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JUNE, 1871.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

January, 1871.

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Come, oh, Come, my Brother.
Lady Moon.
More like Jesus.
Mother, Watch the Little Feet.
No Crown without the Cross.
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The Whip-Poor-Will's Song.
Welcome, Sweet Spring.
Who can Tell?

THE LATE DEAN ALFORD.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1871.

THE CHALLONERS:

THE LAST LEAVES OF A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND.

PART FIRST.

THE SOWING OF THE SEED.

CHAPTER I.

The rain was falling; not steadily, or in earnest, or as if it meant it, but in a lazy, uncomfortable drizzle—a cheerless, depressing damp, which turned the dust into dark paste upon the pavement, and caused the soot from the tall chimneys to fall in a black shower upon the passers by.

It was the end of the working day, and the factories were giving up their noisy throngs, each and all glad of the night's rest before them and to be once more released from their labors. Most of them left the yards in groups, composed either of families or of parties of friends, and anyone passing the gates of "Barton Brothers, would have noticed, as an exception to the rule, the one figure who came out unattended and walked away with quick step alone.

It is a girl of some nineteen or twenty years. Her dress, though neat, is common and poor; but the grey plaid shawl thrown over her hair is no unbecoming head-dress. Most things indeed would look well on the graceful figure, and round the fair young face; a face in which you cannot at first tell where the charm lies (for the features are far from perfect,) until you discover it in the winning sweetness of the mouth, and the expression of the soft brown eyes; eyes where an almost childish simplicity and innocence are blended with passion and depth of feeling; eyes in which you can read, through the gentleness and timidity, the woman's heart below.

She comes alone through the wide gates, drawing her shawl closer round her as she feels the wind; exchanging a passing greeting here and there, but showing by her unslackened pace that she has no wish for a companion. Her associates return her salutation, some with a stifled laugh, some with a shrug, but none offer to accompany her, and she sets out, unattended, on her homeward way.

The girl did not appear to heed the driving wind or the cold mist as she threaded the crowd which now poured through the streets. Passing for some distance along the broad thoroughfare, she came at last to a narrow, crooked, side street, down which, after a hasty glance over her shoulder, as though to see whether any one she knew were in sight, she hurried with a rapid step.

The sight of a man's figure, standing in a recess for shelter, brought a start of recognition, and a still brighter flush into the rosy cheek; but the meeting was evidently expected, for the girl smiled and held out her hand, and seemed to consider it as a matter of course when the stranger took his place by her side, and held over her head the umbrella he had himself been using as a protection from the rain.

"Are you later than usual to-day, Elsie? or is it my impatience to see you that has made the time seem so long?"

"I don't think it is later than common, but I thought the clock was never going to strike. I was tired, and I wanted the work to be over."

"My darling, I wish you had it not to do; I cannot bear that you should have to work so hard."

"It can't be helped," returned the girl. "I am not strong enough for it, I know, but I can earn more by factory work than anything else, and now when Teddy is ill and my mother obliged to stay at home on his account, we want all that we can get; and, after all, everyone has to work, and these walks home from the mill are reward enough for all I do there."

"Do you think your parents could be induced to accept any help from me?"

Elsie started. "Oh no! never, unless—except—" she stopped a moment, and then added earnestly, and yet as if she were almost afraid to speak the words. "Oh, Mr. Challoner! I wish they knew!"

The young man's brow contracted slightly. "Elsie, if I could let you tell them, do you think I would deny you what you wish? I can depend on your discretion, but not theirs, and a sudden disclosure might ruin both my prospects and yours. Besides, dearest, am not I, and my love, enough to make you happy?"

The last words were spoken very tenderly, and the girl's face lost all sadness as she looked into his, and answered with a smile, "Enough! more than enough. I sometimes wonder why I was given such happiness. But after all it is not much wonder that the concealment comes hard. I never had a secret in my life."

"I hope, my darling, you will not have to keep this one long."

"I do not think it will be possible," said Elsie. "The girls at the mill already suspect, for I see them making signs and laughing when I take this road, and no one ever offers to come with me; and when Teddy gets well, and mother can come to work again, our walks will be at an end at any rate."

"Well, before that time comes, something may happen to render further concealment needless. We never can tell what may come; I always hope for the best."

In this sentence a keen observer might have found the key to the young man's character, even without the clue afforded by his personal appearance. The fair complexion, the light hair and moustache, the grey eyes, whose expression was decidedly more pleasing than intellectual, the full-curved lips, and somewhat retreating lines of the chin; all showed Allan Challoner to be one of amiable disposition, but without much force of mind. Looked at separately, the component parts of his face were so far from being models, that the wonder was that the whole conveyed so agreeable an impression as it undoubtedly did. He looked about three-and-twenty, but was in reality two or three years older, the extreme fairness of his hair and complexion taking from his apparent age.

Elsie remained silent for some moments after his last words, and when she spoke again it was on a different subject. They pursued together a somewhat devious route through streets now fast thinning, for the weather was not such as to tempt anyone without a strong motive to remain abroad. Though most likely not of much general interest, their conversation engrossed their own attention, and it was only the sudden striking of a church clock close by that reminded them how the time had passed, and of the lateness of the hour.

"Oh dear!" said Elsie, with a start, "I did not know it was so late. They will think I am never coming. I must go."

"And I shall be scolded too," said Allan, "for I shall be late for dinner at home. You don't think that a great crime, eh, little one? You do not know my father, Elsie; I stand as much in awe of him as you can do of yours."

So they separated, with a shake of the hand, and a yearning look that seemed to say they would have liked a fonder parting, and went their different ways—Elsie pursuing her course with hastened step, and Allan returning to the nearest spot where a carriage was procurable to take him home. And neither was aware of the figure that had stealthily followed and watched them during the first part of their walk, and was now half an hour in advance of Allan, on the road to the same destination as himself.

It was a poor dwelling of which Elsie

opened the door, and entered without knock or warning. A fire burned on the hearth, on each side of which sat a coarse-featured man of middle age, and a sickly-looking boy of fourteen. The wife and mother was busied in preparing the table for the evening meal; a handsome woman, very different from her husband, there was a refinement in her manner and a grace and gentleness in her movements, which was, however, contradicted by the fierce spirit in her eyes. It had not always shone there. Two-and-twenty years ago Rachel Penford, a dress-maker's assistant, had been the counterpart of what her daughter was now; but in an evil hour she had married John Ford the mason, believing that under the rough exterior there beat a heart which would always be warm and kind for her. Like so many of her sex, she found she had made a mistake. A few years of kindness, a large number of indifference and neglect, and then harsh treatment and ill-usage were Rachel Ford's story. A woman of her husband's own stamp would have sunk even below his level; Rachel did not. They had fierce quarrels sometimes, and her naturally high temper acquired force and violence as the years went on; but she never lost her refinement of mind. Perhaps, in her love for her daughter was the main-spring of her character. She saw in Elsie what she had once been, and trembled to think that as she was now, so her daughter might one day be. The woman's whole nature was expended in a passionate attachment to her child, and her heart went out in a great craving to save the innocent young life, by any means, from such a fate as had overtaken her own.

"What makes you so late, Alice?" growled her father as she entered. "Haven't I often told you to come straight home?"

"Are you wet, my child?" was the mother's greeting, as she passed her hand over Elsie's shoulders. "Thou must not take cold."

"The streets were slippery, father, and I was tired and could not walk fast. No, mother dear, I'm not wet," said Elsie answering both parents at once.

"And how is it thou'rt not wet when thou'st been i' the rain?" asked the mason. "Where hast been?"

"Nowhere but in the street, father."

"That's a lie," said the man, coarsely. The girl burst into tears.

"Now I tell you what it is, John Ford," interposed his wife, "you let the girl alone. Isn't it enough that you make her work beyond the strength God has given her in that factory, without abusing her when she comes home tired and ill? Hush, my child; never mind him, and don't cry."

"She has strength enough to go gadding about the streets for two hours after work-time, and I'll not have it. If you can't look out for your own character, my wench, I'll do it for you. You'll find me at Barton's gates to-morrow; it's the last day you'll come home alone."

The scarlet flush that spread over Elsie's face and neck could not escape observation. "Do you think the blood comes up that way for nothing?" said Ford to his wife with a sneer. "He's a lucky man that's got a pretty daughter, say I.

"It's fever, that's what it is," returned Rachel, fiercely. "The girl's as ill as she can be. I tell you John Ford, if you must have the money, I'll work for it or beg for it myself, but I'll not have my child slaved to death before my eyes. You may say and do what you like, but Alice shall go to that mill no more."

Such was Elsie's welcome home.

Chapter II.

Beyond the smoke of the factory chimneys, four miles from the town, "caged in old woods," moss and ivy-grown, and stained with the storms of four hundred years, lay Donningdean—the home of the Challoners.

Either by persuasion, or more probably by the powerful inducement of a double fare, Allan had been enabled to reach it five minutes before the ringing of that bell, disregard of which was high treason in old Mr. Challoner's estimation. After a toilet hurried through as he best could, he entered the drawing-room, and found to his great relief that his father had not yet come down.

The only occupant of the room was a woman,—girl you could not call her, though, among the many rings that shone on her white hands, the plain gold was wanting that would have marked her as a matron. She had passed her first youth, having evidently seen some eight or nine and twenty summers; but though no longer very young or very handsome—that Charlotte Challoner had never been—it was a face that no one could have passed without remark.

You would have known at once that she and Allan are brother and sister, for in feature there is a strong resemblance. There the likeness ends; for while the face of one denotes irresolute amiability, the other in every feature, in every curve and line, shows stern determination and indomitable will. Even the smoothly-braided hair, where no curl or ripple breaks bounds, and the firm grasp with which the slender fingers hold the fire-screen before her face, tell the same tale. As she gazes in the fire, is there, or do you fancy it, an expression of pain and sorrow in her face? If so, you feel that it is a sorrow to be borne alone—that the sufferer is one who will never ask for sympathy, who will never utter murmur or complaint.

She looked up for a moment as her brother entered, but did not speak, and immediately resumed her gaze at the fire.

"How hot you have this room, Charlotte! Is that a fire for April? The place is like a factory furnace!"

Miss Challoner's face darkened; but her father's hasty entrance prevented the necessity of a reply. He came in glancing at the clock, which showed that he was a minute and a half behind the dinner-hour.

"You are punctual, Allan. I am rather late. I mislaid my—Come, Charlotte," as dinner was announced, and, giving his arm to his daughter, he led the way to the dining-room. Either his son's preciseness or his consciousness of his own delinquency had put the old man in a better humor than usual, and he and Allan sustained during dinner an animated conversation; but on Miss Challoner's part the meal passed almost in silence.

As Allan was enjoying his evening cigar, sauntering up and down the garden path before the greenhouse door, he was startled by the sudden appearance of his sister beside him. She had a large white shawl wrapped round her over her light dress, and with her uncovered head and bare arms, looked almost ghostly in the light of the young moon and the few stars that appeared through the rifted clouds, for the rain had ceased.

"Papa is asleep," she said, "and I wish to speak to you, Allan."

"Speak away; I'm listening," was the careless reply.

"I want you to tell me how you employed yourself this afternoon?"

"I was in Stormington," said Allan, shortly.

"I know that. I want to know what you did there?"

"You are very curious. If you must know, I took lunch at Charlton's rooms, and played a game of billiards afterwards with him and Moore."

"And that was all?"

"Upon my word, you tax my memory rather severely! How can I account for every moment of my time?"

"I can account for some of it for you," said his sister slowly and coldly. "For the last hour of your stay in Stormington, you were walking with Alice Ford."

There was a moment's pause.

"Really," said the young man at last, "I am infinitely obliged for your interest in my affairs. Will you allow me to ask you to attend in future to your own?"

"The honor of our family is my affair. I wish you considered it as much yours."

"May I enquire if the family honor consists with the employment of spies?"

"It is of no use, Allan, your being either angry or sarcastic. I suspected that you entertained a foolish fancy for this girl when she was employed here; but I hoped that when she was dismissed you would forget it. I find it is not so; but you must break off all connection with her now."

"Not at your command, my imperious sister."

"It is not my command," said Miss Challoner, in the same cold, calm manner in which she had spoken from the beginning. Some people commended Charlotte Challoner's command of temper; but there

were others who averred that it was more hard to bear than any passion into which she could have flown. "It is not my command. It is simply the necessity of the case."

"It is simply an impossibility, then; for I have promised to marry Alice Ford, and I am a Challoner, and keep my word."

"I expected nothing less. I believe there is no act of folly you would not commit; but this, at any rate, you shall not do."

"How will you prevent it?"

"How long do you suppose you will be the heir of Donningdean when my father discovers the disgrace you intend bringing on our name?"

"He won't thwart me. I am his only son, and Alice is worthy of any lot. I have intended to tell him for some time; and if, as I suppose you mean, you tell him now, you will only hasten the end a little."

Allan spoke bravely, but at heart he felt a cold fear. His sister, in spite of her assured words, was by no means certain that the old man would discard his son for his marriage, however low. Allan's candor made a change of plan needful.

"I suppose you think," she said in a softer tone, "that because our father permitted Anne's marriage he will also allow yours. But do you not see the difference? You, the representative of the family, the only one who can transmit the name. Does not the very fact that one of us has already made a misalliance render it the more needful that the rest should act otherwise? Oh! Allan, have you no regard for what we have been, and should still be?"

"Yes; but I have a greater regard for Alice and my own word."

"Allan, four years ago I gave up my own love. I refused one to whom I had given all my heart, because I thought it a marriage unworthy of a Challoner. Can you give me no credit for the sacrifice? Will you not do the same?"

"I don't see that you deserve much credit. You broke the heart of a man who loved you far better than you deserved. If you could so treat him—and you only gave up one thing you liked for another you liked better—if you thought it right, well and good, only don't expect me to follow your example in conduct which I entirely disapprove."

"Our father will never forgive you, Allan."

"Yes, he will; perhaps not at first, but I can wait. Don't think me harsh, Charlotte. I would please you if I could; but you see we are so different. You put pride before everything else, and I put happiness a long way before pride."

"You are determined, then?" in a low, strange tone.

"Quite determined. I love Alice. I have promised to marry her, and my father will forgive me in the end, if not now."

Charlotte thought so, too, and saw that she must play her last card. There are moments in our lives when every other feeling gives way to one master passion—when to gain our end we are willing to risk or sacrifice all, and are willing to take the consequences. So it was now with Charlotte Challoner. It may seem to some an insufficient cause; but with her the pride of family and the love of wealth and distinction was the absorbing idea of her soul. To it she had sacrificed her happiness, and with it every soft and womanly feeling, and she resolved that another should not defeat the purpose for which she had given up so much, and yet enjoy what she must never hope for now. Like most proud natures, she could feel bitter resentment, and many of her brother's words had roused that feeling at present; but she kept it down, and though her eyes gleamed fiercely, and her lip trembled, she still spoke calmly enough.

"As you will, Allan; I have but one more argument to use, and if you resist that you must take your own course. Come with me for a moment to the library."

Wondering, he followed her; and she took from a locked desk a small folded paper, which she held carefully with both her hands.

"I would have spared you this, Allan, if I could. Had I any hope that you would listen to reason, I should not do this. As it is, I have no choice. You say that our father would forgive your marriage with a factory girl; I do not know; it seems to me there is no regard left for our old dignity but in me, and he might be as weak as he

was with Anne five years ago. Not so I. I have vowed that you shall not so disgrace us, or that if you do, you shall suffer like the rest. Refuse what I demand, marry Alice Ford, now or at any other time, and I place that paper in my father's hands."

She unfolded and held it towards him. The young man looked it over, at first carelessly, then with breathless eagerness. As he came to the end he turned deathly white and sunk trembling on the nearest chair.

"That would make a difference, you think? He might forgive his son's marriage, though a low one; but he would hardly acknowledge yours."

She spoke bitterly, and Allan covered his face. "What does it mean, Charlotte?" he asked at last in a faint tone.

"Have you not read it! What can it mean, except what is there stated in plain words? That you are no Challoner, but the child of the nurse, substituted in infancy for my mother's child who died."

The young man sat silent, as if stunned by the suddenness of the blow. "How did you come to know this? Why have you concealed it till now?"

"I never intended to reveal it; never should have revealed it for a less all-important cause. I came to the knowledge four years ago. When the woman who had practised the shameful imposture was dying, she sent for me, and confessed to me the whole."

"Tell me all," said Allan hoarsely; "and remember you are speaking of my mother."

"To what purpose should I go over the shameful story? She was my nurse and your mother; she could not acknowledge her child and keep her place; but circumstances favored her. You have heard what our—my mother's health was after, not your birth, but that of the child you represent; you have heard how she and my father went abroad, leaving their children to a friend's care. Friends are careless; no watch was kept over the nurses; the infant sickened and died; you were substituted; and when months afterward my father and mother returned, who could disclose the imposture? No one; and the truth was never known until a death-bed repentance brought it to light.

"And are you content now? Are you happy that you drive me, a homeless, nameless wanderer, from the inheritance I have believed my own!"

"Allan, all you have ever had is yours still."

"What do you mean? Have you not just told me I am nothing I have ever believed myself to be? that instead of being a Challoner, heir to a noble name, I am a servant's base-born child?"

Charlotte set her teeth and frowned. "Allan, have you forgotten that I have had that paper for four years? That at any moment I might have disclosed its contents? I have not done so. The woman is dead; the clergyman who heard and signed her confession is dead; no one knows the secret but us two; and no one living need ever know it, unless you choose that it shall be so."

"Charlotte, what do you mean?"

"We have been brought up together, and I love you, Allan; that is one reason; but a stronger one is this. I would die a thousand deaths sooner than have a slur upon our name. Think what a story like this would be to tell."

"Would you rather, then, that I, that a false heir should inherit name and lands?" He might well ask; but his own agitation was such that he did not notice her confusion. "Even if I could consent to play the hypocrite, to continue the deceit, would you be satisfied?"

"You do not mean that you will not consent?" she asked hastily.

"Consent to a life of deceit and meanness without parallel? Never. Better any poverty—any degradation."

Charlotte bit her lip. "Allan, think of all you would give up: wealth, name, home, friends, family—all these are your's now; can you conceive what it would be to go forth into the world without them?"

Allan hesitated; the weakness of his nature showed itself; the first burst of manly candor and enthusiasm over, his mind accustomed to the blow, Miss Challoner's words had force. He did not perceive the difference in her tone, that she had changed from threats almost to plead-

ing; his mind was filled with considerations of his own. Charlotte saw her advantage and hastened to follow it up.

"Think well, Allan, before you act. You may of course tell my father all, disclose to him a secret which will bring shame and sorrow on him, and ruin on yourself; or you may retain all you now possess, you may enjoy name, inheritance, all—and I will never allude again to this night's conversation. Consider well before you decide."

Again there was a strange fluttering in her tone, and she hardly breathed as she waited for the young man's answer. That answer should have come at once you think? He should have rejected the temptation, scorned to act the false part, and braved the consequences with the courage of a man? No doubt; but consider how great the temptation was, how weak he was to resist it, and you will scarcely wonder at, though you may despise him for the reply.

"And the conditions of your silence? I am to give up Alice?"

"That of course. That is the whole point in dispute."

"But why are you so eager? Do you consider that all *I* gain *you* lose?"

"I have told you that far before all other considerations with me, comes the preservation of the family honor and name."

Allan buried his face in his hands, and was silent. The struggle was long, but the bribe was too great to be resisted. When he at last looked up his face was very white.

"Charlotte," he said, "you are the tempter in woman's form. What your object may be I do not know; that you have some to which you do not confess I am sure; but it is nothing to me. You ask me to break my plighted word to the girl I love, and whose heart I have won; you ask me to bind myself to a life of everlasting deceit; to entail on myself my own contempt and yours; and for what? That a false heir may inherit your father's estates, and rob you and your sister of your rights! I should suspect the whole to be a fiction, but that I cannot conceive the possibility of your forging such a tale, and I know the signature of the excellent man who has witnessed to the truth of the confession. I suppose I must believe the story to be true. You have the power over me, and I yield. I despise myself, but I cannot brave the consequences of letting the truth be known."

Miss Challoner had winced under some of his words; but she now heaved a deep sigh of relief. Her end was gained.

"You accept the conditions then? I have your promise?"

"My promise never to marry Alice Ford. No more."

"I require no more. I will take care that you have nothing more to do with her?"

"And on your head be the blame of whatever evil may come."

"I am willing to bear it. I fear none."

"Will you put that paper in the fire?"

Charlotte shook her head. "Throw away my sword? No," she said.

"May we close this pleasant conversation for the present? I suppose if you keep that paper you intend resuming it at a future time; but is there anything more to be said now!"

Miss Challoner made no reply in words, but she closed the desk from which she had taken the paper, as she shook her head. She had not replaced the paper, but took it with her as she left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHAPTER FOR THE WOMEN OF THE DOMINION.

BY ANNIE P———.

Our American sisters, we believe, claim, and generally receive, the credit of inaugurating what is familiarly called the "Women's Rights" movement; and we Canadian women, though not quite so demonstrative, are, I think, at one with them, in so far as their efforts go to elevate and bless the race of womankind.

It is only in keeping with the progress of this nineteenth century, that so many fields of usefulness have opened up to women; and while we rejoice that this is so, and that many scores of them are living to bless the world, we confess that we are not yet reconciled to the idea of women pleading at the bar and being ordained to the charge of churches.

"Dr. Mary, &c. &c.," and "Revd. Emma, &c., &c.," grate harshly on our ear; but then we have been brought up in that quiet, old-fashioned creed which teaches that the true sphere of woman is the home; and while we have a rather doubtful sort of admiration for those of our sex who have overstepped the old limits and fearlessly walked in paths before unknown to female feet, we yet cling to the faith in which we were nursed.

In one particular, however, our opinion is fixed, though we are quiet about it as yet. We don't believe that women should be deprived the privilege of voting, simply of because they are women; and we do believe that when the franchise is extended to them, better men will sit in the council rooms and legislative halls of our land. We hope to see the day.

As we have hinted, we do not quite advocate "Women's Rights" in the popular acceptation of the term; but there are rights which all women possess, and which we think are generally accorded to them, and among these the sublime right to bring a good influence and a noble example to bear on society. This "Women's Right," who shall dispute?

Some one has said that the future of this Dominion will be greatly determined by the women of this generation. We believe the statement, because as are the mothers so will the children be. The old maxim of Plato is all truth, "Whatever is to be great or good in the State must first begin at the fireside."

We are all familiar with the enthusiastic prophecies so common in the mouths of after-dinner orators about the various resources of our country yet to be developed, as well as the prognostications of would-be statesmen as to its settlement and sure prosperity; but we ask the women of the Dominion, to whom is committed the sacred responsibility of training the future statesmen and rulers of this fair land, what is to be the future of our country? Are we striving to maintain our firesides in their purity, or are we fostering there the silent, insidious conventional sins of the day?

We live in a day of reform, and in one of the greatest of these reforms it is our high privilege, nay our bounden duty, to take hold and work.

We now speak of the Temperance Reform. Temperance organizations have but too tardily followed the license to sell, &c., into the remotest settlements of our land; but they have followed, and they are trying, 'mid difficulty and discouragement, to enlist all lovers of humanity under their banner.

Now, it is Woman's indisputed right to labor in every good cause; but if one cause more than any other has a claim on her sympathy and regard, surely that one is the Temperance cause.

Where are the women who have never felt a pang from the teeth of this hydra-headed monster? Ah! where is the female heart that has never bled from his wound? We rejoice that here and there through the land some few women have nobly come forward and enrolled their names with the band of total abstainers; but alas! too many

are quite uninterested and have no particular place or principle.

We claim that every true woman should belong to some Temperance organization, and with her sympathies and her influence, yes, even her name, help the movement forward in its blessed mission.

We are aware that we quite shock the delicate sensibilities of some of our sisters with this proposition, and from our hearts we pity them.

We pity the women in this age and land who have no interest in this matter. We pity the women who think "taking the pledge" is quite beneath them, and only necessary for drunkards—that ladies should have nothing to do with it. Ay, and we pity those women who in the face of facts which are only too glaring, are steadily and persistently helping to make drunkards.

What shall become of the women who to-day, in this age of enlightenment on the Temperance question, are found putting liquor to the lips of young men? Shame on the women who have not the womanliness and moral courage to banish this evil from their parties and entertainments!

What shall we say, with what voice and persuasive power can we speak to influence such?—for the field of their influence is large; they sow a bad seed and the harvest will be sure and rich for ruin.

There always will be two classes in society—those who adopt right principles from conscientious motives, and abide by them, fighting for them through all adverse influences, and those who, because of no decided principles or opinions of their own, follow in the lead of what is generally conceded to be *fashionable*—that is, the customs of those in a higher scale of society than they. Now, because of this well-understood fact, we claim, dear sisters in high places, that it is your prerogative to introduce for once a fashion which shall win enduring fame.

We call upon you, women in prominent positions in the society of our Dominion, because of the influence your positions give, because of the many who will follow what is called fashionable, because of the great responsibility thus devolving upon you: we call upon you to set a noble, bold, example in this matter of Temperance—nay, *total abstinence.* We pray you to open your eyes to the giant evil about you and be womanly enough, be brave enough, be Christian enough, to take the right stand for your country, and your country will have cause to be grateful to you in all its time to come.

