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GRAND ROUNDS.

EDITED BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

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GRAND ROUNDS.

“*Nec Aspera Terrent.*”

ADDRESS BY THE EDITOR.

“*Nec aspera terrent.*”

This motto may be freely rendered :

“And hardships affright them not.”

It is borne by five of our regiments, namely :

The 3rd King's Own Hussars.

The 8th King's.

The 14th Buckinghamshire.

The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The 27th Inniskillings.

With the last of these, I formerly spent some pleasant hours at the great Camp at Aldershot, and shall long remember the names then added to many already inscribed in my Temperance Pledge-book. The book is filled now, one of several which I treasure in memory of happy work in days gone by.

My first acquaintance with one of the gallant Inniskillings was in a London crowd. I had spent the day among our soldiers and sailors at a Temperance festival at the Crystal Palace, and having missed the escort which I expected to meet me from Aldershot, whither I was bound next, one of our ever kind hearted blue-jackets hunted through the vast assembly for some safe protector, until he found a Sergeant of the 27th, about to return to camp, who instantly placed himself at my service, and

proved himself well worthy of his regimental motto, as he pushed a way for me to the station through the cramming, gasping crowd of excursionists who certainly frightened me, but who were calmly disposed of by the sergeant, who being a “man of inches” both in length and breadth, was an admirable *avant courour* ; since where so mighty a form could pass, a small person like myself could scarcely fail of being able to follow.

So much for the memory of an old “friend in need.” And now for a little deeper glance into the beauty of the proud motto which so many brave men claim the right to bear upon their flag.

There is a curt dignity about the phrase standing after the name of a regiment ; a world of expression, too deep for utterance ; a haughty defiance, implying that words are not needed to tell what can be done by a corps whose lives have been eloquent in deeds ; an intimation of readiness to “do, or die ;” a sort of mighty “Here !” as if the roll-call were answered by the whole regiment as one man.

The 27th Inniskillings ! “And hardships affright them not !”

They are ready for *anything*.

There seems to be in their motto something of the haughty boast of the Scottish Chief :

"These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"

What further information was, or could be required?

And is not the same device just the one of all others which is the rightful inheritance of Christ's spiritual warriors? It ought to be theirs; nay, it is theirs, by birthright, as well as by enlisted privilege. And yet, how often do Christ's soldiers seem less faithful than Victoria's! How often does it happen that the man who would, for the earthly sovereign, face the guns undaunted, yet, for his Divine King, would shrink from a comrade's sneer!

"*Nec aspera terrent.*" "And hardships affright them not." We are to expect hardships then, as Christ's soldiers. HIMSELF hath said it! "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" but then follows the comfort-word; "but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

O tried and tempted one, "faint, yet pursuing" in the mighty struggle for the KING, tremble not, shrink not! The overcoming of the world is not left for thee to accomplish with thy feeble strength, HE HATH OVERCOME. He proclaimed His victory for thee on the very scene where He fell dying in the conflict; but falling, He triumphed gloriously, and dying He rose again to grasp His victor-crown, a crown whose laurels only half hide the thorns He bore for thee. The great overcoming He has done, only the manifestation is left for thee, and this He will give thee in His own chosen hour. Well mayest thou wait for the revelation of conquest, when He waited so long for the conquest itself. How often in the story of that Holy Life are we told that His weary toil was prolonged, His glory tarried, because "His hour was not yet come." If He chose to linger out His agony of life and death for the fulfilment of His own appointed purposes, well mayest thou wait on thy Lord's commands for thee; for "the disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord."

The Master, in His Divine humanity, shrank not from hardship; follow then His example, "Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

We often hear wonder expressed by men of the world at the trials which come upon God's children; nay, some have even so far worshipped "success" as to say of this or that tried and persecuted one:

"They failed, therefore it is proved that God was not with them."

O false reasoning of earthly and sensual minds! Weak, unbelieving hearts, of too cowardly soul to comprehend the grand principle which forms the very sinew of war. Know, and be ashamed of your crude unbelief, that when one post of all others on the battle-field has been proved to be full of death and danger, it is just there that the Commander sends *his best*, his dearest, the brothers-in-arms, whom he "loves as his own soul." It is not to such a post that he sends the faint hearts whom he would not miss, or the raw recruits who have not half learned to conquer; no, where the crimsons lour deepest in the hot smoke of the battle, there he sends his choicest warriors, the very men whom his soldier-heart would weep to miss from the day of his grand review. And he places nearest Death, the men whom he feels he could not spare to die.

And so in our spiritual warfare; He who was the "brightness of the Father's glory," went down into the forefront of the battle, into the blackness and darkness; He who came from "the bosom of the Father," to be that Father's Revealing one, "made Himself of no reputation, took on Him the form of a slave, and was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," the death of shame which both Jew and Roman regarded as the *ultimatum* of horror and abasement.

Our Captain took the post of danger

and of honor, and no one of us His followers has ever yet endured sorrow or danger like His. Can the most crushed and suffering Christian dare to think his sufferings equal those of the Son of God?

Our very trials are but the pledge of sonship given us by the Father. Remember Calvary, tried Christian, and "Consider Him that endureth such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds.

"Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin.

"And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children. My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him:

"For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons, for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?

"But if ye be without chastening, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

Surely then of God's children it ought to be said, with full truth:

"And hardships afflict them not." For these hardships are but the shadow of the Father's hand sealing their adoption.

"Fear them not therefore, for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed."

God's purposes may be covered now for a while, by the dust and smoke of the battle, but the revealing *shall* come; His own word is given for it, and then,

"In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

"And hardships afflict them not!"

The flesh may quiver, the nerves may thrill with agony, but the sanctified will resting on a strength beyond its own can face all for Christ.

The bravest man is not he who feels

least his danger in the fight, but he who feeling, yet fights on. The most lofty spiritual natures are often shrined in bodies whose every breath is agony.

Two officers were once galloping side by side to the charge. One all sense and body, the other all soul and spirit. The first, glancing at the pale but resolute countenance of his companion, exclaimed with a sneer:

"Why man, you're afraid!"

The hero's lip compressed a little more closely, the lines of his face took still more determined curves, as he dauntlessly replied:

"Yes I am; and if you were only *half* as afraid, you would turn and run."

True philosophy and grandest courage. The blind, animal rush into hardship and danger is no real bravery; rather give us the refined spirit which, realizing, *quivering* to the trial, is yet borne through by the dauntless WILL that knows not how to yield.

John Bunyan has well expressed the the heart-throb of the genuine warrior in his Valiant for Truth's song:—

Who would true valor see,
Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent

To be a pilgrim.

"Whoso 'aset him round
With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right

To be a pilgrim.

"Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end,
Shall life inherit:
Then fancies fly away,
He'll not care what men say,
But labor night and day

To be a pilgrim."

So then Soldiers of the Cross, 'stand up for Jesus,' hold fast for Jesus, and when trials press hard upon you, remember your allegiance to the King of Kings, and say for Christ and in His strength, what five regiments of earth's bravest soldiers have said for England's Queen:

"NEC ASPERA TERRENT."

Our Serial Story.

The Mocking-Bird.

By MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

CHAPTER V.

More Spirits.

Francisco They vanished strangely!
 Sebastian. No matter, since
 They have left their vands behind, for we have
 stomachs,
 Will 't please you taste of what is here?
 THE TEMPEST.

"I really wish, grandpapa," said Margaret, one morning, "that Mr. Wilson would not be so continually besieging me with his vapid arguments on spiritualism! He rides his hobby to death."

"Have as little communication with him as possible," replied General Winton. "I never yet heard that man speak without some sneer at something that is noble and holy. His very presence is contamination. Enter into no argument with him, Pearl; if he insists on talking to you, when you cannot immediately escape, parry his remarks as you can easily do; and withdraw at the earliest opportunity. Your natural dignity has already shielded you from his worst strain of conversation; but I have heard him say things which you ought never to hear, and use arguments, which, as a refined woman, you could never attempt to answer. He has silenced two or three lady opponents in that way, and imagines his reasoning incontrovertible because his word was the last."

"Well, I always do feel when he approaches," said Margaret, "as if I were in the visible presence of the very spirit of evil."

From this time Wilson's endeavors to draw Miss Winton into a dispute were in vain. His place at the table was, unfortunately near hers; and she was obliged to hear a great deal; but when he addressed her personally, she invariably evaded giving any answer which could tend to prolong conversa-

tion. At length, in a reply to direct question from him, she said; decidedly:

"Mr. Wilson, I must decline to enter on the subject. Anything that I could say, is not likely to have any effect on your convictions, as you say you were brought up by Christian parents; and cannot, therefore be ignorant of right: for myself, your arguments cannot be profitable, and you must allow me to refuse hearing them."

Wilson now worked more insidiously, his object in life seemed to be the scattering abroad of the seeds of unbelief in everything worthy of reverence. Margaret, on the principle of "answer a fool according to his folly," frequently by some sarcasm turned the laugh against him, and rendered his remarks ridiculous in the eyes of the bystanders. A sort of war seemed declared between them: and very soon Wilson's addressing an observation to her, became the signal for all other observation to cease, while everyone listened with unconcealed amusement to hear his discomfiture. Now it was very mortifying for one who was ambitious of being looked up to as an oracle in the "occult sciences," to be turned into ridicule by a mere girl; one too, who openly declared herself a firm believer in the religion which he hated with all the bitterness of his evil nature.

There was a social, one evening at the boarding-house, and all the guests were invited. Margaret, as a matter of course, intended to remain in her own room.

"Are you going to patronize the hop, this evening, Lady Winton?" inquired Wilson, at tea, with his usual familiar tone.

"No, Mr. Wilson," replied Margaret, with her air of careless haughtiness. "I never hop, not being Darwinianally descended from the kangaroo tribe."

Darwinianism was one of Wilson's pet stories.

Next morning at breakfast, he was giving an account of those within hear-

ing, of some extraordinary manifestations which had taken place at a *séance* in the house of a celebrated spiritualist. At the wish of different members of the company, apples, grapes, and oranges, had fallen on the table, dropped there by the spirit-fingers.

"Dear me!" said Margaret, "then spiritualism must be a good thing after all; for, of course if the spirits are so obliging as to procure fruit to order, they could just as easily get other things. How nice, to be sure! No more poverty in New York, after this discovery! I shall walk up Broadway, and see if the hands of the benevolent spiritualists out-stretched to catch little shoes, which will come floating around in obedience to their kind wishes on behalf of the barefooted children who run by crying with the cold. Talk about the "*à je ilor!*" Why, it is only just beginning. Henry IVth's desire that every poor Frenchman should be able to have a chicken to put in the pot on Sunday, was nothing to what is coming now! Our spiritualistic friends will not only provide dinner, but dessert also!! Mr. Wilson, couldn't you undertake to supply the poor people of the city with board, this winter? Make a good use of your riches."

Wilson looked uneasily conscious that he was an object of mirth to the whole company, and began to relate the further proceedings of the *séance*; but Margaret followed him up so unmercifully, that he attempted to change the subject, by asking his enemy if he had read a new book on natural history which had only just been published. She said she had not; and after a few remarks had been exchanged on that topic, observed suddenly.

"O! talking of natural history. Mr. Wilson; you remember we mentioned kangaroos last evening. Did you ever read about Sidney Smith's kangaroos?"

"No, I don't know that I have," replied Mr. Wilson, uncomfortably suspicious of another wound coming.

"Why you know," said Margaret, very seriously, "they were so clever

that they only took seven hops to hop a mile."

Wilson looked rather doubtfully at the fair narrator, but she was gravely drinking the last sip of her coffee; and he replied:

"They must have been of a remarkably large size, I should imagine?"

