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New Dominion Monthly

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUG.,

1875.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

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EARL RUSSELL.

New Dominion Monthly.

AUGUST, 1875.

VETULIA.

BY W. W. S.

Once in my travels, I visited a country where people did not die when they became old. In fact, they did not die at all, except by those violent accidents and mishaps against which flesh and blood can offer no effectual resistance. Being always of an investigating turn of mind, I resolved to make a lengthened sojourn in such a favored land, and find out how the inhabitants could have arrived at such an unusual exemption from ordinary mortality. Nor did I despair of being able to carry back with me from these less-known regions, the *modus operandi* of bilking the grisly monster, Death. I found, however, unexpected difficulties in the way. In the first place, I had to undergo (when I applied for permission as a foreigner to remain in the country), a strict medical examination. "Ah," thought I, "they want to find out whether I am of a sufficiently good constitution, and in a sufficiently healthy habit of body, to make expedient so great a gift as quasi-citizenship in a country where people never die except they are *kill-ed*!" But I was wrong. Though I took unusual pains to impress the

medical officer that I was, in life assurance phrase, a "first-class life"—that I had had measles, and mumps, and whooping-cough, and had passed through each triumphantly—that I never had been sick, in a general and indefinite sense, but twice, and had then been cured on eclectic principles, and without calomel—and more important than all, had had the small-pox seven years before, which had passed off, leaving only a microscopic mark or two on my nose—and that I was quite pest-proof and rejuvenated—it was all of no use. In fact, I was standing in my own light. The worthy doctor, who was really my friend, and wished me to remain in the country, knew he was serving my interests and gratifying my desires, by making me out as sickly as possible; while I thought the only way of obtaining the right of residence was in proving myself extremely healthy. So he reported me, "In moderate present health; forty years of age—looks more; lungs, not diseased, but weak; general vital force of system, minimum to average; bilious habit." I remembered that this was as near as possible the description given of

me 'to the "Polar Life Assurance Company," when I applied for a policy; and they (the rascals!) had only admitted me to the privilege of paying a semi-annual premium by calling me forty-three, when I was only thirty-eight, and taking the extra amount out of my pocket.

The fact, as I soon learned it, was this: If I were a healthy man, I might, even at the age of forty, come so much under the hygienic *regime* of their climate and their art, as practically to live for ever, and, coming among them a stranger and without family connections, the care of my increasing old age would fall upon people who were not of my kin at all. But if I were "bilious" or "weak-lunged," they might hope (I wonder if they really did *hope* it?) to be rid of me sometime, as ceaseless old age was not considered to be guaranteed to strangers. So the medical examination was considered to be in my favor, because my honest boast of good health was not believed!

There was still another difficulty. If I should bilk Death for—it might be—only a century or two beyond *our* usual limits, there would be a helpless, and probably an, impecunious, old age for me. So I must give security that I should not be a burden on the public. My friend the Doctor, notwithstanding his report on my case, was willing to be my security for a hundred years from date; but he hinted that I might not be able to do much for myself after the age of one hundred and forty, and that "he had a large family to support," etc. I had read of a canny resident of Glasgow, who went back to ask if another year could not be added to the stipulated nine hundred and ninety-nine, in a certain ground-lease; but I never before had heard of a man providing ways and means for his own support, at the postponed distance of a hundred years! This was, however, exactly my predicament.

After an infinite amount of trouble, and (I confess it with shame) the ostentatious exhibition of an apocryphal and very hollow *cough*, I got the required sureties for three centuries more; but beyond this I found it impossible to proceed. It may be asked why I should put myself to all this trouble, if I were desirous of staying only a few years in the country? My answer is, that it was necessary to provide sureties in any event. And I had also an ulterior purpose in view;—I would return in old age, from my own country, to this land where people did not die—for I too had the natural desire of a prolonged existence!

The necessary official *permit* was now obtained, and I began to make more extended observations of this wonderful country and this strange people. There were a great many problems unsolved, and theories unverified in my mind at that time—indeed there are a good many yet; and one of them related to possible longevity. It always seemed to me a pity that when a man had just begun to tread the path of power and success in science, art or literature, he should drop away in death, and leave all this mind architecture unfinished. If a young man, a son or grandson of the veteran, could be *crammed*, so to speak, with the knowledge of the old man, and commence where the other leaves off, it would be as good as living two or three lives—as far as the interests of letters or art were concerned. But we never find such docility and such absorption. No such young men have been found. We ourselves were by no means such. But in this land a man could give thirty or forty years to maturing a science and then have indefinite centuries to work out its results. Besides, say what we will, we have all something of self-love, if not ambition; and it was something for me

to see men who had been celebrated as authors, wits or statesmen, two or three centuries before, in order to see how they wore their accumulated honors, and in what degree of personal veneration they were held. These problems, and a hundred more, I should now have the opportunity of solving, and I determined to take time enough to do it.

The first family I got thoroughly acquainted with, was that of my friend the Doctor. His expression about "having a large family to support," when I asked him to be my surety, had struck me at the time unfavorably. I thought it a mere *excuse* to evade an unpleasant act.

What was my surprise to find that, although he had but two children, of the respective ages of five and two, his family consisted, exclusive of servants, of no fewer than eighteen! The oldest person in his house was three hundred and forty years old—a maternal male ancestor. This old gentleman had documents in his possession to prove that he had been a celebrated surgeon in his day—a wit and a man of fashion—he had fought a duel about a duchess—and been reckoned one of the handsomest men of his time. I was desirous of seeing him. The Doctor did not accompany me to his room. He was seated in a low easy chair, in a dressing-gown of thick brown flannel; his face and hands were walnut-colored, wrinkled beyond any power of adequate description. His skin, which seemed as dry as parchment, clung so fast to his bones, that the tendons seemed to have no room to act, and his joints were almost useless. It took him full thirty seconds to turn his head to an angle of about forty degrees from his former position. His eyes were sunken in to the very rear of the cavity of the eyeball. I, who profess no knowledge of anatomy, was astonished at the depth to which they had sunken. The upper and

lower eyelids had followed them, making a funnel, at the bottom of which two shrunken and bleary orbs looked out as from some interminable cavern. He had ceased reading for one hundred and fifty years; his eyes, no matter with what artificial aids, would serve him no longer. For more than that time he had been unable to walk; not that he was really too weak, but his limbs were too rigid, and he had too little command over his joints. He was like a skeleton without the wires—ready to collapse in a moment. He could still talk; but did so without moving his jaws. But as his pronunciation, even if distinct, was that of three centuries ago, it was almost impossible to understand a single word. So difficult indeed was it, that the Doctor had given orders to pay no attention to his mutterings, but to treat him as a child, keep him warm, his room clean, and give him plenty to eat and drink—"and that was all!" I looked at him, therefore, as I would at a curious wild beast. He said something which I could not understand. It seemed to be a *question*, from the tone with which it ended. I paid him a few compliments, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and bending down to his ear. He started: at least he *prepared* to start, but it took some time for the motion to become visible. Then his hands slowly rose, with a motion as slow and toilsome, apparently, as the minute-hand of a clock. I took his hand; it was cold: at least it had that sensation to me, but it was also hard and dry; the fleshy portions of his hand had shrunken away, and there the brown (almost black) skin stood in hard ridges, almost as hard as wood. Over the fingers the skin was smooth and shining; the nails were long pointed. The ancient scowled at me when I took his hand, and said something. I could not dis-

tinguish the language. He began with some shrill tones, and ended with a series of grunts. I looked with profound reverence and pity at the figure before me, "Is this," I said, "what long life means? for which we too often, and mistakenly pray! Is it to linger on, vacant and useless, as in a miserable and endless dream?" My sight grew dim and shadowy; I was looking through the watery lens of a tear. His white beard was still whiter and longer; his nose and chin were yet more pointed, and his mouth and eyes still more sunken. His ears stood out yet farther, and his few white hairs yet thinner and longer. He had now got me in the focus of his vision, and before that glance I felt like one who had violated the secrets of the dead. I bowed low to the *Atomy*, as I passed out of the room, and sought my own chamber at once.

CHAPTER II.

The Doctor's mother was a fine bustling old body of sixty,—very charming manners, and full of anecdote and repartee. *Her* mother was ninety—a paralytic old lady, who needed a good deal of attention, and got it. *Her* mother again, had been perhaps something of an old maid before entering matrimony, and was one hundred and thirty. Two generations even beyond this were represented in the Doctor's household. No wonder he said "his family was large." I found among these venerable matrons—not only in this household, but also in others—that up to about the age of eighty, there was little decay of the faculties. From eighty to one hundred, they were more or less infirm. At one hundred and twenty, they were helpless, physically, but often with mental faculties very lit-

tle impaired. From that onward, the process was so slow that it was difficult to assign dates. Just as it has been seen that a piece that once was a cultivated garden, will retain its fertility indefinitely, in the midst of surrounding barrenness and desolation, so I found that those who had cultivated their minds in youth, not only had a happier and more attractive old age, but retained their faculties far longest. A woman of fashion was imbecile at ninety, while a cultivated mind kept its possessor in a green old age to one hundred and twenty.

The old people, on the whole, were very kindly used. If a man ill-treated his father, he knew what was coming. He would be treated just so by his own son. One would think the Highland story was invented here—where a son cut a blanket in two, put half of it round his father's shoulders, and turned him from his door. Turning from watching the old man tottering down the glen, he found his own little son had folded up the other half-blanket, and was hiding it away. "What are you doing with that blanket?" "I am laying it away; and when *you* get to be an old man, I'm going to put it round *your* shoulders, and put *you* away, just as you did grandfather!" And the man ran after his father and brought him back. The "moral" of the story, at least, was certainly indigenous here.

I had been accustomed to think that one of the greatest trials of this life was the death of children: these little human blossoms, too early kissed by frost—but remembered evermore, with tenderest regrets. And I used to wonder how a mother, so tender in her feelings, so loving and so gentle, could bear such sorrows at all—did not fly away at once, and seek the skies! I did not know it was the sorrow itself that *made* her so gentle

and so loving! Well, here there was none of this sorrow, and I breathed freer when I thought of it. But there was *something wanting* in all the households of this land. It was not sweet and promising children; it was not care of them, nor affection among themselves; it was simply the angel-child was missing!—the one that comes in dreams, and never grows up, and never wanders from duty, and never is forgotten! There was nothing of this here; there was no “vacant chair” by the fireside—no shining lock of lintwhite hair secretly unfolded every day, and hidden away in the bosom again when a footfall was heard; and human nature seemed to me to be just *so much the worse* for the lack! The people there did not agree with me; they said it was but sickly sentiment; but I knew it then to be true wisdom.

We have the germs of many faculties in us, which never come to much because we do not give them a chance to do so, or because we have not opportunity; and the unselfish faculties of pity, compassion and sympathy, depend entirely for their development, upon having a right field for exercise. With us, these finer feelings are largely drawn out by having children around us, on whom to exercise them; and the gain to ourselves is one of the great “unknown quantities.” But in the country of which I speak, helpless old age took the place of helpless infancy and youth; and as the aged were querulous and unthankful, and not unfrequently undeserving, it was hard to get up the feelings to the pitch of disinterested love toward them—except where they stood in the direct relation of parents. In consequence, I thought I detected a flavor of selfishness through the whole moral strata of society. They themselves disguised it under some high-sounding philosophic name, and

knowing no other state of society, were unaware of its hatefulness.

In earlier life, I had often thought Fame was a fine thing. How charming the thought of one's name being remembered, and one's memory praised, for genius, patriotism, invention, public virtue! And then, if such a thing could be, to come back, ages after, and listen to one's own praises! Well, here seemed to be the country for it. Here were celebrated poets and statesmen, who did not need to die to attain a “posthumous” reputation; they might have it, and enjoy it, while they yet lingered in Time. A few, a very few of them, were visited by admiring crowds of people; but most of these visitors afterward confessed to a regret at having made such a pilgrimage. All romantic illusions were dispelled. The Lord Byron and Sir Philip Sidney of their dreams were helpless, withered, miserable specimens of attenuated humanity, pitiful to behold. But those I most pitied, and tried most (and with but moderate success) to comfort, were those who had—or fancied they had—been neglected by the public. They would descant on their own merits and “claims;” would have MS. volumes of poems beside them, written in some cramped chirography of centuries ago, which nobody could read; would have documents, and references, and “letters of introduction;” and only wanted a “disinterested friend,” to place them, even yet, in the position they ought to have occupied “ages” ago. I just had to treat these “twice children” as any other children: humor their whims a little, cheer them up with a little pleasant gossip, give them a bit of *candy*, and promise to see them again.

For in that country, the test of a man's governing faculties was not, “How does he rule his children?” but “How does he get on with his

ancients?" and, just as with us, runaway boys frequently give grief to parents, so there, runaway fathers and grandfathers were continually being hunted up and brought home. Sometimes a man of ninety, and his grandfather of one hundred and fifty, would "run away," and change their names, and pretend they were "orphans"—that is, that they had no descendants; and, after all kinds of adventures, get into distress, and beg to be taken home again; or, confessing their real names, be forcibly conveyed to their relatives. It seemed irresistibly comic to me to read posters offering rewards for information concerning a "Runaway grandfather." But it was necessary; for sometimes an *ancient* might bring his responsible guardian into debt on his account, especially if the guardian were an opulent and honorable man, and therefore his ancestor allowed to run bills in his name. This question, however, leads me toward the legal aspects of "Non-age" and "Defeoiffment," which I must treat in a separate chapter.

At present, a word about physicians. I asked my friend the Doctor if it "were not a poor country for a doctor?" "Oh no," he said; "he was very well satisfied with it. The households being generally very large, it had become a fixed custom for each to have a physician engaged by the year; and as the people were very greatly afraid of sickness, and arrant cowards with respect to pain, they made a liberal annual allowance to the doctor. His allowance *stopped* during sickness in the house, and so it was his interest to get the patient up as soon as possible. In real point of fact, there was very little sickness and very few accidents. Both had greatly decreased; the latter almost disappeared, since intoxicating liquor had been put an end to."

I enquired how this had been ef-

fectured? He said it was a consequence of good legislation. Many years ago, a reforming Prime Minister had introduced the "Equitable Liquor Act." That had soon put an end to it.

I asked how this had been done; for in most countries all kinds of stringent license laws, and so forth, had been tried, with little effect.

The Doctor replied, "It came about in this way. The new law assumed that those who did not drink, and were opposed to tippling houses, ought of right to be free from the burdens that drink had been bringing on the public. So every ratepayer, in filling up his assessment schedule, had to describe himself as being either for 'Liquor' or 'No Liquor.' Only those were counted to be 'No Liquor' who distinctly said so. Having now the people divided into two classes, all the burdens—judicial, police, pauper, and all others—caused by drink, were assessed *against the drinking portion of the ratepayers*; the others were free of it. For it stood to reason, that those who upheld the practice of drink, should support also the *burdens* of drink. If any man, however, had returned himself 'No Liquor,' and then was seen to drink, his name was at once transferred, at the Court of Revision, to the other list! In two or three years almost everybody returned himself as opposed to liquor. As soon as those thus opposed to liquor in any municipality were found to be a majority, all traffic in liquor was made unlawful in that place. In twenty years there was not a drop used in the country, and there has not been a drop since."

CHAPTER III.

In the rude ages of the country's history, before people had bethought them of written laws, things were

allowed to go as they would, and a man might rule his household as long as he could get his sons to obey him. But the necessity for legislation came from the palace itself. In rude times when a king was sure to be killed in battle, as soon as his vigor and prowess decayed, no great inconvenience was felt from an indefinite reign. But in more civilized times, it became intolerable that a king should reign—or rather a junta of ministers in his name—after he had become entirely incapable of governing. So a law, which almost took a revolution to effect, was made that every man—king or citizen—on attaining the age of eighty, should retire from active business, legal ownership of property and the like, and hand everything over to his son. Some of the old men attempted to evade this law by making their wills, in which a nephew or a grandson would be left the property. But another act was passed, providing for succession to property, and declaring the making of a will a misdemeanor. The preamble to this act recited that “each generation of men had a right to the full possession of the earth, as much as if men, in their persons, had been newly created; that wills, bequests, entails, marriage settlements, and the like, are infringements of this right, as seeking to bind the present generation by the behest or will of some former generation.” I like a preamble, especially when it is a good one; and it encourages people to obey a law, when it gives a good reason for itself!

No sweeping laws were ever perfect at first, and these acts had to be modified, in as far as they fixed a definite age for veterans to retire from active duties. Some were unfit to longer manage their affairs at seventy; others were clear and bright for a century. A tribunal was established, the circuits of which extended to all county towns, and held twice a year,

called the “Court of Deseoffments;” and old men were said to be “deseoffed” when they were set aside from ownership of property, and from the active duties of life. The judges were appointed at the age of thirty-five, and had to retire from the Bench at the age of forty-five. But in point of fact, they were generally appointed to vacancies in the Criminal Courts and Chancery. There was thus a court to judge the claims of old men, not itself composed of old men. Five judges sat on the bench. No jury.

In two or three times attending this court I was struck with the anxiety of the old men to show their unimpaired memory, by recounting circumstances of sixty, seventy or even eighty years ago. But the judges invariably tested them on recent events, and therein many made a poor exhibit. Sons were not allowed to bring their fathers forward; it was made the duty of a public officer,—though it may be suspected that an undutiful or selfish son sometimes drew the official’s notice in the direction of his own household a few years sooner than might otherwise have been the case. I was sometimes very sorry to see these old men retiring from the court when the decree had gone against them, for they almost invariably contested it: in tears often, protesting against ingratitude and injustice; for somehow it is hard for us to believe our faculties are in anywise failing; at least in any measure making it necessary to supersede us. An old man would admit that his sight had failed; his hearing, his memory, his back, his limbs, his personal courage—his everything, only his reason and judgment. These, he contested, were stronger and brighter than ever. But it was all in vain. “Each generation of men has a right to the full possession of the earth, and the management of its affairs,” so said the

wise Legislator of Vetulia: and where men do not naturally make room for their successors by death, there must be room made for them, artificially, by legislation.

I was curious to know if the succession to the Crown came before the Court of Defeoffments. I was told it did not; that it was not considered in accordance with public policy to have the Sovereign up before a Court. So an exception was made in his case; and a king was "retired" when he reached the age of eighty-five. But in point of fact, they frequently voluntarily retired before that age; and by doing so, always made better terms for themselves with the Princes who succeeded them.

But although a man was retired, or "defeoffed," he could still, with the consent of his son, do business and act for himself. He was in precisely the same condition that a lad of non-age, a "minor," is with us. And so many of these old men, coming back dispossessed from the Court, obtained leave to "begin the world" for themselves again; making a little money on their own account, just as boys are so keen to do among us; and even—boy like—delighting to jingle the money in their pockets as they went along! And as with us, a young man, under age, is not allowed to contract marriage without the consent of his father; so there, an old man was not allowed to contract marriage without the consent of his son. A recent earthquake had swallowed up a number of villages, and there were more widows and widowers than had been known since the last great invasion of the country.

An old man of one hundred and five, who had lost his wife, and nearly all his property in the earthquake, and who had been defeoffed for fifteen years, and had been keeping a toll-gate, and had saved a little money, was anxious to "settle down in life" again.

But his son (moved thereto by his wife) would not give consent, and the old man could not legally marry without such consent. The maiden lady of forty, whose prospects were thus interfered with, revenged herself by writing anonymous letters to the local newspaper, about the "stinginess" and "ingratitude" of sons; and the old man stung the son to the quick by making him pay full toll at the gate. The son was a Director of the Road Company, and had been passing free (illegally, however,) for years. I thought I did a good turn to both sides, when I prevailed upon the son to give his consent. And the *ancient* was perfectly happy. *He* could be up at any hour in the morning (it seems no trouble for an old man to be up "for all day" at two or three o'clock), and *she* could sit up to any hour at night, writing love-stories for the papers. So between them, the gate did not need to be much locked!

Making war had long been upon the Statute Book as a deadly and disgraceful sin. Among other great evils (as of corrupting the public sentiment for a generation) it deprived families of their heads and guardians; it disturbed the natural order of succession in families; and even cases had been known of men carrying their ancestors to the woods, and leaving them a prey to wild beasts, and laying it all down to the "desolations of war." Yet, though war was among the things of bygone ages, a good deal of corruption had crept into the body politic. Old Atomies were sometimes *exposed* at some forest road-side. In other countries "foundling" infants are not uncommon; here "foundling" *ancients* were sometimes brought in. As they were always so old as not to be able to give account of themselves, they became inmates of the large asylum provided for those who had no known friends or home. I was told that one

of the greatest difficulties in the management of these wayward "children," was their antipathies and spites at one another. This was found mostly in private circles, not in the public institutions. For instance: the mothers of a runaway couple had severally vowed "never to speak" to one another; and kept their word for half a century. Then, in the course of events, that *do* become so involved sometimes, they became, at the age of nearly one hundred, members of the same household. To forbear speaking was too tame a system of hostilities, when now they sat in two easy chairs, on opposite sides of a foot-stove. I was told by the youngest member of the family (who ought not, however, to have let a stranger know these things), that "Great-grandmothers had a pitched battle *every day!*"

Two rival statesmen of the last century were accommodated in houses with only a few feet between their gable-ends. Here in the summer, with their windows open, these *ancients* might be seen and heard, speechifying to one another with might and main—thumping on the window-sills, and foaming at the mouth as they fiercely called each other to "order" and appealing to some imaginary "Speaker" to do them justice! One had a good set of artificial teeth, strongly set in gold, and

could declaim with the perfect accent and pronunciation of near two hundred years ago. The other, who was entirely toothless, was strong on the *rouels*. The one supped soup, and the other ate brown bread; and I was told that their intellectual sparring gave them excellent appetites, and tended to promote their health. I have learned to believe anything, however new and strange, if it is only convincingly attested.

My resolution was at last taken; and I resolved to have my bonds cancelled, and get away as fast as I could from a country where people grew old, but never died. The romance of long life was gone. "Happier far," I said to myself, "to live in a land, where, when old age comes on, there is the prospect of quiet rest in the grave for the poor body, and a better life to begin for the tired spirit! Better a country where children modestly and regretfully come into possession of estates through the lamented death of valued parents, rather than appeal to courts to have parents thrust aside! Better, things as they are—with the liberty of making our administration of them better—than where neither parents nor children fulfil their duties aright. No, let me rather live to some purpose while I *do* live, and die when my work is done!" So I left Vetulia.

WHEN JOHNNIE WENT AWAY.

CANADIAN SONG, NO. 5.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

The waters warbled down the dell,
 Their wintry bands untwining,
 And mottled shadows softly fell
 From ancient elms reclining.
 The wind-flower waked to see the sky,
 Where tender blue the violets lie,
 'Neath budding becches waving high,
 When Johnnie went away!

The early birds returned to sing
 The songs they had been singing;
 And o'er the hills the hand of Spring
 A royal robe was flinging;—
 A glory fell from upper air
 O'er river-marge and meadows fair;
 And song and fragrance everywhere—
 When Johnnie went away!

The Spring was gone; and with her went
 Those blossoms ne'er returning;
 And, all the fires of Summer spent,
 Our hearts grew sad and yearning.
 The withered wealth of forests lay
 On Quinte's hills in death's decay,
 And gloomy closed the shortening day,
 When Johnnie came again!

The rain came down; it seemed like tears
 Of joy at his returning,
 As, backward through the mist of years,
 We saw that Spring sun burning!
 The flowers sprang up in Memory's train,—
 We heard once more the sylvan strain—
 Our Spring has all come back again,
 With Johnnie safe at home!

PINE GROVE, ONT.

HARRY STANHOPE.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

CHAPTER I.

"Scarlet fever, Mrs. Stanhope; and of a malignant type, I am sorry to say."

Dr. Warner turned, as he spoke, from the cot where a beautiful boy about two years old lay tossing in the delirium of fever, to meet the terror-stricken gaze of the child's mother fixed upon him. He was about to leave the room when she grasped his arm, saying:

"For God's sake, Doctor, save my boy!"

"My dear Madam, I will certainly do all I can; but if it be God's will to take him"—

"It cannot—must not be!" she cried, passionately. "I've buried four beautiful children, one after the other, all dying with this awful disease; and I have only these two; Harry and his twin brother left; and I *cannot* spare either of them."

"Well, well," said Dr. Warner, who hated scenes, "we will do all we can. In the meantime, attend faithfully to directions, and by all means keep your other child from the danger of infection if possible."

When Dr. Warner left her alone she went to the window, and, parting the blinds, looked out across the beautiful blue St. Lawrence which ran swiftly and silently along, at the foot of the lawn with which the wide old country house was surrounded. It was the middle of June, when, in Canada, everything is at its loveliest. But the beauty without grated against her spirit, and she hastily closed the

blinds and resumed her seat by the crib. She sat with her face buried in her hands, when a scarcely perceptible sound, like the rustle of a dress, caught her ear, and she looked up. "Oh, Mrs. Ruskin," she whispered: "I am so glad to see you. My baby Harry"—A quick contraction of the throat prevented the finishing of the sentence.

"I know, dear," said Mrs. Ruskin, soothingly. "Dr. Warner told me as I came in. I sent little Paul and his nurse over to our house with orders to stay until the danger was past here."

"I am so much obliged to you. I was wondering what I should do with the poor child."

"He will be safe there. And now let us see what can be done for this little fellow."

"It would not seem quite so bad," said Mrs. Stanhope, "if only George were at home."

"Where is Mr. Stanhope?"

"Somewhere in the western part of the province. He said he might be gone two weeks, but would be travelling all the time, so I cannot tell where to address to him.

"Well, never mind; we will do all we can for him, and trust God for the result."

"Oh if I only had your trust!" sighed the poor mother.

"My child, my trust is nothing singular. I just leave everything in the hands of Our Father, knowing, as I do from forty years' experience, that what He wills is always best."

"I cannot feel like that."

"God grant you may learn to have faith in Him without passing through such bitter experiences as I did, to teach you the lesson."

A week went by, and the crisis came. Mrs. Ruskin and Mrs. Stanhope watched alone all night by the side of the sufferer. On her knees, by the bedside, the agonized mother prayed wildly: "O God! Spare my child!" Again and again came that single petition: "O God! Spare my child!"

"If it be Thy will," added Mrs. Ruskin, laying her hand softly on the bowed head.

"No, no, I cannot say that. I want my baby spared to me."

"You are taking a fearful responsibility, dear Mrs. Stanhope, when you ask the life of your child without leaving the decision in the hands of One wiser than we."

"I will take the responsibility, if God will only spare him to me."

And her request was granted her. Back from the border of the Dark Valley came the little one to take his place in the battle of life—to meet the temptations that ever hover about the unwary.

CHAPTER II.

There is not a more beautiful spot along the whole length of the St. Lawrence than that particular spot where the village we shall call Elton nestles down with such an air of contentment,—at least, the people of Elton say so; and having seen it a few times, I am very much of their way of thinking about it.

One warm, spring-like day in March, 18—, fifty or sixty bright, eager little faces were gathered together in the old Elton school-house. Restless little feet would keep moving, and eyes turn longingly towards

the clock whose hands moved so slowly towards the IV. on its great, staring face. This was the last afternoon before the Easter holidays, and so the little people were uneasy.

The ferule came down with a tap on the high wooden desk, and all eyes were instantly turned towards the teacher. He was a middle-aged man, with a face that might have been handsome in his early youth; but it bore traces of care, and something more than time had defaced its beauty. His hair was nearly white, and his left coat sleeve hung empty. He spoke in a clear, steady voice that had lost its usual ring of command, and had in it something of entreaty.

"Boys," he said, "I wish to say something to you, particularly to those of you who are oldest, and are considered as leaders among your companions. You all know that a Division of Sons of Temperance has lately been formed here. The temperance cause has my heart's best sympathies, and I want to enlist my boys in its interest. I propose to form a society for boys—the main feature in the constitution to be *total abstinence*. Think it over, and let me know, when we meet after the holidays, how many of you are willing to become members."

He stopped as though that was all he had intended to say; but, glancing at the bright, happy faces turned towards him, he leaned over the desk and added a few words in a low tone that had a chord of suffering in it.

"Boys, I cannot leave the matter so. If you want to be honest, manly men—and I am sure you do—*never touch a drop of strong drink*. The first glass may prove your ruin. Never take that, and you are safe."

Five minutes later they were dismissed, and came trooping round their teacher to say good night. A handsome, blue-eyed boy, about fifteen, stepped to the front and said:

"Will you take my name for your new temperance society, Mr. Forrester? I don't need a week to think about it."

"That's right, Paul, Who will follow Paul's example now?"

Two or three gave their names.

"Shall I take your name, Harry?"

And Mr. Forrester looked towards a boy whose strong resemblance to Paul Stanhope plainly told that he was his twin brother.

"No, I think not to-day, Mr. Forrester. Perhaps I will next week."

There was a buzz of voices at this, and all the other boys decided to follow Harry, and take time to consider. Then they bounded down the stairs, and out of the school-house with a whoop and a yell, such as only school-boys can give. As they reached the street, one small boy shouted,

"Hurrah for temperance!"

"Hold your tongue, youngster," called out Tom McCrea, who seemed to be a sort of leader among them. "I say, boys," he continued, to a group of four or five, who were going his way, "let's go in to Murphy's and have a drink—just something light, you know. I'll stand treat. Come, Harry, you didn't sign the pledge."

"No, Tom, I guess I won't go with you."

"Come along; Paul isn't here, so you need not be afraid."

"I'm not afraid of Paul," said Harry, coloring to his temples.

"You know you are afraid, else you would come. Show yourself a man for once, and do as you like."

Now, if Harry had done as he liked, he would have run at the top of his speed towards home; but, like too many others, he was afraid of ridicule, so he followed Tom in. Two or three men were dozing over the dying embers of the fire, and business seemed dull in there; so the

smiling landlord was particularly pleased to see the boys.

"Good evening, Mr. Tom," he said, blandly. "Come up to the fire. It's chilly, for all it looks so nice and bright out."

"We're not cold," said Tom. "Have you any more of that beer, Mr. Murphy?" A meaning look passed between the two, and Murphy responded briskly.

"Yes, plenty of it. Mild stuff that. Wouldn't affect the head of a child."

The glasses were filled, and Harry Stanhope was about to lift his, when Mr. Forrester's words flashed through his brain.

"The first glass may prove your ruin. Never take that, and you are safe."

He stepped back from the bar.

"Come, Harry, don't be a fool," said Tom, angrily.

"No, Harry, don't be fool enough to drink that liquid fire," said a voice behind him. He turned and saw Jack Strong, the worst drunkard the village could boast of—and drunkards were not few in that place. The landlord came from behind the bar.

"Jack," he said; "I turned you out of here once before, to-day. I won't have you here."

