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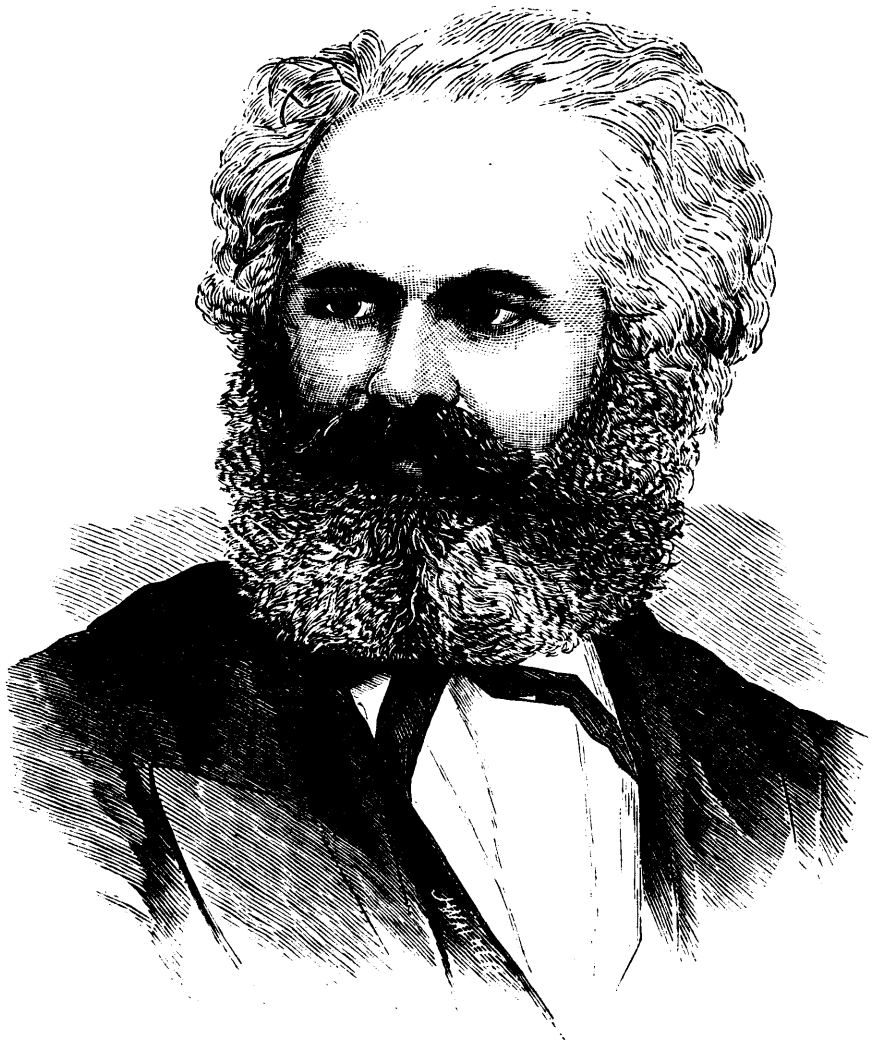
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CARL MARX.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1872

## THE NOVITIATE OF A JESUIT.

BY ANCIEN CATHOLIQUE.

I do not intend to write a history of the Jesuit Society; that task would require an abler pen than mine to do it full justice. Many of our ablest writers have nobly recounted the exploits of Loyola's trained warriors upon the field of battle; my object is simply to show the system of training that renders them such formidable *braves*. Very little has been said in praise of this remarkable body of men, but whole volumes have been written in condemnation of their principles. They have been accused of almost every crime, from falsehood to murder and treason, and history has added its weight to substantiate those serious charges. Their opponents are to be found in all classes of society, from the King down to the meanest of his subjects, and the members of many of the religious communities belonging to their own Church are among their bitterest enemies. So great is the distrust, if not fear, of those men that everywhere prevails, that even the name of Jesuit, though derived from that Name which is above all other names, has long since become synonymous with cunning and treachery. A blind submission to the will of their superiors, and a total disregard of the means employed to attain their end, when the interests of their Church are at stake, are among the traits of character that history ascribes to the Jesuits.

But it is not in a moment that men can be brought to such a low state of moral degradation; years of severe training are

requisite to bring about such a change, and every device that human ingenuity or diabolical agency can invent or employ is brought into action to effect this object. Under the blighting influence of such a system of education, men that should otherwise have become an ornament and a blessing to society, become not only mere religious enthusiasts, but a great social and political bane, objects of abhorrence and distrust to peoples and governments. So great is the spirit of fanaticism instilled into the minds of men at those Jesuitical institutions, that they are ready at the command of their superiors, to brave every danger, endure every hardship, undertake any service, no matter how hazardous, and as history abundantly proves, perpetrate any crime, no matter how revolting, provided only the interests of "Holy Mother, the Church," may be thereby advanced.

The foundation of such a character as that of the true follower of Ignatius de Loyola must necessarily be, is laid during the two years that he spends in the novitiate, and it might not prove uninteresting to many of your readers to have a slight glance at the internal arrangement and working of such an institution. It is my object, then, to show, as far as my humble abilities may permit me, the system of training which those who desire to become Jesuits receive preparatory to their taking the vows that bind them body and soul to that Society.

Having spent some time as a novice in

one of their institutions, I have had abundant opportunity of observing the manner of moulding the human mind and character which that Society has adopted, and of the success of which training the whole world, unhappily, can testify.

The novitiate is the great institution of Popery. It is the drill-shed of every Popish society, and never were ancient swordsmen taught with more care the best methods

“To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard,”

than are those soldiers of Loyola practiced day by day in the different modes of attack and defence which they may find useful in their battles with heretics. There they acquire that sanctimonious air which characterizes the Jesuit, and which caused the first fathers of the Society to be styled “the hypocrites,” by those who observed their demure aspect while passing through the streets of Rome. There they become adepts in the art of dissimulation, by which they are able to conceal the real state of their feelings with the greatest facility. In fine, it is there they learn the cunning of the serpent without the harmlessness of the dove.

The mode of getting recruits for the Society is rather peculiar. Most people are aware that the great bulk of the Jesuits were initiated in youth into the system; this is a fact that cannot be disproved. A young man of talent in one of their colleges is an object of particular care and attention. He is watched over with the greatest solicitude; one of the professors is certain to become his friend—though, by the way, there is a strict law among Jesuits against private friendships; but I suppose for the sake of “Holy Mother, the Church,” that law can be relaxed. The professor and the talented young man become staunch friends; you are sure to see them together in the play-ground during the time of recreation, or parading the corridors in loving converse during the time that the other, but less favored, boys are confined to the class-room. The upshot of the business is that the talented young man enters the novitiate, and unless he is particularly fortunate, eventually becomes a Jesuit. Need I mention that this same plan is adopted to induce those Protestant youths

to change their religion, whom parents regardless of their children’s welfare are often thoughtless enough to send to their colleges. What a dreadful responsibility such parents incur who expose their children to the danger of losing their faith, by placing them under the care of the avowed enemies of their religion. Many a father has had cause bitterly to bewail his folly, when his son, through Jesuitical intrigue, has abandoned the faith of his fathers.

“The Retreat” is another and a very successful plan of recruiting. A young man who finds that he has got off the right track for heaven, goes to confession, and is advised by his confessor to make a retreat; that is, to withdraw himself for a time from the cares of the world, in order that he may in secret commune with his soul. He goes to the Jesuit novitiate, where rooms are always ready for “retreatants,” as they are called, and there he commences the work of regeneration; for it must be remembered that in Romish theology, regeneration is not the work of the Spirit of God alone. Every assistance is given him to put on the new man. Books and pictures lend their aid. The “Father Master,” as the principals of such institutions are called, is ceaseless in his endeavors to wean him from the world and all its vanities. He dings continually in his ear those dreadful words, “What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and to suffer the loss of his soul?” He is obliged to meditate on the punishments of the damned, or on the rewards of the blessed, during three or four hours every day, and the rest of the time is spent in reading the “Lives of the Saints,” especially the lives of those men that died in “the odor of sanctity” in the Jesuit Society, of whom there is a goodly number. One of the *select* novices keeps him company during the time of recreation, and is known as his guardian angel. Of course he dilates considerably on the happiness of a religious life, and of the bliss to be enjoyed in the world to come by those that here lead a life of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. Thus between seclusion, books, pictures, an old “Father Master” and a young “Brother novice,” the retreatant’s mind is worked up to such a high state of religious

enthusiasm that he forgets to retreat in time, and in a spirit of devotion, worthy a better cause, he cries out, addressing not Christ but the presiding genius of the novitiate, "Good Master what must I do to be saved?" The answer may easily be conjectured, and thus another soldier is added to the ranks of the hero of Pampeluna. The philosophy, to use no harsher expression, of "the retreat," consists in entrapping a young man at the moment when he is discontented with himself and with the whole world, and such periods occur in every young man's existence, be he Protestant or Papist. There are times when the world seems to have lost all its attractions, and when life itself appears but a mere blank; it is then that the "old spider" puts out his head, and invites the poor fly to "come into his parlor," and very often he succeeds in entangling him in his web. The truth of this statement must be apparent to all, particularly to ministers of the Gospel, who have had many young men come to them for consolation in their troubles. How easy it would be for them to send these young men to a novitiate, if such an institution existed in Protestantism! Why, the very novelty of the thing would be sufficient to induce many young men to follow their advice, and then nothing would be easier than to entice nine out of every ten to remain.

There are, however, some other little preliminaries to be gone through before a young man is allowed to assume the robe of the Society. He is obliged to spend a few days as a "Postulant," during which time he reads the famous "Bulls" of the Popes in favor of the Society. The "Bulls" are certain Papal documents countenancing the existence of the Jesuits as an order, and a more appropriate name for them could not be found, as many of them would do credit to any native of the Emerald Isle. Some of these documents are very severe in their tenor, particularly the one styled "*Contra Apostata*," or the "Bull against Apostates." His Holiness authorizes the civil power to punish, as may seem advisable, those persons that leave the Society of Jesus without the consent of their Superiors, after having taken the usual vows of Poverty, Chastity, and

Obedience. They are, besides, to be excommunicated, and are, consequently, liable to be deprived of their liberty here and of eternal happiness in the world to come. If such passages as these cause uneasiness in the mind of the candidate, the Father Master soon relieves him from all anxiety on the subject by informing him that "the Bull may have been at one time dangerous, but that it is at present quite harmless;" which is equivalent to admitting that, in the good old days of the Inquisition, such persons were liable to have their bodies mangled upon the rack, or burned at the stake; but that the enlightenment which Protestantism introduced has deprived the Church of her power and disarmed her of her terrors. Surely this is a clearer proof than Galileo's that the world is moving!

He is next asked the following questions: "Is he illegitimate?" "Does he owe any money?" "Has he been in another Society?" And last, though not least, "Is he scrupulous?" I will make no comment on the last question, except to say that an answer in the affirmative would cause the rejection of the candidate. If the answers to the preceding questions are considered satisfactory, he at once puts on the livery of the Society. Rings, watches, and other little vanities go into the common treasury, and so long as one remains in the Society, he has no right to consider anything as his peculiar property—not even the robe that he wears; everything he has is only lent him—all, even himself, body and soul, belongs to the so-called Company of Jesus.

What slavery can be more dreadful than this? Truly their condition is, in some respects, more wretched than was that of the Southern slave of the United States before Northern arms procured for him the light of freedom. Those slaves had, at least, their will. The task-master had power only over their bodies—his slave was still master of his soul. "His mind was his kingdom." The Jesuit is plunged in a deeper, darker slavery. Body and soul are under the control of his task-master. The conscience of the Superior must be his conscience. The will of the Superior must be his will, and if the

Superior be a man of depraved morals, what can prevent the inferior from becoming also depraved?

When the candidate receives the long black robe, cincture, and beads of the Society, he virtually becomes a Jesuit novice. He is then presented to his future brothers, who hug and kiss him with the greatest cordiality. This mode of salutation is styled the "brotherly embrace," or "kiss of peace." I hope that the kissing is done in sincerity; if not it is only a repetition of the scene that took place long ago in the Garden of Olives.

As the whole course of training which the novice receives in the novitiate is intended to prepare him for the taking of the vows of Poverty and Obedience, no means is left untried that may tend to effect this object. I have before stated that the first lesson in Poverty that the Jesuit receives is on the day of admittance into the Society as a novice. On that day he loses by one grand sweep all right to property of any description, and must ever after consider himself as a beggar, depending on the bounty of the Society. But to instil more and more into his mind the spirit of dependence, other means are adopted. He is not permitted to sleep in the same room, or on the same bed, or to sit at the same desk longer than a month, lest his heart should become attached to those objects; and if he is observed to have a particular liking for any portion of his apparel, he is certain to be deprived of it very speedily. So his only hope of retaining possession of a beloved object is by pretending to have no care for it—a plan that many of them are wise enough to adopt. As regards temporal affairs, the poverty of the Jesuit is, of course, more fictitious than real. The man is not very apt to grumble about poverty that finds himself very well supplied with everything essential to his bodily comfort. The individual cannot be said to be poor if the Society that he belongs to be wealthy; and notwithstanding their great pretensions to poverty, we know that the Jesuit is as fond of money as his less spiritual neighbors. I do not say that the Jesuit is anxious to acquire riches, merely for his own personal benefit; but I do say that he will work

tooth and nail to procure them for the well-being of his order. The history of the Company in China furnishes a convincing proof of the correctness of this statement. It is very easy to see that the vow of Poverty is not so galling as at first sight it might appear.

This gilded poverty of the Jesuit is not so much to be deplored as the great want in a spiritual sense that he endures. Deprived, as he is, of that vast natural wealth which the beggar in common with the king enjoys—namely, the power to think and to act according to his conscience, the right to make use of that mighty gift of reason and conscience which distinguishes man from all the other animals—the poorest mendicant that traverses our city is a Cræsus in comparison with the Jesuit. To what purpose has God endowed man with those mighty powers of mind and soul, if they may not be employed by their possessor? The great Creator has not given us a single talent to hide away, but expects it back with usury. How, then, can any man be justified in placing the government of his actions, and, consequently, the salvation of his soul, in the hands of another fellow creature, as weak and sinful as himself? Shall the Superior be the only one examined on the dread day of the final reckoning? Is it not written, "Let every man bear his own burden," and that all must render an account of their most secret thoughts and actions before the tribunal of the Great Judge? How dreadful, then, is the system that thus enslaves man and sinks him to the level of the brute creation—that robs him of the exercise of a free will, and thereby renders his homage to God displeasing and worthless.

I shall pass over the second vow, namely—the one of Chastity, and shall consider the third and most particular one of Obedience. "Most other religious orders," say the Jesuits, "exceed us in meditation and mortification of the flesh; but we yield the point to none on the score of obedience." This is no idle boast on their part, as their deeds and misfortunes in every part of the world very forcibly bear witness. It is not through mere caprice that the most Catholic governments of Europe have, from time to time, banished them from their domin-

ions. It was not a capricious temperament that induced one of their Popes to suppress the order, and thereby deprive the Church of her ablest defenders; but it was a wholesome fear of that servile obedience which the Jesuit pays to his Superior that actuated both Pope and governments in their proceedings against the Society. Kings and Popes have ever been aware that the Jesuit, whilst professing allegiance to them, owns in reality no other sovereign than the General of his order.

A thorough obedience on the part of the inferior being essential to the success of the order, no pains are spared, nor device left untried, that may have the effect of inculcating a servile submission to authority in the mind of the novice. He is taught to look upon himself as a mere machine, or as the rule-book has it, "An old man's staff, which may be laid aside or taken up, as its owner may desire." Such is the vile submission that Ignatius de Loyola exacted from his followers, and such is the blind obedience that his faithful children in every part of the world are ever ready to pay to authority. Can we wonder, then, that the history of nations is full of the crimes of men, who, looking upon themselves as mere staffs, are ready for any service, either to support a friend or wound an enemy? What respect have such men for "the still, small voice of conscience" whose only rule of action is the will of their Superior? What care they for the precepts of religion when the command of their Superior is above all religion? When they are taught to see Jesus Christ in the person of him in authority over them, how dare they withhold their hand when they receive the command to strike? It is not man but Christ that commands: what is left then but to obey?

This blasphemy, gross as it may seem, is found in their rule-books, and is the essence of the instruction which a young man receives in one of their novitiates. The great value of such obedience in the sight of God is always illustrated by *facts* taken from the "Lives of the Saints," which they use in confirmation of their peculiar doctrines, as a minister of the Gospel would employ a text of Scripture to prove some great truth of Christianity.

Many are the stories related of Jesuits that have walked across large rivers when told to do so by their Superiors. Others have watered dried-up posts, until, wonderful to relate, in reward for their obedience, those posts have become beautiful trees! Some have seized raging lions, others panthers and leopards, without receiving any injury, manifesting thereby God's approval of their blind submission to the will of their Superiors. It is also related of Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of the Indies, that his body, many years after his death, was obedient to the command of the Jesuit that assisted at the amputation of one of his arms, which they were about to send to Rome as a present to the "Holy Father." The Saint was at first unwilling that his body should be deprived of a limb, and kept the arm so firmly fixed to his side that all their efforts to remove it were in vain. The father had at length to resort to a stratagem. Remembering how submissive that body was, during lifetime, to the voice of authority, he cried out in a commanding tone: "Francis! I bid you, through the spirit of 'holy obedience,' to permit us to perform the task that our Superiors have enjoined upon us." Those words had immediately a magical effect. Life took once more possession of the body, which extended, of its own accord, the arm, and the amputation of the limb was easily effected. These and many other equally improbable stories are related in the books that the novices read every day, and are interspersed in the lectures delivered daily in the novitiate by the Father Master himself. It is unnecessary to state that these living tales are believed by many of the novices, whose gullability in this respect is really surprising, and who are thereby incited to imitate the obedience of those saintly men, hoping, no doubt, that they, too, may one day cross a river in this novel fashion, or at least die in the renowned "odor of sanctity." Superstition is thus fostered and strengthened in their minds, in order that the beneficial effects of the extensive learning that many of them afterwards acquire may be thereby counteracted. As a Jesuit with a spirit and will of his own would be considered a monstrosity, every means is adopted to

break the will and to bring it under subjection. Many are the means employed to rid the novice, as speedily as possible, of this dangerous element. Those means may at first sight appear simple; but their very simplicity renders them the more effectual.

From the day that he enters the Society the novice undergoes a continual series of contradictions. His tastes are never consulted, except for the laudable purpose of thwarting them. No regard is paid to his feelings, for the simple reason that he is expected not to have any. Thus his life is a species of martyrdom, until constant curbing has made him patient to the yoke. Many little annoyances are contrived to test his power of endurance. He is, for example, sent to sweep the corridors, and when he has conscientiously performed his duty, the Father Master very often brings along a paper containing some dust, which he empties in a corner, and then gives the unfortunate novice a severe scolding for not having been more particular in performing the task assigned him. Some novices are smart enough to see his little game, and, of course, bear the abuse with a stoical indifference, which is considered a high standard of perfection. At other times he is sent to sweep, and is told to use the handle instead of the brush, or he is sent to the wood-house, and is commanded to bring a certain number of logs each time—"no more nor no less"—according to the favorite expression of Ignatius, and if he fail to execute his task according to the manner prescribed, he is certain to be severely rebuked for his want of obedience.

The penances, too, are a most effective means of subduing the will. It would be too tiresome, and neither instructive nor interesting, to enumerate all the *little helps* to regeneration that are adopted in the novitiate. Beside the disciplines, chains and hair-shirts, which the most fervent novices use in subduing the flesh, and of which I shall afterwards have something to say, there are other little penances adapted to each one's capacity. Some of them are merely ridiculous, others are, however, very degrading in their nature. The novice, for instance, kneels for a certain time in the refectory with his arms

extended in the form of a cross, after which he kisses the floor and then goes to his place at the table; or he goes round to his fellow novices, and begs from them, on his knees, everything that he may desire for his dinner, which he eats in a kneeling posture. On other occasions he kisses the feet of all his brothers without exception, paying no attention to the cleanliness of the individual, which would have the effect of destroying the efficacy of the action. Those penances, foolish as they may seem, slowly but surely effect the object for which they were intended; namely—to eradicate all feelings of self-respect from the mind of the novice, and convert him into a spaniel ever ready to lick the feet of his master.

Beside the penances already mentioned, there are others more severe, and for that reason considered to be more meritorious. I mean the use of the "discipline" and the chain. The discipline is a kind of whip that the novices beat themselves with. It is made of whip-cord, having five or six lashes, with hard knots on the end of each lash. It is rather a formidable instrument of torture, and when applied pretty sharply to the body causes great pain. On the days appointed for bodily flagellation, the novices retire to the dormitory, where, having divested themselves of their clothing, at a given signal from one of the brothers, they commence to beat themselves with the whips, and do not cease until they receive another signal to desist. If a stranger were to enter the dormitory during the time of discipline he would be perfectly astounded at the peculiar buzzing sound that would greet his ears. He would be inclined to think that a swarm of mosquitoes had found their way there, and were rejoicing in their own peculiar fashion at the prospect of the plenteous banquet that they were about to enjoy.

To the initiated, it would be interesting to notice the different methods of using the discipline that the novices adopt. One showers on the blows thick and heavy, with all the fanatical zeal of a penitent of the dark ages, whilst his less enthusiastic neighbor lays it on so gently that he would not kill a fly that might, perchance, alight on his back during the operation.



Little events occasionally take place that have the effect of spoiling at the time the solemnity which ought to characterize so momentous a business. I remember that we were thoroughly demoralized on one occasion by the conduct of two Americans, who being no doubt tired of beating themselves, commenced to apply the discipline to their pillows with the greatest good-will. Those young men have since left the Society, and it is needless to add that little hope is entertained of their leaving this world in the "odor of sanctity." The whole community was on another occasion thrown into a state of intense excitement by a roar from one of the lay brothers. The cause of the disturbance was simply this: Two of the laboring brothers, or coadjutors, as they are called, were occupying beds adjoining each other, and separated only by a curtain. It happened that one of the brothers, who had been for many years a sailor, had that day received a whip from the "Father Master" and was about to test its merits, but being ignorant of the proper manner of holding the discipline, he caught it merely by the end, so that, when the signal was given, instead of striking himself, he struck his companion, who soon made him aware of his mistake by a tremendous scream that re-echoed through the halls of the novitiate.

The discipline has a very sad effect on some constitutions, as the following fact will sufficiently prove. A few years ago, a young German came to the novitiate, and after the usual preliminaries, was admitted as a novice. He very soon became distinguished for his piety, especially for his love of penance; everything that might in any way tend to mortify the body was eagerly sought after by him. In the chapel he was accustomed to kneel in the most painful postures. At the table he was abstemious, and during the time of recreation, morose; even to laugh was, by him, considered an impropriety. He was very severe in the use of the discipline, so much so, that his bed, and even the walls of his little apartment, were often found covered with blood after those flagellations. But this war against nature had soon a dreadful result. He became more and more gloomy, until at last his reason was des-

troyed, and he became that most pitiable of all objects, a lunatic. He is now, I believe, the inmate of an asylum at New York, where he is reaping the fruit of Jesuitical fanaticism. Well might we pause, and ask—Can this be Christianity? Are these the teachings of the religion of Christ? Do not such acts savor too strongly of heathenism to be regarded as forming part of the Christian code! Go to the burning plains of India, and there witness the frantic penances of Vishnu's followers, and see how much they resemble those of the so-called followers of Jesus. Here was a young man who entered the Society with that purest of all intentions, namely, that of saving his own soul, and of aiding in the salvation of others. Under the blighting influence of Jesuitical training, mirth and happiness were banished from his soul, and his mind was continually filled with gloomy ideas of hell and its never-ending torments. God was ever present to him as a tyrant, whom nothing save the cries and groans of His slaves could appease. Christ's finished work was, by him, considered incomplete, and nothing but bodily torture could procure righteousness, or obtain for him the salvation of his soul. Some might be inclined to think that the Superiors were not aware of this young man's excesses, but this is a mistake. The most trifling event cannot take place in the novitiate without the knowledge of the Principal. A ledger is kept, in which all the actions of the novices are carefully recorded, and the Superior looks over the accounts at least once a week. No penances can be performed without his consent, so that this young man was obliged to obtain permission to use the discipline, and to practice the other austerities—a request which is, however, always readily granted. How treacherous, then, must the conduct of such men appear who, having gained the confidence of young and inexperienced enthusiasts, take advantage of that very enthusiasm to incite them to violate the laws of nature, and thereby cause the ruin of both body and soul! Is it not more the part of a Judas, or of the arch-fiend himself, than of a father, which title such men claim for themselves, thus to allure fellow-creatures to destruction!

Another vicious custom among the Jesuits is the wearing iron chains with long sharp points around the body. The chief merit in wearing the chains is, to allow the sharp points to stick into the flesh as deeply as possible, as by that means the soul is the better cleansed of all its impurities. I remember to have heard a story of one of the novices, who had obtained permission to wear the chain, and who was asked a few days after by the Superior, how he enjoyed it. "I like it very well, father," replied the novice, "but I have one objection to it; namely, that it tears all my shirts." The Superior was somewhat surprised at this reply, and after a little questioning discovered that the novice had worn the chain with the points sticking outwards instead of piercing the flesh; and this accounted for the great destruction of his wardrobe. This reminds one of the famous story of the Italian brigand, who was ordered by his confessor to walk a certain number of miles with peas in his boots, and who took the precaution of boiling the peas before proceeding on his journey.

Hair shirts, also, are held in great repute among the Jesuits, as a most effective means of atoning for past transgressions. Those shirts are not likely to gain a widespread popularity, as they are the most uncomfortable ones that a man can possibly wear. They are neither ornamental nor useful, for they keep the wearer in a continual state of uneasiness, and *sacré* irritation, more easily imagined than described. But, I hear some Christian exclaim,—“What is the use of all those penances? Is it possible that men so distinguished for learning can not only countenance, but even practice such silly superstitions?” Such is, unfortunately, the case, and is only another proof of the length that men go that seek to acquire righteousness by their own aid alone, and that are not willing to accept the free salvation offered them through the merits of the Lord Jesus.

The whole system of Popery is truly a paradox. Changing its colors with the ease of the chameleon, it mingles in one grand Babel the practices of heathendom with the pure doctrines of Christianity. Pretending to exalt and ennoble human

nature, Popery, on the contrary, lowers it to the level of heathen degradation. Professing to teach man the divine virtue of humility, it, in reality, fills his soul with pride—the most dangerous, as well as the most contemptible of all the vices. The Word of God distinctly teaches that after we have done all that the law commands, we should still consider ourselves unprofitable servants; yet those young men are taught, day after day, that they are not only able, by means of those austerities, to save their own souls, but even to aid in the salvation of others. All their good works over and above what are necessary for their own salvation, go into the treasury of the Church, the key of which is in the hands of His Holiness, who has the power to dole out those treasures according to the wants of the faithful, or the exigencies of “Holy Mother” herself. So great is the notion of “works of supererogation” in the Jesuit Society, that each member keeps an account of all the works of this description that he performs during the day, and to aid him to keep a strict account, some pious soul invented a machine by means of which he can, at any moment, know exactly the number of the “good works” that he may have at his disposal.