Hear no longer the accursed conventionalities of society, which rule that wines and liquors are indispensable to the proper maintenance of your houses, and resolve, God helping you, that you will battle in your own circles, with the mighty weapons of influence and example, against this dread foe.

How many married men in this Dominion are "licensed to sell wine and spirituous liquors"? Not a city, town, or village—nay, the most sparsely populated district of our land, but is cursed with this "license to sell." Shame to such Government! Far greater would be the revenue if every drunkard were a sober citizen. Oh for the men and generation that will grapple with this evil, and purge our land from these licenses to deal out death—temporal and eternal! But here, women, wives, you have a work to do. Said a wife to us a few days since, "When my husband went into business he resolved to deal in liquor, and I resolved he should not; and night and day, with tears and prayers, I rested not till I had succeeded in persuading him." A wife's influence can thus do much. Oh wives, be not clothed and fed with the purchase of human misery! Be no longer ambitious of houses and lands at the expense of poor ruined souls. Be no longer forgetful of the "woe" of the Word of God pronounced against the man that "putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips."

And now, women, everywhere throughout the land, mothers, wives, and daughters, in all circles and in all employments, in your life and practice and influence we do beseech you serve your day and generation in a firm, strong, steadfast allegiance to the cause which, under God, will open up the way to the true prosperity of our land.

Every woman enlisted in the Temperance movement: this is what we want to see. God speed the day!

Then children, the hope of the country,

will be taught to shun the wine-cup and the wine-bibber; they will be taught the true value of money, that it is not to be procured at the price of human degradation and ruin, they will be taught to reverence the teachings of the Book of books, which are very explicit on this subject, and not to be mistaken, nor unheeded.

Looking at the state of society, at its manners and customs, at its prejudices deep rooted, at its depraved tastes and appetites; looking, as we cannot help, at the careless indifference to this subject of the rulers of our land, we might well be disposed to give up and deem it of little use to lift our feeble voice or pen, in hope of ever seeing any change for the better. But not so.

We have a blessed faith that truth and right shall prevail, and we have a firm conviction that the women of the Dominion in this day, have individually and collectively a high and holy duty to perform, and a deep and solemn responsibility to bear, that the youth of the land may be educated up to the proper temperance standard—that the insatiable appetite of the governments of our time, for the accursed license money, may die with them, and that this land shall one day proudly stand forth, freed from the curse of illgotten gain.

O women, shrink not from your duty. Adopt the principles of total abstinence, bind them on your hearts, be true to them in your homes and in society, and whether your circle of influence be extensive or confined, resolve in the fear of God to perform your part. Let no thinking, right-minded woman keep silent or indifferent on this matter, let none be heedless of the crying need of the day, but let us all with zeal and effort, feeble and great, with word and influence and example, exert ourselves in our might to work for the cause of Temperance.

Last but not least, dear sisters, in our weakness, we stand not unhelped. The mighty Helper of the helpless is on our side.

To Him let us bring our plea, unceasing, and fervent, that He may hasten the day when alcohol shall cease out of the land.

Dear sisters of this Dominion, to live and work, and pray for the furtherance of this righteous cause is our God-given right, which let none of us dare to ignore.

HOME.

BY ESTELLE.

'Tis but a withered violet!
  A tiny, tiny thing,
But it brings such memories to my heart
  As only flowers can bring;
For in the happy days of yore,
  In that quiet home of ours,
We marked each passing season
  By the fragrance of its flowers.

Blue violets in April,
  Making all the air perfume,
And daffodils and gay jonquils
  Brightening the showery gloom!
Oh! here in the grim old city,
  My heart longs e'en to pain,
For the perfume and the beauty
  Of wood violets again.

And May's exquisite sweetness
  In the valley lily dwells,
As hidden in the shadow
  It chimes its snowy bells;
While the apple-blossoms scent the air—
  Tulips in gay attire,
Gleam from their emerald setting,
  Like gems of colored fire.

But June! the month of roses,
  Is the glorious month for me!
Then earth, and air, bird, sky, and flower
  All join in jubilee!
The syringa drifts its blossoms
  On the heavy-scented air;
And we offer praise with perfume,
  That God's world was made so fair!

Oh! happy is the wanderer
  With earthly home so sweet,
That its memory is a perfume
  Gliding past on flowery feet!
And sweet to every loving heart
  Wherever it may roam,
Is the fragrance of familiar flowers
  That takes it back to Home!

THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, HANTSPORT, N. S.

INCIDENTS IN THE PROGRESS OF THE KWEDECH WAR—CAPTIVES RESCUED.

I have received from an intelligent Indian quite a connected series of events connected with this war, and the final one which resulted in a lasting peace. But, instead of following the order of events, I will select a few which will tend to illustrate the Indian character, and to show what skill and cunning were often manifested in outwitting their foes. Even if some of the events never happened, there was still skill manifested in the invention of the story, and we need not set aside the history wholly because some of the incidents seem suspicious. All ancient history, and some too that is modern, would fare badly if pressed by too sweeping a criticism. It may be fairly questioned if all the speeches said to have been made on the day of battle, and all the incidents of great generalship ascribed to our ancient warriors, occurred exactly and literally as reported. Some little license may surely be allowed even to the civilized historian. Let us not deal more harshly with our savage brother.

During the Kwedech war the following incident is said to have occurred. A party from Canada came down upon the Micmacs, and found a solitary wigwam in which were two women, one of whom had a young child. Their husbands were away in the woods hunting. The Kwedeches killed the child and left it, and carried away the women.

One of the men, the father of the child, was alarmed by a dream which seemed to indicate that all was not right at home. He told his dream in the morning to his comrade, and they concluded to hasten home. When they arrived they found that the enemy had been there, the women were gone, the little boy was dead, his body, pierced by a sharp stick, was stuck up in the ground in the centre of the wigwam, and his flesh literally roasted before the fire. The object of this cruelty was, like the shocking barbarities perpetrated on women and children in the late Sepoy Rebellion, to take vengeance on the whole tribe; to aggravate not only the poor father, but also all who should be compelled to hear the horrid tale.

By the tracks of their snowshoes the Micmacs not only learned the number of the enemy, but also the tribe to which they belonged; each tribe having their snowshoes, their canoes, their paddles, &c., made after a peculiar pattern. It was resolved to pursue them at once, and if they could not rescue the women, to die in the attempt. So they took the trail and set off. Before night they came up to the place where the enemy had encamped a day or two before. A large wigwam had been erected, with a door at each end. They followed on and came up to the spot where the second night had been passed. Next day they proceeded cautiously, and after night had set in they overtook the foe. The warriors were all asleep around a large wigwam inside. A fire was burning at each end of the lodge. The lodge had two doors, one at each end, near each of which stood a large birchen vessel called a *boockkajjoo*, filled with water. The captive women were seated, one near each door, and they were engaged in mending the men's moccasins.

The Micmacs now plan to notify the women of their arrival. And it was done thus. One of them crept stealthily up to the door and ungirding his belt quietly passed it under the edge of the bark next the ground, slipping it along by her side. She perceived it and understood the "dispatch" at a glance. Out she goes quietly to reconnoitre, and immediately learns the

state of things. There were no sentries posted. The Indian of that day scorned to set a man to watch him as he slept. The posting of sentries is said to have been one of the hardest things the Europeans had to teach their Indian allies. So the woman who first came out was sent in to call out the other, and after a brief consultation they had arranged their plans. First, all the moccasins were collected, carried out and hidden. The women were then directed to run for life towards their own country. Next a stout cord was tied across each doorway, just high enough to trip up a man when rushing out. This done, each man stepped quietly in, one at each door, and took up the vessel of water that stood there, and dashed it over the fire, thus involving all within in darkness. They now raise the war-whoop, putting on all steam, and it seems to the startled warriors that there are scores of enemies around them. Each one seizes his hatchet and springs to his feet, and not doubting but that the tent is filled by the foe, commences to deal death in every direction. All is confusion and uproar, and the work of destruction goes rapidly on.

Meanwhile, the two Micmacs are stationed, one at each door outside, hatchet in hand, when any one attempts to rush out he is tripped by the cord that is stretched across and falls, and one blow from the tomahawk dispatches him. Those within are soon all dispatched but two, and these are easily taken prisoners. The poor fellows are "handcuffed" and "fettered" and sent to bear the tidings to their own tribe of their defeat, and to report that it was done by *two* Micmacs.

If the reader is curious to know how the savages used to handcuff their prisoners and fetter them, I can furnish him with the details, although I must confess to not a little shrinking from the task. A knife was passed under some of the cords of each wrist, the hands were placed behind the prisoner's back, and a thong was then passed under the cords in the incision made by the knife, and firmly tied. To "fetter" him they made an incision under the cord of each heel, passed a thong through the holes, and tied his feet together, just allowing him scope enough to walk. In this sad plight the two prisoners were thus dismissed, and their tormentors little recked whether the poor fellows ever reached their village or not. Their own vengeance had been amply wreaked, and they returned in triumph to their own homes.

ANOTHER INCIDENT—ONE MAN DROWNS A WHOLE ARMY.

A war party of Kwedeches had been down upon their enemies and had taken a chief prisoner, with his wife and their two sons. The boys were quite small.

It was winter. On their way back to their own place they got scarce of provisions, and one morning the Kwedech chief told his captive that he had had a very curious dream. "I dreamed," said he, "that we made a dinner of one of your boys." "Very well," said the other, "the child is in your hands. You can do as you please." It was accordingly done. The child was killed and eaten. Pretty soon another dream of the same import was related for the edification of the captive father, and again he consented to the unnatural deed.

The father of the children could conceal his emotions if he had any. But the mother was not so indifferent, and loudly lamented their fate. Her husband consequently told the Kwedech chief he might as well leave her and give her her liberty. "You have me a prisoner," said he, "and you have killed all my children; let this suffice. Allow the poor woman to go back home." To this proposal the other complied, and the woman was dismissed.

Soon after this they came to a lake, but as nothing had been taken in the shape of game, they were still sorely pressed for food, and it was proposed to sacrifice one of the men.

"But," said the captive, "would you not prefer beaver meat to human flesh? Here is a lake, and I can see plainly traces of beaver." A hunting party was thereupon dispatched in quest of these animals; but they returned unsuccessful. "Oh, you know nothing about hunting beaver," said the captive. "Give me my hands for a few hours, and follow my directions, and I'll soon bring you plenty of game." So

they tried him, and untied him. He headed the hunting party and they took care that he himself should be unarmed.

Now it so happened that all round the lake there were small coves running back into the woods. On each of these coves a hole was cut through the ice and a man was stationed at the hole to watch. This disposed of all the warriors, and they were at some distance from each other, and completely screened from view. Having placed every man at his post, our hunter next returns to visit each place. Coming near the man stationed there he pretends to listen, seems to hear a beaver, calls the other's attention to it, and while the other is stooping down over the hole and wholly off his guard, the wily warrior seizes him and plunges him head first into the hole, giving him a good shove under the ice. In this manner he proceeds from place to place until he has dispatched the whole. He now walks back to the camp where the Kwedech chief has remained and makes report. At the same time he dispatches him at a blow, and then leisurely returns on his way, rejoins his wife, and goes home to announce his victory and receive the plaudits of his people.

ANOTHER INCIDENT—AN ARMY DESTROYED BY TWO WOMEN.

Two families had gone up beyond the Grand Falls on the St. John River, the *Oolastook* of New Brunswick, on a hunting excursion, and had taken up their residence there for the time being. A war party of the Kwedeches coming down discovered the wigwam and took the two women prisoners. They had a large number of canoes and the women were obliged to assist; they were employed as pilots, and were not bound.

The day was fine, and the river clear of obstructions and smooth, and as night approached the warriors enquired of the captives if the river was of the same character for a long distance down. They assured them that it was so, and that they might safely remain out on its bosom all night. Of the falls a few miles below, they took care to say nothing. Thus lulled into security the warriors lashed their canoes all together so as to form a sort of raft, and let them float with the current, and soon all hands were fast asleep. But the women were not asleep. They were wide awake. When they were sufficiently near to the cataract to secure their object, and sufficiently far from it to secure themselves, the women quietly slipped into the water and swam ashore. The raft dashed over the falls. Some of the men were awakened before the final plunge, but escape was then impossible, and the whole party was destroyed. The women were soon joined by some of the men of their own tribe. They found the dead bodies below the falls, and stripped off their clothing and ornaments and carried off great spoil. There was great joy among their friends when the news was received at their village; there was feasting and dancing, and the women who had planned and executed the daring feat were ever after held in high honor by their tribe.

INDIAN STRATEGY—THREE MEN COUNTED AS A LARGE ARMY.

With one more incident I close this paper. Right glad am I to say that while the following story exhibits great shrewdness and strength of intellect, there is nothing to shock one's nerves in it. Nobody was killed and nobody hurt. We are shocked, as we well may be, over the petty details of a savage raid, or a Sepoy rebellion. But what were all these together to be compared with the wholesale slaughter and the widespread misery and anguish which Heaven has had to gaze upon and thousands of mortals have had to feel for the last ten years even in countries called Christian! Oh that the time may soon come when war shall cease!

Oh! come that blissful day
When our Redeemer's sway,
Shall control all the nations and every heart subdue;
Then through the wilderness
Shall ring the sounds of peace,
And mountain, rock and forest the echoing notes renew.

But I must not moralize or comment, though the temptation is strong to do so. The reader may make his own reflections and I will go on with my story.

A large war party of the Kwedeches were on their way down one of the large rivers that lead up towards their country, and the party was discovered by a solitary hunter belonging to the tribe whose territory was about to be invaded. They did not discover this man, and he allowed them to pass on. But as soon as night came on he managed under cover of the darkness to pass down by them. Launching his canoe he glided down the river until he saw their fires on the bank where they had landed for the night. Then he went ashore and carrying his canoe on his shoulders he took a circuit round the enemy, when he again launched and pushed on for dear life to sound the alarm in the village to which he belonged.

It so happened that nearly all the able-bodied men were absent, and only two besides himself were found who were able to confront the enemy. These could, of course, do but little by open force, but they might accomplish much by a little management. So they manned three canoes and pushed on to meet the enemy.

They took their time and could choose their own ground. Selecting a place where a sharp angle in the river made an extended point of land, they halted below the point and there waited for the foe. As soon as the Kwedech "fleet" hove in sight one of these canoes passed up round the point, halted, looked up at the enemy, and immediately landed and drew the canoe ashore. The enemy immediately followed suit. They too halted, looked, and landed on the opposite side above. Canoe number two of the Micmacs now immediately followed the foremost and landed, drawing the canoe ashore. This was followed by canoe number three, and by the time this one was fairly up out of sight of the enemy the first one had been conveyed across the point back into the water, and came round the point again as number four, and thus till dark canoe after canoe was seen by the watchful enemy to round that point, and to land, and to be drawn up into the woods, the three men diligently keeping up the circulation. After darkness came on they lighted torches and kept up the work of landing all night.

The poor Kwedeches could not tell what to make of it. It seemed as if the warriors in their enemies' country had come out against them. They called a council of war and it was decided that to attack such an overwhelming force was madness. They resolved to sue for peace. So early in the morning a solitary canoe from the Kwedech camp moved out to an intervening rock with a "flag of truce." This was met by a single canoe from the other side. The terms of peace were discussed and, after due deliberation, agreed to. The hatchets were buried, and when the enemy had discovered the *ruse* they were rather pleased than otherwise, and the peace was confirmed.

N. B.—These last two incidents were related to me by an intelligent Indian of the Maliseet Tribe, who resides at Fredericton, N.B., and he represented the parties to be not Micmacs but Maliseets. The last incident, he said, finished the war. The Micmac account of *their* finishing-off contest is one of a very different kind. But these two tribes, as they are near each other and have for a hundred years and more been on friendly terms, might easily get their war stories mixed up together.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. A. HARVEY, ST. JOHNS, N.F.

HUNTING THE SEAL—ITS EXCITEMENTS AND PERILS.

A very important day in Newfoundland is the first day of March. On that day, should the harbors be clear of ice, and the wind favorable, some ten or twelve thousand men embark for the vast ice fields that, at this season, overspread the Atlantic to the north and north-east of Newfoundland. The perils and hardships to be encountered, in small and often frail vessels, amid these stormy, ice-laden seas, are very great. But what dangers will not man brave when impelled by the love of gain or glory! Such hardy, daring fellows, whose "home is on the deep," are so familiarized with its perils, that they never hesitate to steer right among grinding icebergs, crashing floes and hummocks piled up into glittering ice-palaces. In pursuit of their prey they leap from "pan" to "pan" of floating ice, with the agility of wild goats among the Alpine heights. Their vessel may be caught between two floating masses and crushed to atoms as a Naysmith hammer would crush a nut-shell; but they will manage to save a small stock of provisions, and perhaps a punt or two, and make their way over the ice to some other more fortunate ship. Or perhaps their craft is beset—"jammed" in the ice,—and they are carried hundreds of miles along with the floating ice-fields. Still they will patiently bide their time, and when the ice opens around them, they will dash away northward and come home at last treasure-laden. Surprisingly few lives are lost, each year, considering the perils of the voyage. Their object is to reach the unknown ice-meadows on which the seals have cast their young, about the middle of February, and which, by the great Arctic current, are drifted past our shores. The young seals remain on the ice for four or five weeks, fed by their mothers' milk, and growing with incredible rapidity. When a month old, they are in the most perfect condition. They are, in fact, masses of tender fat wrapped in down-covered skins, and the oil obtained from them then is of the best quality. The hunters, therefore, aim at reaching them when in their plump babyhood. Then, too, they are easily captured, and a slight blow with the "gaff" on the nose dispatches them. Only the fat and skin, called the "pelt" or "scalp"—are brought away,—the carcase is abandoned as useless. It is however, a matter of hap-hazard, to a large extent, whether any vessel will strike the region where these tribes of plump "white coats" are disporting. There is no doubt room for the display of skill and pluck in overcoming difficulties and taking advantage of winds and currents,—but the most sagacious seal-hunters fail at times, and confess that "time and chance" have far more to do with success than sagacity and experience. The excitements and dangers of the seal-hunt have an irresistible charm for these men; and the splendid returns of the venture, when successful, invest it almost with the fascination of a gambling table. But there are several blanks to a prize, and after battling with the billows for weeks, the poor sealers often come into port empty-handed, and have to return to their homes with hunger staring them in the face.

STEAM *versus* WIND.

Until within the last few years, the seal fishery, was carried on in strongly-built sailing vessels of 140 or 180 tons tons burthen. Five or six years ago, the first steamer was tried in this fishery, amid many misgivings and many predictions of failure; but so satisfactory have been the results, that this year a fleet of fifteen steamers leaves our ports for the ice-fields. In competition with steamers,

sailing vessels have but a poor chance. The steamer cleaves her way through the ice, in spite of winds and currents, picking up the seals as she goes, following them wherever indications are favorable, and holding on to a "patch" of seals, when a sailing vessel would be driven off by an unfavorable wind or arrested by a sudden change in the weather. Besides, the steamer can make two trips to the ice and at times even three; this is rarely done by any sailing vessel. It is not wonderful, then, that our seal-hunters scramble eagerly to get berths on board the steamers, in preference to sailing vessels. In a few years the latter will have disappeared. Had we more enterprise and capital here, steamers owned and managed by joint-stock companies would be likely to prove an excellent investment of capital. Some steamers have cleared their cost in a single season; but even they at times return "clean."

THE FIELD OF SLAUGHTER.

It is a welcome sound to the ears of the seal-hunters, as their vessel is crashing through the ice, when the whimpering cry of the young seals is heard. Their cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain. No sooner is this sound heard than the vessel is arrested in her course, and all hands are at once on the ice, if solid enough, in search of their prey, or should the ice be "slob" or floating "pans" the men pursue the seals in punts. Eagerly they ply their work. The sealers are armed each with a "gaff" or pole, six or eight feet in length, having a hook on one end. A blow on the nose from this weapon stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the knife is at work. The skin and adhering fat are detached with amazing rapidity from the carcase, which is left on the ice still quivering with life, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. This process is called "sculping;" probably a corruption of "scalping."—When half a dozen seals are thus disposed of, the hunter binds the skins into a bundle with a rope, and drags them over the surface of the ice to the vessel's side, or to the spot where the punt is stationed, and they are left on deck to cool for a few hours, then stowed away below. Fancy 200 men, on a patch of ice, eagerly carrying on this murderous work; their persons smeared with blood and fat; the ice stained with gore, and dotted with the skinless carcases of the slain—the moans of the seals, like the cries of distressed babies, filling the air; the blood-stained murderers smiting fresh victims, or dragging the oleaginous prizes to the vessel's side, whose decks are slippery with mingled fat and gore. Each seal slain is worth three dollars to the captors. The work must be plied without a moment's cessation, for a sudden change of wind, or the occurrence of a snow-storm or fog, might at any time separate them from their prey. At times the hunters have to push forward a couple of miles over the ice in pursuit of the seals; and when thus at a distance from their vessel, should a sea-fog envelope them, or the snow-drift set in, there is the terrible risk of losing their way, and perishing miserably in these icy deserts, or of falling through the openings which are concealed by the snow as it descends and freezes. Then, at times, the old "hooded seals" are encountered, who are both savage and dangerous, and require two or three men to dispatch them. Still the very perils of the hunt present the irresistible charm of excitement to these daring men who have been nurtured amid such dangers. Besides, it is thus they have to win the bread of their wives and little ones at home; and how happy will they be should they enter port with enough to scare the wolf from the door, and gladden the hearts of those who on shore are praying for their success.

VARIETIES OF THE SEAL.

There are four kinds of seals met with in our seas. The Bay Seal lives on the coast, frequents the mouths of rivers and harbors, and is never found among the ice. The Harp Seal is that whose young the seal-hunters chiefly capture, and is so named from the old male animal having, in addition to a number of spots, a broad, curved line of connected blotches proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, forming a figure something like an ancient harp or lyre. The female

has not this harp-like figuring; neither has the male till after the second year. The young when born are covered with thick white fur, and are called by the sealers "white coats." When about six weeks old they shed this white coat, and a smooth, spotted skin appears. They are then young harps. When twelve months old, the males are still scarcely distinguishable from the females, and at that period they are called "bedlamers." The next season the male has assumed his harp. They are never seen on the coast of Newfoundland except during the breeding season. From the arctic solitudes they come to these ice-fields for the purpose of bringing forth their young. It is deeply to be regretted that so little is yet known regarding the natural history of the seal. It is not known for certain at what age it becomes reproductive, or whether it breeds oftener than once a year. That it produces but one at a birth is pretty certain; so that the possibility of extermination by too extensively carrying on the fishery is among the eventualities of the future. The mothers leave their young on the ice, and fish about in the neighborhood for their own subsistence, returning occasionally to give suck. The young ones are in the best condition when three weeks old. It is said to be a pitiable sight when the mother-seal returns for the purpose of suckling her young, and finds her white-coated darling gone—a mass of flesh, which she fails to recognize as her lost offspring, being the only relic. Her signs of grief are then quite touching. The other varieties are the Hooded Seal and the Square Fipper.

EXTRACTION OF THE OIL.

On the return of the sealing vessel to port, the skin and fat are separated, the former being salted and exported for manufactures of various kinds; the latter is thrown into huge wooden vats where by atmospheric heat and pressure the oil is extracted, drawn off and barrelled for exportation. This is a tedious process; and of late years the great innovator, steam, has been called in to quicken the extraction of the oil. By steam-driven machinery the fat is rapidly cut into minute pieces, then steamed, stewed, pressed, and the oil passed into stout casks. By this process, the work of two months is completed in a fortnight. Not only so, but the disagreeable smell of the oil is removed, and the quality improved. The refuse, after the extraction of the oil, is purchased by the farmers, mixed with earth and bog, and makes a most fertilizing manure. The oil is used extensively in lighthouses, for machinery, and in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap. The average annual value of the Newfoundland seal fishery may be put down at a million and a quarter of dollars.

DANGERS AND DISASTERS.

The seal hunt is full of perils and excitements. Sometimes when engaged in their bloody work, at a distance from the vessel, a storm comes on; the snow-drift darkens the air, and the poor fellows stagger along, trying to regain their ship, and at times miss their way or fall into an ice-hole, and "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown," they sink to ocean's depths, to be heard of no more till the sea shall give up its dead. Sometimes the field of ice on which they are at work separates into fragments, and they are floated off, to lie down and die on the ice, unless picked off by some passing vessel. Or a furious nor'-easter, perhaps, blows for several days, "rafting" huge blocks of ice, one on the other, all around the imprisoned ship, crushing her at length, like a nut-shell, between two of these ice-mountains, while the unhappy sealers, scrambling for life upon the floating mass, are left to perish with cold and hunger, unless some friendly sail may be within reach. At times their sufferings are very great, and in some seasons the loss of life is considerable. On the whole, however, such is their skill and fortitude in meeting all emergencies, and such their acquaintance with the ways of the sea, that comparatively few mishaps occur. So much, however, depends on the success of the seal-fishery that it is not wonderful prayers are offered in all the churches, before the departure of the fleet, for the prosperity of the enterprise. At the supper tables of the wealthier classes, and

other convivial gatherings, at this time of year, it is not uncommon to hear the toast "Death to our best friends." Of course the seals are thus kindly referred to; and the sentiment is always received with hearty applause and honored with full bumpers. Over their rum, the rough old skippers and sealers put the toast in a plainer form—"May we have bloody decks soon." It is very evident from all this, that the Newfoundland seal-fishery is no employment for the fastidious, the puny or the cowardly. Big-boned, broad-chested fellows are our sealers—as fine seamen as any in the world. To see them jumping ashore after a successful voyage,—their clothes polished with grease and smelling horribly, but the men fat and hearty, for on the ocean they must be well fed—is a sight worth remembering. It is just as well to keep to windward of them until they get changed and washed, for during the voyage they don't spend much on soap.