Margaret set down her cup with solemn deliberation; and as she rose from the table, flashed her bright eyes on Wilson with an expression of "malice prepense," as she answered in a careless tone:

"O! not at all. I guess those were only the ghosts of deceased kangaroos, come back to assist the 'manes of our ancestors' in their attempts to infuse the principle of 'perpetual motion' into the upholstery of their descendants."

And she withdrew, leaving the table in general paroxysm; even the grave proprietor at the head of the board, could not help letting his heavy moustache quiver a little.

It was several days before Wilson again ventured to address Miss Winton.

Meanwhile General Winton had made many inquiries respecting the fate of his son Arthur, but as yet could obtain no particulars respecting him. At last, a sturdy Yankee hunter presented himself, and offered to go West and seek the desired information. Of course the man must be paid; and being well recommended by reliable parties for whom he had performed similar services, the General at once resolved to furnish him with the necessary funds. For this purpose he went to the bank to withdraw a portion of the small property which he had transferred from his English bankers to the American firm.

He presented the letter of credit at the cashier's desk.

There was a pause, a conference between the cashier and one of the principals; then the manager came forward himself to address the distinguished stranger who he knew must either be a loser or a swindler.

"Your check from Hart and Marlow is valueless, Sir," he said, after a scrutinizing glance at the General's appearance.

General Winton looked up.

If you require proof that I am the Howard Winton to whom the money is due, I can easily give it you," he said. Or don't you feel satisfied about the signature of the English firm? As I am a stranger to you, I will leave the check in your hands on your giving me an acknowledgement for it, until you can receive an answer from my bankers."

"No, no," said the manager; "the draft is right enough as to its being a genuine one; we know their signature very well; but don't you know the whole concern has smashed up?"

"How? when?" inquired General Winton breathlessly, but endeavoring to maintain an appearance of calmness.

"News came by telegram yesterday, wonder you didn't see it in the papers. They withdrew all effects from our bank several months ago. They knew what they were about. Hart is supposed to be in France somewhere, Harlow is off, leaving us no trace at all."

"I am surprised," said General Winton, with a stunned look. "Hart and Marlow have been my bankers for years; they were considered as safe almost as the Bank of England!"

"I am sorry if the loss is of consequence to you," said the manager, "but it is just as I have told you."

General Winton turned and left the bank, bewildered. How could he and Pearl live on that, until he could obtain a situation of some sort? He must accept the first that offered: but he was an old man; and what chance would he have, in a sudden competition with the younger candidates for employment? His Pearl accustomed to every luxury, to the most devoted attendance! What could he do for her? She would bear adversity nobly, he knew; he had no fears as to her powers of grand endurance. But how could he

bear to see her suffer? Even now, her position must be a painful one, though she never showed she felt it. A delicate lady, educated amid all the exquisite refinement of a high circle at home, could not be very comfortable in a boarding-house, among society so very different to what she had before met.

He went back to their lodging. Pearl was in her own room; he would not call her; time enough presently, to tell her she was almost a pauper. He would rest awhile. A strange numbness was gradually creeping over him. He laid back in the low easy chair by the fire, and thought he would sleep.

The dinner-bell sounded near his door; but its harsh clangor raised no movement in the reclining figure resting there so still and deathlike.

Margaret tapped; there was no answer, and she peeped in;

"What success, grandpa? Has the agent agreed to go West for you? Is your business all arranged?"

Still no reply.

Margaret went forward.

"Dear grandpa, have you been asleep, with all that noise outside? How dreadfully tired you must be! Wake up, grandpa, dinner will refresh you!"

She went on talking, trying to still the vague fear at her heart.

No movement.

She kissed his forehead.

Still that terrible silence.

She left the room, with swift, firm tread. Dr. Forest was not in the office. She entered the dining-room, and the guests already assembled looked at one another in wondering awe, as they saw the girl's marble face, with its dark, haggard circles under the eyes. There was a general hush, as she came to the head of the table, where Dr. Forest stood carving. He turned and caught sight of her white, drawn countenance.

"What is it?" he asked.

Margaret tried to speak, but her voice was hoarse to a whisper.

"Please come," she said, almost inaudibly; and he left the guests to take care of themselves, and followed her.

General Winton had not moved, and Dr. Forest went up to his side, and made a silent examination.

"It's not what you think," he said then, in his short stern way, but with an accent of rugged kindness. "He will live, it's only a stroke. Is it the first he has ever had?"

"O! yes!" said Margaret hoarsely.

"All the better, of course. We will bring him round before long. Don't be afraid."

"Only a stroke!" And Margaret did not yet know that they were almost destitute.

CHAPTER VI.

Down in the World.

Get leave to work in this world,—
Tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction.

Get work, get work;
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.
MRS. BROWNING.

Slowly came back the tokens of life to the numbed form over which Margaret watched with agonized solicitude.

The day after General Winton's being taken ill, was the one on which the weekly payment for their board was due; and Margaret paid it out of the hundred dollars which she found in her grandfather's pocket-book, little imagining that their whole possession was thereby reduced by nearly one half. She thought they had still a thousand pounds in the bank, and therefore felt no anxiety for the present.

It was more than a week before the invalid recovered sufficiently to converse with any amount of coherency; but slowly came back the full tide of memory; then the old man, with quivering lips, told Pearl the story of their reverse. She was bending over her work as she listened, and he could not see her face, which she kept turned from him, that he might not see the paleness she knew was creeping over it. For a moment, she felt a

thrill of fright at the revelation of their poverty. Only a few dollars now remained in her purse. She must do something to earn more! Mastering her emotion, she raised her head, and laying it on her grandfather's pillow, said soothingly.

"Don't vex about it, dear grandpa. I can get some money, I know. We shall do very well."

"And is the weight of all the trouble to rest on you, my little Pearl?" said the old man, feebly, while the tears filled his eyes. He was aging so fast under the grief and illness.

"Don't think about trouble, my own grandpapa," replied Margaret, softly stroking his cheek with her slender hand. "You have only to think about getting well. I can manage the rest. Trust me; and pray God to bless me. He will take care of us."

"There are a hundred dollars left in my pocket-book, Pearl," he said, dreamily. He had forgotten that she had already had to make two payments out of that sum.

"All right, grandpapa," she answered, brightly; "I will be very careful."

"We must have cheaper lodging, Pearl."

"Wait until you are stronger, before you begin to think about that, grandpapa. You could not move yet. Just leave everything to your own little Pearl who loves you, O! so dearly; and don't think about anything but getting well."

While General Winton was asleep, a little later in the afternoon, Pearl quietly left the room, and went into the office, where she informed Dr. Forest of their altered circumstances, adding with a tone of dignified apology for speaking of personal matters:

"I felt you ought to know this, Dr. Forest, as I have not money enough to pay another week's board; but I shall obtain it doubtless. I *must!*" and the small lips closed resolutely. "But I hope you will be so kind as to have a little patience with us until grandpapa is able to move. I will find money in

some way; and if you hear of any chance for me to give lessons in music or languages, please let me know."

"It is certainly very hard for you," replied Dr. Forest in his dry, short way; "yes, you can stay, of course. I know you will do the best you can."

And Margaret returned to her grandfather's bedside, feeling comforted. She could not yet venture to leave him long; and the next few days were occupied in writing short stories and sketches, which she intended trying to dispose of among the Editors of weekly papers, as soon as she should be able to spare time from her duties as sick-nurse, to go round to the different offices.

"What are you writing so busily, Pearl?" inquired General Winton one evening, when she had spent a longer time than usual, bending over the little writing-table at his bedside. His voice was not clear yet, and he turned very feebly on his pillow as he spoke.

"I have been writing a story, grandpa, Do you want anything, I thought you were asleep."

"I have been asleep, but woke up some time ago, and have been watching you ever since. No, I don't want anything, dear. But I should like to hear your story. Will you read it to me?"

"In five minutes, grandpapa; it is almost finished."

Margaret's head stooped again over the sheets of paper she was rapidly piling in neatly executed manuscript one on another, as each was completed. At last she rose, and exclaimed, with a long sigh of relief:

"There! That is one story done! a most entertaining romance in nine chapters," she continued playfully: "Woe betide the benighted Editor who shall refuse to accept it!"

"Now read it to me, Pearl," said the invalid eagerly.

"Just wait till I have stitched these wandering sheets together, grandpa," rejoined Margaret: "I shall be only a minute doing it; and then,

General Winton, I will have the honor to invite your criticisms." And she swept a low courtesy as she turned gaily away to find needle and thread for her work. It was soon done; the writing materials put up for the night, and Pearl sat down to read the story.

When she had finished, she looked up for her grandfather's approval, and met his eyes fixed sadly on her. The tears rose to her own eyes as she saw that look, and she inquired anxiously:

"Don't you think that will do? or what is the matter, grandpa?"

"My darling, your story is very good, *very*! But how are you going to dispose of it? What can you do alone?"

"O! I shall find out what are the papers most likely to suit me, or rather that I shall be most likely to suit, and then I shall call on the Editors. I have several little sketches ready, besides this one; and if you think you can spare me for an hour to-morrow, I will go out and begin my work."

"Alone! Poor little thing! My own little Pearl!" and the old man's withered hand strayed gently over the young head bending by his pillow. "How can you venture all alone through the city streets? My poor darling, it is so hard for you."

"Don't fear, grandpapa," she replied, tenderly kissing away his tears; "didn't you once tell me that a woman who is unequal to emergencies was only half a woman? I am not afraid to walk alone, when I have need to do so. No one will *dare* to insult me!" And the grey eyes flashed, and darkened to black, as Margaret drew up her queenly figure in proud consciousness of her power to repel all annoyance which she might encounter in her unprotected state; her grandfather looked with loving admiration at her noble countenance, changing, and lighting with excited feeling, and said half sadly, half proudly:

"I think you are right, Pearl! none would dare. Our house was always celebrated for the purity and high

spirit of its daughters, and my Pearl is a true Winton. I can trust you to your own care. A woman is her own best protector. And you have a heavenly Guardian who will watch over you better than an earthly friend could do. You are a good child to me, my dear; and the Lord's promised blessing will rest upon you."

The next day, however, brought with it so violent a tempest of rain and snow, that Margaret's expedition had to be postponed.

Day after day continued the snow, blocking up the streets, and hindering traffic. Constant relays of workmen were employed in removing the heavy frozen masses, but still fell the heavy flakes, changing from their white hue to a dull, dirty brown, as they mingled with the impurities of the crowded streets. Any thought of venturing out was entirely out of the question. So she made the most of the time indoors, by getting finished a goodly store of original articles, and translations from a few foreign books which she happened to have at hand; the main part of her library not being yet arrived from England. She grew weary of the close confinement, and of watching the leaden sky constantly pouring down its weight of snow which was keeping her from work.

Meanwhile General Winton gathered strength, and was able to walk across the room; but never again would that brave right arm strike a foe, or pen words of kind greeting to a far-off friend; and the erect, military carriage had become sadly bent. Margaret knew that on her rested henceforward the burden of their united lives; and looking up to God for strength in this hour of sore need, she nerved herself firmly for his sake. Of course, they owed money now; but Dr. Forest waited, never saying anything unless Margaret spoke, when he replied shortly:

"I know you have hard times. You will do better after a while when you can do something. You may stay."

But there was a kindly look in his honest eyes that went farther than his few, abrupt words; and both Margaret and her grandfather keenly felt the generous kindness which he was practically showing to the almost unknown strangers.

After a fortnight of the same severe weather, the sun appeared once more, and Margaret sallied forth on her first visits to the terrible beings commonly called "editors."

CHAPTER VII.

Among the Editors.

Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Grae's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I releyou rent it;
A child's among ye, takk' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it;
Bress.

