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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

DEC.,

1870.

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PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
**NEW DOMINION MONTHLY**  
FOR 1871.

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It is scarcely necessary to describe this Magazine, which is now widely known, suffice it to say that it comprises in about equal proportions Original Articles of a high order, contributed by writers all over the Dominion, and the best selections the Editors can make from the periodical literature of the world. It has also a department for "Young Folks," and one of Domestic Economy, entitled "The Home;" besides a Review of New Books, and a piece of Popular Music in each number, and one or more Pictorial Illustrations.

A Title Page and Index for 1870 will be sent with the December number, and so on at the close of each year. It will therefore be best for new Subscribers to begin with the New Year; and all such who subscribe for 1871 before the middle of next month, will get the December number of this year gratis

The price is \$1.50 per annum; but any old subscriber remitting for himself and a new subscriber at the same time, can have the two copies, addressed separately, for \$2; and any five subscribers, old or new, may combine together and have the five copies, addressed separately, for \$5.

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N.B.—Subscribers for the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** and **WITNESS** may have both at the following rates:—**DOMINION MONTHLY** and **DAILY WITNESS**, \$4; ditto and **SEMI-WEEKLY**, \$3; ditto and **WEEKLY**, \$2. We may add that none of the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** matter appears in the **WITNESS**, nor **WITNESS** matter in the **NEW DOMINION**.

We hope for a large accession of subscribers this winter, when the people of Canada, generally, are in such comfortable circumstances as to be able to patronize Canadian literature; and we will be greatly obliged to all the friends of the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** to speak a good word for it to their neighbors.

All orders and remittances to be addressed to

**JOHN DOUGALL & SON,**  
PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, 20th October, 1870.



EUGENIE.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1870.

## HOW RALPH BIRTON SPENT HIS CHRISTMAS-EVE — A TALE OF THE SEASON.

BY W \* \* \*

### CHAPTER I.

HOW MEMORY IS AWAKENED, AND A GOOD  
RESOLUTION FORMED AND ACTED UPON.

His clerks and employees had been gone for upwards of twenty minutes and still Ralph Birton remained behind in the counting-room, turning over the books and contemplating with evident satisfaction the final balance sheet of his commercial year. At length, one by one, the books and papers were put by in the safe; and with one of those great unconscious sighs which thinking men sometimes heave, he turned the lock and put the diminutive key in his pocket, and then left the inner office.

"God send you a merry Christmas, sir," said old Joe, the porter, as he passed. "Thank you Joe, and the same to you," and leaving old Joe to extinguish the lights and shut up the office, the great, wealthy, lonely merchant stepped out into the busy street to wend his way—*homewards*, shall I say? Scarcely, for how can his grand house, with the large rooms so full of splendid furniture, but so empty of all that constitutes a *home*, be called by that dear name? Wanting as it did with such a great want, the indescribable presence of loving woman and merry children—can it be called *home*? And as he walked towards it over the white frosty snow, through the crowded streets, and by the many shops, all decked out in holiday array, and gleaming with light, the man who among his peers passed for a cold, hard, calculating speculator, forgot his

ledger and his money columns, and only thought of old Joe's passing salutation, which kept repeating itself in his heart. "God send you a merry Christmas, sir!" A merry Christmas! forsooth. Yes, once Christmas was a merry season to me, but that is all over now, and I am left an aimless man, drifting on my meaningless career—making money—for whom? for what?—"

"*Evening Telegraph*, sir?" broke in a frank voice upon his meditations, and drew his attention to the hurrying world about him—"No—Yes, here my boy;" and he proffered him a dollar for his paper; "that will help to get you a dinner to-morrow." No doubt the boy, thought he, has a home, a mother and a sister for whom he is working, and the money will bring him more real joy than my thousands do to me.

"No, thank you, sir; I am not a beggar," and a flush of manly pride mounted to the boy's open forehead.

"I do not take you for such; but I wish to make some one the happier for my existence, this glad season. Take it as God's Christmas present to you," and he made it a five and passed on.

"Some one the happier!" he mused, "but not at home. Oh, my daughter! had you but known how I loved you, you had stayed by me, and given me love for love, for your mother's sake;" and the lone man, so cold to the world, was moved to all the depths of the heart he carried of yore, but which had of late years become so seared

and case-hardened in the struggles and bickerings and hypocrisies of the world. As he turned off from the busy street there rose an uncomfortable lump into his throat; so, to walk it off, he stepped out more briskly, and soon arrived at his own mansion.

As he went up to his room, as he dressed for dinner, as he slowly went through the ceremony of his solitary meal, old Joe's hearty wish kept ringing in his ears—sometimes in tones of cheeriest hope, and again like the bitter taunting echo from the chambers of the past; so that when Mrs. Brooks, the brisk little housekeeper, saw the almost-untouched appearance of the dishes, which John, one after another, carried out, and whose preparation she had superintended with such care,

“Deary me,” said she, “didn't I know it? Master's got no sort of appetite at all,—and Christmas-eve, when every one should be merry. I try to cheer him up, and he won't be cheered; and its all along of that wilful hussy, Miss Maude, to go and run away with a young fellow like what she did, who couldn't keep her nohow; least-ways of all, as she'd been accustomed to be kept—and Christmas Eve of all nights in the year! But I knew it; I knew it all along. Master always spoiled her, and I knew she'd break his heart in the end, and mine, too, for that matter; for she always had such a cunning, coaxing way there was no denying her anything. Don't I remember how she'd tear her dresses, and break her dolls, and give poor old Sancho, that's gone, too, the very best bits in the larder; and Master would say in the way he always spoke when he talked about her, ‘Oh, never mind, Mrs. Brooks; more can easily be got, and it's no use spoiling her temper by crossing her.’ What I say is, pity she hadn't been crossed more, 'twould have done her good, and stopped her breaking Master's heart in the end; but 'twas no use trying—she came round one so before you knew where you were. Deary me—deary me—just five years gone this night since I set eyes on her beautiful face! Oh, Miss Maude, how could you?” and, by this time, the little woman had got to her own room, and was crying heartily.

In the meanwhile Ralph Birton had

retired to his smoking crypt, which, with its grate-fire burning brightly, its crimson curtains, carpet and furniture, and deep arm-chair rolled invitingly in front of the fire, wore an air of cosy bachelor-comfort (such as it is) which was wanting in the grand rooms which made up the rest of the house. There he ensconced himself in the easy chair, and after John had set the coffee on the table beside him, and left the room, in obedience to his master's orders, Ralph lit a cigar and commenced to think,—and his thoughts were of Christmas-eves.

Swiftly they flew back to boyhood's days—to the merry Christmas-eves of long ago that were spent when at home for the holidays in the great big country house, so many hundred miles away, in merry England; to the dear, kind father and gentle mother, doing all that could be done to make nephews and nieces—as well as children—as happy as happy could be; to the many manly brothers and one loved sister; now all—yes, everyone of them—scattered and gone—the fair sister dead in beautiful maidenhood, and the brothers—from here and there over the world they had all sailed to the Stygian shore—one had gone down at bloody Inkermann; one had fallen beneath Sepoy bullets; another had been slain, with other British merchants, by rioters in China; while the last but himself had sailed to seek his fortune in Southern seas, and never sailed home again. Then he thought of the blithe cousins—boys and girls—and of the one, dear to him even then, and afterwards dearer than all the world beside; the one who had been committed to his father's care by a dying brother in arms: gentle, queenly Effie Hawtry, with her wealth of dark brown hair, and eyes which always seemed to him like deep summer wells, so impossible was it to divine what lay hid in their fathomless depths. And then he thought of what he himself had been in those far-off Christmas times; his generous enthusiasm to help and share with the poor old beggar whom they found lying enumbed and half dead with cold at the door; his hearty prayers to grow up a great and good man, and all the noble aspirations of his youth. And then came that last bright Christmas

at home—ere he sailed to make his fortune in a new world—when the merry party met at the old homestead for the last time; that afternoon on the pond when wild, daring Cousin Jack recklessly dashed over the dangerous part of the pond, and, amidst crashing ice and bubbling water, disappeared from their horrified gaze, and must assuredly have perished but for Ralph's chivalrous self-devotion; then that same evening when Effie and he were the hero and heroine in the charades, and the promise given afterwards, when among the audience, that made his heart beat so high and filled brain and sense with such wild joy; then that dark Christmas two years afterwards, when he was told that the mother must die though the child would live, and the night of wild anguish he passed by the bedside of his dying wife; and when the Christmas chimes tolled her passing-bell, how he lay crushed and powerless with the burden of his great grief, murmuring and wondering why he must remain any longer in this world, now so empty and so desolate. What had he done that God should so utterly punish him? And then of his gradual return to life through the caresses of his little Maude, and the feeling of content and even happiness that eventually sprung up in his breast, as he learned to know that life had yet much work for him to do, much happiness to bestow. And one after one the Christmas eves brightened, and Maude grew dearer and dearer to his heart, until one dark eve in the midst of festive rejoicings in her honor, his daughter disappeared—went off with an adventurer, who speculated upon the chance of her being forgiven; but Ralph had set his heart like a flint, torn up all their letters, and refused altogether to see her. Deep and deadly indeed was the wound! She, for whom he would have died, to use him thus! her mother Effie's daughter! And the man had become to the world cold, and hard, and reserved; but to-night, alone, by that fire, he wept.

"What need was that on which he leant?  
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
The old bitterness again, and break  
The low beginnings of content?"

His cigar had gone out, and lay dead on

the little table beside him, and its ashes put him in mind of his own desolate heart and hearth. "Oh God!" he murmured, "why was there ever a Christmas?" but immediately his conscience stung him, and his mind flew back to that Christmas Eve, a many a hundred years ago, when One was cradled in a manger, who brought to the weary, restless, struggling hearts of this world of ours rest and peace. And he thought of the life of poverty and love which that Gentle One led—of His precepts and example; of the hand ever ready to help and to raise; of the Heart yearning so to forgive and to love; of His work and of His words; and "Go thou and do likewise" whispered itself to his heart. "Oh God! I cannot forgive *him*, for he knew; but *her*, if she will come back alone, I will receive." And having made this avowal, Ralph lifted his face from his hands, and rose from his seat. Leaning against the mantle-piece, he remained motionless for a few moments, when suddenly straightening himself he said, "Yes, I must to work—to-night I shall see what I can do for old Joe and Gowar, and to-morrow—well, we shall see when to-morrow comes." So, touching the bell-cord, he summoned John to fetch him his boots and coat, and soon found himself in the street. There the cold, frosty air revived him, and the sight of the myriad stars twinkling in God's blue sky above, gave him strength and courage for his work. Walking on he soon engaged a capacious sleigh, and ordering the man to drive to one store after another, in a very short while he had it well loaded with good things—a turkey and large cake for old Joe, and a warm muff and neat bonnet for the little grand-daughter, who he knew lived with him, besides a barrel of flour, which he ordered to be sent on the morrow; and then a number of gifts for his book-keeper, Mr. Gowar, his wife and large family, and especially for his eldest daughter, whose betrothal party was to be celebrated that very evening. Then driving to old Joe's humble cottage, he bade the carter draw up a short distance off, while he went up to the house alone, curiosity prompting him to find out how his old servant was spending his Christmas Eve. On looking quietly in at the window, he

saw, in the little kitchen so clean and neat, old Joe in an old arm-chair, drawn close up to the fire, with a great new Bible, and a pair of warm new mittens on his lap, which he was intent on admiring; while on a low seat beside him, her hands and head resting upon his knee, sat Ellie, looking up into his face with her great brown eyes, the very picture of happy, loving contentment. On the table near them, where stood a lamp, and the remains of their frugal supper, lay a bright-covered book upon the brown paper wrapper in which it had been brought home, and from which it had just been taken. By their feet, purring in solemn content, and probably dreaming of happy hunting-grounds, uninfested by terriers or rat-traps, lay puss.

While Ralph contemplates this scene of lowly happiness, let us pop in with good St. Nicholas, and find out whence it springs.

## CHAPTER II.

### TELLS HOW TWO HUMBLE PEOPLE HAVE AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

After we left old Joe at the store, he quickly closed up everything, and set out for home, anxious to surprise his darling Ellie with a Christmas gift of a bright, new book for leisure hours, and a package of bonbons,—the proceeds of pennies saved and put away for many a week before. These, however, keen as was his anxiety to bestow them, were, in guileless deceit, hid away out of sight in the pockets of his overcoat, whence it was intended that they should not emerge until after supper. When his well-loved step was heard at the door, it was instantly flung open by Ellie, beaming with delight at the sweet surprise she had in store for her "own dear, good grandpapa," as she delighted to call him. But when he had entered, he stood in the porch knocking the snow from his feet, while he received her caresses, looking as unconcerned as if he had never heard of Christmas Eve, or had no idea that to-morrow was the winter-holiday to which they had both so long looked forward; but Ellie, in helping him off with his coat, felt the objects in the pockets, and unceremoniously diving her

small hands therein, drew forth, prematurely, the surprises. "Oh! grandfather, what are these?" she exclaimed, holding out the brown paper parcels in both her hands. Poor Joe for a moment looked slightly disconcerted, but instantly recovering, he made himself master of the situation, and replied, with the utmost *sang-froid* in the world—"Oh! them's nothing, Nell; only just a bit of a book for thee, and some sweeties for to-morrow." Without waiting to examine or question further, Ellie's arms were around her grandfather's neck again in a moment. "You dear, good old grandfather you, you're always getting me something I don't deserve." Then seizing him by the arm she led him into the bright little room, where we have already seen them later on in the evening, and where, on a snow-white cloth, without a hole though with many darns, was their supper laid out, while the tea-pot stood by the hob. There, by the old man's place, lay one of the Bible Society's new Bibles, printed in large, plain type, and a pair of warm new mitts. For many a long week past had Nell worked long and hard at her needle, while her grandfather had been at the store, before she could realize enough to make this coveted present to one who filled up the whole world of her affections—who was father and mother, brother and sister, relation and friend—all and everything to her; and now, with a beating heart and violent effort to appear unconscious, she watched its effect upon him. Poor old Joe could not at first believe his eyes. He looked first at the Bible, and then at Ellie; then taking it up he opened and read on the fly-leaf—"My own grandfather, from his loving Ellie." The old man's eyes filled. "Ellie, my own darling, what would this cold, dreary world be to a poor, worn-out old man like me, without you and your love? Kiss me, darling, kiss me." He could say no more; but the two clasped each other in a long embrace, and felt, as men and women always have felt, and always will, whenever they fully realize that another's heart is all their own. And now the meal was over, and, in the fullness of utter content, they were sitting as we first beheld them together,—at one time revelling in a silence



more expressive than words, and anon quietly revealing in language the very-most depths of their hearts. But, every now and then, as the old man stroked the fair head of the maiden, a troubled expression would flit across his brow, which, at last, Ellie perceiving, said:—

“Dear grandfather, what is the matter? Are you not well?”

The old man seemed startled that she should have noticed the passing cloud upon his face, but yet quietly replied:—

“Nothing is the matter, darling. I am quite well, only God is so good to make you love me so, and I such a hypocrite.”

“No, grandpa, you’re not a hypocrite, but my own dear, good grandfather, and I love you ’cause I should, and ’cause you’re so good, and ’cause you’re my own dear grandfather,” and, half-rising, she clasped her arms round the old man’s neck, and half-smothered him with kisses.

Tears filled his eyes, and, gently disentangling himself from her embrace, he blurted out:—

“No, Ellie, I’m not your grandfather. Forgive me, darling, if I’ve been deceiving you so many years. I meant to tell you long ago; but I was always so afraid to. Sit down, now, and I shall tell you all;” and, with eyes opened wide with wonder, Ellie sat and listened to the old man’s tale, while in both her hands she tightly clasped one of his, half-fearful lest she was about to hear some strange revelation that should fix a great gulf between them forever.

“Many years ago,” he began, “and long before you, Ellie, were born, I had a happy home of my own. There the days and years passed happily and quickly on. In the morning I rejoiced in my strength, in the evening I sang for joy and content; while my dear wife, Mary, was ever like sunlight about the place, with a love as warm as the first day I called her mine. Then there was little Jamie, with his mother’s big brown eyes and wavy hair, so manly and so valiant to face danger in defence of his sweet wee sisters—Mary and Nell. Yes; I think I see them now in their merry plays like music about the house, and all so eager to greet me when I came home at night.”

The old man paused, and almost forgetting the loving hands that were grasping his, seemed to be dreamily gazing back into those distant years of pleasure so long ago fled, and pausing irresolute before entering upon the years of pain and trouble which followed. Ellie felt a sinking in her heart, and the dread of a nameless fear creeping over her as she seemed to see herself gliding slowly, helplessly, surely, out of that love which, but a short time before, she had unconsciously looked upon as all her own, and instinctively she clasped still tighter the hand she held in hers. He read her thoughts, and continued: “No, darling, do not fear, you are all the world to me now; but when I think on those old times, it is but natural that I should pause a bit, and ’specially when I think what hard times followed. First, we were burnt out of house and home, and lost nearly everything. Well I mind that night; it was just such another as this for frost, only snowing and blowing besides, and poor Mary bore it so patiently with Nelly crying in her arms.”—Here the speaker’s voice faltered as he remembered his gentle wife on that terrible night. “Then came the scarlet fever, and Nelly and her sister died; and though Jamie was left, still the new house was dull; it was poorer and meaner than the other, and between the losses at the fire and the doctor’s bills, it was a long time before it looked like home again. In the meantime Jamie was growing up, and was looking about for something to do, but could get nothing. But he was a manly fellow, and could’nt bear to be living in idleness, so at last he said ‘Father, I’m going to sea,’ and, after much struggling, Mary and me, we said to him. ‘Go, son Jamie, and God bless you,’ and we gave him our blessing, and made up such a bundle as we could for him, and, on the twelfth of June, thirteen years ago next summer, he sailed in the ship ‘Amazon,’ with a general cargo, for Rio Janeiro, expecting to be back in a year; but we never heard a word of him again, and then the house grew duller than ever.”

“Poor grandpa,” murmured Ellie, as the old man paused, while she stroked his hand and laid her cheek upon it.

“Then,” though with a husky voice, he

continued, "after that the masters I had worked for so many years failed, and I was left without a thing to do, and scarce a dollar in the world. Poor Mary bore up bravely; but all the time she was sinking faster and faster, and her cough grew worse and more raking, as every day she grew thinner, and I nearly went mad to see her dying and me not able to help her. At last I got in with Mr. Birton—and it was he as had the soft heart and generous hand in those days—and he advanced me money so as I could get her some little comforts; but it was too late. All I could do was to ease and cheer her a little at the end, which came on shortly afterwards; and then, in the November after Jamie sailed, I laid her by the side of little Mary and Nell, and was left alone—quite alone—and I longed to be with them that slept. Oh! I was so lonesome that weary, weary time! and longed so to hear from my boy—for I didn't know then that I should never hear again—when one night, in the month following, just a bit afore Christmas, I was getting home from the store, being a little late, and thinking o' her as was sleeping under the snow, when, just as I got to my door, I saw a woman sitting on the step, a-crying like to break her heart, and a baby asleep in her arms. I couldn't stand that at all; so I went up to her and spoke to her, and, mid her sobbing, she spoke and answered me like a born lady. So I got her into the house and lit a candle, and made her go in and put on some of Mary's clothes—for she was wringing wet, and coughing like to kill herself—and then, though she would scarcely taste a bite herself, I got her to take a cup of tea, and give the baby a bit. After that they went to bed, and in the morning the mother was very sick; so I went for the doctor that had tended Mary; but, by the time we got back, he said she was in a bad fever, and there was little chance for her. Every hour she got worse, and in a few days died, but the baby lived. That baby was you. You were, I think, about two years old, then, and ever since I've loved and tended you, and I taught you to call me grandfather, always meaning to tell you all some day; but aye putting it off, afeared lest it might make you love me less."