Jack drew himself up to his full height, which was considerably over six feet. Murphy was a little man and a coward, so he stepped back a few paces.

"No," said Jack, "you won't have me here now. You were glad to have me here, though, till you got every dollar I owned."

Two or three men had come in with Strong, and the place was rapidly filling up. The landlord did not like Jack's look, and once more ordered him out.

"No, you don't," said a broad-shouldered fellow, stepping between Murphy and Strong. "Let Jack stay

and have his say out. Just fancy yourself in a court-room, and pitch in, Jack."

This speech was greeted with a coarse laugh, and cries of—"Go ahead, Jack;" "Give us a temperance speech;" "Pile it down on Murphy," &c., &c.

Jack straightened his tall form up against the wall, saying, as if to himself,

"Yes, I would like to make one more speech before I die."

There was a sudden hush in the noisy crowd, and he began:—

"See here, boys, I'll talk to you. There's no use to say anything to Murphy; he's thick-skinned as an alligator,—no more use to try and make an impression on him than it would be on an Egyptian mummy. But, boys, take my word for it, and I know all about this business—that *stuff is poison!* It will poison you, mentally, morally, and physically.

"Landlord, you and Squire McCrea there, remember when there was not a stronger man in the country than I was—when there was not an abler lawyer than I—when that church yonder had no better member than myself. Now, spite my six feet three, I couldn't throw Tom there. To save my life I couldn't clearly plead a case in court, even if they'd let me. Years ago I broke my poor wife's heart, and she died. Our only child quickly followed her, and that damning whiskey was at the bottom of it all! And *you*, Squire McCrea," turning towards that gentleman, "taught me to drink the cursed stuff. But for you, I might have been an honest man to-day. When I had a difficult case to deal with, you recommended brandy, telling me that I needed it to keep up my strength—that no man could stand such a strain of work without some stimulant—that you had tried it yourself, and derived the greatest benefit from it. You gave

me porter and wine at your own table—you literally put the bottle to my mouth.

"I asked him," he went on, turning back to the boys, "if there was not danger of creating an appetite for it, and he said he had used it for years, and cared no more for it than when he commenced. And I believe he spoke the truth; but he had forgotten that all men might not be so strong. He said he took it merely as a medicine. I hesitated; but was he not an official in the church of which I was a member? Surely I might trust him! So I too began to use it as a medicine. I soon found I could not plead a case without it—and then that I could not even with it. And so I sunk, until now everything is gone—property, wife, child, manhood—even my conscience. If the bottomless pit was behind that bar—and I'm not sure it isn't—and three glasses of brandy would send me there, I'd drink them. O God! what a wretch I am!"

His trembling limbs refused to support him longer, and he sank down in an arm chair. The men gathered round him.

"Come, Jack, a glass will tone you up, do you good. You're low-spirited, that's all," and glass after glass was offered him.

"Yes, I'll take it, though I know every drop is damnation to my soul."

And he drank until he was as drunk as it was possible for Jack Strong to be. The next morning, all that was mortal of the poor drunkard was found under one of the tavern sheds. His wretched soul had gone to its account, and his neglected body lay among the landlord's cows less cared for than they. The coroner summoned twelve of our enlightened countrymen, and they returned a verdict of "Death by visitation of Providence." So no one was declared guilty of the death,—

body and soul,—of John Strong, and the accursed traffic went on as usual. But poor Jack's last speech was not altogether without its effect. Tom McCrea had begun to tread the downward path; but Tom was a sensible lad, and cared not a whit for ridicule. He drank beer because he liked it, but as he walked home by his father's side, he was thinking—to a purpose.

"Father," he said, "was that all true? Was Jack once a lawyer, and a good man?"

"He was a lawyer—yes, I suppose he was a good man."

"And did drinking ruin him?"

"I suppose it must have been that; but then he drank too hard, you know. He should have kept within moderation."

"Did he begin by drinking hard?"

"Well, no, I suppose not; but the trouble was, he didn't know when to stop."

"I might not know when to stop either," thought Tom, and his resolution was taken.

CHAPTER III.

Harry Stanhope ran home as fast as he could, and found the family just assembling for tea.

"Where have you been, Harry?" asked his father.

"Oh, down at the village," was Harry's careless answer. Paul gave him a keen look, but they took their places in silence.

Presently Harry broke out with:

"Oh, but you ought to have heard Jack Strong down there. He was about half drunk, and gave us boys the greatest lecture on temperance!"

"Poor Jack!" said Mr. Stanhope. "I remember when he was one of our most respectable men."

"Yes, he is an example of what strong drink can do," said Mrs. Stanhope. "I wish we had the Maine Liquor Law in force here."

"Now, wife, why will you—who are such a sensible woman on other points—be so obstinate on this one? It is the abuse—not the use—of liquors that is the evil."

"Without the use there could not be the abuse; and I have noticed that the use too often leads to the abuse."

"Well, you will grant that it never did with me, and I have used it—moderately, of course—for a good many years."

She made no reply, but a shade crossed her face. She was thinking of one day, a few weeks before that, when, although not really intoxicated, the wine he had taken had so muddled his brain that he made a bargain by which about five hundred dollars was lost; and of the suffering she could have relieved with that money if she had it.

"I signed the pledge to-night," said Paul.

"I am glad to hear it," and the mother's eyes rested lovingly on her boy.

"Did you, Harry?" asked his father.

"No, sir; but I guess I will. Paul, what made Mr. Forrester so terribly in earnest over it?"

"I have heard that he has suffered a good deal from the evil of drink," said Paul, quietly.

"He felt all he said," Harry went on. "He was just as pale, and his lips trembled with every word. While he was talking I thought I should ask to sign the pledge the moment school was dismissed; but Tom McCrea said he wouldn't if he was in my place, and somehow I didn't."

"Harry, I am sorry you are so easily led," said Paul, as they left the room together.

"So am I, Paul; but I do hate to be laughed at."

"You will never succeed in life unless you overcome that foolish feeling."

"How am I to help it, I should like to know?" said Harry, angrily. "It is my nature, and how can I help it?"

Many another, both boy and man—ay, and woman too—has offered this same excuse for grievous faults, forgetting that all our natures are given us for cultivation—the right tendencies to be encouraged, and the wrong to be repressed.

Mrs. Stanhope always spent an hour of each evening in her own room, and she liked to have her boys with her; but it was understood that they came of their own free-will—they could stay away if they chose. Paul was seldom absent; but for the last year Harry had not been with them as often as he used to be, and now he seldom came at all. This particular evening Paul sat with his head against his mother's knee, her fingers weaving themselves in and out among his bright curls, while she wondered if her boy would always love and trust his mother as he did now.

"Paul, my dear," she said, "I cannot tell you how glad I am you have signed the pledge. It is the safest and best way."

"I thought so when I did it, and I was sure afterward—as we were coming home—when Mr. Forrester told me some things about himself. Do you know how he came to lose his arm?"

"No, I never heard."

"He told me that he was the only son of a widow, and has one sister. They were wealthy once, but he drank and gambled until he spent it all. Once, while he was drunk, he was thrown from his horse and broke his arm, the horse stepping on it and mangling it fearfully. He was ordered to keep very quiet, and drink no liquor until it was well; but one of his friends furnished him brandy and he drank it. The consequence

was, his arm had to be amputated. He nearly lost his life too. He says his mother married again, a man whose name was Ruskin, and that she lived in this village once, for a few years. She is dead now, he says."

"Why, I must have known his mother. I knew Mrs. Ruskin well; and a dear good friend she was to me."

"He seems to have loved her almost as well as I do my mother," and Paul stole an arm round her neck and kissed her good-night, and then went to his own room.

Left alone Mrs. Stanhope thought.

"How well I remember dear old Mrs. Ruskin!" And then the scene enacted in that very room flashed out from her memory,—when she had so determinately asked the life of her child, and had been so gently reprov- ed by her friend.

"And oh," she thought, "if my boy should prove a curse to me as hers was to her! I thought then she spoke as if she had known some great trouble. I feel safe about Paul, but Harry." It was not a pleasant subject for thought, and she dismissed it as soon as possible.

CHAPTER IV.

When Mr. Forrester met his flock after the week's holidays, the pledge was again offered. Tom McCrea was the first one to write his name. Harry Stanhope was about to follow his example, when Angus Greaves, the son of the wealthiest and most influential merchant in the place, said, "What a ninny you must be! If I couldn't take a glass when I wanted to, or let it alone when I wanted to, without signing that scrap of paper, I'd tie myself to my mother's apron-string and be done with it."

Harry hesitated. A little girl who stood near, watching the proceedings at the teacher's desk, said:

"Those fellows must be awfully afraid of getting to be drunkards."

Harry felt his cheeks grow hot, for Paul was among them, and he loved Paul with all his heart. A noble impulse to stand side by side with him, seized him now, and he started towards the desk, when Angus Greaves' sneering voice was raised again :

"Sonny Stanhope is afraid of being a drunkard."

"No, I'm not!" said Harry, hotly.

"Then prove it by staying here. I'll bet my new skates not a dozen of the boys will sign that thing, and *they* will get themselves well laughed at."

Mr. Forrester's voice was heard saying, "Would any more of you like to sign the pledge? Harry Stanhope, I believe I have not your name yet. Shall you put it down?"

"I think not, Mr. Forrester. I can keep from drinking without doing that," and Harry felt himself very much a man as he repeated what he had so often heard others say.

"Of course you can, if you try; but your example might influence some others."

"Let every fellow look out for himself. I mean to, for one."

Harry went round the corner whistling gaily, but his mind was not quite easy. "I wish, after all, I had done it," he thought; "Paul looked so uneasy. But, plague on it! a fellow can't please everybody, and of course I don't mean to drink."

That decision of Harry Stanhope's—not to sign the pledge—was a turning-point in his life. On such slight things do great events depend.

The new division of "sons" was weekly gaining in its membership and influence, and the tavern-keepers began to feel themselves in danger, and to take steps to counteract the new influence. Their rooms were refitted and made as attractive as pos-

sible, and not a man ventured inside their doors without receiving the most friendly invitations to have a glass.

Harry Stanhope had lately got into the way of going out every evening as soon as his lessons for next day were prepared. His mother questioned him as to where he went, and he told her he was only going to have a game of checkers with Angus Greaves. He omitted to mention that the game was to be played in Murphy's room. Liquors were always on the table. At first Harry was not asked to drink, for which he was thankful. He went there only because he was fond of checkers and he was anxious to show Mr. Forrester that he could be as temperate as the boys who had signed the pledge. At last one night, a young man, the oldest of the group, said,

"It don't seem social always to leave Stanhope out in the cold. Take a glass of beer, for once, boy; it can't hurt you."

"Yes, Harry, you are not bound by any promise, as you did not sign the pledge, you know," said Greaves, "and as for the right or wrong of the thing—you needn't set yourself up as being better than the rest of us."

So Harry drank the glass that was held to his lips, but it did not add to his comfort for the remainder of the evening. They sang songs, and told stories, but poor Harry was very miserable.

"Angus," he said, next day, "how can you like that stuff?—I mean beer. I never intend to touch it again."

"Oh, nonsense! I didn't like it, of course, at first; but, you see, my father takes it, and so does yours. If it is good for them, it is good for us."

So Harry drank it again and again, and grew to like it. He even ventured to take something stronger sometimes. One night, after one of

these extra potations, he came home with a step that was not quite steady. Paul was alone in the sitting-room when he stumbled in.

"Harry Stanhope!" was his amazed exclamation, as he seized his arm and helped him to a seat. Harry shook his hand off roughly.

"Mind your own business, will you?"

"Oh, Harry!"

There was pain, not anger, in the tone, and Harry was not too drunk to feel it.

"Paul, for goodness sake, don't tell mother," he gasped.

"Tell mother! I wouldn't have her know for all the world. Come right upstairs."

For some time after this, Harry kept away from Murphy's and avoided his old companions. Indeed, owing to the steady work on his father's farm, which, for the first time, the boys were allowed to assist about, the summer passed without much harm

to Harry. He was constantly with Paul, to whom he was devotedly attached; and who, now that he knew the danger, watched him closely. But when the long winter evenings came his old habits conquered everything. Paul used all his influence, but to no purpose. Night after night he came reeling home from one of those curses to creation—the village tavern. Then the mother's punishment began. Again and again she thought, "Oh, that I had let him go, in his innocent babyhood, rather than to have begged to have him spared to grow up like this!"

Harry had been his father's darling always. He was so bright and sunny, much more genial in his disposition than Paul, who was very quiet. But now he heaped reproaches on him, and by so doing only drove him deeper into dissipation. Still no one outside the family circle, except a few boon companions, knew that he did more than take an occasional glass.

(To be continued).

NORMAN LONDON.

The rapidity with which the conquest of England was effected by William the Norman seems, at first sight, almost incredible. Doubtless the battle of Hastings, following so soon on the losses sustained by the encounter with the rebellious Tostig, was a severe blow to the military power of the Anglo-Saxons; but, even this, does not suffice to account for the way in which a warlike and high-spirited nation submitted to the conqueror's yoke. The true cause seems to have lain in the destruction of the regnant family, and the jealousies and dissensions of the Saxon nobles. Resistance was not immediately crushed out at Hastings. The Londoners who had espoused the cause of Edgar Atheling raised an army, which, although it sustained a defeat on the outskirts near Southwark, was yet sufficiently formidable to induce William to defer his attack upon the city, and to march to Berkhamstead. But disunion effected what William had feared to attempt. Jealousy was inspired by the generals of Edgar, the two powerful earls, Edwin and Morcar; and Stigand, Bishop of London, and his clergy, deserted the cause of their countrymen, yielding full submission, and swearing dutiful allegiance to William, at the same time persuading the Londoners to throw open their gates to the conqueror. It was not long, however, before the citizens had cause to rue their tame surrender; for on the occasion of William's coronation at Westminster Abbey, the troops stationed round the edifice to guard it, mistaking, or pretending to mistake, the acclamation which

greeted the crowning of the Norman, for a popular outbreak, set fire to the houses in the neighborhood of the church, and then proceeded to pillage the city. To mitigate the ill feeling which such a proceeding aroused in the breasts of the Londoners, William gave them the following charter, which consisted of four lines and a quarter, beautifully written in the Saxon character on a slip of parchment, six inches long: "William the King greets William the Bishop, and Godfrey the portreeve, and all the burgesses in London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you to be all law-worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward, and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir after his father's days, and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong." There were other consequences of this outbreak of the Norman soldiery, not so agreeable to the Londoners, for William was far too prudent to trust merely to the effect of his concessions. Taking Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, for his architect, he erected some fortifications which were afterwards expanded into that great memorial of English History, the Tower of London. Tradition, indeed, assigns a still earlier origin to it; but whatever fortifications in connection with the city wall might have existed in the time of the Romans, they had most probably been destroyed, as there is no mention of any castle or tower here in the Saxon times. What is now known as the White Tower is attributed to this reign, and to Gundulph, of Rochester, its architect.

Nor was this the sole or the most noteworthy fruit of the architectural energy of those days. Old St. Paul's, which had been destroyed by fire towards the close of the eleventh century, was rebuilt by Bishop Maurice and his successor, Richard de Beaumeis; the original Westminster Hall was the work of the Red King, William II., who informed his barons that "it was only a bed-chamber in comparison with the building he intended to make;" the priory of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, and of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield, portions of which continue in the choir of the church of that parish, were erected towards the commencement of the twelfth century; fifty years later the beautiful chapel of St. Stephen's, where the Commons of England assembled previous to the last fire, was built by the sovereign whose name it bears; and the last half of the century saw the completion of the Church of the Templars in Fleet street, just as the Norman style was merging into the early English, of which the Temple Church in some parts presents a striking illustration.

But the most notable structure of the London of that age is the bridge, which was commenced in 1176 and finished in 1209. A bridge had existed in the time of the Romans; there was a wooden bridge in the time of the Saxons; but the first stone bridge of which we have any account was the one just mentioned, commenced in 1176 by Peter of Colechurch, who died before it was finished. It consisted of nineteen heavy piers and twenty narrow arches, and in the centre sustained a chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket, composed of two stories; the upper one exhibiting a lofty and elegant fane, with pointed windows and slender pillars in the early English style; the lower, inserted in the solid masonry

of the pier, and constituting a low, broad crypt, with a range of windows looking out upon the river. The story goes that the bridge was built upon wool-packs, the cost of the structure having been mainly provided by a tax upon wool.

We get some idea of the houses of those days from an edict in 1189, in which it was directed that all houses thereafter to be erected should be built of stone, with party walls of the same, and covered with slates and tiles. The party walls were to be sixteen feet in height, and three feet in thickness; and the reason given for the ordinance, and one borne out by the accounts of the extensive fires recorded in the chronicles, is that, "in ancient times the greater part of the city was built of wood and the houses covered with thatch, reeds, and the like material, so that when any house took fire the greater part of the city was consumed thereby, as it happened in the first year of King Stephen, when, by a fire which began at London Bridge, the Church of St. Paul was burned, and then that fire spread, consuming houses and buildings even unto the church of St. Clement Danes. Afterwards, many citizens to avoid such danger, according to their means, built on their freeholds stone houses, roofed with thick tiles, and protected against the ravages of fire, whereby it often fell out that when a fire was kindled in the city, and had wasted many edifices, and had reached such a house, not being able to injure it, it thereby became extinguished, so that many neighbors' houses were wholly saved from fire by that house." (Archæolog. Journal, Vol. IV, p. 281). In the old conveyances of the time a distinction is made between "domus," and "edificia," the former referring to the stone, the latter to the wooden buildings. They seem not to have exceeded one story in height, the

ground floor being called a "cellar," the upper one a "solar," presenting a remarkable contrast to the houses in Paris at that time, which were so lofty as to excite the admiration of Henry III. when he visited St. Louis.

The London of the twelfth century was a little city of about forty thousand inhabitants, surrounded by an old Roman wall, with seven double gates. It was in the form of a bow, broader from east to west than from north to south, and narrower at both ends than the middle; while the string of the bow was represented by the wall on the south side, along the banks of the Thames, fortified with towers or bulwarks at regular distances, but very much decayed, having been partially undermined by the constant ebb and flow of the river. Besides the Tower of London, there were two strong towers at the west end of the city; and two miles beyond, but connected with the city by one long street, stood the king's palace, a magnificent edifice, which, with its outward walls and battlements, towered above the river. The houses consisted, with few exceptions, of only one story over the ground floor, which projected out, and many of the streets were so narrow that the inhabitants could converse with ease with their neighbors on the opposite side of the way, and in some cases could even shake hands. Glass was only to be seen in the windows of the wealthy—those of the citizens in general were merely open apertures, secured by iron stanchions, and covered with iron shutters at night. Chimneys there were none at this time except in the abodes of the most opulent, the smoke in the houses of the middle and lower classes having to find its way out as best it might.

Still, both within and without the walls were places pleasant to the eye. "Orchards blossomed and apples grew where now are Paternoster Row and

Joy Lane, and to the north of Holborn, where, somewhat later, John de Kirkby built the palace for the Bishop of Ely, associated with the name of John of Gaunt. Outside of Ludgate, and beyond the bridge that spanned the Fleet, and beyond the house of the Templars and Lincoln's Inn, was the Strand, overgrown with bushes, and intersected with rivulets, having on one side the river, where barges floated, and salmon leaped, and swans glided, and, on the other, gardens and fields, dotted with suburban villas, and stretching away in one direction to the chase and palace of Marylebone and the hills of Highgate and Hampstead; and in another by Clerkenwell and Islington to the great forest of Middlesex, which was not disforested till 1218, when the citizens had an opportunity of purchasing land and building houses, and greatly extending the suburbs." (Runnymede, by J. C. Edgar).

Carts with wood and charcoal for fuel stood at Smithfield and Cornhill, and seacoal is mentioned as paying toll at Billingsgate. The shops were mere open rooms on the ground floors with wide windows and very frequently with projecting stalls. By reiterated enactments of the city authorities orders were taken for keeping the highways clean from rubbish—*namely*, straw, sawdust, dung, and other refuse. Each householder was to clear away all dirt from his door, and to be equally careful not to place it before that of his neighbor. No one was to throw water, or anything else, out of the windows, but he was to bring the water down and pour it into the streets, through which two kennels ran, leaving a space for the footpaths on either side. Persons living in the city were permitted to keep swine within their houses, but strict injunctions were issued, from time to time, that no pigsties should be allowed to encroach upon the street,

The highways, however, were in a miserable state of repair; the streets seem to have been totally unpaved, and must have been impassable in certain states of the weather, if we are to judge by the oft-mentioned fact of the wooden steeple of Bow Church in Cheapside, blown off in a high wind, having almost sunk out of sight in the deep slough into which it was plunged. We have alluded to the gardens within the city; from the coroner's rolls we gather accounts of mortal accidents which befel boys who attempted to steal apples out of the orchards of Paternoster Row and Joy Lane.

Till the reign of Henry III., the people were dependent for water upon the rivulets which sprang from Holywell, and elsewhere; but these, in process of time, had been diminished and injured by the erection of mills and houses, and other encroachments, and to meet the deficiency large pipes of a six-inch bore were laid down, connecting six fountains or wells at Tyburn, with different parts of the city. These emptied themselves into conduits, or cisterns of lead, castellated with stone, the first and chief of which was erected in Westcheap, in the year 1285. Their number afterwards increased to nineteen, and in later days it was usual for the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the aldermen and other worthy citizens, to visit the fountains from which the conduits were supplied, on the 18th of September; hunting a hare before, and a fox after dinner, in St. Giles in the Fields, near Tyburn.

But the most perfect picture of London in the 12th century is supplied by Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury and a friend of Becket's, whose life he wrote, and to which he prefixes a graphic account of the London of his day, which he pronounces the most noble and celebrated

capital in the world, possessing abundant wealth, extensive commerce, and great magnificence. He begins by informing us that in London and in the suburbs there are thirteen larger conventual churches, besides a hundred and thirty-six lesser parochial ones. On the east side stands the palatine tower, a fortress of great size and strength, the court and walls of which are erected upon a deep foundation, the mortar, he says, being tempered with the blood of beasts; on the west side of the city are two castles strongly fortified, and on the north side towers at proper intervals. He notices the gardens of the citizens, the fields and meadows interspersed with streams bordered by "clacking" mills, and the old forest on the north side abounding in stags, fallow deer, boars and wild bulls. The soil, he says, is not gravelly-barren, but rich and oriental-like, yielding abundant crops in return for the husbandman's toils. Then, he talks of the excellent springs on the same side of London, Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's Well, visited by the youth of the city, when they take their walks on a summer evening. The citizens, according to him, are respected, and noted above all other citizens for the elegance of their manners, dress, table, and discourse. There are three public schools, attached to the three principal churches, where the scholars on festival days displayed their proficiency in logic, rhetoric, and verse. He alludes to the tradesmen, artisans and laborers of London having each their separate station, according to their employments, and although the luxurious club had no existence as yet, yet he refers with evident zest to a certain well-known cookshop, where could be obtained, every day, according to the season, all kinds of meats and dishes; roast, baked, fried, and boiled, fish both great and small;

flesh of the coarser sort for the poor, and venison, poultry, and game for the rich.

The Londoners were not in want of a Tattersalls, even at that period. Immediately outside of one of the gates, in the suburb, Fitzstephen informs us there was a certain plain, both level in reality, and so denominated — smooth field, corrupted into Smith field. “There, every Friday, unless it be one of the more solemn festivals, is a noted show of well-bred horses exposed for sale. The earls, barons, and knights, who are at the time resident in the city, as well as most of the citizens, flock thither, either to look on or buy. It is pleasant to see nags with their sleek and shining coats, smoothly ambling along, Horses for squires, young blood colts, beasts of burden, and valuable chargers, stock this ancient market.” He was evidently a judge of horseflesh, and describes with delight, both the large packhorses with sinewy limbs, and the war horses of great value, elegant in form, and tall of stature, with pricking ears, lofty neck and broad haunches, and he informs us that those who intended to purchase, would watch their steps and paces; first they would try them at walking; then they would make them gallop, while the horses would raise their front feet at the same time, and also their hind feet, and again lower them, like contraries in logic.

There was also a race course. When the race commenced, all vulgar horses with their riders were told to stand aside. The racers were mounted by young lads, sometimes three abreast, at other times two and two. There was also an agricultural show. At some distance, but on the same smooth field, were exhibited the wares of rustics, instruments of agriculture, swine with long flanks, cows of unwieldy size, and woolly sheep, and mares for the plough or for the wag-

gon. There were also reviews, sham fights, and much military display. The Londoners were celebrated for their deeds of chivalry. When in the time of Stephen a review was held of persons qualified for military service, they mustered twenty thousand strong in cavalry, and sixty thousand in infantry: a statement which conflicts with Peter of Blois’ calculation of the population of London, which we have followed, and which was probably nearer the mark; but it by no means follows that the men composing the army were all Londoners. Every Sunday in Lent, after dinner, the young men would issue forth into the meadows around, armed with lance and shield, the spears sharpened, but without iron, and engage in military sports. The courtiers would be present, and sometimes the King himself; and the citizens would be joined by the young men from the households of bishops, councillors and barons, who had not yet been awarded the belt and spurs of knighthood. In Lent, too, the banks of the river would be crowded to witness the representation of a naval battle. There were boar-fights, bull-fights, cock-fights, football, and all kinds of sports. These included sacred plays and mysteries, and skating on the ice, the men binding under their feet the shin-bones of some animals, and taking in their hands poles shod with iron. He particularly describes the running at the quintain, a sport on the River Thames, which consisted in breaking a lance against a target while the boat shot under it. An unskilful management of the lance was apt to upset the performer into the river.

In poetical style, Fitzstephen enumerates among the merchandise of his native city the gold spice and frankincense of Arabia, the weapons of Scythia, the palm-oil of Bagdad, the

precious stones of Egypt, the furs of Norway and Russia, and the wines of France. "I think," he proceeds, "that there is no city in which more approved customs are observed, in attending church, honoring God's ordinances, keeping festivals, giving alms, receiving strangers, confirming espousals, contracting marriages, celebrating weddings, preparing entertainments, welcoming guests, and also in the arrangement of the funeral ceremonies, and the burial of the dead. The only inconveniences of London are the immoderate drinking of foolish persons, and the frequent fires. Moreover almost all the bishops, abbots, and great men of England, are in a manner citizens of London, as they have magnificent houses there to which they resort, spending large sums of money, whenever they are summoned thither to councils, and assemblies by the King or their metropolitan, or are compelled to go there by their own business."

The London of the twelfth century was a chartered city. The liberties of the city inherited from Anglo-Saxon times, had, as we have already seen, been confirmed to them in general terms, but the grand charter on which the rights and privileges of the city were based was granted by Henry I. This charter granted them to hold the County of Middlesex for ever in farm for £300 a year, to appoint whom they pleased to be sheriff and justiciary, and that there should be no other justiciary *super ipsos homines Londonie*; exempted the citizens from liability to be tried elsewhere, from *eschot and lot, danegeld and murdrum* (certain royal dues and amercement in case of the escape of murderers), and released them from exposure to wager by battle, and from lodging the King's servants. The men of London were to be *quieti and liberi* over all England, and in all seaports from toll, passage and

lastage, and from all other customs; the churches, barons and citizens were to hold and enjoy, well and in peace, their *sokes* with all their customs, so that the indwellers in their *sokes* shall "render custom to none but to the owner of the *soke* or to his officer"; in pleas relating to money, a man of London should not be sentenced *in misericordia, nisi ad suum "icere" scilicet centum solidos* (a hundred shillings); there should be no longer *miskenninge* (unjust prosecutions) in the *hustings*, nor in the *folkmete*, nor in any pleas within the city, and the *husting* should sit every Monday; if any one took toll or custom from the citizens of London, the citizens might take as much from the *burg* or *vill* where the exaction took place, besides damages; all persons indebted to the citizens of London should pay their debts in the city, or show there that the demand was unfounded, and if they refused, the citizens of London to whom they were indebted might take by distress within the city, from the *burg*, or *vill*, or county, in which the recusant resided; and the citizens of London should have their hunting grounds for hunting, as was best and most fully enjoyed by their predecessors; that is in Chiltern in Middlesex, and in Surrey. (Cook's Archbishops of Canterbury, Vol. II. p. 612.)

The *sokes* to which reference is made in the above charter, were certain territorial divisions. The word signifies franchise, or liberty, and the territories thus designated were vested in the hands of persons who formed a class of feudal lords, possessed to some extent of independent and irresponsible power. The Knightenguild held a territory outside the eastern gate, which was called the Portsoken (literally gate-franchise), and which, in 1115, was transferred to the Priory of the Holy Trinity, founded in that year by Queen

Matilda. Next in importance was the Lord Fitzwalter, the city banner-bearer, claiming and exercising sovereign rights in his soke of Castle Baynard, a small district contiguous to his Norman fortress, close to Fleet-ditch; there was also the soke of Peverill, originally belonging to the illegitimate son of the Conqueror, of that name; the Dean and Chapter of St. Pauls had their soke; the King of Scotland held one, and two belonged to foreign monasteries. Thus London was divided into a number of little feudal principalities, over which their respective lords exercised their powers, not the least valued of which was the right known by the name of *infang-theof*, and *ouf-fang-theof*, i. e., of hanging any culprit who either lived in or had wandered into the demesne. The owner of a soke could also protect culprits if he liked, and he often did like, to the arrest of justice, and the encouragement of crime. No municipal officer could exercise any authority in these jurisdictions, so that a very large portion of the city and inhabitants was withdrawn from the proper magistrates, and placed entirely at the mercy of these petty princes, and all this anomalous authority was a heritable estate.

Another peculiar form of society in London at this period is found in the guilds or corporations of craftsmen. Originally they were voluntary societies for the protection of trade, and though much opposed and persecuted by the higher classes, who were jealous of the growing power of art and commerce, they continued to thrive. The oldest on record is the saddlers' guild, mentioned in the 12th century. They had their alderman, chaplain, four magistrates and elders, and the canons of Martin le Grand were bound to perform certain religious offices on their behalf, particularly the saying of two

masses, one for the living and one for the dead. On the death of any of the members the bell of Martin was tolled, for which service the alderman of the guild paid eight-pence. Next in antiquity came the woollen cloth weavers' guild, a close corporation, admitting its members on certain conditions, and holding courts of its own to determine all matters relating to the trade.

From a French chronicle of London it appears that in the year 1200, twenty-five discreet men were chosen to advise for the city, together with the mayor; at first the election of the mayor was monopolized by the aldermen, and the inferior part of the community, then styled "small commons," had no voice in the matter; but in 1272 the "small commons" succeeded in electing a candidate of their own, and in forcing the court of aldermen to confirm their choice. (Hallam's supplementary notes to the History of the Middle Ages, page 325).

