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H. I. H. THE PRINCESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA.



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1873.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID; OR, MARIAN'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

BY M.

CHAPTER I.

"I have been young and now am old; a lifetime in a few words, Marian."

"Yes," I replied, "'tis so,—and yet how seldom we realize it as we read the words."

"True, and perhaps I should not think so much of them to-day, were this not the anniversary of my seventieth birthday."

"A good old age, Aunt Mary; and what a satisfaction it must be to you to cast your memory back over the days that are past!"

"Yes, yes; but not in the way you mean, child; you are all so fond of me, Marian, that you consider me almost perfect, not knowing that in reality I am only a poor weak sinner, striving to wash my robes pure in the blood of the Lamb,—still I have great satisfaction in looking back over my past life. I can see now my Heavenly Father's guiding hand through all; can feel that He knew what was best for me, even when the way was hard; and, more than all, I can feel thankful that He has accepted and blessed my humble endeavors for His glory."

I kissed my dear old aunt and left her, (she was not my aunt, either, only I loved to call her so). I could not speak for my heart was full, and knowing as I did all she had suffered, I wondered at her great faith, and while wondering lifted up my heart to God in humble prayer that my troubles might be sanctified to me as hers had been to her.

I entered the door of my own home just as the tea-bell was ringing; the children were already in the dining-room, as was also my husband. Hurriedly, therefore, I threw off my bonnet and shawl, and went to the table, aware then for the first time of the presence of Henry Dakers, a great friend of my husband's, and real nephew, or rather grand-nephew, of old Miss Barton, from whom I had just parted.

"I must apologize for being late," I said, as I shook hands with him, "but time passes so quickly when with Aunt Mary that I lose all count of it."

"Is she not a dear old lady? Fond as I am of her, mother says I only know half her worth."

"I believe it," answered my husband, "and less than one half of all she has gone through."

"Oh, John, every one knows that she supported the family after her father's death, refusing even to marry because she was wanted at home."

"Well, Marian, go to mother, ask her all about Miss Barton,—for they were intimate friends and are still—and see then if you already know *all* about dear old Aunt Mary."

I took his advice, but my mother in-law could not attend to me then,—indeed it was several days before my patience was rewarded, and in the meantime Mary Barton had received her summons home, and was

now among the glorified. We shed many tears for her, yet we had to acknowledge that our loss was her gain. She had lived for years in a little cottage with one servant, and now that she slept her last sleep all was sold off, and the cottage passed into other hands.

Aunt Mary had for years kept a diary, and it is partly from this and partly from Mrs Wilton's tale that I gather the following.

CHAPTER II.

A handsomer girl than Mary Barton at eighteen it would have been difficult to find, or one happier, more highly educated, wealthy, or accomplished. On the eve of her marriage to the man of her choice, her future did indeed seem bright.

The table was spread for the six o'clock dinner, and Mary and her mother, who were awaiting Mr. Barton's return, were talking softly together in the half-lighted parlor. Mary's future had been the subject of conversation, and Mrs. Barton had said how much she should miss her daughter.

"But, mamma, I shall see you nearly every day."

"I hope so, daughter, but after you are once married you will never be quite like the Mary of old."

"Indeed I shall; don't you remember the old couplet:

'A son is a son till he marries a wife,
But a daughter's a daughter all the days of her life.'

I shall never change, mother dear, and even now, unspeakably dear as Charles Dakers is to me, I would not leave you if you required me."

"Thanks, my child, for your loving assurance, but I trust nothing will ever happen to part you and Charles; you have taken my words more seriously than I intended them. Miss you I certainly shall, for Maude will never be the companion to me that you have been; still I should be but a selfish mother were I to wish your marriage delayed for that reason."

Time had slipped by as they were talking, and it was not till the little clock on the

chimney piece struck the half hour that they were aware how late it was.

"Papa is later than usual to-night," said Mary, "he must be very busy."

"He has been for some time past, but he tells me the hurry will soon be over now."

At that instant the hall door opened and the father's step was heard on the stairs. He did not pass on to his own room as was his usual custom, but entered the room where were his wife and elder daughter,

"Mother, can you bear a little trouble with me," he asked, going over to her and laying his hands on her shoulders.

"Yes, Edward, whatever God sees fit to lay on us," was the reply.

"One of my clerks has absconded, taking with him large sums of money; it will go nigh to ruin me, Mary, but should I fail it will be honestly."

That Mrs. Barton and Mary could hear this news unmoved, was not to be expected; they felt it, and felt it keenly; but in the midst of the trouble arose the consolation that it was no fault of theirs. Bad news spreads fast, and though for that night the Bartons kept their trouble confined to the elder members of the family—Mary, Henry, James and Maude—by noon next day it was known far and wide, and speculation was rife among the gossips as to whether Charles Dakers would fulfil his engagement.

"It would be exceedingly foolish of him, nay wrong I may say, to tie himself to a poor wife," remarked Mrs. Sloane, who had long wished to call Charles Dakers son-in-law.

"Decidedly imprudent, to say the least," lisped pretty Minnie Bell, whose father was on the high road to be a millionaire.

"Never fear, Charles has too much sense to wish to marry a whole family; for that is what it really will be," said Mr. Sloane, who happened to enter his drawing-room during the conversation.

"I think it would be very mean of him if he did not," said Morton, a younger brother of Miss Bell.

"What? mean not to marry the whole family!" laughed Mr. Sloane. "Why, Morton, you are worse than the Grand Turk himself."

"You know I did not mean that," returned the boy, joining in the laugh, and so the

subject passed away: but no one ever thought, not even either of the Misses Sloane who were also present, that perhaps Mary herself might object to going to her husband a portionless bride.

Yet so it was. He had wished the marriage to be hurried instead of delayed; but Mary had refused, knowing well that he could not afford to begin housekeeping in the way he would wish to, unless assisted by her father,—and, besides, was she not wanted at home just then?

“Let us wait quietly, Charles, till we see how matters turn out with father; he may perhaps recover his money, and then things will go on as usual; but indeed, dearest, I cannot consent to do you such an injury as marry upon the small means you have of your own.”

“My means are not small, Mary; I have \$1,200 a year. Could we not live on that?”

“And your mother and sisters? Oh, Charles, dearly as I love you, don’t ask me to live with them now.”

“I was selfish, dear; I had forgotten my mother and sisters. No, I won’t ask you to live with them; but so soon as I can make a separate home for you, will you come then?”

What need to give her answer? It was what any woman who loved would have given, and it satisfied Charles, who went away radiant with happiness and picturing to himself a cosy little nest, where he could safely stow away his matrimonial prize where sorrow should never come.

Six months passed from the time we first made Mary Barton’s acquaintance, and brought great changes. The failure had taken place and was so complete that nothing whatever was left for the family. Mr. Barton had procured a small situation, and for a time it seemed as though they would be as happy as ever they were before their loss; but by degrees Mr. Barton’s health gave way, and now as May approached they found themselves seeking for still cheaper lodgings than those they already occupied. A few weeks longer and Edward Barton was at rest, and the main support of the family depending upon Mary. No use now for Charles Dakers to tell her that the home he was making would soon be ready for her; no use to ask her to leave all and

“cleave” to him; he saw as well as she did that her duty lay with her family, and he was not the one to tempt her to foreswear it.

Spring passed on to summer, summer again gave way to autumn, and once more affairs were looking brighter for the Bartons. Henry and James, aged respectively sixteen and fourteen, had obtained employment: whilst Maude, who was just entering her thirteenth year, had been adopted by an old friend of her father’s. Mary herself had her time fully occupied in teaching, and Mrs. Barton attended to the home duties and the care of the two younger boys.

Charles Dakers was a constant visitor, and evening after evening he and Mary would talk over their future prospects. He was doing well in his profession, though by no means wealthy, and was anxious that their marriage should take place. “I have waited so long, Mary,” he urged, and her own heart echoed back the words “so long,” but it was her duty to remain a little longer with her mother.

Another year passed and then came Mary’s real troubles; all that had come before were as though only preparing her for what was to come. She had grieved deeply when her dear father was taken away, but now when all that was mortal of her mother lay stiff and cold before her, her grief knew no bounds. Once and once only did she rebel against the hand that chastened her; it was now, when she felt her burden to be greater than she could bear. For days she refused to be comforted, cherishing her sorrow, and hugging it close to her aching heart; but the bitter feeling gave way at last, and once more she took up her daily burden.

“What am I to do with my little brothers when I am away from home?” was her constant thought, until one day it was proposed that she should take a larger house and open a school. Arrangements were soon completed, and before many months were over, she had quite a number of pupils.

“Doing so well,” was the verdict of outsiders, but how little they knew that the whole proceeds went for rent and expenses, leaving her with nothing but her brothers’ meagre salaries for housekeeping.

Ah, it is a sad thing when a woman has

to work to support a family; how much more so when it is one so young as Mary Barton!—scarcely twenty, yet the head of the house; all depending upon her, looking to her for counsel, guidance, assistance—and yet, as is frequently the case, refusing the advice when given. What wonder that she became thoughtful!—"old" Charles used to call it, when he would come in of an evening and miss her former happy laughter, and she would force a smile or endeavor to recal her truant thoughts, instead of letting them try to solve that problem which so many have tried, of making \$10 do the work of \$20.

How precious to her were those visits! How, then, could she tell him that after his departure she had to sit up for hours preparing school work for next day, and correcting exercises. No, she could not give up those bright spots in her dreary life, even though she knew the strain was too much for her. It was only to sit up a little later, or rise a little earlier. Was she not well repaid when she heard his welcome tone in the evening? Yes, but she never remembered that what was so pleasant to her was in reality robbing her cheeks of their roses, her eyes of their brightness, undermining her health, and so unfitting her for her work. So passed on another year or two, the struggle for bread still going on, and with little or no help now from her elder brothers, who had both got into company where the "mock" wine was indulged in.

Night after night would she lie awake, wishing yet dreading to hear her brothers' footsteps; and when, as would sometimes happen, the hall door would open easily, and steady steps mount the stairs, she would cover her face with her hands, and weep for very joy. Tears came easily to those poor eyes now; the road was no new one to them, and often would they make their appearance unbidden.

I often think if men only seriously considered the wrong that intemperance does to others besides themselves, they would surely refrain; but they shut their eyes to the fact that a drunkard cannot fall alone; others must go with him, and those others are always the ones who are nearest, and ought to be dearest.

What need to linger over those unhappy days? They lasted till, in despair, she held her peace, and let them do as they would. No word of remonstrance ever crossed her lips now to the two brothers who were breaking her heart. And Charles Dakers—where was he? Tired of waiting, apparently; for he seldom came now,—his time was fully occupied was the excuse, and Mary believed him; but in reality he could not recognize his joyous Mary in the pale, silent woman who always seemed to be listening for something other than his words. And she was listening—how intently she alone knew—for those footsteps on the stair. Seldom, seldom did they sound during Charles' visit; still there was the dread, and he would leave the house disappointed with his betrothed, and hardly knowing why; then next evening, instead of going back, would call at Mrs. Wilson's, where Maude, a fine girl now of sixteen, was so like the Mary of old that he became once more happy. Perhaps had Mary told her lover all, it would have been better for both; but she could not expose her brothers, and so she bore the burden alone. It was some time before the truth forced itself upon Charles that he was getting tired of Mary, and learning to love the brilliant Maude—or rather fancy he loved her; and when at length he acknowledged it to himself he was thoroughly ashamed. But he had deteriorated during that long waiting, so that it took but little to persuade him that Mary was unsuited to him, and that it would be a benefit to *her* to set her free.

Poor Mary Barton! Those younger brothers were now growing up, it would not be very long before they could be started in the world, and then,—ah! how her heart would beat when she thought of what was awaiting her!

"When once their education is complete, and I procure situations for them, I shall be free," she thought. "I know Charles will let them live with us, and then how happy we shall be! Oh, if only James and Harry would come back to me!" for by this time they had left their home and she knew not where they were. But while these thoughts were passing through her mind, very different ones were taking up their abode with Charles. He had made up his mind that

his engagement should be broken through, and now all that engaged his thoughts was how to bring it about. Harder work than he thought, for Mary had never wavered in her faith towards him; he was her all, her idol, and it would be long before she could realize that it was only clay.

Let us pass over the next two years. The vanity and selfishness of Maude (her mother had foreseen it long ago), the uncertainty of Charles, the quiet life of sacrifice of Mary, how shall we describe them, or the comments of outsiders? We will take one peep into the parlor of our old acquaintance, Mrs. Sloane, hear what those assembled there say, and draw a veil over the rest.

Five years before we found in that parlor Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Sloane, Minnie and Morton Bell. All are there now except the pretty Minnie and Augusta Sloane. Death had claimed both, and their fireside chairs were empty.

"Mother," it was Mr. Sloane who broke the silence, "Norton tells me that Charles Dakers is about to be married to Maude Barton."

"Indeed!" answered Mrs. Sloane; "then of course she will give up teaching."

"Give up teaching? Why you are making a mistake between her and her sister Mary, to whom he has been engaged so many years."

"Perhaps so, but one forgets occasionally, you know."

"Of course," said Bertha Sloane, who had listened attentively to the conversation, "he must feel that Maude is better suited to him; one cannot expect a man to be bound by a promise made when things were so different; it would be a kind of new world 'Jephthah's vow.'" Bertha, now Mrs. Harris, could not but remember that her own husband had jilted another for her, and now regretted it, though she hardly knew that yet.

"Yes," answered Morton Bell, "I suppose one cannot 'expect' a man to do so, because now-a-days we expect so very little; but it does seem to me rather strange that a man who had once loved Mary Barton could ever change from her to Maude."

"I fear, Morton, my dear boy"—Mrs. Sloane loved to be patronizing occasion-

ally—"that either you are very Quixotic, or else have a *penchant* (pronounced *pon-shon*) for the fair Mary herself."

"I really cannot say, Mrs. Sloane," though I think I can acquit myself of both charges. Truth is I was at one time intimate with both James and Henry; they left me far behind them, one winter, I am thankful to say, for I fell in with an old friend of my father's, 'total abstinence,' and he prevented my keeping pace with them."

"Ah well!" returned the gentleman of the house, "Dakers is old enough to know what he is about; but I must say I think he is behaving very badly to Mary. It would be poor consolation to her to tell her she is better without him, and yet it really is so."

"Tootruer sir," replied Morton; "and to a girl like Mary that will be the hardest part of the trial. She will feel his desertion keenly, for I know now fondly she loves him; but she will never let any one see how she suffers."

"For my part," said Mrs. Sloane, "I have always considered Charles Dakers very silly to allow himself to be tied to a poor girl like Mary, and if she had done right she would have freed him years ago."

"So she wished, but he held her to her promise. As I told you, Mrs. Sloane, I was intimate there; I, therefore, saw a great deal more than mere outsiders. I have heard many remarks about her altered looks and spirits, but who can keep up good looks when they have hard work and no rest?—or who can be in good spirits when constantly listening for the unsteady footsteps of a drunken brother? I think the pale, sad face of Mary Barton had more to do with my taking the pledge than anything else."

So was she talked about—not only at the Sloanes, but elsewhere. A few, a very few, pitied her; but it usually ended in some such remark as that of Mr. Sloane, "Better no husband than a loveless one." Yes, better, far better; but does she think so? She does, or rather will in time, but the shock is too recent for her to rally under it yet. How she came to understand that Charles wished for freedom, she never quite knew; but it came to her at last. Maude it was who first "broke the ice," as people term it, and so when during the evening they were

once more together she asked if indeed it were so. Poor soul! she had clung to the hope that Maude was mistaken; but no! the proffered freedom was eagerly accepted, Charles left the room radiant with happiness, and Mary to weep in the solitude of her own chamber.

"Surely I have drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs," she thought; but there was still a bitterer draught, for about a week afterwards she saw Maude and Charles together. Then she knew why she had been forgotten; then the "iron entered her soul;" then she turned her face to the wall and prayed for death.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Never were truer words written, and so Mary found them. Sad, sorrowful, heartbroken as she was, her Heavenly Father cared for her, and was already tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

Late one evening when she was seated in her little parlor busy over school work for the next day, she heard a ring at the hall-door bell, and quick footsteps ascending the stairs. A moment more and two strong arms were round her, and an affectionate kiss pressed upon her cheek. Fortunate for her the arm thrown round her had not been removed, for in another moment Mary had fainted in her brother's arms. The surprise had been too great for her. Who knows but when she first heard the step, the wild thought might have passed through her mind that he was coming back to her. The shock at any rate was too much, and for the first time in her life all power and motion forsook her.

No word passed between the brother and sister about Charles; he had already heard it, and she guessed he had by the extra tenderness of his manner.

"You will come out West with me, Mary, and bring the boys. I have given up all my old ways, and so has Henry. We would not write to you till such time as we felt we were to be trusted, and, thank God, we both can now. We have a comfortable home for you, sister, and we will try what we can do to soften down the past. We cannot take all the sting away, but we will do what we can."

That was the only allusion made to Charles, and Mary was thankful for her

brother's forbearance. Her wound was new yet, but she would soon get over it she hoped—aye (by God's assistance) she was sure she would. She was doing her best to forget him now, and was partially succeeding; but in a very little while it would be sin for her to think of him other than as a brother, and she was striving hard to have that feeling now.

"Could you not arrange matters so as to return with me, Mary? I will wait three weeks for you."

"Yes, James, I think I can," and so the move took place before the wedding.

"You are not angry with me, Mary, are you?" said Maude, as she wished her sister good-bye.

"No, dear, not in the least—only, Maude, try to make a good wife. I know Charles loves you very dearly, still you will have many a demand made upon your forbearance."

So the sisters parted,—no bitterness on the part of the elder, very little regret on that of the younger. She, like many others, was deceived by Mary's manner; she with her selfish, shallow nature could not comprehend that any one would do a hard task because of duty,—it was a word in fact which, though she often used, she really knew nothing about. Inclination ruled her, but she re-named it "duty."

Long years again passed over—Maude apparently happy, Mary really so. Her brothers were now all married, and she, by this time an elderly lady, had a home with each. "Surely," she would say, sometimes, laughingly, "no one is so well off as I! Here I am with four houses ever open to me as my home, and with nephews and nieces enough to form a regiment."

"And no one deserves it so well," would be the reply.

I should like to take leave of Mary here, but I must say how she returned to her native town. About eighteen years after Maude's marriage she fell a victim to that terrible scourge, cholera, and within a few years her husband lay under the churchyard sod. A letter to Mary, written upon his deathbed, urged her to return and take charge of his orphan family. "I did you grievous wrong in the days gone by, Mary," he wrote, "but I must have been mad I

think at the time. I soon awoke from my delusion, and then I vowed solemnly by God's help to forget the past and live only for the future. My wife's childishness tried me greatly, but I accepted my punishment—my punishment of my own making—and, thank God, during the greater part of our married life we were sincerely attached to each other. I feel my Saviour has forgiven me, my sister, and I only want yours to die happy."

Next train brought her to his bedside, just in time to assure him that she would take full charge of his family.

Life was easy from that time; it was a labor of love to rear Maude's family, and well they repaid her. One by one they married and left their home; one by one they scattered through the length and breadth of the land, till at last Mary was alone, all but her grand-nephew, Henry Dakers, and his mother. Alone did I say? No, not alone; her Saviour was ever near to comfort her, and to whisper into her ear when the last struggle came, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHAPTER III.

Christmas Eve—happy, holy Christmas! the fire burned brightly on the hearth (for my husband and I loved the open fire), the kettle sung songs like the famous one of old, "full of family glee," and we four—that is John and I, little Mary and two-year-old Nellie—were gathered round the table. There was another morsel of humanity upstairs, but as strangers never counted him, I do not care about forcing him on your notice. But father and I thought as much of him in his helpless babyhood as ever you can of the stylish, dashy young people whom in mockery you term "your children." Well, our baby Johnnie (you see he had not left the *i e* class yet, though we hoped in time to have him plain, honest John) was upstairs, and there after tea I carried off my two daughters, leaving papa alone with only my "Lite of Mary Barton," as I called it, for company.

What a game of romps we had before the "miller" came with his dust bag, dim-

ming the eyes of my three babies. Then nurse came with the "white robes," and soon two dear forms were kneeling before me, four little hands were clasped and raised, four bright eyes devoutly closed, as each in turn repeated her evening prayer and hymn, each listening to the other, and saying the hymn verse about, while baby sucked his thumb in an ecstasy of delight.

Very soon my two were in their bed, locked in each other's arms, whilst their regular breathing showed them already far on the way to dreamland. Johnnie, too (the little cormorant), was asleep and I could once more leave the nursery and join my husband.

"Don't leave the room, Jane, till I return," I said to the nurse, and when she answered "No, ma'am," I knew she would keep her word.

Down to the dining-room I went. My husband, as usual, had drawn his chair near the fire, and with his "student's lamp," and paper across his knee, looked the picture of comfort.

There were two other things which most persons would have included among the comforts, but alas! they were troubles to me; one was a handsome meerschaum pipe, the other a half-filled glass of brandy and water. These were on the table beside the lamp.

"Why, Marian," was my greeting, "I did not know I had an authoress for my wife. I think I shall have to get up a divorce case, say you married me under 'false pretences,' or something of the kind."

"Just as you like," I answered laughingly, "but I know how it will turn out if you do get the divorce."

"Indeed! how, pray?"

"Why you will come next day and marry me again, authoress and all."

A merry laugh—such as it seems to me only John can give—and I suddenly felt myself half smothered, for his arms were round me, his bushy whiskers on my face. (It was my own fault, though—I should not have knelt beside him) "What vanity to suppose such a thing." The voice was close to me, so that any little interruption was of no consequence. But we did not act like simpletons much longer. Behold us then seated on the sofa like two staid old fogies,

He had been talking a good deal about dear old Aunt Mary, and at last I said,

"Do you think Henry Dakers knows about his grandfather forsaking Mary for her younger sister?"

"Yes, mother told him at a time when he was wavering as to whether he would choose the narrow or the broad way."

"And——"

"Love and esteem for the noble woman he called aunt helped to make him decide."

There was a pause; then said my husband, looking me full in the face,

"Marian, what do you mean by your 'troubles,' I did think I had managed to shield you from them."

A glance—no more—at the table, where on were still the lamp, the pipe, the tumbler (it was empty now), I felt the blood rush hot to my face, but I hardly expected my dear husband's reply. "Are they indeed troubles to you, darling?" The voice was very gentle, and I answered as gently, "God alone knows," then like a silly woman I covered my face with my hands and wept.

Rising from beside me he walked across the room to the little table, from which he took his pipe, and then coming to me placed both it and the key of the cellaret in my hands, saying,

"I was undecided what to give you for Christmas, Marian, but I think you will be content with what you have asked for."

Content? Why there were no words in the English language wherewith to express my thankfulness, so that perforce I was dumb; but the tears—those foolish tears that would come whenever I was pleased—welled up from their hidden depths, to be kissed away by my husband.

So it came about that my little sketch got its double name, for John said it ought to be called "What One Woman Did," and I said it should be my "Christmas Box."

Years have passed since that night; my Christmas box—both key and pipe are locked up among my treasures; John has never asked for either; and I—well, there is not a happier woman on the face of the earth, and all owing to dear Aunt Mary, who "being dead yet speaketh."

SUNDAY MUSINGS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

I.

Come hither, friends! Come hither, friends!
So great the joy Our Father sends,
I want to share with you,
For He hath made the blind receive
New sight! Come, help me to believe
The miracle is true.

"O what the joy? and whence the beam.
That lights your look as with the gleam
Of waters in the waste?"

Come kneel by me, on bended knee;
Ye must stoop low if ye would see,—
Lower, if ye would taste!

Sweet friends, ye know the little grave
To which my heart would crawl, and crave,
As 'twere a worm o' the dust?
I writhed so low, it rose so high,
The mound that shut out all the sky:
So broken was my trust.

This morn I sought it!—hardly one
Of all my unshed tears would run:
Instead—from out the sod—
A spring had gusht through dust and weeds,
And in the light of God it feeds
My life, direct from God.

II.

We are not only where we seem,
But, lighted by some mystic gleam,
Live also in a world of dream!

Some heavenward window opes above
The shut-up soul, to lean out of,
Or let in waiting wings of love.

And thence we pass out of our night
A little nearer to the light;
Transfigured in the eternal sight.

And oft when darkness fills the place,
I kneel with dawn upon my face:
I feel the infinite embrace.

Beyond the clouds 'tis golden day,
Soft airs of heaven about me play,
They waft all weariness away.

Dear friends I see no longer here
Are with me: I can feel them near;
So tenderly they come to cheer!

And there in secret life is fed,
Till full in flower it lifts the head,
With all its leaves to heaven outspread.

And by the peace within my breast;
All stormy passions rockt to rest;
I know that God hath been my guest.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

ONLY A SEAMSTRESS.

BY JEANIE BELL.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

When life looks lone and dreary,
 What light can expel the gloom?
 When Time's swift wing grows weary
 What charm can refresh his plume?
 'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
 O'er all that we feel or see!
 And if man of Heaven e'er dreameth,
 'Tis when he thinks only of thee,
 O, Woman!