"Oh, grandfather, for I'll call you so still, if you'll only let me, how could you think such a thing?" exclaimed Ellie, her large eyes swimming in tears, and kissing the old man's face over and over. "I'll love you now better than ever, when I think how kind you've been; but dear mamma, is that all you know about her?"

"Yes, Ellie, all, and there's no one left to you nor me now in the whole wide world except just each other."

"Dear grandfather, we must love each other very much, now, musn't we?"

"Yes, my darling," and, sitting there with hands clasped together, and her cheek on their hands, silence fell over them, and nought was heard but the ticking of the active clock, pussy's modulated purr, and the occasional crackle of the dying embers. The old man's eyes were filled with tears as he gazed upwards, and his lips moved as though in prayer; while the maiden's brown lashes drooped down upon her nether cheek, and she sat as in a dream, mingled of joy and sadness.

This quiet was broken by a sudden rap at the door, at which both started; for visitors after dark at the cottage were far too great a rarity to be taken as a matter of course. Then old Joe, taking up the lamp, went to the door, followed by Ellie. "For Joseph Foster and his granddaughter," said a strange man, handing in a turkey, a string of sausages, and two great paper-covered parcels, and, before either of the recipients could recover from their surprise, he had turned on his heel and was gone. For a moment the pair looked at each other, not knowing what this meant. Ellie was the first to find her tongue, and exclaimed, "Christmas presents! Christmas presents!" and, seizing hold of the parcels, carried them into the room. Here, the one deeply-puzzled, the other joyfully receiving, we will leave the humble inmates of the cottage to make out their riddle, and return to Ralph Birton.

### CHAPTER III.

WHICH IS ABOUT A BALL AND ANOTHER RESOLUTION.

For sometime after we left him, Mr. Birton stood entranced by the window, gazing in

upon the cozy picture of a cheerful home, and the, to him, silent pantomime of love that was being enacted within. Forgetful of everything else, the lone man's heart was drawn into the scene, and he yearned to be an actor in such another; and the while his thoughts were carried back to the by-gone, loving, childish days of his now lost Maude.

At length, when the old man's tale was told, and the two within had lapsed into silence, Ralph caused the *tête-à-tête* to be interrupted, as we have seen, and then proceeded on his way to the house of his head clerk. On arriving there he was warmly welcomed by Mr. Gowar and his wife, who, nevertheless, looked somewhat surprised at the visit, even after Mr. Birton had apologized for the intrusion, and explained by saying that feeling lonely, and knowing that they were entertaining a few guests, he thought that, perhaps, they would not mind his making himself also of the party.

"Oh, certainly not; we are only too proud and delighted to have you, if a young folks' romp won't bore you. Allow me to assist you off with your overcoat, and dismiss your driver."

"Thank you. Have you a place where I can stow away, until I leave, a few parcels which I have in the sleigh?"

"Yes, certainly."

So the packages—less bulky, but more numerous and valuable, perhaps, than those left at old Joe's—were brought in, and the driver dismissed; and then Ralph went up with his host to the scene of festivities. As they stood for a moment at the door before entering, Ralph felt anything but a merry subject for a merry meeting. His thoughts flew back to the last Christmas party he was at, when he himself played the host, but the hostess, of whom he had been so proud, disappeared.

Their advent checked for a moment the proceedings going on within, where the little ones were having their *Sir Roger* before being dismissed for the night; and a right merry dance they were making of it, headed by Miss Gowar—a tall, shapely girl, with dark, violet eyes, and fair hair—and young Courtney, her acknowledged lover.

"My daughter Charlotte, Mr. Birton," said her father, as, at a sign from him, she joined them.

"Allow me to bid my father's kindest friend welcome to our house," said Charlotte, unaffectedly and gracefully extending her hand, "and thank him sincerely for the honor he does us. Do you care for children, Mr. Birton?" she continued.

Ralph saw that his presence had cast rather a damper upon the spirits of the younger ones, and determined not to allow it to continue, he answered—"Yes, I am very fond of them, and must not allow my entrance to interrupt their merriment. Will you join their dance with me?" said he, turning to Mrs. Gowar; and they fell into the middle of the line, and, though the dance moved on a little stiffly at first, Ralph had the happy knack of making everyone about him feel at their ease; and in a short while the romp was swinging on as wildly as ever. And when it was over, a wee maiden, scarcely a yard in height, with big eyes, and long golden curls brushed back from her forehead, and confined in a roundabout comb, and bit of blue ribbon, came up to him and said,

"Good night. I like 'ou; what's 'our name?"

Ralph snatched up the diminutive bundle of tarlatan, and kissed its owner over and over. Then the children disappeared, and the party went on with their elders. Ralph danced, now with Mrs. Gowar, now with Charlotte, and again with others of her young friends, standing up for all the square dances, though he declared himself unequal to the round, and in spite of himself, enjoyed his evening thoroughly; but, as soon as supper was over, he quietly bade good night to his hosts and their daughter, saying to Mr. Gowar—who reminded him of his parcels, and begged to be allowed to send for a sleigh—"No, no, the night is clear and starlight, and I shall enjoy the walk. Those parcels will perhaps be acceptable to Mrs. Gowar and Charlotte. Good night." And, without waiting for an answer, he shook his host's hand and stepped out into the night.

For a few minutes he walked quickly on over the crisp and crackling snow, with his mind rather in a whirl, and not think-

ing of anything in particular. Then drawing his cigar-case from his pocket, he lit a cigar, and his thoughts commenced to assume a definite shape. Suddenly the Christmas midnight chimes rang out clear and full into the frosty air :

"Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."

Involuntarily, like the echo from his mother's voice, in the far-off distant years of his boyhood, the words of the joyful Christmas hymn floated through his brain.

"God and sinners reconciled,"

he repeated, "and shall not sinners be reconciled one towards another? and that, too, when they are of one kin and one flesh." "Seventy times seven," said his heart. "Lord, I see my course; grant me grace and strength, for Thy dear Son's sake, to follow it. He, too, must be forgiven and received back with her. To-morrow—nay to-night, I shall write;" and hastening on he soon arrived at his own house. Scarcely had he time to put his latch-key into the lock, when Mrs. Brooks flung open the door and welcomed him in with a smile—half of fear, half of joy—upon her face, and with eyes very red with weeping; but Ralph was too much wrapt in his new resolve to notice either her promptness or her appearance.

"Please, sir, there's a letter on your desk in the library for you; a lady left it."

"A note for me?"

"Yes, sir; a lady left it."

And Ralph passed into the drawing-room, followed by Mrs. Brooks.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HOW A WILFUL DAUGHTER REPENTED,  
AND CAME HOME, AND HAD A DREAM  
WITH A FAIR ENDING.

Our readers will now look in with us upon a couple of tenement chambers in a retired quarter of New York, a short while before our story opens. *Without*, a chilly, raw, wet December evening. The vane on the neighboring steeple jerking fitfully round in the gusty air to every point of the compass, though principally to the N.

between N.E. and N.W., gray, murky clouds scudding swift and threatening across the sky, and ever and anon discharging themselves in cold dashes of rain, which are angrily hurled upon unprotected heads by the gale which is whistling among the chimney-tops above, and noisily twisting and snatching at the skirts and umbrellas below, with a wild joy, as of a demon, at the mischief he is causing. Everyone in the street who has a home to go to, hurrying thitherward with cloak or coat wrapt tightly round and buttoned to the chin; while those who are homeless shrink cowering for shelter into protected alleys and gateways.

*Within*, a room half-warmed by a couple of small logs burning in the stove, half-lighted by a solitary candle dimly flickering in the constant draughts, which cause it to gutter and waste all too speedily. The room itself appears neatly kept and shows marks of a cultivated mind in its superintendence; for though the furniture and ornaments are poor, yet there is nothing vulgar or common in their choice and arrangement. In one corner is a little railed bed, wherein lies in peaceful slumber a fair-haired baby-girl; by the candle-stick lies some unfinished sewing, the needle and thread still sticking in it. But it is by the scene in the centre of the room that our attention is at once riveted, for there is a plain coffin, still unclosed, wherein lie the earthly remains of what must once have been a very handsome man. Still young when death struck him, the hard lines of sin and sorrow had not yet become so deeply cut upon his features as to be ineradicable, and the soothing hand of the dumb angel had smoothed them nearly away, and left him much more resembling the dashing spendthrift, Willie Dacres, who, in days gone by, had carried by storm the loving heart of Maude Birton, than the desperate, sinning Will, who had drunk himself into the grave and broken Maude Dacres' heart. Yet, with all his faults and neglect of her, she loved him still, and now the only sound that broke the silence of that room, except the fitful wail of the storm outside, and the dismal rattle of the loose-fitting windows, was her violent sobbing, as, bathed in tears, she knelt by the

pale corpse and kissed over and over again the chiselled features, and arranged the curly locks of dark brown hair and heavy dark moustache.

Truly, there come times in the lives of some of us when it seems as if God and man had alike forsaken us—when we forget what is left to us, and remember only what is lost and gone—when the smile of the idle passer in the street seems a cruel mockery, and the eager glow of blooming health a sin—when the fair warp of sunlight, woven by the Graces into our lives, seems a bitter delusion, and only the Fates' dark woof feels real. Pluto drives wildly and relentlessly down the gloomy road to Avernus; while Proserpine, in despair, loses consciousness and self-control, and, frantic and distracted, madly flings away the beautiful flowers of hope gathered in brighter hours. Then, most terrible of all, the Tempter struggles to undermine the foundations set upon faith; and the poor, weak, human soul fails—utterly fails of hope—and lies panting, soiled, and draggled in the very Slough of Despond if it ceases to look upward to the Cross, and grasp it with the dying energy of despair; and, even when faith is held firm, and the darkness is prevented from becoming Cimmerian by the sure knowledge of the satisfying rest for the weary which lies beyond; still, even then, the iron may enter into the soul, and cause it to writhe in very agony.

Poor Maude! Bitter the lessons she had learned since she left her father's home!—bitter the cup she had now drained to the dregs!—the reaction after the excitement of the flight from home—the repentance—the sorrow—the silence of her father—her letters all unanswered—her husband's weeks of neglect and moments of fondness—her jewels sold—nothing left her but her needle to support herself and child; and so, for four years, had she struggled on, only sustained by a new love which had shone into her soul for One who also had known want in this world of ours, but is now able and ever ready to succor and sustain those who turn to Him. She knew that if she would abandon her husband and return home that her father would receive and forgive her. "But how can I

do that?" she said. "Have I not sworn to love and to cherish and to obey him, through health and through sickness, through wealth and through poverty, until death us do part? No; I cannot, I will not, return alone."

But now he was gone—gone forever—and she was left alone with her babe in the heart of the great city amidst hundreds of thousands, with not one to care for her, and it seemed to her as if she were sunk and about to be overwhelmed in a great gulf of despair and helplessness.

"I did not return home while Willie was living; father will think that it is poverty and want which drive me there now. How can I go? Oh, my father! if you but knew how I have loved you all these years, and sorrowed for our separation and for the pain I have caused you, you would receive me back once more to your love, and I would nestle there contented, and never leave it more, but strive to make you forget and be happy again; for, oh! it is bitter to be alone and unloved."

"Don't 'ou cry so, mamma; I loves 'ou, so I does," and a pair of baby-arms stole softly round her neck, and a loving kiss was printed on her cheeks. "Papa's gone to heaven."

Maude answered by pressing her child closer to her bosom, and murmured, "Yet not alone or unloved, for He and you are with me, Effie; and for you, my darling, I will arise and will return unto my father, and will tell him how I have sinned and sorrowed, and he can do with us what seemeth good in his sight."

So the dead was returned unto the earth, her few remaining things were sold, and the proceeds served to carry Maude and her babe to the city of her early home in the West.

On the Christmas-eve of our story, and while Ralph Birton was out on his labors of love, a humble hired sleigh drove up to his house, and a woman with a child in her arms got out, and mounting the steps which led to the door, timidly sounded the bell.

It were difficult, indeed, to paint, even in words, the various thoughts, feelings and emotions which had passed through Maude's brain, or had struggled and

wrestled for the mastery in her bosom, during the journey to her old home. How grief, and hope, and fear had alternately obtained the upper hand, as her mind ran upon the past, the present, or the future. And now as she laid her hand upon the bell, after all their dreadful riot, each passion seemed only to have gathered strength for fiercer struggling — pent in her bosom their prison seemed too small; and, exhausted in the war, her poor heart panted and fluttered, and beat its bruised wings against the walls of its dungeon, until it seemed as though the strife within must kill her.

“Aid me now, oh God! for my child—for Thy Son’s sake.” She just had time to pray when the door was opened, and Mrs. Brooks stood before her. She breathed a sigh of relief, for she had feared lest one of the other servants should answer her summons, and she would fain hide from them the shame which lay heavy upon her.

“Is Mr. Birton in?” she asked, with as calm a voice as she could command.

“No, he’s gone out;” and Mrs. Brooks was unceremoniously closing the door in her face—for the little housekeeper had scarcely yet recovered from the petulance caused by her unappreciated dinner—when Maude, looking full upon her, said, “Have you forgotten me, Mrs. Brooks?”

Mrs. Brooks was not given to fainting; but as she realized the truth she experienced the queerest sensations she had known for many a day, and it was as much as she could do to exclaim, in a tone half gasp, half scream, “Oh! Miss Maude, is that you?” and then she burst out crying.

“Yes, Brooks; but is my father not at home?”

“No, miss, he has just gone out. But, oh! come in, come in; its himself will be glad to see you, and welcome you back, I know. He’s an altered man since you left, miss—not the same at all. Why, this very night he could’nt eat his dinner with thinking of you, and I had seen everything made so nice myself, just to tempt him, but it was no use. But you must be hungry now yourself, miss. Let me help you off with your things, and get you something to eat. Oh, dear! this isn’t the way you used to dress in the old times. No, indeed! But you must have seen trouble since!

“Ma, I’se so hungry. Will we soon be at grandpapa’s?” fretfully murmured the child, now just waking.

“Yes, Effie, deary, soon, now,” answered Maude, as she stooped to place her on the floor.

“Oh, the dear, precious little darling!” exclaimed Mrs. Brooks, snatching her up in her arms, “and she’s hungry, is she? Well, I’ll get her some supper in a minute. Will you give me a kiss, pet? Well, if she ain’t the living image of her grandmother! Step in here into the dining-room, miss—even the babe could not make her think of Mrs. Dacres as anything but Miss Maude), and I’ll have supper laid out in a minute.

“Not for me, Brooks. I’ll not eat till my father comes home; but you may get something for my baby, and bring me a pen and ink, and some paper, and don’t mention my return to the others.” The last direction was useless; one of them had overheard the scene at the door, and the news that Miss Maude was back had already spread to the servants’ hall; so that as soon as Mrs. Brooks entered, she was besieged with questions. Nevertheless she parried conscientiously their queries. “Deary me, can’t you leave a body alone? Never your mind, you’ll find out all about it soon enough. Here, help me bring up these things. Leave them in the pantry.”

In the meanwhile Maude was left alone in the dining-room of her father’s house. At last she was back again to the happy home of her infancy, which she had left so wilfully, and to which she now returned so penitent. And how memory flew back and filled her brain with tumultuous thoughts as she gazed once more on the well-remembered furniture, pictures and plate! What scenes from her happy, laughing childhood and maidenhood arose from the buried past, and flitted, one after another, rapidly through her imagination! How vividly she saw the image of her too-indulgent father’s well-remembered form before her, as her eyes fell upon his accustomed seat! How many loving scenes and expressions, long since forgotten, came trooping once more into light!

“Is this grandpapa’s, mamma?” interrupted Effie.

"Yes, my darling."

"Then where is he? Why don't he come?"

Before Maude could answer, Mrs. Brooks entered with a salver, laden with a cold collation, which, setting down, she apologized for, saying that there was nothing warm in the house; but that, in a few minutes, she would have some hot coffee ready. Then, bustling out again, she went to fetch the writing materials, while Maude gave her little daughter, whose eyes were fairly dancing at the sight of the sumptuous repast before her, something to eat. The housekeeper however, was back in a minute, and, placing the paper, &c., upon the table, she insisted upon being allowed to attend upon Miss Effie herself.

So Maude, who had already arranged in her own mind how she should act to discover her father's sentiments towards her, left her baby to Mrs. Brooks' care, and sitting down, succeeded, after many unsatisfactory attempts, in completing this note:—

DEAREST FATHER,

If I, so unworthy of the name of daughter, may still dare to call you by that loved title to-night, after so long a time, I come back and fling myself on your mercy for forgiveness; and oh, dear father, remember the father of the Prodigal Son, and pity your once erring but now repentant daughter, who, in all her wilfulness and wanderings, has always loved you with an infinite longing, and wept day and night bitter, bitter tears of sorrow for the gulf that for five long years has lain between you and her. Willie is dead; but it is not because I am poorer and more in want now than when he lived that I have returned; for, for more than three years, I have supported, by my needle, my baby Effie and myself—but, oh! my father, I yearn to fling myself at your feet and implore your forgiveness and blessing; for I love you with a love stronger and more purified than of old, and daily—hourly—pray to be allowed to consecrate the poor remains of my life in endeavors to efface the old memories of sorrow from your heart, and make some amends for all the pain which I have caused you.

In hope and fear,  
I remain, your sorrowful and loving  
daughter,

MAUDE.

This she folded up and addressed to her father, and it was taken by Mrs. Brooks and laid upon the desk in the library.

Then commenced a weary, anxious waiting for her father's return.

Tired and fagged though she was with her long journey, anxiety and suspense prevented her from closing her eyes. Mrs. Brooks gave up in despair of making her go to bed, even after she had induced her to allow Effie to be put to sleep.

Ten o'clock, and still she was waiting,—wearily, anxiously, patiently waiting, terribly bored by poor Mrs. Brooks' bustling loquaciousness—and wondering, though, in a dim aimless sort of way, where her father could be. "He used not in the old times to be out so late. I wonder if he is much changed? How will he receive me? what will he say? Oh, how I wish he would come;" but the only answer to her thoughts was the tramp of a solitary pedestrian, crunching the hard-frozen snow under foot as he advanced towards the house, and Maude half-started up, as she thought it might be her father; but the walker passed by, and the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance, and silence fell again upon the house, and the restless sickness of hope and fear upon her heart.