In those days London was decidedly not remarkable for order. There was no system of police, and the only resource of the magistrates in the riots that were constantly taking place was to ring the great bell of St. Paul's and summon the whole adult population to arms. But this measure frequently had the effect of increasing the tumult. A dreadful outbreak occurred in 1260 among the goldsmiths, tailors, and white leather dressers, which was not suppressed until the contest had lasted three nights running, and thirty of the ringleaders had been taken and hanged. Thieves and bad characters were very common, finding refuge by fleeing from one soke to another; in fact so much did they infest St. Paul's, that the Dean and Chapter were compelled to build a wall round the edifice to shut them out.

In 1285 the Mayor refused to render to the Lord Treasurer an account of how the peace of the city was kept; he was also accused of taking bribes from the bakers, who made their penny loaves six or seven ounces too light. In consequence the office of mayor and the liberties of the city were suspended for twelve years, and John Beyton was appointed royal *custos* to keep order. He could not do it. Violence, robbery and murder prevailed. Hence stringent regulations were made. No stranger was to wear a weapon or be seen in the streets after the curfew had rung, and the vintners were to close their shops at that hour; fencing schools were abolished; no person, not free of the city, was allowed to reside in it; the aldermen were to search their wards and bring offenders to trial; many of the citizens had to give security for good behavior, and some were banished for an alleged conspiracy against government.

But the great struggle in those days took place in 1196, when the Justiciary Hubert demanded of the city of London a certain sum of money to meet the expenses of the war in France. The municipal functionaries decided that the money should be raised by a poll-tax; and as this tax was levied not on property but the person, all had to pay alike, rich and poor, and murmurs began to arise.

"The murmurs were deep, though not loud, until they found a voice in William Fitzosbert, known by the name of 'William with the longe berde,' commonly called Longbeard. Violent as was the language used by Longbeard against the 'nobles' of the city, he was nevertheless politic in his mode of proceeding. He professed great loyalty to the King. He inveighed against the system of taxation, by which, while the poor were oppressed, the King was defrauded.

Let a tax be placed upon property, and a much larger sum might be demanded than, under existing circumstances, it was possible to raise. He passed over to Normandy, and had an interview with Richard, praying 'peace for the citizens and himself,' by which was meant protection against the government and the city functionaries. The chroniclers differ as to the answer he obtained, but from the result we may suppose that Richard received with cordiality his former companion in arms. On Longbeard's return to England, he organized his faction, and, according to William of Newburgh, fifty-two thousand citizens enrolled themselves by name as his adherents; that is to say, they arrayed themselves against the magistrates. Longbeard raised a kind of servile war. All who were possessed of property felt that their wealth, their honor, their very lives, were in danger. They were, night and day, under arms, keeping watch and ward.

"Longbeard was, in the meantime, holding folkmotes or meetings, at which he harangued the people, and inflamed their passions. He proclaimed himself to be the king and saviour of the poor; he denounced his opponents as traitors, and thundered out his intention of curbing their perfidy. A specimen of his oratory has been handed down to us. 'The pride of his discourses,' says William of Newburgh, 'is plainly shown by what I have learned of a trustworthy man, who asserted that he himself had, some days before, been present at a meeting convened by him, and had heard him address the people. Having taken his text or theme from the Holy Scriptures he thus began: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation," (Isa. xii 3.), and applying this to himself he continued, 'I am the saviour of the poor. Do ye, O

poor! who have experienced the heaviness of rich men's hands, drink from my wells the waters of the doctrines of salvation, and ye may do this joyfully; for the time of your visitation is at hand. For I will divide the waters from the waters. The people are the waters. I will divide the humble from the haughty and treacherous; I will separate the elect from the reprobate as light from darkness.'

"Hubert called a council. Before the council Longbeard was summoned to appear. He appeared, escorted by an immense mob, who cheered him loudly on his way. The council was intimidated, and admitted that to proceed against him by the ordinary process of law, would be a hopeless endeavor. The military were therefore called out—all those in the neighboring counties who were holding property under the King. But before they arrived, Hubert determined to make trial of what could be done by conciliatory measures, and the arts of persuasion. He had been accustomed to address and control masses of men in Palestine, and though not distinguished for eloquence, he knew how to express himself with clearness and precision. He appeared himself in the city. A folk-mote was called, and such were his powers of persuasion that he actually induced the people to surrender to him hostages for the preservation of the public peace. We may presume this concession was made to avoid an assault upon the town by the troops now collecting in the neighborhood. The hostages were removed to distant fortresses, and London was declared to be in a state of siege.

"Hubert was supporting, and was himself supported by the 'nobles' of the city; and he now felt strong enough to demand the apprehension of Longbeard. Measures were taken to effect this object, when it appeared

that the capture could be accomplished safely and securely. The judiciary placed a small body of troops under the command of the civic functionaries, and Longbeard was attacked. The assailants were at first gallantly repelled, and, under Fitzosbert's axe, first one of the leaders fell, and then another. But the force brought against him was overwhelming, and the people were either not aware of his danger, or did not present themselves in sufficient numbers to insure a successful resistance. Fitzosbert acted with calmness and precaution. He took sanctuary. With his mistress and family he removed within the precincts of Mary le Bow. His retreat was wisely chosen. St. Mary le Bow was a peculiar of the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom, it might fairly be supposed, the sanctity of the place would be respected; or at all events, Fitzosbert felt that he could convert the church into a fortress, until, as he expected, the people having heard of his danger should rise in his defence. Against any popular disturbance, the Archbishop had taken effectual precaution when he obtained hostages from the leaders of the popular party. The people were well aware that Hubert Walter, an old soldier of the Crusades, was not a man to be trifled with, and they were not prepared to risk the lives of their children by a revolt. Hubert was quite ready to take upon himself all the consequences of a violation of sanctuary, if, without such a violation, he could not capture the enemy. He sent orders to Longbeard that he should come forth and abide justice. Longbeard refused to surrender, but seeing himself surrounded by troops, he retreated into the church, which he began to fortify.

"No time was to be lost. The populace, though intimidated, might be roused by the agents of Fitzosbert. Orders were therefore given that the

whole building was to be set on fire. Thus attacked by fire and smoke, Longbeard was compelled to rush out of the building, and was gallantly fighting his way when he was dangerously wounded by a stab in his belly, from the weapon of the son of that citizen whom in the first onset he had slain.

“Longbeard was now secured, bound with manacles and fetters and carried to the Tower. The ‘majores’ of the city and the King’s officers all joined in urging the justiciary to inflict condign punishment on the offender. But Hubert, though determined and severe, was calm. He ordered a trial, and was prepared to abide by the decision of the ‘proceres’ who assembled in the Tower to conduct it. Fitzosbert was by them sentenced to

death. The punishment was inflicted with its usual barbarity. He was stripped naked, tied to a horse’s tail and dragged over the rough and flinty roads to Tyburn, where his lacerated and almost lifeless carcass was hung in chains on the fatal elm.

“When the sentence had been carried into execution, the people were no longer afraid to give expression to their sympathies; and they who had deserted their advocate when he needed their assistance lamented and honored him when dead. Longbeard was worshipped as a saint. Countless miracles were wrought beneath his gibbet. The people regarded him as a second St. Thomas. But he was not canonized by the Church, and he was soon forgotten.”—(*Hook*, vol. II., p. 615, &c.)

J U N E .

BY E. P.

“‘How sad it is to be old!’ I heard you saying, Carrie, a little while ago, when you fancied I was taking my nap here in the warm sunshine. No, child, you will live to learn there are far sadder things in this world than age. I used to think, when I was a headstrong boy, full of life and energy, that I would wish to die before my bodily powers began to fail, but I did not know the value of old age then. I am thankful for these years of rest after a busy, eventful life. Now I can enjoy to the full, many pleasant hours that flew past at the time before I could feel how happy

they were; I can live my life over again, sitting here in my old easy-chair, and ponder over the lessons it tried to teach me when I was too busy or too impatient to learn. Often when you think old Uncle Will is dozing, he is busy wandering through his picture gallery. Yes, Carrie, you may laugh away, but I have one corner of my memory hung with pictures far more beautiful and more valuable to me, than the finest of all your rare collection, with their heavy gilded frames, in the Castle yonder. Yesterday, Carrie, when you raised your sweet violet eyes from the book

that I knew you were not reading, you asked me a question that I did not answer then; but I know that you have a warm, tender heart under that grand silken gown of yours, and you love the old man in spite of all his old-world notions. I don't think there was any idle curiosity in your voice when you said: 'I've often wondered, Uncle Will, why you never married; you're not a bit like most crusty old bachelors.' Ah, Carrie, you little witch, what set you wondering over other people's heart secrets? Are you beginning to have some of your own? Poor little girl! You didn't think that I had guessed it long ago. I knew what brought that wistful, hungry look into your dark eyes when they turned on Launce's handsome face, and it sent a heavy pain to my heart; for a girl's first love often brings with it more sorrow than joy. But don't look so sad, dear child—Launce has not learned yet that he has a heart; why should you not be the one to teach him? But I was going to let you have a peep at a few of my most precious pictures, and perhaps before I draw the curtain over them again your question may be answered.

"The first one is of a quiet little river. Tall thick trees throw a cool green shadow on the clear water; a boat is drifting lazily among the water lilies. In it are a girl and boy neither of whom are yet eighteen, but a single glance at the face of the boy as he holds the soft white hand of his companion between both his brown ones, and gazing into her tender, steadfast eyes, talks to her earnestly, tells us at once that they are just learning the dangerous lesson of loving. Ah, how beautiful she is, my darling June! Her soft brown hair is coiled round her pretty little head in a womanly fashion, but still the rebellious little curls will peep out here and there. Her brown eyes

are full of love and tenderness, but she cannot keep the dimples from playing around her sweet little mouth, for her young lover is laying the bright impossible plans for the future, that only boys can lay. But they cannot always be so happy as this, for my next picture shows the gay, hopeful boy thrown on the grass with his face buried in his hands, and kneeling beside him is June, her face wet with tears, but with a true woman's spirit trying to hide away her own grief and to comfort him. Love is teaching their young hearts one of her saddest lessons, the bitterness of parting.

"Here is another picture, Carrie, and one that I love to study, for it brings back the happiest moments of my life. It is a meeting, after many long years of weary waiting, but in those years the boy and girl lovers have become a man and woman, but whatever other changes there may be, these are still the same earnest, loving eyes that look down at June's happy face; still the same strong, firm hand that touches June's little stray curls so tenderly; still the same protecting arm that draws June closer to the heart that she can almost hear throbbing, and if that heart has suffered any change since the happy 'long ago,' it has only grown more completely filled with love for June.

"One more picture, Carrie,—one that it breaks my heart to gaze on. It is of a little room, dainty and pretty as the owner loved to have everything around her. Flowers blooming behind the snowy curtains in the window; a bird hopping around in his cage; pictures on the walls; a little table by the window with a work-basket on it, the bright wools tumbled together just as she left them; her Bible with a mark at the verses she read last night, and through the open window the sunlight is streaming over everything. No, not over

everything,—it does not reach the little bed in the corner, where, pale and cold, lies all that is left of my bright, beautiful June. The brown eyes are closed—forever; the dimples will never more play about that tender little mouth; the slender hand has no longer any power to return the loving clasp of the broken-hearted man who stands at the bedside. Once more he passes his hand over the soft curls that still peep out in the old way, and presses his lips on the white brow, for the last time. Yes, June is dead,—oh, Carrie, it's a bitter thing to lose those whom we love!"

MY SON'S WIFE.

BY E. T. BARTLEY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

FERNEY GROVE, Sept. 9th, 18—

MY DEAR AUNT,—I have left a merry party down stairs, and have come up here to the room which I share with Ada and Alice, to have a little quiet that I may write to you, for I know you will all be anxious to learn news of the wedding, and I do not wish to postpone my letter till to-morrow.

It was arranged that we were to have no evening party, and the guests, with the exception of those staying in the house, were expected to take their departure after the breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, whichever you choose to call it, being a mixture of all three. But knowing my uncle's peculiar weakness, you will not be surprised when I tell you, that there are about twenty additional downstairs, to whom he has extended invitations, to remain and spend the evening, "just in an easy way you know, and without any ceremony;" and judging from the noise and laughter below, I infer that they are carrying out the terms of the invitation, both in the spirit and the letter. The servants are busy re-arranging the tables, and as there are several of the dishes almost untouched, we are to sit down to another nondescript meal in a few hours. From this you will perceive that uncle's hospitality has not proved so inconvenient as it sometimes does.

Now I must tell you about the bride: Her dress was by no means costly, consisting merely of white grenadine, with white satin trimmings, long veil and wreath of orange blossoms, &c.; but with these, tastefully made, and becomingly

managed, she looked perfectly lovely and lovable, as I am sure thought he whose property she has now become. I am sure, Aunt, that this is a real love match, and I think they are so well suited to each other, that they must be happy. He is a man who gives me the impression of strength and protection, which is, I think, just the kind of husband Ella ought to have. He is also both handsome and good-looking, and has a sufficiency of this world's goods, so you see he has lots of good qualities. His brothers and sisters are to remain till the return of the young couple, and escort them home to Blantyre. His father and mother came early this morning, just to attend the wedding, and returned home by the cars this afternoon. They are evidently much pleased with George's choice, and seem to love Ella dearly.

The bridesmaids made a very pretty trio; their dresses, which were white muslin with cerise trimmings, were alike, and becoming to all, though Ada looked the prettiest. Leila Osborne has rather a lifeless style of beauty, which Ada's warmer loveliness puts somewhat in the shade, but *entre nous*, Ada is particularly lovely and animated just now, and I think I have discovered the cause, but will not tell you till I come home.

The Lesters, of whom you have heard the girls speak, are staying in the house. I think I shall like Margaret; she is a comical sort of girl, and makes fun for us all. I wish you had seen her to-day, as the happy pair were about to take their departure, rushing about with an antimaccassar, and assiduously offering to wipe away the tears which she affected to perceive on the cheeks of the lady guests, much to the a-

musement of the gentlemen, with whom she is quite a favorite, and who would not have objected, I fancy, to come in for a share of her administrations themselves.

The ceremony was to have been performed by Mr. Olney, who has not yet left home; but he did not feel able to attend, so Edward Carstairs had to take his place, and so inaugurated his term of service here by tying this most auspicious of matrimonial knots. He is very much changed in appearance, which is owing principally to the additional ornamentation of whiskers, &c., which make him look much older, and more sedate.

His manner is not very taking, and the girls vote him long-faced, pussy, &c., which is also the verdict of your humble servant; but the latter, I confess, may partly arise from wounded pride, for his reverence in the first place, did not recognize me, and when informed as to my personality, evidently found my conversation very uninteresting, for after enquiring if I had seen his father lately, and if Uncle and yourself were well, he took himself off in the pursuit, no doubt, of more congenial society, and I have not spoken to him again.

My most attentive cavalier is Alfred Lester; he is a large, kind-hearted fellow, who, I can fancy, from my own experience, makes it his especial duty to attend bashful damsels like myself, for which I hope they all feel as grateful as I do.

Now, dear Aunt, my letter is too long already, so I must say good-bye for the present. I think I shall enjoy my visit more than I expected, and will write soon and tell you how I get along. With much love to all the dear ones at home, and hoping George will prove as good a correspondent as he promised,

Ever Yours Lovingly,
BESSIE.

Bessie's letter sealed and addressed, she prepared to join the merrymakers below, and descended to the hall, in time to hear her uncle earnestly pressing Edward, who seemed to be on the eve of departure, to remain a little longer. As Bessie approached, he called on her to unite her entreaties to his own, adding, "I am afraid Mr. Carstairs considers our amusements frivolous; is it not so, my dear sir?"

"On the contrary," returned Edward, his somewhat stern countenance relaxing into a smile, which excited Bessie's astonishment so much did it alter the character of his face, "I think the amusements in which your young guests are indulging, perfectly lawful on an occasion of rejoicing like the present, but other en-

agements call for my attention. This is you know the evening for the weekly meeting, and Mr. Olney expects me to preside. I think, however, that I may remain for half-an-hour longer, as I am tempted to ascertain what is exciting all this merriment."

As he spoke, a renewed peal of laughter greeted their ears from the parlor, and entering the room they found the whole party deep in a game of "Questions and Answers." As they entered, Alice, who was playing the catechist, exclaimed:

"Oh! Mr. Carstairs, what do you consider the greatest charm in woman?"

"Brown eyes," he replied, gravely, and pointing the remark by thoughtfully regarding those of his questioner.

The last thing Alice had expected was a compliment from the grave Mr. Carstairs, and she turned away somewhat confused, but quickly rallying, turned to Bessie with the corresponding enquiry, "What do you think the greatest charm of manhood?"

"Conceit," replied Bessie, deliberately, imagining that she had discovered this to be the prevailing weakness of the *ci-devant* collegian, and feeling unaccountably irritated at his stately manners.

Blushing scarlet at her own temerity, conscious guilt making her believe that her response must certainly be appropriated by the object of it, she was glad to take the seat which Alfred Lester offered her between Ada and himself, though fearing that his remark, "That was well done," was too loud to be altogether private. Several of the party laughed in evident appreciation of Bessie's thrust, but the object of it merely regarded her with momentary astonishment, which somewhat increased her confusion. The game went on for

some time with undiminished vigor, and afterwards the party divided themselves, some to the piano, around which was soon gathered a group, as enthusiastic in evoking sweet sounds from voice and instrument, as they had previously been in attempting to ascertain the likes and dislikes of themselves and others. Many were tempted by the beauty of the starlit evening to loiter on the verandah; the evening air, though somewhat chilly, proving very welcome in lieu of the overheated apartment they had left. Bessie had a particular admiration for evenings such as this, when the orbs of night in all their radiant splendor, proclaim the power and glory of their Creator:

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine."

She was sitting a little apart from the others, and as she gazed on the starry firmament overhead, and suffered her eyes to wander over the beauty which stretched all around, the clear rays of the moon lighting up each tree and shrub with unearthly brilliancy, and tinting the white-washed cottages in the distance with more than daylight purity, the longing which seemed to have become almost a part of her nature, to be brought into nearer and dearer relationship with the Divine being whose power and goodness were so marvellously displayed in these the works of His hands, became painful in its intensity, and she thought bitterly, "Why, oh why, can I not become a Christian!"

How mysterious is the state of a human soul, ready and anxious to accept Christ as a Saviour, and yet seeming to lack the power to make the personal appropriation which is necessary thereto!

We know, however, that as God is ever ready to save, and waiting to be gracious, the difficulty must be with the individual himself, and that something of human pride must link in

the heart which he fancies he is quite ready to give to God, but which while it retains this greatest of human frailties, he can never fully surrender.

When Bessie was a child, she wished so much to be "good," this being the view of Christianity instilled by her Sunday-school teacher, and alas! by too many Sunday-school teachers, then and now. Tell a child to be docile, obedient, truth-telling, and so on, and you do well; but once instill the idea that this human goodness is to be the means of pleasing God and winning salvation, and you administer a moral poison which years of faithful teaching and Gospel sermon-hearing may fail to eradicate. Ah, Bessie, you now understood the scheme of salvation well, but methinks you wanted to help God just a little, in the work which was accomplished hundreds of years ago, and to which the words of the dying Saviour, "It is finished," gave a completeness, which neither you nor any other can ever supplement.

"Here you are, Miss Macdonald," exclaimed Alfred Lester, breaking in on her reverie. "May I sit beside you here, or do I intrude on a solitude which you seem to prefer!"

"Oh, no," responded Bessie, politely, but rather wishing he had left her to her own company a little longer; "but you will have to procure a seat from the parlor."

"Oh, I feel quite comfortable standing; it is no doubt owing to this fact, that I have reached my present attitude, as the maintenance of an erect position is supposed to be favorable to growth."

"Then," said Bessie, laughing, "I think you had better accept this chair, and allow me to test the efficacy of your prescription."

"You think, then, that I am quite tall enough?"

"That is my decided opinion, and don't you think that I would be none the worse for having an inch or two added to my stature?"

"On the contrary, I would not have you in any respect other than you are."

"I did not expect a compliment from you, Mr. Lester."

"And wherefore not? I suppose you consider me too uncouth to attempt such a thing; but, you know, I must begin to practice some time, if I hope to please the ladies."

"And you think I would be a good subject to begin with? I have no manner of objection if I can be of any use to you. Just fancy for the time, that I am a perfect Hebe, and possess all the charms of a Venus, and it will inspire you, as the reality would fail to do. If you regard the moon and stars instead of my countenance, it will favor the illusion."

"I prefer to regard the orbs less heavenly but more attractive."

"You progress well, Monsieur; you will soon become an adept in your present study."

This was the kind of banter in which Bessie and Alfred had indulged during her two days' stay at Ferney Grove; but to-night they soon tired of it, Bessie being in too serious a mood to keep it up with spirit, and her companion nothing loath to exchange it for more serious conversation. Bessie was astonished at the ease with which she always found herself addressing Alfred. It seemed as if she had known him for months instead of days, and there were few with whom she would have become so intimate even had such been the case. This was favored, no doubt, by the intuitive perception that he regarded her with respect, and looked up to her as superior in intellect and attainments to himself. She could not but be aware that the idea was just, as Bessie, though boast-

ing few accomplishments, was thoroughly well-informed on all useful subjects; but she was not accustomed to be thus rated by strangers, her unassuming and bashful manner preventing her from gaining the esteem which otherwise she might have won. To-night she was beguiled into talking of home, and grew quite eloquent as she described her uncle and aunt, and portrayed the characteristics of the different members of the family; to all of which Alfred listened with undisguised interest, and in turn waxed very communicative on his own affairs.

"I suppose you know, Miss Macdonald," said he, "that my father is a farmer, and being a hard-working man, and having lived in his younger days with great economy, has succeeded in accumulating considerable wealth. He is, however, a plain man, as is also, you perceive, his eldest son. When I was quite young I had to help my father on the farm, and only getting to school at irregular intervals, picked up very little education, which I much regret now, but for which I think I can scarcely blame myself. To be sure, for former disadvantages, I reap the reward now, of having an equal share with my father of the produce of the farm, and ultimately am to be its sole possessor; but I feel that this can scarcely make up to me for the lack of a certain amount of education which it is necessary that any one who professes to be a gentleman should possess. James was always, even when a boy, quite the fine gentleman, and so my father decided to give him a college education and make a minister of him. My father did not mean to be unjust, but I sometimes envy my brother his more favorable opportunities and superior attainments.

"I don't think it is ever too late to mend,—why don't you begin to

study now? I think it is a glorious thing for a man to be self-educated, do not you?"

"Yes, indeed; but I do not possess sufficient application now to make me successful in the pursuit of knowledge."

"Then that is your own fault. You must cultivate application."

"Must I? Then I will, since you say so. As soon as I get home, I shall begin a course of reading, and there is no saying how studious I may become in course of time."

"Don't do it because I say so; that would be a poor reason; do it because it is right, and success go with you."

"And what else shall I do?"

"You won't be offended if I tell you something else, will you?"

"By no means."

"Well, you must abstain from those slang expressions to which, excuse me, you are rather addicted; I don't think any gentleman should use such."

"You are quite right, Miss MacDonald; from this time forth I shall try to cure myself of the habit. You are cold," added Alfred, as Bessie shivered slightly; "perhaps we had better go indoors." Turning, Bessie discovered that all the others had gone into the house, and the night having become more chilly, she very gladly followed their example.

CHAPTER IV.

Ferney Grove was no pretentious mansion, but merely a comfortable dwelling-house of moderate extent, suitably but unexpensively furnished, but the neatness which prevailed in all its appointments gave the place a charm which costlier appointments in themselves would have failed to bestow. Its owner was a self-made man—not by any means affluent, but

possessing a competency with which he had the good sense to be content, and as he had no son to be his successor, he, three years previous to the commencement of our story, sold his interest in the lumbering firm of which he was a partner, and the house which for convenience and contiguity to his business premises he had continued to inhabit long after its dimensions were inconsistent with his family and income, was forsaken for one in the nearer vicinity of Lynchborough, which happened to be for sale, and which he purchased at a considerable advantage. During these three years, his two younger daughters had derived the advantages of daily attendance at the Academy in Lynchborough, and at the close of the previous session were supposed to have finished their education. They had all previously been away at school for longer or shorter periods, and Ella had completed her education before their removal.

Mr. Harcourt had emigrated from England when quite a young man, and though on his arrival in Canada it had fallen to his lot to share the meanest toil, he soon gained the respect of his employers, who procured for him a situation more suited to his capacity, and in two years he was in a position to send for his promised wife, who was not of English descent like himself, but whom he transplanted from,

"The land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
The land of mountain and of flood,"

to that of the Maple and the Pine, where by their united efforts they soon made for themselves a home which, as years rolled on, became dearer to them even than that which they had left. His wife proved to him a helpmate indeed, and aided by her, he had, step by step, climbed the ladder of success, until now he could lay down the weapons of activity and

perseverance by which he had gained his present position, God sparing him to spend some peaceful years of rest and enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries to which his youth had been unaccustomed.

On the death of her parents, Mrs. Harcourt, with her husband's consent, offered a share of their home to her orphaned sisters, which, left alone in the world, and in straitened circumstances, they were but too glad to accept. It was but a few years after their arrival till they were both married; but neither Bessie's father nor her Uncle Langford had been so successful in life as Mr. Harcourt. Mr. Langford, however, was in possession of a good farm, which he was improving year by year, and his family did not want for any of the necessities or plainer comforts of which his circumstances would admit.

Bessie was in love with Ferney Grove and its surroundings, and being accustomed to early rising, was down stairs on the morning following the wedding long before the other members of the family had opened their drowsy eyes on the new day, which promised to be particularly mild and lovely,—one of those brilliant autumn days which become all the more precious because we know they cannot last, but must soon give place to the "sad autumn winds," which steal from the branches their gold-tinted foliage, and plunge nature into a desolate sadness, which seems as if she were mourning the loss of beauty, so gay but yet so transient, in which she was so lately clothed, and forgetting that another spring will bedeck her again with renewed loveliness. Bessie had no particular object in rising so early; she only wanted to be out breathing the fresh air, and roaming at will by wood and river. Descending the hill at the back of the house she soon reached the bank of the river, and seating herself on

a stone close to its margin gave herself up to the enjoyment of such a pleasant solitude, idly picking up the pebbles at her feet, and watching with dreamy pleasure the widening ripples which they made on the calm surface of the water, as she threw them in. Ah, Bessie, your own life had hitherto been even as the smooth surface of the water on which you gazed, and you knew not how soon the weight was to be thrown in which in its ever-widening results was to affect your whole life here, and be momentous even for eternity itself! Bessie knew not how long she had been sitting thus, when the sound of oars from behind attracted her attention, and turning she perceived a boat with one occupant approaching the shore. Her first impulse was to rise and move away as quickly as possible; but realizing the absurdity of flight from one who seemed to be as harmlessly occupied, and was evidently as harmless in intention as herself, she resolved not to be disturbed by the approach of an intruder on her solitude, but to sit still and ascertain who the gentleman (for by this time she could tell that the occupant was a gentleman) should be. As the boat drew nearer she withdrew her eyes, and affected to be engaged in reading the book which had hitherto lain unopened on her lap, when a voice with which she was scarcely familiar, exclaimed:

"Good morning, Miss Macdonald; I perceive that you, like myself, appreciate the delights of morning air and exercise."

Bessie was not at all delighted on discovering that the late boatman was no other than Mr. Carstairs, who stood before her, fish in hand, the result of his morning exertions; and, blushing from mingled timidity and annoyance, she awkwardly returned his salutation. She hoped that he would pass on, but after securing

his boat, he returned and seating himself beside her, lifted the book which lay open on her lap, and looking at the title page, enquired, "Do you enjoy this kind of reading?"

The book was a novel of the supersensational style, which Bessie was ashamed to be found reading, but which she had in fact carried in her hand, more for the sake of carrying something than from any intention of perusing its contents, and had only glanced at it as Edward approached; but, too proud to defend herself and especially to Mr. Carstairs, whose manner she fancied somewhat domineering, she evaded his question by asking another:—"Do you disapprove of it, Mr. Carstairs?"

"I do not disapprove of novels altogether; but this trash, excuse me, is unfit for any pure or intellectual being."

"Have you read it then?"

"No," returned he, quite aware of the spirit of mischief in which the question was asked, "but if you like I will read some extracts now."

Bessie hastily begged to be excused, and rising said that she must return to the house, as breakfast would probably be waiting.

He coolly lifted the fish and trolling line, and prepared to accompany her.

"Well," thought she, "if he avoided me yesterday, he is determined to give me the benefit of his society today; now for a most learned lecture, —I don't expect such a paragon can condescend to ordinary conversation."

She soon found herself mistaken. After walking several yards in unbroken silence, which Bessie felt to be extremely awkward, but during which her companion maintained his accustomed composure, he turned to her saying:

"Well, Miss Bessie, and how do all the Therwall folks get on?"

"Much as usual, I think; nothing

very exciting ever occurs in Therwall."

"How is that?"

"I don't know, unless it is that we are too nearly asleep to get excited ourselves, or to do anything to produce excitement in our neighbors."

"Do you consider a state of excitement a desirable condition?"

"Certainly, if it be pleasant excitement."

"Have you never been so excited then?"

"Yes, sometimes," replied Bessie, reluctantly, guessing what the next question would be.

"What was it that produced it?"

Bessie objected to this catechising style of conversation, but felt herself compelled to reply.

"Sometimes I have been pleasantly excited when I have overcome a difficulty in my studies; when I have gained a glance or a word of approval from Uncle and Aunt, who do not praise often, and whose praise is therefore all the more precious. Sometimes, too, when I have been unusually successful in culinary pursuits, and oftener when I have indulged in a game of romps with the children."

Edward regarded her with an amused smile, as he replied, "I do not think this excitement is likely to prove injurious; but are you content then with this?"

"No; indeed, I often wish that something would happen to break the monotony of our lives."

"What kind of thing would you like to happen?"

"I don't know."

"Are you not contented in your home?"

"Oh, yes, I love it dearly, and hope I may never leave it."

"And yet you desire something that it cannot afford; you feel a restless craving for something, you know not what: is it not so?"

At this question, which was accompanied by a glance of kindly interest, Bessie felt almost tempted to reveal her doubts and difficulties, and seek counsel from one who, being a minister of God, she thought must be able to help and advise, but she restrained the impulse, and merely answered "yes."

After a silence, during which Edward was apparently lost in meditation, he suddenly repeated as if to himself, the lines:

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die."