All those “good works” have a certain fixed value attached to them in the shape of indulgences. Some are only value for fifty days, others for fifty years, and for a few of them one receives a plenary indulgence, that is a clear receipt for all past transgressions. In regard to indulgences, Mary is always more liberal than her Son, as a plenary indulgence may be obtained by merely reciting three “Aves,” in honor of the “Immaculate Conception” of the Virgin, whereas one receives only fifty days’ grace for ten times as many prayers to the Saviour. This illiberality on the part of the “Son” causes the “Mother” to be more largely patronized; so the motto of the novitiate is not, as one would be inclined to suppose, “All for Jesus,” but “All for Mary.” It would be too tedious to enumerate all the practices in vogue among the novices; I shall, therefore, content myself with mentioning only those that are of most importance. In order to test as fully as possible the sin-

cerity of the novice, there are three great trials which every one that aspires to Jesuitical honors is obliged to undergo. The first one is called the "Great Retreat." I have already said that it is obligatory on all to make a short retreat before entering the novitiate, but during the first year the novice is obliged to pass a whole month closeted in this manner, and so great is the importance attached to this practice that it is said, on good authority, that only one of every ten of those who make it conscientiously ever leave the Society. The exercises for this month were invented by the saintly founder of the Society himself, and show him to have been a man well skilled in all the weak parts of the human heart, and knowing how to take advantage of those very weaknesses to further any object that he might have in view. Those exercises are of such a nature as to lead the mind gradually to the highest state of fanaticism, by the contemplation of the most frightful pictures of the future punishment of the wicked, and of the most fantastic representations of the happiness enjoyed by the blessed.

The books that the novice is permitted to read during the retreat are all illustrated by imaginary scenes taken from the infernal regions. There one sees a Dives punished for his gluttony by having molten lead poured down his throat. In another part, devils in the shape of huge dragons torment some unfortunate by piercing his heart with their long fiery tongues. Some are blind-folded, that the darkness may add to the horror of their situation. Others, on the contrary, are permitted to see those frightful reptiles that crawl around them, and whose office it is to torture them unceasingly throughout an endless eternity. Lest those frightful pictures, evidently copied from Virgil's description of the Pagan Hades, might not give him a sufficient idea of the punishments of the damned, the novice is advised to cause himself some little pain, either by pricking himself with a pin, or by holding his finger for some time over the flame of a lamp. He is then told to consider attentively how long he could bear this trifling pain, and then follows an exhortation to avoid the pains of hell, which are infinitely

greater in intensity and duration, by entirely abandoning the vanities of the world, and by becoming a member of that Society in whose bosom there is certain salvation. I might here remark that Jesuits pretend that Alphonsus Rodriguez, one of their saints, had a vision of the Blessed Virgin, and that he, after long entreaties, had obtained from her an assurance, as a great favor, that no member of the Society should ever go to the place of never-ending torments. This story is firmly believed by the novices, whom it consoles in the midst of their troubles, and on whom it must afterwards have a beneficial effect, as they need not have any scruples about performing whatever is commanded them, since the very fact of their being Jesuits is, on the authority of Blessed Alphonsus, sufficient to secure their salvation.

During the "month of retreat," the novices enjoy the greatest privileges. They are allowed to fast, to use the discipline, and to perform all sorts of penances to their heart's content. The best models of penitents are held up for their imitation, and during this great struggle to ascend the heights of self-righteousness, their motto, like that of the Alpine traveller, is ever "Excelsior."

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the novice leaves the retreat a confirmed Jesuit. The world has lost all attractions for him. A fanatical zeal has taken up its abode in his heart, and has driven thence all earthly affections. A fond mother's smile has no longer any charms for him. A father's, brother's, or sister's love is by him disregarded, and he is taught to consider the severance of all those ties so dear to the heart of man, and so ennobling to our very nature, as the essence of true heroism. Ignatius de Loyola is their great model, whose heart was entirely steeled to all family affections. It would seem that that wound which he received upon the field of battle, and which was the means of converting into a monk him who had been one of Spain's gayest cavaliers, had drained all the fountains of love that spring from the human heart. Thus the highest and holiest sentiments of the soul of man must be sacrificed at the altar of Jesuitical fanaticism.

It would appear as if some knowledge of the culinary art is indispensable to a Jesuit, as every novice, during his two years of probation, is sent for one month to the kitchen to assist the cook in his labors. During this month he must make himself generally useful. There are plenty of pots and pans to be scoured, dishes to be washed, potatoes to be peeled, and beer to be bottled, all of which duties he is expected to perform. He must be subject to the cook, who is generally one of the most ignorant of the community, and one who likes to take advantage of the "short, brief authority" with which he is clothed to push his assistant's temper to its utmost limits. The cook receives orders to try the novice's patience and obedience as much as possible—a task that is always conscientiously performed. "Having made my month of kitchen," according to novitiate phraseology, I know from experience how well calculated to test one's power of endurance such a trial is. The cook whom I was sent to assist was a young, ignorant Canadian, very fanatical and of a most whimsical disposition. He was emphatically "monarch of all he surveyed," and never did Grecian tyrant exceed in despotic rule this lord of the kitchen. One was certain to receive from him a long lecture on Poverty every morning, and an equally interesting one on Holy Obedience every evening. His tongue the rest of the time was engaged either in scolding or praying, at both of which he was equally proficient.

It is easy to understand how difficult it is for a man possessed of the least spirit to undergo such a cruel ordeal. Many of the novices are well-educated and well-bred young men, and for them calmly to endure such indignity seems indeed strange; yet I have seen them abused and insulted by one so much in every respect their inferior without uttering the least complaint. Jesuitical training had done its work, and the great transformation, with all its revolting degradation, had taken place. Man had become a mere machine—an "old man's staff"—passively submitting to the will of its owner.

The third great trial of the novitiate is the "Pilgrimage," which is always made

would be inclined to suppose, a visit to the shrine of some saint, or "weeping statue" of the Virgin, or "sweating picture" of a martyr, or any other of those little excitements got up in Catholic countries for the edification of the faithful, and the benefit of "Holy Mother;" but simply a begging expedition, in which the novice has to depend on his own resources. The pretended object of the "Pilgrimage" is to imitate that famous expedition on which Christ sent the seventy-two disciples; but the real object, it would seem, is to develop any natural talents for begging that the novice may possess. Many of my readers, I am sure, have often remarked what great adepts in the mendicant profession monks and nuns generally prove themselves; how pertinacious they are in their demands, taking refusals in good part and returning day after day to renew their requests, until, wearied by their importunities, many have given them money, hoping thereby to get rid of them, but only to find that they had failed in attaining their object. The design of the "Pilgrimage" is to teach the novices how to beg—a knowledge that must often prove very useful to them, especially in the Catholic countries of Europe, where the Jesuits are so often obliged to change their quarters.

Those children of Loyola are sent out in pairs, each one bearing in his hand a long pole, surmounted by a cross. Their dress, too, is rather peculiar; for besides the long black robe, they have an oil-cloth cape about their shoulders, and a broad-brimmed felt hat adorns their head. In this strange attire they sally forth on their apparently pointless mission, each two taking a different circuit, which they visit during the month and then return to the novitiate. The previous training that the novices receive renders this last trial not only light but pleasant, as I have heard many of them boast, whose "lines," during the pilgrimage, seemed to "have fallen in pleasant places."

Total abstinence from intoxicating liquors is by no means encouraged in the novitiate. On the contrary, the novices receive beer every day, and wine occasionally, for dinner, so that, during the "Pilgrimage," they have full liberty to eat and

in the month of June. It is not, as one drink whatever is set before them—"asking no questions for conscience's sake"—without, however, becoming intoxicated. In regard to the quantity of liquor to be disposed of, the novice's head is the only guide prescribed. Those curés whose cellars contain something stronger than water, are always kindly remembered by the novices that have enjoyed their hospitality; but woe befall the curé upon whose table "Adam's sparkling ale" alone has appeared! His name is a standing reproach among novices, and nothing but future reparation can atone for his niggardliness and restore his fair fame. I mention this fact as a warning to those reverend gentlemen whose consciences must often accuse them of so great a want of hospitality.

It is now time to bring my rather disjointed essay to a close. I have endeavored to give as clear and unprejudiced an exposition of Jesuitical training as was in my power. Nothing has been exaggerated or concealed. I have simply stated facts as they are in all their naked deformity. Having mentioned the various penances performed by the novices, the different trials that they undergo, and the kind of instruction that they receive, I would ask

my readers, What manner of men, think ye, ought they to be?

One of the most distinguished Jesuits on this continent said in my hearing that the "true Jesuit is another Jesus." I would ask if the two years' drill that he receives in the novitiate is capable of conforming his character to that Divine model? What is there in this system of training to elevate and ennoble human nature? Is it not blasphemy to compare that strange medley of learning and superstition, called the Jesuit, to Him who is the perfection of the Father?

The intrigues of Loyola's followers in every part of the world have rendered their name odious. Wherever they are permitted to remain they are certain to cause trouble. They have always repaid those nations that sheltered them in the time of need by the basest ingratitude. Even the little European Republic has, within the last month, been obliged to deal severely with the Society; and if their power on this side of the Atlantic is allowed to increase, the time will come when the great American Republic, in whose bosom liberty has taken up her abode, shall be also constrained to banish beyond her borders those pests of humanity and bitterest enemies of secular and religious freedom.

## A TALE OF STORMY WATER.

BY MRS. ROTHWELL.

## CHAPTER I.

"The sea's rising, Bella. You'd best not let Dan go."

"Tell Maggie Urquhart, then. It's more her concern than mine."

The speakers stood on the crest of the hill that topped the village, looking over the harbor and the wide expanse of swelling white-tipped waves that lay beyond. Far as the eye could see they tossed and foamed; rising, sinking, breaking into creamy froth, rolling soft and sparkling, catching and flinging back the rays of the westering sun, there dark and sombre, where lay over them the sullen shadow of a cloud. Beautiful, very beautiful, any one viewing the scene must have said. Treacherous, very treacherous, as those who had christened the village below well knew.

"Stormy Water." Perhaps some imaginative mind, not forgetful of the nomenclature of his native land, had given it its fanciful name. Perhaps the restless waves alone had suggested it. However that may have been, Stormy Water the place was called, and bore out its name. Not a vessel sailed the coast whose skipper did not dread its long, low-lying, rugged shore, which would have been more dangerous yet but for the landmark afforded by a lofty blasted pine tree some distance inland. Not a wind blew under Heaven but seemed to concentrate its fury on the place, and lash even the peaceful waters of the little harbor into foam. When other places were in stillness, it blew at Stormy Water, and when elsewhere there was a stirring breeze it blew a hurricane there.

On this December afternoon it threatened a storm—threatened it to the wise, where the gay and thoughtless saw only brilliance and play. Away in the south hung some

low dark streamers of cloud, whose red edges whispered of coming wind; and over the sea, where the sun was slowly sinking, an ominous yellow streak boded evil. These well-known signs were pointed out prophetically by Reuben Wilson, as he stood with Mrs. Hurst at her garden gate.

"I know the signs, Bella. I hav'nt lived at Stormy Water, boy and man, for five and fifty years, not to know them well. I never saw that streak yet that a storm did not come round the Cat's Head after it; and I guess this won't be the time it'll fail."

"Tell Maggie Urquhart so," repeated Mrs. Hurst, gloomily.

"You're wrong, Bella. I am an old man, and an old friend, and take a friend's liberty to speak my mind. I take as much thought of Dan as if he was my son (I might have had one like him if it had been the will of the Lord), and for his sake I think well of the girl o' his choice. What has she done that you should be so set agin her?"

"I don't say that she's done nothing," said Mrs. Hurst.

Reuben Wilson, comfortably unconscious that two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative, saw nothing to cavil at in this reply—in the words, at least; but the tone and spirit he combated.

"No, you don't say it, Bella; but in every look and act you speak it pretty plain. You can't expect a young man to stay for ever at home. Dan's as fond o' you as a son ever was of his mother; but o' course he wants a home of his own and some one to keep it. You've got other children and can spare him."

Mrs. Hurst said nothing; but shading her eyes with her hand, looked seaward, where a white sail gemmed the blue water far away.

"Ay, there they go," said the old man,

mournfully. "I've told them what's coming; but it's no use to preach to the young, and the greed o' gain is in their heart besides. All the fish in the sea wouldn't tempt me round the Cat's Head to-night. Speak to Dan, Bella; don't let him go."

"I might as well hold my tongue. He won't listen to *me*."

"Perhaps not if you speak hard, like you do sometimes now. A young man's not to be driven, Bella. no more than a young girl. He's no father, and you'd ought to be both parents to him, i'stead o' one."

"I was, as long as he thought so; but he's mine no longer—he's not my son no more."

There was a wail in her voice in spite of her hard words that touched Reuben's heart with pity.

"Don't take it so much to heart, Bella. It's only the way of natur', and you hadn't ought to be so jealous. She's kind and good, and when Dan get's her you'll only be having another daughter i'stead of losing your son."

Mrs. Hurst's dark eyes flashed.

"Jealous! *me* jealous of *her*!" she cried, sarcastically yet very bitterly. "I guess so! And if you think I'll ever own Margaret Urquhart for a daughter you don't know me yet. Before Dan marries her, i'd rather see them both in that water and the foam their shroud!"

The old man looked terror-struck.

"Bella, that's a curse! Unsay it for the love of mercy, or you'll repent it as sure as the Lord has heard it this day."

Bella had repented already—almost before the dreadful words had passed her lips—but she was not the woman to recant. Her face was set in rigid lines as she said, "Good evening, Reuben. I'm sorry I spoke rude to an old friend. Here's Dan coming; 'tis no use talking."

"You're not going to fish to-night, Dan?" Reuben said, as he turned and faced the young man coming up the hill. "There's a storm brewing."

"No fear! We'll be safe round the Cat's Head and in Skale's Cove before it breaks. Even if it does come, there's a sight of fish. I shall make well on this trip, and you know why I want it, Rube."

The words reached his mother's ear, and there was an additional shade on the dark face as he gained her side.

"Are the nets ready, mother? I've got to be on the beach in half an hour."

"It won't take you half an hour to get to the boat, will it?"

"Not altogether; but—but—I've got something to do in the village before I go."

Very dark, indeed, grew the shadow on his mother's face. She knew where and what his business was too well.

"Tell Maggie Urquhart to ask you not to go round the Cat's Head to-night," she said, gloomily. "May be you'll listen to her. You won't to me."

"Maggie knows me better, mother. She wouldn't ask me to give up the first of to-morrow's fish for her own silly fears."

"No; she thinks of having a rich man; that's all *she* cares for—not whether you risk your life to be one."

The bitter words stung the young man to the quick. His brow contracted and the veins swelled in the broad, massive throat with suppressed passion. But Dan Hurst had self-command; respect for his only parent, and his heart-felt wish to gain her goodwill for the chosen of his heart, overcame his natural anger at her cruel insinuations, and when at last he spoke, it was low and gentle that the words came.

"Mother, you wrong Maggie. She would rather take me with nothing but the clothes I stand in than have me risk a hair. Mother, if I stay at home to please you this time, will you in return please me?"

"How?"

"By making welcome here the girl I have chosen for my wife."

"No."

The young man lifted the nets from the kitchen floor and glanced at the clock.

"Where's the young ones? Sissy, Jemmy, good-bye. I'm off. You never saw such a pile of fish as I'll bring home to-morrow. You think of me among them all at sunrise. Mother, say good-bye, and bless me as usual before I go."

"I can't bless a disobedient son, Dan."

"Mother you're not in earnest? You have never let me go without a God-bewith-you."

"You go against my will."

"Am I to go so, mother?"

"As you choose."

As the sullen words left her lips her son turned from her side, and his steps crushed the gravel on the path. With a wild cry she darted after him, and stood at the door watching with keen eyes, but he never turned his head. A passionate appeal, a wild recantation surged from her heart, but paused upon her lips, where pride set its baleful lock. What would she not have given to have called him back—to have pressed him to her heart again, and have poured blessings on his head! What? One atom of her pride, one ray of her self-will. And while she did battle with the demon, and conquered not, the time passed and Dan was gone. Gone, unsped and unbled, into the coming storm.

Maggie Urquhart stood at the open door mending a broken net. Very likely she had taken up her position there to see Dan the sooner on his way; but this, as she did not say, of course we cannot tell. She was a fair, gentle-looking girl, with soft eyes and a tender smile; not beautiful as perhaps the betrothed of a fine young fisherman should have been, but fortunately it is not only the lovely who are beloved. Her dress, though neat, was poor, and signs of poverty were plainly visible about the low whitened dwelling; but Dan, like all foolish lovers, thought he held the world's best treasure as her clasped her in his arms.

"Good bye, darling. I've no time to stay; the boats are waiting."

"Going, Dan? Is the wind fair and the night fine?"

"Both, my precious one. Oh, Maggie, I'll bring back what will be worth the world to me. The makings of our home, Maggie—my wife!"

She blushed, as a girl generally does when called by the sweet name not yet her's, but soon to be. "Good night, Dan," she said simply, and kissed his cheek. He returned the kiss in another fashion.

"Good night, darling, and God bless you. Say it to me, Maggie dear."

"God bless you and watch over you, my own Dan."

He was gone. "One against the other," he muttered, as he descended the pith

towards the boats. "Surely *her's* will make up for the want of the other, but I wish I'd had both." Ah! he did not know what on one side had taken the place of a blessing.

## CHAPTER II.

They said in Stormy Water that night how splendid the sunset was, as the orb of day sank into his gold and crimson curtained couch with a glory seldom seen. Maggie Urquhart from the cottage door watching the white sails glitter, saw happy visions of home joys and fireside pleasures in the pillow clouds. Mrs. Hurst upon the hill-top looked out sombrely. Giant arms uplifted, vengeance in the towering and ruddy vapor, a dreary glare in the brilliance, her conscience made for her. The roll of distant thunder struck terror to her heart, and she retreated shuddering to the shelter of her hearth as her fancy drew for her the image of a figure in a wreath of winding sheet sailing over the paling glories of the sunset sky.

Nine o'clock. The sighing wind grew fresher, and moaned ominously. Down in the village doors and windows rattled, the sharp, hard dust whirled in the streets, and the surf thundered into the harbor and on the shore. Up on the hill the pine tree creaked mournfully and the wind made merry. A moon near the full lighted up the water, all afoam with flying drift; black clouds chased each other over the dark blue vault, casting broad shadows and hiding the brilliant winter stars.

Midnight; no doubt now. A storm; the king of storms let loose on earth and sea. The creaking of the melancholy trees; the rattle of the cordage of the vessels in the harbor; the grinding of the skiffs upon the beach; the hoarse cries of men repairing past neglect, and making sure and fast forgotten cares; the wails of terrified women roused from sleep, would have made a chaos of sound, but all were lost and blended in the rush of the mighty wind, and the roar of the majestic sea.

Of all the loving, trembling hearts that beat in Stormy Water that night for the dear ones out at sea, we have to do with but two. In the white cottage, Maggie Urquhart on her knees by the window, her



hands clasped and her eyes fixed on the white moon, humbly prayed for the safety of her lover's life. Her innocent heart hardly trembled as the slow dawn broke, the storm subsided, and at last she lay down to rest. "Dan is safe now, God heard me. My blessing has saved him."

But of *her*, the mother, who shall speak? Roused by the first rush of the wind, miserably conscious of every blast, she paced the floor that long winter's night, nor thought of rest or sleep. From her window she watched the seething tumbling waves; with clenched hands, into whose palms the nails pressed vengefully, she beat her breast; low moans broke from her overloaded heart, and sorrowing exclamations, but no word of hope or prayer. "Pray! what right have I to pray. He is dead through me, my first born, dearest son. God heard me; my curse has slain him."

Morning broke over Stormy Water bright and clear and cold. The wind had fallen, and but little trace remained of the storm, save some few uprooted trees and fences laid low, here and there a stranded skiff, and a long line of reeds and drift-wood driven high upon the beach; but outside the bar there still rolled a mass of boiling foam. Not so quickly as the tempest, subsided the angry waters it had raised.

Perhaps Mrs. Hurst thought this as she watched the dawn reddening the east, and compared it in her mind to the dreary, lasting consequences that may follow a rash word. How she repented the past night; how she tortured herself by recalling every cruel word and tone; with what excess of vain yearning she longed to reverse the past; in what ashes of agony and humiliation her soul lay prostrate; few may know! few, happily, can ever know; but let those who have lain heart-stricken under the remembrance of some bitter wrong inflicted on a loved and lost one—those who have thought a life would be too short to atone for one hour's sin—those who have seen life's happiness shut on them for a moment's passion or coldness,—let these judge of her remorse and misery by their own.

To others the day was a weary one, spent in restless watching for the boats; not to her. She knew as well whom they would

not bring back as though she had seen them already drawn up on the beach. *He* would not come, her bright-haired Dan, the son of her heart, her darling among her household tribe. "Think of me among the fish at sunrise." That morning as she saw the golden flame rise over the hill, had she not thought? Not as he had meant it in his sportive talk. Not laughing gaily among his companions, with sparkling eyes, and head thrown back, and tossing curly hair, and bare, brawny arms busy among the shining spoil; but far down in their own domain, soon to become their prey; the bright hair dank and matted, the blue eyes glazed and dull, the strong arms wrung and clenched in a vain struggle for life—till as the image grew into her brain, she set her teeth, and groaned in very bitterness of spirit, and pressed her hands upon her eyes to shut out the fearful sight.

To an uninterested spectator, if such there could have been at Stormy Water, the scene on the beach that afternoon would have been a strange one. What eager eyes, what white faces, what hope, what dread, what anxious, prayerful longing, what agonizing suspense! Those dearly-freighted boats, so lovingly watched for, oh that they would come! Wives and sisters, daughters and little children, mothers of stalwart sons, betrothed brides, all were there; all with the same sick hearts, all with the same strained eyes fixed upon the sea.

At last, one by one the white sails rise from the distant line of sky. One by one, till they can count five—the right number—but wait; how many lives do those five sails bring back?

With a speed that seems as the crawling of a snail to the hearts you now hear beating, the boats approach, and one by one are beached upon the sand. Ah, the meetings! As form after form leaps out safe and unhurt, the wild embraces, the rapturous welcomes, the greetings of lip to lip and hand to hand! The fond selfishness which springs to the one loved one, and seeks no other! The perfect happiness after perfect pain!

Two women wait the last boat, with drawn lips and paling cheeks. She comes!

Six men spring to shore, and are surrounded each by the circle of his home. These women stand aloof—there are no more—the one they seek is not there!

And at that moment there was a pause—a shiver as of recovery from ecstasy ran through the crowd, and all eyes turned in one direction; all ears gave attention to Mrs. Hurst, as coming slowly forward she said, in a voice that sounded as from the grave, "Where is my son?"

There was no answer, except a sob from the women, and a hoarse murmur of compassion among the men.

"What have ye done with him, the widow's son? Have ye left him a prey to the fish of the sea, the sport of the winds and the waves? Michael Graham, answer me, where is my son?"

The old man she addressed drew his rough hand across his eyes. "Mrs. Hurst," he said reverently and sadly, "your son is with the Lord."

And another man added, to a woman standing by, "Ay, he was knocked overboard by the sail last night in the storm."

A faint cry in the distance was lost in the outbreak of the mother's passionate despair. "Cowards! murderers! did ye leave him to perish? did ye make no effort to save him, whose life was worth all yours together? Oh, Dan, my son, they have murdered you!"

"Come, come, mother Hurst!" interposed one of the men, less gentle or more fiery than the rest, "no names. We did all we could for Dan, and no men could do more, and if you knowed what the sea was, you'd wonder we did so much. We feel for you like men that know their own mother's turn may soon come to be like you; but you must call no names!"

"Names!" she said, suddenly softening, and her passion melting away. "Oh no; not you. I guess you did all you could; but 'twas I killed him! You didn't know he went out without his mother's blessing! You didn't know you had a Jonah among you to bring down the storm! But you see it didn't hurt you any; the wrath was on me and on him. Five boats and thirty men went out yesterday and all come home safe to-day but the one who took his mother's curse!"

While every one stood spell-bound at her strange words, she turned as if to leave the shore, and met Maggie Urquhart face to face. She had heard every word, and lips and cheeks from which every vestige of color had fled told her horror. Mrs. Hurst started as if stung.

"You here, you brazen girl! Do you dare to come to mock the mother you have robbed of her son? But for your baby face he would never have forsaken me. Only to make money for you he would never have gone where he has lost his life. *You cry!*" as Maggie cowered and broke into sobbing; "*you grieve for him! Ay!* you have lost your rich match, and maybe you won't find another so ready to marry the poor cobbler's daughter. Yes; sob and moan; it looks pretty. You can cry. I have no tears; but my heart is burning. Cry in your shallow, baby grief; but go, before I strike you down!"

"Shame, shame, Mrs. Hurst!" said old Michael Graham, as Reuben Wilson came to the side of the weeping girl and drew the shaking figure within his protecting arm. "Is that the way to treat your lost son's chosen wife? Is it before he is cold you trample on the helpless girl he would have defended with his heart's best blood? Shame! Let your own sorrow make you feel for her's, and make up to her whatever you may have to reproach yourself with for him."

Mrs. Hurst made no answer to this appeal; but left the beach with a firm step and lofty head. Maggie remained, submitting to the vain but well-intended consolations of the women, and the awkward comfort of the men; but she clung to Reuben.

"Oh, Reuben, take me home! Oh, Reuben, it is very hard; I loved him so!"

"We all loved him, Maggie dear; but he's better off."

"But, Reuben, I prayed that God would bless him and keep him safe."

"And can God answer prayer only one way, Maggie? Hasn't he blessed him forever now and kept him safe from any more harm? Where is he best off, Maggie—in heaven or here? and which do you think loves him best—his Saviour or you?"

Maggie was silenced, but not convinced. She wept bitterly, though quietly, all the way home—not much comforted by Reuben's pious consolations—and her last murmured sobbing words as, exhausted with innocent sorrow, she sank to sleep, were, "Ah, I thought my blessing would have brought him back to me!"

### CHAPTER III.

Reuben was right. It was jealousy that lay at the root of Mrs. Hurst's hatred of the poor girl her son had chosen. She could not bear that any other should claim part in him—she could not bear that he should rank another equal with if not superior to her, and even in the midst of her grief for his loss mingled a bitter feeling that any other should have the right to mourn as well as she. She could not prevent Maggie's sorrow—she could not deprive her of the sympathy and kindness bestowed upon her—she could not hinder her from sharing the compassion of all who regretted their common loss; but she would, if possible, have shut her out from all.

Very heavily and drearily passed the day. To Mrs. Hurst, in her hard anger and stony grief, each hour brought a heavy load, borne in unsubmitive silence, and scarcely laid down at night when sleep in turn brought its own terrors. Maggie Urquhart, innocent at heart, felt grief without remorse, but a grief that seemed to have crushed all light out of the world. And she had yet more to bear. To the burden of her own sorrow was added the hearing of the lamentations of her helpless, fretful mother over the loss of the fair prospect that had lain before her. Mother and daughter were entirely dependent for bread on the toil of the latter, and Maggie had toiled without complaint. Dan had done much to help his chosen, and Maggie, though proud with others, had never scrupled to accept his aid. She was willing to take up her heavy burden again and to bear it to the end; but it was hard, while her heart was freshly bleeding, to think, or be told to think, of worldly loss—hard, while she thought of Dan cut off in his youth,

to listen to speculations as to what would become of them now Dan's helping hand was gone.