Eleven o'clock. Silence was falling upon the house—even Mrs. Brooks' tongue was lapsing into quiet—and nought was heard but the ticking of the heavy bronze clock upon the mantle-piece, and the occasional jingle of the bells of some passing sleigh, with the noisy merriment of its occupants. Slowly the tension of Maude's nerves was relaxing—tired nature was resuming its sway.

Twelve o'clock. Maude, to Mrs. Brooks' great satisfaction, was falling off into a doze.

Cling, clang, ding dong, hard and strong, low and clear—how the bells rang out in the frosty air, ringing out their Christmas chimes! telling the world that the day had broke which, eighteen hundred years ago and more, had brought to sinful, sorrowful mankind good tidings of great joy; and the great church-bells were telling it in their wild and joyous clangor with ringing tones from metal tongues gleefully to one another, and sending the message over the snow to all mankind in the towns and hamlets round about—an

their sound floated into the room where Maude lay, and mingled with her dream.

As she fell asleep, the noises and sensations of the railway train persistently re-enacted themselves within her drowsy brain—the shrill, screaming whistle of the engine, the jerks of starting, and then the rumble and rattle of the ever rapidly-increasing motion of the cars, while the engine snorted angrily, and its bell was kept ringing in a strange warning way; and, then, in her corner of the car, whither she had shrunk from observation, she suddenly seemed to know that her father was the driver of the engine, and that he was going at a terrible speed—houses, trees, fences, barns, stations flew by—faster still and faster; while the mad excitement seized upon the passengers, and some wept, and others laughed as they glared and pointed at her; and then, in that way in which we know things in dreams, she knew that the reason of that terrible speed was that her husband was fleeing from her father in a train in front, and that the latter was determined to run him down, though he should kill himself and all his passengers in the attempt; but, of a sudden, she felt that the train in front had disappeared, and then the short, jolting motion of the railway carriages faded, and changed into the easier, undulating motion of a vessel, in which she was being borne away to sea, and there was no one with her on board but her daughter Effie, and the crew, and these looked askance at her, and said one to another, "Yes; if she had come sooner

she might have saved the old man's life; but his heart was broken." Then the land faded out of sight, and the birds and the sea-weed were left behind, and the ocean was glassy green. After that the icebergs rose around them, and sailed by, and clashed and splintered against each other, sometimes with great shocks like booming cannon, and anon with a ringing, silvery sound, sweet and low, and lasting long, and all the while Effie clung weeping to her. "Yes, this is far enough," said the sailors, "we will leave her here." So they sailed alongside a floating island of ice, and quietly, unmoved and passionless, she left the ship—for she knew it was her fate—and she entered the iceberg, and, lo! she was once more in her father's house! And as she raised her eyes, and looked round in wonder and amazement, mingled with sorrowful regret for the past, behold! her father advanced to meet her, and clasping her in his strong arms, imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, while he murmured "Maude, dear Maude, home at last; I knew you'd come." "Yes, father, never again to wander," she answered, as she opened her eyes and saw that, in its conclusion, her dream was true.

Great festivities are to be held, and many hearts made glad (not forgetting old Joe and Ellie's) this coming Christmas-eve, at the fine old house where willing homage is hourly paid to Queen Effie, who, her mother declares, is being thoroughly spoilt, but whom every one else declares too good to be thus easily affected.

## THE SAIR DAY.

BY FRANK JOHNSON, ASCOT, E. T.

There's no a telling, Johnnie, when the sair day will be,  
That'll tak me frae ye, Johnnie, or ye, joe, frae mè;  
But doot na that a day, a sair day will com'  
For ane, an' for a' of us to travel to the tomb.

Sae while, John, thegither, let us mak' the maist o'  
time,

Pit a' the rights aboot us, as twa for ither clime;  
That when the day sal com' there'll be little mair to do  
Than for you to pray for me, Johnnie, or for me to  
pray for you.

We'll no be like the folk, too proud amais'to pray,  
Wha pit repentance aff 'till at han' the sair day,

They're a', John, o' the wrang road, strangers to ony  
ither,  
Stane blin' to God's gude han' wad lead them by  
anither.

Ye'll no think Nannie lo'es the less to gie ye this  
advice,

The heart that lo'es in earnest is ne'er, John, owre  
nice;

We'll baith be up an' doin', leave naething gude  
undune,

An' we sal meet agen, Johnnie, when the sair day is  
gane,



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## ADRIENNE CACHELLE.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEWING-MACHINE," ETC.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER V.

The stormy month of February had set in; the north wind blew fierce and cold, bearing on its breath a million snow-flakes that fell, not slowly and steadily, but were blown hither and thither, and full in the faces of two travellers who were striving manfully to bear up against the storm. The thick branches of the fir trees that grew along their path bent under their weight of snow, while the giants of the forest stretched their naked arms towards the gloomy sky, as if imploring that the white mantle might also fall and rest on them. Sharp and piercing blew the blast, and the travellers shivered, and wrapt their cloaks more closely round them as they emerged from the road, and bent their steps along the shores of Lake Nipissing, now lying cold and cheerless, one vast expanse of trackless snow.

The pedestrians were our friend Sessewa and a young Frenchman, who had been sent by Father Jogues to assure the brethren at Quebec of his safety for the greater part of his dangerous journey. Had there been no other cause, Jogues would not have thought of lessening, even by two, his little band; but for some time signs of undisguised restlessness and dissatisfaction had been observable in Sessewa, until at length the missionary had concluded it wiser to send the malcontent back to Quebec, where stricter surveillance could be exercised over him than he himself had the time or opportunity to bestow; and even one proselyte they could not afford to lose. But, as it would be unwise to send the Indian alone, a young Frenchman, one of the adherents of the Jesuits was sent with him.

Day after day, now, for a week or more, the march had continued; while at night

the weary travellers wrapped themselves in their blankets, and lay down by their wood fire, which they extinguished when daylight appeared, that the smoke might not betray them to the dreaded Iroquois, who scoured the whole country, hunting like blood-hounds their human prey, and treating them, if captured, with a nicety of cruelty no brute would display. For even the tiger as it plays with its victim, inflicts not one half the torture these human fiends heaped upon their helpless captives.

Daily the unprotected travellers feared and expected to hear the unearthly, hideous whoop of their enemies, as from behind some tree or mound they should dart out upon them as a crouching lion would leap upon its prey. Many were the stratagems resorted to—especially as night drew on—to avoid been tracked. Often they were gladdened to see, from some hiding-place, the soft snow falling where their feet had so recently trod, and obliterating with its tiny, yet steadily-falling flakes, their tell-tale foot-prints. Sometimes the two would be kept prisoners for days in some sheltered hollow, where progress in the blinding, drifting snow would be impossible. It was after one of these seasons of rest, when for twenty-four hours the snow had been falling almost incessantly, that Sessewa looked out from their hiding-place to try the depth of the snow. The storm was over now, and the sun was trying faintly to send its beams through the still heavy clouds. It lit up the forest, and showed to Sessewa a sight which curdled his blood with horror. Slowly approaching, noiselessly gliding over the fresh-fallen snow, on their snowshoes, came a party of Iroquois. In the centre of the company was led one who was

evidently a prisoner. As he gazed on her slight form, little wonder the imperturbable Indian grew pale! He knew it well. Often had he rambled by that maiden's side through the dense forest, or sat watching her as she dressed the skins of bear or beaver, or ornamented with the brightly-colored quills of the porcupine moccasins for her dainty feet. Alas for Mahanni! Little mercy might she expect at the hands of her pitiless captors! If one thought of rescuing the girl ever for a moment filled Sessewa's mind, it was quickly dispelled by the sense of personal danger. Fortunate was it for him and his companion that the kindly snow almost covered them in their sheltered retreat. For a moment each heart stood still in suspense and agony; the next beat anew with a deep feeling of relief as the silent procession moved unobservant on, from time to time hastening the weary steps of the captive girl, who, with bowed head, struggled on. Many hours did the fugitives remain in their hiding-place, and when they ventured forth it was under cover of the night. Stealthily they crept along, afraid, almost, of their own shadows, which the faint moonlight threw on the wild waste of snow.

But slow as was the progress the travelers made, it was sure; and one bright March morning Sessewa and the Frenchman found themselves at Three Rivers, very near the home of the former, who, now on familiar ground, could make his way through the most intricate passes of the forest. And yet, though so near their destination, the two feared they never should reach it; for one evening, foolishly lighting a fire at dusk, this drew upon them, as they believed, the dreaded enemy. Paralyzed with fear, they could but gaze in horror at the approaching numbers. To flee was impossible. Before them lay an open expanse—no shelter, no covert for the fugitives. Behind them swarmed the enemy. In their misery the two clung to each other, calling upon St. Joseph to pity them, while every moment they expected to hear the hideous yell of delight as the Indians would perceive them. But the Frenchman starts! Was not that a French voice? Hastily looking up, his whole expression changes; tears of joy stream

down his cheeks. The company halted before them is no Iroquois band; each face speaks of home—each voice speaks his mother-tongue! The party, headed by Claude de la Roche, is formed of bold adventurers, now engaged in their usual winter pursuit of hunting. In an ecstasy of joy the Frenchman and Sessewa threw themselves at the feet of Claude de la Roche, imploring his protection, which they knew would be invaluable to them, connected, as the adventurers were, with more than one Indian tribe, and well armed to resist the Iroquois.

For a moment La Roche hesitated. Should he abandon the hunt, which had hitherto proved unusually successful, merely to give safe conduct to the unprotected wanderers? But, whatever motives actuated La Roche, he very soon yielded, and, turning to his countryman, assured him he and his companion should be safe under his protection; then, bidding his men follow him, the company moved on, surrounding on all sides the strangers, while they plied them with questions as to their journey, its object, and adventures, while the two, thus assailed, rejoicing in a sense of security they had not experienced for many a day, gladly told the story of their weary wanderings to the eager listeners. Without further dangers the band reached Quebec, and delivered up Sessewa and his companion to the rejoicing fathers. Claude would then, without delay, have retraced his steps, but the Jesuits implored him to accept their hospitality for that night, at least, as the day was already on the wane. After some persuasion the leader yielded, and he and his men were provided with as comfortable quarters as the fort afforded. The bright spring day was drawing to a close when Claude, after partaking of some refreshment, sauntered forth from his lodgings, and bent his steps in the direction of the hospital, where for so many weeks he had lain weak and helpless—weeks that were so brightened by the presence and ministering of Adrienne Cachelles. The low, wooden buildings were still and vacant now; for such terror had the Iroquois inspired by their threat, that they would root out of their land the hated French, and take the "white girls"

home to their wigwams, that the nuns had been removed from their huts, by the river's brink, to quarters where the ramparts and palisades of the fort might shelter them from such barbarous hands.

Slowly and thoughtfully Claude moved on, until observing an Indian encampment near, he approached it, feeling curious to see a family of converts, who would, doubtless, now be chanting their vesper hymn; but, ere he had reached the hut, a small, slight form glided from the entrance, and, moving quickly on, would have passed him, but a glow from the setting-sun, falling on her partially-concealed face, revealed to Claude his fair nurse. Respectfully detaining her, Claude said in gentle tones:—

"Fair sister, hast thou forgotten thy patient? Hast thou forgotten him by whose couch thou hast watched for more than one hour, relieving his pain by one touch from thy soft hand, refreshing him as with clear waters from the streamlet by one word from thy sweet lips? Say, good sister, hast thou forgotten?"

At his first approach, Adrienne had been overcome by the emotion she felt at this unexpected meeting with him, who, in spite of her efforts to banish all remembrances of him, so constantly filled her mind; but, when Claude had ended his speech, she was calm enough, and answered him quietly.

"Nay; I have not ceased to remember thee day and night in my prayers, my brother. I trust thou art now restored from thy hurt. It was a sad one, and oft it grieved me to see thy pain; but thou didst bear it right meekly, meditating, I trust, on the sufferings of Mary's Son, and of the holy martyrs."

"I had a saint beside me, my sister, whose presence might teach any man patience; but, I pray thee, hasten not away; tell me, fair sister, when I may see thy face again? I swear it does me more good than a hundred Paternosters, or as many Aves."

"Oh! say not so, my brother," returned the gentle nun, lifting her reproachful eyes to his face. "Thou speakest not wisely; but I must, indeed, hasten on. Our good Mother Marie will chide me for tarrying thus. Perchance thou mayest wander thither

when spring comes again; but adieu, adieu—I have been wrong in speaking with thee so long. The saints forgive me," she murmured, as she hurried on; "but it was surely for his soul's sake! Do I not ever pray for him? So I can tell our sweet Mother Marie, who might else be grieved with me."

But, alas! brief was Adrienne's happiness, as she lay awake that night in her narrow bed; deep was the remorse that filled her heart. She, an Ursuline, bound by the most solemn vows—the bride of heaven—thus to speak familiarly with one who despised the government of the holy fathers, and would not submit to the restraint the Church would lay upon him; above all, the sin of harboring the thoughts that shook her frame with emotion, and filled her heart with such strange new feelings. Wretched and miserable, she crept from her couch, and, stealing noiselessly to the chapel, so cold and damp in the chill, midnight air, the unhappy girl knelt on the bare floor, crying for mercy and pardon. Thus she remained until a measure of calmness returned, and then she crept shivering back, and at length fell into a troubled slumber.

With the first faintstreak of dawn, Claude and his company departed, leaving nothing to tell of their brief visit, save the rescued travellers, and the longing, aching heart of Adrienne Cachelle.

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#### CHAPTER VI.

When Mahanni, finding all her persuasions fruitless, bade adieu to the unyielding Sessewa, and watched his tall form as he glided in and out between the forest-trees, she did not give him up. It is true he had resisted her entreaties, and turned a deaf ear to her pleadings; yet, though he withstood a first appeal, a second might prove successful; and if not a second, perchance a third.

It was not only that Sessewa had deserted her, his promised bride, but he had forsaken the faith of his forefathers, had left his wild home, and become the slave of the pale-faces! For all this Mahanni's dark blood flowed hot and angry through

her swelling veins, and her Indian heart vowed revenge.

For a time, however, Mahanni returned to her home, which, though many miles distant, she soon reached in her swiftly-gliding canoe. But she could not remain contented among her tribe, where the dark-eyed maidens and swarthy young warriors scorned her as a forsaken one. So more than one visit she made to the Residency during the bright summer weather, returning with sullen mien to meet new contempt and added scorn. But as winter drew on such expeditions could not be so easily performed, and Mahanni sat silent and moody by the camp fire. But one January day, driven to desperation, the girl set off, determined never to return, unless accompanied by Sessewa. Arriving at Quebec, she heard of Sessewa's journey with Jogues, and half maddened with rage and disappointment, the girl stood hesitating but for a moment; then, careless alike of friend or foe, she determined to follow him. Strapping more tightly her snow-shoes on her moccasined feet, Mahanni sped like some hunted deer through the forest, where the crisp snow crackling under her feet, and the wind sighing through the bare branches of the trees, made her start and quicken her pace. Many a weary mile had she accomplished when night drew on, and, faint and, worn she wrapped herself in her blanket, and lay down on the frozen snow. Scarcely knowing whither she went, she pursued her way as soon as morning dawned, her only food the berries that grew by her path, and which, in her haste, she scarce stopped to pick, but pulled them as she ran. But poor Mahanni soon found her strength failing her; and one cold afternoon she sank down on the pitiless snow, unable to proceed further. Afraid to remain where she was, she looked about for some place of concealment. Spying a retired nook half hidden by brushwood, at no great distance, she dragged her weary limbs towards it, and after some time succeeded in clearing away the snow, so as to form a sheltered hollow. While removing the fallen branches from her hard bed, she, much to her surprise and delight, discovered one of the implements used by the Indians in producing friction to light their

fires. This was, indeed, a prize; and safely hiding it in her dress, Mahanni waited till night came on that she might light her fire. How grateful to the weary, benumbed girl was the cheerful glow and the kindly warmth! Cheered and refreshed she lay down beside it, and soon fell asleep. When daylight dawned, Mahanni extinguished her fire, and set forth in quest of food. Finding some berries and nuts that were eatable, she returned with them to her retreat, determined to rest another day; so that it was with refreshed strength the poor wanderer resumed her journeyings on the following morning. Full of spirits she set off; but, alas! to what was she going? The worst of captivity, tortures—it might be death. Her fleetness could not avail her, for the Iroquois, whom she encountered not a mile from her place of rest, surrounded her in a moment, and with yells of triumph bound her fast.

It was when being led thus, a helpless captive, Sessewa had seen Mahanni from his hiding-place, and though not one sign of recognition had escaped the prisoner, she had seen her cowardly lover, and bitter were the thoughts that passed through the mind of the Indian girl.

Many weary miles her pitiless captors led her that day; but as evening drew on, the fires of a camp, throwing their lurid light on the darkening sky, proclaimed their destination nigh. But poor Mahanni could look forward to no rest! Here, most likely, would her worst sufferings begin. Closely surrounded, she was led into the encampment, while women and children crowded round, yelling and singing, while they tormented the unfortunate girl, even cutting her tender flesh with knives, and burning it with red-hot coals. Supper was then announced, of which the prisoner must share, that she might be strengthened for further tortures on the morrow. And she was then bidden to dance, while the inhuman wretches laughed at the almost ineffectual efforts of the girl's weary limbs, and yelled as she stumbled and fell. At length she was commanded to lie down; but even in this posture little repose was granted, for her hands and feet were firmly bound to four stakes driven into the ground. Thus was Mahanni to rest.

Very soon all was silence in the tent, and the deep, measured breathing on all sides told of the sound slumbers of the occupants. Raising her head as best she could, Mahanni saw around her the prostrate forms of the sleeping warriors, just visible in the flickering, fading fire-light. As she moved, Mahanni fancied the cord round one of her wrists slackened; she moved the hand—the rope yielded!—another movement and the hand is free!

## CHAPTER VII.

Among the sisters in the Ursuline convent at the Residency, was a bright-eyed nun, who had come with the earliest of the fathers to the new country,—active and energetic she was, faithful in the performance of her duties, and of great assistance to the Jesuits in their work, from the strict watch she kept over the inmates of the fort. Woe to the delinquent in religious duties who came under the scrutiny of Sister Emelie's quick eyes, or the sweeping condemnations of her tongue. Now, though the Superior had not marked Adrienne's lengthened absence on the evening of her meeting with Claude de la Roche, this same sister had; and, as Adrienne passed her as she entered the convent, she looked up at the young nun's tell-tale face, scanning it with her keen eyes; but she merely said:—

"Thou must be weary, Sister Adrienne, with thy long visit to yon wretched Indian camp; thy ministrations must have been unusually tedious to-night."

Adrienne made no reply, and, as the sister watched her retreating form, she shook her head ominously.

"I may be wrong," she murmured; "but I fear me all is not well with our sister. She is often preoccupied and absent, and stays out longer than it is wise for her to do. I must speak to our gracious Superior about the girl."