THE START FOR THE ICE HUNT.

On the last day of February a splendid westerly breeze sprang up, clearing the ice from the coast and harbors, and giving our sealing fleet a splendid time for starting. The S.S. 'Hawk,' owned by Bowring Bros., got up her steam and led the way amid ringing cheers from the wharves. Two or three sailing vessels, tempted by the favorable wind, followed in her wake. All was animation and excitement. The first of March was equally fine; and as steamer after steamer took her departure, and sailing vessels at intervals, the wharves were crowded by the friends and relatives of those embarking, and the whole town was a wonderful scene of bustle and activity. Many wishes of "good luck" and "bloody decks," followed the voyagers. For the next month, all will be anxiety here regarding the success of our fishery; for whether there shall be plenty or scarcity in hundreds of homes—whether the ledger of the merchant will shew a cheering balance on the right side, or a disastrous loss, turns on the good or bad fortune that will attend the fleet now boldly pushing out amid the grinding ice-floes.

UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

The old Hebrew necromancers were said to obtain oracles by means of Teraphim. A Teraph was a decapitated head of a child, placed on a pillar and compelled by magic to reply to the questions of the sorcerer. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the legends of such enchantments rest on some groundwork of fact; and that it might be possible, by galvanism or similar agency, to make a human corpse speak, as a dead sheep may be made to bleat. Further, let us suppose that the Teraph only responded to inquiries regarding facts known to the owner of the head while living, and therefore (it may be imagined) impressed in some manner upon the brain to be operated on.

In such a Teraph we should, I conceive, possess a fair representation of the mental part of human nature, as it is understood by a school of thinkers, considerable in all ages, but especially so at present. "The brain itself," according to this doctrine, "the white and grey matter, such as we see and touch it, irrespective of any imaginary entity beside, performs the functions of Thought and Memory. To go beyond this all-sufficient brain, and assume that our conscious selves are distinct from it, and somewhat else beside the sum-total of its action, is to indulge an hypothesis unsupported by a tittle of scientific evidence. Needless to add, the still further assumption, that the conscious self may possibly survive the dissolution of the brain, is absolutely unwarrantable."

It is my very ambitious hope to show, in the following pages, that, should physiology establish the fact that the brain, by its automatic action, performs all the functions which we have been wont to attribute to "Mind," that great discovery will stand alone, and will not determine, as supposed, the further steps of the argument; namely, that our conscious selves are nothing more than the sum of the action of our brains during life, and that there is no room to hope that they may survive their dissolution.

I hope to show, not only that these conclusions do not necessarily flow from the premises, but that, accepting the premises, we may logically arrive at opposite conclusions. I hope to deduce, from the study of one class of cerebral phenomena, a presumption of the *separability* of the conscious Self from the thinking brain; and thus, while admitting that "Thought may be a function of Matter," demonstrate that the Self in each of us is not identifiable with that which, for want of a better word, we call "Matter." The immeasurable dif-

ference between such a remembering, lip-moving Teraph as we have supposed and a conscious Man, indicates, as I conceive, the gulf leaped over by those who conclude that, *if* the brain can be proved to think, the case is closed against believers in the spirituality and immortality of our race.

In brief, it is my aim to draw from such an easy and every-day psychological study as may be verified by every reader for himself—an argument for belief in the entire *separability* of the conscious self from its thinking organ, the physical brain. Whether we choose still to call the one "Spirit" and the other "Matter," or to confess that the definitions which our fathers gave to those terms have ceased to be valid in the light of modern science—that "Matter" means only "a form of Force," and that "Spirit" is merely "an unmeaning term for an unknown thing"—this verbal controversy will not in any way affect the drift of our argument. What we *need* to know is this: Can we face the real or supposed tendency of science to prove that "Thought is a Function of Matter," and yet logically retain faith in personal Immortality? I maintain that we may accept that doctrine and draw from it an indirect presumption of immortality, afforded by the proof that the conscious self is not identifiable with that Matter which performs the function of Thought, and of whose dissolution alone we have cognizance.

My first task must be to describe the psychological facts from which our conclusions are to be drawn, and which seem in themselves sufficiently curious and interesting to deserve more study on their own account than they have yet received. Secondly, I shall simply quote Dr. Carpenter's physiological explanation of these facts. Lastly, I shall, as shortly as possible, endeavor to deduce from them that which appears to me to be their logical inference.

The phenomena with which we are concerned, have been often referred to by metaphysicians,—Leibnitz and Sir W. Hamilton amongst others,—under the names of "Latent Thought," and "Preconscious Activity of the Soul." Dr. Carpenter, who has discovered the physiological explanation of them, and reduced them to harmony with other phenomena of the nervous system, has given to them the title of "Unconscious Cerebration;" and to this name, as following in his steps, I shall in these pages adhere. It will probably serve our purpose best, in a popular paper like the present, to begin, not with any large generalizations of the subject, but with a few familiar and unmistakable instances of mental work performed unconsciously.

For example; it is an every-day occurrence to most of us to forget a particular word, or a line of poetry, and to remember it some hours later, when we have ceased consciously to seek for it. We try, perhaps anxiously, at first to recover it, well aware that it lies somewhere hidden in our memory, but unable to seize it. As the saying is, we "ransack our brains for it," but failing to find it, we at last turn our attention to other matters. By and by when, so far as consciousness goes, our whole minds are absorbed in a different topic, we exclaim, "Eureka! The word, or verse, is—So and so." So familiar is this phenomenon that we are accustomed in simliar straits to say, "Never mind; I shall think of the missing word by and by, when I am attending to something else;" and we deliberately turn away, not intending finally to abandon the pursuit, but precisely as if we were possessed of an obedient secretary or librarian, whom we could order to hunt up a missing document, or turn out a word in a dictionary while we amused ourselves with something else. The more this very common phenomenon is studied, the more I think the observer of his own mental processes will be obliged to concede, that, so far as his own conscious Self is concerned, the research is made absolutely without him. He has neither pain nor pleasure, nor sense of labor in the task, any more than if it were performed by somebody else; and his conscious Self is all the time suffering, enjoying, or laboring on totally different grounds.

Another and more important phase of unconscious cerebration, is that wherein we find our mental work of any kind, a calculation, an essay, a tale, a composition of music, painting, or sculpture, arrange itself in order during an interval either of sleep or wakefulness, during which we had not consciously thought of it at all. Probably no one has ever written on a subject a little complicated, or otherwise endeavored to think out a matter any way obscure, without perceiving next day that the thing has somehow taken a new form in his mind since he laid down his pen or his pencil after his first effort. It is as if a "Fairy Order" had come in the night and unravelled the tangled skiens of thought and laid them all neatly out on his table. I have said that this work is done for us either asleep or awake, but it seems to be accomplished most perfectly in the former state, when our unconsciousness of it is most complete. I am not now referring to the facts of somnambulism, of which I must speak by and by, but of the regular "setting to rights" which happens normally to the healthiest brains, and with as much regularity as, in a well-appointed household, the chairs and tables are put in their places before the family come down to breakfast.

Again there is the ordinary but most mysterious faculty possessed by most persons, of setting over-night a mental alarm-clock, and awaking, at will, at any unaccustomed hour out of dreamless sleep. Were we up and about our usual business all night without seeing or hearing a time-piece, or looking out at the stars or the dawn, few of us could guess within two or three hours of the time. Or again, if we were asleep and dreaming with no intention of rising at a particular time, the lapse of hours would be unknown to us. The count of time in dreams is altogether different from that of our waking life, and we dream in a few seconds what seem to be the events of years. Nevertheless, under the conditions mentioned, of a sleep prefaced by a resolution to waken at a specified hour, we arrive at a knowledge of time unattainable to us either when awake or when sleeping without such prior resolution.

Such are some of the more striking instances of unconscious cerebration. But the same power is obviously at work during at least half our lives in a way which attracts no attention only because it is so common. If we divide our actions into classes with reference to the Will, we discover that they are of three kinds—the Involuntary (such as the beating of the heart, digestion, &c.), the Voluntary, and the Volitional. The difference between the two latter classes of actions is, that *Voluntary* motions are made by permission of the Will and can be immediately stopped by its exertion, but do not require its conscious activity, *Volitional* motions on the contrary require the direct exertion of Will.

Now of these three classes of action it would appear that all Voluntary acts, as we have defined them, are accomplished by Unconscious Cerebration. Let us analyze the act of walking, for example. We intend to go here or there; and in such matters "he who wills the end wills the means." But we do not deliberately think, "Now I shall move my right foot, now I shall put my left on such a spot." Some unseen guardian of our muscles manages all such details, and we go on our way serenely unconscious (unless we chance to have the gout, or an ill-fitting boot) that we have any legs at all to be directed in the way they should go. If we chance to be tolerably familiar with the road, we take each turning instinctively, thinking all the time of something else, and carefully avoid puddles or collisions with fellow-passengers, without bestowing a thought on the subject. Similarly as soon as we have acquired other arts beside walking,—reading, sewing, writing, playing on an instrument,—we soon learn to carry on the mechanical part of our tasks with no conscious exertion. We read aloud, taking in the appearance and proper sound of each word and the punctuation of each sentence, and all the time we are not thinking of these matters, but of the argument of the author; or picturing the scene he describes; or, possibly, following a wholly different train of thought. Similarly in writing with "the pen of a ready writer" it would almost seem as if the pen itself took the business of forming the letters and dipping itself in the ink at proper intervals, so engrossed are we in the thoughts which we are trying to express.

We unconsciously cerebrate,—while we are all the time consciously buried in our subject,—that it will not answer to begin two consecutive sentences in the same way; that we must introduce a query here or an ejaculation there, and close our paragraphs with a sonorous word and not with a preposition. All this we do not do of *malice prepense*, but because the well-tutored sprite whose business it is to look after our p's and q's, settles it for us as a clerk does the formal part of a merchant's correspondence.

Music-playing, however, is of all others the most extraordinary manifestation of the powers of unconscious cerebration. Here we seem not to have one slave but a dozen. Two different lines of hieroglyphics have to be read at once, and the right hand is to be guided to attend one of them, the left to another. All the ten fingers have their work assigned as quickly as they can move. The mind (or something which does duty as mind) interprets scores of A sharps and B flats and C naturals, into black ivory keys and white ones, crotchets and quavers and demi-semi-quavers, rests, and all the other mysteries of music. The feet are not idle, but have something to do with the pedals; and, if the instrument be a double-actioned harp, a task of pushings and pullings more difficult than that of the hands. And all this time the performer, the *conscious* performer, is in a seventh heaven of artistic rapture at the results of all this tremendous business; or perchance lost in a flirtation with the individual who turns the leaves of the music-book, and is justly persuaded she is giving him the whole of her soul!

Hitherto we have noticed the brain engaged in its more servile tasks of hunting up lost words, waking us at the proper hour, and carrying on the mechanical part of all our acts. But our Familiar is a great deal more than a walking dictionary, a housemaid, a *valet de place*, or a barrel-organ man. He is a novelist who can spin more romances than Dumas, a dramatist who composes more plays than ever did Lope de Vega, a painter who excels equally well in figures, landscapes, cattle, sea-pieces, smiling bits of *genre* and the most terrific conceptions of horror and torture. Of course, like other artists, he can only

reproduce, develop, combine what he has actually experienced or read or heard of. But the enormous versatility and inexhaustible profusion with which he furnishes us with fresh pictures for our galleries, and new stories every night from his lending library, would be deemed the greatest of miracles, were it not the commonest of facts. A dull clod of a man, without an ounce of fancy in his conscious hours, lies down like a log at night, and lo! he has got before him the village green where he played as a boy, and the apple-tree blossoms in his father's orchard, and his long-dead and half-forgotten mother smiles at him, and he hears her call him "her own little lad," and then he has a vague sense that this is strange, and a whole marvellous story is revealed to him of how his mother has been only supposed to be dead, but has been living in a distant country, and he feels happy and comforted. And then he wakes and wonders how he came to have such a dream! Is he not right to wonder? What is it—*who* is it that wove the tapestry of such thoughts on the walls of his dark soul? Addison says, "There is not a more painful act of the mind than that of invention. Yet in dreams it works with that care and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed." (*Spectator*, 487). Such are the nightly miracles of Unconscious Cerebration.

The laws which govern dreams are still half unexplained, but the most obvious of them singularly illustrate the nature of the processes of the unconscious brain-work which causes them. Much of the labor of our minds, conscious and unconscious, consists in transmuting Sentiments into Ideas. It is not in this little essay that the subject can be developed in its various branches, the ordinary passions of life,—the religious and moral sentiments (wherein our translations are the source of all our myths and half our errors),*—and lastly, insanity, wherein the false sentiment usually creates the intellectual delusion. Suffice it that our conscious brains are for ever at work of the kind, "giving to airy nothing" (or at least to what is a merely subjective feeling) "a local habitation and a name." Our unconscious brains accordingly, after their wont, proceed on the same track during sleep. Our sentiments of love, hate, fear, anxiety, are each one of them the fertile source of whole series of illustrative dreams. Our bodily sensations of heat, cold, hunger, and suffocation, supply another series often full of the quaintest suggestions,—such as those of the poor gentleman who slept over a cheesemonger's shop, and dreamt that he was shut up in a cheese to be eaten by rats; and that of the lady whose hot bottle scorched her feet, and who imagined she was walking into Vesuvius. In all such dreams we find our brains with infinite play of fancy merely adding illustrations like those of M. Doré to the page of life which we have turned the day before, or to that which lies upon our beds as we sleep.

Again, the small share occupied by the Moral Law in the dream world is a significant fact. So far as I have been able to learn, it is the rarest thing possible for any check of conscience to be felt in a dream, even by persons whose waking hours are profoundly imbued with moral feeling. We commit in dreams acts for which we should weep tears of blood were they real, and yet never feel the slightest remorse. On the most trifling provocation we cram an offending urchin into a lion's cage (if we happen to have recently visited the Zoological Gardens), or we set fire to a house merely to warm ourselves with the blaze, and all the time feel no pang of compunction. The familiar check of waking hours, "I must not do it, because it would be unjust or unkind," never once seems to arrest us in the satisfaction of any whim which may blow about our wayward fancies in sleep. Nay, I think that if ever we do feel a sentiment like Repentance in dreams, it is not the legitimate sequel to the crime which we have previously imagined, but a wave of feeling rolled on from the real sentiment experienced in former hours of consciousness. Our dream-selves, like the Undines of German folk-lore, have no Souls, no Responsibility and no Hereafter. Of course this observation does not touch the fact that a person who in his conscious life has committed a great crime may be haunted with its hideous shadow in his sleep, and that Lady Macbeth may in vain try and wash the stain from her "little hand." It is the imaginary acts of sleeping fancy which are devoid of moral character. But this immoral character of unconscious cerebration precisely tallies with the Kantian doctrine, that the moral will is the true *Homo Noumenon*, the Self of man. This conscious Self being dormant in dreams, it is obvious that the true phenomena of Conscience cannot be developed in them. Plutarch says that Zeno ordered his followers to regard dreams as a test of virtue, and to note it as a dangerous sign if they did not recoil, even in their sleep, from vice; and Sir Thomas Browne talks solemnly of "Sinful Dreams," which ecclesiastical history abundantly shows have proved terrible stumbling-blocks to the saints. But the doctrine of Unconscious Cerebration explains clearly enough how, in the absence of the control-

* "*E. g.* Out of the Sentiment of the justice of God come Ideas of a great Final Assize and Day of Judgment. Out of the Sentiment that He is Author of all things, a definite Idea of six days' world-making," &c., &c. (From a Sermon by Rev. James Martineau.)

ling Will, the animal elements of our nature assert themselves—generally in the ratio of their unnatural suppression at other times—and abstinence is made up for by hungry Fancy spreading a glutton's feast. The want of sense of sin in such dreams is, I think, the most natural and most healthful symptom about them.

But if moral Repentance rarely or never follow the imaginary transgressions of dreams, another sense, the Saxon sense of Dissatisfaction in unfinished work, is not only often present, but sometimes exceedingly harassing. The late eminent physician, Professor John Thomson of Edinburgh, quitted his father's cottage in early manhood, leaving half woven a web of cloth on which he had been engaged as a weaver's apprentice. Half a century afterwards, the then wealthy and celebrated gentleman still found his slumbers disturbed by the apparition of his old loom and the sense of the imperative duty of finishing the never-completed web. The tale is like a parable of what all this life's neglected duties may be to us, perchance, in an absolved and glorified Hereafter, wherein, nevertheless, *that* web which we have left undone will have passed from our hands for ever! Of course, as it is the proper task of the unconscious brain to direct voluntary labors started by the will, it is easily explicable why it should be tormented by the sense of their incompletion.

But leaving the vast half-studied subject of dreams (a whole mine as it is of psychological discovery), we must turn to consider the surprising phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, developed under conditions of abnormal excitement. Among these I class those mysterious Voices, issuing we know not whence, in which some strong fear, doubt, or hope finds utterance. The part played by these Voices in the history both of religion and of fanaticism it is needless to describe. So far as I can judge, they are of two kinds. One is a sort of lightning-burst suddenly giving intensely vivid expression to a whole set of feelings or ideas which have been lying latent in the brain, and which are in opposition to the feelings and ideas of our conscious selves at the moment. Thus the man ready to commit a crime hears a voice appealing to him to stop; while the man praying ardently for faith hears another voice say, "There is no God." Of course the first suggestion is credited to Heaven, and the second to the powers of the Pit; but the source of both is, I apprehend, the same. The second class of Voices are the result, not of unconscious Reasoning but of unconscious Memory. Under some special excitement, and perhaps inexplicably remote association of ideas, some words which once made a violent impression on us are remembered from the inner depths. Chance may make these either awfully solemn, or as ludicrous as that of a gentleman shipwrecked off South America, who, as he was sinking and almost drowning, distinctly heard his mother's voice say, "Tom! did you take Jane's cake?" The portentous inquiry had been addressed to him forty years previously, and (as might have expected) had been wholly forgotten. In fever, in a similar way, ideas and words long consigned to oblivion are constantly reproduced; nay, what is most curious of all, long trains of phrases which the individual had indeed heard, but which could hardly have become a possession of the memory in its natural state, are then brought out in entire unconsciousness. My readers will recall the often-quoted and well-authenticated story of the peasant girl in the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, who in her delirium frequently "spouted" Hebrew. After much inquiry it was found she had been cook to a learned priest who had been in the habit of reading aloud his Hebrew books in the room adjoining her kitchen. A similar anecdote is told of another servant girl who in abnormal sleep imitated some beautiful violin playing which she had heard many years previously.

From Sounds to Sights the transition is obvious. An Apparition is to the optical sense what such a Voice as we have spoken of above is to the hearer. At a certain point of intensity the latent idea in the unconscious brain reveals itself and produces an impression on the sensory; sometimes affecting one sense, sometimes another, sometimes perhaps two senses at a time.

Hibbert's ingenious explanation of the philosophy of apparitions is this. We are, he says, in our waking hours, fully aware that what we really see and hear are actual sights and sounds; and what we only conjure up by fancy are delusions. In our sleeping hours this sense is not only lost, but the opposite conviction fully possesses us; namely, that what we conjure up by fancy in our dreams is true, while the real sights and sounds around us are unperceived. These two states are exchanged for each other at least twice in every twenty-four hours of our lives, and generally much oftener, in fact every time we doze or take a nap. Very often such slumbers begin and end before we have become aware of them; or have lost consciousness of the room and its furniture surrounding us. If at such times a peculiarly vivid dream takes the form of an apparition of a dead friend, there is nothing to rectify the delusion that what we have fancied is real, nay even a background of positive truth is apparently supplied by the bedstead, curtains, &c. &c., of whose presence we have not lost consciousness for more that the fraction of time needful for a dream.

It would, I think, be easy to apply this reasoning with great advantage, taking into view the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration. The intersection of the states wherein consciousness yields to unconsciousness, and *vice versâ*, is obviously always difficult of sharp appreciation, and leaves a wide margin for self-deception; and a ghost is of all creations of fancy the one which bears most unmistakable internal evidence of being *home-made*. The poor unconscious brain goes on upon the track of the lost friend, on which the conscious soul, ere it fell asleep, had started it. But with all its wealth of fancy it never succeeds in picturing a *new* ghost, a fresh idea of the departed, whom yet by every principle of reason we know is *not* (whatever else he or she may have become) a white-faced figure in coat and trowsers, or in a silk dress and gold ornaments. All the familiar arguments proving the purely subjective nature of apparitions of the dead, or of supernatual beings, point exactly to Unconscious Cerebration as the teeming source wherein they have been engendered. In some instances, as in the famous ones quoted by Abercrombie, the brain was sufficiently distempered to call up such phantoms even while the conscious self was in full activity. "Mrs. A." saw all her visions calmly, and knew that they were visions; thus bringing the conscious and unconscious workings of her brain into an awful sort of face-to-face recognition; like the sight of a *Doppel-gänger*. But such experience is the exceptional one. The ordinary case is, when the unconscious cerebration supplies the apparition; and the conscious self accepts it *de bonne foi*, having no means of distinguishing it from the impressions derived from the real objects of sense.

The famous story in my own family, of the Beresford ghost, is, I think, an excellent illustration of the relation of unconscious cerebration to dreams of apparitions. Lady Beresford, as I conjecture, in her sleep hit her wrist violently against some part of her bedstead so as to hurt it severely. According to a well-known law of dreams, already referred to, her unconscious brain set about accounting for the pain, transmitting the Sensation into an Idea. An instant's sensation (as Mr. Babbage, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Lord Brougham have all illustrated) is enough to call up a long vision. Lady Beresford fancied accordingly that her dead cousin, Lord Tyrone, had come to fulfil his promise of revisiting her from the tomb. He twisted her curtains and left a mark on her wardrobe (probably an old stain she had remarked on the wood), and then touched her wrist with his terrible finger. The dreamer awoke with a black and blue wrist; and the story took its place in the annals of ghost-craft for ever.

Somnambulism is an unmistakable form of unconscious cerebration. Here, while consciousness is wholly dormant, the brain performs occasionally the most brilliant operations. Coleridge's poem of Kubla Khan, composed in opiate sleep, is an instance of its achievements in the realm of pure imagination. Many cases are recorded of students rising at night, seeking their desks, and there writing down whole columns of algebraic calculations; solutions of geometric problems, and opinions on difficult cases of law. Cabanis says that Condillac brought continually to a conclusion at night in his sleep the reasonings of the day. In all such cases the work done asleep seems better than that done in waking hours, nay there is no lack of anecdotes which would point to the possibility of persons in an unconscious state accomplishing things beyond their ordinary powers altogether. The muscular strength of men in somnambulism and delirium, their power of balancing themselves on roofs, of finding their way in the dark, are physical advantages reserved for such conditions. Abnormal acuteness of hearing is also a well-known accompaniment of them, and in this relation we must, I conclude, understand the marvellous story vouched for by the late Sir Edward Codrington. The captain in command of a man-of-war was one night sleeping in his cabin, with a sentinel as usual posted at his door. In the middle of the night the captain rang his bell, called suddenly to the sentinel, and sharply desired him to tell the lieutenant of the watch to alter the ship's course by so many points. Next morning the officer, on greeting the captain, observed that it was most fortunate he had been aware of their position and had given such an order, as there had been a mistake in the reckoning, and the ship was in shoal water, on the point of striking a reef. "I!" said the astonished captain, "I gave no order; I slept soundly all night." The sentinel was summoned, and of course testified that the experienced commander had in some unknown way learned the peril of his ship, and saved it, even while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

Whatever residue of truth may be found hereafter in the crucible wherein shall have been tried the marvels of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and hypnotism; whatever revelation of forgotten facts or successful hits at secrets, is, I believe, unquestionably due to the action of Unconscious Cerebration. The person reduced to a state of coma is liable to receive suggestions from without, and these suggestions and queries are answered by his unconscious brain out of whatever stores of memory it may retain. What a man *never* knew, *that* no magic has ever yet enabled him to tell; but what he has once known, and in his conscious

hours has forgotten, *that* on the contrary is often recalled by the suggestive queries of the operator when he is in a state of hypnotism. A natural dream sometimes does as much, as witness all the discoveries of hidden treasures, corpses, &c., made through dreams; generally with the aid of the obvious machinery of a ghost. General Sleeman mentions that, being in pursuit of Thugs up the country, his wife one morning urgently entreated him to move their tents from the spot—a lovely opening in a jungle—where they had been pitched the previous evening. She said she had been haunted all night by the sight of dead men. Information received during the day induced the General to order digging under the ground whereon they had camped; and beneath Mrs. Sleeman's tent were found fourteen corpses, victims of the Thugs. It is easily conceivable that the foul odor of death suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dream, her horrible vision. Had she been in a state of mesmeric trance, the same occurrence would have formed a splendid instance of supernatural revelation.