Bessie's heart answered to the words with a thrill of pain and longing; but as they did not seem to be addressed to her, she made no reply. Presently, Edward began to speak of his father, and from this glided easily to her uncle and aunt, asking questions with all the coolness and pertinence for which he was remarkable. None of them were offensive, and yet put by some, and these comparative strangers, would have been certain to give offence; but Edward excelled in the art of putting questions, without appearing unduly familiar,—an art which had no small share in his success as a minister. Bessie, though by no means egotistical, felt certain that all his queries were directed so as to ascertain of what stuff she herself was made,—that, in fact, he was drawing her out; and though inwardly protesting at the process, felt herself powerless to resist, and replied with all the docility of a child in the presence of his master. As they neared the house, she was debating with herself whether to ask him in to breakfast, when her difficulty was removed by the ap-

proach of her uncle and Ada; the former after a cordial salutation, with all his accustomed hospitality, extending the invitation which Bessie had hesitated to give. It was, however, courteously declined, and begging Mr. Harcourt's acceptance of a part of his morning's sport, Edward took his leave, and set off rapidly in the direction of the manse, which was at a mile's distance from Ferney Grove, on the road leading to the town.

"And so you have had a morning's walk with the Paragon," exclaimed Ada, as he disappeared; "don't I envy you! I think I shall rise early to-morrow morning also, and betake myself for a morning stroll. Such improving conversation as you have no doubt been listening to, would be very desirable for a volatile young person like myself; don't you think so, papa?"

"I have no doubt of it. But why do you speak thus of Mr. Carstairs? I fear he has not found favor with the young ladies. What fault have you to find with him? I am sure he is a handsome fellow, and his manner particularly gentlemanly."

"Granted, dear papa, but then he is so conceited; is he not, Bessie?"

"I don't know," replied Bessie, thoughtfully, "I thought he was yesterday, but now I am not sure that his manner arises from conceit; I fancy that dignified air is natural to him."

"Well, perhaps so, but it is altogether too dignified for my taste, and especially for so young a man; he cannot be more than twenty-five, and he puts on all the dignity of forty."

"Come, chatterbox, and let us discuss breakfast instead of Mr. Carstairs. Here comes Mr. Lester to remind us that it is waiting."

(To be continued).

REMINISCENCES OF A MISSIONARY PASTOR AND COLLECTOR.

My ordination as Pastor of the Congregational Church in the town of Godalming, Surrey, England, took place in the presence of a large congregation on the 25th of October, 1830. Among the audience was Mrs. Sumner, the pious and honored mother of two sons, one of whom became Bishop of Winchester, recently deceased, and the other Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England. On the following day I received a note from her, requesting me to call upon her, when she asked me to allow her to peruse the document I read at the service of the previous day. This document related to my Christian experience; my reasons for believing myself called to the ministry; how I intended to prosecute its duties; and the doctrines I meant to teach. After thanking me for acceding to her request, she said, "You know, sir, we have no shepherd here in our Church, and I should be very much obliged if you would be so kind as occasionally to call and pray with me?" Of course I complied, and this good old honored lady, with a few others of decided evangelical sentiments, were among my best friends; supplying me with money and an abundance of good things to distribute among the sick poor of the parish. Thus God graciously gave me acceptance among all classes of the population; even the Quakers, of whom there were several respectable families in the place, treated me with kindness and respect, seeking my advice and aid in the general purposes of benevolence in which they took an interest, and I must say that they were rich in good works. The Bible Society and the first temperance efforts secured their warmest sympathies. At the time of my settlement, the Church numbered twenty-seven communicants, with a congregation of about sixty. It had been organized one hundred and twenty years, and they worshipped in a small chapel, built of brick and stone. A few months afterwards the congregation had so increased that a larger meeting-house was indispensable, and there was a resolution among the people to "arise and build." A committee was formed, a tender of contract was accepted, and with much faith and zeal we incurred liabilities to the amount of some six thousand dollars, the pastor engaging to raise a third of the amount by personal appeal outside the congregation. In addition to this, he was requested, being assisted by a small committee, to make an assessment upon the congregation for five years, they pledging themselves to pay the required sums. This was a delicate task, but with one exception it worked well. The richest man in the congregation was close, even penurious. After all the rest had accepted the assessment, we called upon Mr. T. for the first assessment of five pounds sterling. He was angry and offered two, then three pounds, which we told him we could not take from him. It was the Lord's work, and we urged him to take care how he refused to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. He petulantly said, "Then I will not give what you ask; only wait a little and you will have room

enough in the old place." We urged him to reconsider his refusal, as it was very easy for the Lord to quarter a lawyer or a physician upon him; but it was of no use, the five pounds he would not give. He took such offence that, at great inconvenience, he removed to a neighboring town, without even paying his pew-rent, Trouble awaited him. His good wife, who was a kind-hearted Christian woman, was on the platform at the anniversary of the Bible Society, when the platform fell and broke her leg. Being well up in years, it was a long time before she was able to use it, and as her leg got better, she gradually lost her sight. This involved a journey of forty miles to London, twice a week, to consult a distinguished oculist. Then their daughter, who had married a gay spendthrift, was abandoned by her husband, who had fled to America, and she was thrown upon her father with her three children. Time rolled on, when on the expiration of more than five years, Mr. T. was seen one Sabbath morning leading his wife into the house of God he had refused to assist in building. It was with much pleasure I observed his serious, marked attention. The next morning he called at my house, and with tearful eyes acknowledged his sin and the temper he had displayed in refusing the very reasonable sum to assist in building the new sanctuary. He said, "I have often thought of your words. God has indeed flogged me for my conduct. I have now brought you the full sum, with the amount of pew-rent I had left unpaid." "But, sir," I said, "the chapel debt is all paid, and all the other debts of the Church." "Well," he said, "it is not my money, but the Lord's." I replied, "We have a small debt still upon the Wormley village chapel, and, with your permission, we will apply it in liquidating the remaining

debt on that building." This was done, and after some Christian intercourse with him, I had the pleasure of receiving him and his good wife at the Lord's Table as members of the Church, where they maintained a Christian walk and conversation to the end of their pilgrimage, which occurred a few years later.

During my pastorate of seven years, the Lord graciously added to its fellowship a large number who were the joy and rejoicing of the pastor, and will be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. These consisted, for the most part, of young people, the children of the old members, who had been trained in the Sabbath-school, and who ultimately became the most efficient part of the membership of the Church; and how has my heart been delighted by communications from a dear friend, to whose special attention I had commended them, of their consistent and useful piety! Nor was the membership of the Church limited to the fine old town of three thousand people, but we had many gathered from the surrounding villages, who became living stones of the spiritual temple. It was our accustomed rule, two or three times a week, to go into the highways and hedges, that if possible we might "compel them to come in." The rural inhabitants of the county were well cared for, and I am happy to bear testimony to the great usefulness of the Surrey Mission, composed of Christians of all denominations. We had none of the clerical members of the Establishment numbered with us in the evangelization of the villages, but we had some of the best of their lay-members, with whom I have formed friendships which have continued to the present time. Such were Broadley Wilson, Esq., and the brothers Henry and Edward Kemble, the former Member of Parliament for many

years for the city of London, and their excellent nephew, the Rev. Charles Kemble, M. A., more recently incumbent of the Abbey Church in the city of Bath, whose recent death caused great lamentation, and whose hand was open as the day to every call of philanthropy and religion. Of these and many others in the Establishment, it may be truly said they were "good men, full of faith, and abounding in all good works."

It is a notorious fact that in those days, in many of the villages of old England, a cold formalism prevailed in the parochial churches. There is, happily, a wonderful improvement at the present time, but then "the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed!" Christ was not preached as the only Saviour, and spiritual religion was ignored. So that when the earnest minister carried the Gospel to these dark places, he was regarded as an intermeddler, and men of the baser sort were employed to drive him from the place. Such was the case at the beautiful village of Witley, four miles from Godalming. We went and preached Christ there. There was a profound impression, and in a short time ten persons from that village were received into the Church. Clerical interference was excited, and for some months I was embroiled in a paper war. But the Word of the Lord grew mightily, and prevailed. There was a movement made to put up a village chapel, but clerical influence prevented any person from selling us a plot of ground. But God's providence was with us. The heart of a landowner was touched, who came and offered me half an acre of land, on what was then called Wormley Heath, half a mile from the village of Witley. It was then a desolate spot, but after consideration we decided to accept the offer. A brick building was erected, the Rev. George Clayton, of Walworth, London,

preached the opening sermon, after which he baptized my youngest son. I preached there on Sabbath afternoons during the last year of my pastorate, and many of the people from the village attended the services. But afterwards there was difficulty in finding supplies. My successor declined to continue the service. Afterwards, the Surrey Mission took up the station with not very successful results. But in a few years after, a railway direct from London to Portsmouth was projected and completed; over Wormley Heath, a station sprung up close to the village chapel. Building lots were sold, and there is now a flourishing little town, to which Witley is a mere adjunct. Many gentlemen from London reside there, and do business in town, the thirty-three miles being accomplished in one hour; and I have been told by a gentleman from the neighborhood, "You built that chapel in the right place." The only case of discipline during my pastorate, related to one of the most efficient members of the Church, and he was happily restored before my departure. The care of the Church devolved upon him during the long sickness of my predecessor, and probably led him to think more highly of himself than he ought to think, and, being off his guard, he was an easy prey to temptation. The Church dealt faithfully with him, and with deep humility and bitter accusations of himself, he was restored to the fellowship of the Church.

We took the initiative in the formation of the Bible Society, the Temperance Reformation Society, and the Sabbath-School Association. At our anniversaries we had the privilege of pulpit services from Rev. Drs. Leif-child, Wm. Beng Collyer, George Col-lison, John Harris, then minister of Croydon, author of "Mammon," &c., &c., and afterwards President of New College, London. But in May, 1836,

I was in London when the Colonial Missionary Society was formed, with which my mind was much impressed. I wrote a letter, which was published in the *World* newspaper. Shortly after I received a letter from the Rev. Thomas Binney, inviting me to an interview with the Rev. Henry Wilkes, who was just going to assume the pastorate of the Congregational Church in the city of Montreal, and agent of the Colonial Missionary Society. The date of this interview is June, 1836. Then I first saw the honored Congregational Bishop of Montreal, and fed by his ardent zeal for his adopted country's best interests, my own incipient desire to devote myself to Canada was increased, and I promised to follow him the

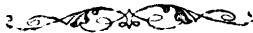
ensuing spring. But it was no easy task to tear myself away from a loving and beloved people. They were my first love. Many of them I had begotten in the Gospel, and the announcement of my engagement to go to Canada produced a feeling of sadness which filled me with alarm and pain. But they gave me up at length for Christ's sake and for the sake of souls. One verse of a poem written by a member of the Church expresses the feelings of all :

" Yes, we must part, the busy wave a barrier soon will be,

Not so our intercourse in heaven, for there, there is no sea ;

Soon we must say farewell for time, how it relieves the pain

Of parting friends, if they can say, We part to meet again !"



Young Folks.

AN OLD-TIME QUILTING BEE.

THE GRANDFATHER GRAY SERIES.

BY A. M. AMES.

"Well, to be sure, what a bee-hive I have stumbled into!" said Grandfather Gray cheerily as he entered his son's sitting-room one bright October afternoon. The children were agreeably surprised by his unusually early call, and eagerly set about making him comfortable. Johnnie laid aside the story-book he had been reading aloud to his sisters, and added more coal to the fire in the grate, while Mary took the old gentleman's hat and the shawl that a strong northerly breeze had made necessary. Little Alice, too, showed her zeal by tugging away at the great arm-chair that came nigh proving too much for her small strength, but which she at length succeeded in bringing to the desired place by the fire, and for which she was rewarded by a seat on her grandfather's knee. All at last settled around the cheerful hearth, the grandfather had time to enquire after mamma and baby, who had gone for their usual afternoon's airing, and then about the children's employment at which they had been so busily engaged when he came in. This last enquiry brought Alice to her feet in an instant in quest of the work she had hastily thrown aside on her grandfather's appearance; but she was soon back again displaying, with a great deal of eagerness, her first essay at needle work, in the shape of a block of patchwork neatly basted for over and over sewing. An amused smile played across the old gentleman's features as he noticed the knots that childish impatience had suffered to be sewn in, and the stitches piled one above another, in her attempts to take small ones, followed by a stitch of remarkable length, then by one of proportionate depth, then a knot, and another pile of fine stitches; but

he patted the golden head affectionately, and predicted that, with perseverance, she might, in time, become as expert a needlewoman as her grandmother had been in her youth.

At this last remark, Johnnie and Mary exchanged intelligent glances, for they knew that, in their grandfather's estimation, at least, to do anything as well as "grandmother," was to attain a height of excellence not to be surpassed; and, besides, they felt sure he was drifting towards a state of retrospection that would soon culminate in a story. Willing to hasten matters a little, Mary remarked: "You see, we were down to grandmother's this morning, and she cut out and basted us some work such as she used to do when she was young," and she spread out on her lap a star composed of bits of various colored silks, and which, though as yet only basted together, would, when nicely sewn, make an elegant cover for a chair cushion.

"Well, I am old-fashioned enough to believe in girls learning to use the needle skillfully, and you could not have a better teacher than your grandmother," said her grandfather with an approving smile; "for in her day, when there were no sewing-machines, it was considered a necessity to sew well, and a great accomplishment to stitch and hem neatly. I can recall to mind, even now, some delicate stitching of shirtfronts and wristbands and hemmings of handkerchiefs that the best 'Singer' can hardly hope to rival; and then, besides the economy that was exercised in the ingenious patching and turning of 'every day' clothes, what marvels of patchwork were redeemed from otherwise useless fragments by the ready needle, and converted into bed coverings both

useful and ornamental—a performance by no means to be despised when we take into account the fact that ordinary prints were from forty to fifty cents a yard, and the difficulty they had in raising means to purchase store goods of the most necessary kinds, and this reminds me of my mother's first quilting in the backwoods. The rain that came on the night Paul and I returned from the Mills with the groceries for this very occasion, continued, with more or less violence, for two or three days, thus precluding the possibility of commencing our wheat-harvest, though the first sowing was fully ripe enough for the sickle; but so far from passing the time in discontented fault-findings with the weather, my father cheerfully busied himself in promoting mother's preparations for her quilting; and, indeed, she could hardly have carried it on without some assistance from him, as there were frames to be made for holding the quilt, besides benches to sit on, as we were not overstocked with chairs. One day sufficed to complete these, and as the next was no more favorable for out door employment than the last, my father devoted it to the planning and constructing of a very ingenious set of jacks, for holding together and supporting the frames at the same time, and which was meant to do away with the hitherto universal method of fastening them at the corners with nails, and resting them on the backs of chairs. I suppose I should fail in trying to make you understand the manner in which they were constructed, but when I tell you that mother thought them the greatest invention of the age, and that they figured at every quilting in the neighborhood for years after, you may suppose they were duly appreciated. By and by the rain ceased to fall, the clouds dispersed, and a day's drying with the wind and sun fitted the wheat for cutting, and father and I were forced to be very busy with our sickles; for in those days in that section, it would have been thought a glaring mark of unthrift had any one attempted to secure their grain in a less careful manner than that of reaping and neatly binding it into sheaves, and though it will be set down as another old-fashioned whim of one who is far behind the times, I am not sure, after all, that the old method was not the best.

“As our house was far too small for anything half so formidable as a regular quilting bee being carried on within it, mother and Ellen had made great exertions to gain time for having the quilting much earlier than was customary in

order to occupy the new barn for the occasion before it should be appropriated to its legitimate use; hence the picture that comes to my mind's eye when I look back to a certain bright August afternoon. Father and Mr. Deering had gone early in the morning to return work they were indebted to Mr. Johnson for, leaving Paul and myself with each a task for the forenoon, with permission, after having completed which, to spend the remainder of the day together. About the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Deering came over to help mother on with the quilt, and the sun had hardly gained its meridian when Paul came in sight, and as my task was finished, I ran to meet him. After dinner we sought out a shady tree that commanded a good view of the opening as well as the road and sat down under it to watch for the coming of the quilting party and talk over matters interesting only to boys; and I think even Johnnie here would have been interested in our plans for fishing and for trapping mink, both of which were abundant in and around the streams of that region.

“What a bright, delicious day that was, and how we enjoyed it!—for though the sun burned uninterruptedly in a cloudless sky, there was a fresh breeze which, together with the dense shade of our tree, served to temper the intense heat; and as we lay there talking of things in no way connected with the scene before us we were, all unconsciously, drinking in a store of beautiful memories to be recalled with pleasure during our whole after life. In front of us to the right was the barn, through the wide open door of which we could see the decorations of evergreens and flowers, the neatly swept floor, and at the far end where the sun could not reach it, the quilt all marked and ready for the needle. To the left was the house, half concealed in vines and shrubbery, while in front and on either hand, extended the bright golden wheat-field, the whole enclosed in a frame of living green. About an acre of that portion of wheat next the barn had been cut and neatly bound into bundles, and those again set up in stooks of several bundles each, and now stood with their cap-sheaves off, just as father had left them in the morning with the remark that with another day's drying the wheat would be ready for the barn; but the greater portion of the field still remained untouched, and at every puff of the wind the heavy heads bowed and moved to and fro in an undulating motion that, in the mass, resem-

bled the waves of a gently stirred lake. How softly and mysteriously the leaves whispered overhead, and with what a drowsy hum the bees gathered honey from the late clover blossoms while a flying grasshopper, every now and again, sprang up with a chirp or a humming-bird whizzed past from the flower-garden !

“ Paul and I had ceased talking and were dreamily listening to these voices of nature, and watching a large, gaudy butterfly as it basked in the sun or flitted gaily from flower to flower, when our attention was suddenly attracted towards the road by the sound of human voices and the clink of horses’ shoes on the hard path, and presently the scene was enlivened by the appearance of quite a party of women on horse-back.

“ In those early days when roads were not sufficiently improved to admit of wheeled vehicles passing over them, horses were trained to carry double ; that is, one person sat in the ordinary way upon the saddle, while another sat on a pillion behind, and that was the style in which most of the ladies came to my mother’s quilting. To add to the quaintness of their appearance, they wore wide-caped calico sunbonnets that came far over their faces, and each (with one exception) carried a covered basket and an ample work-pocket on her arm, for you must know that even those thrifty dames were not devoid of a certain regard for appearances that is a charming characteristic of the female sex, if not allowed to become a ruling passion to the exclusion of more weighty matters ; and perhaps the dress-cap that reposed in solitary grandeur in its paper-lined basket to be worn only on particular occasions, was an object of more solicitude and care than any other article of their slim but well-preserved wardrobe. By the time the ladies had dismounted at the door, Paul and I were ready to take the horses to a place of security where they could enjoy the shade and get a good bite of grass, and when on our way back we met the whole quilting party, mother and Mrs. Deering included, each in high-heeled morocco shoes and a full-bordered cap, with a bow of some bright ribbon on the top, whatever may be the opinion of others, we thought them quite as grand and imposing as Lady Washington herself, whose picture we had seen in cheap prints. When I say *all* wore caps, I forget Miss Polly Jane Miles, the only young lady in the party, and, in fact, the only marriageable young lady

in the neighborhood. I wish you could see her picture just as she looked then. You would laugh at it, I know, but I remember we children thought her marvellously fine. Her hair was arranged in puffs on several side-combs in front and a remarkably high-topped comb held a heavy coil at the back of her head. Her dress was a Turkey red print, dotted with tiny figures of black and yellow, and was made in a style resembling that of the Empress Josephine as we see her in pictures. It had just such a short waist and puffed sleeves, while the skirt, besides being very narrow, was so short as to display to great advantage a pair of well-turned feet and ankles encased in white open-worked stockings of her own knitting and high-heeled morocco slippers. Add to this description of her dress a ruffled apron of real cambric and a small white cape, edged with some kind of filagree work of her own, and you have Miss Polly Jane Miles, as I can recall her on that bright August afternoon, and when I tell you that her father was the most forehanded man in the immediate neighborhood, that she had been brought up near a village of more pretension than size, and, to crown all, that she was engaged to fill the place of the deceased wife of the only store-keeper in the said village, you will not wonder at the airs she sometimes indulged in. Backwoods boys though we were, we were too well bred to intrude, uninvited, into any society ; but Paul’s mother and mine were two specimens of those rare women who understand boys’ natures, and while they sympathize with them have too much tact to wound their self-esteem by seeming to do so ; and they did away with our scruples on this occasion, and gave us an opportunity to enjoy the stories and anecdotes and fun that we knew would be going on around the quilting-frames by asking us to come into the barn and amuse little Lu and keep her in out of the sun. The ladies were profuse in their compliments in regard to the pleasant arrangements for the quilting, and then there were exclamations of surprise and admiration, mingled with many enquiries, at first sight of the new ‘fangled quilting jacks,’ as some of them called them, and then they seated themselves around the frames, two on a side, and began fitting on their thimbles and selecting needles, while mother distributed from the paper parcel in which they had come from the store, a supply of little balls of various colored cotton ; and presently every needle was glancing swiftly in and out along

their respective chalkmarks. I believe I have before mentioned that this quilt was composed of pieces of various sizes and forms and colors. Some of them had been hoarded for years, and had an ancient appearance that often arrested the attention of the quilters and elicited some remark or enquiry, which called forth the story or anecdote belonging to it; for to mother that quilt answered about the same purpose as the more modern album, those small, many-colored fragments, acting like mental photographs in recalling reminiscences of the past. You see they were not faded, undecided-looking prints, like those worn nowadays, that have to depend upon ruffles and puffs and trimmings for effect; but, like the women of those early times, each had a decided individuality of its own. I remember that, most conspicuous of the lot, was a large square, exactly in the centre of the quilt, that attracted the immediate attention of every one. The cloth itself was not fine, and was probably an early American manufacture, but mother valued it, being a remnant of a dress of her grandmother's; and as I go back in imagination and recall the gay, set flower, stamped at intervals of about three inches each way on a dark brown ground that served to display the bright colors to the best advantage, and listen to mother's remarks on the wearer and her peculiarities, I seem to see the compact, erect figure, and the grandly poised head of the ancient dame as she sat in her high-backed arm-chair, arrayed in that flowered gown, industriously plying her knitting-needles and shaping the long stocking that the then undiscarded knee-breeches of those old-time gentlemen made indispensable. Besides this particular block, there were a great many pieces with a history attached to each, but I cannot recall them all. I know there was a three-cornered piece of the first print apron mother ever had, and a buff-colored piece of the last dress that a dear little golden-haired sister of hers ever wore in life, and that there were fragments of each of my mother's and sisters' calico gowns, and relics, given as mementoes, of those of all of our female relatives and friends besides; but most interesting to me, both in itself and in its history, was a piece of thick brocade silk that had been brought across the Atlantic by some heroic ancestress, if not in the 'Mayflower' itself, in some vessel quite as remarkable in my estimation from the fact of its having come at all; for those were not the days of steam-power, and I had never

seen a ship in my life except in pictures. You must not suppose, children, that mother was the only talker on that memorable August afternoon, for so far from that, each lady had a fund of old-time stories and anecdotes of her own that some remark or peculiar likeness in the art gallery before her brought to her recollection, so there was a fair exchange. There were intervals, too, devoted chiefly to the progress of the work before them, when there would be calls from one to another to pass the thread or the scissors, or a consultation held regarding the shade of cotton best adapted to some particular block. Then again some trite remark or funny joke would provoke a general laugh that rang through the great empty barn in such clear, echoing peals that, I think, even the swallows must have been affected by it as they glanced in and out through the heart-shaped holes made for their especial benefit, high up in the pointed gables. By and by, the quilt had to be rolled, a process that caused some excitement and gave the quilters a chance for a little exercise, but time was too precious to be loitered away, and they were soon back again in their places. Once more settled to work, Mrs. Deering entertained the party with a ghost story, and by her inimitable manner of relating it, kept every one in a nervous state of suspense and expectation for some time, only to have it turn out no ghost at all in the end, to the evident disappointment of her whole audience. Finally, Miss Polly Jane Miles related a rather prosy love story, after which the conversation glided into domestic affairs and became general and uninteresting to us children, so we strolled out of the barn and down to the old windfall to gather raspberries. It was about five o'clock when we passed the barn on our way to the house, and hearing a great commotion inside we stepped to the door just in time to see Miss Polly Jane in the act of shaking the quilt, an honor accorded to her as having been the one to take the charmed 'last stitch,' supposed to fall to the quilter soonest to be a bride, and the others were laughing at her exultation when there had been no young ladies with whom to compete. This performance over they all started for the house in high spirits, Miss Polly Jane carrying the folded quilt triumphantly on her arm. As I have told you before, our little cabin was of the humblest description, yet, as we entered it on that occasion, we were greeted by a picture of home comfort and refinement too often wanting in far more

sumptuous dwellings. The principal part of the cooking had been done the previous day, and, besides everything having been made as tidy and nice as possible in the forenoon, Ellen had remained at the house in the afternoon till she had carried out mother's instructions and their joint plans to a nicety. The long improvised table with its snow-white cover, on which the quaint old china and silver that had been heirlooms for two or three generations, showed to great advantage, was spread on the cool side of the room in front of the open window, through which, and the door opposite, the freshening breeze circulated so freely that the heat from the glowing coals and brisk blaze in the fire-place gave no discomfort whatever. The bright tin-baker was set before the fire ready to receive the biscuit that mother went briskly about making while her guests chatted away in knots of two or three or stepped into the garden to look at the flowers and the vegetables. Ellen gathered each a bunch of bright flowers, garnished with a bit of southern wood, some sweet mint, and a few sprigs of caraway, and they all returned indoors, just as mother had cleared away the last vestige of her biscuit-making, save the pan of snowy dough ready to go into the baker when that already in should be fit to take out. The ladies all seemed to be in a very cheerful mood, and some of them were profuse in their praise of what they had seen :

" 'You do beat all for flowers, Mrs. Gray, I must say,' observed Mrs. Green.

" 'And your vegetables are the best I have seen this year,' added Mrs. Graham.

" 'Oh, her garden is altogether the best in the neighborhood,' assented Mrs. Deering, warmly ; 'better than ours, though Paul and I have done our best.'

" 'But you know, we had one year the start of you,' said mother. 'Yours is better than ours was last year.'

" 'I declare I don't see how either of you muster time to work in the garden,' said Mrs. Miles. 'For my part, with my family to cook and wash and make and mend for, and flax and wool to work up into the bargain, it is as much as ever Polly Jane and I and sis can do to keep our work ahead of us.'

" 'But we *do* manage to do that,' put in Miss Polly Jane, with the least perceptible toss of her head.

" 'To rightly understand the gist of this last remark you must know that Mr. and Mrs. Miles

were thorough-going, hard-working, money-making people, with 'no nonsense' about them, and thought the time spent in cultivating flowers as good as thrown away, and that something of more importance must necessarily have been neglected in consequence. Besides having imbibed these notions of her parents in an intensified degree, Miss Polly Jane was the eldest of a large family, and from being regarded at home as a person of consequence—especially so since her highly approved engagement—she had come to consider her opinions as decidedly weighty everywhere. I think mother understood the insinuation that lurked in her boasting words and air, though a quiet smile was the only sign that she did so ; but Mrs. Deering, in whom was roused a spirit of mischief, determined to bring the young lady down a peg, as she said afterwards ; so she replied :

" 'Oh, we all know that work has to move over at your house. I suppose your spinning and weaving were all done up long ago.'

" 'Our spinning is all done, except the stocking-yarn, and our web of fine linen is bleaching, and the towelling will come out of the loom tomorrow,' replied Miss Polly Jane, a little importantly. 'You see it is very necessary that we should get through with such work as early as possible, we have so many things laid out to do next winter.'

" 'Oh, I understand,' observed Mrs. Deering, with a meaning smile that deepened the roses on the young lady's cheeks ; then turning to mother, she said :

" 'Come, Mrs. Gray, show us your piece of fine linen, and your table-linen too, for I have not seen them since you were putting them out to bleach.'

" At this, Mrs. Miles and her daughter looked surprised, and the others expectant ; for, like the wise-hearted women of old, 'who did spin with their hands and brought that which they did spin, both of blue and of purple, and scarlet, and of fine linen,' these excellent women of the backwoods were proud of their achievements and enjoyed showing their own and examining each other's handiwork.

" 'Well, I declare, this *is* fine, and as white as snow,' observed Mrs. Graham, adjusting her spectacles and holding a corner of the sheeting up to the light. 'And this is the real snow-drop pattern, sure enough,' said Mrs. Green, examining the table-linen very minutely. 'I don't believe there is another woman in the

settlement that knows how to weave it, and I always was fond of that pattern. Why, you are a proper nice hand at all sorts of work, I must say.'

"About this time Miss Polly Jane, who evidently thought she had not received the consideration due to her importance, seemed to see more to admire in her small bunch of flowers than she had ever before discovered in anything so useless, and Paul had just given me a nudge with his elbow to quicken my perceptive faculties and direct my attention to a situation that he evidently understood and enjoyed, when a distant but distinct rumble brought us all to a realizing sense that it had grown suddenly dark, and that a thunder-storm was approaching. The linen was quickly laid aside, and every one hurried to the door to scan the horizon and calculate whether a storm was really impending.

"'I am afraid it will rain very soon,' said mother, looking first at the black cloud rolling up from the west, and then anxiously towards the uncapped stooks of wheat.

"'I declare it's too bad for that nice wheat to get wet,' said Mrs. Graham, sympathizingly, 'for no matter how well it 's dried the second time, the bread made from it never seems to turn out just right. Hadn't the boys better go and put on the cap-sheaves right away?'

"'I think we ought to be able to do better than that,' put in Mrs. Deering, briskly. 'I motion that we carry it into the barn. Here are ten of us able to carry two bundles apiece, and I am sure it would look shiftless enough in us to stand here and let that little patch of wheat get wet, especially so near the barn as that is, and all down-hill work too.'

"'Sure enough! I believe we can carry it in as well as not,' said Mrs. Johnson.

"'Well said! So we can, I am sure,' assented Mrs. Green, cheerfully.

"'Well, I declare, you are the master-hand to contrive, I must say,' said Mrs. Graham, as she removed her spectacles and put them carefully into their case; 'but for my part, I don't see anything to hinder us from carrying out your plan.'