The result of this was that Adrienne was not sent again to any of the surrounding encampments, but confined almost exclusively to the crowded hospital. There were times when the young nun could not but shrink from contact with the loathsome creatures who were brought to them for

aid; but the disgust was only momentary, and she would resume her work of tending the sick and dying, praying for strength to overcome all natural feelings and desires, and, as Adrienne did so, (oh! frail human nature!) she would gaze from the windows, whose small lozenge-shaped panes admitted a faint light to the room, and strain her eyes, if perchance she might spy afar off the light canoe of Claude de la Roche, or see his tall, lithe form mounting the steep path from the river. One hazy summer morning Adrienne's watch is rewarded. She sees, moving slowly up the hillside, the figure she knows so well. Now Claude has gained the settlement, now converses with the fathers on matters of trade, and now, apparently satisfied, he turns away; but slowly he retraces his steps, and Adrienne knows that he is thinking of, and looking for her. Sadly she watches him with tearful eyes. She could not follow him if she would, nor perchance would if it had been possible, and, at the thought, she turns hurriedly away, chiding herself for her conduct, and, notwithstanding all, stealing again to the window; but he is gone now, and through the open window comes the sound of the soft plash of his paddle in the bright still waters. Absently the nun moves about among her patients; but Sister Emelie's words are too true—Adrienne's heart is not in her work.

But let us leave awhile the close and almost gloomy confines of the Residency, and follow Claude, as moodily he descends the steep, zig-zag path leading from the fort to the river. Gloomily he pushes off his light canoe, steps in, and soon is moving quickly on his way. The day is bright and lovely; but wrapt in his own reflections, the young man heeds not the beauties of nature.

"Why should she be thus bound?" he muttered, "so young, so fair! She knew not on what she was entering, when, a mere child, she was led within the gloomy portals of the old Tours convent. I well remember the day—good reason have I for doing so—when those ponderous gates shut out from my life its only joy and brightest sunshine. She did not know to what she was being led, poor child! and I swear she is not bound. How can she be;

when she was too young to know aught of the life they doomed her to?—of its stern commands against all that maidens hold most dear? Our Lady forbid I should say aught against the holy Sisters, or their convents; but their life is not for such as she—rather let it be for the sad, the unfortunate, for older and wiser women. By St. Joseph, I swear she shall not remain thus! Ah! the thought maddens me!”

After this burst of feeling, the young man became silent: leaning his head on his hands he seemed for some time to be lost in the most profound meditation. Suddenly, however, he sprang up, almost upsetting his canoe in his eagerness, and clasping his hands like a delighted child, he exclaimed,

“*Eh bein!* I have it, I have it!”

Then seizing his paddle he plied it so vigorously that his light bark flew over the bright waters like a bird. But now something on the shore attracts the watchful eye of the young Frenchman. He lessens his speed, carefully scanning the bank, then makes for the shore with measured strokes, keeping time to his paddle with a light French air.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Mahanni, rejoicing in the freedom of her right hand, was not long in freeing herself entirely from her bonds. Trembling, she rises to her feet; trembling, steps noiselessly over the form of each dusky warrior. Now she has gained the tent door, but there she pauses, her dark eyes flashing. At her feet lies the unconscious form of him whose cruel hand had bound her; whose fiendish suggestions had brought on her torment and torture. The temptation was too strong for the girl's Indian nature; snatching up a hatchet lying near, she struck the temples of the sleeping Iroquois, once, twice, thrice, with all her force, then turning, she fled from the tent. But at a short distance she spied a veteran oak, stretching its bare branches to the gloomy sky, the hollow trunk of which had attracted her attention the previous evening. Into the deep heart of the old tree Mahanni crept, and, trembling in her hiding-place, looked out at the wigwam, which was

already astir. In a moment out rushed the enraged warriors, whooping and yelling. On they sped through the forest, making it ring with their wild cries. Fainter and fainter came back the hideous sounds; and when they had died away Mahanni crept forth from her retreat, and fled like the wind in an opposite direction!

Onward sped the frightened girl, not knowing whither she went—little caring, but that it might be away from the enemy, whose yells she fancied still echoed through the dark wood. But for this time Mahanni had escaped; no further sign was seen of the Iroquois.

Thus for weeks did the wretched girl wander—often, doubtless, traversing again and again the same ground—giving herself no rest, save at night.

But spring was coming on, the snow fast disappearing even in the forest; and from all points the Indians were returning home from the winter's hunt. More than one band Mahanni encountered, but yet escaped. The girl's only hope now was that she might come across some friendly stream, and thus be able to reach her home; for to proceed much farther on foot seemed impossible. So collecting a store of bark, Mahanni began making a canoe; the undertaking was not a difficult one to the Indian girl, and under her skilful hands quickly grew the fragile craft.

The bright days were cheering, and Mahanni's spirits rose while she looked upon her tiny bark as a deliverer from all her troubles.

Her work is almost ended now, and the girl's heart beats high with hope as she surveys the work of her nimble fingers. Engrossed in her occupation, she hears no sound of approaching footsteps; when, suddenly looking up she sees, not a hundred yards off, a band of some thirty Iroquois! Had she hidden herself quietly, the Indians might have passed her unnoticed, for they were evidently on no war-path, but peacefully returning from some hunting expedition. But poor Mahanni, wild with terror at the unexpected sight, uttered a cry of horror, and fled like a deer before her enemies. The cry aroused them, and in a moment the whole band was in hot pursuit. Nearer

and nearer they grew, until poor Mahanni fancied she could hear their labored breathing, and the rattle of the scalps and tomahawks in their leathern girdles. Almost wild with terror she stumbled on, in her desperation tearing through brushwood and briars, while the sharp thorns tore her frail garments, and lacerated her unprotected limbs. Gaining at last a slight eminence she saw beneath her a large beaver-pond. With one glance at the red-men fast gaining upon her, she springs forward, and in a moment the waters of the pond close over her. Rising half choked with water, she seizes some reeds above her, and clinging to them, supports herself, while the savage Indians, thrown off the trail, hunt in all directions for the fugitive, yelling and shouting; but at length, weary of the ineffectual search, march off, while Mahanni, shivering from fear and cold, crept from her strange hiding-place, so wondrously provided for her in the trackless forest. But this added exposure was almost too much for the weary girl, undergoing hardships none but a squaw could have lived through; and she could scarce drag her stiff and aching limbs along the brink of the stream into which she found the pond opened itself, and which she resolved to follow, hoping it might eventually fall into some navigable river. If she had but her canoe now! But to return for it would be impossible; so, slowly and painfully, the wanderer struggled on, obliged often to rest for days at a time, so fast was her strength failing her. Making her way one day with great difficulty through a tangled forest—which hid for a time the winding brook—Mahanni came suddenly upon a cleared space; beyond was some rising ground, ascending which she saw below her, flowing in all its clear brightness, the waters of her own river. Dragging herself to the water's edge, poor Mahanni almost fell at the root of a giant elm that stretched its branches far out over the blue waters. Supporting herself against its moss-grown trunk, the weary girl abandoned herself to the grief which overwhelmed her at the thought of her once happy home on the banks of the fast-flowing river; of Sessewa, who had so cruelly forsaken her, and of all she had undergone

for his sake. Long had she sat thus; and what would have become of the wretched girl—had not Claude de la Roche been attracted by her forlorn appearance—it is hard to say. But it was long ere the young Frenchman recognized, in the wan, emaciated figure crouched on the bank, the form of the once beautiful Mahanni!—not many months ago the pride of her father's tent, and the envy of the dusky Atticamegue maidens; for often had Claude seen her at the door of her father's wigwam, or paddling her light canoe on the silvery bosom of the river, her wild song floating on the evening air, clear as the notes of a bird.

Familiar with her native tongue, the young man, by degrees, drew from the despairing girl her sad story, and the account of her almost miraculous escapes, while he persuaded her to partake of some of the refreshments his canoe contained. But very soon Mahanni relapsed into a stolid silence, which no persuasions of La Roche could induce her to break.

Fearful at length that the Iroquois might come upon them, and marking the lengthening of the shadows, Claude said, gently but firmly,

“Come, thou fair daughter of the Eagle, thou must come with me without further delay. Whither shall I take thee, Mahanni,—to thy own home, or to the care of the good Sisters at Quebec, where thou wilt be tenderly looked after until those weary limbs are rested?”

As he spoke he gently threw over the girl's almost naked body a heavy cloak he always carried with him. With a look of gratitude the Indian girl thanked him, and began slowly to rise, and make her way, with Claude's help, towards the canoe. In it Claude laid her, wrapped in furs and blankets which, even on a summer night, were often needed, and, therefore, always carried by the French in their journeyings.

Once afloat, La Roche again asked the girl where he should take her; half rising, she pointed in the direction of Quebec; then burying her face in the blankets, she remained motionless and silent until the canoe stopped at the foot of the steep and lofty cliffs of the fort. When Claude, springing out of the canoe, stooped to arouse Mahanni, he found the exhausted

girl had sunk into so profound a sleep that word or touch could not awaken her. So, lifting the emaciated form in his strong arms, the young man bore it to the convent gate. Here he knocked loudly—for it was growing late—and he feared admission might be denied him.

It was a lovely night. The sky, blue and cloudless, glittered with a million stars. The young moon in her serenest beauty shone down on the quiet scene—for already silence reigned in the little settlement. Even the rough stone buildings—devoid of the faintest architectural beauty—looked grand and solemn in the soft moonlight, which shone alike on them, on the rugged

cliffs, and on the winding river that lay like a silver thread far as the eye could reach.

Some moments Claude waited, bearing with ease his light burden; and then a faint light glimmered over the clumsy stone portal, and the bolts were drawn back slowly, as if with some difficulty. Slowly the gate creaked on its hinges, opened, and revealed the figure of a nun, standing and shading with her hand the flickering taper, whose dim light paled and grew fainter as the clear rays of the moon fell upon it. They fell also on the motionless figure, and Claude saw it was Adrienne Cachelle.

(To be continued.)

## TORONTO BY ONTARIO ;

“THE PLACE OF MEETING” BY “THE BEAUTIFUL.”

*Toronto*—“Place of Meeting,” or “Trees in the Water.” *Ontario*—“The Beautiful.”—INDIAN MEANINGS.

BY L. A. A.

They said it was the beautiful, for thus their fathers said,

As o'er the sunlit waters the light canoes were sped;  
They said it was the beautiful, for there, the sunlight fell

In full and burning glory, not as in the forest dell;  
They said it was the beautiful, for breeze and bird were there,

“Ontario,” the beautiful, the waters bright and fair.

They are meeting, they are meeting, the tribes are gathered there,

Where, midst the sweeping waters, spring up the forests fair;

And the warriors' gaze falls proudly on all beneath their eye,

The shining wave beneath them, above the azure sky;  
The forest spread around them in verdure rich and deep,

That with its silent shadows still guards their fathers' sleep.

Unbroken! all unbroken! as to their fathers given,  
The forests and the waters, the Spirit's gifts from heaven;

And as their fathers said, they say, the meeting by the wave,

Where met in solemn council the warriors true and brave:

“Toronto,” place of meeting, the warrior-hunter's joy,

“Toronto,” happy watchword of the waiting Indian boy.

Where is the Indian warrior? where is the Indian boy?

Where the unbroken forest, and the hunter's pride and joy?

Where are the graves it sheltered? All vanished, all forgot!

But the Meeting by the Beautiful, it is not, and will not;  
For still it is Ontario of glancing waters wide,  
And still it is Toronto by fair Ontario's side.

Ontario! Ontario! how well the Indian said,  
As o'er the fresh-sea billows the light canoes were sped;

The beautiful, the beautiful, where now our vessels glide,

Amidst the wealth of waters that bathe our country's side;

For in the gloom of winter, amidst the summer's ray,  
Thou art very fair, Ontario; thou art beautiful alway.

And still it is Toronto, the meeting by the wave,  
Where met in solemn council the warriors true and brave;

Oh! may the councils of our land be ever true and deep,

To guard thy homes, loved city, from error's fearful sweep.

The meeting of the good, the true, be ever found in thee;

For the Indian warrior sleepeth and thou art proudly free.

Toronto by Ontario, let every patriot stand,  
To keep unsullied and unstained the honor of our land.

O may the rays of learning, truth, go through our country wide,

From the meeting by the beautiful, with full and ceaseless tide,

Till a righteous nation round thee thy strength and hope shall be—

Toronto by Ontario, the beautiful, the free.



## UP THE NILE.

(Concluded.)

## TO HELIOPOLIS AND BACK.

Cairo lies at some distance from the Nile. A more interesting spectacle, any time after sunrise, than the road that connects it with Boulâk, its port, can hardly be seen anywhere. Over this road we passed to Heliopolis between eight and nine in the morning, when it was thronged with Franks and Orientals, afoot, on donkeys, on camels, on horses, and some few in wheeled carriages. Then we dived into the great city, at times riding along open streets that looked like our own thoroughfares, again threading lanes so narrow that two horsemen could scarcely ride abreast, anon creeping under arched ways into which the light of the sun never penetrates, and next passing under the shadow of stately khans and mosques, till, after an hour of toilsome work in which our donkey-boys bore, by shouts and sturdy blows, a conspicuous and honorable part, we emerged on the eastern side of Cairo. Here we encountered another city of ruins. Like the great cities of Europe, Cairo, it appears, has taken to moving westwards, and these vast and extensive mounds are the trail of the big monster. Eastern houses are, for the most part, built of sun-dried brick, one consequence of which, as travellers in the East have frequent occasion to notice, is that sites of cities that were once renowned, are unmarked by a single object, save mounds of decomposed brick, that stretch out in some instances for miles, like the congealed waves of some troubled sea. From the winding paths of this silent city we passed to the country, level, green and covered with waving crops, or dotted with herds of cattle, and constantly undergoing irrigation by ponderous water-wheels driven by oxen. About noon we dismount on the site of Heliopolis, the On of the Egyptians, of whose famous temple to the Sun the father of Joseph's wife was priest. Here again we met a sea of grassy mounds,

from the midst of which, like the huge mast of a sunken vessel, rises a granite obelisk, the solitary survivor of the city's ancient grandeur. Over Egypt has passed destroying agencies that have shaken to their foundations its temples and palaces, rent their walls and shattered into fragments their colossal statues, and yet this needle, sitting on an insecure base, has survived, unmoved, the general ruin. It is indeed less injured by the hand of time than its companion monuments on the opposite side of the Nile valley, the massive Pyramids. In this respect it is an appropriate emblem of the Christianity that has survived the rude shock of Egypt's terrible political convulsions, and which, corrupt as undoubtedly it is, still points in the presence of Mahometanism, like the stone needle, to "those things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

Our ride back made us spectators of a species of conflict that is going on extensively in Egypt between man and the shifting sands of the desert. The Nile valley is but a thread in an enormous belt of arid sand stretching full nine hundred miles from Africa onward to the Chinese frontier. The surface of this "vast ocean without water," as the Moors term it, is in constant motion by the winds. Noiselessly but persistently, like snow-drift on a windy night, it advances, as is seen in the neighborhood of Beyrout, till the fruitful fields become a desert. The pine groves and other expedients have failed to arrest the slow march of the sands on the Syrian city; but in Egypt they can keep the subtle invader at bay by water—and not only this but large portions are being reclaimed from the desert by the same agency. By irrigation and cultivation the fine sand becomes mingled with the loamy soil, and is so laid under tribute by industry that its baneful course is stayed, and its presence is even made profitable.

In the midst of a district where the sand

holds undisturbed sway, rise the tombs of the Mamelukes. From being slaves—such is the meaning of the Arabic word *memalik*—they rose to supreme power, when in 1811 Mahomet Ali annihilated the order by one terrible stroke of treachery under which no less than 470 of them perished. Their tombs, beautiful specimens of Saracenic architecture, resembling temples or mosques, are going fast to decay. From the minaret of one of these we obtained a view that suggested forcibly to the mind ground that is accursed, so desolate and waste was the place, and so rapidly are these costly structures hastening to ruin. The Bible speaks what is universally true when it says: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." These Circassian slaves who rose against their masters and slew them, and who for centuries ruled a wretched country with a rod of iron, reap what they sowed, in their bloody end and desecrated tombs.

Evening wearing on, we hastened forward through miserable villages and the suburbs of Cairo, passed an encampment of camels preparing to start on the following morning by the long desert route to Palestine, called in to see the mark of Mahomet's naked foot in the solid rock, exhibited after monkish fashion in a way-side mosque, and fought our way to the western side of Cairo, as we did to the eastern side in the morning, passing out of the city on our way to our boat at Boulák before the evening gun had given the signal for closing the city gates.

#### THE SWIMMING MONKS.

From Egypt, Europe received its philosophy and theology, its science and its arts; from Egypt, too, we received a less doubtful benefit,—monasticism. The climate, soil and superstitions, but especially the sepulchral caves of this country,—lining the course of the river, in the face of the sandstone and lime-stone cliffs, as the tombs of the Romans lined the Appian way,—favored the growth and spread of monkery. Europe may have improved and enlarged and amended the code of St. Anthony, but we doubt very much if the Franciscans, or the Dominicans can boast of any feats like

those of a convent of Coptic monks on the Nile.

We were nine days out from Cairo; we had had in that time favorable breezes, had passed numerous villages and some towns, and had ceased to take any special interest in the landscape, from its monotonous character, when one morning, on stepping on deck while breakfast was being prepared, we were forcibly struck with the altered character of the scenery. On the evening preceding, as we lay on deck watching the setting sun, we noticed that the hills on each side of the river had retired so as to leave between them a valley of considerable breadth. We had been sailing, however, all night, and on this morning the faint object that caught the eye was the dark frown of the eastern range of rocks, that cast its shadow from an early sun, right on the deck of our boat. On the summit, some thousand feet perpendicular above the water of the Nile, a building was visible, which the sailors told us was a Coptic convent. On looking more narrowly I thought I could discern some objects the size of crows, moving along the face of the cliffs. Our boat sped on in the delightful morning breeze, and as it gained rapidly a place in the river nearly opposite to where the convent frowned overhead, voices, as in the clouds, were heard as if shouting for us to slacken sail. The eye must certainly have been deceived, for these men looked as if they were descending that part of the Castle Rock of Edinburgh that overhangs the Grassmarket, or the steepest face of the Acropolis of Athens. A leap from the base, and then another and another, and we could count seven heads bobbing towards us. The men were all of them strong swimmers, and from a comparison of the breadth of water and strength of current here with that where Byron swam the Hellespont, we think that he had not much to boast of over these monks. It was a close race this, between the boat and the men; but the wind slackened as we came under the shelter of the beetling cliff, the sails began to flap and the brethren won the race. One of them clambered on board, and sat, naked as when born, on deck waiting for *bucksheesh*. Somebody gave him half a franc, and the dragoman tossed

him two empty quart bottles; the franc he put into his mouth, the bottles he pitched into the water, then plunged in after them, and made for his home on the cliff, apparently well satisfied with the proceeds of his trip. To the rest we refused admission on board, but tossed them some things, with which they had to content themselves, as far as our boat was concerned; but another boat was in sight and we could see that the monks were lying in the stream to make an onset, with perhaps more luck, on this craft.

