers, watching countless butterflies as they flit among the rosy oleander blossoms, and heightening their enjoyment by saying to each other, "Aren't we blissful? Don't you suppose it is snowing or hailing at home now?" Strange it is that the above reflection should impart serenity to us, just as if we didn't care how our friends might be suffering, if we were happy in our hammocks! There is something in Florida air that has a paralyzing effect on the intellect

and energies, as well as on the natural affections. You don't care if you are lazy all day—even if books are unread or letters unwritten; what does it matter when you feel a new lease of life coming to you in the breezes? Phœbe is one of the brightest exceptions in this case. It is better than medicine to see her enjoy what she calls the one good time of her life; making hosts of friends, and driving or tramping about the country with them; coming back with orchids and gray moss, and palmetto buds to bleach for hat braiding. Botanical desires lead her into swamps, regardless of snakes, artistic ones perch her upon fences to sketch a wilderness of pines and saw-palmettos, and ambition to strengthen her muscle makes her row on Crystal Lake at the most unreasonable hours. To float quietly on that clear water when sunset hues illumine it is my delight, and to curl up in an arm chair formed by the trunk of a black gum tree growing close to the brink is the next best thing, for there I am soothed by the washing of the water among the reeds at my feet, and the only sound to break upon my dreams is the occasional splash of a frog as he goes into his cool bath. Phœbe is a most enlivening companion, a household benefactress, I might say, for she excites universal merriment by her comical words and ways, and it keeps one in good spirits just to look at her, but I tell her she is not my chaperone half as much as I am hers; the balance of sobriety is on my side of our partnership, and without my restraining influence might effervesce until there would be nothing left of her.

One great source of fun at the Onoro House is a weekly paper, for which the boarders write. Contributions are deposited in the left hand drawer of the parlor sideboard, and every Monday evening they are collected, pinned together on a New York *Tribune*, or some other extensive sheet, and read aloud by our talented young editress, the Doctor's daugh-

ter, to an attentive audience. If you ask the object of our paper, the "Outpourings of Onoro," it is called, I must reply, "Pure foolishness is the main thing, sense not forbidden, but less popular," and I will add that to a select company of light-minded spinsters, headed by Phœbe, is attributed almost every article of marked absurdity that appears in its columns. Whether this is unjust or not I leave you to determine, but judging from smothered laughter coming from the hammocks on Monday afternoons, one might think mischief was brewing among the spinsters, as myself and cronies are called.

I will give you a few extracts from last night's paper, and the first shall be an account of a picnic which was recently attended by your friends.

"The picnic to the palmetto grove on Friday proved more of a success than might have been imagined from the circumstances which attended its commencement. Gathering clouds detained indoors some whose absence left an aching void in the hearts of those who rode in the 'emigrant wagon,' yet as they endured the tribulations of the journey they could not fail to rejoice that there were three victims less than there might have been.

"The road to the palmetto grove led through the dreariest of pine lands, blackened by recent fires, and it was as rough as concealed roots could make it. Rain pattered steadily upon the roof of the wagon, and the side curtains had to be fastened down to protect the 'emigrants,' (among whom were sufferers from weak lungs and throats, bronchial affections and the rheumatism), while they bounced about on the narrow seats, making a continual struggle to sit on them instead of each other and the dinner baskets, and wondering what madness was luring them on to visit a palmetto grove in a pouring rain.

"There were several equestrians in the party, who had at first been subjects

for envy by the victims in the waggon, but they thought themselves comparatively well off as they witnessed the afflictions of a gentleman, whose horse's preference for a side-way mode of travelling subjected him to great inconvenience, which was not lessened by the endurance of a cold shower-bath at the same time.

"All things in this life have an end, and so did this painful journey, of which the end, however, was not brilliant, for the St. John's was gray and sullen, the grove dark and cheerless, and the ground damp. Everybody alighted, and tried to make believe that they were having a good time. There were two exceptions, though, ladies who preferred reposing on the floor of the cart to any chilly attempt at enjoyment. From time to time their companions looked in upon them, saying, 'In here still! Aren't you coming out?' and the reply always was the same—'What is the use when it is so damp?' The sun came out at last, and so did they, crawling under the waggon curtains, as flies at the return of the cheering beams appear in public life after long seclusion. Even the most morose of picnic haters could not deny that the palmettos, with their spiky trunks moss-wreathed, their crowns of great leaves rustling in the wind, were wondrous and beautiful, that the fires blazing under them added to the picturesqueness of the scene, to which contributed a scarlet shawl hanging gracefully from the shoulders of a lady from Georgia's 'Forest City,' who reminded us of some bright bird as she flitted about in the varying sunlight and shadow.

"Fish caught in the river and cooked under the palmettos formed the most popular feature of the repast, and an amazing sight was that group of thirty people in practical enjoyment of the fact that fingers, being made before forks, may be properly used in their absence. A bountiful repast had been

provided, and the viands were attacked with fervor. There is not room in these columns for a more extended description of all that took place on Friday. Others of the party may add accounts of particular and interesting incidents, and all certainly will unite in an expression of regret for those esteemed friends who were prevented from joining in an excursion which finally proved to be one of rare pleasure."

Do not judge of Florida picnics entirely by this description, for we have had others that were delightful from beginning to end.

Among the "personals" appeared the following one, referring to some young gentlemen who have shown great capacity for oranges. "The champion orange eater of the Southern States has left us, after exciting the wonder and admiration of the public by his unparalleled feats, but we have still in our midst one whose skill in the same profession is hardly less astonishing. Mr. H. McG— challenges any who have extensively practised the devouring of oranges to a contest on Wednesday p.m. He finds it necessary to request all competitors on that occasion to provide their own oranges, as he has become impoverished by supplying the champion eater with immense quantities of the fruit." Now let me give one more, for it contains a moral, and that is the proper thing to end with, I suppose. The subject was suggested by a mocking bird, whose appearance is rendered remarkable by the absence of his tail, and a mortified aspect he has on that account. Yet he forgets all about his looks, and perches boldly upon a stump in full sight of us, who laugh at him from the verandah steps, and pours forth such melodies that we are even more astonished than amused at him. "Hark!" some one will say. "That must be our tail-less bird, for no other sings quite like him," and there he is sure to be, absorbed in his music.

THE MOCKING BIRD'S LESSON.

Good people all who laugh at me,
 A tail-less mocking bird—
 Yet keep a wondering silence when
 My tuneful notes are heard,

You seem surprised that I should sing
 When I have been bereft
 Of that adornment highly prized,
 No trace of which is left.

Do you suppose a cheerful heart
 Depends upon a *tail*?
 Or when we lose what once we had,
 That *all* our joys must fail?

Now listen to me while I try
 To make you all believe
 That it is better far to sing,
 Than over loss to grieve.

A prisoner once within a cage,
 I sorrowed night and day;
 No heart was mine for music then,
 Except a plaintive lay.

The feathers of my tail came out,
 Afflictions fell on me;
 I pined until my captor's heart
 Was moved to set me free.

Ah! now I feel as ne'er before
 How blessed is my lot,
 And shall I mournfully complain
 Because my *tail* is not?

The pleasures of the fragrant breeze
 And flowers to me belong;
 No less than other birds must I
 Pour forth my joyous song.

And so, my listeners, be content.
 Like me, do not deplore
 The things you lose, but learn to prize
 Your blessings all the more.

(I am glad to inform you that new tail feathers appear to be growing out. Such is the effect of a cheerful mind!)

Now I must really begin to stop, and before this letter is brought to a close you must be told to direct still, and indefinitely, to Onoro, Orange Co., for there is no prospect at present of our going to any other place. We plan a visit to St. Augustine when fairly started on the way that leads homeward, but have not yet attained to anything more definite than vague plans, for the difficulty lies in getting a start. They say that even summer heat here is far from being unendurable, and April and May are more delightful than the winter months, for then balsamic odors from the pines fill the air, and add a final blessing to respiratory organs already benefited by a sojourn in this climate.

I hope you will impart to others the information I have given you; for, knowing what life is with some people during our northern winters, and what it can be here (if they will only not wait too long before coming), I long to have many others gain the great benefit that I have in following the winding St. John's to this lovely winter home.

Yours affectionately,

MATTIE WALLACE.



THE LOST TRIBES.*

Many years ago, and long before Anglo-Israelite views became popular, there fell into my hands a work by Mr. John Wilson, containing "Our Israelitish Origin" and "Book of Inheritance." The first of these was published by him in the year 1840, and at that time attracted some attention. It was intended to prove the Israelitish origin, not of the English people in particular, but of the modern nations of Europe in general. The Rev. Edward Bickersteth replied to the arguments of Mr. Wilson, and, as that writer says, his objections were an obstacle to the progress of *this truth* (that of the Israelitish origin) in several quarters. The subject did not gain any hold upon the minds of thinking men, or of the public, although, from time to time, writers more or less obscure, and fanciful in their notions, re-stated and commended the views advanced by the propounder of the theory. It was not till 1871 that the Anglo-Israelite apostle appeared in the person of Mr. Edward Hine. He tells us that, when a boy of fifteen, Mr. Wilson lodged a thought in his mind which has lived there ever since. That thought was the Israelitish origin of the English people, their constitution, their national church, everything in short that claimed Mr. Hine's loyalty as a patriot and a churchman. The boy of fifteen developed into an enthusiast. With great earnestness of purpose, with stern dogmatism, but with literary humility as became a writer of no reputation, he launched upon the tide of public opinion his first pamphlet, entitled, "Twenty-seven Identifications of the Lost House of Israel, founded upon three hundred Scripture proofs." This was followed by other pamphlets,

which obtained an enormous circulation, and by lectures which Mr. Hine delivered in many parts of England. The rank and file of the disciples gained by these means are to be found in the large class of shallow religious speculators, the good imaginative people who buy the books of Dr. Cumming and other writers upon unfulfilled prophecy, and read them. A few, like the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, are men of heavier calibre, but are not reckoned safe judges in other matters that they have sought to lay before the world. That Mr. Hine and his followers are sincere in their belief there is no reason to doubt; that he, at least, is heart and soul devoted to its advocacy is visible in every line he writes. He is evangelical but anti-Calvinistic in his views; tolerant of dissenters, yet willing to set them right in various matters of practice. His loyalty to queen and country, constitution and laws, is no more to be questioned than his reverence for pounds, shillings and pence, English weights and measures, and the British workman's two-foot rule; while he hates the decimal system as much as staunch Protestants detest the mark of the beast. Missions to the Jews he deems a great waste of money, that might better be spent on his magazine "Life from the Dead," which he affirms will give to our country a greater event than the Reformation; and, as for the heathen, they are the small dust of the balance that need not be taken into account while the claims of the Israelitish origin are being weighed. There is, however, one great objection that I have to Mr. Hine, one that Professor Rawlinson and Dr. Margoliouth, with other respectable scholars, have strongly expressed,—with all his enthusiasm, energy and zeal for what he considers to be the truth, Mr. Hine is a very ignorant man.

When I call Mr. Hine ignorant, the

*A lecture delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Society of Erskine Church, Montreal, on 17th December, 1877, by Rev. Prof. Campbell, M.A.

term is used in relation to the subject of his teaching. Although not a master of the English language, he writes, as a rule, intelligibly, and sometimes grammatically. His writings evince an acquaintance with current events and national topics; they exhibit powers of observation, and a considerable amount of tact and ingenuity in the accommodation of his theory to persons and to facts. He seems also to have a good acquaintance with the literal text of our English Bible. This is all good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to redeem Mr. Hine from the charge of being very ignorant in regard to the matters of which he treats. A carpenter may be well up in politics, may even know the different kinds of wood and have a smattering of the science of botany, but if he be ignorant of the tools employed in his handicraft, and of their use, he is a very ignorant carpenter. Now, Mr. Hine rails against all commentators, ancient and modern, who, by dint of great learning and life-long studies, have placed the Church in possession of its present standard of religious knowledge, and arrogates to himself the proud position of a root and branch reformer in Biblical interpretation. But he knows nothing of the languages in which the Scriptures he professes to reverence were originally written, nor of any one rational principle of Scripture interpretation. He deals with grave questions in history, ethnology and philology, without possessing a smattering of knowledge in any one of these departments. Yet he catches eagerly at any passing straw that presents a semblance of scientific color, to keep his theory afloat before the eyes of reasoning men. And thus he becomes a witness to the truth that revelation and science, rightly so called, can no more be divorced than God, the author of both, can cease to be true and faithful. A Polish Jew, whom he meets in a lecturing tour, informs him that he has made out a list of six hundred English words derived from the Hebrew. An old sailor, who has been all round the world, has failed

to find Israelitish surnames anywhere but in England. Colonel Gawler furbishes up the old story, that the coronation stone which Edward I. brought to England was Jacob's pillow, and thus connects the Scots, a Celtic people, with the dispersed of Israel. And, finally, Piazza Smyth is introduced, saying much that is true concerning the great pyramid of Cheops, which has no more relation to the English people in their identification with Israel than Mr. Hine's argument has to common sense.

The theory of the Anglo-Israelites is built not upon science but on the application to isolated prophetic passages in the Bible of a new system of interpretation. The interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy is a perilous thing. Many great minds have gone far astray while seeking definitely to forecast the future by its means, and small minds have made sad havoc with the truths of inspiration. The world has lived to see the errors thus committed,—and wise men once taken in, have been careful not to recommit themselves to doubtful conclusions. But there has always been a class ready to rush in where angels fear to tread, and from its ranks Mr. Hine will yet no doubt gain many followers. The statement that lies at the basis of all that has been said or written on the subject is an exceedingly simple one, and one which, if true, should be capable of proof from history and tradition, ethnology and philology, from a comparison of religious beliefs and of national manners, customs and institutions. It is this,—that the English nation is identical with the ten tribes of Israel who were carried into captivity by Assyrian monarchs between 740 and 720 B.C. The great apostle of this doctrine, although far from being a learned man, possesses, as I have already indicated, a large share of ingenuity. His statement of identity should be proved by an exhibition of various points of similarity between the English people and the captive tribes of Israel. This he attempted with his feeble knowledge, as his predecessor, Mr. Wilson, did

with a larger share of information ; he failed, however, and that most lamentably. But, like Antæus, whom Hercules easily threw, yet who rose again to the conflict as soon as he touched his mother earth, Mr. Hine, when cast down by every breath of true science, falls upon the Prophecies and gains strength to continue the contest. His greatest stroke of ingenuity is when the argument from similarity fails to take up that from diversity. Proofs being given of the dissimilarity of the language, religious opinions and traditions of Israel and the ancestors of the English people, the author of the Identifications asks indignantly, "How could Israel be a lost people if it retained these?" The dogmatism is grand and impressive! God willed it that the ten tribes should be so lost that no human science should ever be able to find them, but at last, passing over the great and good of all intermediate ages, He sent the vituperative prophet Hine to point out their national existence in the land of the prophet's birth. Mr. Wilson wrote like a Christian. His answer to Mr. Bickersteth is a model of calm, intelligent and courteous remonstrance. But he who has taken up the mantle of our Israelitish origin has a more summary way of dealing with "wicked cavillers," imputing mercenary motives in many cases that might with better reason be attributed to himself, and otherwise exhibiting little of the spirit of a heaven-taught champion of truth. Still, Mr. Hine professes to meet scientific objectors on their own ground.

When the Anglo-Israelite tells us that the British nation is identical with the Lost Tribes of Israel, what does he mean by the British nation? As at present constituted that nation consists of two main elements, the Celtic and the Saxon,—and the Saxon is not without large admixture of the Scandinavian and Norman French. Now, are Irish and Scottish and Welsh Celts, Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Danes, Normans, and all other peoples that have contributed to the population of the

British Islands, equally Israelites? Mr. Hine has no doubt about the Germanic elements; the Norman, if we believe him, represents the tribe of Benjamin, and is the latest addition to Anglo-Israel; and the Scots, as wanderers and descendants of Heber, may be recognized as belonging to the same great family. The Scots, indeed, are highly favored, for Her Gracious Majesty traces her Davidic descent through a Stuart ancestry, and they furnished the coronation stone, which is an important element in the identification. It has often been said that the people of Aberdeenshire are so Israelitish in their ways that Jews find it hard to make a living among them, and pork, we know, is largely eschewed in North Britain; but the Scots who brought the stone from Ireland were Celts, and in no sense a Germanic people. Moreover, the Saxon or Lowland Scotch are neither members of the Israelite State Church of England, which furnishes an identification in its constant remembrance of the Decalogue, nor are they dissenters from it. But, worse than all, the Scots proper, or Gaels, are of the same blood as the Irish Celts, and they, according to Mr. Hine, are no Israelites, but of the accursed seed of Canaan—a thorn in the side of Israel to the present day. The whole of Ireland was not peopled by Canaanites, however. A notable exception is made in favor of the Protestant North, where the Tuatha-de-Danans represented the tribe of Dan. How they made their way from Media nobody knows. Dr. Latham suggested that the Danai of Greece might have been Danites, and Mr. Hine at one time thought of connecting Denmark with them, but changed his mind and leaped to the North of Ireland. If tradition be true, the people of that region are famous for their saltatory powers. A seaman on one occasion lost his foothold in the rigging of a vessel, and alighted on the deck with great suddenness in front of where the captain was pacing. "Where in the world did you come from?" asked the officer, amazed at

the startling apparition. The seaman, gathering himself up as best he could, put his hand to his forelock and replied, with a charming brogue, "From the North of Ireland, sir." Well, the tribe of Dan leaped to the North of Ireland from nobody knows where, and where they have leaped from is a conundrum that Mr. Hine may put along with the Anglo-Saxon riddle. Modern history derives the Protestant population of Ulster in the main from Scotland, but if that does not agree with Mr. Hine's interpretation of prophecy, I suppose we must abandon the notion. The Irish historians maintain that both the Scots and the Danans were descendants of Magog, but it is hard to say what credit should be given to the wicked posterity of Canaan. I confess, however, that it seems strange to find Canaanites in Irish Roman Catholic Celts, and Israelites in Scotch Protestant Celts, while Saxons and Normans, belonging to a totally different branch of the Indo-European family, are made Israelites also. Mr. Hine would have us infer that he has found this out by Divine truth. I doubt it very much, and am inclined to believe the agency was something human; but he is right in saying that it was not human wisdom. Since, however, Israel is Celtic and Germanic, it must have large continental relations. Benjamin, in the person of the Normans, did not all aspire to the English aristocracy and come over with the Conqueror. Many Normans remained in Normandy, and these have numerous descendants in this Province of Quebec, who show something of the spirit of their ancestor in claiming a Benjamin's portion of all good things. The pious Protestants of Wales, who, although dissenters in the main, and thus not prime favorites of Mr. Hine, are, we suppose, reckoned among Israel, have blood relations in Brittany, which also sent its quota to our shores. The Irish and Scottish historians tell of colonies that the Milesians left in Spain, so that the land of Tarshish should have a right to a lecture or two on its Israelite connections. What of Saxony

and the modern Jutlanders, and the conquering race of Sweden, who were Angles or Ynglingians—are they not all Israelites as well? Mr. Wilson thought so; at least he was in favor of including the Germanic tribes, and so are Mr. Carpenter and the Rev. Robert Polwhele, two witnesses for the identity. But Mr. Hine is a conservative, and he feels that he must draw the line somewhere. Ethnology has nothing to do with the question. Germany was the birthplace of the Reformation, and it would be a pleasing thing to make an Israelite out of Luther, a Saxon, too; but the identity question, says the prophet, is far more important than the Reformation. There are twenty-seven reasons why modern European nations cannot be parts of Israel. Among these are the facts that Germans and Dutchmen, Belgians, Danes and Swedes do not keep the Sabbath, give no prominence in their national churches to the Commandments, and that they have introduced the decimal system. It would, in Mr. Hine's opinion, be a woful calamity and a terrible blow to rectitude and justice if these modern Gentiles were allowed to participate in the glorious heritage of Israel. I wonder how Mr. Hine likes the national church of the Province of Quebec and the decimal system of the Dominion coinage! There is no science, you perceive, visible, even with the aid of a microscope, in the Anglo-Israelite theory so far, which sets at naught all that ethnology teaches of the affiliation of nations, and resolves the peopling of the British Islands into a miraculous outgathering of the tribes of Israel from the Celtic and Teutonic stocks with which they had amalgamated. To this, of course, the Canaanite Irish form an exception.

Let us leave for the time that weak instrument, for so Mr. Hine appropriately terms himself when referring to his confounding the wisdom of the wise, namely, Messrs. Wilson, Carpenter and Polwhele (a case of confusion worse confounded), and examine the theory of the same wise men. They

trace the Anglo-Saxons to the East, which is not remarkable, inasmuch as, if we believe the Bible, all western nations came originally from the East. The Teutonic traditions themselves go back no farther than to Asgard on the Don, and make not the remotest reference to any more ancient home. Yet it is true that some reputable historians have derived Germanic tribes from Persia, of which Media, where many captive Israelites were sent, afterwards became a province. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Carpenter and others, find the ancestors of the British people and the descendants of the Captivity in the Sacæ, the Getæ, and the Scythians in general, because they hold the two former to be mere divisions of the latter. The Sacæ, or Saxons, were Isaac's sons, we are told, who, forgetting their Hebrew name, Beni Isaac, began to speak English early. The Getæ were originally of the tribe of Gad, and kept up their Hebrew, for they called themselves at times Massagetæ, and as *matteh* means a branch or tribe and is the nearest thing in the world to *massa*, it follows that the Massagetæ were the tribe of Gad. However, Colonel Gawler thinks that Reuben and half Manasseh were included under this name. As for Scyth, some of these learned historians decide that it means "wanderer," because the people of that name were doomed to wander from Media to the British Islands; while others connect it with booths, such as the Israelites made for themselves at the Feast of Tabernacles. There is one difficulty about the Scythians, and that is the fact of their name appearing frequently upon ancient Assyrian tablets and cylinders, ages before Israel was carried captive. Even the Sacæ, under the much more perfect form Sakisai, occur in an inscription of Assur-bani-pal not long after the Captivity, as a people not of Media in the north, but of Susiana, far in the south. The Identity historians, however, glory in the statement of Josephus, that the ten tribes dwelt beyond the Euphrates in his day. Unfortunately the Getæ and Scythians

were not to be found there at that time, and if the Sacæ had been sought for they would have been discovered far away on the borders of India, where, a short time before, they had sought to establish their empire. The Scythians were on the northern shores of the Black Sea in the days of Herodotus, four hundred years before Josephus, and the Getæ, at the same period, dwelt to the south of the Danube. There were, however, tribes dwelling in high Asia, called Sacæ by the Persians, and Scythians by Pliny, whose divisions are given us by that author, among which one searches in vain for an Israelite name. Moreover, these Sacæ or Scythians were Turanians of the Tartar family, so that if they were Israelites, the ten tribes, originally Semitic, must have become first Turanian, and afterwards Indo-European. That the people of Sacasene, in Armenia, were ancestors of the Saxons cannot be said to be improbable, but there is not the least shadow of a reason for associating them in any way with the Ten Tribes. Professor Rawlinson, whose researches into the early history and migrations of all these barbarian stocks have been most thorough, will not allow even the possibility of Israel being represented by any one of them. All historians virtually say the same. There is not the least tittle of evidence for connecting the captive tribes of Israel with any people that ever moved westward from Media or any other part of the Persian Empire. The Irish and Scotch, as well as the Welsh traditions, connect with Egypt and Asia Minor and not with Assyria or Persia.

Mr. Hine takes it for granted that the physical appearance of the Jewish people, a well-known type, is different from that borne by Israel; and he does not scruple, in his deplorable ignorance, asserting that the Jews of to-day derive their peculiar cast of countenance from the effects of a curse pronounced upon them at the time of the Crucifixion. Now, in the first place, the Jewish type is found upon Egyptian and Assyrian monuments of great

antiquity. And, second, the type is not that of a single nation, but of a family of nations; in other words, it is the Semitic type, common to ancient Assyrians and Chaldeans, to Phœnicians, Arabs and Syrians. Mr. Hine deniès the statement that he ever taught the doctrine of a change of physical type in Israel, and in so doing he is held, or would be held, were he a reasonable man, to the conclusion that Anglo-Saxon features and complexion are Semitic. If this be the case, the term Semitic should supersede Caucasian in all subsequent works on ethnology. The worst of this is that the Irish Canaanites and a large number of European Gentile nations would become Semitic too. Ham, apart from the line of Canaan, might preserve his dark and woolly identity, but Japheth would no longer be in search of a father; where would he find a son? Perhaps Mr. Hine could furnish him a family from the Prophecies.

The views of the Identity teachers regarding language are rich and rare. Mr. Wilson was careful enough to say but little about it in "Our Israelitish Origin," promising to take up the subject in a separate treatise. He made, however, one sufficiently startling assertion, namely, that the plentiful supply of Hebrew which exists in the modern languages of Europe came through a Gothic medium. There are indeed many roots common to the languages of Europe and the Semitic tongues, but these are found in all the branches of the Indo-European family, and are more abundant in the Celtic than in any other. Moreover, the closest Hebrew affinities, outside of the Semitic area in Asia, are to be found among the languages of northern and eastern Africa. Many other languages present greater likeness, as far as vocabulary is concerned, to the Hebrew than the Gothic—such are those of the degraded Bushmen of South Africa, of the Malay inhabitants of Polynesia, even of the Mayas of Yucatan and other tribes of this continent. Supported by the testimony of his Polish Jew, Mr. Hine derives the English language

from the Hebrew, and finds a most beautiful and telling identity in the large number of words coming to us from the Sanscrit, which was the intermediate language of the English and the Hebrew. The apostle has made two great discoveries in philology. One is, that a large portion of the English vocabulary is derived from the Sanscrit. We are not justified in saying that any European language is derived from the Sanscrit, although as members of the Indo-European family of tongues they had a common origin, but the European languages which most closely resemble the Sanscrit are not the Germanic, of which the English is one, but the Slavonic, so that if Mr. Hine is not careful he will find the Russians laying claim to Hebrew descent. The second discovery, which would appal Professor Max Muller, is that the Sanscrit is intermediate between the Hebrew and the English. Does not Mr. Hine perceive that in this way he gives the dusky votaries of Brahma a better right to lead the return procession to Palestine than those who trace their Hebrew identity through an Indian channel. Some wandering Hindoo must have crossed the track of the Identity lecturer, and have palmed off his semi-Semitic dialect as pure Sanscrit, for certainly no man who had ever looked into a Sanscrit grammar could furnish the startling information he so complacently records. Let Mr. Hine take another good look at the Canaanites, through whom the Queen traces her Davidic descent, and whose colony brought Jacob's pillow into Scotland. There are two elements in language, the vocabulary and the grammar; and the Canaanite Irish not only possesses a larger share of Hebrew looking roots than any other European language, but, in common with its sister tongues of Scotland and Wales, its grammar, though widely differing, is yet nearer to the Semitic than that of the German, the Sanscrit or any other Aryan form of speech. The Identity, however, must be established philologically, so an old sailor, Captain Henry Edge-

cumbe Nicolls, who seems from his writings to be a really pious and worthy old gentleman, is introduced by the editor of "Life from the Dead" as the man who can and will accomplish the feat. If the English are Israelites they should show some traces of it in their proper names. Captain Nicholls accordingly furnishes lists of such names. From these we learn that the *French* Amaron, Michau and Delahaye; the *Celtic* Gibbon and James; the *Saxon* Beecher and Hatch; the *Latin* Adrian, Claudi, Cæsar, Julius, Lucius, Mark and Remus; and the *Greek* Alexander, Demetrius, Baptist, Nicholas, Peter, Philip, Paul, Stephen and Timothy, are all Israelite. So little does the infallible interpreter of prophecy know of the true text of the Bible, that he cannot tell a Hebrew proper name when he sees it, or distinguish Julius Cæsar, Adrian and Claudius, Demetrius, the Silversmith of Ephesus, Alexander, the Coppersmith, and Nicholas, the Proselyte of Antioch, from the men of Israel. The old sailor, still with the sanction and approval of his chief, proceeds to give lists of words and sayings used in the Bible that are only to be found in the north and west of England. Of course, in order to the identity one would expect to find the people of England in possession of some of the Polish Jew's 600 words derived from the *Hebrew*, the very terms used by Israel. But, alas for human ignorance, they are the words and expressions of the time of King James, the language of our *English Bible*—*stuff and fray, nether and vestment, I am in straits, reprobate silver*, and so on; the sole end of which is to show that the conservative Israelites of the north and west of England speak as their ancestors spoke, not twenty-five hundred, but two hundred and fifty, years ago. Canada is called upon to rejoice in this connection, her identity being established by the fact that "barked my tree" is an Israelitish expression, while the practice is common in the Dominion. There is a Canadian expression which is somewhat common too, and of which Mr.

Hine and his followers afford an illustration in practice. It is "to bark up the wrong tree." I think we may pass on from the philological argument.