"So, one after another, they all caught the spirit of the enterprise, even to mother, who had all along been hesitating between a desire to save the wheat on the one hand, and a regret at interrupting the social enjoyment that they all had of course anticipated, on the other; so Paul and I ran to commence operations, leaving the

ladies hurriedly preparing to come to our assistance; Miss Polly Jane the most eager one among them, as though anxious to retrieve some lost ground. As the cap-sheaves were much larger than the others, Paul gallantly proposed that we should carry those and leave the smaller ones to the ladies, which we set about doing with a good will. We had made but two or three trips when we were joined by the whole of the late quilting party, and, with bare feet thrust into their coarse shoes, sleeves rolled up from arms that would give one courage to look at, their dresses pinned back from the blue woollen petticoats they were not afraid of injuring, and their caps replaced by the wide-caped sunbonnets in which they had first made their appearance, they looked as though they meant to enter upon the work in good earnest. In order to work systematically and keep out of each other's way, mother said we had best go in at one door and out at the opposite one, and toss our bundles into the bay as we passed it. This arrangement acceded to, every one took a bundle in each hand and the line of march commenced; Miss Polly Jane, as she caught up hers, indulging in something the nearest approach to a giggle of anything that had escaped her during the day. Indeed I think they all felt at first as though they were making a show of themselves and were liable to be ridiculed for their pains; but the increasing darkness and near approach of the thunder, soon caused them to forget everything but that the wheat was in danger, and hasten their speed accordingly. Twenty bundles going into the barn at every journey through it soon diminished the number of stooks materially, and we began to indulge the hope that every one would be well under cover ere the approaching shower overtook us. At length we went up the hill for the last time, but just before we reached the stooks that were to compose our load, a heavy clap of thunder directly over our heads caused us to seize the remaining bundles in haste, and make for the barn like a flock of scared sheep. Unlike the other ladies, Miss Polly Jane had worn her fine shoes from home; consequently she had no coarse ones for which to exchange them when preparing for the wheat-field. The only substitutes that came to hand in the hurry was a pair of old boot-feet of father's, which she hastily put on and had managed to make serve her purpose, so long as her pace was a moderate one; but when it came to running the young lady found herself in danger

of being left far behind—a situation not at all agreeable to one of her ambitious disposition. As Paul and I had been the first to seize our bundles and dart away down the incline with them, we were in time to dispose of our loads and return to the door, ere the ladies had completed more than half the distance to come over. Just as we put our heads by the door-post to see how they were coming on, a second clap of thunder, accompanied by a flash of lightning and great plashing drops of rain, served to accelerate their speed in a marvellous degree, and, as though to add another impetus to their exertions, almost on the very instant, there rang out a double hurrah from the direction of the road that resounded through the whole opening. Miss Polly Jane no longer tried to accommodate her pace to the clumsy apology for shoes which she wore; but, with almost a flying leap forward, she sent, first one and then the other whirling high into the air and far behind her, and, bare-foot and panting, she gained the cover of the barn almost as soon as any one; but too frightened or exhausted to toss her bundles into the bay as the others did, she dropped down between them on the nearest bench just as the rain came pouring on to the shingles overhead, and father and Mr. Deering and another man whom we did not know, came riding in through the opposite door. Miss Polly Jane gave but one hurried glance in their direction, and then, with a scream and a face flaming redder than ever, she sprang up and darted behind some of the other ladies, as though she had seen a ghost, and we knew, in a moment, that the stranger could be no other than her beau. I think the others, too, felt a little flurried about this time, and perhaps mentally contrasted their present plight with their tidy appearance of an hour before; but most of all the bride elect, who was the first to take advantage of a lull in the storm and beat a hasty retreat to the house. Her example was soon imitated by the whole party, and when we boys and the men followed in response to a signal for tea, the ladies in their rearranged toilets showed no signs of their late confusion, save perhaps in a somewhat heightened color. Mr. Deering, however, could not forbear having a joke at the expense of Miss Polly Jane that came nigh upsetting the little composure she had managed to muster; but the timely rejoinder of father in her behalf and his hearty thanks for the really good turn the ladies had done him, served to re-assure the whole

party, when Mr. Morrison was introduced to those not already acquainted with him. After this everybody became gradually less reserved, and once seated around the bountifully spread tea-table, a flow of conversation was not only set in motion and kept up during the whole meal, but was enlivened by jokes and anecdotes enough to fill several 'wit and humor' columns. Indeed the most ordinary tea-table has a potent charm for promoting cheerful conversation and goodfellowship; what then, might not that tea-table of the backwoods have accomplished in the way of bringing out the social qualities of far less genial natures than those gathered around it that evening. I cannot recall, really, much that was said amidst the confusion of tongues, and the accompanying rattle and passing of dishes and the general merriment; but I remember the new barley biscuit got great praise, and with what a liberal hand father dispensed portions of golden honey-comb from the high piled platter before him, at the same time relating how he and Mr. Deering had, a few days previous, traced some bees into the woods and discovered a rich store of the sweet food in a hollow tree. Then the firm yellow prints of delicious butter led to a description of the spring-house at the foot of the garden which was built of peeled logs over a cold, boiling spring and banked over with earth to keep out the heat, and in which mother kept her milk and butter in as good condition as it could have been kept in the most approved dairy. And so the chat went until the various kinds of cakes had been duly appreciated, and the custard and raspberry pies done ample justice too, when the chairs began to be pushed back, and after a little more concluding conversation the caps began to go into the baskets and the fine shoes into the work-pockets of their respective owners, and the whole party to prepare to scatter to their homes, while Paul and I were sent for the horses. We were obliged to make more than one journey for them, and when we were returning for the last time, the sun suddenly blazed out in full glory and contributed to produce a picture both unique and sublime. That waiting group by the vine-woven porch,—father in the foreground with grand uncovered head, Mr. Deering already mounted and waiting by the horse-block on which his wife was standing ready to get up behind him, Miss Polly Jane Miles and her beau about to disappear in the bushes on one hand, and Paul and I bringing in

the horses on the other, and all arrested by the sudden appearance of a glorious rainbow that turned the raindrops suspended from every twig and leaf into rare jewels and lit up the whole with a rosy light impossible to describe,— was a scene to inspire the pencil of the artist or the pen of the poet. Presently the great magician dropped behind the hills, and the gathering shadows and the first prolonged note of the weird night-bird that came in a mournful cadence from the deep shade of some thicket proclaimed the lateness of the hour, when the clearing was soon left to solitude save for our own little family.

"I remember Mrs. Graham was the last to

leave, and as father assisted her to mount her horse, she said to him : "Well, Mr. Gray, I must say you have a very pleasant place here, shut in as it is by those hills on the west and guarded on the north by the sugar place."

"'Yes, it is pleasant,' father answered, "and I believe that whatever one's circumstances are in life they will seem all the brighter and pleasanter by always keeping on the sunny side."

As Grandfather Gray folded his shawl across his ample chest, the bright smile that lit up his genial countenance led his grandchildren to wonder if he had not treasured his father's words and kept on the "sunny side."

LITTLE GOO-GOO.

BY SCOTT CAMPBELL.

We have in our house a brave little chap—
There he is now, in dear mamma's lap ;
He is laughing and singing the whole day long,
And "Goo-goo-goo !" is all of his song.

In his nice little cradle bed he lies,
Staring about with great, bright eyes ;
"Baby, dear ! what are you singing about ?"
But "Goo-goo-goo !" is all I make out.

He shakes his fists and kicks his feet,
Because he is waiting for something to eat ;
And then speaks up, very loud and strong,
And his "Goo-goo" means "I can't wait long."

I catch up the darling and throw him high,
And he reaches his hands to touch the sky ;
But all that he says to show his delight,
Is "Goo-goo-goo !" with his baby might.

"Dear little pitkin ! what is your name !"
But all the answer I get is the same.
"Oh ! what a name for a boy like you !"
And he giggles and shouts his sweet "Goo-goo !"

He crows "Goo-goo !" before it is light,
And sings "Goo-goo-goo !" in the dead of the night ;
It is "Goo-goo-goo !" the whole day long,
And I think "Goo-goo !" is a beautiful song.

The little birdies say, "Cheep ! cheep !"
"Ba ! Ba ! Ba !" says the baby-sheep ;
But the sweetest song, I think—don't you ?—
Is our little darling's "Goo-goo-goo !"

Oh how precious is little Goo-goo !
And, oh ! how we love him, little Goo-goo !
I pray that angels will guard him—don't you ?
And Father in Heaven bless little Goo-goo !

—*St. Nicholas.*

N U R A ' S T E X T .

BY M.

It was Nura Maitland's tenth birthday, and as she opened her eyes that bright May morning the first thing to attract her attention, was a beautifully illuminated text, which Mrs. Maitland had placed on the wall facing her bed.

"*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*"

"Why, what a strange text for mother to choose for me!" thought Nura; "I am sure I have nothing to do. If we were poor now, it would be different,—then I should have to work; but as it is, I just have nothing to do but play about and amuse myself."

So reasoned Nura till after she had had a little talk with her mother upon the subject, when she began to see that everybody, even children, have work to do, and that, too, not only among the poor.

But as my story is principally for children, and as I know you will remember acts better than serious truths, I will first tell you who the Maitlands were, and then tell you how Nura learned the full meaning of her birthday text.

Mr. Maitland was a wealthy merchant of ———, and what was far better was a perfect gentleman and sincere Christian. Mrs. Maitland was in every way an helpmeet for her husband; kind, gentle, considerate, yet firm, she was beloved by her dependents, and idolized by her husband and children. Each family, I suppose, has its own special rules, and one at the Maitlands' was, that on the anniversary of each child's birth, an illuminated text should be given it, and so far as compatible with the age of the child, that text should be considered its motto for the year.

Nura had now ten suspended round the walls of her pretty chamber, whilst the nursery could boast of fourteen; seven for Lily, five for May, and two for baby Fred. True there were three of the same kind, and Nura had a similar one in her room, but as God's love was the groundwork of Mrs. Maitland's religious instruction to her children, what could be better than "God is love," for their first text.

Perhaps you will say, "How could a baby of a year old understand anything about God?"

and you may be right; but *I know* that babies are very susceptible to love, and as for "understanding," it is more than many older ones can do; but they can *feel* the love of the great and good God who cares for them so constantly. Besides the practice was good, and the texts of the younger children often served to fix firmly in the memories of the elder what had been taught them from those very words.

Nura's text, then, on this her tenth birthday was the one I have already quoted, and which at first she considered so unsuitable to her; but the truth is, Mrs. Maitland had noticed that latterly Nura was rather unwilling to be of use in the world, and she wished to correct the fault before it became confirmed in her.

Dear children, I have gone into houses where I have seen the poor overworked mother, seated before a large work-basket, kept ever full by the restless feet of the little ones, whilst the grown-up daughter has been talking nonsense in the parlor to her visitors. Did she not know that her work was to assist that mother who had done so much for her during her helpless infancy? Alas, if she knew, it was still worse, for she did not heed.

Mrs. Maitland did not fear anything like this from Nura, for besides their having great wealth, the child was naturally unselfish, but the mother did fear that unless carefully trained she might grow up useless.

The birthday was over and Nura sat down to prepare her lessons for school.

"Mamma," she said, softly, "I have been thinking about what you said this morning, and I intend trying to act up to it. Won't you please help me all you can?"

"Why certainly, dear; don't you see that is a part of my work?"

"Your work!" in a surprised voice. Then after a pause, "Why so it is, now I come to think of it; and a lot we give you too sometimes. But you like it, mother dear, don't you?" and Nura looked lovingly into her mother's face.

"Of course I like it, darling, even when a nurse says you are all 'most troublous,' but

my liking, nay loving my work does not take away from its responsibility. But Nura, dear, this is the time to prepare your lessons, not the time to talk, so let my daughter put her good resolution into practice, and do the work set her with all her 'might.'

Two hours after Nura was sound asleep in her white-curtained bed. Her last conscious glance (ere slumber seized her) had been fixed upon her text, her last waking thought had been given to it, and now, though she lay so peaceful, so quiet, her round rosy face pillowed upon the hand which so lately guided the pen for a French exercise, "Queen Mab" makes her appearance, running riot through the sleeper's brain, making her the victim of her own (Queen Mab's) caprices. And happy fancies they must be that are passing through her mind or she would never look so placid.

Days and weeks passed, till at length the long-dreaded school examination was over, and the delighted Nura found herself the possessor of three prizes.

"Ah, mother, see what my text has done for me! I should never have gained these had I not tried my very best, and I do not think I was doing so till after that nice, long talk with you. Do you remember?"

"Yes, perfectly; but I wonder if you remember *all*, or only a part of what we talked over. Ah, Nura, it is comparatively easy to do our work with our 'might' when it is a clearly defined work, such as your lessons, for instance; but the numberless calls upon one's time and patience, which at first sight are hardly to be considered our special duty, these are far more trying to us."

"I hardly understand you, mamma."

"Well, dear, your holidays have now commenced, and I do not think it will be very long before you will see for yourself what I mean."

Nura looked the surprise she felt. "Why, I supposed I should have nothing to do during the holidays."

Mamma smiled as she replied, "Perhaps so; but you know one can never tell."

The first few days of the holidays passed over, and Nura had no work to do; but one day it happened that the nurse was sick and unable to take charge of baby, so Mrs. Maitland brought him into her dressing-room. Nura at once offered to look after him for the whole afternoon, but her mother would not listen to it. "You don't know what it is to look after a child of

Freddy's age for so long. You would soon be tired, and then your *work* would be imperfectly done. But I tell you what, Nura, you may look after him for an hour, and I think for that length of time you can do it with your might."

Nura sat quiet a moment, then turning to her mother she said, "Very well, mamma, I will try what I can do, but it seems so strange to be particular about how I manage with Freddy, so long as I am not cross with him."

"Not at all strange, and my reason for wishing you to do whatever work you undertake properly, is for your own good. Remember it is always better to do a little and do it well, than to do a great deal and do it carelessly."

No more was said, and Nura set to her self-imposed task. At first she was most attentive to her little brother, but after awhile she became weary of her task, and would much rather have finished reading the new book which had been given her only a few days before; but no, she had undertaken her work, and she sincerely desired to do it faithfully, besides those pretty blue and gold letters seemed constantly before her eyes, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*" "And so I will," she added mentally as she once more exerted herself to amuse her little brother, and when her hour was over her mother's gentle words of encouragement were a sufficient recompense to her.

I shall not follow Nura Maitland through her holiday time; the calls upon her were far more numerous than during school time, but she kept her text steadily before her, and by degrees learned to throw her whole energy into whatever she was doing, instead of performing it in the listless way so many do. Her companions used to say that she even "played better" than formerly, and most likely they were right, for she had so accustomed herself to fixing her attention upon whatever she was doing at the time, that she even carried it into practice with her play.

Dear children, will not you adopt Nura's text as your own, and endeavor to engraft it on to your daily life and duties? You are very young perhaps and cannot do much, but never mind that, only do your very best; never be content with doing things by halves. Remember the old saying "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well," and remember still more that "Whatsoever we do, do all to the glory of God." And God accepts no work which we have not tried to have our best.

THE LEGEND OF THE SWEET PEAS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The sun was going to-bed
 In his western hall,
 Each golden cloud and red
 Followed at call,
 And he tucked a great gray coverlid over all.

A fleet of cloudlets tiny,
 Mere babies they,
 All pearly and pink and shiny,
 Had roved in play
 So far that none of them knew the homeward way.

The sun called from his place,
 "Hurry, dears!"
 But the clouds were running a race
 And stopped their ears;
 Till suddenly came the darkness full of fears.

"Oh! what shall we do, where hide?"
 They all did moan.
 "How the big grown clouds will chide
 When we get home.
 Won't somebody come and help us—we are all alone!"

Just then a wind came speeding
 And whirling by;
 He laughed at the cloudlets' pleading
 And mocked their cry,
 And caught them all and drove them adown the sky.

Down, down they fled, the crying
 And frightened things,
 Like storm tossed birds which dying
 Flap their wings,
 And the fierce wind whipped behind with cruel stings.

Till over a garden stilly
 He made a stay.
 Flung off the cloudlets silly
 And sped away;
 Purple and pink and azure there they lay.

A flower-fay roused from sleeping
 Ere the dawn,
 At the sound of tiny weeping
 All forlorn;
 And she thought: "Some rose has pricked another rose
 with a thorn."

No, every drowsy rose
 Hung balmed in dew;
 The lilies' slumbering snows
 Were silent too;
 And the violets cuddled close, each in his night-cap blue.

But there, in a vine entangled,
The fairy spied,
With bright wings torn and mangled,
Side by side,
Like bits of a broken rainbow, the poor cloudstraying to hide!

Vain was her gentle tending,
Vain her care,
Tattered and bruised past mending
The pinions were ;
Never again their whiteness should brush the air ;

Never again over ocean
Floating glad
Should dance with an airy motion
Glory clad ;
Never again see Heaven— this was sad !

But gently the comforting fay
Murmured low,
As she kissed their tears away ;
“ Sorrow not so,
For I charm you and make you flowers ;—bloom and grow.”

The cloudlets paled and shifted
A moment's space,
Then each one smiled and lifted
A blossoming face,
And an odor of joy stole out and filled the place.

With rosy and violet glances,
No longer shy,
They poised on the vine's green lances
And seemed to fly,
As they wafted to and fro on the breeze's sigh.

The sunset clouds looked sadly
From the west,
But the flower-clouds beamed back gladly,
And each caressed
Another, and whispered softly : “ This is best ! ”

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ ONLY NED.”

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

A NOVEMBER AFTERNOON.

“ Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies ;
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God.”

One afternoon in November, Helen was summoned into the parlor to see Josie Nelson.

“ I came as a caller, Miss Helen,” apologized Josie. “ I want to see you alone.”

“ And you don't find me ‘ alone,’ as in the old days, do you ? ” said Helen with her happy smile.

“ You are quite the head of a family. Mother

often says the Parsonage is a lively place, and it used to be so quiet.”

“ Alf doesn't know how to be quiet ; he and Con are like a breeze in the house. Father says he hasn't anything to do but to be happy. Alf is teasing Agnes now ; hear what he says.”

The voices were in the greenhouse room, where Agnes was sewing.

“ Miss Agnes, heed advice,” Alf was saying.

“ Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful ;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.
Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or at least you oughter.”

"I always do as I *oughter*," said Agnes.

"Obey the first command, '*Freely exercise.*' If I will invite you, will you let me drive you to Mount Pleasant? Helen has an errand; we will not go for the pleasure, but just because we 'oughter.'"

"I love to see those two together." Helen answered the question in Josie's eyes. "Her companionship is just what Alf needs, and his she seems not averse to."

"Are you *glad* for him to like her better than you?" asked Josie quickly.

"Why not? It has been so from the beginning, why shouldn't it be so now?"

"I can't understand that. I would be very unhappy if I thought Tom liked any one even as well as he does me. He writes to Marion, but he writes just as often to me. Sometimes I *do* think his letters to Marion are longer than mine."

Helen made no reply; she looked so grave that Josie hastened to say: "I know you think I am wrong. I tell him everything; it is all nonsense for him to write to Marion. I would tell him so if I dared. I don't believe in such friendships, anyway; do you, Miss Helen? Suppose Marion gets to like him—I expect she will—then Tom will be wrong, won't he?"

"Yes, I think he will; but you forget the alternative, Josie," smiled Helen: "suppose he likes Marion?"

Josie looked vexed. "I won't talk about it. I don't like it. I don't want Tom to be dishonorable. I wish I could stop it."

"You can't turn the world around, Josie. I hope they will both do the *right* thing. It isn't a light thing to cause a heart to ache."

"I won't think about it then," returned Josie hastily, "but I wish things didn't get crooked. I am sure Will wouldn't think of writing to me. I wish I could see one of the letters. Mother feels so satisfied about it. Tom isn't *her* brother."

"You came to tell me something," said Helen.

"So I did. I am sorry to be vexed about Tom, Miss Helen. Mother says I'll get over it. Tom couldn't do a *mean* thing; I would despise him if he did. I think," half laughing, "I would rather he would be married."

"Don't say it unless you are sure," cautioned Helen.

A figure in a bright shawl stood in the doorway. Agnes Lucerne looked the picture of

happiness; the faint color tinging her cheek was enough like health to be mistaken for it. Alf stood behind her with an extra shawl on his arm.

"We are going to Mount Pleasant," announced Agnes, somewhat timidly.

"Agnes must be home before sunset," said Helen. "Now, Alf, remember."

The two passed on. "How well Agnes is!" remarked Josie.

"She needed rest; she was worn out. She'll be a strong old lady yet."

"I came to ask you, Miss Helen,"—Josie came to the point in her usual straightforward way,—"if you would let my girls come every week; I want them to have a prayer-meeting? There are six of them, all just as interested as they can be. Sarah is one of them, but of course you know all about that. I wouldn't know how, even if I could do it. If you could let them come for an hour once a week! I do want them to *grow*. No one can help them as you can, Miss Helen. You love to do such things."

"Don't you?"

"If I could; but I can't. They are all so in earnest; I have notes from every one of them. Sarah, also, for she is too shy to talk. They all, every one of them, hope they are Christians. I know you would enjoy their letters. I read one of them to mother—it was Annie Newton's. I wonder why girls don't tell their mothers everything. I don't believe half of them, leaving out Sarah, have told their mothers. I am glad now I didn't go to Walnut Grove. I should have been too much taken up with the school to have cared so much for these girls, and I *had* resolved to give up my class if I taught through the week. Two of them write to me every day. Sarah always brings me notes from school. It has been coming ever since our first talk about prayer. I never really prayed for them before that. And then I told them all we had said; we had a *good* time over *Jericho*. They all write notes to each other; Sarah shows me the ones she receives. I am so glad I wasn't *let* go to Walnut Grove. Miss Helen, it is *so* good."

"I know it, Josie."

"I am glad I didn't fret about Walnut Grove. I might have known that I was 'put' in the best place. Miss Helen, you will certainly let them come?"

"I would rather you would come, too, Josie."

Josie looked startled. After considering a moment, she said: "They will think I do not care if I stay away, and what a foolish reason I would have to give! I *will* come," she added in her quick way.

"Wednesday is a good day. They may come at half-past three. I love to see you happy for such a reason, Josie. This earth is a happy place to work in, isn't it?"

Josie gave Miss Helen's fingers a grateful squeeze.

An hour afterward Helen sat beside her father's arm-chair telling him how God had honored Josie Nelson in her work in Sunday-school.

He listened to the end without speaking, then he laid his hands upon each other, and said smiling: "Thank God for *every* blessing He gives Sunny Plains."

CHAPTER XXII.

AUNT DEPENDENCE.

"God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best."

The clouds were dense and gray; in the whole sky Marion could find but one luminous spot. This light shone in at the sitting-room window, where she sat reading, making a patch of pale sunlight on the rag-carpet. As she bent forward her shadow shone plainly in the patch of light. It was a pretty picture. She watched the light till it grew fainter, and when it faded, she leaned back in the wooden rocker and looked out at the window. Under one side of the evergreen-tree in the yard the earth was bare and brown except in clumps, where there were stalks of grass dried to a straw-color; dull colored leaves hung as if ready to drop from the tops of the rose bushes. It was not a cheery prospect—snow, frozen earth and leafless trees, and Marion's eyes did not see it cheerily. Marion's eyes had not seen anything cheerily for some time. Her last letter to Tom Nelson had remained unanswered for five weeks, yet Josie found *her* letter waiting for her as usual every Saturday night. Was this the way God was taking care of it, by breaking it off altogether? She hid her face in very shame at the thought that she loved Tom just as well as before he had forgotten her. Remembering that her mother's eyes were upon her, she raised her head and turned to the window again.

The book in her lap was a favorite of Miss Helen's. Among the passages she had marked for her was this:

"To the God of the human heart nothing that has ever been a joy, a grief, a passing interest, can ever cease to be what it has been; there is no fading at the breath of time, no passing away of fashion, no dimming of old memories in the heart of Him whose being creates time."

Marion read it twice, then sat meditating upon it with her eyes on the bare ground under the evergreen.

"It is a dull morning, Marion," assented her mother, looking up from her ball of carpet-rags.

"Mother, I didn't say so."

"Your looks speak plainly enough. Can't you find something to do?"

"No, I can't, and that is what ails me," returned Marion, wearily.

"Let me get you a lunch. You don't eat enough, Marion, to keep a canary bird alive."

"I am not hungry—thank you."

"I don't like to see you sit and think in that way, Marion. Idleness is very uncomfortable."

"Am I idle? I thought I was reading. Trudie has her book to write, and she thinks of it night and day. Miss Helen says she shall persuade her to write it all over again after she has finished it the third time. Trudie has something pleasant to do."

"Why don't you write a book? Don't you know as much as Trudie?" asked her mother quickly.

"It isn't my 'gift,' as Deerslayer would say. And Josie is studying for a certificate, besides all she has to do."

"You might do that, any way."

"Now, mother, you know I couldn't teach. Josie loves children, and loves to teach them. I haven't any knack at that. Helen finds enough for Agnes to do, and Agnes has the care of Con, too. They all have something to do but me. Josie and Trudie each have a talent."

"Well, haven't you a talent?"

"Yes, but it doesn't do me any good. If I only had a piano—"

"I wish you had, Marion. I am sure I would get one for you if I could. Why don't you run over to the Parsonage and practice awhile this morning? You need something to cheer you up. Miss Helen is always glad to have you come."

Marion tapped on the window-sill by way of reply.

"Perhaps you need a change," her mother continued; "don't you want to make your visit to Eloise?"

"No, not now. I am not sick, mother. I don't want to go over to the Parsonage; everybody there is happy and comfortable."

"Run over to Josie's, then."

"I don't want to. There's too much noise. You don't suggest anything that I feel like doing. Do you suppose I could *earn* a piano?" asked Marion, excitedly. "I never thought of that before."

"Now you look like yourself, Marion; you haven't spoken like that for a month. I was asking your father if we hadn't better send for the doctor."

"I don't want to see a doctor; I am well enough. I hate to be made a fuss over. Don't you think I *could* earn a piano?"

"A piano costs a great deal."

"I think I might have just that, when I can't have anything else I want. I don't see why people can't have some of the things they want. I don't care how many years it takes me to earn a piano. I would be *doing* something, and now I am only waiting. If I can get it by the time I am forty, I would have some time to enjoy it. But what can I do to earn the money? Mother, suppose I learn to make vests?"

"It will be a good plan for you to learn a trade; I have always said that. You need a strong motive to rouse you, Marion; you always did."

"I want to do things for the best reasons, of course."

"A woman never knows how she may be situated, and, at the best, your father is not a rich man."

"It's all that mortgage; I suppose I ought to help with that first. And I want to help Will to be a minister. I am sure I have motives enough. But vest-making will not bring in as much as teaching music," considered Marion, disappointedly.

"You will be as old as Aunt Dependence before you get your piano at that rate," said her mother, smiling. "I'm afraid you will have to give that fancy up, child. I believe you grow more wilful about it every day."

"Wilful! Marion turned to the window to shield her face. Her mother had never said

that Will was "wilful" about trying to get an education!

"Why should I give it up?" she asked in a thick voice; "it isn't wrong."

"It makes you impatient and discontented."

"Does it?" Marion brought her face towards her mother.

"Something does," answered her mother.

"Say it is my wicked heart; don't lay it off upon my poor piano," said Marion, spiritedly.

"Mother, didn't you ever want *anything* when you were a girl?"

"Yes." Mrs. Lindsley singled out a red strip. "Once I cried a week because your father took another girl sleigh-riding."

"Did you, really?" laughed Marion. "I didn't know you were so romantic. I wouldn't cry about *any* man," she added, stoutly.

"I hope you will never have cause, dear," her mother said so tenderly that a rush of feeling filled Marion's eyes too full to be seen.

"I do try to be patient, mother. I am hungry for a piano, and hunger *gnaws*. I would rather be patient and unselfish than to have a piano. I don't want it more than *anything*, you mustn't think I do. Giving it up wouldn't help. Will be a minister or pay off the mortgage. I suppose I *could* give it up, if I had to."

She was thinking that she could give it up to have a letter from Tom Nelson, and wondered if it were wrong to feel so, and why even the thought should make her cheeks burn! Had her mother felt so once—it had come right for her. Everybody said that her mother and father were a "pair of old lovers." Was it wicked for her to be so unhappy? If somebody would only help her and set her right!

"There, child, you are sighing again. I do believe it is because your stomach is so empty."

Marion laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Even after she had settled herself into quietness, the laugh burst forth again. Was it an "empty stomach" that had brought *her* tears years ago when somebody took somebody else sleigh-riding?

"That sounds good. But I am sure, child, I don't know what you are laughing at."

"No matter. It did me good." Marion wiped her eyes. "I think I will do something. I'll write to Eloise. I do hate to write letters, but she will look for one this week. If I want a field of labor, I can find it anywhere. Mother, I'll churn for you to-morrow if you will make me laugh again."

The kitchen door opened, and Mr. Lindsley made his appearance: he stood wiping his feet on the braided mat inside the kitchen door.

"Marion, here's a letter for you," he called.

Marion was on her feet in an instant. Mrs. Lindsley dropped an apronful of colored strips.

"Father's voice sounds as if he has heard bad news," she said.

Mr. Lindsley came to the sitting-room door.

"Aunt Dependence is dead," said he.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Marion.

"Is it possible?" Mrs. Lindsley sank back in her chair.

"She took cold, and went off suddenly at last, poor soul. She will be buried at eleven o'clock to-morrow."

"How did you hear?" asked Mrs. Lindsley.

"They telegraphed to me. I found the telegram at the store,—rather it came while I was there. Here's your letter, Marion."

The disappointment was not sharp when she saw the handwriting. She could not selfishly think of herself with the news of a sudden death so near.

"Who is your letter from?" enquired her mother.

"Mrs. Raynor," she answered, composedly, breaking it open.

Mrs. Lindsley took off her apron and gathered the rags that were scattered on the carpet.

"We must all go when our time comes, but it does seem sudden. I did hope Aunt Dependence would end her days with us."

"She told me some time ago that she had made her will," replied Mr. Lindsley. "Poor old soul, I don't know that she had anything to leave anybody but good wishes."

"Well," Mrs. Lindsley straightened herself, "she was ready to go, William, if anybody ever was. That's a comfort to think of. Some people thought she was too religious!"

"Too religious," echoed Marion. "I didn't know anybody could be that."

"We must start very early in the morning," said Mrs. Lindsley. "And, Marion, you will have to go to Mount Pleasant to get me a new pair of black kid gloves and a veil; the rest of my clothes will do. What does Mrs. Raynor say?"

"She says Wesie grows weaker every day. Wesie has dictated a letter; as usual, it sounds bright enough. She will get better when she can come here again."

"Poor Aunt Dependence!" sighed Mrs. Lindsley.

Marion could not echo it. When it was so good to go to heaven, why did people sigh over it? She could not help wishing that she were in heaven instead of on earth, where everything went crooked and nobody cared for her. She roused herself from her listlessness, however; wrote a long, bright letter to Eloise, retrimmed her mother's bonnet, and just as she was dressing for her drive, Con ran in to say that Helen would like to have her go to Mount Pleasant with her that afternoon. Mrs. Lindsley watched Marion to see if she assented heartily, but the acceptance was given with only a show of interest.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Lindsley as she brushed her black dress, "girls are hard to understand and manage."