With beating heart and flushed cheek, Margaret tripped up the succession of steep stairs leading to the Editorial Rooms of one paper after another. Several editors were out; she had called on the wrong day, at last, in one office she was informed that the editor "would be in directly," and sat down to await the advent of the "mighty master of the spell." After some time, a tall, lank individual approached the door of the snug little room in which she was sitting. Could that snuffy presence belong to a man whose powerful brain conducted the clever, sparkling "Night's Agent?" He entered the sanctum, passed Margaret without a glance, marched methodically up to a spittoon, which was placed beside the big chair in front of the desk, and after disencumbering his mouth of a quantity of tobacco juice, he seated himself in said chair, wheeled it calmly round so as to face his visitor, and slightly bowed, as if to intimate his readiness to attend her pleasure.

"the Editor of 'Night's Agent?' inquired Margaret doubtfully.

Another bow in miniature.

"Have you room in your pages for a new contributor?" asked Margaret trying to equal the Editorial *smj froil*.

"That depends on the merits of the contributions," replied the Editor, in a quiet, passionless voice, from which tobacco-juice had narcotized all expression save that of itself.

"I have brought a few manuscripts which I will leave with you, if you please," said the lady, presenting her papers.

The phlegmatic Editor bowed, gave his chair a twist towards the window, looked at the titles of the articles.

"Your address?" he said offering her a pen. Margaret wrote the address with a hand that trembled in spite of herself, received another cool little bow, and considered herself dismissed. Drawing a long breath of relief, she issued from the building and sought the office of the "Looker On."

A regal-looking old gentleman replied to her inquiry for the Editor, and after hearing her errand, settled himself easily in his chair for a genial chat.

"Why, really, my dear Madame," he said with a kind, paternal air of regret, "I have more MSS. on hand than I know what to do with. This heap here," (laying his hand on a mass of papers, which he seemed to be examining), "I must publish, and it's quite impossible for me to get them out as soon as I would wish. We are overwhelmed with matter, more than we can really use."

He went on, asking questions concerning Margaret's opinion of New York, giving accounts of his own and other papers, and manifesting a courteous interest in her undertaking as a young author; so that she left, feeling cheered notwithstanding her want of success.

"O!" she sighed to herself, as she walked up Broadway, "I wish that dear old man could have taken me on his paper; I feel so comfortable talking to him! But now for another trial!" And she presently found herself in the presence of Mrs. Hastings, the Editress of "Earnest Life." A small, spare person was this lady, looking

through and over her spectacles with a sharp, but kindly glance.

"And you are English," she said, after the few introductory remarks; "What made you come to this country?"

Pearl was unaccustomed to questioning so direct, and felt inclined to return a curt answer, but meeting the unmistakably kind look of the straightforward eyes and spectacles, she replied, more fully than she at first intended:

"Grandpa wished to make some inquiries, respecting a friend; but it has become necessary for me to replenish our funds, as my grandfather's health has failed.

The sharp eyes grew softened, as Mrs. Hastings inquired further respecting the line of authorship Margaret intended to take up.

"Have you been accustomed to write?"

"Yes. I have written a great deal in England for religious Magazines in which I felt interested; but I never until now thought of doing it professionally."

"Well, from what I can gather from your conversation, Miss Winton, I think we should be pleased to receive your articles. I should like them to be practical, eminently practical. Sketches of Christian effort in your own country, or any practical suggestion as to improved systems, which may be useful on this side of the water, that is the sort of thing. Our pages are already so crowded that we have no room for mere talking *about* things. I want articles that come direct to the point, something practical."

And the spectacles took a position on the small matter-of-course nose which seemed to defy the world to induce their possessor to patronize anything that was not *practical*.

It was a long, weary morning for Margaret. All her manuscripts were at length given out for the consideration of the Editors on her list, and she turned her steps towards her tempo-

rary home. But observing the name of an excellent weekly paper blazoned in gilded letters along the front of a lofty building, she resolved to make one more call.

The sub-Editor, a bland, happy-faced gentleman, just looked up from the page over which he was pouring, as the fair young author passed on to the desk of the Editor-in-chief. A rugged, stern, gray-haired man of years was the latter; he might have been a fossilized passenger of the good ship "Mayflower." The gnarled grandeur of the old English Puritans crowned his heavily furrowed brow, and the piercing eyes peered from under the shaggy eyebrows with a power that would have made a timid heart quail. You would fancy such a man in the stern old times, sending a "schismatic" Quaker to the pillory, thinking he thereby "did God service." And yet you might be sure that man would never yield to personal prejudice. What he *felt* to be right he would do, nor listen to the throb of breaking hearts; but, certainly, the grand rigor of justice *against himself* would be exercised unmercifully; he was one of those of whom the Lord has spoken, as, "he that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." As an Editor, you could not fancy his going into raptures over a splendid article, nor cruelly satirizing a bad one, unless the badness degenerated into wickedness; and then, in the words of his ancestral motto, "BEWARE THE BAR!"

Pearl introduced herself, and was waved juridically to a chair. The model of the old Puritans had a heap of newspapers in a chair by his side; each paper in its turn was examined carefully, re-folded and thrown on the floor at his feet; he continued this occupation with grave deliberation, while listening to Margaret's opening remarks; and the heap on the floor grew gradually larger at the expense of the one in the chair.

When Margaret ceased speaking, there was a pause, and she could not be

sure whether the Pilgrim Father was considering what she had said, or was merely absorbed in sorting the papers. At length he spoke, in a slow methodical voice, without looking up from his work:

"Our pages are full, quite full. We have more MSS. than we shall ever print. Our contributors are very numerous."

"Then it will be useless for me to call again with any articles for your approval?" Said Margaret, half interrogatively.

Two more papers were slowly examined, folded, and allowed to join their companions on the floor; then the Fossil again spoke:

"I do not say that. Occasionally we lose a contributor by death or by removal to a foreign shore; and of course in these cases we have to select from other contributions, taking the best that offers."

"Then I will call in a few days with some articles," said Margaret, rising.

Another paper was examined and deposited.

"You can do so if you choose. For a really good article we can possibly make room; but others are useless."

Margaret swept gracefully out of the room, her soft "good morning" answered by an echo like Alpine thunder, from the Editorial chair behind the now towering pile of newspapers.

General Winton was leaning anxiously back among the cushions of his easy chair, eagerly listening for his Pearl's light foot-step on the corridor. The welcome sound came at last, and she fluttered in, throwing her muff on the bed, and tossing off her hat as if glad to get rid of it; then drawing a cushion to her grandfather's feet, she sat down and waited to be questioned.

"And what success has my Pearl had this morning?" asked the General fondly smoothing her ruffled curls.

"Not much success as yet, grandpa. All my articles are left in one place and another, scattered here and there, poor

things. Next week, when I call to make inquiries, I shall know more about the success."

"It was hard, my darling!"

"Not a bit of it grandpa! I've had some glorious opportunities of studying character. Some splendid specimens I've seen among the Editors, awful beings! But I'll put them all into an article someday. I would just like to make one universal courtesy to the whole lot and after returning thanks for being permitted to quiz them, I would saucily add,

"A child's among ye takin' notes?
An' faith! she'll print it!"

The week rolled on. Margaret spent it in hard study, and produced several new articles, with which she started on a second visit to the Editors with whom she had left her first sketches. Several of these she found were accepted; one was published, and she received for it five dollars, the first money Miss Winton had ever earned.

Seeing the "Silver Arrow," advertising capitals, she visited the office of that paper, whose Editor was somewhat notorious as an advocate of sundry views both religious and political, not generally admired by the world at large. His own peculiar *dignité* most sedulously offered up at his shrine the incense of their homage, and the rest of society made sharp remarks concerning his opinions and doings. The paper itself was in some parts heterodox and sensational to the last degree; yet occasionally a really good article appeared among all the sparkling nothings which crowded the columns. Margaret knew little but the name of either paper or Editor; and was ushered into the presence of the latter unbiassed by any previous notion. A tall, well-built man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, which he did not remove in courtesy to the lady's presence, turned his head as she approached his desk.

From her well-filled muff, Margaret handed him a manuscript which she thought suited to the paper. He took

it, favoring the manuscript and the lady with an equally prolonged stare of approval.

"You write beautiful manuscript," he said in a free and easy tone of compliment. "How do you manage to write so well? You take a great deal of pains with your writing, don't you?"

It was not the words, but the tone and the lawless freedom of the speaker's glance, that made Margaret's head take its loftiest *pose*, as she replied coldly:

"I prefer that my MSS. should be legible."

"What else have you got in your muff? let me see!" said the Editor, who evidently considered himself a privileged genius.

But he had found his match in Margaret Winton with her proud dignity and spirit of quiet sarcasm. Taking her bundle of MSS. from the muff, she selected an article which she had intended to offer to a very thoroughly religious paper, an article, grave, deep, and in every way unlikely to suit the erratic mind of the Editor of the "Silver Arrow."

"Nothing that would suit you, Mr. Marfield, unless you would like this," she remarked, handing it to him, and coolly returning the others to her muff.

He took the article, glanced at the title, then at the conclusion; his mouth gave way a little at the corners, and he *almost* made a grimace as he gave back the MSS. with the remark that he preferred the first shown him.

Margaret met with, on the whole, good success that day, and returned to her grandfather, encouraged, but still anxious, for they were spending more than forty dollars each week, and as yet, she had only received five.

The weeks passed on, and Margaret slowly gained ground, but her earnings from literature were small compared with her requirements. She consulted with her grandfather, and they decided that something must be done in order to reduce their expenses. They must

take two cheap rooms somewhere, and board themselves in the most economical way possible. General Winton was well enough to move out of doors now, and Margaret must look for suitable rooms.

CHAPTER VIII.
"Fifth Avenue."

O wad some power the giffle gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e o us,
And e'en devotion!

BRASS.

Margaret, for some time, sought in vain for lodgings whose price was within her reach. She was speaking to a sub-Editor one morning, for whose paper she had been requested to write a child's story, when it occurred to her that he might know of something which would suit her, and she instantly made known her difficulty.

"You would be more likely to find what you want at Brooklyn," he replied after a little pause of consideration.

A respectably dressed, middle-aged man came forward from warming himself by the stove, and asked if the young lady was in search of lodgings.

"Yes, just two rooms on moderate terms," said the Editor. "Do you know of any round your neighborhood, brother Garland?"

"Well no, I can't say as I do," answered the man, pompously shaking a grizzly beard; "but I might chance to hear of some, you know. What church do you belong to?" he added, turning to Miss Winton.

"I am a stranger in New York, and have not yet connected myself with any particular church," she replied.

"Ah! from England! well, I came from there myself, twenty years ago. I've done well in this country, very well, and I should ha' done a good deal better if I hadn't done more for other people than for myself. But just call at my house, and me and my wife 'll have a talk; perhaps we may hear of what you want."

Margaret promised to call, and then left the office.

"Grandpapa," she exclaimed as she entered General Winton's room on her return; "I think I shall find a lodging soon! I am going to call on an Englishman this evening about it."

"Who is he, my dear? can't you call earlier?" asked the General anxiously.