Religion, the belief and rites of a people, is often employed as a means of establishing identity or relation. Here the argument from similarity breaks down. Circumcision is found among Abyssinians, Caffres, Malays and other peoples, but never was known to Saxons or Gaels. Monotheism prevails among many tribes of this continent, but the colonizers of the British Islands were Polytheists. There is hardly a nation on the face of the earth possessing the least degree of religious culture, that has not rites and beliefs as closely resembling those of Israel as had the Anglo-Saxon people; while in the majority of cases the resemblance is far more complete. But Mr. Hine is an Englishman, and with all the stiffneckedness of ancient Israel, refuses to allow himself beaten. He holds it right to found upon this one point of religion an argument from diversity and not from resemblance; "just as if," he says, "a people willed by God to become a multitudinous race could ever become a lost people if they kept up the observances of the Mosaic Law." Still he thinks that some features of ancient British religions support the argument from similarity. One is the Witenagemot, which he identifies with the Feast of Tabernacles. Any school-boy, who has read through the Anglo-Saxon period of English history, could put the dunce's cap upon the prophet's head for such an egregious piece of folly. The other is the worship of Baal, which the Israelites brought to the British Islands. Now, Baal was worshipped in Britain, in France, and in other countries in old heathen days; but, unfortunately for Mr. Hine, it was the Irish Canaanites, Fenians or Phœnicians, who appropriately introduced his worship. Truly, these Canaanites must be a thorn in his flesh to the present day.

In regard to institutions and symbols, manners, customs and laws, everything that is English is found to be

Israelite. Most of the analogies are discovered in connection with institutions either distinctively Christian or modelled upon a Christian pattern, and these of necessity are more or less Israelite in character. It would be wearisome and unprofitable to examine these here, but he who chooses to undertake the task will prove the truth of Professor Rawlinson's statement, "that there is an absolute and entire diversity in manners and customs between the Israelites and the various races from which the English nation can be shown historically to be descended." Great stress is laid upon the coinage of England and its system of weights and measures, all of which came from Israel. If this be true it must follow that Charlemagne was an Israelite, for it was he who established the system which prevailed not only throughout his own dominions, in Italy and in Christian Spain, but also in England. In the reign of Henry VIII. a change was made in the system that interferes somewhat with the identity. What shall we think of the lion and the unicorn, the well-known supporters of the British arms? The prophet Balaam compared Israel to a lion and a unicorn, the latter, however, being not the slender beast of the royal arms, that bears a close resemblance to the white horse of the Saxons, but the powerful rhinoceros of the East. Neither of these are Saxon emblems, and it would appear that if Israel is to be found in England the Saxons must be counted out. Were I an Irish Celt and an ally of

"The sons of General Jackson
Who trample on the Saxon,"

I should be disposed to retaliate with the epithet "Canaanite." I have little doubt that I could find an old sailor and a Polish Jew and a number of Irish antiquarians to prove the point. I cannot see that Anglo-Saxons have a monopoly of the use of the bow, national chronicles, poor laws, colleges, the priesthood, tombstones, tithes, volunteers, prime ministers and post offices, all of which are claimed as

identities. I am sure that many other peoples must occur to your minds as in the enjoyment of like inestimable privileges. But I confess to difficulty when the parish beadle appears as an identity, for, although other lands rejoice in parishes and beadles, history does not record any continental or trans-atlantic counterpart of Bumble. If, therefore, Mr. Hine or the old sailor, or the Polish Jew, or any other witness for the identity, has a well authenticated instance of the appearance on the stage of Israelitish history of a genuine English parish beadle, such an one as doubtless proved the terror of the prophet in his youthful days, I am willing to recall all that I have said, to subscribe to "Life from the Dead," and get ready forthwith for the return procession.

After all, however, Mr. Hine does not care much for scientific argument. He is a plain man, not a scholar, and looks to the Bible as the standard of truth. We have no fault to find with Mr. Hine for this. Though he be a plain man the word of God is open to him. In matters pertaining to salvation he may run that readeth it, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. But the Apostle Peter, speaking of the epistles of Paul, parts of which Mr. Hine has commented upon, says that in them are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction. Mr. Hine knows how easy it is for good men to err in the interpretation of the Scriptures, for he has informed us that of all the good men who sought to interpret them up to the time of his teacher, Mr. Wilson, not one succeeded in finding the truth. Even Mr. Wilson partially failed; and yet he says of him: "As far as the Religious World is concerned, other minds have been pigmies, sapless myths, compared with the gigantic intellect and penetrating execution of John Wilson." I do not cite this passage as one of the happiest efforts in composition made by the prophet. But, be his composi-

tion classical or the reverse, Mr. Hine is an infallible interpreter. He never doubts, is troubled with no difficulties, and sweeps all the researches of past ages into his waste-paper basket with relentless hand. I have already said that he knows little and cares less for the original tongues of Holy Writ. Here, also, I may present his first rule of interpretation, which, I venture to assert, never yet appeared in any hermeneutical work: "Prophecy is made up of separate fragments given forth at separate times, and frequently without any intention of conveying the idea that they are connected with the fragments that have preceded, although contained in the same chapter." By thus disregarding the context, it would be easy to make the Bible say anything that ever entered into man's vain imagination. The second rule is: "That Scripture is, throughout, generally addressed in separate parts to three distinct divisions of mankind, viz., to Israel, to the Jews and to the Gentiles, and not, as is almost universally supposed, applicable simply to the Jews and Gentiles." Now, it is marvellous that this fact should never have been discovered before, that the writers of the New Testament were utterly ignorant of it, and that our Saviour, who, according to Mr. Hine, labored solely among Benjamites, Jews and Levites, should speak of them as the lost sheep of the House of Israel. This new interpreter of Scripture, however, maintains that the opening verse of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans refers to Israel, and not to the Jews, because the apostle Paul speaks of himself as a Benjamite, and Benjamin, he has the amazing effrontery to say, belonged to the ten tribes, not to the two. This second rule of interpretation, the keystone of the whole system, is the serious part of the Anglo-Israelite creed, because it is by its means that shallow speculators in Bible knowledge, who pay little attention to the teachings of history, have been led astray. It is true, indeed, that, in a few prophetic passages, the term Israel, nearly always, if

not always, in antithesis to Judah, denotes the people of the first captivity; but, in the great majority of passages, it is simply a term to denote the people of God, whether, on the one hand, it designate the children of Jacob, or, on the other, the Israel of faith. There is not the least trace in the Word of God of a separate dispensation for the House of Israel as distinguished from that of Judah. In the book of Ezra the captives who returned from Babylon call themselves Israel; Nicodemus was by our Lord termed a master in Israel; and the apostle Paul, in his epistles, speaks of the unbelieving Jews as Israel, and draws a distinction between Israel of the flesh and of the spirit. Mr. Hine accuses commentators of giving a spiritual twist to literal prophecy; but he robs the Word of all spirituality, and invites his disciples to rest in a blind literalism, that cannot fail to be the death of all true Christian life.

Let us come to his proofs. His proof that Israel should become an island nation is founded upon the rhetorical command to declare in the isles or lands afar off that God will gather Israel. The proof of the isles being north-west from Palestine is taken from passages that mention with equal force the four points of the compass. With blasphemous ignorance, passages that refer to the inheritance of the Messiah are made to prove that Israel will found colonies. And so, violating every principle of sound interpretation, and dishonoring the Word of God by his unpardonable folly, the prophet proceeds to show that Israel shall possess the emblems of the lion and the unicorn, a state church, an eastern window, and dissenters. That sober men, professing Christians, persons who have studied their Bibles, should put their faith in this arrant nonsense this unmitigated falsification of scripture truth, is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. Apollo decorated the Phrygian king Midas with a pair of ass's ears for preferring Pan's music to that of his lyre, and much grief the disgraceful appendages cost the obtuse

monarch. But now we find not only otherwise intelligent laymen, but Christian ministers voluntarily placing upon their heads the insignia of folly, and glorying in their shame. Sentences from the prophet's writings have already been before us that carry a genuine Dogberry flavor. I do not mean the flavor of the cornus or dogwood of our Canadian bush, as the extreme literalists of the identity school might think, but of the Shakesperian creation who ruefully cried: "Oh, that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass." Some such wail as this must have reached the principal organs of enlightened Christian and public opinion, for, without exception, Anglo-Israel has been written down accordingly.

While ignorance, viewed in its negative aspect, is but a defect in the ignoramus himself, when it becomes positive, and assumes the role of presumption, making proselytes of silly women and weaker men, who are ever learning and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth, it is a dangerous evil. The Anglo-Israelite doctrine is utterly opposed to the humility and catholicity taught in the New Testament, of which the *Saturday Review* truly says that Mr. Hine fights very shy. The prophets of the Old Testament reprove this false spirit, as when Jeremiah says: "Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are we;" and Isaiah: "These are a smoke in my nose which say, Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." There is no difference, the apostle Paul repeats, between Jew and Gentile; and he sets forth the breaking down of the middle wall of partition between them as one of the effects of the Redeemer's sacrifice. The curse which fell on him who rebuilt the walls of Jericho should be a warning to those that would set up again what God has cast down. Let Ezekiel speak to the Anglo-Israelite

teachers: "Thus saith the Lord God: Woe unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit and have seen nothing. They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying: The Lord saith, and the Lord hath not sent them; and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word. So will I break down the wall that ye have daubed with untempered mortar, and bring it down to the ground, so that the foundation thereof shall be discovered, and it shall fall and ye shall be consumed in the midst thereof; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." If it be any comfort to the Identity leaders, I may add that these words are addressed to the prophets of Israel, and by every Anglo-Israelite rule of interpretation belong to Mr. Hine and his followers. The theory wrests the truths of divine revelation from their spiritual significance by its degrading literalism. There is no spiritual Israel, no election of faith; the outpouring of the spirit is made dependent upon the recognition of a mere carnal relationship as taught by a man who has not mastered the alphabet of Christianity; and the new creature in Christ Jesus is the old idolatrous Israel that has substituted the John Bull identity for the golden calves of Bethel and Dan. How can an Anglo-Israelite look this truth in the face: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." It draws away the attention of the Christian, for there are Christians who have been seduced by this false prophet from Him who is the great centre of Christian truth and life. The unspeakable gift is no longer Him who gave His life for sinners without distinction of nationality, who has promised to pour out His Spirit upon all flesh, and whose love clasps the whole world in its embrace; but it is the message delivered by Edward Hine, for which Anglo-Israel offers praise and prayer. Paul counted all things but loss, even what Mr. Hine calls his Israelite origin, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord,

and refused to know any man after the flesh. I have treated the Anglo-Israelite theory on the whole in a light manner, because of its abundant and manifest absurdities; but I now say with all seriousness to any one whose mind and heart may cling to the carnal doctrine: If you would follow Christ fully you must give this up. If you are called upon to leave father and mother, and count all earthly ties nothing, in becoming Christ's disciple, much more should what you must admit is at best a doubtful Israelite ancestry lose its hold on your affections. What has Mr. Hine taught you about the Saviour? What Christian graces has he been the means of imparting to your soul? What strength have you gained through the writings of his school for the work and warfare of life, and what comfort can they minister in the prospect of death? I would not be a Hineite upon a death-bed for all his coming glories!

The practical teaching of the author of the Identifications has no reference to morality. True, one of his glories is that of national righteousness, which is to be secured by acknowledging the Identity. It seems strange that, when the spirit of reliance upon mere descent was strongest in the Jews, their righteousness was at its lowest ebb. The main use of the ten commandments, according to Mr. Hine, is to place them on the walls of churches, and to recite them as a part of church service. Other commandments he adds to these. One is to hate the decimal system with all thy heart, and cherish the British workman's two-foot rule. Another is, Give heed to no so-called pastor who does not accept the Identity. Many more might be culled from the prophet's writings by inference, such as, Send a hamper to the editor of "Life from the Dead" at Christmas. As for the work of the church, it is to be restricted to the study of prophetic passages bearing upon the Identity, and to the proclamation of that one theme in Anglo-Israel. It is useless to attempt the evangelization of the Jews or the heath-

en. They are to be brought in to occupy a subordinate position in the Christian world after the Identity is fully realized, and not before. The entire conception of the Christian Church is to be changed. There is no church universal. The reformers of Germany and Switzerland, the martyrs of France and Holland, of Spain and Italy, of Hungary and Bohemia, the pious and persecuted believers of early Christian ages, are not the Church. They are the helots of Christendom—hewers of wood and drawers of water to miserable identifiers, that are not worthy to unloose their shoe's latchet. An island was necessary somewhere in the world for the production of such a perverted type of humanity as Mr. Edward Hine, the most insular thinker—if, indeed, the product of his brain can be called thought—that ever framed a theory or played a demagogue's part. But how men who have seen other parts of the world, or have even spent half an hour upon a continent, can creep back again into the same nutshell of charity and intelligence, can only be explained on the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin, that the human race descends from a tunicated mollusk. The result of his teaching in England, her colonies, and the United States, can only be the transformation of groups of individuals who might have been useful to the church and to the world, into beds of human (I can neither say intellectual nor spiritual) oysters, the sole end of whose existence is the fattening of the hungry prophet.

But it may be asked, if Israel are not to be found in England, where are they to be found? I am not bound to answer this question, on the principle that he who overthrows the evidence for a supposed discovery is not thereby called upon to make one himself. Travellers have professed to find the lost tribes in many quarters of the world, and several writers have even confidently located them on this continent. Nobody ever dreamt of England, till Mr. Wilson arose to inaugurate the theory. The most ra-

tional belief is that they exist nowhere as a distinct people, but that, according to the Scripture statements, they are scattered among the nations. Many of the captives carried into Media and other parts of the Assyrian Empire doubtless apostatized, and thus, having no bond of union, became undistinguishable in time from the Gentiles among whom they dwelt. Those who did not apostatize were known as Hebrews and Israelites, names common to themselves with the Jew. While many Israelites, probably the larger portion of the tribes, remained in the East, where many Jews also settled, a number evidently returned at the time when Judah and Benjamin were restored. Anna, the prophetess, was of the tribe of Asher; the apostles addressed their Hebrew congregations constantly as men of Israel; and Paul before Agrippa spoke of the twelve tribes constantly serving God day and night in his time. Those who returned from the Babylonian captivity are in Ezra and Nehemiah called Israel; the Apocrypha, especially in the Book of Tobit, purporting to be written by an Israelite of the tribe of Naphthali, independently of its character for truthfulness, attests the Israelitish element in the restoration; and we have no evidence that the population of Galilee was Jewish, or that many of the disciples of our Lord were other than Israelites like Nathaniel. But, to return to the Israelites of the dispersion, who did not amalgamate with the heathen. I have already cited the Jewish historian, Josephus, as saying that the ten tribes were beyond, or to the east of the Euphrates, in his day. Jerome, one of the great fathers of the Latin Church, who lived long in Palestine, and was an excellent Hebrew scholar, said that, in his day, three centuries after Josephus, the twelve tribes were still subject to the Persian king. And, in the twelfth century, Benjamin of Tudela, a Spanish Jew, who visited Persia, found large numbers of Hebrews speaking Syriac, who, he asserted, were descendants of those who Shalmanezar led into captivity. With his

statement the traditions of these eastern Israelites agree, for they consider themselves as belonging to the Ten Tribes. Similar evidence is afforded by Moses of Chorene and other Armenian historians, who discovered in Georgia and Armenia members of the tribes of Dan, Zebulon and Naphthali; while several Arabian writers inform us that people of Ephraim, Zebulon and Issachar formed settlements in their peninsula before the Christian era. Ezekiel speaks of the house of Israel as scattered among the heathen, dispersed through the countries. He was a captive in Judah's captivity, and plainly refers to the twelve tribes under the one name. While his prophecy of restoration is in the far perspective to be understood of a spiritual Israel, in the nearer it refers to a return of parts of all the tribes to their own land. Many still remained abroad after the edict of Cyrus was made to the servants of the God of *Israel*, so that, while Paul and Peter appropriately addressed the people of Palestine as Men of Israel, James, writing to the dispersed or scattered abroad, calls them the twelve tribes. There is no flaw in this chain of evidence, and, however it may account for the whole of the ten tribes, it utterly demolishes the arguments of Messrs. Wilson, Hine and Carpenter. I am indebted for it in the main to the Rev. John H. Shedd, for many years a missionary in Persia, whose article on the Remnants of the Ten Tribes appeared in April, 1873, in the *Presbyterian Quarterly*.

This question still remains: How is it that so extensive a population as that carried out of Palestine, together with the dispersion after the destruction of Jerusalem, is represented by the small number of seven millions at the present day? It is, I think, to be accounted for in this way. The oriental Israelites who belonged to the Ten Tribes were subjected to various influences, Christian on the one hand and Mahomedan on the other, which caused them to lose their identity and be merged more or less in surrounding populations. The first missions of the

Christian Church were to the dispersed of Israel, and large numbers, being brought into the Christian communion, lost their identity by that very fact. For them the Epistle to the Hebrews was written, and to them James sent his general epistle. Of these were the Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Arabia, upon whom the words of Peter fell with power on the day of Pentecost. If the advocate for the identity will refer to the prophecy of Joel, quoted by Peter in connection with this great event, he will find these words: "And ye shall know that I am in the midst of *Israel*." The Christian Church in Persia was one of the largest and among the most severely persecuted. In the third century the gospel had taken deep root there, and it is most reasonable to believe that the majority of the converts were of Israel. In the first persecution, which took place in the middle of the fourth century, and lasted thirty-five years, 16,000 ecclesiastical personages were put to death, and the number of martyrs among the laity is said to have exceeded all computation. That these martyrs and the early Christians of Armenia and neighboring regions were largely of Israelite ancestry is the opinion of Dr. Edersheim, himself a Christian Israelite, and of many other careful and learned students of ecclesiastical history. The Nestorian Church, which passed into Persia in the fifth century, by its diligent and successful missionary labors, carried the gospel to others of the dispersion, as well as to the remote heathen. On the other hand, the wave of Mahomedan conquest, which rose in Arabia in the seventh century, which swept away three Christian patriarchates, and extinguished the light of six out of the seven churches of Asia Minor, not only absorbed many Christian communities in the East, but also drew into itself many Jewish and semi-pagan Israelite elements in Arabia and the neighboring countries. If any doubt is entertained as to Israelites, whether of the Ten Tribes or of the Two, accepting another faith, it must

be set at rest by the testimony of the Jew Orobio, from whom we learn that in Spain alone twenty thousand Jews became converts to Christianity, and some of them priests and bishops. Some of the Jews of the later dispersion did indeed become the implacable foes of the false prophet, and were banished out of Arabia into Syria, but by far the larger number of Israelites residing in that country submitted and were absorbed into Islam. It is the opinion of the best writers on the subject that the oriental Israelites represent the greater part of the Ten Tribes, and that those who are found in the West belong to the dispersion that followed the destruction of Jerusalem. Now, of the whole number, whether that be seven or eight millions, at present in existence, not more than one-twelfth reside in Asia. It follows, therefore, that the Ten Tribes have been almost wholly absorbed into Christian and Mahomedan communities. Mr. Shedd's summing up of his article on the Remnants of the Tribes is as follows:

1.—That the apostate Israelites were lost among the idolaters of the Assyrian Empire at the time of their apostacy.

2.—That the Israelites under Persian rule became identified with the captivity of Judah, and the nationality of the Ten Tribes was extinct.

3.—That these Jews, embracing since the time of Cyrus the faithful of both Judah and Israel, greatly increased in number, were reinforced by emigrants from Palestine, and have sent off colonies to all the East, throughout Persia, Tartary and Thibet; but there is no Scriptural or historical basis for the idea that the Ten Tribes are living as a body in some obscure region, or are found in any one nation.

4.—That some at least of the communities of Jews still living in the land of their original exile are lineal descendants of the Ten Tribes; and, considering the history of these Jews, their present numbers of fifty or sixty thousand souls in Persia and Assyria, and several thousand more in Babylonia, they sufficiently solve the problem.

With this agrees the statement of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, who says: "Calculating, then, the number of Jews who now inhabit the provinces of ancient Chaldea or the contiguous countries, and who still profess Judaism, and the number of those who embraced Ma-

hommedanism, or some form of it, in the same regions, we may be satisfied that the greater part of the Ten Tribes which now exist are to be found in the countries of their first captivity."

In opposition to the facts I have just stated, the teachers of the identity school adduce prophetic passages, such as this: "If these ordinances (the sun, moon and stars,) depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me for ever." This they hold to prove that the Ten Tribes must continue their national existence. Now, this is very foolish, for Jeremiah, who wrote these words, was of the tribe of Levi, and the whole of his prophecy refers to the Kingdom of Judah, and the Babylonian, not the Assyrian captivity. The seed of Israel, in its first signification, denotes the posterity of Israel or Jacob, among whom the tribe of Judah was pre-eminent, and it is true that, even to this day, they have literally never ceased from being a nation; and in its higher spiritual signification, that which makes the Word of God a book for all time and for all nations, it denotes the spiritual seed, to which such constant reference is made in the New Testament. John the Baptist cast contempt upon mere literal descent, even before the full in-coming of the Christian dispensation, when he said:—"Think not to say within yourselves we have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." I will not insult the intelligence of this audience, nor take up your time, with the numerous Scripture proofs for the existence of a spiritual Israel, a chosen generation, a holy nation, a peculiar people. If the followers of Mr. Hine will examine the Epistle to the Hebrews, they will find the context of their favorite passage in Jeremiah quoted more than once in reference to blessings, not temporal for a future Anglo-Israel, but spiritual for a present Israel of faith.

Enough has been said of this ignorant, miserably selfish and Bible-degrading theory. The true Israelite

who accepts Christ gives up in that very act all the national privileges and hopes of the Jew, and this fact, if there were no other, is sufficient to consign the doctrine of Wilson and Hine to the limbo of defunct errors. We must cling to Christ, not as Israelites or Britons or men of any nationality, but simply as sinners needing salvation. "Neither shall they say, Lo here, or lo there, for behold, the Kingdom of God is within you." Israel's bondage is turned back in Jesus Christ. God is gathering in the dispersed of Israel into union with Himself in the Church below, and by translating them to the Church triumphant above. The English-speaking parts of the world are, in spite of abounding wordliness, unbelief, superstition, and this Anglo-Israelite absurdity, the most Christian, the most highly favored with spiritual light, and it is not wonderful that distant analogies between them and the perfected Church of God should begin to appear. But if anything were needed to show that millennial days are still far off, and that the great ingathering of God's Israel is not soon to be, it is furnished in the hundreds of thousands of silly pamphlets sold, and the many simple disciples made by the prophet Hine.

As a prophet, Mr. Hine is perfectly safe. He makes no definite predictions such as those which have brought Dr. Cumming and other good men, in whose presence the Identity ignoramus is not worthy to be mentioned, into disrepute. He is not going to stir from his editorial sanctum, with its money orders and Christmas hampers, until every Englishman and Englishwoman, from the Queen to the beadle of his parish, has accepted the Identity and been enrolled as a national glory bell-ringer. Then the glories will appear. The Church of England will be disestablished; preaching will cease, yet heaven-taught pastors will be raised up, for what purpose we are not told, unless it be to lecture on the Identity. Dissenters will pull down their ugly little meeting houses, and enormous temples for praise will

be erected. England will be exempt from war ; will tax righteously ; proclaim a general jail delivery ; and save millions of money a year. Somehow or other, the Turkman's overthrow is to be a glory even to that Israelite Turcophile, Benjamin Disraeli ; and, in some mysterious manner, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland is to create another out of the great pyramid.

When all these, and other things that reverence for the Word of God and the work of the Divine Spirit forbid me to mention in such a connection, are accomplished, the prophet will stop the bell-ringing, and marshal the procession of queen, lords and commons, identity prophets, regular hamper contributors, old sailors, Polish Jews, and parish headles. Their route will lie through Egypt, for the Red Sea is to open up before them, and at length they will place the Jews and a representation of themselves in possession of Palestine. Mr. Hine does not say what is to become of the Canaanites, concerning whose language he tells us that there is little difference between it and the Hebrew. Perhaps Lord Macaulay's prophecy of London Bridge may bear reference to the Hibernian descendant of Ham rather than to the far-off Maori. And when the bell ringing ceases, the hampers are packed, and the prophet in Mr. Wilson's inspiring hymn, "Rise, Israel," leads the return procession to the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fleet, that same Canaanite, with discarded hod, enjoying his fragrant dudheen on

the bridge's parapet, may wish the pilgrims, in his Hebrew tongue, the equivalent of "*bon voyage*," and afterwards, with the rest of his emancipated race, proceed to occupy the land.

There are twenty-seven glories altogether, as there are twenty-seven identifications, and twenty-seven reasons for excluding continental nations from the heritage of Israel. With his annexed condition, the national acceptance of the Identity, Mr. Hine is perfectly safe in promising them to his ignorant dupes. He might even, on the same condition, offer the moon as a reward to him who should send the biggest Christmas hamper or be the loudest bell-ringer, and institute the solar system as a premium for the largest number of subscribers to "Life from the Dead." He has twenty-seven glories. There was an old Israelite of the tribe of Benjamin, no Norman though, who had but one ; and yet that old Israelite's glory in this world far outshines all the twenty-seven, and in the world to come it will be the one glory visible. I commend to the glory-seekers the truth from which they are drifting away farther than many good, simple souls among them think : "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world. For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them and mercy *even* upon the Israel of God."



Young Folks.

A FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND OF TIME.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

"It will be a lasting monument to your memory, Mr. Coyne—a footprint on the sand of time."

The speaker was a young clergyman, who was standing at a table on which various plans and drawings of various styles of architecture were strewn. Mr. Coyne, a wealthy merchant, to whom he was addressing his remarks, stood beside him, and turned over the plans with a thoughtful air.

"The style of window you mention would cost a good deal, would it not, Mr. Wiley?" he said, after a pause.

"Yes, about one hundred dollars; but of course that is nothing to a man of your standing," answered the clergyman, with a smile.

"Well, I will think of it," said the merchant, reseating himself beside the fire, while the clergyman gathered up his plans, which they had been discussing for the last half hour.

"A footprint on the sand of time," mused the merchant after his visitor had taken his departure. "Now I think that is very well put. It was quite clever of Mr. Wiley to think of it, I am sure. Let me see, what is this the poet says—

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,'"

he quoted, though it must be admitted that he had very little poetry in his composition. Mr. Coyne was a man of some importance in the town of Beechbay, and as there was a hand-

some church about to be erected in the town, the clergyman had called and laid before him the propriety of putting in a stained glass window at his own expense, as many of the wealthier members of the congregation were going to do. And Mr. Coyne was giving it serious consideration as he sat in his great easy chair before the glowing coal fire and gazed absently at the faded dogs' heads on the toes of his slippers. He thought in a vague sort of way of all the gorgeously arrayed saints he had seen on stained glass windows, and of their beautiful flickering shadows, which danced over streaming sunbeams like imprisoned sunset clouds.

The double windows of Mr. Coyne's cosy little study looked out upon two long piers which jutted far out into the now angry waters of Lake Ontario. The wind was blowing great guns, and the waves seemed to send clouds of spray into the heavens as they dashed up over the mountains of ice which covered the piers, and which ran in a broad, continuous chain all along the shore. The tall masts of the vessels which were held in the iron grip of the ice about the piers creaked and bent in the wind. The gulls flapped through the spray, driven hither and thither by the wind, and great jagged chunks of ice were ever and again carried up and dashed into the surging waters. This furious battle of winds and waves created a wild, deafening roar, but the merchant neither glanced

at the wild scene without, nor seemed conscious of the noise produced thereby, long custom having rendered him indifferent to both. Suddenly the room became darkened, as if a heavy curtain had fallen over the windows, and immediately the glow from the fire lit up the warmly-tinted carpet and curtains and flashed over the pictures on the walls. Mr. Coyne raised his eyes and observed that the snow was coming down in a sheet, which did not appear to surprise him in the slightest degree. In a few moments the shadow disappeared, and he arose and walked to the window, where for a moment a look of alarm came into his face. The window overlooked half Beechbay, and the smoke which was issuing from every visible chimney looked like curling flames of fire. The lake was bronzed for miles, and the whole town was flooded in a sea of golden sunlight.

"Oh, papa! did you see the sun setting?" said a little boy in an ulster coat and a scarlet sash, who now burst into the room.

"Yes. I thought it was the town on fire for a moment," he answered, resuming his comfortable seat before the fire.

"Papa, you ought to have seen Kitson just now!" resumed the child in an excited tone.

"Kitson—who is he?"

"Why, he is one of the fellows, you know. The fellows call him 'the diner out,' because he gets his dinner at Crim's, the little corner bakery, and they call him the Flying Dutchman because he always runs to keep himself warm, and they call him Kit Carson because his name is Kitson, you know."

"Well, I must say they have got nicknames enough for him," said the merchant, laughing. "I am afraid the fellows, as you call them, are rather inclined to make a butt of Mr. Kitson. But what of him?"

"Oh, yes, I was going to tell you.

Well, you know, he goes with Dibbs. Dibbs is always licking fellows for calling him names and kicking up rows about him. Well, Dibbs went skating yesterday and got his ankle twisted, and he had a book of Kitson's, and he asked Dickson and me to call at his room with it as we passed. When we got to the door Dickson knocked twice, but as no one took any notice, we opened the door and walked in—and such a place, if you were only to see. A room about so square," he said, measuring off a portion of the study, "and in one corner of it was a kind of a thing, a bed I think it was—it is what he sleeps on any way—and a little bit of a coal stove with two handfuls of coal in it, and one chair and an old rickety table, and that was every single thing there was in it. Kitson was sitting at the table with his head bent over his book, as if he was crying. Dickson said, "Hallo, Kit! What's the row?" but he only raised his head and looked at us and put it down again. Dickson laid the book on the table, and we were coming away; but some way I felt sorry to see him, so I went over to him and said:

"Is there anything the matter, Kitson?"

"Oh! I will have to give it up! I will have to give it all up!" he said.

I asked him "Give what up?"

"Oh, everything! I will have to leave college," he said.