At length the evening of the party came round. Mrs. Malvern found that Adelaide needed no addition to her wardrobe, as she had plenty to choose from among the finery of her wealthier days. When Adelaide came into their private sitting-room all dressed, Mrs. Malvern exchanged a glance of pleasure with her husband. Adelaide's costume was simple, and yet she was thoroughly dressed as becometh a lady. As she was still in mourning, she wore a soft black satin trimmed with rich white lace. In her brown hair—which she wore in her usual style—she had placed one dark crimson camelia. Mrs. Malvern surveyed her with the greatest satisfaction, but she said nothing in praise except that she only needed a *bouquet-de-corsage*, and taking from a glass of flowers near her a crimson rose with a few dark green leaves, fastened it in the bosom of Adelaide's dress. Adelaide knew very few of the guests whom she was to meet. Her minister and his wife were to be there—these she knew, and was sure of their kindness and sympathy. She could only hope that the company would be as agreeable as Mrs. Malvern's friends usually were.

Carriage after carriage deposited its load, and Adelaide began to hope that the Wellbrooks were not to be among the guests, when the door was thrown open and Mrs. and Mr. Edward Wellbrook and Miss Wellbrook were announced. Adelaide's spirits went down below zero at once, but she

hoped by keeping in the background she would not come in contact with them. Presently Mrs. Malvern crossed the room and coming to Adelaide bade her follow, as an old friend of hers wished to see her. Seeing that the girl's pleasure was marred by the sight of Mrs. Wellbrook and family, Mrs. Malvern put her hand through Adelaide's arm, and did not leave her till she had indeed greeted an old friend. The gentleman who wished to meet Adelaide was an old friend of her father's, a Mr. Maitland. He was rejoiced to see Miss Paul again—gladly would he have taken her to his own home and been a father to her; but he knew neither mother nor daughter would live off the charity of friends. While she sat talking with the old gentleman, she was conscious that many eyes were upon her, but in real humility she thought the cause was that she was a stranger to most of the company.

She had heard Mr. Herman announced, but had not seen him till now. Glancing to her left, she found his earnest grey eyes fixed upon her. More than once she was attracted by that gaze, till at length the gentleman in question, seeing that she noticed it, turned away to another part of the room. As music was to be the chief entertainment of the evening, Mrs. Malvern had invited the principal musicians in the town. Several ladies had played and sung, when Mr. Malvern came to Adelaide and begged leave to conduct her to the piano.

She had just before refused Mr. Wellbrook, but disliking to disappoint her kind friends she tried to muster courage. Mr. Malvern seeing her agitation whispered a word of cheer, and after a silent prayer, it was in a tolerably calm voice that she began her song. At first her voice was low and trembling, but gaining courage as she proceeded, she gave the full power of it. She chose a simple ballad, and on being be-

sought for another song, chose a sacred piece from one of the old masters.

In this grand, majestic music, Adelaide was thoroughly at home. With her whole heart entering into the sublime music, she forgot her audience altogether. So great was the impression she made, that it was not until some time after the last sound died away that any one thanked her. Mrs. Malvern, who stood near her chair, stooped and softly kissed her cheek, while tears stood in her eyes. It was strange that Adelaide should look up and get the most eloquent thanks from Mr. Herman's eyes; audible thanks he did not give. One unpleasant remark took away the innocent pleasure she had derived from endeavoring to please others. It was from Miss Wellbrook, who, in answer to a lady's enquiry as to who Adelaide was, replied, "Only some *protégé* of Mrs. Malvern's—a seamstress I believe she is." "No matter what her position, I must know her," was the lady's reply, and rising from her seat she went in search of the hostess. Mrs. Malvern was just then crossing the room with Mr. Herman, so that the lady had to wait.

Adelaide, whose feelings were somewhat ruffled by Miss Wellbrook's contemptuous tone of voice, was silently turning the leaves of a book, and saw not her friend until she touched her hand and then introduced Mr. Herman.

Remembering the story Mr. Herman had been told of her, and the seeming corroboration he got from seeing Edward Wellbrook with her that same night, made Adelaide shy of the fine-looking Englishman; but with gentlemanly tact Mr. Herman talked of music and books, until, fairly interested, Adelaide was drawn in to give her own opinion. Adelaide's conversational powers were good. She could not talk gossip, nor say soft nothings by the hour; but real sensible improving conversation she could join in with an intelligence and grace that some people envied. Notwithstanding the cold reception Adelaide had given Mr. Wellbrook, he had impudence enough to ask permission to take her in to supper—but before he got the question asked, Mr. Herman replied, "Miss Paul is engaged to me." Adelaide was thankful for the shield Mr. Herman threw round her, but she did

not fail to see the look of hatred Mr. Edward Wellbrook gave her companion.

Miss Paul was the great attraction of the party. She herself did not see it, but Mrs. Malvern saw it, and rejoiced somewhat wickedly over the Wellbrooks. That they were mortified by the attention paid to a *seamstress*—and more, that this same seamstress should so publicly decline Mr. Edward's attentions, was a bitter pill for his haughty mamma to swallow. Miss Wellbrook was aggravated by her English friend's courtesies to one whom she had tried to lessen in his esteem. Mrs. Malvern, who kept early hours, gave her minister the hint; and, as was his wont at Hilton Bank, that gentleman asked for Bibles, as we always closed with family worship. This was quite a novel proceeding to the Wellbrooks, who would have thought any other lady than Mrs. Malvern out of her mind, to have supper at eleven o'clock, and worship before separating,—but then, "Dear Mrs. Malvern was so highly connected, and her eccentricities had to be borne with."

To Miss Paul and the Malverns this wind-up to their party was quite refreshing, and never did Adelaide's clear voice join more heartily than in the soul-strengthening words of the 23rd psalm. Before Mr. Herman bade Mrs. Malvern good-night, he begged and received permission to visit them soon. To Adelaide he gave a word of grateful thanks for the pleasure she had given him that evening. Strange, yet true, that Mr. Herman's voice rang in her ears during her dreams, and when she awoke next morning his image was the first that presented itself! The following day she returned to her mother—Mr. Maitland, their old friend, spending a few days with them. He would not go away until both mother and daughter had promised to visit him in the spring. After he left they found the title deed to their cottage lying on the table. This was the only thing their kind old friend could do for them. The Wellbrooks, who were thoroughly chagrined with the way Mrs. Malvern had brought out Miss Paul, gradually cooled in their admiration for the afore-mentioned lady; and she, pleased that she had read them a lesson, did not regret the loss of their friendship.

Adelaide hoped the rebuffs she had given

Mr. Edward would cause him to cease in his attentions to her, but an event which occurred a few weeks after the party caused her to change this opinion.

Not far from Glenborn Cottage was the cemetery. This cemetery was Adelaide's favorite resort on a summer evening. It was a lovely spot,—not large, but nicely situated. The entrance through a long avenue of trees; one side of the cemetery completely shaded by the trees; north and west there was an extensive view of hill and dale, dotted here and there with substantial-looking farm-houses; while at the south side, at the foot of a sloping green bank, there merrily ran over its pebbly bed the shining waters of the river Don.

Adelaide had no superstitious feelings about being alone with the dead; rather her spirit grew calm and peaceful as she walked through the quiet spot. Nearly all the names in Greylands Cemetery were strange to her; yet she felt interested in them; and in reading their names and epitaphs, fancied something of their history.

Some time had elapsed since Mrs. Malvern's party, since which time Adelaide had not been annoyed by Mr. Wellbrook. He had tried to see her, but so far she had managed to keep clear of him. For a few days back Adelaide had been sewing steadily, and one evening, complaining of a headache, her mother advised her to go to the cemetery for a walk. It was near sundown, but knowing the keeper of the gate, Adelaide knew she would get in.

Never had the scene appeared fairer. The sun just setting in the west threw over stream and field and marble tablet a crimson mantle. Adelaide sat on the bank of the river, drinking in the beauty of the scene, and proving the truth of the poet's words:—

“ If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget;
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.”

Adelaide's pleasant thoughts were brought suddenly to an end by hearing a footstep near her. Before she had time to rise Edward Wellbrook knelt at her feet, beseeching her to have pity on him—to become his

wife; and if she would not, he would put an end to his misery by drowning. Adelaide was terrified—all the more that she feared no help would come at that late hour. However, she did not fear his threat much. Edward Wellbrook was a very unlikely man to drown himself for any woman; but the annoyance he gave her nerved her to speak plainly. She told him how unlike a gentleman he was thus to follow and disturb her privacy; how very unmanly to force his presence where it was not desired! Edward replied that he could not live without her, and with much more such excited talk frightened the girl until she was unable to answer him. As the only means of escape she gave one bound up the bank, and before he had time to follow her, she had met Mrs. Malvern and Mr. Herman, who had called at the cottage, and then come to the cemetery in search of her. So great was the relief when Adelaide met her friends that, for the first time in her life, she fainted. Mrs. Malvern watched by her till Mr. Herman ran for water. Wondering what had excited her usually calm friend, Mrs. Malvern got nervous and was nearly as pale as Adelaide when Mr. Herman came back with the water and the lodge-keeper. Adelaide had opened her eyes by this time, but she felt so faint that she thankfully drank the water Mr. Herman brought her. Mr. Herman did not tell the ladies that he had seen Edward Wellbrook stealing like a thief out of the gate, when he was coming out of the lodge. Mr. Herman connected Adelaide's excitement with Edward Wellbrook, and unwilling as he was to believe aught evil of Miss Paul, he could not quite understand their meeting to his knowledge more than once.

We should have told our readers before, that, in the interval which had intervened since Mrs. Malvern's soiree and this night in the cemetery, Mr. Herman and Miss Paul had met quite frequently. In the quiet talks in company with the Malvern family, or when Mrs. Malvern contrived to leave Mr. Herman and Adelaide alone together, the two had got to know and understand each other thoroughly.

Adelaide did not suspect the depth of her regard for Mr. Herman until he asked permission to visit her in her own home;

then, not dreaming that he meant his attentions other than friendly, Adelaide for appearance sake declined.

Mr. Herman, who guessed Adelaide's motive for refusal, respected her good name too highly to insist upon his wishes—especially as he did not see his way clear just then to offer her a home. Sometimes Mr. Herman wondered if there was any truth in Miss Wellbrook's story of Miss Paul's love for that lady's brother. He would have asked Mrs. Malvern's opinion but for a feeling of delicacy on Miss Paul's account.

However, his meeting of Edward Wellbrook in the cemetery when Adelaide was there gave him so much pain that he resolved to find out the truth as soon as possible.

Somewhat recovered after her drink of water, Adelaide was able to walk to Mrs. Malvern's carriage, which stood at the cemetery gate. In answer to Adelaide's request to be taken home at once, Mrs. Malvern told her she had received permission to carry her off for the night, and that she had better shut her eyes and go to sleep. Adelaide did neither, but she sat quietly listening to the conversation between her friend and Mr. Herman. They talked first of the cemetery and of the last long sleep of those within it. Then from that they spoke of the everlasting home in Heaven, talking only as those can who have the sure hope of one day being there. Adelaide felt quite rested and refreshed by the conversation, and was more like herself than she had been since they met, when they reached Hilton Bank. Refusing Mrs. Malvern's invitation to supper, Mr. Herman said he would call on the morrow.

After the children were off to bed, Mrs. Malvern enquired the cause of Adelaide's agitation. Thereupon Adelaide gave her the history of Edward Wellbrook's persecution from the day he had first seen her at his mother's. Mr. and Mrs. Malvern were both quite indignant at his impertinence, and planned how they could put a stop to it. Evidently, from Mrs. Malvern's pleased face, she had thought of a way, but she said it was to be a secret for a few days, and then she would make it known. Mrs.

Malvern's plan was to tell Mr. Herman the story; and she felt sure he would find a way to stop young Wellbrook's impertinent attentions. Next day, while Mrs. Malvern and Adelaide were seated in their pleasant sewing-room, Mr. Herman was announced; he had asked only for Miss Paul. Adelaide trembled, she knew not why, but her friend with a warm embrace bade her go and see her visitor, and to be sure and answer him kindly. Scarcely was Adelaide seated when Mr. Herman explained his errand. He had come to tell her of his love for her, and he wished her to tell him honestly if any other gentleman had the right to prevent his hoping for a return. He said to her that although he could not understand her connection with Edward Wellbrook, he was sure she could explain that, and he now waited her answer to his question. Adelaide repeated the simple facts in regard to Edward's pretended admiration for her with the full look of innocence. She told him the story, and he fully believed it. Adelaide could not deny her regard for Mr. Herman; but she pleaded her poverty as a hindrance to his proposals. "You forget that I am only a seamstress," she said; "you would not like that told to your friends." It is needless to go over the arguments Mr. Herman used to prove how little he cared for money. Once sure that her heart was his, he would consider himself rich indeed. Some little time before, Adelaide had been able to judge the worth of Mr. Herman's regard. He was all she could desire. So she confessed her love, and they were betrothed to live together in the future in weal or woe; striving so to live in the married state that they might be a type of that holier union of Christ with His Bride—the Church.

Adelaide wished their marriage delayed for six months, so that Mr. Herman might have time to consider the sacrifice he was making in marrying a poor woman; but, with a smile of sweet content, Mr. Herman assured her that three months would be all he could stay in Canada; after that, his presence would be required in England. He told her, further, that he hoped she would be ready to go with him, as he did not intend to go without his wife. Albert

Herman was the younger son of an English country gentleman. His elder brother had died some two months previous to his engagement with Adelaide, and thus he was heir to the family estates. He had been five years in Canada, and in that time had become so attached to his adopted home, that he could not contemplate leaving it without regret. He had brought a good deal of money with him, and had laid it out to such advantage that he had sufficient for a respectable living before he came into possession of his father's lands. Mr. and Mrs. Malvern were delighted when they heard of Adelaide's engagement; their only sorrow being that they would have to do without her society. However, Mr. Herman comforted them with the hope that they should spend the winter in Greylands. Contrary to Adelaide's expectation, her mother was pleased with her marriage. Mr. Herman she had met several times and liked exceedingly; and as she thought of her daughter left alone in the world, in the event of her death, she could but thank God for His goodness.

Mrs. Malvern took care to spread the news of Adelaide's engagement. Of course the whole of Greylands was excited over the news. Mrs. Wellbrook stormed, and the daughter curled her lip in disdain, but Edward pretended to disbelieve the rumor. Before long he had reason to believe it. Adelaide went one evening to a concert with the Malverns. Mr. Herman was out of town on business, but expected to be home in time to escort Adelaide from the concert. He did not, however, arrive before its close. Adelaide intended keeping close by her friends, but in spite of her endeavors she got separated in the crush. Before she reached the door-step, her hand was taken, and, thinking it to be Mr. Herman, she looked up very happy. What was her annoyance to find it Edward Wellbrook. Too much startled to use her voice, Adelaide was about to pull by force her arm from his, when, on looking up, she saw Mr. Herman. With one step she was at his side and had claimed his protection. Understanding at once what the matter was, Mr. Herman stepped quickly forward, and, facing Edward, said, "You will please to understand, Mr. Wellbrook, that any

annoyance or insult offered to Miss Paul is the same as offered to me."

The young man uttered some kind of an apology, then hurriedly moved off. For a few months Edward Wellbrook seemed rather dejected over his disappointment; then smitten with the pretty face and showy dress of a milliner, much to his lady mother's disgust, he married her.

The three months of probation before Adelaide's marriage were nearly over. She and Mrs. Malvern had been busy with the wedding outfit, but now all was finished and ready. Mr. Herman would gladly have bought everything his betrothed required, but she, with a little bit of pride, would not permit it. So Mrs. Malvern just bought for her what she thought too expensive to buy for herself.

Adelaide was very happy. The discipline she had experienced in the battle of life had deepened and strengthened her intellectual and moral character. Throwing aside any feeling of pride which she formerly indulged in, Adelaide took her cup of blessing with a grateful heart. Another source of happiness was the growing content of her mother. Adelaide's patience and forbearance under trial; her willing acquiescence in God's will, even when the cross pressed heaviest, had its due effect on Mrs. Paul's proud heart; while the influence of her minister, and her intercourse with the Malverns had taught her many lessons. "Stepping heavenwards" the old lady really was; the old heart was slower to learn God's lessons than Adelaide's; yet not less surely was she by God's grace going forward to the heavenly city.

A few nights before the marriage Adelaide and her mother were sitting making arrangements for the future when the postman's knock came to the door. Two letters were handed in. Adelaide read the black-edged one first, and as she did so grew pale with surprise. The news was that her father's step-brother was dead, and had left Mrs. Paul and daughter sole heirs to the property so long in their possession. The other letter was from Mr. Maitland, confirming the lawyer's letter, and telling him that he was left sole trustee of their property.

Thanking God for His goodness to them, Mrs. and Miss Paul prayed that they might be made good stewards of the Heavenly Father's bounty. Adelaide, wishing to keep the news of their good fortune a secret till after the marriage, made her mother and the Malverns promise not to mention it.

At length the wedding day arrived. No bride could be happier than Adelaide Paul. She knew well the responsibilities which came to her with the title of wife, and especially in the high position which she would have to fill; but strong in her husband's love, and stronger still in God's grace, she resolved to take all the sunshine God had given her, and trust Him for grace to walk worthily in the future. Knowing his bride's wish to visit her childhood's home before they set sail for "Old England," Mr. Herman proposed to spend a few weeks in that neighborhood, Mrs. Paul accompanying them.

Arriving at the town near to which was their old home, they were met by Mr. Maitland at the railway station. The party then drove through beautiful grounds and up to the door of a somewhat old fashioned but aristocratic-looking mansion. After they were seated in the dining-room, Mr. Herman, who was much struck with the lovely prospect from the windows, congratulated Mr. Maitland on his possession of such a beautiful home. For answer, Mr. Maitland took Adelaide's hand, and leading her forward to her husband, said: "You must congratulate this lady; for this fine property is hers, not mine." Mr. Herman looked his astonishment, but Adelaide soon told him the way they had so recently come into possession of their old home.

Mr. Herman did not look particularly pleased with the addition to their wealth; but when Adelaide pleaded the good they could do with it, he became more reconciled to marrying an heiress instead of a poor seamstress, whose only dower was her own moral worth. A second time was the good town of Greylands astonished—and Mrs. Malvern enjoyed her triumph. Mr. and Mrs. Herman went to England, leaving Mrs. Paul in the old homestead.

Never did Mrs. Paul appear to so much advantage as with the young Malverns around her. She amused them with fairy

tales which she had heard in her youth. When Mr. and Mrs. Herman returned to Greylands, they found, even in the short time they were away, that there had been some changes. Among others, the Wellbrooks had, to use a common phrase, "come down in the world;" in some foolish speculation, Mr. Wellbrook had lost all his money, and, dying, soon after, left his family penniless.

Mrs. Malvern's kindness had kept the haughty Mrs. Wellbrook from actual want during the winter, and now when Mrs. Herman heard the history of their calamities, the two consulted what would be the best way of helping them. Knowing Mrs. Wellbrook's dislike of her, Adelaide wished, through Mrs. Malvern, to give or lend her a sum of money sufficient to start them in some kind of fancy goods store. That haughty lady, although she guessed where the money came from, did not refuse it, but striving to do the best with her lot, went to a town where she was not known and there succeeded in making a livelihood. Perhaps the kindness of her former poor seamstress, or the Christian sympathy of Mrs. Malvern, did something to soften her haughty temper, for she was much better liked as the active managing shopkeeper, than as the fine lady. Perhaps, like Adelaide, when she lost her money and had to become a seamstress, Mrs. Wellbrook had also found *her vocation*. So we will bid her adieu, hoping that her trials will do her as much good as they did the seamstress, and that out of seeming evil good may come. Adelaide's married life was as happy as is safe for erring mortals this side of eternity; but leaning on the strength given her from God, she did not forget to walk *softly* in her prosperity.

Among the different classes whom they sought to benefit, you may be sure Mrs. Herman did not forget those often refined and delicate girls who had to sew for a living. Many a wearied seamstress was made strong by a change to the green fields and fresh country air, while in many another way she wisely and liberally bestowed her charity on the deserving industrious poor. "He that giveth a cup of cold water to one of the Lord's disciples, in Jesus' name, will in no wise lose his reward."

VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

(Continued.)

They of the old physician kindled as he replied: "Yea, daughter of my well-tried friend, the time *is* at hand when the Lord will deliver His people. We grope in much darkness, and the Almighty seeth not as man seeth. The deliverance may not come as we in our blindness expect. Nevertheless, a light is dawning for Israel, and the Star is even now risen whose beams shall brighten the clouds which hang over our race. To this time has the finger of Prophecy pointed through past ages, and truly may we feel that the hour is at hand."

Caleb paused, and Ada hastily proceeded to unfold her plans.

"Many women of the tribes of Jacob," she said, "have been permitted to perform great deeds, to do much for the deliverance of Israel from the rod of oppression. And oh!" she added, clasping her hands and speaking almost wildly, "oh! that with one blow, I, a feeble woman, might avenge the death of my only son, the murder of the last of the house of his father, and rid my people of the greatest tyrant that ever cursed our beloved inheritance! Friend of my father, friend of my early youth, impart to me the knowledge of the nature of drugs which you possess, and I will give no rest to my spirit till I have taken the life of the scourge of Israel. I will go forth as a sorceress endowed with healing power. I will stand beside the couch of the already suffering Herod, and administer a subtle poison which shall surely do its work; which shall be a consuming fire in his veins, and burn as the devouring element till death shall claim his prey! Speak, speak!" she continued more frantically, "say that your knowledge shall assist me, for before the Lord have I sworn to do this work!"

While waiting a moment for the old man's reply, she was alarmed by a sudden

noise, and whispered hastily, as a footstep sounded along the narrow passage which led from the outer apartment to that in which they were seated, "Betray me not! Reveal to none my unchanging purpose. 'Tis a great work, but with the aid of the God of Jacob I will perform it." The footsteps were those of Sarah, the wife of Jehoram. She passed through the hall and walked out upon the terrace at the front of the dwelling.

Ada grew calm, and the old physician replied, "Daughter of Thara," he said, "truly you say many women have been chosen to work great deliverances for Israel. And I doubt not were Herod once removed, mighty leaders would arise, the hearts of the people would be stirred as the heart of one man; and thus the way might be prepared for the restoration of the kingdom to Israel. But, Ada, to a stronger arm than yours, to a frame better able to endure the hardships which will of necessity attend the carrying out of so dangerous an enterprise, must the work be committed. The subject requires much serious thought, and we will speak of it hereafter. With me your secret is safe."

CHAPTER IV.

The old physician took his leave, and many days came and went before he again visited Ada. At times during the interval her excitement was so great that her brother, who was a stranger to the secret workings of her mind, began to fear lest her tottering reason was about to be overthrown forever. But though exceedingly anxious, Ada knew she could trust the friend of her father's house, and feared not the betrayal of her confidence. She had brought from her desolate home all her valuable jewels, besides a great sum

of money. She had determined, if needful, to spend, in avenging the slaughter of her only child, all the wealth which for his sake she had formerly prized so highly.

Ada was not idle during those days of anxiety and suspense. She occupied as much as possible her distracted mind in laying a plan for her contemplated work. Not for a moment did she harbor the thought of giving it to other hands to execute her schemes. Arrayed in costly robes, as a sorceress, would she seek the bedside of the suffering monarch, though weeks should be necessary to accomplish her purpose. Once there, she dreaded no failure. And rightly judged she, that cunning daughter of Israel, of suffering humanity; for truly "will a man give all that he hath for his life," and with trembling eagerness will one diseased grasp at the faintest shadow of relief! Judith she resolved should accompany her, yet not wholly in her confidence. She would leave the house of her brother as if taking her departure for the hillside dwelling. Great indeed was her surprise, then, when Caleb Shelomi returned, to learn his determination to undertake the work in his own person, and in no wise to impart his knowledge to another. The hope that the deliverance of Jacob might be hastened by the destruction of Herod and his sons, rose high in the old man's bosom, and nerved him for the strange work. It was long, very long, before Ada could be persuaded to relinquish her original design. Her wild desire for vengeance had been so strengthened and nourished that for some time she utterly rejected the thought that another hand than hers should deal the fatal blow.

"I will go forth," said her aged friend, "to perform that of which we have spoken. Perchance thereby the yoke may be broken from off the neck of Israel, and the wrongs of your house, dear Ada, be more than avenged."

"Nay, not so, my best friend, my only counsellor," returned the bereaved one; "be it mine and mine alone to do this deed! Let no hand but mine strike the avenging blow!"

"But, Ada," continued the physician, "think of the perils you must encounter;

the toils of the journey, the probable necessity of a hasty flight when the work is all but done."

"I am well, I am strong," interrupted Ada. "I fear not toil, I dread not danger. Let me but be avenged! To accomplish this end I can, I will brave all perils! Judith will be with me."

"Ah!" exclaimed Caleb, "her presence alone may frustrate your schemes and bring a speedy destruction upon you."

"How so?" demanded Ada. "Judith is faithful to the interests of the house of Bar-Heber, and will not wilfully injure my cause. Besides, my deepest purposes will be hidden from her."

"All this I know full well," he returned, "but, daughter of Thara, let me draw a picture for you to gaze upon one moment. You, dear Ada, have won your way with much care to the presence of Herod; you stand beside his couch of anguish. The prey is within your grasp; you fear not detection. The poisons are prepared, and in a few hours your enemy, the scourge of your people, will be no more. You rejoice, your very joy prostrates your frame, and you writhe in convulsions. In your delirium you speak strange words. Judith is questioned, in her terror betrays you, and all is lost! Look calmly on the picture, Ada, before your resolution is unalterably formed.

As he spoke his listener turned pale, a sudden trembling seized her frame, and she exclaimed, "I yield, I yield! The picture is too frightful. Alas! for my infirmity. But that also is the tyrant's work. A curse, a curse," she continued, wildly, "be on his house forever!"

Caleb Shelomi was content. His purpose was in part accomplished, and he was now ready to go forth upon his deadly errand, and in an altered strain he continued the conversation.