The next day was Christmas Eve; but the day brought none of its accustomed gladness. A cold darkness hung over land and sea, the wind blew chilly and shrill, stray snow flakes fluttered through the sharp air, and a black frost had bound the earth in iron. Cheerless as the face of nature was the mood of the place. The recent calamity had thrown a gloom over Stormy Water that robbed the festive season of all its joyousness. Those families who were united and happy could not forget those whose circle was broken and sad.

Mrs. Hurst and her remaining children sat at their evening meal. It had used, when Dan was among them, to be a merry evening—often a gathering of friends and neighbors, sometimes a dance, always mirth and good cheer. It was far otherwise now. With Dan was gone all the gaiety, all the Christmas mirth—all were thinking of the lost son and brother whose place would know him no more. The mother, who never wept, was gloomy, the brothers silent, and the sisters could scarcely speak for tears.

The meal over, Mrs. Hurst looked at her eldest remaining son. Obedient to the look he brought the Bible and prepared to read.

"Where shall I read, mother?"

"Where you please. Where the book lies open."

"And He opened His mouth and taught them saying, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Mrs. Hurst put up her hand.

"Stop!" she said; "read that again."

The boy obeyed. She held out her hand for the book, read the words to herself, and bowed her head upon the page. Had she never heard or read those words before? How was it that their meaning had never before penetrated her heart or brain? Poor in spirit! Was that her character? Or was it because it was so far removed from it that she knew so little of the heaven of a quiet heart and peaceful mind? She could hear and read no more. Leaving her children to complete their devotions alone, she sought her own chamber, and

there in darkness and solitude probed her own heart. What did she find there? Pride, self-will, hardness, hate and wrath. Was this a temper for a professing Christian? Was this a fitting frame of mind for the day on which we celebrate the birth of Him who brought peace and good-will to men? Her heart was softened, the scales fell from her eyes. In greater humility than she had ever known, she bowed her knees that night, and after a solemn vow to pursue an altered course, fell into a softer slumber than had lately blessed her eyes.

She slept late into the daylight. Her children had the morning meal in readiness, and wondered at her softened face as she gave each their Christmas greeting. The youngest even dared to whisper, "Mother, if Dan was here!" but though the tears rushed to her eyes, she kissed the child.

"Dan is better off, dear. He keeps his Christmas with its King."

After breakfast she wrapt herself in hood and shawl, preparing for the service of which the bell gave notice. But she must first read again those wonderful words of comfort and strength. Nor only those; from verse to verse her eye passed, her mind catching the meaning as it had never done before, until her heart stopped, and her sight grew dizzy, as she saw these words:—

"Therefore if thou bringest thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled with thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

"Hath ought against thee." There were the words, plain and clear, and just as clear was the signification they bore for her. She did not even try to disguise it to herself; she must be reconciled, must ask for reconciliation before she dared to lay upon the altar her Christmas gift, a new and humbled heart.

That heart throbbed fast and thick, and her whole frame trembled, as, having sent her children on before, she approached Maggie Urquhart's door. She knocked, but waiting for no invitation, entered hastily, confronting Maggie, who, her face whitening at the sight of her unexpected

visitor, rose from a low seat by her mother's bed.

But Mrs. Hurst made no pause; she took the girl's hands in her's, and bent a searching look on the pale, timid face. "Maggie Urquhart, I have done you wrong; can you forgive me? I, Dan's mother, ask it in the name of him that's dead and gone."

Then Maggie broke out into sobbing. "Forgive you, Mrs. Hurst? I have no need to forgive you, only let me grieve for Dan." And the two women mingled their tears.

The reconciliation was very sweet; why had it not taken place before? Mrs. Hurst felt a marvellous peace in the knowledge that she had humbled her pride, and even her grief was lightened; while gentle Maggie felt almost a thrill of happiness. Her part was simple; it is so much easier to forgive than to ask to be forgiven.

Mrs. Hurst joined not in the prayer-meeting that day. Lingered with her lost son's love she kept no count of the time, and when she left her, hastened home. The children were not yet come back, and having replenished the fire she sat down by it to await their return. The soothing warmth, and her own exhaustion lulled her into rest, and she slept with her head resting on the Bible on the table at her side.

For how long she did not know; but a gentle hand on her's and a warm kiss roused her senses to reality. Was it a glimpse from heaven, the face that looked into hers? Was it one come back from the dead, or was it nothing but a dream? Neither. Far too substantial for a dream, far too warm and bright for one escaped from the cold sea, Dan stood before her, and it was earthly light and joy that beamed in his happy eyes. She never knew how she welcomed him, but she did know that to hold his hand in hers and look into his face was happiness enough to recompense her hours of pain. And the full cup overflowed when she whispered softly, "What does Maggie say?" And he wondering, answered, "I have not seen her mother; I came first to you."

"To me! You thought of me first, my son?"

"Ay, mother. First of you."

Does any one need to be told where Maggie Urquhart spent the remainder of that Christmas Day, or of the joy that filled every heart, the boisterous welcomes, the shouts of gladness, the happy tears?

"But where were you Dan. Weren't you knocked overboard after all?"

"I was indeed, Sissy. Knocked overboard and nearly done for. The blow stunned me, and I remember nothing till I found myself on board a sloop that had carried me so far down the coast that I have been all this while getting back. However, I'm just in time."

"Yes Dan, just in time to make us all happy," said Sissy.

"And to find us all at peace," added Mrs. Hurst.

Maggie uttered nothing, but her face said most of all.

In the evening, as the fire blazed brightly,

and the children laughed and sang, if Dan and Maggie stole from the group to the shadow of the window, who shall blame them? Thinking only of each other, both started, when a hand was laid on Maggie's shoulder and an arm encircled Dan's neck.

"Dan, she has forgiven me; can you?"

"Mother, hush. Shall I ever go without your blessing again?"

"Forgive me, my son. But oh, Dan, my curse did not harm you after all."

"No mother," said Dan, when he understood what she meant. "I had a protection against it. Let us remember, mother, what we have learned. I suffered for my disobedience; but I did not come back till you had given up your own will," and he took her hand and put it into Maggie's with a smile. "And let us also, mother, never forget, that the God who knows better than we do, was deaf to the curse, but heard and remembered the blessing."

## L I F E ' S   S E A S O N S .

BY H—

In the bright Spring time of youth,  
This chequered life of ours  
Is strewed, as Nature's lovely Spring,  
With sweet and beauteous flowers,  
Which upward springing in our paths,  
Make opening life so fair—  
That coming years unto our view  
Seem just as free from care.

Then in youth's Summer sunshine,  
When fruits of childhood's flowers  
Are gathered in the pleasures  
Of friendship's happy hours;—  
With sky of life so cloudless,  
And loving friends all near,  
We emerge into Life's Autumn  
With each succeeding year.

Then comes Life's glorious Autumn.  
And manhood's golden prime,  
When strength of mind developed,  
Makes well-spent years sublime!  
'Tis then that life seems earnest,  
The past with brightness fled  
Hath o'er the unknown future  
A thoughtful radiance shed.

And last, like Winter, comes old age—  
Spring, Summer, Autumn gone—  
Then man dreams over bygone days,  
And thinks of that bright dawn  
When he shall leave this wintry world  
And reach that "better land,"  
Where there is one perpetual Spring  
To earth's redeemed band.

## TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

*(Continued.)*

## CHAPTER VII.

PERCE—THE PERCE ROCK—MOUNT JOLI—  
BONAVENTURE ISLAND—CAPTAIN DU-  
VAL—THE CELEBRATED PRIVATEER  
"VULTURE."

"The Village of Percé, which derives its name from the Rock, is most advantageously situated for the cod fishery. It consists of two small coves, called North and South Beach. The principal part of the population reside at North Beach, which also contains the court-house, jail, and Roman Catholic church. South Beach is chiefly occupied by the important fishing establishment of Messrs Charles Robin & Co., who own the principal part of the land on that side. The two coves are separated by a headland called Mont Joli, supposed by some to have been once united with the Rock. On this promontory formerly stood the Protestant Episcopal church, and the graveyard still marks the spot. The population of Percé does not exceed five hundred souls, except during the summer months, when it is more than doubled. It is the shire town of the County of Gaspé.

"Few spots, if any, on the sea-board of Canada possesses greater attraction for the artist and lover of wild and romantic scenery than Percé and its environs. Mont Ste. Anne, in rear of the village, rising almost abruptly to the height of 1300 feet, is the first land sighted by all vessels coming up the Gulf to the southward of the Island of Anticosti. In clear weather it may be seen at a distance of sixty to seventy miles. and it is even confidently asserted by shipmasters worthy of credit, that it has been seen by them at a distance of seventy-five to eighty miles.

"If you ascend the high road towards the settlement called 'French Town,' and

stand on the rising ground in rear of Bellevue, you have beneath you, and all around, one of the most magnificent panoramas the eye can wish to rest upon. Ste. Anne rising in all its towering majesty on your left, and extending to the eastward, forms within Barry Head a portion of an amphitheatre, almost enclosing the village on two sides. The Roman Catholic church is a striking object at the foot of Barry Head. Over and beyond this, at a distance of six miles, is seen Point St. Peter and Plateau. To the right of this, nothing is seen but the sea as far as the eye can reach. Then comes the Rock, which you overlook from this point. The birds (gulls and cormorants) on its summit can also be distinctly seen."

A romantic legend, alluded to by the Abbé Ferland, attaches to the Percé Rock.

I have myself seen the snow-white gulls resting on their nests on this green summit in July. You might have imagined the froth of the sea or gigantic snow-flakes spread amidst verdant pastures—a most attractive spectacle to the eye of a naturalist.

"The Island of Bonaventure then forms the foreground. But to the westward of that again the sea meets the eye, until it rests on Cape Despair, and you get a bird's-eye view of Cape Cove and L'Anse a Beau Fils. From this point you have a most extensive sea view down the Gulf and to the entrance of the Bay of Chaleurs, the light on the Island of Miscou, New Brunswick, distant about thirty-two miles, being often seen on a clear night.

"Leaving those lower regions, if you undertake to ascend Mont Ste. Anne—no very difficult task for those who are free from gout and asthma—a view presents itself to the astonished eye, grand beyond description. All that we have just des-

cribed lies in one vast panorama at our feet. In rear, that is, from west to north, the variegated green of the primeval forest meets the eye, which seeks in vain some oasis, as it were, in the boundless green expanse on which to rest. Hill and dale, mountain and valley, all clad in the same verdant garb, extend as far as the human ken can range. Casting your eye gradually eastward, you see over the land into the Gaspé Bay, and beyond Ship Head into the mouth of the St. Lawrence; then, far away to seaward, down the Gulf; to the right, up the Bay of Chaleurs. If the weather is clear, besides a number of large vessels, the white sails of a fleet of schooners, chiefly American, of from 40 to 150 tons, and amounting sometimes to some two or three hundred sail, may be seen engaged in the cod and mackerel fisheries. From this point nothing obstructs the view, which extends over Bonaventure Island and all the headlands on either side, and on a fine calm day two hundred open boats, spread over the bosom of the treacherous deep, look like small specks upon the surface of a mirror. Taken as a whole, we know of no scenery in the British Provinces to equal this.

"The drive or walk round the mountain to the corner of the beach is most romantic, as well as the sail round the Island of Bonaventure, and should on no account be omitted by the excursionist. The road through the mountain gorge, which is the highway connecting Percé with Gaspé Basin, must have some resemblance to many portions of Swiss scenery.

"Percé possesses two places of worship. That of the Church of England is situated on an eminence at the foot of the mountain on the Irish Town road. It is built in the Gothic style, and though very small, being only capable of containing one hundred persons, yet it is one of the neatest and most complete village churches we have seen on this continent. The Protestant community are mainly indebted to Messrs. Charles Robin & Co. for its erection. The Roman Catholic Church is a large building, and when the interior is finished off it will be a very handsome structure.

"Percé is strictly a large fishing-stand—the best in Canada—and it is here that

the Messrs. Robin have their most extensive fishing establishment. We believe we are justified in stating that there is nothing to equal it, as a whole, in Canada, New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia. This establishment collects yearly from 14,000 to 15,000 quintals of codfish, fit for shipment, including what they receive from their planters and dealers throughout the township of Percé.

"Percé was for some time the residence of Lieut.-Governor Cox, who was appointed Governor of Gaspé about 1785. The site of the Government House may still be seen."—*Pye's Gaspé Scenery*.

The foregoing is certainly a glowing, and, so far as I know, a truthful picture of Percé, with the exception as to what relates to the date of appointment of Lieut.-Gov. Cox. According to Colonel Caldwell's letter\* to General James Murray, bearing date 15th June, 1776, Major Cox, formerly of the 47th, was at that time Lieut.-Gov. of Gaspé.

Percé, notwithstanding its picturesque scenery, never had for me one-half of the attractions of Gaspé Basin. It must, however, have had some attractions, even in ancient days, since Monseigneur St. Vallier, who stopped there on his voyage from France to Quebec in 1685, was induced to revisit it in the spring of 1686. One is quite safe in considering it a large fishing-stand—in fact the grandest on the coast—the kingdom of cod, herring, and train oil—the Elysium of fishermen. During the busy months, codfish in every shape, in every stage of preservation or putrefaction, scents the air—especially in August. The pebbly beach is strewn and begemmed with codfish drying, the flakes glisten with it in the morning sun, whilst underneath plethoric maggots attain a wonderful size. The shore is studded with fish heads and fish offal in a lively state of decomposition. Cod heads and caplin are liberally used to manure the potato fields; the air is

\* This old letter, published in 1866, under the auspices of the "Literary and Historical Society of Quebec"—page 10—contains the following passage:—

"On my way I passed by the picket drawn up under the Field Officer of that day, who was Major Cox, formerly of the 47th, and now Lieut.-Governor of Gaspé."

tainted with the effluvia, the land breeze wafts you odors which are not those of "Araby the Blest." The houses in some localities have a fishy smell. The churches are not proof against it. Not many years back, the R. C. Bishop, visiting the chapel on a fishing station, on entering, exclaimed to the pastor, "Is the chapel used to dry and cure codfish? The smell here is positively dreadful!" "No, my lord," the pastor replied; "but at the news of your approach my parishioners had the floor carefully washed with soap. Unfortunately, the soap was made from fish oil." The historian, Ferland relates the anecdote.

Even potatoes chime in with the general homage to the finny tribe; some have been known to grow with bones in them. A lady friend of mine made this her principal grievance against Percé. She left it in high dudgeon. She was a judge's lady. I have often wondered why she did not apply to the Court for an injunction against this intolerable nuisance.

The safest place to be out of the reach of the fishy aroma is out at sea. But though there be fish everywhere—in the sea—on the land—in the air—you may feel like the Ancient Mariner,

"Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink."

It was my ill-fortune once to see fish everywhere, and still none to eat.

My landlady met my repeated enquiry for fresh fish for dinner, with some curious apologies about the weather. "The boats could not go out, the wind was so high," and so on. I reluctantly came to the conclusion that at times it requires a good deal of interest to get fresh codfish for dinner at Percé.

It is, notwithstanding, a healthy location; strong smells, though they may press hard on the olfactory nerves, don't kill. The citizens of Petrolia, 'tis said, are long livers.

Hon. John LeBoutillier, M. S. C., and Mr. Frs. LeBrun have immense fishery establishments here. Hon. J. LeBoutillier resides at Gaspé Basin.

Percé has laterly been selected in preference to Gaspé Basin as the shire-town (*Chef-lieu*). A new court-house and jail are in process of erection, and the most prosy highwayman or debased murderer,

once duly convicted, will enjoy the privilege of being duly hanged in view of all the magnificent scenery just mentioned by Mr. Pye. I am sorry for it, on account of the genial and educated sheriff of the district, whose acquaintance I had not the good fortune to make.

#### BO NAVENTURE ISLAND.

"This island, in the depth of winter, has the appearance of a vast iceberg, and like the Rock, is one of Nature's wonderful productions, forming a natural break-water between the South Cove, Percé and the Gulf. The whole is one vast mass of reddish conglomerate, from which the term Bonaventure Formation has been derived. It appears as though it had been upheved from the bottom of the ocean, forming on the seaside, towards the Gulf, a stupendous wall 300 to 500 feet high, with no less than fifty fathoms of water at its base. It slopes gradually towards the mainland, and is well settled, there being a R. C. church, school-house, and some twenty dwelling-houses. It is two and a half miles long, and three-quarters of a mile broad, and is distant two and a half miles from the mainland. The depth of water is sufficient for the largest ships afloat to beat through the channel. Messrs. LeBoutillier Brothers have a large fishery establishment on the island, at which thirty-eight boats and about 120 men are employed. This was once the property of the late Captain Peter Duval, a native of the island of Jersey, and one whose deeds and prowess would not disgrace the annals of England's history. Yet, strange to say, there appears to be no record preserved by the family of a feat scarcely to be surpassed. The grandson of our hero, who still resides on the island, knows nothing of the leading facts, which are as follows:—

"Towards the close of the last war between England and France, Captain Duval commanded a privateer, lugger-rigged, mounting four guns, with a crew of twenty-seven hands, himself included, and owned by the Messrs. Janvrin, of Jersey. She was a small vessel, under 100 tons, and appropriately named the 'Vulture,' having been the terror of the French coast



from St. Malo to the Pyrenees. The 'Vulture' was almost as well known along the shores of the Bay of Biscay as in her port of registry, and like a bird of prey was continually hovering along the coast, capturing vessel after vessel. The port of Bayonne had suffered severely from the continued depredations of the Jersey privateer off its entrance, and the merchants of the place resolved to make an effort to capture their tormentor. A joint stock company was formed, and a suitable vessel obtained, a brig of about 180 tons, which being mounted with sixteen guns, and manned by a crew of eighty men, awaited the return of the 'Vulture.' That vessel having been seen off the port one fine afternoon, the brig slipped out during the night, disguised as much as possible, so as to be taken for a merchant-vessel, and being sighted early on the following morning by the lugger's look-out, the latter immediately gave chase and soon came up with what she supposed would be an easy prize. The reader, however, may conceive her astonishment when, on running alongside of the brig, the ports were opened and every preparation made for action. On seeing this the first lieutenant of the 'Vulture,' Captain LeFeuvre, told Captain Duval that having no chance against such perfect odds, their only alternative was to strike. 'Strike!' he exclaimed with an oath. 'So long as I have a leg to stand on we shall fight. If I am knocked off my pins, you take command, and do as you please.' The vessels immediately engaged, the 'Vulture' keeping so close to her antagonist that the shot from the latter could not take effect owing to her great length. Meantime the lugger continued to pour into the brig a well-directed fire of grape-shot, cutting her rigging and killing and wounding half of the French crew. The captain of the brig, knowing the determined character of his opponent, and expecting that he would attempt to board, made for Bayonne. The lugger gave chase, but night coming on, the brig reached port in safety. Of the lugger's crew, only one was killed and two of them slightly wounded; Captain Duval stating that with ten hands he would have taken the brig by boarding, but he feared to attempt it against such fearful

odds. The Protestant burial-ground on Mont Joli contains the remains of this brave man, who attained a ripe old age."—*Pye's Gaspé Scenery.*

CHAPTER VIII.

POINT ST. PETERS—THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS—THE IRREPRESSIBLE MEMORIES OF THE PAST—BELLE ANSE—DOUGLASS-TOWN PORTAGE—THE BLACK POOL AND ITS LEGENDS.

The preferable mode of travel from Percé to Gaspé Basin is decidedly by water in summer—the land route being of a peculiarly primitive order, trying alike to man and beast. On leaving the great shire-town, the highway winds round the hills in rear of the Ste. Anne range—a distance of several miles—until you reach a sand bank, which divides the sea from the lagoon. It is called the corner of the beach; *vulgo*, "Corny Beach."

The scenery through the mountain gorge is truly grand, and the contemplation of its beauties will more than compensate the tourist for the difficulties of the road. About a mile from the highest point, you pass immediately by the base of a stupendous wall of conglomerate, which appears as though it had been upheved by another Atlas. There are indications all round Percé that, at some distant period, the mountains have been rent, and vast masses dislodged from their original position by some violent convulsion of nature.

A few miles out of Percé the country assumes a level appearance. The mountain ranges gradually disappear from the background. . . . The roads in the Township of Percé are decidedly the worst in the County of Gaspé, and most of the bridges are in a very dangerous state, being without railings or guard of any kind to prevent the traveller from being precipitated into the abyss below.

The bay, at Mal Bay, is a splendid sheet of water, bounded by Percé on the one side, and Point St. Peter on the other. . . . Before reaching it, one has to cross the Mal Bay stream—a good river for salmon and trout-fishery—by means of a scow.

At Belle Anse, in Mal Bay, the high

road leads to the portage at right angles, branching off to Point St. Peter on the right and towards Douglastown on the left. The same drizzly weather followed me through this Avernian avenue, called the Portage—a dismal drive during the silent hours of night.

Reluctantly had I to forego the sweet, though at times melancholy satisfaction, of revisiting old and familiar places: Point St. Peter and its hospitable homes. The irrepressible memories of other days still persisted in enshrining it in a bright halo. Right well can I recall Point St. Peter; its pebbly beaches, its symmetric long rows of boats, at anchor, at night-fall, in a straight line—in view of each fishing-station—all dancing merrily on the crest of the curling billows, its fearless, song-loving, blue-shirted fishermen. Can I ever forget its storm-lashed reef; its crumbling cliffs; its dark caves, made vocal at each easterly blow with the wild discord of the sea? Plateau, its foam-crowned ledges, surrounded by noisy sea fowl! Where now the leading men of Point St. Peter I knew of yore? Where the Johnstons, Creightons, Packwoods, Collas, Alexanders of thirty years ago? Gone, one and all, or nearly so, to their long home. Some reposing in yonder churchyard on the brow of the hill in rear; others, placed by loving hands, in their marble tombs under the shade of their own fairy island of Jersey, sleeping the long sleep. Of some scarcely a trace left amongst men; of others, stalwart sons worthily perpetuating the names of their respected sires. Possibly some yet forgotten behind on this green earth of ours—a few, a very few.

Point St. Peter brought back vividly to my mind a most harrowing memory of my youth—the untimely death, under peculiarly painful circumstances, of an early friend; it reads thus in my diary:

It was the hour of noon on a dreary August day. A loving father was detailing to me, his friend and guest, long-pondered domestic arrangements, cherished hopes, carefully laid-out plans of family advancement. One above others, in the happy family group, he seemed to me to doat on—though it was not expressed—a

bright boy of eleven summers, venturesome full of spirit and intelligence, my daily companion in the boat or with the gun, though by several years my junior. Of the five blooming children who then lighted up his home, on this one seemed to centre all the hopes of the fond parent.

The light-hearted youth, humming a song, shot past me—whilst I remained conversing with his father—on his way to our oft-frequented fishing-ground, near the wharf, beckoning to me not to delay; but I did delay. I tarried as I was wont, listening to the frank discourse of his excellent, true-hearted father. I tarried behind. . . . Alas! why had I not followed on. An hour later and I was re-entering the portals of this once happy home, helping to carry a stiffened, livid corpse—that of my late companion.

I had myself discovered him—dead, quite dead, reclining on his side—softly sleeping beneath the transparent waves, at the spot where he and I had so often enjoyed our favorite pastime of angling for cod and halibut. A trusty servant and myself, in silence, laid on a little bed, in full view of the horror-stricken but not un-submissive father, all that now remained of so much bright promise, youth and hope. All this did happen at this very spot. The sorrowing father was the late Henry Bissett Johnston, a highly educated Scotchman. I can recall it all as a scene of yesterday, though it occurred close on thirty years ago; but let us hie away.

The portage road from Mal Bay to Douglastown, on a murky September night, reminds one of the Cimmerian gloom with which Virgil surrounds the abodes of souls in Hades. If you are of an enquiring turn of mind, kind reader, gifted with a robust constitution, unappalled by jolting, it will be worth your while to go and see for yourself. At midway a dark bridge spans a brawling brook still darker in aspect. White foam floats about the black pool at your feet, at the sight of which your horse snorts and draws back. More than one goblin story is told of this dreary spot. On my asking my companion whether he could discover the bridge through the gloom which the shadows of the tall surrounding trees deepened into absolute darkness,—

"No," said he, "but I can hear the roar of the brook, and my horse knows the way, though horses have been more than once scared by some awful screams here at night, I can assure you," said he.

"You have," I replied, "been the mail-carrier for some time, have you not? Have you ever heard these noises?"

"Never," said he, "but my uncle's horse did, some years ago. A murder, tis related, occurred at this bridge many years ago; and you know," he added, with emphasis, "horses at night can see things which are hidden from men.

"I cannot," I replied, "charge my memory with an instance of the kind happening to me during my travels;" so I found that Superstition could assert her sway at the Douglstown<sup>o</sup> Portage as well as on Hounslow Heath, near London—wherever a deed of blood dwells in the memory of man.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAGDALEN ISLAND GROUP—ADMIRAL ISAAC COFFIN—DEADMAN'S ISLAND—TOM MOORE, THE IRISH POET.

The voyage to the Magdalen Islands is performed in a sailing packet which leaves Gaspé Basin the 5th, and Pictou the 25th of each month. This singular group of islands—thirteen in number—lie at the entrance of the Gulf. The chief ones are: Amherst, Entry, Grindstone, Alright, Coffin's, Grosse Isle, Bryon, Deadman's, and the Bird Rocks.

Amherst is called after the distinguished General Amherst, who, in 1759, took such an active part in dislodging the French from their colonial possessions. It is about eleven miles in length and four in breadth, contains excellent soil, and from its shores a most extensive cod, herring, seal, and mackerel fishery is carried on. The island is annually visited by hundreds of English, French, and American fishing vessels. The harbor, which is entered from Pleasant Bay, is capable of containing several hundred vessels (drawing not over twelve feet of water), and affords shelter from all winds. In the back-ground is seen the long sand beach, which divides Pleasant Bay from the waters of the Gulf, and extends to Sandy Hook Channel,

which forms the entrance to Pleasant Bay. Amherst is a port of entry and a warehousing port. It is sixty miles direct from Cape North, in Cape Breton, one hundred and fifty miles from Gaspé, in Lower Canada, one hundred and twenty miles from Cape Ray, Newfoundland, and fifty miles from the east point of Prince Edward Island.

They were granted in 1798 to Captain (afterwards Sir Isaac) Coffin. It is said he became possessed of them in the following manner: He was conveying out in his frigate the Governor-General of Canada. Lord Dorchester; a furious gale of north, north-west wind compelled him to seek shelter under the lee of one of those islands, where the English man-of-war rode another gale in safety. Lord Dorchester, grateful for his escape, and desirous of marking his gratitude, asked Captain Coffin whether he would not like to possess these then insignificant islands, to which he having assented, the patent was made out on his arrival at Quebec. Admiral Coffin was born in Boston in 1760, entered the navy at the early age of thirteen, and passed through the various grades of rank until the shipman became full admiral in 1814. He died in 1839, and left the islands to his nephew, Captain John Townsend Coffin, an officer in the British Navy, now an admiral. They are an entailed estate in his possession. Both the late and the present possessor have in a variety of ways testified their interest in the welfare of their tenants, the inhabitants of the islands. The income derived from them is merely nominal, and is always expended in improvements designed to promote the welfare of the inhabitants.