"You must not leave college, Kitson. The fellows all say you will get the gold medal this year," I said.

"Oh, I can't help it. I must give it up. I can't stand it any longer."

"Stand what?" I said.

"What? Why the cold and the grinding misery of it!" and he laid his head down and began to sob; and so we came away, and as we were coming along, Dickson told me that Dibbs told him one day last fall that all Kitson had had to eat all the year was some porridge in the morning, and, if you will believe it, he had to make it in the same dish he

washed himself and washed his clothes in, and some treacle; he would get his dinner at Crim's—and a pretty thin one, Dickson says—and some bread and water in his room in the evening.”

“And has the poor young fellow no friends?”

“No, none in this country, Dickson says.”

“Why, Herbert, I must go and see what can be done for him. He cannot be allowed to freeze and starve in the midst of a Christian community,” said the kind-hearted merchant, starting up.

A short time afterwards Mr. Coyne and his little son might have been seen walking briskly up the principal street in Beechbay, the snow going crunch, crunch, crunch beneath their feet as they walked along. Notwithstanding that it was bitterly cold, though the wind had gone down with the sun, the street presented a gay and lively appearance; elegantly appointed sleighs, mingled with those of a less pretending appearance, were dashing up and down with a jingling of many bells, and comfortably dressed pedestrians walked briskly past the shop windows without taking the slightest notice of their gay display of winter goods. Presently Mr. Coyne passed a handsome shop which bore the sign of Coyne & Co.

“What do you think of this, Herbert?” he said, taking hold of a heavy ulster coat which hung in the entrance.

“I think it would do nicely, papa, if it is not too long,” answered the little boy.

“Well, if that is the only fault it has, I dare say it will answer. It cannot be too long unless it is long enough to trip him up when he walks,” said his father, taking down the coat and walking into the shop, from which he emerged in a few moments with the coat hanging over his arm. After turning off the front street they threaded several back streets until they came to a long wooden building, one of the doors of which Herbert entered, followed by his

father. Walking up a dark passage, they arrived at a door, at which Herbert knocked, and which was almost immediately opened by a tall, pale-faced youth, with great black eyes, and with a remarkably full intellectual head.

“Here is papa come to see you, Kitson,” said Herbert, walking into the room he had described to his father. Kitson was so taken by surprise that he stood staring blankly at his visitors, and then turning about in some confusion, he offered his solitary chair to Mr. Coyne.

“Herbert has been telling me about you, and as I was once a friendless young man trying to push my way in the world myself, I thought it my duty to call and see if I could not do something for you, my young friend,” said the merchant kindly.

“I—I am sure you are very kind,” stammered Kitson, confusedly.

“Now, I shall tell you what I want you to do, and remember you must not offer any objections. I want you to put on this coat which I have brought down from the shop for you, and come straight home with me. I want to talk to you, and this place is too cold for me, or for you either for that matter, and, besides, it is near my tea time, so come, hurry up,” said Mr. Coyne, rising and laying his hand on the young man's shoulder. After a good deal of demurring, which Mr. Coyne overruled, however, Kitson put on the coat, and it fitted him to a charm, to Herbert's delight. Mr. Coyne insisted upon young Kitson spending the night at his house, and after spending an evening in his society his interest increased a thousand fold.

“There really must be something done for the young fellow, my dear. He has got talents of the highest order, and he must not be left to struggle on in that half famished condition,” said Mr. Coyne to his wife the next morning at the breakfast table, after Herbert and young Kitson had taken their departure for Beechbay college. Mrs. Coyne coincided in her husband's opinion, and

before the day was out Mr. Coyne had installed his young *protégé* in a comfortable boarding place at his own expense.

"Pride may be a very good thing in its way, but we cannot live upon it, as I think you have already discovered, my young friend, and if you feel too independent to accept anything at the hands of your friends, why you can repay them when you get to be a judge or a professor, or some sort of a heavy swell," said the merchant, laughing, when the young man offered some objections to his plans.

At Easter young Kitson carried off the gold medal, as had been predicted, and if it was his own son who had been covered with laurels Mr. Coyne could not have been prouder over it. A vacancy occurred among the teachers in the college shortly after this and Kitson was asked to fill it, which enabled him to maintain himself comfortably while he continued to pursue his studies, and in after years, when he really did sit on the judge's bench, he spoke of this as the greatest triumph of his life. In the meantime the winter snows had melted and the earth was smiling under the balmy breath of spring. The robins were singing among the scarlet tassels of the soft maples which skirted the street, and the fresh grass, which caught the sunlight here and there, was still beaded with dew drops, as one fine morning Mr. Coyne sauntered up the street. The gray stone walls of the

church were beginning to appear above the litter of stones and mortar which had been strewn over the site of the new church for the last few weeks. Mr. Wiley was wandering about, talking to the men and watching their progress, when, happening to raise his eyes, he observed Mr. Coyne approaching him. The two gentlemen greeted each other in a friendly manner, and after a little preliminary conversation, Mr. Coyne said:

"I am sorry to have to tell you that you need not count upon me for that window, Mr. Wiley. I did think of it, but I have had some extra expenses, which have put me under the necessity of giving up the idea altogether." Mr. Wiley looked disappointed, and as the merchant took his departure after a long conversation, he said in a playful tone:

"So the sand of time will have to glide on without any imprint from you, Mr. Coyne?"

"I am afraid so," returned the merchant, with some disappointment. As he walked up the street, the following thought shaped itself in his mind:

"If Mr. Wiley knew I had spent what I thought of laying out on that window in lending a helping hand to poor young Kitson, I wonder if he would not say that after all I had left the footprint on the sand of time." The idea caused the clouds which had gathered about his brow to clear away, and imparted fresh elasticity to his step as he walked along.



DRUMMER FRITZ AND HIS EXPLOITS.

BY EDWARD PYLE.

All these events happened in the reign of good old King Stephanus, of Stultzburg.

That worthy monarch had but one child, and that child was a daughter. He thanked Heaven duly for the blessing of any offspring whatsoever, but would rather have had a son. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, he would have considered himself happy, but for one insupportable nuisance that, like a peg in the shoe of a rich man, made his existence miserable.

Just outside the walls of Stultzburg, the capital of his kingdom, there dwelt in a castle, perched high upon the summit of a cliff, a robber baron of the name of Todweldt, whose frequent depredations upon the worthy citizens became in course of time rather annoying; and, finally, when a royal convoy from the court of France—bearing in charge a dress of the very latest fashion for the Princess Rosetta of Stultzburg—was attacked, dispersed, and the dress captured, the princess stirred up her father, who stirred up the prime minister, who stirred up the parliament, who bestirred themselves in the matter; and a law outlawing the baron was enacted.

Upon the whole this did not seem to greatly trouble the baron, who continued the evil tenor of his ways in spite of the strong disapproval of good King Stephanus and his parliament; so at length the monarch, losing all patience, issued a proclamation in which it was set forth that whoever would bring him the head of Baron Todweldt should have his daughter, the Princess Rosetta, to wife, and one-half of the kingdom to boot.

This was, of course, great temptation to the numerous needy barons, counts, and other nobles, who infested Stultzburg, as well as other similar kingdoms, like so many hungry rats; but when it was recollected that Baron Todweldt, besides being extremely irritable, not to say savage in his temper, stood seven feet three inches high in his jack-boots, they all felt a delicacy in annoying him about such a matter.

Soon after this time a little drummer, named Fritz, came trudging across the heath toward Stultzburg, seeking his fortune. His possessions consisted of a drum, a knapsack, his clothes, two farthings, and a hearty appetite, the latter of which he would willingly have dispensed with had he enjoyed the opportunity.

Upon reaching Stultzburg he bought him a piece of bread and a sausage, whilst eating which, and sitting upon the head of his drum, his eyes fell upon the royal proclamation. This he read over carefully, and with a great deal of interest; then finishing his repast with some mysterious purpose stirring within him, he hurried away towards the royal palace.

The king was engaged in a game of piquet with his prime minister, Count Sigismund von Dollindorff, taking relaxation thereby from the cares of state. The drummer, with a military salute, immediately and without more preface stated his willingness to undertake to bring His Majesty Baron Todweldt's head.

The king and the prime minister looked at the little chap for a moment with unconcealed astonishment, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"What is your position?" said the king, as soon as he was able.

"A military leader, your majesty."

"Ah! and of what rank?"

"A drummer, if it please your majesty."

"O Saint Sigismund!" gasped the count, and immediately roared again.

"Well, my bold little fellow," said the king, condescendingly, "you may attempt it to-morrow if you wish, or to-night, for that matter—my deal, I believe, Count." And so the drummer was dismissed.

the attendants were of half a mind to throw him over the cliff into the Rhine, but upon his reiterating his demand to see the baron, they at length thought



THE KING AND HIS PRIME MINISTER.

II.

Bright and early the next morning the drummer started on his mission in search of Baron Todwelt's head.

On his way toward the robber's castle he sat down to rest beside an old ruin overgrown with vines and briars. In one place a few stones fallen out of the wall opened an aperture into a dark gloomy dungeon, the



FRITZ GUIDES THE BARON.

passage being just large enough for the body of a middle-sized man.

An idea in conjunction with the ruin seemed to strike Fritz. He carefully inspected the hole, and then hurried away toward the baron's castle.

At first when he presented himself

better of it and conducted him into their lord's presence.

"Hilloa! What do you want here, mannikin?" growled the gigantic baron in a deep and terrible voice, at the same time scowling down on little Fritz as a toad might on a cricket.

"O my noble lord!" answered the drummer, trembling with an only half-assumed dread. "I come to seek employment of your lordship."

"Where did you come from, sand-flea."

"Stultzburg, my lord."

"Hah!"

"O sir, King Stephanus has dismissed me from court, and all because I was supposed to know about a secret treasure."

"Hah!" ejaculated the baron again, this time with a milder accent than before, for the word "treasure" struck his ears very soothingly; "and do you know where King Stephanus's secret treasure is now?"

"Oh, yes, noble sir."

"Now observe me, wood-louse!" said the baron. "If you are telling me the truth and will conduct me to this treasure I'll make your fortune. If you are deceiving me—by the great Todwelt that ate a whole pig, I'll have you sewed into a sack and thrown into the river like a kitten! Do you mark me, pigmy?"

The drummer nodded.

"And now, will you guide me to that place?"

The drummer nodded again.

Upon this the baron took down a huge two-handed sword from the wall, threw a sack over his shoulder for the supposed gold, and motioned the

sword for you while you try again.'

The baron readily complied, for the sword was very much in his way; but no sooner had the drummer gained possession of it than, seizing the baron by the hair, in spite of his wrathful bellows, he chopped off his head. Then tumbling it into the sack which the baron had so conveniently brought, and, leaving the body where it was, for it was wedged very tightly in, he made his way out of a hole in the ceiling, and so back to Stultzburg.

The king was very much surprised to see the drummer, whom he supposed to be by this time utterly demolished; but he was still more astonished when, with the words, "Your majesty, your commands and the princess's beauty accomplish wonders;



"I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE BARON'S HEAD."

drummer to lead while he followed close behind. Thus they proceeded to the noble old ruin that the drummer had noticed.

"My gracious lord," said Fritz, when they had reached this place, "this is the spot I spoke of. Follow me." With that he dropped on his hands and knees, and scrambled through the hole in the wall. The baron hesitated for a moment, for the hole was very small, but finally he proceeded with some difficulty to follow his guide. Now Baron Todwelt, besides being a very tall man, had by the use of much beer and sauerkraut, grown to be decidedly stout. Accordingly, when about half-way through the aperture, he found himself plugged in as tightly as a cork in a bottle. It was in vain that he kicked and swore; the kicks tore his clothes, and the oaths mended nothing. He roared to the drummer, as he paused for a moment in his struggles, that as soon as he had extricated himself he would chop him up into small pieces and eat him raw, for guiding him into such a tight place.

"My noble lord," said the drummer, "I didn't know that the hole was so absurdly small. Let me hold your

I have brought you the baron's head," the drummer tumbled it upon the floor without more ado.

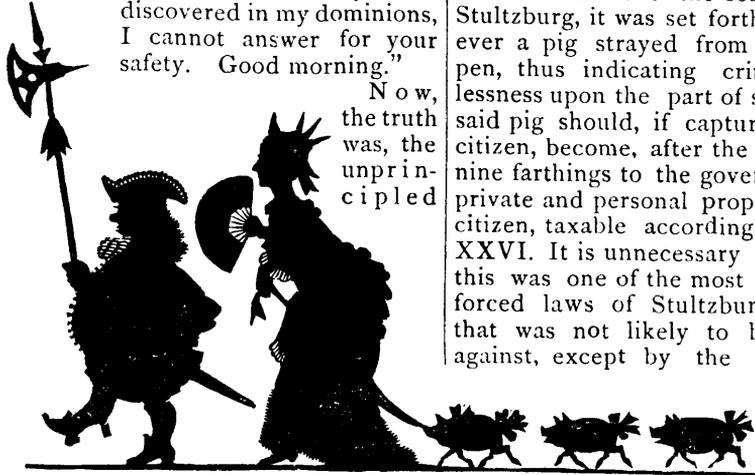
At first his majesty was delighted to see the head of his old enemy, but then, upon second thoughts, felt very bad about it indeed; for monarchs, as a general rule, disapprove of their daughters marrying drummers. Accordingly, he desired Fritz to go to the buttery, where he should be well fed, while he stayed to consult his prime minister upon the matter.

III.

The next morning, when the drummer presented himself in the royal presence, the king addressed him thus: "Brave sir, I have ceded to you the princess and the half of my kingdom. Of course, you are aware that the crown represents the kingdom, and without that a man is no king. Very unfortunately, your crown is at present in charge of the civil and military authorities of Stultzburg. Now," continued the king further, "these civil and military authorities are very jealous of the crown, and should you inadvertently show yourself to them while endeavoring to obtain it, they may accidentally

shoot you on the spot, or clap you into prison for the rest of your natural existence, which would be very uncomfortable indeed. If, to-morrow morning, you bring me the crown, the princess is yours. If you do not bring it, and after that time you are discovered in my dominions, I cannot answer for your safety. Good morning."

Now, the truth was, the unprincipled



THE PRINCESS AND HER PIGS.

king had caused his crown to be locked in a strong box, the key of which he intrusted to the mayor, and in charge of these same civil and military authorities, with strict orders to arrest any one who should appear in the council-room where the box was to be kept, and convey him instantly to prison.

Now, Stultzburg was a great sausage manufacturing town. Every week whole droves of pigs were driven in, and every week whole miles of sausage were carried out of it. Everybody owned pigs, and the more any one owned, of the more consequence he was held in Stultzburg. The princess Rosetta herself possessed a drove of the prettiest little pink pigs in the kingdom, with blue ribbons on their tails; and the government owned very extensive sties, the pigs from which, by some mysterious means, were apt to find their way into the private pens of the councillors and financiers. All the little school-boys of Stultzburg were taught to write as a motto in their

double-lined copy books: "The pen is mightier than the sword;" and instead of candies, it was customary to give them sausages, or, if a boy was very good indeed, a nicely browned tail of a little roast pig.

In one clause of the constitution of Stultzburg, it was set forth that whenever a pig strayed from its owner's pen, thus indicating criminal carelessness upon the part of said owner, said pig should, if captured by any citizen, become, after the payment of nine farthings to the government, the private and personal property of said citizen, taxable according to Clause XXVI. It is unnecessary to say that this was one of the most strictly enforced laws of Stultzburg, and one that was not likely to be rebelled against, except by the unfortunate

owners of strayed pigs, who, after all, always had the

consolation of hoping to make good their loss at an early day. The Stultzburg pigs, you see, finding themselves so highly prized, felt that they were no ordinary creatures, and every day grew more impatient of restraint,

The civil and military authorities, who had charge of the crown of King Stephanus, were composed, the one of the mayor and syndics of the city, the other of a squad of a dozen soldiers, commanded by a corporal and sergeant-at-arms. The crown, securely locked in a strong box, the key of which the mayor held clutched tightly in his fat, puffy little hand, stood in the centre of a table, at the head of which the mayor was perched upon a high, carved oaken chair, from which dangled his legs, not nearly reaching the floor. Beside him, on a lower seat, sat his secretary, a tall, big-jointed hungry-looking man, with a huge queue like an Indian war-club, and round the table the council, each man with his eyes intently fixed upon the

box, each determining that were the crown purloined it should not be his fault.

Thus they sat and stood all that livelong day, solemn as a flock of crows mourning the decease of some horse or dog, while all the time there was never a sign of the drummer. The crowd outside the town-house grew constantly more dense and curious. Little boys perched and sat on the trees and fences opposite, watching the windows, and half expecting to see the drummer fly out through one of them with the crown in his hands. Matrons ran hither and thither through the crowd, while the bread was burning in the oven at home, the soup boiling over on the stove, the baby tumbling into the fire, or, scarcely worse, upsetting the crock of sauerkraut. At length night drew on apace and yet never a sign of the drummer. The crowd thinned from around the town-house, and by the time the great clock in the assembly-room pointed to nine, the hour at which every good burgher commonly sought repose, the good men winked and blinked in the candle-light like so many owls.

But a sound suddenly broke on the ear!

The mayor was almost in a doze, but at that sound a glitter of life awoke in his leaden eye. He started and clutched the arm of his chair convulsively, as did each and every one of the town council clutch his.

The sound was heard again. It was—yes, it was the squealing of a pig—
A STRAY PIG.

The mayor, than whom none ever loved a pig better, writhed in his chair, as did all the council-men, squirming in an agony, their duty calling them to watch the crown, their inclination drawing them to the stray pig.

Again the pig squealed; this time a continuous, long drawn-out squeal, as though some one were endeavoring to capture him by means of the handle which nature has so kindly provided. The mayor's face turned cherry red with excitement, while great drops of

perspiration rolled bead-like down his pink forehead.

One more squeal and he would stand it no longer.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried he, sliding off his chair to his feet, "I am taken suddenly sick—deathly sick. Guard the crown, gentlemen, while I am gone, like loyal subjects. There is the key." And without further ado he threw the key down upon the table and rushed out of the council-chamber.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried the secretary, rising hastily—for he, too, wished to capture the strayed pig,—"Gentlemen, I am bound in duty to go and help my poor master." Thereupon he, too, bolted out.

"Here!"—"Hi!"—"Stop!"—"Stop him, somebody!"—"I'll go!"—"No, I will!" Such were the cries that rose upon every side, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion. Each one of the council called upon his fellows to remain behind while he went to bring back the town clerk, and as the noise grew louder each shouted and screamed at the top of his voice to make himself heard above his neighbors'; so, with much crowding, hustling, tearing of wigs and bruising of shins, each trying to thrust his neighbor back and be himself foremost, they all struggled toward the door. In the confusion, little Johann Blitz was smothered nearly to death, and stout Wilhelm Struck almost punctured by the corner of a table against which he was crushed by the crowd. At last, each still bellowing to the others to stay back and mind the crown, they one and all rushed pell-mell after the pig, the mayor, and the town clerk, who were just disappearing in the distance. The soldiers also being poor men with families, followed the steps of their superiors, and, headed by the corporal and sergeant-at-arms, rushed in a double-quick in the track of the others.

When the council-chamber was cleared in this manner, the drummer, who had turned loose a greased pig in the street, walked in, and, finding the

key still lying upon the table, quietly unlocked the box, took out the crown, locked the box again, replaced the key, and then made off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Meanwhile, in the street was uproar and confusion, hubbub and scampering.

through his fingers, until at last, in one abortive attempt, he stumped his toe upon the curb stone, and fell heavily and at full length in the gutter. At the same moment the town clerk, leaping forward, fairly clutched the struggling pig in his arms, and bore



“POOR PIGGY LED THE WAY.”

This way and that, with shrill squeals, the poor piggy led the way, and the the town council and soldiers rushed helter-skelter after. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had such a riot occurred in their usually quiet town. Windows were thrown up and nightcapped heads thrust forth; some screamed “fire,” some “murder,” and some “thief;” some shouted for the night-watch, and vigorously sprung their night-rattles; others, seeing the town council and the soldiers apparently fleeing for their lives from some unseen foe, supposed an enemy had gained the town, and shouted lustily for mercy and quarter.

The mayor was a stout, barrel-shaped little man, with legs that seemed telescoped shortly by the weight of his ponderous paunch, yet he skimmed over the ground like a very greyhound, his great magisterial gown flapping behind him like gigantic wings, and his enormous wig pushed askew in the stress of his excitement. Close behind him bounded the town clerk, finding it impossible, long as his legs were, to overtake his superior, and immediately after him rushed the clamorous rout of councilmen and soldiers.

Three separate times did the mayor convulsively clutch the slippery tail of the pig, and three times did it glide

it away in triumph to his own private pen.

The rest of the crest-fallen dignitaries turned their steps toward the town-house, when, for the first time, they recollected the crown, and began to feel frightened at their neglect of duty; and in direct ratio as they drew nearer their emotions grew stronger, until, fairly breaking into a run, they dashed into the town-hall with a confusion only exceeded by that with which they had rushed out.

Great was their relief when the first thing that met their eyes was the strong box standing upon identically the same spot where they had left it, with the key also lying as before upon the table. They never thought of examining whether the crown was there or not. In the first moments of relief they took immediate measures for discharging the town clerk from office on account of exaggerated neglect of duty, and these were carried into execution by the unanimous vote of the assembly. After this act of duty, they sat with redoubled vigilance around the strong box, which they supposed to contain the crown.

At the earliest peep of the following day the drummer presented himself at court with the crown securely tied up in a red bandanna pocket handkerchief.

"Your majesty," observed he, as he untied the handkerchief with his teeth, "I have accomplished the task you set me. Here is the crown," and with these words he laid it gracefully at his majesty's feet.

clapped into prison. However, the locks being out of order, and the keeper falling asleep over his newspaper in the afternoon, they all walked out again, and joined their bereaved families once more.

IV.

Poor King Stephanus was more annoyed than ever at the pertinacity of the persistent drummer. Twice had he sent him to accomplish the most difficult tasks, and yet here he was again, safe and sound. His majesty now concluded to take his daughter into counsel on the subject, as well as the prime minister.

The princess was exceedingly annoyed at the affair, as one may well suppose, for she was by no means inclined to enter the matrimonial state with a



THE ROYAL BODY-GUARD.

"Potztausend!" cried the king, starting up. "Am I not rid of you yet? Out of my presence and kingdom! Ho, there! My guards!"

The royal body-guard entered.

"But your majesty," said the drummer, "I have your own royal promise of the hand of the princess, made in this palace yesterday morning."

"Humph!" said the king, in a calmer voice. "Well, I will not arrest you. Retire to the buttery for the present. As for you, guards, go and arrest the town council, and throw them into prison."

The drummer, with much unwillingness, caused by his anxiety to see the princess, retired to the buttery, while the body-guard marched off to fulfil the king's orders.

Just as the poor mayor and council were beginning to congratulate themselves upon the excellent manner in which they had performed their allotted task, in marched the body-guard and took them all prisoners. Then for the first time they learned that they had been carefully watching an empty box all night. They were immediately

mere drummer. She rated her poor papa right soundly, but that did not in any way mend matters; so they presently all three set about cudgelling their brains for some expedient by which to escape from their dilemma. At length, thanks to the princess's ingenuity, one was hit upon which they proceeded to put into execution.

According to the princess's plan, the drummer was called to the royal presence, and loaded with distinctions and honors. He was created commander-in-chief of the armies of Stultzburg, and Baron of Dumblebug. The armies consisted of one hundred and twenty-three men, officers and privates, and the baronage of nothing at all. Moreover, he was created grand equerry, in place of old Count Wilhelm von Guzzle, who, besides having the gout severely, was sand-blind; and he was decorated with the star and ribbon of St. Stephanus.

Drummer Fritz was at first intoxicated with delight, but as this emotion somewhat cooled, his wits warmed, and he shrewdly suspected that some mischief was afoot. He requested to be

presented to his intended bride, but King Stephanus politely refused his request, telling him that he would meet her first at the church on the morrow. He was then informed, moreover, that, in compliment to himself, the bride-maids were to be selected from the most beautiful burgher-maidens of the city.

The next morning arrived, and the hour for the marriage. The king proceeded to the church with his daughter, the princess. The prime minister, in company with three lords of the court, appeared at the apartments of the newly made baron and escorted him to the coach in waiting. The drummer was attired in a suit of blue velvet lined with pink satin, which became him exceedingly, and in which he was handsome enough to win the heart of the most fastidious maiden in Stultzburg at first sight.

The king met the bridegroom at the church-door, and himself assisted him to alight.

"Baron," said his majesty, in a playful tone, "what should be done to you, do you think, if you should choose one of the burghers' daughters rather than the princess at the last moment?"

"I should deserve to be stripped of all my honors and whipped out of Stultzburg at the tail of a cart," said Fritz, boldly.

"Very well. Recollect, gentlemen, in case he fails to take the princess herself, he has pronounced his own sentence," said the king.

By this time they had entered the church.

"Behold your bride!" said the king.

One hundred and twenty-seven maidens, dressed precisely alike, stood in a row—the bride and her bride-maids.

The drummer was rather taken aback at this sight.

"Which is she, your majesty?" queried he. "Recollect, I have never seen, and cannot know her."

"You should recognize inherent royalty whenever you see it," said the king. "Escort your bride to the altar;

but should you take any one but the princess your own sentence shall be surely performed upon you."

Fritz saw the drift of affairs now.

"Madam," said he, stepping forward and bowing,—“Princess, I salute you.”

Here he looked up and down the line of one hundred and twenty-seven maidens, who one and all courtesied at the same moment. The drummer was bewildered.

Collecting himself, he advanced another step, remembering that the bride-maids were all burghers' daughters.

"Ladies," said he, "I thank you for the honor you have done me and my intended bride by your presence. Yesterday I was but a poor drummer. Today honors have been heaped upon me. I have been created a noble, I have command of the armies of this great kingdom, and soon it will be but for me to stretch forth my hand and wealth will be within my grasp. I am a soldier, ladies, and have a soldier's heart; but never in the wildest dreams of my fancy did I imagine such beauty could be found in the world as that I now see."

The one hundred and twenty-seven maidens cast down their eyes and blushed; and even the princess began to say to herself:

"He certainly is a very agreeable man, and quite handsome, too."

"When I came here this morning," continued the drummer, clearing his throat, "I came with the intention of taking the princess for my wife; but when I see her standing beside beauty that so very far surpasses her own, I feel ashamed of the base motives that then actuated me. Royalty! What is royalty? Royalty is great, but beauty is greater; and one lady here, whom I now have my eye upon"—here one hundred and twenty-six maiden hearts went into quite a flutter,—“has so far surpassed the princess in beauty, that all my base intentions I cast aside as worthless dirt, and ask that one peerless beauty who has so suddenly yet so completely conquered my love, will

she accept honor, glory, and a soldier's heart?"

Here he stopped abruptly, and again looked up and down the line of one hundred and twenty-seven maidens.

One hundred and twenty-six maidens, each taking his words to herself, blushed, trembled, fluttered, and looked down. One looked straight before her, and was very angry.

Fritz stepped quickly forward to the one, and bowed so low that the curls of his great periwig touched the floor.

"Madam," said he, "forgive your slave for the means he used to single you out. It was my only chance."

It was the princess.—*St. Nicholas.*



JACK GRANGER'S COUSIN.

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER III.

THE BOATING PARTY.

Mrs. Granger had paused a moment before answering the question which had so vexed and irritated Jack; then she replied quietly, and with a certain little tone which carried a gentle but very perceptible rebuke. "Tom Brewster is Jack's most intimate friend, and his mother is a very dear friend of my own."

Paul glanced up at her quickly, with a flush on his fair face, and a troubled look in his soft brown eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said, timidly. "I did not intend to be uncivil. I should have known that your friends must be ladies and gentlemen, of course."

"Tom Brewster does not need to stand under any one's escutcheon, so far as his position as a gentleman is concerned," said the doctor. "No one can speak to him without seeing, at a glance, that he is a thoroughly well-bred young fellow. And that is all we look for here, Paul. Tom's pedigree is but short, if you choose to search it out, but even the line of your own old name can show me no man

whose friendship I would more earnestly covet for my only son than that of Tom Brewster. My boy," and the doctor laid his hand kindly on Paul's shoulder, "you have been taught to think too much of name and position. No one values gentle blood, and high standing won by real worth, more than I; but a gentleman is never so little a gentleman as when he condescends to plume himself upon the accident of his birth. A good old name is a gift well worth prizing, but, like all the good gifts of God, it adds tenfold to our responsibility; and it is an honor to a man only so far as he lives worthy of it, and adds to its renown by the nobility of his own grand life. But we are falling into a very grave talk," added the doctor, a smile taking the place of the serious look which his face had worn for the last few moments. "Nellie, what are you and Paul going to do with your morning? I have to be out the whole day; so, with Jack away, you will have to content yourselves with one another. Jack has a fine pony, Paul; do you ride?"

"No, sir; my aunts were never willing that I should learn. But I should like to do so very much."

"Then you must have a pony, and Jack and Tom will teach you. They are first-rate horsemen, both of them, but especially Tom; when he is in the saddle, he and his horse look as if they had been carved out of the same block."

"You would not have time to teach me yourself, I suppose," suggested Paul, before whose trembling vision there rose at once fearful pictures of headlong races, and breakneck escapades; "most boys are so very venturesome with horses."