Drunkenness is a condition in which the conscious self is more or less completely obfuscated, but in which unconscious cerebration goes on for a long time. The proverbial impunity with which drunken men fall without hurting themselves, can only be attributed to the fact that the conscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least liable to injury. The same impunity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not exert any volition in determining which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind of tipsy men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fumbling to perform tasks needing conscious direction. And be it remembered that the proverb *in vino veritas* is here in exact harmony with our theory. The drunken man unconsciously blurts out the truth, his muddled brain being unequal to the task of inventing a plausible falsehood. The delicious fun of Sheridan, found under a tree and telling the policeman that he was "Wil-Wil-Wilberforce," reveals at once that the wag, if a little exalted, was by no means really drunk. Such a joke could hardly have occurred to an unconscious brain, even one so well accustomed to the production of humor. As in dreams, intoxication never brings new elements of nature into play, but only abnormally excites latent ones. It is only a Porson who, when drunk, solemnly curses the "aggravating properties of inanimate matter," or when he cannot fit his latch-key, is heard muttering, "D—— the *nature of things!*" A noble miser of the last century revealed his true character, and also the state of his purse, whenever he was fuddled, by murmuring softly to himself, "I'm very rich! I'm very rich!" In sober moments he complained continually of his limited means. In the same way it is the brutal laborer who in his besotted state thrashes his horse and kicks his wife. A drunken woman, on the contrary, unless an habitual virago, rarely strikes anybody. The accustomed vehicle for her emotions—her tongue—is the organ of whose services her unconscious cerebration avails itself.

Finally, the condition of perfect anæsthesia appears to be one in which unconscious cerebration is perfectly exemplified. The conscious Self is then so absolutely dormant that it is not only unaware of the most frightful lacerations of the nerves, but has no conception of the interval of time in which an operation takes place; usually wakening to inquire, "When do the surgeons intend to begin?" Meanwhile unconscious cerebration has been busy composing a pretty little picture of green fields and skipping lambs, or something equally remote from the terrible reality.

There are many other obscure mental phenomena which I believe might be explained by the theory of unconscious cerebration, even if the grand mystery of insanity does not receive—as I apprehend it must do—some elucidation from it. Presentiments and dreams of the individual's own death may certainly be explicable as the dumb revelations of the diseased frame to its own nervous centre. The strange and painful, but very common, sense of having seen and heard at some previous time what is passing at the moment, appears to arise from some abnormal irritation of the memory—if I may so express it—evidently connected with the unconscious action of the brain. Still more "uncanny" and mysterious is the impression—to me almost amounting at times to torture—that we have never for years quitted the spot to which we have only that instant returned after a long interval. Under this hateful spell we say to ourselves that we have been weeks, months, ages, studying the ornaments of the cornice opposite our seat in church, or following the outline of the gnarled old trees, black against the evening sky. This delusion, I think, only arises when we have undergone strong mental tension at the haunted spot. While our conscious selves have been absorbed in speculative thought or strong emotion, our unconscious cerebration has photographed the scene on our optic nerves *pour passer le temps!*

The limitations and failures of unconscious cerebration would supply us with as large a study as its marvellous powers and

achievements. It is obvious at first sight, that, though in the unconscious state mental work is sometimes *better* done than in the conscious (*e. g.* the finding missing names awake, or performing abstruse calculations in somnambulism), yet that the unconscious work is never more than the *continuation* of something which has been begun in the conscious condition. We recall the name which we have known and forgotten, but we do not discover what we never knew. The man who does not understand algebra never performs algebraic calculations in his sleep. No problem in Euclid has been solved in dreams except by students who have studied Euclid awake. The merely voluntary and unconscious movements of our legs in walking, and our hands in writing and playing music, were at first in infancy, or when we began to learn each art, actions purely volitional, which often required a strong effort of the conscious will for their accomplishment.

Again, the failures of unconscious cerebration are as easily traced as its limitations. The most familiar of them may be observed in the phenomenon which we call Absence of Mind, and which seems to consist in a disturbance of the proper balance between conscious and unconscious cerebration, leaving the latter to perform tasks of which it is incapable. An absent man walks, as we say, in a dream. All men, indeed, as before remarked, perform the mechanical act of walking merely voluntarily and not volitionally, but their consciousness is not so far off but that it can be recalled at a moment's notice. The porter at the door of the senses can summons the master of the house the instant he is wanted about business. But the absent man does not answer such calls. A friend addresses him, and his unconscious brain instead of his conscious self answers the question *à tort et à travers.* He boils his watch for breakfast and puts his egg in his pocket; his unconscious brain merely concerning itself that something is to be boiled and something else put in the pocket. He searches up and down for the spectacles which are on his nose; he forgets to eat his dinner and wonders why he feels hungry. His social existence is poisoned by his unconquerable propensity to say the wrong thing to the wrong person. Meeting Mrs. Bombazine in deep widow's weeds, he cheerfully inquires, "Well, and what is Mr. Bombazine doing now?" albeit he has received formal notice that Mr. Bombazine departed a month ago to that world of whose doings no information is received. He tells Mr. Parvenu, whose father is strongly suspected of having been a shoemaker, that "for his part he does not like new-made men at the head of affairs, and holds to the good old motto, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam;*'" and this brilliant observation he delivers with a pleasant laugh, giving it all possible point and pungency. If he have an acquaintance whose brother was hanged or drowned, or scraped to death with oyster-shells, then to a moral certainty the subjects of capital punishment, the perils of the deep, and the proper season for eating oysters will be the topics selected by him for conversation during the awkward ten minutes before dinner. Of course the injured friend believes he is intentionally insulted; but he is quite mistaken. The absent man had merely a vague recollection of his trouble, which unfortunately proved a stumbling-block against which his unconscious cerebration was certain to bring him into collision.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible,* is extremely veracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering. But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very interjections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels wherein profound scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an address to Fate or the Moon; or fall into a well-timed brain fever, and babble out exactly the truth which the reader needs to be told. Your real villain never tells truth even to himself, much less to Fate or the Moon; and it is to be doubted whether, even in delirium, his unconscious cerebration would not run in the accustomed ruts of fable rather than the unwonted paths of veracity.

Another failure of unconscious cerebration is seen in the continuance of habitual actions when the motive for them has ceased. A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief, or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant. It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most unaccustomed way under the table. "What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long past days,

I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support, but the moment I sat in the same spot, the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh; the brain acted on its old impression.

Of course it is as easy as it is common to dismiss all such fantastic tricks with the single word "Habit." But the word "Habit," like the word "Law," has no positive sense as if it were itself an originating cause. It implies a persistent mode of action, but affords no clue to the force which initiates and maintains that action. All that we can say, in the case of the phenomena of unconscious cerebration is, that when volitional actions have been often repeated, they sink into the class of voluntary ones—are performed unconsciously. We may define the moment when a habit is established as that wherein the Volitional act becomes Voluntary.

It will be observed by the reader that all the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration now indicated, belong to different orders as related to the Conscious Self. In one order (*e. g.*, that of Delirium, Somnambulism, and Anæsthesia) the Conscious Self has no appreciable concern whatever. The action of the brain has not been originated or controlled by the will; there is no sense of it either painful or pleasurable, while it proceeds; and no memory of it when it is over.

In the second order (*e. g.*, that of re-discovered words, and waking at a given hour), the Conscious Self has so far a concern, that it originally set the task to the brain. This done, it remains in entire ignorance of how the brain performs it, nor does memory afterwards retain the faintest trace of the labors, however arduous, of word-seeking and time-marking.

Lastly, in the third class (*e. g.*, that of natural dreams), the share of the Conscious Self is the reverse of that which it takes in the case of word-seeking and time-marking. In dreams we do not, and cannot with our utmost effort, direct our unconscious brains into the trains of thought and fancy wherein we desire them to go. Obedient as they are in the former case, where work was to be done, here, in the land of fancy, they seem to mock our futile attempts to guide them. Nevertheless, strange to say, the Conscious Self—which knew nothing of what was going on while its leg was being amputated under chloroform, and nothing of what its brain was doing, while finding out what o'clock it was with shut eyes in the dark—is here cognizant of all the proceedings, and able in great measure to recall them afterwards. We receive intense pain or pleasure from our dreams, though we have actually less to do in concocting them than in dozens of mental processes which go on wholly unperceived in our brains.*

Thus it would seem that neither Memory nor Volition have any constant relation to unconscious cerebration. We sometimes remember, and sometimes wholly forget its action; and sometimes it fulfils our wishes, and sometimes wholly disregards them. The one constant fact is, that *while the actions are being performed*, the Conscious Self is either wholly uncognizant of them or unable to control them. It is either in a state of high activity about other and irrelevant matters; or it is entirely passive. In every case the line between the Conscious Self and the unconsciously working brain is clearly defined.

Having now faintly traced the outline of the psychological facts illustrative of unconscious cerebration, it is time to turn to the brilliant physiological explanation of them afforded by Dr. Carpenter. We have seen what our brains can do without our consciousness. The way they do it is on this wise. (I quote, slightly abridged, from Dr. Carpenter.)

All parts of the Nervous System appear to possess certain powers of automatic action. The *Spinal cord* has for primary functions the performance of the motions of respiration and swallowing. The automatic action of the *Sensory ganglia* seems to be connected with movements of protection—such as the closing of the eyes to a flash of light—and their secondary use enables a man to shrink from dangers of collisions, &c., before he has time for conscious escape. Finally we arrive at the automatic action of the *Cerebrum;* and here Dr. Carpenter reminds us that instead of being (as formerly supposed) the centre of the whole system, in direct connection with the organs of sense and the muscular apparatus, the Cerebrum is, according to modern physiology—

"A superadded organ, the development of which seems to bear a pretty constant relation to the degree in which intelligence supersedes instinct as a spring of action. The ganglionic matter which is spread out upon the surface of the hemispheres, and in which their potentiality resides, is connected with the Sensory Tract at their base (which is the real centre of conveyance for the sensory nerves of the whole body) by commissural fibres, long since termed by Reid, with sagacious foresight, 'nerves of the internal senses,' and its anatomical relation to the sensorium is thus precisely the same as that of the Retina, which is a ganglionic expansion connected with the Sensorium by the optic nerve. Hence it

*Reid boasted he had learned to control his dreams, and there is a story of a man who always guided his own fancy in sleep. Such dreams, however, would hardly deserve the name.

may be fairly surmised—1. That as we only become conscious of visual impressions on the retina when their influence has been transmitted to the central sensorium, so we only become conscious of ideational changes in the cerebral hemispheres when their influence has been transmited to the same centre; 2. That as visual changes may take place in the retina of which we are unconscious, either through temporary inactivity of the Sensorium (as in sleep), or through the entire occupation of the attention in some other direction, so may ideational changes take place in the Cerebrum, of which we may be unconscious for want of receptivity on the part of the Sensorium, but of which the results may present themselves to the consciousness as ideas elaborated by an automatic process of which we have no cognizance."*

Lastly, we come to the conclusions to be deduced from the above investigations. We have credited to the unconscious Brain the following powers and faculties:—

1. It not only *remembers* as much as the Conscious Self can recall, but often much more. It is even doubtful whether it may not be capable, under certain conditions, of reproducing every impression ever made upon the senses during life.

2. It can *understand* what words or things are sought to be remembered, and hunt them up through some recondite process known only to itself, till it discovers and pounces on them.

3. It can *fancy* the most beautiful pictures and also the most terrible ones, and weave ten thousand fables with inexhaustible invention.

4. It can perform the exceedingly difficult task of mental arrangement and logical division of subjects.

5. It can transact all the mechanical business of walking, reading, writing, sewing, playing, &c., &c.

6. It can tell the hour in the middle of the night without a timepiece.

Let us be content with these ordinary and unmistakable exercises of unconscious cerebration, and leave aside all rare or questionable wonders of somnambulism and cognate states. We have got Memory, Fancy, Understanding, at all events, as faculties exercised in full by the Unconscious Brain. Now it is obvious that it would be an unusual definition of the word "Thought" which should debar us from applying it to the above phenomena; or compel us to say that we can remember, fancy, and understand without "thinking" of the things remembered, fancied, or understood. But Who, or What, then, is it that accomplishes these confessedly mental functions? Two answers are given to the query, each of them, as I venture to think, erroneous. Büchner and his followers say, "It is our physical Brains, and these Brains are ourselves."* And non-materialists say, "It is our conscious Selves, which merely use our brains as their instruments." We must go into this matter somewhat carefully.

In a certain loose and popular way of speaking, our brains are "ourselves." So also in the same way of speaking are our hearts, our limbs, and the hairs of our head. But in more accurate language the use of the pronoun "I" applied to any part of our bodies is obviously incorrect, and even inadmissible. We say, indeed, commonly, "I struck with my hand," when our hand has obeyed our volition. It is, then, in fact, the will of the Self which we are describing. But if our hand has been forcibly compelled to strike by another man seizing it, or if it have shaken by palsy, we only say, "My hand was forced," or "was shaken." The limb's action is not *ours*, unless it has been done by our will. In the case of the heart, the very centre of physical life, we never dream of using such a phrase as "I am beating slowly" or "I am palpitating fast." And why do we not say so? Because, the action of our hearts being involuntary, we are sensible that the conscious "I" is not the agent in question, albeit the mortal life of that "I" is hanging on every pulsation. Now the problem which concerns us is this: Can we, or can we *not*, properly speak of our brains as we do of our hearts? Is it more proper to say, "I invent my dreams," than it is to say, "I am beating slowly"? I venture to think the cases are precisely parallel. When our brains perform acts of unconscious cerebration (such as dreams), they act just as our hearts do, *i.e.* involuntarily; and we ought to speak of them as we always do of our hearts, as of organs of our frame, but not our Selves. When our brains obey our wills, then they act as our hands do when we voluntarily strike a blow; and then we do right to speak as if "we" performed the act accomplished by their means.

Now to return to our point. Are the anti-Materialists right to say that the agent in unconscious cerebration is "We, ourselves, who merely use our brains as their instruments;" or are the Materialists right who say, "It is our physical brains alone, and these brains are ourselves"? With regard to the first reply, I think that all the foregoing study has gone to show that "we" are *not* remembering, *not* fancying, *not* understanding what is being at the moment

* Report of Meeting of Royal Institution. Dr. Carpenter's Lecture, March 1, 1868, pp. 4, 5.

*Buchner's precise doctrine is: "The brain is only the carrier and the source, or rather the *sole cause* of the spirit or thought; but not the organ which secretes it. It produces something which is not materially permanent, but which consumes itself in the moment of its production."—*Kraft und Stoff*, chap. xiii.

remembered, fancied, or understood. To say, then, that in such acts "we" are "using our brains as our instruments," appears nothing but a servile and unmeaning adherence to the foregone conclusion that our brains are nothing else than the organs of our will. It is absurd to call them so when we are concerned with phenomena whose speciality is that the will has nothing to do with them. So far, then, as this part of the argument is concerned, I think the answer of the anti-Materialists must be pronounced to be erroneous. The balance of evidence inclines to the Materialists' doctrine that the brain itself performs the mental processes in question, and, to use Vogt's expression, "secretes thought" automatically and spontaneously,

But if this presumption be accepted provisionally, and the possibility admitted of its future physiological demonstration, have we, with it, accepted also the Materialist's ordinary conclusion that we and our automatically thinking brains are one and indivisible? If the brain can work by itself, have we any reason to believe it ever works also under the guidance of something external to itself, which we may describe as the Conscious Self? It seems to me that this is precisely what the preceding facts have likewise gone to prove—namely, that there are two kinds of action of the brain, the one Automatic, and the other subject to the will of the Conscious Self; just as the actions of a horse are some of them spontaneous and some done under the compulsion of his rider. The first order of actions tend to indicate that the brain "secretes thought;" the second order (strongly constrasting with the first) show that, beside that automatically working brain, there is another agency in the field under whose control the brain performs a wholly different class of labors. Everewhere in the preceding pages we have traced the extraordinary *separation* which continually takes place between our Conscious Selves and the automatic action of the organ which serves as our medium of communication with the outward world. We have seen, in a word, that we are not Centaurs, steed and rider in one, but horsemen, astride on roadsters which can trot very well a little way when we drop the reins, and which at other times play and canter off without our permission.

When we place the phenomena of Unconscious Thought on one side, and over against them our conscious personality, we obtain, I think, a new and vivid sense of the separation, not to say the antithesis, which exists between the two; close as is their mutual interdependence. Not to talk about the distinction between object and subject, or dwell on the absurdity—as it seems to us—of the proposition that we ourselves are only the sum-total of a series of cerebrations—the recognition of the fact *that our brains sometimes think without us*, seems to enable us to view our connection with them in quite a new light. So long as all our attention was given to Conscious Thought, and philosophers eagerly argued the question, whether the Soul did or did not ever sleep or cease to think, it was easy to confound the organ of Thought with the Conscious Self who was supposed alone to set it in action. But the moment we mass together for review the long array of the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, the case is altered—the severance becomes not only cogitable, but manifest.

Let us then accept cheerfully the possibility, perhaps the probability, that science ere long will proclaim the dogma, "Matter can think." Having humbly bowed to the decree, we shall find ourselves none the worse. Admitting that our brains accomplish much without our conscious guidance, will help us to realize that our relation to them is of a variable—an intermittent—and, we may venture to hope, of a *terminable* kind.

That such a conclusion, if reached, will have afforded us any direct argument for human immortality, cannot be pretended. Though we may succeed in proving "that the Brain can think without the Conscious Man," the great converse theorem, "that the Conscious Man can think without a Brain," has as yet received no jot of direct evidence; nor ever will do so, I hold, while we walk by faith and not by sight, and Heaven remains "a part of our religion, and not a branch of our geography!"

But it is something, nay it is surely much, if, by groping among the obscurer facts of consciousness, we may attain the certainty that whatever be the final conclusions of science regarding our mental nature, the one which we have most dreaded, if reached at last, will militate not at all against the hope, written on the heart of the nations, by that Hand which writes no falsehoods — that "when the dust returns to the dust whence it was taken, the Spirit—the Conscious Self of Man—shall return to God who gave it."

Young Folks.

JESSIE'S FALSE STEP.

BY C. E. C.

"Aunt, do tell me whose photograph that is with the little golden curl fastened to it. I noticed it the day you sent me to your desk for some article you required. I intended asking you at the time, but something took away my attention, and I forgot it until now. I fancy there is some romance about it."

"There is, indeed, my dear Minnie, an unhappy tale attached to it," replied Mrs. Glenmore. "I have never alluded to it, as it brings back painful reminiscences of my early days and earliest friends. Perhaps it will be a good warning to you (if I tell the tale) not to be taken by appearances entirely, nor, despising all advice, rush on guided only by impulse, which was the case with poor Jessie Stanhope."

"I am very anxious to hear it, dear aunt. Will you tell it this afternoon, as we have nothing particular to do?" Mrs. Glenmore assented, drew her chair nearer to her niece, and began:—

"You know that my childhood, and the first years of my married life, were spent in Jamaica, in the West Indies; my father, who was in Government service, being stationed there. I was quite a baby when we left England, so that my first recollections are of Jamaica. We lived when I first remember things in a pretty villa in the suburbs of Kingston. We had no very near neighbors, and my mother not being of a very social temper, we had a rather isolated life. There were only your mother and myself young folks. We had had a brother, but he died many years before my story commences. We did not go to school, for my mother, who was fully capable, instructed us at home. We sometimes sighed for playmates, but that did not trouble us much, for we were very fond of reading, and had plenty of books in place of companions.

"When I was about twelve years of age a change took place in our dull routine of life. The nearest place to us was a small cottage lying to the back of our house, separated by a few fruit trees and a little pond. One evening, when your mother and myself were gathering some water lilies which grew round the pond, we noticed persons moving about the cottage, and as it had been uninhabited for some time, and had always been called by us the "deserted home," we were not a little surprised, and ran immediately to tell our mother. Our curiosity was much excited, but some days passed without knowing anything further of our neighbors, when one evening, just as my mother had called for lights, we heard a gentle knock at the door. My mother rose and went to it. There stood a black woman, who said that she was a servant to the people who had moved to the cottage. She told a piteous tale of the deep distress of her mistress, Mrs. Stanhope, who was a widow, with two daughters, quite little girls still. Her husband had been a merchant in the city; but he had failed a few months before, and soon after had taken it so much to heart that he had fallen sick, lingered a few weeks, and died, leaving his family penniless, with the exception of the little cottage left them lately by an old relative. They had scarcely any furniture; their very jewels had been sold to provide them with daily necessaries; but everything now had gone, and they were so reduced they had not had a meal of food that day, and she had come

out, without their knowledge, to get some help for them. Of course all this was told in a rambling, disconnected manner; but the substance was what I have said. We were quite sorry to hear it, My mother gave her all the assistance she could, and promised to call, which she did the next day. Everything the woman had said was quite true. My mother also heard what a faithful creature the black woman had been to them. She had lived with Mrs. Stanhope since her marriage, and although they could no longer pay her wages she refused to quit them, but remained on, acting as their only protector and help.

"The Stanhopes had no relations in Jamaica then living, they having left all their friends in Scotland many years before, and having been careless in correspondence, had almost lost all traces of them. My father, who always tried to perform any charitable deeds that lay in his way, immediately called on our clergyman, and related the state of our neighbors; he promised to call and ascertain the best way of assisting them, which he did, and as he was much beloved in his parish he used all his influence to obtain for Mrs. Stanhope a small school, in which he succeeded beyond his expectations. My father assisted in the fitting up of the school-room, and in a short time Mrs. Stanhope was out of want, and likely soon to be comfortable. Dear, good woman, she was very grateful for all that had been done for her. Of course, in the meanwhile, we girls had become fast friends, and Oh, how delightful we found it, to have companions of our own age! Jessie, being about my age, was my companion, and her sister, Marian, was your mother's. But I must give you an idea what they were like then. Jessie was rather slight in figure, with soft brown eyes and curls of the same color, that fell to her waist; she was buoyant and impulsive, and very affectionate. I was of a kindred nature, and Jessie and I loved each other with more than a sister's love. Marian, her sister, was dark-eyed, with black hair, quietly braided under a net; they were not more opposite in personal appearance than they were in disposition, the latter being rather cold and serious; in consequence there was nothing of that romantic attachment which was between Jessie and myself. How well I remember now, the happy evenings we used to spend together, gathering wild flowers in the fields, and many other pleasures which can be enjoyed in an evening in a tropical clime. Years rolled on almost unvaried by any incident worth relating: till at last change came indeed. When I was about seventeen, Mrs. Stanhope, through the influence of the parents of some of her pupils, got the offer of a school in the city from a lady who was retiring from duties which weighed too heavily on her health. She accepted of it, and very soon removed to town, and the little cottage was once more shut up until a tenant could be found. We all grieved much at our separation; for we had been in daily intercourse, and now we could see each other only occasionally. Some months passed, as months will go, whether they are happy or sad, when Jessie came up one evening to see us. I thought she looked rather more excited than usual, and she soon drew me away from the others to tell me the secret of it. She told me she had been introduced at a friend's house to a gentleman—a Mr. Noland; he had been very attentive that evening, and had called several times since. She described him as being very handsome and fascinating. Of course, I was very anxious to see this "paragon," who had stolen half of Jessie's heart from me; but unfortunately I fell ill, and was unable to go out for several weeks—else my impression of him might have had some influence with Jessie before her heart had been irrevocably lost. At last I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Noland. He was, as Jessie had described him, very handsome, tall in stature, with rather dark complexion, deep, brown, dazzling, glittering eyes, and manners that were altogether too fascinating to please me, for they seemed to be hypocritical. None of us was prepossessed in his favor—neither was Marian; but Mrs. Stanhope was of Jessie's opinion. As he was a perfect stranger in Jamaica, having only come out to a mercantile house some months before, my father determined to make minute enquiries about him. In a short time he dis-

covered what he had feared, that Noland was not a good young man; at nights, after leaving the houses of his friends where he had spent the evenings, he and some other dissipated companions would resort to a certain saloon, where they were well-known, and gamble and drink for the greater part of the night. There was a rumor also that he was a married man; he had said so one night when he had tippled deeper than usual, but whether in joke or not, no one could tell. But everything combined made him a dangerous acquaintance. My father went to Mrs. Stanhope and told her all he had heard. She was very much shocked, for he had become a great favorite of hers; she promised, however, to discourage his visits until she heard better tidings of him.

The next day Jessie came to me in great grief. "Oh! Fannie," she said, "Mamma has told me a terrible tale about Fred Noland, but I will not believe it. She would not let me come down into the parlor when he came last evening, and he soon left, but I cannot, and will not give him up."