At the time the grant was made, the population was about 500 souls. In 1861 the total population was found to be 2,651. Amherst Island contains about 1,000 inhabitants, and is the most important of the Magdalen group. Let us mention the island styled "Deadman's Island," which, on a dark September evening, in the year 1804, when he passed it, inspired the poet—Thomas Moore—with some harmonious verses, in connection with the old superstition amongst sailors about the phantom ship called the "Flying Dutchman."

## DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore  
Of cold and pitiless Labrador,  
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,  
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed.

"Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,  
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck,  
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew  
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

"To Deadman's Isle in the eye of the blast,  
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast;  
By skeleton shapes her sails are fur'd,  
And the hand that steers is not of this world!"

Ours is, however, no supernatural craft,  
but a plain Gaspé coaster, and that

"By skeleton shapes her sails are (not) furled,"

I can swear; so I will look on without any superstitious awe on the perpendicular rocks surrounded on all sides by deep water. It is, however, well styled "Deadman's Monument." It does point to the spot where many an English sailor found a watery grave. Scarcely visible above the waves, the storm-tossed bark which once strikes on its granite shores goes to pieces instantly—a few spars, a shattered mast, possibly a solitary hencoop, with the return of day, indicate that during the previous night, perhaps, a crowd of slumberers have been hurried forever under the seething waters.

Bryon Island is an important one in the group; but to a naturalist none are more interesting than the Bird Isles—"two rocks, elevated above the water, upwards of one hundred feet. Their flattened summits, whose circumference exceed not each three hundred paces, exhibit a resplendent whiteness, produced by the quantity of ordure, with which they are covered, from immense flocks of birds, which in summer take possession of the apertures in their perpendicular cliffs, where they form their nests and produce their young. When alarmed they hover above the rocks and overshadow their tops by their numbers. The abundance of their eggs affords to the inhabitants of the neighboring coast a material supply of food." So wrote Heriot in 1807. They had, however, been carefully noted and described by the Jesuits as far back as 1632. Father Paul Lejune calls these rocks *Les Colombiers* (dovecotes),

from the myriads of waterfowl which resort to them in the summer months. At the period when he wrote, "birds were so plentiful there that a boat could be loaded with their eggs in a few hours, and persons ascending the rocks were liable to be prostrated to the ground by the clapping of the wings of these feathered denizens."

Dr. H. Byrant, of Boston, who visited these rocks on the 21st June, 1860, for ornithological purposes, thus describes them:—"They are two in number, called the Great Bird or Gannet Rock, and the Little or North Bird. They are about three-quarters of a mile apart, the water between them very shoal, showing that, at no very distant epoch, they formed a single island. They are composed entirely of a soft, reddish-brown sandstone, the strata of which are very regular and nearly horizontal, dipping very slightly to the S. W. The North Bird is much the smallest, and though the base is more accessible, the summit cannot, I believe, be reached—at least, I was unable to do so. It is the most irregular in its outline, presenting many enormous detached fragments, and is divided in one place into two separate islands at high water—the northerly one several times higher than broad, so as to present the appearance of a huge rocky pillar. Gannet Rock is a quarter of a mile in its longest diameter from S. W. to N. E. The highest point of the rock is at the northerly end, where, according to the chart, it is 140 feet high, and from which it gradually slopes to the southerly end, where it is from 80 to 100.

"The sides are nearly vertical—the summit in many places overhanging. There are two beaches at its base, on the southerly and westerly sides—the most westerly one comparatively smooth and composed of rounded stones. The easterly one, on the contrary, is very rough and covered by irregular blocks, many of large size and still angular, showing that they have but recently fallen from the cliffs above. This beach is very difficult to land on; but the other presents no great difficulty in ordinary weather. The top of the rock cannot, however, be reached from either of them. The only spot from which at present the ascent can be made, is the rocky

point between the two beaches. This has, probably, from the yielding nature of the rock, altered materially since Audubon's visit. At present it would be impossible to haul a boat up, from want of space. The landing is very difficult at all times, as it is necessary to jump from a boat, thrown about by the surf, on to the inclined surface of the ledge, rendered slippery by the fuci which cover it, and bounded towards the rock by a nearly vertical face. The landing once effected, the first part of the ascent is comparatively easy, being over large fragments and broad ledges; but the upper part is both difficult and dangerous, as in some places the face of the rock is vertical for eight or ten feet, and the projecting ledges very narrow, and the rock itself so soft that it cannot be trusted to, and in addition rendered slippery by the constant trickling from above, and the excrements of the birds that cover it in every direction.

"Since Audubon's time the fishery, which was carried on extensively in the neighborhood of Bryon Island, has failed—or at least is less productive than on the North shore; and I am inclined to think that at present the birds are but little disturbed, and that consequently their number, particularly of the Guillemots, has much increased. There was no appearance of any recent visit on the top of the rock,

and though after making the ascent it was obvious that others had preceded us, still the traces were so faint that it was several hours before we succeeded in finding the landing-place. The birds breeding there, at the time of our visit, were Gannets, Puffins, three species of Guillemots, Razor-billed Auks, and Kittiwakes. These birds are all mentioned by Audubon, with the exception of Brännich's Guillemot, con-founded by him with the common species. No other breeding-place on our shore is so remarkable at once for the number and variety of the species occupying it.

"Of the seven species mentioned, I am not aware that three, namely, the Kittiwake and the Bridled and Brännich's Guillemot, are known to breed at any other place south of the Straits of Belle Isle; of the remaining four, two, the Foolish Guillemot and Razor-billed Auk, are found at many other places and in large numbers; the Puffin in much greater abundance on the North shore, particularly at the Perroquet Islands, near Mingan and Bras d'Or; the Gannet at only two other points in the Gulf—at Percé Rock near Gaspé, which is perhaps even more remarkable than Gannet Rock, but is at present inaccessible; and at Gannet Rock near Mingan, which will soon be deserted by those birds in consequence of the depredations of the fisherman."

*(To be continued.)*

## THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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## CHAPTER V.

The autumn continued unusually fine—the days warm and sunshiny and the nights free from frost. The breath of summer seemed loth to give place to the icy winds of winter. The young men of the town, taking advantage of this weather, planned an excursion down the river to a noted and beautiful hunting-ground. They were to go by steamer, and as the pleasure of the day would not be complete without them, they were to ask their lady friends. Mabel declined going; her deep mourning for her sister, and her anxiety for her father and brother decided her in doing so; but Mrs. Allan and Lucy accompanied Edgar.

Early in the morning the party from the rectory set out in great spirits—an opposite neighbor and intimate friend of Edgar's being with them.

This young man, John Robertson, was his mother's favorite son, and for him she had sacrificed the comfort of the rest of her family. He was gay, called "good company," could sing the best comic song, or move to tears with a plaintive one; was an excellent instrumental player—indeed there were few things in which he did not excel; but he was scarcely ever free from the influence of liquor.

Mabel's attention was particularly attracted to Mrs. Robertson that morning. For long after the party drove off she stood straining her eyes down the road they had gone. As she was about to turn into the house her eye rested on a flower, which her son had thrown away when arranging a few for his button-hole. Quickly picking up the half-crushed pansy, she gave one more look down the street, and returned to her house.

But Mabel soon forgot Mrs. Robertson

and her pansy in something that was troubling her mind.

The evening previous, Edgar, contrary to his usual practice, came into the drawing-room after dinner and asked her to play some particular pieces of music. She would willingly have gratified him, had it been at a less sacrifice of feeling; but the pieces he named she had last played in her sunny home in the South, before the war-note had sounded through the land, and she felt she could not break the spell that associated them with the past. Pleading headache, which she really felt, she retired to her room. Not long after she heard the hall-door close, and Kitty running up the stairs.

"Miss Rivers, may I come in? Didn't I tell you Mr. Edgar would be a callin' you a hippercrit? I was in the back hall when he was a goin' out, an' he said to Mr. Fred, 'She's just like the rest, a cantin' hippercrit. Why couldn't she 'a given a little music an' made home pleasant for a feller for once—but no—she has a headache.' Now, Miss Rivers, sure as I live, he'll go to one of them saloons an' come home tight at twelve. You listen, an' you'll hear him as the clock strikes, an' it all comes of your not playin'."

About twelve Mabel did hear him come in. His father met him in the hall, and she heard him say in his usual clear and never-varying tones,—

"How long is this going to continue? You not only disgrace yourself but all connected with you."

A hiccupped reply, too inaudible to be known, then,—

"I tell you what it is, if you cannot drink like a gentleman you shall not drink at all."

She heard no more, but after this fell into a troubled sleep of a few hours.

Early in the morning when the day was faintly breaking, she was awakened by the sound of voices in the little garden in front of the house. By the dim light she barely discerned the forms of Edgar and his friend of the opposite house. Through the closed window she overheard one of them say,—

"We'll miss the boat, and make another day of it."

And the other's reply,—

"I have taken care to secure plenty of brandy."

In a few moments after the hall door opened and some one came in.

Mabel did not again seek rest, for Mrs. Allan, who was always an early riser, soon had the household aroused, and she busied herself in helping her to make preparations for the day's excursion. Several times she was on the point of telling her what she had overheard, for she feared the young men's abandoning themselves to drink, on those dangerous hunting-grounds, where so many had come to a sudden end, while in a state of unconsciousness; but she knew she would treat the matter with indifference, and to tell Mr. Allan would be simply,—

"Edgar, do not forget to-day that you are a gentleman, and be sure and be home with your mother and Lucy."

After they were gone, she doubted whether she had done what was right in concealing it. She sat down, and thinking over it and her conduct of the night before, buried her face in her hands and wept. Perhaps in the former she had failed in her duty—in the latter, to gratify self by the indulgence of what she had called natural, but now morbid feeling, she had caused Edgar to doubt the reality of her religion, perhaps even chilled his yearning for a better life. She wept warm tears of repentance, and after seeking grace to overcome, and help ever to remember she was not her own, but blood-bought, she anew dedicated herself to the Lord.

When she rose from her knees, she went down to the drawing-room, and played the pieces, lively and sad, that she was sentimentally laying on the shelves of the past. She felt better after doing it. Then she began to plan how she would spend the day without her little pupil.

Unconsciously the child had twined her-

self round her heart. She clung to her with so much love, and looked for sympathy and advice in almost everything, that she could not help loving her in return. Besides, Lucy was old-fashioned far beyond her years, and almost a companion for her. Mabel felt she could talk to her about the great war, and tell her her anxieties about her father and brother; to the rest, she could only speak in a general way, as the newspapers wrote. Indeed, with the exception of Fred, they took very little interest in the struggle that was separating families and rending the heart of a great nation.

About noon the old sexton came up carrying a bunch of violets for Miss Rivers, and to ask if Kitty were doing any better, and if she had "any hopes of her."

"I do not think she is worse than other children who have been neglected," Mabel replied to his enquiries.

Lawson thought this word "neglected," a fine way of expressing reflection, and said,—

"I have allers done my best to bring her up right; but she would do wrong. It a kind ov comes nat'ral to my children."

Mabel smiled.

"I think it comes natural to us all. Kitty is full of life and spirits, and to be plain with you is at present a great trial to her mistress—a daily cross."

"A cross, Miss?" and the honest face looked puzzled.

"You know what I mean by a cross."

"Yes, I seed one to-day afore that poor man Jerry O'Brien's funeral."

"That is not the kind of a cross I mean. You know, Lawson, we have all got something to bear, something we would rather be without, but which we must carry; sometimes it is one thing, and sometimes another, but whatever it is, it is always just what we would not choose, because it pricks our flesh, and humbles us."

"Miss, I be a simple man. I wish my son Jack could hear—he be learned. The master says he be uncommon smart, an' he's ago in to put him in the highest class, an' he only fourteen."

"He must be clever."

The father's face was all aglow now.

"An' you say my Kitty be a cross?"

"You must not think I am complaining! of her, Lawson; but she pays little regard to what anyone says, except the cook. And she often tries me by bursting into my room at any hour, and looking around her, sings out, 'Miss Rivers, what be you adoin'?' and runs off before I have time to detain her. This conduct exercises my patience; and whatever does that is a cross."

"I be very blind, but I see now."

"I am sure you have one, Lawson."

"Oh! a powerful heavy one," and he sat down as though he felt its weight crushing him—"so heavy that one day it'll kill me."

"It must be very heavy."

"It is, it is. Bob, an' Jack, an' Kitty is all breakin' my heart. Bob went off this mornin' to the shanties, an' he went by my door in the waggon, singin' an' shoutin' an' swearin', cause I couldn't give him money. Swearin' at me, his old father! Well, it be one comfort, the town'll be red ov him for one while. But he'll be drown'd—I know he will."

"You must not look on the dark side, but pray and hope for him."

"I'd hope if I could, an' I'd pray if I dared, but he be too uncommon wicked."

"The very reason you should pray for him" (he shook his head). "It was sinners Jesus came to save."

"I knowed that—Mr. Allan reads, and the folk say, 'Have mercy on us miserable sinners.' An' if grand rich folk acall themselves that, he can't be one."

"Lawson! Lawson! Are you the sexton of a Christian church, taking part Sunday after Sunday in its Scriptural services, and listening to the preaching of the Word, and yet so ignorant of what we all are by nature?"

"I be ignorant, Miss, that's what I be; but I do my dooty, and watches the folk, an' be proud when they mind Mr. Allan, an' says the 'Amens.' An' I allers says my own prayers an' be honest through the week."

"And do you do nothing more? Do you never pray for your children?"

"I do, when I be greatly worried about them. The cry akind of comes out afore I know, an' I alle<sup>s</sup> ask pardon for it."

Mabel, astonished at the man's ignorance, went forward to the table and opened Mr. Allan's family Bible. The chapter that opened was the crucifixion of our Lord.

"Lawson, who put our Saviour to death?"

"The Jews."

"What kind of men were they? Decent church-going ones, who were zealous in good works, or street sinners who drank and cursed and swore?"

"Well, Miss, they be both; for the chief priests be the wust, for they akind of put up the common people to cry, 'Crucify Him.'"

"Then were they great sinners? Remember they went regularly to the temple and with loud voices sang praises."

"Yes, they be great sinners."

"Was there any mercy for them? Let me read 47th verse of the 24th Luke. You see, after they had shown all the spite, and done all the ill-will they could, how, after He was risen, He commanded His disciples to begin at Jerusalem—the very place where they lived—and preach to *them* repentance and remission of sins. Now, can your children be worse than those Jews?"

He thought awhile.

"I don't quite see."

"They cannot, and if they were, Christ's blood is sufficient for them. His blood cleanses from all sin. Therefore, while you have breath, you should pray for them; for God is a prayer-hearing God, and He alone can incline their hearts to what is good. Besides, He has commanded us to make prayers and intercessions for all men—and surely all men includes your sons."

"Yes; it must, it must. An' you say He hears prayer?"

"Yes."

"An' you be sure He'd hear me?"

"When the poor and the needy cry He hears; and are you not both?"

"I be poor an' needy, that's what I be. An' I'll pray for them, though the devil has them now. I'll pray."

After Lawson left, Mabel found new opportunity for putting her morning's decision, of living more for others, into practice. A man—a Frenchman—called



for Mr. Allan to go and see his wife, who was very ill—dying it was thought; but he was from home, having left that morning to administer the Sacrament to a sick woman in the country, and would not return before night. Mabel suggested a minister of another denomination.

"No, no; he—Miste Allan—my wife's minister. Mine de priest; he'll come."

What else could she propose.

"Oh!" she thought, "if I knew even the names of some of the Christian men or women of our congregation, I could send him to them."

But they were all unknown to her. The few she met since coming to Oakboro' were worldly people, to whom visiting the sick would be strange work. She asked his address, and after promising to tell Mr. Allan the moment of his return, sent the man away.

His earnest, care-worn face, together with her anxieties about a fellow-creature's soul, troubled her so much that she could not rest. Taking Kitty for protector and guide, she was soon across the wooden bridge that spans the lovely Wamba River, and after threading her way through the outskirts of the town, found the house. And such a house! A miserable shanty with a pile of vegetable refuse, broken glass, and dead leaves lying at the door.

As she entered, a heap of potatoes, with a boy asleep, leaning against it, met her view. A carpet of decaying cabbage leaves sprinkled the floor—which was thick with accumulated dirt,—a cooking-stove in the middle of the room, four or five chairs, and a table, together with a shelf by the window, on which stood some pieces of delf, and three good decanters, completed the furniture. A half-glass door, which led to a back room, was shut, and a newspaper pinned across it.

Her heart failed her as she stood in the room. She was alone; for Kitty would not enter, lest, as she said, she would soil her boots, but was already in the opposite fields chasing some children at play.

Her courage revived as through the thin partition came the sound of a sweet voice in prayer, and the faint responses from the sickbed. Then there was a pause, and she feared to move a step, for the stillness of

it reached her heart. It was broken by the opening of the door, and a lady came out, her eyes red with weeping.

"Miss Rivers, she is gone."

"Dead?"

"Yes; did you see her husband?"

The man now came in from the yard, a pipe in his mouth, which he had been "smoking for sorrow."

Mabel followed into the sick-room. A bed reached from wall to wall. On the foot of it sat a little girl about ten years of age, a sleeping baby in her arms. As her father entered, she raised her head, smiled, and pointed to the infant. Evidently she was thinking more of its comfort than of the dead mother beside her.

"Fat I do for her?" asked the man, pointing to his wife, "I've no money."

The young ladies gave him what they had about them, and after promising to do what they could, left the house.

When they found themselves on the street, Miss Lewis introduced herself as the niece of Mr. Roy of Hollywood, and expressed pleasure at the interest Miss Rivers was taking in the Lambert family; for that almost everyone felt discouraged about them.

"Why?" asked Mabel, "are they so hopeless?"

"They are all, with the exception of the father (who is a hard working man,) so idle and thriftless, that it seems like throwing away to give them anything. He, poor man, met with an accident a short time ago, and lost the use of an arm. Since then he has been doing odd jobs, trying to make money enough to start a whiskey shop."

"A whiskey shop!" repeated Mabel, looking around; "I should think there is no want of them here."

"We have been trying to dissuade him from it. I was hoping some one would take up a subscription to buy a horse for him, and he could turn carter. Poor man! I do not know what he will do now with those six children. Of course his wife was not much help to him, for though well meaning enough, she had no idea of management. Different ladies have sent her parcels of clothing, and from thriftlessness she has let them be worn as they were

sent, too large, or too small, as the case might be."

"Could not something be made of the little girl?"

"We have tried until we are quite disheartened. She can neither read, sew, nor knit. Last winter I offered to teach her, if she would come to me an hour a day; but 'mother wanted me,' or 'mother sent me a message,' or 'I forgot,' until I gave her up in despair; but perhaps, Miss Rivers, you can do something. I often think where one fails, another coming in works upon their foundation and succeeds."

"I do not know," said Mabel, "what I could do. Has the woman no relations?"

"Yes, a mother, who has promised to come and live with them, but she is a drunken creature, and will be even a worse example to the children than their own. If that little Maria were only industrious and clean, there would be some hope of the younger ones; but she is the reverse. But, indeed, she is not the only one—my experience here among the poor (and there are a great many of them) is anything but encouraging."

"Would you not find mission schools, such as they have in large cities, a benefit to such people?"

"I never thought of them. No doubt they would. Do you know how they are formed and conducted?"

"The town is divided into districts, and the ladies visiting these collect the children of the poor into a room, about once a week, where they teach them to knit and sew; some one, meanwhile, fixing their attention with an interesting and profitable book. Then, when they have made some proficiency, they are taught to alter and cut out."

"The plan is an excellent one. But there is a drawback to it in Canada. So few would take advantage of it, they would associate it with charity."

"I have thought of that. Let the ladies interested bring their daughters, and it will encourage the poor, and perhaps benefit them."

After a moment's thought, Miss Lewis asked,—

"Will you mention it to Mrs. Allan? and I will speak to my friends."

"I would much rather you would; for I have already spoken of it to her, and she rather discourages me."

"To-morrow I will try and see her—although we have had so little intercourse at the rectory lately that I almost hesitate."

As soon as Miss Lewis left her (her path lay in an opposite direction) Mabel looked around for Kitty. But she was nowhere to be seen. All the "chased children," who were still enjoying themselves in the fields, could say was, "She's run off."

She dreaded walking across the long dark bridge with the low line of taverns at either end. When she reached it, the shadows from the Prince's-feather shaped oaks, which grew on the opposite bank of the river, had stretched across the water, and the sunset and the moonlight blended in the air. When in the middle of the bridge a chill of fear crept over her, as she saw a figure coming towards her; but what was her delight, on approaching nearer, to find it the old sexton followed by Kitty. Before she was near enough to speak, the old man began,—

"I'm afeard Kitty be a cross to you too. I just found her runnin' off with some boys an' I hid her for leavin' you."

Kitty's eyes were very red as she looked up and said,—

"My skin's got wonderful soft."

"Lawson, I thought you had given up whipping her"

"I have. This is the last time I will ever raise a hand to her. I broke the rawhide on her, and there it be now," and he produced the two pieces from behind his back, and threw them into the river.

Late that evening, Mabel sat in the Rectory drawing-room waiting the return of the excursionists. In the opposite house sat Mrs. Robertson, knitting; a large wood fire, blazing on the hearth behind her, threw her figure in full relief against the window. Between her and it stood a round table set for supper.

Mabel noticed how often she laid down her needles and, pressing her face against the window glass, looked out.

"She, too," she thought, "is watching for them. How nice and cheerful her home looks! I wish Canadians were not

so ceremonious. How much more sociable, if, instead of a street and two windows between us, she and I would watch together. Now, if I were in the South, I would run over and say, 'Dear Mrs. Robertson, let us keep each other company and the time won't appear so long,' but here one never gets beyond a bow or 'How do you do.' It may be my own fault; they seem sociable enough among themselves. I have cared so little for society since coming here that, perhaps, it cares as little for me. Still, it is a little lonely meeting people every day and knowing no one. I wonder who that Miss Lewis is—at least what sort of a person she is—for she told me her uncle is Mr. Roy, of Hollywood, and Mrs. Allan has not left me ignorant of him. There is one thing certain about her—she is a Christian. The first I have met (she checked herself)—the first person I have met who reminds me of home."

The word "home" conjured up such a picture that a mist rose before her eyes and her fringed eyelids dropped. Had Mrs. Robertson been looking over she would have seen her move away from the window. In another hour she was asleep with traces of tears on her cheeks.

The striking of twelve by the old-fashioned clock in the hall did not awaken her. It only fell on her ear as the music of her sister's song; for her spirit, restless among strangers, had wandered to her Southern home. Her father's house was before her, herself bounding up the steps to clasp her mother, and be in turn caught and kissed by father, brother and sister.

The scene changed to the sweet hour of evening—rich and mellow in the sunset—and found her in the long, low drawing-room, which ran from front to back of the house, sitting at the piano, her sister standing beside her, their voices blending in song; her mother—her busy hands resting with the day—sitting at an open window, watching her father talking with the black overseer in the lawn; her brother, smoking a cigar, leaning against the trellised verandah, which was rich with roses, honeysuckle and woodbine.

The scene was complete. Alice's song ceased when the last stroke of the clock died away, and Mabel awoke—not suddenly

but slowly—and found herself in the Oakboro' Rectory, the loved sister forever gone from earth, and father and brother in hourly danger of their lives.

She was fully aroused by the sound of wheels coming thundering along the stone-paved streets. In a moment she was in the hall. Kitty, half asleep, ran down to ask, "Be they come, Miss Rivers? an' is Mr. Edgar all right?"

"Run away to bed. Your mistress won't be pleased to see you up."

She held the door-handle in her hand. Mrs. Robertson had her door wide open, letting a flood of lamplight fall out on the street.

"Miss Rivers, where is my husband?" asked Mrs. Allan the moment she alighted.

"Not yet returned!" she repeated after Mabel. "Who will break the news to her?"

"What news?"

Mrs. Allan did not answer. Lucy, pale as marble and looking frightened, stood beside her; Edgar, thoroughly sober, was silently bringing in the wraps from the omnibus.

"Lucy, will you tell me what is wrong?"

Mabel's heart sank. Was her father or her brother dead, or were they both?

"Poor Mrs. Robertson!" Mrs. Allan began. (The words were a relief. The blow was for her neighbor—not for her.) "That unfortunate young man is drowned!"

Great as was the relief she experienced a moment before, the announcement gave her such a shock that for some time she was unable to speak.

Lucy now said:—

"Edgar and he wanted to stay on the Island but the captain would not let them; and when Carrie Robertson and I were watching the dancing, he fell overboard, and they shouted, 'A man overboard!' Then mamma came, and Carrie said she was sure it was John, and cried, 'O mother! mother!' and fainted. And she fainted every little while until we got to the wharf; then she began to run about and cry. 'Oh! how shall I go home to mother without him?'"

When Mr. Allan returned—early in the morning—his first errand was to the house of mourning. With all his faults, he never neglected what he considered duty; but

Mrs. Robertson had gone. In her grief she could not remain in her comfortable home while her son's body was unfound. Carrie said she had left with the men to search for him, or to meet him; for she clung to the hope that he had swam ashore.

Towards evening the body was found. Mrs. Robertson returned to her house and tried to nerve herself and Carrie to receive it; but the sight of the flower in his button-hole, which he had been so careful to place there the morning before, unnerved them, and they fell on the floor in a swoon.

Mrs. Robertson was not a religious woman. She lived in and for the world. Beyond its advantages she neither looked nor taught her children to look. Now that the other world had opened for her son, her grief at his loss was exceeded by wailings for his soul. One friend and another tried to pour in comfort; but she only shook her head.

"The body is there, but where is *he*?"

Mr. Allan stood beside her.

"These doubts are unchristian."

"I am no Christian; I have neglected every duty; I never told my boy he had a soul, and now he exists to curse me. I know it, I know it."

"Dear afflicted friend, listen to the consolation the Church offers."

"The Church! I have trusted his soul to the Church. What can it offer now?"

Unheeding the bitter tone of these words Mr. Allan continued:—

"When he was an infant you brought him to the font; there he was baptized in the waters of regeneration, and received the germs of the new birth. These were fostered and kept alive by attendance on the means of grace,—"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Robertson, "he was a regular attendant at church."

"And is not that an evidence of what I say? Then, though you allowed boyhood to pass into manhood before you brought him up for strengthening grace from the Bishops' hands, yet as the Church never says 'Too late,' three months ago he presented himself for the rite of confirmation, and was received, thus receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit afresh; and one month ago he knelt at the Holy Communion; and, dear friend, what more comfort

would you have? Do you think after the Lord's publicly accepting him thrice, He would cast him aside in his hour of need?"

"Could I but take the hope you offer, I would willingly give up the dear boy."

"And you cannot take it, because of unbelief. Am I not a priest of the Lord? Would I stand here to deceive, by speaking what is not true? No, if there is anything in God's ordinances in His own Church, you have reason to hope."

Several persons were present during this interview. Mabel and Lucy were in an adjoining room mingling their tears with Carrie's in her sad bereavement. When Mr. Allan spoke, his voice was so distinct that it reached them.

