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THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY
FOR 1877.

PART I.—JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.



Montreal

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON
33, 35 & 37 BONAVENTURE STREET.

1877.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

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HON. LUC LETELLIER DE ST. JUST.

(LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.)

New Dominion Monthly.

JANUARY, 1877.

MY YOUNG MASTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CASTING THE LOT."

CHAPTER I.

"Every thing that has beginning
That is wrought by human skill,
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will ;
Every first outburst of passion,
Gush of love or twinge of hate,
Every venture on the waters
Wide horizoned by our fate,
We cannot see
What the end shall be." (Anon.)

It was a chilly evening in autumn, and we were all gathered round the hearth, in as yet an unbroken circle, when our neighbor, good, kind Willie Hazley, dropped in for a chat.

Every face brightened with a welcome ; it glowed out warmly from the high piled peat fire ; it flashed in yellow light from the piece of bog fir in the centre ; it made the circle widen at once to take him in, while Fred jumped up to wheel the arm-chair into the coziest corner. Willie was a large-natured, lovable man, who had risen in the world by his own exertions, and who deserved to rise. He was respectable and respected, though he was called Mr. to his face, and Willie behind his back. He retained to sober middle age the name of his boyhood, because he had also kept a great deal of the freshness

and enthusiasm of the boy-nature. He was the great friend and confidant of us little people, our joys as well as our troubles being carried to him for sympathy. So, whenever he got seated, Annie the irrepressible exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Hazley, have you seen the piper?"

"I have seen the piper, and paid the piper a good many times in my day, little Annie," he said laughing ; "but perhaps you mean a particular one."

"Yes, Mr. Hazley, this is a gentleman piper, a Highland piper,—none of your ragged robins. We were at Ballymena, Fred and I to-day, and we saw him there. He was just splendid! A tall, handsome, grand-looking man, with a military air, dressed in dark green tartan, his jacket all rows of little silver buttons, a Glengarry bonnet on his black curly head, and keen dark eyes looking out of a pale proud face. And then, he was not standing still as other pipers do, but marching up and down as if he were a lord playing for his own amusement, and he did not care a bit whether any one listened to him or not."

"He was playing before the 'Adair Arms' when we saw him first," said Fred, "marching up and down the sidewalk, playing Scotch tunes. That stingy Mr.

Elliott was standing at the door listening with the rest, and he sent a servant to him with a penny. The piper sent it back and a half-crown along with it, saying, 'Tell the fellow the penny will keep the half-crown whole.' When he came up where we were standing, he said, 'Well, children, what shall I play for you?' Annie said, 'Home, sweet home.' He smiled with his eyes, and played 'Owre the hills and far awa.'

"I suppose," said Willie Hazley, "that is where his sweet home is."

"And his pipes," continued Fred, "were so grand, mounted with silver. They say he is an officer in the army, one of three who are playing in England, Ireland and Scotland for a wager, to see which country will pay the piper best, that is most, you know."

"Are they all playing the bagpipes?" said Fred with pretended horror in his face. "It is well there is but one to each kingdom; if they were together, people would pay them to stop; for there are few like that well-known old gentleman from the Highland hills, who thought he was in heaven when he heard a dozen pipers in one 'sma' room,' each playing a different tune."

"The music of the pipes," said Lewis reflectively, "is made up of a squeal and a groan, like savage things in pain."

"Indeed it is not," said Annie quickly; "no music could be grander than the pipes."

"I entirely agree with you," retorted Lewis, as the poet says,

"'Jackasses' brays are bonnie,
And so are bagpipes,' too."

"Come now, Lewis, that is too bad," exclaimed Fred; "the pipes are the only music fit for marches, charges, or to wail a coranach for warriors."

"They are grand," said father, slyly looking up from the leading article in the *Ulster Times*, especially when played by a gentleman piper, whose tartans and pipes are both silver mounted, who plays for a wager and not for his bread."

"Well this piper must be a person of

distinction," said Annie, "for Libby Spence told me that he went up to the castle to play, and when the lady saw him from her window, she sent the footman for him, but he walked quickly away and would not go in. He might be a relation of hers,—you know she comes from the Highlands."

"The Highlands! the bagpipes! the tartan!" said father laughing. "I can tell you, Mr. Hazley, the cause of this romantic enthusiasm for everything north of the Tweed. Annie has been reading 'Rob Roy,' and Fred the 'Tales of a Grandfather,' and in consequence both have the Highland fever."

"From this source comes the intelligent information about coranachs and other things," said teasing Lewis.

"I was once very fond of the music of the pipes myself," said Willie Hazley. "There was a gentleman piper who was able to rouse all the romantic enthusiasm of my young fancy, and who acted the only romance I've seen in my quiet life."

"Was he a Highland piper, and did he play for a bet?" asked Annie.

"No, my dear, he was an Irishman, and played for his own amusement."

"Do tell us about him, Mr. Hazley," we all said in chorus.

Willie did not wait for coaxing; his thoughts were on the past, and it seemed a pleasure to him to think aloud. I will pass over our questions and interruptions, and simply give his story as nearly in his own words as I can remember:—

I was a little boy when my father died, and mother was left to provide for her family. Father had worked for many years for Mr. Russell that owned a big bleach green below Glenarm near the sea. Father got hurt in the works somehow, and when he died, Mr. Russell, besides acting very generously to mother, took me to run errands, and do such other little jobs as I could, thus relieving her of my support altogether. I was a little chap then, not of much

use to any one. I was sorry to leave off going to school, and to part with mother and the rest, for she moved away from The Hazels—that was the name of Mr. Russell's place—and went to live among her own people at Ballinderry, and I could not get home often. Mr. Russell promised mother that I would get lessons at The Hazels from Miss Lanphier, their governess, and so I did. I was lonely at first, but I got over it. They were all very kind to me, and Mr. Russell's only son Edward, who was two years younger than I was, and had no brothers and sisters to play with, took a great liking to me. He was a handsome boy; indeed he could hardly be otherwise, for his father and mother were counted the handsomest couple in County Antrim. Mr. Russell was a tall gentleman with fair curling hair and blue eyes, his face almost always lit up with a frank, hearty smile that showed his fine teeth. He was a man who would be obeyed promptly, but he was free and pleasant with the men, and liked to take a joke or give one with any of them. He took a great deal of interest in their affairs, being their counsellor when needed; so of course they all liked him. Wages at The Hazels were the best going and paid promptly; but there was not a man on the place who did not work for love as well as wages. He was very kind to me, and many a sixpence he gave me; and, what I liked better, many a time he laid his hand on my head and told me what a fine noble fellow my father was, and added, 'See that you grow up like him, my boy.' Mrs. Russell was different. At the first glance you could see that she was proud and haughty; but she was a handsome, stately lady. Her hair was black and silky, and she had a great quantity of it. Her eyes were as dark as night—proud, disdainful eyes they were, only seeing what they wanted to see. She had a fine figure, held her head well up, and walked as if the ground were not good enough for her to tread on.

I liked to look at her when I could do it unobserved, my admiration being largely mingled with fear. With what admiring eyes I used to watch her sweeping up the aisle of the village church in her soft, rich robes! When I began to read "Stories from English History," which Master Edward lent me, I used to think as I watched Mrs. Russell, of Queen Elizabeth going in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. I did not know then that Queen Elizabeth had red hair and a sharp nose, and was more celebrated as a great queen than a great beauty. However that may be, Mrs. Russell was my boyhood's ideal of queenly grace and dignity. I am sure yet that few queens are as handsome or could be more haughty than she was. There was a belief among the servants that Mrs. Russell was of a higher family than her husband; but this arose, I think, from his free manner with the men compared with her haughty reserve. She never noticed me at all, except she wanted me to do something, or go somewhere; even then, she mostly sent her orders by one of the maids. Miss Lanphier, the governess, who was very plain as to her face, but a good, refined woman with a tender heart, was very kind to me. When I went to her room for my lessons, which I did at a different hour from Master Edward's study hours, and not very regularly, she used to advise me, and take quite a motherly interest in my welfare. But the best of all was Master Edward, pet and idol of the whole household. How well I remember how he looked when I saw him first! A slim boy in braided blue tunic, with fair curling hair, and blue eyes like his father's; like him also a ready sunny smile and winning way, a lofty look at times when he was giving orders, that was very like his mother, a determined, persistent self-will, that would go over and through anything to the desired end. That was Master Edward, who

was master, companion, everything to me for many years. I think I loved him as well as Jonathan loved David. I admired the breezy, buoyant rush with which he carried his own will through all opposition, every one giving way to him. As for me, I was his devoted slave from the first day. Being an only son, I thought it was natural that he should be indulged and petted. My orders were to leave whatever I was doing at any time if Master Edward wanted me. Whenever he was released or excused from his lessons it was: "Where is my cap?" "Where is my whip?" "Where is my Willie Hazley?"

These were welcome sounds to me, who loved best of all to be with him. We used at first to play on the lawn before the hall door. I was his horse, and he harnessed me to his own liking, and we raced and cantered up and down with glowing cheeks and shouts of merriment. We went bird's-nesting, too, with the big dog Bruno at our heels, away through the new plantation, the young trees forming arches of greenery over our heads, the sunlight falling through till the straight path before us was chequered with light and shade. Up the hill among the yellow-blossomed whins, through the hazel copse that gave the place its name, down through the green pasture by the burn where the larks loved to build. You need not look at me with sad eyes, Annie, of the tender heart.

"The linnet's nest within the bush we did not take away."

Neither of us were cruel. Well, how time flies! It seems but yesterday when Edward Russell and I made rush caps, fished for minnows in the burn, or lay in the grass watching the skylarks till we lost them in the blue above us, and though out of sight, their song sweet and clear, fell down to us from the gates of heaven. When we had plenty of time we loved to ramble off to the far bleach green, because it was in sight of the sea. It

lay high and sloped towards the shore. Many, and many a time we lay there watching the ever-changing sea as its blue waters heaved and sparkled under the summer sky. We often saw vessels in full sail skimming over the waves, and always saw the coast of Scotland in the distance. The workmen said that on a clear day the people living on the Scottish coast could count our webs as they lay on the green. That green was a beautiful spot in the summer time, the time when I remember it best. The bright rich green of the grass, the dazzling white stripes of snowy linen, the fringe of trees on the ridge on the background, hedging us in as it were from the rest of the world, and the free waves tossing and sparkling before us, made a picture that I love to look back upon. When we came here I would have liked to lie quiet and think, being a dreamy builder of air-castles; but Edward was restless, and would not let me have time to dream. He used to tell me stories of the olden time when brave knights did noble deeds to win the love of fair ladies. If I were not attentive enough he would get angry and call me a clown, a boor, a clodhopper, an Irish Hottentot, and then all at once break into a smile, so that I minded the names no more than if they had been terms of endearment.

I have almost forgotten to tell you about the baby-house. At the upper part of the far green was a little hill, the remains, it was said, of one of those Danish forts, as they are called, that are to be found all over Ireland. In the side of this hill facing the sea was a grotto or cave called the baby-house, from time immemorial used as a play-house by the children of the neighborhood, when they rambled there in summer holidays or at the nutting season. It was a roomy, dry place with a smooth stone floor. It was quite evident that though it was formed by nature, it had been enlarged and improved by man in the days when strongholds and hiding-

places were necessary. The entrance was shaded by bushes that grew all over the hillside, but it got light from a hole in the rock, looking to the sweet southwest, that had been cut out with care by some one, perhaps as a post of observation, from the good view which it commanded of the country round. The baby-house was often a resting place for us in our rambles. It came into my young master's mind one day that we would improve the baby-house a little. His father had brought to him a set of carpenter's tools from Belfast, and he was eager to use them; besides he was reading "Robinson Crusoe" for the first time. While that fever lasted our holidays were delightfully busy. "We must," said Edward, "give our cave an inhabited look; it must resemble Robinson's. Dear me, how we did work! The table we made, the seats, the lockers to keep anything safe which we left at the baby-house; rough specimens of carpenter work they were, but Edward insisted they were first rate. He got from his mother a piece of old window damask which we arranged as a curtain to draw over the opening which was our window. We had wooden candlesticks, which it was supposed we had made, but they were actually a gift from Mrs. Gibson, the cook. When we had candles we drew our curtains, lit them, and made believe we were stopping there all night. For after we had improved and taken possession of the baby-house, though not by right of discovery, it became the custom every whole holiday, to get a well-filled basket from our great friend and patroness, the cook, and in company with Bruno hold a party of three in the baby-house. Between what we made ourselves, what Edward appropriated, and what was given to us by sympathizing friends, our cave did soon wear an inhabited look. When Mr. Russell, who often looked in upon us, enquired of my young master where he had got anything that it was evident we had not made, he would answer

gravely, 'That was saved from the shipwreck,' to his father's great amusement. What times we had acting Robinson Crusoe! The green was our island, the baby-house our cave and fortress, and I was man Friday. The innocent men who came to lift the linen, had to do duty as savage cannibals of whom we were dreadfully afraid. We acted Robinson Crusoe, and we made the cave echo with ballads, for I was like my mother fond of singing, had like her, a good memory, and liked best what she called, "songs with a story in them." When my young master got tired of being Robinson, or of telling stories I taught him my stock of old ballads, as "Sir James the Ross," "Young Beckie," as the father of the great Thomas à Becket is irreverently styled in the old ballads, and the tragic fate of Lord Ronald McQuillan and fair Evaleen O'Neil, and many others. When he grew older he got the Waverly novels and other stories of the time when the strong right hand was the law best obeyed. He always acted over parts that struck his fancy of what we read together.

After personating Friday, I remember being Gurth the swincherd, with a collar round my neck, supposed to be of iron, but really of leather, to show that I was a born thrall. I was Wamba, changing cap and bells for "*Pax vobiscum*," ready to lay down my life for my master. I was McIvor's gillie, knowing no law higher than the pleasure of my chief. In short, I was page or squire, groom or henchman according to the story on hand at the time. My young master, you see, appreciated the virtue of fidelity. In all our plays I was a servant, loyal and loving, to my liege lord Edward, my hero, who was more than worthy of all my devotion. How I used to regret that the grand old times of high adventure were past and gone! There was no hope that I would ever get an opportunity of doing something great, worthy to be a subject of song or story, for Master Edward's sake. I was sure

that no lord or knight of the old time was more worthy of loving service than he was. I grew secretly tired of our make-believe plays; I wanted to live a story worth telling, in which my young master and I would do some great thing that people would not be willing to forget. When I retired into my own private air-castle, what glorious visions passed before me of the future, as I wished it to be! I followed my young master away to wild Indian wars (there was always enough of fighting going on in India), and I saw him win honorable fame, while I made my breast his buckler in many a fight. I nursed him through jungle fevers. I cut down fierce Bengal tigers when in the act of springing upon him. Like Jonathan and his armor-bearer, we gained battles miraculously. We stormed hill fortresses without the least respect to probability, and the delicious reverie always ended with great honors and rewards heaped upon him by a generous king and an admiring nation. How in the flush of all his honors he said to me, "Willie, friend more than servant, deliverer and councillor, we will share the rewards as we shared the dangers; we will never part." I need not tell you I was a foolish and romantic boy,—you know it; but those were pleasant, silly times and they had their influence on me. I learned a good deal from Miss Lanphier, though my lessons were irregular, for I was eager to keep up with my young master; but I learned most from himself. Unconsciously through my admiration of him, I imitated his manner and mode of expression and lost the semi-lowland dialect spoken by the country people in Antrim and Down. You need not think my life was all play hours and dream reveries; it was mingled with a good deal of work, and I think I was found willing and obedient. I remember the play hours best because I enjoyed them most. This sort of life lasted for a good while, but it was too pleasant not to come to an end, and

a mere trifle brought about a change.

An old lady and gentleman, distant relatives of Mr. Russell, came on a visit to The Hazels. They were nice, old-fashioned people, had been handsome in their time, like all the Russells, as the old gentleman said. He was a fine-looking old man, a trifle stout, but active and hearty. His brown eyes sparkled with merriment from under bushy gray eyebrows. Such a ringing laugh as he had! Such a cheery way of enjoying everything, while he diffused enjoyment wherever he went, for he carried the elements of enjoyment about with him, lighting up with the sunshine of his own cheerfulness everything he came in contact with. And then he was such a singer, and knew every song, I think, that ever was made in the broad Scotch tongue; and he did not need to be coaxed forever before he would sing; so he was a favorite with every one. The old lady was mild and pleasant, and in a quiet, dignified way was full of admiration of her husband, as she expected everybody else to be. I am sure no one could have suspected that they came to destroy my "enchanted garden ground." One day they were walking over the place, we were enjoying ourselves in the cave, when Mr. and Mrs. Russell and the visitors walked in. Edward became Robinson Crusoe immediately, and welcomed them as shipwrecked people whom we had rescued. We treated them out of our basket, which was so well supplied that I imagine Mrs. Gibson knew they were coming. I waited on them in the character of Friday, and Edward gave orders. The way that old gentleman enjoyed everything, and noticed all our improvements, and wondered, and questioned, and admired each new discovery, addressing Edward as "Senor Ingleez" as if he were the veritable Spaniard saved by Robinson, pleased and flattered my young master very much. In his endeavors to entertain them he made me sing about Lord Ronald, and fair

Evaleen O'Neil, and then the old gentleman sang for us a funny song about "Robinson Crusoe, Poor Robinson Crusoe." Everything was so pleasant, when unfortunately the old lady asked Mrs. Russell if I was any relation of her family. "No indeed," said Mrs. Russell, with a dangerous flash in her dark eyes; "he is my son's attendant." The old lady made bad worse by saying, "Excuse me, I thought I saw a family resemblance between Edward and him. He is a nice clever boy, with very good manners, a credit to his relations whoever they are." I saw that Mrs. Russell was angry, that it displeased her to have me supposed for a moment to be a relation of her son's. The old people, entirely unconscious of offence given or taken, laughed and chattered in high glee, but the enjoyment was over for me. This little incident drew Mrs. Russell's attention to the unpleasant fact that I was improving so much through companionship with Edward, as to be mistaken for a relative of the family. Our holidays became very far apart. Mrs. Russell took her son with her oftener when she went visiting, and had visitors, lads of his own age, at The Hazels very often. Edward did not enjoy the company of his young visitors as his mother wished him to do. He was accustomed to rule; I obeyed him because I loved him, and sympathized with him, as none of his visitors did or could. He knew this very well, and was relieved when they went away, and we were together again. I never doubted in those days that Edward loved me as I loved him. I never thought much of the difference between the heir of The Hazels, and the boy who was his attendant. My love for him had made us near of kin; but he often asked me if I loved him as Gurth loved Wilfred of Ivanhoe, as Friday loved Robinson, for my young master was like Captain O'Grady, who said, "I loike to be loiked, and I loike people to tell me of it."

After some time, I heard that Miss Lanphier was leaving The Hazels, and Master Edward was going to school. And so it was. Miss Lanphier's plain face ceased to be a contrast to the beauty of Mrs. Russell, and Edward was to leave home and me for a time.

CHAPTER II.

We change, and others change, and recollection
Would fain renew what it can but recall.

L. E. L.

When it was decided to send Edward to school, the school chosen was the Moravian academy at Himmel-en-erde. This was a move of Mrs. Russell's, who had heard a very favorable account of that school from the families with whom she visited. Edward confided to me, in one of our rambles, that it was a tip-top place. "The Birnies are going," he said, "and the Fishers, and the Higginsons, and George and Robert Alaster. But do you know, Willie, what Mrs. Archdeacon Alaster said to mamma, the last time she was here, 'It is of the utmost importance that my son Robert should be trained in a judicious manner; he is heir to the earldom of O'Neil.' I do think," said Edward laughing, "that grand speech decided mamma. Papa said, 'All boys, Mrs. Alaster, require judicious training, whether they have an earldom awaiting them or not.' It is decided that I am to go and learn '*noblesse oblige*,' Mrs. Alaster's life motto, in company with the future Earl O'Neil. Papa is to take me on the jaunting car, and I have coaxed him to let you drive, so you see you are going too."

It was after Easter when Edward went to school. My mind was divided between the sorrow of parting with him and the great treat of going with them as driver. I had a new suit of clothes made to please Mrs. Russell, with as many rows of buttons on it as Annie's favorite piper wears. I had a new top coat with a cape, and was promoted to

the driver's seat; so I had some drops of comfort to sweeten the parting with my young master.

That was a ride to be remembered. Mr. Russell was a man who knew how to treat boys,—not like some who are so much occupied with their own dignity that they do not care how a boy feels. He told us a great deal about the places we passed through, some of the stirring events of the Rebellion of ninety-eight, called up by ruined castle or bustling village, as we drove along. Himmelen-erde was the prettiest village I ever saw. Every house was white and clean, and peeped out from among shrubs and flowers that covered some of them to the very eaves. There were trees everywhere and spring flowers in profusion. This village was very unlike the country we had passed over, where a gentleman's seat was succeeded by a lot of poor cabins; here, none were grand, but all were beautiful, as if the people daily used Agur's prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." We drove round the square, which is in the centre of the village. From my seat in the car I could see the fish pond and the sun dial beside it, and a big oak tree from which a flag was floating, because it was a holiday of some kind. The church was at one side of the square and beside it the academy. It was a large many-windowed white building, with green painted iron railings in front. A broad flight of stone steps led up to the door, which stood open. I could see through the wide entrance hall into a playground at the back, where a great many young gentlemen were playing, and making as much noise as they were capable of doing. A very courtly, white-haired gentleman, with a decidedly foreign accent, came down the steps to receive them. This was Mr. Harke, the principal. Mr. Russell and Edward went in with him. A little man came out for Master Edward's trunks, heavily laden with delicacies by the careful hands of Mrs. Gibson, and which were in

the well of the car, and then Edward came out again to bid me good-bye. After resting awhile at the inn which stood at the opposite corner of the square Mr. Russell came and we started for home. The ride home did not seem half so pleasant, because my young master was left behind. As we drove over the little bridge that spans the beautiful Main water, the ruins of the castle of Rory Og on one side, and the broad Lisnafillan meadows on the other. I remember feeling that the brightness seemed gone from everything, and I cried, I did indeed, like the fond, silly boy I was.

It was lonely at home without him, very, very lonely. My only comfort was using my spare moments in arranging and improving the baby-house that he might be surprised and pleased when he came home. I have always thought that working people and their children have more delicacy than they get credit for among their superiors. I noticed that from the time when we took formal possession of, and furnished the baby-house, the children of the neighborhood no more thought of playing there, than they would have done in Mr. Russell's parlors.

Well, midsummer came, and with it the vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Russell were to go in the carriage for Master Edward, and make a little excursion to see Shane's Castle before returning. Before the time came, however, Mrs. Russell left home unexpectedly to join some of her fashionable friends in a flying visit to the Highlands, where something was to be seen or done, or some gathering to take place,—I did not know what; but it was something out of the common, so Mr. Russell and I went with the car to bring Master Edward home. As he had been promised a visit to Shane's Castle, his father would not disappoint him, and that was how I spent a delightful day in company with my young master and Mr. Russell, going over the castle and grounds of the great O'Neil.

I would have liked much to see the old lord, last of such an illustrious race, and Master Edward thought we would see him; but he was abroad. An old man with a face like a withered apple and a frosty head, who was a sort of under-gardener I think, volunteered to show us over the grounds. We saw the building called by courtesy the Castle, which our guide told us was originally the stables when the race of O'Neil was in the height of its glory. We heard from him, as we wandered among the ruins of the old castle, how it had been burned down by a lovelorn retainer of the O'Neil family. This deserted lover was in his "turret chamber high" looking over the letters (and they were not few) which he had received from his false fair one. Suddenly he determined to destroy these aggravating mementos of blighted love. He piled them into the grate, and set fire to them. The long unused flue was stopped up with birds' nests; the flames caught them, the wrecks of feathered homes, the tokens of lost love, the stronghold of the grand old race blazed up together, and in this foolish way the doomed castle was burned to the ground. Times were changed since the O'Neil, chieftain and prince of all the fair north, last to submit of all Ireland's native chiefs, kissed the hand of "great Elizabeth." The wide heritage and princely revenues of the O'Neils had partly passed from them, and the castle was never rebuilt. Our guide pointed out to us the particular spot of the ruins where the hereditary banshee is heard to wail for each parting spirit of the old race. Mr. Russell tried to throw some doubt on the old man's stories about the banshee, and hurt his feelings. As well doubt the existence of the O'Neils themselves, he said, as the fact of them being followed from the first by the banshee. He was comforted when Edward said, "Now, papa, if a great race like the O'Neil's have not got a banshee, what is the use of banshees at all?"

"You are right, young gentleman," said the old man, nodding his frosty head; "that's the sensible way to put it. What ud be the use of banshees at all, at all, if they did not follow the high O'Neils, the grandest ould race, Heavens be their bed! that iver ruled in green Ireland?" As we walked on the terrace overlooking fair Lough Neagh, our guide said, "Here is the very spot where great Phelim ier oe O'Neil, and his daughter Evaleen, fair as a white cloud, were walking on the fated day when the boat of the spirit he had enraged, by cutting down and removing ancient landmarks, that were on the place before his time, and should have been there when he was gone, appeared on the lake and summoned fair Evaleen away. This," said the old man, shaking his frosty head and lowering his voice, "was the great banshee that's against changes."

"He was a conservative," said Mr. Russell, smiling.

"Did the lady go?" said Master Edward.

"She had to go; she was powerless to resist her doom you see, and her father, the grim ould warrior as he was, was powerless to prevent it. He looked on in tortures of agony when she went into the boat, an' he saw her white arms stretched to him in vain, till the boat sank with her, to the fairy palaces below the waters of the lake. When fair Evaleen O'Neil is rescued or restored to us," said the old man, "Shane's Castle will be built up again, and the race of O'Neil will take their ould place and royal rank among the great princes of the world."

We sailed on the waters of the far-famed lake, in a little boat called "The Fair Rebecca," which, said our guide, "was the name of a sweetheart the ould lord had in his young days." Looking into the lake's clear depths we could *almost* see the turret-tops of the enchanted under-water palaces, which went far to confirm the legend. Ed-

ward thought that he did see them. Mr. Russell, said here was a splendid opportunity for adventures more thrilling than Robinson Crusoe's, and asked us if we would try to rescue fair Evaleen O'Neil.

It was a fine opportunity for Edward and me to distinguish ourselves; but we came away without attempting it, contenting ourselves with bringing home specimens of the wood petrified by the waters of the wonderful lake. When Mr. Russell was paying our old guide, he said to Master Edward, "My blessing on your bright young face, an' your believin' heart! An wouldn't I like to be with you another day, takin' you roun' the ould ancient castle of Dunluce, built on a rock in the say, away at the far north. I could show you the very spot where another Evaleen O'Neil, the one that ran off with young Lord Ronald Mc-Quillan; sure she could not marry him with consent, for him an' her father were enemies. I could show you the very spot on the battlements where she stood and watched till her lord fell fighting with her father, an' then flung herself down, becase life and love were all over for her. I could show you where her blood

crusted on the cruel black rocks,—it's plain to be seen whin the tide is out; all the water in the say would not wash it away. Ah, they were a great race, the O'Neils, but misfortunate." We only quit hearing the legendary stories of the O'Neil race when, after many blessings and farewells, we had fairly started for home. "We will go to Dunluce another day, my son, and see the old ruin perched on its rock in the ocean," said Mr. Russell, as we whirled along towards The Hazels. "Well," returned Master Edward, "I hope we shall have such a guide; he is what Rolston calls a knowledgeable man." This delightful day with its legendary lore and sight-seeing passed away like other days. Edward was at home again, so was Mrs. Russell; and between visits abroad, and visitors to the house, picnics and excursions, my young master and I were apart and kept each in his place as much as even Mrs. Russell could desire. I was afraid that the holidays would be all gone before. I had an opportunity of showing him my alterations and improvements in the baby-house. I only saw him at a distance, or spoke to him when I was receiving orders.

(To be continued.)



NIGHT-LINE FISHING.

BY THOS. J. OLIVER, QUEBEC.

"Yes, I will go." This was in answer to a proposition to go on a fishing excursion for a few days at Lake St. Charles. Before expressing myself so decisively, there were many *pros* and *cons* which I had taken into consideration, and the ayes carried it. From the following the reader may pick out both. The proposition came from my friend, Gus Gilham. We had been on many a similar excursion, and he was an excellent hand in the bush, in summer or in winter, from lighting a fire to throwing a fly. He was always in good humor, and ready for a joke or a song. There are some who frighten you with their earnestness on sporting trips, who look upon them as events in one's life, who undertake the slaughter of a certain number of fish, and who portion out the day's work, as if by army regulation. There is no kicking over the traces with such fellows,—no freedom of action; with them one goes out to fish, and fish you must if the deluge came after. Now, with Gus it is different; I can start with him on a fishing trip, and it may turn out a sliding party, or a wedding feast, or a bee. If it were to happen on our journey that any greater attraction than pulling trout out of water turned up, Gus would immediately give that attraction the preference and adjourn the destruction of fish; and in this particular he is after my own heart, for when I am in the country I will not be tied down by the rules and customs which rule in the city.

The proposition came in winter, when time hung heavily on our hands, just after the Christmas holidays. Business of all kinds was at a standstill, the

rialto was closed, the *palais de justice* was deserted, banks were opened only for the purpose of renewing notes,—there was in fact nothing doing, and there was nothing in the papers, and the only recourse left was to flee to the country,—whether to fish, shoot or snowshoe made very little difference, as long as one was outside the city limits.

The weather for the last week had been glorious: it was the clear, cold bracing air of Canada, a life-giving, hilarious, exulting atmosphere, which defies fatigue and laughs at languor. The roads, I knew, were in capital order, and the distance was not over fifteen miles. Everything, Gus said, was ready; he had furnished all that was necessary, and all I had to do was to say yes. One of the great *pros* was that Gus had a horse, and when one goes out with his own horse he is bound to look after him himself, see that he gets his oats, is watered at the proper time, is well bedded, and in the morning well rubbed down; and it often happens that all the work has to be done by oneself, on account of the incompetency or laziness of the native *habitant*. I am a great admirer of horses and love to drive them, but I must confess I don't relish stable-work. It was therefore an advantage that Gus was the proprietor of the horse.

After breakfast the next morning, we started for the lake. The beautiful weather of the previous day had continued, and the road was level as a billiard table. Gus's horse was in excellent condition and threw the miles behind us in grand style, and in less than two hours brought us before the door of the house of Monsieur Legare, who was

a farmer living on the borders of the lake. As I predicted, and I may assure the reader, without any objection or offer on my part, Gus looked after the stabling of his nag, and gave him a good feed of oats. Monsieur Legare was a hearty old man who had got together what he considered a good pile, and lived happy and contented on his pork and onions. He had two sons, hobbledehos, without even the limited wit of the father, and one daughter, who displayed a great variety of color in hair ribbons, and a partiality to chewing gum, which could hardly be said to detract much from the delicate shape of her mouth. We were given possession of the guests' room, that is a large room to the left of the entrance, opening from which were two bedrooms, of which we also had the use and occupation. A double-stove heated our room and the kitchen adjoining, in which sat the farmer and his family, and off which were a bedroom and a sort of pantry; other bedrooms were on the attic.

Having sent off one of the Legare boys for bait, with orders for him to follow us, we started for the lake, accompanied by the father and the other son, both carrying axes and shovels. On our way we cut down long rods with which to mark our fishing holes. The snow was hard, and we found it easy walking over the firm crust, and congratulated ourselves on having such fine weather; but the old farmer looked wise and predicted snow before long.

After marking the places for the holes we all set to work to dig snow and cut ice-holes. It was tiresome work; but we worked steadily at it all the afternoon till it was getting dusk, at which time we had cut thirteen holes. We then baited our hooks and set the lines, marking each hole with one of the long poles. We had hardly got through this proceeding, when Legare's words were verified, and the snow began to fall heavily and the wind to blow fiercely. By the time we reached

the house it was quite dark, and the snow so deep and the gale so bitter that it was difficult to make any headway. It was then hardly six o'clock. We were glad to gain shelter and shake the snow from our clothes. The warmth of the stove was a welcome luxury after the bitter cold walk we had had, and when we doffed our heavy outside clothing, changed our moccasins for slippers, and sat down to a substantial supper of beefsteak, eggs, potatoes, hot buns, toast and tea, with the richest of cream, we felt as though we could defy the storm which was raging so maddeningly and furiously out of doors. After supper old Legare came into our room with the usual excuse of asking for some city tobacco, and, of course, began a detailed list of all the *messieurs de ville* whom he knew, and who were in the habit of visiting the lake; of the trout they caught, and of the money they spent. He was a garrulous old gossip, but his talk was unexpectedly brought to an end by the really dreadful violence of the storm. The building actually shook and shivered in the wind; the old woman and the daughter went about the house sprinkling holy water and repeating *Pater Nosters* and *Ave Marias*, and the father and sons looked from one to another in silent fear. The storm shrieked and yelled like a chained demon, and as it were seized the house and shook it as a wild animal would its prey. The inmates were in a state of abject terror, and the murmurings of prayer were heard as a refrain to the howling wind. The house creaked and rocked like a ship at sea, and at last I became convinced it could not stand such rocking much longer. We could do little else than to remark on the unheard of violence of the hurricane which seemed to threaten us every moment with destruction. At times we actually started to a standing position, when a greater than usual burst of anger tore as it were at the very foundations of the house.

It was after such a one that old Legare, followed by one of his sons, came to us, their teeth actually chattering with terror, and told us that he was afraid the house would fall, and that it was better for all of us to go down into the cellar, which he said was even warmer than the house then was, as, on account of danger, we had let the fires die out. It was rather a strange and novel sight to see us all making the descent through a trap door into the cellar, carrying mattresses, pillows and blankets. Part of the cellar was planked, and on it we threw the bedding and clothing and lay down with the assurance at least that we could not be crushed to death. As stated by old Legare, our novel sleeping place was quite warm, and in it we did not hear the horrible shrieks of the tempest. At last I managed to fall asleep, as also did Gus, as he afterwards informed me; but I very much doubt if any of the others obtained any rest, for they all seemed subdued by terror, and continued praying till I lost consciousness in slumber.