I coaxed and soothed her, and tried every argument to bring her to reason, but with little apparent effect. Noland, at last, went very seldom to Mrs. Stanhope's; but I knew that Jessie met him in secret: she told it to me in confidence, so that I could not inform on her, but I tried to prevent it —unsuccessfully, as it proved afterwards. Some time passed, when one morning we were startled at an unusually early hour by a knock at the door. It was Marian, who had come half-frantic to tell us that Jessie had disappeared during the past evening. It appeared that her mother and herself had gone to church; Jessie had pleaded illness and remained at home with the old black woman, who was busy about in the kitchen, and Jessie had stolen away. I was paralyzed by the intelligence. I blamed myself very much for not having given a hint to her sister as to her secret meetings with Noland, as she could have watched her more closely. I had tacitly favored Jessie in this first false step from the right, and bitterly I repented of it; but it was a warning to me in all my future life. But poor Jessie was too far on in the wrong path to retrieve herself. I could scarcely realize that Jessie had gone without telling me of her intention and saying good-bye. But day after day, week after week, passed, still no tidings of Jessie. No description can portray the anxiety of her mother and sister. The morning after Jessie's disappearance, Noland was also missing; his employers could not imagine the cause, but as they knew some reason must have been in it, they began minute inquiries into their books, and sorry am I to say they found wrong entries and altogether such a confusion in statements in the books, that when they were cleared up defalcations to some amount were discovered. It appears that Noland had become very much in debt in the town, and had been forming a small fund to take with him. Why he should have carried away Jessie was a mystery; but I suppose there is a soft spot in the heart of the worst person, and he must have loved Jessie at that time. I supposed the reason of Jessie's silence was that he had forbidden her writing for fear of discovery. My sadness, however, was soon to be alleviated, for about this time I became acquainted with your uncle; his character was irreproachable, and he seemed so highly esteemed that I thought myself fortunate in having been his choice. When four months had passed, just before I was to be married, letters were at last received from Jessie; she wrote to her mother and myself.

They were in Boston; but she did not mention what Noland was doing, nor did she give any particulars as to how she had gone, or where they had been married; she expressed herself as sorry at having given them so much unhappiness on her account —but, altogether, the letters were not in the style that Jessie usually wrote. I wrote to the direction she gave me, but months again passed without hearing further of her. In the meantime, I was married, and truly happy as I was, I never could long forget my poor lost friend. When we had been married about two years, my husband had an offer to join a large firm in New York, and we were to go directly if it was accepted, which it was. The week before we left I again heard from Jessie; she again wrote no particulars of herself, only she had a little girl, which, she said, was a great com-

fort to her. By the sad manner she wrote evidently she was not happy. Mrs. Stanhope's health began to decline rapidly, and when I went to take leave of her I feared she would not long be for this world; the duties of the school had entirely devolved upon Marian.

Many years had passed, and several changes had taken place, your mother had married a clergyman and gone to Bermuda. Mrs. Stanhope was no more. Marian had gone as governess in an officer's family, to the Cape of Good Hope, preferring not to remain in Jamacia, where she had known so much sorrow.

"Ten years had passed, I had had several dear little ones, whom God had seen best to take back to Himself.

"One cold November evening, I was sitting near the fire musing over past scenes. My husband had gone to Philadelphia for a few days on business, and he was not expected until the next day. I heard a faint ring at the bell and the girl soon came in to tell me that a poor young woman with a little girl, wished to see me. I told her to bring them in. The moment they entered I recognized Jessie, changed as she was. I was so surprised that I staggered back almost fainting; but Jessie ran to me, weak as she was, threw her arms around me, saying: "Fannie, I have come to see you before I die."

"I was so choked with tears that I could not speak directly. I brought her into the warm parlor and put her in a chair near the fire. I then took her poor little shivering babe in my arms; it was very thin and fragile, and was very like her mother. Jessie had called it after me she told me, and that she had never ceased to remember me. As soon as I had given her some refreshment, and she was sufficiently strong to speak, I begged her to tell me how she had become in the state she was in, and why she had not written to me, but had kept herself aloof from all her friends for so many years. She said that she had written me, but she had probably not put my right address, as she had lost it. She had also written several times to Jamaica, without receiving any replies; but she would tell me from the first. Her story was: "Noland had seen her the evening before she left, and had told her he was leaving on some important business, and as he was uncertain when he would ever return, she must go with him. She had refused at first, but he had pleaded so earnestly that she had at last consented. She could not tell me, for she knew that I never would have allowed her to do it, and so she went to her fate. He had hurried her off to a vessel which was to sail on the following morning, and not until they reached Boston had he married her. They had lived for a short time happily, but he would not consent to her writing home, which she was pining to do. She noticed he did very little work, never caring to keep a situation, and she could not imagine what the important business had been which had taken him away from Jamaica. Had she known of the defalcations, she would have understood it all. She had had two boys before little Fannie, but they had died. For some time then, she had seen but little of her husband; night after night he would be absent until near morning, and then he would creep in flushed and unsteady in his steps. At first he was not so unkind to her, except she attempted to remonstrate with him about his goings on; but gradually things became worse and worse, and sometimes, when he came home very drunk he would beat her and his little child too. At last he would take article after article from the house to supply himself with money, leaving her and his child to starve.

One night he did not come home, nor in the morning. During the day she heard that a jeweller's store had been broken into and jewels carried away to some great amount. Several men were suspected of being implicated in it, and amongst them was her husband. They had all disappeared, and it was now more than two years since she had seen him. She had not grieved much for him, for she had almost lost all love for him: he had been so brutal to her lately. After he left, she had tried to support herself by a little sewing, and any jobs she could obtain; but at length trouble and want had acted so powerfully on her, she could work no longer, but determined to sell the few remaining articles she had, endeavor to seek me,

and if able with my assistance, to proceed to Jamaica. When she got to New York her money had given out, and she was hardly able to keep her strength up, for she had no money to buy any food; but a kind grocer, whom she had begged to give her our direction from his 'Directory,' seeing her fainting state, had given her a few biscuits, which had sustained her until she reached me. She had only a small valise with her clothes. She said that was all she had. I did not tell her of her mother's death that night, but the next day, I gradually broke it to her. She threw herself back on the couch in a paroxysm of grief, bitterly accusing herself of having caused her mother's death. I gradually soothed her at last, and assured her she should never leave me as long as she lived, and that she must try and forget the past, and be happy once more. Months elapsed, Jessie would rally at times, but I saw she was surely passing away.—My husband had also deeply sympathized with her from the evening he had come home, the day after her arrival, and tried to do all he could to alleviate her sadness; but, alas! one morning in spring, Jessie left this world of care and sorrow. She died resigned to the will of God, and praying me with her last breath to be a mother to her child; also, if I ever saw her husband, to tell him she forgave him: but never to give up her child, even if ever he came to claim it. I never shall forget what a dreary gloom was over our home for some time. Through all her sufferings, poor darling, she was ever cheerful. I gave all my attention now to my adopted little namesake. She reminded me so forcibly of her mother; the same hair and eyes, and soft winning ways; but I was not long to have her, for in less than a year after her mother's death she followed her to the grave. Oh! how I grieved for my little pet; I had done all I could, but her constitution was too feeble.

"A few more years glided by, and then came my heaviest sorrows,—first the death of my beloved husband, then the intelligence of my mother's death, and soon after your mother's. All the troubles came on me so suddenly that I was almost bereft of reason; but gradually through trust and comfort in a "sustaining power," I became myself again. Just at that time the war broke out here in the States. I felt I must be doing something to alleviate my saddened feelings, and I used to attend the hospital, and try to relieve the sufferers as far as I was able. There was one comfort I had, that I was blessed with means sufficient for all my own wants and also to assist others who required help. One day when visiting the hospital, I noticed a man in one of the wards who seemed not far from death. It struck me that I had seen him before. His eyes were familiar; yet I could not at first recollect why. I asked the nurses his name, but they did not know it. I went to him and spoke. As he replied, although in a low tone, it flashed on me that it was Noland, the husband of poor Jessie. He had so changed that he was scarcely to be recognized as the handsome, fascinating man I had once known; but his voice was less changed. I made myself known to him. At first he tried to evade acknowledging that he was Noland; but I told him that was useless; that all I wanted was to comfort and help him to bear his sickness. I feared he might not live to see another day; and as I wished him to know about his wife and child, weak as he was, I did not like to delay the communication. He seemed more affected than I expected. Illness had softened his heart. The tears coursed down his cheeks when I delivered her last message. He said he was very sorry for all his misspent life; that he had been thinking of his home very much lately, and had intended to go back when the war was over; but now he was cut down; his wife and child gone before him, and all was over for them in this world. He said it was drink that had first got ascendency over and drawn him from one crime to another. I felt interested in him for his poor wife's sake, and every day I sat with him hour after hour reading and speaking to him, trying to bring him to a proper frame of mind, and I hoped, by the Almighty's aid, I should be successful. He died in about a week after, and I sincerely trust he was one of the "eleventh hour"—for I knew that it was not by chance that he had been thrown in my way.

"The photograph you saw, Minnie, was poor Jessie's; she gave it to me as the only

valuable she had. Her husband had had it taken in their first married days, and when he left her, and she was obliged to sell her things, she had found it in his desk, which she had hidden from him some time before, to prevent his getting rid of it as he had done almost everything of value in their place. When my pet died, I cut off one of her curls and fastened it to the photograph—sad memorials of the past. Do you not think, my dear niece, that it must be a painful subject to speak casually on. But I have told you the sad story hoping it will be a lesson to you in your future career, for you are now at an age when one false step may carry you far away from the paths of peace and happiness in this world, and perhaps in the next. I was very glad when your father came here to live so near to me that I may watch over and guard you from the dangers which encompass the young. Even those who are steady in their faith are often sore tempted; and you are all I have to comfort me in this world. But here comes your father, Minnie; let us lock up in our memories the sad past, and return to the cheerful present, hoping there are many happy days in store for us all."

MOTH AND RUST:

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER VIII.

TURNING OVER A LEAF.

"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you."

Three months after Frank's death, Luke the evangelist—we do not mean him who wrote the "Acts," but Luke Rogers—came again to Alden. He went to Mr. Morley's, and was warmly received. The family felt that Luke had been dear to Frank, and had striven hard to do him good. Indeed, they believed he had been the means of doing the lost son great good. But though Luke's kindness to Frank was remembered, and though Frank's new grave was in the garden within stone's throw, Luke found Frank's name virtually tabooed. It made the family melancholy to have the dead mentioned. It hurt their feelings. It made the remaining son and daughter sad; and youth—Mrs. Morley said—should not be made a time of sorrow. Ralph was so busy, and making money so fast that he said no more about leaving Alden. His remorse, his repentance, his tenderness about Frank, had faded away. He did not want them recalled, and persisted in talking with his visitor only on worldly business, iron, stocks, banking, real-estate. He could not be persuaded to touch upon spiritual themes.

Ralph was president of the Alden Bank now. He liked the position. The title of *president* had always had a rare attraction for him, since he had been president of a "debating club," when he was a lad. As he could not be president of the United States, he was glad to be president of Alden Bank, and he lived in hopes of one day being president of a railroad.

Luke Rogers discovered three facts which grieved him.

Discovery first was, that Mrs. Morley's highest and only aim for mild, easily-led Helen was, that she should shine in fashionable society, and marry a rich man (Mrs. Morley had a great regret about Helen. It was not that the girl did not possess a hope in Christ, but that she did not possess pretty, even teeth).

Discovery second was, that Ralph Morley's furnace was kept going, and the men working, all day Sunday.

Discovery third was, that Freddy was in no wise warned or improved by the circumstances of Frank's death, but was as wild as ever. Burdened by these discoveries, Luke went to bed, and was so distressed that he could not sleep.

Luke had ordered his letters to be sent to Alden, and the morning after his arrival he got one which set him thinking. The letter was from a friend, stating the case of a clergyman who had been for several years disabled by paralysis, and whose only son was dying with consumption. The family werd poor, and in great need of help. Luke read the letter several times. He was very sorry for this good man's affliction. Like Peter, Luke could say, "Silver and gold have I none." He had not even what stands for silver and gold in these days,—fractional currency. Indeed, Luke was desperately poor. He was one of those whom the church expects to run from place to place, doing the Lord's work, toiling like a coal-miner, live on nothing and have plenty left over. Church arithmetic is frequently a trifle beyond La Place. When Luke had considered sufficiently on his letter, he put it in his pocket, saying, "Mr. Morley must give this man fifty dollars. It will do him good."

The money would do the recipient good undoubtedly; but that was not what Luke meant. He meant that it would do Ralph good to give.

To the bank went Luke. The cashier

was busy at a desk in a small inner room. There was a neatly-furnished outer room; and there Ralph sat on a sofa reading his paper. Luke sat down beside him. Luke told the story of his friend. Ralph coolly said it was a hard case, but he did not offer to make it easier by a donation.

Luke said Christians ought to provide for this man, who had given his strength to the service of the Church. Ralph hoped they would, and looked at the price of gold. Luke demanded fifty dollars. Ralph could not think of it. Luke pleaded that Ralph was rich. Ralph referred to the many demands he had to meet. He might give until he beggared himself, if he would.

"You couldn't do it," said Luke. "No man ever gave until he impoverished himself. The Lord can beat you in giving if you try him. He has promised to repay, not at ten per cent. but ten-fold. 'He that gives to the poor lends to the Lord,' and will get his own with the highest kind of usury. Giving is a first-rate investment."

"I've been told that before; but it is all nonsense," said Ralph. "I look on giving simply as a matter of business. As a member of the community, I must do something. Churches and schoolhouses must be built. They are necessary to a town, and bring their return to property-owners and business men. No, no, Mr. Rogers. I look upon giving as a simple business matter, and not a paying business at that."

Now, Luke Rogers made up his mind that he would have this fifty dollars from Ralph Morley, if there was any power on earth that could get it out of him. He pitted his strength againgt Ralph's. He turned upon him, demanding this money in the name of humanity and frendship. He urged it as a favor due himself. He pictured this dying youth,—dying, like Frank and Richard, of consumption. Could not Mr. Morley sympathize with that case?' He enlarged upon the woes of a father who could not help his dying son. He spoke of Frank; and, as Mr. Morley still resisted his appeal, he recalled Frank's dying bed. Would not Mr. Morley give such a trifle as fifty dollars for Frank's sake, to Frank's friend, who had helped him to meet death calmly, who had soothed the terrors of his last days. An hour—a whole long hour—did Luke Rogers persist in this pleading. He meant to have that money, if it took an argument of twelve hours. If necessary, he would devote that day and the next to getting this fifty dollars. He did not say so; but he meant so, and he made his meaning apparent by his persistency. Luke believed that Ralph had some vulnerable point. His heart seemed encased in steel; but there must be a joint to the harness. He found it in memories of Frank, in his dying words and anxieties, and in the hindrance that money had been to Frank. Was not Mr. Morley, in thus wildly gathering a fortune for his children,—gathering it in despite of generosity, Sabbath-keeping, and religious living,—laying up for them a curse rather than a blessing? Ralph's reserve was conquered. The panoply of ice was melted. He suddenly bowed his head, and burst into tears. When he had subdued his weeping somewhat, he rose and went to the inner room. One would think he would order a check drawn for a thousand, or at least five hundred dollars; but no. He could not give even a hundred. It was impossible for him to give more than had been asked; and, truth to tell, he would begrudge that to-morrow.

"Mr. Pettis, draw up a check for Mr. Rogers for fifty dollars."

"*Fifty dollars?*" asked Mr. Pettis, who had heard much of what had passed between the president and the evangelist.

"Fifty dollars, Mr. Pettis," reiterated Ralph. It would probably have ruined him to give a hundred.

Mr. Pettis drew up the check, whispering to himself something about "pulling teeth."

Luke sent his fifty dollars to the friend for whom it had been obtained. We hope it gave this person more satisfaction than it did Luke. Luke regarded it as a pledge of the most outrageous and consummate selfishness. He felt in despair over Ralph Morley. He was joined to his idol, mammon, in a bond that seemed indissoluble.

But, while this scene had been enacted in the bank, Freddy Morley had been getting up an excitement of his own in a different part of the town. Fred was imagined to be a young man of buisness. He had a position under his father in the furnace. But Fred spent the greater part of his time idling or riding about town. On this morning, he meditated a long jaunt on horseback, and rode his horse into the edge of the river to water him. The beast, through Fred's ignorance, slipped into a deep hole and was drowned. This was not all. Fred, getting free from his struggling steed, was swept out into the river, sunk twice, and was in imminent danger of drowning also.

A lumber-raft was floating down the river; and one of the raftsmen, seeing the excitement on shore, and catching sight of Freddy's disappearing head, leaped into the river, and succeeded in bringing the insensible lad to the bank.

"What's his name?" asked the stalwart rescuer, as he assisted in restoring the lad to consciousness.

"Fred Morley," was the reply.

The lumberman redoubled his efforts; and when at last Fred opened his eyes, his preserver grasped his hand, crying cordial-

ly, "Well, old boy, how do you find yourself now?"

Fred replied that he felt as if he had had a close chance for his life, and, if this man had saved him, he thanked him more than words could say.

"Hoh!" replied this friend in need, "don't speak of it. I'd do it for any man; and knew you when you were knee-high to a grasshopper. Know me?"

Fred confessed his ignorance.

"There, I'm Peter Perkins, coming down from Dodsons's with lumber. Own part of the mill now. How are you, Fred? and how are the other boys?"

"They are dead," said Fred sighing, "both are dead."

"Oh, come now!" said Peter Perkins, "don't tell me that, We quarrelled a bit, as all boys will, but don't say they're dead already! Why, I'm as stout as a moose!"

"They're both gone, and I've very nearly followed them," said Fred.

"You're all right now," said Peter heartily. "Now tell me where the school-ma'am is."

"She's up in Pittsburg," replied Fred feebly.

"Well, she was the making of me, with her temperance, and her no swearing, and her Sunday-school. I wish you'd let her know it, and tell her I'm everlastingly thankful to her. Good-by, Fred; my raft and the other fellows are away down the river by this time;" and, shaking Fred's hand, Peter hurried in a small boat after his raft.

Fred, lying wrapped in a blanket in the office where he had been taken, fell asleep; dreaming, as he slept, of his child-life at Dodson's, of his grandmother and his cousin, of the school and the lessons and the Sabbaths of long ago. His dream wandered on to his plunge under the turbid water, and his danger of drowning. He awoke with the horror of death in his mind.

Dry clothes had been sent from home. He dressed, and returned to the house. His danger had been great, and he was sobered by it: suppose that strong-armed raftsman had been far away; and suppose that now, instead of going home on his own feet, Fred were lying drifted by an eddy to a corner of the muddy bank, or, all white and dripping and nerveless, were being carried home on a shutter to be laid in a coffin. Fred felt serious enough; he had never met death so closely. The life he had been leading had not been such as to make death tolerable.

While the family rejoiced over Fred's escape, and while his father warned him about the river, and made a few reflections on the lost horse, and while some questions were asked about Peter Perkins, Fred's mind was occupied with thoughts of what would come to him after death.

Luke Rogers was not at the Morleys to dinner, but called in the evening, and, finding Fred lying exhausted on the sofa, sat down and had a plain talk with him. The next morning, before leaving town, Luke called again. Fred was in the library, in dressing-gown and slippers. He was feeling the effects of his yesterday's wetting. To what Luke said, Fred replied, "I know all this is true. I have been thinking of it myself. I acknowledge that I have been leading a bad life, and now I am going to turn over a new leaf."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Luke; "but what do you find on this new leaf you are turning over?"

"Well, in the first place, I find I must quit swearing, drinking, and gaming."

"Very well. Can you do it?" asked Luke. "It may be hard."

"I can do it. I can do any thing I make up my mind to," said Fred proudly.

"You are more happy in that than other people. I have known many good resolutions to be broken. What else do you find on your leaf?"

"Oh! I find that I must leave idling, or I will fall into mischief again; and I must help father, he has been so disappointed in us boys, poor man."

"Do you find nothing else?" asked Luke sadly.

"Yes; I find that I will go to church every Sunday, once,—in the evening, I guess; for most of the girls go then, and father and mother go mornings; so I think our family had better be represented by me in the evening. And—well, there, you look as if something else was needful; so I will make up my mind to read my Bible, a chapter every Sunday, when I don't forget it. What! don't that satisfy you, Mr. Rogers? What in the name of wonder ought I to find on my new leaf?"

"You should find repentance unto life!" cried Luke.

"And what is repentance unto life?" asked Fred.

"It is being truly penitent for sin; hating it and fearing it, and flying to God to save you from it."

"Didn't I just tell you I was going to leave these sins I have indulged in, and take a different course?"

"I do not find in your intentions any trusting to Jesus, any desiring for a new heart, any becoming a Christian."

"I shall be as much of a Christian as the rest of our folks," said Fred, with something of poor Richard's sneering. "It would not do to set up as better than others. This devoutness that exists in some families—in the Rogerses, for instance, —does not seem natural to the Morleys. I wonder if there isn't such a thing as hereditary piety?"

"Yes," said Luke, "I think there is. It

seems an heirloom in some families; and it is thus because, like other heirlooms, it is cherished and held precious, talked of, exhibited in the family, and bequeathed from parents to children."

"Just so," said Fred lightly. "Now, I've heard Timothy mentioned as a case of that kind; and I should say my Cousin Stella was another; grandma, too, perhaps, though I'm not well enough acquainted with the family history to be certain; and now it strikes me that this piety—what there is of it in our family—is entailed on the female line, and we poor rascals don't get any of it."

Luke looked gravely at this youth, who was thus trifling with sacred subjects. His gravity only urged Fred to further folly.

"There's my respected father," said this irrepressible youth. "I should say he caught his piety in his early days by contact with his parents, The piety was infectious; but he was a poor subject, and had only a mild type of it; it did not come out well."

"Can you not be persuaded to take a more serious view of this greatest question which will ever be presented to you? Can you not feel that this is the day for decision, and that your soul may be lost or saved according to the determinations of this hour?" said Luke.

"No, I really can't," replied Fred. "It does not look that way to me at all. I told you what I found on my new leaf. I think it reads up pretty well, and I shall put it in practice from this time out."

Luke Rogers walked towards the depot thinking, that, though Fred sneered and jested, there was yet a good deal of truth in what he had said of his father and his family.

After these experiences at Alden, if Luke thought of selfishness, Ralph Morley at once came before his mind as its most perfect type; but Luke was not the only one who came in conflict with Ralph's besetting sin. No member of his flock so tried the pastor as Ralph; and, in the matter of giving, Ralph was especially at fault. Although he spoke so much of "the money demands" upon him, as if he met them all, Ralph was finding means to escape from every one. On the Sunday when the collection for Foreign Missions was taken up, Ralph invariably was at home with a sick headache. When the day for providing for Domestic Missions came round, Ralph was absent in the city: he had business there, and he made it convenient to be about that business at this particular time. "Church-Extension Sunday," as Ralph called the Sabbath for that collection, found Ralph ill with neuralgia. He shirked the Tract-Society subscription on the plea that "he hadn't looked over all their books, and did not know as he should approve them!" The Bible Society was denied on the pretence that it was too well supported already, and had too many salaried officers! If the agent for this cause was *very* persevering, he, maybe, got two dollars. As to the cause of education, Ralph flatly condemned that. People would educate themselves if they were worth any thing. "The Freedmen" were a "new-fangled charity, and he wasn't sure that aid to them was judicious."

It was time for a new library in the Sunday-school. Two ladies who were collecting for this went to Ralph. He referred them to his wife. This "came within her province: she would give what she thought proper." Ralph well knew that his wife was even stingier than himself!

Mrs. Morley told the ladies that she did not feel particularly interested in the Sunday-school library. None of her family attended the school. She benevolently offered them two books which she had had in her library some ten years. One was the autobiography of "Mrs. Mary Anna Eliza Hinks." This delightful volume was somewhat tarnished with age, and had several dozen leaves uncut; it had been very popular in its time, having passed through an edition of five hundred in eight years. The other book was a twelvemo of six hundred pages, being the history of the "Kiang Ho Kiang Mission," which had been successfully planted, but, being too far north, had frozen out in the seventh month of its existence. The committee declined to accept these valuable works; they feared the pupils of the school might perversely fail to be interested in them; they also thought the donation ridiculously unsuited to Mrs. Morley's means. As they would not take what they could get, they got nothing; but the library was obtained at last.

At Christmas-time a "Tree" was wanted for the Sunday-school, and another committee went about to solicit contributions. They did everything by committees in Alden. This committee was young and inexperienced. Mr. Morley sent them to Mrs. Morley; and Mrs. Morley offered these "Two VOLUMES"—she spoke them in capitals. Not old enough, wise, or brave enough to refuse the gifts, the crestfallen committee accepted with thanks. It was supposed to be a great relief to Mrs. Morley's mind to get those books off her hands. A mischief-making young gentleman wickedly did the VOLUMES up in a neat parcel, and, directing them to Ralph Morley, Esq., hung them on the Christmas-tree; but the minister's wife—excellent woman!—considered herself the guardian of congregational peace, and so quietly abstracted the package, and hid it in her rat-haunted attic. If it had been another

minister's wife of my acquaintance, she would have let the books hang!

Ralph's pastor confided some of his troubles to a brother in the ministry; "Mr. Morley is very wealthy, and ought to give one-third of all our contributions; but I can hardly ever get a cent out of him. He is invariably away when a collection is taken up. Indeed, we spoke of having a mite collection taken up every Sabbath morning for current church-expenses; and we had to give up the idea because he said he would leave the church altogether if he had a contribution-plate thrust in his face every time he came out to service."

"I'll tell you what," said the ministerial friend; "try the card-system on him,—that will bring him."

"What is that?" asked Ralph's pastor.

"Instead of passing about the plates in church, get cards with the object printed upon them, enclose in envelopes, and direct to each church-member. Send them around, and make a few remarks from the pulpit, telling your people to write their donations on the cards, and that you do not expect only the head of each house, or the male members, to give; but let wives and children set their names and contributions on the cards. Tell them they must regard giving as a family matter and a family privilege."

"I'll do it," said Ralph's disconsolate spiritual shepherd; "but I dare say he'll get out of it some way."