"He won't be at home till evening, grandpapa. I saw him at the office of the "Child's Persuader," this morning. The sub-Editor appeared to know him; his house is only two blocks from this. The man himself seemed to be a decent mechanic, carpenter or mason, I fancy; a pompous piece of goods, but I suppose he is an honest sort of fellow. I would have liked him better if he had been a little more English, or a little more American; as it was, he seemed to belong to no country at all; but I must see him about the rooms. I have an idea that he has some to offer us in his own house"

As soon as tea was over, Miss Winton went to visit Garland and his wife. The door was opened by an old woman in the poorest, thinnest, of all poor, thin dresses. As Mrs. Garland did not appear for some minutes, the old woman sat down with Margaret in the small back parlor, and asked several questions about England, which manifested an amount of intelligence which contrasted strangely with the shabby, neglected dress. In course of the conversation, it came out that she was Mrs. Garland's mother; but Margaret could not help thinking that the old lady was treated too much like a paid "help," for it seemed to be her special duty to answer the door-bell, and when at length Mrs. Garland made her appearance, her mother withdrew with a humble air of feeling herself in the way. The mistress of the house was a short, square woman, her head covered by a three-cornered blue kerchief tied under the chin, and partially concealing the lanky, half-curved locks of black hair which straggled from their confinement. Seating herself upon a rocking-

chair, she languidly began to talk, lazily swaying to and fro, as if to furnish an accompaniment to the conversation. She informed Miss Winton that she had no rooms at all fit for her, but if she liked to look at two which happened to be vacant, she was welcome to do so, adding :

"They are not what *you* ought to have, I am sure ; but they are cheap, two dollars a week for each room, Perhaps you would like to come up stairs and see them at once."

Margaret signified her readiness to accept this offer, and was conducted upstairs, across a long passage and into a small wing built over the kitchen premises. The two "cheap" rooms joined each other and were exactly alike. Not quite six feet in height, about seven feet in length, and less in breadth, the bed occupied more than half the space ; a shelf was at the foot of the bed, over which it hung ; a tiny washstand, one chair, and a table-leaf fixed to the wall, completed the furniture. Margaret's heart sank as she contemplated having to remain in such a close, inconvenient place, but as everything appeared quite clean, she thought she had better engage the apartments, so the bargain was concluded.

On the following Saturday the Winton's removed to their new lodgings, being indebted to Dr. Forest to the amount of fifty dollars, which weighed heavily on Margaret's mind, although the good doctor told her in his short way "not to trouble, but to pay when she could." It was altogether a new experience for a Winton to be other than a dispenser of favors, and the high-spirited old General keenly felt the trial, while Margaret grew pale and worn with anxiety and mental toil. She settled her grandfather in his new room, and then sallied forth to buy a few articles necessary in housekeeping. Very few were her purchases, for she had only nine dollars in her possession ; and out of that she must pay four dollars for the week's rent,

and another for washing, leaving little enough for food. A bason, which she bought in preference to a cup, as being capable of more varied uses, a knife and a spoon, were all the table conveniences she could venture on. Her experience in the Danish camp served her well here, in enabling her to make calculations which would otherwise never have occurred to the delicately reared daughter of the house of Winton. As she laid down thirty cents in payment for her goods, the shopman remarked, with a smile,

"I guess you are calculating to save money in this country !"

"I wish I may," thought she, as she hurried home.

"Now grandpapa," she said, when she brought the little supper of bread and milk to his bedside, "see how nicely I have managed ! When you have done with the bason and spoon, I will have my supper ; breakfast we can manage in the same way, and as soon as I get a little more money we can have some meat at a *restaurant*."

The General took the little bason, and tried to eat, but after swallowing a few spoonfuls, he put it aside, and buried his face in his hands.

"O ! grandpapa, don't !" sobbed Margaret, throwing her arms round his neck. We shall do very well after a while. Don't break your heart for me, grandpapa. I know you are grieving for me, but don't, *don't!* Why, your Pearl will be a great author yet, only wait ! We can economize now we are in cheaper lodgings, and I feel sure God will bless us. We are better off even now than the Lord Jesus when He came to save us and had not where to lay His head. You taught me to trust our Heavenly Father's love ; don't doubt Him now, dear grandpapa. You know it was when Peter began to sink, that Jesus caught him by the hand ; and He will help us surely, too, when we seem to be sinking : Don't cry, grandpapa ; you have your little Pearl to comfort you."

"Dear little Pearl ! patient, weary

darling!" said General Winton clasping the loving little hands wandering over his silver locks. "I believe God will bless you, my little comforter; but it is bitter to see you reduced to this."

"But I am happy with you, grand-papa. And now I know you are tired, so I will just read our evening chapter, and leave you to sleep."

From this day Margaret was more than ever watchful lest any token of weariness or trouble on her part should appear and vex General Winton. Patiently she toiled on, anxiously watching the issue of the papers for which her articles had been accepted, and smothering the heavy sigh of disappointment which almost choked her when she found one of her sketches postponed to another week. The Garlands knew little of her struggles; the man whom she had described as "a decent mechanic," she now found out to be one of those who write "Rev." before their name, with but small claim to the title; his wife, an American who was no credit to the refinement of her country any more than her husband was to his, *loved* about the house most of the week in the same careless *deshabille* in which Margaret had at first seen her. To neither of these could the high-bred, sensitive girl look for sympathy; and they guessed nothing of her difficulties, for the rent was paid regularly, though to accomplish this, both Margaret and the General often lived for days on little more than bread and water. But Pearl bore up bravely, and hoped for brighter times.

Sunday dawned clear and cold; the rays of the winter sun lighting up the dazzling masses of snow which had fallen during the night. A very decided rustle, as of a full dress sweeping through the corridor, passed Margaret's door, and when a half-hour later, she went into the tiny parlor at the end of the passage, where the lodgers sometimes sat, she found Mrs. Garland in all the glory of her Sunday attire. The old mother, in the same old thin gown, was busy lighting the fire in the

stove, but Mrs. Garland sat on a chair, with her well-flounced dress disposed around her so as to occupy the most part of the room. The blue kerchief no longer covered her lank black curls, which were allowed to hang gracefully (?) on her shoulders. Two or three rings adorned each hand, and bracelets, (supposed to be gold), clasped her wrists. A brooch of splendid dimensions fastened the collar; but the crowning glory was the watch-chain. Surely never before was watch-chain seen so self-asserting, so suggestive of all sorts of ideas, most prominent among which was the very decided assertion of its own individuality, so plainly proclaiming:

"I AM A WATCH-CHAIN!"

Margaret saw Mrs. Garland, her rings, bracelets, and flounces, but most clearly of all, she saw the watch-chain meandering over the square and portly bosom of its wearer.

"Go morning, Miss Winton," drawled the lay figure in a nasal twang beyond the every-day tone, and which seemed to have been brought out with the Sunday garments, etc. "And how do you like it in this part of the city, now you have been with us some days?"

"I can't say I like it at all," replied Margaret, trying not to allow her amusement to give way in an open smile. "But as I am not rich enough to take lodgings in a better part of the city, I must be as content as I can, I suppose."

"Ah! you feel it, no doubt! These streets are close; not what I have been accustomed to. Before I married Mr. Garland, everything was so different! I used to attend the best concerts, and enjoyed the music so much; but Mr. Garland makes me so impatient with him if I take him to a concert now. He *will* talk; he has no musical tastes, and can't appreciate such music, really scientific, as I enjoy the most. I feel the change so much, having always been brought up in Fifth Avenue!"

And Mrs. Garland sighed, and flourished the pendants on her bracelets, while the watch-chain became more evident than ever, on the strength of having been "brought up in Fifth Avenue."

Margaret wanted to enquire in what family Mrs. Garland had been lady's maid, but kept it down, and was still more startled to receive, the next moment, an invitation to tea that evening down stairs. She hesitated a moment, then accepted conditionally that her grandpapa felt well enough. She thought the change, (and tea with Mrs. Garland *would* be a change), might divert his mind a little from the remembrance of their troubles.

Notwithstanding the intimation from the lady of the house that her marriage had not increased her dignity or happiness, it was very easily discovered that she, and not her husband, was master. At the tea-table, Garland informed his guests that he should never have had courage to marry, if his wife had not made the proposals herself, and seemed to pride himself considerably on the fact that she had thought him worth asking for.

"And now let me give you a bit of advice," he said to Margaret. "You are writing for the journals, I understand?"

Margaret answered by a chilling bow. She did not fancy this ignorant *parvenu's* presuming to give her his advice. But he went on unabashed:

"You must study the tastes of the Editors, and their politics, and write for one what wouldn't do for another, and so smoothe them over. There's no getting along in New York without that."

"I think you are mis'taken," observed General Winton; "my granddaughter is now well-acquainted with many of the leading journals, and knows her ground."

"Yes, that's all very well," resumed Garland, trying to look ministerial; "but if she expects to make a hit, she mustn't write what she *thinks* or *be-*

lieves, but what 'll *take*, what 'll tickle the Editors, and please the public."

"That I shall never do," exclaimed Margaret; "what I believe, I shall write. I will not relinquish my principles to please anyone, nor will I give up even an opinion, unconvinced. Of course, when once fairly connected with a paper, I feel pleasure in consulting the feelings of an Editor whose personal worth commands my respect, and I am happy to say I know many such; but to cloak my opinions and faith for the sake of getting on a new journal is something to which I cannot stoop."

"Then you'll never do anything as a writer," remarked Garland authoritatively.

"I am doing something already," replied Margaret, "but really, Mr. Garland, I think we might limit ourselves to the six week days for conversation on such topics. As a minister, you might speak to me of something better suited to the day!"

Mrs. Garland looked a little confused, but her husband only turned to the General endeavoring to begin a discussion on politics. He abused England for being a monarchy, and rated America for being a republic; the first country was ridiculously small, the latter absurdly large. Touching on the American war, he declared that the South had a right to secede in theory, but not in practice; that he rejoiced in the defeat of the Southerners, because they were villains; but that the Yankees deserved to have been whipped, too, because they were rogues; the English Government he denounced as tyrannical, the American as altogether lawless; in short, the man seemed a genuine Ishmaelite, "his hand against every man," and likely to receive his reward by finding "every man's hand against him."

General Winton left the conversation pretty entirely in the hands of his host, and truly pleading weariness, early withdrew.

"Well," exclaimed Pearl, as she

settled her grandfather comfortably for the night," I hope we have had enough of the Rev., and of 'Fifth Avenue,' for a while! It will be long before I accept an invitation downstairs again. And I do think the poor old mother might have been allowed to sit down to tea with us, instead of being sent off into the kitchen with the servant."

"I wish you could be freed from the necessity of having anything to do with such people, my darling," sighed the General.

"O never mind, grandpapa," replied Pearl, cheerfully; "it is an experience, you know. Authors like to meet with odd characters. I am going to put these originals into my new story."

As Margaret passed to her own room, she heard the cracked voice of the old mother away down in the kitchen, singing joyfully of "the Evergreen Shore." Something in the happy trust of the trembling tones, soothed her, and she fell into a calm, gentle sleep.

Seeking the Lost.

A STORY OF MY EARLY DAYS.

COMMUNICATED BY A CORPORAL OF
THE 60TH ROYAL RIFLES

While on a point of my duty, sitting at the table in the guard-room, a passing thought came into my head concerning my early days, now long passed away.

I had an affectionate father and mother, who always tried their utmost endeavors to lead me in the paths of truth, that I might learn to follow Jesus as my Saviour, the only true and living way; but I was then young and thoughtless respecting my soul's welfare and heavenly home.

I used to go to school with my two brothers, and being the youngest of the family was an object of special anxiety to my parents.

My brothers and H. Y., our school-

fellow, went one evening to practise for their duties in the choir on the following Sabbath. It was a fine winter evening, and while my companions were busy singing, I strolled round the churchyard and school-house, which were pleasantly situated, surrounded by delightful walks bordered with beautiful shrubs. But I grew weary long before the singers were ready to leave the church, and sat down near the schoolroom door, thinking that my brothers might find me there. They, however, did not see me, and on their going home and telling my father that I had not been with them, my parents became very much alarmed and the whole family went out to seek me.