"I shall seek the monarch's presence. I hope to take his life. If I succeed a swift messenger will bring the tidings to my son Mathias. A trumpet will be speedily sounded and all Israel will arise for the salvation of our inheritance. Should my life be sacrificed it will be a small thing indeed if it should open the way in the future for the worshipped child, who I be-

lieve yet lives, to sit upon the throne of Israel; to sway the sceptre of righteousness over the scattered tribes of Jacob."

"If he lives," replied Ada, "years must elapse ere such a child can rule over our people."

"Not so," said the Physician; "the good Josiah was but a babe when he began to reign. And I am persuaded that a remarkable destiny is before him who was born 'King of the Jews.' Toward none but the Deliverer of our race would that bright, peculiar star have travelled from the East. To no other would it have pointed so plainly; and to none but one favored of God from his birth would shining ones have directed, with words of so strange an import, the watching shepherds in the silent hours of the night. Oh! that the time may be hastened when his reign shall begin!"

"Blessed jubilee, indeed," said Ada, "when the reign of the Deliverer shall commence. Then shall the 'old waste places' be rebuilt, and Jerusalem shall be the joy of the whole earth. Glorious time! And yet I thirst for vengeance too! speedy vengeance! blood for blood," she almost screamed, in a frenzy, as her mind wandered suddenly back to the terrible scene she had witnessed at the hillside mansion. "Life for life! Spare not the blood-thirsty and cruel tyrant!"

"Daughter of Thara," replied the old man, soothingly, "your bitter wrongs, the wrongs of our whole nation, will yet be redressed, for the God of Jacob is a faithful God. But, Ada, the hour of my departure is at hand. Perchance I may be the humble instrument of good to Israel. I will make the attempt; the event is in the hands of the Lord. If I fail perhaps another may arise to be more successful. And," continued he, in a whisper, "if I fail, to you and to my son Mathias only will my secret be known. Keep it well, Ada, lest my failure discourage others. And now farewell. I take the gold you have provided, for wealth is not my portion, and I may sorely need its aid." So saying he left her presence.

With a firm, yet elastic tread Caleb Shelomi left the dwelling of Jehoram and turned into a shady avenue that bore away

southward from the inheritance of his friend.

The sun was declining in the west when he took his departure, and Ada, who sat near a lattice partly concealed by flowering vines, watched his retreating figure with the greatest interest. But neither she who watched, nor he who was speeding away, guessed that his footsteps were tending to sure and certain destruction. They longed to see the temporal glory of Israel restored, and knew not that he, for whose coming they sought to prepare the nation, would utterly refuse to reign as an earthly Prince over the tribes of Jacob. They looked for one to redress their wrongs, to save them from foreign domination; but not for one to "redeem Israel from all iniquity," to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to point to a rest beyond the grave, even the everlasting home of the blessed. Their minds groped in darkness, and no ray of divine light pierced the gloom which surrounded them. They knew not that in a higher and nobler sense he should indeed gather the outcasts of Israel to his kingdom, and that of his reign there should be no end."

Ada sat gazing after the old physician till his figure was lost to view in distance. Then, uttering a wild prayer for his success, she arose and busied herself with her usual occupations.

So frequently had the aged man expressed his conviction that drugs would be unavailing for poor Ada, that her brother had given up all hope of her being permanently benefited. He was, therefore, satisfied when, on the eve of his departure, Caleb informed him that he was about to spend some time in foreign travel, and months might elapse ere he should again cross his threshold.

CHAPTER V.

It formed no part of the plan of Caleb Shelomi to proceed directly to Jericho, the town where King Herod was at that time lying quite ill. His resolution was taken to go at once to Jerusalem, and then suddenly make his appearance in the charac-

ter of an eastern magician, or "wise man," endued with more than ordinary skill to read diseases and work cures. From his knowledge of foreign manners, languages and customs, this would be no difficult part for him to act. His first desire was to spread abroad a fame of himself that should reach the ears of the King, who, he hoped, might be led to express a wish to consult the learned foreigner. When he should have gained access to the royal presence, he would first administer to the monarch a soothing potion, which would procure temporary ease to the sufferer and inspire a confidence towards himself. At this point, his design was to prepare for the king a variety of drugs, among them a subtle and but lately discovered poison, the antidote to which he believed to be known to no person but himself in all Syria. A short time previous to the hour appointed for Herod to take the poisonous draught he would leave the immediate vicinity, drop his disguise, remain secreted in some cave or by-place, and there await the realization of his hopes. When all should be over, while the city should be paralyzed by the suddenness of the blow, he would sound a trumpet which should arouse all Israel. With his own hand he would slaughter the sons of the tyrant, and he doubted not the God of their former battles would fight for the people; would again lead on their armies to victory. Then, though years of bloody warfare should immediately succeed, ultimately might he who was born "King of the Jews" appear for the salvation of the "chosen race." And he, oh! how he longed to be the humble instrument to prepare the way!

Full of thoughts like these did the old physician bend his way southward; as he neared Jerusalem he assumed the character he designed to personate. He took from a small bundle, which he had carried since he left his home in Beth-Arbo, an eastern costume that on a former occasion he had worn in his travels; arrayed himself therein, and in other respects changed as much as possible his outward man. Then, with what haste he could, he proceeded on his journey. As he passed along the fertile vales of his native land, and gazed upon the beau-

ties spread before him, or paused beside some fountain to refresh his weary body, his spirit was busy in contemplating the future greatness of the children of Israel.

From the perusal of the following letter, sent from Ruth, at Jerusalem, to Ada in the home of her childhood, we shall learn something of his success in that city:—

"Beloved Sister,—My lonely spirit yearns almost daily for your dear presence, and though I am happy, very happy, here, I long again to roam over the haunts of my childhood; and often my heart turns back to our peaceful life at the hillside mansion, before the hand of the cruel destroyer was laid upon us.

"Perhaps, dear sister, you will smile that I should speak of the home of my childhood, when you recollect that a few months since I thought and spoke but as a child. But, Ada, I believe I have grown old beyond my year's since we parted.

"I am edified and instructed by the conversation of our dear kinswoman, Susanna, who is truly one of the best of women. My understanding has been awakened to ponder upon the redemption which our nation looks for, and, Ada, is it not more than the temporal greatness of Israel we should expect?

"The 'wonderful Counsellor, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace shall he be called,' saith the Scripture, 'upon whose shoulder the government shall rest!' Surely these holy titles are applied to one who shall work a more glorious redemption than we have been used to look for! I cannot express to you the joy the contemplation of this subject affords me.

"But to turn to other things. I have much, very much, to say to you, Ada, and yet I hardly know how. One of the members of this household is about to leave for Italy, and the anticipation of the event casts a shade of gloom over us all. It is Jesse, the brother of Mary, cousin James' wife. He has spent years abroad, at Rome, and from his remarks I have learned much; and—I find I must tell you all—he has breathed the words of love and tenderness to me. Words that have sounded sweetly to my ears. Yea, they have been as the strains of soft music to my spirit.

"And, oh! how lonely I shall be when he

CHAPTER VI.

is gone! He has talked to me of marriage; but we are both very young, and when Jesse returns again to Syria, perhaps in a few years, it will be time enough for me to think of this.

"I must not forget to mention an excitement which has prevailed here of late, in consequence of the sudden appearance of an eastern 'wise man,' as he is said to call himself. He professes to read diseases more readily than do the physicians of our own land, and to work greater cures. He has been in Jerusalem about three weeks, and his fame is spreading to all the country around. It is even rumored, to-day, that some of his successes having reached the ears of King Herod, who is in great bodily anguish at Jericho, the monarch has sent to fetch the magician. But this may not be true. He is one of the most venerable looking persons I have ever seen. The eastern mantle which he wears about his shoulders, together with some singular badges which adorn his person, bespeak him a foreigner. Several times I have had a glimpse of him as he passed along the streets, and something, I know not what, there is in his bearing that transfixes my gaze till he is out of sight. And then a longing for *home* comes strangely over me. What can there be about this venerable stranger which carries me in spirit back to the lovely vales of Cana; to the cool shades and murmuring fountains of my early home?

"When you, dear Ada, desire to return to Bethlehem, I trust you will give me timely warning, and I will go before you there. How lonely shall we be! How almost sluggishly will the stream of life roll on when we again seek the spot which cannot fail to call up many bitter recollections. To the months I have spent here I shall ever look back with pleasure, yet pleasure mingled with melancholy.

"I am much attached to the young family of cousin James. His eldest daughter, Julia, whom Jesse named for a friend of his in Italy, is a sweet and interesting child. With your consent, and that of her parents, I shall take her with me on my return to the hillside dwelling. Perhaps her childish prattle may cheer us in our loneliness.

"Farewell, "YOUR LOVING RUTH."

It was two hours before mid-day when the messenger arrived to bring the old physician to King Herod, and while the sun was yet high in the west, he stood in a gorgeously furnished apartment, by the bedside of the suffering monarch—with what emotions the reader may perhaps imagine. He deemed his prey already within his grasp. Already was the land rid of a tyrant and the child of his dearest friend avenged. But, alas! for human wisdom. He stood, as it were, on the brink of a frightful precipice; on the very verge of destruction. He spoke only by an interpreter to the sovereign, and feigned entire ignorance of the language of the country.

Had it been the design of Caleb Shelomi to do his best for the sick man, he could have hoped to give no more than temporary ease to the sufferer. This he saw at a glance. Yet it was in his power to make a favorable impression on the mind of the King.

In a few hours after his arrival, Herod was enjoying a refreshing sleep, to the astonishment of his attendants, and especially of his sister, who spent much time by his side. From that sleep the royal patient awoke to praise the skill of the foreign physician, who, for his part, promised still further ease, and even gave him hope of receiving permanent benefit. Thus far all worked well; and for two days the old man continued to administer such drugs as would help to sustain his own reputation. At the expiration of that time, he deemed the hour was at hand to make his retreat, and carefully prepared various mixtures, in several of which the principal ingredient was a deadly poison.

The medicines were all given into the keeping of a trusty attendant, and the gold was counted to the wonderful physician, whose skill had given relief when so many had failed to procure the slightest alleviation of suffering. And now, what should prevent Caleb Shelomi carrying out his plans, what but his own foolishness?

As he was about to take his departure some words of a startling import were spoken in his hearing, in the Hebrew tongue. For one instant only his countenance changed. An expression of interest, the

deepest interest, flashed across it for a moment. Quicker than thought it resumed the look of stolid indifference which it had worn from the hour he left Jerusalem. But in that one moment all was lost.

The King, with that quickness of perception which so remarkably characterized him, even in his days of greatest feebleness, had noticed the change, transient as it was, and his suspicions were on the alert. At a sign from Herod the conversation was repeated. Not a muscle of the old man's face moved, but the monarch's suspicions were not lulled. He gave a signal to an attendant, and instantly the doors were secured and the halls filled with armed men. The physician felt that his doom was sealed, and prepared for the worst. Full soon it came. The King commanded the mixtures to be brought, and ordered Caleb to swallow two of the largest powders. For one moment, the wretched victim of his own thoughtlessness hesitated. But he knew it was only to choose between poison and the rack, and without a word he swallowed the death-laden drugs. Let us draw a veil over the remainder of that dark day. Let us not look on the writhing and agonies of him, who, in his blindness, thought he had been doing good service. Let not our ears listen to the brutal taunts which saluted his, till sense was numbed and understanding failed. Let us not see his final struggle with the last enemy of man. It was soon over, and his remains were cast into a dishonored grave. Nothing could be found upon his person to throw light on what was so darkly mysterious. No accomplices, names, naught to point to his place of residence, or show whence he came. And so it ended. A few days of wonder, and the circumstances were forgotten, save by two, who watched and waited,—to whom no certain word was ever to come. As the news spread abroad, they could fear—could conjecture, that was all.

The account of the daring attempt upon the King's life reached Ada two days before she received Ruth's letter. When the attempt and failure were spoken of she could not, would not connect it in her mind with the enterprise undertaken by her aged friend. "No," she would say, softly to

herself, "no, 'tis not he. Some other has tried and failed, and now it will be a hard matter for Caleb to gain access to the King." Thus she soothed her agitated spirit until Ruth's letter arrived. Her sister's emotions on seeing the foreigner in Jerusalem bewildered her. The physician had told her nothing of a design to visit that city, and she only guessed that he had intended to personate such a one as Ruth described, but from that moment she feared; though for long months, even years, she continued to hope for his return. Even after the death of Herod, she hoped on, and waited for his coming till her spirit grew weary and despairing. Still her soul cried out for vengeance, and she was frequently heard to say: "The Lord hath regarded the voice of my crying. The prayer of the broken-hearted shall not be forgotten of the most High. A curse will rest on the house of Herod. Though awhile they may seem to prosper, yet will the Almighty judge them."

After the perusal of her sister's epistle, Ada's heart began to turn back to her desolate home. And now that she feared her friend had at least been deterred from his purpose, and she could no longer look hopefully for his immediate return, she determined to meet Ruth at their dwelling in Ephratah at an early day. Accordingly, accompanied by her faithful Judith and several other servants, she took her leave of those kind friends who had so earnestly endeavored gently to turn her mind from its great grief.

The meeting of the sisters was an affecting one. Ruth had much to say. Her young heart was full, and, to her, Ada was still unchanged; so she poured out her story of love, of joy and regret. But she grieved to observe that to all but herself Ada appeared coldly indifferent; that her affections seemed almost paralyzed. Yet it gave her inexpressible pleasure to know that with a love like that of a mother her sister still cared for her, and with the trusting spirit of youth, she hoped on, even against hope, for the stricken one.

The presence of little Julia and her innocent mirth served to chase away despondency from the heart of Ruth, but Ada never caressed the child. Many a sorrowful recol-

lection was awakened in the bosom of the bereaved mother by the frolic of the little one, but for Ruth's sake she endeavored to preserve her composure.

Ruth noticed with pain that Ada's malady was still the same, and that without other warning than a slight convulsive

twitching, the terrible fits would frequently distort in the most shocking manner her sister's frame and features. And there, in their lonely dwelling, their lives wore away, nothing transpiring for some weeks to break the dull monotony of their daily existence.

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(Continued.)

FRIDAY, July 19th, 1872.—Rose at 4 a.m. At 8.25 a. m. took the train by tourist's ticket for Lochleven, twenty-four miles distant. On our arrival, we engaged a boat for a row on the loch and a visit to Lochleven Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned, and whence she made her escape to a place near Linlithgow. The island on which the castle is built is larger than it used to be, because the water in the loch has fallen. The ruins are still large and imposing, and the view of the beautiful Lochleven and surrounding mountains from the tower, or what remains of it, is very fine. We had a swim near the castle and returned to Kinross, where the station is, and took the first train homewards. At a place called Rumbling Bridge—so called from the noise made by the waters of the River Devon flowing along the river bed, deep down below the bridge—we left the cars, and proceeding along the Devon, we reached the beginning of a series of rapids or water-falls called the Devil's Mill, so called for its desecration of the Sabbath—working every day alike. We followed the downward course of the river and enjoyed a novel sight. The waters of the river rush along its stony bed deep down in a wild, bare, rocky glen, with terrible ferocity, in one place the river taking a leap of several feet to the point of some crag, where it is smashed, as it were, into foaming

shreds and atoms; in another it tears down a rocky declivity and buries itself in a subterranean passage, whence it emerges very quickly only to throw itself into some hollowed cavern with a deafening roar. For half a mile the river thus forces along in a most turbulent manner, and passing under the Rumbling Bridge, it assumes the character of a clear flowing trout stream for a mile or more until, reaching a precipice on the brink of a deep valley, it takes two mad leaps; the first, into an immense cauldron which it has worn for itself in the solid rock, and on account of which it has received the name of the Cauldron Linn, where it foams and boils and bubbles, and, finding its way through a hole under the brim of the cauldron, it tumbles down a precipice into a basin in the vale below, and can be seen meandering along peacefully away down in the valley. Such is a portion of the course of a stream styled by Burns the "clear winding Devon."

We continued our journey home by rail, until, arriving at the village of Dollar, we again made use of the privilege of our tickets, and stopped to view the ruins of Castle Campbell, otherwise known as the Castle of Gloom, an old fortress of the Argyle family.

The castle is built high upon a mountain side, on the point of a peninsula, on either side of which is a precipitous gulf. A small

stream flows or rather tumbles down each defile, and the two unite at the bottom in front of the castle, or rather below the precipice in front of the castle.

The architecture of the castle is as remarkable as its site. Part of it is of great strength—I saw walls over twelve feet thick—while the rest is light, elegant and decorated; from the top of the tower a beautiful view is obtained of the glens, dark woods round the castle, and plains stretched in front.

From the peak of the peninsula and in part of the castle, a very precipitous, narrow defile, called Kempt's Score, extends right away down to the foot of the gulf. This cut in the rock, for such it seems, is nowhere more than five feet wide, and frequently only about three feet. I did not like to risk going down, for the bed of the cut was smooth, slightly uneven stone, covered with green slippery moss, and only occasionally are there any places that afford a hold secure for hand or foot; but K. insisted on trying it, and the trial might have cost us our lives. It was the most perilous adventure I ever attempted. I carried in my hand my Black's Guide and K. had his umbrella. For a few yards all went on well, then I found it dangerous and difficult, and felt that a single slip on the treacherous mossy stone, or of my hand from the face of the rocky side, would send me into eternity. I could not spare a hand to hold the book, so gave it a little toss on to what appeared a flat place only 8 or 9 feet lower, when, to my surprise, it bounded off and went down the defile like a boulder stone, bouncing and flying along at a terrible rate. Soon the cover I had carefully fixed on was knocked off; then the cover of the book spread open, back to back, every plan in the book opened out, and the large one squeezed in the pocket was violently knocked out, and as I watched the unfortunate book tearing its way down in such a wild manner and going to ruin and smash I called out to K. to look at it and to go back, else we would neither of us come out alive. But he had just started, and said he would not turn. For a moment I felt weak and shook like a leaf, but instantly thinking that if I wasn't born to die there I wouldn't, I braced myself and prepared to

go down the rest of the way, for to get up seemed about equally dangerous; just then a stone, dislodged near the top by K., came tumbling and bouncing down, and caught me in the back, and if that stone had struck me in that moment of irresolution it would have turned the balance; as it was it didn't move me, and slowly and very gradually I picked my way down, sticking my toes and fingers hard into the least unevenness and stretching almost at full length close to the slippery rocky bed, supporting almost the whole weight of my body in that position on my arms by bracing my hands hard against each side of the rocky defile. Knowing, even feeling, that any great pressure of my feet on the treacherous moss would slide me down, I did not feel as though I wanted a Turkish bath just then to induce perspiration; but as all things must some time come to an end, so I finally touched the bottom and felt like a new man, gathered up the remains of my guide-book, which after all were in a better state than I had expected, and looked up to see how K. was getting on, with almost a positive feeling he would never get safely down. To my surprise and gladness he had changed his mind, and was going up, having first let his umbrella go, which, owing to its length, slid down much more gently than my book and stuck when near the place where I had thrown my book. Feeling stronger than ever, I climbed up and got it, though not without considerable trouble, and in a few minutes more we were on our way to the station. K. on reaching the top again met a keeper of the castle, who said no one went up or down there; that a lady adventurer well known in the neighborhood had tried it, but tumbled down, tearing her clothes to pieces and receiving several injuries, though strangely enough no very serious ones. We merely stopped at Stirling for our baggage and came on here to Callander, where I have written the latter portion of this letter.

CALLANDER, July 20th.—This morning after breakfast we walked to the Bracklinn Falls, a couple of miles off. Although attractive and worth a visit, they were not equal either to Cora Linn or the Devil's Mill, and would scarcely have found a place in this diary but that I there first saw heather. It was my intention to have

rolled in the first heather I should see, but as it was raining I omitted that enjoyment for the present. We next inspected certain mounds said to have been an encampment of the Romans entrenched; but although very round and symmetrical I should rather think the Romans never saw them. At four o'clock in the afternoon, K. left to spend Sunday in Edinburgh, and I strolled out to Loch Lubnaig, five miles distant, through the Pass of Leny, one of the ravines through which alone the Highlands were accessible from the south. At the bottom of the glen the River Leny breaks in harsh thunders, tumbling from ledge to ledge, sweeping round rocks, and eddying in dark inky pools. Loch Lubnaig is about five miles long and a mile wide, and is surrounded by high dark mountains, that seem to pour down on and overawe the loch. Some of them are covered with heather, while one, named Craig-na-co-heily, is particularly wild, bare, and abrupt. The house formerly occupied by Bruce, the great African explorer, is situated on an eminence near by. The whole scenery round this loch is grand, and is almost sufficient to drive me into the poetic, and well deserving the name of the Highlands of Scotland. I noticed a number of Scotch thistles and wild harebells—the latter I see frequently; they are of a pinkish-red color, and about twice the size of thimbles. They grow on stalks very like hollyhocks, and are, I fancy, a national flower peculiar to Scotland, corresponding to our wild columbines, only not so delicate and pretty. Round the loch I saw wild pigeons, ducks, and hares. The appearance of a railway train in such a wild, unfrequented place, puffing along the edge of the loch opposite, seemed very strange. I felt sorry to see such a spot so molested. Miles, 4,534.

JULY 21st.—After breakfast, I went to the Kirk, where the minister, an elderly grey-haired gentleman, preached from Matthew v., 14. "Light," he said, "denotes a new power of knowledge. The Christian is a light to the world, not as a man-taught but divinely-taught individual. The man of genius, with a conquering and bright intellect, but without the knowledge of God, is no more a light to the world than Satan.

Christians are appointed to give light to the world, and not hide it. The command is, 'Go preach the Gospel,' and how are they to fulfil their duty? As the sun is one-half the time hid from the earth, its light is reflected by the moon, which is so far above the earth as to be in constant presence of the sun; so Christ's disciples are lifted above the world, and live in the light of His rays, which they ought to reflect; and as the moon is sometimes eclipsed, leaving the world in darkness, so when Christians leave their lights under a bushel, they do not fulfil their mission, but leave the world in spiritual darkness, and we should recollect that we are not called out of darkness for our own sake only, but for the sake of others. We should remember that we are to love our neighbors as ourselves, and whatever endangers our own soul, endangers theirs also. If a blind man were going over a precipice, and we did not warn him, we would be guilty of his death; so is it in religion. The command to work is given to the Church, and to every member in it; if all are not equally bright, yet all may shine, and remember our light is but the reflection of Christ's; withdraw our eyes from Him and we are in darkness. Be careful not to convey the idea that religion is gloomy; it is good tidings of great joy, let the world so see it. The devil, the world, the flesh and Satan's angels are against us, yet He that is for us is far greater than they that are against us. Then should the lights of Christians shine more and more unto the perfect day. Sermon 40 minutes."

Later in the afternoon I walked towards Lake Menteth, at least so I wished, but owing to the unlucky directions given by the waiter, I found myself, after 35 minutes' sharp walk, on the slopes of Loch Vennachar, three miles in the wrong direction. A man I met on the way told me the only way to get where I wanted, was to cross over what seemed a moderate hill, (alas, for the deceptive nature of Scottish heather!) but he said I would get very wet in doing so; I decided, however, to follow his line, and noted what I saw by the way. I retraced my steps past the place near the mouth of Loch Vennachar, on the Teith, known as Coilantogle Ford, where Roderick Dhu,

conducted Fitz-James, in Sir Walter Scott's
"Lady of the Lake,"

"As far as Coilantogle's Ford
Clan Alpine's outmost guard,"

and where, throwing down his *targe*, he
challenged Fitz-James to mortal combat:

"See here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand,
For this is Coilantogle Ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

Crossing by a bridge below the ford, I struck across an open field where a number of green plover were flying about; they are nearly as large as pigeons, and have topknots like cherry birds. At the foot of the hill a wild pigeon flew past, and I immediately afterwards found myself among the heather, and saw that the hill was many times higher than I had thought; but I did not feel in the least like turning back, and so on I went, and soon all the doubts I had ever experienced about Roderick Dhu's Highlanders being able to hide in a small brush like heather, vanished; for it was from a foot to two feet and a half high, and though bushy on top quite hollow underneath; 100,000 men could lie concealed there on the long mountain side. In about five minutes the lower half of my clothes were drenched, for it was raining at times and everything was wet; but once wet I cared not, and walked on as briskly as possible, enjoying the scenery. Soon I startled a grouse, then another, and as they whirred away a hare passed in front of me with prodigious leaps, and, as puffing and blowing I neared the top of the everlastingly long hill, a pair of grouse, two or three green plovers, another grouse and a hare passed from before me in succession, and I was on the summit of the hill. The view was lovely and extensive; the sun, which shone not on the mountain tops, lit up the green valleys and glittered on the waters; on my left lay the Loch Vennachar, whence the Teith flowed until reaching Callander it was augmented by the waters of the Leny from Loch Lubnaig, and the enlarged stream flowed along through the valley in a circuitous course until lost to sight away in front; then Loch Luisi shone under the rays of the sun in the centre of green fields, and still further on the extreme right the quiet Loch Menteith showed a corner from

behind an intervening mountain, almost hidden by the groves surrounding it, while far away high rocky mountains rose on every side, encircling the valleys and separating them from the rest of the world. For a few moments I hesitated whether to cross the intervening gulf and ascend the mountain hiding Loch Menteith from view or not; but enthusiasm won the day, and I started down the hill. It was a rough scramble over bare rocks and among ferns and stunted heather. At the bottom I drank from a Highland stream, and crossing it passed through a quantity of brown heather, the ordinary heather having a white flower, while the brown, which grows smaller and differently, almost straight, has a pinkish blossom. A warren of rabbits, for such I found they were, not nares, afforded me considerable amusement, leaping about and scampering away in every direction. And now I reached a swampy place, where was some beautiful moss, very similar to that growing in the cedar bush at home, with one or two new kinds; up the next mountain side I waded amid a new third kind of heather, with lovely purple blossoms, the prettiest I have ever seen; another warren of rabbits had their home here in large numbers, on the edge of another bog or swamp, where slugs, a peculiarly ugly sort of thick black worm, crawled everywhere. The ascent here grew very steep, and I rested a few minutes in the midst of a blueberry patch, quite an agreeable sight, although the berries were not so numerous as at home, yet they were ripe and very good. On almost every blade of grass here were those white substances which I was told in my younger days were toad-spits. Thinking either that toads were wonderfully numerous, although I had not seen one, or that there was a mistake somewhere in my early education, I examined several, and on the stem in the centre of every spit was a very small bug; that explained the whole thing, and I walked contentedly to the summit, rousing several more grouse and a small eagle on the way. From the summit of the mountain I obtained a full view of the lovely Loch Menteith, nestling in the centre of a large even valley, surrounded with chestnut and oak trees and green mossy banks, and dotted with islands covered with thick

verdure, amidst which I could occasionally catch glimpses of the ruins of the ancient stronghold of the powerful lords of Menteth on Inch Talla, and of a nunnery on Inch-ma-home. The sun was just sinking, and its rays reflected the shadows of the surrounding scenery on the smooth waters of the Loch. I sat down on the heather to enjoy the scene, but was almost immediately compelled to rise and seek refuge by rushing down the mountain side through a thick grove of young oak trees, from the swarms of pestiferous yellow flies, like horse-flies, that stuck pertinaciously on every exposed part of me, and I did not get well rid of them until a sudden heavy rain shower drowned them out when I was well on the way home. *Requiescant in aquis.* Miles, 4,549.