The card-system was tried as recommended; and, as the pastor prophesied, Ralph "got out of it."

"I did not find your card, Mr. Morley," said one of the officers of the church, meeting the redoubtable Ralph on the street.

"Oh,—ah,—no! It was mislaid somehow. Not taken out of the church-seat, very likely. Ah, yes, overlooked, I suppose."

"I will give you an opportunity to subscribe now," said this truly accommodating church-officer.

"Oh! well, don't trouble yourself. Any other time will do equally as well," replied Ralph, and went his way.

"I will manage him now," thought the pastor. And the next time a contribution was in order, a person was deputed to make the rounds of the congregation, distribute the cards, and afterwards collect them. This time Ralph Morley was fairly caught. He took the card, and wrote down — five dollars.

We should be glad to have giving a family matter in our church," said this "Vigilance Committee." "We would like to see the names of Mrs. Morley and your children."

"I give for the family," said Ralph haughtily. "And this is as much as any one gives,—and all I can put down besides, there are so many demands on me!"

"Have you cornered our friend Morley yet?" asked the ministerial adviser of Ralph's pastor.

"Yes, at last," groaned this afflicted watchman on the walls of Zion.

"And what was the result?"

"Five dollars!"

"*Five dollars!* Five dollars after all that trouble! Oh, five dollars! What a blessed thing is benevolence!"

"You are getting very gray," said the pastor's wife to her husband.

"No wonder," replied this martyr to a good cause. "If I had two Ralph Morleys in my congregation, to run their furnaces Sunday, and shirk benevolence, my head would be as white as the snow on Hermon."

Ralph never got back that five dollars with a blessing. The Lord loves a cheerful giver; but all Ralph's heart ached over parting with that five. He had a more than fraternal affection for the group of Spaniards on its back, and, with tears in his eyes, looked his last at Columbus landing. They gave up trying to make him liberal after that. He had been reasoned with and prayed for. He had heard a sermon on giving, which convinced every man in the church but Ralph Morley; and, as he would not be turned from the error of his way, they let him alone; and he went his own way very much to his satisfaction,—giving nothing but the moderate portion he chose to pay for the minister's salary. The church bought a house for a parsonage after a while; and one of the members,—a director of the Alden Bank,—making it a personal matter that Ralph should give fifty dollars towards it, Ralph gave it, considering it a matter of business, and because he had many dealings with the director, and the director was a member of Congress. But, though Ralph begrudged help towards buying a parsonage, he did not hesitate to buy a new place for himself, much more beautiful and valuable than the one where he had lived since he came to Alden. He could sell his present home at a bargain. He could buy a new lot at a bargain; and he would build a house that should astonish all Alden by its magnificence. He did not think of leaving Alden now. He reasoned that it was better to be the greatest man there than only one of the many great in New York or Philadelphia. And now the furnace roared and glowed, and workmen's hammers and chisels rung, saws grated, and trowels spread the mortar; and poor Ralph Morley, who had no mansion prepared for him above the skies, was preparing a very nice mansion for himself here below.

If Ralph had deliberately set himself to take his portion in this world, his conduct would have been consistent. If he meant to have no good things except on this side the grave, then let him eat and drink and

be merry while he could. If he found satisfaction in selfishness, let him be selfish. If money and a fine house, a good table and expensive clothing, represented to him the highest happiness, by all means let him have them; and let us pity the man whose desires were so narrow, whose loftiest reachings were so low, whose choice was so vain. But Ralph was miserably inconsistent. He held fast to his church-membership, as if that would give him a claim on God's eternal blessing. He would not live up to his duty, and be a whole-hearted Christian; and he could not be a whole-hearted man of the world, for all his early education, and what we have called his "religious instincts," forbade it. Ralph had not grace enough to serve the Lord, neither had he callousness enough to heartily serve the Devil. He got no satisfaction anywhere. Oh, if he had only made up his mind to follow after holiness, how different had been the record of his life!

Amid a great deal of fuss and bustle, the grand new house was built and furnished, and the family moved into it. They celebrated the removal by a grand party,—a crush party, which amazed all Alden. They had a supper and waiters sent from the city. There were music and dancing, and cards and wine. And worldly people were envious, and church-members were scandalized. And Mrs. Morley was in the height of her glory, and perfectly contented. Wearing a ruby-colored moire-antique, trimmed with lace at twenty dollars a yard, with a new set of jewellery, and a fifty-dollar head-dress, Mrs. Morley sat magnificent in a velvet-lined chair at the head of her saloon parlor; and, while the young men jested and laughed in the wine-room, the elder people devoured luxuries in the supper-room. The chandeliers trembled, and wreaths and bouquets shivered in the tumult of the music and the dancing; and a circle of gray-headed men bent over the card-table. Did Mrs. Morley think of the price of souls that had been paid for all this, and of the two sons who were lying under the dahlias and the violets in somebody else's garden?

Ralph Morley walking through his fine house, in this evening's splendors, flattered by obsequious guests, and seeing Fred and Helen enjoying themselves in all the carelessness of youth, held his head high, and tried to think that he was happy. Yet, for all this trying to be pleased, there was an under-current of disappointment and of unrest stealing coldly along somewhere; and he felt its chill, and heard its murmurs among all the song, the music, the laughter, the feasting, dancing, perfume and flowers.

O Ralph! to us has come down the echo of stern James's speech, "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries which shall come upon you." This life in which you heap up gold, and flaunt your fine array, and hold yourself above your fellow-men, is such a little space, and over it darkens and closes, narrowing the horizon every day, that future which you never can escape.

If Mrs. Ralph Morley had an idol besides herself, that idol was Helen. As the mother scanned the gay assembly that evening of the party, her mind was full of plans for her daughter. Helen was a meek, timid, gentle little creature,—delicate enough to have filled many mothers with apprehension; so sensitive and yielding, as to have made a wise mother guard her with the tenderest vigilance, lest the happiness of her guileless life be suddenly and fatally wrecked. But Mrs. Morley was troubled with none of these anxieties. She meant to mark out a line of life for her child, and place her in it. She could move her piano, her pictures, her sofas, here and there as pleased her; and she had some vague idea of proceeding in the same way with her daughter. As Mrs. Morley saw one and another paying to Helen those attentions which courtesy and the girl's own prettiness and mildness made natural, she considered how she should marry her daughter. And money was the requisite with Mrs. Morley. The young man she would select for Helen must have money. She did not consider whether a person were suitable in age, morals, or disposition; money would make him eligible, and money only. Mrs. Morley performed many examples in mental arithmetic that evening. This young man had a very rich father; but the father was likely to live so many years, and might lose his money half a dozen times before he died. Here was the son of an old man; but there were five brothers and sisters to divide the property, and each would have but a moderate slice. Mrs. Morley divided hundreds of thousands by three, four, five, and six that evening; and when the party was over, the lights put out, the house locked up, and Mrs. Morley ready to go to bed, she had not yet made up her mind what she would do with poor Helen.

When Ralph Morley retrieved his fallen fortune, one would have expected of him two suitable actions. The first would have been to pay back to his mother the money he had lost for her; and the second to ask her to return to live with him, instead of leaving her to be supported by the labor of Stella's hands.

Four thousand dollars looked so much to Ralph Morley, however, that he could not make up his mind to pay it over to a person who would not go to law with him for it. He tried not to think of it very often; and, when he did, he reasoned that

old people had no use for money, and that the sum would be his when his mother died; and it made no matter these few years. You see, he coolly set Stella's claim out of the question. Ralph said nothing in his short notes to his mother about his renewed prosperity. He had a favorite sentence about "hard times;" another about "killing one's self with work;" and a third about "the great expense of supporting a family;" he put these, with slight variations, in every letter.

Father Honest was the first person to bring this matter clearly up to Ralph. Father Honest was no longer Stella's guardian; but he was her good friend and adviser. And, when the news drifted to him that Ralph Morley was again wealthy, he made it his business to go to Alden, and suggest to Ralph that he should refund to his mother the little property he had lost for her. Father Honest was not authorized to do anything, however; he could only talk of justice, and decency, and appeal to honor; and Ralph was not the man to give up four thousand dollars when he could by any means keep it. He growled out that he "supposed his mother was comfortable, and not in need of any thing."

"That may all be; but your niece works for it," said Honest.

"She would work any way," said Ralph; "it's in her, and she likes it. She might have got married a dozen times if she chose. She enjoys being independent, and taking care of her grandmother."

"I shouldn't think you would enjoy having her do it," said Mr. Waters with scorn.

"Mother wouldn't be contented living with us," said Ralph evasively. "My young people are gay, and like society. My wife sees a good deal of company; and my mother has some old-fashioned notions, which suit Stella. I regard her happiness, when I do not send for her to come here."

"And do you regard her happiness when you do not send her money that is her own? Even old ladies like to be independent!" cried Father Honest, who had a wholesome contempt for a man who would cheat his mother, when he dared not cheat anyone else.

Old Mrs. Morley, desiring to do justice to Stella, wrote to her son about money, when she fairly realized that the furnace was bringing him a fortune yearly. He sent her a check for five hundred dollars, saying, he would send more *when he could;* and adding some remarks so painful to the aged mother, that she never made any further applications for what was her just due.

"I know," said this fond old grandma, one day to Stella, "that your father left a great deal more property than you ever got. I wish we knew what he had done with it; for it seems hard that you are kept out of it, and have to work for yourself and for me."

"If I had come into possession of a large fortune when my father died," replied Stella, looking up from the block upon which she was drawing, "it might have made me proud and extravagant. By being poor, I have learned industry, economy, and sympathy with the poor and toiling,—three experiences worth purchasing at almost any price. I think the good Lord is such a tender parent that he will not deny his children any indulgence which is safe for them. If wealth would have been a true benefit to me, I should have had it. I sometimes wonder what dreadful sort of person I should have become if I were rich, since it has been necessary for me to be so poor."

As grandma looked at the fair face, bent smiling over the daily task, she felt that nothing could have spoiled this generous and joyous nature. But God knew best. There was work for Stella in the world, and this was her preparation.

One would think that a man who could defraud and neglect his *mother* was incapable of showing gratitude to anyone. But, as we are willing to give Ralph Morley all his due, and rake up from the general ruin of his character any little scraps of goodness that may remain, we must state that his conduct to old Stacey was that of the kind and faithful friend. From Stacey, Ralph would receive reproofs and advice that no one else would venture to utter to him. True, he did not amend at the reproofs, nor follow the advice; but he bore them, and esteemed the giver. Stacey was getting too old to work much; but she had her tidy room on the lower floor, to save steps for her; and she sat by a cheerful little fireplace, knitting Ralph's socks, and mourning over him in her heart. For Stacey there was always a cheerful "good-morning;" for Stacey a birthday and a Christmas gift of a new gown. And, for the life-long devotion wherewith she had served him, Ralph was giving the old woman as good a home and as happy a life as the most Christian and liberal man on earth would have done. And, though Stacey saw and lamented Ralph's sins, she persisted in saying, he was "not so bad as he seemed, and would come right by and by."

(*To be continued.*)

The Home.

WHAT IS TRUE POLITENESS?

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

"Ah! How do you do? I am truly glad to see you! Oh dear, there's the bell! I did hope we should have no 'callers' to interrupt us this evening—and that's surely Mr.——, a good fellow enough; but he makes such long calls, and comes so often, that he is rather tedious. I wish the young folks were in; but I must be *polite*, I suppose"—and with a slightly impatient air, the lady went forward to receive the unwelcome guest.

How unfortunate that young people must go through some mortification, and be subject to some slight rebuffs, before experience teaches them the wisdom of Solomon's counsel—"Restrain thy foot from thy neighbor's house lest he grow weary of thee, and hate thee." I always feel sorry that they must learn this. It is a hard lesson for the young. And I am sorry for the hostess also. It is no easy thing to temper coolness with kindness in such cases. I hope she will show her annoyance as little as possible. But—how is this? Do my ears deceive me?

"Ah! Mr. ——, I am quite delighted to see you again. Walk right in. Lay aside your overcoat and spend the evening."

"Oh no! I couldn't possibly. I was just passing, and could not resist the temptation to run in and inquire about you all. Must stay only a moment."

"Oh nonsense! I can't allow you to leave. You must stay to tea. Our young people will soon be in, and to lose your call will be a great disappointment."

"I really ought not to stop to-night; but I never know how to refuse you, dear Mrs. ——."

When the "young people" came in, they adjourned to the front parlor, and were soon engaged in cheerful, pleasant discourse, while the hostess turned her attention to her elderly guest.

"I am glad to be let off so easily. I feared I should be compelled to entertain Mr. —— till tea time, and lose half my visit with you. But are you not well? You look troubled!"

"Shall I tell you honestly, I feel only half sure that I am really a welcome guest here to-night."

"How can you say so? Do you not know that you are always, and at all times, welcome?

"I certainly did think so until within a few moments."

"What can have happened to change your mind so very suddenly?"

"I so truly love you, Mary, that I shall tell you the whole truth, frankly. When I came you met me with the greatest cordiality, and I was truly happy to be with you once more, When the bell rang, you seemed to dread the interruption, and was half vexed when you recognized the voice of your visitor. That did not surprise me, for I well understand how an unexpected call will interrupt and mar anticipated pleasure, by distracting the attention, and drawing it away from the invited guests of the evening. Yet it was only a 'call,' and need not have detained you long. But I was grieved, and my faith in true friendship sadly shaken, when I heard your greeting to the 'rather tedious caller.' Your manner was as winning, and your gratification as apparent, as, when I, your invited and expected guest, entered the room."

"Why! What would you have me do? Surely not treat a gentleman rudely or unkindly?"

"By no means. But when you did not wish him to remain, and knew that he had no intention of doing so, why feign a desire for his company which your heart did not sanction? If you always urge him with such apparent cordiality, no wonder his calls are long and frequent—*tedious*, as you termed them when speaking to me. Surely neither courtesy or politeness required that you should do more than chat a few moments, and let him depart. That would have been true kindness. Having fresh in mind your words and manner, when you heard his voice in the hall, and contrasting them with the extreme urgency of your solicitation to remain, is it strange that I said in my heart—'How do I know but I was invited here in the same spirit, simply as an act of courtesy? and the earnest, cordial, affectionate greeting I received was but *seeming*—the heartless formula of fashionable life?'"

"I only did as all must do, if they would secure and maintain a respectable standing in good society."

"My dear child, 'there is something rotten in the State of Denmark'—in this

so called 'good society'—if it compels untruthfulness."

"I grieve that you judge me so harshly. You surely do not believe I would tell a falsehood?"

"That is too rough a term to be mentioned to ears polite, but, by your own statement, what else was it? You urge this uninitiated young man to do that which you acknowledge you did not desire him to do. Bear with me, my child; I speak but for your own good. In the whirl and excitement of fashionable life, you cannot understand how this hollow-hearted mode of existence appears to a looker-on. Not this instance alone—but there are a thousand varieties in which strict truth is thought quite old-fashioned and unnecessary."

We are surprised and pained at the lack of real, genuine truthfulness in the social intercourse between friends, as well as with passing acquaintances. And it is so often manifested in cases where a strictly truthful course would be the easiest and altogether the kindest way. A certain amount of attention, a certain number of calls, are thought necessary, if one would keep in good and regular standing in fashionable, genteel society. But that these calls and attentions should spring from the heart—from true kindness and friendly feeling—is often apparently as fully ignored as if such emotions had no real existence. And when these "calls" have been made, the proper attention rendered, what good has been accomplished? Often none at all, and it is well if sometimes positive evil is not the result, if not to others, to one's own self. Time uselessly spent, words uttered that have no meaning, or a covert one to wound and vex; assurances of pleasure and interest which your heart denies; laying your own truthfulness as a sacrifice on the altar of politeness—what good results can you expect? We feel moved to speak earnestly to our young friends just entering this strange, unnatural life, because we would have you think of it, soberly, as Christians should. We are told to let our "yea be yea, our nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." In all truth and fidelity, deal by others as you would have them deal by you.—*Christian Union.*

YOUNG MOTHERS.

Some persons consider the cares of those whose little ones are yet but babies as trifling, and consequently leave young mothers unsympathized with and undirected, to spell out in unhappy mood their day-long and often night-long lessons, while others throw into the hands of irresponsible, ignorant hirelings these cares, vainly thinking that they have no further responsibility. It is true that in the first months of infancy very little can be done towards training intellect or instilling principles; the thousand offices must be performed for the body. Just in this view, for an intellectual woman to spend day after day in dressing and undressing a baby, in hushing its undefined cries, assisting its helplessness, seems small employment; and even the tender gushing heart of the mother sometimes yields to discouragement. She feels that she is doing nothing; that while performing this routine of labors, she is fulfilling none of life's great duties, that the months spent in infantile care are a blank, the filling up of which will be required at her hand in the performance of more public deeds. The mother with the care of an infant, may do much beside; but all the time and strength which its necessities demand should be cheerfully yielded, feeling the assurance that no redemption of that time and strength will ever be required of her. While in the hushed nursery, humming the necessary love-indited lullaby, she is as literally fulfilling the command, "Go, work to-day in My vineyard," as is she who treads a foreign soil to teach the heathen. Oh, did the mothers, the *Christian mothers* of our land, but feel that in just the circumstances where God's providence places them, *there* He requires them to glorify Him, just the everyday work He puts into their hands is *the talent* He requires them to improve, with how much more zeal and devotion would they address themselves to their duties, and how sunny would be their days, now clouded with gloom and despondency! The little body, which in helplessness rests on thy bosom, fond mother, is for the present the house of the immortal spirit in which it is to expand and be prepared for a celestial form. It is the framework on which it may lean in its upward tendings—the mould which may give it its first shape. How vastly important then that your own wise, love-directed hand arrange and garnish each apartment, that your own jealous eye watch each line of the trellis, that you guard every pressure lest earthly teguments mar its beauty and weaken and distort its growth, At this early period, as at a more advanced age, it is impossible to lay down theories to guide. Every mother will find by experience that theory and practice in the management of children cannot always be made to blend. A careful observance of the laws of nature and reason, with the mother's love, are the best directors. In regard to dress and position, it would be well for the mother to have reference to her own feelings in similar circumstances in some degree, making necessary allowance for the delicate susceptibilities of

infancy. In many cases, no doubt, infants are rendered very uncomfortable, if not permanently injured, by a harnessing of clothing in which the mother herself would not remain half-an-hour. To make them look trim and straight, waists and bands are pinned so snug that their little bodies have more the look and feel of a stick of wood than of flesh and blood.—Would a lamb thrive and sport in such fixings? They are many times kept, if not in an unnatural position, so long in the same one that their outraged feelings cry out for redress, and if not apparently sick, they are called cross. In avoiding this extreme, they are often put in another, equally injurious to their comfort and freedom; that is, constantly in the hands of some individual to toss about and fondle, which prevents the happy freedom of the limbs, and though they may become so accustomed to this that they will cry if not in the arms of some person, still it is not natural, and it is far better never to form the habit. The infant, no doubt, often cries from fatigue, excitement, or an overfed stomach, and the wearied, impatient mother or nurse attempts to quiet it by tossings, or placing it in a condition still more exciting—giving it still more food, or by rapid rocking, while singing some noisy air, when perhaps half-an hour at most in a quiet room, murmuring some gently soothing strain, would save hours of restlessness and fitful screams. There is a charm in peace and quiet that will control infancy, and for the most part keep it in its natural attitude of engaging loveliness. It is very easy, however, to accustom them to a round of dissipating manœuvres which will call every day for an increase of noise, and change of place and playthings, so that the whole house becomes a kind of baby-bedlam. It has been laid down as a maxim, "Never permit a child to cry." Yet let the mother do the best she can, the baby will sometimes cry when she can see no possible reason for it. And is it an unpardonable offence? The mother sometimes weeps from heartache, when with her reason and power of speech she cannot tell what makes her heart ache. Little heads may ache. Little brains may have become excited by studying too long the curious lines on the wall, or listening too intently to the sounds to which the new ear is just opened. Be calm and patient, mother, and father too, if your little nestling does sometimes disturb your hours of sleep. Some strange sound may have fallen on its delicate ear, some strange fear may have taken possession of its little bosom as the eyes opened upon the confused darkness of the night. The natural disposition, we think, has much to do with the actions of infants, no less than with men and women. A course pursued with one will not answer for another. They are miniature men and women, and the natural tendencies of the child you will see in the man, modified, to be sure, by education and circumstances. We used occasionally to see a beautiful infant boy, playful and happy as a kitten. Suddenly, without any apparent cause, his laughing face would cloud, he would cry bitterly, and refuse to be soothed. Years passed, and that boy was placed by Providence under our immediate care. We came to our task begirt with wise theories, resolved that with kind devotion we would prevent what seemed to us fitful crying. But much of our garnered wisdom long since vanished from its storehouse. We have learned that "the wind must be tempered to the shorn lamb." The sensitive boy is still frequently made very unhappy by trifles which only make another by his side smile. His keen sensibilities, either of joy or sorrow, are fanned to a flame by a breath. The stern decision which may be requisite in another case, only makes him desperate. A garment does not feel right, a stocking is too short, and all the decision and reasoning of a host of matrons cannot convince him that he is comfortable, while an unwitting change of subject will divert him from his uneasiness and cause him to forget his trouble. We expect, should he live to become a man, he will be easily troubled still. We say, then, let the dispositions of infants even be carefully studied, and let no mother despair and feel that though her labors are shaded they are in vain. She may toil silently, and go to her grave unknown, but she may set in motion springs that will move a world.
Mothers' Friend.

A VISITOR.

Mrs. Crowner, a poor widow over on the hill beyond Meadow Brook, stepped in this afternoon on her way home from the village. She had been helping the doctor's wife to clean house and wash bedclothes. She was tired; it is a walk of three miles, and her health is not very good, and we were glad to have her call in and rest herself.

Grandma always keeps the teakettle on the stove all the time, just in case a poor, tired, hungry person comes in and needs a cup of tea. It is no trouble to us, and a great help to those who are weary and need the refreshing cup that cheers. While she was sipping her tea and eating some of the nice kind of cakes that grandma always has — a kind that improve with age — I observed that she wore a very pretty black calico dress. Now I have a weakness for black calico dresses; but one has to be so very careful of them; and then they are never pretty after they have been washed.

I remarked this to Mrs. Crowner, and she laughingly replied that she had worn that dress for her best one for over two years, and it had been washed frequently, and that she never had had any difficulty in keeping black calico from fading or growing dingy.

This was all new to me, so I took out my pencil and made a note of her recipe to keep black calico from fading.

She said when she had made the dress and worn it until it needed washing, she made a strong soapsuds and put the dress in it, and let it stay in until it boiled, then set it off, and allowed it to lie in the suds until it was cold. It never faded after that, and she always washed it in the usual manner, and rinsed it through two or three waters, and dried it in the shade.

I was immensely amused while she stayed. She said Dr. Thompson's wife told her she must go to church, and she replied that she had no bonnet fit to wear, and Mrs. Thompson said if she would accept it she would give her one of her old ones, provided she would go to church. She took the flowers and feathers and the broad ribbon ties off from the brown straw bonnet and presented it to her.

Now any woman knows that a modern bonnet, stripped of the trimmings, is no more a bonnet than is a broad brown sycamore leaf. It bears no resemblance to anything in the heavens or on the earth—it is unsightly, ugly, repulsive, useless. And to a woman poor and gray-haired, who is willing to go to church, but kept back by poverty, such a gift is an insult and a mockery.

Grandma gave her a brown ribbon for ties, and I sewed them on, making a "complacent bow" under the chin. She had a little gauzy brown veil that one of her children found, and I told her to iron it out smoothly, lay it in two folds, and press it, to give it the look of the first folds that are in veils when we buy them, and then lay it in three box-plaits at one end, and fasten it in that on the top of the bonnet a little back.

We are too apt, in giving gifts to the poor, and often in giving to the Lord, likewise, to give sparingly, and unworthily, and distrustfully, to dole out grudgingly something that we do not feel sensibly, or miss much, or make any sacrifice in giving. —*Home Magazine.*

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE IN DRESS.

BY REV. G. B. WILLCOX.

Every good man who writes on dress thinks he must begin and end with a broadside at the fashions. There is much to be said against them, it is true; but they are themselves a sign of the progress that Christianity has made in the world. Look back a few hundred years, and see what fantastic tricks grown men and women played in this matter of costume. When men wore silk hoods in the streets. like nightcaps, and coats of half-a-dozen colors, like flags wrapped round them; when they had sleeves about the size of a barrel, and toes to their shoes half a yard long, that were turned up and were hung to their knees with chains; when their hair was gathered into a cue, that was pieced down as long as a Chinaman's; when ladies carried turbans or mitres a yard high, with ribbons floating from the top like streamers, with tunics half of one color, half of another; when the head-dresses "were complicated scaffoldings of iron and silver wires, made to represent castles, pyramids, ships, canopies, zodiacs. and other kind of structures"—the wildest fashion of our time would have been voted tame.

Now it is something to be thankful for —it is a step in Christian civilization—that we have turned over the party-colored dresses to the state-prisons. The mere lapse of time, to which shallow people credit such reforms, has no tendency even that way. What have ten centuries done in China to change the style of dress, or to make away with that cruel custom of cramping the feet of their women? It is not time, it is Christianity that has brought fashions to something like reason, and made it impossible that we should go back to those follies. This is one of the thousand good effects that Christianity has thrown out sidewise, like spray from the current, that few men think to give credit for.