Meantime, my schoolmaster, whose house adjoined the school, stepped outside his dwelling for a moment, and hearing something move close by, looked about to see what it was, and to his great surprise, found it was me. He at once took me indoors, gave me something to eat and drink, and then set out to accompany me home. Before we had gone far, we met the friends who were looking for me, and you may fancy my parent's comfort and joy on finding me safe in the good man's care.

This happened many years ago; but I was thinking the other night that this little incident was a little like the story of the Prodigal Son, who was so kindly welcomed home from a far country.

My kind parents watched over me and cared for me as I grew to manhood. But did I listen to them as they urged me to follow Jesus, who shed his blood for me on the cross? No, not for some time; and often since then, when I have heard Christ preached, and thought of His dying for a poor sinner like me, tears have come into my eyes, to think of my long wanderings in "the far country," when every time I broke His commandments, I was, as it were, driving the nails through my Saviour's hands and feet, and staying away from the kind

Father who was seeking His poor child that was all the time asleep in sin. And I thank God that He said to me for myself: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"O my Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

The Old Yew Tree.

BY "A RIFLEMAN."

Autumn leaves are falling fast,
Happy emblems of the past;
Falling, falling, soft they lie;
Falling, falling! winter's sigh!

A traveller treads the leaf-strown ground,
A stranger, see! he looks around;
With head erect, he stalks along,
And now is heard a plaintive song:

"Ah, mother dear! Behold I come,
Thy truant boy returning home;
Thy blessing! 'yes; I hear her say,
'Home, home again, no more to stray.'"

Halt, stranger, halt, thy face I see:
You're looking for the "Old Yew Tree;"
Another step! He halts, looks round—
Not one familiar face is found.

"Friend," he burst forth, "I here can see
Nothing but the "Old Yew Tree;"
Nothing, nothing! Where the rest?"
All, all, are sleeping with the blest.

O God! My father, mother, all!
Yes, they have answered to the call;
In yon churchyard, beneath the turf
Is buried all my world is worth.

Farewell, old cottage, dear to me,
Farewell, farewell, the "Old Yew Tree;"
Falling, falling, all around,
I'll tramp once more the leaf-strown ground,

Till winter comes, (of life, I mean)
I'll then turn to the Old Yew Green,
And God, I hope, will give me rest,
With father, mother and the blest.

[Jesus, the Way, the Truth, the life,
Alone can lead you through earth's strife,
He only gives the weary rest,
He only makes the sinner blest.

Thank Him for loved ones gone before,
Safe landed on the eternal shore;
Trust Him to wash your sins away,
And lead you on to Heaven's bright day.]—Ed.

"Grace is the only garland that is worn in heaven, upon the heads of the glorified."—*Rutherford*.

Love and Mischief.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

Not many miles from London is a tiny village, a very *beau ideal* of rural beauty in miniature. The church is just large enough to seat comfortably about one hundred and fifty persons; close by is the parsonage-house on a corresponding scale, as to size, and the good clergyman who occupies it is endowed with a salary to match. The squire's house, not far off, is just a quiet little retreat, in which its proprietor hides himself for a few weeks occasionally, when weary of the gay life inseparable from his more splendid residences. The cottages on the estate are in good repair, and the very model of what cottages ought to be, covered with those creeping, climbing clusters of ivy, roses, and honeysuckles, which send poets into extacies, and doctors into fits. One might fancy that some clever, enterprising individual had succeeded in transferring the whole concern from the delightful country of Utopia,—that land, which, like the immortal "Mrs. Harris," everybody has heard of, but nobody has ever seen. Yet in this charming retreat were sins and sorrows, heart-burnings and tribulations, as in every other part of this "habitable globe." For a great many of the sorrows, little Mysie Collins must be held answerable. Mysie had lately succeeded old Miss Walker in the important position of village dress-maker; and the taste and dexterity of the new functionary soon secured to her a greater number of customers than her predecessor had ever managed to obtain. Nay, she had even been favored by an order to make some new dresses for the squire's lady; while the clergyman's wife declared that to employ a city hand was unchristian extravagance, since one of their own parishoners could suit her quite as well at half the price. So Mysie grew in favor, and all the more so for her having given a home to her aged and infirm grandmother, who was not of so

pleasant a temper as to make her society a thing to be coveted in general by anybody. But Mysie had no nearer relative living, and her statement of the case was that, as she wanted all her time for her business, she thought it would be a great convenience to her to have her grandmother to overlook the housekeeping, and keep the little servant-maid in order. Now, this account of Mysie's affairs was, like most of her representations of her own proceedings, fiction founded on fact. The fact was the Mysie did all the real work of housekeeping, the fiction that the old lady was any assistance. True, as Mysie said, "grandmother did the overlooking," if the latter term might be held to signify "*grumbling*;" but there, you could never trust anything that Mysie said about herself. To hear her talk, a stranger would conclude her to be the most heartlessly, openly selfish little piece of vanity in the world, while those who knew her were aware that no human creature could be more self-denying and generous. A witching little thing she was: her dark eyes, now sparkling with mischief, now tender and loving; her shell-pink bloom, the little pert nose, and the pretty dimples playing at hide-and-seek in the cheeks and corners of the small, decided mouth were all as so many arrows in Cupid's quiver. Sad to say however with all her generous goodness, truth compels us to confess that Mysie did flirt; not, however, deliberately or maliciously, nor did she break hearts to gratify a spirit of petty vanity. But sometimes unconsciously, sometimes from the love of frolic inherent in her buoyant, laughing nature, Mysie did occasionally make deeper wounds in masculine hearts than she need have done. With an unmistakably deep affection she could not trifle, always giving a decided answer, like an honorable little woman as she really was; but if she was not convinced of the genuineness of a suitor's attachment, she could seldom resist the temptation to probe his feelings by

a spice of coquetry on her part. And woe to any male flirt who dared approach Mysie Collins; she was sure to avenge on such a one the mischief he had wrought elsewhere. Belonging to this latter class was Tom Jones, a soldier, home in the village for two months' furlough, and who quickly fell into the train of Mysie's admirers, thinking that he would very soon be at the top of the list in the estimation of his *inamorata*. But Mysie had heard sundry well-authenticated accounts of female hearts coolly trifled with by this same gallant Tom, and, as usual, set herself to punish the offender. Luckless Tom, taking her smiles as so many encouragements to further proceedings, soon ventured to waylay the little lady as she was returning from carrying home some work, and begged the favor of a walk with her that evening. According to the etiquette of rustic courtship, such a proposal is generally understood as a preliminary to an offer of marriage. Mysie smiled, the dimples chasing each other most bewitchingly over her sparkling countenance as she replied demurely:

"But the boots I have on must go to the shoemaker's this evening, and I shouldn't like you to walk there with me; and if I go there after getting grandmother's tea it will be too late for a walk afterwards."

"But you are going home now, Miss Collins," said Tom, auguring favorably from her shyness; "If you will let me have the boots as soon as you are at home, I will take them for you, and come back for you for our walk by the time you have finished tea."

"But grandmother won't like to see a soldier in the house," returned the unconquerable Mysie; "if you will be so kind as to take the boots for me to be mended, just come round under our little back window, and I will throw them out to you."

To this Tom eagerly agreed and skulked round to the back of the house, while Mysie went in straight to her grandmother and told the whole story,

winning from the old lady a grim chuckle of approval at the thought of the military flirt getting dealt out to him the due reward of his past iniquities.

"Look, grandmother," exclaimed Mysie as she changed her boots, holding up the dirty ones for Mrs. Elster's inspection; "aren't they delightfully muddy? Oh! I stepped in all the worst puddles I could find coming down the lane, and I'm sure I can't find any paper fit to wrap them in; so Tom will have to take them just as they are. Oh! won't he be in a hurry to fetch me for another walk?"

She ran up-stairs, and leaning out of the little window, under which her suitor stood waiting, said in a whisper:

"Catch them, Mr. Jones, you must excuse there not being paper round them, I hadn't any just at hand." And so saying, after some pretended hesitation, she threw out the boots, one of which, missing Tom's outstretched hands, went plump against his arm, leaving a thick patch of mud on the handsome uniform.

"Oh! what a pity!" said Mysie sympathizingly; "but don't come back here for me, Mr. Jones, wait for me at Chip's Pond."

Mysie drew back out of sight, had her tea comfortably, and after tea went for a walk with her cousin Ned Wharton. In the course of the return walk late in the evening, they took the opportunity of calmly sauntering by Chip's Pond, where stood the enraged Tom, whom Mysie passed with an innocent nod and sweet smile, as if perfectly unconscious of having been the cause of his spending the whole evening on the "dreadful post of observation" in vain.

But at last Mysie's own time came. A friend of hers had married a sergeant in the marine artillery, and Mysie was invited to spend a week with them. Having arranged her business affairs she went.

Her friend Mrs. Duncan was living at Wilmington where a corps of the

Royal Marine Artillery was stationed. During the first evening of Mysie's visit, a friend of Sergeant Duncan's came in to spend the evening with him. The new comer was a tall, stern-looking man of about thirty-five; handsome and intelligent, but apparently quite unused to appreciate the charms of female society. He chatted with the sergeant the whole evening, then wishing him and his wife good night, turned to go; but suddenly starting back, just laid his big brown hand on Mysie's a moment, paused, and said abruptly:

"I'm coming again to-morrow." He seemed to have exhausted his words, for he instantly left, without speaking more to the astonished three. As soon as he was gone, Mysie's mirth burst out.

"Who in the world is that?" she asked, as she paused in the midst of her laughter.

"Somebody much too good for you to play with, my girl," answered the sergeant. "There isn't a girl in Wilmington who wouldn't jump to catch a word of kindness from Corporal Morris; but he won't look at one of the whole lot. He's done for now, I can see. Men like him don't speak as he did to you unless they are pretty far gone. Now, don't go carrying on any more tricks with him, or you'll break the noblest heart God ever made. No man could be more faithful to a woman than Jack will be, if he ever takes a wife; and if he doesn't take you, why you'll be a fool, that's all." And the sergeant took up his pipe as a man who has said all he means to say on the subject.

The next day Morris came very early, and asked Mysie to go for a walk. They had not gone far when he spoke in the stern quiet way natural to him:

"Miss Collins, I have never loved anybody else. Do you think you can marry me? I love you."

Now this was not at all the sort of courtship Mysie wanted. Her own heart was not sufficiently caught to en-

able her to understand the sudden earnest love of this grave man, who could not make flattering speeches, but could only, out of the unfathomable depths of his strong, noble heart, state the fact which shook his whole manly nature. — "I love you." She answered in a tone of demure mischief:

"Perhaps your mother wouldn't like you to marry?"

"Mother won't think of interfering in a matter that is my business; she is too good a mother for that," he replied, taking Mysie's impertinent little speech seriously.

"But I don't love you," urged Mysie.

"But perhaps you will in time. Let me write to you when you return home."

And so it was settled. Mysie liked his letters, and in excuse for confessing herself caught at last, remarked to a friend:

"I like his letters, and as he will be away at sea four years at a time, you see I shall get these nice letters without the bother of a husband always about the house."

But Morris wanted a speedy marriage. His term of sea-service would soon begin, and he was anxious to leave her his wife. Mysie was frightened when things began to look serious. She was ashamed to break her word to the man who had chosen her as the one love of his life, and her own heart took part with him. In short poor Mysie was at that point when a woman feels she cannot be happy in giving up her lover, and yet does not love him quite well enough to be ready to resign herself unreservedly to him. She took what she called a middle course; she wrote that she had no money, as what she had saved must be for her grandmother. He wrote back that he had saved enough to justify them in beginning housekeeping; and should he come to her home to marry her, or would she prefer to be married from her friend Mrs. Duncan's. His money was in the bank, and he asked her to

name the sum she would like him to draw for furnishing their house. She wrote in reply that if she were married at all, she would come to Mrs. Duncan's and mentioned a round sum as necessary."