MONDAY, July 22nd.—Pouring rain nearly all morning; amused myself writing up my diary so far; took my boots to the shoemaker to have them soled and hobnailed like every other tourist. At eleven o'clock the weather changed. I got my boots and waited. At one o'clock the sun shone, and off I started for Benledi, whose peak, 2,880 feet high, towered to the sky, five miles distant,—long miles a resident told me, who thought the mountain torrents would make it dangerous and longer still; yet by brisk work I made the ascent in two hours and two or three minutes; the road or rather way, for there was no path, was not dangerous, though wet, steep and very fatiguing; the wind near the top was strong, cold, and bracing; at the top there was very little. The view was inexpressibly grand, and I cannot give a better idea of it than by referring to the mountains in the moon, to which it bore a very strong resemblance, rendered almost perfect, minus the green, by imagining oneself on one of the peaks

in the centre of the moon, and looking on the wildness all around. Peak rose above peak, hill beyond hill, valley spread after valley, and lochs were everywhere; my eye glanced from Ben Lomond to Ben Venue, from Ben Venue to Ben A'an, from Ben A'an to Ben Voirlich, from Ben Voirlich to Benlawers, and so on from peak to peak, while Stirling, Edinburgh, and Dumbar-ton could be seen in the distance; the intervening valleys glittering with the waters of Lochs Lomond, Katrine, Achray, Ven-nachar, Luiski, Menteth, Lubnaig, Ard, Long, &c., and long white streaks like silver threads showed the course of the numerous mountain torrents. I gazed for an hour on the scene, and accomplished the descent in an hour and thirty-five minutes. I met K. at the hotel, and we took the 6.30 p.m. coach for the Trossachs, passing Coilantogle Ford, "Clan Alpine's outmost guard," then past Loch Vennachar, and the spot where at Roderick Dhu's signal,

"Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows,"

then the rock against which Fitz-James placed his back, and cried:

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From it's firm base as soon as I,"

by Lanrick Mead, the gathering ground of Clan Alpine, Duncraggan's Huts:

"And when the Brig o' Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone,"

(the other way), and

"Up the margin of the lake,*
Between the precipice and the brake,"

reaching the Trossachs Hotel about half-past eight.

Weather changeable. Miles 4,569.

*Loch Achray.

(To be continued.)

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER NIGHT.

We shall pass over the scenes of humiliation which Maude was now familiar with. Her father carried home sometimes by his companions, sometimes by the police—no longer “high,” or “tight,” or “jolly,” but “drunk.” He was a poor man now, and people don’t think it worth while to waste euphemism on the poor. Who can tell but she and those hundreds, aye thousands, whose lot has been a similar one, the weary waiting and watching through the lonely midnight hours for the drunkard’s return! The agony of suspense that sent her frequently out into the cold pitiless storm in quest of him; the eyes blinded with tears; the shoulders and back aching for want of exercise, while yet she was compelled by stern necessity to bend over the white sewing she procured from the shop. Her earnings were sometimes her own, but oftener, utterly lost to shame, Alfred Hamilton would beg most piteously from his daughter the proceeds of her toil. Sometimes the plea was sickness or hunger, means to proceed to a situation, etc; the end was always the same—helpless, brutal intoxication. Then his intervals of remorse,—they were fearful in their self-upbraidings; and Maude’s heart, still full of love and pity for her father, would hope and pray, and comfort him, and believe that all would yet be well. He obtained employment occasionally as reporter to the dailypapers, “penny a liner”—dashing off at rare intervals a *jeu d’esprit* that revived his fame, and showed that dissipation had not yet utterly obscured the brilliance of his imagination.

The possession of the money which he thus received was always fatal to him. It but gave him the means to return to

his old haunts and habits. There were always carrion birds sufficient on the watch for their prey. While anything remained in his purse he was “Hail fellow well met;” when it was empty these vultures were always troubled with a sudden forgetfulness of his name and acquaintance. Even Mrs. Green’s miserable lodgings in Banbury street had become too expensive for them. A small room in the pleasure afforded them a miserable shelter—the ex-teacher, ex-reporter, and his daughter. Care and trouble had attenuated her form till its fragility was painful to look at; her large lustrous violet eyes, full of sorrow, only made the sharpened features look still sharper. Hunger and cold she knew frequently now, but these were not fearful as they were not her greatest troubles. She could not help asking what would the end be. The future seemed to hold not one ray of hope for her father; but her brother—there was comfort in the thought of him. His long kind letters were oases in the dreary desert of her life. A nice warm shawl and merino dress showed that he had not forgotten her sacrifices for him. Had the one been ermine and the other cloth of gold, they could not have been more precious to Maude. They were welcome, for she sadly needed them, but doubly welcome as being proofs of unabated affection. Even her father, degraded though he was, could not avoid expressing his pleasure at seeing his child, his daughter, who was the *next* dearer thing in the world to rum, comfortably clothed again.

One Saturday evening after returning some needlework to a shop on the North Bridge, and receiving her pay for it, she thought she would go down to the market and get a piece of beef for the morrow’s dinner. Down through the basket women, with their “Maatches, maatches,” Stay-laces,” and “Bootlaces three a penny,” amid the poor and motly crowd she glided. She was used to such scenes now, and

did not fear or shudder though she brushed shoulders with the poorest of the poor.

Stopping at a stall she selected a small piece of beef, and paying for it would have turned away, when her attention was arrested by the hopeless despair pictured in the face of a boy of ten or thereabout, who was beseeching the butcher to let him have a tender piece of lamb he held in his hand for fourpence.

"It's all I have, and mother is so sick. The doctor said she must have something nourishing. Do let me have it."

"Can't. Here take this," offering a scraggy-looking piece; "it will do just as well, I daresay."

"Can't you let me have fourpence worth of this?" he asked, looking longingly at the delicate lamb.

"Can't be cutting it up. Here take something and make room for other folks."

"How much is it?" Maude's gentle voice asked.

"Eightpence, ma'am. It is a beautiful bit."

Maude could ill spare the pennies, she had so few of them, but the boy's earnest, piteous face moved her. She paid the fourpence wanting, and the coveted piece of meat was transferred to the boy's little basket. She was rewarded by the glad bright look of thankfulness that the hungry sharp eyes gave her. The butcher, too touched by her act, and more perhaps by the gentle purity of her face, such a contrast to the sin-stained, hardened-looking faces he was used to look upon, emulated her generosity by selecting a nice piece of beefsteak, and tossing it into the little basket, said,

"There, that will make your mother a nice bowl of beef-tea."

He too was rewarded by Maude's pleasant smile and "thank you," and his heart felt lighter, and his eye looked kindlier on the moving mass of sorrow-stricken humanity that surrounded him the rest of the evening.

"There is a thought so purely blest

That to its use I oft repair

When evil breaks my spirit's rest

And pleasure is but varied care;

A thought to gild the stormiest skies,

To deck with flowers the bleakest moor,

A thought whose home is Paradise—

The charities of poor to poor."

As Maude was returning swiftly home, her own sorrows placed in the background by this little incident, a sweet, plaintive familiar voice caught her ear. She stopped; it came from a close which she was passing, and looking up she saw the close was by the side of Allison's shop.

"I must request you, Miss Amelia, to attend to that piece you are practising. Miss Constance, there, a few touches more; yes, that will do."

She knew the voice now; her heart almost stood still. Mrs. Russel, her kind benefactress, in such a place!

She went down to where the unfortunate woman was lying at the back door of the wine-merchant's shop. By the light of the lamp which was at the entrance of the close, she could see that she was genteelly dressed. Her pretty little velvet bonnet had fallen back off her head. The fastening of her hair had got loose, and its rippled waves fell over her shoulders. She was vainly trying to assume a sitting posture; her merino dress and shawl lying in the narrow gutter that ran through the close. Maude shuddered at the degradation of such a woman. The miserable creature opened her eyes and fancying Maude to be one of her pupils, began,

"Ah, Miss Amelia, just assist me, will you? I feel quite faint. I have taken—taken"—but the sentence remained unfinished; she fell over again in a stupor, knocking her head heavily against the wall beside her.

Maude was at a loss what to do. She could not leave her thus in such a place, at such an hour, exposed to the jeers, it might be the brutalities, of those who she needed but one glance to tell her would frequent such a place. She tried to help her to her feet, but she was too far gone for that—but fell heavily back again. There was nothing she could do but speak to a policeman, and have her conveyed to the office. A few steps brought her face to face with one. Hastily explaining to him the case, the respectability of the lady, she enlisted his sympathies at once. He'd get a hurlie in a few minutes, he said—Maude walking up and down the street in front of the close until his return. He was as good as his word. In a few minutes he did return with

a companion. Together they lifted the unconscious woman on the hurlie, amid the jests and jeers of a few arabs who had gathered around. Maude could do no more; she knew that she would be at least safe and sheltered for the night, and she knew not where her husband was. She had heard through Robert, that she had obtained a situation as a governess, some time before, and she conjectured that, on business or pleasure, she had come to spend the day in the city, and had been tempted and fallen again. Robert had said in his letter that she had reformed, and her tasteful, comfortable clothing seemed to confirm her supposition that this had probably been the first breach of her good resolutions. It was with a very sad, heavy heart Maude returned to her humble home; nor was the sight that there awaited her calculated to raise her spirits. Her father and two or three of his boon companions were there before her—glasses borrowed from the neighboring grog-shop on the table, her father boisterously singing a popular song. Sick at heart, she turned away to wander the streets. It was better to be out under the dark cloud-driven sky than in that close room with revellers. In the weary, wrinkled, pinched faces that peered out of bonnets of bygone times, or glided silently along in the shadow, she seemed to see the actors in or victims of intemperance. The shoeless, ragged urchin that vainly strove to lead his parent home; the parent himself staggering and refusing to be led, after drinking the wages that ought to have provided food for his family; the glaring gin palaces, the only place where comfort and luxury appeared to find a foothold in these wretched localities; the noise of bacchanalian revels that proceeded from them; the contentious voices of angry brawlers that proceeded from the next low grog-shop—told too eloquently the fearful prevalence of our national sin and shame. Afraid to be out, and afraid to go in, Maude drew her shawl closely around her and cowered down at the door of their little lodging up two stairs. The noise they would make, dispersing would give her notice in sufficient time to get out of the way. No wonder Robert Hall called brandy distilled damnation! What else

could make a father so forgetful of the health, safety and honor of his daughter as to compel her to seek shelter in the cold streets or try to snatch a few minutes sleep on the cold stone steps of a common stair? And that daughter one of whom any father might be proud—beautiful, gentle, accomplished, intellectual. The world looked darker to her that night than ever it had done. Had not her meek patient heart been firmly stayed on the Rock of Ages, weary of life, she might have cursed the hour in which she was born, or try to escape from the misery of her home by any means. She had been offered frequently by her aunt a comfortable, happy home if she would but give her father up, have no intercourse with him. To these proposals the noble girl would not listen for one moment. While there was the slightest possibility that he might be saved, she would cling to him. She knew that sunken and depraved though he was, she was the one link that yet drew him to virtue, to happiness.

She knew that her pain was nothing to his remorse, as he saw her toiling patiently, bearing the want of the luxury and comforts she had been accustomed to, living companionless, isolated from her equals, and too pure minded and intellectual to associate with those with whom in point of fortune he had put her on a level. She knew that if the remorse at his own injustice to her sent him occasionally to the gin-shop, it more frequently sent him with tears in his eyes to beg for employment of any kind. She knew that to him she seemed the last chain that connected him with mercy, and hope, and happiness; that were she gone even the desire to amend would leave, and helpless and hopeless he would drag out a miserable existence, until he sank into that grave from which we have no promise of a glorious, happy resurrection—a drunkard's. But there was another dearer, more fascinating hope of release which seemed open to her than that offered by her aunt, and one from which it was harder to turn resolutely away. We have said Maude's nature was full of a quiet, busy romance. Fancy and imagination, the one lively, the other brilliant, loved to weave gorgeous visions,—

"All the wide world a fairy tale,"

They might have been dangerous to her but for their hopelessness. The delusions were charming; they were almost her only recreations; but she never herself believed them. She knew when she was laying hope upon hope, building castle upon castle, that they were all going to tumble down. They were a different world altogether from that in which she really lived, and they never approached one another. She never sought to connect them; therefore, they never interfered with the daily and hourly routine of her lowly life. Sometimes they would be forgotten entirely under the pressure of more present, more pressing troubles. The enchanted land of her day-dreams was to her what the beautifully laid out pleasure-grounds, gay with parterres of gorgeous and tropical flowers, full of sunshine reflected and sparkling in a thousand hues from fountain, cascade and terrace of an English nobleman, is to the smoke-dried, dust-covered citizen of London. He never expects that these grounds are to be his; that those flowers are blooming for his hand or table; that those golden fruits are ripening for his palate. He knows he may never see any of them again. And yet he rejoices in the bright sunshine, enjoys the cooling water of the fountain, revels in the gorgeous tints and perfumes of the flowers, criticises the growth and productiveness of the fruit-bearing trees none the less—perhaps, indeed, all the more for the knowledge. But there was one bit of reality about them all which perhaps our little friend would not have cared to acknowledge, but which was none the less real for that. She had found the construction of a *beau-ideal* hero for her romances rather an unsatisfactory process. He was too visionary, too ethereal a personage, and so she had taken one from her limited circle of life, and idealized him. Now this, we certainly admit, is a dangerous process for a young maiden. A visionary hero does little or no harm; but a real one, whether he possesses the chivalrous, noble qualities we have invested him with or no, is apt to make the cheek flush, the heart perform its functions with swift, unreasoning irregularity, and in process of time, unless the spell be broken, absorb into himself all those hopes, and

fears, and wishes, and longings, flowers, bloom and fruit of the enchanted land.

Maude's idealized hero was Grahame Drummond. Since the morning on which he had first performed the office of comforter and care-killer, he had retained his position as champion in the maiden's eyes. The occasional glimpses she had had of him through the next few years had by no means tended to destroy the illusion. As he had promised to himself, he had called at Banbury street, and his kind words of sympathy and friendship had dwelt with Maude ever since. She had also made a discovery on that visit which might be for ill or good, as the case might prove, but which had certainly made her insensible many times to privations which otherwise she might feel most keenly.

It was very strange, certainly, but perhaps not unaccountable, that the hesitation and tremulousness she experienced during his visit seemed also to affect the handsome young lawyer. She was certain she had seen him blush several times when looking up hastily she had caught his eye fixed on her with—she but half dared to admit it to herself—love plainly expressed.

He had allowed himself to acknowledge that he had frequently thought of her, and wished to renew the acquaintance, only he had been afraid she had forgotten him; and he blushed and seemed very much confused while telling it. It was certainly very ridiculous that a lawyer of good standing, of whose first plea the judge had spoken in terms of high commendation and expectation, who mingled weekly with a *nonchalance* that was perfectly fascinating, the ladies said, in the best circles of Edinburgh, should so forget his dignity in the presence of Maude Hamilton, in her plain calico dress and linen collar. And yet so it was, and Maude noted it all, and we will not say that she did not feel pleased and proud at his evident embarrassment while she shared it. His place in those fairy palaces she loved to build had since then been more decided. Her heart told her that he loved her, and, returning that love, how could she do otherwise than dwell on the one bright oasis in her life?

She had met him frequently since. She had most carefully avoided anything but

the coolest recognition, for she feared his seeking them in their own home, and she shrank from having him know their present degradation. But unfrequent and accidental as these meetings were, they convinced her that she was not forgotten by Grahame. She felt that it was no common interest that brought the light to his eye, the flush to his cheek. She knew that he felt and probably wondered at her coldness and attempts to avoid him.

But our purpose is not to follow the maiden's reveries. Pause we here.

CHAPTER IV.

THICKENING TROUBLES.

Arthur Russel hurried home sad and spiritless from his laborious day's work. He was now superintendent of a calendar in Glasgow. A bent, old-looking careworn man he is now, regardless of his outer man. His crushed, soiled collar, starchless breast, and soiled, turned-back wristbands, are too plainly indicative of the want of a wife's, a mother's, care. His general appearance might be best expressed by the term "seedy." Was his wife dead? Let us follow him and see. Through by-streets with small groceries and green groceries, bakeries and gin-shops—these last the most frequent—he steals along, hopelessness almost in his very gait. He turns up a miserable court,—"Coutts' Wynd" it is called,—and enters a small, broken-down looking tenement, one of the rooms on the ground floor of which is his home. The door is slightly ajar, and he enters. Let us also. We have seen him in wealth and luxury, richer still in the possession of a loving, gentle wife and beautiful children. Now a bare, comfortless apartment, whose dirty plastered walls are streaked with rusty orange and brown, where the rain and moisture had been operating. In parts the plaster had been torn down, revealing the lathing. The fireless but not ashesless grate was of a greyish rusty hue; the hearthstone was covered with ashes; the floor littered with rags and paper; a bed in one corner; a table with the remains of the morning meal still upon it; but saddest, most chilling of

all, Nora lay at his feet, having but barely gained her home till she had fallen in helpless intoxication. From beneath a soiled cap the hair, once her own and her husband's pride, fell in dark, tangled masses.

Arthur glanced around the room to see what article of furniture had been pawned to procure the means for this debauch. Ah! his watch. In his hurry in the morning he had forgotten it, and now it was gone. He sighed deeply. How eloquent of misery was that long-drawn breath! He lifted the form, which, even though it had brought him such ruin and degradation, he did not yet hate, and laid it upon the unmade bed. A groan was the only token of consciousness the inebriate gave. A glance at the cupboard sufficed to show its emptiness; there were a few coals in the bin yet. With considerable difficulty he managed to light a fire, and hanging the kettle on, sallied out again with aching head, aching heart, and aching limbs in quest of provisions. There was only one thought fraught with any relief. It was that his children at least were free from the polluting atmosphere of such scenes. When dismissed from her situation for the continued intemperance which had marked her after that evening Maude had seen her carried off in a "hurlie," she returned to her husband, degraded and shame-stricken,—the buds of hope that had so brightly blossomed a few months ago trampled under foot. He had received her with no taunts, no reproaches. Janet and Duncan hearing of the poor lady's fall again, had requested Mr. Russel to allow his children to remain with them. They would be no trouble, and they could go to the village school. Gratefully he had accepted their offer, and his brow grew less clouded, his heart less heavy, as he pictured them in that beautiful seclusion, removed from the crime, and filth and equalor that haunted his eyes and ear. A half quarter loaf, two ounces of tea, a quarter of a pound of sugar, were his purchases. With them he returned and busied himself in preparing his supper. The bread he scarcely tasted, but he drank eagerly of the tea. It afforded him some relief, by raising his flagged, depressed spirits. One penny remained still to him. It offered the means of escaping for a time

at least, from his woes, and for that it was valuable. Carefully, almost tenderly arranging a coverlet over her, laying back the hair from that face once so fair and *spirituelle*, now so gross and haggard, covering up the few embers of fire that remained that it might "keep in" till his return, he went out, locking the door after him. In a quiet corner of a reading-room he passed the evening.

The scene of that night was by no means an unfrequent one. If not intoxicated, his wife would be suffering under that severe mental and bodily depression always the result of intemperance. From its agonies she flew again to its waters of Lethe, to forget alike her sin, her shame, her remorse, and her degradation. To her husband as to herself, it seemed impossible to connect the miserable drunkard with her mastering appetite, stronger than even love with the fair, gentle, loving girl who had so solemnly taken the vows of wifehood upon her, and so fearfully broken them. And yet the remembrance of the purity and happiness of their early married life, kept her husband from turning with loathing from the debased wreck, unworthy of the name of wife or mother, that she had now become. He remembered, when goaded almost to madness by his misery and loneliness he felt tempted to taunt her or desert her, that his own hand had been the first to hold the poisoned chalice to her lips; that the path she had chosen he had himself strewn with roses, and gladdened with smiles for a time. His nature in some of its traits was essentially feminine. He would plead for her against himself. He would not relinquish the hope that yet she might repent, though now his hopes were not of happiness in this world, but that she might be saved, even though as by fire, from the fearful fate of the drunkard.

With streaming eyes, in an agony of repentance, she would still listen to his expostulations and pleadings. Her fits of remorse were fearful in their self-abasement and despair. She would beg him to leave her to her fate, and yet it was evident that the thought of being so left was maddening. The old tenderness would come over him at such times. He would recognize in her

the Nora of his first love, and Hope would throw another anchor into his soul.

But the craving would return, the longing for forgetfulness, the despair, the agony, and again she would rush to the pawn-shop, from thence to the low grog-shop. With a strange scrupulousness she would never, if she could avoid it, purchase the liquor herself. There were always plenty little urchins who for a copper would bring it out to her; and yet, at the same time, so strong would be the appetite for it that she would creep into a common stair and drink, unable to wait till she reached home.

Ah me! it was only one of the many, not the most fearful, tragedies that were daily enacting in that wynd, where the sun but shone for an hour at noon, but when he did shine, shining as brightly, smiling as lovingly, as on the daisy-clad meadows, the heather-covered hills. Shall we trace it? If we must, let us do it briefly. The bedstead went, the chairs, table, her husband's spare suit, her own changes of garment were transferred from that yellow, stained room to the dingy, crowded pawn-shop, where everything might be found, from a rich bridal robe, costly jewellery, to the humblest household utensil; from whose dust-stained windows look out children's toys, side by side with lockets, containing hair that was once, oh! so precious to some human heart; old-fashioned silver side by side with a vulgar flashy bonnet; a pocket-Bible, a mother's gift, and three well-thumbed volumes of a forgotten novel side by side; children's saccos and dresses by their mother's scarlet marriage plaid; tokens round which the holiest hopes and memories cling, hustling mementoes of sin and debauchery, to pass again into hands whose touch may profane or hallow them, as the case may be.

That night when the last article of household furniture had been taken from his home, and he returned to find it empty save for the insensible mass that lay half crouching, half lying, on a heap of straw in a corner, Arthur Russel turned away with a fierce indignant resolve to free himself from a burden that was but ever dragging him down further. It could not

would not take him. Should he desert her? He shrank from the thought. He was weary of life. The moonbeams shone cold and clear into the river, where every shade of blue overhead was mirrored, and in its quietness and repose seemed to beckon him to share it. He thought of his bright, prosperous, promising youth; his noble, influential manhood; and of now himself a wreck, his wife, once almost an angel, now less than a woman. The thought was madness. If death were only unconsciousness, forgetfulness, he would have plunged; but the remembrance of his children, of his God, of a God-man who "had not where to lay his head," came in solemn majesty into his heart, and shuddering at the fate he had so earnestly coveted but a few minutes before, he turned rapidly away.

He sauntered up the Bromielaw, hearing but noting not the hurry and bustle, the jests and the oaths, the jargon of foreign languages, the jovial, hearty "ahoy" that came from the vessels that lay in the river. Almost unconsciously he had paused by the side of a steamer evidently preparing to leave. With a quick impulse of curiosity he asked a watchman her name and destination. "The 'Chevalier,' for London," was the reply. He sprang on board; the last bell rang, the engine gave two or three powerful puffs, and she was gone, and Arthur Russel in her.

We have but one more dark scene in Nora Russel's downward career; let us briefly give it. In it we were ourselves spectators.

One bright June day in 185-, walking up Buchanan street, about four o'clock in the afternoon, with some difficulty threading our way through the hurrying crowd,—clerks bound for dinner, boys and girls with satchels on their arms, on their way from school; gents with ivory-handled canes and scented handkerchiefs, sauntering daintily along; belles, all breeze and flutter, picking their steps most carefully,—an object, not an unusual one, caught our attention. It was a woman, only a beggar-woman, and differing but little in dress and personal appearance from her class. A calico dress whose pattern was

undefinable, a thin worn shawl drawn tightly around the slight, aye, and graceful shoulders, an old battered bonnet with a remnant of ribbon strapped across it—that was all. She stood in the gutter with her back towards me, her eye on a tall, stately, pompous yet benevolent-looking gentleman, one of the merchant princes of Glasgow, who came leisurely along.