It was past eight when I made my appearance above deck. The wind was not so high, but the snow was still falling heavily. The whole front of the house was blocked up, but Legare and the two sons had got out by a back window and were clearing a way to the stables, in order to feed the cattle. The women had lit a fire and were preparing our breakfast, which was soon ready. We took our time and did full justice to it, for we knew that it was impossible to stir out of the house while the storm lasted, and for perhaps two days after. We also knew that all our labor of yesterday was nullified and had to be done over again and at twice the amount of trouble, on account of the amount of snow that had fallen. Gus ventured out through the window to look after his horse; he took a pair of snowshoes, but they were almost useless, for he sank up to his waist in the soft, yielding snow.

I saw a long day before me, so looked round for books; but, with the exception of a missal, there were none. Fortunately I was able to procure some letter paper from the young girl and sat down to pay off a lot of correspondence debts, in which occupation the announcement of dinner found me. After it I went with Gus to the stables, which were strongly built and had bravely resisted the attack of the storm. And what a storm it had been! Old Legare did not remember ever having witnessed its equal. In the front of the house the snow had drifted half way up to the roof. As far as we could see, not a fence was visible, and an outhouse near by was completely covered. The road by which we had come was of course untraceable, and until some one more adventurous than ourselves went over, we should have to remain *en pension* with Monsieur Legare. When we returned to the house, from the bright dazzling outside, it appeared like a dungeon, for the windows were still blocked up. To wind away the afternoon Mademoiselle Legare produced a pack of cards and told us our fortune, the only part of which I remember, is that I was to have a *blonde* and Gus was to have a *brunette*.

In the evening we made a family party and Gus prevailed on the old woman to make some "*la tire*," and Mademoiselle, without great forcing, sang a song of about forty verses in length to a most doleful tune.

The next morning Gus and I, with one of the Legares, went to the lake to see if we could find any of our fishing holes, but there was not the sign of a rod, and the snow was so heavy that we had consumed the whole morning in even walking the distance, so that it was deemed impossible to do anything that day; and so another long evening was spent in the house of Monsieur Legare. On the following morning we arose with the determination of doing something; but, at a consultation held after breakfast, the work of cutting the

holes in the ice, we decided, was as the French say "not worth the candle."

So abandoning our lines and hooks, each one of which I suppose with a fish attached, tearing its gills away, we left Lake St. Charles in the afternoon without so much as a minnow as the reward of our trip. Perhaps most people will say, Serve you right for breaking the law. The zealous gentleman of the Fish and Game Society will be sorry because the house did not fall upon us, and will be somewhat pleased to know that we

lost our tackle as well as our time. If it be any satisfaction to him, he may as well know that on our drive to town, our horse did not once go faster than a walk, that we upset three times and collided once, and that, owing to all these mishaps, it took us over four hours to reach home. I rose early the next morning and purchased a dozen of the largest trout I could find, sending six to Gus, and reserving the balance myself to show such of my friends as might call to enquire of our success in night-line fishing.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

BY JOHN J. PROCTOR.

I know a valley of shadows, shadows that brood and lie
 On the babbling stream, and the silent earth, and the ever-changing sky;
 A valley that, sooner or later, men tread as their forefathers trod,
 The vale of the shadow of death, the vale of the Shadow of God.

There where the rocks are steepest, there where the river of life
 Loses itself in the fall where the sea clasps its agonized strife—
 There is that vale through whose bosom the waters of death are rolled,—
 The vale where the Shadow of shadows is purple, and red, and gold.

There is no cloud in the heavens; there is no darkling night;
 For the eyes that close under the Shadow shut in a blaze of light,
 Oh eyes that close upon earth, oh eyes that open on Heaven!
 What was the sight ye saw when the pass through the valley was given?

Why ask ye those that are gone? When the heated glories of day
 Have passed from their heights to their valley of death, what is it they say?
 Height upon height, and depth upon depth, from their regions of cold
 Tell the tale of the clouds that death's shadow is purple, and red, and gold.

And earth, when she yearly dies, when she passes the shadowy vale
 Sings to her Maker, and tells to the Heavens the Heavens' own tale:

From the purple of autumn sunset, from the yellow corn on the wold,
From the maple's crimson, death's shadow is purple, and red and gold.

And Ocean, that rivals the sky and mimics earth's emerald sheen,
With the heaven of her deep-sea blue, and her shallowing seas of green,
Gives up to death her mullet, that, ere the life-blood grew cold,
Gave to the eyes of the Roman death's purple, and red, and gold.

Death's shadow? the Shadow that shadoweth all things, whether they be
In the sky above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the sea,
Is the shade of Him that has ruled ere earth was young, and is old,
Not death's, but the shade of a King, clad in purple, and red, and gold.

What though the mantled glories of twilight fade unto grey,
And the shroud of the coming night be wrapped round the blaze of day;
Though the earth lie hushed and still when the wintry breezes blow,
And her mountain-ribs be hid by the pall of the virgin snow?

What though the jewelled blood of the child of the emerald sea
Die in a dull deep grey with the death of its agony?
These be but veils of the Shadow, for those that course o'er the wold
Of the Valley of Shadows are Heaven's—purple, and red, and gold.

God's colors, not death's; for the purple belongs alone to a King,
And His is the blood of His servants, and His the gold offering;
For Death was never a king, but only the steward-slave
That puts the treasures of God in His treasure-chest, the grave.

Yet ere they be put away they are sealed with the Master's sign,
The Monarch's purple, the martyr's blood, the gold of the tribute-mine;
The purple of Heaven, the red of earth, the gold of the agony
Of the creatures that die for man's service in sky and on earth and in sea.

But, when the ages are dead, and the night of the world is past,—
When the word is given, and the seal is broke, and the jewel-chest oped at last,—
When the earth herself shall die, and the heavens as a scroll be unrolled,
And the King shall come in a blaze of purple, and red, and gold,—

Then shall the Shadow be Substance, *then* shall its glories be
What no men, living, have seen, what all men alike shall see;
Then shall we know that the Valley that all creation has trod
Is not the Valley of Shadows,—is the Vale of the Presence of God.

THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

The long summer vacation was over, and Mr. Clinton's very respectable school for young ladies was reopened in No. 63 — street, Boston, on the last Monday of September, 1869. That day was given up to the arrangement of seats, and classes for the year, and no brain work was done except by the gentleman who was preparing to resume his task, his life-work, which might be compared to the cultivation of thirty-two pieces of ground, some fertile and all ready for the seed that should be sown, some naturally good but choked with gaudy, useless weeds, (*i. e.* parties, dress, flirtations and the theatre) but all different.

The weight of his responsibilities pressed so heavily upon Mr. Clinton as he reorganized his old pupils, and found out how much knowledge the new ones possessed, that when half past eleven came he was glad to ring his bell and announce a half hour of recess.

The hubbub that ensued was worse than if ten beehives had been upset all at once.

"Where have you been all summer?"
"Oh! at the Shoals. I had *such* fun!"
"Newport is ever so much nicer, don't you think so?" "Isn't it horrid to come back here and grind all winter?" Questions and answers grew more and more emphatic until one question seemed to prevail and silence all the rest among a group of girls who were perched upon their desks, consuming cookies and doughnuts. "Where is Marion Gilmer? Isn't she coming back this year?"

"Marion Gilmer has just come in, and says she has only come to get her

books and say good bye," said one who had come from the lower entry. A howl of disapprobation arose, and the said Marion entered in time to be complimented by it.

"Not coming here to school anymore, Marion! Why not? You're not going to Miss Leighton's instead, you naughty girl?"

"Girls, do be quiet," said the favorite Marion. "Let me announce my solemn news. No more Virgil for me! Farewell to compositions upon the relation of the universe to the soul of man! I am going around the world in a great ship. I start next week for Cape Horn and the Antarctic Zone."

Her stunned and bewildered hearers could only gasp out entreaties for further particulars.

"Why the whole story is this: My cousin Amy Roslyn has a sailor brother, captain of the 'Lyra,' who is going to take her on his next voyage, and he asked papa to let me go to keep her from being homesick. Papa meditated upon the subject, and wisely concluded that I might gain from the heathen world some education that wouldn't be found in this blessed House of Instruction and Correction, so he consented. Gussie Knowles knows all about it, for she is Amy's friend as well as mine, but I told her not to breathe a word of it to any of you because I wanted the fun of coming in and making you stare;" and Marion drew a long breath, beaming with satisfaction that implied that the fun had exceeded all her hopes.

Everybody congratulated and envied her, and commented variously upon Marion's great expectations.

"A voyage around Cape Horn to

San Francisco, then to China and the East Indies! How romantic!" said Clara Hay. "Won't you write to us, Marion?"

"Oh, dear girls! it would keep me writing all the time to correspond with all of you; but Gussie Knowles will get long journal letters from us both, and she will read them to you; but, oh! there's the bell, and I hain't taken leave of Mr. Clinton. Good-bye, dear creatures;" and Marion, escaping from overwhelming hugs, shook hands with her kind teacher, and left the halls of learning behind her with no regrets, but bright anticipations of the future.

Marion Gilmer and her cousin Amy Roslyn were well adapted for a long voyage in each other's company, for there was a "harmonious difference" of character between them that is sure to form the basis of the truest friendship; each admiring and depending upon in the other the qualities lacking in herself. Their letters and journals will give a better idea of each one, perhaps, than could any formal description, and a word sketch of Marion's round, merry face, short, solid figure, changeable gray eyes, and of Amy's slender, graceful form, and sweet pale face lighted up by brown eyes that could sparkle brilliantly with fun, or grow soft and hazy with musing, will give the outside view of these two girls who were about to enter together upon a chapter of their lives that was to be entirely different from any preceding one.

Their delight in the prospect of a voyage to strange, eastern lands nearly turned their heads during the weeks of preparation. With the assistance of sober-minded and practical friends, however, they managed to accomplish the necessary shopping and packing, and at last came a day when these helpful souls had performed their last offices for the young travellers, and were wandering mournfully about their deserted rooms, while in the clear October

weather, with hopes as gay and bright as the autumn leaves, the girls went out to sea.

Ship "LYRA," Atlantic Ocean,
Oct. 30th, 187—

I begin to-day, dear old Gussie, my part of the joint journal letter that Amy and I threatened to inflict upon you, for she says I shall describe the horrors of our first three days' experience in a far more graphic and touching manner than she ever could, and I don't consider it worth while to contradict her, being fully aware of my own genius.

But first I want you to realize how blissful we are at this present moment. Storms, Gulf Stream, and sea-sickness are things of the past; their memory now only increases our comfort, for we are sailing through smooth blue waters, my ink-bottle stands safely on the wooden skylight that serves me as a writing table, and you may judge from that how calm the wild Atlantic is to-day.

Amy is stretched out in a great chair under the shadow of the "mizzen mast," for we are on "the house" (the roof of our large cabin which is 60 feet long, and the favorite resort of passengers), and every now and then she turns from her rapturous gazing at the quiet sea to take a great bite of an apple and exclaim, "Marion, this is truly bliss! This is worth that awful Gulf Stream!" Now I must really begin to tell you what our experience has been thus far.

The "Lyra" went out of New York harbor with a rousing breeze, and we were ready to scream with joy until we got near the Highlands of Navesink, for everything seemed perfect as possible, our ship was such a noble one, and the idea of our voyage grew more romantic with every mile (or knot, for do let us be nautical in our terms).

Finally Amy said, "Marion, I'm going down into the cabin to get another apple." "You'll never come up if you do," was my solemn warning; but the

rash girl departed, and when I reluctantly went in search of her, some time after, there she was, flat on her back in her berth. The first sight of her aroused within me feelings which, as Mark Twain says, were "peculiar, but not entertaining," but I put them down with stern determination, and went to the dinner-table, where the captain received me with commendations.

"You're a brave girl, Marion, and will make a fine sailor. Have some stewed onions?" (advancing a spoonful of what looked like greasy seaweed). A silent shake of the head on the part of the "brave girl and fine sailor." "Miss Gilmer looks pale," remarked Mr. Duncan the mate, with a mischievous glance. "Nonsense! she isn't going to be sick. Why, Marion, my girl!" But the heroic young female was departing with more speed than dignity, and burst into her stateroom crying to the prostrate sufferer in the lower berth, "Oh! Amy, I am sick! Oh! isn't it dreadful! What shall I do!" "Climb up into your berth, and lie down flat; the motion is growing worse and worse." So all that day there were two doleful beings in those narrow quarters, trying to comfort each other. The stewardess is Irish, and of all the funny women she might take the prize. Every little while she would enter, and balancing herself against the wall would observe, "Well, young ladies! I've come to see how ye was gettin' along," and then would come some anecdote of captains' wives and daughters whom she had attended through the most unheard of experiences, until, sick as we were, we had to laugh. The captain heard us, and shouted "Well! I never heard seasick passengers make such cheerful sounds before. Girls, come out of that room. You're only 'making believe,' I know."

There wasn't much laughter in the "Lya's" cabin on the following day, you may be assured, for we had a lively experience of the Gulf Stream under the influence of "a stiff nor'-easter" and

enough queer things happened to amuse any girls not ill and half scared as we were. I made a desperate venture and in some ungraceful manner succeeded in reaching one of the cabin sofas (of which there are two in opposite alcoves), and clutching the mahogany ridge at the top of it to keep from sliding off, I lay all through that day, while the ship rolled in a way that any decent vessel would be ashamed of, except in the Gulf Stream.

Now and then a general crash would enliven me. I saw through the door that leads to the "forward cabin," our dining-room, various strange performances, such as a sugar barrel promenading along the floor, and the stewardess falling down with a dish of pickles which bounced far and wide. Amy's state-room door opened and a dishevelled maiden looked forth, longing to gain the opposite sofa, but fearing to attempt the passage across the cabin, which slanted like Somerset street hill, first in one direction, then in the other. She made a rush at last, and was thrown violently upon the sofa, from which soon after she was forcibly impelled, and fell with a startling thump upon the cabin floor as an unusually big wave struck the ship. At the moment of Amy's fall, everything that could follow her example did so; chairs upset, books tumbled out of the captain's shelf, and I was edified to behold Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" coasting across the cabin, pursued by an empty bottle and half a dozen apples from a plate on the sideboard.

I wasn't sick enough to want to be thrown into the sea, though I have a lurking suspicion that such was the case with poor Amy, but I felt very dismally indeed, and when a tall, shaggy-coated figure stood before me, and a cheery voice said, "Miss Gilmer, the captain says you must come on deck, for you are not sick enough to stay down here, and he won't allow it," I groaned in reply, "Oh, Mr. Duncan, I can't think of such a thing."

Our first officer is a man of determination, and he at last succeeded in getting me on deck, where I sat on a wooden thing they call "the bumpkin," and held on for dear life to a "belaying pin," while I saw the great green billows towering behind us and breaking in showers of spray; the vessel all the while prancing up and down like a rocking horse. It was glorious, and I began to revive as the strong salt wind blew in my face, nearly taking my breath away.

Amy was longer than I in recovering, but now we are in a region of pleasant, moderate winds, where we can begin to enjoy sea life in earnest. She tells me I have written enough for the present, and must let her take up the pen.

Nov. 29th.

DEAR GUSSIE—I thought I would not continue this narrative till I had gained a more settled experience of sea life, and now we are as much at home on this noble vessel as if we had sailed in her for months. I wish you could look in upon us and see how comfortable we are. Marion's account of our seasick days may lead you to think that we share one stateroom, but it was only so at first, because "misery loves company." The captain has fitted up a separate room for her, and has taken away the upper berth from my room to give me plenty of light and air. The carpenter made me a set of shelves for books, and one small shelf for a kind of dressing-table is fastened to the wall under my looking-glass. I have pictures of all kinds adorning my walls, and some of the ferns that you and I gathered and pressed last summer, droop gracefully above them.

Our parlor or "after cabin," is quite a large, pleasant room, lighted by two windows and a skylight. Its walls are of dark polished mahogany, and a cabinet organ, a marble-topped centre-table, velvet sofas, easy chairs, and a Brussels carpet (very much faded), give

it a home-like aspect. There are cupboards in the wall where we keep our work and boxes of sewing materials. Spare staterooms are places of general stowage, and the captain has a little office leading from the parlor cabin, which is furnished with a great hair cloth sofa, a desk, and many nautical instruments.

Thus you see, dear, that we can be very comfortable at sea, and I don't believe your imagination ever pictured such a view of cosiness on board of a ship as our cabin presents on a rainy evening when the swinging lamp sheds a soft light upon the captain in his reclining chair, listening to Amy playing on the organ, or to Marion reading aloud, while the pattering rain on the skylight and the dash of waves as they break against the vessel's side, make us exclaim occasionally, "How comfortable we are! Where are the anticipated hardships of a sea life?" My brother smiles significantly as he replies: "They will come in time. We haven't got round the Horn, or near it yet."

We seldom have to spend an evening in the cabin, for moonlight or starlight nights are far more frequent than rainy ones, and we sit upon the house hearing the sailors' songs, when at half-past seven the order "pump ship" is given, or we watch the stars, or the phosphorescent light in our wake, or promenade the deck together. I must confess, though, that our chief occupation on pleasant evenings is to converse with the first and second mates, whichever happens to be "standing his watch" on deck, and you will hear enough of these worthies before our voyage is ended, to be glad of a description of their characteristics now, before I proceed with my narration.

Alexander Duncan, the first mate, is a very tall, broad-shouldered Scotchman, with a pleasant, sun-burnt face, whose frank blue eyes make you sure he is a person to be trusted. He is not very

Scotch in his ways or accent,—rather Western, perhaps, for nearly all his life has been spent in Iowa when he was not at sea, and though he doesn't appear to have had the best educational and social advantages, he is so truly one of nature's noblemen, that a lack of external polish might be readily pardoned him.

Our second officer, Ned Fordyce, is a much more stylish individual than Mr. Duncan. He is the son of a wealthy Philadelphia merchant, and having completed his junior year at college, he was obliged to give up study on account of severe headaches; therefore, as the sea has been his passion from boyhood, he chose a sailor's life, and rapidly worked his way up from the lowest position of a seaman to that which he now occupies. He is full of fun, and so entertaining that I wish we could have him at our table instead of the graver first mate; but it is the custom for the latter dignitary to eat with the captain, and there must always be one mate on deck to look after the ship.

Of our dear captain you need no description, for you know almost as well as I do that no sister was ever blessed with a better brother than he has been to me, although during my childhood our intercourse was only occasional, because of his roving life. It is a great pleasure now to be with him all the time, gaining a more intimate friendship with the elder brother to whom my childish eyes used to look up as to the personification of every thing noble and manly. I shall endeavor to let Marion do all the affectionate raving about him after this, for it will not sound so badly from a cousin as from his own sister.

Now the warm weather has come. We crossed the equator on the 22nd of this month, and are in a region of pleasant breezes, which bear us gently on through the bluest water, speckled here and there with foam. An awning over the deck where we sit, makes a

pleasant shade, and I am so lazy that to swing in a hammock and gaze at the fleecy clouds which float above the far horizon, is all that I am inclined to do a great part of the time, while my energetic cousin, whose faculties become stronger as the weather grows hotter, studies Latin with the captain, knits worsted garments for all her infant relatives (to be sent by mail from California when we arrive there), and reads to me when her eyes will allow it. The light on the water seems to affect them disagreeably, so she can't read or study long at a time; but I read to her generally, and she always manages to entertain herself with something.

There is one hour of the day, Gussie, when I give my mental powers some work to do, whether they like it or not, and that is from nine to ten a.m., at which time I take my seat at the table in our dining-room and instruct Bob the cabin-boy, in spelling, grammar, writing and arithmetic. You know I always had a *penchant* for teaching, and if I should ever find it a necessity to earn my own living that employment would be my choice. I find much enjoyment in this occupation, therefore, except on these warm, dreamy days, when it is a little hard for me to apply myself readily to anything.

I suppose you wondered how we kept Thanksgiving-day at sea. It was a very delightful day to me, for I never had more reason for thanksgiving. After long and frequent separations from my brother, to be sailing around the world with him and dear Marion seemed more like a dream of joy than a reality.

Our steward did himself credit by a dinner that was worthy of the day. Among the courses appeared salmon and green peas (canned), which with the warm air might have led us to think we were celebrating the fourth of July rather than the last Thursday in November. That evening was one of the most enchanting I ever knew. The golden and rosy clouds in the west were hardly

faded when the full moon in the east threw a sheen over everything. Its light was not spectral, as we see it in our northern latitude, but something between golden and silvery, and it made the sails almost dazzling, while the intricate ropes were reflected on them with delicate tracery. We could see to read with the greatest ease. Being becalmed there was scarcely a ripple on the sea, and we could discern a nautilus floating quietly along in the moonbeam's track, "trimming its lateen sail." All was breathless seemingly, while the voices of the men came like the far-off sounds of a village when the day's work is ended. The night was what one might call intoxicating, and a wild ecstasy took possession of me, making me feel like doing almost anything extraordinary; so, to Marion's horror, I climbed out on the "channels" and sat there looking down into the water.

I do not know if I can make you understand what the channels are, but suffice it to say they look somewhat like shelves fastened to the outside of the ship, and to get out on them was a rash act more suited to Marion than to the quiet Amy. I took advantage of my brother being in the cabin in order to perform this great feat, but was interrupted in my pleasure by the alarmed Mr. Duncan, who sprang forward, and begged "Miss Roslyn" to let him help her out of her dangerous position.

The sailors on the main deck were indulging in various sports, such as "hunt the slipper," or trotting out an imaginary horse, one of the men on all fours covered with sail cloth, and ridden by another who belabored his sides unmercifully. The stentorian voice of the boatswain would occasionally rise above the tumult in the refrain of some good Methodist hymn, for this man, a strong, fine-looking fellow and one of the jolliest of the crew, is much addicted to hymn-singing, and sits in his room during many of his spare hours with his feet up on his blue chest,

a pipe in one hand and a Wesleyan collection of hymns in the other, making melody that interferes with the slumbers of those sailors who are taking their "watch below."

On Sundays every man in the ship (except the one at the wheel and the officer who is on duty) comes into the dining-room to attend the morning service, and an interesting sight it is, those rows of men and boys, some rough, hard-looking characters, some with very intelligent faces, with scarcely an exception, giving earnest, respectful attention to their young captain as he stands before them to read and explain the Word of God. Marion and I have to start the tunes, and I wish you could hear those men join in with all the strength of 30 pairs of lungs! I have always disliked the operatic singing by quartettes in many of our churches, as being a mockery of the minister's words when he rises to say "Let us praise God by singing the 152nd hymn," but when our sailors burst out with "I'm glad salvation's free," as if they knew it was and were glad of it, I think it comes nearer the right kind of worship.

We have passed many vessels since we left New York, and when they come near enough their captains carry on conversation with our captain by means of signal flags which are numbered. For example a vessel sends up 6, 2, 2, 4, and by referring to our signal book we see that those numbers indicate, "The Sovereign of the Seas;" then we tell them the name of this ship, and a great deal of information respecting the ports to which they are bound, from what port, how many days out, with what cargo, etc, is signalled between the ocean wayfarers, sometimes ending with the numbers 6, 3, 8, 9, from one vessel, that is, "Wish you a pleasant voyage;" and 5, 7, 8, 3, in reply, meaning "Many thanks."

Our great ensign was torn soon after we left New York, and I generously offered to devote my time and strength

to its repairing, not realizing its size, for it doesn't look so monstrous when floating on the breeze far above us; but they all laughed when they saw me on a low stool with yards of red, white and blue bunting spreading from my lap far over the cabin floor, while I toiled with needle and thimble, feeling that I had undertaken quite a serious piece of business; and Marion, for a wonder in a lazy fit, lay on the sofa watching my progress and declaring that she wouldn't take so many stitches to save every flag in the United States from ruin.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BELIEF OF ISLAM.

Islam,—submission, resignation to the will of God. Such is the descriptive name Mohammed gave to the belief he professed himself commissioned from Heaven to teach. It is impossible to look upon the history of the rise and progress of Mohammedanism without feelings of surprise mingled with awe. Within a century from its foundation it had far outstripped the Christian faith, and to this day can boast a larger number of adherents. It is professed throughout the Turkish empire, Persia, Arabia, Russian and Independent Tartary and Madagascar, part of the eastern coast and interior of Africa, by a large portion of the population of Hindustan, and in the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. It still is making converts daily in Asia and Africa, and our missionaries tell us that when once the pagan has become a Mussulman there is little hope of converting him into a Christian; nay, stranger still, that it not unfrequently occurs that the convert to the religion of Christ will apostatize and become a follower of the prophet.

To account for so strange a circumstance not a few theories have been started, though none on close examination have proved altogether satisfactory. That the power of the Mohammedans owed much of its greatness to the keenness of their scimitars and the strength of their right arms, there can neither be question nor doubt; but the day of the Saracen's military glory has gone by, and the world no longer stands in the dread it once did of the infidel turban. Moreover, it must be remembered that the Moslems were by no means the only fanatics who sought to proselytize at the point of the sword, and taught that the martyr's crown was to be found by striking strong and true in the ranks of the unbelievers. The Church of Rome preached the Crusades, that grand folly of the middle ages, and would be quite ready to-morrow, if circumstances seemed favorable and success possible, to deluge the whole civilized world with blood once more, to recapture the power which has escaped from the grasp of the pontiff of Rome. If the balance were fairly struck, it might even be found to the shame of Christianity, that more mercy has been shown by the infidel to the true believer than

by the true believer to the infidel. Hallam tells us:—"The people of the Book, as they are termed in the Koran, or four sects of Christians, Jews, Magians and Sabians, were permitted to redeem their adherence to their ancient law by the payment of tribute, and other marks of humiliation and servitude. But the limits which Mohammedan intolerance had prescribed to itself were seldom transgressed; the word pledged to unbelievers was seldom forfeited; and with all their insolence and oppression, the Moslem conquerors were mild and liberal in comparison with those who obeyed the pontiffs of Rome or Constantinople." The truth is that the anger of Mohammed was chiefly turned against idolaters, and that he did not consider any of the four sects named as coming really within that definition. It has also been often urged that the spread of the doctrines of Mohammed, and the constancy with which those who have once embraced them seem to adhere to their belief, is due very considerably to the sensuality and worldliness of his creed; but this assertion would scarcely seem to be warranted by a closer examination of its doctrines. The idea of heaven as taught by the Mohammedans, with its gorgeous palaces inlaid with precious stones, its floorings of gold and silver, its magnificent trees bending beneath loads of luscious fruit, its rivers flowing with the most exquisite wine, sweetest milk and richest honey, its swarms of menials and magnificent climate, to say nothing of the throngs of black-eyed houris, specially reserved for the delectation of the saints, certainly forms a picture as sensual as can well be imagined; but there was also an idea of the pleasure of paradise which prevailed among the more intelligent and higher classes much more spiritual and refined. Mohammed is reported to have said that he will be in the highest honor with God who shall behold His face morning and evening, "and this favor Al-Ghazali supposes to be that

additional or superabundant recompense, promised in the Koran, which will give such exquisite delight that in respect thereof all the other pleasures of paradise will be forgotten and lightly esteemed." This must certainly be considered a spiritual delight, and is of as high an order as any taught in the Church of Rome. In its rules on this earth, moreover, whatever may be its allurements for the next, the Mohammedan creed is certainly not an easy one. The moral laws, against dishonesty, usury, sloth, homicide, fornication, pride, arrogance, hypocrisy and gambling are all stringent, the devotional exercises and ablutions prescribed numerous and irksome, and the commands against the use of wine and certain meats strict and unyielding. Yet difficult and severe as the creed is in practice, it is not pretended that, to this day, it is not most scrupulously observed by all who profess it, except perhaps as to the item of temperance, in which they may possibly have somewhat relaxed since the days of the prophet and his immediate successors. Hallam declares that:—

"A devout Mussulman exhibits much more of the stoical than the epicurean character." Another writer in Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography remarks: "We read of the 'Sensual Eudaimonism to which his creed opens so free a scope, both in this world and the next;' yet, the fact is, compared with the previous practices of the Eastern nations, the supposed indulgences of Mohammed are rigidity itself. Frequent prayers, ceremonies of purification, almsgiving, the prohibition of wine and of all games of chance, are marks of an austere system; and though he defined the extent of their sexual indulgences, and gave them within certain limits a religious sanction, the existence of such evils is no more chargeable on Mohammed than the Arabian complexion. His religion was not spiritual, but it was consistent and practical, and it was laid down like

a firm highway across a mere quagmire of superstition and gnosticism, wherein the Christian name was profaned, and the morality of nature put to the blush."

Mohammed, or *The Glorified*, by birth belonged to the tribe of Koreish and the family of Haschem, the hereditary guardians of the sacred Caaba at Mecca. He was an only son, but losing both parents in his early youth, he was left to the care of his grandfather, and afterwards of his uncle Abu Taleb, who brought him up with much kindness and care, and guarded him to his utmost from danger and harm. Abu Taleb, to whom he owed so much, died an unbeliever. When the doctrines of Mohammed, and more particularly his denunciations of idolatry, began to attract notice and excite disapproval, Abu Taleb sought to dissuade his nephew from following his mission—"Oh, my uncle," exclaimed the prophet, "though they should array the sun against me on my right hand, and the moon on my left, yet, until God should command me, or should take me hence, would I not depart from my purpose?"

The proud old Arab, the son of Abdol Motaleb, who in days bygone had driven, by his courage and resolution, the invading army of Christians from before the walls of the sacred city, admired and sympathized with the determination and fearlessness of his nephew, and from that moment determined to protect him to the utmost of his power. The descendants of Haschem and Abdol Motaleb were immediately called together and formed themselves for that purpose, into a formidable alliance, which the enemies of Mohammed wisely judged too powerful to attack. During his lifetime Abu Taleb kept his promise well, and in times of danger the nephew was always sure of a safe retreat in the stronghold of the uncle. When the hour of death approached, Mohammed hastened to the bedside of his dying re-

lative, and entreated him to make the necessary profession of faith and secure a blissful resurrection; but the old man, then over fourscore years of age, could not be moved.

"Son of Brother," exclaimed Abu Taleb, "should I repeat those words, the Koreish would say I did so through fear." And so in his pride died the true-hearted old Arab, professing to the last the faith of his fathers.

The younger days of Mohammed offer no circumstances of peculiar interest. The inheritance he had received from his father was very small, consisting only of five camels and a female slave. His uncle brought him up to trade, in which he distinguished himself by his intelligence, trustworthiness and honesty. These qualifications secured him the position of administrator to Cadijah, a wealthy widow of Mecca, whose husband, a merchant of very considerable means, had recently died. Mohammed discharged his duties so faithfully, and was withal of so engaging an appearance and winning a manner, that he succeeded in gaining the affection of his mistress, and she became his wife. There was considerable dissimilarity in their ages, Mohammed being at that time in his twenty-fifth year, Cadijah forty or over. He was, however, exceedingly fond of her, and treated her during her lifetime with the greatest kindness and consideration. Although, as the future proved, by nature much given to the love of women, she never had reason to complain of his fidelity, and he never availed himself of the liberty the law gave him to take unto himself, while she was with him, either another wife or a concubine. On one occasion, some time after her death, Ayesha, his favorite wife, the daughter of Abu Beper, one of his most faithful supporters and successor, somewhat nettled by the affection with which he always spoke of Cadijah, said to him:—

"Oh, apostle of God, was not Cadijah

somewhat stricken in years? Has not Allah given thee a better wife?"

"Never," exclaimed Mohammed with a burst of honest feeling, "never did God give me a better! When I was poor, she enriched me; when I was pronounced a liar, she believed in me; when I was opposed by all the world, she remained true to me."

Cadijah was naturally the first convert to the new faith; she became a believer fifteen years after their marriage, the morning after Mohammed had had his interview with Angel Gabriel, in which the Koran was revealed to him. A minute description of the interview has come down to us. On being ordered by the angel to read, the prophet answered he could not, never having been taught. The command was reiterated, and then Mohammed suddenly felt his mind enlightened and read. This is the only miracle on which Mohammed may really be said to have founded himself as a proof of his mission, though many others have been claimed for him by his followers. When asked to establish, as all other prophets had done, the truth of his teaching by the working of wonders, he always replied, "Look at the Koran. You all know I am an uneducated, illiterate man, how could I produce such a book? It is superior to any book in the world. I defy you to produce any other work in the world that can compare with one single page of it." This belief in the wonderful excellence of the book is to this day held by all his followers. The beginnings of the new faith were small. For the first three years, the converts to the doctrines of Islam did not exceed forty. In the fourth year he began to preach publicly, having, he declared, received orders so to do. From that time, although the numbers of his converts constantly though slowly increased, he met with increasing opposition and trouble, and at last, having lost both his uncle and wife, he was forced to flee to Medina for refuge, A.D., 622, called the Hegira,

the first year of the Mohammedan era. There he was received with much pomp and great enthusiasm and invested with the highest priestly and judicial honors. Two years after he gained his first victory, and in seven years found himself master of all Arabia, and at the head of an army of 30,000 trained and hardy soldiers. His greatest triumph was the subduing of Mecca in 629, when he broke the 360 idols which desecrated the Caaba. Some of these idols were very dear to the people, one especially named Habal, which was supposed to have the power of granting rain, and very strenuous efforts were made to have it saved; but Mohammed was inexorable,—all had to be, and were destroyed, even the images of Abraham and Ishmael, in whose hands divining arrows had been placed. He superintended the destruction personally, the idols being all broken before his face, while he exclaimed, "The truth is come; let falsehood disappear." The same year he defeated the Christians at Muta, and the following year made peace with the Emperor Heraclius. The number of his followers was every day increasing with inconceivable rapidity, his generals Ali and Omar were carrying all before them in their various expeditions, and the glory of Mohammed was at its highest, when his health began to give way and he himself felt the warnings of coming death. The loss of his only son, Ibrahim, the child of his favorite concubine Mariyah, proved a severe blow to him, defeating his last hope of transmitting his name to posterity. His grief was very great, and as he was seen shedding tears over the body, one of his followers remarked: "Hast thou not forbidden us to weep for the dead?"