"Yes, I could find the time, if you preferred my instructions," replied the doctor, smiling. "You are a little afraid that the boys may break some of your ribs, eh?"

"Well," said Paul, hesitatingly, "I think it would be safer for me to go out with you first."

"Very well, it shall be as you please," said the doctor. "Now I must leave

you and Aunt Nellie to your own devices. Sam has my carriage at the door, I see. Good-bye."

Aunt Nellie's devices turned out to be only a morning's shopping in the small town of Stanton, five miles away from Camlot Falls; but the little expedition, which would have been an intolerable bore to Jack or Tom, just suited Paul's quieter tastes. He could very contentedly have spent the whole day in that way, and was almost sorry when Mrs. Granger told him that her purchases had all been made and she was ready to turn homewards. And Aunt Nellie had found him no uninteresting companion. He had shown himself very entertaining and very bright and ready; and he was as much interested in her shopping, and in helping her to find exactly what she wanted, as if her desires were all his own. Evidently he was accustomed to this sort of thing; for he was wonderfully versed in the merits of this and that make of muslin, or print, or lace, or whatever it might be for which she was looking.

"You have been a real help to me, Paul," she said, as they re-entered the carriage, and the horses' heads were turned towards home. "I am very fond of shopping, but I generally have to go off by myself on these errands, for Jack never cares to go with me; and if he did, he would not know how to give me any help. But you are as good as a girl."

"Do you think so?" said Paul, looking very much pleased. "I have often wished that I were a girl."

"Oh, dear me!" said Aunt Nellie, laughing. "Don't let the boys hear you say such a thing, or you will be teased most unmercifully. And indeed, dear," she added, gravely, "I do not like to hear you say so, myself. I am very far from depreciating a woman's power, when it is rightly used, and would not exchange my place, as wife and mother, for that of the greatest man in the land; and yet I feel sorry to hear you say that you would like to give up the more extended power for good, and the grander op-

portunities, which must always belong to a man. It seems like selling your birthright."

Paul smiled rather faintly, and Mrs. Granger turned the conversation to a more agreeable subject, with a feeling that she and her husband had no light task before them in the bringing up of this most wretchedly mismanaged and misdirected boy.

"Mother," said Jack, as they sat at the lunch table, talking over the events of the morning, during the few moments that remained to him before he must leave them again for school, "I suppose that there is no objection to our going out for a row this afternoon, is there? If Paul would like it, I mean."

"No objections at all, dear. Paul has had enough of driving around with a sober old lady, no doubt, and would be very glad of a little gay company. You would enjoy it, wouldn't you, Paul?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think so," replied the boy, somewhat nervously. "I have never tried to row in my life; indeed, I never have been in any sort of a boat except a steamboat; but I think that I should like it, unless it should prove too cold."

"Well, you had better try it. Our boys think that life would be worthless without their boats, and you will not, probably, have many more such warm, bright afternoons as this. Have you made up your party, Jack?"

"Tom Brewster, Will Haydon and Frank Wilton are going in my boat; and Sam Jackson and Rob Turner are to join us in Sam's; but they had not filled up their boat when I left. Ralph Shaw goes, too, with still another crew."

"That will be a pleasant party," said Mrs. Granger. "Paul had better meet you at the lake, had he not? That would save some time."

"If you don't mind walking over," said Jack, turning toward Paul. "The lake lies very near the school, less than a quarter of a mile from it, but on the other side; so that, as mother says, it would save us quite a little time if you could meet us there."

"Certainly. I shall enjoy the walk."

"At a quarter past three, then," said Jack, snatching up his hat. "I must be off; and on the double quick, too, or I shall be late."

At a quarter past three o'clock a dozen merry schoolboys came trooping through the woods on whose western border Camlot Lake lay sleeping calmly, under the bright afternoon sky. They were a noisy set of fellows, and just released from the thralldom of the school-room, they were relieving their pent-up activities by leaps and jumps that would have done credit to a party of acrobats, and exercising their voices by shouts and cries which made the woods ring again. Reaching the lake, which was hidden from them by the heavy foliage of a belt of very large evergreens until they were close upon it, the whole party paused suddenly.

Standing there, evidently waiting for them, was a boy of about the age of most of the gay company, dressed in a faultlessly fitting suit of gray cloth, with a cap to match, and holding in his neatly gloved hand a slight and very pretty cane.

"Tom, just look at that ape!" said Jack, under his breath, but in a tone of such fervor that Tom was not surprised when, on turning to look at the speaker, he saw that his face was actually crimson with vexation. "He's a perfect jackass!"

"Hush!" said Tom sharply. "He'll hear you if you don't look out. Hallo, Paul! There you are, eh?"

"Is that chap a friend of yours, Brewster?" asked Philip Ward, one of the party, who had not happened to hear of the arrival of Jack's cousin, in a tone of infinite contempt.

"Scarcely a friend, for I only met him for the first time this morning," said Tom easily, "but I hope he'll turn out a pleasant friend for all of us. He is Granger's cousin, and has come here to spend some four or five years at the doctor's. He is coming to our school, too. Jack, we'll introduce Paul to all these fellows at once," he added, raising his voice. "He'll

hardly remember all their names, but he'll learn them gradually before the afternoon is over. This is Paul Stuyvesant, boys; Granger's cousin. He is coming up to school with us to-morrow. Now, for the boats. Paul, you might leave your stick in the cleft in that big pine; and pull off your gloves, for you won't need them."

Poor Jack could almost have kissed his ready friend, as he saw the boys, most of whom spoke kindly to Paul as they passed him, moving away toward the boats, and preparing to push them off. One or two of them, it is true, scanned the new-comer with an amused curiosity which they took no pains to hide; and Philip Ward, between whom and Jack no great amount of love had ever been lost, turned to Tom as he was stepping into his boat, and said, in a voice of pretended concern :

"It is hardly fair, Brewster, to ask Mr. Stuyvesant to expose those lily-white hands to the rays of a November sun."

"The sooner they are exposed the sooner they will gain a good, healthy tan-color," replied Tom carelessly. "Stuyvesant has lived in town all his life, and don't know our rough-and-ready country ways; but he means to learn. Off with those gloves, Stuyvesant," he added in a whisper, as he helped him into the boat. "When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do, if you expect to live a decently comfortable life."

With rather a rueful face, Paul drew off his gloves, and folding them carefully, bestowed them in the breast-pocket of his coat. Could it be possible that Tom intended to teach him to row with ungloved hands? The question unspoken was answered for him before the tender look of sympathy with which he regarded the threatened members had left his troubled face.

"Here's a light oar, Stuyvesant. Jack, you might row with him, for you are the best stroke in this crowd," and Tom put an oar into Paul's hands and then stepped aside to let Jack pass.

"You're a brick!" said Jack, in his

ear, as he took his seat. "I owe you one for this. Look out, Paul! You're running foul of your row-lock. Let me put your oar in for you. So. Now for a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, boys!" And with a face whose usual cheery brightness and merriment were now quite restored, Jack bent himself to his work with a will, and the light boat skimmed rapidly over the smooth waters of the placid lake, soon distancing the other boats, and, within a quarter of an hour, leaving them far in the lurch.

Jack's party were the best rowers in the school, and his boat was also much lighter than either of the others, but it was not often that he thus parted company with the other crews. But this afternoon he felt in no humor for the teasing and raillery that he felt sure would beset Paul, and, through Paul, himself. Philip Ward and himself were always at variance, and Ward, an ill-tempered and mischievous young fellow, would never, he knew, let slip so good an opportunity to annoy and vex him. In truth, although Jack was ordinarily as good-natured and kindly-hearted as Ward was ugly and malicious, he faithfully kept up his end of the quarrel, feeling himself almost bound to oppose anything that Philip suggested, and invariably taking sides against him in any party which divided the school. There were others, also, in the two boats whom he was quite willing to avoid for the present, and he had picked his own crew with special reference to the fact that they were all his devoted friends, and, moreover, all far to well-bred and gentlemanly to show either amusement or contempt at the unusual ways and appearance of his most un-boylike cousin. He would let these three fellows, he thought, get a little accustomed to him before he introduced him to the rest of his companions.

So the boat shot far ahead, rather against Tom's wishes and whispered advice, for, readily divining Jack's aim and motive, he had suggested that the

other boys would be vexed; but Jack was obstinate, and would not yield to his persuasions, so Tom gave way and added the strength of his strong arm to carry out his friend's desire. But Tom had far the wiser head of the two. Philip Ward was at no loss to imagine the reason of Jack's unusual exclusiveness, and before the boats met again at the landing-place he had concocted a little plan by which to carry out his own mischievous propensities, to annoy Jack, and to overwhelm the poor little dandy with distress, by spoiling his fine clothes.

"You are very select to-day," he called out, as the boats neared each other once more. "What did you leave us for, Granger?"

He spoke pleasantly enough, and Jack answered gayly:

"Oh, we thought we'd show Paul what we could do. We've astonished him out of his wits, haven't we, Paul? He has done pretty well, himself, too. I didn't suppose he'd take to it so kindly. Easy there, Ward; don't run foul of us."

"Let's see your hands," said Philip, leaning over the side of his boat, which he had brought close up to Jack's. "I warrant you haven't less than a dozen good blisters on them. Granger ought to have known better than to have set you to rowing for the first time without gloves."

He had stretched out his hand, and Paul, never suspecting that his sympathy was less than genuine, held out his own, which were, indeed, far from comfortable.

"The boys say I'll get used to it," he said, mournfully, "but they look so badly."

"I should think they did," assented Philip. "Phew! let's look at the other hand. Oh, this is a shame! And they're as hot as fire." he added, holding them both in his own left hand. "It's too bad!"

"They do feel pretty badly," said Paul, perfectly delighted by this unexpected kindness, for his companions had not bestowed the smallest sympathy upon his burning palms and

chafed fingers; "but they say I'll soon become accustomed to it. I—oh—" The boats had suddenly swerved far apart.

"Let go!" exclaimed Philip loudly.

But somehow Paul's hands seemed held, or in some way entangled; and in a moment, before, as it seemed to him, he had time to let go, he swung helplessly forward; there was a loud outcry of many voices, and the cold waters of the lake closed over his head.

The next instant he rose again, was seized by four pairs of strong hands, and lifted back into the boat, drenched to the skin, shaking with cold, and almost frightened to death.

Five minutes' rapid rowing brought them to the shore; and Jack, without even waiting to assist Paul, sprang from the boat, marched straight up to Philip, and confronted him, as he stepped from his boat, with a face fairly white with rage.

"You are a mean, sneaking coward," he said, in a low tone of concentrated wrath. "Take that for your impudence."

He raised his hand, but the threatened blow did not fall, for Tom had sprung forward and seized his arm.

"Stop, Jack!" he said, authoritatively. "You have no time to waste in a brawl with that fellow. In the first place, he is beneath your contempt; and in the second place, we must take Paul home at once. Come on! There isn't a minute to lose. He is in a perfect shake already. We must take him back on a tight run. Look after the boat, chaps. Come on, Stuyvesant!" and before Jack had time to think, his arm was linked in Paul's, and the three boys—Brewster having taken Paul's other arm—were speeding toward home on as fast a run as Stuyvesant's rather limited powers would admit of.

To Paul's surprise, Aunt Nellie took the story of his unexpected bath very easily; indeed, quite merrily. To be sure, she put him to bed between hot blankets, gave him a hot drink, and put

a brick at his feet; but she laughed and talked all the while, and pooh-pooched most unbelievably at Jack's angry assertion that the ducking had been no accident, but a premeditated insult on Philip's part.

"Oh, my silly boy," she said, drawing Jack to her, when Paul was comfortably nestled in bed, "you do waste so much powder and shot on shadows! Philip, certainly, is a disagreeable boy; but do not believe that he really intended to play off such a mean piece of mischief as this on a stranger. We will think better of him than that, won't we, Paul!"

"Oh, yes," said Paul eagerly, quite ready to defend his sympathetic friend. "I think that it was entirely an accident. Indeed, he was very kind to me, and I liked him better than any of the party."

"Humph! Myself included, I suppose," said irascible Jack. "All right; if you are satisfied, I am. Come along, Tom; we'll go our way;" and he put his arm through Brewster's, who had come upstairs to see Paul after he was tucked away under the blankets.

"Yes, you had better be off, both of you," said Mrs. Granger. "I shall go down stairs, too, and leave our hero to take a nap. You will go to sleep, Paul, and wake up feeling very well, I think. Good-night!" and she went out after the boys, leaving the door ajar, and looking, Paul thought, far too cheerful and merry for the circumstances of the case.

She was so utterly unlike his careful, anxious aunts that he did not know what to make of her. The whole house would have been raised into a turmoil, the physician summoned, and a terrible wailing and outcry made, if such an experience had befallen him last week. But while he was thinking of all this, and feeling a little homesick longing to have some fuss and excitement made over him, he fell asleep.

Perhaps he would have been quite satisfied if he could have seen his Aunt Nellie half an hour later, when

she stole softly into his room, leaned down over him to look carefully into his face, felt his pulse with her gentle fingers, and then raised her face with a look of infinite relief which would have told to any observer that the fact that he was sleeping a natural and easy sleep had lifted a great burden of anxiety from her mind.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

As Mrs. Granger had predicted, Paul woke from his sleep quite himself again; and when the doctor, on arriving at home, went up to see him, he pronounced him none the worse for his ducking, but, nevertheless, insisted upon his remaining in bed until the next morning; and when the morning came, decided that it was rather better for him to defer his entrance into school until the beginning of the week.

So Jack set off without him, rather relieved, if the truth were all told, by this change of plan.

"But I tell you what it is, Tom," he said, as, having, as usual, fallen in with his friend on his way, he eased his mind a little with regard to yesterday's escapade, and gave vent to his decidedly warm feelings upon the subject, "I'm going to have it out with Paul, once for all. I mean to speak my mind to those fellows this morning, and let them understand that my cousin, and a guest in my house," and Jack lifted up his head very loftily, "is not going to be trifled with, if I can help it; and I rather think I can. But as to Paul himself, I shall just tell him plainly that if he's going to play the exquisite he must expect as bad as he had yesterday, and even worse. I was ready to thrash Ward, and I'll do it yet, if he ever attempts any such mean dodge again, but I don't wonder the chaps feel like taking the starch out of Paul; standing there, all of one color from his crown to his heels, even to his gloves, and

switching away with that miserable little cane! Pshaw! He ought to be dressed in silk and velvet, and laid on a cushion under a glass shade."

"Oh, never mind, Jack," said Tom, laughing. "He'll come out all right. I'm very glad he didn't come to school to-day, because we can sort of prepare the fellows for him. If you don't get too mad about it, I think that it would be a first-rate plan for you to have a little talk with some of them. And, as to Ward, if I were you, I wouldn't make any trouble with him. I don't mean pass it over," he added, quickly, seeing that Jack was about to interrupt him with some impatient answer, "but don't have a row with him, if you can help it. I'd give him to understand coolly that you know that he did that thing on purpose yesterday, and that you won't stand any more such capers. But don't get into a tempest about it; for that will only make matters worse than ever for Paul. The cooler you keep, the more in earnest Ward will think you; and Ward never can stand a cold-blooded fight, you know; with all his bluster, he always gives in if he thinks that he is in danger of being thrashed."

"All right," said Jack, who had calmed down very perceptibly under Tom's gentle handling. "I'll try to keep quiet, for this time, any way. There he is this minute! Hallo there, Ward!"

Philip, who had that moment turned from a side road into that upon which the two friends were walking, paused at the sound of Jack's voice, and looked toward them.

"Wait a minute; I want to speak with you," said Jack.

"I'm in a hurry," answered the other, in a surly tone, walking on rather more rapidly than before.

"All right; we'll hurry on with you," replied Jack. "What I want to say," he added, as he gained Ward's side, "is only this. Of course I know as well as you do, that Paul Stuyvesant's sousing yesterday was no accident, that you dragged him out of the boat, and ducked him, just for the sake of

taking the starch out of him. Now I'm not going to make a fuss about it this time, for I don't wonder that all you chaps felt like putting a wrinkle or two into his smooth elegance; but you went a step too far, Ward; and I won't stand by and see the fellow insulted, if he is Miss Nancy-ish. We can cure him of this nonsense after a while; but I'm not going to have him abused. He is my guest, and I shall take care of him until he can fight his own battles. He is a delicate fellow, and might have got his death by that performance of yours yesterday."

"Yes, he looks delicate," returned Ward, with a most perceptible sneer. Jack's very unusual calmness had led him to the mistaken supposition that he dreaded a collision with him, and this idea induced him at once to try to provoke him into a quarrel.

"Perhaps it would be well for us all put on gloves before we touch him."

"Just as you please about that," retorted Jack, "but there is one thing that every one may understand, and that is, that any one who plays off any such mean trick as you practised yesterday will be handled without gloves. That's all I've got to say about it. Paul will have to stand a lot of chaffing, I suppose, and some hard knocks, too, before he gets used to our ways; but as to seeing him really ill-treated, that is another thing, and that I won't stand. He hasn't either the pluck or the strength to fight his own way, but he'll get both in time, and until he does, the fellow who treats him shabbily will find out whether Jack Granger has any strength and pluck or not. I don't want to make a quarrel with you or any one else; but I want that one thing understood, once for all. Here we are at school; will you shake hands on it before we go in, and be friends?"

He held out his hand frankly, and with a friendly smile on his face, for Tom's words had had their weight with him, and he had determined to smooth Paul's pathway in a peaceful manner if he could.

"No, I won't," said Philip, insol-

ently. "If you think that I'm going to pet Miss Nancy for fear of the weight of your arm, you are quite mistaken. When you undertake to call me a mean, sneaking coward, you must take the consequences."

"All right, I'm willing," said Jack. "I'll stand by my words, and by Paul Stuyvesant, too. You may be sure of that."

They were entering the school-room door as the last words were spoken, having been too late to pause in the grounds for any further discussion; and they parted to go to their respective places with very dark looks on both sides.

Jack was a great favorite among his school-fellows, and Philip Ward was, perhaps, the only one in the school who heartily disliked him. But Philip's faults and failings were exactly those which Jack held in utmost contempt, and, naturally brusque and outspoken, he had manifested his disapproval of Ward's mean and often malicious doings more plainly than wisely, or, perhaps, even civilly. Philip was a selfish, intolerant, and very conceited boy; and it was his wounded self-conceit which was at the bottom of his strong dislike to Jack. In spite of his faults, he was by no means wholly disagreeable, and having more money at his command than most boys are able to expend, and being open-handed, he was not without followers and friends. Jack had taken a prejudice against him from the first time of his entrance into the school, where Ward was already a scholar, and more than one circumstance had occurred to increase the hard feelings which each entertained toward the other; so that, at this time, there was very little friendship lost between them. But as Jack was always ready to offer to make up a quarrel as he was to provoke it, or to plunge into it if the provocation came from the other side, there had not, until now, been an open breach between the two.

"Hallo, Granger!" cried Sam Jackson, as the boys were all rushing out

together for the noon recess. "How is your young dandy this morning?"

"All right, this side up with care," replied Jack pleasantly. "He isn't a very strong fellow, though, and father was a good deal worried about him last night. But he's well enough this morning. You see he's lived all his life with a lot of old ladies, who have made a pet and darling of him, and now father has brought him home to our house to try to make a boy of him, in spite of them. It'll be pretty hard on him, too, for a while; but he seems quite a nice fellow, and I rather think he'll come out all right. But we'll have to help him along a trifle. You fellows must not be too hard on him, and use him up in the beginning. I don't take much stock in these tamish sort of chaps, but I'd about as soon knock a girl over the head, as do a cruel thing to Paul Stuyvesant. He knows lots, though; we'll have to look out that he doesn't beat us in classes. He's got a good head, if he hasn't much backbone."

It had cost Jack a tremendous effort to say all this. He did hate to be on the weaker side of any struggle; and, in this case, his heart was not in his work. If he had had any real liking for his cousin, his task would have been an easier one, but, as it was, he was acting from a sheer sense of duty. If Paul had been a stranger to him—Philip Ward's cousin, for instance, instead of his own—he would, certainly, have been guilty of no unkindness toward him, but he would have been so repelled by him that there would, in all probability, have been no intercourse between them. But as things were, here Paul was, his charge and care so far as his schoolfellows were concerned, and he was quite determined to do his duty by him, though he did not love him over much. Perhaps his *rencontre* with Philip Ward had helped him somewhat, for we have always a tenderer feeling for any person, or even thing, for whom we have had to struggle in any way. However that might be, his little speech was quite a success, so far as he himself was concern-

ed, at least, for when it was ended his heart really felt quite warm toward his client; and some of his companions, quick enough to see the effort he was making, and generous enough to respond to it—Sam Jackson among the rest—went over to his side at once.

"Head is better than back-bone, sometimes," said Will Haydon. "Don't be ashamed of him, Granger. He was a picture to look at yesterday, to be sure; but we'll take that nonsense out of him without much trouble."

"Head!" exclaimed Philip Ward, contemptuously. "That fellow will swallow almost anything you choose to tell him."

"That will depend on what you tell him," said Jack, with forced composure. "If you cram him with lies, about things that are strange to him, I daresay you may take him in at first; but he can tell you a thing or two, Ward, on matters that are worth knowing, I can promise you. To be honest with you all, I did feel awfully cheap about introducing Stuyvesant here, for he certainly is a regular Miss Nancy. But I had to do it, and I mean to make the best of it. I know there aren't many fellows in this school that could do a mean thing to as weakly a chap as Stuyvesant, and those that can, and do, must answer to me for it."

"That's right, Granger," said Sam Jackson, stepping up to him, and holding out his hand. "Stand up for your own people. I'll back you in that thing, for one. As to that shabby trick of Ward's yesterday, I'm mighty sorry that any fellow in my boat should have done it; and if I had had the least notion of what he was up to, Stuyvesant should never have gone over. It won't give him a very good opinion of our crowd."

"He thinks that it was an accident," said Jack, "and perhaps it's just as well to let him deceive himself on that score; though I did blow out before him about it yesterday. But he wouldn't believe that it was anything but a pure mishap. The truth is, I

suppose, he can't imagine that any decently brought up chap would do such a thing. He'll get his eyes open after a little, I'm thinking."

There could have been no mistaking the tone and the application of Jack's last sentence, even if he had not looked directly at Philip as he spoke. But, as Tom Brewster had said, Ward was always awed by cool opposition when he was in the wrong. To use Tom's own words, "he could not stand a cold-blooded fight." He returned Jack's look with a glare of angry defiance, but he said nothing; and, some one at that moment suggesting a game of ball, the little circle broke up, Ward joining the ball-players, muttering vengeance, but not daring to risk an immediate encounter with his strong-limbed adversary.

As it had turned out, apparently, Philip had done Paul more good than harm, and Jack went home that afternoon quite satisfied with the state of affairs. The unusually warm and lovely day which had followed the stormy night of Paul's arrival at Camlot had, in its turn, been followed by a cloudy morning, whose threatening sky was, by the time that school closed, beginning to drop down a fine drizzle of penetrating rain. But Jack started for home in a state of such high good humor that no outside cloudiness and dreariness had the slightest effect upon him.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, finding Paul sitting alone in the library, leaning, with an appearance of the greatest interest, over a large volume which lay on a little table beside him. "What have you got there?"

Paul looked up with a little shade of annoyance on his delicate face, which was flushed with an unusual color.

"I am reading 'Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.'"

"What!" exclaimed Jack, as if he doubted the evidence of his own senses.

"I am reading 'Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy,'" repeated Paul, with a most unmistakable tone of censure.

Jack stood for a moment looking at him in silence, then he asked quietly, "Is that the sort of reading you like?"

"Yes," said Paul hesitatingly. "At least, it is the sort of reading which is good for one."

"You wouldn't get father to go with you there. If he saw you poring over that kind of stuff, with these red cheeks, he'd order you out in less than no time; and when you came back your book would be minus. Don't you read other things; Maryatt, Stockton, and those? Did you ever read 'Little Men,' or 'Eight Cousins,' or any of those books?"

"No," said Paul, with a superior smile. "I think I am rather beyond that kind of books. They are so childish."

"Oh, they are, are they? I don't find them so; but then—Paul—"

"Well?" for Jack had paused abruptly, and was looking at him in a serious, earnest way which Paul was puzzled to understand.

"See here," said Jack, drawing the chair into which he had thrown himself when he entered the room a trifle nearer to his cousin. "I want to say a word or two to you. Maybe you won't like them; but if you don't, you may believe that I'm only saying them out of real good-will, for I'd like to make it pleasant for you here, if I can. I'm kind of rough, rougher than many of our own fellows; and with your ways, I suppose you think I'm awful. All the same, I feel that it's my place to see you made comfortable; but I tell you honestly, Paul, that you'll have to leave off gloves and canes, and all the rest of your elegancies, if that's going to be done."

"Do you mean," asked Paul, the flush deepening on his fair face, "that to be comfortable in this place I must cease to be a gentleman in my appearance and behavior?"

"No," replied Jack, a little hotly, but nevertheless making a strong effort to keep his temper, "I don't mean any thing of that kind; but I do mean that you'll have to give up your dandyisms. You are nothing but a boy, Paul; and

you dress and act like a grown man, and rather a spoony of a man at that. Don't get mad; I'm speaking right out, and you are all but a stranger to me yet, I know; but I'm really talking for your own good. Why, who ever did hear of a fellow starting to go out rowing in gray kid gloves, and carrying a cane? I can't think how mother ever let you do it!"

"Aunt Nellie did not see me when I went out," said Paul gravely, "so you need not blame her for my fault, if fault there were."

"There, you're mad! and I knew you would be; but I can't help it. Paul, boys don't do things like that; and they don't read 'Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy,' and such things; and they're not afraid of tanning their skins, or blistering their hands, or soiling their boots, or any of those things. But they do tease, and chaff, and play tricks, and do lots of things they've no business to do; and you'll find that out if you don't take my advice, and try to be a little more like the rest of the crowd. There's Tom Brewster, and Will Haydon, and Sam Jackson, and a lot more, who would never lift a finger to hurt a fellow who wasn't their equal; but there are lots of others, like Phil Ward, who'd just as soon duck you, or thrash you, or ill-use you in any other way, if you provoked them to it; lots of fellows who are always ready to set on the sick chick in the brood and pick him to death; and I tell you they'll do it if you aren't careful. Every one likes pluck and grit, and they'll drive you right to the wall if they find that they can do it. Come on now, Paul. Do kick away all these mawkish fashions and notions of yours, and be like other chaps."

"Why, Jack, my boy, that is rather strong language," said Mrs. Granger, who, coming into the room at that moment, had heard Jack's last words. "What is the trouble?" for, glancing toward Paul, she saw at once that the words which she had overheard, were probably far from being the beginning of the discussion.

"There's no trouble, mother; I'm only trying to show Paul that if he is so different from the other boys he'll have to suffer for it. I don't mean to be anything but kind and friendly, and I told the boys right out at recess that if any of them dared to lay a hand on Paul before he was able to fight his own battles, I'd thrash that fellow myself; and so I will. But you see—"

"I see that my boy has a kind heart but a very brusque way of showing it," said Mrs. Granger gently. "I know that you will do your very best to make Paul comfortable and happy, but perhaps he does not care to be made over new without even having his permission asked. When he begins to mix with young people of his own age, he will fall into their ways,

and enjoy them, too, before long, I think."

"I am very much obliged to you, at least," said Paul, rising, and stretching out his hand with a smile to Jack, who looked very much disconcerted by his mother's words. "I was vexed at first, but I know, now, that you only spoke out of kindness. I shall try to make friends with my school-mates. I should not want to be disliked. And I know," he added, with that same wistful look in his eyes which had overcome Jack once before, "that I shall have the best of friends in you."

Jack's clouded face cleared on the instant, and he grasped Paul's extended hand with a hearty grip.

"All right, old fellow; I'll stand your friend," he said, brightly.

A DROP OF WATER.

Now I haven't a word to say about the microscope, or about the queer little creatures which it renders visible in a drop of water. You have heard all about those things, and, perhaps, seen them too, so many times that it would be quite useless for me to try to interest you any further in them. On the contrary, I am going to tell you about some very wonderful things which a drop of water can do, and about some still more wonderful things which happened when it was created. No matter if water is common; it has some very uncommon properties.

Now, in the first place, what is water? What is it made of? Before answering this question let us try a little experiment, and see if we cannot find out something. Here is a gas-burner, with a stream of gas issuing from it. No water there, surely! Now we will light the gas, and hold close over the

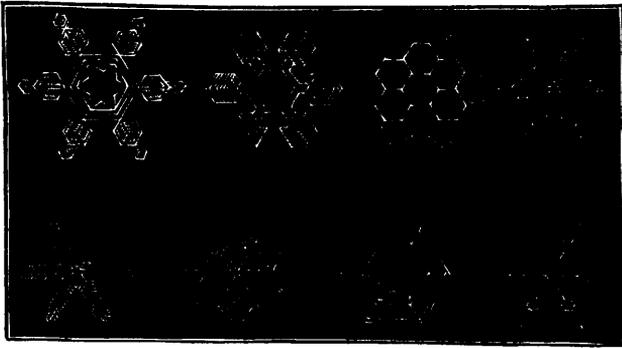
flame, just for an instant, a cold piece of porcelain; say a teacup, or a saucer upside down. And, presto! the surface of the china becomes covered with moisture,—little drops of water,—water obtained from fire! and of course this water must have come either from something in the gas, or in the air, or in both.