"Oh!" said Carrie, "if mother could only believe that—could be satisfied about that—it would not be so dreadful" (Mabel looked distressed). "May she believe it, Miss Rivers? Oh! tell me, may she?"

"Dear Carrie, let us hope he is saved," was all she could say. The little girl's face, bright with her new hope, clouded, and she sobbed,

"Poor John!"

Mabel's heart was yearning to speak the hope she dared not. Some one near her whispered,

"It will do no harm to the dead, and greatly comfort the living."

The temptation was strong; putting her arm around Carrie, she led her to her minister, saying,

"He knew your brother—he knew his life," and then returned to the rectory.

She wished she had not gone over. She had done no good by it, but only damped a hope, and was pained by listening to unscriptural doctrines, which she feared were sinking into the hearts of the hearers, leading them to build on a foundation that would never bear them.

Lucy soon followed her.

(To be continued.)

—  
"BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I  
AM GOD."  
—

"Come in, won't you," said Mrs. Euston, as through her open door she saw Mrs. Olney, the only one among all the ladies in the great summer boarding house who had specially attracted her, pass through the hall, looking fresh and sweet as the

morning itself, in her cool white dress. “Come in, please. I wish you would make yourself comfortable in that big easy chair, and spend the morning with me. Can’t you? Excuse my impertinence, but you suit me exactly, I don’t know why.” Mrs. Olney laughed pleasantly. “Thanks for the compliment,” she said; “I will accept your invitation for a little while; but it is Sunday, you know—”

“Now, my dear,” interrupted Mrs. Euston with a laugh, half amused, half contemptuous; “do you really mean to say that you—an intelligent, educated woman, well-read, and conversant with society, have remained narrow enough to be a *Sabbatarian*? Do you mean to say that anything which is perfectly innocent in itself becomes wrong if it chance to be done on Sunday? Why, I thought ‘the better the day the better the deed!’”

“Mrs. Olney thought a moment, and then said quietly, “It is disobedience to use the Lord’s day for work which is not necessary, and for which we have plenty of other time.”

“Disobedience?” broke in Mrs. Euston in a questioning tone. “Oh, I know what you mean. An infringement of one of the Commandments. But, my dear, do you really and truly accept the Bible as the rule of your conduct and arbiter of your opinions?”

“I have never found a better,” answered Mrs. Olney.

Mrs. Euston’s eyes sought her friend’s face with a wistful musing gaze. Calm and pure and fair it was as a white lily, full of that “peace which passeth understanding.” It passed that of the skeptical woman of the world now, and she said with a half sigh:

“And you seem always so restful, so free from care. Your very presence is soothing to me—so much of my life is spent in a sort of feverish wearisome round—and I notice your influence produces a harmonizing effect wherever you are. What is it? Were you not gifted by nature with a singularly calm and sweet temperament, or is it indeed what your preachers call ‘the work of grace’? Do forgive what seems like impertinence and believe that I am asking in all humility.”

A slight flush colored the placid fairness of Mrs. Olney’s cheek, but she answered simply, “I am afraid nature never did less for any one than she did for me. As a child I was passionate and selfish; as a girl irritable, jealous, exacting. It was not until my proud spirit was checked by great affliction that I began to look within myself and learn what manner of creature I was. Then, thank God, I was led to look out again and up to the cross of Christ. I cannot feel that I deserve your praises; indeed it has never occurred to me that I

possessed much influence of any kind; but if there is any good in me it is the work of the Spirit, and by the grace of God I am what I am.”

Mrs. Euston listened thoughtfully to these simple fervent words, and still regarded her friend with that musing melancholy gaze. Presently she said: “I see you really believe it, and I would not seek to disturb your sweet trust for the world. I covet such a faith for myself beyond all gifts. It must be such a comfort to be able to leave one’s-self quietly in the hands of an all-wise and all-powerful Friend, sure that He watches while you sleep, and that whatever happens to you is ordered by Him in wisdom and love. Yes! I don’t wonder that the soul which has such a belief as this preserves its calmness, its noble poise. I wish it were possible for me to share it.”

“And why should it not be, dear Mrs. Euston?” asked Mrs. Olney earnestly. “You seem to understand it so thoroughly—to appreciate its blessings so fully—why not take it into your own soul and live upon it?”

The elder lady smiled, half sadly, half sarcastically: “My dear, I cannot,” said she. “I have not your simplicity—your credulity, if you will pardon the word. I cannot believe in your God any more than I can in Santa Claus. There are things in the Bible which my intellect and my reason absolutely refuse to credit—and indeed, I marvel how any mind larger than a child’s can consent to admit them.”

“Thou hast spoken—I believe,  
Though the oracle be sealed—”

said Mrs. Olney reverently. “I do not deny that there is much in the Bible which was a hard saying to me. But oh, there is so much more that is comforting, that is precious, that is divine! What should we have for chart or compass on this wild ocean of life, if we cast away the Bible? And why need we fret about what we cannot understand, when the way of eternal life is made so plain in it? Oh, I wish I could persuade you to seek the faith you lack, where it can be found. It is a gift of God, like every other blessing we have.”

Her sweet eyes filled with tears, as she rose and approached her friend—her whole form eloquent with earnest pleading. But Mrs. Euston shook her head and laughed, to conceal the emotion she did not choose to show. “You’re a dear good little thing,” she said, “I thank you truly—you know that, in spite of my nonsense; but, dear, none of your pretty logic nor your sweet persuasion can reach my skeptical mind. It is simply not constituted to believe what you do—and there we had better end it. What? must you go? Well, don’t consider me quite hardened. I have faith in

you, at least, good little Samaritan. Do come in again."

It had been very hot all day, and towards afternoon it became stifling. One great cloud curtained the heaven with blackness, lit up occasionally with fierce leaping flashes of lightning. An incessant low rumble of thunder filled the air—but suddenly gave place to a wild rushing sound as though all the winds of heaven were battling together. Another moment and the tornado was out in all its mad fury; the house shook to its foundations; the windows rattled, and pane after pane of glass was dashed into the rooms, letting in the torrent-like rain. Broad branches, torn from the trees, went crashing to the ground; the darkened air was filled with flying leaves; great hailstones clattered like bullets upon the roof; the thunder pealed in terrific tones, and the lightning, now become incessant, made one sheet of living fire.

It was a fearful scene, full at once of terror and of sublimity. The people in the house huddled together in the parlor, half frightened, half filled with admiring awe. The children shrieked at each new crash of boughs or boom of thunder, and all within and without was confusion, apprehension and excitement. Mrs. Olney stood at the window of her own room, looking out upon the conflict of the elements, and softly saying within herself, "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord of Hosts!" The door opened, and Mrs. Euston advanced into the room. She looked rather excited, but said with an effort at raillery:

"Well, my little saint, I have come to see how your faith supports you in this really trying hour. What? calm and confident as ever? Do you know that there is real and imminent danger? The house may be struck at any moment. Are you really not alarmed?"

"My times are in His hand," said Mrs. Olney, turning towards her friend a countenance pale but composed. Then, as a still more frightful crash of thunder hurtled through the darkened air, she exclaimed, "Oh, does not even that say to you, *Be still, and know that I am God?*" And she turned away, with an earnest prayer that her friend's hardness of heart might not be punished by some terrible visitation of Providence.

That prayer of love and faith was answered. A few months afterward Mrs. Euston came to visit Mrs. Olney in the city.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that frightful tornado in the summer? I shall never forget it. The power of God, as manifested then, and your simple reliance upon Him and submission to His will, made an impression on me which, struggle as I would, I could never efface. Blessed be His name, I now can say with you, *I know that He is God.*"—*Am. Messenger.*

## ALCOHOLIC MEDICATION.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

There is no topic more important now to the temperance cause than that of alcoholic medication. It is very difficult to persuade many people of the injurious effects of intoxicating drinks, and of the danger of the drinking habit, while physicians continue the practice of indiscriminate prescription of alcoholics. This is sometimes carried to so great an extent as to produce the impression that the doctors consider alcohol, like some quack medicines, a universal specific.

A gentleman in England whom I was visiting told me that, being unwell some years before, his doctor, among other matters, prescribed regular and free doses of port wine. "But, doctor," said my friend, "I am a teetotaler, and do not like to take wine; and, besides, I do not believe in it, even as a medicine." "Your teetotalism is all very well," replied the doctor; "but in this case, as a medicine, you must take wine. There is nothing else that will answer the purpose, and I do not see the way to your recovery without it. If I am to have the responsibility of treating your case, you must yield to my judgment; if you decline to do that, you must employ some other physician." "Well, doctor, if you insist upon the wine as a medicine, you must furnish it, for I will not send to the public house for it." And so the doctor sent bottles of what he called port wine to the patient's house. At the regular intervals, by direction of the patient, his wife transferred the prescribed quantity from the full bottle to another; and so the wine treatment went on for weeks, until the patient was well. At his last visit the doctor said: "I hope now you are convinced that alcohol has its place, where it will do good—if not as a drink, certainly as a medicine; for I may tell you now, as I didn't at the time, that your case was critical. I was in doubt as to the result, and there was nothing to meet it but alcohol. You could not have recovered without it."

"Wife, hand down those bottles," said my friend; and she did. "There, doctor!" he continued, "is all the wine you sent here, and I have not taken a drop of it. My opinion remains the same. I have no faith in alcoholic medication."

The doctor went away in deep displeasure at what he considered the trick that had been passed upon him; and especially, perhaps, that the alcoholic theory was at fault in this case.

I was visiting for some days an eminent physician in the West of Scotland, and the conversation turned upon this point. The doctor said that a neighbor and friend of

his went to London on business, and had the misfortune to break a leg. He was a young man of twenty-eight years, strong and healthy, and should have recovered promptly from his hurt. He was taken to a famous London hospital, where he remained several weeks, and then was taken to his home, and my friend was called in. The doctor said that no union whatever had taken place in the broken bone. A cartilage was formed over the ends, epilepsy had been induced, and the patient died four days after his return home; and all from the excessive alcoholization to which he had been subjected at the hospital.

The physician from whom I had this story is one of the most eminent medical men in the West of Scotland, and he stigmatizes the indiscriminate prescription of alcohol by the profession as quackery. A few years ago, Professor Laycock, of the Edinburgh College of Surgeons, delivered a lecture in that city, in which he defended the use of alcohol; and the doctor to whom I allude delivered, in the same hall, a lecture in reply to the Professor, in which he demonstrated before the audience the mischievous effects of alcoholization. This passage between the doctors was famous at the time, and occupied the English and Scotch papers largely.

We should be slow to believe that the profession would persist in any mischievous practice, did not those of us whose hair is already gray remember very well the old days when no water was permitted to patients sick with fever, when their beds were heaped with blankets, windows and doors kept closed, and the victims were saturated with hot sage tea. One of the oldest and most respectable physicians, in New England told me this story: "He was a student with the most eminent medical man in Massachusetts at the beginning of this century. It was 'haying time,' and the master had a farmer patient sick with typhoid fever. Master and student visited him in the hot summer's evening, and found him at the last gasp. He could not survive the night—raging heat, parched mouth and throat, not a drop of water! That night a neighboring farmer, weary with a long, hard day's work, was the watcher; and he fell soon into a profound sleep. The patient took advantage of the situation, arose quietly and made his way to the water-pail in the kitchen, and returned quietly to the bed. In the morning the student called, as a matter of mere ceremony; the famous doctor didn't, 'because the patient was dead, no doubt.' But the patient *wasn't!* Much to the astonishment of the student, he learned that the patient yet lived. He went in. Pulse soft, skin moist—patient clearly out of the jaws of death. How's this? And so the story of the sleeping watcher and of the

water-pail was told him. If that watcher had been awake, he would have resisted the patient by force, if need were; and so the poor patient would have died miserably, begging for a little water. Now, said my friend the doctor, strange as it may seem, it was many years after that incident before the profession began to suspect their mistake in the no-water practice, and to allow water freely to fever patients."

It isn't many years ago that bleeding in scarlet fever was the regular practice in dealing with that disease in those days—the terror of every family having small children. One of the most respectable physicians in Maine told me this story: Like all other regular practitioners, he bled his scarlet fever patients and they died; they utterly refused to survive that treatment. He changed his practice in that particular, and his patients recovered. At one time, when scarlet fever was all through the country, among the children, he spoke to a friend of his, Dr. P., known very well to me, about the practice of bleeding, advising him not to do it. But Dr. P. objected that the "books" prescribed it. "That's true," said Dr. J., my informant, "that's true. But my habit has always been to watch closely the effect of my practice, and, whenever I find myself unsuccessful, to discover the cause if possible, and not to follow the books blindly. I found my scarlet fever patients could not rally under the bleeding practice; and so I forebore to bleed, and found myself much more successful. Now the death of one is the exception; but under the lancet the recovery of one was the exception." But Dr. J. remarked that his friend Dr. P. continued to follow the books. Scarlet fever entered his own family of three small children, and the father conscientiously killed them all with the lancet.

And now the profession alcoholizes everybody for almost every disease, real or imaginary; and the practice, as many think, is far worse and more disastrous in its results than the old, old practice of excluding water and air from patients sick of typhoid and bleeding those who are suffering with scarlet fever. I know a doctor now—an eminent practitioner, well read, and furthest possible from a quack—who follows to some extent the universal custom of alcoholizing his patients. Why, what can he do? It is in the books. Everybody does it. How can he resist the current—the fashion? A friend of his fell sick of consumption, a brother doctor, living far away; and, as usual, the physicians in the neighborhood were anxious to do their best for their friend and brother, and, among other remedies, prescribed whisky, the panacea in such cases. The patient wrote to his friend, the skillful and eminent doctor far away, informing him

that he was laboring under pulmonary difficulties, and that whisky had been prescribed for him, and asking whether it was useful in such cases. His friend replied plainly that he could not see that in any case coming under his observation any benefit had been derived from it.

There are many eminent medical authorities in this country and in Europe who disapprove entirely of alcoholic medication, and some of them denounce it in strong terms. It will be interesting to see how surely, though slowly, this view of the effect of alcohol in medical practice is gaining ground in the profession.—*Independent.*

### THE LAKE-DWELLERS OF EUROPE.

BY PROF. HENRY M. BAIRD.

Some of the most interesting results which the researches of antiquarians have recently attained are those that throw light upon the habits and modes of life of the earliest inhabitants of Europe who have left behind them any trace of their existence. The most ancient of profane historians, Herodotus, when describing a certain tribe of Eastern Europe, against whom the Persians sent a force, mentions among the clans whom the general found himself unable to subdue, the dwellers upon Lake Prasias. "Their manner of life," he says, "is the following: Platforms supported on tall piles stand in the middle of the lake, which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge. At the first, the piles which bear up the platforms were fixed in their places by the whole body of citizens, but since that time the custom that has prevailed about fixing them is this: they are brought from a hill called Orbelus and every man drives in three of them for each wife that he marries. Now the men have all many wives apiece, and this is the way in which they live. Each has his own hut, wherein he dwells, upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trap-door giving access to the lake beneath; and their wont is to tie their baby children by the foot with a string, to save them from rolling into the water. They feed their horses and their other beasts upon fish, which abound in the lake to such a degree that a man has only to open his trap-door and to let down a basket by a rope into the water, and then to wait a very short time, when he draws it up quite full of them."

Doubtless the majority of readers of this account a few years ago regarded it as an extravagant story which the credulity of the writer had allowed him to insert in his

great work. What would their astonishment have been had they been informed that the singular mode of life here described as practised upon a solitary lake in Posenia, was in fact all but universally prevalent upon the continent. From the lakes and fiords of the Scandinavian peninsulas to Switzerland and the Danube, the earliest inhabitants, driven out by the Celts, have left the traces of their existence. Deep in the muddy bottoms have been found the remains of the piles which once supported their rude huts. In one case the very bridge was discovered that gave them access to the land. The bottom, under and around the dwellings, is found to be strewn with relics of that primitive age. It was before the metals were known. Even copper, the first metal employed for domestic utensils, as well as for implements of war, appears to have been, as yet undiscovered. Coarse burnt clay with scarcely an attempt at ornament, or, when greater strength of material was required, stone and bone roughly shaped, are the substances employed. Antiquarians have therefore denominated this initial period of civilization the "age of stone." Deposits of such articles of rude manufacture, as we have said, often lie several inches deep in the neighborhood of the homes of the lacustrine inhabitants. Mingled with them are the bones of the animals slain and eaten by them; for this strange people depended as much upon the chase as upon fishing for subsistence; while above them is a thick layer of mud in which no implements or bones are to be discovered—a proof of the length of time that has elapsed since the lake-dwellers were swept from the face of the earth.

Thus much we have learned of these strange builders of a remote age. But here our knowledge abruptly ends. We see that they dotted almost every lake and stream in Italy and near the Bosphorus, in Germany and in the distant north, and that everywhere they had a similar type of culture. But who they were, what name they bore, to whom they were related, to what enemies they finally succumbed—these are questions that yet remain unanswered. It is barely possible that further researches may throw some light upon the inquiry. One conclusion is probable that their settlements owed their final destruction to that all-devouring element, fire. At least, in several cases a stratum of burnt or charred timber is found covering the scanty relics which they furnish us of the long period of their existence; but whether accident or a hostile hand kindled the conflagration is uncertain.—*Christian Weekly.*



## Young Folks.



### EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

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

(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER XIV.

There is no sunshine that hath not its shade,  
Nor shadows that the sunshine hath not made,  
There is no cherished comfort of the heart  
That doth not own its tearful counterpart.

Thus, through a perfect balance, constant flow  
The sharp extremes of joy and woe;  
Our sweetest, best repose results from strife,  
And death—what is it, after all, but life?

Slowly but surely the warm days of early summer came creeping on; little pale tufts of grass reared their heads in the quiet corners of the narrow streets and in the wide broken eaves of the tall tumble-down houses; while in the park—the wonder and delight of Effie Hamilton—the leafy trees spread their cooling shade and the fountain sent up its bright refreshing waters. But other and less peaceful scenes attracted the crowds now; they are merged in that regiment of recruits that march down Broadway, and in the throngs of women and children who watch them—the women too often with sad hearts and dim eyes; even they are not wanting in patriotic fervor, and taught their children to shout even in lisping strains, "On to glory!" as father or brother passed by.

How changed all seemed in the busy metropolis! Instead of implements of peace, bayonets and pistols, rifles and swords shone in the shop windows; military uniforms, hats and plumes waved overhead, wherever the eye turned war's accompaniments stared one in the face. And it was not confined to Broadway; if one turned into any of the low streets swarming with children, there were mimic battles going on; amateur regiments, with a band whose chief instrument is a bottomless tin-pan, paraded the narrow pavements, while

shouts and yells of "Long live our glorious Union!" "Down with Secesh!" echoed from the crazy buildings on either side.

How interested now were our two little friends in Nance's newspaper readings; war news weeks old was devoured with avidity, and the energy of Solly seemed bent on procuring news. Once or twice she was even extravagant enough to indulge in' one of the "extras" screaming boys hawked about the streets, yelling their headings in the ear of every passer-by; but Solly would not be cheated either as many a gentleman was; she took care to find that the paper really contained the news professed ere she bought it. Little did any one think in those summer months how long and dreadful would the struggle be between the rival States, how many homes would be desolated, how many tears shed, how many brave and noble men sacrificed. Oh! the terrors of that awful war, where friend raised his hand against friend, and brother fought with brother!

But we will not dwell on its miseries; it brought little change to our friends in the time of which we write; though as years went by and the war raged on, the life of the poor grew harder and harder, rents became higher, food dearer, and alas! the prices given for work less, until the poor sewing-girl often got only six cents for making a shirt and had to find the thread herself. But these sad days had not come yet, and Effie and Solly lived on much as usual, busy all the week, often late into the silent watches of the night, but never missing the Sunday-school; the school they both loved. To Effie it had always been a delight, and Solly even looked upon it as the happy place where she learnt of

Jesus and gained fresh strength to fight "the good fight."

There were days when Lame Willie was suffering too much to go with them, and then Effie would run in on her way home and take the little fellow his library, which she had got his teacher to change, and tell him as much as she could of the lesson, and sing him the hymns they had sung in school. This Effie could always manage, for Nell and the father were always on the spree during the whole of the sweet day of rest, and poor little Willie was alone and often lying in extreme pain on the dirty rags which formed his bed. Oh! how refreshing to the cripple was Effie's presence: how doubly refreshing her precious message. She seemed to him to bring the sunshine with her as she climbed up the broken stair and entered the low, close room. My little readers, cannot you, too, sometimes be "ministering children?"

Miss Clark did not forget her promise; she came once and more than once to see old Nance, nor were her visits fruitless. It is true the ground had been softened for the reception of the precious seed, and more than one ripe grain lodged there through poor Jeanie Hamilton's Christian example, the winning words and child-like prayers of little Effie, and the great change in her old friend Solly, for that was such as even the worldling would testify to as proceeding only from one great cause. But to the Sunday-school teacher came the joy of seeing the first bright fruits appear from the hitherto barren soil, and great were the rejoicings as well in that poor city home as in the courts of heaven, when it could be said of the hitherto sinful and careless woman, "Behold she prayeth!"

Effie was happier now than she had been since that March day when she looked for the last time on the face of her who had been her earthly all; and she and Solly rejoicing in one faith, sang their sweet Sunday-school hymns together as they sat at their work. Poor Solly, she had never been so happy before; her heart fairly sang for joy; she could scarcely keep from singing as she and Effie went home with their work in the warm July evenings.

It was one of these soft moonlight nights that, when the girls reached home, they

found Miss Clark waiting for them. Nance was out, so with her servant behind her, the young lady was walking up and down near the house waiting for the children, for she knew they were always back early.

"I am so glad you've come," she said kindly, as the two ran up, "I was just going away."

"Now yer shouldn't hev come at this time, yer knows you shouldn't; we'll just not let yer stay, we'll walk with yer's out of these parts and then yer kin talk to us; its dark yer see, and yer needn't mind if we hev our old clothes on."

"Now Solly, you know I wouldn't mind being seen with you at any time, but I dare say you're right about the walk; we can talk better too. Come then, one on each side of me."

Taking a hand of each, Miss Clark walked on silently for some minutes.

"Effie," she said at length, "I don't know how to speak to you on what I came about; I know it will cause you and Solly a great deal of sorrow, and yet I think it will be best; it is about a new home I have had offered for you, Effie; a home where I think you would be happy, but it is many, many miles away from here, and you would be far from Solly."

Miss Clark felt poor Solly's hand clasp convulsively around her arm, but the child was silent.

"O! don't take me away from Solly, please don't; we've been so happy together! And she's been so good to me; I don't want any new home if she can't go too!" exclaimed Effie, looking up imploringly with streaming eyes at her teacher.

Again the lady felt the little hands' strong nervous grasp, but still no word from Solly; she looked down to see if she was crying, but could not tell, as the child's face was turned away.

"Well, Solly, what do you say?" she asked after a pause.

"I think she'd jest better go," returned the child, petulantly. "I wouldn't keep her from it."

"Oh, Solly!"

Quickly disengaging herself Solly drew behind them, and with one spring bounded out of sight.

"Oh, we must find her," said Miss Clark

in a choking, distressed voice. "Poor dear Solly."

They retraced their steps, but it was no easy matter to find the runaway; she was quick as a hare, and as they were not yet out of the unlighted part of the city (Miss Clark having purposely chosen retired streets) the moonlight casting its beams on the pavement made the dim nooks under gateways and in the shelter of buildings seem dark as midnight. At length after some seeking, the sounds of suppressed sobs disclosed the hiding-place, and they found poor Solly crouched on a shadowed doorstep weeping bitterly. Effie ran to her, and throwing her arms around her neck, said,

"Oh, Solly, dear Solly, don't cry so. I won't leave you; I won't."

"But you will, and I want yer to go. If you'd only left me alone for a bit till I'd kinder thought it over; I knows it's best. P'raps you don't know," she went on, pushing her long hair back from her face and looking up, "as how I've tried to get yer a comfurther home mor'n once—in the country, too; but I tell yer there's sich an awful lot of sharpers round yer jest can't be too keerful; but if Miss Clark's got this un for you it must be a good un; and I think yer'd better go."

After this no words could be got from Solly, and rising up, she walked on alone, silent yet evidently listening.

"Well, Effie," Miss Clark went on to say, "the gentleman whom I spoke about is not one of the family to whom you would go, if we accepted this offer, but merely a friend commissioned to try and find a little girl who would be quick, honest and neat, whose duty it would be to attend to an invalid lady, read to her, and so on. I thought our Effie might do. You see, Effie dear, you and Solly are very happy together now; but, as you grow older, you would find it harder to earn your daily bread, and a city life would be much worse for you then than now; and one reason why I am anxious for you to go, Effie, is because I think that before long you might find a home for Solly near you, and that would be so nice; though, for my own sake, dear children, I need not say I would so much rather have you here,"

added Miss Clark, drawing Solly back and again taking her hand. "But we will not say anything more now. You shall think about it until to-morrow, and," she added, stooping down tenderly, "we will all ask the dear Saviour, who doeth all things well, to show us His will and make us willing to do it. God bless and comfort you both. Run home now; it is getting late."

The children took each other's hands and ran home without speaking; but as the two lay down to rest—for they could not work that night—each heard the sobs the other vainly tried to stifle. Poor little creatures! their short-lived happiness how soon had it faded away!

#### CHAPTER XV.

Friend after friend departs—  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end.  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown—  
A whole eternity of love  
Form'd for the good alone.

—Montgomery.

The two little girls awoke in the morning with a weary sense of a weight on their young hearts, which we often feel when any unexpected sorrow has newly come upon us. They had scarcely risen when Nance came in. She had been out all night nursing a sick woman who lived a few doors off. Nance always had a predilection for wakes and funerals; but we will hope her visits to the house of mourning now were made in a different spirit and from a higher motive than in days of old. The objects of her charity seemed to think so, at all events, for their verdict was, "Ould Nance wasn't herself at all at all. She was like a parson, so quiet and pious; and shure she never took one drap of whiskey now-a-days at all. She wasn't the same woman—she wasn't." And yet they all seemed to like to have her in their times of need. Almost every family in the court, if in distress, sent for "Yaller Nance."

The old woman saw as soon as she entered the room that something was very wrong with the children.

"Why, young uns, what's come over yers? Yer not sick, be yers?" was her salutation.

"No, Nance, we're only very sorry."

"What about now? Come now, yer poor little un, and jest tell me what's the matter."

Thus kindly questioned Effie told her tale amid many sobs and tears. When it was ended Nance, vigorously rubbing her eyes with her ragged apron, said:

"Now I can jest tell yer, child, it's the very best thing for yer; New York's not the place for pretty little critters like yer; yer don't know nothing, you innocent; not how bad it is; it's jest awful; and if yer kin get a proper home jest yer take it, Effie child, though it mor'n lonely Solly and me'll be without yer." And again poor Nance's eyes grew dim. "But I'm an old woman and bless yer know a sight mor'n yous do, and if yer kin get a hum for Solly jest due, and never mind the old woman being left alone; she kin take care of herself till her time comes. Looks as if it were from the Lord straight, as Miss Clark would say, does now I tell yer, and ver mustn't think of not goin, Effie. Don't yer think so, Solly?"