We had several opportunities after this of visiting and inspecting Coptic convents in Upper Egypt. The sites of these buildings, as is the case with Greek and Latin convents, are well chosen. There is not, indeed, in the Nile valley a more beautiful prospect than that obtained from the tombs above the town of Osioot, where the first race of Egyptian monks established themselves. The advantage of the situation is all, however, that can be said in favor of these establishments. The buildings are, as a general thing, miserable mud enclosures, kept in a very filthy state, and the monks, with scarcely one exception, were filthy, and to all appearance ignorant. The chapels of these convents, dark and dingy and unswept though they generally were, could engage the attention from their peculiar form, their miserable daubs of sainted pictures, their baptisteries, old books and other relics of antiquity; but the men and their exercises seem far removed now from the picture given of them by Philo in these words: "In every village there is a religious house which they call *Seminon*, and a monastery, wherein they inhabiting do celebrate the mysteries and lead honest and holy lives, carrying thither nothing, neither meat nor drink, neither any other thing, to the sustentation of the body, but the laws and oracles of the prophets, hymns, and such like, whereby knowledge and piety is increased and consummated."

#### A MAHOMETAN FESTIVAL.

In ascending the Nile every consideration must give way to the state of the wind. As long as the wind is favorable the boat holds on its course, passing by tombs and palaces and temples, which are visited generally on

the return voyage, when the current and the oars are the sole motive power. It was thus we held on our course from Cairo to Esneh. Whenever the wind rose the three immense sails were hoisted; the *reis*, or captain, took up his squatting position with his pipe right in the prow, our steersman, Mahomet, took his place at the helm, the sailors lay in all directions ready to jump to their ropes whenever a bend in the river demanded a tightening of the braces; the passengers sauntered on deck, some of us reading, some smoking, some meditating, some sleeping, and some closely questioning the steersman as to the names of localities we were rapidly passing. There was no "Passengers forbidden to speak to the man at the wheel," to hinder free intercourse with Mahomet, and a few Arabic leading questions sufficed to elicit from him the information that was wanted: and we verily believe that no Cockney is better acquainted with the leading streets between the Bank and Charing Cross than Mahomet is with the names of every town and village from Cairo to the First Cataract. Did the breeze continue through the night, sail was not for a moment slackened. From morning till night, and from night till morning the crew kept at their posts with a patience and power of sustaining fatigue, considering that their food was only lentils and black bread, that was truly remarkable. They had a few rude musical instruments, and an abundant supply of song, so that time passed merrily enough while the wind was favorable; but when the wind ceased, and when they tugged the boat the livelong day, fording and swimming canals that lay in their way, there was little music or song. For twenty days we thus sailed up the ancient river, now reading, now lazily lounging on deck, thinking of what of life's battle was past with us and what to come, now chatting with our pleasant companions *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*, now gun in hand sauntering through cornfields, looking into the villages, chatting with the *fellahin*, teasing the little naked children that teased us for *bucksheesh*, now taking a run in hot haste, while the sailors tugged the boat, to steal a passing glimpse of some stupendous ruins that

were to be seen more in detail on our return, now smoking the evening pipe, watching the sun go down behind the African hills, and now, with a deliciously balmy breeze fanning the hot cheek, lying on the upper deck listening to the distant barking of the village dogs as they howled out their evening defiance, or scanning the gorgeous canopy overhead, and now gathering round the altar erected to God on board, to read together the story of redeeming love, and supplicate together pardon for the past and grace to help us in time of need. Thus passed these twenty days. On the 2nd of March we arrived at Esneh, a considerable town close to the river. In the written contract for the voyage it was agreed that one day was to be spent at this place, to enable the sailors to get a fresh supply of bread baked. They went ashore, bought the wheat, sent it to be ground, and then sent it to be baked; but it took two days to get all this accomplished, as the town was turned upside down by the great yearly festival of its patron saint. We regretted the delay exceedingly, as the wind blew favorably throughout the two days; but we were partly compensated for the delay by the insight we got into the habits of the people. The main part of the festival, as far as we could see, consisted of a procession. This procession was very like those of the Popish Church I saw afterwards in Italy, with this exception that, instead of an image, the centre of attraction here was an old man, who carried above his head, as a mark of distinction, an old cotton umbrella. Him they escorted through the streets with music and song, one answering another as the women of Israel were wont to do, and with the firing of guns. The people of the whole surrounding district seemed to be present. There was no drunkenness; but there was enough else to disgust. The howling dervishes were there. They formed their sacred circles, grasped each others hands, and, with the leader in the centre to excite and control their movements, then howled, and groaned, and grunted, and contorted their bodies till froth covered their mouths and one after another sunk down on the ground in a state of unconsciousness. The *almeh* were there, driven by order of the

Pasha from Cairo, but doing a vast deal more harm by their dancing and songs and loose ways in the up river towns. And the Turkish soldiers were there, comporting themselves as soldiers always do when military restraint is for a time withdrawn. Some people have taken of late to the praising of Mahometanism for its high-toned *theism* and for its generous and benevolent maxims and precepts; but, whatever this religion may be in the abstract, it gives but a poor account of itself in the concrete. A Neapolitan religious procession is, to the shame of Christian Europe, a sad enough spectacle truly; but a far sadder sight are the festivals of the Mahometan Church. Did not the arm of the civil law interfere to forbid it, the howling dervishes would have enacted before our eyes at Esneh what the prophets of Baal enacted on Carmel, when they cut themselves with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out. These instruments of self-torture, which the law, however, forbids them to use, I afterwards saw hung up on the walls of the mosque of the howling dervishes in Constantinople, so little has this religion done in 1200 years to enlighten or elevate the people that are in subjection to it.

#### KOM OMBO AND ITS CROCODILES.

Our cabin boy had often to go a mile or two to the nearest village for cream for the breakfast tea, so that often an hour might be snatched for a walk on shore as the boat slackened sail to wait for him. We were near Kom Ombo, where are seen the ruins of a temple sacred to the Crocodile. Two of us had stepped ashore to "snuff the morning air" and take a passing glance of the ruin. Right in front of us, on a sandy island in the middle of the river, there lay, glistening in the morning sun, what, at a distance, seemed to be a big log of rotten wood of a dirty greyish hue. Surmising that it was a crocodile, we hurried to the boat, loaded our guns with ball, launched our little skiff, and with muffled oars, we, the representatives of three nationalities, went forth to war against the monster. Long before this, when crocodiles formed the subject of our talk, it was agreed that he of our number that represented gallant

little Wales should have the glory of bagging the first crocodile. To Wales, therefore, the instrument of death was handed in solemn silence, and as ever in its heroic struggles for liberty, so now Wales rose to the magnitude of the occasion, and advancing to the prow of boat, raised the gun, took aim, and was about to hand his name to posterity in the history of our expedition, when the crocodile slipped quietly into the water and was seen no more. The ball, it is true, was sent on its errand of death, but the prey had vanished, and the ignoble mud received what was destined for the ribs of the Egyptian god whose temple of red sandstone frowned on us from the banks above. But thus it is often and, often in life. There occurs a chance for making ourselves a name. We hasten to seize the golden opportunity, but lo! when everything is auspicious, down dives our prey into the deep, and our well-aimed shot thuds in ignoble mud. As we could not see the beast himself we determined to advance and to see the next best thing, or where he lay. The sand bank sloped gradually from the river to a height of about three feet above the water. In the sand, softened into mud by the slimy carcass, there was left an imperfect cast of the ugly brute. He lay with his head high and dry on the bank, and his tail in the water. He was evidently an old fellow, and a bit of a wag to the bargain, for he gave us such a chance of nearing him that he seemed to say "Well, gentlemen, what do you think of me now," but, guessing he had carried his politeness far enough, at the very critical moment of personal introduction he slipped into his native element, tail foremost, as gracefully and noiselessly as ever stage manager retired behind the curtain. We landed on the barren sandy island, where we met some half-naked Arabs who had dugged a deep pit nearly opposite the bank where our friend had been sunning himself, with the purpose of shooting him or some of his kindred therefrom. It is a remarkable fact that crocodiles abound in this portion of the river, to this very day, more than anywhere else from its mouth to the cataracts. We state the fact not with the intention of insinuating that herein we have an instance of the venera-

tion of this animal for the sacred precincts of its temple. The temple is not the cause of this crocodile partiality; but the partiality is the cause of the temple. And thus viewed it affords a striking instance of the permanence of animal instincts and habits; for, if memory is not at fault, on the ruins of a gate that still remains in a part of the brick enclosure of the temple, an inscription has been deciphered that assigns the Kom Ombo building to one of the earlier Pharaohs.

The *fellahin* or farmers of Egypt do not seem to fear the crocodile much, and the sailors dive and swim everywhere without heeding his presence. Stories are told of his destroying human life, and it is quite possible that if a good chance offered, the crocodile would not reject an Arab now and again, thin and tough though he be; but, with the abundance of fish and other prey, it seemed to us that the maxim of the crocodile of Egypt, much maligned though he has been, is "live and let live." He has very considerable objections, however, against being shot; and though he indulges tourists with the pastime of shooting at him, it is seldom that he allows them carry the fun so far as to hit him. He has a good ear, a good eye, and is not a very sound sleeper, so that at last we gave up spending powder and shot on him, and allowed him to have his own way, as he undoubtedly did allow us.

#### THE FIRST CATARACT.

From Cairo to Aswan, the limits of the Roman Empire in Egypt, and of the journey of Herodotus, is some six hundred and fifty miles. This we accomplished in about four weeks, giving an average of about twenty miles per day. Rising on a Sabbath morning before the sun had climbed the Eastern range of rocks that here advances to the very edge of the water, I found our boat fast to a shore that looked very unlike anything seen in the voyage from Cairo. The grassy bank sloped gently from the water, and was crowned atop with a grove of palm trees. This was the island of Elephantina. Sitting with our books under the shade of the palm later in the day, a crowd of children, all stark naked, crowded around us. They were evidently not of Arabic origin, and

seemed more shy of strangers than any children we had yet seen. We scraped an acquaintance with them through bread and coppers; but, to the very last, any attempt to touch one of them sent them scampering off like wild deer. It was a solitary place to spend the Sabbath in—four weeks away from all news of the civilized world, and 650 miles from the nearest place of Protestant worship. The complete solitude, the balmy air, the cool shade, the cessation on board our boat of all work, the companionship of the Bible, and the felt nearness of the great Creator, whose handiwork around was fitted deeply to impress the heart—all combined to make that Sabbath, the eighth of March, a memorable one, even to those of us that had seen Sabbaths in many climes and under great variety of circumstances.

To reach the Cataract we had to make a long detour by land. We turned aside to one of the granite quarries, whence had been dug all those obelisks one sees in Lower Egypt, in Paris, and in the piazzas of Rome. It was an interesting sight to see the work of the quarry-men there, just as if they had left it to go to dinner. They had begun to cut out a new obelisk, two sides were finished, a groove was run, and holes drilled for the wedges, whereby the stone was to be severed from its parent rock, when they were summoned away, some 3,000 years ago, and they never had a chance to return to finish their work. What could have thus stopped so abruptly the great undertaking? Did tidings reach the King that a foreign foe had invaded the country? or did the oppressed people rise in rebellion against their sovereign? or did another dynasty seize the crown? or did the King run himself into debt? or did, which is the most probable theory, death smite him before he had completed the temple he was ambitious to dedicate to the deity to which he attributed his victories? A similar sight is seen in the quarry whence were dug the stones for the great temple to the Sun at Baalbec in Syria. How impressively they speak to us of the sudden changes that come over the children of men, and the shattered plans and disappointed hopes that lie scattered in the path of individual and national history.

Each one of our little party had, at some period or other, seen the Rapids and the Cataract of Niagara; and the unanimous opinion was that courtesy, even to Father Nile, could hardly be stretched so far as to place the Egyptian Cataract on a level with even the rapids on the American side of the Niagara River. That the cataracts are nothing very formidable, may be inferred from the fact that steamboats ascend them, and the little boys earn coppers by leaping into the water in the presence of travellers. And yet Seneca writes of "the water falling over a great height," with a din that drove some Persian colonists from the spot as insupportable; and Rollin, following in the same wake—for the French historian was not over-particular—says that the water "falls with so loud a noise that it is heard three leagues off."

Standing on Philæ, an island immediately above the cataract, one casts an eye over a very strange scene. The island is covered with ruins of temples, in the construction of which Roman hands and Roman heads and Roman gold were used. Wherever the Romans went, they left behind them traces of their power in the roads they made and the aqueducts, walls and temples they built. In these works we see that Rome was ambitious, powerful, practical, and in religion far from being intolerant. The temples on Philæ were erected after the Egyptian model, and dedicated to Osiris, Isis and Horus, just as the temples on Grecian soil were of Grecian architecture, and dedicated to the Grecian Jove. A more remarkable sight, however, are the blackened rocks, that rise like so many lumps of coal in the bed of the river—the red, jagged, granite cliffs that now hem it in, barely allowing it way to pass, and the narrow, tortuous channel down which it wends its way from Nubia. It is with strange feeling one gazes up the course of the Nile, as seen from Philæ, when circumstances forbid further ascent,—as when one longs to see the hidden cause of some mysterious effect, the next link in the chain of some subtle speculation, or the future issue of some important event, there is felt an intense craving, a restless desire, an exaggeration of what is hidden, and an undervaluation of what has been already

seen; and so it would be at the second cataract, and so it would be at any point in the course of this mysterious river, till one stood at its fountain-head; and so will it be with man in all his search after the true, the beautiful and the good, till he reaches the fountain of truth and beauty and goodness in the unsummed perfection of the Universal Father, as seen and known in our Christ.

#### THE RETURN VOYAGE.

While we were exploring this desolate region, and doing the ruins that marked the boundary, in this direction, of the Roman Empire, the crew of the "Zineh" were busily preparing for the return trip. The sails were carefully stowed away, the masts were taken down, ten powerful oars were put in position, and, on Monday evening—to the music of an Arab chant—we stood away for Europe and civilization, not without some mixture of regret, strange as this may seem. The current and the oars bore us on bravely, whilst the north wind kept its boisterous breath. Well, however, did the crew know the law that has wisely ordained that for two days out of three the wind should blow up the Nile; and while the calm lasted they ceased neither day nor night from their chanting and their rowing. There awaited us, however, sore trials of patience when, on more than one occasion, the north wind pinned us for three days together to the mud bank, robbing us of the precious time that was urgently needed elsewhere. But even then, something could be "scared up" to pass the time. There were pigeons to shoot; and villages were within reach where a chat could be had for a whole week, if need be, with the idlers who sat smoking under the village tree. Workmen in the field, boys herding cattle, women drawing water, dogs seeking the acquaintance of our cook, and birds of every shape and color and wing, alighting all day long to quench their thirst—on their overland route to better their circumstances—all came in for our relief. Sometimes chance would have it that tombs or temples were within reach; and then the strongest of the party, headed by one of the sailors, armed

with a cudgel to keep off dogs, would set out across the country to explore the ruins.

On one occasion the boat lay wind-bound in close proximity to the range of rocks that bounds the Nile to the East. At the foot of the cliffs stood a Coptic convent, and up their high face the entrances to ancient tombs could be descried. From the boat two of us wandered to the convent, and from the convent to the tombs. The north-wind blew as if it would crack its cheeks, so that sailing that day was out of the question. Up the face of the rocks, therefore, we toiled till we gained the first summit. From this—1,000 feet high—we had a noble view of the valley below, and the river, like a silver thread, winding through it; and the "Zineh" like a toy, with the red of the British and American colors barely visible. Not satisfied with our altitude, we set out for a ridge that lay further to the east, in the foolish hope that when there, we ought, some way or other, to be able to look down upon the pathless desert which we knew stretched out between us and the Red Sea. Once, twice, thrice we were disappointed, each time finding a new ridge right ahead of us. We gave up the pursuit, concluding that the Baconian philosophy in common use warranted us, after such an induction of particulars, to conclude that the country between us and the sea was somewhat like what we had already seen. If so, it is truly a dreary region. It does not realize the common idea of the African desert as a level and smooth surface. If any of our readers has encountered a storm on the Atlantic, he can see, in his recollections of the troubled waters, some faint picture of the sandy wilderness that runs from where we stood, at a height of 1,000 feet above the Nile valley, onward to the Red Sea. The surface, consisting of sand strewn thickly with flint pebbles and coarse jaspers and chalcedony, bore evident marks of being swept often with searching winds of terrible energy. Though none were seen by us, we had no doubt that *wadys*, or the deep beds of empty water-courses, occur here and there to break the dreary uniformity.

## THE HUNDRED-GATED CITY.

Of the ruined temples and palaces of Egypt, I have said as yet little. They were not seen by us until the return voyage. These ruins occur along the whole course of the Nile, from Cairo to the second cataract. But he who sees the ruins of ancient Thebes sees nearly all. This city was once the capital of Upper Egypt. It was twenty-seven miles in circumference, and could, according to Tacitus, send out 700,000 fighting men. Its situation was well chosen. Here the limestone mountains that bound the Nile valley for 500 miles, at an average distance apart of only a few miles, expand into a large basin some fifty miles in circumference, break into peaks some 1,300 feet high, and afford outlets, east and west, to the surrounding country through the wadys that here terminate. Here the course of the Nile bends considerably towards the Red Sea, so that a short and safe caravan route brought to the Egyptian Capital the commerce of Persia, Arabia and India.

The temples of this ancient capital were, undoubtedly, the most stupendous that were, perhaps, ever reared by the hand of man. It is not difficult to see how Egypt has gained its pre-eminence as a 'country of vast and enduring buildings. Wealth, despotic government, teeming population, stone quarries, and water carriage are the necessary conditions of huge structures in stone. In the case of Egypt, all these conditions were fulfilled. Its despotic rulers owned boundless treasures, its limited extent would make population redundant, and labor cheap; sandstone and limestone of superior quality line the course of its river for 700 miles, and the waters of that river supplied unrivalled carriage from the quarry to the building. To describe the temples of Thebes in detail would be a hopeless task. Were this attempted, one must needs treat of their form, architecture, sculptures and statuary. As to general form, it may be said, in brief, that around each temple there was drawn, as seen at Kom Onbo, a brick wall, and from the main entrance of this ran an avenue of statues; then towered up to heaven two obelisks; next came the great gate of the

temple, in some cases 70 feet high; afterwards one open court, and then another, and last of all the sanctuary, or holy place, where was the shrine of the deity, and in which sacrifice was offered to him,—the whole embracing, as in one of the temples at Thebes, a circuit of one mile and a half. In the second court of this temple there are one hundred and thirty-four columns, from forty-two to sixty-six feet high, and from twenty-seven to thirty-six feet in circumference. As to the architecture, it is grand, sombre, massive—the reflection, no doubt, of the character of that Rameses, who was the "greatest man of the Old World, that preceded the birth of Greece and Rome—the first conqueror recorded in history, the glory of Egypt, the terror of Africa and Asia." The sculpture is ages behind the architecture; but, for all this, like some of the hasty etchings of master delineators, it has exquisite touches of tenderness and humor. The statuary has never had, and never will have, anything equal to it in gigantic size under the sun. Here is one of granite that weighed, when entire, eight hundred and eighty-seven tons, whose height was seventy-five feet, and the breadth of whose forehead was fourteen feet. It is no less a mystery how that block was first fashioned, than by what power it was afterwards shivered to pieces.