Dress must be made a means only, not an end. As a wise man will "eat to live, not live to eat," so he will do with dress. It is not the quality of one's clothing that determines whether one is right or wrong as to this matter. A woman, for instance, has been all her life used to rich fabrics. They are to her a thing of course. They cost her little time or thought. But another with small means, is foolishly living for appearances. She gives her whole mind to them. She worries and frets about her shallow purse. She lives and moves and has her being in the atmosphere of this mania for dress. Now, she may be, after all, more plainly clad than her richer sister. She must be. But she will be tenfold more bent on costume; she has tenfold more of the character of a woman of fashion

So you find a girl who gives time enough to the architecture of her hair to make her, if she would turn it to better account, a ripe and noble Christian woman. Her body was made to be God's temple. Her head

is the glory of her body. But she values the scalp of it as so much soil to raise hair on.

Now there is no escape from folly like this but in having an aim noble enough to be worth the finest thought and energy we give it. Whatever our dress ought to be *to help toward this aim,* that is the rule to govern it. Make it a means, not an end.

But what shall we do with the fashions? Here we are in the midst of them; and we cannot control them. What shall we do? Rebel outright? Defy the new styles every season? Shall we pitch upon some one mode, more sensible than the rest, as it comes along, and cling to that at all hazards? Shall we take the Quaker way of coming out from the world to be separate? Any dress that makes a man or woman conspicuous in the street is bad, for that reason alone. Follow the fashions, since you must; but follow them, as Peter did his Master, *afar off.* Keep near enough to them to avoid notoriety. Keep far enough away to avoid extravagance.

But will not that uphold this system of changes every few months, that involves this ostentation and enormous waste? No; not at all. It is just the way to defeat it. Hold back from extremes, and you can easily go from one season to another with not much more change of your garments than heat and cold require. It is the very thing that the fashionable tailors and hatters and milliners *do not* want.

It is against Nature that a man should be coming out incessantly in some new costume, like an actor on the stage. The higher you look in the scale of creatures, the less striking the changes they go through in their growth. Begin down at the lowest. A shellfish-crab, for instance, outgrows his shell, and must come out of it, and be a helpless and defenseless thing till he gets a new one. Next above him, a serpent exchanges the whole skin at once, it is true; but is left in no such shelterless condition. Come up to the quadrupeds, and you will find them shedding their hairs one by one only, without being incommoded. And man, highest of all, by insensible perspiration, goes so gradually through the transformation of his body that thousands never discover that they go through it at all. Now, on this principle with which God clothes the soul we ought to clothe the body. We are not shellfish, or chameleons; but men and women.

"But a woman has a right to dress as she pleases, if she can afford it." She cannot afford it! She has not a dollar of her own; and, though she may be Mrs. Astor or Stewart, she has no more right than any waiting-maid to use God's money without consulting Him about it. How far we may go in gratifying taste is not an easy question to answer; but this notion that you may be as prodigal as you can afford to be is atheism. It throws God out of account, and make a man's money his own.

"But dressing richly gives so much employment to the poor! So many families live on the wages of it!" Good reasoning, in one view. If the fact is clear that only through this self-indulgence can the money be got from such owners at all—that otherwise they would hoard it—then almost any way of wasting it becomes a blessing to society. But no one who claims to live by principle can argue in that way for a moment. You might hire a poor man to trundle a load of stones around a circle all day long, and pay him well. Would that excuse the waste? We are bound to have something useful to employ him upon—to have something to show as the fruit of his labor.

But a word to another class of readers. O, you—brother, sister—who carry around you few of this world's fair colors; you who toil on under shadows, with few gleams of sunshine on your path; bow not like a bulrush, but stand and be strong! Stand in your heirship as God's sons and daughters! Remember the promise, backed by all God's omnipotence: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!" You think there is no beauty in you, that he should desire you; that he hides his face from you; that you are despised, and he esteems you not. Ah! the gardener takes the unshapely root, all rough and soiled, and treasures it and cultures it; he knows what will *come out;* he is resolved that it shall come out—the royal beauty of the flower. God is culturing you. Have only a thousandth part of his patience, and wait till he brings *you* into bloom! You will want no changing pattern in your robe of white when the fashion of this world shall have passed away.—*Independent.*

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

We come to spy out the land—to roam "up stairs, down stairs and in the lady's chamber," to creep into all by and forbidden places—to look into the bedrooms, ransack the wardrobes, peep into the drawers, it may be, overhaul trunks and boxes, perhaps—in short to take all manner of liberty, and find fault to our heart's content.

Now we slip, unseen, into the guests' chamber. It is very pleasant and inviting; but we don't think the bed is made up very neatly. There are "humps" in the mattress. It has not been turned over after using, and well-beaten and brought unto a good square surface. The sheets and blankets are not put on smoothly; the fine, Marseilles spread is spread over unevenly, the centre figure being too far on one side,

giving a very untidy appearance to the bed, and bringing so large a proportion of the bed-clothes on one side, as to render it difficult to press them down properly between the mattress and side rail, and of course you cannot, under such circumstances, give a square, regular shape to the bed. A poorly made bed spoils the appearance of the room, however elegant the rest of the furnishing may be.

Pretty sheet and pillow *tidies* are of great assistance in giving a fresh, cheerful air to a bedroom. If sheets and pillow slips are neatly tucked and well ironed, the bed will look very inviting at first, if well made, but after it has been once used the wrinkled, tumbled sheets and pillows are not a pleasant sight, and one feels well repaid for the little trouble of providing tidies, however simple; ruffled and embroidered, for the spare chamber if you please; but a part of a fine old linen sheet, with broad hems and narrow tucks, starched and well ironed, gives a very neat finish to the family bedrooms,

This elegant bureau is all right, as far as it is furnished; but the guests' chamber should be provided with all the little comforts and conveniences which a lady thinks necessary in her own room. A handsome mat or *tidy* over the marble top, and little mats on each side for cologne bottle and watch stand, or match-box and jewel case, and a pretty cushion, will add much to the appearance of this bureau—or if nothing more, a clean damask towel spread over, is, if not a necessity, at least a great safeguard against stains on the marble, and a protection from the disagreeable chill that creeps over one when resting the hand or arm on the cold marble.

A good comb and brush, free from the slightest suspicion of dirt, a boot-buttoner and a paper of pins, ought to be on the bureau or in the drawer. A friend often remains over night, unexpectedly, and, of course not coming provided for the detention, will find these little attentions and conveniences a great comfort—and duly appreciate your kind and thoughtful care.

A little basket of willow or perforated card, embroidered with some neat and fanciful design, or a bead or muslin bag, is a great convenience much needed to be hung by the side of the bureau, or under the gas, to hold the hair from comb or of brush, burnt matches, bits of thread or paper. Some such receptacle for loose bits, or litter, should be near every bureau, no matter how simple, which the chambermaid must empty every morning.

A curtain of white barred muslin or linen is needed over the washstand, that the water, in washing, may not soil the paper or paint. A nail-brush is very convenient, we think a real necessity for every bedroom. Get open, upright brush-holders—rather than the long flat ones with a cover—for, by standing the tooth and nail brushes in the upright dish they drain and soon dry; but if laid down and covered they are never dry, and in warm weather soon become quite offensively musty.

A good sponge on the washstand and a clean doily hung up with the towels should be considered as indispensable in any well-furnished spare room, as for those in daily use.

Of course the bureau drawers and wardrobe, in this room, will be left as nearly unoccupied as possible—so we pass into other rooms—and will not stop to open them.

What can be the matter in this young lady's chamber? As we draw near the bureau we perceive a most unpleasant smell. We must take the liberty of opening this drawer. Whew! The first breath reveals the mystery.

The brush has been wet to brush the hair, and then without drying shut from the air in the drawer. There is no smell so sickening! It pervades the whole bureau. No perfume can overcome it—and by using it, damp and uncleansed day after day, the odor is carried wherever this careless person goes. We have sat by people in church who have used such a brush, and could hardly remain during the service. The cause is unmistakable and cannot be concealed.

The hair brush should be combed free from hair or dandruff every time it is used, and laid by an open window till well aired and dried. If ladies will persist in wetting the hair or brush, a brisk movement of a dry brush through the hair will soon create a fine lustre on the hair—whereas wetting diminishes the gloss so beautiful in well kept hair; but we forget that that is an old-fashioned idea. The progress of art and elegance teaches that a wilderness of fussy, frizzled hair is now the crowning beauty. Tastes differ—but no change in style or fashion will object, we hope, to a clean, sweet brush; and to secure that it must once a week, at least, be well washed in warm soap suds, in which a little soda has been dissolved. Soda is better than ammonia—as it cleanses without stimulating the *vegetable growth.* Comb the brush while washing—that the suds may penetrate to the roots of the bristles, and cleanse every part—then rinse in warm water, rub dry as you can and put in the window, or by the fire if the weather is damp, to dry. This care should not be neglected by any one who makes any pretension to neatness.

The bureau drawers in this room are not in good order. You will lose much time, and we think a good deal of self-respect, when next you need a handkerchief, or stockings, for everything here seems to

have been stirred up by a whirlwind or a sleep-walker. It will require some skill and more patience than you can spare to separate this wretched tangle.

The pipes in the wash-basin and bath room are slimy and foul—indicative of neglect. They should be well washed every morning, and once a week a pail of boiling suds with a spoonful or two of soda or potash, must be poured in, to eat away all impurities, and sweeten the pipes. In passing let us say this care is more especially necessary in the kitchen sinks. They require a stronger suds, and more soda or lye, and more attention—to eat out all the grease that will accumulate in washing dishes.

The discoloration around the bell-pull, door-knobs, etc., show that a careless girl has not protected the wall or paint, while cleaning them, and the mistress has not kept her eyes open. A bit of oilcloth, with a hole in the centre, to slip over the knobs or bell-pulls while rubbing, would have saved this defacement of paint and paper. And the finger marks on the doors also tell a sad story of neglect. They need to be washed off once a week—twice, if little fingers are about—with a soft flannel, wrung out of hot suds,

The parlor mantel, over the grate, in the sitting-room, has not been washed every morning, when the fire is lighted in the grate. It should be. See! The gas and smoke from coal or kindlings have turned the white marble quite yellow. Wash it in hot suds, strong with ammonia, to remove the spots, and then use a clean brush and hot suds every morning, and you will save much time, and be well rewarded with an unspotted mantel.—*Christian Union.*

HOW TO BUY POULTRY.

Comparatively few housekeepers know how to select good and tender poultry. When I first undertook the charge of a household, my good father-in-law gave me a bit of advice that proved invaluable. "Never," said he, "purchase a chicken without first lifting the wing; if the skin of its under side close to the body, is easily broken, you may be sure the bird is young; if it is strong of texture, beware." Latterly, I have been still further guided by a budget of printed advice, which proved to be perfectly reliable. Whoever the author may be, I thank him (or her), and for the sake of my sisters in housewifery ask you to reprint a few of its leading points. Here they are:—

"If a hen's spur is hard, and the scales on the legs rough, she is old, whether you see the head or not; but the head will corroborate your observation. If the under bill is so stiff that you cannot bend it down, and the comb thick and rough, leave her, no matter how fat and plump, for some one less particular. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs; the scales on the legs are smooth, glossy, and fresh-colored, whatever the color may be; the claws tender and short; the nails sharp; the under-bill soft; and comb thin and smooth. An old hen-turkey has rough scales on the legs, callosities on the soles of the feet, and strong claws; a young one has the reverse of all these marks. When the feathers are on, and the old turkey-cock has a long tuft of beard, a young one has a sprouting one; and when they are off, the smooth scales on the legs decide the point, besides the difference in size of the wattles of the neck, and in the elastic shoot upon the nose. An old goose when alive is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings, particularly at the pinions, the thickness and strength of the bill, and the fineness of the feathers; and when plucked, by the legs, the tenderness of the skin under the wings, by the pinions and the bill, and the coarseness of the skin. Ducks are distinguished by the same means, but there is this difference—that a duckling's bill is much longer in proportion to the breadth of its head than the old duck. A young pigeon is discovered by its pale colors, smooth scales, tender, collapsed feet, and the yellow long down interspersed among its feathers. A pigeon that can fly, has always red-colored legs and no down, and is then too old for use."

Once master these points, and you can detect an old, tough fowl, just as surely when offered for sale in the market, as when served for eating.—*Hearth and Home.*

STOP AND THINK.

Girls, stop and think! What about? About whatever you are doing. If you are at work in the kitchen, and need some article from the pantry or cupboard, stop and think of all the articles you may need from there in the next few minutes, and make one journey do for half a dozen. And perhaps you may think of several things that can be returned to their places at the same time, thus making a double saving of time and muscle.

If you are cooking, stop and think of everything you will need before you begin that batch of bread or pies, instead of being obliged to take your hands out of the dough two or three times to run down to the cellar after butter or lard, or into the pantry for sugar or nutmeg. If you have a quantity of sewing, or other work to do, stop and think what will be needed first, and what you could do without in case of hindrance, instead of doing perhaps the

least necessary thing first, and finding yourself at the last moment in a perfect hurly-burly to finish what you must have. And so with everything you do: stop and think whether you are doing it in the most convenient and profitable manner or not.

We often hear people speak of women who "turn off work" very fast. I once asked a woman who bore such a reputation how she did it. "By thinking what I am about; by killing two birds with one stone, and making one step do the work of half a dozen," was her reply. Of course it would not be profitable to think longer about anything than it would take for you to do it, unless it was for the sake of forming the habit of thoughtfulness. But do not try to think of one thing while you are doing another, unless the work in hand be very monotonous indeed.

When I was a school-girl, I thought it a great saving of time to do two things at once, and my grammar shows the marked effects of being held in my lap while I churned, or propped up behind the table while I washed dishes. But I learned that I could neither study nor work as fast, and that it paid to do one thing at a time. So keep your thoughts on the work you are doing.—*Hearth and Home.*

COOK GENTLY.

Cook gently! it is better far
To simmer slow with care
Than let a furious boiling mar
And ruin goodly fare.

Cook gently! and you'll ever find
You're sure this way to gain.
Learn to cook gently, soft, and mild,
Not with your might and main.

Cook gently! kindly e'en the poor
Potatoes must be boiled;
We have enough we must endure
Without their being spoiled.

Cook gently! e'en corned beef may show
That you have toiled in vain;
Perhaps hard boiling made it so—
Oh, try it once again!

Cook gently! if the water boils,
Just let the embers glow;
Don't pile in such a lot of coal
Because it's here, you know.

Cook gently! 'tis a waste of words,
'Tis talking to the wind;
For kitchen girls love rousing fires;
Hard boiling suits their mind.

Cook gently! 'tis a little word,
Whether you boil or stew.
(Perhaps I might have held my tongue
For all the good 'twill do.)

—*Harper's Monthly.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

A Very Nice Dish of Mutton and Mashed Potatoes.—Cut the meat in small pieces, and stew in a little gravy, to which add a dessert-spoonful of mushroom or walnut catsup. Stew till hot. Thicken with a little flour and butter mixed, and serve on a dish surrounded by mashed potatoes. An inexpensive gravy for all stews, hashes, etc., may be made of a large onion, some whole pepper, a piece of bread toasted brown, but not burned, and a dessert-spoonful of walnut catsup boiled in a pint of water.

Cold Beef Hashed with Vinegar.—Take some cold roast-beef, beef-steak, or the meat from a shin which has been boiled for soup; cut it in pieces about half an inch square; season with Cayenne pepper and salt to the taste. Take as much vinegar as would cover the meat; boil in it a few grains of whole allspice and a couple of cloves; pour it over the meat while boiling hot, and stand it away to get cold. This is a nice dish for supper or luncheon.

Shoulder of Mutton Boiled.—All mutton should hang in a cool place till quite tender, before being used, but be careful that it does not hang long enough to acquire the least rust or taint. When the shoulder has hung till tender, bone it; rub a little salt over it, and let it lie in a deep dish for two days, turning it over each day and rubbing in a little more salt—half a tablespoonful each time. Meat to boil requires more salt than for roasting. On the third day, sprinkle over the inside one teaspoonful of powdered mace. Spread twenty oysters over the inside; roll the meat up tightly, and tie securely; put it into the stewpan or boiler, with just enough boiling water to cover it; throw in six peppercorns, or seeds of the red pepper, and one onion chopped; shut the cover over very closely, and stew; twenty minutes' cooking for each pound of meat is the proper time. Stew twenty-four oysters in a pint of good stock of gravy; add a tablespoon of butter and enough flour to thicken it. When the meat is done, lay it in a good-sized platter, and pour the gravy over it.

Potato Yeast.—Half a dozen good-sized potatoes, peeled and grated, a handful of hops steeped in boiling water, with which to cook the potatoes as soon as grated, for if allowed to stand they darken, and the yeast will not be as white. While boiling, add half a cup of sugar, a haudful of salt, and when lukewarm a cup of yeast. Let it rise, and stir down several times before putting away. Do not fill the jug

very full, tie in the cork, and look out when it is taken out for the first time, or it may fly all over you. A cupful makes six large loaves.

Scotch-Pie.—Mince sound, ripe apples, and fill the pie-pan; then make a very stiff batter of one pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar; flour to make the batter; then add the soda and cream of tartar; lastly, a tablespoonful of lard, well warmed. With a knife spread the batter over the apples, and cook well. Turn out into a plate, leaving the apples uppermost; then season with sugar and fresh butter. An excellent family pie

Onion-Sauce.—Peel ten or twelve onions; put them in cold water with a little salt to whiten; let them remain about twenty minutes; put them into a sauce-pan, cover them with water and boil them well; if the onions are very strong, change the water; they will require about an hour to boil. When tender, drain them thoroughly and rub them through a sieve. Make a pint of melted butter as follows: A dessert-spoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, three-quarters of a pint of milk; mix and stir it until it boils; add the onions, and stir till the sauce simmers, when it is ready for use.

A Good Pudding.—Take one-half pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of white sugar, pour over it one-half pint of boiling milk, let it stand till nearly cold, then work into it one-fourth pound of fresh butter until it becomes very white. Then add four eggs, one at a time, stirring; it must be well beaten between each; then add the rind grated and the juice of a lemon; take a mold, butter and paper it well, then ornament it with candied peel and raisins, according to fancy. Pour into it the ingredients, put a paper over the top, also tie in a cloth, and let it steam gently for two hours, Serve it with arrowroot or custard sauce.

Snow Pudding.—The juice of three lemons, one cup of white sugar, whites of three eggs, half package gelatine. Let the gelatine stand half an hour in a pint of cold water, then throw off that, and add a pint of boiling water. Beat the eggs and sugar well, then add the lemon-juice and gelatine, and beat till it looks like snow.

Jenny Lind's Soup.—The following soup is stated by Miss Bremer to be the soup constantly served to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, as prepared by her own cook. The sago and eggs were found by her soothing to the chest, and beneficial to the voice. Wash a quarter of a pound of best pearl sago thoroughly, then stew it quite tender and very thick in water or thick broth (it will require nearly or quite a quart of liquid, which should be poured to it cold and heated slowly;) then mix gradually with it a pint of good boiling cream or milk, and the yolks of four fresh eggs, and mingle the whole carefully with two quarts of strong veal or beef stock, which should always be kept ready boiling. Serve immediately.

To make Dough-nuts.—Required: Twelve ounces sugar, three eggs, one pint of milk, one half pint of lard, one half pint of yeast, one good-sized nutmeg, with salt and flour. Melt the lard, and be careful to have half a pint of the lard when melted—no more, and no less. Put the pint of milk upon the stove to warm, and pour into it the melted lard. While this is warming (it should not be hot), take about three pints of sifted flour, and grate into it one good-sized nutmeg, then add about two teaspoonfuls of salt; next roll the twelve ounces of sugar (coffee-sugar is best, because it is soft), and add that to the flour; then beat the three eggs, and stir them in with the sugar and flour. When that is mixed up well, stir in the wetting of milk and lard, and then add the half pint of home-made yeast, add more flour, and knead soft like biscuit. Be sure not to get it stiff, for dough-nuts should be made very soft; they do not require much kneading, only sufficient to mix all the ingredients well together. When you are through kneading, put the dough into a warm pan or pail to rise (a six-quart pail, with a cover, is about the thing, as it keeps the dough moist, and prevents its hardening on top, as it will do this cool weather, if covered only with a cloth), and keep it in a warm place until it is very light (it should rise to the top of the pail). When light enough, roll out the dough upon a board, to the thickness of a half inch, then cut out your dough-nuts with a biscuit-cutter, and lay them upon a molding-board, well floured; the board should be warm, and the dough-nuts should not be put too near each other upon it—say about two inches apart; cover them with a light cloth, and let them stand in a warm place until light enough to fry. They ought to be puffed up round like a ball, but sometimes they will rise sideways. When ready to cook, take from the board with care, that the outer crust which holds the air may not be broken, and drop into a kettle of hot lard, and let them fry slowly to a nice brown, turning them several times while cooking. Do not let the lard brown, but have it hot enough to keep the cakes from soaking in the fat. When done, roll in fine sugar, if you like. Certain good housekeepers use half suet in frying dough-nuts, believing that it is better than to use clear lard.

LITTLE ROSE.

Words by MARIAN DOUGLAS. Music by ANNIE MOORE.

1. O, don't be in haste, lit-tle Rose! lit-tle Rose! O,
2. O, don't be in haste, lit-tle Rose! lit-tle Rose! O,
3. O, don't be in haste, lit-tle Rose! lit-tle Rose! O,

don't be in haste, lit-tle Rose! Though the May is yet here, Yet the
don't be in haste, lit-tle Rose! Though on yon-der green bough, Waits the
don't be in haste, lit-tle Rose! For the world it is rough, and, O,

June is more near, Than you, in your dream-ing, sup-pose, Little Rose! Than
night-in-gale now, With mu - sic he on - ly be - stows, Little Rose! With
soon, soon e - nough, The wind, for our with - er - ing, blows, Little Rose! The

you, in your dream-ing, sup-pose.
mu - sic he on - ly be - stows.
wind, for our with - er - ing, blows.

Literary Notices.

MY FIRST YEAR IN CANADA. By the Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., Bishop of Montreal, and Metropolitan of Canada.

This is a beautiful little volume, printed in London, giving a very graphic and *naive* account of the experiences and observations of the Bishop during his first year in Canada. It begins with an account of his call to the Bishopric of Montreal, which took him entirely by surprise; and of his voyage out. He arrived at Quebec, like many others, on Sunday; and, as is always the case on the arrival of a steamer, a great pressure takes place to get ashore. It being very early in the morning, however, the Bishop concluded to finish his night's rest, when the following amusing incident occurred:—

"By the way, I must mention a curious incident that occurred. On the night of our arrival at Quebec, I had retired to rest in our little cabin, and had fallen asleep, in spite of the trampling of feet and other indescribable noises in the ship, all of which seemed to concentre at our door, and were symptomatic of our having reached our port. Presently a loud rap was heard; and after much discussion on the outside, and a vain endeavor on my part to persuade the people that I was only half awake and did not wish to be disturbed, I was told that Mr. B—— had sent his car, and hoped I would make use of it. Who Mr. B—— was I did not know. I could only guess that he was the proprietor of the hotel who had kindly sent a conveyance for us; and so I begged to be allowed to rest quietly where I was till morning.

"A few minutes after came another knock. It was in vain to close one's ears, or to refuse an entrance. I was told that a deputation was waiting to receive me. It was rather a trying hour and place for so formal an interview; so I said it was impossible, and still pleaded, as I had done to Mr. B——'s messenger, a desire not to be disturbed.

"But to return to Mr. B—— and his car. When morning came, I learnt that Mr. B—— was not only a leading member of our Church, but was also a most important person at Montreal, on whom the destinies of the railroad depended, and one of the most intelligent, upright, and respected men in Canada; and that the *car* spoken of, and which I in my English ignorance had mistaken for a *cab*, was his own private railway travelling-carriage, which he had with very great courtesy and kindness invited us to make use of. But he was too sensible and kind a person to be offended, and repeated his welcome offer for Monday evening; and in that comfortable and luxurious carriage, we (that is, our seven selves and our two Rural Deans) steamed on to Montreal, arriving there at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning."

The good Bishop does not find railway travelling in Canada all that could be wished.

"Our journey from Quebec, though under most propitious circumstances, was somewhat tedious. The train was far less expeditious than those we had been accustomed to in England, and the stoppages seemed to be needlessly protracted. The Grand Trunk is making rapid improvements; but still there is a lack of that smartness and regularity, which are met with on English lines. The stations are miserable; and there are no porters to help the passengers on their arrival, but each one is expected to shift for himself as best he can. I must say, however, that in my various railway trips, I have met, from officials and others, with as much courtesy and attention as could possibly be shown in any country."

From one of the chapters, headed "A Winter in Montreal," we make the following extracts:—

"I hardly know a pleasanter place in which to pass the winter months than Montreal. Its cheerfulness, and at the same time its quietness—for, instead of the rumbling of carriages along the streets, they glide noiselessly over the snow—its many appliances to keep out the cold—the kindness of its inhabitants—the facilities for moving about, &c.—all make it a charming place of residence in the winter.