"For pity's sake—I am starving; give me something," a sweet, low, plaintive voice murmured. The merchant fixed his stern, searching eye upon her, and would have passed.

"For God's sake, give me something!"

"To drink," he answered sternly. "Be-gone, wretch!" She turned away, and as she did so, I saw a small, pale, haggard face on which intemperance had set its unmistakable seal. There was something strangely familiar in the face and figure. It could not be, and yet it was Nora Russel. Coward that I was, fearful of being recognized by the wretched woman, I drew my veil (fortunately, I thought, a thick one,) and fumbling in my purse, dropped a silver coin in the small delicate hand she stretched out to me. I could see a gleam in the hungry eyes as she dropped a courtesy, and murmured a hurried, "God bless you, ma'am." With a guilty feeling, a longing to save her, and a dread, most un-Samaritan-like dread, of being recognized, I quickened my pace. Two hours after I again returned. A policeman was leading a drunken woman, who seemed to be earnestly expostulating with him, away to the lock-up; as is usual followed by a band of ragamuffins, who had hurried from the neighboring closes to laugh at the wretched inebriate.

The woman was Nora Russel, who had, no doubt, procured the liquor with the coin I had given her.

I vainly pleaded with conscience that sleepless night, as the wretched woman with her outstretched hand rose before me, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But conscience would not be silenced: Have you used your time, your influence—small as it is; your talents—few though they be, to banish this monster Intemperance from your loved land? Have you warned your brothers and sisters

around you, who gaily, and unsuspectingly quaff the sparkling wine-glass, that a serpent lurketh in it? Have you even yourself partaken of it, because you would not be thought odd, unfashionable? Then, my stern mentor declared, shall the blood of those whom your warning, your example, might have saved, arise up as a witness against you,—“Thou art thy brother’s keeper.”

(To be continued.)

LAST LABORS AND DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.

Great men seldom rest until they lie down in the grave to rest forever. Common men often say to themselves, “When I get a million dollars, I will go to a nice country place, and build a pretty house on the banks of a pleasant river, and there I will take my ease.” Sometimes they are able to do this, although not often. But for the truly great there is little rest in this world. Whether they wish it or not, things so come about, that they cannot get out of harness, but fall, like knights on the field of battle, with their armor on, sword in hand. It often happens, too, that they leave their best things, as they think, undone, and die just when there seems most need that they should live.

So it was with that great and glorious Prince Henry the Navigator, who was, in my opinion, the best and most useful man of princely rank that ever lived in the world.

It was not enough that he had, in his youth, fought the Moors in Africa, added Ceuta to the dominions of the King of Portugal, and made it an outpost to defend Christian Europe against the Infidels. It was not enough that he had so long maintained in his palace at Sagres a noble school, the best in Europe, for the young nobility of the kingdom. It was not enough that he had caused to be discovered or rediscovered the Madeiras, the Azores, and the Canaries, and colonized several of them, so that they furnished Portugal with sugar, fruit, wax, and beautiful woods. It was not enough that he had made Portugal rich, with the African commerce, and drawn to Lisbon a great number of the best mariners, navigators, and geographers of Europe. It was not enough that he had made known, by the ships which he sent out every year, three thousand miles of the coast of Africa, and excited a curiosity to learn more about the surface of the earth, which led before long to the discovery of a new world and the circumnavigation of the globe. Nor was it enough

that, while doing all these great things, he had lived a life of the most perfect virtue and temperance,—an example to all the princes of his time. More remained for him to do.

It was the year 1458. The Prince was then sixty-four years of age. He had been a handsome and graceful man, of a clear red-and-white complexion, and an abundance of rich brown hair; but age, toil, study, and much fasting (for he was a devout Catholic) had taken the color out of his cheeks, touched his hair with frost, and given to his face a serious and even haggard aspect. Indeed, he had good cause to be serious during the last few years of his life.

In 1453 the Turks from Asia, under their great Sultan Mohammed, laid siege to Constantinople. A vast army of the ferocious Mohammedans covered the plains about the city, and a fleet of three hundred vessels blockaded it by the Black Sea; while it was only defended by nine thousand Christian soldiers. The siege was long and terrible. Cannon were just then coming into use; and the old historians relate, as a great wonder, that the fierce Turks had in their camp a cannon of such enormous size, that it could carry a round stone weighing a hundred pounds!—frightful to think of in those days. But the place was bravely defended. The Christians built new walls as fast as the Turks could batter down the old ones. The Sultan at last increased his army to four hundred thousand men, and caused eighty large galleys to be carried eighty miles over land, and launched into the harbor, which soon destroyed every vessel belonging to the Christians. When this was done nothing could resist the assault of an enemy so numerous and so brave. The Emperor fought to the last.

“What!” cried he, when he saw himself surrounded by Turks, and all his officers dead at his feet; “is there no Christian left alive to strike off my head?”

Just as he said these words, a savage Turk, not knowing him, cut him across the face with his sabre, and another from behind struck him on the head, and laid him dead upon the ground. All was over. For three days the city was given up to pillage, and on the fourth day the Turkish Sultan marched into the city, and made it the capital of his empire; which it has remained ever since.

The Turks were in Europe! The Turks—the cruel, bigoted Turks!—of all the foes of the Christian faith, the most numerous, warlike, and powerful.

We cannot imagine the alarm which this event created, as the news slowly made its way from seaport to seaport and from court to court. It was no foolish fright, like that which sailors once felt, as they approached Cape Bajadore, and shuddered to think of

the boiling ocean beyond it. The Mohammedan Moors still held the best provinces of Spain; and now the Mohammedan Turks were masters of the passage by which the soldiers of Asia could so easily reach all the southern nations of Europe. *Could*, do I say? Within thirty years after the taking of Constantinople the Turks had conquered Greece, and great provinces to the north of it, and had an army in Italy. If Mohammed had had successors as able as himself, they might have overrun, and even held for a time, the best half of Europe.

It was a time for all Christian princes to be alarmed. The Pope, who was then looked up to as their head and chief, called upon them to unite their armies in a grand crusade against the Turks; and he sent a bishop to the King of Portugal to invite him to join it. It speaks well for the good sense and the high spirit of the royal family of Portugal—little Portugal, so far from the danger—that they entered into the Pope's scheme more warmly than any other power in Europe. It had been well if the other kings had had the foresight and the courage to throw themselves heartily into the movement. Shakespeare tells us that it is better, and safer too, to go out to meet a wild beast in the depths of the forest, and fight him there, rather than wait until he is ready to spring in at your door.

So thought Alfonso, King of Portugal, and so thought Prince Henry, his uncle. The king offered to send twelve thousand men every year to join the crusade, and he began at once to make preparations. He caused a new gold coin to be struck, which, from its having a cross on one side, was called a cruzado. This he did that his knights and soldiers, in their march across Europe, might have money to spend that would pass in any Christian country. All his efforts, however, were fruitless, because the other kings and princes held back, and Portugal alone was no match for the mighty Turks.

So King Alfonso made up his mind to lead his army against the Moors in Africa, and invited princes and knights to join him. As the Moors were not nearly so powerful as the Turks, many were willing to go with him. The place appointed for the meeting of all the forces was no other than Lagos, near Prince Henry's home, from which his ships had sailed for so many years on voyages of discovery. On his way to Lagos, with a fleet of ninety sail, King Alfonso came to anchor off Sagres, where the Prince lived, and went on shore to visit him. The Prince gave him a princely welcome and royal entertainment, and went with him to Lagos.

Two hundred and twenty vessels had assembled there, and an army of twenty-five thousand men. In October, 1458, this

great armament arrived near the seaport on the African coast, called Alkazar, which it was designed to attack. Prince Henry, as an old general who had twice before seen service in Africa, conducted the siege; and he used the only cannon he had with such effect, that he soon had a breach in the wall. The Moors, struck with terror at this new weapon, sent to offer a ransom for their city. Prince Henry replied, "The King's object is the service of God, and not to take your goods or force a ransom from you. All that I require is, that you should withdraw, with your wives, children, and effects, from the town, but leave behind you all your Christian prisoners."

These conditions, hard as they seem to us, were in that age considered generous and humane. The Moors begged for time to reflect. But the Prince said, No; and told them that if the town had to be taken by assault, all the people would be put to the sword. Upon this they gave up. The next day the Moors marched out, and the Christians marched in; the mosque was consecrated a church; mass was said in it and the Te Deum sung. Alkazar was a Portuguese city.

And now Prince Henry's work was nearly done. To the last he continued his labors in sending expeditions in search of new countries. A brilliant discovery was made during the very last year of his life, 1460, when Diego Gomez, one of his captains, came upon the group of ten islands, which were afterwards named, from the cape near by, the Cape Verde Islands. The news arrived just in time to cheer the last days of the Prince, and he received the narrative of the discovery from Diego Gomez himself, who attended him during his last illness, and received his last breath.

We have from this honest mariner a too brief but interesting account of his death and burial.

"In the year of our Lord, 1461," he wrote, "Prince Henry fell ill in his town on Cape St. Vincent, and of that sickness he died on Thursday, the 13th of November, of the same year. And the same night on which he died they carried him to the church of St. Mary, in Lagos, where he was buried with all honor."

For forty days, according to the custom of the age, priests remained in the church by day and night, praying for the repose of the Prince's soul. Diego Gomez superintended the conveying of provisions to these priests. When the forty days were over the king commanded him to examine the body, to see if it was fit to be removed.

"When," says Gomez, "I approached the body of the deceased, I found it dry and sound, except the tip of the nose, and I found him clothed in a rough shirt of horse-hair."

The Prince's body, accompanied by *

great concourse of bishops and nobles, was conveyed to a chapel, built by his father, and in which were already buried his father, King John, his noble English mother, Philippa, and his five brothers. This chapel still exists, and is said to be the most beautiful one in Europe—so beautiful that one traveller assures us it is worth while to go to Portugal for no other purpose than to see it. Upon the tomb lies a statue of the Prince, in full armor, with a finely worked canopy of stone over his head; and upon the front of the tomb his arms are carved, and the insignia of the English Order of the Garter, to which he belonged.

When his will was opened and his affairs had to be regulated, it was found that, in his zeal for the service of his country, he had spent a great deal more than his income; so that he died deeply in debt. The amount of his debts, reckoned in gold, was six hundred and fifty thousand dollars,—a sum which in that age would buy as much and go as far as five millions of dollars will now. His heir, however, paid these debts in full soon after the Prince's death, out of the income of his estate.

The Portuguese historians of that time delight to describe this great prince, and relate his exploits, discoveries, and virtuous acts. They tell us that he had a large, strong frame, stout limbs, and a commanding presence. Strangers, they say, were sometimes afraid at the first sight of him. But the gentleness of his manner and the kindness of his words soon made them feel that he was their friend. From early youth to the end of his life he drank no wine, and his most intimate friends never heard an improper word fall from his lips. So many young noblemen from Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, and England came to his house to pass some time under the instruction of the geographers, astronomers, and navigators who lived with him, all wearing the garments of their nation, that his palace presented a curious sight, and many of the languages of Europe could be heard there at once. Every young gentleman who came properly recommended was welcome, and none left without carrying away with him a valuable gift from the Prince.

"All his days," says one Portuguese writer, who lived in the Prince's own lifetime, "were spent in hard work, and it would not readily be believed how often he passed the night without sleep; so that, by dint of unflagging industry, he accomplished what to other men seemed impossible. His wisdom and thoughtfulness, excellent memory, calm bearing, and polite language gave great dignity to his address. He was patient in adversity, and humble in prosperity; and he never hated any one, however much he may have been wronged."

The same author relates, that he was very obedient to all "the commands of Holy

Church," and that all the services of religion were celebrated with as great ceremony in his own chapel at Sagres as in a cathedral. But he was not content with outward observance; for the hands of the poor never went empty from his presence.

Such was Prince Henry the Navigator, and thus was he esteemed by the men of his own day. He did not live to see the full results of his labors. His navigators had not reached the end of Africa, nor had any progress been made in converting the Africans to the Christian religion—the two objects nearest his heart. But the King was not backward in going on with the work. In 1462 he sent two vessels down the African coast, which went a little farther than any had gone before; and voyages continued to be made, either for trade or discovery, every year.

When the Prince had been dead nine years the king of Portugal hit upon a plan for carrying on Prince Henry's scheme without taking any trouble himself. He sold to a citizen of Lisbon, Fernandez Gomez by name, the sole right to trade with the coast of Africa, on the following conditions: first and chiefly, Gomez was every year to send a ship one hundred leagues farther south than any ship had gone before; secondly, he was to pay the king a small sum of money every year; and, lastly, the king was to have all the ivory brought from Africa. This contract, which was for five years, made Gomez exceedingly rich, and led to the discovery of the coast to a point about a hundred and twenty miles south of the equator.

The Prince was dead, but his work went on. It never stopped until the whole round globe had been gone over, except the parts locked in eternal ice.—*James Parton.*

MY BIT OF ADVENTURE.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

I had always wanted to be a heroine, but my opportunities were limited—most people's are, I believe, unless it be for the sort of heroism that possibly is the highest after all—that of being contentedly commonplace. Our horses never ran away, our flues were not defective, and Thaddeus's business was too absurdly prosperous to admit of my rushing to his arms with the pathetic adjuration, "Mourn not the paltry gold, my husband! While thou art left my woman's heart will crave no other wealth." The sun-lighted, shadow-flecked days just slipped evenly by, one monotonously like another, I said to myself that very morning. Odd, isn't it? that the marked days of our lives come clad in such common garb! The June breeze swayed the curtains at the window, and brought

in the faint perfume of flowers and dreamy hum of insect life. The summer languor was in my veins; nevertheless all the everyday household cares and countless small worries crowded up for their usual place in my thought. Tot escaped from the bed, and went on a pilgrimage to the balcony in scant attire, and must needs be captured and brought back. Cook announced in dismay the entire failure of a muffin enterprise; and was there time to make biscuit or waffles? Then when the daily conundrum of "what's for breakfast" had been solved once more, came Thaddeus with his inevitable harassing question:

"What do you want ordered from down town, dear?"

"Send a roast and vegetables—some green peas. Surely there are peas in market by this time?"

"Yes. Oh! wait a minute until I go and get a clean handkerchief."

Thaddeus makes a point of always asking for orders before he is half ready to hear them, and the making out of the morning list is a curiously diversified performance.

"There!" returning with a flourish of fresh linen. "Green peas, you said, didn't you? Is that all?"

"Why, no, Thaddeus. A roast, you know, and I want some strawberries and —"

"See here, my dear, seems to me this shirt-front doesn't set exactly right, does it? By the way, Jenkins has some made after a new pattern; wonder if I hadn't better order a dozen?"

"Not unless you expect to live as long as the patriarchs; you have enough for an ordinary lifetime now. There are all those heavy muslin ones that you would have made because they were warmer, and the linen ones that you wanted because they were cooler, and those others that open at the back—"

"Oh! well; I'll wait a few days. Some peas, you wanted, and a roast, wasn't it?"

"And strawberries—"

"Exactly. Pity we don't live a little farther south where we could get such things earlier. Frank's letter said they were luxuriating in fruits of all kinds. I declare! I don't believe you saw that letter, did you? And there was a note inclosed for you too. Must be here in my pocket somewhere. Really, I beg your pardon, my dear, for I've carried it nearly a week."

"Well"—I accepted the stale document resignedly—"about the things to be sent up from down town—"

"Ah! yes; strawberries. Let me see—didn't you mention something else?"

"I should think I did! Meat and vegetables. And, Thaddeus, do send a man to look after that gas-pipe in the east room,

it surely is leaking somewhere; and, please don't forget to stop and leave word about that carpet this morning."

"Whew! you don't expect a fellow to remember so many commissions, do you? Wait until I get out my note-book. Why, I haven't got it! Wonder if it is possible I left it at the office?"

Then followed a hurried search through improbable places, and sundry drawers had assumed the appearance of having passed through a tornado, when the indomitable exploring party suddenly recollected that he had changed coats, and that the missing article was doubtless in "t'other pocket."

"All this hunt for nothing! What a bother! Don't believe I'll go after the thing anyway; I can do well enough without it this morning. Peas and strawberries?"

"And meat, and looking after the carpet and the gas—"

"Hold on! I'd better write it down after all; that's the surest way." And thereupon he disappeared, and returning with the book remarked blandly: "Now tell me what is needed as speedily as you can, my dear, for I really haven't much time to attend to such matters this morning."

So my list had to be builded again "from turret to foundation-stone," or rather *vice versa*; and then Thaddeus kissed the baby, straightened his neck-tie, observed in a half congratulatory, half envious way that women certainly had an easy time of it—"noting to do but order what they wish, and have it sent to them without taking any trouble about it"—and so took his departure.

I surveyed my once tidy drawers and sighed, mused upon Thaddeus' valedictory and laughed; heard him go whistling down stairs, and close the street door with a slight slam, and wondered whether he had been careful to see that it locked, or had left it unfastened as he did about half the time. I strongly suspected this last to be the state of affairs; but notwithstanding the "easy time you women have of it, my dear," I experienced a singular feeling of exhaustion and disinclination to look after anything just then, and so sat still with Blossom in my arms.

By and by the blue veined lids began to droop over the baby eyes, and that was a reason for sitting still longer. The wind fanned my cheek softly, played with the sunny rings of Blossom's hair, and awakened pleasant far-away thoughts in which street doors were forgotten. I do not know how long a time had passed; the house must have been very quiet for nothing disturbed my reverie. I had just laid the little sleeper in her crib beside me, and bent over it for a moment to mark the beauty of one

tiny dimpled hand, when something startled me. It was no sound, only the sudden instinctive consciousness that some one was near me. For an instant I remained motionless; then there was a slight rustle in the room adjoining that in which I sat, a careful step, and as I turned my head towards the half open door connecting the two apartments, a pair of sharp grey eyes met mine.

I do not think I started, but the effect of that glance was like a breath from the North pole; I shivered and my hands grew cold as ice on that bright June morning. Mechanically, almost unconsciously, I surveyed the intruder—a stout form coarsely clad, a rough, bearded face, an old cap pulled closely down over the shaggy hair, and the brown knotted hand on the door, fearfully suggestive of strength. Oh! that neglected lock in the hall below. Why had I been so careless! What had become of cook and Bridget? How could those heavy boots have ascended the stairs without my hearing them? What should I do? It seemed to me that I had ample time for thinking of a hundred things in that brief minute.

"What do you want?" I asked, trying to steady my voice, but it did not sound natural, even to myself.

"Don't trouble yourself, ma'am. I see what I came for, and I can get at it without much bother," was the cool reply.

Little bother, indeed! The accomplishing of his scheme would be only too easy.

"I am not alone; I can call for help," I began, half rising as I spoke; but the knowledge that there were only cook and Bridget to answer the call, intimidated me far more than my suggestion did him.

"It's no use. You needn't be troubling yourself ma'am; just sit still," he responded in the same guarded tone as before; and I sank into my chair again as if the words had been a most fearful menace. "I'll help myself to what I want," and he disappeared from the door.

It was a relief not to see him, even though I knew he was so near. But in a moment the dark face was thrust forward again with the ominous remark: "I'll make a clean job of it, and be sure to leave no tracks, ma'am; so you needn't be thinking of that."

It seemed useless to be thinking of anything; but I could not help my thoughts, and remembered, with unavailing chagrin, my watch and my chain left thoughtlessly exposed upon a toilet table; a roll of bills sent me the day before as treasurer of a benevolent society dropped loosely into a drawer; and various valuable possessions of Thaddeus' and my own lying in temptingly convenient places. There was little doubt that our burglarious visitor would "make a clean job of it," as he had said. I heard him moving cautiously about, rolling

a chair out of his way, and an occasional rattle of some steel or iron implements knocking against each other. I was sure from the sounds that he had commenced in one corner where a small secretary of Thaddeus' was standing. It was locked, but that would make no difference. A slight noise as of hammering and boring reached me, and I wondered grimly that he had not demanded the keys, since he had been so kind as to assure me that he would "leave no tracks."

Just then a sudden thought made my heart stand still in terror. What had that vague threat meant? "tracks!" no clue by which he could be discovered and brought to punishment? Was it probable, then, that he would depart with his booty, leaving me unharmed and free to give information, when I had seen his face so fully, and had so fair an opportunity to note dress and features? For the first time my vague dread and alarm took definite form as I comprehended that something worse than a robbery might befall: my very life was in danger.

I glanced about the room with the eagerness of desperation during those slow-moving minutes. No weapon, nothing that could be made available at once, was in sight. Even Thaddeus' revolver had been banished from the apartment, lest the fearful thing should fire itself off in some unlooked for way. Ah! the groundless fears of our hours of security, into what real perils they sometimes lead us! I was defenceless, helpless. The open window near me overlooked only back-yards; the front room, with all the busy life of the city just below it, held the keen eyes and murderous hands from which I sought to escape.

If I could but reach the street! Only a few yards from me there was a door leading into an upper hall, and once there I might descend the stairs; but to reach it I must pass directly by the open door of the adjoining room, and risk detection from its occupant. There was no other hope; and as the clicking and the grinding of his lawless work fell again upon my ear, warning me that what I did must be done speedily, I rose to my feet—slowly, that there might be no sound, not the faintest rustle of my dress. I paused for an instant, glanced at my tiny, sleeping Blossom, and longed to snatch her in my arms and take her with me. But I dared not lest her awakening cry should betray my movement: so I did what only a woman would have thought of doing at such a time—stooped and kissed the little sleeper, then nerved myself for the effort. Cautiously, silently, yet with my heart beating so loudly that it seemed as if the whole town might hear, I made my way toward the hall, crossed the open space before the door without once turning my head—I could not summon courage to look

in that direction, even to discover if I were watched—and so reached the stairway.

There was no stir, no sudden motion of pursuit, and I began to descend. Always before I had thought those stairs firmly built, and the carpet that covered them thick and soft; but that day every step had a voice of its own, and creaked and groaned as if it were in league with the enemy. Yet I reached the street door safely. It was locked. The man had evidently intended to prevent intrusion from without, but the lock turned easily, and in a moment I was on the steps, with the outer world of hope and help all about me. Marvellously enough, a policeman was near at hand, and promptly obeyed my summons. A few low words explained the case, and he hastened into the hall. Just then Bridget appeared at the dining-room door, but started at the sight of the officer.

"Keep quiet!"

His peremptory tone silenced the exclamation on her lips, and I whispered:

"There is a burglar in the house."

"Och! the saints defend us!" muttered Bridget, rolling up her eyes in horror. "What'll come of us all?"

Rapidly but stealthily the policeman mounted the stairs. I followed because my baby was there, and Bridget from some undefined notion that she would be safest near me. I had never in my life fainted, but as the officer sprang forward into that dreaded room, everything grew dark about me, and I leaned against the wall for support. It was only for a few seconds; then my strength returned, and I began to wonder that all was so quiet when the door was pushed back, and my policeman presented a puzzled face.

"I can't find a sign or trace of any one."

"I haven't seen a soul anywhere about here, ma'am," added another voice.

And looking in, I saw the dark face and keen eyes of the stranger wearing an honest expression of astonishment, and the strong hands busied with no more deadly work than that of repairing the fractured gas-pipe.

I wanted to faint then; I tried to; I would willingly have been unconscious for the next hour. But it was of no use; and with those three pairs of eyes turned cautiously toward me, I stammered out an explanation that brought a cloud of profound disgust over the countenance of the disappointed official, and into the face of the workman first indignation and then amusement.

"I had forgotten about asking my husband to send some one to see to the pipe.

I thought the door had been left unlocked; and then you came up-stairs so softly——"

I faltered. Bridget threw up her hands in a perfect paroxysm of merriment.

"Ah! thin is that yer fine burglar, ma'am? Shure I let him in mesilf, an' showed him where he was to go: an' I tould him ye'd be jist in the next room if he wanted to ax yees anything, but not to bother ye wid stoppin' to knock or make a noise at all, seeing the baby had been throublin' all night, an' was jist getting to slape."

"And so I did, ma'am. I thought you looked a little wild, but I didn't suppose——" and there he stopped and joined in Bridget's demonstration.

The valiant knight of the mace made his way to the street again, and told the whole story—of course he did. Periodical shrieks, in the combined voices of cook and Bridget, floated up from below, and an occasional chuckle mingled with the rattling of tools in the adjoining apartment for the next hour. But all the rest was not to be compared to Thaddeus when he came home to dinner. That man has a positively sublime genius for laughing when once he gets started, and he certainly was started that day.

"Oh! my most sagacious detective!" he gasped. "In the golden age when women are no longer debarred from the positions for which their talents fit them, what a shining light you will be at police headquarters!"

Well, I sat in my room that night, and felt my face grow hot as I thought it all over. I clenched my hands, and wished I hadn't been such a ninny, and that the policeman had been a thousand miles away; that Thaddeus wouldn't quite raise the roof, and that the pipe-mender had been a burglar in good earnest, until a quaint remark of Aunt Betsey's floated into my mind: "Queer how some folks will mourn over a little blunder that makes 'em ridiculous in the sight of folks, more than over a sin that makes 'em black in the sight of Heaven."

Ah! but Aunt Betsey, Heaven will forgive our sins, and the world never pardons our blunders. Nevertheless, when a law-abiding citizen and Christian finds herself wishing that somebody else had been guilty of a crime if so she might have been guiltless of a mistake, it is time to be looking into the matter a little, and I subsided. But I have felt a sort of reverential pity for absurd blunders since then. So many of them are only heroism on the wrong track.