## EGYPT AND ISRAEL.

The theology of these temples suggests difficulties to some. While we lay at Thebes day after day, exploring its ruins, we formed the acquaintance of a young American who had taken up his quarters there for the purpose of facilitating his preparation, as he said, of a dictionary of hieroglyphics. He spent several evenings with us, and took great delight in advocating the theory that the religion of the Israelites was but a slavish copy, down to the very construction of their sacred edifices, of the religion of the Egyptians, and that Moses claimed Divine authority for the copy he stole, just the better thereby to overawe the turbulent slaves he, for ambitious purposes, led away from the service of their masters. In support of this theory he advanced several very strik-



ing resemblances between what he read on the stones of the temples, and what he read in the pages of the Bible. In contending against this theory I labored under the disadvantage of not knowing, as he did, what was written on one of the two documents under comparison. I knew what the Bible said on the Mosaic religion and ritual, but did not know fully what the temples of Rameses said in regard to the religion and ritual of the Egyptians. I found it, therefore, wisest to grant the resemblance to the very utmost limits he chose to push it, always excepting, however, the matter of theism and idolatry, in which the two religions are diametrically opposed. The question between us, then, stood thus:—"Granting the resemblance, how shall it be accounted for?" He accounted for it by a theory that made Moses an impostor, whereas it might be accounted for far more satisfactorily by a theory that left intact the truthfulness of the records and agents on both sides. The truth indeed seems to be this,—that God vouchsafed to Adam and to Noah special revelations as to His own character and worship, which is the true religion. Much of this true religion was carried into Egypt by the founders of that kingdom. Gradually however, as is always the case when man is left to the guidance of his own instincts in matters of religion, the truth became obscured by error. The revelation God made to Moses, therefore, was not a promulgation, as for the first time, of the true religion, but a renewal, a restoration of what was formerly known, and which the corrupt tendencies of man had sadly effaced. It is therefore what might be expected, and what is in keeping with God's ways, that what was foreign, extraneous, bad, in the religion of the Egyptians, viz., polytheism, should be discarded, and that what was good and of divine origin should be retained, cleansed and delivered with a fresh sanction of Divine authority, of such a nature as would defend it from being trifled with by men again. The religion of Moses was an enlargement and purification of the patriarchal religion, as the religion of Christ was an enlargement and purification of the religion of Moses. So radical, however, were the changes effected in both

cases, and so opposed to the tendencies of man, that they received an adequate explanation only in the fact of their Divine authority. The Egyptian temple may, with its outer courts and holy place, be in form what Solomon's temple was afterwards, and on the walls of the Egyptian temples may be seen altars of sacrifice and incense, an ark carried on the shoulders of the priests, and religious instruments similar to those employed in Jewish worship; but these were only the accidents of worship—in essentials the two religions were as wide apart as is Christianity and Paganism, Protestantism and Mahometanism. This essential difference they owed to the direct, immediate interference of God.

#### EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

The tombs of ancient Thebes are not less remarkable than its temples and palaces. Land must have ever been scarce and valuable in Egypt. Many of their cities and temples the Egyptians, therefore, built on the edge of the desert, where it touched on the cultivated soil. In the same necessity we find a reason why they buried their dead in the rocks that closed in the valley. In the neighborhood of Thebes the rock consists of free limestone, easily yielding to the tool of the workman. What are called the Tombs of the Kings consist of rock-hewn caves, penetrating into the bowels of the cliffs for 300 or 400 feet, and opening from a wady in the African range, that might truly, for barrenness, desolation and solitude, be called the "Valley of Death." Let us enter the tomb where Belzoni got his mummy. We climb up the face of the rock for some hundred feet, then enter the doorway, descend twenty-four feet, when we find ourselves in a long passage, whose sides are covered with painting and sculpture, and which conducts into a grand hall, with a lofty roof supported by six pillars. After that, another long passage, then a vaulted saloon, where was found the marble sarcophagus of the monarch, which is to be seen now in the British museum, and, last of all, an excavation of 150 feet in length, that was never finished. There is nothing in the whole world more interesting, of its kind, than the sculptures and paintings of these tombs. In one spot we

are introduced to the everyday life of the Egyptians of the time of Joseph. We see them making brick, hewing stones in the quarry, conducting them to the building, raising them to their place in the wall; we see the sculptors at work on a mammoth statue; then we see it hauled by thousands yoked to ropes, along planks rendered smooth by oil; we see the farmer tilling his fields, the butcher slaying an ox, and the baker carrying a basket of bread on his head. In another place we see the burial of the dead; but the most interesting sculptures are those that are called judgment scenes, of which there are several. In these the departed are brought before Osiris, the judge of the dead, and receive their sentence from him, according to the inclination of the scales, in one of which has been placed truth, and, in the other, the actions of the deceased. If the actions are *found wanting*, the soul is sentenced to enter a pig, or some other unclean animal;

but if, on the other hand, all is right, the happy soul is conducted to the regions of bliss.

## CONCLUSION.

About two months from the day we sailed, we dropped anchor again in the port of Cairo. We had promised our sailors a present of money if they conducted themselves to our satisfaction. We never gave away money with more pleasure, or where it was better deserved,—it was, indeed, with feelings of regret we parted with them. The railway whisked us to Alexandria in a few hours. Our little company, into which a hard thought, feeling, or word had never crept, amid much that was often calculated to irritate, in the delays and privations of the trip, did not, however, part here. Once more we were fellow-passengers; but this time it was on board one of the French steamers bound for Joppa.

## ACADIA, MY HOME BY THE SEA.

BY J. A. LANIGAN, HALIFAX, N. S.

Away o'er the blue rolling waters,  
To Acadia's fair clime to-night,  
My heart with true native devotion,  
Wanders back in its joyous delight  
To the friends whom so fondly I cherish,  
To the scenes where I whispered good-bye;  
And oh! sooner shall memory perish  
Than the thoughts of Acadia die.

Out, out, on thy calm waters rowing,  
I am chanting thy sweet songs by night,  
And I gaze on each form 'mid the glowing  
That shone from the phosphoric light.  
Out, out on thy calm waters steering,  
I am chanting thy sweet songs once more,  
And I list for your frigates' wild cheering,  
As the anthem they loudly *encore*.

When the moon o'er the waters is beaming,  
Do you think of the one who's away,  
But whose heart on this eve, in its dreaming,  
Far back to Acadia doth stray?  
Oh! dear to my heart are thy places,  
Acadia, thou gem of the sea;  
But, oh, dearer by far are the faces  
Of the friends who were comrades with me.

And now, in my lone chamber sitting,  
As despondent I muse here to night,  
Sweet visions of pleasure are flitting  
Around in the evening's dim light.  
There are sighs for the joys that have perished,  
There are hopes that again I may see  
The friends whom so fondly I cherished  
In "Acadia, my home by the sea."

## THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, HANTSPORT, NOVA SCOTIA.

(Concluded.)

Glooscap now takes charge of his friends, and their sorrows are soon forgotten, and all their wants are abundantly supplied. The legend relates an important adventure on the Island of Uktukamkw. It is well known that, besides their usual singular cry, the loons sometimes—and especially in the night—utter a dismal scream—a yell of distress as it were, which an Indian friend at my elbow—a famous hunter though he be—assures me he can never hear without some degree of terror, and he challenges anyone to hear it for the first time without alarm. For what purpose does the bird utter that dismal cry? and where did he learn it? Our legend professes to answer these questions, and to solve the mystery. The Loons were a tribe of Indians who were the special friends of Glooscap. He met a number of them on that Island (Newfoundland) at that time, and knowing that he was about to leave, they craved a parting blessing. Thrice on the wing the Loon chief sailed around this lake,\* each time drawing nearer and nearer to his friend, and proffering his request. Glooscap directed him to alight on the water, and he obeyed. He was then informed that though his friend and protector would no longer be visibly present, he would, nevertheless, always be within call; and whenever the loons should need his assistance, they must utter that peculiar cry, which he then and there taught them, and on hearing it he would send them aid. This is the origin of that dolorous sound that so often disturbs the silence of night in those

localities where loons abound. So says the legend.

The thought is surely very poetic. Is it not more than that? If there are “sermons in stones,” are there not also sermons in Indian legends, and in the cry of birds? Surely a thousand voices call upon us to pray, and urge us to call upon God for help in the time of trouble! A high authority has taught us that our Heavenly Father regards the distress of the sparrow; that the young lions do roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God; and “He heareth the ravens when they cry.” I would not, if I could, eradicate this tradition from the Indian’s mind. Yes, let him say when he listens to the dolorous strain of these water-fowl—“*Kwemoo elkomik-tooajul Gloocapal*”—(The loon is calling upon Glooscap); and then let him add—yea, let us all add—And I, shall I—endowed as I am with nobler powers, and instructed in the true object of religious worship—shall I neglect to pray? No, indeed! “Evening and morning, and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud, and Thou shalt hear my voice.”

But our legend goes on, and brings our hero round by various stages to the place from whence he started. To come back from the Island of Uktukamkw (Newfoundland), it is necessary to construct a canoe (*kweedun*), as Glooscap’s two associates—though by no means inferior in skill and prowess—are not quite equal to the task of “riding on a whale.” The canoe with its freight shoots over and touches at Pictook\* (Pictou), and here an incident occurs worthy of record in legendary lore, by

\* NOTE.—In the Micmac legends we continually find Indian tribes or families named after the animals, birds, &c., and they are introduced continually as animals or people, almost without discrimination; though often they are represented simply as being able to assume the form of the animal at pleasure, and appear at one time as a person, at another as an animal.

\* NOTE.—*Piktook*, or rather *Pikt*, denotes in Micmac an explosion of gas; and the river was evidently named from the bubbling up of the water in the neighborhood of the coal mines. The *ook*, unfortunately lost in the Anglicized form, simply makes the case *vocative*, as grammarians call it.

which another phenomenon in natural history is accounted for; for man everywhere is a reasoning and an enquiring animal, and cannot be satisfied unless he can know the whys and the wherefores when anything new or strange occurs. Glooscap marked his visit on this occasion to the Bubbling River—(the present lords of the region will not take offence, I am sure, at a poetic translation of the Indian name, so musical and pretty)—by originating the tribe of Tortoises.

The tortoise has a pretty coat, but his shape is none of the handsomest, and his gait is awkward and ungainly, and the Indian will be forgiven for pronouncing him ugly. His internal arrangement, too, he sees, on inspection, is very different from that of land animals. The intestinal canal is almost nothing. But the creature is terribly tenacious of life. Tear off his legs, crack his shell, and he does not seem to mind it much; and even after his head is cut off, he seems to take a good deal of time to consider whether to die or not; and his heart will continue to throb a long time after it is taken out. Our legend accounts for all this, and it does so on this wise:—

There was at the time of Glooscap's visit to Pictou, an Indian village, and among them dwelt a solitary old bachelor, who was so homely, awkward, and apparently so lazy, that no woman would marry him, and he had to live alone. But Glooscap did not despise him because of any natural infirmity. He claimed him as a near relative, called him his uncle, and honored him as his friend. His name was Mikchikch (the tortoise.) I will take the liberty to abridge his name, and then it can be easily pronounced. We may call the old fellow "Uncle Mick." Well, to go on with our story, there was great excitement at the Bubbling River when Glooscap landed. The legend here describes his personal appearance, and sets him off with all the Indian's ideas of manliness and beauty in his personal appearance, his carriage and his dress. The ladies of the village—and especially those who are candidates for matrimonial honors—are on the *qui vive*. A festival is prepared in his honor, and games are celebrated; but after

all their pains, Glooscap remains in Uncle Mick's tent. Poor Uncle Mick has never dreamed of going to the festival. He is too infirm, too ugly looking; has no suitable clothes, and no heart for such pastimes. But Glooscap slips his own robe on his friend, and girds him up with his own belt, and lo! he is transformed into a young, active and handsome beau. Out he goes, just as the young men are in the midst of the exciting game of the *toowokun*—which we may almost render the cricket match. In this game a ball was thrown up, and whoever could catch it before it fell to the ground, and then run with it—before he could be caught—to a certain pole fixed into the ground in the centre of the ring, was, with his party, in; but if he was caught before he touched the pole, he and his party were out.

When Uncle Mick joined the players no one recognized him. He was generally taken for Glooscap himself, and the excitement became intense. There were none, however, more active than he. He had soon the ball in his hand, and was darting away towards the goal—dodging his pursuers right and left—until he was driven square up to the side of his own wigwam; and there was no way of escape but to spring sheer over the wigwam. This he attempted to do, but he missed his aim, and hung dangling across the chimney-hole—the wigwam being long, not pointed, at the top. There he stuck! Glooscap, who was seated below, rises now and initiates him as head and king of the tortoises. First, he piles on to the fire all the fire boughs he can lay his hands on, raising such a smoke as almost stifles Uncle Mick; and so thoroughly staining his coat that the smoke marks could never be effaced, and so hardening it that neither wind nor water can penetrate it, nor the tooth of animal pierce it.

His next move is to perform rather a difficult surgical operation. The old man's internal arrangement must be reduced in its dimensions. But the operator is not very particular in his surgical instruments. He seizes a pointed stick and drives it into the old man's bowels, hands the end of the rope to his hungry dogs, and they run out with the slack, growling and fighting over

their dinner ; poor Uncle Mick all the while shouting out lustily that they are killing him. He is not hurt at all, however, and when he comes down he is quite delighted to find that he will henceforth be able to live in the water or on the land as may best suit his convenience, and that his life will be so securely protected. Hence the origin of the Tortoise tribe.

#### THE BOAR'S BACK.

The next feat worthy of note performed by Glooscap on this memorable route was the construction of a highway across from Fort Cumberland to Parrsborough, parallel with the river now called Hebert, the road being known as the Boar's Back. Leaving Piktook (thè Bubbling River), he swept along the Gulf Coast in his canoe till he came to Bay Verte—now so called—and thence he passed over the Isthmus, carrying his canoe over the portage, and then gliding down to *Cwesomalegek* (Hardwood Point, Fort Cumberland), where he again reached the salt water. His intention was to visit Partridge Island, Cape Blomidon, &c., and then move on towards the West. But his companions in travel have become tired of the sea, and they request to be allowed to cross over by land, while he goes round with the *kweedun*. To this he consents ; but while they are resting and preparing for their trip across, he just steps over and throws up a beautiful level ridge, pushing it across bogs and everything else, over which they can travel with all ease, to await his arrival at *Pulowech Munegoo* (Partridge Island). This wonderful causeway is well known among the Indians unto this day by the name of *Owwokun* (The Causeway). The white people have known how to profit by it, as the post-road now runs over it ; but they are little aware of its origin, and are ignorant even of the legendary interest which attaches to it.

#### SPEARING A WHALE.

Near the seashore at Partridge Island, Glooscap fell in with another celebrated worthy, of whom many wonderful things are related in a long legend, specially devoted to his history. His name is somewhat of a jaw-breaker—*Kitpoosagunow*.

I think we may venture to abridge it. Nicknames are common, and he will take no offence, I venture to say, and then we can pronounce it with all ease, just putting two very familiar English words together—*kit* and *puss*—we can give to the two first syllables exactly, *Kitpuss*, or we can say *Kit-pussy*, which gives the first three syllables correctly ; and I should think that, having got that far, almost anyone could add the *aggunow*, and say *Kit-pussy-ag-gun-ow*. But for "shortness," we will call him Kitpuss.

Kitpuss was of mysterious birth, and of supernatural training, having been taken alive from his mother's bosom after her death, she having been slain and devoured by a giant, and he having been at the time thrown into a well, where he was mysteriously preserved, and came forth afterwards, clothed with superhuman power, to avenge the death of his parent, and to be a general deliverer of the oppressed,—a legend that may have had its origin in the Scripture history of Moses, but which I need not proceed with any further here. Kitpuss and Glooscap are old friends, and at nightfall the former proposes "to go a-torching"—that is, to go spearing fish by torchlight. So they go down to the shore together, where they find a stone canoe, stone paddles, a stone spear, and, in fact, stone everything. The canoe is large and heavy, of course. Kitpuss requests his guest just to take it on his head and shoulders and convey it down to the water. Glooscap can easily do that. He just tosses it upon his head and shoulders, as the Indians are wont to carry their light skiffs, and launches it into the water without any trouble. As they are about to step in, Glooscap enquires which will use the spear. "I will," says his comrade, and steps into the prow, while the other takes up the paddle and seats himself in the stern. Slowly they push along, looking for a fish, while the blazing torch throws its light far down into the deep water. Presently a huge whale comes along within reach of the spear, and, with one blow and jerk, he is tossed into the canoe as though he were a trout. "That'll do," says Kitpuss ; "let us go home." So they land, the fish is laid on the shore,

Kitpuss takes a stone knife and splits it from nose to tail. He gives Glooscap one half, and takes the other himself. They carry home each one his own portion, and cap the climax by roasting the whole, and eating it all at a meal!—reminding one of the giant of another land, of whom the poet sings:—

“His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,  
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale.”

#### THE BIG BEAVER-POND.

This “big fish” expedition was supplemented by a big beaver hunt. These animals had constructed a dam across from *Utkoguncheech* (Cape Blomidon) to the opposite shore, and had by this means raised a pond that filled all the Annapolis Valley. There were big beavers in those times, so says tradition. Their bones are occasionally picked up at this day, especially on *Oonamahgik*, (Cape Breton)—bones of monstrous size, over which the silly white people ponder and wonder, and lug them off to their museum in Halifax, and give them queer, unpronounceable names. The old Indians know all about these bones. They have examined the big teeth—six inches across—so one of them told the writer, and compared them with the teeth of the degenerate species of the *koobeet*, existing in these degenerate days, and the similarity is so exact that there can be no question about it. These are the bones of such primeval beavers as built the dam at Cape Blomidon, and flooded the Annapolis Valley. Glooscap proposed a hunt that should equal at least, if not eclipse, his friend's torching feat. So he cut the dam near the shore, and set little Martin to watch for the beaver, hinting that he mistrusted there was a little one somewhere in the neighborhood. As soon as the dam was cut from its junction with the shore, there was such a rush of water that the dam swung round to the westward, but did not break away from the other shore, and the end of the dam, with a huge split in it, lodged when the flood had found a free course; and the whole remains there still, and may be inspected by every passenger who passes up the Bay. That point—Cape Split—is called by the

Indians *Pleegun*, which signifies “The opening of a beaver-dam.”