"No," was the reply, "I have forbidden you to utter shrieks and outcries, to beat your faces and rend your garments; these are suggestions of the evil one; but tears shed for a calamity are as balm to the heart, and are sent in mercy."

The same year, that preceding his death, Mohammed made his last pilgrimage to Mecca. It is said that he was then very much aged, and had become enfeebled, suffering great pain at times from the effects of the poison which had been administered to him some years before at Khaibar; so that he resolved to expend his remaining strength in a final pilgrimage to Mecca, intended to serve as a model for all future observances of the kind. The news of his intention spread far and wide, and his followers came in throngs to accompany him on his holy mission. Gibbon tells us "one hundred and fourteen thousand Moslems accompanied the last pilgrimage of the apostle." All the prescribed rites were followed with the most scrupulous exactitude; but as he was too weak and infirm to make the circuits of the Caaba, and the journeyings between the hills of Jafa and Merwa on foot, he performed that part of the ceremony on his camel. He often preached from the pulpit in the sacred place, and endeavored to prepare the people for his death.

"Listen to my words," he would say, "for I know not whether, after this year, we shall ever meet here again. Oh, my hearers. I am but a man like yourselves; the angel of death may at any time appear, and I must obey his summons."

It was also while preaching, in the open air, from the back of his camel, that the last revelation of the Koran is said to have come down from heaven in the very voice of the Deity.

"Evil to those, this day, who have denied your religion. Fear them not; fear me. This day I have perfected your religion, and accomplished in you my grace. It is my good pleasure that Islamism be your faith."

Shortly after his return to Medina, Mohammed fell ill of the sickness of which he died. His preparations for death were dignified by calm courage and resignation to the Divine Will,

kindness and forethought for those he left behind, and implicit faith and pious hope in the life to come. As long as he was able, that is to say until three days before his death, he managed to reach the mosque to direct the accustomed prayer. His last visit to that place of worship is minutely described in the history of his life by Washington Irving, and must leave the impression that, however misled Mohammed may have been, he was both earnest and sincere in his belief.

"When somewhat relieved" (from a burning thirst and parching fever, to alleviate which he had had vessels of water poured over him) "he was aided in repairing to the mosque, which was adjacent to his residence. Here, seated in his chair, or pulpit, he prayed, devoutly; after which, addressing the congregation, which was numerous, "If any of you," said he, "have aught upon his conscience, let him speak out, that I may ask God's pardon for him."

Upon this a man who had passed for a devout Moslem, stood forth and confessed himself a hypocrite, a liar, and a weak disciple. "Out upon thee!" cried Omar, "why dost thou make known what God had suffered to remain concealed?" But Mohammed turned rebukingly to Omar; "Oh son of Khattab," said he, "better is it to blush in this world than suffer in the next." Then lifting his eyes to heaven, and praying for the self-accused, "Oh God," exclaimed he, "give him rectitude and faith, and take from him all weakness in fulfilling such of thy commands as his conscience dictates."

Again addressing the congregation, "Is there any one among you," said he, "whom I have stricken; here is my back, let him strike me in return. Is there any one whose character I have aspersed; let him now cast reproach upon me. Is there any one from whom I have taken aught unjustly; let him now come forward and be indemnified."

Upon this, a man among the throng

reminded Mohammed of a debt of three dinars of silver, and was instantly repaid with interest. "Much easier is it," said the prophet, "to bear punishment in this world than throughout eternity."

He now prayed for the faithful who had fallen by his side in the battle of Ohod, and for those who had suffered for the faith in other battles; interceding with them in virtue of the pact which exists between the living and the dead.

After this he addressed the Mohajerin or exiles, who had accompanied him from Mecca, exhorting them to hold in honor the Ansarians, or allies of Medina. "The number of believers," said he, "will increase, but that of the allies never can. They were my family, with whom I found a home. Do good to those who do good to them, and break friendship with those who are hostile to them."

He then gave three parting commands:

First.—Expel all idolaters from Arabia.

Second.—Allow all proselytes equal privileges with yourselves.

Third.—Devote yourselves incessantly to prayer.

His sermon and exhortation being finished, he was affectionately supported back to the mansion of Ayesha, but was so exhausted on arriving there that he fainted.

The end was now very near; he enfranchised his slaves, seventeen men and eleven women, gave minute directions for his funeral, and busied himself trying to console his weeping friends, on whom he bestowed the benediction of peace. He moreover ordered all the money in the house to be distributed among the poor, and prepared himself for the death struggle by a pious prayer to God for assistance in that dread moment. "At length raising his eyes and gazing upward for a time with unmoving eyelids, 'Oh Allah!' ejaculated he, in broken accents, 'be it so!—

among the glorious associates in paradise!' These were the last words of the prophet; in a few moments his hands were cold and life extinct. He was piously interred by the hands of his nearest kinsman, on the same spot on which he expired. Medina has been sanctified by the death and burial of Mohammed; and the innumerable pilgrims of Mecca often turn aside from the way, to bow, in voluntary devotion, before the simple tomb of the prophet."*

Was Mohammed an impostor? The question has naturally been put by almost every writer who has had occasion to refer to the great founder of Islamism, and been solved in almost as many different ways. By an impostor, of course, is meant a man who misleads by knowingly assuming a character or mission which does not belong to him. Whatever Mussulmans may think, there is, in the minds of most Christians, no doubt that Mohammed never received a calling from heaven, that he was never sent to assume the glorious role he took unto himself, and that he can rank neither with Adam, Noah, Abraham nor Moses, with whom he was so fond of associating himself; while his refusal to recognize the divinity of Jesus, must necessarily stamp him in the eyes of all who believe in the redemption, as an unbeliever and infidel. But the question is, Was he himself aware that the role of prophet he assumed was a false and fictitious one? The earlier Christian writers, who have treated of this extraordinary personage, full of rancor and bitterness, and actuated by hatred not unmingled with fear at the dire name of Saracen, have been pleased to heap every infamy on his name, catching eagerly and repeating joyfully every rumor and fiction to his detriment, without taking any trouble to ascertain their truth or accuracy. This example was followed even by Voltaire, Prideaux and Maracci, who all three declare Moham-

*Gibbon.

med the most rank of impostors, and pretend that he invented his religion only in order the more effectually to shield from the knowledge of his wife, the fact that he was subject to epileptic fits—an assertion which Gibbon brands as “an absurd calumny of the Greeks.” On the other hand, Gibbon, Möhler, Caussin, Carlyle and Washington Irving, authors certainly as weighty and able, who seem to have weighed the facts for and against with care and fidelity, and who, less under the influence of prejudice, may not unnaturally be supposed to have come to a more impartial conclusion, all agree in bearing testimony to the sincerity of the Arabian apostle, and in believing that he himself was thoroughly convinced of the truth of his mission. It would seem difficult on other grounds to account for his conduct. The mere fact that he wished to conceal from those of his household that he was subject to epileptic attacks, supposing the truth of the infirmity to have been clearly established by the researches of Weil, as some are disposed to believe, would scarcely seem a reason sufficiently strong to induce him to undergo twelve years of incessant and ever-increasing persecution, to neglect his business, sacrifice his wealth, and finally find himself in danger of his life, forced to fly from his native city and seek refuge among strangers. And even if this objection, which seems a strong one, were set aside, it is not credible that a man playing a false part, assuming a character which he himself knew to be a fraud, would have been able to induce others to follow him, in the numbers and with the fidelity with which the Moslems have ever clung to Mohammed. To carry conviction, especially among the masses, and uneducated masses such as the Arabs in those days were, it is absolutely necessary that he who preaches should be thoroughly convinced himself of the truth of his doctrine. The philosopher must calmly and dispassionately weigh all and every

reason for and against, before coming to a decision; the sophist will often amuse himself arguing against his most firm convictions, as skilfully and strongly as he would in their defence; but the man who wishes to carry with him the feelings of those he addresses, whose object is not so much to convince their minds, as move their hearts and control their actions, he above all must be convinced sincerely and thoroughly of the truth of what he professes and of what he advocates. To the founder of a new faith especially is sincerity an absolute requisite, without which he never can hope to excite among his followers the enthusiasm necessary to enable them to break free from the traditions and habits of their past lives, face the contempt and persecution which seems ever to await the man who changes his religion, and persist firmly, in despite of derision and not unfrequently persecution, in the new path they have chosen. It is unquestionable that no man ever excited greater enthusiasm and devotion among his followers than did Mohammed. A deputy of Mecca who happened to be present in Medina, six years after the establishment of the prophet's reign in that city, when his followers renewed their oath of allegiance, was lost in wonder at the personal respect paid the man. “I have seen,” he reported to his fellow-citizens, “the Chosroes of Persia and the Cæsar of Rome, but never did I behold a king among his subjects like Mohammed among his followers;” at which Gibbon, not without truth, remarks:—“The devout fervor of enthusiasm acts with more energy and truth than the cold and formal servility of courts.”

In speaking of the religion established by the Arabian prophet, the distinguished author of “The Decline and Fall” declares: “The creed of Mohammed is free from suspicion and ambiguity; and the Koran is a glorious testimony to the unity of God.” Such is

the groundwork and foundation of the belief of Islam. "There is no GOD but GOD, the living, the self-sustaining," (Al Kôran, ch. 3). "Believe therefore in GOD, and his apostles, and say not, *There are three Gods*, forbear *this*; it will be better for you. GOD is but one GOD." (Ibid., ch. 4). Let us compare these extracts with the teachings of the Rev. W. E. Channing. "In the first place, we believe in the doctrine of GOD's UNITY, or that there is one GOD, and one only. . . . We object to the doctrine of the Trinity, that whilst acknowledging in words, it subverts in effect, the unity of GOD." (Discourse at the ordination of the Reverend Jared Sparks). The doctrine seems identical; there can therefore be nothing in the Mohammedan idea of the divinity absolutely repulsive; on the contrary, it would seem to agree closely with the belief of Unitarians in modern times. In truth the teachings of the prophet, taken as a whole, was a great advance, not only upon the form of faith prevalent in his time in Arabia, but further upon the teachings of many of the sects into which the adherents of the Christian religion itself were then divided. In Arabia Mohammedanism acquired much force from being what Protestantism afterwards was, a strong protest against the superstitions and idolatrous practices into which the Church of Rome was rapidly degenerating. Mohammed taught first and above all, the unity of GOD, submission and homage to an eternal being, omniscient, omnipresent, all-powerful, all good, all merciful; in the next place faith in the teachings and doctrines of the prophets sent, from time to time, by GOD to enlighten man and communicate to him the will of his Maker, guiding him in the way he should walk. Of these prophets the most distinguished are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed; finally he taught that man was saved by faith and by faith alone, though good works are not only meri-

torious but necessary, these good works consisting in constant prayer, including the necessary ablutions, and the exercise of charity,—charity in its widest sense, comprising not only the giving of alms, but kindness to every created being, human as well as bestial, patience, justice, above all scrupulous and exact to the widow and the orphan, and even politeness in the everyday relations of life. "When ye are saluted with a salutation, salute *the person* with a better salutation, or *at least* the same; for GOD taketh an account of all things." (Al Koran, ch. 4). He moreover under severe penalties forbade homicide, fornication, drunkenness, gambling, usury, dishonesty, falsehood, pride, hypocrisy and cruelty. It would scarcely seem possible under the circumstances that a Mohammedan, however bigoted, who honestly and truly lived up to the rules prescribed by the Koran could be otherwise than a good man. To idolaters alone were the followers of the prophet taught to show no mercy; they were an abomination in the eyes of GOD, whom it was necessary to drive from off the face of the earth, and to them no quarter was given; but with others, such as Jews, Magians, Sabians and Christians, who acknowledged the Diety, they entered into treaties of peace, ensuring them the right, by the payment of tribute, to practice their various religions throughout Mohammedan territory, except of course within the limits assigned by the prophet, the sacred city specially, and Arabia generally; and showing greater forbearance and tolerance towards them, not only than they themselves received—for they met with none—but than the various sects were disposed to show towards each other. In speaking of the conquest of Spain by the Moors, Milman says:—"Such a revolution, as it submitted them to new masters, could not but materially affect the condition of the Jews. In most respects, the change was highly favorable; for, though sometimes despised

and persecuted by the Saracenic emperors and caliphs, in general their state was far less precarious and depressed than under the Christians; and they rose to their great era of distinction in wealth, cultivation, and in letters, under the mild dominion of the Arabian dynasty in Spain."

Another feature of the teaching of Mohammed is the doctrine of predestination. "Moreover, we have created for hell many of the genii and of men; they have hearts by which they understand not, and they have eyes by which they see not; and they have ears by which they hear not." (Al Koran, ch. 7). This doctrine in itself so discouraging, by the use which the prophet made of it, became his greatest source of strength, and to it probably more than to anything else, do the Mussulmans owe the blind, fanatical courage which rendered their soldiers the terror of the whole civilized world. To the doctrine of predestination, he added that the soldier who fell in battle, fighting against the enemies of the faith, died the death of a martyr, and was at once received into paradise. The natural consequence of such teaching was that, to the Moslem, no death is more welcome than that which he meets fighting hard and well under the standard of the prophet. If his hour has come, he believes himself doomed to die wherever he may be, the most luxurious bed offering no more safety than the most desperate combat; while in the first case his fate is doubtful, in the second his happiness is secured. At the same time the doctrines of election and predestination, which seem so much opposed to the attributes of mercy and even justice, with which Moslems, as well as Christians, endue the Supreme Being, have proved a stumbling-block to many of the most thinking followers of the prophet, and have been the most fruitful source of division and difference among those who profess the religion of Islam.

A peculiarity which more than any other, perhaps, distinguishes Mohammedanism, is that its founder instituted no order of priesthood, but left the religion to be professed by the people at large without distinction of rank or qualification. The Iman, the closest approach to a priest, is only the person who begins the prayer in the mosque, and whom all the others follow. No authority attaches to the office, and the consideration granted to the individual is due to his personal piety and learning alone. The title and dignity of his office attaches to him only so long as he retains the place, which depends entirely upon the will of the warden of each mosque. Every Iman, apart from his office of priest, has some other means of obtaining his livelihood, as his salary is exceedingly small, and not at all adequate to his wants; that of a *Khateeb* or Iman who preaches and prays before the congregation on Fridays, the Moslem Sabbath, being generally, according to Mr. Lane "about a piastre (nearly 2½d. of our money) per month." As a general rule the mosques are built "by endowments from wealthy individuals; and these are individually under the charge of a warden, who is custodian of the revenues, and appoints the ministers of religion and inferior servants."

If, however, Moslems are free from the expense attending the support of a numerous and pretentious priesthood, it must not be supposed that on that account, the follower of Mohammed is free from any tax in the name of religion. They also are called upon to pay a tithe; but instead of going to swell the coffers, in many instances, of already wealthy and perhaps purse-proud church dignitaries, the contribution of the Moslem is given to the indigent; it is poured forth upon those who need it most, the widow and the orphan, the prisoner, the stranger, and all who suffer from hunger and thirst and want of shelter and clothing.

"Mohammed," says Gibbon, "is the only law-giver who has defined the precise measure of charity; the standard may vary with the degree and nature of prosperity, as it consists either in money, in corn or cattle, in fruits or merchandise; but the Mussulman does not accomplish the law unless he bestows a *tenth* of his revenue; and if his conscience accuses him of fraud or extortion, the tenth, under the idea of restitution, is enlarged to a *fifth*." There is no precept in the Koran more often enjoined, and on which greater stress is laid, than the duty of almsgiving, and none to the strict fulfilment of which Moslems attach more importance.

Such is the faith established by the prophet nearly twelve and a half centuries ago,—a faith whose speedy destruction has so often in times long since gone by been prophesied, and whose influence to this day seems in Eastern climes unshaken, and likely to continue. It was at one and the same time a protest against both pagan and Christian idolatry, the veneration of idols and the adoration of the Virgin, the belief in divining arrows, and the bowing down before relics. Paganism it slew outright; where the crescent has passed no idolater remains. To Christianity itself it has taught a lesson more valuable perhaps than most might be, at first sight, disposed to admit. The adoration of the Virgin, at that time by many sects considered as one of the persons of the Trinity, received a check from which it never has completely recovered, and so perhaps to a certain extent did the veneration for holy pictures, crucifixes and blessed beads, abominations in the eyes of all Mussulmans. One other and very wise decree of Mohammed's, to which the Church of Rome and others might with advantage have given heed, was his protest against monasticism. "There is no monkery in Islam." A very great effort of the sagacity for which the prophet is with

reason noted, was not required to enable him to detect the many disadvantages attaching to the faith from vast numbers of monkish institutions of all kinds, differing in rules and dress and interests, almost always hostile to each other and carrying on a constant warfare of intrigue and vituperation one against the other, besides from their immunities and idleness being a serious source of weakness to the whole body politic. There are no monks among the Mohammedans, and consequently there is less disunion and uncharitableness. There are no great prizes to excite the ambition and cupidity of the priesthood, and the religion is not exposed to be torn and tattered in the ceaseless struggles of its teachers. Ambition and luxury have not been able to make their way within the portals of the mosques, and whatever may be the luxurious excesses of Mussulmans, they cannot plead as an excuse the example of indolence and luxury constantly set before their eyes by the members of their priesthood, as might with truth be said in some other churches.

The immensely powerful religious empire founded by Mohammed, at one time the greatest the world has ever seen, extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Chinese wall, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Caspian Sea, was not destined to retain its strength for any very long period. But, be it remarked, it was not the arm of Charles Martel, nor the prayers of the Church, the novenas of holy nuns, or intercessions of unwashed monks, that checked the sway of the crescent. The Ottoman empire having grown too powerful, became exposed to the weakness which all far-extending dominions have to dread, internal dissensions. In the tenth century, three parties arose who in their struggle for the Khalifate ruined the empire; they were distinguished from each other by the color of their turbans, white, green and black, and the vestiges of their differences are

still to be traced in the distinctive colors of their head-gear to this day. As for the most marked features of the faith let us conclude in the words of Mr. Draper: "Mohammedanism, as left by its founder, was an anthropomorphic religion. Its God was only a gigantic man, its heaven a mansion of carnal pleasures. From these imperfect ideas its more intelligent classes very soon freed themselves, substituting for them others more philosophical, more cor-

rect. Eventually they attained to an accordance with those that have been pronounced in our times by the Vatican Council as orthodox. Thus Al-Gazzali says: 'A knowledge of God cannot be obtained by means of the knowledge a man has of himself, or of his own soul. The attributes of God cannot be determined from the attributes of man. His sovereignty and government can neither be compared nor measured.'"

DARK DAYS.

FROM A JOURNAL.

BY B. ATHOL.

"It was a time of sadness, and my heart
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied of the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life."

Sept. 18th.—It seems strange that with all I have to do, I can find a few minutes to write, and even more strange that I care to do it, but it relieves me.

Mother is a little easier to-day; if there was only some sign of real improvement. But I won't pay attention to her way of speaking; sick people always have fancies; they are always going to die, they think; and yet this has been a long illness, and there is no getting better. When I look back and see how it has been, one week a little better and the next a little worse, and so from week to week, and month to month, a shadow seems to be drawing nearer and nearer me. I wonder I have lived myself—nothing frightens me so much as

the thought of getting sick, and people are always telling me to take care of myself as if I needed care. Still it would never do if she got well just in time to have me laid up. Why do I say *if* so often? I wonder who invented that word; my very life seems to hang on it. If the Doctor would only say he saw a change for the better. There's another if.

I must stop now, Mrs. Fisher is coming, she knows what I am writing and scolds me for it—what a good friend she has been. But when she comes and sits down here with a sigh and commences to talk in a far-off way, which, though I never pretend to understand her, is ten times worse to bear than plain words, telling me I should be out in the fresh air instead of writing,—besides these are not days to re-

member, these are my dark days, the bright ones are to come,—she is right there, the bright ones certainly are to come, I have not passed many yet,—and that I have been such a good daughter a blessing will follow me all my life. When I hear all that, I wish I had never lived. If I have been so good that I deserve a blessing, why can't the one blessing I have be left me? Dear me! what a sad heart I have, and I suppose, what a wicked one.

Sept. 24th.—Looking back over these pages I wonder I have not given up all hope long ago. Mother has been much weaker and suffered a great deal of pain this week. I think if she were fretful and impatient like most sick people, I would not feel so bad myself; but to see so much pain and distress borne without a murmur makes me bitter and wonder why it should be sent to her. Surely it is enough that she has been learning patience all her life; I can't see why she should need that lesson now. Every night at this hour, when I can do no more for her, all the past comes up before me,—her long hard struggle to bring us up, and do well for us, especially the last few years in which we have come through so much together, and alone. The lives of some are hard to understand. I suppose it was never meant that we should understand them. Still I always had a hope that she would be spared to have a little comfort with her children. It would be difficult to say what grounds I had for such a hope. It certainly could not be in the private school which we were forced to give up some months since, or in anything Alice or I could do; I suppose it must have been in Willie—who was always going to do such wonderful things for us, poor boy—that my expectations were all centred. Even he is an additional care now, and Alice is almost an unpleasant thought,—no wonder I am bitter. And how will it end? I am always asking myself. *Little Burns*:

“I backward cast my e'e,

On prospects drear;
And forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess and fear.”

At times I am just divided between fear and anger, and then when I look at the sweet, saint-like face, the anger dies away, and such a sadness comes over me that I would like to lie down in some corner and die, I am so tired.

There is nothing much harder to bear these days than the expression of people's faces, so kind, so sympathetic and so sad. They might as well tell me what they are thinking, but I wouldn't hear it for the world. When I hear *that* in words, and come to believe it in my heart, some one must take my place then. I will do no more. Yet who can take my place? or whom would I allow? What ever comes, she is mine,—mine to love and take care of. Thank Heaven I never left her, even when she tried to wish me to.

How very small that old trouble appears now in the presence of this one. It seems a sort of a pity in a small way, but a very far-off dim affair altogether; yet they were my happiest days, so of course they were brought to a speedy conclusion. My old bitterness again. After all, I would not exchange my place at this bedside for any earthly consideration, and if it was a trouble then, and is sad to think of now, and if other troubles are coming to me in some way or other, and at some time, I shall be satisfied. In spite of myself I believe that.

“Dear God, and must we see
All blissful things depart from us or ere we
go to Thee?
We cannot guess Thee in the wood, or hear
Thee in the wind,
Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the
light behind.”

Some day I shall be satisfied.

“And a true heart of hope, tho' hope be vain.

Sept. 28th.—It is deserting me soon. Mother wonders I have kept up so well. She must know it is for her sake. But since yesterday, when Mrs. Fisher asked me if I didn't think it would be as well

to write to Alice and Willie, and tell them to come, my heart has been like a stone. I am ashamed to let them know how often I have written to Alice, and the kind of answers she sends—always so sorry that mother is no better, and is there anything she can do, and if it was not so far away, and the baby so young, she would be here to see us. It seems impossible that any one so selfish could be mother's daughter. But then she has never been here since she went away, and perhaps shrinks from seeing us for the first time. However, I wrote again yesterday, but did not ask her to come—I can't believe there is a necessity for that yet, and if she does not feel a desire to come stronger than any other consideration, or even feel it her duty, I can't bear to beg her to. Poor mother always says, and has said, "Don't trouble her yet; there is time enough yet, and I don't want her to have to come twice."

The dear, dear mother, to the last thinking of some one before herself! As for poor Willie, I have written often enough to ask him to come, but we cannot find him. That has been one great fear on her mind, but she seems to think less about it, and indeed about everything, than she did. I wonder if I may consider that an answer to my prayer that all anxious thoughts might be removed. Last night she said she was beginning to feel more able to give both him and me up, for, "He is faithful that hath promised." Oh, for a little of her faith!

I wrote another letter yesterday, to please Mrs. Fisher; for myself I almost despair of an answer. If he knew, he would come on his knees. Where can our poor boy be? Will no kind angel lead him back to us now?

Oct. 2nd.—And this is really October. Where have the months gone? Standing at the door just now it seemed that I had lost all trace of them. But the fresh sharp air on my tired head, the heavy, grey fog that almost hid the

houses across the street from me, and the beautiful scarlet and brown leaves scattered on the walk,—all told me that summer was past. Yes, the weeks have slipped away, each one carrying something farther from me.

How still and peaceful it felt after such a night of pain and suffering—"tossings to and fro!" I can understand Job now. It was like the calm that might follow after a great battle.

We have not had such a bad night for weeks, and will not for weeks again; these attacks do not come often. What would become of me if they did? But each one leaves my poor darling weaker than she was before. But I won't think of what is coming. She has slept peacefully now for an hour; so before lying down as usual, I come to my shabby old friend who takes all my bitterness, my anxiety and sorrow quietly, and unlike most of my friends never preaches at me in return.

If Willie were only here! Yesterday when Mr. Moore was in, we were speaking of him, and I said I could serve the person all my life who would bring him to us, and let her see him with her own eyes alive and well. What that would be to her! Mr. Moore smiled very hopefully and told me not to be rash. He knew some one in Kansas, and it was quite possible we might have Willie here yet, when he would expect me to fulfil my promise and serve him the rest of my life.

An easy duty. Surely Mr. Moore will get a reward for all his kindness to us. When such a thing is mentioned he always says he intends to have it, but from me,—as if I could repay him! He never forgets to be cheerful with me, though I noticed in his prayer yesterday instead of the familiar expression "We beseech Thee to bless the means that are being used for her recovery,"—the only words of any petition I ever seem to hear—he prayed a great deal for me, and that we all might be resigned to a higher will than our own.

Those prayers used to make me cry, but I feel now as if I would never cry again, so hard and stong. For one thing I dare not let mother see me break down. Someway, after what Mr. Moore said, I feel a hope about Willie. How kind he has been, telling me to look upon him as a father, which indeed he was to have been, *was to have been.*

Oct. 8th.—As we all expected, poor mother, though freer from pain, is much weaker than she has ever been before; still she is as cheerful and patient. I do not understand it. But she never likes me to leave her now, even for a few moments. That is one reason why I long so much to hear from Willie. What it would be to her to be able to talk to him for an hour, and if he is alive what a blessing it might be to him! Poor boy, if he is not alive, who watched over and cared for him? I see poor mother's eyes eagerly turned to the door looking for me. How often the dear eyes have turned to look for another, but always in vain! It is hard that she can't have that.

We have long talks now when she is able,—at least mother talks; I dare not trust myself to open my lips. So I sit holding both of her hands and listening. And when she is telling me what I am to say to Willie, and how I must not feel hard against Alice, for she is different from us, and does not see things as we do, and means better than she appears to—when I sit and hear the broken sentences which always begin or end with—"when I am gone, when I am released, or when you have not me to care for"—I wonder I don't die. I wish I could. If God who is so good would only take both of us at once. This morning she spoke of Tom. I felt myself growing all hot and cold at the name—once so familiar—which has scarcely been mentioned here for four years. Perhaps his father has been saying something.

"I wouldn't advise anything against

your own wishes, Mary," she said; "but you loved him once I know, and if it should all come right, as I expect it may, I want you to know how very much it would please me." Yes, I did love him once.

Oct. 14th.—No news of Willie yet, and the dear mother growing weaker and weaker every day.

All hope, all sorrow, all feeling of every kind, is dead in me. All I ask is that she may be spared pain, and that I may be able to take care of her always myself. As for her seeing Willie, that would be too good to happen us; I should know better than look for that, though Mr. Moore is hopeful yet. Alice will be here soon now; I wrote telling her she had better come. The children will be kept at Mrs. Fisher's. How kind every one is! But the dreadful months and days are coming when I must take up the little school again *alone.* How glad I would be to die!

Oct. 18th.—No news from Alice or Willie yet. I don't expect any from him, though Mr. Moore says his knock may be at the door anytime. That sounds like mockery to me, yet I often find myself listening for it. Perhaps because the dear mother, whose mind is at times a little weak, talks so continually of him and Alice now. How much she has suffered and kept from me! At least I have been spared her—I am thankful for that. Her eyes follow me everywhere, and she likes to feel me holding her hands tightly. Mrs. Fisher says I am wearing myself out; I never felt stronger in my life. What dreadful things one has to hear! Old Mrs. Poole told me that she did not expect mother to last more than a week, and for me I looked so bad. I'd be down sick myself before that time, she shouldn't wonder. Only let me keep well.

Oct. 20th.—I am so grateful, so grateful,—it is so much more than I deserve.

The knock came just as Mr. Moore

said. Thinking it was Mrs. Fisher come to ask to stay all night, I went to the door with one hand raised, my customary signal that mother is sleeping, and there stood, not Mrs. Fisher, but a tall, strong, bearded man—Willie, our own Willie, back to us! Seizing one arm for fear he might vanish, I led him quietly back to the kitchen, where we stood looking at one another for a few minutes without speaking.

I suppose I must look as badly as old Mrs. Poole says, for Willie turned away his face, he seemed so struck. Then we sat down, Willie still keeping his eyes on the floor, and I tried to tell him everything, but the words wouldn't come. In all this trouble I have never broken down as I did last night. But the thought of preparing each one to see the other, soon brought my strength back. On her account there was no cause for alarm; she was much more composed than poor Willie, who could not bear to look on the calm, sweet, though sadly wasted face, but hid his face in the pillow while she turned to me and whispered: "I told you, Mary, He is faithful who hath promised."

And Willie knelt beside her until she fell asleep, perfectly satisfied that she had her boy again.

Poor Willie, how heartbroken he is! After his hard work and wonderful success, he intended to step in some day and surprise us with his good fortune, or, as he expressed it, turn the school out of doors, to be hurried back to this! I seem to feel more for him than I ever did for myself. After a time he will be comforted, thinking of the satisfaction she had in seeing him, and knowing that for me there would be no more poverty or school teaching.

I have often wondered how girls felt who had some one to stand between them and every trouble, who could get all they wanted without having to earn and count every sixpence. I can scarcely imagine such a state of things.

Willie is very grave and serious, very

unlike the frolicsome Willie of old. We three are greatly changed. I wonder how it is with Alice! How strange that Willie has never mentioned her name! I'm afraid to go to sleep lest I should wake and find all this a dream.

Oct. 21st.—The dear mother is so much better. Seeing Willie seems to have given her new life.

Mr. Moore was in this morning as cheerful as ever. Going out of the door he asked me if I remembered what I had said with reference to the person who should bring Willie home. He remembered, and some one else did too, he said. It sounded a little strange, but I forgot about it until Willie asked me if I didn't want to know how he got here. It was through Tom, who hearing all about us from his father, left Chicago to try and find him. Willie thinks I am hard on Tom. What else could I do? I could not leave mother in the state she was after Alice's marriage. He says he heard all the particulars from Tom, and he calls Alice heartless, and a disgrace. He says if she comes here he will not be able to speak civilly to her. We almost expect her to-day.

Oct. 22nd.—Alice and her children came last night. Dear mother is much worse to-day; the false strength she got after seeing Willie has all gone. After speaking to Alice she got very low; Willie and I were so frightened. Poor Alice is dreadfully shocked, and blames me for not telling her long ago. She looks well, as pretty as ever. The children are pretty too, Willie avoids her.

Oct. 23rd.—Mother was a little brighter this morning, she seems so perfectly happy to have the three of us with her. I ought to be very grateful, but feeling of every kind has left me. If she is only spared pain.

Oct. 24th.—Mother much worse; sometimes she doesn't know me. To think it has come to that; doesn't know me! Tom came to see her last night;

he didn't ask to see me. Alice is very noisy in her grief. Willie walks gloomily through the house, and appears to be always listening for a sound from her room. Poor fellow, he would be in there all the time, but he can't bear it. It is a great shock to them; it came to me by degrees, but it is hard on them. There is one good thing, she dozes a great deal.

"So new my grief, its sudden haze]
Bewilders my accustomed ways;
And yet so old, it seems my heart
Was never from its pain apart.
What was, and is, and shall be wed
With that one sentence, 'She is dead.'"

Nov. 2nd.—It is all over. The summons she talked of and longed for so much, came on the 27th. Everything is indistinct to me yet, but I know we were all there, and her last words were "Good bye—I will be waiting," and turning her head on one side she fell asleep, never to wake again and look for me.

They tried to put Alice, who was in hysterics, and me out of the room, but I wouldn't go. Why should I give her up to strangers then? Whose hands were softer or gentler than mine?

I have been in bed for the last few days; not crying and screaming like poor Alice, but lying stunned and stupid. Though up and going about, I am as stunned and stupid yet. Everything is the same, and yet so different to me. I go about saying to myself, "She is dead; she is not in that room now; you can never go in there, and speak to her again—she is dead, she is dead!" The three words never leave me.

And the house is so empty, so orderly. No more medicine to mix, or plasters to make; no more bottles to fill with hot water, or clothes to air; no more trays standing with gruel or milk, or a spoonful of jelly. All past and over, as if it had never been. If I could have just one more day to wait, one more night to watch; the world would seem little to give in exchange for that. Everything is so changed, or is the

change only in me? The day is bright and cheerful outside; the shabby old furniture, the books, the pictures, look just as they used to. How *can* everything look the same, when there is such a bitter difference to me?

"What means the sunshine overhead,
The bloom below? now she is dead."

Nov. 5th.—Alice went yesterday; she said the gloom of this place was killing her. Her husband, whom I like better than I expected, came for her. He was very kind in his manner to me, and spoke so highly of the one that is gone.

Nov. 7th.—Am living over the past four years every day now; nothing else to do. Something possessed me yesterday to open the drawer which has been locked so long, containing my very simple wedding preparations. Those things remind me of grave clothes now. On the top lay Alice's note telling us that by the time we read it, she would be married; she couldn't bear the idea of keeping on the school with mother,—it would kill her. It seems but yesterday that I found that note on the bureau and read it for the first time, thinking *I* was killed. How thankful I am now that I never left her! She has needed me so much; such a trial then, such a blessing now. Poor Alice is not troubled with delicacy. She said when leaving, that she supposed Tom and I would be married now; for her part she didn't see why we were not long ago, instead of making such a fuss. I had to interrupt her, for Willie was just bursting out with some angry response to speak of such a thing now.