At the bottom of Marion's heart lay the little hope that Aunt Dependence had saved money enough to buy a piano, and had left it to her in virtue of her name being Marion Dependence. Perhaps if they had always called her *Dependence*, as they had till she had grown old enough to cry because the girls laughed at her name, the money would have been left to her. She wished with all her heart that they had called her *Pendie* to this day. Marion was a hateful name, and perhaps she had lost her piano through it! "But then," she resolved, as she blew out the ends of the brown feather on her hat, "it would be the extreme of selfishness to buy a piano with it, when I could give it to father for the mortgage." So with a sigh the struggle ended. She heroically handed her father all Aunt Dependence's money as she fastened the elastic of her hat, and went over to the Parsonage for what used to be one of her great pleasures—a drive with Miss Helen. But Agnes and Alf were going, too. Marion wished that she had refused; she did not feel like joining in the lively talk, and consoled herself for her moodiness by thinking it was improper to laugh and talk when her errand was to buy black kid gloves for a funeral.

Miss Helen gave Marion a parcel as they stepped from the carriage on their return. Marion smiled grimly when she opened it at the idea of a photograph album bringing her any pleasure, even though it was the gift of Miss Helen.

Marion passed the day of the funeral alone. It was absurd to suppose that Aunt Dependence had left enough to pay off the mortgage and buy the piano too. She stopped herself more than

once in building this air-castle, and persuaded herself for the twentieth time as she salted the butter that it was wiser not to make any plans, but leave it—*leave it where?* She did not shape her thought in words, but the feeling found utterance, and burst from her lips in a song. How comforted her mother would have been had she known that Marion was singing about the kitchen as she used to do months ago! It was weeks now since she had felt like singing at all. If she had known that Josie was the innocent cause of all her sorrow, there would have been nothing to do but bear it, but the certain knowledge would not have been as wearing as this suspense. One sentence in a letter Josie had written to Tom had done it all. Marion said she hated letters; she did not know how much cause she had to hate them, or bless them, if she could have known the end. The innocent sentence was this: "Now, Tom, don't you be like some other people and do a mean and dishonorable thing. You will know what I mean if I say that Marion cares more for your letters than you think she does, or than you mean for her to do."

Poor Tom read this sentence in much perplexity. It had never occurred to him that he might not profess as much preference for Marion as for Josie. He had known them both as long as he could remember, and he really did not know which one he loved the best. Josie had meant simply to give a warning; she knew Tom could not amuse himself selfishly. She did not intend to bring the correspondence to a sudden and unhappy termination, but if Tom had not considered the matter, it was fully time that he did. Tom made no reply to the outspoken and timely counsel, but he did not forget it night or day. Meanwhile, he did not write to Marion; how could he, when he did not know himself what he meant? Tender-hearted Tom was suffering in his way as keenly as Marion. "It was selfish and thoughtless to ask her to write," he argued; "I deserve to suffer, but poor little Marion, she did nothing but trust to me."

Unconscious of the contrition she was causing two hundred miles away, Marion churned, baked and swept, the exercise bringing a glow to her cheeks, and trust in the loving Fatherhood of God bringing a song to her lips.

"It must come right," she was thinking; "everything comes right when God has the care of it. It isn't *my* care, any more than the care of the sun and moon: there will be a new moon to-night, and I have had nothing to do with that. I can't do anything but ask Him to make it right! And churn and bake in the waiting-time," she added, half smiling at her prosaic reflections. "Miss Helen would say I dishonor Him by not waiting cheerfully."

Late in the evening the travellers returned. A hot supper was awaiting them. The sound of Marion's singing was the pleasantest welcome home her mother could have had.

"Why, Marion, you are as lively as a cricket," she said, putting her cold face down to be kissed.

Now she would know about Aunt Dependence's money. She untied her mother's bonnet strings and poured out the tea with a palpitation of heart that reached to her finger tips.

Mrs. Lindsley sipped her tea and narrated the story of Aunt Dependence's illness and death, gave the text of the funeral sermon and the number of persons present at the services, and then Mr. Lindsley broke in as if decorum itself could restrain the good news no longer:

"And what do you think, Marion; she left *me* all she had to leave! Some of it she saved, and some her father left her. How much do you think it was?"

"Five hundred dollars," guessed Marion with an eager flush.

"More than that," cried her father.

"A thousand," but not at all confidently.

"Twice that! Yes, just twice that," rubbing his hands together. "Two thousand dollars clear! I wish I could thank the dear, saving old soul! I will sleep a good sleep to-night on the farm that is all my own."

"You will have three hundred dollars left," remarked her mother, not looking at Marion.

"Yes, three hundred," he replied in a comfortable tone. "I feel twenty years younger to-night."

Marion rose hastily, and after folding her mother's shawl and smoothing out the new kid gloves, to escape the light and voices took them into the bedroom to lay them away.

"Oh, dear," throbbed her heart; "oh, dear," twitched her lips; "oh, dear," ran in a thrill from head to foot.

"A *piano!*" The exclamations of surprise in her father's tone sent a shiver through all her frame. "What does the girl want a piano for? It's just one of her high notions; she wants one just because Trudie and Miss Helen have one, I suppose. It's sheer nonsense! My mother never had a piano, nor you either, and I guess my daughter can live without one, too. *That* money is to buy lime. I'll raise one crop to astonish my neighbors."

Marion leaned over the foot-board of her mother's bed, drooping her head and clinching her fingers.

"You had better go to bed, Marion," said her mother's voice behind her; "it is late, and I know you are tired."

Without a word, Marion raised her head and obeyed. Shivering, she crept into bed and covered her head with the friendly blanket that shut out everything but herself and the comfort God gives to His children when they are famishing for what older and wiser people call a little thing. He hears the young ravens when they cry, and they cry with the appetite with which He has made them hungry, yet not alone as the ravens did Marion cry, but as God's child who will try to be patient if the thing she craved be denied.

(To be continued.)

The Home.

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING.

BY GEO. CARY EGGLESTON.

PERSISTENCE IN BUSINESS.

Having learned a business it is almost always unwise, and sometimes it is even dangerous to change it either in whole or in part for any other calling. It is not at all probable that you will succeed better in a business which is new to you than in the one you understand, and so long as that yields you a support you cannot safely surrender it for something else. We have a national vice in this regard which is hardly less hurtful and dangerous than the one already alluded to, and it is a result of precisely the same causes. While unskilled workers were in demand, and unskilled work was profitable, it was safe enough and often advisable, to substitute one occupation for another, laboring to supply the demand of the day. The alteration which has taken place in the character of our country, —our growth from the condition of new settlements to that of populous states, has wrought a change in all this, and as it is now of paramount importance that every man shall regularly learn a business, so too it is only in the persistent pursuit of the business learned that there is now any safety. The temptation to change is often a very strong one, and it comes in many shapes. The danger lies chiefly, however, in the specious allurements of catch-penny callings. When one finds his own avocation a plodding one, yielding only its small regular wages, the temptation to change is strong. And when in such a case he is permitted to catch a glimpse of the occasional earnings of some follower of a precarious business, it becomes almost irresistible. In such a case it is well to remember, first, that *so much in a day* is not *so much every day*; and secondly, that for every man who succeeds in callings of this sort, at least ten fail utterly. The canvasser who makes fifty dollars in a day is certain to speak of the fact, but he is equally certain not to say anything of the many weary days whose work brought him nothing. Of the canvassers who fail entirely,

we naturally hear nothing at all. The chances of success in callings of this general character (and these are the avocations which the people who change from one business to another commonly adopt) are very much smaller than the chances of failure. In truth not one person in a hundred has the qualifications necessary to win tolerable success in this kind of work. These qualifications are inherent, and not to be acquired in any way. Without them failure is simply inevitable, and most of us are in fact utterly destitute of them, wherefore a very large proportion of those who have tried business of this kind, have failed in the attempt.

The temptation to abandon one avocation for another is greatly increased by the false lights in which we see other people's work and other people's circumstances. Most men seem prosperous to their neighbors, who see only their mode of life, and their expenditures, knowing nothing of their toil or of the economy which they find it necessary to practise in private. So too, every man's work seems easier and more agreeable than our own, simply because we see it from the outside, knowing nothing of the drudgery incident to it, the difficulty of doing it, or the poverty of its results as its doer knows them. Of our own work we tire now and then, and when we do we exaggerate its difficulty and the disagreeable things attending it. Its results are much smaller than we have hoped, perhaps, and we naturally assume that they are smaller than those attained by our neighbor. We draw unjust comparisons between his lot or his work, and our own, knowing our own perfectly, and his imperfectly. Now it is a well-ascertained fact that the profits of different handicrafts do not materially vary from one standard, and it is safe to say that there is no great difference between the net results of all the different avocations open to any one man. In other words, every man's money-getting power is limited by his character, his intellectual capacity, his edu-

cation, and his capital. These enable him to follow any one of certain avocations, and his earnings will be substantially the same whether he adopt one or another of the callings thus open to him. What the result would be if he had a larger capital, or a better education, or greater capacity, and so were fitted for some business which he cannot follow at all as he is, it is not worth while to inquire. Such as he is, he is capable of making a certain amount of money, and he could hardly increase the amount if his business were other than it is. To change, therefore, from one of the businesses open to him to another which cannot pay better, is useless in any case, and, when the change is from a calling in which the man is an expert to one in which he is a mere tyro, is sheer folly. And yet changes of this kind are made every day by men who seriously hope to better their condition in this way. Now and then one does benefit himself by such a change, and this serves to tempt others all the more strongly. But cases of this kind are rare exceptions to a well-nigh universal rule, and when they occur at all there is nearly always some factor involved which is not common to other cases at all. The man has some special fitness for the new undertaking; or was in some way specially unfitted for the old; or he is a man of more than ordinary versatility; or he has entered upon his new calling under peculiarly favorable auspices; or, as is sometimes the case, pure accident has come to his assistance. Whatever the cause of his success may be it is exceptional, and in no way affects the rule that it is always dangerous and often disastrous to change from one avocation to another.

If one is not succeeding satisfactorily in the business which he knows, he may safely assume that he will find it still more difficult to succeed in one which he does not know. And usually there is a discoverable cause for the imperfect success, and the remedy is commonly within reach. If you take pains to make yourself absolute master of your business, and give to it all the energy you have, success is certain. If you are doing listlessly that which needs to be done earnestly, you have only to rouse yourself to better performance. If you know imperfectly that which you should know perfectly, the shortest road to success is to stick to your work until you shall learn to do it with a master hand. It is not the best class of workmen in any calling who are out of employment, or whose work

commands an inadequate wage. The fluctuations of business bear lightly upon these even while their less competent fellows are reduced to actual want. A reduction of force means always the discharge of the least efficient hands, and a reduction of wages strikes them first also. "There is room enough in the upper stories," said Mr. Webster, when he was reminded that the profession he had chosen was already overcrowded, and the remark holds good in all other avocations. To sum up briefly what has gone before, we say to every young man:

1. Select a calling for which you are fitted by nature, education and circumstance;
2. Learn your business thoroughly, making yourself a master workman;
3. Entertain no thought of changing from one avocation to another;
4. Bring to bear upon your work all the energy and capacity you have;
5. Do your work conscientiously, remembering that to do it ill is to defraud yourself, your family and the world;
6. Respect yourself too much to hold your calling unworthy, bearing in mind the fact that that work is most honorable which is best done.

TEACHINGS ABOUT WEALTH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Earlier than we suppose, children form opinions of those who are around them. They are anxious to know who are good, and how they have earned that distinction. We should be ready to guide their first ideas of what is worthy of praise, or dispraise, for these are the germinations of principle. Let us not inoculate them with the love of money. It is the prevailing evil of our country. It makes us a care-worn people.

Not only does the inordinate desire of wealth engross conversation, but turn thought from its nobler channels, and infect the mind as with an incurable disease. It moves the ambitious to jealous or fierce competition, and the idle to fraud, and the unprincipled to crime. Ask the keepers of our prisons, what vice peoples many of their cells? They will tell you, the desire to get money without labor. Ask the chaplain of yonder penitentiary, what crime that haggard man has committed, whom he is toiling to prepare for an ignominious death? He replies, "The love of money led him to strike at midnight the assassin's blow."

The determination to be rich, when disjoined from honest industry, opens the avenues of sin; and even when connected with it, is dangerous, unless regulated by the self-denying spirit of religion. Allowed to overleap the limits of moderation, it becomes a foe to domestic enjoyment, and tramples on the social pleasures and charities of life.

Since, then, the science of accumulation is in its abuse destructive, and in its legitimate use unsafe, without the restraint of strict principle, let us not perplex the unfolding mind with its precepts, or confound it with its combinations. The child hears perpetual conversation about the dearness or cheapness of the articles with which he is surrounded. Perhaps the associations which he forms, are not between the furniture and its convenience, between its appearance and its fitness or comfort, but between the quantity of money which they cost, or the adroitness with which the merchant was beaten down.

He is interested by frequent remarks from lips that he reveres, about how much such and such a person is worth; and hears the gradation gravely settled between neighbor and neighbor. "Does *worth* mean *goodness*?" enquires the child. "No. It means money." "*Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,*" said the ethical poet. But the child coming with his privately amended dictionary, says, "*Money makes the man,*" of course, he whose purse is empty, is less than a man. Some person is spoken of as possessing distinguished talents. The listening child is prepared to admire, till the clause, "He can never make a fortune," changes his respect to pity or indifference. The piety of another is mentioned, his love of doing good, his efforts to make others better and happier. "But he is poor." Alas, that the forming mind should be left to undervalue those deeds and motives which, in the sight of heaven, are the only true riches.

Possibly, in the freedom of domestic discourse, some lady is censured for vanity or ignorance, for ungrammatical language, or an ill-spelt epistle. "But she is rich," may be the reply, and he sees the extenuation accepted. If he is skilful at drawing inferences, or indisposed to study, he says, "Money is an excuse for ignorance; so if I have but little knowledge, it is no matter, if I can only get rich." He hears a man spoken of as unkind, or intemperate, or irreligious. He listens for the sentence of blame that such conduct deserves. "He is worth half

a million," is the reply. And there is silence. "Can money excuse sin?" asks the poor child in silent rumination.

It is unwarily remarked at the table, "Such a young man will be very rich when his father dies." Beware lest that busy casuist arrive at the conclusion, that a parent's death is not a great affliction if he leaves something behind: that if his possessions are very large, the event may be both contemplated and borne with indifference. Now, though the long teaching of a selfish world may fasten this result on the minds of men, it should never enter the simple sanctuary of a child's heart, displacing the first, holiest affections of nature.

A little girl once heard some conversation in the family about the hiring of a sempstress, and reported it to her sister. "One is very poor," said she, "and has an aged mother and two little children to support. The other is not so poor. But she does not ask as much by several cents a day. I heard it said that she does not work as well. But, then, she works cheaper, and dresses better. So we have hired her. Yet, sister, I felt sorry for the widow with the babies, for she looked sad and pale, and said she had no way to get bread for them but her needle. I was afraid they would cry to be fed, and that the lame grandmother would suffer."

The sister who had lived longer in this world of calculation, said, "It is perfectly right to hire her who asks the least, because it saves money."

Now, my dear friends, is it not both unkind and hazardous thus to puzzle the moral sense of our children? to leave them to believe that wealth is both an excuse for ignorance and a shelter for vice? that it is but another name for virtue? that for the want of it, neither talent nor piety can avenge? that it is right to desire the death of a relative to obtain it? or to grind the face of the poor to save it? How could the most inveterate enemy injure them so directly and permanently, as by making their earliest system of ethics a contradiction and a solecism? Yet this is done by the conversation and example of parents, who love them as their own souls.

Of what effect is it, that we repeat to them in grave lectures on Sundays, that they must "lay up for themselves treasures in heaven," when they can see us, the other six days, toiling after and coveting only "treasures on earth?" When we tell them that they must not "value the gold that perisheth," neither "love the world, nor the things of the world," if they weigh the pre

cepts with our illustration of them, will they not think that we mean to palm on them what we disregard ourselves, and despise our cunning? or else, that we assert what we do not believe, and so distrust our sincerity?

It is indeed necessary, where the subsistence of a family is to be acquired, that much attention and industry should be employed. Parents must often confer together on items of expense, and understand each other in every point of economy. But these consultations may surely be so managed as not to absorb the thought of their offspring. It is not necessary that they monopolize all the discourse at the fireside, or that the domestic board be turned into an exchange-table, or that the child of a few summers be made a sharper.

Among the forms of benevolence, which in our age of the world are multiplied and various, perhaps few of us sufficiently keep in view the *charity of wages*. To assist the poor, through their own industry, ennobles them. It keeps alive that love of independence which is so important in a free country. To grudge or stint the wages of female labor, is false economy. It is to swell the ranks of degradation and vice. In our sex it is unpardonable cruelty; for the avenues in which they can gain an honest subsistence, are neither so numerous nor so flowery that we may close them at pleasure, and be innocent. We ought not to consider ourselves as doing the duty of Christians, though we subscribe liberally to foreign and popular charities, while we withhold the helping hand, or the word of sympathy, from the female laborer within our own gates.

I know not that I narrate an uncommon or peculiar circumstance, when I mention a young girl, brought up in comparative affluence, who, at the sudden death of her father, was left without resources. The mother's health failed, through grief and misfortune, and she nobly resolved to earn a subsistence for both. She turned to the needle, with which she had been dextrous for amusement or the decoration of her own apparel. A little instruction enabled her to pursue, from house to house, the occupation of a dress-maker.

At first, some of the delicate feelings of early culture clung around her. She dared scarcely to raise her eyes at the table of strangers; and when at night, money was given her, she felt half ashamed to take it. But want soon extinguished those lingerings of timidity and refinement:

Before her pittance was earned, it was mentally devoted to the purchase of some comfort for her enfeebled mother. It soon became evident that her common earnings were insufficient. She took home extra work, and abridged her intervals of rest. Her candle went not out by night, and sometimes when her mother had retired, she almost extinguished the fire, continuing to work with chilled hands and feet, lest the stock of fuel should not suffice until her slender earnings would allow her to purchase more.

Her nervous system became overwrought and diseased. Those for whom she worked were often querulous and hard to please. She felt an insuperable longing for a kind word, an encouraging look, for some form of sympathy, to sustain the sensitive spirit. Those who hired her had not put these into the contract. Work, on her part, and money on theirs, was all the stipulation. They did not perceive that her step grew feeble, as day by day she passed through the crowded streets to her task, or night after night returned to nurse her infirm mother. A sudden flush came upon her cheek, and she sank into the grave before the parent for whom she had toiled.

The wife of a sailor, during his long periods of absence, did all in her power to aid him in diminishing their expenses. He was not of that class who spend their wages on their arrival in port, and forget their family. But as that family increased his earnings, without rigid economy on her part, would have been insufficient for their support.

At length the bitter news came that her husband was lost at sea. When the first shock of grief had subsided, she summoned her resolution, and determined to do that for her children which their father had so often expressed his wish to have done: that they should be kept together, and not be dependent on charity. She meditated what mode of livelihood would best enable her to comply with a wish, to her so sacred. She had great personal strength, and a good constitution. She made choice of the hardest work which is performed by females, because it seemed to promise the most immediate reward. Often after her hard task of washing did she forget her weariness, as in the dusky twilight she hastened toward her lowly home, as the mother-bird nerves her wing when she draws nearer to her nest.

But she found her sickly babe a sufferer from these absences, and sometimes accidents befell

the other little ones from her having no person with whom to leave them. The sum which she had earned, would not always pay for the injury they had sustained by the want of her sheltering care. It occasionally happened, that if the lady for whom she worked was out, or engaged with company, she returned without her payment, for which, either to wait, or to go again, were inconveniences which those who dwell in abodes of plenty cannot estimate.

Was there not some labor which she could perform at home, and thus protect the nurslings, for whose subsistence she toiled? The spinning-wheel, and loom, first presented themselves to her thought, for she had been skilful in their use in the far-off agricultural village where her youth was spent. But domestic manufactures had become unfashionable, and she could obtain no such employment. Coarse needle-work seemed her only resource. At this, she wrought incessantly, scarcely allowing herself time to get, or to partake of a scanty meal. But after all was done, her remuneration was inadequate to their necessities. She could scarcely supply a sufficiency of the coarsest food. Her children shivered, as the winter drew on. Their garments, though constantly mended, were thin, and their poor little feet bare and blue. She drew back from the miserable fire, that they might be warmed, and shuddered as she saw the means of sustaining this comfort, wasting away.

Still, the injunction of her departed husband lay deep and warm in her heart. She asked no charity. She remitted no exertion. And her whole life was as one prayer to God.

At this crisis, a society formed on the true principle of benevolence, to aid poverty through its own efforts, arose, to save her from destruction. Its express object was to improve the condition of the tempest-tost mariner and his suffering household. It comprised an establishment where garments were made for seamen; and here she obtained a constant supply of needle-work, with liberal and prompt payment. One of its most beautiful features was a school where the elementary branches of a good education were gratuitously taught. Here, instruction in the use of the needle was thoroughly imparted; and as soon as the pupils were able to finish a garment for the clothing-store, they were encouraged by receiving a just payment.

Now, the small, lowly room of the widow was brightened with comfort. And her heart was too full for words, when her little girls came

running from school, with a shout of joy, the eldest one exclaiming:

"See, mother, see, here are twenty cents. Take them, and buy a frock for the baby. They gave them to me, for making a sailor's gingham shirt, strong and good. My teacher says I shall soon sew well enough to make one of a nicer kind, for which I am to receive seventy-five cents. Then, I will help pay your house-rent. Oh, I never was so flappy in my life. And yet, I could not help crying when I worked, for I remembered that you used to make exactly such shirts for dear father; and I did not know but the man for whom I made this might be lost at sea, and never come back to his home any more."

"Here is a book," said the little sister, "which my teacher let me take from the school library to bring home, and read to you, while you sit at work. And she is so good and kind to me, mother; she takes as much pains to have me learn as if we were ever so rich; and I love her dearly."

"Blessings on her," said the widow, through her grateful tears. "Heaven's blessings on the Society, and on every lady into whose heart God has put it to help the desolate poor, through their own industry." And night and morning she taught her kneeling babes the prayer of gratitude for their benefactresses.

Let us encourage every variety of effort by which our sex can win a subsistence, and foster in the young that spirit which prefers the happy consciousness of being useful to any form of indolent and helpless dependence? In our bounty to the poor, let us keep in mind the principle of aiding them as far as possible, through their own exertions, for she who thus studies their moral benefit, elevates them in the scale of being, and performs an acceptable service to her country and to her God.

Mothers, speak often to your daughters on these subjects. Instruct them in the economy of charity. Your responsibility comprises both earth and heaven.—From "*Letters to Mothers.*"

A FREQUENT FAILURE.

If husbands are sometimes remiss in fulfilling all the expectations regarding them, wives, it must be confessed, afford them only too often ample excuse for their short-coming. For if a wife does not render her full share toward making herself and her home alluring, she has small

right to complain—however his own conscience may or should upbraid him—if her husband finds other people and other places more attractive, and makes no resistance to the attraction.

Too frequently do we hear some wife, in her neglected toilette, slipshod, unkempt, declare, "Oh, it's no matter: my market's made!" as if her marriage had been a circumstance of bargain and sale, and deigning to accept the price of her husband's devotion, she had completed her part of the barter. Her market is made; that is, she sold herself for—doubtless all she was worth. But allowing it, yet with how much honesty, we may ask, does she fulfil the conditions of the trade? how faithful to the tacit understanding at the time is she to-day? It was certainly no slipshod, unkempt woman that was the object offered in the market. On the contrary, it was a girl in the bloom of her early years, and with that bloom set off by all the adventitious aid of the prettiest toilette, the daintiest frills and furbelows, the sweetest tones, the sweetest smiles, attainable. The bloom of early years was not expected to last, of course; but the smiles, the tones, the pretty toilettes—it never was dreamed by the buyer that they were not thrown in.

And yet in such a case as that of which we speak they are the first to go. The bloom lasts frequently long after the frills and furbelows have flounced off the scene, to reappear only on some gala occasion, and tantalize the husband with sight of what he had hoped would be an every-day vision; the hair is twisted in any way that comes handiest in the morning, for there is nobody but one's husband to see; a shabby dress is hung on the figure as it might be on a scare-crow in the fields; a dingy wrap is folded round the shoulders to hide the soiled collar, or the absence of any collar at all—the wife is too miserable, finds it too much of an exertion, has not the time, to arrange a different dress, and so she is willing her husband should go away to his day's work with that picture of her before his mental sight to hearten him in all his labors and console him in all his disappointments. She would open her eyes at you in amazement if you told her that she was undoing her domestic happiness and laying up for herself a wretched future by just such trifling things as this tangled hair and soiled collar, and she would possibly say that if her husband's love waited on curls and collars, it might go at once. Nevertheless, it is of just such trifling things, such airy noth-

ings, that the sum of life is made. Does she know what first attracted her lover? Can she tell whether it was her color, her manner, some trick of voice or smile, some graciousness of air or behavior, some nicety of dress and ornament? If she cares to preserve his love—and it is a sin in her, she knows, to be indifferent to it—does she think it wise to drop any one thing out of that *tout ensemble* that first won him?

"Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? Was it touch of hand.
Turn of head?
Strange! That very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay!"

These are only a poet's words; but women would sometimes do well to take such words to heart.

In fact, when one sees a woman going about thus slipshod, and yet insisting on her right to be loved and petted and perhaps admired, we may believe that there is something more culpable than mere idleness or disinclination to dress in her composition; we may suspect, if not a defiance of decency there, at any rate a curious vanity, which allows her to think herself just as potent in her simple identity as if she made a picture of herself, and were adorned with the accessories of beauty. But she forgets that in her lover's thought before marriage, as she ought to make sure it should be in her husband's after marriage, her simple identity meant something of the natural graces—meant neatness, for instance, since he would have felt it a profanity to imagine otherwise once; meant smooth hair, shining teeth, light movement; meant attractiveness in general. Her simple identity in a frowzy head and a dirty gown is the identity of any savage woman, to all outward appearance; and the men of to-day are much of the same mind as the hero of "Locksley Hall," and would, most of them, be ready to exclaim with him:

"Mated with a squalid savage, what to me were sun
or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
time!"

Moreover, if this carelessness be an expression of vanity in the wife, it certainly is not conducive to any such emotion in the husband. Is this the way she esteems him? It is nobody but he—the bread-winner; he may see her as he

will; she does not regard the impression she makes there—he can't help himself! But let a stranger appear on the scene, and what hurrying scurrying there is to be presentable, so that when madame enters at last with bright face, with braided hair, in her fine clothes, in her fine manners, he would hardly know her for his wife. Men are mortal; and, wicked though it be, it certainly is not wonderful if his wounded vanity receives a salve in the company of other individuals who are not so careless of the impression they make upon him, and allow him the pleasure of believing that their fine clothes and fine manners, at all events, are not too good to be thrown away upon himself.

For how much, then, is not a slipshod wife responsible, provided she has no other reason for being slipshod than her own indolence or self-indulgence? It is her indifference to his pleasure at home that often urges him to seek pleasure elsewhere, that makes him invite a friend to the club rather than to his own house; makes him think bar and billiard rooms pleasanter places than that home, painted women pleasanter companions than a dowdy woman is.

Yet, on the other hand, it is by no means improbable, it is by no means unusual, that the offense should come first from the husband's side, and with no fault, in the beginning, of the wife's. Tired of the novelty, the husband has ceased to execute his portion of the contract, has sought distractions, has despised and half forsaken his home, has dissipated his energies, perhaps ruined his hopes and his wife's together, perhaps disgraced their name. And then all ambition has been wrung out of her, neglect has made her hopeless, scanty means and the sense of impossibilities have made her desperate; convinced of his indifference, and weary of his cruelty, she has given up the effort to make either herself or her home admirable. Yet, when all is said, the fact that he fails in duty does not absolve her; the oath that she took on marriage day was not to do her duty so long as he did, but "till death us do part," and she is not warranted in the omission of one jot of her household observances because he is indifferent or abusive regarding them. Only that woman can fold her hands and possess her soul in peace who has wiped out her own score with fate, whatever be the score her husband tallies, by constant persistence in the endeavor always to keep her hearth clean, her fire bright, herself in unison; never to let her husband come home

and find a cinder-wench in the place of the woman he once loved and married; always to determine that he shall see that though the bloom of the flesh departs, the bloom of the soul remains.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ORNAMENTAL STONE HEAPS.

BY ANDREW S. FULLER.

What are termed Rock Works in ornamental gardening are desirable additions, if properly constructed and sufficiently extensive, to form a marked feature in the grounds; but a cheap imitation of the genuine article is far worse than none. But there are frequently waste materials about a place, in the shape of loose stone, which may be utilized in producing a pleasing effect without any attempt at a pretentious one. In using these, however, as I propose it is not necessary or in really good taste to place them in a conspicuous spot, as before one's front door or in the centre of a grass plot, where such things are not likely to be found naturally in long cultivated grounds; but, rather, seek to partly conceal, where they may produce an agreeable surprise to your visitors while looking about the premises.

The proprietor of the grounds will best know the proper or most favorable places for these ornaments in order to produce the desirable effect; but I will add that neither shady nor bright, sunny spots need be considered as unfavorable because there is no lack of plants adapted to each, and it would be difficult to determine which are really the most desirable. If one has the materials at hand, both shady and sunny spots may be used with good effect. Under a tree, by the side of a fence, house, or outbuilding are good locations for an ornamental stone-heap.

In preparing such places for plants, good, rich soil should always be mixed in with the stone from the bottom upward; but only a small quantity is necessary, as the main feature is the stone, and too much soil would spoil the effect we aim to produce. Anything like an intended regularity of outline—such as a conical, oval, or other form—should be avoided, as these tend to make the whole look very mechanical, but not artistic. The heaps should look as though thrown together rather carelessly, but not scattered or without order.

There being but a comparatively small quan-

tty of soil among the stone, it is evident only small plants or those having a few or long slender roots can be employed. Tall, rank growing species—such as the Cannas and Caladiums, are not suitable for this purpose, although frequently used by those who seek to make a display, even at the expense of good taste. For shady beds the wild, hardy Ferns are very desirable, especially the low-growing kinds, as well as the Evergreen *Polypodium vulgare* and *P. incanum*. The common Maidenhair Fern (*Adiantum pedatum*), and the various species of Aspleniums, as well as the Walking Leaf and Climbing Fern, may be introduced. In fact, one can scarcely go amiss among this family of plants.

If one cannot spare the time to collect a variety of plants, then plant the entire heap with Evergreen Ivies, or Honeysuckles, as these grow well in the shade. Any of the wild plants found growing in shady nooks or in deep woods will thrive in such situations and always look well, if watered occasionally in dry weather. There are also many kinds of house plants which may be added to the collection with good effect.