To frighten the beaver, Glooscap threw a few handfuls of turf at it, and these grounded a little to the eastward of Part-ridge Island, and became little islands—(Five Islands). The beaver was caught, and its flesh and its skin were disposed of *à la mode*. A small pond was left, which we call the Basin of Minas.

#### A TRIP TO CAPE BLOMIDON FOR MINERALS.

Cape Blomidon is of world-wide fame. It has been celebrated in romance, in history, in song. Poets have crowned it with wreaths of clouds, pitched tents woven of sea-fog on its tops, and made it glitter all over with gems; while geologists and tourists, professors and students, from near and from far, have climbed its frowning heights, and written their names upon it. But what about the untutored Indian? Does he ever see anything? has he gazed at the “hoary-headed cape?” can his eye discern cloudy wreaths and tents of sea-fog, and sparkling gems? has he ever taken the trouble to climb up and write his name on Blomidon? Our legend answers these questions. *Their* hero made the cape itself. He broke the big beaver-dam—the North Mountain—from its connection with the mainland, and swung the end round, causing that bold headland to jut out into the sea, as we have just seen; and then, to render his name famous in all coming time as associated with the cape, he went over and made all those beautiful minerals, so much sought after, and celebrated throughout the world. Yes, indeed! tradition “records” a mineralogical trip to Blomidon, and emblazons a name upon its high walls, far back of any of those of which *our* books tell.

The legend states that Glooscap told his grandmother to wait a little, and he would bring her a few strings of *wampum*. So he slipped over to the cape, and first made all gems and crystals that are there, and then out of them composed an array of ornaments, which, when placed upon the old lady's shoulders, bosom, arms and ankles, so transformed her that she was as young, as active and as beautiful as a girl of twenty.

**[Please Notice.]**

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for 1871, illustrated, which will comprise two volumes of 384 double column pages; or 768 pages in the year, will only cost one dollar if ordered in clubs of five. This magazine numbers among its contributors several of the best writers in the Dominion, and its selected matter is from the best writers of the world. The price, when ordered singly, is \$1.50; but a club of five will be addressed separately for five dollars, and in all cases the postage of the magazine is paid by the publishers. This magazine, the only literary MONTHLY in the Dominion, should be well supported.

But we must hasten to a close. The remaining incidents of the story have been related already. After boiling his bones at Spencer's Island, he turned the kettle over and left it there with his name upon it, as the Indians call it to this day, *Ootemul*—His kettle,—Glooscap being so certainly understood as not to need to be mentioned. Then, as related in our introduction, he turned "lights" into rock at Acwacape Harbor, and his wigwam into a rock at Cape d'Or, and left his dogs at Chiegnecto watching the moose. He then changed his grandmother into a high hill, and left her there, but promising her that

when he arrived at his distant fair home in the West, she would be there, too. Having done all this he left, and, sure enough, when he reached his distant, beautiful abode, and had constructed his habitation there, the old grandmother was there, too.

Visits are sometimes made to Glooscap, so the Indians say, where he is, and though he never shows himself, he does often come to look after his affairs here. But, as the legend I have been describing ends here, we may leave the others that relate to the Indians' visits to him in his present home for some other occasion.

RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

FROM OUR VOLUNTEER CORRESPONDENT.

LOWER FORT GARRY, otherwise }  
STONE FORT, Sept. 12th, 1870. }

*Friday, July 29th.*—Left Shebandowan Lake, McNeil's Landing, at 1.30 p.m. This brigade consisted of No. 6 company, 2nd Battalion; 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 ensign, 48 non-commissioned officers and men; 12 voyageurs, 6 boats, with provisions for 60 days. A run of 18 miles brought us to our first halt. At 7.30 we made the first portage, the length being three-quarters of a mile. We found two brigades of boats here — No. 2 company, in command of Major Irvine; No. 3 company, with Capt. Allan McDonald. Before we had time to portage our boats and stores across, No. 4 company caught us up. This was on the Saturday. Sailed on Lake Kngapwewenakokak at 11 a.m. Eight miles more rowing brought us to the second portage.

*August 1st, 2nd.*—This portage was 1½ mile long; getting clear here, we got on to the Lac de Mille Lacs, a very beautiful lake studded with small islands.

*August 3rd.*—Arrived at third portage at 10.30 p.m. The distance was 15 miles.

*August 4th.*—Sailed on Bay Barrick at 3.30 p.m. Nine miles run brought us to the fourth portage. This was only 460 yards.

At 12.30 p.m. the next day, we sailed on Lake Windigostigwan; camped at night on an island in this lake. Left next morning at 3.30, and arrived at French Portage at 8 o'clock a.m. There were two heavy rapids here, which we ran by the assistance of Indians; then portaged across to French River, a distance of a quarter of a mile.

*August 7th (Sunday).*—Left French Portage at 4 p.m. Sailed on French River 9 miles, to French Lake; crossed through to Pike Lake, and arrived at sixth portage at 7 p.m., the distance being 18 miles.

*August 8th.*—Cargo portaged to Lake Konepiminanikok, a distance of a quarter mile, and sailed for the seventh portage, where we arrived at 4 p.m.; distance 1 mile.

*August 9th.*—Cargo taken over the 7th portage to Lake Kakwahikok, distance half a mile. Passed through a little river, or rather a swamp, which we called Rush Creek; then got to Pine Lake, where we camped at night.

*August 10th.*—Sailed on Pine Lake at 6 a.m., and arrived at Maleen River at 6 p.m., a short portage here of 1 acre. Passed one very hard rapid. The total distance done this day was 30 miles.



*August 11th.* — Left eighth portage at 9 a.m., and sailed down Maleen River to Island Portage, arriving at 11 a.m.

Portage succeeded portage. Sailed on Sturgeon Lake. The rowing was hard work here, for the wind was blowing dead ahead. We managed just to make a small island, where we lay the remainder of the day. Another portage, then over Loon Lake. From Loon Lake we portaged to Vermillion Lake. Why this was so called I could not find out; but the other names were singularly appropriate. Pine Lake was well surrounded by pines. Sturgeon and Loon Lakes were well stocked—the one with fish and the other with fowl.

From Vermillion Lake we got into Lalross Lake; and on August 15th we made our 14th portage. Fourteen miles more brought us to our next portage, and passing that we had a good stretch of water before us. Now we began to count upon the time and the distance to Fort Francis. Up to this point we had seen but very few Indians, and these were quiet fellows who came off to us in canoes, trading blueberries, fish and ducks for “hard tack” (biscuits) or pork. Passing through Rainy Lake and Rainy River, we found many more, and passed small villages of them, besides many wigwams. Rainy Lake gave us a reception worthy of its name; for a few hours after entering upon it a heavy thunderstorm burst upon us, deluging us in rain. We very soon got wet through; the wind increasing at the same time, and being in our favor, away we scudded. Away, away we went, and away went a mast in a boat just before us, the seat being too weak to hold it up. After a little while the rain fell less heavily, and seeing a small island lying pretty well in our course, we steered for it. Arriving there we made a huge fire, at which we dried ourselves and our clothes. All the way up we had been guided by landmarks—trees blazed (that is, bark stripped off) by Dawson’s men. During the storm we ran somewhat out of our course, and whilst trying to regain it we were met by Indians, who soon put us on the right track. Leaving Rainy Lake we passed into Rainy River, which kept up its reputation as well as the Lake, for we had a continued drizzle the first day.

*August 15th.*—Reached Fort Francis. I was greatly disappointed with this place, having expected to have found it a large settlement. There was a good sized fort, which was being used by the Hudson Bay Company, although a company of the 1st Battalion were lying outside in tents!!! This company has to remain behind till all companies of the 2nd Battalion have passed up and the 60th Rifles have returned. Then they have to push up to Fort Garry. Portaging our boats and stores here, we left the following morning. Several tins of preserved potatoes we were obliged to leave behind for the garrison, much against our inclination.

The falls on the one side and the steep hill on the other, made an imposing sight, and this we saw to great advantage on leaving. This made 16 portages from the Shebandowan. We had 27 now still before us, ere we could say we had finished our journey; and though the rowing, tracking and portaging up to the present time may have been hard, what was yet before us, by all accounts, was infinitely worse—the rapids closer, the jumps deeper, the portages longer and steeper. However, away we went, feeling pretty well ready for anything that might turn up. Leaving Fort Francis, for some distance down we were struck with the fine appearance of the land on either side of the river. On the Canadian shore much of it was under cultivation. Pulling down 11 miles we camped for the night at 7 o’clock, where we found the mosquitoes very troublesome. They came down upon us like a snow-storm. We suffered dreadfully. Immediately on getting on shore we lit fires, which kept them off a little. Sleeping was hard work; some of the men lying inside the tents, some outside, others in the boats; but nowhere whatever could any respite be found from the flies. By daylight we were off from the scene of our night’s torments. This river being a very swift one, and by the end of the day some distance being yet left of the river, we determined not to stop that night, so we lashed two boats together and then lay down to sleep, leaving a voyageur in charge, who steered the boats clear of either shore, the current alone taking them down. No

flies annoyed us, for the night was very much colder. The whole distance done by day and night we reckoned as 35 miles.

*August 19th.*—The weather being very rough we put in at 10 o'clock. Whilst here a Hudson Bay boat passed us in full sail, carrying stores from Fort Alexander to Fort Francis. In the afternoon we passed an Indian village, where we landed and visited them, noticed some graves, bought potatoes, etc. A little distance further down this river we passed another Indian encampment and then entered the Lake of the Woods. The shores of this lake did not differ from the shores of other lakes that we had before passed.

On the 20th, although the sea was running very high, and we had twice to put in for shelter, yet we made the biggest run—45 miles—of any day.

*August 21st, (Sunday).*—Did a great deal of sailing, so made the day seem much more like a Sunday than any we had had since leaving the Shebandowan. Our guide taking a short cut through the lake brought us into shallow water, which took a deal of pulling to carry us through.

*August 22nd.*—When we started off after breakfast, to our great surprise, on passing a bend in the river, house after house appeared, and then a fort with fencing all around, and several large fields behind, Indian wigwams in numbers, several boats hauled up on the shore.

Landing, we found the place to be Rat Portage,—a Hudson Bay port, and a place for guides. All sorts of exaggerated reports were here in circulation about Riel, none of which are, however, worth repeating. This was the old portage; but a new and shorter one being made a mile further on, we started for it, taking with us another guide. This portage being but a short one, we were soon over it, and into Les Dalles Rapids,—a series of four, and one a long one, being about 900 yards long.

*August 23rd.*—Came to the rapids called La Grande Décharge. The portage here was called Yellow Mud Portage. This fall was fully 12 feet; further on there was a chute, over which 4 men and two Indians conveyed the boats. The dip was 5 feet. At 5.40 we made Pine Portage No. 2, navigation from this point becoming more

and more hazardous. The rapids and portages came pretty thick—one on the other now. This kept us in continual excitement till we came to a little Indian mission village, where we rested for the night. It rained through the night, and in the morning we woke up stiff, wet, cold and uncomfortable.

Rowed an hour before breakfast, arrived at 11.30 at some rapids, cargo portaged, boats lowered down by ropes. Here 4, 5 and 7 companies caught us up. At 5 o'clock we made the next portage, where we found 2 and 3 companies, who had just arrived. This was a grand fall of 60 yards.

*August 26th.*—Passed this last portage before breakfast. The next portage of 50 yards, only 100 yards further on, brought us to another, where the falls, being divided by two small islands, appeared to be three falls. The effect was grand. Two more portages were done this day. There was a heavy fall here. Eight miles the next day brought us to another short portage—8 yards long. At this one we unloaded part of cargo only. At the next rapid our boats came through very badly. A mile and a half brought us to a big rapid, where we had to tow and track. The rapid was about 100 yards long, with a fall of 8 feet. At this portage we were compelled to abandon a boat, dividing crew and cargo amongst the other boats. We had one voyageur to spare now, (one having been left on the road sick). This one we gave to No. 3 company, several of their voyageurs refusing to proceed further than Fort Francis. Two of ours, trying to do the same thing, we compelled to come on board, going even so far as to send a file of men for each.

On the 28th we did a good day's work. Starting at 6 o'clock, we pulled a distance of one mile, which brought us to a steep rapid, then 2 portages. After that crossed a small rapid, 4 men and 2 Indians to each boat. Then another portage. Whilst portaging here, dinner was ordered to be cooked for us; but, before we had time to take it, 4, 5 and 7 came up—so it was "all aboard;" "all aboard No. 3;" "all aboard No. 6." We were not long in pushing off, eating our dinner—part on shore, part in the boats.

A little more pulling brought us to "Les Sept Portages,"—a big series of rapids, 7 in number; sailed over Bonnet Lake to another portage, then another and another. Here there were 3 pretty falls. Three portages followed in quick succession. One of our boats nearly got swamped coming over a rapid here. In her course down, she struck, and, swinging around, came down the rest of the rapid broadside.

On the 29th we made Bonnet Portage. Whilst breakfasting, 3 of No. 7 company's boats arrived. No. 5, soon after arriving, tried to portage over the side of the falls. We heard afterwards that this proved to be a failure—the boats suffering greatly. A short distance further on, and we came to a grand chute, 20 feet deep, and 100 yards long.

On the 30th, after passing 3 short portages, we arrived at one called Pine Portage, being the third of this name on the route. No. 7, with their usual style of go-ahead, tried to shoot these rapids. They lessened the length of the portage, certainly, but had a much rougher road.

One more rapid and a pull, and we were at Fort Alexander. It was reported that from this fort the noise of the fall could be distinctly heard; but we found that in pulling we lost the sound long before we gained the sight.

Our reception at the Fort was good. A large flag—the "Union Jack"—was flying from a flagstaff at the top of a look-out in the yard of the Hudson Bay Company; and the Company's officer in charge asked us to give three cheers for the good old flag. He did not ask twice, for such a cheer went up as none but loyal Englishmen could give.

Although it was about 7 o'clock when we arrived, yet we started off the same night on Lake Winnipeg. Very late we put into shore, scarcely knowing where we were, where we had come from, or where we were going to. The next morning we rowed and sailed a piece; but, finding it very rough, we put in at Elk Island. This island lay right across our track,—a long, narrow island, one part being so narrow several companies portaged over. We preferred, however, pulling around. At noon the next day we just got around to the

other side of this island—having made, in 29 hours, only about 5 miles. Camping this evening on an island, we found wood very scarce, having, in many cases, 1 or 2 miles to go before meeting with any.

*Sept. 1st.*—Was a grand morning, the water calm, the air mild, the sun strong, and, after a while, sail after sail hove in sight. We were two companies in consort, Nos. 3 and 6. No. 2 being ahead, we for a while fancied it was them. The sails seemed to get nearer, so we fancied we must be gaining on them, little thinking that the boats might be returning and so sailing towards us. In a few minutes, however, we counted 12 boats, leaving us in conjecture as to who they could be, but making us certain that they could not be No. 2. A very few minutes more and we could see they were returning, and coming up towards each other we found out the strangers to be some of the 60th Rifles on their way home. We then felt very thankful that we were volunteers, and not regulars; for the idea of having to pass through rapids and portages again, would have turned the strongest amongst us sick. Not sailing within hearing distance, we could not cheer them, else the gallant fellows would have had three times three as lustily as ever it could be given. A halt for breakfast being made on a little island at the mouth of Red River, we got the order to clean up arms and accoutrements and to don our tunics and new serge pants. The rain interrupted us several times—the showers coming down heavy off and on. After a while, when everything had got thoroughly wet, the order was countermanded. Whilst here, three canoes came up. In the first, paddled along by six strong Iroquois Indians, sat the Governor of this part of the Dominion—Manitoba—Governor Archibald. The third contained the mail, under the charge of Capt. Naigle. While the Governor was on shore, talking to the officers, a shower of rain fell, and then we saw what we had not seen for nearly four months—an umbrella. Leaving here, the rain still falling very heavily, we met one of the 60th Rifle boats; a little further a Hudson Bay Boat; then another piece on and we passed eight boats of the 60th Rifles, with whom we passed much badinage and

then gave them three hearty cheers, the rain falling all the time. A little rowing and sailing brought us up to an English Mission, the bells of the little church ringing out a merry chime as a welcome to us. Passing this we pulled hard, knowing now that every stroke was lessening the distance between us and our future home.

At 3 o'clock we arrived at this Fort (Stone Fort or Lower Fort Garry). We pitched tents outside the Fort on a nice clear space, cooked our dinner, unloaded the boats, and took up the balance of our stores inside the Fort.

[The writer of the above narrative sends a report of the speech of Colonel Wolsley to the volunteers, after their journey; but as the substance of it is included in the longer address which he delivered at a public dinner got up in his honor after his return to Montreal, we prefer giving the latter.—Ed. N. D. M.]