Poor Tom, has he felt these four years as I have?—but he admits now that I was right. He wished to be allowed to be a mourner with Willie, and sent word that he would not ask to see me just at present, but was coming at Christmas, and would look forward to meeting me then. If he only knew how weary and worn, and old I felt and looked now! They tell me I will not be that way always, but there is no

strength left in me to care for, or look forward to anything on earth. Over and above everything else, I am thinking of her and her last words, "I will be waiting," and my heart longs,
 "For the meeting to come one day,

When the spirit slips out of the tired clay ;
 When the standers-by, with a tender sign,
 Shall mutely cover this face of mine ;
 And I look forward, whither none know,
 But outward—onward—as spirits go ;
 And eye to eye, without fear I see
 God—and my lost, as they see me."

A CARNIVOROUS PLANT.

BY MRS. MARY TREAT, IN "HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

Early in March the new leaves of the pitcher-plant (*Sarracenia variolaris*) begin to make their appearance, and soon after, the large yellow flower, with its drooping petals, is very conspicuous everywhere on the damp pine-barrens of Florida. It is one of the most remarkable of all our insectivorous plants, and destroys by far a larger number of insects than any carnivorous plant with which I am acquainted. The leaves are from six to twelve inches in length, hollow, and trumpet-shaped; they stand very erect, and the opening is covered by a rounded arching hood. Just below the hood the leaf is spotted with pure white, and these spots are surrounded by bright scarlet veins. The inner surface of the hood is lined with brilliant colors: finely reticulated veins of scarlet run over a yellowish ground. A broad wing extends along one side of the leaf from the base to the opening at the summit; the wing is bound or edged by a purplish cord, which also extends around the opening. This cord or edge of the wing is one of the most wonderful features of the plant. The flower stem is much longer than is shown in our engraving.

From observations taken on the ground where the plants grew, I found

innumerable insects were attracted to them. The flaunting yellow flower may lure many moths and butterflies to the plant, but the flower is not the attraction after they reach it. This cord that runs along the edge of the wing secretes a sweet fluid, and as the wing reaches to the base of the leaf, insects that crawl on the ground as well as those that fly are attracted to this sweet secretion. I noticed on some of the plants a line of small ants extending from the base of the leaf to the summit, feeding on the secretion; so numerous were they that they crowded each other, but all steadily advancing to the opening, down which they disappeared.

All persons who have observed ants feeding have probably noticed the regular order in which they move to and from their food. The aphides (plantlice) produce a sweet secretion of which the ants are very fond. Linnæus, with his fertile imagination, called the aphides the ants' cows. The ants are very friendly toward the aphides, for they supply them with abundant food, on which they thrive. Now if we observe the ants feeding on this secretion from the aphides, we can also see that they form two regular lines, the hungry ones moving up the stem to take their

food, and the satisfied ones returning down the stem; and very friendly and fraternal they seem, never getting in each other's way, but often greeting one another as they meet, putting their antennæ together as if communicating something, and then they pass on, each his own way. Mark the difference when the ants are found feeding on the sweet secretion of *Sarracenia variolaris*; now they crowd and jostle one another, and seem wild in their movements, and all are advancing in one line towards the summit of the leaf, on reaching which they disappear down the wide throat of the insatiable sarracenia. No return line here.

This I observed on the pine-barrèns where the plants grew. I now took a large supply of leaves to my study, and placed them in an upright position in vases of water to keep them fresh, and opened the windows to admit the various insects that are swarming in the air at this season. Soon the room was well supplied with the common house fly. I now returned the screens to the windows, and sat down to watch results. A number of flies were soon attracted to the plants, and almost as soon as they tasted the secretion they acted strangely. It was astonishing to see how quickly it affected them. They became stupid, and did not notice my hand in close proximity, and they paid no attention to gentle efforts to shake them from the leaf. If I touched one, it would fly a short distance, but invariably it returned to the leaf, and very soon was buzzing inside of the tube, trying to walk up the dry, smooth surface, and ever falling back, until it was exhausted and still. It was no use to liberate them. I repeatedly took a leaf and turned the opening downward, and gently knocked it until I liberated half a dozen or more, but they were soon on the leaves again, evidently trying to straighten themselves. They would pass their legs over their wings, but they were unsteady on their feet, and seemed

to be intoxicated. Every fly that I liberated eventually returned to the open mouth and walked in, as if fascinated by some spell.

In about two hours the room was cleared of flies—all lured into the fatal traps. I re-opened the windows to admit more, and among the flies came two or three yellow-jackets—wasp-like insects. These yellow-jackets are very fond of anything sweet, and very soon one found the tempting bait. It alighted upon a leaf, and commenced feeding about two-thirds of the way from the base. It seemed to relish the food highly, and ate eagerly and quietly for a few moments; but soon its wings began to flutter, and it proceeded hurriedly and wildly along the line of sweet until it reached the opening. Here it paused a moment to feed along the cord that surrounds the mouth of the tube, but its wings were still raised and fluttering. In a little more than a minute from the time it alighted, it was a safe prisoner within, buzzing and fluttering and stirring up the imprisoned flies. On holding the leaf up to the light, I could see its frantic efforts to escape—trying to climb the smooth surface, but, like the flies, ever falling back, until it was powerless to move.

These experiments I repeated day after day. As the leaves became exhausted, I brought in fresh ones.

I have been asked by an eminent scientist if I can *prove* that the flies are intoxicated. I do not see how I can prove it. I am not a chemist, and cannot analyze the secretion. I can only give the result of my observations and experiments. I might get a large quantity of the leaves and make a decoction of the secretion and drink it; but I find the flies never recover from their intoxication, and my fate might be the same if I took a sufficient quantity. At all events, the secretion excited the salivary glands to a wonderful extent, which continued for hours after I had tasted it. The sweet taste was succeeded

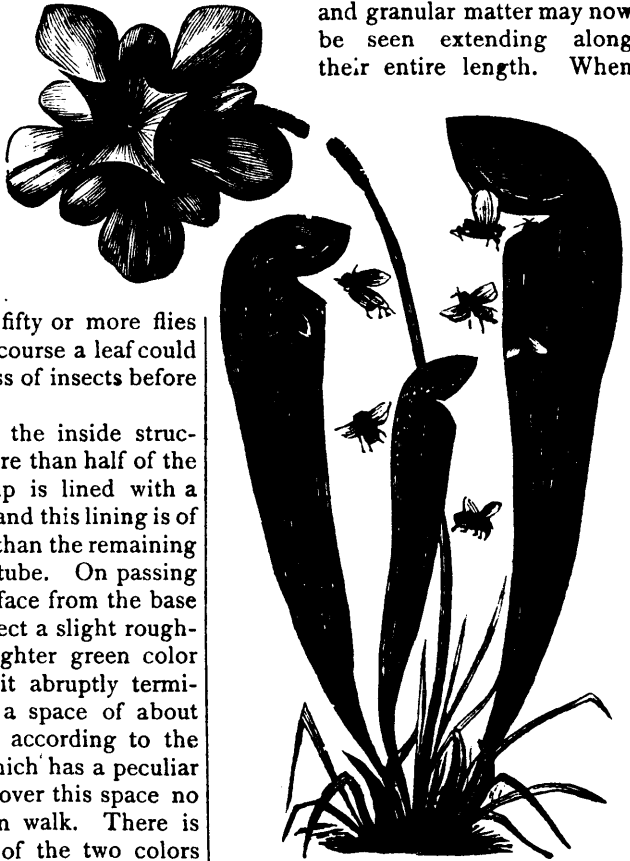
by a disagreeable acrid feeling, the same as that produced by an Indian turnip (*Arisæma triphyllum*), only in a milder form.

I called the attention of a lady named Mrs. Read—a good observer—to the strange behavior of the flies; and she is of the same opinion as myself, that the flies were stupidly intoxicated before entering the tube. We also placed vases of leaves in the dining-room and kitchen, where the rapid disappearance of the flies highly amused the servants.

Upon opening the leaves, a day or two after they were brought into the house, I often found fifty or more flies in a single leaf. Of course a leaf could not digest such a mass of insects before they became putrid.

I carefully studied the inside structure of the leaf. More than half of the tube from the base up is lined with a firm, strong texture, and this lining is of a livelier green color than the remaining inner surface of the tube. On passing a finger over the surface from the base upward, we can detect a slight roughness as far as the brighter green color extends, and then it abruptly terminates; above this is a space of about two inches or more, according to the length of the leaf, which has a peculiar smooth feeling, and over this space no intoxicated insect can walk. There is no gradual blending of the two colors from the base up, but the line is distinct and marked, and easily seen with the naked eye. The smooth lighter-colored space is succeeded by the white spots before mentioned, and these white spots gradually blend with the fine scarlet veinings on the inner surface of the hood. The peculiar smoothness does not extend over the bright colors, and here a fly can easily walk.

Under the microscope, the two colors on the inner surface of the leaf present a marked difference; the lower part of the tube seems to be a true stomach. Long hairs (Fig. 1) all pointing downward are scattered thickly over the surface. If a leaf has caught no prey, the hairs are clear and very transparent; but very soon after an insect is caught, the hairs begin to absorb, and granular matter may now be seen extending along their entire length. When



THE PITCHER-PLANT (*SARRACENIA VARIOLARIS*).

a small number of insects are caught, they seem to be digested quickly, and no disagreeable odor is detected; but, on the other hand, when a large number are caught, which is usually the case, a disgusting odor emanates from the tube. Yet this filthy mass does not

injure the inner surface of the tube ; it is evidently absorbed, and, no doubt, goes to nourish the plant. So this sarracenia, like the disgusting buzzards in the animal kingdom, feeds on carrion, and as it cannot go in search of food, a tempting bait is set to lure insects into the fatal trap.

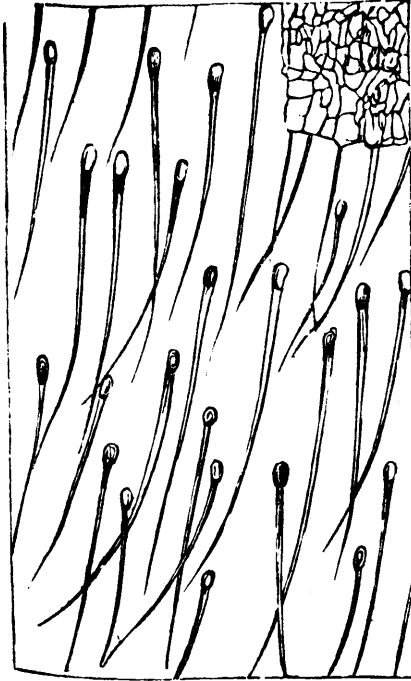


FIG. 1.—HAIRS ON ABSORBING GLANDS FOUND IN THE LOWER HALF OF TUBE.

On the lighter-colored smooth surface, immediately above the long hairs, the microscope reveals very short hairs, as seen in Fig. 2. In pinguicula and other plants which I have observed, when two sets of hairs are found, they gradually blend into each other ; but here a distinct line is drawn that can easily be seen with the naked eye, and close to this line the hairs are as distinct and marked in their character as on any part of the surface. On the inner surface of the hood and around the mouth of the tube is another set of curiously shaped hairs (Fig. 3), which

creates a roughness, and over which the flies can easily walk.

The structure of the cord which secretes the sweet fluid presents a marked difference, under the microscope, from the rest of the plant. The epidermis is very thin here, and the secretory glands are large and numerous.

The plant secretes the sweet fluid only a few days, while the leaves are young and vigorous, and it is while this secretion is abundant that so many insects are caught. Yet even after I can not detect the secretion, either in feeling or taste, the flies still find enough to attract them ; but it is in such small quantity that they sometimes fly away after feeding a while, which they never do when they get a good dose. I have taken flies that were stupidly intoxicated and placed them under a glass where I could observe them, and I find they have a tendency to stand on their heads until they die. The first flies that are caught in a tube usually remain quiet, from the fact that they are wedged down so tight that they can not move. This tendency to stand on their heads puts them in such a position that it is impossible to extricate themselves ; but

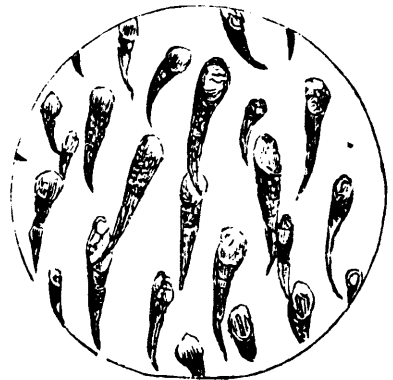


FIG. 2.—HAIRS ON THE SPACE ADJOINING THE OPENING IN THE MOUTH OF THE TUBE.

as the tube extends upward it becomes broader, and now the remaining flies that are caught are no longer wedged in, and these try to climb the smooth

surface, but, as far as I have observed, not one has ever succeeded.

It is not only house flies on which the secretion acts, but all insects which I have noticed are affected by it. A large cockroach was feeding on the secretion of a fresh leaf which had

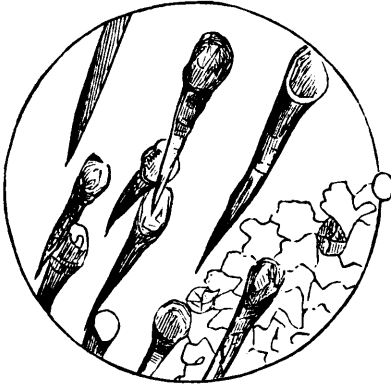


FIG. 3.—HAIRS ON THE INNER SURFACE OF HOOD.

caught little or no prey. After feeding a short time it went down into the tube so tight that I could not dislodge it, even when turning the leaf upside down and knocking it quite hard. It was late in the evening when I observed it enter; the next morning I cut the tube open, the cockroach was still alive, but it was covered with a secretion produced from the inner surface of the tube, and its legs fell off as I extricated it. From all appearance, the terrible *sarracenia* was eating its victim alive. And yet, perhaps, I should not say "terrible," for the plant seems to supply its victims with a *Lethe*-like draught before devouring them.

From the position in which the insects are placed after being made prisoners, it is impossible to see how much secretion they cause. In the case of *pinguicula* this is easily seen. On cutting the tube of *sarracenia* open, we find a secretion very different from the sweet secretion in the cord, and this secretion produced from the inner sur-

face of the tube seems to act on the flies in the same way as that produced by *pinguicula*.

As further evidence of the intoxicating power of the sweet secretion of *sarracenia*, I must add the fact of a wasp building its nest within the fresh young leaves, usually before the leaf has caught a single insect. The nest is made of dry, fibrous material—probably stripped from some dead herbaceous plant—and dry grass. This material is crowded as low down in the tube as the wasp can go, and it extends upward to the depth of an inch or more. On this bed is laid the food for the young wasp. The food consists of five or six young grasshoppers, which the parent wasp has stung and paralyzed in such a manner that they are kept alive for the young wasp to devour. The grasshoppers are covered with the same material as that found in the bottom of the nest, to the depth of about an inch, the material being wadded in close and tight. I have also found the nests of a leaf-cutter bee in the tube of *sarracenia*. These nests I sent to Professor C. V. Riley for identification.

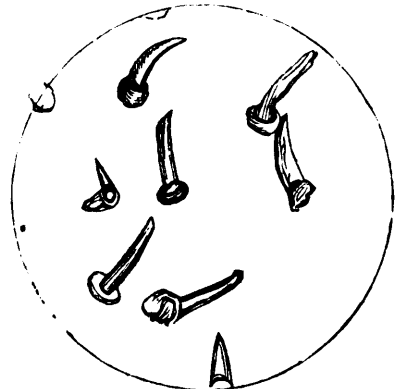


FIG. 4.—HAIRS ON THE WING AND OUTER SURFACE OF TUBE.

I give here Professor Riley's account of the nests:—

"The nest made of leaves belongs to a leaf-cutter bee, genus *Megachile*. The species cannot, of course, be deter-

mined except by breeding. These insects normally build their nests in burrows which they make in the stems of soft, pithy plants, like elder, and the appropriation of the sarracenia tube is very interesting. It is very likely that this bee aids pollination of the flower, and partly stores her cells with it (the pollen). In the example you send, the plant had already captured some insects before the bee commenced building. I hope to breed the imago, as I think one cell contains the larva. The leaves employed seem to be oak. The other nest is that of some wasp, and evidently of some species belonging to the *Sphex*. These insects all sting their prey and paralyze it, and make their nests in various ways, but generally by burrowing in gravelly soil or appropriating the tunnels of other species, such as the carpenter-bee (*Xylocopa*). Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, records that *Sphex lanierii*, Guerin, 'constructs its nest of a cottony substance, filling a tunnel formed by a large curved leaf.' I have been trying to determine what the fibrous matter is composing the nest you send: it seems to be made of the slivers of some soft-stemmed plant."

Now in what way can we account for the safe exit of the wasp and bee except on the hypothesis that they did not feed on the secretion while building their nests? I have repeatedly seen wasps and other hymenopterous insects eat the secretion, and then go into the tube and never return.

But the most conclusive proof of the intoxicating power of the sweet secretion of sarracenia is the marked effect it produces upon the cockroach. The Florida cockroach is one of the most agile of insects. It is almost impossible to catch one. He is ever on the alert, and most impudent. I strike at him—he is yards away. But at last I have come off conquerer. I have found his weakness—his love for the intoxicating beverage of sarracenia. After he has

partaken of this secretion, in a few moments, he is usually very docile, his long antennæ sway back and forth, and he pays little or no attention to my movements; but occasionally a very large one will act perfectly wildly after partaking of the beverage; it will suddenly dart from the plant and rush round and round the room, apparently without any end or aim in view. It seems to be in a regular drunken frolic. After a while it becomes quiet, and then is easily captured. I have just taken such a one and measured it. From the tip of its antennæ to the end of its wings, which extend slightly beyond the body, it measured four inches in length. Its body is about two inches long. I shut it in a box overnight. In the morning it could move its legs and antennæ very slightly, but it did not recover after being taken from the box.

During the two months of my observations on this plant I have seen a large number of insects, both in the field and house, made intoxicated by this secretion on the outer edge of the wing, and I have seen insects belonging to every order caught after eating the secretion.

That the plant can digest a limited amount of food before it becomes putrid, I have verified by repeated experiments with fresh raw beef. I took young leaves before they had caught any prey, and inserted bits of raw beef low down in the tube. In some cases in two hours' time the meat was surrounded by a copious secretion, the same as in pinguicula, and it looked white and was quite tender; but I found the leaves varied considerably in the power of digestion: in some cases, at the end of two hours, the meat had not changed color, and was not acted upon by a secretion, but remained quite dry. From some of the leaves I cut a small slice from near the base of the tube, and inserted the meat so as to watch the effect produced by the secretion. In the larger number of leaves the secretion acted upon the meat precisely as

it did in *pinguicula*. Usually in about twenty-four hours the meat was very white and tender, and had no disagreeable odor.

But no doubt the plant receives its greatest benefit from the large amount of insects caught, and which become disgustingly putrid. When *pinguicula* and *drosera* get more than they can digest, the leaves succumb—die in the

effort to digest it. Not so with the *sarracenia*: it seems to thrive on this filthy mass of putrid insects, and in time absorbs all save the dry remains of the wings of beetles and other hard parts of the bodies of insects.

I am indebted to Dr. D. G. Beatty, of Baltimore, for the very accurate illustrations of the different kinds of hairs found on *sarracenia*.



Young Folks.

HARRY DAINTRY'S NEW YEAR.

"If you could only wait, Ned."

"I don't care, I can't wait; you must let me have it by the 2nd, or"—

The speaker's voice was drowned in the shout of "all aboard," and the train moved from the L—station with its crowd of merry schoolboys going home for the Christmas holidays.

Harry Daintry tried hard to forget those last words, which had made the hot blood mount to his face, and had clenched his brown hand. The boy's sensitive nature was suffering, suffering dreadfully, and it was his own fault after all, something whispered. Ah! that was the sorest part of it.

A school "scrape," a bill for "grub," he would have told you, had he dared to say it to any one; for when the "fellows" asked him to join their club, he had not the courage to refuse, and Harry's pocket-money was quite too little for suppers.

Since his father's death, it was hard work for Mrs. Daintry to keep him at school at all; had it not been for her brother, Mr. Robert Campbell, and her husband's brother, Uncle Geoffrey, it would have been impossible. But though Harry knew all this, and Uncle Robert's last word before he left home had been, "Don't get into debt, old boy," the tempting invitation of the big boys—Harry was only twelve—had proved too strong; and so the account came in from the little corner shop, with its greasy paper, and mis-spelled items, telling Master H. Daintry that he owed ten dollars, which his empty little purse told him he could not pay. He had borrowed the money from Ned Brown, a boy despised by the whole school for his coarse, ungentlemanlike ways, but a boy who had money sometimes, and was generally willing to lend,

so he was tolerated. It was Harry's first great fault, and the first concealment he had ever had; now his mind was filled with but one thought. Dr. M——, the Principal, must not know; anything but that, and the terrible disgrace it was sure to bring. He would put Ned off with the promise of making "all right"—a promise he really hoped to fulfil when Uncle Geoffrey's present came, and it always arrived before New Year. But Ned was not so easily "put off;" he was in a "scrape" himself, and was frantic for his money, and that "or" meant—Harry dared not think what. "He is mean enough for anything," he muttered; and then came such a longing to tell the dear mother he was so soon to see; but no,—she could not help him, and it would trouble her so. He was not a baby, and a good cry such as he had in the old nursery days would be such a relief. But now the boys are "chaffing" him for his glum looks, so he packs down his heavy little heart as well as he can, and is seemingly very "jolly."

Montreal at last! He is glad to get rid of the boys, and find himself skimming over the snow in Uncle Robert's little cariole. Kind Uncle Robert, who is his mother's stay and strengthener in so many ways!

These are to be extra good holidays, for Uncle Robert and Aunt Laura have asked Mrs. Daintry to come and live in their house, and take care of it while they are away. They are going to Europe in the early spring, but Uncle Robert says, "Come at once; we must have our Christmas together;" so the Daintrys' cottage is "To be let with Furnished Apartments," and Flossy has written glowing accounts of the new furniture, and bright carpets and pic-

tures and mirrors, such a contrast to their own little "Brown Den." "Home, dear home" now, with its loving welcomes. "How you have grown, Harry!" While Harry looks fondly at Flossy's golden curls, and glowing cheeks, he is proud of his only sister.

And the mother is thankful to have her boy again; even that short separation has made the home-coming so sweet. Had he been kept pure and truthful? Was the look from the blue eyes as honest as ever? Soon they will have quiet talks together, and she will remind him of the old lessons of faith and love to God.

During the summer holidays these "quiet talks" had been among Harry's greatest treats; but it was different now. He shrank from being alone with the gentle look and holy teaching; he cannot bear it till this is over, he thinks. So he throws himself with the greatest energy into the preparations for Flossy's tree for the Sunday-school children; helps in the games; joins in the carols; works at the church decorations, till midnight, and carries Aunt Laura's baskets to her old pensioners, drawing down many a blessing on his curly head. But every morning's dawn brings back those words of Ned Brown, "I must have it by the second, or"—and the anxiety grows into a horrible dread. Then as the day wears on his fears are lost for the time, in the skating, tobogganing and "splendid fun" of Uncle Robert's providing.

At length the "merry Christmas" is gone, and the old year is dying, dying fast. The postman has brought a letter for Mrs. Daintry; it is from Uncle Geoffrey, who is coming himself, he says, in about a week. It is so long since he has seen them, so he will take a holiday from his close office work, and enjoy what he can of the happy season with them all. Poor Harry! his last hope is gone. At any othertime Uncle Geoffrey's coming would have filled him with unbounded delight. He was

his father's only brother, and unites with Uncle Robert in kindness to them all. Now, he can think of nothing but Uncle Geoffrey's gift, which is *not* coming,—this money that he needs so much, that he was so sure of having; and Mrs. Daintry silently contrasted the boy's grave way of receiving the intelligence, with Flossy's rapturous exclamations.

There was something else that had not escaped the mother's watchful eye. It was when Uncle Robert had given Flossy ten dollars for her Christmas present, having heard a certain rumor of a little fur cap she had particularly fancied, and at the same time had presented Harry with some expensive Latin books that he had often expressed a wish to possess. It was then Mrs. Daintry wondered at the dark cloud which gathered over the sunny brow, and when Uncle Robert was out of hearing, heard something muttered of "money instead." She could not let it pass without a gentle reproof, but forbore questioning, though her heart misgave her. There was something wrong; and the mother's prayers became even more earnest that her child's heart might be renewed by the Spirit of God, and be kept from all evil. Harry sat moodily for the remainder of the evening that Uncle Geoffrey's letter came, half listening to Aunt Laura's amusing description of the blunders of a young Irish servant she had been compelled to take as parlor maid the day before. But Flossy's merry laughter at Biddy's mistakes only irritated him, and soon he left the room.

It is New Year's Eve now, always spent quietly by the Daintrys, nothing special going on to keep them from the looking back and looking forward of which the last hours of the old year so forcibly remind us—making us seek pardon for the past, and grace for the time to come. It has been a long day to Harry; the sense of wrong-doing grows deeper, but the peace which con-

fession and pardon bring is unsought, and he must suffer on.

Very early in the evening he is "awfully tired," and leaves the drawing-room, his mother's kiss unfelt, his own "good-night" mechanically spoken. Hurrying to his room he throws himself upon his bed to think. It *must* be mailed to-morrow or it will not reach Ned in time. What is he to do? "Confess all and be at peace," says a still, small voice; but it is quickly silenced as the boy listens to another suggestion from another source.

That crisp ten-dollar note of Flossy's. Oh! that it were his only for a little while. She has not spent it; he knows where it is, in the "davenport," Aunt Laura's "davenport," which is in the back drawing-room; he had seen Flossy put it there; it was so safe she had said,—no one ever went to Aunt Laura's davenport. She intended it to stay there for some time to come. Flossy was saving, and had proclaimed her determination not to spend it just yet. Of course he did not mean to keep it—Uncle Geoffrey was sure to bring his present with him, and then it could be replaced.

Thinking and tossing in feverish wretchedness, he hears the clock strike twelve. How silent the house is!—but it will soon be morning, and then—

He opens the door gently, very gently. Ah! that creaking of the hinges, some one will hear. He has gained the stairs, softly, softly; he has fallen against something. "The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble." The text flits through his mind as though the wing of an angel had touched him in the darkness of the hall. He is at the drawing-room door now; he must close it after him,—it seems darker than ever, and the room is filled with a sickening odor that half suffocates him. He touches the piano, then the davenport is at the other end of the room. He has found

it at last,—carefully, or he will overturn the tiny inkstand. What is this? A book, Flossy's prayer book; he feels its smooth cover and clasp; it is the one she used the last time they were at church together; at church—for a moment the scene comes back to him, the family pew, the evergreen wreaths his own hand had twined, and some one is saying "Thou shalt not steal;" but he dare not think of it longer. Where did Flossy put the note? This feels like it, but he is not sure. This dreadful darkness; he must have a light, just a little glimmer; he gropes for matches, he has found one, he strikes it, there is a tiny flame and then,—a shriek of terror, a violent concussion, a sound as of a thousand thunder claps united in one tremendous crash.

Harry knows and feels nothing more till Uncle Robert is raising him from the floor. There are lights now, and he sees his mother's look of fear and sorrow. Hurt? No, no. But what does it all mean? He trembles violently as the blast of winter air enters at the broken windows and the shattered wall. He gazes vacantly on the debris of glass and porcelain, of curtains and pictures, and ornaments, till his eye rests on the davenport, the rifled davenport. It has escaped the general destruction, and on it lies Flossy's ten dollar note, the silent witness of his guilt and shame.

"Oh! mother, mother, will God forgive me, mother? It is all my fault."

* * * * *

The little "Brown Den" is again inhabited. Uncle Robert and Aunt Laura are the guests now.

It has been rather a silent party at the New Year dinner, for Uncle Robert's best efforts cannot brighten Mrs. Daintry. Harry has pleaded to be left alone, feeling all unworthy to join them. "It was all Bidy's stupidity," comforts Aunt Laura. "She tells me she 'felt a smell, savin' my presence, but it was beyant the beyants to her where it came

from ; sure she blew out the light and it was all right she thought."

Harry told his mother all, then asked for Uncle Robert, repeating his humble confession to him, not excusing himself in any particular.

"God bless the boy," said his Uncle afterwards, "it is a hard lesson, but he has learned it." It *was* the hardest Harry had ever learned. It requires true courage to face our sin alone with God ; but the boy did this, with confession and prayer for forgiveness through the blood of Jesus. He *had* been hurt, though he did not feel it at first ; his face and neck were a good deal burned, but he had been most wonderfully preserved from death on the night of the gas explosion. There were quiet talks now. "Mother," he said in one of them, "I know now what that 'desperately wicked' means in Jeremiah, you know, mother. I never believed it before ; I see it now ; the wickedness is all there in our hearts if God didn't keep us. If He hadn't stopped me, if Uncle Geoffrey had come in time and no one knew, I might have gone on—Oh ! mother !"

It was true repentance. I do not mean that Harry never did wrong after this,—he very often did ; but wrongdoing was not now only a thing to be "got out of," as it used to be ; *now* it was something he had to seek pardon for, to seek deliverance from ; something for which he needed a strength not his own, even the Holy Spirit's aid, in order to conquer. He only learned these things little by little. Like the New Year, his new life had begun, but he had not "grown up" in it. He was very weak and very helpless. It had begun though, and God would perfect His own work.

Sunday-school lessons meant something now,—they had never seemed real before. Promises hitherto learned by

rote, were pleaded now with genuine though boyish earnestness. His sin had brought him into an old place called the "Valley of Humiliation." The best thing for him was, he was willing to stay there, as long as God saw fit ; he did not try to climb up out of it by putting a "bold face on things," or trying to "laugh it off."

"Is there no more story ?"

Only a little.

Generous Uncle Robert made it all right with Ned Brown in good time.

It was a grievous thing to Harry and his mother, this loss of Uncle Robert's. The delicate china and costly ornaments could not be replaced, but the good man loved his nephew dearly, and felt it well worth his valued things if their loss resulted in the boy growing up an honest, God-fearing man. The little "Brown Den" was of course too small for them all ; besides the new tenants were to take possession about the middle of January,—so Uncle Robert made another plan. Why not begin their travels a little sooner ? They would go to the South for two or three months, and Mrs. Daintry and Flossy must go with them. "Clara, you need the change," pleaded Aunt Laura, "and we should like it so very much."

Imagine Flossy's transports of delight !

Harry was very glad for them ; he knew how lonely it would seem to have his mother so far away, but they should not be allowed to think of that. There was something in the way that his mother and Uncle Robert talked of him, in the busy planning, that made him very glad. They were trusting him without any dread of future scrapes. Mrs. Daintry knew her boy had a Guardian now unknown to him before. She was right, for this was in its best and highest sense, Harry Daintry's New Year.

MY FIRST SECRET.

BY HILIER LORETTA.

I was just twelve years old when I went to Miss Hunter's school as a day pupil. My mother objected to schools in general, and wished to educate me at home; but failing health and household cares prevented her from carrying out her cherished scheme, and as I was backward for my age, my father urged that I should be sent with our neighbor's children to Miss Hunter's, which was at that time the only ladies' school in our village.

I remember with what delight I looked forward to having companions of my own age, for my little sister May was too young for me to play with, and I rarely met with other children,—indeed the only friends I had were Rose and Minnie Williams, and they were both Miss Hunter's pupils. Rose was a good girl, too, and had promised to help me with my lessons, and I could always go to school and return with her.

"You must remember, Edith," said my mother, "that I shall always expect you to come straight home from school, and not to play on the road. If Rose and Minnie are not willing to come, you must not wait for them. Their parents may not be so particular as I am, but I have a great objection to seeing little girls loitering on the way to and from school. Another thing, my love, I want you to promise me, is, that you will not let anyone tell you what you cannot repeat to your mother. Some little girls are very fond of having secrets, and think that it makes them important to be told something which they are not to repeat. This is very wrong and foolish; every little girl's heart should be in her mother's keeping, and she cannot expect to be very safe or happy

when this is not the case. I have always encouraged you to give me your confidence, and I think you have found it both easy and pleasant to do so; but you will soon find that school is a little world in which you will meet with many temptations, and where it will not always be so easy to do right. I hope, however, my little girl will be true to the principles we have taught her in spite of opposition."

My mother's words seemed to fall upon my ear with a strange, prophetic knell, though I scarcely understood their meaning. It was not long, however, before I began to realize their import.

Rose Williams undertook to initiate me into the routine of school duties. She was proud of being my friend and patron, and, as I have before said, she was a good girl; but with unaccountable perversity I resisted her influence, and chose my own companions. Among them was a clever, fascinating girl, named Julia Farrant. Julia was only two years older than I was in years; but to me she seemed a woman in experience, for she had spent two years at a boarding school in New York, had crossed the Atlantic twice, and spent a month in San Francisco. Poor Julia had lost her mother when only two years old, and stood sadly in need of maternal guidance. Left sometimes to the care of servants, at others dependent upon her reckless, drunken father, and always permitted to follow the dictates of her own foolish little heart, it is no wonder that she grew up vain and unprincipled. Her father died a short time before I became acquainted with her, and left her to the care of Miss Hunter, who was

a distant relation of her mother's. Miss Hunter was glad to receive her,—not only because she hoped that she might do some good to the wayward child, but because she was to be liberally paid for keeping her. Julia's mother had left a large sum of money which her daughter was not to receive until she arrived at the age of eighteen; but in the meantime the interest was to be spent for her maintenance and education. Besides Julia, there were other girls at school with whom I soon became intimate; but Julia commanded us all. Rose was the only one that she could not influence, and she used to say that she hated Rose; but Rose was too sensible to care for what she said.