—*Hearth and Home.*

Young Folks.

KATY.

CHAPTER III.

THE DAY OF SCRAPES.

Mrs. Knight's school, to which Katy and Clover and Cecy went, stood quite at the other end of the town from Dr. Carr's. It was a low, one-story building, and had a yard behind it, in which the girls played at recess. Unfortunately, next door to it was Miss Miller's school, equally large and popular, and with a yard behind it also. Only a high board fence separated the two playgrounds.

Mrs. Knight was a stout, gentle woman, who moved slowly, and had a face which made you think of an amiable and well-disposed cow. Miss Miller, on the contrary, had black eyes, with black corkscrew curls waving about them, and was generally brisk and snappy. A constant feud raged between the two schools as to the respective merits of the teachers and the instruction. The Knight girls, for some unknown reason, considered themselves genteel and the Miller girls vulgar, and took no pain to conceal this opinion; while the Miller girls, on the other hand, retaliated by being as aggravating as they knew how. They spent their recesses and intermissions mostly in making faces through the knot-holes in the fence, and over the top of it when they could get there, which wasn't an easy thing to do, as the fence was pretty high. The Knight girls could make faces too, for all their gentility. Their yard had one great advantage over the other: it possessed a woodshed, with a climbable roof, which commanded Miss Miller's premises, and upon this the girls used to sit in rows, turning up their noses at the next yard, and irritating the foe by jeering remarks. "Knights," and "Millerites," the two schools called each other; and the feud raged so high, that sometimes it was hardly safe for a Knight to meet a Millerite in the street; all of which, as may be imagined, was exceedingly improving both to the manners and morals of the young ladies concerned.

One morning, not long after the day in Paradise, Katy was late. She could not find her things. Her algebra, as she expressed it, had "gone and lost itself," her slate was missing, and the string was off her sun-bonnet. She ran about, searching

for these articles and banging doors, till Aunt Izzie was out of patience.

"As for your algebra," she said "if it is that very dirty book with only one cover, and scribbled all over the leaves, you will find it under the kitchen-table. Philly was playing before breakfast that it was a pig: no wonder, I'm sure, for it looks good for nothing else. How you do manage to spoil your school-books in this manner, Katy, I cannot imagine. It is less than a month since your father got you a new algebra, and look at it now—not fit to be carried about. I do wish you would realize what books cost!

"About your slate," she went on, "I know nothing; but here is the bonnet-string;" taking it out of her pocket.

"Oh, thank you!" said Katy, hastily sticking it on with a pin.

"Katy Carr!" almost screamed Miss Izzie, "what *are* you about? Pinning on your bonnet-string! Mercy on me, what shiftless thing will you do next? Now stand still, and don't fidget! You sha'n't stir till I have sewed it on properly."

It wasn't easy to "stand still and not fidget," with Aunt Izzie fussing away and lecturing, and now and then, in a moment of forgetfulness, sticking her needle into one's chin. Katy bore it as well as she could, only shifting perpetually from one foot to the other, and now and then uttering a little snort, like an impatient horse. The minute she was released she flew into the kitchen, seized the algebra, and rushed like a whirlwind to the gate, where good little Clover stood patiently waiting, though all ready herself, and terribly afraid she should be late.

"We shall have to run," gasped Katy, quite out of breath. "Aunt Izzie kept me. She has been so horrid!"

They did run as fast as they could, but time ran faster, and before they were half way to school the town clock struck nine, and all hope was over. This vexed Katy very much; for though often late, she was always eager to be early.

"There," she said, stopping short, "I shall just tell Aunt Izzie that it was her fault. It is *too* bad." And she marched into school in a very cross mood.

A day begun in this manner is pretty sure to end badly, as most of us know. All the morning through, things seemed to go wrong. Katy missed twice in her grammar lesson, and lost her place in the class. Her

hand shook so when she copied her composition, that the writing, not good at best, turned out almost illegible, so that Mrs. Knight said it must all be done over again. This made Katy crosser than ever; and almost before she thought, she had whispered to Clover, "How hateful!" And then, when just before recess all who had "communicated" were requested to stand up, her conscience gave such a twinge that she was forced to get up with the rest, and see a black mark put against her name on the list. The tears came into her eyes from vexation; and, for fear the other girls would notice them, she made a bolt for the yard as soon as the bell rang, and mounted up all alone to the woodhouse-roof, where she sat with her back to the school, fighting with her eyes, and trying to get her face in order before the rest should come.

Miss Miller's clock was about four minutes slower than Mrs. Knight's, so the next play-ground was empty. It was a warm, breezy day, and as Katy sat there, suddenly a gust of wind came, and seizing her sun-bonnet, which was only half tied on, whirled it across the roof. She clutched after it as it flew, but too late. Once, twice, thrice, it flapped, then it disappeared over the edge, and Katy, flying after, saw it lying a crumpled lilac heap in the very middle of the enemy's yard.

This was horrible! Not merely losing the bonnet, for Katy was comfortably indifferent as to what became of her clothes, but to lose it *so*. In another minute the Miller girls would be out. Already she seemed to see them dancing war-dances round the unfortunate bonnet, pinning it on a pole, using it as a foot-ball, waving it over the fence, and otherwise treating it as Indians treat a captive taken in war. Was it to be endured? Never! Better die first! And with very much the feeling of a person who faces destruction rather than forfeit honor, Katy set her teeth, and sliding rapidly down the roof, seized the fence, and with one bold leap vaulted into Miss Miller's yard.

Just then the recess bell tinkled; and a little Millerite who sat by the window, and who, for two seconds, had been dying to give the exciting information, squeaked out to the others: "There's Katy Carr in our back-yard!"

Out poured the Millerites, big and little. Their wrath and indignation at this daring invasion cannot be described. With a howl of fury they precipitated themselves upon Katy, but she was quick as they, and holding the rescued bonnet in her hand, was already half-way up the fence.

There are moments when it is a fine thing to be tall. On this occasion Katy's long legs and arms served her an excellent turn. Nothing but a Daddy Long Legs ever climbed so fast or so wildly as she did now.

In one second she had gained the top of the fence. Just as she went over a Millerite seized her by the last foot, and almost dragged her boot off.

Almost, not quite, thanks to the stout thread with which Aunt Izzie had sewed on the buttons. With a frantic kick Katy released herself, and had the satisfaction of seeing her assailant go head over heels backward, while, with a shriek of triumph and fright, she herself plunged headlong into the midst of a group of Knights. They were listening with open mouth to the uproar, and now stood transfixed at the astonishing spectacle of one of their number absolutely returning alive from the camp of the enemy.

I cannot tell you what a commotion ensued. The Knights were beside themselves with pride and triumph. Katy was kissed and hugged, and made to tell her story over and over again, while rows of exulting girls sat on the woodhouse roof to crow over the discomfited Millerites; and when, later, the foe rallied and began to retort over the fence, Clover, armed with a tack-hammer, was lifted up in the arms of one of the tall girls to rap the intruding knuckles as they appeared on the top. This she did with such good-will that the Millerites were glad to drop down again, and mutter vengeance at a safe distance. Altogether it was a great day for the school, a day to be remembered. As time went on, Katy, what with the excitement of her adventure, and of being praised and petted by the big girls, grew perfectly reckless, and hardly knew what she said or did.

A good many of the scholars lived too far from school to go home at noon, and were in the habit of bringing their lunches in baskets, and staying all day. Katy and Clover were of this number. This noon, after the dinners were eaten, it was proposed that they should play something in the schoolroom, and Katy's unlucky star put it into her head to invent a new game, which she called the Game of Rivers.

It was played in the following manner: Each girl took the name of a river, and laid out for herself an appointed path through the room, winding among the desks and benches, and making a low, roaring sound, to imitate the noise of water. Cecy was the Platte; Marianne Brooks, a tall girl, the Mississippi, Alice Blair, the Ohio; Clover, the Penobscot, and so on. They were instructed to run into each other once in a while, because, as Katy said, "rivers do." As for Katy herself, she was "Father Ocean," and, growling horribly, raged up and down the platform where Mrs. Knight usually sat. Every now and then, when the others were at the far end of the room, she would suddenly cry out, "Now for a meeting of the waters!" whereupon all the

rivers, bouncing, bounding, scrambling, screaming, would turn and run toward Father Ocean; while he roared louder than all of them put together, and made short rushes up and down, to represent the movement of waves on a beach.

Such a noise as this beautiful game made was never heard in the town of Burnet before or since. It was like the bellowing of the bulls of Bashan, the squeaking of pigs, the cackle of turkey-cocks, and the laugh of wild hyenas all at once; and, in addition, there were a great banging of furniture and scraping of many feet on an uncarpeted floor. People going by stopped and stared, children cried, an old lady asked why some one didn't run for a policeman; while the Miller girls listened to the proceedings with malicious pleasure, and told everybody that it was the noise that Mrs. Knight's scholars "usually made at recess."

Mrs. Knight, coming back from dinner, was much amazed to see a crowd of people collected in front of her school. As she drew near, the sounds reached her, and then she became really frightened, for she thought somebody was being murdered on her premises. Hurrying in, she threw open the door, and there, to her dismay, was the whole room in a frightful state of confusion and uproar: chairs flung down, desks upset, ink streaming on the floor; while in the midst of the ruin the frantic rivers raced and screamed, and old Father Ocean, with a face as red as fire, capered like a lunatic on the platform.

"What *does* this mean?" gasped poor Mrs. Knight, almost unable to speak for horror.

At the sound of her voice the Rivers stood still; Father Ocean brought his prances to an abrupt close, and slunk down from the platform. All of a sudden, each girl seemed to realize what a condition the room was in, and what a horrible thing she had done. The timid ones covered behind their desks, the bold ones tried to look unconscious, and, to make matters worse, the scholars who had gone home to dinner began to return, staring at the scene of disaster, and asking, in whispers, what had been going on?

Mrs. Knight rang the bell. When the school had come to order, she had the desks and chairs picked up, while she herself brought wet cloths to sop the ink from the floor. This was done in profound silence; and the expression of Mrs. Knight's face was so direful and solemn, that a fresh damp fell upon the spirits of the guilty Rivers, and Father Ocean wished himself thousands of miles away.

When all was in order again, and the girls had taken their seats, Mrs. Knight made a short speech. She said she never was so shocked in her life before; she had supposed that she could trust them to behave

like ladies when her back was turned. The idea that they could act so disgracefully, make such an uproar and alarm people going by, had never occurred to her, and she was deeply pained. It was setting a bad example to all the neighborhood—by which Mrs. Knight meant the rival school, Miss Miller having just sent over a little girl, with her compliments, to ask if any one was hurt, and could *she* do anything? which was naturally aggravating! Mrs. Knight hoped they were sorry; she thought they must be—sorry and ashamed. The exercises could now go on as usual. Of course some punishment would be inflicted for the offence, but she should have to reflect before deciding what it ought to be. Meantime she wanted them all to think it over seriously; and if any one felt that she was more to blame than the others, now was the moment to rise and confess it.

Katy's heart gave a great thump, but she rose bravely: "I made up the game, and I was Father Ocean," she said to the astonished Mrs. Knight, who glared at her for a minute, and then replied solemnly: "Very well, Katy—sit down;" which Katy did, feeling more ashamed than ever, but somehow relieved in her mind. There is a saving grace in truth which helps truth-tellers through the worst of their troubles, and Katy found this out now.

The afternoon was long and hard. Mrs. Knight did not smile once; the lessons dragged; and Katy, after the heat and excitement of the forenoon, began to feel miserable. She had received more than one hard blow during the meetings of the waters, and had bruised herself almost without knowing it, against the desks and chairs. All these places now began to ache; her head throbbed so that she could hardly see, and a lump of something heavy seemed to be lying on her heart.

When school was over, Mrs. Knight rose and said, "The young ladies who took part in the game this afternoon are requested to remain." All the others went away, and shut the door behind them. It was a horrible moment: the girls never forgot it, or the hopeless sound of the door as the last departing scholar clapped it after her as she left.

I can't begin to tell you what it was that Mrs. Knight said to them: it was very affecting, and before long most of the girls began to cry. The penalty for their offence was announced to be the loss of recess for three weeks; but that wasn't half so bad as seeing Mrs. Knight so "religious and afflicted," as Cecy told her mother afterward. One by one the sobbing sinners departed from the schoolroom. When most of them were gone, Mrs. Knight called Katy up to the platform, and said a few words to her specially. She was not really severe, but Katy was too penitent and worn out to bear

much, and before long was weeping like a water-spout, or like the ocean she had pretended to be.

At this, tender-hearted Mrs. Knight was so much affected that she let her off at once, and even kissed her in token of forgiveness, which made poor Ocean sob harder than ever. All the way home she sobbed; faithful little Clover, running along by her side in great distress, begging her to stop crying, and trying in vain to hold up the fragments of her dress, which was torn in at least a dozen places. Katy could not stop crying, and it was fortunate that Aunt Izzie happened to be out, and that the only person who saw her in this piteous plight was Mary, the nurse, who doted on the children, and was always ready to help them out of their troubles.

On this occasion she petted and cosseted Katy exactly as if it had been Johnny or little Phil. She took her on her lap, bathed the hot head, brushed the hair, put arnica on the bruises, and produced a clean frock, so that by tea-time the poor child, except for her red eyes, looked like herself again, and Aunt Izzie didn't notice anything unusual.

For a wonder, Dr. Carr was at home that evening. It was always a great treat to the children when this happened, and Katy thought herself happy when, after the little ones had gone to bed, she got papa to herself, and told him the whole story.

"Papa," she said, sitting on his knee, which, big girl as she was, she liked very much to do, "what is the reason that makes some days so lucky and other days so unlucky? Now to-day began all wrong, and everything that happened in it was wrong, and on other days I begin right, and all goes right, straight through. If Aunt Izzie hadn't kept me in the morning, I shouldn't have lost my mark, and then I shouldn't have been cross, and then *perhaps* I shouldn't have got in my other scrapes."

"But what made Aunt Izzie keep you, Katy?"

"To sew on the string of my bonnet, Papa."

"But how did it happen that the string was off?"

"Well, said Katy, reluctantly," I am afraid that was *my* fault, for it came off on Tuesday, and I didn't fasten it on."

"So you see we must go back of Aunt Izzie for the beginning of this unlucky day of yours, Childie. Did you ever hear the old saying about 'For the want of a nail the shoe was lost'?"

"No, never—tell it to me!" cried Katy, who loved stories as well as when she was three years old.

So Dr. Carr repeated—

"For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,

For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,

For the want of a horse the rider was lost,
For the want of the rider the battle was lost,
For the want of the battle the kingdom was lost,
And all for want of a horse-shoe nail."

"Oh, Papa!" exclaimed Katy, giving him a great hug as she got off his knee, "I see what you mean! Who would have thought such a little speck of a thing as not sewing on my string could make a difference? But I don't believe I shall get in any more scrapes, for I sha'n't ever forget—

'For the want of a nail the shoe was lost.'

(To be continued.)

PURGED IN THE FIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Uncle Herbert, will you tell us a Christmas story? Please, do." The speaker was only a little maid of six years old, but a dozen voices echo the request.

It was Christmas, and we were gathered, according to time-honored custom, round a blazing fire under my grandfather's roof. We were a merry party, comprising some fifteen cousins of all ages, with their respective parents, and a few married and unmarried uncles and aunts. Uncle Herbert, otherwise Mr. Herbert Milward, was our uncle by marriage only, as the husband of our aunt Alice; but though thus only indirectly related to us, I think he was, with the younger ones at any rate, the best-beloved of all. Perhaps because he had no children of his own, he was always specially sympathetic in youthful troubles, and specially lenient to youthful mis-doings. However grave the offence, we were always sure of Uncle Herbert's intercession; though he never failed privately to admonish the offender—very gently, but so gravely and seriously, that his quiet words would bring tears to eyes too proud to weep under the severest punishment, and tame the most rebellious spirit to submission and repentance. He could be very merry at times; but there was a gravity mingled even with his merriment, as of one to whom the more solemn aspects of life are always present. His devotion to his wife was remarkable, even to our youthful eyes. No one could say that his affection was demonstrative, and yet no one could be in the company of the two together, even for an hour, without feeling that aunt Alice was more precious to her husband than anything else in the world. Wherever his eyes wandered, they always seemed to come back to her as their resting-place; and however deeply, to all appearance, he might be engrossed in conversation with others, he was always able, by some magical process of intuition, to divine her wants or wishes, and silently to supply them. Her furs were the warmest,

her silks the softest; nothing was too costly, no trouble too great, that ministered to her pleasure. There seemed to be no such thing as forgetting, no possibility of mistake, wherever she was concerned. If she had found a four-leaved shamrock, and had good fairies constantly attending her, she could hardly have been better served. Nor was aunt Alice behindhand in returning her husband's devotion. He was many years older than she, but I fancy the difference in their ages increased, if anything, her pride and pleasure in his love. She never did anything (indeed she had no need) to test or draw attention to his devotion, but she quietly abandoned herself to his tender care. She seldom thanked him in words, at least in company; but he was thanked enough by the look of perfect love and perfect peace which was the habitual expression of her gentle gray eyes.

On the present occasion uncle Herbert was seated in a high-backed oaken chair, with aunt Alice on a footstool beside him, and the rest of the party grouped around in a semicircle before the blazing fire. The candles were not yet lighted, but the dancing flame shed a ruddy light throughout the room, throwing into bold relief the carved work of the oaken furniture, and brightening with a genial glow the red berries and dark-green leaves of the Christmas evergreens. It was just the moment for a fire-side story; and as uncle Herbert was known to be learned in legends and German fairy-tales, which he was wont to narrate with much quiet humor, our little cousin's request met with general approval. Uncle Herbert did not immediately reply, but sat apparently reflecting; and the flickering firelight, playing over his face, showed us that he was in a serious mood. Aunt Alice glanced up at him enquiringly; and I thought to myself that I had never seen her bright young face (for she was many years younger than the rest of our aunts and uncles) look more perfectly beautiful than it did that night; and I caught myself wondering, half-unconsciously, how it had come to pass that she should have married one so much older, and to all appearance so unlike herself, as sober, grey-headed uncle Herbert.

"Well, my dears," said uncle Herbert at last, "I will tell you a story, a true story. I don't think it is quite what you mean by a Christmas story; but the events about which I am going to tell you happened at Christmas time, on this very night indeed, twenty-seven years ago."

We all settled down to listen, and after a minute's pause he went on:

"It was Christmas-eve, or rather Christmas-day, for twelve o'clock had struck, and the few people left in the streets were getting gradually fewer and fewer, till it seemed as though the policemen and the

waifs would shortly have London to themselves. It was a bitter cold night, and snow was beginning to fall. Most of the houses were dark and silent, though here and there lighted windows and stray sounds of music and happy voices showed where a household was seeing Christmas in, and giving a merry welcome to the happy season. Out of a brilliantly lighted house in one of the West End streets there came a young man, who looked as though he felt but little share of the general rejoicing. He was barely twenty years of age; but though so young, his cheeks were flushed and his gait unsteady with wine, and his face was contracted with a look of hopeless despair. And little wonder! The house which he had just left was a noted gaming-house. He had been tempted by bad companions, and had gambled and lost—lost far more heavily than he could afford. One sin brings on another. In the vain hope of recovering his losses—with the insane persuasion common to all gamblers, that he must win in the end if he could but play a little longer—he had taken without leave a large sum of his employer's money, had staked it, and lost. And then, all at once, a horrible remorse, a mad despair, seized upon him. Now that it was too late he saw the full magnitude of his crime; he knew too well that the money which, when he expected to be able to restore it secretly, he had thought of as borrowed, the law would call by a very different name. He knew now that, disguise it as he might, the taking of that money was a theft. Already he felt in imagination the officer's hand upon his collar, the handcuffs upon his wrists. He could see the witnesses come forward to bear testimony to his crime; he could hear the voice of the judge pronouncing sentence on the thief. He dared not meet the consequences of his sin; and in his mad despair, fearing to face offended man, he had resolved to rush, by suicide, into the presence of an offended God. He was now hurrying home to drink his last draught on earth, the draught that brings the awful sleep whose waking is eternity.

With his hands tightly clenched, his hat crushed down upon his forehead, he was rushing madly on, when suddenly he heard a sound of shouting, and the tramp of galloping horses. He looked up and saw that the sky above him was red with a lurid glare; and then a runner passed him with the terrible cry of "Fire!" A house was on fire in one of the streets through which he had to pass; and with a strange feeling of reprieve, he turned aside from the road to his death—to see the sight. He elbowed his way through the crowd, which gave way right and left at the pressure of his muscular arms. The dwellers in the burning house had been somehow got out, and now stood half naked and shivering in the

street. All, it was thought, were safe; but just as he reached the group there was a fearful shriek, for it was found that there was one, the youngest, missing. The poor mother sobbed and screamed, and was only held back by force from re-entering the burning house, and perishing with her little one. The father, wringing his hands like one distracted, offered a thousand pounds to the firemen if they would but rescue his child.

"It can't be done, sir," said one of them; 'not if you said a hundred thousand, it couldn't be done. The floor will fall in five minutes, and it's certain death to enter that house again.'

"The red flame was already shining through the first floor windows, and through the open door could be heard the roaring of the fire, which was fast gaining hold upon the staircase. A thought flashed across the young man's mind. His minutes were numbered, his life was worthless; its last act should be a worthy one, at all events. With quick eager questions he ascertained where the child was. The firemen guessed his intention, and held him back.

"Don't go, sir, for God's sake! it's wasting two lives instead of one. We're not cowards, sir, but this is certain death. If you attempt it, the Lord have mercy on your soul.'

"Amen!" said the young man; and throwing off the hands that held him back, he rushed into the house and up the staircase, which creaked and cracked under his feet.

"The fire was raging on the first floor, the child was in the floor above. The first-floor landing was already in flames, but the young man, with a fierce leap, sprang past the burning spot, and in another second was in the room where the child lay. The room was already filled with smoke, and here and there the flames were darting through the crevices of the flooring. He could not see the bedstead, but a little frightened voice, sobbing, 'Papa, dear; do come, papa!' guided him to the spot where the child lay. 'I will take you to your papa dear; don't be frightened.' Then, quick as thought, he wrapped the little one in the blanket and began to retrace his perilous route. Quick, however, as he had been, the flames had gained ground, and scorched his feet as he stepped over the burning floor. He rushed to the window, thinking that by means of a ladder they might escape that way; but pouring from the windows below him was a sheet of flame. The burning staircase was the only road. Tying his handkerchief round his mouth and nose, to keep out the suffocating smoke, he groped his way to the door. To his horror, he heard a crash—one half of the staircase had gone.

"A deadly terror seized upon him; the last hope of escape was lost. The life which

a few minutes since had seemed a burden too heavy to bear, suddenly grew unutterably precious. His eyes were blinded, his throat scorched by the thick black smoke, and tongues of flame were leaping up around him, seeking to devour him. With awful distinctness all the evil of his life, crowded into that one fearful moment, shone out clear as noonday before his eyes. Instruction wasted, good advice spurned, good resolutions broken, rose up before him; and one and all seemed to drag him down—lost, *lost*, *lost*, forever and ever! A moment since he had not dared to live, now he did not dare to die. That awful horror lent him almost superhuman strength. Threading his way through the flames, which were now rising all around him he crept down as far as he could, and then, grasping the broken handrail, swung himself over, and dropped, as best he might, a depth of some fifteen feet into the hall below. Fearfully burnt, he had just strength—still holding his burden in his arms—to stagger into the street, and fell senseless into the firemen's arms.

"For many weeks he hovered between life and death, in the intensest physical and mental agony. For the most part of the time he was delirious, and haunted by the memory of that awful moment when, standing on the brink of death, he had looked over into the abyss of eternity. As he regained his reason, a new terror came over him, the dread of the consequences of his crime. He never woke without fearing to find the officers of justice at his bedside, waiting to carry him before the judge. But this last fear had lost its former horror; being, as it were, swallowed up in his overwhelming thankfulness at having been saved from a far greater crime, the crime that knows no repentance. On his bed of pain he prayed as never before—prayed with a penitent and thankful heart; and by the time he was able to sit upright, he was ready to endure without flinching the shame and pain of his punishment. For some weeks the evil day was delayed; but at last, as he was beginning to regain strength, a visitor was announced, and his employer entered the room. With a beating heart, but still resigned, he felt that his hour was come, and nerved himself to meet it. To his surprise, his master made no allusion to his misconduct, but kindly praised his courage and his daring deed; and the thought flashed across him that his folly and sin were still unknown, and if he did but keep his own counsel, might so remain for ever. The tempter whispered, 'Be silent!' and for a moment he was inclined to yield; but his good angel triumphed. With bowed head and downcast eyes he told the story of his sin, and waited to hear his sentence from the man he had wronged. For a few minutes the good old man (God bless him!) was

silent, and then, he said with tears in his eyes:

“My lad, I am glad that you have told me this, very glad, although I knew it before. You have committed a great sin, and you have suffered a heavy punishment. Thank God, who in his mercy has saved you from a far greater sin—a sin whose punishment is forever and ever. You have been through a fiery trial; let your future life show that you have been truly “purged in the fire.” For your offence against myself, God forbid that I should add to your punishment—I forgive you with all my heart, my boy, and you need have no fear about coming back to your old place in the office, for no one except myself will ever know a word of the matter. One thing, however, you must promise—never to enter a gambling-house, or to stake money at play again.”