Such a heap of stone and earth when placed in a sunny spot is well adapted to growing the various species of Cacti—the hardy kinds being left out all the year round, while the tender may be taken in during the winter. They may also be used for many kinds of tender annuals and small-growing perennials, as well as for creeping plants, such as the Moneywort or even the Clematis. But the succulent tropical kinds, like Sedums, Cacti, and Ice-plants, will usually give greater satisfaction than those requiring a larger amount of soil and more moisture than can readily be secured in such situations. I offer the above as brief hints to those who may have the materials at hand to be applied to such a purpose, assuring them that even a stone-heap may be made an attractive ornament in the garden. —*N. Y. Independent.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

A PLAIN CABINET OR BOILED BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.—Two ounces of raisins, a few thin slices of bread and butter, three eggs, one pint of milk, sugar to taste, one-quarter nutmeg. Butter a pudding-basin, and line the inside with a layer of raisins that have been previously stoned; then nearly fill the basin with slices of bread and butter with the crust cut off,

and in another basin, beat the eggs; add to them the milk, sugar, and grated nutmeg; mix all well together, and pour the whole on to the bread and butter; let it stand half an hour, then tie a floured cloth over it; boil for one hour, and serve with sweet sauce. Care must be taken that the basin is quite full before the cloth is tied over.

BOILED GOOSEBERRY PUDDING.—Line a pudding-basin with suet crust, rolled out to about half an inch in thickness, and, with a pair of scissors, cut off the tops and tails of the gooseberries; fill the basin with the fruit, put in the sugar, and cover with crust. Pinch the edges of the pudding together, tie over it a floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil from two and a half to three hours; turn it out of the basin, and serve with a jug of cream.

CANARY PUDDING.—The weight of three eggs in sugar and butter, the weight of two eggs in flour, the rind of one small lemon, three eggs. Melt the butter to a liquid state, but do not allow it to oil; add to this the sugar and finely-minced lemon-peel, and gradually dredge in the flour, keeping the mixture well stirred; whisk the eggs; add these to the pudding; beat all the ingredients until thoroughly blended, and put them into a buttered mould or basin; boil for two hours, and serve with sweet sauce.

BAKED LEMON PUDDING.—The yolks of four eggs, four ounces of pounded sugar, one lemon, one-quarter pound of butter, puff-crust. Beat the eggs to a froth; mix with them the sugar and warmed butter; stir these ingredients well together, putting in the grated rind and strained juice of the lemon-peel. Line a shallow dish with puff-paste; put in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes; turn the pudding out of the dish, strew over it sifted sugar, and serve.

ARROWROOT SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Two small teaspoonfuls of arrowroot, four dessert-spoonfuls of pounded sugar, the juice of one lemon, one-quarter teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, half-a-pint of water. Mix the arrowroot smoothly with the water; put this into a stew-pan; add the sugar, strained lemon-juice, and grated nutmeg. Stir these ingredients over the fire until they boil, when the sauce is ready for use. It is usually served with bread, rice, custard, or any dry pudding that is not very rich.

Literary Notices.

THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX. By Thomas Carlyle. Harper Bros.

The interest which attaches to the portraits of great men is wonderfully lessened when suspicions are entertained of the genuineness of the likeness. It seems, according to this essay of Carlyle's, that for many generations deluded hero-worshippers have been holding in honor portraits of Knox which do not bear the slightest resemblance to the physiognomy of the great Scottish Reformer. The progenitor of these portraits is to be found in Beza's "*Icones*":

Theodore Beza, in the beginning of the year 1580, published at Geneva a well-printed, clearly expressed, and on the whole considerate and honest little volume, in the Latin tongue, purporting to be "*Icones*, that is to say, true Portraits, of men illustrious in the Reformation of Religion and Restoration of Learning." It is dedicated to King James VI. of Scotland; then a small rather watery boy hardly yet fourteen, but the chief Protestant king then extant; the first Icon of all being that of James himself.

The Royal Icon, which stands on the outside, and precedes the Dedication, is fit ornament to the vestibule of the whole work—a half-ridiculous half-pathetic protecting genius.

Some fourscore other personages follow; of personages fourscore, but of Icons only thirty-eight; Beza, who clearly had a proper wish to secure true portraits, not having at his command any further supply; so that in forty-three cases there is a mere frame of a wood-cut with nothing but the name of the individual who should have filled it given.

About the middle of the book turns up a brief, vague eulogy of the Reformation in Scotland, with only two characters introduced: Patrick Hamilton, the Scottish proto-martyr, as second in the list; and, in frank disregard of the chronology, as first and leading figure, "*Johannes Cnoxus Giffordiensis Scotus*;" and to the surprise of every reader acquainted with the character of Knox, as written indelibly and in detail, in his words and actions legible to this day, the following strange Icon; very difficult indeed to accept as a bodily physiognomy of the

man you have elsewhere got an image of for yourself by industrious study of these same.

Surely quite a surprising individual to have kindled all Scotland, within few years, almost within few months, into perhaps the noblest flame of sacred human zeal, and brave determination to believe only what it found completely believable, and to defy the whole world and the devil at its back, in unshakable defence of the same. Here is a gentleman seemingly of a quite euphonic, not to say stolid and thoughtless frame of mind; much at his ease in Zion, and content to take things as they come, if only they will let him sleep in a whole skin, and digest his victuals. Knox, you can well perceive, in all his writings and in all his way of life, was emphatically of Scottish build; eminently a national specimen; in fact, what we might denominate the most Scottish of Scots, and to this day typical of all the qualities which belong nationally to the very choicest Scotsmen we have known, or had clear record of: utmost sharpness of discernment and discrimination, courage enough, and what is still better, no particular consciousness of courage, but a readiness in all simplicity to do and dare whatsoever is commanded by the inward voice of native manhood; on the whole a beautiful and simple but complete incompatibility with whatever is false in word or conduct; inexorable contempt and detestation of what in modern speech is called *humbug*. Nothing hypocritical, foolish, or untrue, can find harbor in this man; a pure, and mainly silent, tenderness of affection is in him, touches of genial humour are not wanting under his severe austerity; an occasional growl of sarcastic indignation against malfeasance, falsity, and stupidity; indeed secretly an extensive fund of that disposition, kept mainly silent, though inwardly in daily exercise; a most clear-cut, hardy, distinct, and effective man; fearing God and without any other fear. Of all this you in vain search for the smallest trace in this poor Icon of Beza. No feature of a Scottish man traceable there, nor indeed, you would say, of any man at all; an entirely insipid, expressionless individuality, more like the wooden figure-head of a ship than a living and working man; highly unacceptable to every physiognomic reader and knower of *Johannes Cnoxus Giffordiensis Scotus*.

Under these circumstances Carlyle points out it is not a surprise, but is almost a consolation, to find that Beza has as little knowledge of Knox's

biography as of his natural face. The narrative is absurd in part, and for the rest empty and vague, from which the author infers that Beza probably never saw Knox.

Shortly after this publication Simon Goulart issued a French translation of Beza's book:

Goulart's treatment of his, Beza's, original is of the most conscientious exactitude; the translation everywhere correct to a comma; true everywhere to Beza's meaning, and wherever possible, giving a touch of new lucidity; he uses the same wood-cuts that Beza did, *plus* only his own eleven, of which, as already said, there is no mention or hint. In one instance, and not in any other, has an evident misfortune befallen him, in the person of his printer. The printer had two wood-cuts to introduce: one of Jean Diaze,—a tragic Spanish Protestant, fratricidally murdered at Neuburg in the Oberpfalz, 1546,—the other of Melchior Wolmar, an early German friend and loved intimate of Beza, from whom Beza, at Orleans, had learned Greek; the two Icons in outline have a certain vague similarity, which had deceived the too hasty printer of Goulart, who, after inserting Beza's Icon of Diaze, again inserts *it*, instead of Wolmar. This is the one mistake or palpable oversight discoverable in Goulart's accurately conscientious labor, which everywhere else reproduces Beza as in a clear mirror. But there is one other variation, not, as seems to us, by mere oversight of printer or pressman, but by clear intention on the part of Goulart, which is of the highest interest to our readers: the notable fact, namely, that Goulart has, of his own head, silently altogether withdrawn the Johannes Cnoxus of Beza, and substituted for it this now adjoined Icon, one of his own eleven, which has no relation or resemblance whatever to the Beza likeness, or to any other ever known of Knox. A portrait recognizably not of Knox at all; but of William Tyndale, translator of the Bible, a fellow-exile of Knox at Geneva; which is found repeated in all manner of collections, and is now everywhere accepted as Tyndale's likeness!

This surely is a wonderful transaction of the part of conscientious, hero-worshipping Goulart towards his hero Beza; and, indeed, will seem to most persons to be explicable only on the vague hypothesis that some old or middle-aged inhabitant of Geneva, who had there sometimes transiently seen Knox, twenty-one years ago (Knox had left Geneva in January, 1559, and, preaching to a group of poor English exiles, probably was never very conspicuous there), had testified to Beza or to Goulart that the Beza Figure-head was by no means a likeness of Knox; which fatal information, on inquiry, had been confirmed into clear proof in the negative, and that Beza and Goulart had thereupon become convinced; and Goulart, with Beza, taking a fresh and again unfortunate departure, had agreed that here was the real Dromio, and had

silently inserted William Tyndale accordingly. This is only a vague hypothesis, for why did not the old or middle-aged inhabitant of Geneva testify with equal certainty that the Tyndale wood-cut was just as little a likeness of Knox, and check Goulart and Beza in their new unfortunate adventure? But to us the conclusion, which is not hypothetical at all, must surely be that neither Beza nor Goulart had any knowledge whatever of the real physiognomy or figure of Johannes Cnoxus, and in all subsequent researches on that subject are to be considered mutually annihilative; and any testimony they could give mere zero, and of no account at all.

This, however, was by no means the result which actually followed. Twenty-two years after this of Beza (1602), a Dutch theologian, one Verheiden, whose knowledge of theological Icons was probably much more distinct than Beza's, published at the Hague a folio entitled *Prestantium aliquot Theologorum, &c., Effigies*, in which Knox figures in the following new form; done, as the signature bears, by Hondius, an engraver of known merit, but cognizant seemingly of Beza's Book only, and quite ignorant of Goulart's translation and its Tyndale Knox, who presents us, to our surprise, on this occasion with the following portrait; considerably more alive and credible as a human being than Beza's Figure-head; and bearing on it the monogram of Hondius; so that at least its authorship is indisputable.

This, as the reader sees, represents to us a much more effective-looking man in matters of reformation or vigorous action; in fact, it has a kind of browbeating or almost bullying aspect; a decidedly self-sufficient man, but with no trace of feature in him that physiognomically can remind us of Knox. The river of beard flowing from it is grander than that in the Figure-head, and the Book there, with its right hand reminding you of a tied-up bundle of carrots supporting a kind of loose little volume, are both charitably withdrawn. This wood-cut, it appears, pleased the late Sir David Wilkie best of all the portraits he had seen, and was copied or imitated by him in that notable picture of his, "Knox preaching before Queen Mary,"—one of the most impossible pictures ever painted by a man of such indubitable genius, including therein piety, enthusiasm, and veracity,—in brief the probably intolerablest figure that exists of Knox; and from one of the noblest of Scottish painters the least expected. Such by accident was the honour done to Hondius's impossible Knox; not to our advantage, but the contrary. All artists agree at once that this of Hondius is nothing other than an improved reproduction of the old Beza Figure-head; the face is turned to the other side, but the features are preserved, so far as adding some air at least of animal life would permit; the costume, carefully including the little patch of ruffles under the jaw, is reproduced; and in brief the conclusion is that Hondius or Verheiden had no doubt but the Beza portrait, though very dead and boiled-looking, had been essentially like, and needed only a little kindling up from its boiled condition to be satisfactory to the

reader. Goulart's French Translation of Beza, and the substitution of the Tyndale figure there, as we have said, seems to be unknown to Verheiden and his Hondius; indeed, Verheiden's library, once furnished with a Beza, having no use for a poor Interpretation. In fact, we should rather guess the success of Goulart in foreign parts, remote from Geneva and its reading population, to have been inconsiderable; at least in Scotland and England, where no mention of it or allusion to it is made, and where the Book at this day is fallen extremely scarce in comparison with Beza's; no copy to be found in the British Museum, and dealers in old books testifying that it is of extreme rarity; and would now bring, said one experienced-looking old man, perhaps twenty guineas. Beza's boiled Figure-head appears to have been regarded as the one canonical Knox, and the legitimate function of every limner of Knox to be that of Hondius, the reproduction of the Beza Figure-head, with such improvements and invigorations as his own best judgment or happiest fancy might suggest. Of the Goulart substitution of Tyndale for Knox, there seems to have been no notice or remembrance anywhere, or if any, then only a private censure and suppression of the Goulart and his Tyndale. Meanwhile, such is the wild chaos of the history of bad prints, the whirligig of time did bring about revenge upon poor Beza. In *Les Portraits des Hommes Illustres qui ont le plus contribué au Rétablissement des belles lettres et de la vraie Religion (A Genève, 1673)*, the wood-cut of Knox is contentedly given, as Goulart gave it in his French Translation; and for that of Beza himself the boiled Figure-head, which Beza denominated Knox! The little silver Pepper-box is likewise given again there as portrait of Jacobus VI.,—Jacobus who had, in the meantime, grown to full stature, and died some fifty years ago. For not in nature, but only in some chaos thrice confounded, with Egyptian darkness superadded, is there to be found any history comparable to that of old bad prints. For example, of that disastrous old Figure-head, produced to view by Beza, who or what did draw it, when or from what authority, if any, except that evidently some human being did, and presumably from some original or other, must remain forever a mystery. In a large *Granger*, fifty or sixty big folios, and their thousands of prints, I have seen a summary collection, of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, of some fourteen or fifteen Heroes of the Reformation, Knox among them; all flung down in the form of big circular blotch, like the opened eggs for an omelet, and among these fourteen or fifteen egg-yolks hardly two of which you could determine even what they wished to resemble.

The portrait of Knox in the possession of the Torphichen family, which has been for the last century or so by far the most famed and trusted of Scottish Knox portraits, is thus criticised by Carlyle:

This Torphichen Picture is essentially like the Beza wood-cut, though there has been a strenuous attempt on the part of the hopelessly incompetent painter to improve upon it, successful chiefly in the matter of the bunch of carrots, which is rendered almost like a human hand; for the rest its original at once declares itself, were it only by the loose book held in said hand; by the form of the nose and the twirl of ruffles under the left cheek; clearly a bad picture, done in oil, some generations ago, for which the Beza Figure-head served as a model, accidentally raised to pictorial sovereignty by the *vox populi* of Scotland. Certain the picture is a poor and altogether commonplace reproduction of the Beza Figure-head; and has nevertheless, as I am assured by judgments better than my own, been the progenitor of all, or nearly all, the incredible Knoxes, the name of which is now legion. Nearly all, I said,—not quite all, for one or two set up to be originals, not said by whom, and seem to partake more of the Hondius type; having a sullen or sulky expression superadded to the self-sufficiency and copious river of beard bestowed by Hondius.

Part II. of this work gives "a few notices or excerpts direct from Knox himself, from his own writings and actions," and concludes as follows:

Scottish Puritanism, well considered, seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand Sixteenth Century Reformation anywhere assumed. We may say also that it has been by far the most widely fruitful form; for in the next century it had produced English Cromwellian Puritanism, with open Bible in one hand, drawn sword in the other, and victorious foot trampling on Romish Babylon; that is to say, irrevocably refusing to believe what is not a Fact in God's Universe, but a mingled mass of self-delusions and mendacities in the region of Chimera. So that now we look for the effects of it not in Scotland only, or in our small British Islands only, but over wide seas, huge American continents, and growing British Nations in every zone of the earth. And, in brief, shall have to admit that John Knox, the authentic Prometheus of all that, has been a most distinguished Son of Adam, and had probably a physiognomy worth looking at. We have still one portrait of him to produce, the *Somerville Portrait* so named, widely different from the Beza Icon and its progeny; and will therewith close.

The account of this portrait forms the subject of Part III:

In 1836 the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or the late Charles Knight in the name of that, published an engraving of a portrait which had not before been heard of among the readers of Knox, and which gave a new and greatly more credible account of Knox's face and outward appearance. This is

what has since been called the Somerville Portrait of Knox: of which engraving a fac-simile is here laid before the reader. In 1849 the same engraving was a second time published in Knight's Pictorial History of England. It was out of this that I first obtained sight of it; and as soon as possible had another copy of the engraving framed and hung up beside me; believing that Mr. Knight, or the Society he published for, had made the due inquiries from the Somerville family, and found the answers satisfactory; I myself nothing doubting to accept it as the veritable portrait of Knox. Copies of this engraving are often found in portfolios, but seldom hung upon the walls of a study; and I doubt if it has ever had much circulation, especially among the more serious readers of Knox. For my own share, I had unhesitatingly believed in it; and knew not that anybody called it in question till two or three years ago, in the immense uproar which arose in Scotland on the subject of a monument to Knox, and the utter collapse it ended in—evidently enough not for want of money, to the unlimited amount of millions, but of any plan that could be agreed on with the slightest chance of feasibility. This raised an inquiry as to the outward appearance of Knox, and especially as to this Somerville Likeness, which I believed, and cannot but still believe, to be the only probable likeness of him anywhere known to exist. Of its history, what can be recovered of it is as follows:

On the death of the last Baron Somerville, some three or four years ago, the Somerville Peerage, after four centuries of duration, became extinct; and this picture then passed into the possession of one of the representatives of the family, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Smyth of Gaybrook, near Mullingar, Ireland. This lady was a stranger to me; but on being applied to, kindly had a list of questions with reference to the Knox portrait, which were drawn up by an artist friend and sent to her, minutely answered; and afterwards, with a courtesy and graceful kindness ever since pleasant to think of, offered on her coming to London to bring the picture itself hither. All which accordingly took effect; and in sum, the picture was intrusted altogether to the keeping of these inquirers, and stood for above three months patent to every kind of examination,—until it was, by direction of its lady owner, removed to the Loan Gallery of the South Kensington Museum, where it still hangs. And in effect it was inspected, in some cases with the greatest minuteness, by the most distinguished artists and judges of art that could be found in London. On certain points they were all agreed; as, for instance, that it was a portrait in all probability like the man intended to be represented; that it was a roughly executed work; probably a copy; certainly not of earlier, most likely of later date, than Godfrey Kneller's time; that the head represented must have belonged to a person of distinguished talent, character, and qualities.

I was informed by Mrs. Ralph Smyth that she knew nothing more of the picture than that it had, as long as she could remember, always

hung on the walls of the Somerville town-house in Hill Street, Mayfair,—but this lady being still young in years, her recollection does not carry us far back. One other light point in her memory was a tradition in the family that it was brought into their possession by James, the thirteenth Baron Somerville; but all the papers connected with the family having been destroyed some years ago by fire, in a solicitor's office in London, there was no means either of verifying or falsifying that tradition.

The vague guess is that this James, thirteenth Baron Somerville, had somewhere fallen in with an excellent portrait of Knox, seemingly by some distinguished artist of Knox's time; and had had a copy of it painted,—presumably for his mansion of Drum, near Edinburgh, long years perhaps before it came to Mayfair.

Among scrutinizers here, it was early recollected that there hung in the Royal Society's rooms an excellent portrait of Buchanan, indisputably painted by Francis Porbus; that Knox and Buchanan were children of the same year (1505), and that both the portrait of Buchanan and that of Knox indicated for the sitter an age of about sixty or more. So that one preliminary doubt,—Was there in Scotland about 1565, an artist capable of such a portrait as this of Knox's—was completely abolished; and the natural inquiry arose, Can any traces of affinity between these two be discovered?

This question was carefully examined into by competent artists, and the result was strongly in favor of the genuineness of the picture. Carlyle concludes:

This is all the evidence we have to offer on the Somerville Portrait. The preliminary objection in respect to costume, as we have seen, is without validity, and may be classed, in House of Commons' language, as "frivolous and vexatious." The picture is not an ideal, but that of an actual man, or, still more precisely, an actual Scottish ecclesiastical man. In external evidence, unless the original turn up, which is not impossible, though much improbable, there can be none complete in regard to such a matter; but with internal evidence to some of us it is replete, and beams brightly with it through every pore. For my own share, if it is not John Knox, the Scottish hero and evangelist of the sixteenth century, I cannot conjecture who or what it is.

THE EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY. By Thomas Carlyle. Harper Bros.

In the introduction to this book, Carlyle gives the sources of his information. He says:

The Icelanders, in their long winter, had a great habit of writing, and were, and still are, excellent in penmanship, says Dahlmann. It is to this fact that any little history there is of the

Norse Kings and their old tragedies, crimes, and heroisms, is almost all due. The Icelanders, it seems, not only made beautiful letters on their paper or parchment, but were laudably observant and desirous of accuracy; and have left us such a collection of narratives (Sagas, literally 'Says') as, for quantity and quality, is unexampled among rude nations. Snorro Sturleson's History of the Norse Kings is built out of these old Sagas, and has in it a great deal of poetic fire, not a little faithful sagacity applied in shifting and adjusting these old Sagas, and, in a word, deserves, were it once well edited, furnished with accurate maps, chronological summaries, &c., to be reckoned among the great history-books of the world. It is from these sources, greatly aided by accurate, learned, and unwearied Dahlmann, the German Professor, that the following rough notes of the early Norway Kings are hastily thrown together. In Histories of England (Rapin's excepted) next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connection between English affairs and Norse.

From the time of Harald Haarfagr to the time of Hakon the Old, was about four centuries—from A. D. 860 to A. D. 1260, the rude and lawless nature of the times, and the confusion resulting from the want of a settled monarchy, with the remoteness of the era, and the general absence of interest in such northern and almost unknown regions, might be supposed to make it very difficult to produce an historical work of value out of the materials left by old bards and romances. Carlyle has, however, in his inimitable way brought order out of confusion, and has produced a history of no little clearness and interest from which we give the following extracts:

ATHELSTAN'S FOSTER SON.

Old King Fairhair, at the age of seventy, had another son, to whom was given the name of Hakon. His mother was a slave in Fairhair's house; slave by ill-luck of war, though nobly enough born. A strange adventure connects this Hakon with England and King Athelstan, who was then entering upon his great career there. Short while after this Hakon came into the world, there entered Fairhair's palace, one evening as Fairhair sat feasting, an English ambassador or messenger, bearing in his hand, as gift from King Athelstan, a magnificent sword, with gold hilt and other fine trimmings, to the great Harald, King of Norway. Harald took the sword, drew it, or was half-drawing it, ad-

miringly from the scabbard, when the English excellency broke into a scornful laugh, "Ha, ha; thou art now the feudatory of my English king; thou hast accepted the sword from him, and art now his man!" (acceptance of a sword in that manner being the symbol of investiture in those days). Harald looked a trifle flurried, it is probable; but held in his wrath, and did no damage to the tricky Englishman. He held the matter in his mind, however, and next summer little Hakon, having got his weaning done—one of the prettiest, healthiest little creatures—Harald sent him off, under charge of "Hauk" (*Hawk* so called), one of his principal warriors, with order, "Take him to England," and instructions what to do with him there. And accordingly, one evening, Hauk, with thirty men escorting, strode into Athelstan's high dwelling (where situated, how built, whether with logs like Harald's, I cannot specifically say), into Athelstan's high presence, and silently set the wild little cherub upon Athelstan's knee. "What is this?" asked Athelstan, looking at the little cherub. "This is King Harald's son, whom a serving-maid bore to him, and whom he now gives thee as foster-child!" Indignant Athelstan drew his sword, as if to do the gift a mischief; but Hauk said, "Thou hast taken him on thy knee" (common symbol of adoption); "thou canst kill him if thou wilt; but thou dost not thereby kill all the sons of Harald." Athelstan straightway took milder thoughts; brought up and carefully educated Hakon; from whom, and this singular adventure, came, before very long, the first tidings of Christianity into Norway.

HAKON THE GOOD.

Eric Blood-axe, whose practical reign is counted to have begun about A. D. 930, had by this time, or within a year or so of this time, pretty much extinguished all his brother kings, and crushed down recalcitrant spirits, in his violent way; but had naturally become entirely unpopular in Norway, and filled it with silent discontent and even rage against him. Hakon, Fairhair's last son, the little foster-child of Athelstan in England, who had been baptized and carefully educated, was come to his fourteenth or fifteenth year at his father's death; a very shining youth, as Athelstan saw with just pleasure. So soon as the few preliminary preparations had been settled, Hakon, furnished with a ship or two by Athelstan, suddenly appeared in Norway; got acknowledged by the Peasant Thing in Trondhjem; "the news of which flew over Norway, like fire through dried grass," says an old chronicler. So that Eric, with his Queen Gunhild, and seven small children, had to run; no other shift for Eric. They went to the Orkneys first of all, then to England, and he "got Northumberland as earldom," I vaguely hear, from Athelstan. But Eric soon died, and his queen, with her children, went back to the Orkneys in search of refuge or help; to little purpose there or elsewhere. From Orkney she went to Denmark,

where Harald Blue-tooth took her poor eldest boy as foster-child; but I fear did not very faithfully keep that promise. The Danes had been robbing extensively during the late tumults in Norway; this the Christian Hakon, now established there, paid in kind, and the two countries were at war; so that Gunhild's little boy was a welcome card in the hand of Blue-tooth.

Hakon proved a brilliant and successful king; regulated many things, public law among others (*Gule-Thing* Law, *Froste-Thing* Law: these are little codes of his accepted by their respective Things, and had a salutary effect in their time); with prompt dexterity he drove back the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions every time they came; and on the whole gained for himself the name of Hakon the Good. These Danish invasions were a frequent source of trouble to him, but his greatest and continual trouble was that of extirpating heathen idolatry from Norway, and introducing the Christian Evangel in its stead. His transcendent anxiety to achieve this salutary enterprise was all along his grand difficulty and stumbling-block; the heathen opposition to it being also rooted and great. Bishops and priests from England Hakon had, preaching and baptizing what they could, but making only slow progress; much too slow for Hakon's zeal. On the other hand, every Yule-tide, when the chief heathen were assembled in his own palace on their grand sacrificial festival, there was great pressure put upon Hakon, as to sprinkling with horse-blood, drinking Yule-beer, eating horse-flesh, and the other distressing rites; the whole of which Hakon abhorred, and with all his steadfastness strove to reject utterly. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade (Trondhjem), a liberal heathen, not openly a Christian, was ever a wise counsellor and conciliator in such affairs; and proved of great help to Hakon. Once, for example, there having risen, at a Yule-feast, loud, almost stormful demand that Hakon, like a true man and brother, should drink Yule-beer with them in their sacred hightide, Sigurd persuaded him to comply, for peace sake, at least in form. Hakon took the cup in his left hand (excellent *hot beer*), and with his right cut the sign of the cross above it, then drank a draught. "Yes; but what is this with the king's right hand?" cried the company, "Don't you see?" answered shifty Sigurd; "he makes the sign of Thor's hammer before drinking!" which quenched the matter for the time.

Horse-flesh, horse-broth, and the horse-ingredient generally, Hakon all but inexorably declined. By Sigurd's pressing exhortation and entreaty, he did once take a kettle of horse-broth by the handle, with a good deal of linen-quilt or towel interposed, and did open his lips for what of steam could insinuate itself. At another time he consented to a particle of horse-liver, intending privately, I guess, to keep it outside the gullet, and smuggle it away without *swallowing*; but farther than this not even Sigurd could persuade him to go. At the Things held in regard to this matter Hakon's success was always incomplete; now and then it was plain failure,

and Hakon had to draw back till a better time. Here is one specimen of the response he got on such an occasion; curious specimen, withal, of antique parliamentary eloquence from an Anti-Christian Thing.

At a Thing of all the Fylkes of Trondhjem, Thing held at Froste in that region, King Hakon, with all the eloquence he had, signified that it was imperatively necessary that all Bonders and sub-Bonders should become Christians, and believe in one God, Christ the Son of Mary; renouncing entirely blood sacrifices and heathen idols; should keep every seventh day holy, abstain from labor that day, and even from food, devoting the day to fasting and sacred meditation. Whereupon, by way of universal answer, arose a confused universal murmur of entire dissent. "Take away from us our old belief, and also our time for labor!" murmured they in angry astonishment; "how can even the land be got tilled in that way?" "We cannot work if we don't get food," said the hand laborers and slaves. "It lies in King Hakon's blood," remarked others; "his father and all his kindred were apt to be stingy about food, though liberal enough with money." At length, one Osbjörn (or Bear of the Asen or Gods, what we now call Osborne), one Osbjörn of Medalhusin Gulathal, stepped forward, and said, in a distinct manner: "We Bonders (=peasant-proprietors) thought, King Hakon, when thou heldest thy first Thing-day here in Trondhjem, and we took thee for our king, and received our hereditary lands from thee again, that we had got heaven itself. But now we know not how it is, whether we have won freedom, or whether thou intendest anew to make us slaves, with this wonderful proposal that we should renounce our faith, which our fathers before us have held, and all our ancestors as well, first in the age of burial by burning, and now in that of earth burial; and yet these departed ones were much our superiors, and their faith, too, has brought prosperity to us! Thee, at the same time, we have loved so much that we raised thee to manage all the laws of the land, and speak as their voice to us all. And even now it is our will and the vote of all Bonders to keep that paction which thou gavest us here on the Thing at Froste, and to maintain thee as king so long as any of us Bonders who are here upon the Thing has life left, provided thou, king, wilt go fairly to work, and demand of us only such things as are not impossible. But if thou wilt fix upon this thing with so great obstinacy, and employ force and power, in that case we Bonders have taken the resolution, all of us, to fall away from thee, and to take for ourselves another head, who will so behave that we may enjoy in freedom the belief which is agreeable to us. Now shalt thou, king, choose one of these two courses before the Thing disperse." "Whereupon," adds the Chronicle, "all the Bonders raised a mighty shout, 'Yes, we will have it so, as has been said.'" So that Jarl Sigurd had to intervene, and King Hakon to choose for the moment the milder branch of the alternative. At other Things Hakon was

more or less successful. All his days, by such methods as there were, he kept pressing forward with this great enterprise, and on the whole did thoroughly shake asunder the old edifice of heathendom, and fairly introduce some foundation for the new and better rule of faith and life among his people.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Towards the end of this Hakon's (Jarl Hakon) reign it was that the discovery of America took place (985). Actual discovery, it appears, by Eric the Red, an Icelander; concerning which there has been abundant investigation and discussion in our time. *Ginnungagap* (Roaring Abyss) is thought to be the mouth of Behring's Strait in Baffin's Bay; *Big Hellowland*, the coast from Cape Walsingham to near Newfoundland; *Little Hellowland*, Newfoundland itself. *Markland* was Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Southward thence to Chesapeake Bay was called *Wine Land* (wild grapes still grow in Rhode Island, and more luxuriantly further south). *White Man's Land*, called also *Great Ireland*, is supposed to mean the two Carolinas, down to the Southern Cape of Florida. In Dahlmann's opinion, the Irish themselves might even pretend to have probably been the first discoverers of America; they had evidently got to Iceland itself before the Norse exiles found it out. It appears to be certain that, from the end of the tenth century to the early part of the fourteenth, there was a dim knowledge of those distant shores extant in the Norse mind, and even some straggling series of visits thither by roving Norsemen; though, as only danger, difficulty, and no profit resulted, the visits ceased, and the whole matter sank into oblivion, and, but for the Icelandic talent of writing in the long winter nights, would never have been heard of by posterity at all.