It was towards the end of my first quarter that the incident occurred which I am about to relate, and which caused me to realize the truth of my mother's words, that a little girl is never very safe or happy when her heart is not in her parents' keeping.

The snow lay deep upon the ground, and the lake had been frozen over for many weeks, to the great delight of the young people, who thought that they had never known so fine a season for skating. At my earnest request my father bought me a pair of skates, exacting, at the same time, a promise from me, that I would never go upon the ice without his permission, or in company with some grown up-person. It was very easy to promise, but not so easy to keep my word, as I soon found.

"I should have told him to keep his old skates," said Lena Morton. "Where was the use of giving them to you if you couldn't use them when you pleased."

"You must be awfully precious, your pa and ma are so much afraid of something happening to you," said Grace Vyner. "I am glad I am not so precious; there is no fun in being always tied to your mother's apron string."

"You are such a strange girl, Edith," said Julia; "you take everything literally that your father and mother say. Now,

I don't believe they would mind a bit if you went out skating every day, so long as you didn't get drowned, and nobody ever does get drowned unless they are very stupid or careless. I used to skate when I wasn't half your age, and here I am now, you see. I believe in being independent; but then, of course, I don't pretend to be such a good, obedient little girl as you are."

She smiled contemptuously as she made this speech, and foolish, weak little girl that I was, I felt ashamed of what should have been my pride. I could not bear that Julia should look upon me as a child,—she who was only two years older than myself, and instead of holding my ground firmly, as I ought to have done, I began to waver.

"I do not suppose papa would mind my going out with you, girls," I said, "if he knew the place was safe, and that you were accustomed to skating. He is only afraid about me, because I have never been on the ice."

"Yes, that is it; but if you learned to skate well, he would be quite pleased."

I did not make any reply, but was glad when school was out and I could escape from their insidious reasoning. Rhoda Lee walked part of the way home with me, and I learned from her, that she and several of the other girls were in the habit of skating on the lake every Wednesday afternoon, in company with the boys of a neighboring school. "Now, mind you don't tell your mother," she said; "there would be an awful fuss if it was known, for of course Miss Hunter thinks that we go straight home when school is out. There isn't a bit of harm in it, but somebody's mother would be sure to think that it was dangerous, or that we would take cold, or some such nonsense as that, and then our fun would be at an end."

"Oh! Rhoda," I said, "I wonder how you can deceive your mother in that way. I would not do it for all the world."

"Oh, no, I suppose not," she replied;

"but then, you are a model of propriety. I am sorry I told you, for I suppose your conscience will not allow you to keep anything from your mother; but I can tell you, if you are going to repeat everything you hear at school you will not have many friends."

"Of course I am not going to tell," I said. "I have nothing to do with it;" but I felt the color rush to my face as Rhoda's searching eyes rested upon it.

"Don't say anything to Rose Williams, either," she added. "We never tell our secrets to her, and she doesn't suspect, for she is always late on Wednesday now that she takes her music lesson from Miss Hunter. We have generally gone home before she comes out."

Just then Rose overtook us, and nothing more was said. I could not help wishing that Rhoda had not told me, for I remembered my mother's words, and I felt that I had already broken my promise to her.

The next day was Wednesday, and by my mother's permission I had invited Julia to spend the afternoon at our house, as the school let out an hour earlier than on other days. Of course I expected that she would go straight home with me, but no sooner had we turned our backs upon our unsuspecting teacher, than Julia said: "You will have to wait for me, Edith; I just want to take a turn upon the ice, and I won't be five minutes. I suppose you won't come, though it isn't any more harm than looking on you know."

I could scarcely refrain from tears; it seemed to me that Julia was compelling me to do what she knew to be wrong, and was in her heart despising me for my weakness. I wished I had not asked her to our house. I would have gone home without her, but did not know what excuse to make for her absence. Every minute seemed an hour. At another time I should have enjoyed watching the skaters; but now, as I

stood upon the shore hopelessly waiting for Julia's return, I could think of nothing but my own miserable position. Even the contemptuous remarks which some of the boys made, when I refused to join them, passed unheeded, or seemed but a just retribution for my disobedience. At last Julia came, and giving her skates to Lena Morton, put the very perplexing question to me. "What will you say to your mother about not being home before?" "I don't know," I answered dejectedly. "But you had better know," she said. "If you were like any other girl you would have made up your mind long before this." "I certainly shall not tell my mother a lie," I answered, with an assumption of pride which I was far from feeling. Then, as I glanced at my companion, I felt again abased, for I knew that even Julia saw the inconsistency of my conduct.

When we reached home I found that my mother had gone to see a sick friend who lived about five miles in the country, so that she could not be home for some hours. She had left a message for me, with our old servant Bessy, and for a time I forgot my humiliation in the desire to be hospitable. It was not often that I had an opportunity to act the hostess, and I made the very most of the occasion, behaving, I thought, in a dignified and ladylike manner. Julia was pleased with everything in our house. She seemed to envy me my happy home, and on that afternoon her manner towards me was far less patronizing than it had ever been before. When my mother came home I was a little more reserved than usual, for I did not feel at ease with her. However, she did not appear to notice it; and after tea, as it was a beautiful moonlight night, my father proposed that we should skate upon the pond in our own grounds. My cousins, Tom and Ella Baker, had come to spend the evening with us, and Julia thought it would be great fun for us all.

So Tom went home for his skates and Ella's, and I lent mine to Julia. "I wish you would often come over, Ella, and teach Edith. It would be so nice for her if she could skate well," said my mother. When Julia was tired she gave me back my skates; but I had no inclination to go upon the ice, and only yielded after being repeatedly urged.

My mother was not prepossessed by Julia's manner. Although she did not discuss her with me, I knew that she thought her too forward and boisterous to be a good companion for one younger than herself.

The next day, at school, my companions treated me with a degree of deference which they had never shown me before. Julia's account of my home and its surroundings had placed me before them in a more pleasing light. Foolish little creatures! they valued earthly possessions more than individual goodness. Their increased politeness, however, only made me more willing to listen to their false reasoning, and I soon began to believe that, after all, I had no business to interfere with their amusements. If they chose to expose themselves to danger I was in no way responsible; but as they had confided in me, I had no right to divulge their secret even to my mother, whose old-fashioned notions of truth and obedience were far too strict for the children of our day.

It was shortly after this that Minnie Williams joined the skating party, pretending to her mother that she waited for Rose to take her music lesson; and as Rose generally found her near the gate, she had no suspicion of her falsehood. Minnie was only nine years old, and far more childish than other girls of the same age. She was a great favorite with Freddie Morton, who was still younger than herself. Freddie came every day to the school to take his sister home, for the school which he attended was close to Miss Hunter's,

while their home was nearly two miles distant. Mrs. Morton had a very busy life, and she rarely noticed at what time her children returned from school, unless it was growing dark; though every morning when she gave them their lunch, she cautioned them to come home together, and Freddie had been told to wait at Miss Hunter's gate until Lena was disengaged. Once, when the weather was unusually severe, Freddie and Lena staid at our house for a few days, that they might be spared the long cold walk to school. One evening, about a week after this visit, as I sat by the drawing-room window, learning my lessons, I heard a hasty ring at the door bell, and on being admitted, Mrs. Williams enquired, "Is Edith at home?" I ran down stairs and was startled by the eager way in which she asked, "Do you know where Minnie is?" "No," I answered, "I left her on the road; she was going to wait for Rose." My voice faltered as I spoke; but the distracted mother did not seem to notice it, and in a moment she was gone.

"What is the meaning of this, Edith?" said my mother, when a few minutes later she came into the room and found me almost fainting. Tears were my only answer. "How foolish you are, child!" said my father. "If you know anything about Minnie why don't you speak out at once? If she is playing truant, I don't see why you should cry; you are not going to be punished for it."

An hour passed and no tidings were heard of Minnie Williams. My father was walking up and down the room with an expression of annoyance and distress upon his face. My mother's work-basket was on the table beside her, but her work was untouched, and she listened eagerly to every sound on the stairs. Presently, a sleigh stopped in front of our house. My father went to the door and met Mrs. Morton. The snow was drifting, and she was so

muffled that he could not see her face, but he knew by her voice that something terrible had happened, and showing her into the dining-room, he called my mother down-stairs. I followed her unnoticed, and stood trembling by the door. "I want you to go to poor Mrs. Williams," she said, taking my mother's hand. "I cannot do it myself. Oh Mrs. Maynard, her child is gone,—Minnie is drowned!"

I shall never forget the sound of that terrible word; it was the last which fell upon my ear, for I became insensible and was carried from the room. For two days I lay unconscious; then I began to recover. When I first opened my eyes and saw my mother sitting beside me, looking so pale and sorrowful, I wished that I could have returned again to oblivion, for I thought that I could never face the horrible truth, and I felt as if I had been the cause of Minnie's death. If I had only warned her, and then told my mother, or Rose, or anybody. Oh, what would I not have given to have blotted out forever that horrible secret, the only one that I had ever had. I tried to speak, to say something about Minnie, but my mother laid her hand gently upon me, and said, "Not now, Edith, you must not exert yourself; there will be time enough by-and-by." Then the doctor came, and said that I must be kept as quiet as possible, or brain fever might be apprehended. In a week, however, I was better and able to leave my room. Then as I could no longer wait for the terrible particulars, I learned them one by one, from my mother's lips.

When I left Minnie on the road I knew that she had promised to go with Julia and Lena upon the ice, and when last seen by her companions she was skating with Freddie Morton at a little distance from the others. Rhoda Lee said that she had warned her not to venture out so far, and had twice asked her to return, but that Harry Marks had urged her on, clapping his hands, and

calling out, "Well done!" as she went further from the shore. Freddie stated that he had sat down upon the ice to tighten the straps of his skates, and that while his back was turned Minnie called out, "I can't stay any longer, Freddie; Rose will be out of school." When he got up and looked for her she was not to be found, and he thought she must have seen Rose and hurried up the bank to join her, though how she escaped so quickly he could not understand, for he had not been sitting on the ice more than a minute. Julia Farrant said that she saw Rose going home, and a little girl with her, whom she took for Minnie. Of course she would lose no time in running up the bank if she saw Rose, and then as she turned the corner, she would be out of sight immediately.

If any of the children had forebodings of evil they did not give expression to their thoughts. Only Freddie acknowledged that he was afraid she might have gone through an air-hole, and even he did not tell his mother until the report reached her that Minnie was missing. Mrs. Morton did not wait to censure her boy, but came into town with all speed, and hearing that Minnie had not been found, she persuaded her husband to take a lantern and go with two men upon the ice. They soon found the place which Freddie had described, and close to it, almost hidden by the drifting snow, was a small dark hole. Alas, what a terrible secret was hidden in its darkness! One of the men, venturing nearer than the others, thrust a crooked stick into the aperture, and drew out poor little Minnie's hat, which had caught upon the rough edge of the ice; no other evidence was needed, and with tearful eyes Mrs. Morton took the hat from her husband, and putting it under her shawl, hastened to my mother as already described.

Poor Mrs. Williams was at first stunned by the terrible news, but when she began to realize it, she gave way to an agony of grief which only a loving

mother could experience. Although she could not speak of it, everyone knew how much her sorrow was increased by the knowledge that her little Minnie had deceived her. Rose, too, was quite overwhelmed with grief. Dear, gentle, conscientious Rose! how she upbraided herself for not watching Minnie more closely, and how tenderly she regarded her fault, wishing to excuse it at her own expense! I watched her as she moved about so silently in her deep mourning dress, but I could not speak to her, much as I wished to comfort her. I felt that I must stand aside, for had I not been accessory to Minnie's death?

It was about the commencement of spring; soon the ice disappeared, and the frozen lake with its dreary association was changed into a mirror of brightness, reflecting on its surface a score of newly painted vessels. Then from its treacherous depths was rescued the little form of Minnie Williams, banishing forever the faint hopes to which my childish fancy had clung.

Miss Hunter had no pupils for a week after this terrible tragedy; some, indeed, never returned to her school, for the parents were all too ready to censure the unsuspecting teacher, instead of blaming themselves for not finding out how their children employed their time. Many were the councils held by indulgent mothers, who, rejoicing in their

children's safety, could not bring themselves to rebuke them as severely as they deserved.

My parents, who were godly people, did not try to palliate my offence, but viewed it in all its sinfulness. "Oh mother!" I cried, when I had heard the sad details, "I wish I had never gone to school. I wish I had not promised not to tell you. I will never keep anything from you again as long as I live."

"Edith, you are speaking rashly," said my gentle mother; "the time will come when you will be justified in keeping secrets even from me; but that will only be when you have gained the mature judgment of womanhood. While you are a child and unable to judge for yourself, your mother should be your counsellor; but this she cannot be unless she is also your confidant, you remember, my love, I spoke to you upon this subject before you went to school, though I little thought how sad the consequence of disregarding my advice would be. Many young people have had bitter cause to regret not having given their fullest confidence to their parents, and I wish every child could be made to feel that each time she conceals anything from her mother, she places a barrier between herself and the one whom God has wisely chosen for her safest guide and counsellor."

PROUD LITTLE DODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR THREE BOYS."

(American Tract Society.)

CHAPTER I. DODY'S WAY.

Dody's mamma had gone to a party. All lovely in pale blue, with pink rosebuds in her light hair and more of them poking their heads up out of the folds of her waist and skirt, her mamma had stepped down the stairs like a queen in a fairy story and left Dody crying at the top.

"Here's one more kiss," she had said, looking back. "Go right to bed with Susan, and in the morning I'll tell you all about the beautiful party."

She had tossed up her fingers and thrown the kiss far to Dody on her high perch. But neither kiss nor smile nor wooing tones had stopped her crying an instant.

Then Dody's papa had opened the front door; and her mamma had put her feet on the threshold, and looked back again.

"Dody," she had said, "do you want to spoil the party for me? Won't you be good before I go?"

There had been no answer but the steady crying; then papa had hurried her off and that had been the end of her. But not the end of Dody, by any means. It was not her intention to vanish under the bedclothes and be heard of no more that night. Although it was nine o'clock, an hour and a-half past her bedtime, she was not yet ready for bedtime. She had seen the beginning of that party; she meant to see the end. She had a watch to keep, and Susan should not hinder; for though Susan was big and strong and she was

little and weak, there were more ways than one of managing her; and she had a way all planned, this naughty little Dody.

She had been put to bed at half past seven. She had kissed papa and mamma good-night in the library first, and had said her prayers at mamma's knee—*said* them, not prayed them, for her thoughts had been far from their meaning, and her eyes had been open all the time watching to see that her thumb-nails kept together.

Then she had lain awake wondering how her pretty mamma was going to look in her new dress until she couldn't bear the wondering any longer; then she had crawled out into the dark, found her clothes, put them all on alone, tiptoed into her mamma's room and begged in such a pitiful, wee voice to be allowed to see the dressing that no one had sent her back. And by-and-by, from being robbed of her rest, she had grown cross and nervous; and had wondered why *she* couldn't go to parties, and had thought *she* might have a blue dress and pink rosebuds; and had been struck with the idea that at least she ought to be allowed to sit up till her mamma came back.

"Can't I, mamma? Mamma, can't I? Please, mamma, can't I? Caa-aa-n't I, mamma?" she had repeated until Susan had been ordered to carry her away.

Then there had been a kicking and a struggling scene, which had somehow left Dody on the top-stair hugging the banisters. The carriage had come, and

papa had hurried mamma away ; and Dody was going to be even with everybody for her wrongs.

"Come," said Susan coaxingly.
"Now for

"All the bed and all the clothes,
Happy dreams and sweet repose."

"Go home !" said naughty Dody.

small convulsion of laughing. But much to her disappointment Dody jerked herself away and snarled her face into an uglier little wrinkle than ever, and repeated in tones that positively made a growl :

"Go home !"

Susan put her hands before her face



"SAID HER PRAYERS AT MAMMA'S KNEE."

"Now, Dody !" said good-natured Susan, tickling her roughly in the ribs, as if that was the place where smiles grew. Dody was very ticklish, and Susan expected nothing less than a

and, rocked back and forth and pretended to weep and wail. She kept one eye open at the corner so that through her fingers she could get a peep at Dody's penitence. It would come

like a flood, she knew, sweeping all her anger away, and making her rush with hugs and kisses to comfort her weeping Susan. But for once Miss Susan was mistaken. There was no penitence in Dody's soul. Let Susan cry, and spin round on her knees like a top! It only made Dody shout again in tones most terrible:

"Go home!"

"Look a here, miss," said Susan, tears and sobs vanishing in a second, "who was it promised her ma not to say such naughty words any more?"

"Go home!" screamed Dody.

"And how many times have I told you that you'd have to furnish the means, then," said Susan; "and that to get back to Vermont from here'd cost more than I'll pay out o' my pocket for a bad girl like you. Come along to bed!"

She snatched Dody's two little arms in her two big hands and dragged her towards the nursery. But after the first few steps Dody made no resistance. She did not speak; but she yielded so meekly to Susan's jerks that the girl thought she was coming nicely out of her tantrum, and would be having her arms around her neck in a second.

She gently let go her hold of Dody on the nursery door-sill, and left her standing there while she went to find her night-gown, all prepared to be embraced on her return.

But on her return there was no Dody on the door-sill. The child had glided away as lightly and as swiftly as a cat.

"She beats all!" said Susan. Up and down the hall she ran, thrusting her head in at every open door. Up and down the stairs; to the cook who was "keeping company" with her lover in the kitchen, for Dody in her tantrums sometimes fled to cook for refuge. She opened the front door and shouted, "Dody, Dody," in tones the tenderest, so that if she were in the yard she might hear and answer. She ran to the front gate and screamed, "Dody, Dody," so loudly that if she had been a block away

she might have heard and answered had she chosen.

Wild with anxiety, she felt ready to sacrifice all the wages she had saved, for the recovery of the child, who in spite of too frequent "tantrums," was so dear to her.

She rushed back to the house, and, not stooping to consider her dress in such a crisis, ran a long way up its front breadth, on the steps—ripping it from the waist, tangling up her feet, tumbling, and bruising her knees. Then she tried to go through the front door, which the wind had closed while she stood at the gate, and which she was in too great a hurry to open. Bang went her head against it, and out came a big bump over her right eye. So, bruised on the knees and bumped on the forehead, poor Susan went up-stairs for her bonnet and shawl, with which she was going to make ready to hunt up the crier, who she was determined should ring and cry his loudest that night to bring Dody home.

She lifted her dress now as she ran up; but by this time she had lost a great deal of breath, and she puffed and panted in a way that made listening Dody hold her sides to keep from bursting out with laughter.

Susan was halfway to her room when she heard her name called softly, but shrilly as if it came from lips at a key-hole.

"Su-san! Su-san!" And then followed some triumphant little giggles that Dody couldn't hold back. It was such fun to have got off such a joke on Susan; to have sent her flying all over the house and yard when she was locked safely out of reach in her mamma's bedroom all the time.

Susan stood still, her love and pity changing to anger.

"Where are you?" she called.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know?" answered Dody through the keyhole.

And when Susan heard her voice coming plainly through the keyhole of

her mamma's door she wondered that in searching the rooms whose doors stood open she had never thought of the rooms whose doors were closed.

"Oh, in there, are you?" said she. "Come out quick, then, and have done with your fooling, or it'll be worse for you when your ma gets home."

"Catch me, Susan!" said Dody.

"Come, dear," said Susan. "Don't fool any longer with poor tired Susy. She's had a hard day's work, and wants to get to bed. Come right out, that's a precious; and I know where to find some sugar lumps."

"Go on to bed and to sleep then, if you're tired," said Dody. "I'm going to sit up for mamma."

"Come, dear," said Susan.

"Couldn't think of it, dear," said Dody, laughing and dancing about with delight to think how safe she was beyond that keyhole.

Susan did not give up for a long time; but Dody was not to be coaxed nor frightened out; so by-and-by her nurse went away; and although she came back often and tried all kinds of promises and threats, and did her best to make every key in the house fit the door, she was at length obliged to go and take a little rest for her mind and body on her bed in the nursery. She did not mean to fall asleep. She intended soon to return to her pleadings; but she was so tired that she had hardly arranged herself comfortably when she dropped off into a deep slumber, and left Dody all alone with the naughty pleasure she had chosen and planned and gained for herself.

Part of the pleasure was gone when Susan came no more. It was so delightful to have great big Susan in her power, such fun to hear her coax and threaten, and to know that she couldn't do a thing about it, try her best! Such fun to tease her through the keyhole. Such fun to hold power with such a little thing as a key. She felt like a queen ruling over her subjects; and she played

the foot-board was her throne, and the hair-brush her sceptre. But when Susan came no more half the fun was over.

Of course, though, she fancied she was having a very beautiful time indeed, for wasn't she having her own way? And what more could a little girl desire in life than to have her own way?

There was a great yellow moon shining that evening, and out of respect to its brightness Dody did not turn the gas up.

"You will light up for me, won't you, pretty moon?" said Dody, dragging a chair to the window and climbing on it and looking out. "You'll make all out-doors shiny, won't you, so that I can see mamma when she comes?"

Oh, what a beautiful time she was having. She and her own way were locked up together and no one could find a key to get in. She had said she would see the end of the party. She said she would watch for her mamma to come home; and she was going to. It had all come out true. Rarely did it happen to her to get her own way just exactly as she planned it. Papa and mamma were too far off to prevent; Susan was locked out; and the moon was on her side; the moon was her friend, for she lighted up the road along which her mamma would return till it was almost like day as far as her eyes could see.

CHAPTER II.

ITS END.

Such a beautiful time! And yet that room was very still. Dody did not like stillness, particularly in the night when she was awake and alone. And Dody did not like to be alone. She was always fond of company and she had no company, and the clock was striking ten. But she was having her own way.

There was not a bird to be seen out of that window. Not a kitten ran over the grass in the moonlight. Not a dog came barking through the gate, nor leaping the hedges. The world had gone to sleep. It was a very lonesome, still-looking world out there; and not

The minutes went by, and the quarter-hours and the half-hours went by, and the clock struck eleven, and the stillness seemed to grow more still, and the lonesomeness more lonesome, and mamma didn't come.

Dody was merry no longer. She



“YOU WILL LIGHT UP FOR ME, WON'T YOU, PRETTY MOON.”

in the farthest distance could her eyes catch a glimpse of a carriage bringing her mamma.

But patiently Dody kept watch on the chair at the window. Patiently she looked down the shining road for mamma to come.

could not have frolicked at the keyhole with Susan now if she had been there. The mischief and the mirth seemed to have gone out of her. She felt very sober. She saw her own shadow on the wall, and it made her jump. The branch of a tree touched the window-pane, and

a little frightened Oh! popped out of her mouth. The chair that she stood on slipped, and she was foolish enough to think that something tried to pull it from under her. She felt very uncomfortable. The lonesomeness and the stillness and a fear that was creeping over her, all together seemed to make a band and tie it around her throat. What a funny little tight choking feeling that was in her throat! But she was having her own way, and of course it must be a beautiful way.

Far, far down the street, she looked and looked in vain for a carriage, and the picture of the carriage she longed to see was so fixed in her eyes, that many a time she thought it was on the road, and not in her eyes. No mamma; and it seemed to Dody days since she began to watch for her. She wondered that she did not get sleepy; but the excitement of her evening had put her into a nervous state that kept sleepiness away,

"I wonder, I wonder," Dody began to think, "if it is nice to have your own way." And after she let that thought come into her head, other thoughts followed quickly.

She thought how she had longed to see her mamma dressing for the party; how she had not rested till she got her own way; and how the fun of watching the dressing had been spoiled by her wanting to be dressed in silk and rose-buds, and go too; how her way had ended that time in a crying-fit on the top stair.

She thought how the fun of locking Susan out and herself in had been spoiled by her missing Susan; and how her way the second time had ended in lonesomeness and fear, and that ugly band around her throat.

Then she thought of mamma's way; the soft little bed, and hours of sound sleep and sweet dreams, all safe and cosy in the nursery, with dear good Susan just across the room.

And Dody half made up her mind

that mamma's way was better than hers.

She had sat so long in that one spot by the window, that she was not as much afraid of its shadows as of the other shadows in the room. She had had thoughts of getting up and roaming about to pass away the time; but had not been quite brave enough to try the acquaintance of new shadows.

Now she turned from window and moon and faced the dark room, wondering if she could possibly dare to walk across it. Her back was very tired, and her neck felt too weak to hold up her head any longer. She had reached the point where she was willing to sacrifice the pleasure of seeing mamma come home for the comfort of a nightgown and bed. Facing the darkness she rested her top-heavy little head on her hands, and got up her courage. Presently she had scampered to the door and put her hand on the key.

It wouldn't turn. She tried and tried and tried, before she happened to remember that that was a key which never would turn for her. Even papa had hard times with it. It would turn to lock people in very easily, but would resist a long time before it would turn to let any one out.

She knew there was no sort of use in trying. Her little fingers could do no more with it than if it had been a big iron bar like those on prison-doors. This had become her prison-door. She was taken prisoner by herself; fastened in by her own naughtiness, and in such a way that she feared she could not be let out. For, unless they should break the door down, Dody didn't see any way of setting her free; and she thought it far from probable that they would break that nice, whole door, just to let out a bad little girl like her. If her brain had not been so full of sleepiness it would have been able to discover some easier way of escape; but she went back to the window with dreadful thoughts of spending her life in that locked room—

her mind fully made up now that mamma's way was better than hers.

As if Dody had not troubles enough, a little mouse came out of its hole and began to scratch around in the neighborhood of the window. If she had stamped her foot or clapped her hands he would have run back again. If she had so much as moved hand or foot, he might have been frightened home; but she thought it became her to be very still when there were mice about. She hardly breathed, she was so afraid of him. She believed that when little mice came out in the night, they came for the sole purpose of nibbling people's toes; and she curled hers under her dress, drew her skirts down and tucked them tightly in.

The mouse had it all his own way then. He scampered over the carpet, and ran up the window-curtains to the sill, from which he took a survey of Dody, and then leaped head over heels to the floor. He bumped against the legs of her chair, and made her think every moment that he was going to run up them in search of her toes.

He flourished his little tail by the light of the moon, and skipped and waltzed, and took short, solemn marches sometimes, and every little while dashed off into a gallop, and seemed to be running races with his shadow.

The stiller Dody kept the noisier he grew. Perhaps the tiny fellow enjoyed having big Dody in his power, as much as Dody had enjoyed having big Susan in hers.

She was so taken up with her new misery, that the carriage came in view away down the road, and rolled home and stopped at the gate without her seeing it. Papa and mamma came in and up the stairs to the very door of the locked room, and she heard no sound but the scuffling of those dreadful little paws on the carpet.

Papa tried the door, shook it, pushed it! and then she knew that the time had

come when she must speak. Her terror had run off with her voice; but she found a little bit of it somewhere, and squeaked feebly,

"It's me!"

Nobody heard; for they rattled and pushed again, without answering.

"Me!" she called, with a wee bit more of voice. And then the mouse could put off his search for her toes no longer, but came shooting across the room from under the bureau where he had been rummaging, twisted up the leg of her chair like a monkey up a pole, and poked out his wicked little black nose at her. All her voice came back, and her wild screams plainly told papa and mamma that she was in there.

"Oh, take me out! take me out! Break the door down! Get me out! There's a mouse, mouse, mouse!" she shrieked.

Her first word sent the mouse skipping home to his mother in a hurry. It did not take him long to get his little body safely hidden from that enormous, screaming creature that had looked so still and harmless while he was at his gambols on the floor.

"Dody, are you in there?" said her papa.

"Oh, yes; take me out! There's a mouse, mouse—" she began.

"Stop your screaming!" said he. The mouse can't hurt you? Are you alone? What are you doing?"

"All alone but that mouse, and locked in, and break the door down, and watching for mamma to come home," she answered.

"Naughty little thing!" she heard her mamma say. "How did she ever manage it? And where can Susan be?"

"Here, ma'am," answered Susan, whom the noise had roused. She looked very tumbled and sleepy. Her mouth was gaping open, and her eyelids dropping down. Susan told her story.

"The naughty child!" mamma said.

"Can't you turn the key?" said her father.

"Oh, no!" said Dody. "Break in!"

"Throw the key out of the window to me," he said.

But Dody couldn't move it from the keyhole.

"Oh, break in!" she cried.

"Stop that noise this minute!" said her father. "Get into bed and go to sleep, and don't let us hear anything more from you to-night. Go to bed, Susan. Come, Bessie."

He took mamma away without a good-night. Dody was too tired now to think what was going to become of her, to care much whether she was going to be a prisoner in that room for ever, or not, or to be troubled long with fears of stillness, darkness or mice. She threw herself down on the bed and fell asleep.

Papa thought it would be a good punishment for Dody—no more than she deserved—to leave her alone there all night. But after a few minutes his heart melted, and he went off to the barn and got a big ladder and put it up to the window.

Now the people in this respectable street were not accustomed to seeing ladders lifted to the windows at midnight, and a passing neighbor thought he had caught a burglar, and ran proudly to tell the nearest policeman. Back came policeman and neighbor together, and softly they opened the gate and crept over the grass.

The bold burglar was just raising the window, when a great, rumbling voice at the foot of the ladder burst upon his ears like thunder, and looking down he saw his own brother-in-law and a policeman of his acquaintance, who pointed a shining revolver up.

"None o' that! Come down here, double quick!" said the voice of the policeman.

As the burglar turned his face, the words rolled off into a laugh that might have roused all the sleepers in the

neighborhood, and that was echoed from the top of the ladder till Dody's papa almost lost his balance.

He explained what was the matter, and the men went away, promising not to take him to the lock-up that night.

Dody woke as suddenly as she had fallen asleep, and saw a man at the window. Oh, after all her horrors, was there still another horror in store for her? After the lonesomeness a mouse, and after the mouse a robber! Could it be?

Instead of being frightened quite out of her wits, presence of mind came to Dody. There was a large closet near the bed, and she jumped into it and hid under a table.

She heard the laughing, and knew her papa's voice. She heard the window opening, and the heavy steps on the floor, but waited for the voice again before she would be sure that instead of a robber it was papa coming to set her free. She saw the gas blazing high, and believed then that it was her own father making it light to find his little girl.

"Where are you, Dody?" he said.

"Under the closet table," answered Dody; and all her wretchedness broke away in a smile.

Papa came in and pulled her out.

"Well, young woman, you've distinguished yourself to-night," he said. "What do you suppose is going to happen to you for all this?"

Dody was so glad, so happy, that she didn't care to think. She would not be scolded now. She felt as if she could not take punishment so soon after all her sufferings; and she reached her papa and pulled him towards her and laid her head in his neck, cuddling coaxingly like a kitten.

Then he felt as if she had put it out of his power to scold and punish; and he let her lie there, and carried her tenderly and laid her on the bed. Then he unlocked the door, opened it, and handed her to mamma.

“Take her, Susan,” said mamma.
 “Oh, kiss me! Won’t you kiss me?” said Dody.
 “Take her right to bed, Susan,” said mamma, sweeping into her room with

her beautiful train, silk, lace, rosebuds, and all, and closing the door after her.
 And that is the way Dody saw her mamma come home from the party.

(To be continued.)

MANUFACTURE OF WILD BEASTS.

THE ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

The effect of this creature as he went crawling across the stage, roaring fearfully and slowly moving his head from side to side, as if looking for his prey, was something to remember. We took a large square of gray cardboard, and folded it something in the shape of the paperhorns that, filled with sugar-plums, hang in the candy-shop windows at Christmas time. We dented in the point slightly; then we cut a long slit, running in from the point, to form the

this cap was attached to the head of one of the two boys who constituted the Calliopulus.

Next came the tail. That was made of soft brown wrapping-paper, cut double with two or three thicknesses of black cotton batting afterward basted between the two papers to give a sort of soft firmness to the whole. This we painted in black and white to suit our fancy. A stout cord connected the head and tail, and the two paper sides of the latter were parted for a space to enable



DIAGRAM OF CALLIOPOLUS.

mouth; into this slit we inserted on each side a strip of white cardboard, cut to represent the teeth. This was nearly as long as the slit. Then we filled up the rest of the slit with red flannel, and proceeded to paint above it the most hideous eyes we could think of; and, finally, we trimmed and folded the big open end so that it would fit like a cap on a boy’s head.

them to be adjusted over the body of the youth who had to wear it. On the night of the exhibition, as the head and tail were ready, we had only to arrange our two boys as seen in the diagram, put stockings on their hands and feet, cover their bodies with an old green silk quilt, doubled and securely pinned at each end, and our Calliopulus was complete.

The lower picture will show you how I will say here, that in making the

Calliopolus, the largest play of fancy is allowed. You may have one boy or three boys, instead of two (a little practice will enable the three to hitch themselves along the floor together); you may fashion the head and tail as you please, and, in default of a green quilt,

ing themselves along, partly by their feet and partly by their arms, folded across their breasts. The last boy squirmed the long stuffed tail about by means of his foot, and the desired rattling was produced in some way by his gifted mouth. We had basted bits and



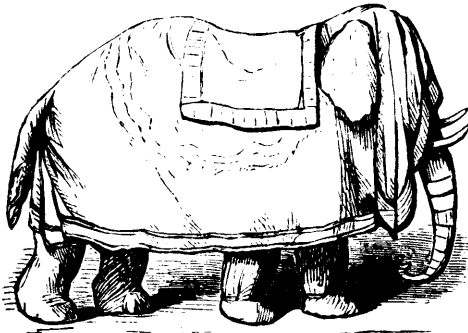
THE ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

you may throw over the body folded shawls or army blankets.

THE LIVID GOLOCONDA

was constructed somewhat in the

stripes of red and silver tinsels all over our Goloconda's case; his eyes were of green tinsel, and from his hissing mouth projected a fearful fang of wire wound with red flannel.



THE ELEPHANT.