“That I do, sir, upon my hon—” he began, and then stopped short, as the unfitness of the word, from one in his situation, flashed cruelly upon him.

“Nay, lad,” said the old man, holding out his hand, “don’t take it back; that is just the way in which I want your promise. Upon your *honor*, mind. It is a little tarnished now; let it be the labor of your life to make and keep it bright.”

“And, with God’s help, he did. He rose from that bed, where for so many weeks he had lain in peril of his life, an altered man. His former friends wondered at the change, and declared that he had left his youth in the fire; but they knew nothing of the fiercer fire which during those long weeks had raged in his bosom, and had scorched away the relish for youthful follies. Having stood so awfully near death, he had learned to value life, and to strive so to use life that death should be no longer terrible. And so striving, God prospered him. The father of the little girl he had saved was a wealthy man, and with generous kindness helped him even against his will. His kind old master stood his faithful friend, and even made opportunities of showing his confidence in him; and for many years past he has been a partner in the firm, a rich and respected merchant. Very few people know his story. It is not a very merry one, but it was uppermost in my mind when Effie asked for a story—it mostly is on Christmas-eve—and therefore I have told it to you.”

“Who was the young man, uncle?” said a childish voice. “Have we ever seen him?”

“Yes, my dear, you know him very well.”

“But what became of the little girl that was saved, uncle? Is she alive still?”

“My dears,” said uncle Herbert, “the little girl is now your aunt Alice.”

Just then the firelight, which had grown dim, flickered up into a blaze. Aunt Alice

bent over uncle Herbert’s hand and kissed it, and as she raised her head we could see that there were tears in her eyes.

And we guessed the rest of the story.—
English Society.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

About the first of December all the shop windows in the land will put on their holiday glory, and every description of bright, beautiful, and useful things will shine out in tempting array. If one has plenty of money, the only question will be what, of all the costly gifts, to choose for the dear ones at home, and there will be time enough to decide by and by.

But we, who are going to make our own Christmas gifts, must bethink ourselves in season, since it takes time for even the most skilful fingers to fashion those pretty trifles that are so much more precious for the loving thoughts that have been wrought into them. You older folks may look out for yourselves, though I warn you there never was a Christmas that found people quite ready for it, but I want to tell my children what they can do with very little money or help.

Boys, who have a few tools, can make the prettiest doll’s furniture, card-baskets, or picture frames out of butternuts. Clean the nuts, saw them into thin wheels, some lengthwise and some crosswise; dry, varnish, and fasten together with glue. Your own ingenuity will suggest shapes; but I have seen chairs, tables, sofas, and cradles looking like beautiful carved gothic work. Or make trellises for plants out of strips of wood and the springs from old hoop skirts; or a blacking box, arranged inside for brush, blacking, and a shelf to rest the foot, covered outside with oak-paper, and varnished. There are no end of things to crotchet—bags out of tidy cotton or woollen yarn, lined with cambric, and the mouth held open by a bit of bonnet wire, to hang by the sewing machine for scraps; beautiful little baskets of white crotchet cord, made in plain shell work over an oval vegetable dish, finished at the top and bottom with a row of scallops, stiffened with thick starch and left to dry on the dish, then coated with varnish in which a little umber has been dissolved. Run a ribbon round through the scallops, and you have a pretty brown basket for spools, cards, or anything else. Ball-bags, of course, open work, so that mamma can see every ball through the meshes without taking it out. Pretty little holders for the parlor stove, and good substantial ones for the kitchen. Knitted dish cloths, done with tidy cotton and big needles, just the thing for glass and china. Quilted soles for slippers, made of silk and flannel, and so nice to slip in of a cold

morning. Shaving cases, two ovals of broad cloth, pinked or scalloped on the edges, braided in the centre with gay colors, and tied together at the top by a ribbon. Between the two are many leaves of soft paper, pinned in, and when papa tears them all out, more can be added. Sweeping caps, which are simple nets of Swiss muslin with a ribbon run in the edge, and cover the hair neatly when sweeping or cooking is to be done. Shoe-bags are both pretty and convenient, made of two pieces of buff linen, gay calico, or any other strong material, one piece a couple of inches shorter and about twice the width of the other. Line both pieces with something strong, bind the upper edge of your shorter piece with dress braid, gather the lower edge and baste it on to the other. Bind the whole bag with braid, and then make the gathered part into four pockets, by rows of strong stitching. Put loops at the corners of your bag and fasten inside of a closet door. Knitted or crocheted tidies of white cotton, edged with scarlet, are very pretty to lay into an egg dish; the bright edge sets off the pearly shells finely. Picture books for the little ones need the covers of an old book, some old muslin, five cents' worth of gum tragacanth, and plenty of pictures. Cut your muslin leaves squarely, stitch them firmly together, glue then into the covers, which you have first made beautiful by some plain paper and ovals of bright flowers cut carefully from wall paper. Wet your gum tragacanth with cold water and it is ready at once. It is a great improvement to press the pages, and varnish them when they are done, and by all means varnish the covers. Grandma will be glad of a foot-cushion, made of two round pieces of ticking, joined by a strip four inches wide, and stuffed very evenly with lathe turnings, nice fine shavings, or even hay. Then for the outside you want two pieces of gay carpeting, a strip of merino to join them, and heavy picture cord to sew over the seams. Or you may make it too pretty to put on the floor by embroidering your cover, on heavy Java canvas. A great convenience for travelling is a case for combs, brushes, and soap: which is a piece of oil silk, bound with ribbon, and furnished with three or four pockets, so that small toilet articles may be put in, rolled up and slipped in a satchel, or even carried in the pocket. Pretty cushions for hair pins may be made by filling collar boxes with curled hair, sewing a piece of coarse lace over the top, and a bit of any sort of stuff on the bottom, then crocheting a cover for the whole out of zephyr, finishing the edge with scallops. Or what is much handsomer, fill a pretty little basket with hair in the same way, taking care to put some shot or tiny stones at the bottom, that your basket may not upset easily, and

knit a top in scarlet or green, making loops by winding the yarn three times over the tip of one finger at every stitch. Tuck in the edges and sew them down, and you have what seems to be a basket of moss, and is both an ornament and a convenience. Then there is the whole tribe of cushions, tidies, and mats, which seem to be unailing, since every year brings out some new style. Little boys find great satisfaction in lines, knit in garter stitch from bright yarns, and the most costly set of building blocks will not give the lasting pleasure which we have seen derived from a lot of square and flat blocks of pine, sawed by a carpenter, and ornamented with common newspaper pictures, pasted strongly on the sides. These are a few of the simplest things which children can make. Of course there are plenty more, but many would require too much space to describe intelligibly.—
Little Corporal.

FORFEITS.

Young people are often at a loss for good forfeits in their Christmas games. The following are suggested to help them out of the difficulty:

1. Let the person who holds the forfeit give out a line, with which the one who owns shall make another line to rhyme.
2. Laugh first, sing next, then cry, and lastly whistle.
3. Put one hand where the other cannot touch it. [The right hand to the left elbow.]
4. Stand with your heels and back close to the wall, then stoop without moving your feet and pick up the forfeit.
5. Compare your lady-love to a flower, and explain the resemblance. Thus—

My love is like the blooming rose,
Because her cheek its beauty shows.

Or, [facetiously]

My love is like the creeping tree,
She's always creeping after me.

6. Say, "Quizzical quiz, kiss me quick," nine times without a mistake.
7. The person who owns the forfeit is to be blindfolded: a glass of water and a teaspoon are then to be got, and a spoonful given alternately by the members of the company, until the person blindfolded guesses right.
8. Ask the person who owns the forfeit what musical instrument he likes best; then require him to give an imitation of it.
9. Go to service: apply to the person who holds the forfeits for a place—say as "maid of all work." The questions then to be asked are, "How do you wash?" "How do you iron?" "How do you make a bed?"

"How do you scrub?" "How do you clean knives and forks?" The whole of these processes must be imitated by motions, and if the replies be satisfactory the forfeit must be given up.

10. Choose three flowers. EXAMPLE.—Pink, fuchsia, and lily. Two of the party must then privately agree to the three persons of the forfeiter's acquaintance to be severally represented by the flowers. Then proceed: "What will you do with the pink?" "Dip it in water." "What with the fuchsia?" "Dry it and keep it as a curiosity." "With the lily?" "Keep it until it is dead, then throw it away." The three names identified with the flowers are now to be told, as their fate will excite much merriment.

11. Put two chairs back to back, take off your shoes and jump over them. [The fun consists in the mistaken idea that the *chairs* are to be jumped over, whereas the grammar of the sentence means only the *shoes*.

LITTLE ALICE'S KITTY.

"Alice, it is time to go to bed," said mamma one night. And little Alice said, "Please wait, mamma, till I call my kitty."

So Alice went to the door, and put her little curly head out into the rain, while she called, "Fanny, Fanny." But no Fanny came to be put into her small, warm bed in the shed.

Alice ran crying back to her mamma. "What *shall* I do?" said Alice; "it rains fast, and the wind blows loud and hard. Fanny will get very wet, or else Don will find her, and hurt her."

What would mamma do? She let the little girl try once more to make her kitty come in; and Alice called a long time, but in vain. After all she had to go to bed, and leave poor Fanny out of doors in the cold rain.

Poor little Alice! She cried very much; for she feared that Don, the great dog, would hurt or kill her dear little kitty. But at last, Alice went to sleep with a little salt tear in each blue eye.

Next day she was awake early, for the sun was clear, and the dark clouds had all gone far away. But mamma was up first. The little girl heard her voice, and it said, "Come, dear, I have something nice to show you."

Little Alice made her hands fly in dressing and was soon down stairs. Then mamma took her out on tiptoe to Don's little house, where the old dog slept at night.

Now what do you think Alice saw, all cosy and snug, between Don's great black paws? She saw a little ball of soft fur,—kitty—Fanny herself, all cuddled down to sleep.

How Alice clapped her hands, and patted Don's old black head!

Good old dog! He would not harm kitty. But when she came to the door of his house in the dark night, all cold and wet, and asked him to let her share his soft bed of hay he took her between his paws, and kept her warm all night long.—*Nursery*.

HELP TO MEMORY.

The following rhyme may assist the memory of some schoolboy or girl who "can't help forgetting" the long list of names of England's monarchs:—

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

First, William the Norman; then William his son,
Henry, Stephen and Henry; then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third; Edward, one, two, and three;
And, again, after Richard, three, Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie, the Scotsman, then Charles whom they
slew;
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next Jamie the Second ascended the throne:
Then good William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William, all past,
God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

The Home.

MRS. THOMPSON'S WHITE WARE.

(Concluded.)

All through the long forenoon, Mrs. Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She *would not* have the sewing-club at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the big piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before twelve o'clock had well struck, she saw her husband and his two friends coming through the orchard, with red and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot; and she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool room off the kitchen. Frank and Charley, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each striving to claim her attention. She felt tired, heated, and very cross.

"Why! isn't dinner ready?" demanded Mr. Thompson, not seeing it actually on the table when he entered. "I told you we had no time to waste to-day," he added angrily in his hurry and hunger. "If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd have it ready to time, I know."

A bitter retort was springing to her lips: but ere it could be spoken, Charley clamorously interposed, pushing his new copy-book before her eyes.

"Look, mother! I am going into sentences now, like Frank. It's my first copy. The master wrote it; and he said I was to get it by heart too, and always remember it. Do read it, mother."

Mrs. Thompson, her arms full of the cracked old mulberry plates, paused a moment to let her eyes fall on the new copy. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new: she had read it scores of times: but there was something in its *appropriateness* to the present moment that tell like a cool sweet wind on her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said quietly.

Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning of his wife's request about the white ware. Not in the way of granting it; but that she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner.

"It doesn't feel here as it does in that

blazing meadow," he remarked to his friends, as they went into the cool north room to dinner. "Folks that can keep in-doors this weather have an easy time of it: they don't know what heat is."

Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slap at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount of heat. As to sitting down with them, she had enough to do to wait on the party. It was washing-day, and Molly must not be called.

"This butter must have been kept in the kitchen: it's like oil," said Mr. Thompson.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in: I will go down and get some more if you think I had better," was the reply, given pleasantly.

"Never mind. Well I declare!—do you call this meat boiled?" went on Mr. Thompson as he began to carve. It's harder than a rock. If meat has to be cooked pretty fresh this weather, it needn't be like this."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," she said, striving to choke down a rising sob—as well as an angry word.

Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the tone, looked at his wife: and his friends glanced at one another. She sat down at length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished his dinner in silence.

He was watching his wife's face: there was something in it he did not understand—a kind of patient, hopeless look, as if she no longer cared to struggle onwards. The old mulberry ware *did* look dingy on the snowy white table-cloth; almost too bad for these chums of his to sit down to: he wondered he had never thought so before. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they were going out again—how hot and stifling it felt with that big fire—as bad as the south meadow. His wife had been in it cooking: that must have made her face scarlet. In-doors was not so comfortable a place after all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And—perhaps the work was over-much for his wife, who at best was but a delicate woman.

A fresh cool breeze had sprung up from the south, as he went out, walking slowly; but the sun was burning hot still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brows: and in that moment the voices of his comrades came towards him from the other side of the hedge, where they stood in the little shade it cast.

"I never pitied a woman so much in my life," quoth one of them. "She works like a slave and does not get even 'thank ye' for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow, but uncommon down upon the work. Strong as a horse himself, he thinks, I suppose, women must be the same."

"Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said Yes to his asking," cried the other. "Jones, she wasn't cut out for a farmer's wife—especially one who keeps his folks to it like Thompson does. She's over sensitive—delicate: any lady but her would have turned long ago and bid him give her proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years if he don't take better care of her: she'll run down fast. Awfully changed, she is. She looks as faded as the old house rooms—and they haven't seen a coat o' paint since grandfather Thompson's day."

"Ah, she'd better have took Joe Burnham. The Lawrences used to have things nice in their home, and she'd have got 'em so still, if she'd married Joe. His wife's just gone out in her pony-shay. I say, Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's ever sorry?"

Was she? The unconscious comments of these, his warm friends, came crushing down on Robert Thompson's heart and brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejected Burnham for him, he knew, when she came home to the old homestead, and took care of his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done it, too. And—could she be wearing out her life in hard work for him; she, the mother of his boys; she whom he loved well, for all his churlishness? Robert Thompson stole away: he could almost kill himself for his blind heedlessness.

The afternoon wore on towards evening. Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor-work—the washing up of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight—and was going in with an armful of fine things that she had taken from the clothes lines, when the sound of wheels made her look round.

"I've brought that white ware. Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing from his cart, and lifting down carefully a large hamper.

"But I didn't order it, Mr. Grover," she rejoined in rather a frightened voice.

"The master did, though. Mr. Thompson came down this afternoon and said the things was to come up to you at once. There's the dinner set you admired, and a tea set as well. Where shall I put em?"

"Bring them in, please," she answered rather faintly. He did as he was bid, and then drove off.

Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for

they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot: she only thought how kind Robert was, and what a wicked woman she had been for saying to herself in her temper that she'd rather have had Squire Burnham. Then she unpacked the treasures, pulling them out from amidst the hay, and singing softly all the while. Oh, it was beautiful, that ware!—with its clear opaque white, and here and there a delicate tracing of fuchsia or convolvulus.

Mr. Thompson came in and found her in the midst. "What is it, Jenny?" he asked—the old fond name he used to call her.

"O, Robert!" taking a step towards him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of his courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered, huskily. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O, Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame; I have not been as patient and kind as I might."

"Yes, you have. You've been an angel compared to me. I have made a slave of you; but all that is over now. I did not think, Jenny; I did not indeed."

"But—Robert—"

"You shall have more help in the house, another servant. We'll get her in, Jenny, long before the sewing-club night comes round."

"Oh, Robert, how kind you are! I feel as light as a bird."

"And you *are* almost," he answered, smiling a little sadly as he looked into her eager face. "We'll all turn over a new leaf, Jane. Heaven knows I did not mean to be cruel."

"Robert, you were never that."

"Well—we'll let it be: by-gones shall be by-gones if you will. Oh, and I forgot to say that I saw Leeds this afternoon. It's a very dull time just now, the poor fellow says, without a job on hand, so I thought I'd give him one. They'll be here to begin to-morrow morning."

"You—are not going to have the house done up?" she exclaimed in wild surprise.

"Every square inch of it. And, once the painting and that's finished, we'll see what else we can do to make it look a bit brighter."

She hardly believed it; she burst into tears. "And I have been so wicked!" she cried. Only to-day I had quite wicked thoughts, Robert. I was envying Mrs. Burnham; I was feeling angry with everybody. It was the discouragement, Robert."

"Yes, it was the discouragement," he said quite humbly. "We will do better

for the future. Jane: I'll try another plan."

She cried silently for a minute longer; soft happy tears; feeling that light had superseded the darkness.

"And it has all arisen from my trying to carry out for a bit that blessed proverb—'A soft answer turneth away wrath!' she murmured. "Robert, did you ever before see such lovely white ware?"—*Argosy*.

WHERE THE DIFFICULTY IS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Prevention is much easier than resistance. A very slight degree of foresight will avert the exigency which you have to bring all the force of your nature to surmount, and perhaps not half succeed. You are exerting your utmost efforts to be calm when you have lost your boot-buttoner, and everybody is waiting. You have no surplus to draw upon when somebody says that if you would only put your things in place you would not have all this trouble; of course there is an explosion, and you have had your labor for your pains—all the effort of repression without the reward of victory. But if you had not wilfully sacrificed two hours of sleep last night, the loss of the boot-buttoner would have been nothing. There would have been no call upon your nerves, and you would have ridiculed the useless truism. A mother has been hard at work on the little frock, and is eager to finish it before night-fall, and the whole universe appears to have combined to hinder. She stands a few interruptions, but presently comes the last straw, and then the impatient word, and then remorse and pain. The real mistake was in her trying to finish the dress. A quiet hour next day would have been ten times as easy as the unquiet and hurried one of the evening before, and would not have seemed half as long. But she has no other frock for next day. Then put one of them out to a seamstress. But she can not afford it. But she *can* afford it nine times out ten when she thinks she can not. She can not afford to lose self-control to save money and gain remorse. The overwhelming probability is that if she can afford to have the frock at all, she can far better afford to hire it made than to sew her own leisure and patience into it.

It is, moreover, more economical to take the moral power, sometimes immense, which you bring to the resistance of temptation, and use it for the furtherance of positive good. At the end of all your resistance you are only where you were when you started. You may be a little stronger yourself, but you have benefited nobody else. Can not you strengthen

yourself just as much by adding to another person's happiness as by keeping yourself from being a shrew? Women ought to feel it a part—I might almost say the most important part—of their work so to systematize their life that their tasks shall not overlap their time, with the danger of devouring their temper. When the conscientious, loving, Christian mother has spoken an impatient word to the husband or child whom she loves as her own life, and to whom she gives her life daily, let her not drop tears of remorse over her needle; let her drop her needle. She may repent—but she should also bring forth fruits meet for repentance not by consuming her heart with unavailing sorrow, but by thinking whether there may not be some ruffling of gowns that can be dispensed with for the sake of preventing this ruffling of nerves; whether some dainties may not be well spared from her table, that she may gain leisure for repose and refreshment, for a daily walk, or drive, or a six-cent ride in a horse-car, or an hour with an entertaining book, that so her nerves may be healthful and not tense, her body and soul fresh and not jaded, all her words and ways cheerful and leisurely; so that there shall be no impatience or petulance clamoring for expression and enforcing repentance. Moralists teach us to repress unamiable speeches; and it is so disagreeable to be snubbed and scolded and snarled and sneered at that their teachings are not unnatural, and I dare say not unwise. Yet if we studied diseased minds as earnestly as we do diseased bodies, should we not sometimes find that a "snarl" is like a cough or a cutaneous eruption, not itself the disease, but a symptom—an effort of nature to cure disease; and that the true remedy is not to stop it suddenly and thus drive the disease in upon the soul, but rather coax it to snarl itself out safely, and apply our remedies to the deep seat of life? When the soul is in high health and serenity, the unpleasant symptoms will disappear. So when the husband frets at the wife, or the wife at the husband, instead of fretting back again, or taking it to heart as a sign of decaying love, let them simply lay it to the account of over-exertion, and look about for some moral cod-liver oil or other tonic—if cod-liver oil happen to be a tonic—and administer it deftly with no more suspicion of moral degeneracy than would be aroused by an influenza.—*Harper's Bazar*.

INSECTS ON HOUSE-PLANTS.

Various specifics have been devised to destroy insects on house-plants. It is noticeable that the fertilizers specifically concocted for the purpose have been less successful than remedies more simple and natural.

The Green Aphides, or Plant Lice, are most troublesome, and the practice most in vogue among florists is the use of tobacco-smoke. An exchange tells the best method of using it:

"To make this effectual, the plants should be kept an hour or more in a concentrated smoke obtained by burning tobacco on red-hot coals. Failure usually proceeds from too brief immersion in the smoke. In airtight greenhouses it is practicable to fill an entire room with the smoke and leave the plants in it all night. A similar result can be effected in a small way in a barrel. An ingenious friend—an amateur 'rosarian'—covers each of his roses successively with a sort of paper balloon, which is so constructed as to be capable of more or less expansion, according to the size of the plant, and contains a tin cup, in which he puts hot coals and tobacco. There are people who meet with success in applying certain powders to the Aphis; but the majority of experimenters find difficulty in keeping him long enough under the influence of the application, to say nothing of the trouble of washing the powder off the foliage afterward. The 'Persian Insect Powder,' carbolate of lime, and some of the stronger snuffs have, however, their advocates, who blow them at the aphides with bellows. Washing with strong soap-suds is a good practice with plants, as well as people, and tolerably safe. For this purpose, in the former case, whale-oil soap has high repute. Suds can be applied, of course, with a syringe. For that matter, a baby might be washed in that way; but it would not be the most advisable method. The better way is to plunge the thing to be washed into the suds; but in the case of plants there is this difference—they do better if put in headforemost, and a piece of paper should be tied over the earth of each pot, to keep it from falling out while the plant is soaking. Most people know enough to cut a hole in the paper for the stalk to pass through. Various soaps and solutions are sold for this purpose, containing different proportions of carbolic and cresylic acids, some being so effective that vegetable as well as animal life succumbs to their influences; and folks who love their plants, as a rule, prefer to try chemical experiments of this nature upon the plants of other people.

"There is a remedy for the Aphis, not freely advertised in the newspapers nor highly recommended in horticultural books, which is not open to certain objections that apply to all the foregoing. It consists in using the eyes sharply and the thumb and forefinger dexterously. On the first trials, especially if plants have been much neglected, this process will seem very much like work, and it may be necessary to hold the left hand so as to catch the insects

while stripping them from the foliage with the right. After being once thoroughly cleaned, the plants can be kept in order if a few minutes are thus employed every day. Within a week the morning's review should not discover a half dozen insects, even of the smallest kind. But it will not do to skip a day or two and give a new colony a chance to breed. Occasionally a knowing old Aphis fixes himself in the axil of a leaf or the fold of a bud, where, to get at him, it is necessary to wet the end of a match, the point of a pencil, or even the head of a pin, and touch his back gently with it. You will find him adhering when the instrument is withdrawn. Is it quite certain that it would take too much time to clean your plants with thumb and finger? Then depend upon it you are trying to keep too many. As with family 'olive branches,' so with house-plants—one scrupulously clean is a pleasanter sight than 20 or 30 more or less neglected."—*Independent*.

OLD FRUIT CANS.

Empty tin fruit cans, like old hoop-skirts, are a nuisance, when out of place. The question is, What is their place? and I should be willing to answer it a hundred times, if I could banish them from the gutters, the ash-heaps, the vacant lots, and, above all, from the hands of the boys. I shudder now at the very suggestion of their ever being used again as music-boxes strung with rosined chords. Did that epidemic visit your locality, my dear reader? If so, you would be in haste to prevent the slightest possibility of its recurrence. But to the remedy.

In the first place, to open the cans properly, put hot coals on and around the little soldered tie on the top, until the solder melts, then scrape off lid and coals together, with a table knife. Be careful, however, not to set the cans on the hot stove before they are opened, by which little neglect, steam enough to burst the can might be generated, which would not be a very pleasant or profitable method of opening it. When opened properly, you have a smooth, round orifice through which to remove the fruit.

When the cans are empty and dry, invert them on hot coals in the stove for half a minute, or on a hot stove, until the solder melts, and loosens the remaining top of the can, then strike it off, smooth off the bits of solder, and you have a very convenient cooking utensil. For a lid, use a saucer, or the covers to old tin pint cups or pails. Rice, wheat, samp, pearl-barley, split-peas, and many other dishes for a small family, and small dishes for a large family, can be cooked in them, either standing directly on the stove, or placed in a larger

boiler or saucepan of water, to prevent the possibility of their burning. It also saves more costly tin utensils; for this method of boiling in water is hard on the tin-ware. One can may be kept for onions; others can be used for baking or steaming Rye- and-Indian bread, and some kinds of pudding.

They are also convenient for pantry use, for holding articles to be used in cookery, or in the laundry; for garden seeds, for paint-pots, and for many other things that will suggest themselves to every house-keeper, and for which indeed they would long ago have been used, but for the untidy jagged edge made by the common method of opening them. If covers are wanted for them in these capacities, discarded rims and lids many be put together with a little solder.