To be brief, then, the gas from the burner consists of a mixture of several different gases, one of them being called hydrogen; a name which means *water-producer*. The air, on the other hand, is a mixture of two other gases, whose names are oxygen and nitrogen. When hydrogen is burned in the air it unites chemically with the oxygen of the latter, in the proportion of two quarts of the first to one of the second, and the compound thus formed is common water. In fact, as I hinted when I told you about charcoal, and

about the queer gas it forms when it is burned, burning is nothing but combination with oxygen. That is why a good draft is needed in a stove,—the air must be able to carry its oxygen to the wood or coal, for the fire cannot be kept up without it. If instead of impure gas and common air we burn together pure oxygen and pure hydrogen, we get a vastly hotter flame, and,

space than they formerly did; or as a chemist would say, they undergo condensation.

Eighteen hundred quarts of the mixed gases form only about one quart of liquid water. The force thus quietly exerted in making the original gases combine and condense to a single gallon of water is great enough to lift a weight of more than forty millions of



MAGNIFIED SNOW-FLAKES.

if the gases are enclosed in some vessel, a violent explosion also. It is quite a pretty experiment to fill soap-bubbles with a mixture of the gases, let them float loose from the pipe, and then to touch them off with a lighted candle. Each bubble explodes with a little flash of fire, and a report as loud as that of a pistol. But it is not a safe experiment for children, unless they have some older friend to guide them. The flame produced by the mixed gases is the hottest known, and is often employed by chemists to melt metals which remain solid in the hottest furnace. The instrument used in producing the flame is called the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe.

But, although two quarts of hydrogen combine with one of oxygen, don't think that they form *three* quarts of liquid water. No, indeed! for if that were the case we should be almost drowned, or at least steamed to death, the first time we lighted the gas. The truth is, that when the two gases unite they are compressed together with such force that they occupy much less

pounds to the height of one foot. And so it has been beautifully said by the famous Professor Tyndall, that the little Alpine girl who carries a snowball in her hand holds locked up within its flakes force enough to hurl back the hugest avalanche to twice the height from which it fell. For snow is nothing but water, you know, the particles of which, in freezing, have arranged themselves into new and beautiful forms.

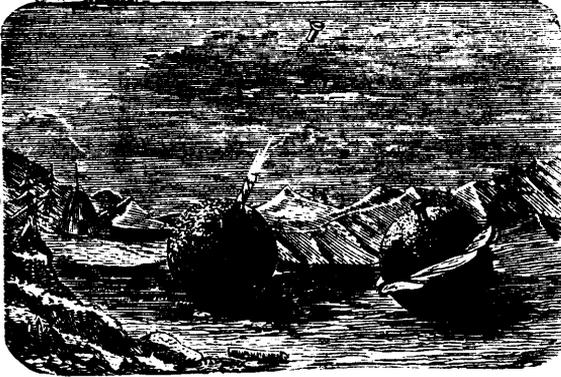
Only think of it! these tremendous forces are operating around us everywhere, so quietly that we scarcely notice them. They are working in every flame; they are exerted in every breath you draw, and in the gentle growth of the flowers they are called into action. The strength of a giant sleeps harmlessly in the dew-drop, and the tender rosebud upon which it rests is itself the product of forces more wonderful than those displayed in the earthquake or the tornado. And all this is taught us by the study of common things which seem at first sight trifles.

But tremendous power is not exerted only in the creation of a drop of water, being often manifested in the behavior of the drop itself afterwards. Of course you all know how much strength a running stream puts forth when it falls upon a mill-wheel and we make it work for us; and you also

into productive soil, and barren places are gradually made fertile.

There are regions where you can see this now going on. I once lived in a place in New York State where a large lake was hemmed in by high hills, down whose sides ran many streams. These streams had gradually worn

down into the solid rocks, making huge ravines, full of beautiful cascades and waterfalls; and right at the mouth of each ravine there was a point of fertile land running out into the lake, formed from the powdering of the cliffs above. Every winter the water freezes in the crevices of the cliffs, and loosens masses of rock; then when the ice and snow thaw in the spring the rushing water tears the fragments away and



EXPERIMENT WITH BOMB-SHELLS.

grinds them into dust, and sweeps them out into the lake. For centuries this has been going on, so that now great chasms are found hundreds of feet deep, wild and savage, and wonderful for their scenery.

There is one such ravine in the far West, on the Colorado River, whose walls rise up precipitously more than a mile, in some places as high as Mount Washington, only right up straight, not slantwise; and that is perhaps the most marvellous gorge in the world. It has been carved out by the persistent action of little drops of water. And so we see how tiny efforts, patiently and earnestly put forth, may in time achieve the grandest results. That which is good and earnest is never of trifling value, however small and weak it may at first appear.

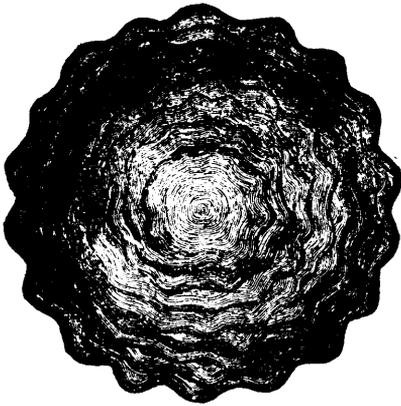
Almost every substance when heated expands, that is, grows larger; and when it is cooled contracts or lessens in size. But there are exceptions. Let us try water. Just fill a bottle with water, cork it tightly, and leave it out of doors some cold winter night. In the morning we shall find that the water expanded in cooling so as to take up more room than before, and that it has burst the bottle. An iron bomb-shell filled with water, tightly plugged, and exposed to a sufficient degree of cold, will throw out the plug with great force, or the shell itself will burst.

It is fortunate for us that water in freezing is an exception to the general rule of expansion and contraction. To be sure it usually follows the rule, the exception being only at and near its freezing point. Ice will contract upon cooling, and so will water; it is only when the water is changed into

Now in the winter-time little drops of water are continually leaking into the cracks and crannies of the rocks, freezing there, and splitting the solid ledges open. Thus huge mountains are slowly ground to powder by the action of drops of water, and converted

into productive soil, and barren places are gradually made fertile.

ice that it expands so wonderfully. A remarkable result of that expansion is that ice is lighter than water, and float upon it. If the ice were heavier, that is, did water shrink in



SPHEROIDAL STATE OF WATER.

freezing, it would sink to the bottom. And then when winter came, the ice, instead of resting only on the surface, would sink, leaving room for more to be formed, which would again sink, and so on until the ponds and rivers were frozen solid, and all the fish destroyed. As it is, the ice floating on the top of the water: protects it from the outer cold and the fish thrive.

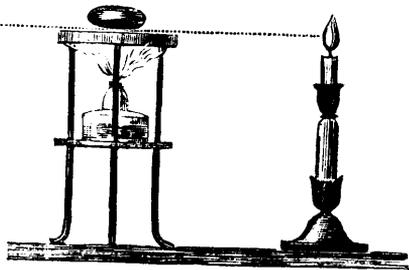
To this exceptional property of water we owe not only our good fishing here in the north, but also our pleasant climate. For if the ponds and rivers were frozen solid to the bottom, the summer's sun could never thaw them out entirely, and the weather in consequence would be much colder. Thus to a seeming trifle whole nations owe many of their choicest pleasures and advantages.

But suppose we leave frozen water for a little while, and take a look at steam, which is only water in another form. Of course you have all seen steam-engines, and noticed how the steam leaving the boiler forces the huge piston to move, the great wheels to revolve, and the whole wondrous machinery to work with magical pre-

cision. Now all that astonishing power is simply another result of expansion. The heat forces the water to expand into steam, which, in trying to get room for itself, urges the piston to move. And it is worth while to know that it is really the heat under the boiler that does all the work; the water or the steam being merely its tool. For heat and motion are really the same thing in the end; when the first disappears in causing expansion it is merely changed into motion, and when motion seems lost it is converted into heat.

When you light a match you merely change a certain amount of motion into heat, and if you bore a hole with a gimlet you will find that the tools become quite warm. If you hammer a piece of iron rapidly it is soon hot, and some blacksmiths are able just by pounding to make quite a good-sized bar red-hot. I have seen a blacksmith by simple hammering make a bar of wrought iron a quarter of an inch in diameter bright red-hot in *six seconds*.

But I started to talk about steam, and I shall not talk very long. Whenever any liquid is changed into vapor, as for instance water into steam, a great deal of heat disappears, is seemingly used up, being really converted into motion; and of course the more rapidly the vapor is formed the more rapidly heat vanishes. When the vapor is again condensed to liquid the heat which had disappeared is again set free, and rendered manifest to us. Now



FLAME SEEN BETWEEN THE HOT SURFACE AND THE GLOBULE.

put a pin in there for a few minutes while I talk in another direction.

Suppose you drop a little water on the cover of a red-hot stove. Everybody knows how it forms into a little sort of ball, which rolls round for a while without actually boiling. Now when water is in that condition it is said to be in the "spheroidal state." Almost every other liquid will assume the same form. It is due to the fact that all vapors are bad conductors of heat, that is, that heat does not pass through them rapidly. When a drop of water falls upon a hot stove, a little of it is immediately changed into vapor, which protects the rest from the heat, and forms a sort of cushion for the drop to roll round upon. If you break the drop and disturb the cushion, the whole evaporates almost instantaneously. And if you place your eye on a level with the drop, you will be able to look between it and the hot metal, and see that it does not really touch.

Well, there are some liquids which boil a great deal more easily than water, and take less heat to change them into vapor. If you dip a thermometer into boiling water you will find it will rise to two hundred and twelve degrees. But there are liquids known to chemists which boil at many degrees below zero. In short, they

will boil on ice. And yet if these liquids be dropped into a red-hot metal dish they will take the "spheroidal" form, and keep it for some time. If, however, you pour upon them under those conditions a quantity of water, their "spheroidal state" will be broken up, they will evaporate almost instantly, and in being so suddenly converted into vapor will absorb heat enough to freeze the water solid. In short, I have seen water frozen solid in a red-hot silver dish! It is positively true—I'm not joking about it. If I had told you that ice-cream could be made on a red-hot stove you would have a right to be incredulous, but as it is you must believe me.

Well, I declare! Somebody has hinted that I have said enough, and ought to stop. I meant to go on and tell some wonderful things about oxygen and hydrogen, and about steam-engines and many other matters. But I suppose I must leave off, and I may as well do it with a good grace. So those who would like to know more can console themselves with the idea that I have not told them half of the marvels hidden in a drop of water, and that by-and-by, when they grow older, they may be able to learn them for themselves.—*Our Young Folks.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

I paid my *lust*, and straightway took
 Within the coach my seat;
 Leaving behind the crowded town,
 The narrow, dingy street.

All day I rode, and at the eve
 Had reached the country side,
 When green and smiling in its wealth,
 My *first* was stretching wide.

Next day, while walking with my host
 Across the meadow lawn,

My *whole* flew startled from our path,
 And presently was gone.

E. H. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

ENIGMAS.

I. Clover, lover, love, clove, core, cove.

II. Scat, cat, at.

The Home.

TUCKS.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

One fine November afternoon Mrs. Vandel sat at the window, basting sewing for the machine, with a weary look in her face, when the door opened and her sister, Mrs. Willis, walked in.

"Dear me, Clara, don't you ever get tired of this everlasting work-room?" she said, seating herself in the midst of a litter of many colored scraps on the sofa.

"Getting tired of it would do no good; the work has to be done," answered her sister, wearily.

"Where are the girls?" continued Mrs. Willis, glancing about the room.

"Eva is lying down; the poor child has got one of her bad, nervous headaches, and Kate was looking so miserable that I sent her over to her uncle Arkwright's for a little change."

"Well, Clara, if this is what they have been at, I don't wonder," said Mrs. Willis, rising and walking over to the table near the sewing-machine, which was heaped with half-made underclothing. "It is nothing but tucks, tucks, tucks!" she went on, as she tossed the articles over, one after the other. "We live in an age of tucks, and my private opinion is that the same tucks are at the bottom of all these headaches and miserable looks we hear about. I remember reading an article in a newspaper when sewing machines first came into vogue, saying that the millenium had come for the seamstresses. It would no longer be 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' but if it is not, it is 'clatter, clatter, clatter.' If I were as

clever as Hood it would be engraved upon my tomb, 'She sang the song of the tuck.' As if to counterbalance the great blessing the sewing machine might have been, it is no sooner brought into use than we are overpowered with an avalanche of tucks, frills and furbellows. For one seam there used to be in women's clothes there are now forty—yes, a hundred. And to match the picture of the solitary, wan woman we used to read about, sitting in her garret stitching by the light of a flickering tallow candle, I can now point out a hundred women made wan by the use of our great modern labor-saving invention, and of what use is it all?"

"Really, Amelia, you run on like a stump orator," said Mrs. Vandel, laughing. "And what nonsense you talk. Of what use are half the things in the world that people spend their time over? Look at all the time you spend over your flowers, and of what use is a flower?"

"A flower, my dear, being a thing of beauty, is a joy forever. Of what use is the warbling of a bird. Of what use are those violet tints in the azure sky? And yet they make up the poetry of life. The world would be a weary, dreary place without them. But, tell me, what is there to elevate the mind, or to rejoice and make glad the heart, in folding a piece of cotton together and running a seam through it. I look upon it as but a wanton waste of material."

"Oh, well, everybody tucks their

clothes nowadays, and as we cannot afford to give out our sewing we have to do it ourselves, and what is the use of talking about it," said Mrs. Vandel.

"Yes, that is the rub—everybody does it. Clara, I have pondered this thing for a long time, but I have forbore to speak of it, as I felt that my voice would be as the humming of one bee in the midst of a hive, and if I were to go on talking from now till doomsday, I suppose you would go on and tuck yourselves into the grave, provided your neighbors did the same. Though I look upon the injury to the health as being the greatest evil attending it, it is not the only evil. Their minds become so contracted from being so constantly absorbed in the one thing, that when you see half a dozen young girls together you hear of nothing but this one's overskirt, and that one's hat, and the set of the other one's basque. Now, there are the McArthurs, and so far from being idle, they are the most industrious girls I know of, and to my certain knowledge they do nothing from one year's end to the other but make their clothes and dress themselves, and promenade up and down the street to exhibit their finery. Things are coming to a pretty pass in our age of progress; but, as you say, what is the use of talking about it?"

On taking her departure, Mrs. Willis made her sister promise to send her daughters to spend a day with her on the following week.

"If they can spend the live-long day over that machine, I should think they could walk two miles, and if they walk over I shall send them home in the phaeton," she said.

CHAPTER II.

Scene: Miss Eva Vandel lying on the bed with a wet towel folded over her forehead. Enter her sister Kate, with a bundle of patterns over her arm.

"Well, Eva, how did you prosper?" she asked.

"I finished it, but my head is all in a whirl, and my eyes ache as if they would drop out of my head," answered her sister.

"I thought you would overstep the mark one of these times; when my head begins to whirl I always stop," said Kate complacently, as she let down her back hair.

"Mamma says Aunt Amelia was here the other day and gave a rousing lecture about us and everybody sewing so much, and putting so many tucks and fixings on their clothes," continued Kate, after a pause, during which she had been putting up her front hair on hair pins.

"Well, I don't know but what there is a good deal in it. Mrs. Moss told me the other day that it was nothing in the world made Lucy so ill last spring but making that seal brown suit with all the trimming," replied Eva, in whose ears the clatter of the machine was still ringing.

Here their little brother burst into the room, calling out:

"Kate and Eva! Dr. Wetter is down stairs, and papa says you are to come down."

"Well, Charley, tell papa we cannot possibly go. Eva has got a headache, and I am so tired I can scarcely do my hair," said Kate, crossly.

"Come, come, girls, what is all this about. Here is Dr. Wetter come over for the evening. Aren't you coming down?" said their father, knocking at the door a few minutes afterwards.

"There is no use, papa, we can't go. Eva has got a headache, and we are both dreadfully tired," said Kate, in a pitiful tone.

"It is always the same old tune, and I am getting tired of it. I am beginning to be of your Aunt Amelia's opinion about that sewing-machine," said Mr. Vandel, in a discontented tone, as he walked away.

"I saw Flora Leigh on the street to-day," said Kate, after a pause.

"Did you. What had she on—her black hat?"

"No, the grey one with cardinal trimming."

"Oh, that horrid thing! She does look half decent in the black one, but she looks like the Witch of Endor in that thing. Had she her navy blue dress on?"

"No, she had the black one with all the knife-plaiting."

"I think she looks better in the grey with blue trimming than in any dress she has got."

"Oh, I suppose it is a matter of taste," answered Kate, waiving the subject, as she put the finishing touches to her hair. "And oh, yes!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "I saw Mrs. Bates, and she has got a new seal jacket."

"No-o-o!"

"Yes, but she has, though. I saw it with my own eyes, and she had her old last year's hat on, with a dyed plume in it, and a pair of soiled gloves with a rent in the back of one of them."

"The idea!"

"Yes, and she had Kitty Benson with her, and don't you know that old grey dress of her's with the apron overskirt?"

"Yes."

"Well, she has got that dyed purple, and it is all streaked, and looks horrible."

"How did you know it was it?"

"Oh, didn't I know it, though. She had it all fixed up so that she thought people wouldn't know it; but she didn't fool me."

And so the conversation went on, from hats to boots, and from gloves to overskirts, our young friends being evidently as well acquainted with their neighbor's clothes as with their own—taking the neighbor in the widest sense of the word, of course. On passing through the work-room on their way to breakfast the following morning what was their surprise to see that the

sewing-machine, with every vestige of work, had disappeared therefrom.

"What has happened? Has the house been on fire?" was their natural exclamation, on bursting into the dining-room where their father and mother were seated at breakfast.

"No, my dears, the house has not been on fire, but I thought I would chain the lion. The sewing-machine remains in durance vile for the space of one month. I want to try what effect it will have upon these headaches we hear so much about. I have noticed for this long time back that, though you can never find time for this or that or the other thing, you always find time to keep rattling away at that machine—the tucks and crimps and furbelows must be attended to, no matter what happens."

The girls were quite taken aback, but their father was inexorable, and they knew there was no use in remonstrating.

"Now, young ladies, as your Aunt Amelia has been kind enough to invite you to spend the day with her, I think you had better go to-day," said Mr. Vandel, after breakfast.

The wintry cold had not yet set in, but it was cloudy and windy, and to all appearances anything but a propitious day for walking, but as their father overruled every objection that was brought up, there was nothing to be done but to dress themselves and start out, which they did in no very amiable mood.

Mr. Vandel was a merchant, and lived in a small town situated on Lake Ontario, and as their house was in the suburbs, a short walk brought our pedestrians into the country.

"Let us climb over the fence and run across the fields," said Eva, after they had walked some distance up a by-road.

"Well, over with you," returned her sister, and in a few minutes the two were running across a meadow which lay on the side of a hill and terminated

at the edge of a pine woods. After scrambling over a ditch and over another fence, they paused at the edge of the woods for breath. And as they took in the scene about them their spirits rose to a jubilant pitch.

"Isn't it splendid, Eva?" said Kate, whose cheeks were glowing like two poppies.

"Glorious!" answered Eva, catching at her veil, which was streaming in the wind, and tying it about her neck.

They were gazing down at the lake, which was a sea of ink, streaked with two broad shafts of golden sunlight; heavy purple clouds were breaking into great stormy masses, tipped with gold, and drifting hither and thither as if uncertain which way the wind blew. The roaring of the wind through the pines, which swished wildly about, and the odor of the pines, mingled with the fresh earthy smell from the ploughed fields, all added to the charm of the scene. The ground was carpeted with pine needles and strewn with cones, and on the great flat stones which arose out of the ground here and there the lichens had painted pictures more beautiful than had ever been traced by artist's pencil. They gathered the cones off the ground, and the pretty velvety fungus which grew in fan-like clusters on the stumps and logs, and the pale green lichens which grew in fairy forests all about.

On reaching the other side of the woods they found that they would have to circumnavigate a ploughed field before reaching their aunt's house, which was situated in a cosy nook at the edge of a pine grove. On climbing to the top of the fence they looked down at the newly turned furrows, and noted that some ruthless hand had ploughed in the long sprays of scarlet pips, the pretty lichen-painted stones and the drooping dead grasses, which last they thought pretty enough to add to their store of treasures.

Mrs. Willis was delighted to see her

nieces, whom she scarcely looked for on such a dreary looking day, and still more delighted to hear that they enjoyed their walk so much.

"See the fan—did you ever see anything so curious before?" said Eva, holding up a piece of fungi.

"Yes, my dear, thousands of times. It is fungus."

"Eva, we ought to learn all about those mosses and things; it is so interesting to know them," said Kate.

Here the girls' attention was attracted by their aunt's lace curtains, which were one shower of autumn leaves mingled with delicate green ferns, which had been pressed and fastened into the curtains by the stems. They had never seen anything so pretty in all their lives, and remarked regretfully that they never had time for anything like that, as their sewing took up so much time.

CHAPTER III.

Kate and Eva were in such high spirits at breakfast the next morning that their father scarcely recognized them for the listless headachy girls of a few days ago. And though the morning looked even drearier than the morning previously, they declared their intention of going down to the lake to visit their friend, Mrs. Aster.

"Take care that you don't tire your friends out, now that you have got started," said their father, looking up from the morning paper.

"Why, papa, it has been nothing but why don't you come to see us? why don't you come to see us? why don't you come to see us? from all quarters for the last—I don't know how long," said Eva.

"And you have been saying, 'Why no, we can't possibly; we have got so much tucking to do! so much tucking to do! so much tucking to do!'" chimed in their father, mischievously, which raised a general laugh.

"Really, papa, you ought to go and spend the day with Aunt Amelia some time," said Kate. "She has so many pretty and curious things in her house, and tells you so many interesting things about them, that it seems as if you could read every room in it like the page of a book. There are flowers blooming everywhere, and her brackets and what-nots are full of things she has picked up about the woods and fields; birds' nests and wasps' nests, and curious pebbles and petrifications, and she has got her pictures all wreathed about with ground pine. Then there are little baskets strewn about made of mosses and cones and snail shells, and all sorts of other things that no one else would think of picking up."

"Well, my dear, there is nothing like walking through the world with our eyes open, instead of stumbling through blindfold, as thousands of us do," returned her father, laying down his paper.

"Dear me, it looks as if it would be hard to get anything but dreariness out of such a day as this," said Kate, as she ran down the front steps a few hours afterwards.

"So we thought when we started out yesterday," returned Eva, tripping down after her. And when, after a brisk walk of about a mile, they stood among the faded grasses and tall dead bracken, and gazed out at the angry waters of the lake, they felt that they had their reward. The waters shaded from the deepest blue in the distance to a dull, leaden grey, and then merged into a wild, tawny-colored surf, which broke over the sandy beach with a deafening roar. The gulls were skimming over the waves in the distance, and a snipe started up from a reedy covert near by and winged its way towards a reedy marsh some distance away. A short walk along the shore brought them to their friend's house, which stood in a grove of evergreens which sloped to the water's edge. And after spending another happy day, which was made

instructive as well as enjoyable by the inspection of a cabinet of curiosities, brought from foreign countries by their host, who had been a traveller in his youth, we again find the sisters in their bed room, engaged taking down their back hair, and discussing the events of the day.

"Do you know what sort of a bird that was that fluttered up out of the weeds down at the shore to-day?" asked Kate, taking a hair-pin out of her mouth.

"Yes, it was a snipe," returned Eva.

"A snipe? What sort of a bird is that?"

"Why, it is a sort of a bird that gentlemen shoot at this season of the year, and call game," answered Eva, sagaciously.

Notwithstanding that the explanation was so very lucid, Kate was not quite satisfied, and after doing her hair she went downstairs and brought up a book on ornithology, over which they spent half an hour discussing the habits of the various birds that came under their observation, which was a slight improvement upon spending the evening discussing the wearing apparel of all their friends and acquaintances.

"Well, girls, the month's grace has expired. The lion emerges from his den to-day," said Mrs. Vandel, laughingly, as she entered the dining-room one fine frosty morning, where her daughters were busily engaged in polishing a set of plaster medallions of the kings and queens of England, which they had resuscitated from an old chest in the garret where they had long lain neglected.

"It does seem almost wicked to spend so much time over one's clothes, doesn't it?" said Kate, rubbing vigorously at Queen Elizabeth's nose.

"Yes, it does, and what is more, I am not going to do it after this," answered Eva, in a decided tone. "I think it is just as Aunt Amelia says—people do it because it is fashionable; but fashionable or not fashionable, I

am not going to put any more tucks on my clothes. Made up plainly, with a little trimming, they look just as well, and are just as durable and just as comfortable, and what is the odds?" she went on, as she removed the dust from among the curls in King Charles' wig with the point of her scissors.

"I feel that I have not lived in vain!" exclaimed a voice behind them, and, turning quickly about, they found themselves face to face with Mrs. Willis.

"When I unburdened my mind to your mother with regard to the tuck question I felt as if I might as well be directing the course of the four winds

for all the good I was doing; but now that I see you have been brought to the error of your ways I feel that I have done a little good in my generation," she continued, seating herself in a large easy chair by the glowing coal fire.

"Why, Aunt Amelia, you ought to get a pair of spectacles and start out on a lecturing tour," said Eva, laughing.

"No, thank you, my dear, there is no necessity to start out when there is such a wide field for action at home. I shall air my sentiments the next time I go to the McArthur's, you will see," she returned.

And let us hope she met with equal success.

USEFUL SCREENS.

It is a singular fact that in an age capable of nearly any originality, the tendency in matters of household art, as well as dress and some social customs, is decidedly old-fashioned. We revive the flowered chintzes of Queen Anne's prim day; the wide-spreading fans and gay powdered coiffures of the Georges; velvets and laces, feathers and mantles, such as ornamented that fascinating eighteenth century, flourish now, giving a very acceptable picturesqueness to the story of nineteenth century America. We drink tea out of antique china, there are certain little society airs and graces prevalent which suggest an older time; our rooms are quaintly hung like our great grandmothers'; and even the mania for screens is a fresh impulse in a very old direction. A hundred years ago the screen was as necessary an article of furniture as a chair or table; every sort of room was provided with one; hence the innumerable screen complications in plays of the period. Violante, who doubted Sir Charles Lawless's love for her, hid behind his worship's dainty pink screen to listen to his confession to a friend. Lady Butterfield,

prying into everybody's business, always found a screen at hand to conceal her huge proportions. And who does not connect a screen with pretty frivolous Lady Teazle, hiding her desperate blushes while the honest Sir Peter betrays his noble purpose to Joseph Surface? In this connection we are reminded of the story of Mrs. Mowatt's performance of Lady Teazle. Worn out by the fatigue of travel and rehearsal, she was hardly able to keep awake throughout the first act of the play. When the screen scene came, she rejoiced in a brief respite at least, and sat down comfortably to rest; but, alas! nature could not be denied her rights, and the young actress fell fast asleep. In this condition the indignant Sir Peter discovered her. She was supposed to be all remorse, confusion and dismay, instead of which her pretty powdered head was nodding in a comfortable dreamless sleep.

Screens go in and out all the stories of the time as well, from my lady's delicate hand affair which was kept upon the mantel to the ponderous four-leaved article which was even used to divide the rooms into separate compartments;

and the Oriental trceries now in vogue were popular in the olden time as well. Nowadays skilful housekeepers are endeavoring to manufacture screens at home, and very useful such articles will be found if well made, but the question of economy is not quite so clearly understood as it should be. The primary requisites in all such matters are *precision* and *neatness*. A general idea of harmony in color must be maintained, for, however grotesque be the fashion you propose to follow, good taste and judgment can be exercised, and the gaudiest combinations toned down here and there, so as to meet the demands of both "style" and artistic perception. Bedroom screens are those chiefly to be made at home, and for the cheapest of these use pine in the frame-work. There is a common impression that a good screen may be made on a clothes-horse, but in reality it is much better to order your frame from a carpenter, the expense being very little more, and the result much more satisfactory. A bedroom screen of two or three leaves should be six feet high and two feet in the width of each leaf. Order it very precisely, with good bars across, and some sort of feet. Hinges, if used, should have a double action, so that they will turn either way; if not, listing bands are preferable, although these are awkward to conceal. Almost any carpenter will make such a screen of pine for about one dollar a leaf, or, at most, four dollars for one of three leaves. Stained a dark-walnut color, these look nicely for common use; but of course the walnut, costing twice as much, would be finer, and worth while if you are practised in such nousehold fine arts.

Beginning with the simply useful screen, those with covering of reps or heavy linen cambrie in dark colors are the best. Silk or foulard can be used also effectively, and makes quite an elegant screen. Farmer's satin and various materials of the kind look rich and handsome, especially when lined with a different color in thin silk or silesia. For such screens, put the material on lengthwise in narrow pleats on each leaf separately, dividing it into eight or four pleats, according to fancy, before putting it on. Take great care to fold it evenly and draw it down with precision, as any bias tendency makes it impossible to arrange below. If no lining is to be used, draw the pleats nicely within the middle bars of the screen, which must, of course, be stained to match the frame-work. Brass-headed

nails should be used, with a strip of gimp or narrow band of velveteen, Dark green linen, Turkey red or any pretty striped chintz, looks well in this way. If cretonne be used, it should be stretched across plainly, so as to show the figures or flowers. Reps, if heavy, should be plain; if a light quality, it may be pleated. Plain damask reps makes an effective and simply manufactured screen, with brass-headed nails and a fancy gimp. Good linen may be bought at from eighteen to thirty cents a yard, and you must allow in the width once and a half extra for pleating. These simple screens are extremely useful, and in the sick-room or in summer invaluable. An open doorway or window may by their means be guarded from too much draught, a temporary shade be given, while the dark crimson rep screens make an effective back-ground for a statuette or easel in a library or sitting-room.