THE ELEPHANT

was easily made, as you can see by studying the pictures. The trunk was made of brown wrapping-paper; the tusks were white letter-paper, rolled into huge lamplighters, and then carefully bent to a curve. This time, as you see, we again needed a pair of boys, but one boy had to be taller and stouter than the other. Before placing them in the required position, we tied queer cases on their legs made of gray cotton stuff, and closed at the end so as to cover their feet.

In the same way, as far as the head and tail were concerned, but the boys arranged themselves differently. This time three poor fellows, after taking off shoes and coats, had to crawl one after the other into a sort of long bolster-case, made of cheap green woollen stuff, and provided with breathing holes under each boy's face. The head was firmly secured to the pate of the first boy; the tail was fastened to one of the feet of the last boy, and the open ends of the bolster-case carefully lapped and tied over the joinings. The snake-like movement was made by the boys hitch-

In the heel of each boy's slipper

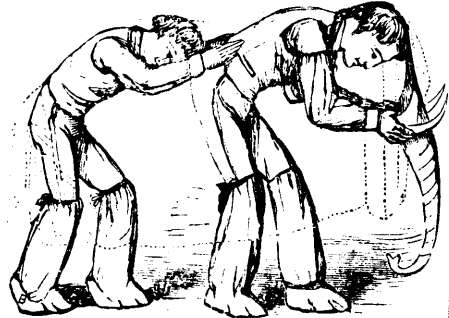


DIAGRAM OF THE ELEPHANT.

we placed an upright piece of card-

board (B), shaped so as to make the case project at the heel, thus giving the form of the elephant's foot. The boys once equipped and placed in position, we had only to throw a great gray army blanket over them, as shown by



the dotted line in the diagram, pin it together at the back, pin on great ears of soft gray wrapping-paper, throw a gay door-mat over the top for effect, and the elephant was ready to walk forth. As the boys kept step, treading slowly and cautiously, the "walk" was perfect.—*St. Nicholas.*

HOLIDAY GAMES.

POST-OFFICE.

This family game is instructive as well as amusing. Each one present writes a poem, anecdote, essay, or a letter to some person, either present or absent. The articles written should be concise, and must in all cases be original. Any one who chooses to do so, can disguise his handwriting. The papers, as they are completed, are carefully folded and directed, and then deposited in a covered box placed on the table.

The postmaster must be chosen by the company. He has a right to open all the letters and papers, first announcing to whom each is directed, and reads them aloud. After the reading, the papers are distributed according to the directions written upon them.

Young people who write for the "family portfolio," soon become very much interested in it, and find themselves acquiring a ready use of the pen.

THE GAME OF TWENTY QUESTIONS.

This is one of the best of the games, though but little known. Such men as Canning, Wyndham, and Pitt have played it; the latter two, indeed, were especially fond of it, so it does not lack recommendation. The rules of the game and its description, are briefly these:—

Two persons (usually a lady and gen-

tleman), chosen by the company, privately fix upon an article or subject. Two others are then chosen to discover the subject so agreed upon, and they must do this by asking twenty questions as to its nature and qualities. A fifth person is usually selected as umpire, who is made acquainted with the subject fixed upon, and whose duty it is to see that all the questions are fairly put and answered. The questions are to be put plainly, though in the alternative if desired, and the answers must be plain and direct. The object of the thoughts must not be an abstract idea, or anything so occult, or scientific, or technical, as to be beyond the reasonable information of the company, but something well known to the present day, or to general history. It may be, for example, any name of renown, ancient or modern, or any well-known work or memorial of art, but not a mere event, as a battle, for instance. Of course the discovery, if made, is to be the fair result of mental inference from the questions and answers, not of signs passing, or juggling of any description.

Mr. Pitt is said to have once succeeded in this game. when the subject was, *The stone upon which Watworth, Lord Mayor of London, stood when he struck down Wat Tyler, in Richard II.'s time!*

In a game in which Mr. Canning was

the questioner, the questions and answers were as follows:—

1. Does what you have thought of belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom?

Answer. To the vegetable.

2. Is it manufactured or unmanufactured?

Ans. Manufactured.

3. Is it a solid or a liquid?

Ans. A solid.

4. Is it a thing entire in itself, or in parts?

Ans. Entire.

5. Is it for private use, or public?

Ans. Public.

6. Does it exist in England or out of it?

Ans. In England.

7. Is it single, or are there others of the same kind?

Ans. Single.

8. Is it historical, or only existent at present?

Ans. Both.

9. For ornament or use?

Ans. Both.

10. Has it any connection with the person of the king?

Ans. No.

11. Is it carried, or does it support itself?

Ans. The former.

12. Does it pass by succession? [Not answered, on account of uncertainty; but, by agreement, the question was counted one in the progress of the game.]

13. Was it used at the coronation?

Ans. Yes.

14. In the hall or abbey?

Ans. Probably in both; certainly in the abbey.

15. Does it belong specially to the coronation, or is it used at other times?

Ans. It is used at other times.

16. Is it exclusively of a vegetable nature, or is it not in some parts a compound of a vegetable and a mineral?

Ans. Exclusively of a vegetable nature.

17. What is its shape? [Objected to as too particular; withdrawn by the questioner, and therefore not counted].

17. (Repeated). Is it decorated or simple? [Objected to, but objection not sustained].

Ans. Simple.

18. Is it used at the ordinary ceremonial of the House of Commons or House of Lords?

Ans. No.

19. Is it ever used by either House?

Ans. No.

20. Is it generally stationary or movable?

Ans. Movable.

Answer guessed correctly at the end of the twentieth question: "*The wand of the Lord High Steward.*"

THE ALPHABET GAME.

Each player is furnished with paper and pencil, and begins a story, every word commencing with the letters of the alphabet taken in succession. As it is almost impossible to find words beginning with an "x," those which begin with "ex" are used instead. When all have finished, each paper is given to one person who may be chosen to receive the papers before the game began. He must shuffle the papers so thoroughly that even he cannot tell who they belong to, unless he knows the handwriting (if he does he must not betray that he knows). He must then read each paper aloud; after the reading of each paper, all the players must guess by whom it was written. We will give, as an example, a paper written by a young boy in playing this game.

"A bear came dancing expressly for George Howard; I, John Kane, laughed merrily. Ned Osgood painted queer roses so truly uncommon, variegated with excellent yellow zinnias."

This illustrates an a b c story.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

This is not exactly a game, but rather a trick. Often some simple

trick, or rather "catch," will excite more merriment than a really pretty game. If at any time a party of children or adults seem dull, let the lady of the house get an orange, candy, or any desirable article, and call the attention of the company to this article, saying: "Whoever can stand with his back against the wall, and his heels close to the wall, and pick up this orange, &c., (without moving the feet), which I shall place in front of the feet, shall win the orange, or candy, &c. Many little ones will feel quite sure they can win the fruit and will offer to try. One by one will try hard, but the heel will move, till at last they give up. It seems a simple thing to do, but it is an impossibility."

A SIMPLE LITTLE PUZZLE.

Let one of the party suddenly ask, "Can anybody put one of his hands in such a position that the other cannot, by any possibility, touch it?" As there is but one such position (namely, clasping the elbow), a good deal of fun may be got out of the various and often clumsy attempts to find it out.

PENCIL SKETCHES.

Boys and girls, please gather around a table, each with pencil and paper. Let each draw the head of a man, woman, or any animal. No player must see what kind of a head is drawn by his neighbor. Each player having drawn a head, folds the paper so that the head shall not be seen, and passes the paper to his left hand neighbor, who must draw a body to suit the head, without seeing the head. Of course the paper must be so folded that the second player can know to what point to attach the body. Having drawn a body, each player folds his or her paper again as before, and passes it to his left hand neighbor, who draws the feet and legs, and, folding the paper, passes it as before. Each player then writes the name of some lady or gentleman pre-

sent on the paper passed to him. Then one of the players is selected to collect and exhibit all the drawings to the company.

The results of the drawings will be found to be very amusing.

PUZZLE DRAWINGS.

This game is commenced in the same manner as "Pencil Sketches." The players assemble round a table, each with a pencil and paper. One player must be selected to direct the game. The director then requests each player to draw some kind of line on his paper—crooked, straight, horizontal, angular, or in any way he or she prefers. The director requests all the players to fold the papers carefully, in order to conceal the drawings. He then passes a box or hat, in which all the papers are to be placed. After the papers are well mixed, the box or hat containing them is passed, and each player selects a paper. The director then requests each player to unfold his or her paper, and draw some figure which is formed partly by the line on the paper. The director then requests each player in turn to exhibit to the company his or her drawing. Whoever does not succeed in drawing some animal or thing, is ordered by the director, as a punishment, to recite some prose or poetry, or write a verse, or sing a song.

This game often requires much ingenuity. We saw a perfect pair of snuffers drawn from such a crooked mark we should have despaired of making anything out of it. One boy drew a wheelbarrow, another a cow.

THE WATCH-WORD GAME.

This game can be played by any number of people; all the players but one must have a sheet of paper and pencil. Before beginning the game, one player must be selected to time them with a watch, and to decide disputed questions.

A word is then chosen which con-

tains a variety of letters ; for instance, Mesopotamia ; which word each person writes at the head of his or her paper. Then the time-keeper must give out the time for each letter, either three or five minutes. When he calls out "Time," all the players must begin to write down as many words beginning with "M," and containing the letters only which are used in the word chosen, as "Mesopotamia." No letter must be repeated in any word more often than it occurs in the original word ; at the end of the time (three or five moments), notice is given by the time-keeper, and the players stop writing, and count up how many words they each have. The one having the greatest number begins and reads his or her list, every one announcing whether they have the same word, and every player erases the words which have been written by any one else. When the first reader has finished, the next person reads the words he or she has unmarked. So on, until all have read their unmarked words, that is, those which have been thought of by no one else, and written down the number (seldom more than two or three) towards his or her game. The company can decide for themselves whether plurals shall be allowed, as in the words we have chosen : "map," "maps ;" "mate," "mates," &c., and proper names ; also, whether

the same word can be used, when different parts of speech ; as "map," the noun, and "map," the verb ; and words spelt the same, only with different meanings ; that is, whether these changes can be counted as separate words. Such questions should be decided at the commencement of the game. After "M" is disposed of, "E." is taken in precisely the same way. So on through the word, unless the same letter is repeated twice ; then the repetition is omitted, and Mes-op—ta—i are the letters taken from Mesopotamia to form the words from. For example :—

| <i>M</i> | <i>E</i> | <i>S</i> | <i>O</i> |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| me, | eat, | sop, | omit, |
| met, | east, | sit, | oats, |
| meat, | emit, | same, | opas, |
| mop, | epsom, | sate, | &c. |
| mat, | Emma, | some, | |
| &c. | &c. | &c. | |
| <i>P</i> | <i>T</i> | <i>A</i> | <i>I</i> |
| pat, | top, | am, | is, |
| pit, | tome, | aim, | it, |
| pot, | tape, | atom, | item, |
| poem, | tame, | asp, | imp, |
| pie, | tea, | apt, | impost, |
| &c. | &c. | &c. | &c. |

At the end each player counts up all his numbers ; whoever has the greatest number of words, which no one else has written, gains.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

(GRECIAN HISTORY.)

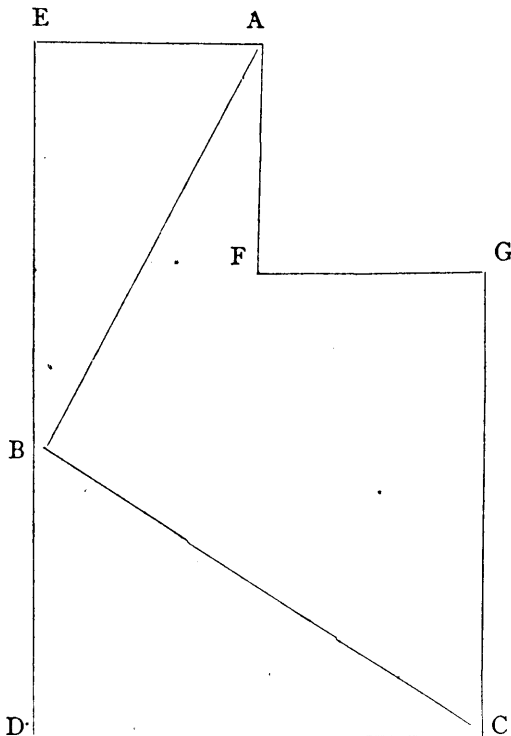
Whence came the man who civilized the Greek ?
 And whence the one who taught him A, B, C. ?
 What mount in Lemnos reared its lofty peak ?
 Which was the warrior's favorite deity ?

A poem which from age to age is praised ;
 A public contest once the nations' pride ;
 An eminence, where gods their dwelling raised,
 And gentle Spring was ever wont to bide.
 A Grecian hero famed in Trojan war ;
 A law giver with code of crimson dye ;
 The trip which Jason took to lands afar,
 And Grecia's wisest; doomed by tyranny.

Hero brave ! Patriot true !
 As we view thy pattern bright,
 Take we heed no shame accrue,
 In *our* day of Gospel light.

—:o:—

ANSWER TO GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE IN DECEMBER NUMBER.



Lay the segment BDC so that the line BD shall adjoin AF, and the segment EAB so that EB adjoins GC, and the square is made.

The Home.

—♦♦♦—

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

BY BLUENOSE.

"Well, some people can waste money, certainly!" cried Mrs. Putnam, flinging herself down on the lounge in the dim sitting-room, where her husband was reading his paper, and her three children were studying their lessons. She had just been out shopping, and on her way home had called to see the Crowells.

"Why, did you waste yours this evening?" said Mr. Putnam dryly, without looking up.

"I guess you know by this time that I never waste anything. I never mispend a cent!" sharply answered his spouse, unpinning her grey shawl, and removing her hat, "I'm really thankful that I have *some* idea of economy. I do wish you could see those Crowells!"

"What were they doing, mother?" asked blue-eyed Bessie, looking up from her geography,—“anything th'out oughtn't to?”

"I'd like to see you making such a mess in the house, that's all. Cyretha said I must excuse the litter as they were getting ready for Christmas. Says I, 'I think there's no need of so much trimming and fixing for Christmas. I plan to get a good dinner that day, but no flummery for nothing.' Cyretha says the children *will* have everything, and there's no getting clear. I'm thankful I can control *my* children better!"

"Do tell us what they were doing, wife," said Mr. Putnam, putting his paper aside, and resting his chin on his hands.

"The girls were in the sitting-room making presents, cutting up nice pieces of silk and bits of satin, enough to trim their hats half a dozen times! The idea of letting that Janet, only ten years old, cut up a velvet basque that would have made over beautifully for little Anna. Florence had piles of beads and worsteds. I don't know where she got the money to buy them. Everybody knows John Crowell is a hard-working mechanic, no better able to afford such a show than you are! The way that room looked! They're going to have a tree, Helen says, wax candles and all sorts of trash! But that isn't all! They intend having a large party Christmas Eve, and Cyretha took me into the pantry, and showed me the cake she had been making,—great loaves of real pound cake, and frosting I don't know how thick. She's going to have jellies, and chicken, and everything she can think of, I guess, by the way she talked. I said I didn't see how she could afford it, but she only laughed, and said, 'Christmas comes but once a year!' And then there was Lucy Long in the dining-room, finishing the girls' dresses for the party. Nice French merino—plaitings, and buttons, and bows, and pull-backs, and—well, there, I'm fairly sick of so much extravagance!" Mrs. Putnam seized her knitting, and began to improve the remaining minutes of the evening.

"I wish we had a little of it here!" Clara said, in a sort of subdued tone.

"It's always the way, either a feast or a famine! The Crowells have the feast and we the famine! Isn't that so, Ned?"

Ned, thus appealed to, looked up from his Latin and gave an expressive laugh. But the maternal ears heard all, and out came this indignant question:

"Now what do you mean, Clara Putnam, by saying we have a famine? I'm sure we have plenty to eat, and good clothing, if we don't have all the furbelows and useless luxuries that other folks have! I believe in living plain and sensible."

Clara was silent; but twelve-year-old Bess spoke up quickly, "But what shall we do Christmas, mother?"

"Do! why the same as you always do! You'll have your holidays—and I'll have enough of you with your noise!—and your Christmas dinner 'll be the same I suppose, and you can slide and play with your games; what more do you want?"

"Oh, but we're tired of the same thing over and over again every year, mother," now answered earnest young Clara.

"Why can't we have a Christmas tree? I'm certain we could with a little trouble and without any extravagance either. We always seem so dull and humdrum compared with the rest of the people on Christmas day. Do let's have a small tree and some candies; and we'll make some wreaths and mottoes for the parlor walls, and it will be such a pleasant variety! Father's willing, I know," said she, putting her arm lovingly around his neck, "aren't you, father?" and mother might say 'yes!' Her cheek was bright with a glow of joyous anticipation, as she looked across at her mother, whose mouth was set in a queer expression of contemptuous refusal.

"Take the candle and go to bed, you and Bessie, and don't let me hear you talk any more of such trash as trees, and wreaths, and letters! Pretty work you'd make littering up the house with paper and evergreen; besides I don't believe it's right! It's a species of popery, seems to me! You used to

hang your stockings up when you were little; but you're too big for childish nonsense now. Go to bed and behave yourselves, or I'll find means to make you!"

"It's just the way!" cried Bessie, jumping into the middle of the bed when they reached their room. "Father would be willing for us to have a good time, but mother is so cross!"

"Hush, Bessie, you know mother is kind to us and does everything she thinks is right," said her sister, but she was half crying herself.

"I know she's kind, but she just has her way, and she isn't like other girls' mothers a bit. She makes my dresses long, and never trims them, and I feel so old-fashioned among the school-girls with their overskirts and ruffled aprons; and my hat looks like a fright, with nothing but ribbon on it! Why even Said Adams has got a feather, and her mother goes out washing! O dear, and we never have company like the rest of the girls, nor anything new Christmas. I just cried to-day when Jennie and Lizzie were planning at recess how they were going to make their father a pair of nice slippers, and the lots of things they were going to have for Christmas! I did wish we could make something too. Father would love to have a pair of slippers, I know; but we never can make them! If only mother would let us have her piece bag to rummage over, we could find something to make presents, but she never will! This hateful old house, I wish it would all burn up or something,—no pictures, or brackets, or pretty things like the Lees and Crowells have!"

"Be still, Bess; you wouldn't want the house to burn up, would you? You know it's our home, and we have some fun once in a while," said Clara.

"Oh yes, when cousin Ella comes. I do wish Aunt Fanny would invite us there to spend Christmas! Wouldn't it be jolly? She is just as good as ever can be, and lets us run and carry on as much as we like!"

Meanwhile the husband and wife were having a bit of conversation on the same subject.

"Why don't you say something when that girl goes on, Joseph? You let her talk just as if you agreed with her," said angry Mrs. Putnam. "Do you want them to grow up with wild notions in their heads leading them into all sorts of wasteful extravagance, like I saw at Cyretha Crowell's? There she was dressing great wax dolls in silk and tarlatan for those babies, who will have every shred torn off before Christmas is over!"

"Of course I don't want them to be like her, for I don't believe in wilful waste," answered the husband; "but you might have given them liberty at least to make a few wreaths to hang up. Sometimes I think you are a little too sober in your ways with regard to the children's enjoying themselves on Christmas."

"Now, Joseph, you ought to know better than to say such a thing, when I try to bring them up to be economical and sensible as I was brought up myself? What they need I'm willing to get for them; but I've no time to waste in nonsensical fixing up, and I am not going to let them go to their own heads, and have them running here and there for something to see and hear!"

"That's just what they will be doing if you don't give them amusement at home!" muttered the husband, as he went to his chamber, leaving his industrious helpmate vigorously knitting.

Yes, she believed in good solid essentials; her home building was on a firm foundation, and the superstructure was strong, substantial, and plain; but there were no trailing vines, no sweet blooms, no objects of beauty to relieve the bare squareness.

All little ornaments and knick-knacks in the shape of brackets, statuettes, and pictures were frowned upon by Mrs. Putnam and refused a place in her domicile. In her parlor hung two

solemn, old-fashioned weeping willow pictures, and a couple of ancient silver candlesticks kept guard over a china mug full of dried grass on the mantel. Clara had begged for a hanging basket for ferns, &c., but the movement was vetoed, because there was "no need of it." No wonder the girls contrasted their sober rooms with the cheerfulness of others which they knew, and longed for beauty and variety.

Clara and Bess heard good news when they came home the next evening. Uncle Harry had been there and had invited the "whole grist of them," as he said, to spend Christmas at his house, which was in the village of Grimsburg, two miles away.

"It's so near," said Mrs. Putnam, "that we can all walk there, so it won't cost anything, and we might as well go as not." Secretly she thought she had perhaps been too harsh in the matter of Christmas keeping, and desired to please the children by letting them go to see Aunt Fanny and cousin Ella. "Fanny has no nonsense about her, at all events; she's comfortable and plain like ourselves," she said to herself.

They did not walk, however. Mr. Putnam hired a cosy sleigh drawn by a strong, swift horse, and though his consort demurred somewhat, afraid that it was too expensive an indulgence, he insisted on their going therein, so she succumbed. Bess put on her featherless hat with a jerk, but Clara donned her sombre shawl joyfully, thinking only of good times in store.

Twins Belle and Ray had their heads out at the door at the first sound of bells, and Bess almost cried to think that her hair ribbon was ugly, dark brown, chosen by mamma for economy's sake, while Ray's and Belle's were the brightest blue. They dragged Bess off; Ella opened a door and beckoned Clara mysteriously, while Aunt Fanny appeared rosy and smiling, wearing a huge white apron.

"How nice!" she cried, "I didn't

know whether you would come to-day or wait till to-morrow, but Harry said he thought you would come and spend Christmas Eve with us."

"Why Fanny, you look ten years younger!" laughed Mr. Putnam. "I declare you look just as if you were ready for a good game of snowballing, such as we used to have in the old yard at home!"

"Do I, brother Joe? I'm in a kind of a fluster to-day; the children are getting up some kind of a mystery in the parlor, and I'm entering into the spirit of their fun. We will go in here," she said, showing them into the big living room, where a cheerful fire glowed. The great table in the centre was strewn with pasteboard, sprays of hemlock and spruce, and needles, thread, and balls of yarn were lying about on floor and chairs. "The children have been making wreaths for Christmas, and mottoes, and I don't know what! They have been hurrying to get them done and out of sight before you got here. I'll soon have it cleared up," said brisk Aunt Fanny.

"Why, Fanny, you never used to have such doings; you were always so particular about your house!" broke out Mrs. Putnam's shrill voice. Aunt Fanny laughed good-naturedly, and finished frying her doughnuts saying, "I know I was. . . Too particular, I think; I've been converted lately."

Mrs. Putnam looked astonishment out of her severe grey eyes,

"Yes, I've changed my mind, and I'm going to try and get out of the old rut, and make my home pleasant for my children. I've been thinking a good deal about it lately, especially since old Miss Learning drowned herself, rich as she was, for fear she'd starve to death. I've thought what's the use of living right along in one way all the time, doing good to nobody, and making nobody's path brighter; and when the children begged for a good time this Christmas, I somehow had to open

my heart and say, 'Yes, go ahead, and I'll help you all I can'; and so I have. Yesterday I boiled candy for them, and made candy baskets according to their directions, and I helped every time they asked me, and you don't know how it pleases them. They're doing something of their own getting up in the parlor."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Putnam, "you don't mean to say you've let those children shut themselves up in there to do as they like! You must be downright crazy."

"No, she isn't," shouted Uncle Harry, coming in with packages of toys and sweetmeats, and laying them on the table. "There! I'm going to surprise the youngsters as much as they'll surprise me! They've been saving their money and earning all they can to have a good Christmas, so I'll do something for them. No, she isn't crazy a bit, Delia; she's only trying to let the children have their good times at home instead of going anywhere else to look for them! There's Tom growing up, and the boys about here are a wild set; and we heard they were planning a spree of some sort, and wanted Tom to join them, so we concluded 'twas better to get him interested in home pleasures and keep him out of mischief!"

"You're right!" said Mr. Putnam, "though my wife differs from you somewhat. How Tom grows! I hardly knew him when he met us down the road, and took Ned off to the woods."

"After more branches for Ella, I suppose," said Aunt Fanny, heaping up her twists, rings and diamonds on the huge white platter.

Mrs. Putnam's inner woman winced as she recollected the coldness of her home atmosphere compared with her sister's, and wondered if susceptible Ned would be obliged to seek warmth and light elsewhere, with those fast Johnstone boys at Briggs' saloon, perhaps. A beautiful little chromo on the wall opposite caught her eye, then she

saw the cheery paper and cried out, "Why, Fanny, you've had your room newly papered! I'm sure the other was as good as new, and this is so light for a living room! I like dark colors in wall paper; they don't get soiled so soon!"

"I want the room where we live the most to be sunny and pleasant, so I got light colors on purpose; and I mean to buy pictures and everything I can to make us all contented and happy at home."

"Dear me! I expect before long you'll be buying two-dollar dolls for Alice, like Cyretha Crowell, and giving children's parties got up in city style!" said Mrs. Putnam sneeringly.

"Cyretha wastes money we all know. She always was a spendthrift. She represents one extreme, those who are too ascetic in home life the other. I desire to strike a happy medium. I intend having some young folks here this evening to please my children and themselves too, but I shall not go to any unnecessary expense in the matter.

"But the noise, and the work, and the trouble of cleaning up your house to-morrow morning!" persisted incorrigible Mrs. Putnam.

"Oh, I shan't clean up much to-morrow, I promise you!" laughed Aunt Fanny, "We'll enjoy ourselves all we can, and after it is all over we will go to work heartily, and restore complete order in a jiffy! My girls will work all the better for having a Merry Christmas. Do put away your knitting, sister Putnam!

But Mrs. Putnam pursed up her mouth and grimly set the heel of her long blue stocking in spite of Aunt Fanny's protestations.

Didn't they have a happy time that evening! Ella came out after the tea things had been washed and put away, and with a glowing face invited them into the parlor. There in the centre was a well-laden tree, the fruits of which were duly appreciated by those who became the recipients thereof. There were strings of corn, paper flowers and candles of home manufacture, in the way of ornamentation, and the scarfs, wisters, cushions, &c., products of the tireless, loving fingers of the young girls, called forth their parents' warm praise. Even Aunt Delia smiled pleasantly when Ella presented her with a neatly embroidered handkerchief with her initials in the corner.

Little trifles, but how happy they made the givers and the receivers! Uncle Harry delivered his gifts to the great surprise of the young folks, who in their delight caught each other by the hands and danced merrily round the Christmas tree, which impulsive act nearly caused Aunt Delia to go into a fainting fit. It was a pretty scene; the festoons of glossy green hemlock adorning the windows; the handsome letters of welcome upon the white wall, and the crosses and stars on the curtains; while the firelight shone on the joyful circle made so happy by a little exertion and a great deal of love.

And as the Christmas stars glimmered upon the returning party the next evening, after the happiest day imaginable at Aunt Fanny's, Bess whispered softly to Clara,

"Perhaps next Christmas we may have just as good a time at our house, for I do believe mother will be different after this!"

"If she only would!" sighed Clara.

WINDOW GARDENS.

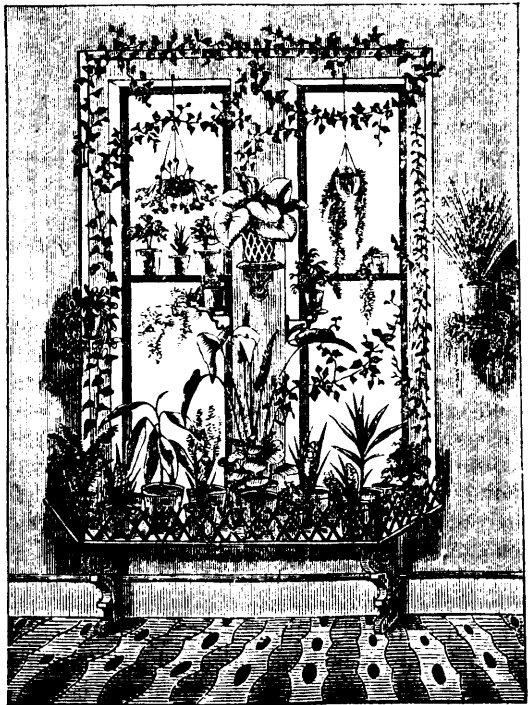
For the illustrations given with this article we are indebted to Mr. James Vick, of Rochester, the well known seedsman and florist. They give a good idea of what may be accomplished by the use of very simple means, in the way of beautifying a sitting-room or parlor window. As for the best plants to use, a writer in the *Christian Union* gives the following excellent advice:

Sunshine is an article that can't be manufactured, and without a liberal quantity of it almost all plants will languish. What can be done then? What shall be done in the many windows lacking sunshine, pitiable with their solemn array of weak, sickly, consumptive-looking plants? Give them up. Cease doctoring the old incurables. Begin to cultivate what *will* succeed.

Cultivate *vines* at the windows. Strive to produce leaves rather than flowers, and depend on foliage and its grouping for pleasing effects. There is that graceful runner, the Madeira vine. Start a pot of it in each corner of the window-sill. Let the vines run up on strings meeting in the centre of the frame above. You have the outlines of a pyramid that you can fill up very prettily. Suspend from the apex what I call a variety pot—a hanging pot with a little of several things in it. Put in a little "money" (I mean the plant, for the genuine you will need these hard times), a bit of "Wandering Jew," one of the hardier members of the "Coleus" family, and then add "Dusty Miller."

The latter will look out of the foliage like the whitened head of the original as he stands among his flour barrels in the mill. Hang another pot below filled up in the same way. Indeed, put in as many as you can tastily.

On the window-sill below range a file of Flora's knights, "anything pretty for its leaves. Put there a sweet-scented geranium. Begonias are pretty for leaf



effect, and are reasonably sure to blossom without large doses of sunshine to stimulate them. Your fuchsia won't be likely to flower, but it will run and its drooping branches will have all the effect of vines. You may do something with the periwinkle (*vinca minor*) and with some of the tougher foliage plants (*coleus*). It will be easy though to

secure a bushy base for your pyramid. An ivy going about and over the window will make a rich frame for this pretty picture, while as the side-tendrils of the Madeira-vine shoot out, you can swing them in festoons across the window.



A lady who has great success with houseplants arranges her plants as follows:—

“A bay window with an easterly and south-easterly exposure constitutes her conservatory. A large box supported on iron brackets at the centre window of the bay, is filled with geraniums. Shelves, also on iron brackets, are at the two side windows, upon which pots of plants stand. A firm bracket on each side of the arch of the window holds a pot with a trailing vine. Four-armed bronzed pot-brackets are screwed into the wall just above these, and can be turned to or from the light at pleasure. A rustic basket is to hang from the centre of the arch; while a wire flower-stand, on rollers, will find its position in the window, or can be moved away at convenience.”

Giving the result of her experience in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* for the benefit of others, she says:—

“The first thing is the window. I do

not expect very much return from my labor, unless I can have sunlight upon my plants during at least a considerable part of the day. For the best results a window with a south or south-east exposure is necessary.

“I bring the garden-plants that I propose to carry through the winter under cover early, lest the frost may surprise me some of these fine nights. The plants taken from the beds have, of course, to be put in pots or boxes, and some of the plants that have been in pots must be repotted. I do not repot them unless it is likely that the soil is worn out. In repotting I use good leaf mould well mixed with sand, putting more sand in proportion for vines than for the harder-wooded plants. I prefer the common, unglazed earthen pot, because it is porous, and gives the roots a chance to breathe, as well as prevents the water from settling down and rotting them. To attain this latter result also, coarse gravel should be put in the bottom of the pots, securing thorough under drainage.

“I sometimes put different varieties of the same species of plant in the same pot, mingling more varieties in a hanging basket than elsewhere; but I do not mix the species in this manner. If that is done the stronger plant absorbs part of the life of the weaker one; but neither thrive as well as when kept separate.

“I have never found that it was safe to allow the pots to stand on the floor. The fire may go out, or an extraordinary cold snap may come, and then they will be almost sure to freeze. The higher stratum of air is so much warmer, that usually there is no danger if the plants do not stand directly on the floor.

"I find it necessary for the most thrifty growth of my plants, that they should be watered regularly; the intervals will of course vary with the habits of the plants. I prefer, when it is practicable, to set the pots in water, and let them absorb the moisture rather than to pour water upon them. The water should not be cold; slightly tepid water

is better. The leaves of the plants I try to keep clean, that is simply keeping their lungs open; and they will not thrive much without that.

"I find that if I want to keep my plants shapely, they must not stand always in the same position, but must be turned, now this side and now that, to the light."

AN EXPERIMENT.

"Twenty-one yards of stuff! I declare I am out all of patience. Twenty-one yards of serge gown for cook; eighteen for laundress and waitress each. At this rate, Eusebius, I shall not have a cent left for the children's tree; and as for the church festival, I must stay away. And yet one does not like to be thought stingy by one's servants; but I do hate to encourage them in such finery. The days are gone by when you could give them a couple of pretty prints at Christmas, and have the satisfaction of knowing they would be as neat as wax for months to come. Now these will be made up with overskirts and ruffles and a flounce, to wear to church and on Thursdays; and Susan will continue to sport that dingy buff alpaca, all grease spots and frayed sleeves, around my table as she waits. And after a while, when these new gowns are too shabby and soiled for the street with trailing in the mud, they will come into active service, and cook my dinner in the kitchen, and make the beds up stairs. I declare it is vile; it is too bad! You needn't laugh, Eusebius. If only you had this worry, year after year, and knowing that they buy lace handkerchiefs instead of flannel

petticoats, what with worrying about their foolishness and their going so thinly clad, you could not read Herbert Spencer quite so calmly. Spencer, indeed! I wish he lived in America; it would puzzle him to be wise."

Maria is a good girl; but house-keeping, to her mind, is a formula of constant fret. Like many another young housewife, she sees with clear eyes the abuses in our present system of domestic economy, but is powerless to do aught but see and sigh. It was indeed time to turn the leaf on Spencer, and come to the rescue.