If there are tin shears at hand, and any one to use them, the cans may be made into very passable scoops. Take several of them at a time to a tinner, and he will cut them into shape for a trifle. It saves time to have a scoop in every meal tub, flour barrel, sugar pail, and starch box. In short, old tin cans are far better for many purposes than for street-organs, or for ornaments to dogs'-tails. Suppose we change the tune, and have better economy, more taste, and a higher grade of music.—*Science of Health.*

GRAHAM GEMS.

I can make them with water and flour alone, but they are more to my fancy if one third sweet milk is used, as they brown more nicely, with less heat, and are usually lighter; though this morning, lacking batter to fill my gem pan, I stirred up two cups with water alone, and they fairly over-topped their companions, and were perfect honey-combs—made not from meal, but fine, bolted flour.

For twenty years Graham gems have constituted our principal bread diet, and we can make them sweeter and lighter with milk and water alone than we can with aid of soda or yeast.

Now for the *modus operandi*: First, your oven can scarcely be heated too hot; if coal is used, your gems should be baked with a freshly-lighted fire, at least twice as hot as would be required for yeast bread. Your batter should be nearly the thickness of stir-cake (this is a nice matter to get just right to one not used to it). All the stirring required is merely to get the batter free of flour lumps.

Let your gem pan heat on the top of the stove or range, dipping your batter in after it is well heated. Let it remain thus for a short time, when place it in the oven and quickly close the oven doors. A shovel of some kind should be used if you would be

saved from burns. A common shingle answers very well to run under the pan and lift it into the oven. Graham flour for gems should always be ground from white flint wheat, if possible; good gems cannot be made from poor meal.

Fine flour gems can be made so light and puffy, and in appearance so like a honey-comb, in this way, that a novice can scarcely believe it possible. I never use the finest grade of bolted flour, but that which is sweet and freshly ground. Fine flour gems I have only made during the past year, and freely acknowledge that they are yet a wonder to myself.—*Cor. Hearth and Home.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY.

One day, as I wandered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman the picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on the door-step ('twas raining),
And this was her wail as she wielded her broom:

"Oh! life is a toil, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee,
And pleasures they dwindle and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet,
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it,
There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is muddy, it's slush in December,
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust,
In fall the leaves litter, in muggy September
The wall-paper rots and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies—
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"It's sweeping at six, and it's dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight, and it's dishes at nine;
It's plotting and planning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for the day, lest the enemy enter—
To spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night in my dream I was stationed forever
On a little bare isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves ere they swept off poor me.

'Alas! 'twas no dream—again I beheld it!
I yield, I am helpless my fate to avert."
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,
Then lay down and died, and was buried in dirt.

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ber of persons, but if need be, from your accustomed rest or recreation. Practice an economy of time and resources, and perhaps learn a little in self-denial, that will by no means be lost upon you. And let the cure be radical and sincere. If you aim at half-way neatness, you will insensibly slip back again through the different gradations, until you finally stop at but one or two removes from slovenliness direct. Doing things "after a fashion," furbishing up the outside is not so much what is required of you as what has been endured too long already.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

WASTE.

There is another view, however, to take of this question of dress, apart from physical growth and development; and that is, the vast means, strength, and labor bestowed in changing from one form to another, and necessarily taken from something else. Undoubtedly one-third of the strength and best resources of women are expended in this way.

Still another terrible source of waste lies in the strength expended upon the weakness they reproduce. The average baby in the house, instead of being "a well-spring of pleasure," is constant and wearing occupation for two persons at least, and very little pleasure to anybody. So universally is this the case, that when a good, healthy baby is born, and lives, without troubling itself, or others, except for necessary food and warmth, it is looked upon as a wonder, and as an exception to the general rule.

Yet babies might as well be strong, healthy and happy, as weak, sick and miserable. It only needs that girls should be first taught how to obtain a body; second, how to clothe it; third, how to keep it.

It may be said, and said with truth, that there are women, as there are mothers, who study fashion only to adapt it to their physical and personal requirements. This is admitted, but it is not the general principle upon which women act, and it is not enough. We cannot make fashion simply utilitarian and sanitary in its object, or it would cease to be fashion; it is therefore our duty as women, and especially as mothers, to subordinate fashion to the higher interests—life, growth, strength, labor, and effort toward perfection.

It is not necessary to sacrifice taste, or a single element of grace or beauty, but it is time to cultivate truer ideas of what beauty and grace really are—it is time to base fashion upon general ideas and principles in accord with natural physical law, which its changes and caprices would not have power to disturb, and which would admit

of women being as well dressed as men without all their thought being given to their clothing. It is time, in one word, for women to ask, instead of "What *must* I wear?"—"What *ought* I to wear?"—*Selected.*

FANCY WORK.

TO MAKE ALUM CRYSTALS.—Form a basket or vase of bonnet wire in any fanciful shape. Wrap the wire neatly, but not closely, with crewel or nice white yarn, otherwise no crystals will adhere to the wire. Suspend the basket in a wooden vessel, sufficiently large not to touch the article to be crystallized anywhere at all. Dissolve alum in rain water, allowing one pound of alum to every quart of water. Have a sufficient quantity to cover the basket entirely. Make it scalding hot in a brass kettle, and then pour it over the wire basket in the wooden vessel. Be careful not to shake or move it, but let it stand overnight, examine it in the morning and you will find a beautiful crystallized basket. Cool, frosty weather is the best time to crystallize.

TO COLOR ALUM CRYSTALS.—Blue crystals may be obtained by putting in the solution of alum water, small quantities, but equal parts, of alum and blue vitriol. To obtain a deeper blue, a solution of indigo in sulphuric acid. Crimson by a mixture of madder and cochineal. Green, by equal parts of blue vitriol and alum, with just a particle of copperas. Black, by thickening Japan ink with gum. Yellow, muriate of iron. Milk-white, by holding the basket already crystallized over a glass containing ammonia, the vapor of which precipitates the alumina on the surface. A pink color may be obtained by tying a few poke berries in a cloth and squeezing them in the alum water before heating it. A deep shade of yellow by putting in a little turmeric; and a purple by dissolving a small portion of extract of logwood in the alum water. The coloring matter should be put in the solution of alum water before heating it.

WHAT NOT.—Cut out two square pieces of cardboard ten inches deep, thirteen inches wide at the top, and twelve inches wide at the bottom; two pieces for the sides ten inches deep, and four and a quarter inches wide, and one piece thirteen inches long and four and a half inches wide for the bottom. Cover these on the outside with dark gray cloth, and inside with gray glazed cotton, and join them together. Ornament the outside with strips of light gray cloth, embroidered and cut out in scallops at the edges. Make flap to fall over the top of the box of gray-cloth, embroidered, lined with cotton, and edged with fine gray cord.

Fasten this box to a pasteboard back, covered with dark gray cloth, embroidered round the edge. Sew a cord all round with loops to hang up the whatnot, and add gray worsted tassels.

PUTTY WORK—As putty work is a novelty I give the directions for its manufacture. Buy red putty, or make it of whiting and linseed oil stirred till thick enough, and colored with lampblack and red ochre until as dark a brown as the stand. Work the putty with kerosene or linseed oil until it will roll out thin, like pie-crust, and be ready to cut into shapes. Use an ivy leaf, oak leaf, or any other kind of leaf you prefer as a pattern. Lay it upon the sheet of putty, and press it gently into it, so that the serrated edges and veins on the leaf can be plainly seen. Take a sharp knife and cut out the impression, and you have a perfect leaf. Cut as many as you will need to cover the two circles on the edge and ornament it at the centre. For the stems, roll between the fingers small bits of putty, and place them upon the stand to imitate creeping branches and stems. Make a few spiral coils out of very small rolls, to represent tendrils, and put them here and there among the vines. Roll up some like bread-pills, and put thread, copper or iron wire into them, coating it slightly with the putty. Bend and curve the leaves into natural shapes, pinching them up with the fingers, and lay them along the stems, pressing them together. While rolling the putty, cover the roller and hands with whiting, colored with red ochre, else it will stick badly. When the stand is arranged to your mind, set it away to harden where it will not be touched. When perfectly dry, it can be varnished with colorless varnish. A three-cornered piece of board, like a triangle, can be fitted into the corner of a room by nailing cleats to two of the sides, and fastening it with screws to the lathing underneath the plastering. Upon the longest side or outer edge nail a strip of hoop, and ornament with leaves and flowers of red putty. Morning Glories can be easily imitated, and any single flower, putting in stamens of bits of putty rolled very small. Upon this shelf can sit a pot of ivy or a vase filled with its branches.—*N. Y. Independent.*

HOME-MADE TROUBLES.

BY DELL DENNIS.

"Home-made troubles, like all other home-made things, generally last a long time," says Spurgeon. The afflictions that God sends upon us he will give us grace to endure; but how shall we escape those

that we make for ourselves. The anxieties we weave out of our own sad fancies, are often more lasting and vexatious than the real trials of life.

Some people spend a large share of their time in manufacturing trouble for themselves and their friends, and exhibiting them free of charge. They always have a choice assortment on hand. Sometimes it is the dread of poverty that oppresses them; to be sure, they have enough for to-day; but then they are certain of coming to want on the morrow. Sometimes it is fear of sickness; they are sure they will fall a victim to this or that disease prevalent in the neighborhood. Sometimes it is only a general foreboding of future calamity; they may be having a very comfortable time of it at present, but what reason have they to expect a continuance of these mercies?

"I don't see how I can ever get through life," said a desponding woman to an aged missionary. "Did you ever hear of any one getting stuck?" was the prompt and cheerful reply.

We have known young Christians to be deeply distressed about their spiritual condition, because they could not experience a feeling of triumphant joy at the thought of being subjected to the torture of the rack or the stake. They read of martyrs singing with exultation in the midst of their dying agonies, and feel that they could not thus endure to the end. They forget that the promise is "As thy days so shall thy strength be;" not as the days of Paul, or Luther, or anybody else, but simply "as thy days." Strength was given to tender young girls in the times of persecution, to bear all manner of torments, the contemplation of which now makes our blood freeze in our veins. Will you therefore who live in a Christian land, and can worship God without fear of molestation, vex and trouble yourselves because you shrink from the thought of martyrdom?

Do not pray for strength to bear the tortures of the Inquisition, when what you need may be strength to unconcealably darn the family hose. Do not ask for courage to stand up boldly for the Lord in the midst of an angry crowd of menacing persecutors, when you may only need courage to bear the polite sneers of your acquaintance.

We all find difficulties enough in the Christian life without making any for ourselves. There is real trouble enough without fretting over fancied griefs. "Take no thought for the morrow," "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," are the words of divine wisdom. Those who make their own troubles, not only prolong their period of sorrow over actual calamities, but suffer in anticipation ten thousand ills that never become realities. An ancient

philosopher has truly said: "Cowards die a hundred times, the valiant die but once."

This habit of embittering the present, and filling the future with the grim spectres of melancholy and despair, is as sinful as it is unfortunate. It implies a want of trust in Him who always tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and will with every temptation provide also a way of escape.

Let those of us who are addicted to this habit, see to it that we do not sadden our lives, and rob them of half their sweetness by home-made troubles.

HOME-MADE GAMES.

Boys do not like fun ready-made; they like to manufacture it.

I visited a family who were supplied with boards and nails, saw and hatchet. It was astonishing to see how little it took to make them contented—and not only they, but the playmates who invariably flocked there. Some mothers would prefer less attractions. They would assume the risk of their children being injured morally, by playing elsewhere, rather than have the noise, and "things at loose ends."

In the yard where these boys lived, there was a large tree. From one of the limbs they suspended a ball (an old croquet-ball) by a small rope. They made a platform about two yards square, and with black paint marked spots to place the pins. The ten wooden pins were about a foot in length. A space was left (a foot) on each side of the platform. Four dots on the back, three in front of them (in front of the spaces), then two, then one.

The ball must be hung just low enough to hit the pins. Stand as far back from the platform as the rope will allow, then drop the ball and knock down the pins. Each one can try three times. The boys made a black-board, crossed and re-crossed it with white paint, and nailed it to the tree "to keep tally." I noticed a block of wood, with a piece of sheep-skin (fleece on) nailed on, hanging near the black-board to erase chalk marks. The idea was not original, perhaps, but as it was the only home-made game of the kind I had ever seen, I thought it might be new to many of your readers.

Besides the "ten-pin" game, these boys had two swings, one above the other. I call them swings, although there was very old-fashioned swinging done by the boys. The ropes were large, with an iron rod fastened securely across the bottom. They made a large bag, filled it with straw, and kept it under the swing, "in case they did what they did not intend to."

At first I held my breath in suspense when I saw them perform their various antics, but I soon began to enjoy it, as they invariably came "right side up."

There was a nice tent in the yard. It was *the* place for the family to gather after-noon. The tent did not cost thirty dollars (more or less), perhaps not three; and yet it was commodious and tasteful.

The boys bought (boys should be allowed a little "pin money," not *too much*) some coarse cotton, cut and made it, and put it up—a surprise to their parents. How those boys managed to sew the seams, I don't know. *I do* know they did not rip.

They could take the tent down, and put it up again with ease at a minute's notice—a feat they exhibited with pride. An old lounge and rocking-chair furnished the tent. Those were for father and mother, and friends. The ground suited the boys best.

They considered their tent a success, indeed, when "Uncle John" came from Florida to visit them. For they often found him sitting in the tent—the *act* telling his appreciation.

There was a croquet-set in the garden; *that* was not home-made. Every family should own one, however.

I wondered then and now why every family did not have more games upon their own premises. Some parents do not encourage them; I fear *that* solves the mystery.

It was not "all play" with those boys, neither did the parents mean it should be "all work."

They had their regular work out of school. They brought in wood, worked in the garden, watered and fed the horse and cow, and fed and watered the hens, too. They owned the hens; they bought grain for them, and had all they could make (one way to get "pin-money") from eggs. They worked as they played—with a will. Healthier, happier boys, I never saw.

How they seemed to enjoy my visit. *They* did not know the reason, but *I* did. The reason was this: they tried to make me happy. In fact, they always had in mind with everybody—at least, it seemed so to me.—*Select-ed.*

PARLOR GARDENING.

A hanging-basket or stand of plants has come to be an important matter of parlor furnishing. It is cheering to see how within the past few years the love of these simple natural decorations has increased, and to witness how they transform an otherwise sombre and formal apartment into a pleasant, home-like place.

In October preparations for parlor gardening should be completed. Plants will suffer after the weather becomes wintry by transportation in the open air; and it is better, also, that they should become accustomed to the air of the room which is to be their home while more fresh air can be

admitted during the day than is practicable later in the season. English ivies destined for the parlor should be taken in before fires are made in the house. If, however, they have been neglected, they should be put in a cold room, out of the way of the direct rays of the sun, and the temperature gradually raised; or else they will shed their leaves, and you will have sorry-looking stems to reproach you for your carelessness. Slips of ivy will grow to considerable length in water. A very pretty way to grow them is to put them in bottles (with a bit of charcoal at the bottom); tie the bottles behind a picture or a bracket, and let the sprays of fresh green ivy alone be seen. If you have a large fernery, that is a good place to start small cuttings. The German ivy (which, by the way, is not really an ivy at all) must have the sunshine, or it will not do well.

For hanging-baskets, even for the parlor window, deny yourself the handsome enamelled ones. No jar that is not porous is good for plants. The common red earthen crocks are the best of all. They can be obtained of very pretty form; and it will not be long before the drooping vines will hide entirely the objectionable material. Wire baskets, lined with moss, will do better for a conservatory than for a parlor; because, as they must be well soaked two or three times a week, they are almost perpetually dripping.

If you have your basket filled at a greenhouse, you will do well to let it remain there till the plants are established, and be very careful not to let it get chilled in removing it. The air of a furnace-heated room is barely endurable for plants in vigorous growth, and will most certainly prove fatal to cuttings or to anything newly transplanted. If, as I will suppose, you choose to stock your basket at home, in the first place put in a handful of broken pieces of crocks for drainage. Then put in a little prepared soil (which should be of one-third sand and two-thirds rich garden soil), and next arrange the plants. There should be some showy plant of upright habit for the centre; say a begonia, or a bright-flowering geranium. Around this dispose your creeping plants, of which there are such a variety and they are so well known that I hardly need mention any. The lobelia, nasturtium, lycopodiums, saxifrage, tradiscantia, oxalis, and even the common moneywort and periwinkle will do well in these baskets, if faithfully cared for. If the basket is to hang in a northern or eastern window, the lycopodiums, periwinkle, and moneywort will thrive better than most other plants, because requiring less sunlight.

Having filled your basket, put it in a moderately cool room, where the sun will not shine upon it, but where it will have plenty of light, for three or four

weeks: in which time such of your plants as do well will have begun to grow, and you will have been able to replace any which may have died.

The wire-stands which are now to be found at any house-furnishing store are a charming invention for the parlor garden. The old wooden ones, with shelves, were clumsy and ugly, and took up more space than could be spared in a medium-sized room. These wire-stands are light and graceful and every way desirable. In selecting plants to fill them unless you are supplied weekly with those in bloom from the green house, as is the practice now with those who can afford it, do not be too ambitious. A healthy geranium of the most ordinary kind looks better than a sickly camelia. Do not experiment with those which are catalogued as greenhouse plants. They will not dwell except in the moist air of a greenhouse and you will have spent your money and time in vain. Monthly tearoses, and fuchsias, sweetscented and flowering geraniums, carnation pinks, English violets and mignonette, and many others of which any gardener will tell you, will do well. If you place an ivy among them, it will add much to the beauty of your flower-stand by being trained so as to conceal the flower-jars.

The culture of bulbs, is now so generally understood that I hardly need give minute directions for it. Select single flowering hyacinths for blooming in water; keep them in the dark till the roots are an inch or two long, and then give them abundant sunlight, and keep the roots *clean* by changing the water as soon as it becomes foul. Never put in colder water than that which you pour out of the bulb-glass. The roots of plants are as much chilled by very cold water as a person's feet would be if it was poured upon them.—*Independent*.

FINISH YOUR WORK.

"Dissatisfied" would have expressed Sophie's state of mind as she laid down the seventh piece of work she had taken in hand that short November day.

"It is of no use, auntie; I have so much to do I can really do nothing. I get discouraged, and then I cannot half work. How I wish I could put all this tiresome sewing out!"

"I can tell you how to get your courage back," said placid Aunt Lydia, as she stitched away at the baby's dress. "Sit down and *finish* some one thing. Take the article nearest done and stick to it. You will gather new courage when you see a garment fairly finished and folded up, ready to be laid in the drawer for use when wanted. There is nothing like finishing work to encourage us to undertake a new

piece. Nothing more disheartening than to have half a dozen sorts lying around for weeks. Keep at it resolutely, Sophie, no matter how strong inclination sets the other way.

'You will conquer, never fear,
If you only persevere.'

Sophie received the suggestion very well, and set to work to finish her new striped calico dress, as that was what she needed most. She sewed in the sleeves, and set on the buttons, and changed work with auntie, while she worked the button-holes. All was finished except the pocket, and then Sophie declared herself too tired to sew any longer that day:

"I can put the pocket in at any time, auntie. It would not take ten minutes."

"That is one very good reason for finishing it off now. Ten minutes longer work will not make much difference with you, but it will be a great satisfaction to know that the dress is fairly finished."

Good counsel prevailed, and Sophie ran up stairs for the material to make the pocket of, and when it was completed she shook out the folds with a look of real pleasure, such as her face had not worn for many a day. She learned a good lesson, too, that many young girls could profit by.—*Selected.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil till tender three plump young chickens, take off the skin and remove the flesh from the bones. When this is cold, cut it with a sharp knife into half inch pieces, (do not hash it) and scatter over it a teaspoonful of salt. Then take the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, and with a wooden salad-spoon rub them into a creamy paste, with six tablespoonfuls of sweet olive oil, six of sharp vinegar, one of made mustard, one of salt, one of pepper, and quarter of fine Cayenne; add to this the yolks of three raw eggs, well beaten, and cover all close till needed. Cut your celery in pieces the size of your chicken, mix it with the chicken in a large bowl, and only mix with the dressing just before sending to table. Ornament with green sprigs of celery, and whites of eggs cut in rings.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Take half a pound of grated bread crumbs; six large tart apples, chopped fine, four ounces of brown sugar, four of Zante currants, well cleaned and picked; and mix altogether with half a cup of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three eggs beaten very light, a coffee-cup of cream, or good rich milk, and a whole nutmeg grated. Boil two hours; eat with rich liquid sauce.

RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Mix thoroughly half a pound of flour with half a pound of grated bread-crumbs, one pound of raisins stoned, one of currants, one of fine mixed suet, half a pound of mixed candied peel, one nutmeg, half an ounce of mixed spice, the grated rinds of two, and the juice of one lemon. Blend the whole with eight eggs and two glasses of melted raspberry jelly, and some pounded Jordan almonds. Boil five hours and serve with a very rich sauce and with almond spikes covering the top of the pudding.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—This dish is an great favorite at breakfast. Peel, cut up, and fry in butter, with a little salt and pepper, a fresh onion; when lightly browned, throw in cold, boiled potatoes, also cut up, and let them cook through, browning slightly on the under side. Serve hot.

BETS.—Small beets are much better than large ones. Wash very thoroughly in cool water. Be careful and not break the skin on them, and on no account cut off any of the fine roots; for so surely as you do, so surely will your beets be tasteless and colorless. Put them over to boil in a kettle of cold water. When partly done, throw in some salt. When tender, take them out into a dish of cold water, which cools them so you can handle them; now rub off the skins and slice them in thin slices—put into a bowl—sprinkle them with pepper, and pour over them some hot vinegar in which you have melted a piece of salt butter. To be eaten while warm.

AN ITALIAN CREAM.—A beautiful and elegant cream may be prepared at the small cost of one quart of milk, six eggs, with a little flavoring and sugar. Besides these ingredients there are required a shallow stew-pan and skimming spoon (or, in default of such an article, a fish-slicer will serve if thoroughly clean), two bowls and a fork. Set a quart of milk, sweetened with white sugar, on the fire in the stew-pan to boil; in the meantime break the whites of six eggs into one bowl and the yolks into the other. Beat up the whites to a high froth, and as soon as the milk boils take with the skimming spoon large flakes, whip and lay them lightly on the boiling milk. After letting them boil for a few minutes repeat the operation with the remainder of the whites until all has been set, and pile it high in the centre of a glass dish. Make a custard with the yolks of the eggs and the milk, flavoring it with lemon or vanilla, and pour it round the snowy pyramid. It will maintain its place well many hours, and may be still further embellished according to taste by tipping some of the top flakes with the least possible quantity of cochineal essence.

NEW YEAR'S CAKE.—Three and a quarter pounds of flour, one of butter, and a half of sugar, one pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar, one teaspoon of soda, caraway seeds. Cut in squares or ovals, and stamp.

CHRISTMAS CAKES FOR GOOD CHILDREN.—Three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of ground rice, put into three cups of flour, a small cup of sweet milk, a heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half of soda, a pinch of salt, and a few Zante currants. Roll out in powdered sugar.

TO CLEAN GILT FRAMES.—Half a pint of vinegar, a large painter's brush, small sponge; mix the vinegar with a quart of cold water, dip your sponge (which should be one never used for any other purpose) into the water and vinegar, squeeze it as dry as possible, then dip your brush into the mixture, and apply it to a bit of the frame, as if painting it. Immediately follow the brush with the sponge, absorbing and drying the part washed. Continue until the whole frame is done, constantly washing your brush in cold water after using it. Well wash the sponge and brush in cold water, and put them away in a clean place until wanted again.

TO PRESERVE OIL-CLOTHS.—While on the subject of floors, I will give an idea for keeping oil cloths fresh and nice. I know of one that lasted ten years on a hall where

there was a great deal of wear all the time, and it was not one of the very best cloths either.

It was an American cloth, and we all know that the English cloths are far superior to any others. About once in three months it was rubbed with a preparation of beeswax and turpentine. First wash and allow time to dry; then take the beeswax and turpentine, well mixed together, and rub on with a woollen cloth; then rub over it again with another woollen cloth, and lastly, polish with a clean cotton cloth. It requires considerable hard rubbing, but well repays for the work. It is like a varnish, and forms a coating which preserves the cloth.

It is rather slippery at first, and care must be taken in walking on it not to fall. The night before you wish to use it, put your beeswax (cut up in small pieces) into a bowl, and pour the turpentine over it; in the morning stir it up, and if too thick, add more turpentine; have it like a thick paste; rub on but a little at a time. Some people use milk to wash oil-cloth with, but I prefer the beeswax and turpentine, because in many cases the milk makes the colors dull and gives a greasy appearance.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 7.

White.

Black.

1. Kt. to Q. B. 6th. 1. K. moves.
2. Q. to K. B. 3rd. Mate.

Notices.

**H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
AND H. I. H. PRINCESS MARIE
ALEXANDROVNA,**

H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, known previous to 1866 as Prince Alfred, was born in 1844, and after receiving his education took service in His Royal Mother's navy as a midshipman. In this capacity he has made one or two voyages round the world, sharing the dangers of the deep with his messmates and crew, among whom he has always been very popular, as indeed he is with the British people generally, who have such a peculiar fondness for sailors.

The Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna

is the only daughter of Alexander II., Czar of all the Russias. She is a year or two older than the Duke of Edinburgh, and is a very handsome and highly accomplished young lady, possessing a sound education and much good practical sense.

The nuptial ceremonies of the above high-born pair take place at St. Petersburg in January next. They will be married according to the rites of the Greek Church, and again by the Archbishop of Canterbury according to the Church of England. Issue of the marriage are to be brought up in the latter communion. They will spend the honeymoon at Tzarskoe-Selo, a grand palace of the Czars. May they have a prosperous matrimonial voyage.