"There," thought Mysie, as she sealed her letter; "now Jack will think he's going to get an extravagant wife, and he won't be in such a hurry."

But she was wrong in her calculations. Morris took her letters in good faith, and his very next dispatch informed her that the money was withdrawn from the bank and in readiness for her use, and he begged that their marriage might take place as soon as possible. Mysie went to Mrs. Duncan's feeling very perverse, and in her first interview with her lover, when he laid before her the money and asked her to accompany him to choose a house, she told him she did not love him, and he had better take back his money. He looked at her flushed face in silence, and then said slowly:

"And do you think, Mysie, that I could let you go out into the world again without a penny? If you won't have a husband to keep you, you will need this money all the more."

He turned to go, when Mysie exclaimed:

"Take your money, Mr. Morris, or perhaps you'll hear to-morrow that that I'm gone, and the money too."

"If you go, I hope you will take the money," he answered. "It is useless to me without you," and he left the room without another word.

Our wilful little coquette was thoroughly frightened now; and when Morris came next day as if nothing had happened, he found his lady-love in a very humble frame of mind. She had found her master.

The wedding came off, and Mysie never flirted again, except with her own husband. The gay laughing coquette was henceforth, before the world, an irreproachably faithful wife; but when alone with her husband she was at once the delight and torment of his life.

At length came the order for sea service. Mysie parted from him affectionately, but calmly, while his long, passionate kiss as she stood in the boat to say "good-bye," told of the strong man's heartwring. She could have thrown herself on his breast, and shrieked in an agony of sorrow, but her pride kept her back; and Morris left her for a long separation, not knowing that the eager passion of that wayward, loving girl was folding itself round him in clinging devotion. At first, to her friends, she laughed off the parting; but when a year of absence had somewhat tamed her spirit, she began to confess that she "wouldn't be sorry to see Jack come back." Then as the time rolled on she felt more and more the weary waiting; until, hearing one evening that the cholera had broken out on her husband's ship, she rushed into Mrs. Duncan's house at ten o'clock that night, exclaiming:

"Oh! the cholera's on board his ship! Oh! do pray for my Jack!"

The four years had not expired, when one afternoon, Mysie was busy sewing in her little room. The day was warm, and the house-door stood open to admit the air. She sewed on for a time, then leaning back in her chair sighed half aloud:

"Heigh-ho! I wish Jack were here; O Jack, if you only knew how I love you now!"

A shadow fell on the floor, and looking up with a start, Mysie caught a glimpse of a tall figure in uniform, standing in the passage, the sergeant's stripes on the arm, blazing out in the golden-tinted sunbeams. Thinking it was Sergeant Duncan come with some message from his wife, and hoping he had not heard her cry for Jack, she rose, feeling rather ashamed, and went towards the door. The visitor moved forwards. A crimson flush of doubt, joy dyed her face as she drew back an instant to look on the bronzed features.

"Mysie!"

Everything was forgotten then as she sprang to the outstretched arms of her

husband; and in one wild cry, telling all the pent-up, growing love of the long absence, sobbed, as her head rested on his breast,

"O Jack, I do love you, my darling!"

Sympathizing Friends.

PART II.

BY A LANCE CORPORAL OF THE ROYAL RIFLES.

"Mrs. McDougall, nae doot ye hae heard about Mrs. Campbell's gettin' a letter frae her bonnie laddie, wha listed a gey lang time ago. She's been tellin' me a' about him; he's been awfu' wild an' troublesome tae ilka ane roon about him, for a lang time; in fae' every ane in his regiment thought he was gaein' tae be a awfu' bad sodger, but things hae ta'en a turn for the gude."

"Well, Mrs. McTavish, ye ken I aye telt ye, thae sodgers hae sae muckle time to theirsels, that it's amaist impossible for ony young chiel just gaein' awa' frae hame intae the army, to avoid gaein' a-stray. But, woman, ye no hae telt me onything about him; an' here am we twa a clashin' an' claverin' like twa fish-wives, an' neither the tane nor the tither is ganin' ony information on the subject; sae just hae done a' this bletherin', and tell me straight awa' what he's dacin', and hoo he's gettin' on."

"Dear Mrs. McDougall, I ken ye're aye anxious about his welfare, an' it's naething but right that ye should ken a' about him. He says in his letter tae his mither that he sune gat intae company an' drank ilka thing he could get hold of; he aften spent a' his pay, (whilk is no very muckle), an' borrowed beside a' he could win hold o'; aften gaein' sae far as to mortgage twa or three month's pay; an' it didn't do him no gude; for it was a' gane agen in a wheen hours, an' naething to show for 't. He says in his letters he was aften sair tempted to tak' his kit and sell it for beer, but his con-cience

used to prick him, an' his mither's face used to come in front o' him, an' thae sweet smilin' features aye kep' him frae daein sic a thing, bath degradin' him in the eyes o' his colonel an' ruinin' his prospects as t'wad a dune. An' dinna ye think, Mrs. McDougall, it wad hae broken his mither's heart an he had dune it? O I'm sae glad he didna, he'd a'maist sure tae hae gat tried by Court Martial. An' then, bonnie Jean McPherson wad nae hae thought sae weel o' him; for I think that lassie's thinkin' sae muckle aboot him o'late, that ye can amaist see the bonnie lassie-deein' by inches for wi-hin' him safe hame agen!"

"Ah! Mrs. McDougall, I hae thought money a time mysel', an' sae I felt my gudeman, that bonnie Jean seem'd to be awfu' doon hearted, mair especially when there's a letter comes frae him a' no a line or twa for her; but I'll gie him great credit for his thoughtfulness, for he hasna forgotten her in whatever trouble he may hae been in the regiment; she maist aye gets word frae him; an' there's nae mi-take but he ought tae be proud o' her, for she's the sweetest an' bonniest lassie in Kirkeaddy, an' a gey blithe-some couple they wad mak' tae, I'm thinkin'."

This youth, as we have already seen, after a somewhat reckless beginning of his military career, had settled down into the position of a non-commissioned officer, doing his duty in a straightforward, soldier-like manner.

In some future time, should any of his comrades read the pages of "Grand Rounds," they will learn something more of his upward course. Had he continued resorting to the canteen to sing and take "glass after glass" with the jovial throng who generally frequent that place, there is no telling what the result might have been,—perhaps waiting for a Court-Martial or even undergoing imprisonment, sentenced by Court-Martial, cracking diamonds on Melville Island, or perhaps

undergoing that pleasant ordeal—shot-drill, but

"He who drinks and runs away,
Will live to drink another day;
But he that's dead through drink, and shame,
Will never rise to drink again."

Our Bible Class.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN APRIL NO.

I. Once only. "Who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for His own sins, and then for the people's; for this He did *once*, when He offered up Himself." Heb. viii. 27. "By His own blood He entered in *once* into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." Heb. ix. 12. "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us; *not yet that He should offer Himself often*, as the high priest entered into the holy place every year with the blood of others; for then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world, but now *once* in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." "Christ was *once offered* to bear the sins of many." Heb. ix. 24, 25, 26, 28. "We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ *once for all*." "And every priest standeth daily ministering, and offering often times the same sacrifices which can never take away sins; but this man, after He had offered *one* sacrifice for sins *for ever*, sat down on the right hand of God": "By *our offering* He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Heb. x. 10, 11, 12, 14.

II. He offered Himself. "*I lay down my life for the sheep.*" "*I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down, and I have power to take it again.*" John x. 15, 17, 18. "*He offered up Himself.*" Heb. vii. 27. "Christ, who through the eternal

spirit, *offered Himself* without spot unto God." Heb. x. 14.

III. No. "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore *come out from among them*, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and *touch not the unclean thing*; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. vi. 14-18.

IV. Jeremiah xxii. 24. Haggai ii. 23.

V. Of gold, silver, brass, iron, wood or stone; see Ex. xxxii. 23, 24. 1 Kings xii. 28. Is. xl. 19. Daniel iii. 1-7. v. 4. Hosea xiii. 2. Acts xix. 24. 2 Kings xviii. 4. Rev. ix. 20. Is. xlv. 9-19. xlv. 20. Hab. ii. 18, 19. Ps. cxv. 4. cxxxv. 15.

VI. EHD, whom "the Lord raised up a deliverer" for the children of Israel when they were oppressed by Eglon, king of Moab. Judges iii. 15; —SACL, the first king of the Israelites, 1 Sam. ix. 15-17—SHIMEI, who cursed David, when the king was a fugitive from his rebellious son, Absalom. 2 Sam. xvi. 5, 11—SHEBA, the son of Bichri, who stirred up the Israelites to separate themselves from the loyal tribe of Judah, 2 Sam. xx. 1, 2.—MORDECAI, the cousin and adopted father of Queen Esther, Est. ii. 5-7.—PAUL, the Apostle, Phil. iii. 5.

VII. On the return of the Jews from captivity B. C. 445, the Tyrian traders tempted the people to break God's law by purchasing their yares on the Sabbath-day, but Nehemiah the godly governor of Jerusalem, with a strong hand repressed the growing evil,

and sternly rebuked the people for their sin. Neh. xiii. 15-22.

VIII. The inhabitants of Meroz, Judges v. 23.

IX. DANIEL; see Dan. viii. 21. x. 20. xi. 2; and ZECHARIAH; see Zech. ix. 13.

X. At the siege of Jericho, Josh. vi. 1-16. At Gideon's attack on the Midianites, Judges vii. 15-22. At David's bringing the Ark of the Lord from the house of Obad-edom to Jerusalem, 1 Chron. xv. 25-28. At the proclamation of Jehu as king over Israel, 2 Kings ix. 13.

Questions for May.

I. Name some noted persons of the Tribe of Judah.

II. What was the distinctive characteristic of the laws of the Medes and Persians?

III. Whose mediation stands between God the Father and His people?

IV. Can Christian women indulge in gay and costly attire, without directly disobeying their Lord's positive command?

V. Where does God promise strength to the weak?

VI. Mention some unbelieving rulers who persecuted God's servants, yet among the members of whose households were to be found true believers.

VII. What servant of God, having received an insolent communication from an enemy, spread the letter before the Lord in prayer?

VIII. What passages of Old Testament Scripture foretell the calling of the Gentiles?

IX. What remarkable occurrences took place at Gilgal?

X. Where does God forbid us to speak evil of the Sovereign?

"He who willfully sins to-day, shall woefully smart for it to-morrow. Even the loving Saviour says: Except ye repent, ye shall perish. Luke xiii. 3." —*Mason*.

Our Historical Article.

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ZINGA OF ANGOLA.

By MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, Bandi-Angola, king of Angola, was much distressed by incursions of the Giagas, a tribe of cannibals who committed terrible depredations, and against whom he was not sufficiently powerful to make any successful advance. He therefore sought the assistance of the king of Congo, and of the Portuguese, then well established at Loanda. The latter afforded him very effective aid, which he prepared to reward by arranging a plot for the massacre of the entire inhabitants of the Portuguese colony. This catastrophe was only averted through a warning given the Portuguese by the king's daughter, Zingha, who had conceived an attachment for their general.

On Bandi's being succeeded by his son, Ngolan-Bandi, this prince acceded his sister Zingha as ambassador extraordinary to the court of the Portuguese viceroy, probably judging her former proof of amity likely to give weight to her representations, and obtain an alliance on favorable terms for Angola.

On entering the audience hall, the lady ambassador was somewhat offended to perceive that, while a rich *fau-teuil* had been prepared for the viceroy, only a handsome carpet and cushions were placed for her. Without appearing to notice what she regarded as an intended slight, she made a sign to one of her ladies, who instantly knelt down, and supporting herself on her elbows, thus presented her back as a seat for the princess, who coolly sat down on her human throne, and remained so seated during the whole conference.