"*Why don't you?*" is a form of speech I have learned to discard, as bearing intrusive suggestion of superior wisdom. I resort to a flank movement. "I wonder how it would work," I say, thoughtfully, while Maria, with memorandum-book and gold pencil, figures industriously away at the day's expenditure—"how would it do to insist on a uniform dress for the servants, presenting them with it, if need be, in the first place—equipping them, in fact, as we do the letter-carriers and policemen? Wouldn't it pay in the long-run?"

"Impossible! It would be a revolution!" cries my wife.

"Precisely. All revolutions *are* impossible until they demonstrate themselves."

"But it would be in the line of a sumptuary law, and, as such, contrary to the spirit of the American people."

• Maria gets off these bolts sometimes with just the faintest smile of saucy consciousness at stealing my thunder.

"Not so fast. One would think that the last of all people to be controlled in this wise by a sumptuary law would be the fashionable mothers of New York. And yet there is a school, not a hundred miles from here, where these fashionable mothers send their children, submitting to rigid rules for them in dress and diet, and uniformity of dress, which one would think would be the first of objections to the average mind. These girls are dressed precisely alike, in simple black alpaca or blue merino, as the order may go out from winter to winter; little gray or brown hats, all in duplicate, just as you see charity children in the streets. Their lunch is prescribed for them; and to all this fashionable mothers submit for the very manifest advantage of their children in this respect, and for the substantial education which these wise teachers know so well how to direct."

"Well, I would sooner undertake to bring a fashionable mother to reason than an Irish girl inflated with the freedom and wages of a new country, and with her just-as-good-as-you-are air."

"Why not try it, though, on this Christmas-day—why not present each girl with an outfit of under-wear and two neat print gowns, saying to her that these are for her daily wear that she may be comfortable and healthy? You might give a little lecture at the same time upon stout shoes and warm feet and thorough cleanliness of person. By-the-way, that suggests to me how very short-sighted we are in building our houses. We have ample accommodation for our own luxurious

needs of bath and toilette, while our servants, who go through dust and grease and rough work for our sake, have the tin-wash basin in the kitchen and the tiny bowl and pitcher in the attic for lavatory purposes. If there are any inmates of a well-ordered household who more than others need the daily bath, surely these are the ones. And yet what arrangements do we make for them in building our houses? Do we ever think of them at all in this respect? We require that they shall always *look* clean. Do we give them the opportunity for thorough personal neatness?"

"No, we do not," cries my impulsive Maria. "I can not be quite so hard on them for all the grease spots and stains when I think how impossible it must be, all three in that attic, and with just a little dab of water for their faces. I wonder I never thought of it before. Here I have been railing at them for their outward finery and inward slatternliness, when I never have given them the chance or the means to be fresh and clean. And I never really talked to them about it. I have been afraid; and it all seemed so hopeless, the ear-rings and the shabby shoes. Bridget has been fairly on the ground in her old slippers for two weeks; and, my dear, I am ashamed to say it, but my only sentiment in the matter, besides disgust, was relief to think that her place was in the kitchen, and that she need never show her dilapidated self up stairs. You are going to ask why I did not buy her a pair of shoes for Christmas? Well, when I know that a cashmere jacket all trimmed with jet and fringe hangs in her closet up stairs, instead of the substantial blanket shawl she ought to wear, I have no patience left."

"Perhaps if we were to begin at the beginning—"

"Bath-tubs—oh yes," interrupted my wife, thoughtfully. "That ought to be the first step—to make them ap-

preciate the value of a clean skin. Perhaps that might lessen their love for shabby finery. Remember, Eusebius, when we build that house of ours, to see that there is a dressing closet with ample bath-tub on the servants' floor."

"And while we are building it—beforehand, I mean—could not you do something in the matter of this dress reform?—those lace kerchiefs and scanty flannels make me shiver. As a Christian woman you really ought to prevent human sacrifice as far as you may; and I noticed that Winny coughed a good deal when she brought the children in from their walk."

"Eusebius, you old darling, what you do see behind those eyeglasses! I don't believe there is another man in New York who applies Dr. Clark's philosophy to all womankind, and takes such thoughtful note of the hewers of kindling wood and the drawers of ice-water. But what am I to do? I am worn out, as it is, with the care of the children's clothes and my own; if I should undertake, in addition, to superintend my servants' wardrobe, you need not subscribe to a thing for me this year. I should never have a minute for reading—haven't many as it is. And when they fling off, as they do sometimes"—she did not allude to the magazines, as might be supposed, but, by an adroit femininity, had called the previous question—"in the first week, with all these new clothes, I do not think that even your income, Eusebius, would stand it."

"I can afford to laugh with her. We have been poor together this many a year, and now that we are "getting on" a little, the extravagances that we two commit in theory and in talk are indeed alarming.

"Well, you would have to see to that; when a letter-carrier is discharged, or a policeman, it is not to be supposed that he carries his uniform with him."

"But men are different."

"Well, I admit there seems more of

difficulty when it comes to a full wardrobe; but I think it might be managed with a little judgment and a very clear understanding about it, and certain plain rules on entering your service."

"I know," said Maria, musingly, "that out at the Woman's Hospital they make all their nurses wear print gowns. They do look so neat and fresh! it is a comfort to have such people about you."

Our talk ended—it nearly always does—in a resolution. The serge dresses (luckily they were in one uncut piece as yet) were returned to Messrs. Satinet & Co., their cost invested in Merrimac prints, hosiery, and flannel. Then my wife visited a "House of Industry," one of those good Quaker institutions whose fashion Philadelphia has set us, in which plain garments are made up by poor women, who are housed and fed during their day's work, and paid at more than the slop-shop wages. Here she procured sundry garments, nondescript to the masculine intelligence, and three huge parcels, directed respectively to Susan, Bridget, and Winny, lay at the foot of the Christmas tree.

After the children had had their time and were stowed away in their cribs to dream of Santa Claus, my wife gathered her women about her and made a little speech to them. I had retired to the dining-room, as it was to be a womanly talk, but the door was accidentally left open, and I could follow the thread of her discourse.

"I have made you a somewhat different present, my good girls, on this Christmas from my usual one. Just open these bundles and you will see."

Great were the exclamations as the parcels were unrolled, and three complete outfits were displayed. That sly Maria, who does wholly what she does at all, had smuggled a little Irish dress-maker into the secret, and had worked for two days herself at the machine, that the new Christmas order might be a complete success. Print dresses, neat

aprons, a goodly roll of flannel undergarments, and stout stockings—in all, a comfortable and serviceable change of wardrobe. Here they were, and Bridget, Winny and Susan looked as though they had become as little children in this new motherly manifestation of the mistress's thoughtfulness.

It were eavesdropping to give all the talk that followed in the same motherly spirit; but my wife's peroration was a fine one. "Now, girls, remember that to-morrow—Christmas-day—we begin with these new clothes. Henceforth, in my service, you wear print dresses only: no more greasy alpacas, Susan; and, Bridget, no more gaping shoes. When you go out you can wear whatever fine clothes you choose to waste your money upon. If you would rather have bead fringe and ear-rings than money in the saving fund, that is your affair. But you do my work in these. And I do hope, Winny," here the speaker's voice faltered, "that your cough will soon be better, and that you will all feel that I want you to be well and happy

and comfortable while you live with me."

It was a Christmas sermon from an original text. The maids left the room with warm Irish tears, praying Heaven "to bless the good mistress. Sure none had ever thought to spake so to them since the ould mother at home."

And the mistress came into my retreat and cried a little on my shoulder too. It was such a new feeling, she confessed, to talk to them as women.

And the cost? Well it cost something more than the serge gowns of the first intention—not so very much more, however, for comforts are cheap; it is only the luxuries that are dear. And for the first time in six years I did not send my wife her *plateau* of flowers for the dinner table, when all the tribes came to eat turkey with us. And the costly *bonbons* which her dainty taste has delighted to select for desert were conspicuous by their absence this year. Yet the dinner was a success, the service both neat and nimble, and the tribes all promised to come another year.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HOME MADE CANDIES.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PEANUT CANDY.

1 scant pint of molasses; 4 quarts of peanuts, measured before they are shelled; 2 tablespoonfuls of vanilla; 1 teaspoonful of soda. Boil the molasses until it hardens in cold water, when dropped from the spoon. Stir in the vanilla—then the soda, dry. Lastly, the shelled peanuts. Turn out into shallow pans well buttered, and press it down smooth with a wooden spoon.

I can heartily recommend the candy

made according to this receipt as being unrivalled of its kind.

The molasses should be good in quality, and the peanuts freshly roasted.

VINEGAR CANDY.

3 cups white sugar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups clear vinegar. Stir the sugar into the vinegar until thoroughly dissolved; heat to a gentle boil and stew, uncovered, until it ropes from the tip of the spoon. Turn out on broad dishes, well buttered, and

cool. So soon as you are able to handle it without burning your fingers, begin to pull it, using only the tips of your fingers. It can be "pulled" beautifully white and porous.

LEMON CREAM CANDY.

6 pounds best white sugar ; strained juice of 2 lemons ; grated peel of 1 lemon ; 1 teaspoonful of soda ; 3 cups of clear water.

Steep the grated peel of the lemon in the juice for an hour ; strain, squeezing the cloth hard to get out all the strength. Pour the water over the sugar, and, when nearly dissolved, set it over the fire and bring to a boil. Stew steadily until it hardens in cold water ; stir in the lemon ; boil one minute ; add the dry soda, stirring in well ; and, instantly, turn out upon broad, shallow dishes. Pull as soon as you can handle it, into long white ropes, and cut into lengths when brittle.

Vanilla cream candy is made in the same way, with the substitution of vanilla flavoring for the lemon-juice and peel.

These home-made candies furnish pleasant diversions for the children on winter evenings and rainy days, and are far more wholesome than those sold in the shops.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

1 cup rich, sweet cream ; 1 cup brown sugar ; 1 cup white sugar ; 7 teaspoonfuls vanilla chocolate ; 1 teaspoonful cornstarch, stirred into the cream ; 1 tablespoonful of butter ; vanilla flavoring ; soda, the size of a pea stirred into cream.

Boil all the ingredients except the chocolate and vanilla extract, half an hour, stirring to prevent burning. Reserve half of the cream and wet the chocolate in it, adding a very little water if necessary. Draw the saucepan to the side of the range, and stir this in well ; put back on the fire, and boil ten minutes longer, quite fast, stirring constantly. When it makes a hard glossy

coat on the spoon, it is done. Add the vanilla after taking it from the range. Turn into shallow dishes well buttered. When cold enough to retain the impression of the knife, cut into squares.

MARBLED CREAM CANDY.

4 cups white sugar ; 1 cup rich sweet cream ; 1 cup water ; 1 tablespoonful of butter ; 1 tablespoonful vinegar ; bit of soda the size of a pea, stirred in cream ; vanilla extract ; 3 tablespoonfuls of chocolate—grated.

Boil all the ingredients except half the cream, the chocolate and vanilla, together very fast, until it is a thick, ropy syrup. Heat in a separate saucepan the reserved cream, into which you must have rubbed the grated chocolate. Let it stew until quite thick, and when the candy is done, add a cupful of it to this, stirring in well.

Turn the uncolored syrup out upon broad dishes, and pour upon it, here and there, great spoonfuls of the chocolate mixture. Pull as soon as you can handle with comfort, and with the tips of your fingers only. If deftly manipulated, it will be streaked with white and brown.

CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS.

1 cake vanilla chocolate ; 3 cups of powdered sugar ; 1 cup soft water ; 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch or arrowroot ; 1 tablespoonful butter ; 2 teaspoonfuls vanilla.

Wash from the butter every grain of salt. Stir the sugar and water together ; mix in the corn-starch, and bring to a boil, stirring constantly to induce granulation. Boil about ten minutes, when add the butter. Take from the fire and beat as you would eggs, until it begins to look like granulated cream. Put in the vanilla ; butter your hands well, make the cream into balls about the size of a large marble, and lay upon a greased dish.

Meanwhile, the chocolate should have been melted by putting it (grated

fine) into a tin pail or saucepan and plunging it into another of boiling water. When it is a black syrup, add about two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar to it, beat smooth, turn out upon a *hot* dish, and roll the cream-balls in it until sufficiently coated. Lay upon a cold dish to dry, taking care that they do not touch one another.

SUGAR CANDY.

6 cups of white sugar; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of butter; 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar; $\frac{1}{3}$ tea-

spoonful of soda; 1 cup cold water, vanilla flavoring.

Pour water and vinegar upon the sugar, and let them stand, without stirring, until the sugar is melted. Set over the fire and boil fast until it "ropes." Put in the butter; boil hard two minutes longer, add the dry soda, stir it in and take at once from the fire. Flavor when it ceases to effervesce.

Turn out upon greased dishes, and pull with the tips of your fingers until white.



Literary Notices.

HELEN'S BABIES, with some Account of their Ways, Innocent, Crafty, Angelic, Impish, Witching and Repulsive: also a Partial Record of their Actions during Ten Days of their Existence. By their Latest Victim. Loring, Boston.

From a tale which has had for the last few months a wonderful popularity, we give a series of extracts for the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity of seeing the book. The principal defect of the work is in our view the frequent irreverent and jocular use of Scriptural quotations.

THE INVITATION ACCEPTED.

"Just the thing!" I ejaculated. Five minutes later I had telegraphed Helen my acceptance of her invitation, and had mentally selected books enough to busy me during a dozen vacations. Without sharing Helen's belief that her boys were the best ones in the world, I knew them well enough to feel assured that they would not give me any annoyance. There were two of them, since Baby Phil died last fall; Budge, the elder, was five years of age, and had generally, during my flying visits to Helen, worn a shy, serious, meditative, noble face, with great, pure, penetrating eyes, that made me almost fear their stare. Tom declared he was a born philanthropist or prophet, and Helen made so free with Miss Muloch's lines as to sing:—

"Ah, the day that thou goest a wooing,
Budge, my boy!"

Toddie had seen but three summers, and was a happy little know-nothing, with a head full of tangled yellow hair, and a very pretty fancy for finding out sunbeams and dancing in them. I had long envied Tom his horses, his garden, his house, and his location, and the idea of controlling them for a fortnight was particularly delightful.

Three days later I made the hour and a half trip between New York and Hillcrest, and hired a hackman to drive me over to Tom's. Half a mile from my brother-in-law's residence, our horses shied violently, and the driver, after talking freely to them, turned to me and remarked:—

"That was one of the 'Imps.'"

"What was?" I asked.

"That little cuss that scared the hosses. There he is, now, holdin' up that piece of brush-wood. 'Twould be just like his cheek, now, to ask me to let him ride. Here he comes, runnin'." Wonder where t'other is?—they most generally travel together. We call 'em the Imps, about these parts, because they're so uncommon likely at mischief. Always skeerin' hosses, or chasin' cows, or frightenin' chickens. Nice enough father an' mother, too—queer, how young ones do turn out!"

Ashe spoke, the offending youth came panting beside our carriage, and in a very dirty sailor-suit, and under a broad-brimmed straw hat, with one stocking about his ankle, and two shoes averaging about two buttons each, I recognized my nephew, Budge! About the same time there emerged from the bushes by the roadside a smaller boy, in a green gingham dress, a ruffle which might once have been white, dirty stockings, blue slippers worn through at the toes, and an old-fashioned straw turban. Thrusting into the dust of the road a branch from a bush, and shouting, "Here's my grass-cutter!" he ran towards us enveloped in a "pillar of cloud," which might have served the purpose of Israel in Egypt. When he paused, and the dust had somewhat subsided, I beheld the unmistakable lineaments of the child Toddie!

"They're—my nephews," I gasped.

"What!" exclaimed the driver. "By gracious! I forgot you were going to Colonel Lawrence's! I didn't tell anything but the truth about 'em though; they're smart enough, an' good enough, as boys go; but they'll never die of the complaint that children has in Sunday-school books."

"Budge," said I, with all the sternness I could command, "do you know me?"

The searching eyes of the embryo prophet and philanthropist scanned me for a moment, then their owner replied:—

"Yes; you're Uncle Harry. Did you bring us anything?"

"Bring us anything?" echoed Toddie.

"I wish I could have brought you some big whippings," said I, with great severity of manner, "for believing so badly. Get into this carriage."

"Come on, Tod," shouted Budge, although Toddie's farther ear was not a yard from Budge's mouth. "Uncle Harry's going to take us riding!"

"Going to take us riding!" echoed Toddie, with the air of one in a reverie; both the echo

and the reverie I soon learned were characteristics of Toddie.

As they clambered into the carriage I noticed that each one carried a very dirty towel, knotted in the centre into what is known as a slip-noose knot, drawn very tight. After some moments of disgusted contemplation of these rags, without being in the least able to comprehend their purpose, I asked Budge what these towels were for.

"They're not towels—they're dollies," promptly answered my nephew.

"Goodness!" I exclaimed. "I should think your mother could buy you respectable dolls, and not let you appear in public with those loathsome rags."

"We don't like buyed dollies," explained Budge. "These dollies is lovely; mine's name is Mary, an' Toddie's is Marfa."

"Marfa?" I queried.

"Yes; don't you know about

"Marfa and Mary's jus' gone along
To ring dem charnal' bells,

that them Jubilees sings about?"

"Oh, Martha, you mean?"

"Yes, Marfa—that's what I say. Toddie's dolly's got brown eyes, an' my dolly's got blue eyes."

"I want to shee yours watch," remarked Toddie, snatching at my chair, and rolling into my lap.

"Oh,—no—ee, so do I," shouted Budge, hastening to occupy one knee and *in transitu* wiping his shoes on my trousers and the skirts of my coat. Each Imp put an arm about me to steady himself, as I produced my three-hundred-dollar time-keeper, and showed them the dial.

"I want to see the wheels go round," said Budge.

"Want to shee wheels go wound," echoed Toddie.

"No; I can't open my watch where there's so much dust," I said.

"What for?" enquired Budge.

"Want to shee the wheels go wound," repeated Toddie.

"The dust gets inside the watch and spoils it," I explained.

"Want to shee the wheels go wound," said Toddie, once more.

"I tell you I can't, Toddie," said I, with considerable asperity. "Dust spoils watches."

The innocent gray eyes looked up wonderingly, the dirty, but pretty lips parted slightly, and Toddie murmured:—

"Want to shee the wheels go wound."

I abruptly closed my watch, and put it into my pocket. Instantly Toddie's lower lip commenced to turn outward, and continued to do so until I seriously feared the bony portion of his chin would be exposed to view. Then his lower jaw dropped, and he cried:—

"Ah—h—h—h—h—h—h—want—to—shee—the wheels—go wou—ound."

"Charles" (Charles is his baptismal name),—"Charles I exclaimed, with some anger,—"stop that noise this instant? Do you hear me?"

"Yes—oo—oo—oo—ahoo—ahoo."

"Then stop it."

"Wants to shee—"

"Toddie, I've got some candy in my trunk, but I won't give you a bit if you don't stop that infernal noise."

"Well, I wants to shee wheels go wound. Ah—ah—h—h—h—h—h—h—"

"Toddie, dear, don't cry so. Here's some ladies coming in a carriage; you wouldn't let them see you crying, would you? You shall see the wheels go round as soon as we get home."

A carriage containing a couple of ladies was rapidly approaching, as Toddie again raised his voice.

"Ah—h—h—wants to shee wheels—"

Madly I snatched my watch from my pocket, opened the case, and exposed the works to view. The other carriage was meeting ours, and I dropped my head to avoid meeting the glance of the unknown occupants, for my few moments of contact with my dreadful nephews had made me feel inexpressibly unneat. Suddenly the carriage with the ladies stopped. I heard my own name spoken, and, raising my head quickly (encountering Budgie's bullet head *en route*, to the serious disarrangement of my hat), I looked into the other carriage. There, erect, fresh, neat, composed, bright-eyed, fair-faced, smiling and observant,—sat Miss Alice Mayton, a lady who, for about a year, I had been adoring from afar.

"When did you arrive, Mr. Burton?" she asked, "and how long have you been officiating as child's companion? You're certainly a happy-looking trio—so unconventional. I hate to see children all dressed up and stiff as little manikins, when they go out to ride. And you look as if you'd been having such a good time with them."

"I—I assure you, Miss Mayton," said I, "that my experience has been the exact reverse of a pleasant one. If King Herod were yet alive I'd volunteer as an executioner, and engage to deliver two interesting corpses at a moment's notice."

"You dreadful wretch!" exclaimed the lady. "Mother, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Burton—Helen Lawrence's brother. How is your sister, Mr. Burton?"

"I don't know," I replied; "she has gone with her husband on a fortnight's visit to Captain and Mrs. Wayne, and I've been silly enough to promise to have an eye to the place while they're away."

"Why, how delightful!" exclaimed Miss Mayton. "Such horses! Such flowers! Such a cook!"

"And such children," said I, glaring suggestively at the imps, and rescuing from Toddie a handkerchief which he had extracted from my pocket, and was waving to the breeze.

"Why, they're the best children in the world. Helen told me so the first time I met her this season. Children will be children, you know. We had three little cousins with us last summer, and I'm sure they made me look years older than I really am."

THE RAINY DAY.

"What's the matter now, Toddie?"

"Don't want dat old tune; wantsh dancin' tune, so I can dance."

I promptly played "Yankee Doodle," and Toddie began to trot around the room with the expression of a man who intended to do his whole duty. Then Budge appeared, hugging a bound volume of "St. Nicholas." The moment Toddie espied this he stopped dancing and devoted himself anew to the task of weeping.

"Toddie," I shouted, springing from the piano-stool, "what do you mean by crying at everything? I shall have to put you to bed again, if you're going to be such a baby."

"That's the way he *always* does, rainy days," explained Budge.

"Wantsh to see the whay-al what f'ollowed Djonah," sobbed Toddie.

"Can't you demand something that's within range of possibility, Toddie?" I mildly asked.

"The whale Toddie means is in this big red book,—I'll find it for you," said Budge, turning over the leaves.

Suddenly a rejoicing squeal from Toddie announced that leviathan had been found, and I hastened to gaze. He was certainly a dreadful-looking animal, but he had an enormous mouth, which Toddie caressed with his pudgy little hand, and kissed with tenderness, murmuring as he did so:—

"*Dee* old whay-al, I loves you. Is Jonah all gonaded out of you 'tomach, whay-al? I finks 'twas weal mean in Djonah to get froed up when you hadn't noffin' else to eat, *poor* old whay-al."

"Of course Jonah's gone," said Budge, "he went to heaven long ago—pretty soon after he went to Nineveh an' done what the Lord told him to do. Now swing us, Uncle Harry."

The swing was on the piazza under cover from the rain; so I obeyed. Both boys fought for the right to swing first, and when I decided in favor of Budge, Toddie went off weeping, and declaring that he would look at his dear whay-al anyhow. A moment later his wail changed to a piercing shriek; and, running to his assistance, I saw him holding one finger tenderly and trampling on a wasp.

"What's the matter, Toddie?"

"Oo—oo—ee—ee—ee—I putted my finger on a waps, and—oo—oo—the nasty old waps—oo—bited me. An' I don't like wapses a bit, but I likes whay-als—oo—ec—ee."

A happy thought struck me. "Why don't you boys make believe that big packing-box in your play-room is a whale?" said I.

A compound shriek of delight followed the suggestion, and both boys scrambled upstairs, leaving me a free man again. I looked remorsefully at the tableful of books which I had brought to read, and had not looked at for a week. Even now my remorse did not move me to open them—I found myself instead attracted toward Tom's library, and conning the titles of novels and volumes of poems. My eye was caught by "Initials,"—a love story which I had

always avoided because I had heard impressible young ladies rave about it; but now I picked it up and dropped into an easy-chair. Suddenly I heard Mike the coachman shouting:—

"Go away from there, will ye? Ah, ye little spalpeen, it's good for ye that yer fadder don't see ye perched up dhere. Go way from dhat, or I'll be tellin' yer uncle."

"Don't care for nasty old uncle," piped Toddie's voice.

I laid down my book with a sigh, and went into the garden. Mike saw me and shouted:—

"Misther Burthon will ye look dhere? Did ye's ever see the loike av' dhat bye?"

Looking up at the play-room window, a long, narrow sort of loop-hole in a Gothic gable, I beheld my youngest nephew standing upright on the sill.

"Toddie, go in—quick!" I shouted, hurrying under the window to catch him in case he fell outward.

"I tan't," squealed Toddie.

"Mike, run upstairs and snatch him in! Toddie, go in, I tell you!"

"Tell you I *tan't* doe in," repeated Toddie.

"Ze bid bots ish ze whay-al, an' I'ze Djonah, an' ze whay-al's froed me up, an' I'ze dot to 'tay up here else ze whay-al 'ill fwallow me aden."

"I won't *let* him swallow you. Get in now—hurry," said I.

"Will you give him a penny not to fwallow me no more?" queried Toddie.

"Yes—a whole lot of pennies."

"Aw wight. Whay-al, don't you fwallow me no more, an' zen my Ocken Hawwy div you whole lots of pennies. You must be weal dood, whay-al, now, an' then I buys you some tandy wif your pennies, an'—"

Just then two great hands seized Toddie's frock in front, and he disappeared with a howl, while I, with the first feeling of faintness I had ever experienced, went in search of hammer, nails, and some strips of board, to nail on the outside of the window-frame. But boards could not be found, so I went up to the play-room and began to knock a piece or two off the box which had done duty as whale. A pitiful scream from Toddie caused me to stop.

"You're hurtin' my dee old whay-al; you's brakin' his 'tomach all open—you's a baddy man—'top hurtin my whay-al, ee—ee—ee," cried my nephew.

"I'm not hurting him, Toddie," said I "I'm making his mouth bigger, so he can swallow you easier."

A bright thought came into Toddie's face and shone through his tears. "Then he can fwallow Budgie too, an' there'll be two Djonahs—ha—ha—ha! Make his mouf so big he can fwallow Mike, an' zen mate it 'ittle aden, so Mike tan't det out; nashty old Mike!"

I explained that Mike would not come upstairs again, so I was permitted to depart after securing the window.

Again I settled myself with book and cigar; there was at least for me the extra enjoyment that comes from the sense of pleasure earned by honest toil. Pretty soon Budge entered the

room. I affected not to notice him, but he was not in the least abashed by my neglect.

"Uncle Harry," said he, throwing himself in my lap between my book and me, "I don't feel a bit nice."

"What's the matter, old fellow?" I asked. Until he spoke I could have boxed his ears with great satisfaction to myself; but there is so much genuine feeling in whatever Budge says that he commands respect.

"Oh, I'm tired of playin' with Toddie, an' I feel lonesome. Won't you tell me a story?"

"Then what'll poor Toddie do, Budge?"

"Oh, he won't mind—he's got a dead mouse to be Jonah now, so I don't have no fun at all. Won't you tell me a story?"

"Which one?"

"Tell me one that I never heard before at all.

"Well, let's see; I guess I'll tell—"

"Ah—ah—ah—ah—ee—ee—ee" sounded afar off, but fatefully. It came nearer—it came down the stairway and into the library, accompanied by Toddie, who, on spying me, dropped his inarticulate utterance, held up both hands, and exclaimed:—

"Djonah bwoke he tay-al!"

True enough; in one hand Toddie held the body of a mouse, and in the other that animal's caudal appendage; there was also perceptible, though not by the sense of sight, an objectionable odor in the room.

"Toddie," said I, "go throw Jonah into the chicken coop, and I'll give you some candy."

"Me too," shouted Budge, "cos I found the mouse for him."

I made both boys happy with candy, exacted a pledge not to go out in the rain, and then, turning them loose on the piazza, returned to my book. I had read perhaps half-a-dozen pages, when there arose and swelled rapidly in volume a scream from Toddie. Madly determined to put both boys into chairs, tie them, and clap adhesive plaster over their mouths, I rushed out upon the piazza.

"Budgie tried to eat my candy," complained Toddie.

"I didn't," said Budge.

"What *did* you do?" I demanded.

"I didn't bite it at all—I only wanted to see how it would feel between my teeth—that's all."

I felt the corners of my mouth breaking down, and hurried back to the library, where I spent a quiet quarter of an hour in pondering over the demoralizing influence exerted upon principle by a sense of the ludicrous. For some time afterwards the boys got along without doing anything worse than make a dreadful noise, which caused me to resolve to find some method of deadening piazza-floors if I ever owned a house in the country. In the occasional intervals of comparative quiet I caught snatches of very funny conversation. The boys had coined a great many words whose meaning was evident enough, but I wondered greatly why Tom and Helen had never taught them the proper substitutes.

Among others was the word "deader," whose meaning I could not imagine. Budge shouted:—

"Oh Tod; there comes a deader. See where

all them things like rooster's tails are a-shakin'?—Well, there's a deader under them."

"Datsh funny," remarked Toddie.

"An' see all the people's a-comin' along," continued Budge, "they know 'bout the deader, an' they're goin' to see it fixed. Here it comes. Hello, deader!"

"Hay-oh, deader," echoed Toddie.

What *could* deader mean?

"Oh, here it is right in front of us," cried Budge, "and *ain't* there lots of people? An' two horses to pull the deader—*some* deaders has only one."

My curiosity was too much for my weariness; I went to the front window, and, peering through, saw—a funeral procession! In a second I was on the piazza, with my hands on the children's collars; a second later two small boys were on the floor of the hall, the front door was closed, and two determined hands covered two threatening little mouths.

When the procession had fairly passed the house I released the boys and heard two prolonged howls for my pains. Then I asked Budge if he wasn't ashamed to talk that way when a funeral was passing.

"'Twasn't a funeral," said he. "'Twas only a deader, an' deaders can't hear nothin'."

But the people in the carriages could," said I.

"Well," said he, "they was so glad that the other part of the deader had gone to heaven that they didn't care *what* I said. Ev'rybody's glad when the other parts of deaders go to heaven. Papa told me to be glad that dear little Phillie was in heaven, an' I *was*, but I do want to see him again awful."

"Wantst to shee Phillie aden awfoo," said Toddie, as I kissed Budge and hurried off to the library, unfit just then to administer further instruction or reproof. Of one thing I was very certain—I wished the rain would cease falling, so the children could go out of doors, and I could get a little rest, and freedom from responsibility. But the skies showed no signs of being emptied, the boys were snarling on the stairway, and I was losing my temper quite rapidly.

Suddenly I bethought me of one of the delights of my own childish days—the making of scrap-books. One of Tom's library drawers held a great many *Lady's Journals*. Of course Helen meant to have them bound, but I could easily repurchase the numbers for her; they would cost two or three dollars; but peace was cheap at that price. On a high shelf in the play-room I had seen some supplementary volumes of "Mercantile Agency" reports, which would in time reach the rag-bag; there was a bottle of mucilage in the library-desk, and the children owned an old pair of scissors. Within five minutes I had located two happy children on the bath-room floor, taught them to cut out pictures (which operation I quickly found they understood as well as I did) and to paste them into the extemporized scrap-book. Then I left them, recalling something from Newman Hall's address on "The Dignity of Labor." Why hadn't I thought before of showing my nephews some way of occupying their minds and

hands? Who could blame the helpless little things for following every prompting of their unguided minds? Had I not a hundred times been told, when sent to the wood-pile or the weediest part of the garden in my youthful days, that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do!"

Never again would I blame children for being mischievous when their minds were neglected.

I spent a peaceful, pleasant hour over my novel, when I felt that a fresh cigar would be acceptable. Going upstairs in search of one I found that Budge had filled the bath-tub with water, and was sailing boats, that is, hair-brushes. Even this seemed too mild an offence to call for a rebuke, so I passed on without disturbing him, and went to my own room. I heard Toddie's voice, and having heard from my sister that Toddie's conversations with himself were worth listening to, I paused outside the door. I heard Toddie softly murmur:—

"Zere, pity yady, 'tay zere. Now, 'ittle boy, I put you wif your mudder, tause mudders likes zere 'ittle boys wif zem. An' you s'all have 'ittle sister tudder side of you,—zere. Now, 'ittle boy's an' 'ittle girl's mudder, don't you feel happy?—isn't I awfoo good to give you your 'ittle tsilderns? You ought to say, 'Fank you, Toddie,—you's a nice, fweet 'ittle djentleman."

I peered cautiously—then I entered the room hastily. I didn't say anything for a moment, for it was impossible to do justice, impromptu, to the subject. Toddie had a progressive mind—if pictorial ornamentation was good for old books, why should not similar ornamentation be extended to objects more likely to be seen? Such may not have been Toddie's line of thought, but his recent operations warranted such a supposition. He had cut out a number of pictures, and pasted them upon the wall of my room—my sister's darling room, with its walls tinted exquisitely in pink. As a member of a hanging committee, Toddie would hardly have satisfied taller people, but he had arranged the pictures quite regularly, at about the height of his own eyes, had favored no one artist more than another, and had hung indiscriminately figure pieces, landscapes, and genre pictures. The temporary break of wall-line, occasioned by the door communicating with his own room, he had overcome by closing the door and carrying a line of pictures across its lower panels. Occasionally, a picture fell off the wall, but the mucilage remained faithful, and glistened with its fervor of devotion. And yet so untouched was I by this artistic display, that when I found strength to shout "Toddie!" it was in a tone which caused this industrious amateur decorator to start violently, and drop his mucilage-bottle, open end first, upon the carpet.

"What will mamma say?" I asked. Toddie gazed, first blankly and then enquiringly, into my face; finding no answer or sympathy there, he burst into tears, and replied:—

"I dunno."
The ringing of the lunch-bell changed Toddie
"om a tearful cherub into a very practical busi-

ness-like boy, and, shouting, "Come on, Budge!" he hurried downstairs, while I tormented myself with wonder as to how I could best and most quickly undo the mischief Toddie had done.

I will concede to my nephews the credit of keeping reasonably quiet during meals; their tongues doubtless longed to be active in both the principal capacities of those useful members, but they had no doubt as to how to choose between silence and hunger. The result was a reasonably comfortable half-hour. Just as I began to cut a melon, Budge broke the silence exclaiming:—

"Oh Uncle Harry, we haven't been out to see the goat to-day!"