The manufacture at home of ornamented screens is a far daintier task. The ordinary paper screen should be made of narrow leaves, as it is then less apt to tear. Stretch across each leaf separately stout unbleached muslin, taking care to avoid any bias tendencies. Nail it securely, and then measure the paper covering very accurately before applying any paste, as once the paste is touched, dispatch has to be considered above all things. Next spread out the sheet of paper on a pine table or any flat surface, and with a large brush apply the paste swiftly, and at once lay it upon the muslin, dextrously smoothing it down with a soft cloth or barely moistened sponge. When each leaf is finished in this way, apply the bordering of paper, fitting it to the edges of the papered screen, *not* the frame-work. The paste used should be made of flour and boiling water, with a little alum to prevent danger from mice or vermin. These screens can be made up, if preferred, on a foundation of leather, but are in such cases much more expensive. On muslin they are very cheap, and, if covered on both sides, extremely pretty. The muslin costs from ten to twelve cents a yard; the papering, from seventy-five cents a roll of nine yards to three dollars and a half. Japanese or Persian papers are, of course, the proper kind in these Oriental days. The English Japanese papering comes in very good designs, the conventional tea-box community, narrow-eyed and speculative in manner, being grouped regardless of perspective and in

effective colors upon it, while the richer French paper is shown in paler blues and greens and the gilded or bronzed figures. The English papering is seventy-five cents, the French from three to five dollars, per roll. Bordering is but a trifling expense. A thin white varnish, lightly applied, is frequently a great improvement to the Japanese paper screens, but care should be taken to put it on evenly, brushing lightly and in one direction. An upholsterer will make an excellent Japanese paper screen of three leaves and good walnut finish, to your order, for from fourteen to eighteen dollars. The expense of home manufacture would be from eight to twelve.

Much prettier screens, of course, are made of the cut figures on black or dark-hued linens, but these require greater care. The figures may be cut out of the Japanese wall-paper, while at Japanese shops pictures are to be had in every variety of design, those ten to twelve inches square costing ten cents apiece, or one dollar a dozen. These should have the marginal edge of white paper neatly trimmed off, and may be applied with flour paste or starch to the linen. The figures on old fans may likewise be utilized, if care is taken in their preparation. Cut them out first roughly, and then carefully peel off the reverse side of the paper, after which the reels can be readily taken off. The final cutting out, leaving simply the colored figure, may then be accomplished without difficulty. Cretonne may be used in like manner, and here variety is endless. The satin-finish cretonne is, of course, finest, although the paste or starch must be most carefully tested, as some colors lose their tone when it is applied. For a nursery screen or the sick-room of a little invalid nothing can be more entertaining than the linen screens ornamented with pictures cut from old story-books; those of the present day, illustrated by Walter Crane and his followers, make a beautiful screen for any sleeping-room, but even simple prints are welcome to the childish eye. We well remember the thrill of delight when a certain screen, made up by some mother's hand in this simple, pretty way, was unfolded to our childish eye. Never had pictures such an enduring fascination! And

they seemed so much more entertaining *without* the text, for could not Cinderella be at any time transformed into the Sleeping Beauty, or the "queen in her parlor" do duty as any sovereign in the civilized world? while the baby imagination followed all the heroines of fairy-land at its own sweet will. In some cases, pasting the pictures close to each other has a beautiful effect. Illustrated newspapers frequently contain prints well worth saving for such a purpose, and these on a crimson or black ground are very ornamental and pretty. If the manufacturer have any skill in the art of decoration, beautiful screens may be made by painting long branches or drooping garlands upon any material which absorbs the color without running.

The prices of screens in shops vary, of course, according to quality and design, but very elegant ones of varnished paper, with ebonized framework and gilt finish, may be procured for twenty-five dollars. The *genuine* Japanese screen paper is thin and very perishable, while in effect it is really poor, having a fibrous quality which is silky and difficult to cover.

The manufacture of needle-work screens includes many varieties of work, but at the outset it should be stated that these are invariably much more expensive than you can guess from hasty calculation. Cretonne can be simply and effectively used on linen with the button-hole stitch, and it is as well to stretch your black linen first, and sew the cretonne upon it afterward, like tambour-work; there is less danger of its being drawn crooked in this way. Farmer's satin is frequently used for a foundation for fire screens, and is always effective, though difficult to make up at home. You can, however, leave to an upholsterer the stretching and tacking of it, and finish it off at home.

In concluding directions we can only say that very much depends in this, as in all other matters of household art, upon individual taste, and that sense, which should be feminine, of the "eternal fitness of things" in the world of color, harmony, and these ornamental home sciences, which, trifling as they seem, are not without their suggestiveness and graceful dignity.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

MY LADY HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME.

BY MRS. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 A YEAR," ETC.

(From the Ladies' Treasury).

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

A pound of French beans—or rather that kind termed "scarlet runners"—were *first washed*, then the tough fibre *cut* off on each side, not merely stripped off. The beans were then cut slanting and thin, or at least not thick; a *large* saucepan, three-parts full of fast-boiling water, with nearly two ounces of salt in it and a bit of soda, half filbert-size, was ready to receive them when cut. They were then thrown in, *quickly stirred* round, as quickly covered, made also to boil quickly and then rapidly for eight minutes, then strained through a colander, the water well shaken from them till quite free from it; then were turned into a hot dish, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut mixed in with them. "This is," as Miss Severn remarked, "a great improvement to the beans. Possibly all persons may not like it, but it is generally approved. If beans are boiled beyond their time they are tasteless, unless the manner of cutting be different, as each being cut in three, or even in two, as I have seen them cut, then they will take from fifteen to twenty minutes. The small haricot beans are thus termed French beans, the skins are smooth instead of rough, as in 'scarlet runners,' and can be only sought after from their earlier appearance, as the flavor is not in the flesh of the bean, but in the seeds, which are the white 'haricot beans.'"

"Boiled haricots are by no means a relishing vegetable," said Mrs. Newton.

"They are certainly not so if cooked according to the directions generally given; but if a pint of them be washed, tied *loosely* in a clean calico bag, or pudding-cloth made into a bag, then thrown into a large saucepan full of fast-boiling water, with half a teaspoonful of salt and an ounce of dripping, and boiled quickly for three hours if the beans are small, and four hours if they are large, and taken up and quick-

ly drained, and turned into a basin full of good gravy, they are, indeed, very nice; or, after boiling, the bag is lifted from the boiling water, and quickly plunged into a pan of cold water, and then either the tap of cold water set running over them or pumped upon, then thrown into a colander, and with a spoon mash them; the skins will remain behind, and the farina, or flour of the bean, will fall through into a basin; but a little hot water in which the beans were boiled must be used in the pulping. Then a little butter, salt, and pepper—and some use a little milk—must be mixed with the bean flour, and all made hot and of the consistency of cream before serving. This as a purée is really very delicious."

"A capital dish is one of old broad beans—black-eyed beans—treated in the same way, only the purée of these is improved by boiling a handful of picked and washed parsley for a minute and a half in boiling water with salt, then chopping it very fine, and after the beans are pulped mixing it with the purée. Be assured these usually despised old beans are excellent eating in this form. Why the haricot beans are termed 'haricots,' or why mutton, when dressed in a certain fashion, is so termed, I don't know."

"I am glad to be able to tell you that much; indeed, I am very glad, for I thought you knew about everything."

"Indeed you wrong me there," replied Miss Severn. "I know but little, and just that little happens to be unknown to you. You will find on our longer acquaintance, that I have much to learn; but one thing I am certain of, that by observation one may learn something from every one, even the most ignorant. I can't say that Ellen profited me much, excepting that I learned how dense is ignorance hardened by prejudice. However, lamentations won't mend trouble; so now to repair it; but first I should be glad to know the meaning of 'haricot,' as

applied to two such different things as mutton and bean flour."

"In that very amusing book, 'The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,' by the Rev. Dr. Brewer, he states in reference to 'haricot mutton,' that *harigo* is an old French term for a morsel—a small piece. So the mutton, I suppose, should be served in small bits or pieces; but whether the term is applied to beans in the sense I have heard it in the 'West Countrie,' where if potatoes, or beans, or anything similar were small, it would be noticed in the words, 'bits o' things,' 'bits o' taries,' 'bits o' beans.' Now, 'bits' are, of course, small pieces, and haricot beans are, compared to any others, very small."

"I understand that the term 'haricot beans' means small beans."

"Yes, it must be so; but suppose we get the book and see if there be any other explanation. Ah, here it is! In old French, *harigot harligo*, and *harligote* are found to mean 'a morsel,' 'a piece.'"

"I know that 'bit' in German means also a small piece, or morsel; so haricot meant, in old French, a morsel, as the 'bit' of the German had the same meaning. Very well, I've learnt this much, that 'haricot' mutton should be served in small pieces, not, as is often done, in already-cooked chops cut from the loin or neck, but cut in small bits. My own sense tells me that it must be put into boiling gravy, free from fat, and boiled gently for an hour and a half; sliced carrots and sliced onions first fried and added to the meat and cooked the same time, salt and pepper, of course, being also added."

CHAPTER XI.

THE sound of a latch-key announced Mr. Newton's return. Miss Severn, as she heard it, slightly started, for she feared that he must be told of the report Ellen had circulated; but she said nothing, thinking it best to let things take their natural course. Mr. Newton must some time or other learn that she was "a lady-help," and this matter over, her course was clear.

Miss Severn was standing in the room at the sideboard as he entered for dinner. The covers were removed, and everything went on as usual to the conclusion of the dinner, when, as she left the room, he asked, "Where is Ellen to-day?"

"Ellen has run away. She has spread a re-

port that Anna 'evren is a 'witch,' and during the morning, while Anna and I were engaged, the girl took her clothes and went; and I may as well tell you that this uncanny report is all over the place."

"What could induce the girl to say such a thing? There must have been a cause for it."

Mrs. Newton then related the story of the meat being restored from taint, and the whole of the circumstances.

Mr. Newton was silent for a few minutes, then said, "I am somewhat of Ellen's opinion, though I don't suppose there's witchcraft in the matter. There is certainly an amount of skilfulness displayed lately, unknown in this house hitherto; but if witchcraft were not a myth I might be of Ellen's opinion. Now, just look at the dinner we have had to-day. Could anything be nicer? And it is not only the cooking, but the manner of serving, of handling and taking away the plates, of placing the glasses, which are bright and glittering, and all other little matters that constitute the grace and refinement of a perfect meal. Certainly, if witchcraft there were I should wish it for myself to be in a permanent fashion."

This was not lightly said, but almost gravely.

"My dear, how can you talk such nonsense."

"I am serious. I dread daily to hear that all these things may vanish, and the old disorder and discomfort be reinstated. Such comfort has reigned since—since—well, I suppose I must acknowledge it—the advent here of Miss Anna Severn, who by birth and education is a gentlewoman; and for the magic she has wrought I live in hourly thankfulness that she ever became an inmate here."

Mrs. Newton stared at her husband. Did she hear rightly? Presently, with a nervous choking, she asked, "How long have you known this?"

"Since the day those two fellows dined here; the youngest saw her at her father's house, some three years since, and knew her in a moment."

"But she did not recognize either of them."

"That may well be. Many people used to call professionally on her father, therefore she wouldn't be likely to recollect one face among the number."

"Well, and now?"

"What of now? Things can go on the same. Depend upon it, I will by no act of mine ruffle one wave of comfort, as I am thoroughly selfish in the matter; but this I tell you, take *carte*

blanche to repay Miss Severn in every possible way for her services, and let her do as she likes for her own pleasure. I will not interfere in any way. She need not even learn that she is known. Let it be as you like."

"I can't make out why girls of the lower ranks are not properly trained to service."

"Simply that from their earliest years each girl is made useful to her mother, but in a desultory, rambling manner. The poor mother is burdened by her own inefficiency, which creates overwork, weakness, and discontent. At an age when a middle-class girl is at school learning her lessons in a methodical way, and thus exercising her memory, the other is dragging about an infant, listening to not very edifying gossip, and reporting it elsewhere, truthfully or not, according to her nature or her imagination. Such, for instance, has been Ellen's early education. The result you have seen."

"I see, truly enough, but what is to be done? Things will go on in the same way."

"Yes, until the impetus is given by the class above them. Let but the young ladies of the house be trained to domestic work; let it be considered that it is a disgrace to girls not to know housework perfectly. The lower class will quickly imitate, as they do in dress, and let us hope they would in the manner of education and in morals."

"We have had discussion enough about this matter," said Mrs. Newton. "Do you intend to tell Miss Severn that you know she is Miss Severn?"

"Why should I? Unless she will sit with us of an evening; if she does that, it is another matter, but if she prefers the kitchen, then I have nothing to say. Centuries back the servants sat at the master's table, but 'below the salt,' as it was termed, and necessarily so, because education and manners were at a low ebb in those days. The conditions of life are changed. I remember reading a reprint of a portion of the diary of Elizabeth Woodville, who, highly born, became the wife of Sir John Grey, of Groby, and afterwards Queen of Edward IV. In this diary she writes: 'Went into the fields at sunrise with Joan to see that the cows were milked properly; met John Grey, who helped me over the stile, and squeezed my hand. I wonder if he meant anything.' Remember, wifey, that I am quoting from memory; I haven't the book now. 'Went to see if the pigs

had been fed. . . After breakfast went into the kitchen about the meat, which was done to rags yesterday. This is the second time, and Roger must be reprimanded.' There was a good deal more of this sort of thing which I have forgotten. It shows you the work of high-born maidens at that period, and that domestics required as much looking after them as now."

After Mr. Newton went to his chambers his wife sought Miss Severn, and told her the substance of the conversation between them, and begged her to sit with them of an evening.

"I can now have but one objection," Miss Severn replied, "and that is that husband and wife should spend their evenings without the presence of a third party; in fact a third party generally creates confusion in every circumstance."

"But supposing you were my daughter, or my sister, you would then be the third party, therefore your objection is not valid."

"If I were your daughter you could send me out of the way when needful; if your sister, a hint would suffice for the same purpose. To meet you half way, suppose I bring in the tea and pour it out, unless you think this same pouring out a diminishing of your privileges. All I want is to be useful, helpful, and not intrusive by word or deed."

"Your worst enemy could not accuse you of this, and as for pouring out the tea, for myself I would gladly give it up, but my husband might possibly like to receive his cup from me, prepared as he likes to have it; but for pouring out tea for a party, or even a family party, it is a nuisance. 'A little more sugar, if you please,'—'A little less sugar,'—'The tea a leetle less strong, and so through the whole gamut. I declare the strongest patience is tried in endeavoring to content all tastes. You will surely take tea with us of an evening?"

"If you so much wish it—yes; and I hope to discover intuitively when I am not wanted."

Miss Severn took tea that evening, and afterwards, in the drawing-room, Mr. Newton said, as he would have done to any acquaintance coming in: "I am glad to see you here, Miss Severn. Have Mrs. Newton and yourself found any one to replace Ellen?"

"There has been scarcely time; possibly we may soon." From this time Anna Severn identified herself with the family.

Mrs. Newton soon found that each day brought with it less and less worry; there seemed to be no hurry, no bustle, no noise no chatter,

and no neglect, while she herself was getting industrious and self-helpful.

From day to day no servant was sought for ; but then the new charwoman, Mrs. Edlin, was a treasure,—buxom, excessively clean, quick, and most respectful. Three half days a week sufficed to keep the house much cleaner than when two servants had the control.

Before Mrs. Edlin left at night the kitchen fire was raked out, the grate cleaned, and the fire built ready for kindling, which was rarely done, excepting in cold weather, and then for her benefit only. A gas stove was used for cookery ; no trouble, no dirt, and regular heat kept. Moreover, water was kept hot all day, when the stove was not needed for cookery purposes, by keeping exclusively for this purpose a large two-handled tin saucepan over the smallest quantity of gas that would burn without waste, as by non-consumption, or too much—there is as much waste, one way as by the other—that is to say, if the merest amount be turned on there will not be flame enough to consume the gas, which is thereby wasted, and the air is polluted ; burned. A regulator, in the shape of a stop-cock, placed two feet above the stove, and covered by a box, having a door, and with lock and key, prevents all this waste. The gas can thus be turned off, or put on as much as needed without interruption at the main.

CHAPTER XII.

A few words respecting the management of gas may not be out of place. From long experience it is found that there is probable danger in turning it off at the main each night, unless the mistress or master sees that each light has been turned off previously. If left to others' supervision, the chances are that without turning the other taps that at the main only is turned, and the next night the gas escaping through the house is a dangerous nuisance, and if one room be not used, and a person with a candle opens the door, the gas there may have evolved and accumulated to the dangerous extent of explosion when the light is brought ; but if with no light, and the door be opened, then the windows and doors should be thrown open for some twenty minutes before bringing a light near it to examine the source of the mischief. Frequently small leakages occur when the aid of a gas-fitter is difficult to obtain ; a piece of yellow soap

rubbed on will at once stop the gap, till some white lead and oil, which can be purchased ready mixed, can be substituted for the soap, which must be first cleaned off. The application of white lead may altogether save expense, for this is just what a gas-fitter would use in such a trifling matter.

It may be that some housekeepers would like to know their daily or weekly consumption of gas, which is easily ascertainable. On almost all meters there are three dials, each the size of a small watch dial, and above these is a fourth, and much smaller, which is merely an indicator of any gas entering the meter, and is of little concern to the consumer. Of the three dials, one indicates the number of feet of gas consumed up to a hundred. The next, which is the center dial, shows how many hundred up to a thousand, and the third dial, how many thousand feet have been consumed. In the first dial, from figure to figure indicates ten feet of gas ; in the centre, the second dial, from figure to figure shows a hundred feet ; and in the last dial, from figure to figure, a thousand feet. The gas account can thus be known from day to day, and regulated accordingly.

When the gas makes a rushing sound in the burners it is from its being too much turned on at the main, and this rushing sound represents so much wasted, unconsumed gas to be paid for.

Some times there is a smell of gas arising from want of water in the receptacle of the sliding tube of a gaselier ; this should be remedied by putting in water with a teaspoon, so as not to put in too much. Gaseliers which have no sliding-tubes are the best to use, but they should be fixed at a reasonable height from the table.

About gas cooking stoves, if there be one of these, the more simple in construction the better. A lady need not have any trouble in cooking, if she only knows how to cook ; and no dirt if she is tidy in other things. Even a simple gas stove, costing 3s. 6d., with a few feet of tubing, is a great blessing and comfort ; it will fry, boil, and *sauter*, or bake, and with absolute certainty. Also, if it has two terra-cotta circles, these will be found useful for many purposes, and will in ten minutes diffuse the heat of the gas through a room, giving out a grateful sense of warmth, beneath the atmosphere ever so chilly. Again, one of these, when heated, will rapidly warm a bed, or can be applied wrapped in flannel to cold feet ; or if placed in the center of a damp bed, that is

the bed doubled over it, nothing can more rapidly dry it. In houses where there are spare beds not much in use, one of these heated terracotta circles put in once or twice a week will keep beds well aired.

There is now a great variety in gas stoves. Some cook by concealed gas; in others the meat is exposed to the upright jets; in others the jets are deflected; but in every way there is no taste of gas in the cooked articles, while, if the joints are properly plastered with dripping before they are baked, they are as juicy and brown as can be desired; far better than when the gravy is slowly drawn from the meat before the fire by the usual process of roasting. It is in the matter of the circlets of gas intended for boiling upon, that care must be taken not to select a stove where the flat or top plate comes too close upon the circlets, for then a sufficient supply of gas cannot be turned on without causing the flame to be flattened, as it is by a saucepan, and diffuse its unpleasant odor over the house. Neither should these circlets be too small; where they are so it is a mistake. Again the stoves with the "Bunsen burners" are the best, because in these a large amount of air is mixed with the gas, causing it to give a greater heat at less cost. With a gas stove, whether it is a cheap one at 3s. 6d. or one at £6, one may dispense with some service, and with a great deal of trouble and dirt in lightng fires, and at quite as cheap a rate as using coal, if only the burning be properly regulated and the gas be turned off when done with.

Mrs. Newton gradually learned all these things from Miss Severn. Perhaps the greatest trial she had was in building the fire, of which she had no previous notion. "There are some things most necessary," said Miss Severn; "first, that the ashes be raked out, the soot swept from the chimney, and the wood, paper, and coal be dry; and there is the advantage of building a kitchen fire overnight. If these are not dry the heat of the grate will make them so before the morning?"

The grate properly cleaned by the charwoman was, as Miss Severn remarked, "ready for action," but she looked up laughingly and said, "If I were the new servant, I should ask if the hot water from the boiler and the oven were wanted early in the morning, or if only a kettleful or two of water would be sufficient?"

"And for what reason would you ask this?"

"In the one case I should build the fire high,

in the other low. In building it high less coal would be consumed, and one or two kettles of water would boil in twenty minutes; but if the oven and boiler were wanted, then the fire must be comparatively low and long. I am now speaking of where economy in all things must be practised, and also in districts where coal is expensive. First we will build a high fire, for only that will be needed here. At the bottom of the grate put a layer of cinders, then fill the grate three parts full of rubbly coal, upon that lay the paper, then the sticks, not all one way, but crossed, and upon them some small pieces of coal, not lumps, for these take a long time to kindle. Then set fire to the paper, and there will be no trouble afterwards, the fire will burn downwards, and no more coal is needed for hours. This is the plan to build a fire in a room where there is sickness, for there the frequent, or even occasional putting on of coal is distressing to a sufferer; and I would just hint that a thick layer of fine ashes laid under the grate, and spread thickly on that part of the fender nearest to the fire, prevents noise from the falling of cinders or bits of coal."

"A capital thought," said Mrs. Newton. "I remember once, when suffering from nervous pains in the head, how this dropping of the cinders started me from dozing asleep, causing such increase of pain that the fire had to be taken out, notwithstanding it was bitterly freezing weather; and to think that such a simple remedy never suggested itself!"

"Trifles are often very important, for instance: meat or fish put into cold water, and then boiled, is hard and tasteless; it is only the difference of the temperature of the water. Vegetables washed in only cold water are never clean, but with hot and cold water invariably so. Cloths soaped in hot water have the dirt dyed into them, but soaped in cold water, the process extracts it. I could go on giving you a hundred instances of perfection of failure arising from trifles.

"I will just instance another trifle, the science of which I can't explain, but the sensitive olfactory organs of the small *tinæ*, or clothes-moth, can. My dear father tried the experiment many times, as I have also done. It was three summers since that I found that in a drawer in which I kept some flannel and embroidery wools most of the articles were eaten to pieces by the moths; indeed, nearly all were more or less injured. The articles were turned out, the worms

destroyed, and every thing dried before the fire ; but still in a mass of woolen material there was a possibility of some of the ravagers being overlooked. However, there was no time to dawdle over the misfortune ; the articles were replaced, and two rolls of brimstone put into the drawers with them, since which there has been no sign of moth there, nor elsewhere, wherever the brimstone was placed. No odor from it is perceptible, excepting to the moths, who recognize that to them it means mischief ; yet brimstone is a trifle to look at or to buy.

“ I now recall another trifle. If meat suddenly tainted by the weather be put into *boiling* water, and with charcoal, instead of the taint being extracted it remains firmly in the meat, showing how impossible it is to extract the flavor of meat when it is put in boiling water. But how different is the result if the meat or fish is put into *cold* water, and with charcoal ; the taint is extracted entirely, but unfortunately much of the true flavor of the meat is also extracted from the juices, by the slow, drawing action of converting cold water into boiling in the process of cooking the joint.”

“ I shall not forget your lessons about trifles, particularly as you have shown me by daily practice what a trifle makes the difference between good and bad cooking. But when I get servants again—if I ever do—they are sure to follow their own perverse ways, and will not cook according to your practice, or that of common sense.”

“ That is quite true ; but if you learn to cook properly, your wisdom makes you independent of their ignorance. You need not clear away or wash up the cooking implements ; but when hiring a so-called cook, it is best to make her understand that the cooking is to be done under your instructions. Nine out of ten damsels will be secretly glad of this intimation, but openly ap-

pear as if it were a condescension on their part to permit your interference.

“ There appears to be no chance of getting a good servant, and at present things go on smoothly enough without one, because there are really three helps,—that is, myself, the charwoman, and you as superintendent. There is no time wasted in seeing that work is properly done, or in remonstrating if it be neglected, and there is very little work made ; but there are social observances which undubtably are neglected. There are no afternoon teas, no pleasant evening gatherings, and surely Mr. Newton does have friends to dinner sometimes, though he has had but those two gentlemen hitherto. Why not have such matters as before ?”

“ You surely would not like to wait upon visitors ! I cannot, will not see you act as a servant,” said Mrs. Newton.

“ Well, then, let me act as your friend. I cannot sit down at the table, because it will not do to be getting up every moment to wait upon the guests ; but this can be managed as it was a century since. The table can be so arranged that little actual service is needed. Instead of a set of castors in the centre of the table, why not have those pretty little castors in sets of three, which hold pepper, salt, and mustard, and placed between every two guests ? Thus bread and condiments are at hand without asking for them, and there need to be no waiting in the room,— a nuisance always to worthy guests, not acquaintances. Waiting is needed only when a change of plates is necessary, and a removal of dishes, and this much duty a daughter of the house in olden times liked to perform, and should do so now, without loss of dignity in herself or respect from others.”

Mrs. Newton listened to Miss Severn as if the latter were the incarnation of wisdom ; such is always the power of intelligence over minds awake to their own deficiency.

(To be continued.)



Literary Notices.

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. By Edward Jenkins, M.P. Illustrated by Wallis MacKay. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

This story is entitled a "Christmas Yarn," but it has no special connection with Christmas beyond the fact that it has to do with travellers crossing the Atlantic in one of the steamers of the Allan Line who expect to reach Canada in time for that festival. The incidents of the trip with its results, and a few startling *dénouements* are given in the graphic style to be expected from the author of "Ginx's Baby." The following extracts will be read with interest:

IN THE STEERAGE.

While the saloon passengers were spending their hour and a half at dinner, and in that gossip and general canvass of each other's names, appearances, and characters, which always takes place at the first symposium on board an outgoing steamer, the three or four hundred persons in the steerage were trying to settle down in their more humble quarters. A strange medley is the so-called "steerage" of a great ocean packet. Walk a hundred feet forward from the saloon cabins, by the port or starboard ways, past the thin wooden partitions which screen in the throbbing, quivering movements of the Titanic machinery; past the scullery and the galley, where white-turbaned boys and cooks through all weathers carry on their skilful labor in concocting dishes that are not eaten, or many a time, if swallowed, never digested, the visitor from the after portion of the ship reaches, just abaft the huge foremast, the large square hatchway, around which in glorious confusion circulate men, women, and children of many nations and conditions. It is a stirring scene. Sailors passing to the deck from the fore-castle bunkers, or idly lounging about; scullery boys pushing to and fro huge basket-waggons of dirty plates, or washing and preparing the vegetables for the saloon and steerage meals; laundrymen with the soiled table-linen for the daily wash; the baker's assistants bringing up the flour for the bread of a thousand people from the storeroom far down on the main deck below the fore-castle, at the extreme bow of the ship; rough women chaffing rougher men; children swarming in and out;

in fine weather a lively mob of bantering, laughing and gesticulating folk of all countries; in stormy weather, often a scene of abject misery, illness, and squalor.

Descend the iron ladder of the hatchway into the quarters on the main deck. You drop among a mass of humanity, occupying a great space between decks, about seven feet high, and extending from the fore part of the vessel back for about one-fourth of her length to a point where the main bulkheads shut in the huge area devoted to the coal and machinery, and to a score of varied uses in the ship's economy. The only light this space can receive is from the hatchway down which you have descended, or from the round ports in the rough cabins which line the sides of the vessel, and this only at times when their doors can be left open by the inmates. The cabins from door to side-lights are about twelve feet deep. On either side of the narrow passage, which runs athwart the ship, are great bunkers, one below and one above, divided by rough boards—except in a case where whole families wish to sleep together—into berths about two feet and a half wide and six feet long—very like coffins with the lid off. Into this chamber, where air can never enter during the whole passage, except through the door and from the space between decks outside, which itself depends for fresh air upon wind-sails passed down the hatchway (for the port-lights are only a few feet above the water-line and cannot be opened during the voyage), there are crowded twenty persons. Twenty persons in a cabin twelve feet long, fifteen feet wide, and seven feet high, with sixty-three cubic feet of what is called air to each person, when the hatches are battened down during a gale, is not according to Richardson's gospel of hygiene. Families claim the right to go together. Fathers, mothers, boys, maidens, and infants, huddled into these troughs, with their mattresses and blankets, manage as best they can to reconcile the exigencies of physical life with the decencies prescribed by instinct or good feeling. Every day, however, these places are carefully cleaned out, and inspected by the doctor, and not unfrequently by the captain, if he be a good one. Further along the deck, in the darkness there amid-ships, where a lantern is always necessary to enable you to pick your way, you may find the quarters of the single men—narrow berths hastily but firmly knocked up with rough deal boards, when it is found by the owners that living freight is for that voyage to take the place of dead weight. For the single women, a curious mixture of poverty-stricken respectability

and indescribable immorality, one or two of the larger cabins are set aside; and if the officer in charge does his duty, they will be kept free from the intrusion of men.