"Yes, I do," said Solly, briefly, going on with her preparations for breakfast.

As soon as the meal was over Nance went off, for she had a day's washing before her; her last words were:

"Now, Effie, don't ye refuse mind, though it is awful hard to think—"

The rest of the sentence Nance cut off by shutting the door quickly, but Effie could hear the poor creature's sobs as she descended the stair. When Effie again looked up she saw Solly busy counting the contents of an old stocking foot in which she kept her money; she did not appear satisfied with the smallness of the amount, and put it all back and was just rising from her knees when she exclaimed,

"I declare if here isn't Miss Clark and me not got the room rid up yet; I knows her step; Effie, its her."

Almost immediately a knock was at the door and Effie ran to open it for Miss

Clark, vainly trying to hide her red swollen eyes from the lady as she entered.

"Ah! Effie, its too bad, isn't it? But then you see we must have shadows as well as sunshine in this world. I think I know what you have decided on," continued Miss C., as she took the chair Solly dusted for her with many apologies for not having the room "rid up."

"It is an early visit, I know," their teacher added; "I came out early, for if Effie thinks of going with Mr. Tracy we'll have a good many things to do; he would like to leave to-morrow morning for Utica."

"Is that the name of the place?"

"Yes, Solly, and it's a pretty place; I've been there. Mr. Tracy's friends don't live in the city, but some four or five miles out of it, in a place surrounded by pretty hills."

"I'd like that," said Effie, "it would be something like the Highlands, wouldn't it?"

"Not very much, I think; and yet the hills, I dare say, would remind you of your old home;" said Miss Clark.

"I wonder if I could climb them like I used to when I was a little girl."

"Perhaps so, some of them."

"That would be nice; but you say it is so far from here. Will it take as long to go as it did mammy and me to come from Scotland?"

"Oh no, child! You will be there to-morrow night. It does not take long to travel on the cars."

"Don't they go quick!" said Effie.

"Was yer ever in the kurs?" asked Solly, wonderingly.

"Yes; why you know we came to Aberdeen in the cars."

"Did you! Ain't it jolly?"

"I don't think so; it's too fast. Oh! if you were only going with me to Utica, we'd have fun though. Wouldn't it be nice?"

Solly turned away quickly, and Miss Clark took advantage of the pause to say:—

"Well, you see, Effie, if you are going to-morrow, it will be as much as we can do to get you ready, for of course you will need some new clothes. These friends of Mr. Tracy gave him some money to fit out

any little girl he might take back with him; so you must slip on your hat and come with me at once. The carriage is waiting for us at the corner; we've no time to lose. I'm sorry to take Effie from you this last day, Solly; but it can't be helped, and we'll be back as soon as we can."

"Of course it can't be helped," returned Solly, a little shortly.

Her teacher did not say any more; she well knew it was only by this cold, brief manner that the poor child could keep back the tears that almost choked her.

Very soon Effie and Miss Clark set out, leaving poor Solly all alone in no very enviable frame of mind.

"That's always the way," she burst out, when the footsteps had died away, "ef I do want to do a thing for any un I like, there's sure somethin' to stop me! I would hev liked ter buy Effie a new dress. I would, and now there ain't no use when she'll have so many grand uns; but I be jest a sinful critter I be, a murmurin' at another's 'vancement, as Superintendent said. I guess I won't be good for much when Effie's gone. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wonder if I couldn't jist get Effie some little thing fur a keepsake. I guess I know what she'd like. One of our hymn-books with a nice stiff cover. It would mind her kinder on us on Sundays. I guess I'd be back afore they's done all their shoppin'."

Solly was off like a shot, taking the precaution to lock the door as she went. In a little while she was back, and sat some time gloating her eyes over her purchase, bound in bright scarlet and gilt letters on the back. She knew Effie would be pleased; but she did not intend to give it to her till just before she left, so with difficulty finding a safe hiding-place, she stowed the treasure away and sat down to work. But she could not sew. What should she do when Effie was gone? The day after to-morrow there would be no Effie! She would be far away; all her little things would be off the board shelf in the corner! Solly needn't watch then at the door! She need not listen, she would not hear her step on the old stair! The thought was too much. Solly gave way and cried bitterly.

Poor Solly! The change was so much

harder for her to bear than for Effie. *She* was going among new scenes, among fresh faces, Miss Clark believed to a happy home—certainly to one where she would not be exposed to want or privation. There would be so much from the moment she left New York to make her forget her trouble, to give rise to new thoughts. But as for Solly she would be left in the old home, which for so many months had been made almost bright to her by the companionship of Effie; where she had really loved to be when she could sit and sing and work with her friend. Little wonder, then, that her heart sank! Solly had known so little sunshine it did seem almost hard to her that the brightest gleam should fade when she was revelling most in its warmth and light. Our Father knows best, doubtless; He sees that often when He sends us a great happiness, we grow absorbed in it, and forget Him, the gracious Giver; and so in love He bids us unclasp our arms, and takes from us the beloved object. And even the Christian oftentimes finds it hard at first to say, "Thy will—not mine—be done!"

Miss Clark did not find it difficult in New York to procure a thorough outfit for her little charge. Soon she had got her neat and necessary clothing: then there were handkerchiefs, shoes and stockings and many other things to buy and, last of all, a nice little trunk with a real lock and key in which Effie was to keep everything. The child was delighted, as what child would not be in the sweet sense of possession? The boys and girls of wealthy parents whose mammas and papas can roll along in their luxurious carriages down Fifth Avenue and Broadway every day, doubtless enjoy this pleasant feeling long long before they reach Effie's age; but it is not often the poor pale little ones who live not so far from Broadway have anything they can call their very own; even when almost babies, if they collect together in the dirty streets some stray bits of bright crockery or glass they are almost sure to be snatched from them by some rough, rude fellow, delighting in the show of childish "spunk" as he would call it, and bestowing, perhaps, a parting kick if the rage be turned to grief.

So we won't blame Effie too much if in her joy she almost forgot Solly and the approaching separation, for a few moments. Then, too, it was so grand to be driven about with Miss Clark in that nice carriage where she almost lost herself in the deep, soft cushions; and Effie thought of lame Willie, and how much he would enjoy a ride—he who had never ventured as far even as Broadway, for fear he should be knocked down and trampled under foot by the crowd. The thought made her very silent.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Miss Clark. "you don't look as if it was anything very sorrowful."

"Oh—not—much—I didn't mean to—" stammered Effie, rather confused at being caught in appropriating her teacher's carriage to take lame Willie for a ride, even in imagination.

"Tell me what it is, Effie. Anything I can do for you? You know I should like to do all I can for you to-day. Do tell me, Effie!"

"Oh, please—"

"Well?"

"Oh! I was only thinking how pleased lame Willie would be if—if any one took him for a ride!"

"Oh! that's it; is it, Effie? Yes; I am sure Willie would enjoy it; and so I promise you that, when you are gone, I will go for Willie some day, and we will have a long, long ride. Will that please you?"

Effie's sparkling eyes answered for her. In a few minutes after she was set down in the court, and all her clothes shut up in the trunk, carried upstairs for her by Miss Clark's servant.

"I will see you before you go, Effie," said the lady, smiling as she was driven off.

Solly, of course, was greatly interested in the examination of the little wardrobe, and the trunk drew forth many exclamations of admiration; then, as they were alone, Solly thought it best to bring out the hymn-book, and handed it to Effie, saying awkwardly, as we generally do in such cases:—

"I kinder thought yer might like this as a little keepsake. It'll make you think of us in Sabbath-school sometimes."

"Oh, Solly! Solly!" and Effie threw her arms around her friend's neck, "I will never, never forget you all. I'm so sorry to go and leave you, Solly; but I shall begin the first thing to try and get a home for you. I'll never be real happy till you come, too. And oh! I'll think so much of my little-hymn book. I won't love anything so much but mammy's Bible. It's so pretty and you're so kind," and sobbing, Effie clung to Solly as if she could not let her go. "I'll always, always keep it, if I grow up to be as old as Nance," she went on. "But, dear, I've never been to see Willie, and I'm afraid he'll have left his corner. I must run!"

(To be continued.)

## A FAIRY TALE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

More than a hundred years ago, at the foot of a wild mountain in Norway, stood an old castle, which even at the time I write of was so much out of repair as in some parts to be scarcely habitable.

In a hall of this castle a party of children met once on Twelfth Night to play Christmas games and dance with little Hulda, the only child of the lord and lady.

The winters in Norway are very cold, and the snow and ice lie for months on the ground; but the night on which these merry children met it froze with more than ordinary severity, and a keen wind shook the trees without, and roared in the wide chimneys like thunder.

Little Hulda's mother, as the evening wore on, kept calling on the servants to heap on fresh logs of wood, and these, when the long flames crept round them, sent up showers of sparks that lit up the brown walls, ornamented with the horns of deer and goats, and made it look as cheerful and gay as the faces of the children. Hulda's grandmother had sent her a great cake, and when the children had played enough at all the games they could think of, the old grey-headed servants brought it in and set it on the table, together with a great many other nice things such as people eat in Norway.

This cake was a real treasure, such as in the days of the fairies, who still lived in certain parts of Norway, was known to be of the kind they loved. A piece of it was always cut and laid outside in the snow, in case they should wish to taste it. Hulda's grandmother had also dropped a ring into this cake before it was put into the oven, and it is well known that whoever gets such a ring in his or her slice of cake has

only to wish for something directly, and the fairies are bound to give it, if they possibly can. There have been cases known when the fairies could not give it, and then of course they were not to blame.

On this occasion the children said—"Let us all be ready with our wishes, because sometimes people have been known to lose them from being so long making up their minds when the ring has come to them."

Upon this the knife went crunching down into the cake, the children gave three cheers, and the white waxen tulip bud at the top came tumbling on to the table, and while they were all looking it opened its leaves, and out of the middle of it stepped a beautiful little fairy woman, no taller than your finger. She had a white robe on, a little crown on her long yellow hair; there were two wings on her shoulders, just like the downy brown wings of a butterfly, and in her hand she had a little sceptre sparkling with precious stones.

"Only one wish," she said, jumping down on to the table, and speaking with the smallest little voice you ever heard. "Your fathers and mothers were always contented if we gave them one wish every year."

As she spoke Hulda's mother gave a slice of cake to each child; and when Hulda took hers, out dropped the ring, and fell clattering on her platter.

"Only one wish," repeated the fairy. And the children were all so much astonished (for even in those days fairies were but rarely seen) that none of them spoke a word, not even in a whisper. "Only one wish. Speak then, little Hulda, for I am one of that race which delights to give pleasure and to do good. Is there really nothing that you wish, for you shall certainly have it if there is?"

"There was nothing, dear fairy, before I saw you," answered the little girl, in a hesitating tone.

"But now there is?" asked the fairy. "Tell me then, and you shall have it."

"I wish for that pretty little sceptre of yours," said Hulda, pointing to the fairy's wand.

The moment Hulda said this the fairy shuddered and became pale, her brilliant colors faded, and she looked to the children's eyes like a thin white mist standing still in her place. The sceptre, on the contrary, became brighter than ever, and the precious stones glowed like burning coals.

"Dear child," she sighed, in a faint, mournful voice, "I had better have left you with the gift of your satisfied, contented heart, than thus have urged you to form a wish to my destruction. Alas! alas! my power and my happiness fade from me, and are as if they had never been. My wand must now go to you, who can make no use of it; and I must flutter about forlornly and alone in the cold world, with

no more ability to do good, and waste away my time—a helpless and defenceless thing."

"Oh no, no!" replied little Hulda. "Do not speak so mournfully, dear fairy. I did not wish at first to ask for it. I will not take the wand if it is of value to you, and I should be grieved to have it against your will."

"Child," said the fairy, "you do not know our nature. I have said whatever you wished should be yours. I cannot alter this decree: it *must* be so. Take my wand; and I entreat you to guard it carefully, and never to give it away, lest it should get into the hands of my enemy—for if once it should, I shall become his miserable little slave. Keep my wand with care: it is of no use to you; but in the course of years it is possible I may be able to regain it, and on midsummer night I shall for a few hours return to my present shape, and be able for a short time to talk with you again."

"Dear fairy," said little Hulda, weeping, and putting out her hand for the wand, which the fairy held to her, "is there nothing else that I can do for you?"

"Nothing, nothing," said the fairy, who had now become so transparent and dim that they could scarcely see her; only the wings on her shoulders remained, and their bright colours had changed to a dusky brown. "I have long contended with my bitter enemy, the chief of a tribe of the gnomes—the ill-natured, spiteful gnomes. Their desire is as much to do harm to mortals as it is mine to do them good. If now he should find me, I shall be at his mercy. It was decreed long ages ago that I should one day lose my wand, and it depends in some degree upon you little Hulda, whether I shall ever receive it again. Farewell."

And now nothing was visible but the wings: the fairy had changed into a moth, with large brown wings freckled with dark eyes, and it stood trembling upon the table, till at length, when the children had watched it some time, it fluttered towards the window and beat against the panes, as if it wished to be released, so they opened the casement and let it out into the wind and cold.

Poor little thing! They were very sorry for it; but after a while they nearly forgot it, for they were but children. Little Hulda only remembered it, and she carefully enclosed the beautiful sceptre in a small box. But midsummer day passed by, and several other midsummer days, and still Hulda saw nothing and heard nothing of the fairy. She then began to fear that she must be dead, and it was a long time since she had looked at the wand, when one day, in the middle of the Norway summer, as she was playing on

one of the deep bay windows of the castle, she saw a pedlar with a pack on his back coming slowly up the avenue of pine trees, and singing a merry song.

"Can I speak to the lady of this castle?" he said to Hulda, making at the same time a very low bow.

Hulda did not much like him, he had such restless black eyes and such a cunning smile. His face showed that he was a foreigner; it was as brown as a nut. His dress also was very strange; he wore a red turban, and had large earrings in his ears, and silver chains wound round and round his ankles.

Hulda replied that her mother was gone to the fair at Christiana, and would not be back for several days.

"Can I then speak with the lord of the castle?" asked the pedlar.

"My father is gone out to fish in the fiord," replied little Hulda; "he will not return for some time, and the maids and the men are all gone to make hay in the fields; there is no one left at home but me and my old nurse."

The pedlar was very much delighted to hear this. However, he pretended to be disappointed.

"It is very unfortunate," he said, "that your honored parents are not at home, for I have got some things here of such wonderful beauty that nothing could have given them so much pleasure as to have feasted their eyes with the sight of them—rings, bracelets, lockets, pictures—in short, there is nothing beautiful that I have not got in my pack, and if your parents could have seen them they would have given all the money they had in the world rather than not have bought some of them."

"Good pedlar," said little Hulda, "could you not be so very kind as just to let me have a sight of them?"

The pedlar at first pretended to be unwilling, but after he had looked all across the wide heath and seen that there was no one coming, and that the hounds by the doorway were fast asleep in the sun, and the very pigeons on the roof had all got their heads under their wings, he ventured to step across the threshold into the bay window, and begin to open his pack and display all his fine things, taking care to set them out in the sunshine, which made them glitter like glow-worms.

Little Hulda had never seen anything half so splendid before. There were little glasses set round with diamonds, and hung with small tinkling bells which made delightful music whenever they were shaken; ropes of pearls which had a more fragrant scent than bean-fields or hyacinths; rings, the precious stones of which changed color as you frowned or smiled upon them; silver boxes that could play tunes; pictures of beautiful ladies and gentlemen set with

emeralds, with devices in coral at the back; little golden snakes, with brilliant eyes that would move about; and so many other rare and splendid jewels that Hulda was quite dazzled, and stood looking at them with blushing cheeks and a beating heart, so much she wished that she might have one of them.

"Well, young lady," said the cunning pedlar, "how do you find these jewels? Did I boast too much of their beauty?"

"Oh no!" said Hulda; "I did not think there had been anything so beautiful in the world. I did not think even our queen had such fine jewels as these. Thank you, pedlar, for the sight of them."

"Will you buy something, then, of a poor man?" answered the pedlar. "I've travelled a great distance, and not sold anything this many a day."

"I should be very glad to buy," said little Hulda, "but I have scarcely any money; not half the price of one of these jewels, I am sure."

Now there was lying on the table an ancient signet-ring, set with a large opal.

"Maybe the young lady would not mind parting with this?" said he, taking it up.

"I could give her a new one for it of the latest fashion."

"Oh no, thank you!" cried Hulda hastily, "I must not do so. This ring is my mother's, and was left here by my grandmother."

The pedlar looked disappointed. However, he put the ring down, and said, "But if my young lady has no money, perhaps she has some old trinkets or toys that she would not mind parting with—a coral and bells, or a silver mug, or a necklace, or, in short, anything that she keeps put away, and that is of no use to her?"

"No," said the little girl, "I don't think I have got anything of the kind. Oh yes! to be sure, I have got something up-stairs a little gold wand, which I was told not to give away; but I'm afraid she who gave it me must have been dead a long while, and it is of no use keeping it any longer."

Now this pedlar was the fairy's enemy. He had long suspected that the wand must be concealed somewhere in that region, and near the sea, and he had disguised himself, and gone out wandering among the farm-houses and huts and castles to try if he could hear some tidings of it, and get it if possible into his power. The moment he heard Hulda mention her gold wand, he became excessively anxious to see it. He was a gnome, and when his malicious eyes gleamed with delight they shot out a burning ray, which scorched the hound who was lying asleep close at hand, and he sprang up and barked at him.

"Peace, peace, Khan!" cried little Hulda; "lie down, you unmannerly hound!" The dog shrank back again



growling, and the pedlar said in a careless tone to Hulda—

"Well, lady, I have no objection just to look at the little gold wand, and see if it is worth anything."

"But I am not sure that I could part with it," said Hulda.

"Very well," replied the pedlar, "as you please; but I may as well look at it. I should hope these beautiful things need not go begging." As he spoke he began carefully to look up some of the jewels in their little boxes, as if he meant to go away.

"Oh, don't go," cried Hulda. "I am going up-stairs to fetch my wand. I shall not be long; pray wait for me."

Nothing was further from the pedlar's thought than to go away, and while little Hulda was running up to look for the wand, he panted so hard for fear that after all he might not be able to get it, that he woke the other hound, who came up to him, and smelt his leg.

Presently Hulda came down with a little box in her hand, out of which she took the fairy's wand.

The pedlar was so transported at the sight of it that he could scarcely conceal his joy; but he knew that unless he could get it by fair means it would be of no use to him.

"How dim it looks!" said little Hulda; "the stones used to be so very bright when first I had it."

"Ah! that is a sign that the person who gave it you is dead," said the deceitful pedlar.

"I am sorry to hear she is dead," said Hulda with a sigh. "Well then, pedlar, as that is the case, I will part with the wand if you can give me one of your fine bracelets instead of it."

The pedlar's hand trembled with anxiety as he held it out for the wand, but the moment he had got possession of it all his politeness vanished.

"There," he said, "you have got a very handsome bracelet in your hand. It is worth a great deal more than the wand. You may keep it. I have no time to waste; I must be gone." So saying, he hastily snatched up the rest of his jewels, thrust them into his pack, and slung it over his shoulder, leaving Hulda looking after him with the bracelet in her hand. She saw him walk rapidly along the heath till he came to a gravel-pit, very deep, and with overhanging sides. He swung himself over by the branches of the trees.

"What can he be going to do there!" she said to herself. "But I will run after him, for I don't like this bracelet half so well as some of the others."

So Hulda ran till she came to the edge of the gravel-pit, but was so much surprised at there she saw that she could not say a word. There were the great foot-

marks made by the pedlar down the steep sides of the pit; and at the bottom she saw him sitting in the mud, digging a hole with his hands.

"Hi!" he said, putting his head down. "Some of you come up. I've got the wand at last. Come and help me down with my pack."

"I'm coming," answered a voice, speaking under the ground; and presently up came a head, all covered with earth, through the hole the pedlar had made. It was shaggy with hair, and had two little bright eyes, like those of a mole. Hulda thought she had never seen such a curious little man. He was dressed in brown clothes, and had a red peaked cap on his head; and he and the pedlar soon laid the pack at the bottom of the hole, and began to stamp upon it, dancing and singing with great vehemence. As they went on, the pack sank lower and lower, till at last, as they still stood upon it, Hulda could see only their heads and shoulders. In a little time longer she could only see the top of the red cap; and then the two little men disappeared together, and the ground closed over them, and the white nettles and marsh marigolds waved their heads over the place as if nothing had happened.

Hulda walked away sadly and slowly. She looked at the beautiful bracelet and wished she had not parted with the wand for it, for she now began to fear that the pedlar had deceived her. Nevertheless, who would not be delighted to have such a fine jewel? It consisted of a gold hoop, set with turquoise, and on the clasp was a beautiful bird, with open wings, all made of gold, and which quivered as Hulda carried it. Hulda looked at its bright eyes—ruby eyes, which sparkled in the sunshine—and at its crest, all powdered with pearls, and she forgot her regret.

"My beautiful bird!" she said, "I will not hide you in a dark box, as the pedlar did. I will wear you on my wrist, and let you see all my toys, and you shall be carried every day into the garden, that the flowers may see how elegant you are. But stop! I think I see a little dust on your wings. I must rub it off." So saying, Hulda took up her frock and began gently rubbing the bird's wings, when, to her utter astonishment, it opened its pretty beak and sang—

"My master, oh, my master,  
The brown hard-hearted gnome,  
He goes down faster, faster,  
To his dreary home.  
Little Hulda sold her  
Golden wand for me,  
Though the fairy told her  
That must never be—  
Never—she must never  
Let the treasure go.  
Ah! lost for ever!  
Woe! woe! woe!"

The bird sang in such a sorrowful voice

and fluttered its golden wings so mournfully, that Hulda wept.

"Alas! alas!" she said, "I have done very wrong. I have lost the wand for ever! Oh, what shall I do, dear little bird? Do tell me."

But the bird did not sing again, and it was now time to go to bed. The old nurse came out to fetch Hulda. She had been looking all over the castle for her, and been wondering where she could have hidden herself.

In Norway, at midsummer, the nights are so short that the sun only dips under the hills time enough to let one or two stars peep out before he appears again. The people, therefore, go to bed in the broad sunlight.

"Child," said the old nurse, "look how late you are; it is nearly midnight. Come, it is full time for bed. This is midsummer-day."

"Midsummer-day!" repeated Hulda. "Ah, how sorry I am! Then this is a day when I might have seen the fairy. How very, very foolish I have been!"

(To be continued.)

#### STORM AND CALM.

Poor Aunt Susan clapped her hands in dismay to her throbbing temples,—and no wonder,—for Sam and Will came tearing up the stairs like a pair of wild horses. Their release from school was a daily affliction to the invalid, who, though loving them devotedly, always declared that she considered herself in a menagerie for the hour following that melancholy event, and gave thanks nightly for her preservation, as from the jaws of wild beasts.

But, the boys, though distractingly noisy, were generally good-natured, hence Aunt Susan's look of pain become one of intense surprise, as Sam burst open the sitting-room door, almost pitching headlong in his haste, while Will, following in a furious passion, nearly overturned the low rocking-chair in which she was seated.

They stood glowering at each other for a moment, like a couple of the most savage beasts in a menagerie. Will was the first to speak.

"You just let me have it. It's mine!"

"Don't care if it is. You've had it all the morning."

"That's nothing to you. Jack Collins gave it to me."

"Well, what if he did? You might let a fellow look at it. I'm going to, any way."

"You ain't."

"I am."

"You ain't either."

"I am *teether*."

Will made a dive for the hidden treasure, but was unsuccessful. Then followed a

reckless chase around the room—endangering the welfare of chairs and tables, to say nothing of human legs and arms. Aunt Susan discreetly vacated her rocking-chair, and established herself upon the sofa.

"Boys, boys," she cried, in great distress, "you'll break your necks. I know you will. Little Johnny Snow fractured his collar-bone once, when he—"

"Now, Sam Daniels, you give me my *collar-bone*," roared Will, who had just succeeded in cornering his larger brother.

Both boys were quick to see and enjoy fun, and Will's ludicrous mistake acted as a flag of truce for the space of half a minute, but for any other sign they gave, poor Aunt Susan's words might as well have been spoken to the winds.

The affair was terminating in a most disgraceful fight. Will's little black eyes flashed fire, as he dealt telling blows with his small hard fists, while Sam's larger orbs gathered fury with each stroke, as he belabored his plucky adversary, when the door opened, and in walked a lady, whose look of sorrowful astonishment made both boys hang their heads.

"What does this mean?"

She looked at Sam, but, somehow, he could find nothing to say.

"Will, what's the trouble?"

"Why, Jack Collins he gave me a crystal, and Sam snatched it, and won't give it up."

"I just wanted to look at it," growled Sam.

"It's his, isn't it?" inquired his mother.

"Yes'm."

"Then give it to him."

Sam gave the marble very ungraciously, and the brothers looked at each other in a way that betokened a renewal of hostilities at the earliest possible moment. This did not escape the prudent mother's eye, as was testified by the efficient measures she took to prevent it. She asked no more questions. Talking to such angry little lads would be a waste of words. The few that she did speak were quiet and decisive.

"Boys, I don't wish you to speak to each other again, until you feel pleasantly. Will you promise me?"

Both gave a sullen assent.

"You are not to go out of the yard this afternoon. And now come down to dinner. The bell rang some time ago; but my boys were *fighting*, and didn't hear it."

What a long afternoon that was! Sam perched himself upon the fence, and looked wistfully at the boys playing at ball, over in the vacant lot; but he soon got tired—his back ached—besides there wasn't a good player there. "Will could beat them all out and out," he thought to himself, and a feeling of self-reproach

came over him, as he saw his little brother patiently digging by himself in a corner of the yard, instead of enjoying his favorite game.

"Sam, Sam," called out an eager little voice, "come here, quick! Here's a lot of —," then the little fellow, looking almost frightened, threw down his stick, and made for the house.

"He forgot," said Sam to himself, "and he's gone in to tell mother."

He was right. Will made his way, with all speed, to the sitting-room, where that lady sat sewing.

"Mother, I spoke to Sam."

"Do you feel pleasantly toward him?"

"No'm. I didn't think."

"Very well—I'll excuse it this time; but be careful."

Meanwhile Sam couldn't resist the temptation of taking a peep into the hole that contained Will's treasures, and when he saw four nice, fat worms, just the things for bait, he couldn't help anticipating some good time in the future, for of course they should feel pleasantly sometime, if they didn't to-day or to-morrow.

But the afternoon wore away at last. Supper was over, and bed-time arrived. Mother came up, and heard their prayers as usual. She waited a moment, hoping to hear some relenting sigh, but in vain; for, though both kissed her with most suspicious warmth, neither had a word for the other.

"Old Morpheus," as Will called him, was a long time coming that night; but he did get there at last, and both pairs of black eyes were closed in sleep.

But, at about midnight came one of those terrific thunder-storms which always made brave little Will tremble and grow sick and faint. His mother had reasoned and explained, but it did no good; so she tried petting and soothing instead. Hence, she was not surprised, just after the first flash, to see a small figure, in a white nightie, at her bed-side. He was shivering violently, though it was a warm night, so she took him in, and hugged him tightly, kissing his poor little pale eyelids, that the lightning might not seem quite so sharp.