The viceroy wished to obtain from Angola an acknowledgement of vassalage, together with the payment of an annual tribute to Portugal; but this Zingha haughtily refused, observing:

"These are propositions suitable to be made only to a people subdued by force of arms, but not fit to be offered to a powerful king, who, of his own free will, seeks the friendship of the Portuguese."

The viceroy yielded the point, and the audience closed with satisfactory results for the Angolese.

As they were quitting the hall, the Portuguese called Zingha's attention to her lady, who still remained in her uneasy position, and begged that the princess would allow her now to rise. Zingha replied:

"It is not becoming that the ambassador of a great king should use the same chair twice. I abandon it to you!"

Zingha remained some time at Loanda, receiving much homage from the Portuguese. She examined the doctrines of the Romish religion, and accepted baptism probably from political motives.

But the treaty which she took so much pains to arrange was not observed by her perfidious brother, who was then surrounded by the Portuguese army on a small island, where he either died of hunger or was devoured by wild beasts; although some suspected Zingha of causing his death by poison. She ascended the throne to the prejudice of her nephew, the rightful heir, whom she deceived from his protectors by feigned caresses, and then stabbed with her own hand. She now carried on against the Portuguese the war begun by her brother; and in order to strengthen her position, sought alliance with the Dutch (then also at war with Portugal), the king of Congo, and the idolatrous Giagas. But her Dutch allies were defeated, the king of Congo recalled his troops, and the Portuguese offered her peace on condition of her becoming a tributary sovereign.

"Let my subjects wear chains, she replied, "if they are base enough to do so; but as for me, I will never become dependant on a foreign power."

A rival prince was now proclaimed by the Portuguese; and Zingha, in a mad fury at the loss of her best provinces, threw herself into the arms of the Giagas, abjuring the Roman religion, and giving herself up to the abominable practices of heathenism. By her skill in the warlike customs of the Giagas, as well by her ferocious devotion to their ceremonies, she so ingratiated herself with them that they elected her their chief, and were blindly ready to obey her will. She carried fire and sword into the Portuguese provinces, and maintained the struggle during several years. Her spies were everywhere employed to collect information, and this was done so secretly, even among her own people, that the results of this espionage caused them to regard her in the light of an oracle.

The Portuguese sent an ambassador and a priest to arrange terms of peace. They were coldly received, and when the priest reminded her of her baptism, she remarked that they were themselves the cause of her having abjured their religion.

Other attempts were made to recall her to gentler feelings; and the new viceroy, Dom Salvador Corea, sent two Capuchin missionaries to thank her for some slight kindness, which she had recently shown the Romanists and to make some advances towards inducing her to accept a peace.

She received these emissaries more graciously; and in reply to their remonstrances with her, concerning her apostasy, she sighed deeply, and said:

“O my fathers! may God have pity on a princess, wounded in what she holds dearest! It is through the fault of others that I am reduced to this state in which you now see me. I could not live thus, I would not if I had not been despoiled of my rights. Have pity on me; I have been robbed of my provinces, and I am forced to lose my soul. I know well that I am out of the good way; but I must continue in my error, unless I would become an object of contempt to my

people; and I can not change, unless my enemies restore all they have usurped from me. Consider, yourselves, how unhappy I am in passing all my life amidst tumult and carnage! Pray, then, that God may break my chains; for I am too weak to do it myself. In such case, I promise the Divine majesty that I will give you all the countenance you wish in the conversion of my people; and I will aid you with my whole power.”

This language scarcely accords with the eagerness with which Zingha had given herself up to the most revolting customs of the Giagas. But the viceroy, comprehending that her proud spirit would never bend to tribute, returned to her several provinces, and acknowledged her as an independent ally of Portugal.

Upon thus obtaining satisfaction for her offended dignity she returned to the Roman church, exhorting her people to to follow her. Much outward reform took place in the government of her kingdom. The old forms of idolatry were suppressed, infanticide forbidden; and as hitherto she had, by her own example, followed the heathen practice of contempt for the married state, she now endeavored to bring marriage into honorable regard by herself taking a husband. The name of this adventurous individual is not mentioned in history. As he was espoused by the queen at the mature age of seventy-five, merely for the advancement of morality in the state, he was probably a nonentity; and, we fear, may have been somewhat henpecked by his terrible spouse.

Zingha devoted the remainder of her life to the building of churches, vainly trusting that lavish gifts and formalism would blot out the fearful stains of her past life.

She died at the age of eighty; and all the ladies of her suite immediately hid themselves, fearing to be immolated on her tomb according to the savage custom of the Giagas. But Zingha had, with dying breath, forbidden any

idolatrous observances at her obsequies; and the terror-stricken ladies were left unharmed.

History declares that Queen Zingha was beloved by her people, although it is difficult to understand how any affection could be commanded by a nature so entirely the reverse of everything in the remotest degree womanly or beautiful, and her history only stands as a warning against earthly ambition and selfish arrogance, vices which rendered the character of Zingha so unlovely. The thought, too, of the sin in our world, and the sorrow which sin brings with it should be an incitement to God's people to work more earnestly to speed the pure gospel of Jesus Christ who alone can save guilty sinners.

Our Question Box.

"An Old Soldier" asks: Can a man be a soldier and a Christian?

"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy father and he will show thee, thy elders, and they will tell thee." What were Gardiner, Hammond, Havelock, and Vicers, but Christians, *and at the same time, soldiers!* Some earnest, but immature Christians, having "a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge," make the great mistake of trying to persuade Christian soldiers to leave the army on the plea that they will be able to serve God better out of the service. This is direct contradiction to scripture: "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he is called." When the soldiers went to John the Baptist saying, "What shall we do?" He did not teach them insubordination by telling them to cease obedience to their heathen Roman commanders, not one word of *leaving* the Roman army, corrupt as it was, but he gave them counsel for their proper conduct in that army. The first Gentile convert, the man in whose person was manifested God's

purposes of mercy towards the Gentiles, was a *soldier*, in that same Roman army, and when Peter was sent by the Lord to instruct him more clearly concerning the faith, the apostle said not a word implying the military profession to be one in which a man could not serve God. Nay, so far did God honor this Roman soldier, that He poured out the Holy Ghost, not only on the centurion himself, but also on those gathered in his house to hear the gospel. When those "who used curious arts" were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, we are expressly told that they "brought their books together, and burned them (Acts xix. 19), thus acknowledging their former occupation to have been so essentially evil as to be incompatible with faith in Christ; but we never read in the Bible of a converted soldier's being led, on account of his conversion, to throw up his sword, or to burn his military accoutrements. With respect to this subject, we think we can but apply to the profession of arms what Peter said in reference to Gentile birth: "Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift as he did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ; what was I, that I could withstand God?" Since, then, it has undoubtedly pleased the Lord to convert many soldiers to Himself, and to use them as great blessings to their comrades, it certainly cannot become us to express sweeping contempt for a service which God has chosen to acknowledge. Indeed, if Christians would labor more earnestly and lovingly for the conversion of our dear soldiers and sailors, they would be providing missionaries for heathen lands, who would be as effective, and much less expensive than many of those whose support is so inadequately and often grudgingly given by the churches. I have often wondered, when I have read of the "importance of training young men up for the missionary-field," that people do not exhibit more interest in our army and

navy, not only for the sake of the men's own souls, but also, because, from their frequent journeys to various lands, and from their intercourse with the natives, they possess such immense opportunities for the very best of all preaching—the living example of what Christ's gospel can do.

“An Old Soldier” also asks Will you answer me the following question: W. and H. were Christian soldiers, (he thus answers his own question as to the possibility of the fact) stationed in England and sometimes spoke or preached in the public street; they at last were forbidden by the officer commanding their regiment, but disobeyed his order: who was wrong, the men for doing it, or the colonel for forbidding it?

The men were unquestionably in the wrong. We suppose you allude to the incident which caused some public interest in England a few years ago, but which your present question does not clearly state in its full bearings. For the information of our readers who may not have heard the story we will give the particulars, and will then tell “Old Soldier” our opinion of the case. The two Christian soldiers mentioned above, had for some time been engaged in Sunday School teaching, and spent many of their leisure hours during the week in aiding the conduct of several prayer-meetings among the poor and ignorant of the town in which they were stationed. So far, so good. The work was done quietly in their own time, and their colonel very wisely preferred to know that his men were holding Christ's prayer-meetings, rather than that they should be holding the devil's services in the public houses, and gin-shops. But unhappily matters did not stop here. Some good but mistaken people, knowing little of the rules of the service, with more zeal than wisdom urged the two soldiers, to conduct “open-air” meetings in the worst street in the town. On the following day

the Colonel sent for the men and addressed them as nearly as I can remember in this way: “I have been long much pleased at the quiet and profitable manner in which you have both employed the time allowed you for your own amusement, I am proud to have such men in my regiment, and can have no objection to your continuing to attend your prayer meetings in suitable places, but I must *request* you to abstain from attempting to preach out of doors, or in the street in which you were yesterday. You, I fully believe, acted with the best intentions, but others might take advantage of your example to go there for very different purposes.”—Nothing could be more considerably kind than this language from a commanding-officer to his men, and they, of course appreciated their colonel's indulgence towards their mistake, and thanking him, promised obedience. But the well meaning busy-bodies who had before urged them to overstep the boundary of military propriety, could not leave them to learn of Christ and his apostles to “obey them that have the rule over you,” but, in the advice which they *pushed* on the two soldiers, quite ignored the Scripture command. “Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king, as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by Him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well;” and the “ignorance of these foolish men” caused them to try to convince the soldiers that they ought to continue to act in the particular way forbidden by the officers, *mis-quoting* in support of their erroneous arguments the words of Peter to the Jewish Priests and Pharisees: “Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye: for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.” Now this text was not in the least applicable to the circumstances of the two soldiers. Peter was refusing to acknow-

ledge the *spiritual* rule of the priests and Pharisees. the soldiers were merely called on to submit to, a certainly most reasonable restriction from a temporal officer who only claimed to exercise the temporal authority which law had placed in his hands. He did not obtain his authority to meddle with their faith or practice; he commended both, only kindly counselling a little wisdom in in the practice. He allowed them full facility for speaking of the gospel, and for uniting in prayer with their fellow christians, which was very different from the conduct of the Pharisees to Peter. Besides which, Peter was not under any personal obligation to obey the Pharisees, who were not the temporal rulers of his land. The whole Scriptures teach us plainly to allow no man to come between us and God in spiritual matters, while they as plainly teach us the propriety of submission to temporal rulers in things temporal. Our two soldiers however, being led astray by their self-styled friends, disobeyed their Colonel's command, and the following Sunday went again and preached in the forbidden street. On the next day their Colonel sent for them, and, with a generous forbearance which proved him to be a man of truly noble mind, and Christian feeling, reproved them *for disregarding* what he mildly called his "*request*," and now said that he must positively *order* them to refrain from a third misdemeanor, as such would compel him to punish them for disobedience, which he would be deeply pained to do in the case of two men whose only fault was that of allowing themselves to be led by persons not qualified to guide them. Will it be believed? These most unwise individuals so censured the men, worrying them with mis-applied passages of Scripture, that the poor fellows, against their own opinion, weakly yielded, and a third time entered the forbidden street. Of course punishment followed, but owing to their irreproachable conduct in all other respects, and

also to the intercession of some influential persons who blamed the meddling advisers more than the bewildered soldiers, the punishment was remitted before half gone through, and the men were shortly after bought out of the army. Now *if* God had a special work for these men out of the service their right part would have been to wait for the Lord's own time to bring them out. Jacob was promised the birthright, but that promise did not justify him in running before the Lord to *steal* it from his brother, and bitterly did he suffer for his sin before he could obtain any enjoyment from the pilfered blessing. Soldier friends, it may be that sometimes in your future lives God will give some of you very different work to do for Him from what you are now doing, but remember, next year's work is not this, and the more faithfully you perform this year's duty, and the next, the more qualified you will become to do what shall be revealed to you afterwards. Neglecting to-day's work will not help you to do to-morrow's;—quite the contrary. A recent writer has very wisely urged her readers to try always to do "*the next thing*;" that is another way of expressing the command: "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Try faithfully and prayerfully to take up and accomplish the duty which just comes next, and do not forget that as in the science of music, certain chords "*lead up*" to particular harmonious conclusions, so in God's science of life He has chosen to arrange certain chords of action for you to-day which may "*lead up*" to fuller, sweeter harmonies to-morrow, but which, if you omit or blunder over to-day will leave to-morrow's music all unstrung. A duty cannot be acceptable to God if performed at the expense of another duty omitted. God's most honored ones in spiritual service have ever been those who have most loyally and simply obeyed temporal law in temporal concerns. He who does not know how to

obey his earthly ruler, certainly is not likely to know how to honor the Supreme Sovereign. A private soldier who does not know how to show proper respect to the officer next above him is not exactly the man whom the colonel of his regiment is likely to prefer and the professing Christian who fails to render suitable regard to earthly superiors is not the one whose spiritual labors do most honor to the King of Kings.