The conditions are the very best that can be attained for sea travelling at six guineas a head. The air in this place, even in the early morning, is on ordinary occasions by no means foul. But when the safety of the ship necessitates the closing of all openings, it is likely that the steerage is a trifle worse off than the saloon.

To obtain order in the motley assemblage, to preserve young people from the vilest contamination, to watch a society so various and so rudely cast together, you may as well admit is an impossible task. It is however attempted, and as well done as it can be by some of the steamship owners—by the owners of the “Kam-schatkan” and her sister ships. And happily for human nature there are rarely wanting among these reeking crowds persons who, skilled in benevolent work and taught by experience something of the temptations and evils of life, and also of blessed antidotes, give themselves up to the task of mitigating the horrors, the abominations, the perils, of these intolerable circumstances.

SIR BENJAMIN PEAKMAN.

Sir Benjamin Peakman, K.C.M.G., was a new knight, but not a new light, in the colonial world. His name had been associated with the business and politics of our transatlantic possessions for now very nearly a third of a century. Hard and astute, he knew how to conceal his shrewdness and sternness under an air of good humor and even of deference, which, if it reminded one too much of the sleek affectation of a cat, bent on a hunting excursion in a bird-frequented garden, was at all events generally agreeable. He was not a handsome man, but he had large teeth, and he showed them with adroitness. He was always smiling. He smiled to himself when he was by himself, and, when (you would have thought) he fancied no one was looking. The truth was he always saw everybody and everything. He forgot nothing. His manners were invariably gentle and conciliatory, specially so, some people said, when he meant mischief. He purred, whichever way you stroked him, which proves that the feline analogy is not quite perfect. He had been like this from the time when he first emerged from obscurity into a visible and noticeable life. People in Quebec could remember him—when Quebec was the greatest commercial place in Canada—an errand boy for the shipping house of Macwhappy & Salt. It was said that he had come to that post from the Eastern Townships, where many a time he had driven the team that dragged his father's plough. If mentioned at all, that ought to be put down to his credit, for never did plough-boy carry into town a gentler mien or a more natural deference than Benjy Peakman, when he deserted agriculture for commerce. He was a big boy too, and a sharp one. His mother was descended from a family of

U.K. loyalists, who had selected a home in the colony of Quebec, when, with a sturdy love of Monarchy and Toryism, they were obliged either to flee the new republic, or to fight to establish it. It was by her impulsion that young Benjy, who had received a tolerable education at a village school, conducted by an honest Presbyterian Scotchman, was led to leave the tending of his father's flocks, and try his luck at fleeing in a larger arena. The result did honor, in some sense, to the maternal instinct. Master Benjamin had been brought up in a hard school. He had rarely handled money. When he did see it he appreciated it. His small eyes danced in his large face whenever he held it in his hand. The propensity of trade, of winning wealth, of keeping it, and of making it grow, absorbed his soul. There are such boys with faculties otherwise noble and worthy. Had I such a boy I should pray that this devil might be cast out of him, for I know none worse. I could cherish some hope for a profligate, prodigal, debauched or drunken character; but the steady establishment in any human being, by a gradual process from early youth to manhood, of the trading-soul and spirit, with all that follows it of selfishness, hardness, want of scruple, low subtlety of intelligence, bloodless heart, impenetrable conscience, consuming hunger and thirst after wealth, and indomitable determination to possess it at all hazards—present and future—is the most dismal and hopeless perversion of a god-made nature that it is possible to conceive. Rather than that, be happy to see your son making ducks and drakes of his fortune, if you are fool enough to give him one, and with some scraps of honor, of good feeling, of generosity, of conscience, still glowing amid the embers of his disordered being.

However, this may seem to be rather hard upon Sir Benjamin Peakman, besides appearing to forestall or prejudice the reader's opinion of him. Wherefore it is to be accepted distinctly as in no way referring to him, but as an interlocutory and abstracted remark, for the relevance and propriety whereof there is ample precedent in numerous works, ancient and modern, admitted by all the critics to be perfect both in matter and form.

Young Peakman's policy from the first was like that of the British Government when it means mischief: it was a policy of conciliation. No one could put him out of temper. His mates could never bully him into a fight or tempt him to a harsh word; his employers, when they swore at him, saw him accept their oaths as if they were blessings; he disarmed the most ill-tempered debtors to the firm, or its most impracticable customers, by the gentleness with which he parried their rude remarks, and the quiet steadiness and the crafty devotion with which he insisted on carrying out his employers' commands. He was one day hit on the head by a jack-boot thrown at him by a captain of one of his employers' ships who was in bed at an hotel. He picked it up, and respectfully returned it to the owner saying, “What message shall I give, sir, to Messrs. Macwhappy & Salt?”

All this was very amiable, and to many persons seemed to be very praiseworthy. And so it would have been, had it been the natural ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. But it was not. It was simply cunning of the meanest order. Twenty years later, when Captain Gumbo was a veteran, and Benjamin Peakman had become a ruling partner in the firm of Macwhappy, Salt, & Peakman, the old man was turned off at the first chance like a mangy dog; and when he went to Peakman and pleaded his long service and his six children, and besought that he might not be sent into hopeless poverty, Mr. Peakman, in his blandest manner and with the smile of an angel, said, "Captain Gumbo, I am sorry I cannot hold out the least prospect of our requiring you again. You have perhaps forgotten a little incident which occurred so many years ago, when I was a boy in this office and you were the senior captain! I wish you good morning, sir."

The captain told this story all over Quebec. Everybody commiserated him, but everybody respected Benjamin Peakman the more. They saw that he was not to be trifled with. Sir Benjamin Peakman was known, then, to be an able man, a steady, resolute, even a dogged man; a man who hid from other people equally his aims and his manner of working them out. A trustworthy friend, if it were worth his while; but a man whom if you once crossed, he would have his revenge out of you in some way, and, by general opinion, would not be nice about the means. But always so oily, so acute, so studious of the people he dealt with, so wide awake to their weaknesses and so subservient to their wishes, that all the world, with a few exceptions regarded him as the "ablest," the "nicest," the "altogether most attractive" man.

Hence when Mr. Peakman, then a wealthy colonist and a member of the Upper House and a colonial cabinet minister, was sent over to London to make certain financial and political negotiations with the Home Government, he at once made his way. His deference just suited the courtly ministers; his ability took those who were men of business. The whole Colonial Office, from the doorkeeper to the Secretary of State, regarded him as the pink of colonial statesmanship. When he had gone away they found he had got a great deal more out of them than they could well defend in Parliament.

LADY PEAKMAN AND LORD PENDLEBURY.

Presently Miss Araminta, who had been silently using her eyes, said, "There he is, mamma!" A tall young gentleman, in a coarse tweed suit, passed from the companion, and slightly raising his hat to the young lady, proceeded along the deck further astern, where several persons were extended at their ease, protected from the slight wind by the saloon skylight and its high combing.

Lady Peakman glanced approvingly at the young lord's figure, but presently her face assumed an air of astonishment and disgust.

"Sir Benjamin," she said, "come here quick-

ly." The knight, annoyed at being interrupted, came forward, smiling like a cherub.

"Look here, my dear. Lord Pendlebury has gone and thrown himself down on a rug at the feet of that vulgar Mrs. McGowkie; and, do you see, she has the impudence to smirk and chat with him as coolly as if he were a draper's assistant? Do go and tell him who those people are. He will be exceedingly mortified by-and-by if you allow this to go on without warning."

Sir Benjamin was not born a gentleman, and this is said to be a disadvantage which no after experience can make up. He put his book under his arm, and swinging his glasses in his hand sauntered up the deck to the spot where the young peer was abandoning himself to the quaint and easy liveliness of the U. P. minister's daughter. Mr. McGowkie, who had met the young lord in the smoking-room, was aiding and abetting with admirable Caledonian coolness. Sir Benjamin, standing above, and bowing to Mr. McGowkie in his most polished manner, and beaming on the whole party with his curious smiling eyes and large flashing teeth, said:—

"Oh, can I have a word with you, my lord?"

Lord Pendlebury, inwardly cursing Sir Benjamin for a troublesome old fellow, but thinking that he might have something to say about his friend Corcoran, rose and walked beside the knight, who led the way amidships. When they were fairly out of hearing, the latter said:—

"Lord Pendlebury, Lady Peakman, who hopes you will permit me to present you to her, thought that I ought to convey to you a piece of information. She is, you probably are aware, quite an *habituée* of society; and I am sure that you will feel that she is only discharging her duty—and—will accept her kindly little intervention in the spirit in which it is meant?"

Lord Pendlebury, astonished at this exordium, merely bowed, and looked straight before him.

"Lady Peakman was afraid, you know," said Sir Benjamin, who required all his blandness and all his resource to acquit himself of the delicate mission he had undertaken, "lest you should think us remiss, being thoroughly conversant with our little colonial society, and therefore acquainted with all the colonial people on board, as no doubt you can understand persons in our position are obliged to be," said Sir Benjamin, apologetically, with a simper, which did not seem to exert upon the peer a soothing effect, for the quick-eyed knight saw his nostrils dilating, "if we did not inform you who and what they are. Because, of course," proceeded Sir Benjamin, with a winning effort at a smile, "we know that a peer would not care to be associated with any who—though they might be very honest people—were not exactly persons of any position, you know; in fact, quite the reverse."

"Oh, you are quite mistaken about that," said Lord Pendlebury, brusquely, hoping to cut short this tirade, which was boring him extremely. "I rather have a fancy for odd company, and cads are my particular whim. But, to tell you the

truth, I haven't been into the steerage yet. Is Lady Peakman afraid of fleas?"

"Oh, dear, no! You misunderstand me, my dear Lord Pendlebury," cried the knight, flushing up. "Lady Peakman observed you were being addressed in very familiar terms by the person you were talking to when I came up—a Mrs. McGowkie—and she thought it would only be right to let you know that she is only the daughter of a Scotch dissenting minister, and that Mr. McGowkie, her husband, is what in England you would call a wholesale draper of Toronto."

"Ah" said Lord Pendlebury, with greater tact than the knight had shown. "How kind of Lady Peakman to concern herself about me! I quite appreciate her good taste and her good feeling. Will you do me the honor to present me to her ladyship?"

Sir Benjamin was delighted. They proceeded aft. Lord Pendlebury said a few polite words to Lady Peakman about the weather, slyly squinting meanwhile into the purser's cabin at its occupant, who was listening intently to all that took place; and then, after exchanging a few commonplace remarks with Araminta, the peer lifted his hat, and coolly walking back again resumed his position opposite little Mrs. McGowkie, who became more lively and pretty than ever. Shrewd Sanky McGowkie had not been an apprentice at Lewis Allonby's for nothing. He had watched the whole performance with a sardonic interest and a grim sense of humor, which produced curious results on his steady face.

MRS. MCGOWKIE AND MRS. BELLDORAN.

Lord Pendlebury, as aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, had seen a good deal both of Mr. Corcoran and his wife, and had been extremely shocked by the circumstances and results of the appeal to the Divorce Court. And now, when by a most extraordinary fatality they were brought together under conditions which seemed to be favorable to a reconciliation, here was a Canadian auditor-general, or some other official, expecting to meet Mrs. Bell-doran as his *fiancée*, at their port of destination. The young lord viewed his own position with some anxiety, and not without a sensation of amusement. Both parties had chosen to make him a confidant of their hostile griefs. He fancied that he detected on either side a tone of regret at the past, which might, were experienced tact only at hand, be nourished into some effort to retrieve its sorrowful and disastrous consequences. He was specially alive to the necessity of securing the aid of some woman of sense and spirit in the delicate task which circumstances had thrown upon him. Lady Peakman occurred to his mind, only to be discarded. He saw that Mrs. Bell-doran would not suffer interference from any one of Lady Peakman's manners and temperament. There was only one other person even distantly available, namely, Mrs. McGowkie, a quaint, gentle, pleasant little Scotch wife, without a shadow of experience in the ways of the wicked world.

"Well," he said to himself, "there can be no harm in making them acquainted. The Scotch-woman's simplicity and genuineness may have some effect on the elder lady. And who knows? They may 'foregather,' as Mr. McGowkie would say."

So, before an hour was over, Lord Pendlebury had managed to bring the proud Mrs. Bell-doran and the blushing little Mrs. McGowkie together. To the later he had given no information. He left the two ladies to mature an acquaintance and exchange confidences if they pleased. At the same time the cunning young peer kept his friend upon the deck engaged in a peripatetic conversation, during which he several times designedly took him past the place where the two ladies were sitting. Hence Corcoran and his former wife were obliged to exchange glances, and every time they did so their hearts were bleeding.

Meantime Mrs. McGowkie, being taken in hand by a superior tactician, had told her prouder countrywoman all about herself, and her early life, and her marriage, with unaffected, and not in the least vulgar or offensive, candor. There was a freshness about this young person which was soothing to Mrs. Bell-doran's disquiet. The familiar native accent also fell with a gentle charm on the lady's heart.

"You know," said Mrs. McGowkie, prattling away, "it is so pleasant to feel that you are really loved and respected by the man you marry—and so easy to agree with him. I never could imagine how two people who loved each other sufficiently to become man and wife could ever have a difference. He is the 'head of the wife,' as she is a 'crown unto her husband.'"

"Why, you silly little chit," said Mrs. Bell-doran, looking down magnificently on this commonplace and inexperienced little sciolist. "Do you not know that very few people become man and wife because they love each other? There are much more ordinary and unsentimental reasons than that."

Mrs. McGowkie blushed.

"I know nothing about them, madam. If people choose to begin wrong, they must e'en end wrong."

"Ay, but again it is said that love matches generally end the *worst*. Affection is easily satiated. People get bored with each other's company, suspicious of each other's faith."

"Ay, that's people 'in the world,'" interrupted Mrs. McGowkie. "I've had little to do with the like of them. To their own master must they stand or fall. I am sure, my dear madam, you have no experience of that sort!"

Mrs. McGowkie's simple heart having been deeply pained by her companion's cynicism, she spoke this with some intensity of feeling and expression. In the earnestness of the moment she laid her hand, in its little brown kid glove, on the arm of her haughty companion, and gave it a gentle pressure. The lady looked embarrassed.

"Oh, believe me, lady," continued Mrs. McGowkie, adopting, in the warmth of her feeling, the language and accent of her home life, "Sud ye na ken it, as I trust in God ye doo, when twa

hearts is in tune the ane wi th'ither, and baith takin' their note from the Great Master in heaven, though noo and again earthly imperfections may waken a bit discord throo trouble or anger, His hand will sune set the chords aricht. He bindeth up the broken hearts; and surely He can harmonize the broken music of earnest an' loving souls."

"You know little of the world, my child,"

said the lady, bending over and kissing the soft blooming cheek, ere she rose and hastily retreated to her cabin. Mrs. McGowkie wiped away a tear-drop that was coursing down her face. It had not come from her own eye.

"Mebbe," she mused to herself, "I ha' done wrong. The pair leddy will dootless hae a sair heart o' her ain. But it was a' true, and truth canna harm if it's kindly told."

L I T E R A R Y N O T E S .

IN A RECENT lecture on "Books and Critics," Mr. Mark Pattison thinks that the monthly periodical, in which the best writers of the day vie with each other in soliciting our jaded appetites on every conceivable subject, bids fair to supersede books altogether. He says that though the venerable old three-deckers, the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*, still put out to sea under the command of the Ancient Mariner, the active warfare of opinion is now conducted by the three new iron monitors, the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century*, while the *Saturday Review* offers a co-operative store of literary opinion always worth attention, and the exclusively literary weeklies, the *Academy*, the *Athenaeum* and the *Literary World* are all necessary to be looked at as being integral parts of current opinion.

THE TOTAL number of new books published in Great Britain in 1876 was 2,920. The average annual number of books printed in Germany is 12,000. As, allowing eight hours a day, the merely mechanical limit of study is calculated at 220 volumes 8vo. per annum, it is evident that the most industrious reader in either England or Germany would find it difficult to keep up with the literature of their country.

THE NEW fashion of signing articles in periodicals has, says the *London Quarterly*, its drawbacks as well as its advantages. It causes opinions to seem important on account of the names attached to them, which, without the names, would be passed over as trivial and commonplace. After the propagandist has once got over the natural shame of avowing opinions which if carried into practice would turn the world into a menagerie let loose, there is something flattering to natural vanity to stand on the steps of one's club, and be pointed out as that horrible man who believes neither in

God nor devil. The same fashion affects editors also, thinks the *Review*, in that it tempts them to repudiate their responsibilities.

IN A BOOK entitled "Turks and Greeks," the Hon. Dudley Campbell tells of an Englishman who had settled down as a Turkish farmer after being an undergraduate at Oxford and gaining a prize there for Greek prose. This gentleman reported an excellent opening for Englishmen in this line. They might count on making fifteen per cent. at least, the only considerable drawback being the absence of conventional society. His tenants, he says, are very conscientious in paying their rent. The inducements he suggests seem, however, hardly sufficient to tempt many of his countrymen from their homes.

AN ANECDOTE which will delight the spelling reformers, is found in a treatise by Dr. W. W. Ireland, of Edinburgh, Superintendent of the Institution for the Education of Imbecile Children. He shows how much may be, and has been done, in the education of idiots, and says that a few imbeciles can even be taught to read, but that the difficulties in the task occasioned by the unsystematic character of English spelling are great. He mentions an instance of an imbecile girl who had learned to read, saying to him, as if a bright idea had just struck her, "You sometimes can know how to say a word from the way it is spelt."

DR. J. G. HOLLAND says that newspaper reading is one of the most fruitful causes of the loss of the power to study. To a newspaper reader an antiquarian book is more dry than dust, and history no more significant than a last year's almanac. "We need food," he says, "from every side, of every kind, and the man who finds that he has lost that power of study which alone can seize and appropriate it, should win it back by patient exercise."

MRS. H. R. HAWES is severe on the "præ-Raphaelite painters, whom she calls the "plain girls" best friends. She says that Morris, Burne Jones and others have made certain types of face and figure once literally hated, actually the fashion. Red hair is the rage. A pallid face with a protruding upper lip is highly esteemed. Green eyes, a squint, square eyebrows, whitey-brown complexions are not left out in the cold; pink-cheeked dolls are nowhere,

as they are said to have no character. Only let a plain woman dress after the præ-Raphaelite style and she will find that so far from being an ugly duck, she is a full-fledged swan.

JOSEPH COOK gives the following as the six greatest works of fiction of this century: Richter's "Titan," Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," Hugo's "Les Miserables," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Chess.



(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

MIRON J. HAZELTINE.—Yours received, and for which accept our best acknowledgments.

"THE INVISIBLE KING."—Your *nom de plume* is admirably adapted to your question, which points to the absence of a king in Problem No. 16. The error is the printer's. The Black Knight should be a Black King. We reproduce the problem in this number.

J. W. SHAW.—We are indebted to you for several valuable contributions, which in due time will have insertion.

S. J.—We think it is a question of doubt who is the strongest player living. Steinitz, Blackburne and Zukertort rank amongst the very strongest.

AMATEUR.—The Montreal Chess Club is in Mansfield street, and extends a cordial invitation to strangers and resident players who desire to join their ranks.

GAME 26.

FIRST GAME IN THE \$100 MATCH AT NEW YORK.

The consultation match at the Café International on Broadway, New York, for \$100, to be given to the side first winning three games was begun on Saturday, December 22, at 7:30 p.m., and at 12:45 a.m. the contest ended in a drawn

game, greatly to the surprise of the spectators, who had watched the progress of the game. The contestants were Messrs. McKenzie, Delmar and Teed, against Messrs. Mason, Brenzinger and De Vaur, the former, including an Englishman, an American and a German, and the latter an American, a German and a Frenchman. The opening was that known as the Ruy Lopez, the McKenzie side having the move, which, in all the games, will be Pawn to King's 4th. White—McKenzie's side—opened play boldly, Black playing on the defensive from the start, the latter castling on the eighth move. Not a piece was taken until the twelfth move, when "first blood" was credited to Black. From this point Black began to get the best of the contest, and on the thirtieth move they unquestionably had a won game in their hands. They failed to take advantage of the opportunity, however, and ultimately had to be content with a draw. One of the best moves of White was a dash by McKenzie, in moving his Rook to King's square, leaving his Queen to be taken. It seems that he threw his opponents off the track, for from this point they fell off in their play. The full score below tells the story of the interesting encounter:

(The above remarks are clipped from the *Hartford Times*; the game in question being printed without notes.—*Ed.*)

WHITE.

1. P. to K. 4.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3.
3. K. B. to Q. Kt. 5.
4. B. to R. 4.

BLACK.

- P. to K. 4.
- Q. Kt. to B. 3.
- P. to Q. R. 3.
- K. Kt. to B. 3.

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 5. P. to Q. 3. | P. to Q. 3. |
| 6. P. to Q. B. 3. | B. to Q. 2. |
| 7. B. to K. 3. | B. to K. 2. |
| 8. Q. Kt. to Q. 2. | Castles. |
| 9. Q. to K. 2. | K. Kt. to K. Kt. 5. |
| 10. Q. Kt. to K. B. sq. | P. to K. B. 4. |
| 11. B. to Q. Kt. 3. (ch) | K. to R. sq. |
| 12. P. to K. R. 3. | Kt. takes B. |
| 13. Kt. takes Kt. | P. takes P. |
| 14. P. takes P. | Q. to K. sq. (a) |
| 15. P. to K. Kt. 4. | Kt. to Q. R. 4. |
| 16. B. to Q. sq. | P. to Q. Kt. 4. |
| 17. P. to Q. Kt. 4. | Kt. to Q. Kt. 2. |
| 18. B. to Q. Kt. 3. | P. to Q. B. 3. (b) |
| 19. R. to Q. sq. | P. to Q. R. 4. |
| 20. P. to K. R. 4. | P. to Q. R. 5. |
| 21. B. to Q. B. 2. | Kt. to Q. sq. |
| 22. Kt. to K. B. 5. | B takes Kt. |
| 23. K. P. takes B. | P. to Q. 4. (c) |
| 24. Kt. takes P. | B. to K. B. 3. |
| 25. P. to K. B. 4. | Kt. to B. 2. |
| 26. Kt. takes Kt. (ch) | Q. takes Kt. |
| 27. Q. to Q. 3. | K. R. to K. sq. (ch) |
| 28. K. to K. B. sq. | P. to Q. 5. (d) |
| 29. P. takes P. | Q. R. to Q. sq. |
| 30. P. to K. Kt. 5. | R. takes P. (e) |
| 31. Q. to K. B. 3. | Q. to Q. B. 5. (ch) |
| 32. B. to Q. 3. | Q. takes Q. Kt. P. |
| 33. P. to Q. R. 3. | Q. to Q. 3. |
| 34. K. to K. Kt. 2. | R. takes P. |
| 35. K. R. to K. sq. (f) | R. to Q. sq. |
| 36. B. to K. 4. | Q. takes R. |
| 37. R. takes Q. | R. takes Q. |
| 38. R. takes R. (ch) | B. takes R. |
| 39. K. takes R. | P. to Q. B. 4. |
| 40. B. to Q. B. 6 | P. to Q. Kt. 5. |
| 41. B. takes P. | P. takes P. |
| 42. B. to Q. Kt. 3. | P. to K. Kt. 3. |
| 43. P. to K. B. 6. | B. to Q. B. 2. |
| 44. K. to K. Kt. 4. | B. to Q. 3. |
| 45. P. to R. 5. | P. takes P. (ch) |
| 46. K. takes P. | P. to B. 5. |
| 47. B. takes P. | B. to Kt. 5. |
| 48. K. to Kt. 4. | B. to B. 4. (g) |

Drawn.

NOTES TO GAME 26.

(a) Black's position now with their cleared Bishops file, two Bishops, Rook and Queen in active service, is certainly much more promising than White in his state of (to coin a word) uncastlement.

(b) Evidently a "waiting" move.

(c) Insidious sacrifice, and without doubt perfectly legitimate.

(d) Finely played, as the sequel shows.

(e) With all due deference to the ability of the players who conducted Black, we are inclined to think that *Bishop* takes pawn would have been the proper play. It seems to us that at this juncture Black commenced to lose their grip on their opponents.

(f) *Coup demaitre*, at once neutralizing Black's attack and turning the tables.

(g) It seems almost a pity for the cause of chess that so brilliant an attack as Black obtained should have resulted eventually in a lifeless *draw*.

GAME 27.

Game by correspondence between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. P. Perry, of Perth, Ont. Commenced Sept. 5th, 1877.

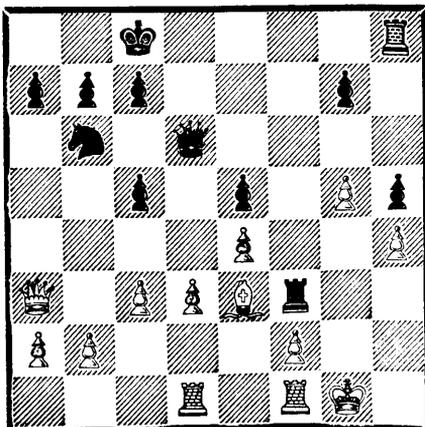
TWO KNIGHTS GAME.

- | WHITE. | BLACK |
|------------------------|--|
| <i>Mr. Perry.</i> | <i>Mr. Shaw.</i> |
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 3. B. to B. 4. | 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 4. Q. Kt. to B. 3. | 4. B. to B. 4. |
| 5. Castles. (a). | 5. P. to Q. 3. |
| 6. P. to Q. 3. (b). | 6. B. to K. Kt. 5. (c). |
| 7. P. to K. R. 3. | 7. B. to R. 4. |
| 8. Kt. to Q. R. 4. | 8. Kt. to Q. 5. |
| 9. P. to K. Kt. 4. | 9. B. to K. Kt. 3. |
| 10. Kt. x B. | 10. Kt. x Kt. (ch) |
| 11. Q. x Kt. (d). | 11. P. x Kt. |
| 12. B. to K. 3. (e). | 12. Q. to Q. 3. |
| 13. P. to K. R. 4. | 13. P. to K. R. 4. |
| 14. P. to Kt. 5. | 14. Kt. to Q. 2. |
| 15. P. to B. 3. | 15. Kt. to Kt. 3. |
| 16. Q. R. to Q. (sq). | 16. Castles. (Q. R.). |
| 17. B. x K. B. P. (f). | 17. B. x B. |
| 18. Q. x B. | 18. Q. R. to K. B. (sq). |
| 19. Q. to Kt. 3. (g). | 19. R. to B. 6. |
| 20. Q. to R. 3. (h). | And Black announced mate in six moves. |

The position is here given on diagram :

Black, J. W. SHAW ; White, P. PERRY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black playing, announced mate in six moves.

NOTES TO GAME 27.

(a) The position now is identical with that of the Ginoco Piano.

(b) P. to K. R. 3 is better.

(c) Black makes the proper reply to White's weak 6th move, but fails to continue the attack properly.

(d) White's position now is superior to that of his opponent.

(e) Not so good as B. to K. Kt. 5. This hankering after useless pawns is quite sickening.

(f) Suicidal. It seems wonderful the propensity some players have to take all they can get without considering the consequences. White's proper play was to check at R. 3, then throw up the K. B. P. and try to force an exchange of Queens; we then would have preferred his game to that of Black's.

(g) White's Queen is now "over the hills and far away"—anywhere except where she ought to be.

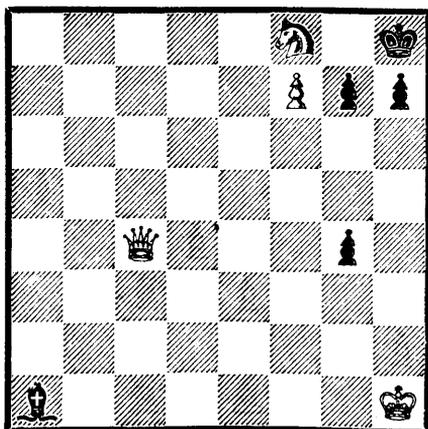
(h) White is still unconscious of danger and continues his favorite pastime—endeavoring to catch pawns! Black loses no time and announces mate in good style. We shall be happy to receive solution of this end game from some of our younger readers.

Problem No. 16, in our January number, was printed incorrectly—the Black Knight should have been a Black King. In justice to the composer and his masterly conception, which is worth the close study of every chess player, we reproduce it:

PROBLEM NO. 16.

BY S. LLOYD, (U. S.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

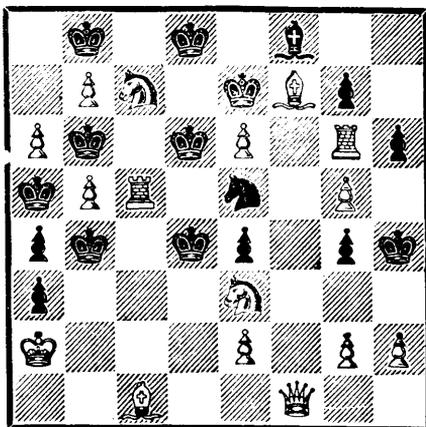
For the subjoined remarkable and beautiful enigma we are indebted to the courtesy of Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq.

PROBLEM NO. 17.

BY C. H. WATERBURY.

Hartford Times.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate the nine Black Kings simultaneously in eleven moves.

CHESS WAIFS.

Bird has taken his flight to England. We hope his migration may result prosperously to him. His tardy book is now to come forth from the English, not the American Press.