But she was surprised when, about an hour later, a larger nightie appeared upon the scene of action (so large a one, in fact, that I most respectfully beg its pardon for the ignominious title), and a convenient flash revealed a face most piteous in its expression, lighted up by a pair of very wide open black eyes.

"Mother, is Will struck?"

"I guess not."

"He isn't up stairs anywhere."

"Do you think the lightning has carried him off?" asked mamma.

"Here a smothered laugh came from

the bed, and Sam drew a long breath of relief.

"He's in there somewhere," said he, "so I'll go back." He was suiting the action to the word, but something made him pause.

"Mother."

"Well, my son."

"I was the mean one to-day. I begun it."

"I was mean, too," called out a voice from the bed-clothes.

"I feel pleasant enough now," continued Sam.

"So do I," replied Will. "I feel very pleasant. We can speak, now can't we, mother?"

"Certain'y."

"How do you do, sir?" enquired Will, with mock gravity.

"Very well. I thank you," laughed Sam. "The storm's all over. Hadn't you better come up to bed?"

"Don't care if I do," and out tumbled Master Will, with more haste than grace.

"No talking to-night, boys," called mamma, as the brothers scrambled up stairs.

"Oh, mother, can't I just tell Sam I've got some worms?"

"I know it," answered Sam. "I peeked into the hole. I'll lend you my fishing-rod to-morrow, and I'll take—"

"Not another word to-night," said mamma, decidedly. "Shut up your eyes, and you'll be asleep before you know it."

Both boys were quite sure there was no more sleep for them that night, and held bravely to that opinion for the space of at least two minutes and a half. At the end of that time they succumbed, and in the morning they were obliged to confess that mother was right—as, indeed, when was not?—*Christian Union*.

#### HOME-MADE TABLE-CROQUET.

"For wickets, I took bonnet-wire, which I obtained from the brim of an old hat. Bending up each end of the length required for a wicket which is about six inches, I inserted them into large button-molds, of which you need two for each wicket. They can be bought for two or three cents a dozen. These keep the wicket upright. The stakes are sticks painted, and also fixed in molds. The balls are glass agates, of different colors. For the mallets, take common white spools, bore a whole entirely through their sides; then take sticks, sharpen, and, after covering their ends thickly with glue, insert them in the spools, after they are dry, paint them to correspond with the balls, and your croquet is done, and all its cost is twelve cents (for button-molds and marbles).—*Little Girl in Hearth and Home*.

## NEAR THE CROSS.

From the "SONGS OF DEVOTION."

By W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross,  
 2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul,  
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God,  
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait,

There - a pre - cious foun - tain,  
 Love and mer - cy found me;  
 Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
 Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream,  
 There the bright and morn - ing star  
 Help me walk from day to day,  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand,

Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.  
 Shed its beams a - round me.  
 With its sha - dow o'er me.  
 Just be - yond the riv - er.

## CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

## The Home.

### JOHN REYNOLDS'S LESSON.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"What is the matter, little woman?"

"Only tired, John."

Lina Reynolds looked up as she spoke, to smile bravely into the face bending anxiously over her.

"Tired, Lina?" he said, lifting the little figure as he spoke, and taking his wife like a child upon his knee. "What have you been doing to tire you?"

"Only the day's work. Don't worry, John," for a shade passed over the kindly face.

"I don't worry; but I can't see what makes you complain so often of being tired. I am sure the house-work a'n't so much. Other women do it!"

There was just a little fretfulness in John's tone, though he did not mean to be unkind.

"I know they do. Mrs. Harper has four children, and takes care of them, in addition to house-work, besides doing piles of sewing. Perhaps, John, it is because I have not had experience in country work, and don't manage well. I will learn better after a while. Now, tell me what you did in town."

"I did quite well. Sold the whole crop of wheat at a good price, and put another instalment in the bank for the Stanley farm."

"Your heart is set on that farm, John."

"Indeed it is! Let me once own that, clear of debt, and I shall be a happy man. It is the best land in the county, and the house is twice as large as this!"

Lina thought of larger floors to scrub, more rooms to clean, and additional work of all kinds, and swallowed a little sigh that nearly escaped her.

"John," she said rather timidly, "don't you think if you spent part of the money on this house we might be very happy here?"

"Spend money on this house!" cried the astonished John. "Why, what on earth ails this house?"

"I mean in things for it. Now, the parlor looks so stiff, and is always shut up. I was thinking if we had a pretty carpet, and some curtains of white muslin or lace, and a set of nice furniture, and—and—a piano. O John! if I could have a piano!"

John Reynolds looked at his wife as if she had proposed to him to buy up the crown-jewels of Russia.

"A piano! Do you know what a piano costs?"

"No. Aunt Louise had one, you know, ever since I can remember. But I think if we had a pretty parlor to rest in in the evening, I could play for you, and sing. You never heard me play or sing, John."

"I have heard you sing, but not lately," said John, rather gloomily.

"Oh! that was just humming around the house. I mean real singing. I have lots of music in my trunk."

"But you are only a farmer's wife now, Lina. I thought you understood when we were married that you were not to have city finery and pleasures."

"So I did, John. I don't want finery. I don't want any pleasure, but your love, John. Don't scowl up your face so. I am silly to think of these things at all. There, kiss me and forget it. I am nicely rested now, and I'll get your tea in ten minutes."

John put her down with a very tender kiss, and straightway fell into a reverie.

Lina Rivers had been a district school-teacher in Scottfield just four months, when John Reynolds offered her his hand and heart. She was an orphan from infancy, but her father's sister had adopted and educated her in a life of luxury, and died without altering a will made years before, leaving her entire fortune to a charity asylum. Lina, left alone, had thankfully accepted the position of country school-teacher procured for her by some friends, and was thinking life a hard burden, when John came to brighten it. She gave her whole gentle little heart into his keeping at once, appreciating at their full value his honest, true heart, his frank nature, his sterling good qualities, and looking with the most profound admiration upon his tall, strong frame and handsome face.

It was a perfect love-match, for John fairly worshipped the dainty, refined little beauty he had married. And, having married her, he took her to his home, and, in all ignorance, proceeded to kill her.

There was no blame to be laid upon him. Living in the old farm-house where he had spent his entire life, the one ambition of his heart was to own land, stock barns, and a model farm. He had seen his mother

cook, churn, feed poultry, and drudge all her life; all the women he knew did the same, and if Lina made odd mistakes, she put a willing heart into her work, and soon conquered its difficulties. Surely, he thought, it was an easier life to be mistress of his home, with the Stanley farm in prospect, than to toil over stupid children in a district school. He had never seen velvet carpets or lace curtains, grand pianos, dainty silks, and other surroundings that were Lina's from babyhood. He had never heard the music the little white hands, all rough and scarred now, could draw from the ivory keys of an organ or piano, or the clear pure voice in song. It was an unknown world to John where his wife's memory lingered as she scoured tins, strained milk, and cooked huge dishes of food for the farm hands. He would have thought it wicked waste, if not positive insanity, to draw from the bank his hard earned savings to invest them in beautifying his plain, comfortable home.

And Lina lashed her conscience sharply, telling herself she was ungrateful, repining and wicked. Was not her John tender, true, and loving? Where amongst her city friends was there a heart like his? Had she not known he was only a farmer?

And so the loving little woman toiled and slaved, undertook tasks far beyond her strength, worked early and late, until, just one year after his wedding day, John Reynolds, coming home to his tea, found lying upon the kitchen floor a little senseless figure, with a face like death, and hands that sent a chill to his very heart.

The doctor, hastily summoned, looked grave, and advised perfect quiet and rest. A girl was hired, and John tenderly nursed the invalid, but though she grew better she was still pale and weak.

"Take her away awhile," said the doctor, "try change of air. She is overworked."

"But," said honest, puzzled John, "she does nothing but the house-work for us two. She has no child, and our sewing is not much."

The doctor looked into the troubled face. "You are a good man, John Reynolds, and a strong one," he said; "will you let me tell you a few truths?"

"Yes. About Lina?"

"About Lina. You remember, do you not, the tiny antelope you admired so much in the menagerie we had here last summer?"

"Certainly," said John, looking more puzzled than ever.

"Suppose you had bought that little creature and yoked it with one of your oxen to a cart to do the same work?"

"I'd been a fool," said John; "that little thing couldn't work. It was just made pretty to look at and to play."

"That's it, John. Now I don't think God

ever made any woman to look pretty and play, but he made some for the rough work of this world and some for the dainty places, some to cook and scrub, and some to draw men's souls to heaven by gentle loveliness. Your wife is one of the latter. If you were a poor man I would have held my tongue, but you are a rich one. Give your wife a servant; let her have books, music, pretty things around her. Let her rest from toil, and you may keep her by your side. Put her back in her old place, and you may order her tombstone, for she will soon need it. Don't put your antelope beside your oxen, John."

"I will not! Thank you! I understand. Poor, loving, patient heart!"

"That's right! Take her now for a little pleasure trip, and get back her roses."

Lina clapped her hands when John asked her if she would like to spend a week in New York, and really seemed to draw in new life from the very idea.

It was delicious fun to see John's wide-open eyes as they entered the parlor of the great city hotel, and were shown into the bedroom, whose beauties were quite as bewildering.

"The best room," he had told the landlord, and Lina could not repress a cry of delight at the vista of a cosy sitting-room with a piano standing invitingly open.

"O John!" she said, "won't you go in there and shut the door for five minutes, please?"

John obeyed, of course. John, she thought, gratefully, refused her nothing now.

"How lucky I brought some of my old dresses!" Lina thought. "I have not worn them since I was a school-marm. Fancy Mrs. Reynolds scrubbing the floor in this dress!"

John rubbed his eyes and pinched himself as a little figure sailed into the sitting-room, made him a sweeping courtesy, and went to the piano.

Was that the little woman who had worn prints and sun-bonnets so long? The fair hair was fashionably dressed, and bands of blue velvet looped the golden curls. A dress of blue silk, with softest lace trimmings and ornaments of pearls, had certainly made a fine lady of Lina. The piano was yielding its most bewitching tones to the skilled little fingers, and John's bewilderment was complete when a voice of exquisite sweetness, though not powerful, began to sing.

Only one song, full of trills and quavers, and then Lina rushed from the piano into John's arms.

"John, darling," she said, "hold me fast. Don't let me slip from you!"

"O Lina!" he groaned, "I was not fit to marry such a dainty bird! But I loved you, little one."

"And I love you, John, rough old John! Let me sing again. I am very happy to-day, my husband."

But no wonderful trills filled the little room now. In a clear, pure voice, full of expression, Lina sang:—

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Every word fell like hot tears on poor John's heart, until, as the last chord trembled upon the air, Lina turned to him, stretching out her arms:

"Take me in your arms, John!"

He took her tenderly to the room she had quitted so gayly, and replaced her finery by a white wrapper, whose lace trimmings looked like fairy-work to his unaccustomed eyes.

"Are you tired, love?" he asked, with a great spasm of terror at his heart, as he looked at the white, wasted face.

"Yes, very, very tired, but happy, John!" and with a little sigh of entire content, Lina nestled down against the warm heart whose every throb she knew was all her own. The white lids fell softly over the violet eyes, and she slept peacefully as a child.

Softly, as she rested, the faint pink flush gathered on her fair cheek and a smile crept over her lips, while John, bending over her, lifted his heart in earnest prayer for the life that made his own so bright.

Mrs. Reynolds was to experience her share in astonishment during her holiday, and it commenced by the apparition of John the next day in a suit of handsome clothes that well became his manly figure. There was no foppery, but he looked a gentleman, though he made more than one grimace before he got, as he said, "well shaken into store clothes."

Can I describe that week? What was new to John was old, familiar ground to Lina. Central Park was not soon exhausted, and the little guide grew stronger and rosier every day, in John's thoughtful care, that provided plenty of pleasant excitement, but guarded against fatigue.

It was early in the afternoon of a sunny day, when the train drew up at the Scott-field station, and John handed his wondering wife into a neat little one-horse carriage waiting for them.

"A new purchase, dear!" he explained. "We are to have a drive every afternoon. Dr. Greyson prescribes it."

The house was where it had always been, but Lina rubbed her eyes, and wondered if she had been suddenly carried into fairy land.

The dull little sitting-room had been papered, carpeted, curtained, and transformed into a cosy dining-room. The stiff parlor was a very bower of beauty, with a fine piano, the daintiest of furniture, soft muslin curtains, and a carpet covered with

bouquets of exquisite flowers; the bed-rooms were carpeted brightly, and rejoiced in cottage sets, and in the kitchen the most good-natured of stout German girls fairly shed tears when Lina addressed her in her own language.

"But, John!" she cried, "the Stanley farm?"

"Is sold, dear. You were right; we will make this home so lovely, the Stanley farm will never cost me a sigh. Dr. Greyson and his wife took all the trouble here, and I have hired two new hands, so as to have a little more leisure."

"But, John," the little wife said earnestly, "I do not want you to think I am a fine lady, a doll to wear fine clothes, and live in idleness. I want to be truly a helpmeet to you."

"So you will be, Lina. God meant no one to be a drone in the busy hive of the world. You are not strong, but you will find plenty to keep you busy in superintending in-door arrangements and directing Gretchen. And in our drives, love, we will see if we cannot find some poorer than ourselves to comfort and aid. That will be my thank-offering for your life, my little wife."

The neighbors stared and wondered. Comments upon John's folly and improvidence fell from many lips, and old men, shaking their heads, prophesied ruin for Reynold's farm.

But John was as much astonished as any of them, when, after a few years he found the farm yielding him a larger income than ever before.

"I do believe, Lina," he said one day, to a matronly little woman, who was dressing a crowing baby, "that your flower-garden last year was worth a thousand dollars to me."

"John!"

"You see it was to get you the information about flowers that we first began to subscribe to the *Agriculturist*; there I found so many hints, that I began to think I knew nothing about farming. One book after another crept into the house, and the time I thought would be wasted, taken from farm work, was spent in reading. Now, look at the labor-saving machines I have bought! See the new stock! My orchard is going to be the best in the county, too."

"And my poultry-yard, John! It was the papers and magazines that first gave me the idea of a model poultry-yard. What fun we had, John, getting it started!"

"Yes, indeed. That New York trip was the best investment I ever made, Lina. I saw so many things there that I recognized as old friends when I met them again in print—the thrashing-machine, the rotary harrow, the improved plows."

"And," said Mrs. Reynolds, mischie-

viously, "the Milton watch, the sewing machine, the corals for Johnnie!"

"Come, are you ready for your drive?"

"As soon as I put on my hat and get the basket of things for Mrs. Goodwin."

"It beats me, John," said his uncle one bright day, "where you find so much money for tomfoolery, newfangled nonsense, and fallals for Lina, and yet give so much in charity. I thought you were crazy to buy that Stanley farm?"

"I was once, but I have something better now than the Stanley farm. I have learned how to manage my antelope."

"What?"

But to this day John has never explained that riddle to his puzzled relative.—*Hearth and Home.*

## PUNISHMENT OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

Children have no natural instinct of obedience to their parents, though they have other instincts by means of which the habit of obedience, as an acquisition, can easily be formed.

They run to their mother by instinct, when want, fear, or pain impels them. They require no teaching or training for this. But for them to come simply because their mother wishes them to come—to be controlled, in other words, by her will, instead of by their own impulses, is a different thing altogether. They have no instinct for that. They have only a *capacity for its development.*

If the child shows no disposition to run to his mother when he is hurt or when he is frightened, we have reason to suspect something wrong, or, at least, something abnormal in his mental or physical constitution. But if he does not obey his mother's commands—no matter how in-subordinate or unmanageable he may be—the fault does not, certainly, indicate anything at all wrong in *him.* The fault is in his training. In witnessing his disobedience, our reflection should be, not "What a bad boy!" but "What an unfaithful or incompetent mother!"

I have dwelt the longer on this point because it is fundamental. As long as a mother imagines, as so many mothers seem to do, that obedience on the part of the child is, or ought to be, a matter of course, she will never properly undertake the work of training him. But when she thoroughly understands and feels that her children are not to be expected to submit their will to hers, *except so far as she forms in them the habit of doing this by special training,* the battle is half won.

The first principle is that the mother should so regulate her management of her

child, that he should *never* gain any desired end by any act of insubmission, but *always* incur some small trouble, inconvenience, or privation, by disobeying or neglecting to obey his mother's command. The important words in this statement of the principle are *never* and *always.* It is the absolute certainty that disobedience will hurt him, and not help him, in which the whole efficacy of the rule consists.

It is very surprising how small a punishment will prove efficacious if it is only *certain* to follow the transgression. You may set apart a certain place for a prison—a corner of the sofa, a certain ottoman, a chair, a stool, anything will answer; and the more entirely everything like an air of displeasure or severity is excluded, in the manner of making the preliminary arrangements, the better. A mother without any tact, or any proper understanding of the way in which the hearts and minds of young children are influenced, will begin, very likely, with a scolding.

"Children, you are getting very disobedient. I have to speak three or four times before you move to do what I say. Now, I am going to have a prison. The prison is to be that dark closet, and I am going to shut you up in it for half an hour every time you disobey. Now, remember! The very next time!"

Mothers who govern by threatening seldom do anything but threaten. Accordingly, the first time the children disobey her, after such an announcement, she says nothing, if the case happens to be one in which the disobedience occasions her no particular trouble. The next time, when the transgression is a little more serious, she thinks, very rightly perhaps, that to be shut up half an hour in a dark closet would be a disproportionate punishment. Then, when at length some very wilful and grave act of insubordination occurs, she happens to be in particularly good humor, for some reason, and has not the heart to shut "the poor thing" in the closet; or, perhaps, there is company present, and she does not wish to make a scene. So the penalty announced with so much emphasis turns out to be a dead letter, as the children knew it would from the beginning.

With a little dexterity and tact on the mother's part, the case may be managed very differently, and with a very different result. Let us suppose that some day, while she is engaged with her sewing or her other household duties, and her children are playing around her, she tells them that in some great schools in Europe, when the boys are disobedient, or violate the rules, they are shut up for punishment in a kind of prison; and perhaps she entertains them with invented examples of boys



that would not go to prison, and had to be taken there by force, and kept there longer on account of their contumacy; and also of other noble boys, tall and handsome, and the best players on the grounds, who went readily when they had done wrong and were ordered into confinement, and bore their punishment like men, and who were accordingly set free all the sooner on that account. Then she proposes to them the idea of adopting that plan herself, and asks them to look all about the room and find a good seat which they can have for their prison—one end of the sofa, perhaps, a stool in a corner, or a box used as a house for a kitten. I once knew an instance where a step before a door leading to a staircase served as penitentiary, and sitting upon it for a minute or less was the severest punishment required to maintain most perfect discipline in a family of young children for a long time.

When any one of the children violated any rule or direction which had been enjoined upon them—as, for example, when they left the door open in coming in or going out, in the winter; or interrupted their mother when she was reading, instead of standing quietly by her side and waiting until she looked up from her book and gave them leave to speak to her; or used any violence towards each other, by pushing, or pulling, or struggling for a plaything or a place; or did not come promptly to her when called; or did not obey at once the first command in any case, the mother would say simply, "Mary!" or "James! Prison!" She would pronounce this sentence without any appearance of displeasure, and often with a smile, as if they were only playing prison, and then, in a very few minutes after they had taken the penitential seat, she would say "Free!" which word set them at liberty again.

I have no doubt that some mothers, in reading this, will say that such management as this is mere trifling and play; and that real and actual children, with all their natural turbulence, insubordination, and obstinacy, can never be really governed by any such means. I answer that whether it proves on trial to be merely trifling and play or not depends upon the firmness, steadiness, and decision with which the mother carries it into execution. Every method of management requires firmness, perseverance, and decision on the part of the mother to make it successful, but, with these qualities duly exercised, it is astonishing what slight and gentle penalties will suffice for the most complete establishment of her authority. I know a mother whose children were trained to habits of almost perfect obedience, and whose only method of punishment, so far as I know, was to require the offender to

stand on one foot and count five, ten, or twenty, according to the nature and aggravation of the offense. Such a mother, of course, begins early with her children. She trains them from their earliest years to this constant subjection of their will to hers. Such penalties, moreover, owe their efficiency not to the degree of pain or inconvenience that they impose upon the offender, but mainly upon their *calling his attention, distinctly*, after every offense, to the fact that he has done wrong. Slight as this is, it will prove to be sufficient if it *always* comes—if no case of disobedience or of wilful wrong-doing of any kind is allowed to pass unnoticed, or is not followed by the infliction of the proper penalty. It is in all cases the certainty, and not the severity, of punishment which constitutes its power.

What has been said thus far relates obviously to cases where the mother is at the commencement of her work of training. This is the way to *begin*; but you cannot begin unless you are at the beginning. If your children are partly grown, and you find that they are not under your command, the difficulty is much greater. The principles which should govern the management are the same, but they cannot be applied by means so gentle. The prison, it may be, must now be somewhat more real, the terms of imprisonment somewhat longer, and there may be cases of insubordination so decided as to require the offender to be carried to it by force, on account of his refusal to go of his own accord, and perhaps to be held there, or even to be tied. Cases requiring treatment so decisive as this must be very rare with children under ten years of age; and when they occur, the mother has reason to feel great self-condemnation—or at least great self-abasement—at finding that she has failed so entirely in the first great moral duty of the mother, which is to train her children to complete submission to her authority from the beginning.

The case would thus seem to be very simple, and success very easy. But, alas! this is far from being the case. Nothing is required, it is true, but firmness, steadiness, and decision; but, unfortunately, these are the very requisites which, of all others, it seems most difficult for mothers to command. They cannot govern their children because they cannot govern themselves.

Still, if the mother possess these qualities in any tolerable degree, or is able to acquire them, this method of training her children to the habit of submitting implicitly to her authority, by calmly and good-naturedly, but firmly and invariably, affixing some slight privation or penalty to every act of resistance to her will, is the easiest to practice, and will certainly be

successful. It requires no ingenuity, no skill, no contrivance, no thought—not hing but steady persistence in a simple routine. —From *"Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young."*

### HOLDING CHILDREN AT ARM'S LENGTH.

I have often wondered how it was that so many mothers, good and true, desiring nothing so much as the happiness and well-being of their children, should so lose, or fail to gain their confidence.

A young girl, fresh from school, and just now entering society, lives in a kind of fairy land; on all sides are green fields and pleasant paths and she sees not the temptations that will surely beset her, and from which nothing can so well protect her as her mother's loving counsel. What better safeguard can she have than the habit of "telling mother everything?" But if she meets with coldness and lack of sympathy; if the mother cannot enter into the child's feeling, but gives her reason to say, as many a girl does say, "I wonder if mother ever was a young girl," she will soon learn to withhold her confidence; and the counsel that she once would have gladly received, if kindly and lovingly given, is unheeded when it comes at last in a cold, unsympathetic way, because it is duty to give it.

Setting aside the matter of marriage, the relations of young people often cause perplexity and need of sympathy and advice. If then, the young girl has found in her mother a friend ready at all times to listen, and to enter into all her feelings, she will not fear to go to her with everything that either pleases or pains her. In such a case, what a shelter she has. If she is happy, mother's loving smile is necessary to complete her happiness; if sad, mother's arms furnish such a "good place to cry." Would a daughter that felt thus be willing to accept the addresses of one she knew her mother could not gladly receive? Oh mothers! do not forget that you once were young, and keep yourselves young by entering fully into all the little affairs of your children, the boys as well as the girls. Encourage their confidence by every means in your power. And the time to begin is at the first, from babyhood. You cannot expect to hold a child "at arm's length," as it were, until it is in its teens and think to have it turn about and feel that you are the very friend it needs.

If you have thus far cared only for the body, or have only filled the office of mentor, reproving when wrong but never praising when right, your child may fear and obey you, may even have a kind of love for you as its mother, but the full overflowing confidence of its heart, that you should

have, can never be yours, and you may have cause to weep bitter tears, when the child you so love, turns blindly from the counsels and prayers of her parents and gives herself to the keeping of one all unworthy of her. —*Advance.*

### FASHIONABLE FIBS.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

"You cannot well say, 'Not at home,' can you?" we said to a friend who opened her hall door for us the other day.

"No," she answered, smiling and reddening a little, "I did not intend to; I did not know it was you who called, or the servant should not have said 'not at home' to you last week; I was not well, and afterward was so sorry when I found you had been sent away."

And so she told upon herself; for we should have been none the wiser, supposing her really out. But the matter forced itself upon our attention as we saw our friend's self-convicted face. Why had she said "Not at home" at all? Why not the truth at once? "Not very well." Why oblige her servant to tell a falsehood? Why lower her own character for integrity?

We argued the matter over with a Christian friend once, who said:

"I had some scruples about it at one time, but I got over it. I look upon it as a mere conventionalism—not at home to visitors."

"Well," we replied, "allowing that, as a Christian, you can satisfy conscience with conventionalisms, how can you manage the matter with your servants? They do not understand such things, and to say, 'No, ma'm, my mistress is not at home,' when she knows very well she is at home, stumbles many a poor girl, and she thinks thus: 'If my mistress, who is a pious lady, and attends her church, &c., can be easy about telling a story, why, she knows better than I do, and it can't be any great sin.' Then the effect upon children is bad. How can lessons of truth be taught them when practical illustrations of expediency set them aside?"

"Where you get dat baby?" asked a small three-year-old of its mother, as it looked upon a feeble, tiny, new-born infant:

"Oh, we found it," was the reply.

"Where?" persisted the child.

"Out in the snow," came the ready answer.

The child thought a moment, opened his eyes wide, and looked reproachfully, and said:

"Dat not true. Too cold out in snow."

How much better to have satisfied the

inquiry by saying, "God sent the baby, dear."

A little child once thus answered the question put by another, "Where do they find all the babies; do they really grow them in gardens?"—"No! of course not. It is God makes them, this way, 'And God said, let there be a child, and there is a child.'" The words were spoken so reverently, that those who overheard the remark were struck by the beautiful application of the words of creation in Holy Writ, and were convinced that falsehoods and rubbishy stories were never believed by children, but only instilled lessons of distrust. Let a mother say, "We cannot understand how God made the world, nor the sun, nor moon, nor stars, my child, but we know He made them, and gives them for our use and enjoyment, and so He has given us the dear baby to make us happy, and we must take it gratefully without seeking to inquire into the wonders of its birth," and the child, full of faith and trust, reverences the baby and touches its little fingers with delight and awe, and says, "God is good, isn't He, mamma, to give it to us; and He won't love me if I don't take good care of His baby, will He?" and so every good gift comes to be looked upon as from His hand, and lessons of faith, and trust, and love deepened, and above all, perfect truth observed. Dear Christian friends, heads of families, how do we stand in this matter of truth? Let us look seriously to it, and see that our children, or servants, those upon whom the shadow of our influence must fall, be not stumbled by our false notions of conventionalisms and expediency.—*N. Y. Witness.*

## BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

Bearing one another's burdens, in the sense of not taking pleasure in the faults and failings of men; of not criticising them; of not rejoicing in them nor in their outcomes, but of tenderly and meekly helping the subjects of these to overcome them—this is pre-eminently a duty whose sphere is the household.