"There is also an abundance of charitable institutions at Montreal—Hospitals,

Church Homes, Friendly Societies, &c., and all well managed. St. George's Society, St. Andrew's, and St. Patrick's, lay themselves out to receive poor emigrants on their arrival in Canada; also to be generally useful to their countrymen and to keep up a national feeling amongst them. I have scarcely ever seen a beggar in the streets of Montreal, or in the country. There is a great absence of poverty, except perhaps among the lowest French population. Of course, there are no Poor-Laws or Unions here; but there are several charitable refuges, in which the needy and friendless are cared for. And among the Roman Catholics especially there are many institutions on an enormous scale. Besides the several fine churches belonging to our own Communion, which would be an ornament to any town, there are handsome buildings belonging to other denominations. Between the various sections of the Protestant Church there exists a friendly rivalry, but an absence of that bitterness which sometimes disgraces the members of differing religious bodies. We, who are Churchmen, are decided Churchmen, perhaps even more so than in England; but we honor the feelings of those who conscientiously differ from us, though we are persuaded that they would be great gainers by joining our ranks; and earnestly long for the time when 'there shall be one Lord, and His name one.' The Roman Catholics are by far the most numerous body, and have some fine churches, though not strictly in harmony with our English tastes. Happily there is at present a kindly feeling between the Roman Catholics and Protestants, each pursuing their own course without molesting the other. And it is well that it should be so, for little would indeed be gained on either side if controversy and contention were the order of the day. As a Reformed Church, we desire by God's help, to hold our own, and 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.' But we wish at the same time to speak the truth in love, carefully avoiding all bitterness and harshness of language, which only wounds without healing."

"The sleighs, darting about from street to street, are most picturesque. Some of them are very handsomely got up, with an abundance of furs and other trappings. The motion is most agreeable, and the pace delightful; and even in the keenest weather, provided there is a tolerable absence of wind, one suffers little from cold. A fur coat, and cap with ear-pads, completely protect one. We have sometimes been out at night in an open sleigh, when the thermometer has been considerably below zero, without feeling it so much as an ordinary cold night in England. They usually hold four persons, and being almost on the ground, and most of them without doors, one steps in and out with the greatest ease. The hired sleighs, of which there are plenty, are clean and good, and the owners take a pride in the robes with which they are provided. Most people keep a sleigh of their own; but we were an exception, and found but little inconvenience. One has occasionally to satisfy oneself that one's nose and ears are all right, as they are sometimes frozen before the possessor is at all aware of his condition. Ordinary precautions however are sufficient to prevent such a catastrophe."

"The Skating Rink is a great winter feature in this city, and to this the Prince paid almost a daily visit. It is a very large and handsome building, the flooring of which is a smooth sheet of ice, constantly renewed by the inlet of a flood of water. Here hundreds of persons may be seen skating every day, and especially in the afternoon, among whom are some of the best skaters in the world, of both sexes. We went there on one grand occasion, when every skater wore a fancy costume. It was one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld. The place was hung with the gayest flags, most tastefully arranged; it was splendidly lighted and filled with skaters in their fancy dresses, and lookers-on. The Prince invited us, and also the Bishop of Quebec and Mrs. Williams, who were with us at the time, to his gallery, from whence we had a delightful bird's-eye view of all that was going on. It was indeed a fairy scene to look upon. The skating was wonderful, and the dresses gorgeous. On this occasion the Prince was only a spectator."

"The custom of paying friendly visits on New Year's Day has long prevailed among the upper classes, both of French and English, in Canada. These visits are paid by gentlemen only, the ladies remaining at home to receive visitors. An exception is kindly made in the case of the Bishop and the Clergy, who are allowed to consider themselves as the visited on this occasion. We received on New Year's Day near 300 visits, and among them we were honored by a special visit from the Prince. It is a genial and time-honored custom, and one that I should be very sorry to see discontinued. It draws out much kind feeling; and I have known cases where it has been the signal for a reconciliation between persons who have been long estranged from each other."

Two chapters detail the Bishop's impressions of the Eastern Townships, obtained by passing a summer in Dunham, and pastoral journeys through that region. The following extracts will be found interesting:—

"A large tract of country to the south of the St. Lawrence goes by the name of the Eastern Townships. In the reign of George III. the Government laid out this part of the country in plots of land, each comprising ten or twelve square miles, and called a township, having its own separate municipality. These townships extend from Bedford and Stanbridge in the west to some distance beyond Richmond in the east, and on the south they touch the line or border of the States. The larger portion of this tract is in the Diocese of Montreal; the rest in Quebec. The country has a more *riant* and flourishing appearance than other parts of Lower Canada. It is tolerably cleared, and is pretty well cultivated. And if it were not for the long and severe winters, I should say it must be as fine a spot for farming enterprise as any in the world. The whole country, from Philipsburg on the Missisquoi Bay eastward towards Memphremagog, and from thence to Brome Lake, and across to Waterloo, Shefford, Iron Hill, and Sweetsburg, is extremely pretty. In many respects it reminded us of parts of Switzerland. The mountains are low, but beautifully wooded, and of mountain-like formation. There is a little lack of water in the district, with the exception of two or three beautiful lakes; and the wooden buildings certainly cannot compare with the picturesque Swiss châlets. The country is studded about with innumerable barns and outhouses; but they lack the projecting eaves, the carved work, and, more than all, the coloring of the same class of buildings in Switzerland. Still it is a beautiful country, and we were charmed with many of our drives.

"My first step was to buy a little horse and carriage, as I found it was almost impossible to hire. The usual conveyances in these parts are called waggons or buggies. They are extremely light, on four very slight wheels, and holding two persons. The wheels are very high and near together, and the whole carriage weighs less than an English pony-carriage. They are neat enough in themselves, but they are usually unwashed, and therefore have a slovenly appearance, and the harness is not of the best, nor is there much blacking bestowed upon it. Every one has his carriage here, as no one walks. If a person comes round with wild raspberries, she calls in her buggy; and as for walking a mile, it is a thing unheard of—every one drives."

"It is curious to see the number of carriages that are gathered around the churches. Close to every church there is commonly a large half-open shed; and this affords shelter to the waggons in the summer, and the sleighs in the winter—the horses patiently remaining during service.

"The roads are mostly unstoned, but they are fairly good, are most pleasant to drive upon, and I am not sure that I would exchange them for a hard English flint road. At all events we were quite content with them.

"There seemed at first to be one great deficiency in our Dunham house. There was no garden attached to it, and no vegetables were to be bought in the place. But our wants were abundantly supplied, and at times even superabundantly, by the kindness of our neighbors, who sent us far more beautiful vegetables of all kinds than we could have got at Montreal. Potatoes, cabbages, peas, French beans, tomatoes, Indian corn, cauliflowers, melons, &c., found their way into our kitchen, and were all the sweeter for being free-will gifts. One farmer, a stranger, drove over from a village, twelve miles off, with a beautiful specimen of his garden produce as an offering to the Bishop. The Indian corn is eaten in a semi-ripe state as a vegetable. There are various ways of serving it; but I think the best, though perhaps not the most elegant, is to boil the whole upon the cone. You then spread a little butter upon it, and eat it *au naturel*; and it is really very good."

"One of our few great excursions was up the Pinnacle—a little strikingly-shaped conical mountain, about seven miles from Dunham, closely wooded almost to the summit, with a bare rocky peak. It was seen from all parts, and appeared to be constantly saying to us, 'Come up, and see what I have to show you.' And as we heard that the ascent was quite worth the pains, we determined that it should tempt us no longer.

"So we started one afternoon, and drove to the foot of the mountain; and our clergyman, Mr. G——, and his wife, accompanied us. Having had some experience on the Swiss mountains, though in a very small way, I of course thought and spoke somewhat contemptuously of such a trifling walk as this; but it proved to be a harder afternoon's work than I had bargained for.

"Arrived at the base, we tied up our horses at a farm; but hearing that the ascent was a case of impossibility for the ladies, we posted them on a pleasant woodland slope, from whence they could see us on reaching the top, and having obtained some directions from the farmers, we plunged boldly into the bush. Certainly there was a blind path, but we were constantly losing it on account of the number of huge trees, which had been toppled over by a severe hurricane in the previous week. However, by mounting continually upwards, we at length saw the wished-for rock, which we immediately recognized

as the goal towards which we were pressing.

"We were quite repaid for our walk, and a sharp one it certainly was; and though the atmosphere was hazy, we still had a good near view, and imagined what was beyond.

"And now for our descent, which we pictured to ourselves as a mere bagatelle, and easily to be accomplished. Well, we began at a merry pace, but soon lost our bearing. I thought we were pointing too much to the left; my companion was sure that we were going right. Both proved to be wrong, and I the more so of the two. For when, after a while, we saw daylight again, and emerged from the bush, we found ourselves a good three miles north of the spot from which we had ascended! Hot and tired as we were, we had to press on to reach our party, who, we knew, must be beginning to feel alarmed, as the shadows of evening were gathering around us. And truly they *were* a little alarmed. Finding that we did not arrive, they had gone to the farm; and there the good, kind people fully entered into their anxiety, although they assured them that we had only shared the fate of most travellers, and missed our way, and would soon turn up. One of them, however, most kindly volunteered to sally forth with his horn in search of us; and two laboring men said that they would also be on the look-out. But presently our welcome arrival set all right; and going into the farm-house, we rested ourselves for half-an-hour, revelled in some new milk, and started home by moonlight."

MAX KROMER. A story of the Siege of Strasbourg. By the author of "Little Meg's Children," &c. London: Tract Society. Montreal: F. E. Grafton.

This handsome little volume, embellished with quite a number of pictorial illustrations, describes from an Alsatian boy's stand-point, the siege of Strasbourg, with its hardships and horrors. We copy three scenes. The French were at first quite jubilant and the Prussians depressed.

BLOWING UP OF THE PRUSSIAN END OF STRASBOURG BRIDGE.

"What is the matter, Lisbeth?" cried Sylvie, while I pushed on to the window, and leaned out as far as I could reach to see what was going on. There it lay in the July sunshine; the broad river, with its queer water-mills and bathing-places; both shores crowded as thick as bees with people pressing upon each other to see the sight. Time after time came the fine white cloud, and then the loud noise of powder exploding; and fresh portions of the bridge fell into the troubled waters. Before long, the last bit of the masonry crashed down into the river.

"They've blown up their bridge," I shouted; "the Germans know we shall conquer. Hurrah! hurrah!"

Neither Lisbeth nor Sylvie answered me a word. Lisbeth drew a long breath from time to time, and sat with her lips parted, as if she could scarcely breathe; and Sylvie leaned against her, looking frightened and pale. At last some large tears rolled down Lisbeth's cheeks, and fell upon the ironing-table.

"They are dear friends of mine, some of them," she said, "and I cannot bear to think of there being war amongst them."

"Either they must be conquered, or we," I said.

"I suppose so," she answered; "but I should like to know why the Emperor and the King could not go to law about their quarrels, as they make us poor folks do. They will not let us settle our disputes by fighting; and I ask you, Max, which is worse—for two men to fight, or two hundred thousand?"

"Oh, Lisbeth!" I said, "you do not understand the question at all. War brings glory!"

"Ah!" she answered, sighing; "but not the glory the angels sang when the dear Lord Christ was born. Then it was 'Glory to God, and peace on earth.'"

I did not know what to reply to that, so I held my tongue.

"It is no glorious thing for the poor," went on Lisbeth; "if there should be a siege — which God forbid! — either in France or Germany, we poor will die by hundreds and thousands. The last war was no glory for the poor, nor will this one be, you will see, Herr Max."

"Why, you don't remember any great war?" I said.

"No," she answered; "but my father was in Phalsbourg when it was besieged by the Cossacks in 1813, and he would tell you, if he was still alive, what war means to the poor, and to the women and children, Max. There are not many people that it brings glory to!"

The Prussians surround Strasbourg and commence the siege.

THE FIRST SHELL.

I looked what money I had in my purse. There were two francs and a few centimes; quite enough to buy vegetables to last Lisbeth and Elsie for a week. Gretchen, I knew, had laid in a stock of provisions; but I had never thought of Lisbeth, and hundreds like her, who would have no

money to buy in a store beforehand. Here, at the fourth day of the investment, all her food was gone, and she was dependent upon what she could manage to get from day to day!

We went on to the market-place; but how different it was to what it had been only a few weeks before! Now, instead of hundreds of stalls, and people eager to sell, there were only a few salesmen and a crowd of persons anxious to buy, but without money to pay the prices demanded. Sergeant Klein pushed his way through the throng, and I followed him closely. There was rather a poor show of vegetables and fruit upon the stall; but at the first answer to our inquiries I received a shock. The potatoes we asked for were a penny apiece; all the money I had would only pay for thirty, and those were not large ones.

"So soon!" exclaimed the sergeant, "and we are not at the beginning yet! What is to become of us before the end is at hand?"

"Not at the beginning!" I repeated; "why, the gates have been closed these four days!"

"But the music has not struck up yet, and the dance will begin after that," he said, significantly. "You do not understand war, Herr Max."

"I am tired," said Elsie, on his shoulder, "carry me in your arms now."

She slipped down from her high seat, clasping his neck with her small hands. He bent down his head over hers, and I saw his eyes glisten with tears he would not let fall.

"I have two little ones at home," he said, glancing at me to see if I noticed them—"two little children and their mother, in an open village near Phalsbourg, and if these brigands should pass their way, the good God only knows what would become of them."

"Do you like to be a soldier," asked Elsie, stroking his cheek. It was a habit she had with those she loved, and I liked to feel her soft little fingers about my face.

"Bah! little one!" he answered, "I'm a Frenchman, and bound to serve my country. Who ever fails, we Alsatians are always true. Besides, nobody asked me whether I should like to be a soldier or no. They just take us. No, Herr Max, believe me, the peasants hate war. It is all loss and no gain to us. It is no fine thing, I tell you, to be torn from your own home, where there are the children, and the cattle, and the harvest, all dependent upon you; and be driven, with thousands of poor fellows like yourself, where the bullets are rattling and falling round you like raindrops in a thunderstorm. We are human beings, you see; we love our homes and our children as much as you others, who are living quietly in your own houses. We hate battles, and wounds, and death as much as any one. And a siege is not a whit more to my taste than a battle. You will be of my mind before it is over."

"What will become of the poor?" I asked, looking down at the basket which hung but lightly on my arm.

"Ah! God knows!" he said again, "there are ten thousand peasants in the city; all extra mouths. But one must always hope."

"See! see!" cried Elsie, pointing upwards with her finger. A large black ball was moving rather slowly, slowly enough for us to watch it, across the blue sky, at a good height above the spot where we stood; but it was already making a curve downwards as if it was about to fall at a little distance to the south. The sergeant's face changed and he stood still, clasping Elsie closer to him, and holding my shoulder with a tight grip. We watched it out of sight.

"Listen!" he said.

It was several moments before any sound reached us. I saw the people strolling about the street and talking to one another, unconscious of what was about to happen. Then there came a crash, followed by piercing shrieks, which rang through the air. For an instant every person within sight stood still as if struck into stone; but afterwards there was a frantic flight in all directions, some fleeing to the cathedral, which was close by, and others running swiftly to the place where the first shell had burst.

"The music and the dance are both begun," said Sergeant Klein, grimly; "here, Max, take the child into the cathedral, and wait for me there. I shall be back presently."

I had a great wish to run with him to the place where the bomb had fallen, but there was Elsie to be thought of. I turned towards the cathedral, but as we got near to the door the rush of people carried me off my feet, and I was hurried in whether I would or no. In the dusky light within—for coming out of the sunshine my eyes were dazzled—I could see that every part was choked with women and children, among whom were sprinkled a few men. The priests were going to and fro trying to comfort and encourage them; but the wailing and sobbing were terrible to hear. There were people lying almost prostrate before the altars, speechless with terror; while others were crying aloud to the saints to fight for them and save them. On the step which runs along the side wall of the nave sat numbers of little children, some looking grave and quiet, and others playing.

I wondered how they were bearing the fright at home, and I recollected what anxiety Lisbeth would suffer about Elsie. Sylvie and Louise were at school; and how

terrified they would be. There was no one to see after them but me; so I made my way with difficulty through the mass of people to the north door of the cathedral, and passed out into the street.

The siege, after weary weeks and months of indescribable suffering, comes to a close.

THE WHITE FLAG.

Every day saw the want, the famine, and the deaths grow greater. Lisbeth told us that they were running short of everything that was needed in the hospitals, while the number of the patients was increasing almost every hour. As for the Botanic Gardens, they were piled up with the graves. If the bombardment was to go on much longer, the city would be only a heap of ruins, peopled with skeletons.

One day when I had gone out much later than usual to visit the cathedral, and was moving slowly and languidly along the street facing the grand middle entrance, I saw a great rabble of the citizens pressing in at the door under the tower, while a few soldiers stationed there were doing their best to beat them back. Most of them looked wild and wolfish, like the lads I had seen fighting for a morsel of half-rotten turnip; and they fought desperately, bearing down the soldiers with their frantic energy. A man stood near to me, leaning against a wall, his wasted hand pressed against his heart, and watching the conflict with hungry eyes.

"What are they about?" I asked.

"They are the citizens," he gasped, speaking the words painfully, "with the white flag; General Uhrich has refused our petition to surrender, and they will hoist it themselves. I think I shall die as soon as I see it."

There we stood, looking with all our eyes, we and a crowd of others, men and women, watching the struggle, and catching now and then a sight of it within, as the line of citizens passed the windows in the tower, fighting their way upwards. At last we saw them come out upon the gallery which runs along the western front of the cathedral, and out floated the flag in the air, white as a small white cloud against the sky, and we set up a shout of triumph, but only a feeble shout for the numbers who raised it.

I was hurrying home to carry the good news, when a yell of anger and despair, louder than our shout of triumph, made me run quickly back again. The flag had been torn down, and a troop of soldiers from the garrison had come to disperse the mob. Oh! the dull misery of that disappointment! The crowd was being driven back, some of them uttering fierce oaths and cursing General Uhrich; others wailing and wringing their hands like women. I, too, went home almost heartbroken, and stood opposite our old house, once so peaceful and happy, looking at the havoc made in it. There it was, the rooms open to the rain and wind, the walls tottering; more than half of it gone. On a standing, there was hanging yet a picture of Christ on the cross. It haunted me all night long; for my head was weak, and full of fancies, and I could not keep it out of my mind that He was being crucified afresh in Strasbourg. But only the next day, late in the evening, when it was almost too dark to see it save for a few minutes, the white flag floated once more from the cathedral tower, and no one threw it down again. The news seemed to spread like wild-fire through the city, for how we heard it I never knew. All I recollect is that I dragged Gretchen up out of the cellar, and carried Elsie in my arms, to see the blessed sight. Hundreds of miserable creatures crept out of their dens, wan and wasted, to lift up their eyes to the flag on the tower, and then fell to weeping, partly for joy and partly for sorrow. In a few minutes after it had floated there, the dreadful booming of the cannon ceased; and though our ears, so long accustomed to the roar, listened for it, it was gone, and not an echo of it was left. Neither Gretchen nor I could sleep that night for the very stillness, but my grandmother and Elsie slept peacefully.

The Germans entered Strasbourg the next morning, bringing with them waggon-loads of provisions, which had been prepared in readiness against the surrender. You should have seen the crowds of all sorts of people thronging round the waggons, with glistening eyes, eager to snatch away the first thing put into their hands. Our old friends across the Rhine had not forgotten us, nor had they turned into enemies. The soldiers themselves, who had been doing all they could to destroy us, were now ready to share what they had with us. The suddenness of the change was almost more than we could bear; we could hardly believe it; and one or two old people died, they said, of joy that the trouble and the terror were all over at last.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper Brothers. For sale by Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

Lord Brougham's Autobiography is printed, in accordance with his express instructions to his executors, just as written by the distinguished statesman without alteration or omission, and cannot fail to

be intensely interesting to every student of history. This first volume extends over a space of about thirty-three years, from the author's birth, in 1778, to the Peninsular War, treating, of course, a great variety of topics of political, literary and social interest.

THE OGILVIES. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper Bros. For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Another volume of Harper's Green and Gold edition of Miss Mulock's works. "The Ogilvies" is the author's first novel, and derives increased interest from the reputation she has since achieved by her more celebrated works.

POEMS BY BRET HARTE. Toronto: The Canadian News and Publishing Company. For sale by Dawson Bros.

The sudden and extraordinary celebrity to which the author of these poems has attained is sufficient proof of his genius. Often coarse and sometimes profane in his expressions, yet his serious efforts possess a grace of diction, and his verses "in dialect" a humor and pathos which stamp him a poet. His most popular piece, "The Heathen Chinee," forms the subject of the numerous engravings with which this edition is illustrated. We subjoin this celebrated satirical ballad:—

Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand.
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed up at me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And he said—"Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed——
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

OUR LIFE IN CHINA. By Helen S. C. Nevins. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale by F. E. Grafton, Montreal.

Mrs. Nevins has the merit of a very interesting style. She spent about ten years in China as a missionary, and tells her story simply and entertainingly. But a small portion of the book is occupied by the details of missionary work, most of it being devoted to accounts of the country and people. The volume is illustrated with several fine engravings.

CONVERSATIONS ON WAR AND GENERAL CULTURE. By the author of "Friends in Council." Boston: Roberts Bros For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The readers of Arthur Helps' former works will gladly welcome another book from his able pen. The present volume treats, in the author's usual masterly manner, of the connection between War and Culture, or, rather, between War and lack of Culture; the conversations being, of course, called out by the late European contest.

A SMALLER SCRIPTURE HISTORY; Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D.; Illustrated by engravings on wood. New York: Harper and Brothers. For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This work is, as the preface states, designed to supply a condensed manual of Scripture History for the junior classes in Schools, and for the Family, to be used in conjunction with, and not at all in place of the Bible. Tables of Chronology, weights measures, and money are appended, and we think the book will be found very useful by Parents and Teachers,

FRANCE BEFORE EUROPE. By Jules Michelet. Translated from the French. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

A good translation of M. Michelet's last work. The author, in his usual terse, bold style, traces the causes which led to the late war; the serious consequences to Europe which, in his opinion, would have ensued from the overthrow of the French nation, and the national glory which must follow from the national unity which has been so conspicuously shown through all the sufferings which his country has undergone with such noble fortitude and unfailing courage.

WORKING FOR JESUS; or Individual Effort for the Salvation of Precious Souls. By Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, of London, C. W. London: G. W. Partridge. Montreal: F. E. Grafton.

This is a tract which takes up the question of how the masses are to be Christianized, and urges strongly that the active labor of every Christian is needed for the work.

THE CANADA LANCET.

This is a Monthly Journal of Medical and Surgical science, published by I. Fulton, M.D, Toronto. The April number contains as a leader, an able article on phenomena of life maintained and controlled by two antagonistic principles of innervation; and a variety of original and selected matter, interesting to the profession.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c. New York: Harper Bros. For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Miss Mulock's works are too well known to need commendation. The present volume contains the touching story of a young man who faithfully devoted the best years of his life to supporting and training a large family of orphaned brothers and sisters.

A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

Number eight of the Handy Volume series. The Discontented Cousin makes many very sensible speeches, and the conversations between him and his friend are relieved by anecdotes and stories, while sufficient of a plot runs through the book to give it unity.

Notices.

THE LATE DEAN ALFORD.

Early in the month of January last, Dean Alford of Canterbury, a widely-known dignitary of the Church of England, died at the age of sixty-one years. The Dean had won a high reputation as a Biblical critic, as an eloquent preacher, and as a poet. He was born in London, and the preliminary education which he received at Ilminster Grammar School he completed at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was, in 1834, elected a Fellow. From 1835 to 1853 he was Vicar of Wymeswold, fulfilling likewise the duties of Hulsean Lecturer in the University of Cambridge during 1841-2, and Examiner of Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London for sixteen years. During this time he engaged in literary labor. His principal work was an edition of the Greek Testament in five volumes, which occupied him just twenty years, from 1841 to 1861. It was recognized as a work of great erudition, and it passed through several editions. He also published a revised edition of the New Testament, many volumes of sermons, and acted as editor of the *Contemporary Review*. In 1837, on the death of Dean Lyall, he was appointed to the Deanery of Canterbury by Lord Palmerston. The Church of England lost one of its brightest ornaments by his death. As a learned and candid commentator, and a genial, catholic-minded Christian, he had few, if any, equals in his generation. We give as a frontispiece this month a most excellent portrait of this eminent scholiast.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

This number concludes Part First of the DOMINION MONTHLY for 1871, and, according to promise, we furnish with it an index and title page. The six numbers, from January to June inclusive, will form a handsome volume of 380 pages. If subscribers cannot get them bound in their own neighborhood, they may forward them to us post paid—five cents will pay the six numbers—with thirty cents for binding and return postage.

Part II. of the magazine for 1871 will commence with the next or July number, and new subscribers are invited to begin with it. They may either remit a year's subscription, $1.50, or half a year's subscription, 75 cents; or, if they will form clubs of five remitting at once, the price will only be one dollar per annum to each, or half a dollar for the half year.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY contains a rich variety of elegant, entertaining and useful literature, and every number is embellished with the portrait of some prominent individual, or other pictorial illustration, and a piece of choice music. It is also eminently a British American magazine, being rich in descriptive and historical sketches, and tales illustrative of life in the various provinces, legends of the Indian tribes, &c., &c. The Home Department alone will, we think, be found worth to a family the whole subscription. The Children's Department will also be found very lively and valuable.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

A BOOK of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Mediums, giving the names, circulations, and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations, published in the interest of Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c., &c. Every advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

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