"Phania" has won the (\$25.00 gold) prize with her poem, "The Final Mate," in the poetical department of Belden's "Literary Tourney."

The "Chess Record" of Philadelphia has again made its appearance.

The *Montreal Chess Club* is reorganizing their official staff, increasing the executive, &c., with a view to obtaining a larger roll of members.

Miss M. Rudge, receiving the odds of Knight, has beaten Thorald,—badly.

The chess gathering at Grantham, England, is proving a success. Amongst the prizes was a £5 cup from H. R. H. Prince Leopold.

A new edition of "Chess Gems," by J. A. Mills, Fakenham, England, is about being published, containing 700 problems diagramed dating from the old masters to the present time.

Draughts.

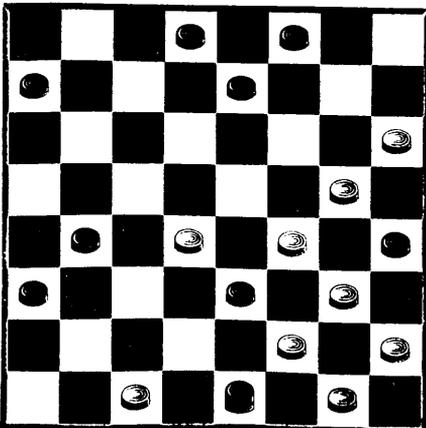
In the representation of the board with the men arranged, given in last number, the White men occupied the upper end of the board, or the smaller numbers, but in all works now published on Draughts the Black men are placed on squares from 1 to 16, and the White men from 21 to 32, Black always playing first, and that will be the arrangement in all problems and games given in this magazine.

In giving this our first instalment of the Game of Draughts in this Magazine, we would very cordially invite the co-operation and assistance of all players and lovers of the game. As we are not aware of any Draught Department being at present published in any paper or magazine in the Dominion, we will more especially expect the assistance of all Canadian players, and we believe there is talent and skill enough among us to make the Draught Department of the DOMINION MONTHLY both useful and interesting. We invite criticism on problems and games, and we will endeavor to give correspondents all information at our command on questions relating to the game.

In the following games Black and White move alternately in the same column, Black always moving first.

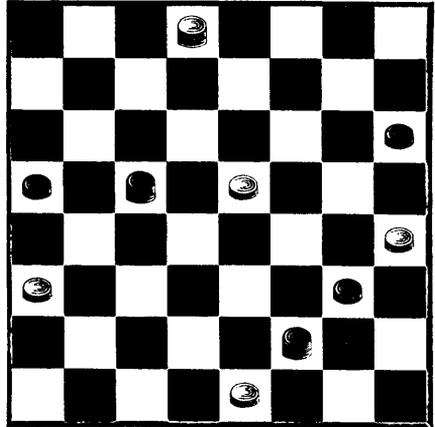
PROBLEM No. 1.

(Selected.)



White to play and draw.

PROBLEM No. 2.



White to play and win.

Solutions next month.

GAME No. 1.—FIFE.

Played between A. Whyte and A. Brodie, of Quebec.

11.15	18.22	4.8	3.10	26.31
23.19	26.23	30.25	22.18	14.9
9.14	9.14	14.18	15.22	31.26
22.17	24.20	23.14	25.18	29.25
5.9	15.24	8.11	23.26	6.10
17.13	28.19	32.28	18.14	9.6
14.18	22.26	11.16	10.15	2.9
21.17	31.22	20.11	24.19	13.6
8.11	11.15	7.23	15.24	26.23
25.21	27.24	14.7	28.19	drawn.

GAME No. 2.—CROSS.

11.15	12.16	1.10	2.7	27.31
23.18	19.12	32.28	22.17	6.2
8.11	11.16	4.8	8.11	31.29
26.23	18.15	25.22	17.13	2.18
10.14	10.19	5.9	11.27	17.22
30.26	22.17	27.24	13.6	18.25
7.10	6.10	16.20	14.17	29.22
24.19	17.13	23.16	21.14	28.24
15.24	10.15	20.27	10.17	22.18
28.19	13.6	31.24	29.25	24.19
				drawn.

The following two games were played in Quebec a short time ago.

GAME No. 3.—LAIRD AND LADY.

11.15	31.22	31.27	22.18	2. 9
23.19	1. 6	1. 5	20.16	5.14
8.11	27.24	11.15	18.14	3. 7
22.17	6. 9	19.10	23.26	10. 3
9.13	15.10	7.14	30.23	22.25
17.14	18.23	5. 1	19.26	29.22
10.17	22.18	8.11	10.15	26.10
21.14	13.17	1. 6	26.31	3. 8
15.18	10. 6	11.16	9. 5	31.26
19.15	17.22	20.11	13.17	8.12
4. 8	6. 1	27.20	5. 1	16.19
24.19	22.26	11. 8	17.22	4. 8
13.17	1. 6	12.16	14. 9	10. 7
28.24	9.13	8. 4	21.25	8. 4
6. 9	6. 1	14.17	1. 5	26.23
24.20	26.31	6.10	25.30	12. 8
9.13	14. 9	17.21	15.10	23.18
26.22	5.14	25.22	30.26	8.12
17.26	18. 9	16.19	9. 6	7. 3

Black wins.

GAME No 4.—SECOND DOUBLE CORNER.

11.15	11.16	7.16	18.22	14.18
24.19	17.13	25.22	25.18	23.14
15.24	4. 8	2. 7	8.11	16.32
28.19	30.26	22.18	28.24	2. 9
9.14	16.20	7.11	10.15	20.27
22.18	26.22	18.15	17.10	31.24
5. 9	8.11	11.18	15.22	32.27
26.22	22.17	29.25	10. 7	24.20
8.11	11.15	3. 8	9.14	27.23
22.17	18.11	32.28	7. 2	14.10

Drawn.

The two following games were played at Bolton Forest between Mr. Whyte and Mr. Wylie—the white men were played by Mr. Wylie in both games.

GAME No. 5.—SWITCHER.

11.15	18.11	15.18	22.19	14.23
21.17	8.15	22.15	1. 5	27.11
9.13	24.20	13.22	19.16	20.24
25.21	9.14	15.11	10.15	32.28
5. 6	20.11	6. 9	11. 7	
23.18	7.16	28.24	3.10	
12.16	26.23	16.20	23.18	

and Mr. Wylie won.

GAME No. 6.—DEFIANCE.

11.15	29.22	2. 6	18.14	5. 9
23.19	11.16	21.14	8.11	2. 6
9.14	26.23	6.15	31.26	9.14
27.23	16.20	14. 9	11.15	6. 9
8.11	32.27	5.14	26.22	14.18

22.17	7.11	22.18	16.19	9.14
6. 9	30.26	15.22	10. 6	18.25
25.22	11.16	26.10	3. 7	14.17
14.18	17.14	4. 8	6. 2	
23.14	10.17	23.18	7.10	
9.25	19.10	1. 5	14. 7	

and Mr. Wylie won.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAUGHTS.—When a player is in a position to take in two or more directions he may capture in which way he thinks fit without regard to the one capture having greater force than the other; for instance, if one piece can be taken in one way and two in another, the player can take either the one or the two, at his option—there is no forfeit.

J. M. DYKES.—Will write you.

DRAUGHT ITEMS.

ANDERSON ON THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS' (NEW AND REVISED EDITION).

Anderson's Second Edition on the Game of Draughts has been so long out of print, and so difficult is it to procure a copy at almost any price (we have ourselves seen 25s. paid for the work, although it was published in 1852 at 3s. 6d.), that draught players will be glad to learn that a new and revised edition will shortly be published—our esteemed and talented contributor, Mr. R. McCulloch, of Glasgow, having lately purchased the copyright, with the view of bringing out an edition which would embrace the corrections made on the work since the date of its first appearance, five-and-twenty years ago. With the copyright, Mr. McCulloch has also been fortunate enough to secure numerous corrections and improvements by the late Mr. Anderson, which the author had drawn up shortly before his death, with the intention of issuing what would have been his third edition on the game.

We understand it is intended to incorporate in the forthcoming new edition all known corrections, in addition to those by Anderson just referred to, together with any improvements hitherto unpublished which may be brought under the notice of Mr. McCulloch, who will be glad to hear from any of our readers on this matter. We fancy, however, that few, if any, players have corrections on Anderson which have not been shown in print; as a rule, anyone

who discovered a flaw in the work of that great player and author has been only too proud to gain a reputation by publishing the improvement.

Considerable progress, we are glad to hear, has already been made by Mr. McCulloch with his work, copy being in the hands of the printer, and it is confidently anticipated that the book will be issued to the public early next year. It will be published at 6s. 6d., but the price to subscribers will be 5s., and we hope a large

number of our readers will at once subscribe for this valuable work—the most succinct and yet comprehensive, as it is undoubtedly the clearest and most correct handbook of the game extant.

We have no doubt we will save a number of readers the trouble of making the enquiry if we add that subscribers' names will be received by Mr. R. McCulloch, 9 Canon Street, Glasgow, who will also be glad to answer any enquiries in reference to the forthcoming volume.—*Glasgow Herald*.

Notices.

ITALY AND ITS LATE KING VICTOR EMMANUEL II.

The citizens of a free country governed by well-executed laws cannot appreciate the condition of Italy during the first half and beginning of the third quarter of the present century. Disunited, some ten or more insignificant rulers contended to retain their own possessions and acquire the territory of others. The once proud and powerful people had been subdued and their spirit enfeebled by long centuries of subjection to the military rule of foreign despots and an indigenious ecclesiastical aristocracy. There, railroads were almost unknown after they long had carried the burdens of less favorably situated countries; commerce was dead; literature was a feeble memory; the noble hearts of the country were confined within prison walls; a free press was unthought of, and if introduced could not have been read, for out of twenty-four millions of inhabitants less than six millions could obtain information from the printed page.

With such a condition it was natural to expect the concomitants of brigandage, assassination and the shielding by the people of the worst offenders against law, order and the public good—for when lawlessness is the characteristic of

the people, the officers of the law, if the reign be one of terror, become the public enemy. An Austrian standing army of twenty thousand troops, which were billeted in the different cities, prevented revolution, but did not afford protection to the conquered people, their chief duty being to drain annually twenty million dollars from the Italian provinces into the Austrian treasury. Trade was almost extinct, and sturdy beggars in the morning, in the afternoon were gentlemen of ease. The chief mendicant was His Holiness the Pope, who annually received an income of two million piastres as a bribe to exert his influence in the court of heaven.

The courts of the different petty states, in regard to corruption compared favorably with those of the Ottoman empire, the distinguishing characteristics of secret arrests, trials and convictions not being absent. Sudden and mysterious disappearances were too common to cause special remark, illegitimate birth was not considered a disgrace, and the highest dignitaries openly flaunted their vices and immoralities as worthy of commendation and imitation. But there was religion with all this. It permeated everything

and was visible in every act. Rome was full of churches, and these churches were full of holy relics, as if the religion were the relic of holiness. But there was little instruction, and that little amounted to that incorporated in one of our Quebec school books: Pay your dues to the Church; to which might be added, attend regularly the confessional. A visitor at Rome at this time thus summarizes the priest's instructions: "Amuse yourself; keep young, and see me occasionally, and tell me what you are doing. Rely upon it, I will show you many favors." The *Christian Union* thus concisely pictures the condition of that country: "A people without intelligence and without schools, a nation without union and without liberty, a social life built on passion in lieu of love, and a church equipped with a confessional in place of a pulpit,—this was the Italy of March 23rd, 1849."

The problem of the union of these discordant elements, the purification of the court, the establishment of religion for mockery, was no mean one, and would seem impossible at human hands; but the quick march of events during the last few years has not only shown its possibility but its almost perfect realization. The agent who was to accomplish this great work descended from a noble stock, his ancestors for centuries back having kept their little principality of Savoy almost intact, notwithstanding that it lay closely nestled between France and Germany, sometimes being considered as belonging to the one and again to the other.

Count Humbert, who died about 1048, is generally regarded as the actual founder of the House of Savoy, although its foundation has been traced farther back still. His domains at this time were a small strip of land on the French side of the Alps, politically in nominal but uncontested dependence on the German crown. It cast longing eyes upon its more fertile neighbor at the

foot of the mountain, and when the Kingdom of Lombardy was broken into ducal states, Savoy struggled hard for, and ultimately won, Piedmont and adjacent minor baronies. In the fifteenth century the leaders of the House of Savoy were made by the fiat of the Germanic Emperor dukes instead of counts, and three hundred years later they became kings, on the formation of the Kingdom of Sardinia, which was originated in 1720 by a treaty between Austria and the Duke of Savoy; the latter agreeing to surrender Sicily to the former, and receiving in exchange the Island of Sardinia and the erection of his States into a kingdom.

The rule under Charles Albert grew from one of considerable despotism to one of comparative liberality, ending with the convocation of the first Sardinian parliament in 1848. In the midst of these changes the Italian rebellion against Austria broke out. Charles Albert, who was saluted with the title of "The Sword of Italy," put himself at the head of the movement, and declared war against Austria. His eldest son, Victor Emmanuel, was given command of the brigade of Savoy, and followed his father to the field, participating in the battle of Goito, where he received a ball in the thigh. In this campaign the Sardinians were defeated by Radetzky, the Austrian general.

In 1849, the war was renewed, and Charles Albert was again defeated at the battle of Novara, at which his son won the admiration of the army. On the evening of the battle the king, heart-broken at the disastrous result of his efforts in favor of Italian unity, returned to the Bellini palace, and summoned to him his sons, Victor Emmanuel and the Duke of Genoa, and the generals of his army. When they had assembled, he, entering the room where they were, said:—"Gentlemen, fortune has betrayed your courage and my hopes; our army is dissolved; it would be impossible to prolong the

struggle. My task is accomplished, and I think I shall render an important service to my country by giving a last proof of devotedness in abdicating in favor of my son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace which she would refuse if treating with me." This evidence of his self-sacrificing love for his country moved those present to tears, and they endeavored to persuade him to remain their king. But his purpose continued unshaken, and he voluntarily exiled himself to Portugal, where he grieved himself to death, dying the same year.

Victor Emmanuel II. (Vittoria Emmanuelle Mario Alberto Eugenio Ferdinando Tomasso) was born in Turin, March 14th, 1820. He was a pupil of the Jesuits, but under his father's superintendence, his education was a much wider and more practical one than is usually obtained from this source. In 1842 he married the Arch-Duchess Adelaide (the cousin of the Austrian Emperor). It was this alliance, and the fact that he had not been committed to the views of the Italian ultra-democrats which gave his father the hope that when he abdicated the throne his son might obtain more favorable terms from the victor. On ascending the throne he was met by the double difficulty of appeasing a fierce and rebellious faction at home, by whom his alliance with an Austrian Princess was regarded with distrust, and at the same time make peace as best he could with his victorious enemy. His selection of a cabinet in which were such men as Cavour and D'Azeglio, whose policy it was to increase the country's importance and strength by improved administration, rigid economy in finances, care of the army, and encouragement to trade by commercial treaties with foreign nations, tended to reassure the liberals. His advisers also saw the uselessness of attempting to contend single-handed against Austria, and

determined to wait a fitting season to obtain their liberty and Italian unity. Peace was concluded with Austria, the privileges of the clergy were curtailed, the church property secularized, and the monopoly of education taken from religious associations. This brought upon the King the excommunication of the Pope, but nothing daunted he replied by a vigorous "memorandum" in which he asserted and maintained his independence of the papacy.

To obtain a position at the European Council board he joined the Anglo-Franco alliance at the Crimean war, and sent seventeen thousand men to the battle-field. Through this and other means, the position of Sardinia was greatly raised amongst the European states. After the Treaty of Paris, in 1859, he entered into a closer alliance with France by the marriage of his daughter, Clotilde, to Prince Napoleon, and, backed by France, almost immediately took the field against Austria in favor of Italian independence. Victor Emmanuel led his troops in person, accompanied by his son, Prince Humbert, the present King, to whom, though only fifteen years old, he gave the command of a brigade. The campaign was brief and decisive; the Austrians were defeated at every battle, and the Italians were rejoicing in the almost realization of their long dream of Italian unity, when the treaty of peace between the French and Austrian emperors at Villa Franca—whereby Lombardy was given to Victor Emmanuel with the exception of Mantua and Peschiera—dashed their hopes to the ground. Even this gain was rendered the less by the cession of Savoy and Nice, the cradle of the race, to France.

But another element which had not entered into negotiations asserted itself. The people of central Italy indignantly refused the offer of Prince Napoleon as their Sovereign, and the same year Tuscany, Modena, Parma and the

Romagna renounced their allegiance to their respective sovereigns and voted for annexation to Sardinia. This stride towards the unification of Italy was more rapid than the French Emperor wished, and Victor Emmanuel was forced to dissemble. Thus while secretly favorable to Garibaldi's projects he disavowed all knowledge of his expedition to Sicily, and after the Island was conquered forbade him to cross over to the main land; though he subsequently with Napoleon's consent sent an army to aid him in conquering Naples, and accepted the sovereignty of the two Sicilies.

But Napoleon, who seemed to imagine that Garibaldi's voracity would be satisfied without the Papal states, was mistaken. Garibaldi, in 1862, thinking that the conquest of Rome would be as acceptable to his sovereign as that of Sicily, returned to the latter place, raised an army of volunteers, and was marching rapidly on the City of Seven Hills when Victor Emmanuel was forced to put an end to the expedition by capturing the Liberator of Italy, and his whole army, at Aspromonte. The previous year Victor Emmanuel had been proclaimed by the Senate and House of Deputies King of Italy, but he postponed all attempts to annex Rome and Venice, directing his efforts to the internal affairs of his kingdom, which was distracted by the intrigues of the sovereigns he had supplanted. The Prusso-Austrian war which broke out in 1866, found him an ally of Prussia, and although himself beaten, his allies were everywhere successful and Venetia was incorporated into his dominions. In the following year the residue of the Papal states, from which the French army of occupation, the last prop of the Papacy, had just withdrawn, came under his rule. In 1871 the capital was transferred to Rome, where the king made his official entrance on July 2nd, taking up his official residence at the Quirinal.

During these struggles, and the few subsequent years of peace, what a change has come over this country! A new Rome is rising out of the old, with clean streets, with a free press aided by Government funds, for as yet readers are too few to give it the strength and influence it demands. Brigandage has been almost done away with, and highway robbery is no longer a gentlemanly profession. Public schools have taken the place of monastic establishments, and a popular system of education, independent of priestly control has been established. The army has been made one huge school, with the officers and men who could read and write as teachers. The finances have been brought into something like order. There is a thorough and extensive system of railways. The inquisitorial police are no longer dreaded, and travellers may enter and leave Rome at will. Trade and manufactures show signs of prosperity; laziness is beginning to be looked upon as a disgrace. This is but a foretaste of the prosperity with which Italy is likely to be honored, and now that King Victor Emmanuel is no more, Italians may well look back over the wonderful history of their country during his life, and pray that the prosperity so rapidly dawning upon them may be increased, and grow into a glorious and eternal noonday.

"E. H. N."

These initials have for many years been familiar to the readers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, as the lady who signed her productions in that manner has been a contributor to the magazine almost from its commencement. It was with deep regret that we learned, a few weeks since, that Miss Nash had passed from the land of the living, and we asked one who was acquainted with the facts of her life to furnish us with a brief biographical notice which we might lay before our readers. This notice is as follows:

“ Miss Nash was the second daughter of the late Alfred Nash, Esq., of East Farnham, where she was born May 11th, 1824, and where the greater part of her life was spent. She died of typhoid fever, at the residence of her brother-in-law, W. S. Scott, of the same place, Nov. 24th, 1877. She commenced teaching when quite young, and was for a few years a much valued and successful teacher, but failing health obliged her to give up her favorite occupation; and from that time much of her strength was devoted to literary pursuits. Her poetical talent was early developed, and it was only in later life that she devoted herself more particularly to prose writing. Spending some time with a sister in Buffalo, during the time of the American civil war, she wrote several fine poems bearing on the times, some of which were set to music, and became very popular there. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, to which she was warmly attached, though most liberal toward those whose religious views differed from her own. Hers was a life of much suffering, yet she was ever ready to go out, as it were, from herself and her own sorrows to minister comfort and consolation to others, and was the loved and valued friend and counsellor of many who will deeply feel her loss; but only those who knew her best can tell the blank her death leaves in the hearts of her sorrowing relatives.”

“ Nancy Carter’s Theft,” one of our serial stories for 1877, was from the pen of Miss Nash, and presented, as our readers will remember, a very graphic picture of life in Canada at the beginning of the present century. We have at present in hand another story by Miss Nash, which we propose to publish shortly. It has for its subject the “ Fortunes of a Loyalist Family during the American Revolution,” and will be found well worth reading.

The following verses written by Miss Nash a short time before her last illness, seem to show that even then she had a presentiment that her end was near. The title is “ The Future ” :

I look on the future
 All shrouded in doubt,
 And through its dark passes
 I see no way out ;
 No path is before me,
 My heart and hope sink ;
 Yet *rest* may be nearer
 Than now I can think.

My way has been toilsome,
 By dangers beset,
 And many these sorrows
 I dread to meet yet.
 But still from the crosses
 My heart must not shrink ;
 And *rest* may be nearer
 Than now I can think.

I know not the future,
 But know the dear *Word*—
 “ My grace is sufficient,”
 My spirit hath stirred.
 Perchance I am standing
 Just, just on the brink,
 And *rest* may be nearer
 Than now I can think.

August, 1877.





CONCLUSIVE.

Lodger.—" I DETECT RATHER A DISAGREEABLE SMELL IN THE HOUSE, MRS. JONES. ARE YOU SURE THE DRAINS——"

Welsh Landlady.—" OH, IT CAN'T BE THE DRAINS, SIR, WHATEVER. THERE ARE NONE, SIR!!"—*Punch.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR READERS will welcome the appearance of the tale "Life in Glenshie," by the author of "My Young Master," which begins in this number of the DOMINION. The descriptive power of the author is very great, and the opening chapters of her new work are a fair evidence that it will not be behind any of her other tales in interest, and the faithfulness with which life scenes are painted.

THE ADDITION of thirty-two pages containing popular articles on subjects of widespread interest is meeting with much favor. It could hardly be otherwise, for Mr. Dawson's article in the January number, and Professor Campbell's lecture and other articles in this number must stimulate the mind and lead into deep and interesting thought. It is unfortunate for Canada that until very lately there has been no medium for the diffusion of articles such as these, and that it was believed the literature of the country was confined to abusive political newspaper articles and trade advertisements. It is evident that a change is fast coming, and the DOMINION MONTHLY will do all in its power to hasten it on.

THE EDITORS of the Chess and Draughts departments are anxious to receive communications on these subjects from the readers of the DOMINION who may take an interest in the respective games. None may be afraid of communicating with them at the addresses published.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY invites communications from its readers on subjects which they think may be of general interest. Of course it cannot be expected that anything like a quarter of what may be received will be published, so that many who write will not be successful. But writing for the press, as all other occupation, requires an apprenticeship before success comes. On the other hand, the additional thirty-two pages gives a wider scope in

regard to subjects and their manner of treatment than ever before.

WE DESIRE AND EXPECT the assistance of those who believe that this magazine is performing a good work, in extending that work. The DOMINION MONTHLY has always, and is now, a loss to its publishers, and its circulation must be double what it now is before there will be any gain from it. Will our friends help us in placing it on a paying basis at least, by running up a grand subscription list.

THE work for our prizes is rapidly progressing all over the country, and they are giving the greatest satisfaction. The following are a few of the letters received concerning them :

"I now return many thanks for the present which I received from you. I received the ring last Tuesday, and I am surprised to see it is what it is. I honestly did not think that it would be gold, but it is solid gold. I cannot thank you enough for it. I am trying to get up another club, and will get as many subscribers as I can, anyhow, and send them to you.

H. J., Heckston, O.

MONCTON, Dec. 25th, 1877.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the skates, which came duly to hand by mail. They exactly suit me. I am very much pleased with them. I feel that I am amply repaid for the little trouble I took in getting subscribers for the MESSENGER, and if spared another year will renew my efforts in getting names to your publications.—D. J. M.

{ BLUE MOUNTAINS, N. S.,
{ Dec. 25th, 1877.

I received the skates last night, and I was well pleased with them. I think they are well worth working for. They are the best I ever

saw. I think any one who sets their minds on getting a pair of skates may get them, if they will only try, and not be contented with trying only once, but try, try again, and then they will succeed.—A. MCD.

HOLSTEN, January 4th, 1878.

* * * I hope you have received my letter of thanks for the skates, for they are a splendid pair. The weather is freezing now, and I am having a fine time skating. One of the boys I was skating with lately, admired my skates so much that he offered me \$3.00 for them, but I would not part with them.—G. M.

SHILOH, January 8th, 1878.

I received the fine album you sent me, safe and sound. It was far better than I expected; you have laid me under great obligations to you. I shall try and get you some more new subscribers.—S. S.

EAST DURHAM.

You will please accept my thanks for the fine album you so kindly sent me. I gave it to mother for a New Year's present, and she prizes it highly.—F. L. B.

ELGIN, O.

Your prize ring came promptly to hand, and I was surprised when I opened the case, to find

such a beautiful ring. It suits splendid, both in size and appearance. I am trying for another of your prizes, and hope to be successful.—S. A. S.

The prizes are as follows :—

CHROMOS OF LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN. A pair will be given to every person who sends us ONE new subscription to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, stating that they desire this prize.

A GOLD LOCKET will be given to every person sending in THREE new subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and stating that they desire this prize.

A GENUINE SILVER, HUNTING CASE, WALTHAM WATCH, plain jewelled and worth \$20, will be given to every one who sends in THIRTY new subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and stating that they desire this prize.

A HANDSOME PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM will be sent to everyone who sends in THREE new subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and stating they desire this prize.

GOLD RINGS will be given to all sending in THREE new subscriptions or more, to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, the prize being in accordance to the amount sent in. They must state that they are working for a ring.

For full particulars, address the publishers,
JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

VENNOR'S ALMANAC FOR 1878.

WEATHER PREDICTED UPON SCIENTIFIC DATA.

CONTAINS

A Weather Record for Montreal.

A Weather Record for the Ottawa Valley.

A Weather Record for the United States.

FOR SALE BY ALL THE LEADING BOOKSELLERS IN CANADA.

PRICE 20 CENTS.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE
THE
COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER
IS STILL THE
FAVORITE
WITH A DISCERNING PUBLIC.

Its quality is **NOT SURPASSED**; avoid disappointments
by using it for all kinds of raising.

TRADE MARK.



TRADE MARK.

Look for the Trade Mark on every package, without which
none is genuine.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London.

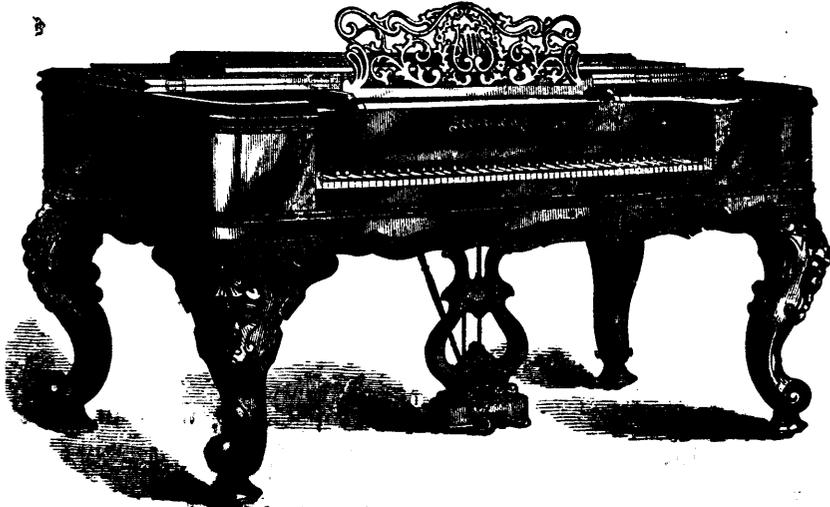
CHARLES LEGGE AND COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1859,)

SOLICITORS OF PATENTS,
162 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

Canadian, American, British, European and other Patents obtained
Designs, Trade Marks, and Copyrights registered.

**JOSEPH GOULD'S
PIANO WAREROOMS,
211 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.**



THE LARGE ASSORTMENT AND VARIETY OF

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Always to be found at the above establishment are unequalled
in the Dominion.

PRICES RANGE FROM \$50, to \$1,400,
and all tastes and requirements can be suited.

The Pianos of **STEINWAY, CHICKERING, GABLER and EMERSON,**
and the **MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS,** are fully represented.
Also the **MCCAMMON "Little Beauties,"** small, but very handsome seven
octave Pianos of excellent tone and construction, and suitable for small rooms.

PRICE OF LATTER ONLY \$275.

Every instrument sold warranted to be *First Class.*

*No Split Veneers, Shoddy Felt for Hammers, Iron Plates cast from old stoves,
Culls from first class makers' lumber yards for frames and sounding-boards,* in
these instruments. They are all from the factories of well known and long
established manufacturers, and will be good instruments after the rubbish so
freely offered in the Canadian market at the present time has collapsed and
been consigned to the garret or the kitchen stove.

Prices and terms very liberal.

Illustrated Catalogues, Price Lists, and full information furnished on ap-
plication, and mailed free to all parts of the Dominion.

JOSEPH GOULD.