Children love to tease children; and they very soon find out where they can tease them. One child is very sensitive to praise; and the others very soon know how to nip him; and they will torment him through his love of praise. Another child is proud; and his companions know just how to employ his pride to make him wince. Another child is selfish; and those with whom he associates are all the time getting hold of his things, and pulling

them away from him, and annoying him. Another child is timid, and his fear is the instrument by which he is teased and annoyed. As fear is the most terrible feeling which one can experience, so playing upon fear in a child is the cruelest savagism. In the cases of how many children in whom fear is a predominant faculty, is it not succoured, is their burden not borne nor made lighter, but is this element in them employed as a rod with which to plague and annoy them! The whole system of teasing in the household is contrary to the spirit of this maxim.

There are two kinds of teasing—one saccharine, and the other acetous. There are men who tease you; and on the whole you rather wish they would. They know how to do it dexterously. It is done by a finer intelligence, by a shrewder mirth; and there is an element of mercy in it. It is done in the interest of kindness. So that, although a man may start for the moment, yet the reflection brings something sweet and pleasant. It is not unfrequently the case that a man may by teasing convey instruction, and even offer criticism, in a manner that shall be most acceptable. But, on the other hand, the acetous teasing is done in the spirit of hurting, and it does hurt; and the person teased does not enjoy it. This kind of teasing is wicked in the family. The parent is bound, not simply to blame the child, but to help it bear its burdens; to lend it his strength where it is weakest and the most liable to break down.

I think that among ordinarily organized children, nineteen out of twenty of those that learn to lie (and I think that nineteen out of every twenty children do learn to lie), are taught to do it by the indiscretion of the parent. The child does wrong. He is very sensitive both to blame and to punishment. He is convicted of having done wrong. What did he do? He wandered into the pantry, and there he saw, and smelled, and felt, and tasted, the new-made doughnuts. This was contrary to the rule. It was a thing which is forbidden in every well-regulated family! The child is suspected, from various symptoms. It would be better if now the child were remembered to be a little child, and very sensitive to shame and to pain. If the parent does remember it, and sees that the child is not intimidated into lying, the child may be saved; but it is, "George, have you been into that pantry?" "No, ma'am," says George. What is that lie? It is the involuntary shield which the child throws up to protect itself from the parental stroke. The parent teaches the child to lie in self-defense. The parent should stand between the child and temptation, and take heed not to lead it into temptation by untoward discipline and temper and

haste. It is the indiscretion of the parent, oftentimes, that breaks down the truthfulness that is beginning to be established in the little child. We are to bear each other's burdens; and little children have burdens that ought to be sought for and borne by those who have outgrown their childhood—though I am sorry for those who have outgrown their sympathy with childhood. They have outgrown themselves, and the best part of themselves.

The same law holds between school companions. They have no right to subject each other to ridicule and unnecessary shame or pain by indifference, by exposure, or by penalties affixed to that side where they are weakest.

It is especially wicked to take the strong point in ourselves, and with it cut against the weak point in our companions. Here is a man who is knit together on purpose to succeed. He is organized like a machine for weaving, which will certainly carry the thread and produce the fabric of success. He has in his make-up something of the sterling qualities which have been handed down from his grandfather, from his father, from his ancestors on his father's and mother's sides, for generations back. He is like a bag in a mill which hangs below, and receives all that is put into the hopper and ground above. The tendencies and trainings of unknown generations behind come down into him. He finds himself intelligent and active. It is easy for him to do things; and he is tired to death of that shiftless brother of his, of whom he says, "If I have helped him once, I have helped him twenty times. If I stand him up he is like an empty bag, and down he goes; and if I fill him up, he is as limpy as before, and down he goes again." Now, the truth is, you inherited the excellences which make you so much superior to him. They were never bestowed on him either by inheritance or training. He was made as he is. He could no more do as you do unaided, than a mowing-machine could cut grass without being drawn. And you who do well by an imperious necessity, unjustly stand over against him who never does well, to criticize, and annoy, and blame him, and finally to cast him off and get rid of him, saying, "I cannot stand it any longer."

Every man who is strong ought to have buttoned to him one or two of these shiftless men, that he, having organized power, may take care of them, they having it not.

Men say, "Oh, that we could have a society from which was purged all those hindrances which we meet on every hand!" Ah yes; you would like a society that should be like a chariot, and that should bear you through life without any drawback to your ease and happiness. But this world

is too poor for that. It is a world in which it is our duty to help each other. We are mixed up, the strong and the weak, the wise and the foolish, the good and the bad; and we must exchange kindness, and take hold of hands, and march together in the right way.

Here is a person who is by nature orderly. Every drawer is fore-ordained for some special use. This is for the collars; this is for the linen; this is for the jewellery; this is for the shoes. Every closet is as much appointed to its function, as trees are to the bearing of leaves.

To such an orderly creature comes, sometimes, by birth, a child who has not a particle of order. And the mother is all amazement. (The standing wonder of every family, is, "Where did this child get these traits?" And the standing reply of the father is, "Not from me, my dear;" and of the mother, "Not from me!") In some mysterious way, far back, doubtless, there was a drop of blood which came in carrying the element of disorder with it; and it breaks out in this member of the family.

The development of traits in others which are the exact opposite of ours, is made the excuse for unreasonable blaming and punishing; whereas we are commanded to bear the burdens of others—in the sense of helping those burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ.

A man who is naturally dry, is immensely shocked at folks who are naturally juicy. A man whose tongue can seldom be waked up, and then only in monosyllables, gravely criticises the man whose tongue rattles perpetually, and who talks, not by the impetus of thought, but simply by the general impulse to say something. A genius to talk is as much born in a man without regard to whether he has anything to say or not, as a genius not to talk. A man who has energy cannot bear folks who have none. A man who is courageous and hopeful, and sees only success ahead—how he derides a man who is timid and desponding! "That fellow," you say, "had a chance to start with me; but he stood and shivered, and did nothing, and now he is a miserable wretch; while I went on and have been successful." You went on simply by reason of your peculiar organization. You are constitutionally courageous; and your business was to have imparted something of your courage to him—you ought to have borne his burden. You are naturally soft and gentle, and that man is naturally blunt and harsh; so you avoid him as you would a cliff. But that is not right. You ought to throw your graces over him, and cover him, as a vine runs over the cliff and makes it most glorious by the leaves which it puts out.

## NURSERY ETHICS.

What little thermometers children are! How they indicate, to a certainty, the moral temperature around them! If the presiding genius of the nursery be harsh, impatient, or vindictive in her ruling, how instantly do the little natures set themselves in accord!

There is a little woman of my acquaintance who chooses, for reasons best known to herself, to have absolute charge of her children.

"I will hire," she says, "a woman to sew on buttons and to cut out aprons; I will have no one but myself to shape my children's lives. I prefer to shape character, rather than *piqué* suits!"

"But the bathing, and scrubbing, and combing, and tying of strings," I have urged to her over and over again; "how can you manage it?"

"You forget," she says, "the woman who sews on buttons; she is always within call. She is a poor, tired-out old thing; she hasn't much patience. She could never govern, but she does very well as an extra hand in that busy hour before breakfast. Even if she should feel rather cross and snappy sometimes. I give the tone to the nursery, sir!"

"Besides, you have no idea how fast children learn to help themselves. Bonny there, tugs and tugs away at his shoe-strings to get through before mamma comes to him. If he were left to a nurse, he would lie on the floor with his feet stretched out and wait."

Enormous bundles of work go out from our house, autumn and spring, to a poor girl who lives by her machine-work. In a little room, just off the larger one, old Susan is established with her stocking-basket, and her cutting board, and in the nursery sits, calm and regnant, reading and writing, my little woman.

*Reading and writing*, echoes back in despair from some worn-out mother whose nursery is a chaos of screams and broken toys! How is that possible?

My dear woman, my little woman has taught her children to amuse themselves. One of the four walls of our nursery, as high as a child can reach, is painted black with some kind of slaty preparation. Children love to scribble in a wide field, and this is a grand panoramic black-board, on which, daily, elephants, and ships, and soldiers, are drawn in chalk by promising young artists. Notes are printed on it to mamma,—"I am sorry I was selfish;" and requests are left in staring letters: "Please, can I have my sled mended, papa? It got jammed to-day."

"But the noise? the crying?"

My dear madam, I do not wish to insinuate any invidious comparison, but the

key-note of the day is struck when my little woman enters the nursery. She sets the tune. There is a brisk little way that some people have of laughing over and through troubles.

A sounding bump is heard. On the instant, there is mamma. "Why, soldier boy it hurts, don't it? But Bonny never means to cry!"

And Mamma beams over the little man, and presently, with a struggle, Bonny's tears are dried.

Cheer, in its fulness, cheerfulness, is the atmosphere that makes children thrive.

Does your nursery have a south window? I hope so, but this other sunshine, this "exposure" is always possible with the blakest of northern lights and the blankest of opposite walls,—a brave, hopeful spirit that braces and buoys the little feet through the voyage of every day.—*Selected.*

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**CHICKEN LOAF.**—Boil a chicken until it will come readily from the bones, boiling down the broth until there is but little left. Chop the chicken when cold, adding the jellied broth. Chop or crumble fine bread and add to the chicken, with two eggs (raw), pepper, salt, and mace to taste. Work the whole into a loaf, glaze with white of egg, and cover with crumbs. Put in the oven, and cook until brown. To be cut in slices and eaten cold.

**ITALIAN CHICKEN SALAD.**—Make a dressing in the proportion of the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, rubbed fine, one of mustard, and one of cayenne pepper, one of white sugar, four table-spoonfuls of salad-oil, and two table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Simmer this dressing over the fire, but don't let it boil. Stir constantly while over the fire. Then take a sufficient quantity of the white meat of cold chicken for this quantity of dressing, or increase in this proportion, to the desired quantity; pull the white meat into small flakes; pile it up in a dish and pour the dressing on it. Take two heads of fine, fresh lettuce, that have been washed and laid in water, take out the best part, cut it up and arrange in a heap or around the chicken, heaped in the middle of the dish, and on the top of this ridge place the whites of eggs, cut in rings, and laid in form of a chain. A portion of the lettuce to be helped with each plate of chicken.

**STEAMED TURKEY.**—All poultry, after dressing, should remain in cold water from twenty minutes to half-an-hour to extract the blood and leave them white; then hang in a cool place for twenty-four hours, in

winter even longer. They will be much sweeter and finer flavored for it.

When ready to cook a turkey, see that every pin-feather is taken out, rinse in cold water and wipe dry with a cloth used for nothing but such purposes; rub inside with pepper and salt and fill with oysters, carefully washed in their own liquor to remove bits of shells; sew up the turkey, place in a large dish, and set it into a steamer over boiling water; lay a clean cloth over the steamer and shut the cover on tight, and steam till tender—two and a half hours, or if large, three hours—run a fork into the breast to see if done. If it seems tender, and no reddish juice flows out, it is ready to take up; strain the gravy, and put into the oyster sauce, which should be ready while the turkey is cooking, made like stewed oysters and thickened with farina or butter and flour; let it just boil up and add, if you like it white, a little boiled cream; pour this over the steamed turkey, and serve hot.

Or, if preferred, the turkey may be stuffed as for a common baked turkey, and steamed; or it may be stuffed with good plump chestnuts, after the skins are removed, and the gravy made with the giblets chopped fine, adding a little flour as you chop and the gravy from the dish stirred to it, and set over the fire to boil up. While the gravy is being made, rub a little butter over and sprinkle the turkey with flour very slightly and set in a hot oven to brown delicately. Many prefer this to sending to the table right from the steamer with white gravy poured on.

**PUFF PASTE.**—To every pound of flour, take half a pound of butter, two eggs and half a pint of cold water; chop the butter fine and add to the flour, stirring it in with a spoon; add the eggs, well beaten, and the water, not touching it with the fingers. Dredge the board with flour, turn out the paste and roll thin; fold over once and roll again; repeat this process four or five times; then let it stand an hour before using for pies.

**A CHEAP PLUM-PUDDING.**—One and a half cupfuls of chopped suet or butter, three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, a cupful of molasses, three cupfuls of raisins and currants mixed, a little salt, a teaspoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg; boil in cloth or mold for four hours.

**BLEACHING COTTON.**—For every five pounds of cotton cloth or yarn dissolve twelve ounces chloride of lime in soft, boiling water. When cold strain it into a sufficient quantity of water to immerse the goods in. Boil them fifteen minutes in strong soapsuds, wring out in clear cold

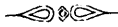
water, then put the goods into the chloride-of-lime solution from ten to thirty minutes, with frequent airings; rinse well and dry the goods, then scald in clear soft water and dry.

**BLEACHING WITH SOUR MILK.**—Boil thick sour milk, strain it into a stone pot, and then put in whatever it is desired to bleach; let it remain there a few days, turning it thrice a day; wring out, wash through cold, soft water, and spread in the hot sun. Repeat the process if necessary.

**BOILED KNUCKLE OF VEAL.**—A pretty good sized knuckle of veal can be bought at the butcher's for twelve or, at the most, fifteen cents. I sometimes remove the whole of the bone, and make a small round or fillet of the meat, securing it in shape with small skewers and string. I always cut off the larger part of the bone, but in either case the bones are boiled with the meat, as the broth from them is excellent. If the meat is in the house several hours before needed for the kettle, I first wash it well, and then sprinkle over it about a full tablespoon of salt. If this is not done the same quantity may be added to the water in which it is boiled. For a twelve-o'clock dinner I put the meat to boil about ten. It is much better to have the water boiling before putting in the meat. Let it come to a boil, skim the water, put on the cover closely, and move the kettle back from the fire, where it will gently simmer. I always boil a small piece of pork about four inches square with the meat. For my table I make a very nice drawn butter with chopped parsley stirred in. Where parsley is not at hand, a little of the broth partially thickened with flour and a little butter added, may be used as a gravy. Oyster sauce is nice with boiled veal, or white sauce, with lemon chopped fine. After dinner, if any quantity of the meat is left, I take the bones from the kettle and strip off all the tender gristle and fat. I then cut the meat up fine, sprinkle over the whole a little pepper and perhaps salt, mix all up together, and press into a bowl adapted to the quantity. By tea-time it will turn out a solid, nice-shaped meat-cheese, which I think is excellent eaten with vinegar and mustard, just as head-cheese or brawn is eaten.

**VEAL SOUP.**—The broth from the veal will make a very fine dinner-soup for the next day. There are several ways of preparing it. You may simply add a little parsley and serve it so, or you may boil an onion or two in it. It will be very nice if a head of celery is cut up in small squares, and boiled for a few minutes, or lemon may be added.

## Literary Notices.



THE LAND OF DESOLATION. By Isaac J. Hayes, M. D., Author of the "Open Polar Sea," &c. New York: Harper Bros

Numerous books of adventure in the Arctic regions have been published of late years, but the demand still seems to be unabated. The present volume relates more particularly to Greenland, and gives the details of a coasting trip made by the author in company with Mr. Bradford, the artist, and others, for the purpose of seeking the picturesque in Arctic scenery. The adventures of the "Panther" and her passengers form the principal material for the book, but some attention is paid to the history and antiquities of the Northmen in Greenland and the items of scientific interest which were observed. The formation of icebergs was watched with a careful attention which perhaps no previous writer has been in a position to give. On one occasion, the whole party were in imminent danger from the sudden birth of one of these sea-mountains. Our readers will be interested in the story:—

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

During the absence of the captain and myself from the vessel the artists had not been idle. They had landed near the glacier, and with brush and camera had begun their work. The day was warm, the mercury rising to 68° in the shade, and the sun, coming around to the south, blazed upon the cold, icy wall. This must have produced some difference of temperature between the ice touched by the solar rays and that of the interior, which was in all probability several degrees below the freezing-point, for towards noon there was an incessant crackling along the entire front of ice. Small pieces were split off with explosive violence, and, falling to the sea, produced a fine effect as the spray and water spurted from the spot where they struck. Scarcely an instant passed without a disturbance occurring of this kind. It was like a fusilade

of artillery. Now and then a mass of considerable size would break loose, producing an impression both upon the eye and ear that was very startling.

By one o'clock every body had come on board to dinner, and for a while we all stood on deck watching the spectacle and noting the changes that took place with interest. It was observed, among other curious phenomena, that when the ice broke off the fractured surface was deep blue, and that if any ice, as sometimes happened, came up from beneath the water, it bore the same color; but after a short exposure to the sun, the surface changed, and became almost pure white, with the satin glitter before described. Our situation for a view could not have been better chosen, and it is not likely that such an opportunity was ever enjoyed before by explorers, since it is not probable that a vessel ever rode before at her anchor so near a glacier.

After dinner the work was to be resumed. The photographers hastened ashore, hoping to catch an instantaneous view of some tumbling fragment, which if they could have done would certainly have exceeded in interest any other view they had secured. The question of moving our anchorage was deferred to the captain, who decided to go over to the other side when the artists had been put ashore with their tools. Steam was indeed already up.

The boat had reached the shore for this purpose, and had shoved off for the ship, leaving the artists on the beach; and the order had been given by the captain to "up anchor," when loud reports were heard one after another in quick succession. A number of large pieces had broken off, and their fall disturbed the sea to such an extent that the vessel began to roll quite perceptibly, and waves broke with considerable force upon the shore. Then, without a moment's warning, there was a report louder than any we had yet heard. It was evident that some unusual event was about to happen, and a feeling of alarm was generally experienced.

Casting my eyes in the direction from which the sound proceeded, the cause of it was at once explained. The very centre or extreme point of the glacier was in a state of apparent disintegration. Here the ice was peculiarly picturesque, and we had never ceased to admire it,

and sketch and photograph it. A perfect forest of Gothic spires, more or less symmetrical, gave it the appearance of a vast cathedral, fashioned by the hands of man. The origin of these spires will be readily understood to be in consequence, first, of the formation of crevasses far up on the glacier; and secondly, by the spaces between them widening, and sharpening and rounding off by the action of the sun as the glacier steadily approaches the sea. At the base of these spires there were several pointed arches, some of them almost perfect in form, which still further strengthened the illusion that they might be of human and not natural creation. At the extreme point there was one spire that stood out quite detached, almost from the water's edge to its summit. This could not have been much less than two hundred feet high. I had passed very near this while crossing over in the boat, and the front of it appeared to extend vertically down to the bottom. In the clear green water (for the muddy water of the southern side did not reach over so far) I could trace it a long way into the sea. I had little idea then how treacherous an object it was, or I would not have ventured so near, for I was not more than a boat's length from it.

The last and loudest report, as above mentioned, came from this wonderful spire, which was sinking down. It seemed, indeed, as if the foundations of the earth were giving way, and that the spire was descending into the yawning depths below. The effect was magnificent. It did not topple over and fall headlong, but went down bodily, and in doing so crumbled into numberless pieces. The process was not instantaneous, but lasted for the space of at least a quarter of a minute. It broke up as if it were composed of scales, the fastenings of which had given way, layer after layer, until the very core was reached, and there was nothing left of it. But we could not witness this process of disintegration in detail after the first few moments, for the whole glacier almost to its summit became enveloped in spray—a semi-transparent cloud through which the crumbling of the ice could be faintly seen. Shouts of admiration and astonishment burst from the ship's company. The greatest danger would scarcely have been sufficient to withdraw the eye from the fascinating spectacle. But when the summit of the spire began to sink away amidst the great white mass of foam and mist, into which it finally disappeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

By this time, however, other portions of the glacier were undergoing a similar transformation, influenced, no doubt, by the shock which had been communicated by this first disruption. Other spires, less perfect in their form, disappeared in the

same manner, and great scales peeling from the glacier in various places fell into the sea with a prolonged crash, and followed by a loud hissing and crackling sound. Then, in the general confusion, all particular reports were swallowed up in one universal roar, which woke the echoes of the hills and spread consternation to the people on the "Panther's" deck.

This consternation increased with every moment; for the roar of the falling and crumbling ice was drowned in a peal, compared to which the loudest thunder of the heavens would be but a feeble sound. It seemed as if the foundations of the earth, which had given away to admit the sinking ice, were now rent asunder, and the world seemed to tremble. From the commencement of the crumbling to this moment the increase of sound was steady and interrupted. It was like the wind, which, moaning through the trees before a storm, elevates its voice with its multiplying strength, and lays the forest low in the crash of the tempest.

The whole glacier about the place where these disturbances were occurring was enveloped in a cloud, which rose up over the glacier as one sees the mist rising from the abyss below Niagara, and receiving the rays of the sun, hold a rainbow fluttering above the vortex.

While the fearful sound was pealing forth, I saw a blue mass rising through the cloud, at first slowly, then with a bound; and now, from out the foam and mist, a wave of vast proportions rolled away in a widening semi-circle. I could watch the glacier no more. The instinct of self-preservation drove me to seize the first firm object I could lay my hands upon, and grasp it with all my strength. The wave came down upon us with the speed of the wind. The swell occasioned by an earthquake can alone compare with it in magnitude. It rolled beneath the "Panther," lifted her upon its crest, and swept her towards the rocks. An instant more and I was flat upon the deck, borne down by the stroke of falling water. The wave had broken upon the abrupt shore, and, after touching the rocks with its crest a hundred feet above our heads, had curled backward, and, striking the ship with terrific force, had deluged the decks. A second wave followed before the shock of the first had fairly ceased, and broke over us in like manner. Another and another came after in quick succession; but each was smaller than that preceding it. The "Panther" was driven within two fathoms of the shore, but she did not strike. Thank Heaven, our anchor held, or our ship would have been knocked to pieces, or landed high and dry with the first great wave that rolled under us.

When it became evident that we were safe, our thoughts naturally flew to our



comrades on the shore. To our great joy, they too were safe; but they had not had time to clamber up the steep acclivity before the first wave had buried them. Flinging themselves flat upon the ground when they discovered that escape was hopeless, and clinging to each other and to the rocks, they prevented themselves from being carried off or seriously hurt. One had been lifted from his feet and hurled with much force against a rock, but, excepting a few bruises, he was not injured, and with much fervor thanked heaven that it was no worse. He had, indeed, abundant cause. Had the party not been favored by the rocks, which were of such formation that they could readily spring up from ledge to ledge, they must all have perished. The wave, before it reached them, had expended much of its force. If they had been upon the beach and received the full force of the blow, they would inevitably have been killed outright or drowned in the under-tow. Their implements—bottles, plates, everything—were either gone, or were a perfect wreck. Fortunately, their cameras were upon the hill-side, and beyond the reach of the wave, where they had used them in the morning. The boat, also, was safe: she had been hauled out some distance from the shore, and by putting her head to the waves she rode in security.

The agitation of the sea continued for half an hour after the first wave broke upon us. This was partly a prolongation of the first disturbance, but proceeded mainly from the original cause still operating. The iceberg had been born amidst the great confusion, and as it was the rolling up of the vast mass which sent that first wave away in a widening semicircle, so it was the rocking to and fro of the monster that continued the agitation of the sea; for this new-born child of the Arctic frosts seemed loath to come to rest in its watery cradle. And what an azure gem it was! glittering while it moved there in the bright sunshine like a mammoth *Japhis lazuli* set in a sea of chased silver, for the waters all around were but one mass of foam.

I measured this iceberg afterwards and found its height above the surface of the water to be one hundred and forty feet, which, supposing the same proportions to continue all the way down, would give a total depth of eleven hundred and twenty feet, since the proportion of ice below to that above is as one to seven. Its circumference was almost a mile. No wonder that its birth was attended with such fearful consequences.

The part which had been the top of the glacier had become the bottom of the iceberg. The fragment, when it broke off, had performed an entire half-revolution. Hence it was that no part of it was white.

But as the day wore on the delicate hue which it first showed vanished, and before the berg finally disappeared down the fiord it wore the usual opaque white which distinguishes its older brothers who have drifted in Baffin's Bay for perhaps a score of years.

THE NEW PIANO.—We have received a copy of a lyric poem under the above title, by James M. Macrum, which is published at Pittsburgh. It forms a very dainty little volume, and consists of about four hundred lines, having the irregular sweep of the ode. The title may at first provoke a smile, and a feeling of curiosity to see what the poet has said upon what might at first sight seem so commonplace a subject. It's treatment, however, is scholarly, enthusiastic, subtle, and, at times profound; commemorating the player, the poet, and the artizan. In reference to the first of these the lyrist sings thus, whilst the syllables seem to trip it like the fingers over the dancing keys:—

As thy light, swift fingers running,  
With a wierd, unconscious cunning,  
O'er the trembling ivory keys,  
From thine eyes, thy lips, and these,  
All the eager soul of gladness,  
All the heavy heart of sadness,  
Come revealed in lightning flashes,  
And in sackcloth and in ashes,  
As the lights and shadows blending  
Alternate and spread around,

Made like real living creatures by the magic power  
of sound!—

Oh, the glamour of that cunning—  
Of those light, swift fingers running  
Their mazy, mystic rounds—  
And that 'concord of sweet sounds'

Of beautiful and manifold expression—from the play  
Of the gently-falling spray

On the surface, to the depth of the mighty undulation,  
When 'deep calleth unto deep,' and the awful, wrath-  
ful form

Of the angel of the storm,  
Robed with midnight and eclipse, plucks from hea-  
ven the light of day!

Here, in a few strophes, is the triumph  
of the worker, in having perfected the  
instrument:—

O, let the POET tell  
Right worthily and well,  
How the skilful WORKER brought  
Those diligent hands of His to strive amain  
To work after the fore-working of his brain.  
For at length the 'right hand's cunning,'  
And the mastery of skill,  
And the earnestness of will,

Carried everything before them, and the longed-for prize was won :  
 The seeker found what he had sought,  
 The Worker his work had done,  
 When a whole orchestra of instruments he wrough into ONE !

\* \* \* \* \*  
 And the WORKER hath his meed,  
 And his work is magnified,  
 When the fairest fingers glide,  
 With a weird and cunning speed,  
 O'er the smooth elephant or pearl, where his slower fingers plied  
 Their task, ere yet was any task for other fingers there!  
 Aye, the WORKER hath his meed, when he hears  
 What, to his enraptured ears,  
 Sounds like voices of the angels, like enchantment of the air.

The following lines are as truthful as they are beautiful :—  
 No heart unloving and unloved,  
 No self-sufficing, isolated heart,

Unsympathetic and unmoved,  
 'Mid human scenes of grief and pain,  
 Or joy and pleasure, can sustain  
 The cunning hand, the teeming brain,  
 The heritage of ARW.

As a last quotation, take these lines, so full of solemnity, notwithstanding the lightheartedness of the measure :—

But when at last thou ceasest, with such listener it is even  
 As with a sinful spirit who would venture, unforgiven,  
 To approach the shining portals  
 Where the songs of Immortals  
 Are borne upon the breezes from the heavenly courts within ;  
 And there, feeling all the curse of the silence-doom of sin,  
 Would be as much soul-riven  
 As if once more thunder-driven  
 Forth from heaven.

## Notices.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The January and February numbers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY having been early exhausted, new subscribers, or those whose time had expired, will have to begin the year with the March number.

The "Novitiate of a Jesuit," which we promised last month, will we are sure be read with unusual interest by our readers. It will furnish the key to the mysterious

power which is everywhere wielded by this body, and we can scarcely think that any one after reading it would be willing to commit the interests of his children to instructors who hold the principles that the Jesuit not only avows but glories in.

We give a portrait this month of Carl Marx, the noted Communist leader, whose gigantic brain first conceived the idea of the International Society. The part which he has taken in the French troubles, has rendered his name famous, or infamous.