THE KING'S PALACE.

The new King Olaf, his brother Magnus having soon died, bore rule in Norway for some five-and-twenty years. Rule soft and gentle, not like his father's, and inclining rather to improvement in the arts and elegancies than to anything severe or dangerously laborious. A slim-built, witty-talking, popular, and pretty man, with uncommonly bright eyes, and hair like floss silk; they called him Olaf *Kyrre* (the Tranquil or Easy-going).

The ceremonials of the palace were much improved by him. Palace still continued to be built of huge logs pyramidally sloping upwards, with fire-place in the middle of the floor, and no egress for smoke or ingress for light except right over head, which in bad weather you could shut or all but shut, with a lid. Lid originally made of mere opaque board, but changed latterly into a light frame, covered (*glazed*, so to speak) with entrails of animals, clarified into something of pellucidity. All this Olaf, I hope, further perfected, as he did the placing of the court ladies, court officials, and

the like; but I doubt if the luxury of a glass window were ever known to him, or a cup to drink from that was not made of metal or iron.

THE IRISH HAARFAGR.

Magnus Barefoot left three sons, all kings at once, reigning peaceably together. But to us, at present, the only noteworthy one of them was Sigurd; who, finding nothing special to do at home, left his brothers to manage for him, and went off on a far voyage, which has rendered him distinguishable in the crowd. Voyage through the Strait of Gibraltar, on to Jerusalem, thence to Constantinople; and so home through Russia, shining with such renown as filled all Norway for the time being. A king called Sigurd Jorsalafarer (*Jerusalemmer*), or Sigurd the Crusader, henceforth. His voyage had been only partially of the Viking type; in general it was of the Royal-Progress kind rather; Vikingism only intervening in cases of incivility or the like. His reception in the Courts of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Italy, had been honorable and sumptuous. The King of Jerusalem broke out into utmost splendor and effusion at sight of such a pilgrim; and Constantinople did its highest honors to such a Prince of Væringers. And the truth is Sigurd intrinsically was a wise, able, and prudent man; who, surviving both his brothers, reigned a good while alone in a solid and successful way. He shows features of an original, independent, thinking man; something of ruggedly strong, sincere, and honest, with peculiarities that are amiable and even pathetic in the character and temperament of him; as certainly the course of life he took was of his own choosing, and peculiar enough. He happens furthermore to be, what he least of all could have chosen or expected, the last of the Haarfagr genealogy that had any success, or much deserved any, in this world. The last of the Haarfags, or as good as the last! So that, singular to say, it is in reality for one thing only that Sigurd, after all his crusadings and wonderful adventures, is memorable to us here: the advent of an Irish gentleman called 'Gylle Krist' (Gilchrist, Servant of Christ), who,—not over welcome, I should think, but (unconsciously) big with the above result,—appeared in Norway while King Sigurd was supreme. Let us explain a little.

This Gylle Krist, the unconsciously fatal individual, who 'spoke Norse imperfectly,' declared himself to be the natural son of whilom Magnus Barefoot; born to him there while engaged in that unfortunate 'Conquest of Ireland.' "Here is my mother come with me," said Gilchrist, "who declares my real baptismal name to have been Harald, given me by that great king; and who will carry the red-hot ploughshares or do any reasonable ordeal in testimony of these facts. I am King Sigurd's veritable half-brother; what will King Sigurd think it fair to do with me?" Sigurd clearly seems to have believed the man to be speaking truth; and, indeed, nobody to have doubted but he was. Sigurd said "Honorable sustenance

shalt thou have from me here. But, under pain of extirpation, swear that neither in my time nor in that of my young son Magnus wilt thou ever claim any share in this government." Gylle swore; and punctually kept his promise during Sigurd's reign. But during Magnus's he conspicuously broke it; and, in result, through many reigns, and during three or four generations afterwards, produced unspeakable contentions, massacres, confusions in the country he had adopted. There are reckoned, from the time of Sigurd's death (A. D. 1130), about a hundred years of civil war: no king allowed to distinguish himself by a solid reign of well-doing, or by any continuing reign at all,—sometimes as many as four kings simultaneously fighting;—and in Norway, from sire to son, nothing but sanguinary anarchy, disaster, and bewilderment; a country sinking steadily as if towards absolute ruin. Of all which frightful misery and discord Irish Gylle, styled afterwards King Harald Gylle, was, by ill destiny and otherwise, the visible origin: an illegitimate Irish Haarfagr who proved to be his own destruction, and that of the Haarfagr kindred altogether!

Sigurd himself seems always to have rather favored Gylle, who was a cheerful, shrewd, patient, witty, and effective fellow; and had at first much quizzing to endure, from the younger kind, on account of his Irish way of speaking Norse, and for other reasons. One evening, for example, while the drink was going round, Gylle mentioned that the Irish had a wonderful talent of swift running, and that there were among them people that could keep up with the swiftest horse. At which, especially from young Magnus, there were peals of laughter; and a declaration from the latter that Gylle and he would have it tried to-morrow morning! Gylle in vain urged that he had not himself professed to be so swift a runner as to keep up with the Prince's horses; but only that there were men in Ireland who could. Magnus was positive, and early next morning Gylle had to be on the ground; and the race, naturally under heavy bet, actually went off. Gylle started parallel to Magnus's stirrup; ran like a very roe, and was clearly ahead at the goal. "Unfair," said Magnus; "thou must have had hold of my stirrup-leather, and helped thyself along; we must try it again." Gylle ran behind the horse this second time; then at the end sprang forward, and again was fairly in ahead. "Thou must have held by the tail," said Magnus; "not by fair running was this possible; we must try a third time!" Gylle started ahead of Magnus and his horse this third time; kept ahead with increasing distance, Magnus galloping his very best; and reached the goal more palpably foremost than ever. So that Magnus had to pay his bet, and other damage and humiliation. And got from his father, who heard of it soon afterwards, scoffing rebuke as a silly fellow, who did not know the worth of men, but only the clothes and rank of them, and well deserved what he had got from Gylle. All the time King Sigurd lived, Gylle seems to have had good recognition and protection from that famous man; and, in-

deed, to have gained favor all round by his quiet social demeanor and the qualities he showed.

EPILOGUE.

Haarfagr's kindred lasted some three centuries in Norway; Sverrir's lasted into its third century there; how long after this, among the neighboring kingships, I did not inquire. For, by regal affinities, consanguinities, and unexpected chances and changes, the three Scandinavian kingdoms fell all peaceably together under Queen Margaret, of the Calmar Union (A. D. 1397); and Norway, incorporated now with Denmark, needed no more kings.

The history of these Haarfagrs has awakened in me many thoughts of despotism and democracy, arbitrary government by one, and self-government (which means no government, or anarchy) by all; of dictatorship with many faults, and universal suffrage with little possibility of any virtue. For the contrast between Olaf Tryggveson and a Universal-suffrage Parliament or an 'Imperial' Copper Captain has, in these nine centuries, grown to be very great. And the eternal Providence that guides all this, and produces alike these entities with their epochs, is not *its* course still through the great deep? Does not it still speak to us, if we have ears? Here, clothed in stormy enough passions and instincts, unconscious of any aim but their own satisfaction, is the blessed beginning of human order, regulation, and real government; there, clothed in a highly different, but again suitable garniture of passions, instincts, and equally unconscious as to real aim, is the accursed-looking ending (temporary ending) of order, regulation, and government;—very dismal to the same onlooker for the time being; not dismal to him otherwise, his hope, too, being steadfast! But here, at any rate, in this poor Norse theatre, one looks with interest on the first transformation, so mysterious and abstruse, of human chaos into something of articulate cosmos; witnesses the wild and strange birth-pangs of human society, and reflects that without something similar (little as men expect such now) no cosmos of human society ever was got into existence, nor can ever again be.

The violences, fightings, crimes—ah yes, these seldom fail, and they are very lamentable. But always, too, among those old populations there was one saving element; the now want of which, especially the unlamented want, transcends all lamentation. Here is one of these strange, piercing, winged-words of Ruskin, which has in it a terrible truth for us in these epochs now come:

"My friends, the follies of modern liberalism, many and great though they be, are practically summed in this denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its rectangular beatitudes and spherical benevolences,—theology of universal indulgence, and jurisprudence which will hang no rogues, mean, one and all of them, in the root, incapacity of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth and unworth in anything, and least of all in man;

'whereas nature and heaven command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, "Who is best man?" and the Fates forgive much,—forgive the wildest, fiercest, cruellest experiments,—if fairly made for the determination of that. Theft and blood-guiltiness are not pleasing in their sight; yet the favoring powers of the spiritual and material world will confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices applaud the lifting of your spear, and rehearse the sculpture of your shield, if only your robbing and slaying have been in fair arbitrament of that question, "Who is best man?" But if you refuse such inquiry, and maintain every man for his neighbor's match,—if you give vote to the simple and liberty to the vile, the powers of those spiritual and material worlds in due time present you inevitably with the same problem, soluble now only wrong side upwards; and your robbing and slaying must be done them to find out, "Who is worst man?" Which, in so wide an order of merit, is, indeed, not easy; but a complete Tammany Ring, and lowest circle in the Inferno of Worst, you are sure to find and to be governed by.*

All readers will admit that there was something naturally royal in these Haarfaqr Kings. A wildy great kind of kindred; counts in it two heroes of a high, or almost highest type: the first two Olafs, Tryggveson and the Saint. And the view of them, withal, as we chance to have it, I have often thought, how essentially Homeric it was:—indeed, what is 'Homer' himself but the *Rhapsody* of five centuries of Greek Skalds and wandering ballad-singers, done (*i. e.* 'stitched together') by somebody more musical than Snorro was? Olaf Tryggveson and Olaf Saint please me quite as well in their prosaic form; offering me the truth of them as if seen in their real lineaments by some marvellous opening (through the art of Snorro) across the black strata of the ages. Two high, almost among the highest sons of nature, seen as they veritably were; fairly comparable or superior to god-like Achilleus, goddess-wounding Diomedes, much more to the two Atreidai, regulators of the peoples.

I have also thought often what a book might be made of Snorro, did there but arise a man furnished with due literary insight and indefatigable diligence; who, faithfully acquainting himself with the topography, the monumental relics and illustrative actualities of Norway, carefully scanning the best testimonies as to place and time which that country can still give him, carefully the best collateral records and chronologies of other countries, and who, himself possessing the highest faculty of a poet, could, abridging, arranging, elucidating, reduce Snorro to a polished cosmic state, unweariedly purging away his much chaotic matter! A modern 'highest kind of poet,' capable of unlimited slavish labor withal;—who, I fear, is

not soon to be expected in this world, or likely to find his task in the *Heimskringla* if he did appear here.

THE WATCH TOWER IN THE WILDERNESS. By Anna Shipton, Author of "Tell Jesus," &c. Willard Tract Repository, Boston.

"I will watch to see what He will say unto me" (Hab. ii. 1) is the motto of this book; which, like the other works of the same author, is a record of scenes from the life of one who strove to "walk with God" and follow His teaching in everything. The book is a small one, and we copy a few pages, which will give a very good idea of the whole.

TOO LATE BUT IN GOD'S TIME.

To live ever beneath Elim's pleasant shade would be to lose that prize for which we left the house of bondage. We must follow Him who alone can lead us in safety still. Why are we, like the Israelites, murmuring at every step we do not understand, or which is against some preconceived notion of what the way of the Lord should be? He has bade us go over to the other side, and we distrust Him that He can carry us there safely. When we see Him with us in our little ship, then we know it shall be well with us.

"Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee; I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah." (Ps. lxxxi. 7.)

One sultry evening in July, I was about leaving Zurich for Lucerne, when a stranger paid me a visit, which detained me a few minutes after the hour intended for my departure, and I beheld the train leaving the station soon after I entered it. After waiting for two hours, I took my seat in another train, and had proceeded part of the way, when the guard entered the carriage, and told me that the train would proceed no further than Zoug, where a great *fête* of the "Tire" of the four cantons was held, and that it would be impossible for me to procure lodgings or even a bed; and then left me to my meditations,

After a long summer's day of great fatigue, alone, and with this prospect before me, I had no hope but in God. I had the carriage to myself, and I praised Him for it, that I might seek His will without distraction. And I was able to spread before Him all my perplexity, which did not seem to Him light (Neh. ix. 32), asking Him to show me where to rest my weary head, and what to do. Before I arrived at the end of my journey, there came into my mind the name of a lady in whom some months ago I had

* *Porn Clavigera*, Letter XIV., pp. 8-10.

been much interested, who had spoken of her intention of passing some weeks in the summer at one of these mountain rests in this direction. Clearer and clearer it came to my inward sense that this was my way; but *how* to accomplish it? Jehovah-Jireh!

Zoug was a scene of wild jollity, such as I had never witnessed. The trees and avenues long before we approached the scene gave evidence of the *fête*, extending from village to village. Zoug itself presented the appearance of one gigantic fair, while every house was decorated with banners, garlands, and devices, A wild confusion of hilarious mirth seemed to reign.

For a moment I looked round with dismay. A carriage was my only hope of quitting the town; but how was *this* to be procured? Not *one* was to be seen. How could I seek for one, and how could I carry even the little luggage I required? I cast my helplessness on Him who I believed had shown me the way. He who turns the hearts of kings like rivers of water touched the heart of the guard of the train, and after considering me for a moment, he bade me wait until he had delivered his papers, and he would return to me. I had not long to wait. He took up my bag, and bade me follow him, and I found myself in the midst of that motley crowd, while the tall, strong messenger the Lord had sent to help me made me a path along which I passed unmolested, to look for some conveyance that at the close of such a day should be able to carry me safely up the mountain of the Felberg.

At last my guide obtained an old cabriolet, with a jaded horse, so thin and wretched in appearance, that my spirit sank to think that to his labor of the day it was for *me* to add a mountain journey at night. The German boy who drove him won my favor at once by his care and kindness to the poor animal; and the kind-hearted Swiss guard, having seen me safely into the cabriolet, bade me farewell.

Slowly and cautiously the driver threaded his way along the crowded highway, now blazing with lights in every direction. The great gate of Zoug presented the appearance of an enormous bower, and over it, in large letters, formed of flowering heath and everlastings, "WELCOME!" met my eyes. It seemed like the welcome for me in the path the Lord had called me to tread, and I thanked Him, and took courage.

Never, since I have known what it is to trust in the living God, have I received a more sensible realization of Himself than when ascending that mountain, in the clear twilight of that sultry day. On the first platform Fritz rested and watered his horse, and I walked slowly on. The fresh, cool mountain air was charged with the scent of the pine, and the herbs on the bank drank in the dew after a day of burning heat, and gave forth their fragrance to the breeze. The moon rose over the lowest point of the mountain as we wound into a yet broader space, and the vast plain below was as distinct as in the full light of day, Zoug itself appearing like a little illuminated garden in the valley.

It was near midnight when I reached the

mountain home, and on enquiring for the lady so suddenly brought to my mind, I found that she was still there, and a light yet burned in her chamber. I asked for admittance. My appearance was there one of her first answers to prayer for any tangible blessing, and she recognized it in wonder and gratitude. She told me that that very day, in desolation of spirit, she had wept in the pine grove, and prayed the Lord in pity to send her some one to speak comfort to her; but she had never calculated on such a possibility as that He would send *me*.

The stranger sent of God had delayed my journey but three minutes; but this had been used to discipline my will, and to bless and cheer the lonely-hearted. Thus I learned another lesson of following Him who has never failed the soul that trusts in Him. A day in that sweet, cool retreat refreshed me, so that when the Lord bade me proceed, I was able thankfully to reply, "Send me."

And now, the heart comforted, the work done, I must descend again into the valley; but *this* time I had no good Fritz to drive me, but a man who, when we arrived in the town, would stop and drink at every beer-house, in spite of the expostulations of my fellow-travellers that we should lose the train, which we did; but he was reckless. Again I found myself in the station, in the midst of the dusty town, in the heated atmosphere, heavy with the fumes of tobacco and beer. I felt grieved, impatient; but I remembered how lately my disappointment was the little cloud that led me where the Lord needed me, for blessing to *my own* soul, and comfort to another, and I prayed that I might again realize His care, and see His footsteps, and praise His name; and all within was peace.

It was neither by carelessness of mine, nor lack of committing my way to Him, that I was there, in that great *salle* of the station, every window open, and unshaded from the burning rays of a July sun. I felt it perhaps yet more keenly, from the contrast to the quiet, cool shelter of the pines, and the pure mountain air I had left; but I was able to say, "As *Thou wilt*," and I was satisfied. A noisy throng came and went, and I watched to see if the Master had need of me. At last the room was empty, save of myself and a young and delicate German lady, who, though on another route, like myself had lost the train. I saw her distress and disappointment, and spoke to her of the Lord Jesus holding in His pierced hand all the tangled threads in perfect order, clear and distinct in every particular, and reminded her that every hair of the head of His child was numbered. My companion listened in tearful interest; and for an hour and a half we sat in sweet communion.

As the passengers at last thronged the room for the train by which she was to depart, she remarked, "Look around. Is there one face in this crowd that bears the visible seal of the Holy Spirit? Listen! Is there even the expression of a thought concerning Him? Let us praise the grace that has separated us to Himself."

I know not what was the message the Lord comforted her with. She listened as if she would not lose a word from my lips, and looked long and lovingly in my face ere she bade me farewell. Then, suddenly clasping me in her arms, she gave me—"Our next meeting-place—before the throne." "Then," she added, "and not till then, you will learn that indeed it was not in vain that you waited for two hours in the station of Zoug."

The desert can ne'er be lonely,
If you find but the Master there;
The light of His presence only
Makes earth in her beauty fair.

Better the cross be the sorest,
Better be still and mute,
Than tread' mid flowers of the forest
And miss the trace of His foot.

Faint and athirst He knew me,
As I travelled my life's lone road,
And nearer His heart He drew me;
'Twas there that my fountain flowed.

He sendeth the hot breeze blowing
In the weary land I stray;
But He is my "Great Rock," throwing
The shadow upon my way.

THE UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS.

I was invited by a lady, a friend when I was in the world and of it, who had no sympathy or love for me in the spiritual sense, to take luncheon with her on a certain day. I had long ceased to visit at the house, where I found it impossible to obtain a hearing for my Master; but with the note of invitation came the strong conviction to my heart that I must go; so, as I had other business in the town that morning, I left early and arrived at the house a quarter of an hour before the time appointed. The lady received me coldly, and, with an expression of disappointment, enquired if I had not received her note. I replied in the affirmative, therefore had I come. The reception was startling. She proceeded to say her sister was expected to return to them from the East that day, and she had written to defer my visit. The pride of nature would have suggested to me to leave the house at once, but a power stronger than nature kept me in my seat. It was not anything in my mind, or any idea that God had sent me, and that I must stay there; I only felt astonished and lost in wonder as to what it meant. The lady looked uneasily at me; then our uncomfortable silence was disturbed by a carriage which drove to the door, and the servant announced the expected traveller.

The lady rose, and, closing the folding-doors, received her in the other apartment. Perhaps a quarter of an hour might have elapsed, when they entered the drawing-room together, and with the cordial greeting of the newly-arrived sister this prayer rose with sudden power in my heart, "Lord, let me be alone with her." It rose in faith; so that when the butler entered

the room, in less than five minutes after, I knew the Lord had answered me. The servant brought a request to his mistress from his master that she would meet him at once in the library to speak about some business matter. My friend and I were left alone. We had never met since those days when, in the toils of the world, we were together on the road that leadeth to destruction. The life of faith, and everything connected with it, was a problem we did not then care to solve; nay, we had never seen or believed in practical Christianity. The waves and billows had gone over me. I had found that peace which passeth knowledge; and she, without such sorrow, was still a stranger to the truth. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

We looked each other in the face after a separation of ten years. Both were silent. After a long gaze of tender sympathy, she said gently, "Oh, how much sorrow you have passed through since we last met!"

I smiled in her face, and asked, "Do I look very miserable?"

"No," she answered, turning quickly after a searching gaze at my countenance. "Why I never saw you look so happy. How is it? What does it mean? Tell me."

I put my arm round her, and replied, "Since we parted I have known Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, my Saviour. Oh, if you knew the peace and joy of my life!" And the rest I whispered in her ear, as, clasping her in my arms, I drew her back to the seat from which she had risen.

She did not speak. She listened breathlessly as in rapid utterance I strove to tell forth my deliverance from death and hell, and God's love and mercy in the gift of His beloved Son. Her face was bathed in tears; but not a word passed her lips. So the time went on until the lady re-entered the room; and I rose from my place, not as before, to linger, or marvel if the Lord had indeed made my way prosperous, but inwardly to bow down my head and worship. And I went on my way.

Together the lady and her sister paid me a brief visit, and as the latter left the room she whispered, "Let me come alone at six to-morrow."

She came to ask me to pray with her, and we spoke of the joys of those who are delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

We met no more till the following year; and then never shall I forget the astonishment with which I heard the reply to my question, "How came you to receive this blessed faith in Christ?"

She looked in my face with surprise, and with a bright, beaming smile, fairer than in the days of her youth and beauty, she replied, "Do you, then, forget the day when you clasped me in your arms, and spoke of Jesus your Saviour, our Saviour? I never was the same since that moment. It came to me then; and I was changed."

"The hairs of your head are all numbered." Had I not left my own abode before the arrival of the postman, I should most certainly not have been in that room when the traveller arrived; for the letter I found on my return was such that it would have been impossible for me to have paid my visit at that time. Had not the lady been withdrawn, I could not have spoken to one whom I had known only in the companionship of the world; and had not a power stronger than pride kept me an unwilling guest, I might never have had the joy of being the messenger of good tidings to one who was indeed born of God from the simple detail of His love, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

CLEAR DIRECTIONS.

Another time when I proved the faithfulness of God, was in a remote hamlet in England. I had suddenly been called to leave the cottage in which I had dwelt for some weeks, and I was sorry to quit the quiet seclusion of the green woodlands in which my tent had been pitched and where I hoped to have remained, although I knew I had no guidance as to what direction I should take. Friday went by sadly, and on Saturday I must depart. This was a day of trial. The landlady, who was angry at my departure, desired to know by what train I should leave; and when I told her it was uncertain, she deluged my room with water for a special house-cleaning, which began in my bedroom, and compelled me to have my luggage moved into the entrance passage.

I could not tell whither to bend my steps, The bedroom would be unfit for occupation that night; but there was yet a post delivery of letters, the only one of that day. Oh, how I listened and watched for the postman! I felt assured he would bring me a letter to point me on my pilgrim way. He passed. I was sure he would return with a letter; he came not. Then my cup seemed full. God had called me to "arise," and He had not shown me where to go.

Sinking hearts, take courage, and say not, "God will deliver me in such a time and in such a manner." Limit Him not. He never comes too late. The trial of your faith is more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire. My last hope of external help had gone. I lay down on the sofa prepared for my journey. I never felt forsaken. I had no self-reproach. I did not feel I had fallen into a snare; but the Lord was waiting for a full surrender of my will. At last it came. I was able to say from my soul, "As thou wilt," and "When Thou wilt." I had asked Him to guide me. He has promised to guide us with His eye.

I listened no more for the post, for that had passed. The train due at the nearest station had long since come in, and brought me nothing; and so I looked up to Him who had called me to cast all my care upon Him, and I had so cast it.

A rapid step up the garden path, and a sharp knock at the door, made me spring to my feet. There stood a special messenger from a neighboring town with a telegram. The wires had been broken, and it had thus been delayed. It was from a friend, who I knew not was in the country, in trouble, praying me to go to her without a moment's delay; and a carriage and servant awaited me at the station of the town whence the telegram was despatched, and where she had already engaged apartments for me. It seemed impossible to reach the station in time, but the Lord had ordained it.

There were no carriages in the place; but a little pony-chair, kept by a youth half a mile from the cottage, was returning from an unsuccessful journey to the up train. The messenger hailed him, assisted with my luggage, already at the door, and in twenty minutes I was at the station, with a heart full of thanksgiving and lips of praise. That day the train was overdue, and I had learned a lesson of trust in the living God; and looking from failing cisterns, I had received what I needed from the Fountain.

When I had remained a short time at this town I was most clearly called onward; and as I look back I see what I could not see then, that one in the bloom and strength of youth, to whom I was unmistakably sent for warning and blessing, stood on the border of the grave, her strength and life to be sapped in a moment, whom I should behold no more until we meet in our Father's house above.

THE ROCK OF MY STRENGTH.

"Come see a Man, which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"—John iv, 29.

Leading me by ways I know not,
O'er the mountain, o'er the wave:
Pitiful in my distresses,
And in danger swift to save;
Soothing, healing, with a word—
That's my Saviour! That's my Lord!

Faithful when the fondest leave me,
Nearest when no strength have I,
Tend'rest when my brethren grieve me,
And in each perplexity,
Friend and brother I can claim,
Linked with Jesus' sacred name.

Washed by Him from sin's defilement,
Clothed in garments fresh and fair,
Sandals braced for life's long journey,
And His hand to guide me there;
Saved and sheltered by His blood—
That's my Saviour! That's my God!

Kingdoms and a crown await me
When my pilgrim journey's done;
But the glory that I covet
Is to gaze on God's dear Son;
While from Heaven's high vault shall ring—
"That's my Saviour! That's my King!"

Notice.

E A R L R U S S E L L .

This celebrated English statesman, who as Lord John Russell is so familiar to all acquainted with the history of Reform in England, is the third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and was born in London, 18th August, 1792. He was educated at Westminster School and afterwards at Edinburgh, where he studied under Professor Dugald Stewart. After a continental tour he in 1821 made his debut in the world by being elected to Parliament for the family borough of Tavistock. He made his first motion in favor of Parliamentary reform in 1819, and persevered in face of defeat till, as a Minister of the Crown, he stood forward to propose the great measure of 1831, which received the Royal assent, 4th June, 1832, saving the country from the throes of revolution and civil war, which at one time seemed imminent. This was the crowning achievement of his life, although he was the author of a great deal of other valuable legislation. He was Colonial Minister in 1839, when the Canadian rebellion broke out, and sent out Lord Durham, who recognized the right of Canadians to self-government. He favored the repeal of the Corn laws, though, owing to his failure to form a Government, Sir Robert Peel achieved the honor of carrying that measure. As Prime Minister he had to deal with the great Irish famine in 1847. The action of the Pope in parcelling England out into dioceses drew from him a protest, first in the shape of a letter to the Bishop of Durham, and next in the form of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851,—not a very happy piece of legislation, and which failed utterly of its purpose. Ceasing to be Prime Minister in 1852 he subsequently held lower offices in the Cabinet, a course for which he has been sharply criticised. He was again Premier from 1865 to 1866. As a foreign Secretary he has not been a success. Meddle and muddle seems to have been his policy, leading among other results to the Alabama Claims controversy, which it took Britain and America so much trouble to settle. He tried to pass several more reform bills between 1852 and 1860, but failed, and seems to have come to the conclusion that the British had got enough such legislation, giving expression to his opinion in the noted words, "Rest and be thankful." In 1861 he was raised to the peerage. He has acquired a reputation as an eloquent and bold debater, but his temperament has always been cold and chilly, and he has thereby fallen short of the full measure of popularity which was his due. He has been twice married, and has had children. His eldest son by the second marriage, Lord Amberley, has been M. P. for Nottingham. As an author he has written several historical works, including the life, diary and letters of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, but it cannot be said that his literary talent is very great. Earl Russell still lives, hale and vigorous, and makes himself heard at times in the House of Lords, as well as on the platform and through the press, on social and political questions.

Next to the pictures in *Punch*, a single sentence of Sydney Smith's has probably done most to characterize this statesman. It occurs in his second letter addressed to Archdeacon Singleton:

"There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone, build St. Peter's, or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died, the church tumbled down, and the Channel fleet been knocked to atoms. I believe his motives are always pure, and his measures often able; but they are endless, and never done with that pedetentous* pace and that pedetentous mind in which it behooves the wise and virtuous improver to walk. He alarms the wise Liberals; and it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch."

In his late volume of "Recollections and Suggestions," Lord Russell takes pains to plead "not guilty" to this indictment.

"We have at this moment before us a vivid recollection of a characteristic little incident in the Earl's career. Seven or eight years ago he spent a few weeks in the autumn in the neighborhood of the Perthshire village of Blairgowrie, and the sturdy

Scotch peasantry, resolving to do honor to the great Liberal statesman, invited him to a 'banquet' at Blairgowrie. The writer happened to be in the neighborhood at the time, and procuring a ticket for the banquet—which was about the roughest village feast at which he was ever present—he went to Blairgowrie to witness Lord Russell's reception. In due time the famous Whig minister came. The people were delighted at having him in their midst, and they cheered him with a lusty vigor which would have done credit to Yorkshire lungs.

"At the door of the Town Hall, or the Market House, which was the scene of the banquet, the Earl descended from his carriage; he stood a moment in the doorway, giving some directions to his servants, and the crowd pressed round him cheering. One respectable-looking man who was standing very near was particularly enthusiastic. Upon him the Earl turned with a freezing look and a haughty gesture. 'Have the goodness not to make such a noise, sir!' said he, and the poor Scot shrunk away utterly abashed, and with doubtless very different feelings with respect to 'Johnny Russell' from those which he had entertained toward him a few minutes previously. And this was a most characteristic scene. Very vain, and not at all insensible to the charms of popular applause, Lord Russell has yet this peculiar coldness and haughtiness of manner which chills the enthusiasm of his admirers, and deprives him of not a little of the popularity which is undoubtedly his due.

* This word is adopted by Sydney Smith from Cicero's word *pedetentim*, meaning step-by-step, cautiously or gradually.

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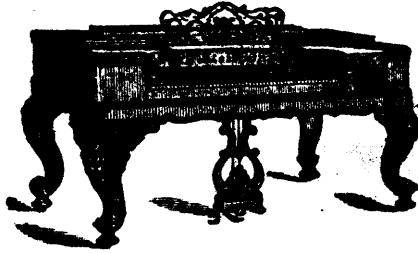
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