W. P. wishes to know "if it is advisable for a soldier to marry off the strength."

"Marriage is honorable in all," saith Scripture, but Scripture also saith: "To everything there is a season." Marry sometime in your life, by all means, if you wish to do so, but take care to marry in the right season. Of course you cannot without sin marry a woman whom you do not love, and if you really do love her, you ought to take better care of her than to make her your wife unless you can properly support her. If our querist has no attachment we strongly advise him to keep his heart in his own possession (if he can) until he shall be in a position to provide something like a home for the woman whom he shall honor above all others. If he has, however, already found the one woman in the world for him, we strongly advise him not to conclude arrangements hastily. If she is worth your love, she is worth time in the winning; if she is not willing to wait for you, she cannot be a true woman, worthy of a good man's love. Do not "marry in haste," lest you "repent at leisure;" but choose your wife carefully, prayerfully, and having chosen her, work for her, wait for her, and when at last you have won her, rule her lovingly, firmly, and in the fear of the Lord.

"Scotia" propounds the following queries for the consideration of the learned. Can any of our readers help him to an answer?

I. "Where can I obtain the Scotch reading entitled "Joe and the Geologist?"

II. "Can any of your readers favor me with the name of the author of the poem in which occur these lines:

'Two souls, with but a single thought,
'Two hearts that beat as one!'"

III. "Where is it possible to obtain a copy of the letter which tradition says Obgar or Angar, King of Edessa wrote to our Lord I have frequently seen it alluded to as extant, but have never been able to get a sight of it."

IV "What European states or countries have abolished capital punishment?"

Basons and jugs of various sizes are much needed at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Halifax. Will those who have a jug or a bason to spare, kindly send it?

French Lessons.

COMPILED BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON VIII.

When a feminine noun begins with a vowel or *h* mute, the possessive pronouns, *mon, ton, son*, must be used before it, instead of *ma, ta, sa*.

Possessive Relative Pronouns:

	<i>Masc. Sing.</i>	<i>Fem. Sing.</i>
Mine	le mien,	la mienne.
Thine	le tien,	la tienne.
His	le sien	la sienne.
Hers		
Its		
Ours	le r.tre	la votre.
Yours	le votre	la votre.
Theirs	le leur	la leur.
	<i>Masc. Plu'l.</i>	<i>Fem. Plu'l.</i>
Mine	les miens	les miennes.
Thine	les tiens	les tiennes.
His	les siens	les siennes
Hers		
Its		
Ours	les notres	les notres.
Yours	les votres	les votres.
Theirs	les leurs	les leurs.

VOCABULARY.

I am,	je suis.
Thou art,	tu es.
He is, she is, it is,	il est, elle est.
We are,	nous sommes.
You are,	vous êtes.
They are,	ils, or elles, sont
A tree	un arbre.

EXERCISE 8.

1. Are you in my brother's house?
2. I am in your father's forest.
3. Where are my coats and vests?
4. They are in the kitchen.
5. Where is my brown paper?
6. It is not in the room.
7. Are you sleepy, my sister?
8. I am not sleepy: I am hungry, and my brother is thirsty.
9. Are my brothers in your house?
10. They are not in my house, they are in yours.
11. I have just torn your blotting-paper.
12. Put my paper on the table.

LESSON IX.

VOCABULARY.

Other,	Autre.
Another,	Un autre.
The king,	Le roi.
The queen,	La reine.
The crown,	La couronne.
The penny,	Le sou.
The Crown,	L'écn (money).
Or,	Ou.
But,	Mais.
Two.	Deux.

EXERCISE 9.

1. Have you another dress?
2. I have not another, but my mother has two others.
3. Has the king the Queen's crown?
4. He has his.
5. Has my brother a penny?
6. He has a penny and a crown, but my sister has nothing.
7. Where have you put my dog?
8. He is in the kitchen.
9. He is not in my house.
10. Have you my cheese or yours?
11. I have yours and mine.
12. I have not yours.

LESSON X.

Certain nouns are masculine or

feminine according to their meaning; thus:

<i>Masculine.</i>	<i>Feminine.</i>
Un aigle, an eagle;	une aigle, a standard.
Un aide, an assistant;	une aide, a support.
Un barbe, a Barbary horse;	une barbe, a beard.
Un barde, a poet;	une barde, a slice of bacon.
Un Basque, a basque;	une basque, a shirt.
Un câpre, a privateer;	une câpre, a caper.
Le carpe, the wrist;	la carpe, the carp.
Un couple, a man and his wife;	une couple, a brace.
Le crêpe, the crupe;	la crêpe, the pancake.
Un critique, a critic;	une critique, a criticism.

EXERCISE 10.

1. Have you seen the captain of the privateer?
2. Have you seen the capers of my cat?
3. We have just given a couple of carps to your mother.
4. Has my mother put my pancake on the table?
5. She has put the crupe on the chair, but she has put your pancake on the table in the kitchen.
6. Has the poet eaten the slice of bacon?
7. He has put the slice of bacon on his bread.
8. Has the critic just written a criticism of your book?
9. I have seen nothing.
10. Have you an assistant in your house?
11. My father has an assistant, but I and my brother (we) have not an assistant.
12. Can you write to her mother?

Space allows us to give little more than rules, and brief examples explanatory of the rules, but those of our readers who are anxious to make progress, should purchase each a good French Dictionary, if they are able to do so, and should then write a number of exercises on the rules we have already given, using other nouns selected by themselves. This mode of studying the Lessons will enable them to acquire a thorough knowledge of a large number of words. A French Dictionary would cost about a dollar and upwards,

new; but very good ones may be procured at second hand book stores at less expence.

The Editor is pleased to see that her military friends possess an admirable *esprit de corps*, as to prefer being known simply by the names of their regiments, even as the members of Scottish clans prided themselves on the name common to all, but as our correspondents increase in number, "a Rifleman," or "a Fusilier" is repeated sufficiently often to require some slight addition by which we may distinguish from each other the several individuals rejoicing in the honorable generic terms. Even the gallant clans of the North were obliged sometimes to individualize themselves as "Lang Tam," "Muckle Rab," "Hamish Roy," or "Rhoederic Dhu."

Financial Report

of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, 36 Brunswick Street, Halifax, N. S., from March 20th to April 20th.

BY THE EDITOR.

Donations in Money.

Mr. Pickford.....	\$5 00
Friends at Berwick, per Miss Agnes McLeod.....	1 00
An English Naval Friend.....	4 86
A Friend at Dartmouth.....	0 75
Dr. Parker.....	3 80
Serjeant Lewis, 97th.....	0 60
Private Woods, 97th.....	0 60
Found in the Home Box, etc....	0 40
Mrs. Morgan's Lecture in the Baptist Church, Dartmouth.	4 15
Total.....	\$21 16

OTHER GIFTS.

Mr. Duncan Campbell. History of Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Hull, A Blanket.

Mrs. G. Francklyn, Books.

Mr. G. Fraser, Books.

Captain Calderon, 60th Royal Rifles, Music and other Books.

Sapper Wakeford, R. E., A Looking Glass.

Major Trench, R. A., A Chest of Drawers and Bedstead.

Expenses of the Home.

Coals.....	\$12 50
Attendance.....	4 00
Papers.....	0 60
Stationery.....	2 14
Broom, jug, basket, and other kitchen utensils.....	2 30

Word and Work is now sent us from England for our reading-room; also from Mr. Clark of Bridgetown, *The British Flag and Sentinel*.

Our other papers are sent as usual.

By the friends interested in our Home: *The Leisure Hour*, and *Sunday at Home* for April have been received per last mail. Thanks to the sender!

Thus the Lord has enabled us to continue in His work through another month, and to Him we look for continuing mercies. Not ours the works, not ours the powers to do, but His alone.

"Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

H. M. S. "Simoom," and the S. S. "Beta."

A number of our Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers left us on Saturday, April 15th, and on Monday, April 17th, in the troop-ship "Simoom," for England, and in the mail-boat "Beta," for Bermuda. As the troops were marched down, the band of the 60th Rifles played the old song which carries a shake-hands and a tear in every note:

"Auld lang Syne."

WANTED,

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! for the purchase of the very suitable property now used for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, and for the enlargement of the building. Friends sending donations will please intimate whether they wish their gift to be funded for this object, or to be used for the current expenses of the establishment. Gifts of furniture, blankets, tablecloths, and household utensils of all kinds are much needed. Address **MRS. HUNT-MORGAN, SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME, 36 BRUNSWICK ST. HALIFAX, N. S.**

Means are also required for the establishment of a "Sailors' Rest," for Merchant Seamen, and for the purchase of a Bethel Ship. Donations to be sent to Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

All communications for the Editor must be sent in by the 15th of the month, to ensure their being acknowledged in the next No. of the Magazine. The Editor specially begs that her correspondents WILL NOT write "poetry," if their thoughts can by any possibility be expressed in prose.

Each subscriber may very materially assist the circulation of "Grand Rounds," and consequently aid our work, by commending the Magazine to friends, and by directing general attention to the notices on the cover.

Mrs. Morgan is at home to visitors every Monday, between the hours of 2 and 6 P. M., when she will be happy to give information concerning the Lord's work in her hands, to any of His people whose love to the Master may prompt their interest in the matter.

Information required concerning a Seaman, named **GEO. WALTER CRANNEY**, who served first in the "Prince George" of Liverpool, Captain Hawkins, till 1870. Afterwards in the "Dacia," Captain Dowell, laying "Telegraph Cable" round the West India Islands, 1870, '71, and '72. When last heard of, had been discharged from the Barque "Stag" of Halifax, N. S., Captain Wilson, at New York, 18th May 1872. His mother will be very thankful to any one who will kindly inform her of her son's welfare, and address: Mrs. Cranney, Woburn Road, Belford, Beds. England, or information may be addressed to Mrs. Hunt-Morgan, Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, 36 Brunswick Street, Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Hunt-Morgan will be happy to address Drawing-room meetings in the private residences of any friends to her work, who might be disposed thus to afford their more intimate circle of acquaintances an opportunity of hearing the details of the undertaking in which she is engaged; at such assemblies, Mrs. Morgan would be willing, after giving a general account of her mission, to reply to such questions concerning it as the interest felt by the guests might suggest to them.