"Budge," I replied, "I'll carry you out there under an umbrella after lunch, and you may play with that goat all the afternoon, if you like."

"Oh, won't that be nice?" exclaimed Budge. "The poor goat! he'll think I don't love him a bit, 'cause I haven't been to see him to-day. Does goats go to heaven when they die, Uncle Harry?"

"Guess not—they'd make trouble in the golden streets, I'm afraid."

"Oh, dear! then Phillie can't see my goat. I'm so awful sorry," said Budge.

"I can see your goat, Budgie," suggested Toddie.

"Huh!" said Budge, very contemptuously. "You ain't dead."

"Well, Izhe goin' to be dead some day, an' zen your nashty old goat shan't see me a bit—see how he like zat." And Toddie made a ferocious attack on a slice of melon nearly as large as himself.

After lunch Toddie was sent to his room to take his afternoon nap, and Budge went to the barn on my shoulders. I gave Mike a dollar, with instructions to keep Budge in sight, to keep him from teasing the goat, and to prevent his being impaled or butted. Then I stretched myself on a lounge, and wondered whether only half a day of daylight had elapsed since I and the most adorable woman in the world had been so happy together. How much happier I would be when next I met her! The very torments of this rainy day would make my joy seem all the dearer and more intense. I dreamed happily for a few moments with my eyes open, and then somehow they closed, without my knowledge. What put into my mind the wreck-scene from the play of "David Copperfield," I don't know; but there it came, and in my dream I was sitting in the balcony at Booth's, and taking a proper interest in the scene, when it occurred to me that the thunder had less of reverberation and more woodenness than good stage thunder should have. The mental exertion I underwent on this subject disturbed the course of my nap, but as wakefulness returned, the sound of the poorly-stimulated thunder did not cease; on the contrary, it was just as noisy, and more hopelessly a counterfeit than ever. What could the sound be? I stepped through the window to the piazza and the sound was directly over my head. I sprang down the terrace and out

upon the lawn, looked up, and beheld my youngest nephew strutting back and forth on the tin roof of the piazza, holding over his head a ragged old parasol. I roared—

"Go in, Toddie—this instant!"

The sound of my voice startled the young man so severely that he lost his footing, fell, and began to roll toward the edge and to scum, both operations being performed with great rapidity. I ran to catch him as he fell, but the outer edge of the water-trough was high enough to arrest his progress, though it had no effect in reducing the volume of his howls.

"Toddie," I shouted, "lie perfectly still until uncle can get to you. Do you hear?"

"Ess, but don't want to lie 'till," came in reply from the roof. "'Tan't shee noffin' but sky an' rain."

"Lie still," I reiterated, "or I'll whip you dreadfully." Then I dashed upstairs, removed my shoes, climbed out and rescued Toddie, shook him soundly then shook myself.

"I wazh only djust payin mamma, an' walkin' in ze yain wif an umbayalla," Toddie explained.

I threw him upon his bed and departed. It was plain that neither logic, threats, nor the presence of danger could keep this dreadful child from doing whatever he chose; what other means of restraint could be employed? Although not as religious a man as my good mother could wish, I really wondered whether prayer, as a last resort, might not be effective. For his good, and my own peace, I would cheerfully have read through the whole prayer-book. I could hardly have done it just then, though, for Mike solicited an audience at the back door, and reported that Budge had given the carriage-sponge to the goat, put handfuls of oats into the pump-cylinder, pulled hairs out of the black mare's tail, and with a sharp nail drawn pictures on the enamel of the carriage-body. Budge made no denial, but looked very much aggrieved, and remarked that he couldn't never be happy without somebody having to go get bothered; and he wished there wasn't nobody in the world but organ-grinders and candy-store men. He followed me into the house, flung himself into a chair, put on a look which I imagine Byron wore before he was old enough to be malicious, and exclaimed:—

"I don't see what little boys was made for, anyhow; if everybody gets cross with them, an' don't let 'em do what they want to. I'll bet when I get to heaven, the Lord won't be as ugly to me as Mike is,—an' some other folks, too. I wish I could die and be buried right away,—me an' the goat—an' go to heaven, where we wouldn't be scolded."

Poor little fellow! First I laughed inwardly at his idea of heaven, and then I wondered whether my own was very different from it, or any more creditable. I had no time to spend even in pious reflection, however. Budge was quite wet, his shoes were soaking, and he already had an attack of catarrh; so I took him to his room and redressed him, wondering all the while how much similar duties my own father had had to do by me had shortened his

life, and how, with such a son as I was, he lived as long as he did. The idea that I was in some slight degree atoning for my early sins, so filled my thoughts that I did not at first notice the absence of Toddie. When it did become evident to me that my youngest nephew was not in the bed in which I had placed him, I went in search of him. He was in none of the chambers, but hearing gentle murmurs issue from a long, light closet, I looked in and saw Toddie sitting on the floor, and eating the cheese out of a mouse-trap. A squeak of my boots betrayed me, and Toddie, equal to the emergency, sprang to his feet, and exclaimed:—

"I didn't hurt de 'tittle mousie one bittie; I just letted him out, and he runded away."

And still it rained. Oh, for a single hour of sunlight, so that the mud might be only damp dirt, and the children could play without tormenting other people! But it was not to be; slowly, and by the aid of songs, stories, an improvised menagerie, in which I personated every animal, beside playing ostrich and armadillo, and a great many disagreements, the afternoon wore to its close, and my heart slowly lightened. Only an hour or two more, and the children would be in bed for the night, and then I would enjoy, in unutterable measure, the peaceful hours which would be mine. Even now they were inclined to behave themselves; they were tired and hungry, and stretched themselves on the floor to await dinner. I embraced the opportunity to return to my book, but I had hardly read a page, when a combined crash and scream summoned me to the dining-room. On the floor lay Toddie, a great many dishes, a roast leg of lamb, several ears of green corn, the butter-dish and its contents, and several other misplaced edibles. One thing was quite evident; the scalding contents of the gravy-dish had been emptied on Toddie's arm, and how severely the poor child might be scalded, I did not know. I hastily slit open his sleeve from wrist to shoulder, and found the skin very red; so, remembering my mother's favorite treatment for scalds and burns, I quickly spread the contents of a dish of mashed potato on a clean handkerchief, and wound the whole around Toddie's arm as a poultice. Then I demanded an explanation.

"I was only d'just reachin' for a pieshe of bwed," sobbed Toddie, "an' then the bad old tabo beginded to froe all its fings at me, an' tumble down bang."

He undoubtedly told the truth as far as he knew it; but reaching over tables is a bad habit in small boys, especially when their mothers cling to old-fashioned heir-looms of tables, which have folding-leaves; so I banished Toddie to his room, supperless, to think of what he had done. With Budge alone, I had a comfortable dinner off the salvage from the wreck caused by Toddie, and then I went upstairs to see if the offender had repented. It was hard to tell, by sight, whether he had or not for his back was to me, as he flattened his nose against the window, but I could see that my poultice was gone.

"Where is what uncle put on your arm, Toddie?" I asked.

"I ate it up," said the truthful youth.

"Did you eat the handkerchief, too?"

"No; I froed nashy old handkerchief out the window—don't want dirty old handkerchiefs in my nice 'ittle room."

I was so glad that his burn had been slight that I forgave the insult to my handkerchief, and called up Budge, so that I might at once get both boys into bed, and emerge from the bondage in which I had lived all day long. But the task was no easy one. Of course my brother-in-law, Tom Lawrence, knows better than any other man the necessities of his own children, but no children of mine shall ever be taught so many methods of imposing upon parental good nature. Their programme called for stories, songs, moral conversations, frolics, the presentation of pennies, the dropping of the same, at long intervals, into tin savings banks, followed by a deafening shaking-up of both banks; then a prayer must be offered, and no conventional one would be tolerated; then the boys performed their own devotions, after which I was allowed to depart with an interchange of "God bless you's." As this evening I left the room with their innocent benedictions sounding in my ears, a sense of personal weakness, induced by the events of the day, moved me to fervently respond "Amen!"

THE ENGAGEMENT.

A few moments later, as three happy people were occupying conventional attitudes, and trying to compose faces which should bear the inspection of whoever might happen into the parlor, Mrs. Mayton observed:—

"My children, between us this matter is understood, but I must caution you against acting in such a way as to make the engagement public at once."

"Trust me for that," hastily exclaimed Alice.

"And me," said I.

"I have no doubt of the intentions and discretion of either of you," resumed Mrs. Mayton, "but you cannot possibly be too cautious." Here a loud laugh from the shrubbery under the windows drowned Mrs. Mayton's voice for a moment, but she continued: "Servants, children"—here she smiled, and I dropped my head— "persons you may chance to meet"—

Again the laugh broke forth under the window. "What *can* those girls be laughing at?" exclaimed Alice, moving toward the window, followed by her mother and me.

Seated in a semicircle on the grass were most of the ladies boarding at Mrs. Clarkson's and in front of them stood Toddie, in that high state of excitement to which sympathetic applause always raises him.

"Say it again," said one of the ladies.

Toddie put on an expression of profound wisdom, made violent gestures with both hands, and repeated the following with frequent gesticulations:—

"Ash wadiant ash so matchless wose
Zat pook-artuss fanashy;

Ash fair ash whitess lilly-blowsh;
Ash moduss ash a panshy;
Ash pure ash dew sat hidden wifin
Awwahwah's sun-timed tallish;
Ash tender ash so pwimwose fweet,
All zish, an moab, ish Allah."

I gasped for breath.

"Who taught you all that, Toddie?" asked one of the ladies.

"Nobody didn't taught me—I lyned* it."

"When did you learn it?"

"Lyned it zish mornin'. Ocken Hawwy said it over, an' over, an' over, djust yots of tizezh, out in ze garden."

The ladies all exchanged glances—my lady readers will understand just how—and I assure gentlemen that I did not find their glances at all hard to read. Alice looked at me enquiringly, and she now tells me that I blushed sheepishly and guiltily. Poor Mrs. Mayton staggered to a chair, and exclaimed:—

"Too late! too late!"

GOING TO THE STATION.

Friday morning they intended to arrive,—blessings on their thoughtful hearts!—and *this* was Friday. I hurried into the boys' room, and shouted:—

"Toddie! Budge! who do you think is coming to see you this morning?"

"Who?" asked Budge.

"Organ-grinder?" queried Toddie.

"No, your papa and mamma."

Budge looked like an angel in an instant, but Toddie's eyes twitched a little, and he mournfully murmured:—

"I fought it wash an organ-grinder."

"Oh, Uncle Harry!" said Budge, springing out of bed in a perfect delirium of delight, "I believe if my papa an' mamma had stayed away any longer, I believe I would *die*. I've been so lonesome for 'em that I haven't known what to do—I've cried whole pillows-ful about it, right here in the dark."

"Why my poor old fellow," said I, picking him up and kissing him, "why didn't you come and tell Uncle Harry, and let him try to comfort you?"

"I *couldn't*," said Budge; "when I gets lonesome, it feels as if my mouth was all tied up, an' a great big stone was right in here." And Budge put his hand on his chest.

"If a big 'tone wash in hide of me," said Toddie, "I'd take it out an' frow it at the shickens."

"Toddie," said I, "aren't you glad papa and mamma are coming?"

"Yesh," said Toddie, "I fin'k it'll be awfoo nish, mamma always bwings me candy fen she goes away anyfere."

"Toddie, you're a mercenary wretch."

"*Ain't* a mernesary wetch; Izhe Toddie Yawncie."

Toddie made none the less haste in dressing than his brother, however. Candy was to him what some systems of theology are to their adherents—not a very lofty motive of action, but sweet, and something he could fully understand;

*Learned.

so the energy displayed in getting himself tangled up in his clothes was something wonderful.

"Stop, boys," said I, "you must have on clean clothes to-day. You don't want your father and mother to see you all dirty, do you?"

"Of course not," said Budge.

"Oh, izh I goin' to be djessed up all nicey?" asked Toddie. "Goody! goody! goody!"

I always thought my sister Helen had an undue amount of vanity, and here it was reappearing in the second generation.

"An' I wantsh my shoes made all nigger," said Toddie.

"What?"

"Wantsh my shoesh made all nigger wif a bottle-bwush, too," said Toddie.

I looked appealingly at Budge, who answered:—

"He means he wants his shoes blacked, with the polish that's in a bottle, an' you rub it on with a brush."

"An' I wantsh a thath on," continued Toddie.

"Sash, he means," said Budge. "He's awful proud."

"An' Ize doin' to wear my takker-hat," said Toddie. "An' my wed djvvs."

"That's his tassal-hat an' his red gloves," continued the interpreter.

"Toddie, you can't wear gloves such hot days as these," said I.

A look of enquiry was speedily followed by Toddie's own unmistakable preparations for weeping; and as I did not want his eyes dimmed when his mother looked into them I hastily exclaimed:—

"Put them on, then—put on the mantle of rude Boreas, if you choose; but don't go to crying."

"Don't want no mantle-o'-wude bawyusses," declared Toddie, following me phonetically, "wantsh my own pittty cozhesh, an' nobody eshesh."

"Oh Uncle Harry!" exclaimed Budge, "I want to bring mamma home in my goat-carriage!"

"The goat isn't strong enough, Budge, to draw mamma and you."

"Well, then, let me drive down to the depot, just to show papa an' mamma I've got a goat-carriage—I'm sure mamma would be very unhappy when she found out I had one, and she hadn't seen it first thing."

"Well, I guess you may follow me down, Budge; but you must drive very carefully."

"Oh, yes—I wouldn't get us hurt when mamma was coming, for anything."

"Now, boys," said I, "I want you to stay in the house and play this morning. If you go out of doors you'll get yourselves dirty."

"I guess the sun'll be disappointed if it don't have us to look at," suggested Budge.

"Never mind," said I, "the sun's old enough to have learned to be patient."

Breakfast over, the boys moved reluctantly away to the play-room, while I inspected the house and grounds pretty closely, to see that everything should at least fail to do my manage-

ment discredit. A dollar given to Mike and another to Maggie were of material assistance in this work, so I felt free to adorn the parlors and Helen's chamber with flowers. As I went into the latter room I heard some one at the wash-stand, which was in an alcove, and on looking in I saw Toddie drinking the last of the contents of a goblet which contained a dark-colored mixture.

"Izhe tatin black medshin," said Toddie; "I likes black medshin awfoo muts."

"What do you make it of?" I asked, with some sympathy, and tracing parental influence again. When Helen and I were children we spent hours in soaking liquorice in water and administering it as medicine.

"Makesh it out of shoda mitsture," said Toddie.

This was another medicine of our childhood days, but one prepared according to physicians' prescription, and not beneficial when taken *ad libitum*. As I took the vial—a two-ounce-one—I asked:—

"How much did you take, Toddie?"

"Took whole bottoo full—twas nysh," said he.

Suddenly the label caught my eye—it read PAREGORIC. In a second I had snatched a shawl, wrapped Toddie in it, tucked him under my arm, and was on my way to the barn. In a moment more I was on one of the horses and galloping furiously to the village, with Toddie under one arm, his yellow curls streaming in the breeze. People came out and stared as they did at John Gilpin, while one old farmer whom I met turned his team about, whipped up furiously, and followed me shouting, "Stop thief!" I afterwards learned that he took me to be one of the abductors of Charley Ross, with the lost child under my arm, and that visions of the \$20,000 reward floated before his eyes. In front of an apothecary's I brought the horse suddenly upon his haunches, and dashed in, exclaiming:—

"Give this child a strong emetic—quick! He's swallowed poison!"

The apothecary hurried to his prescription-desk, while a motherly-looking Irishwoman upon whom he had been waiting, exclaimed, "Holy Mither! I'll run an' fetch Father O'Kelley," and hurried out. Meanwhile Toddie, upon whom the medicine had not commenced to take effect, had seized the apothecary's cat by the tail, which operation resulted in a considerable vocal protest from that animal.

The experiences of the next few moments were more pronounced and revolutionary than pleasing to relate in detail. It is sufficient to say that Toddie's weight was materially diminished, and that his complexion was temporarily pallid. Father O'Kelley arrived at a brisk run, and was honestly glad to find that his services were not required, although I assured him that if Catholic baptism and a sprinkling of holy water would improve Toddie's character, I thought there was excuse for several applications. We rode quietly back to the house, and while I was asking Maggie to try to coax Tod-

die into taking a nap, I heard the patient remark to his brother :—

"Budgie, down to the village I was a whay-al. I didn't froe up Djonah, but I froed up a whole floor full of uvver fings."

During the hour which passed before it was time to start for the depot, my sole attention was devoted to keeping the children from soiling their clothes; but my success was so little that I lost my temper entirely. First they insisted upon playing on a part of the lawn which the sun had not yet reached. Then, while I had gone into the house for a match to light my cigar, Toddie had gone with his damp shoes into the middle of the road, where the dust was ankle deep. Then they got upon their hands and knees on the piazza and played bear. Each one wanted to pick a bouquet for his mother, and Toddie took the precaution to smell every flower he approached—an operation which caused him to get his nose covered with lily-pollen, so that he looked like a badly used prize-fighter. In one of their spasms of inaction, Budge asked :—

"What makes some of the men in church have no hair on the tops of their heads, Uncle Harry?"

"Because," said I, pausing long enough to shake Toddie for trying to get my watch out of my pocket, "because they have bad little boys to bother them all the time, so their hair drops out."

"I dess *my* hairs is a-goin' to drop out pitty soon, then," remarked Toddie, with an injured air.

"Harness the horses, Mike," I shouted.

"An' the goat, too," added Budge.

Five minutes later I was seated in the carriage, or rather in Tom's two-seated open wagon.

"Mike," I shouted, "I forgot to tell Maggie to have some lunch ready for the folks when they get here—run, tell her, quick, won't you?"

"Oye, oye, sur," said Mike, and off he went.

"Are you all ready, boys?" I asked.

"In a minute," said Budge; "soon as I fix this."

Now," he continued, getting into his seat, and taking the reins and whip, "go ahead."

"Wait a moment, Budge—put down that whip, don't touch the goat with it once on the way. I'm going to drive very slowly—there's plenty of time, and all you need to do is to hold your reins."

"All right," said Budge, "but I like to look like mans when I drive."

"You may do that when somebody can run beside you. Now!"

The horses started at a gentle trot, and the goat followed very closely. When within a minute of the depot, however, the train swept in.

I had intended to be on the platform to meet Tom and Helen, but my watch was evidently slow. I gave the horses the whip, looked behind and saw the boys were close upon me, and I was so near the platform when I turned my head that nothing but the sharpest of turns saved me from a severe accident. The noble animals saw the danger as quickly as I did, however, and turned in marvellously small space; as they did so, I heard two hard thumps

upon the wooden wall of the little depot, heard also two frightful howls, saw both my nephews considerably mixed up on the platform, while the driver of the Bloom-Park stage growled in my ear :—

"What in thunder did you let 'em hitch that goat to your axle-tree for?"

I looked, and saw the man spoke with just cause. How the goat's head and shoulders had maintained their normal connection during the last minute of my drive, I leave for naturalists to explain. I had no time to meditate on the matter just then, for the train had stopped. Fortunately the children had struck on their heads, and the Lawrence-Burton skull is a marvel of solidity. I set them upon their feet, brushed them off with my hands, promised them all the candy they could eat for a week, wiped their eyes, and hurried them to the other side of the depot. Budge rushed at Tom, exclaiming :—

"See my goat, papa!"

Helen opened her arms, and Toddie threw himself into them, sobbing :—

"Mam—*ma!* shing Toddie one-boy-day!"

HISTORY OF CANADA, for the use of Schools and General Readers. By William H. Withrow, M.A. Toronto, Copp, Clark & Co. (G. W. Coates, Montreal).

This book, by the editor of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, who is also the author of a work on the Catacombs of Rome, meets a felt want in that it gives the history of the Maritime Provinces and of the provinces of the North-West and Pacific coast, as well as that of Ontario and Quebec. It is ably and impartially written, and shows the growth of the principles of civil liberty and the development of the Canadian Constitution. On account of the complicated nature of the history of Canada, it is well nigh impossible to make a very interesting record of events within the limits of a school-book; when the subjects admits of it, however, Mr. Withrow gives a dramatic interest to his narrative, as may be seen from the following extract :—

CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

On the early, moonless morning of September thirteenth, before day, the fleet dropped silently down the river, with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred

men, which, with muffled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among his officers, and in a low tone, blending with the rippling of the river, recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as in mournful cadence he whispered the strangely prophetic words,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With a presence of the hollowness of military renown, he exclaimed, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in the deeply-shadowed cove which has since borne Wolfe's name, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit. "*Qui vive?*" demanded the watchful sentinel. "*La France,*" replied a British captain, and in a moment the guard was overpowered. The troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice, aiding themselves by the roots and branches of the stunted spruces and savins, the barges meanwhile promptly transferring fresh reinforcements from the fleet.

When the sun rose, the plain was glittering with the arms of plaided Highlanders and English red-coats forming for battle. The redoubled fire from Point Levi and a portion of the fleet, upon the devoted city and the lines of Beauport, held the attention of Montcalm, and completely deceived him as to the main point of attack. A breathless horseman conveyed the intelligence at early dawn. At first incredulous, the gallant commander was soon convinced of the fact, and exclaimed, "Then they have got the weak side of this wretched garrison, but we must fight and crush them;" and the roll of drums and peal of bugles on the fresh morning air summoned the scattered army to action. With tumultuous haste the skeleton regiments hurried through the town and formed in long thin lines upon the Plains of Abraham. They numbered seven thousand five hundred famine-wasted and disheartened men. Opposed to them were five thousand veteran troops, eager for the fray, and strong in their confidence in their beloved general. Firm as a wall these awaited the onset of the French. In silence they filled the ghastly gaps made in their ranks by the fire of the foe. Not for a moment wavered the steady line. Not a trigger was pulled till the enemy arrived within forty yards. Then, at Wolfe's ringing word of command, a simultaneous volley flashed from the levelled guns and tore through the adverse ranks. As the smoke wreaths rolled away upon the morning breeze, a ghastly sight was seen. The French line was broken and disordered, and heaps of wounded strewed the plain. Gallantly resisting, they received another deadly volley. With cheer on cheer the British charged

before they could re-form, and trampling the dying and the dead, swept the fugitives from the field, pursuing them to the city gates, and to the banks of the St. Charles. In fifteen minutes was lost and won the battle that gave Canada to Great Britain. The British loss was six hundred killed and wounded; that of the French was nearly twice as many.

Besides the multitude of slain on either side, whose death carried desolation into many a humble home, were the brave commanders of the adverse hosts. Almost at the first fire, Wolfe was struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist. Binding a handkerchief round the wound, he led the way to victory. In a moment a ball pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer, he exclaimed, "Support me! Let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was borne to the rear, and gently laid upon the ground. "See! They run!" exclaimed a bystander. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! Already!" said the dying man, and he gave orders to cut off their retreat. "Now, God be praised," he murmured, "I die content," and he gently breathed his last.

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply. "I am glad of it," he said, "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He died before midnight, and, coffined in a rude box, was buried amid the tears of his soldiers in a grave made by the bursting of a shell.

Bougainville, who had menaced the rear of the British, withdrew to Cape Rouge, and Vaudreuil, with fifteen hundred militia, abandoned the lines of Beauport, leaving his heavy guns and stores behind. The conquerors immediately began the construction of an entrenched camp on the plain, and in three days had a hundred and twenty guns and mortars in position for the siege of the city. But wasted with famine, and its defenders reduced to a mere handful, the beleaguered fortress surrendered, and on the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Quebec passed forever from the dominion of France. It was strongly provisioned and garrisoned, and the hunger of the wretched inhabitants relieved from the stores of the conqueror.

The tidings of the conquest filled Old and New England with pride and exultation. The joy-bells pealed and bonfires blazed throughout the land. But the victory brought pangs of anguish to two loving hearts—those of the widowed mother and of the affianced bride of the gentle hero, who, amid the glory of arms, yearned for the quiet joys of domestic life. England gave his body a grave and his fame a monument in the mausoleum of her mighty dead, and inscribed his name in her glorious bead-roll of immortal souls, who, for her sake, freely laid down their lives.

Near the scene of their death a grateful people have erected a common monument to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep for evermore the solemn truce of death. The two races that met in the shock of battle dwell together in loving fealty, beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

England had never known a year of such triumphs as this. In all parts of the world her arms were victorious. At Lagos, at Quiberon, at Minden, at Quebec, her fleets or armies won new renown. "We must ask every morning," said Horace Walpole, "what new victory there is." Nevertheless, France was not to surrender her fairest 1760 possession without another struggle. M. De Levi, early in the spring, collected ten thousand men at Montreal, and toward the end of April attempted the recapture of Quebec. The winter had been one of intense severity, and to the French one of unexampled dearth and distress. The garrison of General Murray was worn down by the labor of procuring fuel and maintaining a defence against frequent harassing assaults. Its effective strength was reduced by deaths, scurvy, frost-bites, and other casualties, from seven thousand to less than half that number.

On the twenty-seventh of April, De Levi's

van appeared, and drove in the British outposts. The following day, with more valor than prudence, Murray marched out to give battle against overwhelming odds. He attacked the French with spirit on the Ste. Foye road, but was outflanked and outnumbered. After a hot contest of two hours, he was compelled to retreat, with the loss of a thousand men, killed or wounded. The French loss in this fruitless battle was still greater.

De Levi pressed the siege for eighteen days, maintaining a feeble fire from fifteen guns. The garrison, reduced to two thousand effective men, speedily got a hundred and thirty guns in position, and kept up a vigorous reply, the women and wounded making sand bags and gun wads. Besiegers and besieged both looked for aid from an expected fleet. Eager eyes were strained continually toward Point Levi for signs of its approach. At length a strange frigate rounded the headland, amid the anxious suspense of the beholders. As the Union Jack was run up to the peak, cheer on cheer rang from the ramparts, and deep chagrin filled the hearts of the besiegers in the trenches. Soon two other vessels arrived, the French shipping was attacked and destroyed, and De Levi made a hasty retreat, abandoning tents, baggage, and siege train in his flight.

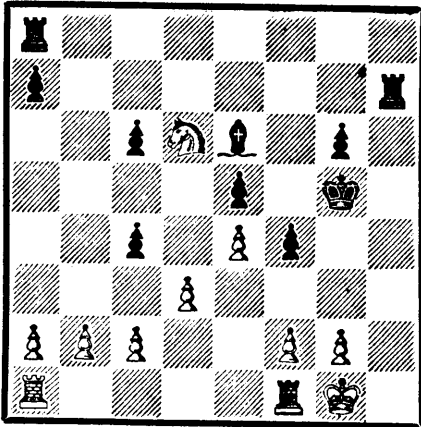


C H E S S .

Instead of giving problems for solution this month, we publish the ending of a game played in 1853 between Herr Lowenthal and Mr. Staunton, and a short game with notes thereon by J. H. Zukertort, selected from the *Westminster Paper*. In following these games the chess-student will have an opportunity of putting to the test his knowledge of some matters explained in previous numbers of the magazine.

ENDING OF GAME BETWEEN HERR LOWENTHAL
AND MR. STAUNTON.

BLACK—MR. LOWENTHAL.



WHITE—MR. STAUNTON.

Black to play his 23rd move and win.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 24 P takes P | 23 P to K B 6 |
| 25 K R to K sq | 24 K to B 5 |
| 26 Kt takes Q B P | 25 B to K R 6 |
| 27 Kt to K 3 | 26 R to K R 4 |
| 28 Kt to Kt 4 | 27 R to Kt 4 ch |
| 29 R to K 3 | 28 R to K R sq |
| | 29 R from Kt 4 to K R 4 |
| 30 Kt to K R 2 | 30 B to K Kt 7 and wins. |

GAME I.

Berlin Game.

Played by Correspondence.

| White | Black |
|----------------|----------------|
| MR. BOURN. | MR. NASH. |
| 1 P to K 4 | 1 P to K 4 |
| 2 B to B 4 | 2 Kt to K B 3 |
| 3 P to Q 3 | 3 B to B 4 (a) |
| 4 Q to K 2 (b) | 4 Kt to Q B 3 |
| 5 P to Q B 3 | 5 Castles |
| 6 B to K Kt 5 | 6 P to Q 3 |

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 7 Kt to B 3 | 7 Q to K 2 |
| 8 Q Kt to Q 2 | 8 B to K 3 |
| 9 B to Kt 3 | 9 Kt to Q sq |
| 10 P to Q 4 | 10 P takes P |
| 11 P takes P | 11 B to Q Kt 5 |
| 12 B to B 2 (c) | 12 B to K Kt 5 (d) |
| 13 Castles K R | 13 Kt to K 3 |
| 14 Q to Q 3 | 14 Kt takes B |
| 15 Kt takes Kt (e) | 15 B takes Kt |
| 16 P to K 5 | 16 P takes P |
| 17 Kt takes R P | 17 K R to Q sq (f) |
| 18 Kt takes Kt ch | 18 Q takes Kt |
| 19 Q takes B | 19 R takes P |
| 20 Q to B 3 | 20 Q R to Q sq |
| 21 P to B 3 (g) | 21 B to K 3 |
| 22 R to B 2 | 22 Q to Kt 4 |
| 23 R to K sq (h) | 23 P to Q B 3 |
| 24 Q to Q R 5 | 24 B to B 5 (i) |
| 25 P to B 4 | 25 Q to K 2 |
| 26 P takes P | 26 Q R to Q 4 |
| 27 Q takes P (k) | 27 Q to Kt 5 |
| 28 R to Kt sq | 28 R to Q 8 ch |
| 29 R to K B sq | 29 R takes K R ch |
| 30 R takes R | 30 Q to Q 7 (l) |
| 31 B to Kt 3 | 31 B takes R |
| 32 B takes R | 32 B to Q 6 (m) |
| 33 B takes P ch | 33 K to R 2 (n) |
| 34 P to K R 3 | 34 Q to B 8 ch |
| 35 K to R 2 (o) | 35 Q to K B 5 ch |
| 36 K to Kt sq | 36 Q takes B |
| 37 Q to Q 4 | 37 Q to B 8 ch |
| 38 K to R 2 | 38 Q to K 7 |
| 39 P to K 6 | 39 P to K 5 (p) |
| 40 K to Kt 3 | 40 P to K Kt 4 |
| 41 Q to Kt sq | 41 Q takes Q Kt P |
| 42 Q to K B sq | 42 Q to K 4 ch |
| 43 K to Kt 4 | 43 Q takes P ch |
| 44 K takes P | 44 Q to Kt 3 ch |
| 45 K to R 4 | 45 B takes P |
| 46 Q to B 2 | 46 B to K 5 |
| 47 P to R 4 | 47 K to Kt 2 |
| 48 Resigns. | |

(a) 3. P. to B 3 is here the usual continuation.
 (b) 4. Kt to Q B 3, followed by 5 P to B 4, would give White the superior game.
 (c) If 12 P to K 5, then 12 P takes P, 13 P takes P, 13 B takes B, &c.
 (d) Necessary to prevent the advance of the adverse K P.
 (e) 15 P to K 5 was very tempting, and could be tried in a game over the board; but would not be advisable in a correspondence game. The best continuation would leave Black with a good game and a Pawn ahead, e.g. :-

| | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 15 P to K 5 | 15 Q B takes Kt |
| 16 P takes Kt | 16 Q takes P |
| 17 P to K R 4 | 17 B takes Kt |
| 18 P takes Kt | 18 Q to Kt 3 |
| 19 Q takes B | 19 B to K 5. |

(f) The right *coup*.
 (g) It is evident that the capture of P would cost a piece.

(h) If 23 Q takes P, then 23 R to B 5, 24 Q to R 5 (best), 24 Q R to B sq. 25 B to Q sq. (best), 25 Q to K 6, and White cannot save the game.

(i) Well played; the best means to protect the K P and keep up the attack.

(k) 27. Q to B 3 was better, but even then Black could safely capture the K P.

(l) Black dare not take the Rook on account of 31 Q to B 8 ch, 31 Q to B 8, 32 B to R 7 ch.
 (m) A capital move.

(n) Well played; the Bishop will be taken by the Queen without any loss of Pawns.

(o) If 35 K to B 2, then 35 Q to K B 8 ch, and White dare not play 36 K to K 3, on account of 36 Q to K Kt 8 ch.

(p) Black finishes the game in a very good style.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. Q to Q B 4th K takes R
2. R to R 5th (double ch) K takes R, or moves.
3. B or Q mates.

Notice.



LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR LETELLIER DE ST. JUST.

The new Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, the Hon. Luc Letellier de St Just, Seigneur of Rivière Ouelle, has been for the past twenty-five years prominently connected with the politics of the country, and is one of the few French-Canadians who, under all circumstances, adhered consistently to the principles expressed by them in their early political career. He was born at Rivière Ouelle in the county of Kamouraska, in May, 1820, was educated at the college of St. Anne de la Pocatière and, like many of his countrymen who follow the notorial profession, at an early age entered the political arena, being in 1857 elected to represent Kamouraska in the Canadian Assembly. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the same

constituency later on, and in fact had many alternative periods of success and discomfiture, till in 1860 he was safely provided for by being elected to represent the united Counties of Kamouraska and Temiscouata in the Canadian Legislative Council, in which place he remained till Confederation. He held the position of Minister of Agriculture during the McDonald-Dorion regime, and again, upon the coming into favor of the reform party in 1874, his name was mentioned as of right for a position in Mr. Mackenzie's Cabinet. He was called to the Senate by Royal proclamation in May, 1867, and on the death of the late Lieutenant-Governor Caron was elevated to his present position.



TURN ABOUT.

"GOING INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH JONES? I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAD ENOUGH OF PARTNERSHIPS, AFTER BROWN!"

"AH, YOU SEE, WHEN WE FIRST BECAME PARTNERS, BROWN HAD ALL THE EXPERIENCE, AND I ALL THE MONEY. NOW, JONES HAS ALL THE MONEY, AND I'VE ALL THE EXPERIENCE!"—*Punch*.