Col. Wolsley said: "During my career as a soldier I have often found myself in difficult positions, but I think I may say that I have never before felt so unprepared for my duty as I now do in standing up to thank you for the great honor you have done me this evening. The flattering terms in which you, sir, have alluded to my services are most gratifying to me and I shall long cherish them in memory. Gentlemen, I accept this public welcome from you not only as a high personal compliment, but also as a mark of your appreciation of the services performed by the Expedition which I had the honor of commanding. I am glad to have this opportunity afforded me of expressing my gratitude for the cordial manner in which I have been backed up through the operation by General Lindsay. Every application I made to him was acceded to at once, and the assistance and valuable advice which I received from him at all times makes me deeply indebted to him. The difficulties to be overcome during the progress of the Expedition were of no ordinary nature. It must not be forgotten that our route for 600 miles lay through a wilderness of forests, lakes and rivers, where no supplies of any description were obtainable. We began our work by road-making. Upon arriving at Prince Arthur's Landing we expected to find a road made from thence to Shebandowan Lake, where it had been settled we were finally to embark. The distance is about 48 miles, of which only 26 were practicable for waggons when we landed at Thunder Bay on the 25th of May. The road runs through a clay country where

swamps are numerous. The consequence was that soon after the road had been partially opened out, it was practically impassable for our heavy traffic after a day's rain. The first great nut to crack was the transport of our stores and provisions over the first 48 miles. Happily I soon discovered from Mr. McIntyre, of the Hudson's Bay office at Fort William, that the Kaminitiquia river could be made available. I am deeply indebted to that gentleman for the information he gave me on this point, for I have no hesitation in saying that if we had been solely dependent upon the road, the Expedition might be still struggling over the portages on the arduous journey. It was arranged that the expeditionary force should embark at Shebandowan in 140 boats; with the exception of a few which were conveyed in waggons, they had to be taken up the river and hauled by manual labor over the portages to a height of eight hundred feet. At one time, gentlemen, in July, things looked very unpromising. Some of the bridges had been seriously injured by the floods in the river, and the still unfinished road was for miles little better than a canal of mud. A few croakers began to shake their heads and to say in undertones to one another that we should never even succeed in getting to our starting-point. I never, however, doubted for one moment of our success, and knowing what great things Canada expected from us, nerved us all to redoubled exertions. Once started, our journey occupied about seven weeks from Shebandowan Lake to Red River. During that time the labor, so cheerfully endured by the men, was excessive. To toil at the oar day after day, from dawn till dark, to drag boats, and carry on their backs all their provisions and other stores over about 46 portages, making a total distance of over seven miles, such was the work that had to be accomplished before we reached our destination. I have campaigned in many parts of the world, but I never before saw men go through such incessant labor. For days together the men were wet through. They had at times to work up to their waist in water, and during the months of June and July fine weather was the exception, and rain was the rule. Great as was their labor, and trying as was this exposure, I never heard a murmur from any one. Officers vied with their men in carrying heavy loads, and the praiseworthy rivalry between the Regular troops and the Militia in their eagerness to get forward, enabled me to reach our destination earlier than I had at one time anticipated. My temperance friends will learn with pleasure that this was one of the few military expeditions ever undertaken where spirits formed no part of the daily ration. There was a large allowance of tea instead, and

notwithstanding the melancholy foreboding of some medical officers, the result was a complete success. There was a total absence of sickness and crime. As many of my friends have relations in the regiments now stationed at Fort Garry, I have great pleasure in stating that I left them all well. I saw both battalions on parade before I left that place, when they turned out in a manner which surprised me. I am sorry to find that some individuals have endeavored to make the world believe that the conduct of the Militia since their arrival at Fort Garry has not been so orderly as it might have been. I can assure you that during the time I stayed there I never had cause to find any fault with them. They were as well-behaved as any regiment of our army could have been under similar circumstances. Canada may be well proud of them, and they, I can bear witness, have worked hard to earn the approbation of their countrymen. Personally, I feel that I owe them a debt of gratitude, which I am proud to acknowledge. It will always be a source of pleasure to me to remember that I commanded the first military expedition undertaken by the Dominion of Canada. I feel confident it will form a bright era in its history, as having been the direct means of securing to Canada a Province destined to become the home of millions, and, in my opinion, the future granary of the British Empire. I expected to find a country rich in productiveness; but, gentlemen, I was not prepared to see that that great *terra incognita*, the North-West, was a territory containing within its limits every natural element of wealth and agricultural prosperity. Two things are required to develop its resources. First, an active and intelligent population; and, secondly, railway communication with the outside world. As regards the people, I believe that emigrants from Canada are much more likely to prosper than those going out fresh from England. The winters are more severe, and it requires Canadian experience to enable settlers to prepare for them. As to a railway, of course I think that one leading from Ottawa direct to Fort Garry, through our own provinces, would be the best. But is such a mighty undertaking to be accomplished within the next few years? And if not, what, may I ask, is to be done in the meantime? Gentlemen, the magnificent soil of Manitoba has lain fallow long enough, and it would be an unwise policy to allow years to pass over whilst a

railway is being constructed through the difficult country north of Lake Superior, when, by judicious encouragement, the railway recently opened out between Duluth on the Lake, and St. Paul on the Mississippi, could be easily extended to British Territory at Pembina. Of course it is disagreeable having to depend upon a line of communication running through a foreign country, no matter how friendly its Government may be to us; but I am not aware that any great practical inconvenience has resulted hitherto from our having to depend during winter upon the line running from Portland to Montreal. Although I have no intention of alluding to the political affairs of Manitoba, they being entirely outside my province as a soldier, yet, before I sit down, I wish you to understand that the wild reports spread in the newspapers as to the lawlessness and disorder said to be existing at Fort Garry, are greatly exaggerated and highly colored. In a country where deeds of violence had so recently been perpetrated, it cannot be expected that everything will be forgotten in a day by those who have suffered from them. Time, the great curer of most ills, will in this instance bring its accustomed relief, and I have no hesitation in saying that I consider one hundred armed policemen are now, and will be for years to come, amply sufficient to keep the peace in Manitoba, where the large bulk of the inhabitants, both French and English speaking, are loyal to the Crown and to the Dominion of Canada. Gentlemen, I have taken up a great deal of your time, but I think you will pardon me for alluding to one other subject, for I should not be doing justice to my feelings, if I did not take this opportunity of recognizing the assistance rendered to the Red River Expedition by Mr. D. Smith, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by his officers acting under his orders, wherever we met them. Every soldier belonging to the Expedition owes them a debt of gratitude. I beg again to thank you for the honor you have done me this evening. I shall never forget it, nor the many kind friends whom I see around me. I have spent over eight years amongst you. I now say good-bye with unfeigned regret. In all that concerns you and this country, I shall always take the deepest interest, for I feel that I am as much a Canadian as any one here." Col. Wolseley sat down amidst loud and prolonged cheering.

## Young Folks.

### MOTH AND RUST :

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

(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER II.

##### AUNT STACEY.

"A heart have they, exercised with covetous practices."

Steam-car and steamboat soon carried Ralph Morley and his family away from the advantages and pleasant associations of Fenton. When the journey had been concluded by a day's travel in great wagons, I promise you that Ralph was weary of his new bargain. The children were cross, Mrs. Morley dependent, and only Stacey, who had come thither not from covetousness, but a sense of duty, possessed any equanimity and was capable of good-natured effort. Down the hills, and from the heart of the dark wood, brawled the stream that turned the mill. Vast piles of lumber, and tons of sawdust, lay around. The mill was large, neglected, and out of repair: about it half-a-dozen laborers' cabins swarmed with dirty children and slatternly housewives. Ralph's new home was a two-storey wooden house, boasting one coat of paint on the front, with small, ill-fitted, shutterless windows, and doors too numerous and badly hung.

There had been a rail-fence about the yard but some shiftless householder had carried half of it away for fuel. Cistern and sink were unknown quantities; trees were abundant in the region, but had all been carefully removed from the vicinity of the house. The place never seemed so miserable, nor his trade so reckless, to Ralph, as it did when a turn in the rough country road revealed the new purchase to his weary family, sitting in the heavy, jolting wagon.

Helen broke into a loud wail, protesting that she wasn't a beggar, and wanted to go home. Richard's lip curled in scorn of his new abode, and disgust at the children who rushed from the cabins to gaze at the newcomers. Frank remarked that he didn't mean to live here long; and Freddy indulged in contemptuous observations about the broken platform that served for a back piazza, and the absence of any front steps.

"Come, come," said Ralph Morley, rubbing his hands, and trying to look cheerful, "we mustn't get discouraged.

We will soon make this place look comfortable; and, after all, it is only the stepping-stone to something better. Come, Mary," he added to his wife, "when you have a fine house in town from the profits of this old mill, you will laugh at to-day!"

The time was the last of April: part of the furniture had already arrived, part was just behind them on the road, and the remainder would follow them within a week. The men from the cabins were summoned to assist in lifting and carrying the household goods, and the next three hours were busy ones indeed, though the children were in everybody's way; and Mrs. Morley had found time to retire to the small, inconvenient closet, and indulge in a cry over lost comforts. At last the neighbors were gone, Stacey had arranged a supper and brought the family about the table, and Ralph endeavored to cheer the meal by explaining how nicely he would order everything; how much better the place would look; what a nice quiet home was there for the children, with nothing to distract them from their studies. And then, oh, then!—Ralph Morley held it up higher than all,—here was a fortune to be made. Laying up wealth was to be the order of these present years, and by and by would come the time to spend it. Did not Ralph Morley know, how, when years had been spent in accumulation of wealth, the love changes from love of money for what it will buy to the love of money for money's self? He who is a miser that one day he may be lavish, often ends by being a miser altogether.

Supper ended, and the children being half asleep, Ralph suggested that they be sent to bed immediately. Aunt Stacey took a Bible from a newly-opened box, and handing it to her master, remarked significantly, "You needn't wait for me to eat, before you hab worship. You got to do your own preachin' and prayin' out heah."

Now, about family worship, let me tell you that Ralph had been of that description of Christian that indulges in family prayers on Sabbath mornings,—seeming to consider it a form appropriate to holy time, but not demanded by daily exigencies.

Now, when Stacey gave Ralph the Bible for evening worship, and that on a week-day, Ralph was startled. He had made many fine resolutions, but here he was suddenly pressed to put them in practice.

He felt awkward. "Ha! Oh, yes! but to-night the children are so sleepy," he observed, gazing about with the Bible in his hand.

"Poor beginning makes a bad ending," quoth Stacey, pushing up a chair for her mistress, and seating herself on an overturned tub, with Helen on her knee.

Mrs. Morley was quite contented to have a new order about prayers. She bade the boys sit down, and signed to Richard to hand his father a chair; so if not against his will, yet undeniably beyond his expectation, Ralph Morley ended a week-day with family devotions.

Tuesday evening closed over the arrival of the Morleys at their new home, at what was popularly called "Dodson's Mill," or, for short, simply "Dodson's."

Stacey, with a quiet face, kept the matter of worship morning and evening attended to, until she supposed that it was established on a firm basis. That was a busy week; and Aunt Stacey's turban had no time to threaten, as, from daybreak until ten o'clock at night, she pushed the toil of "getting settled" towards completion. Stacey's faithful heart begrudged no service: she was willing to work hard. She had been accustomed to doing most of the indoor work; and, the second day after their arrival, she said to Mrs. Morley, "Come, now: fine wedder, and you never feel at home like till you get a pretty garden. You take dem boys, and make a nice yard, and lef me 'lone to fix dis house. I get him done."

Accordingly Stacey put down carpets, and hung curtains, adorned with pictures the walls—rough, white-washed walls they were, in place of the dainty and tasteful hangings of Fenton—and ornamented with roses and pretty toys the high, narrow, pine mantles. Well-cleaned and well-furnished, the house was more attractive.

Ralph had the kitchen porch repaired, a fence made, and steps put to the front door. Brown beds of moist earth, shaped into many forms, promised flowers by and by; frames marked where dahlias were expected to rise in their beauty; and trellises and lines of cord showed where one might look for blossoming runners, and frail climbing plants.

Still, make the best of it that one could, a dismal contrast was presented to far-away and ever-to-be-regretted Fenton; and the contrast was never more apparent than on Sunday morning.

The fire-places and chimneys were all out of order, and bedroom fires were an impossibility. Mrs. Morley was driven to wash the two younger children in the kitchen on Saturday night; and while she was thus occupied, Stacey found time for valuable hints, and even for plainer speech.

"You don't find no good teachin' and

preachin' to-morrow to give dese chil'en a pull towards heaven. Sunday ain't a day for standing still; it's a hill, and slippery at dat. If you don't go up towards de Lord's kingdom, you slides down into de devil's dominions, dat's sure! Chil'en find it long day to-morrow; but Bible stories and catechize and teachin' will help to make it shorter. His mother"—thus referring to old Mrs. Morley—"stonishing hand at 'structing people. She teach me all I know. No; now dat too bad. She teach a good deal, but God's good Spirit is de great teacher; and He teach even a poor, stupid, culled pusson. If Mr. Ralph had a sarмонт-book, and read out one to us, and did some talkin' and prayin', and you and the chil'en sing so mighty pretty, 'pears to me it would be a little meetin' de Lord would bless."

Such a family service would have been like the gate of Paradise to old Stacey; but Mrs. Morley knew it was quite out of the question. However, she meant to do something, certainly.

Sabbath began by a breakfast nearly two hours later than common, after a fashion some people have of robbing the Maker of a few hours off each end of that seventh of time which He claims for Himself. Aunt Stacey was up early; and, looking for something congenial, had read half through the Lamentations of Jeremiah before the family had made their appearance. Ralph found himself at a disadvantage the first thing: there was no Sunday-school that he might ask where the lesson was, and what he learned, and who was teacher; there was no church where he could bid the children be present, keep awake, and remember the text. And these things had been the staple of Sunday-morning conversation; and lacking them, he knew not what to say. His seat at table overlooked the mill; and he detected himself considering what repairs must be made. He roused himself, and ordered the boys not to leave the yard during the day, and to learn a lesson as usual; and when a man came to ask about some work, he was taken by surprise, and blundered out, "Yes, no, he would see." Not having a clear conscience before God or himself, Ralph was easily disconcerted.

The Morley children had been taught in a general way that the Sabbath is holy to the Lord. That it was, or could be, a delight, had not entered into the teaching. They were bidden to neither work, play, nor make a noise; and sacred time had been very much of a bore. That the parental mind was not dissevered on the Sabbath from worldly interest had been proven to the children by hearing their mother forecasting of the week's washing and preserving, and their father giving hints of his business. Richard was sharp enough to

see that the agricultural and general news columns of the religious paper attracted his father more than "Missionary Intelligence," or "News of the Churches." To this whole family, Herbert's poem on the Sabbath would have been the wildest and most incomprehensible rhapsody. It is an opinion common to perhaps half the members of our churches, that a child cannot be brought to any religious enjoyment of the Sabbath. If the younger members of the family maintain some silence and propriety of demeanor, and do not disturb the half-somnolent meditations of their elders, it is all of which they are supposed to be capable. The Morleys were of this variety of church members; they had no family religion, no cordial religious intercourse among themselves, no mutual questioning upon the Scripture—indeed, they did not apprehend that these things could be. When one spends a large portion of his time among church members of the Morley description, and recalls the old-time question, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" the natural reply seems to be that it is not likely that he will; or, if he does, it will be faith of that extremely diluted quality that scarcely retains any similitude to the genuine article. However, thank God, the Morleys are not types of all the Church. There are those who begin with God's blessing, and walk in His love, and serve Him with all their house, and with all their heart.

But we must leave moralizing, and show you how this first Sabbath, spent out of the hearing of church-bells, was sanctified. Mrs. Morley, and Ralph also, considered it a duty to read their Bibles, especially on Sabbath; the children were expected to read theirs. The three older ones could read; and Mrs. Morley, after breakfast, established her sons on chairs, well removed from each other, and giving them Bibles ordered them each to learn six verses. Where? Anywhere they chose. Mrs. Morley did not know that one part of Scripture was more suitable to such exercises than any other: she had no idea of asking questions, or making the lesson a means of grace. The boys knew remonstrance was useless; they had fortunately been brought up to obey. They opened their books—though Richard wore a deeply-injured look, as if the Gospel were being imposed upon him. Helen found herself counted out, and lamented. Her mother suggested that she go and stay with Stacey: Helen wanted to read too; and finding it easier to assent than to deny, Mrs. Morley took her youngest on her knee, and began to read the third chapter of Romans to this three-year old infant.

Perfectly contented with the attention shown her, Helen counted the figures on her mother's dress, and was satisfied.

"I can't learn while you're reading to her," growled Richard.

"No, Mary," said Mr. Morley, who had a volume of Church History open before him; "and I cannot read while you do. If you will read to Helen in the other room, I'll see that these boys keep quiet."

The boys were accordingly kept quiet for nearly two hours, during which time they had looked out of the window, and all over the room until they were weary; had spoiled several leaves in their Bibles; had flung paper balls at each other, and had marked the wall and their chairs with knives and pencils. Meanwhile, their father had grown weary of Church History, had looked over the last newspaper and had a nap; and their mother, having got through five chapters of Romans, had reviewed the past, present and future, and decided upon what sewing she should begin in the ensuing week. The boys now reported their lessons ready, and rattled off the verses with some blunders. No sooner was the task ended than they declared themselves hungry, thirsty and sleepy. A visit to the pump and the apple-barrel revived them. Richard got the "Arabian Nights;" Frank, a pencil and paper to draw; and Freddy his slate to play puzzle with Helen. But, before dinner, the three boys had all been shaken for quarrelling, and teasing Helen; had murmured that they hated Sunday, and had audibly wished it were to-morrow, which wish their father had echoed in his secret heart. Now, after dinner, Mrs. Morley saw she must do something if peace was to be maintained. So the boys were again distributed over the room; a catechism given each, with orders to study five questions. And, amid grumbling and twisting, and scowls fearful to behold, the questions were learned and recited without comment.

"Now read your Bibles," said Mrs. Morley.

Richard declared he hated the Bible; Frank, that he wished there wasn't any; and Freddy, that he was sick. Freddy, in consideration of his tender age, was excused from reading; and straightway beguiled Helen to make a dirt-pie behind the house; which amusement their father (out examining his new property, and projecting improvements) nipped in the bud as Sabbath-breaking. And now old Stacey—through with her work at last—did what the mother should have known enough to do. She called these two little children, and told them, in simple language, a Bible-story, asking questions; she sung them a hymn, and helped them learn a text; and had just got them quietly looking at some Scripture prints, when those Goths and Vandals—Richard and Frank—invaded her empire, and brought confusion. Their mother had dismissed them that she might



shorten the day by a nap. Stacey could not prevail upon the elder boys to "learn something good." They had had enough of learning, were free, and meant to enjoy their liberty. Away went the four, and Stacey was alone with her big Bible. Stacey sat on the door-sill with the beloved book on her knee. Over the Bible Stacey's turban never reared an offended front; it settled calmly over the bowed head, and content filled the eyes that scanned the familiar pages. Bible-reading was no form or task to Stacey. It was consolation in trouble, strength for days to come, and food for a spirit hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Bless you! Stacey could not have read five chapters of Romans or of Jeremiah, without being able to tell what they were about half an hour afterwards. She read with heart as well as eyes, and applied what she read.

Ralph Morley had finished his examination of his place, and, feeling weary and dissatisfied, came round by the kitchen-door. It had been a long, dismal, unprofitable day—a day threatening of future trouble, and giving undesired time for self-examination and self-accusation. Ralph Morley came to the kitchen-door; his wife was asleep and his servant was reading. Where were his children? Helen, perched upon the fence, watched a game of marbles going on outside, and had the full benefit of all the slang and swearing of the untrained urchins that played it; Freddy had cut an irregular oval from a newspaper, notched holes in it, and, running broom-straws through the holes, had improvised a kite, which he was surreptitiously flying from the garret-window; Frank was drawing a pair of chickens fighting, on the blank leaf of a "Pilgrim's Progress;" while Richard had fashioned himself a cigar of corn-husks, and was desperately trying to smoke it. All day Ralph had snapped and ordered and shaken his juveniles, and yet could not prevail upon them to spend the day more holily in letter than he was doing in spirit. He was weary of crying "Go" to his children when they wouldn't "go" heavenward. Had lip and life cried "Come," they would have followed him freely; but, poor man, he did not understand that. Ralph knew Stacey could sympathize with him; he looked desperately about and sighed, "See those children—what can I do with them?"

"Take 'em back whar you come from," said Stacey. "You ain't got de knack of bringing 'em up right here. You go where you get help for 'em, and help for your ownself. Oh, Mr. Ralph! I knowed you ever sence you was a little boy, and you mighty dumb scholar in de Lord's ways yet. Don't you stay here and get ruined. You go back whar you get somebody to pull you 'long to hebben."

"It is too late to say go back, when the bargain's made, the house sold, and the expense of moving undertaken," said Ralph, bitterly.

"Somebody buy dis place. Fools 'nough in dis worl' 'sides you, Mr. Ralph, and more houses 'long side churches for you to buy. You got money in de bank will pay for moving. Bettah, a sight bettah, to lose dis here mis'able world, than to lose your own soul, and all de soul you got, and de chill'en's souls in de bargain."

"Poor policy to throw away property like that; I must stay and make the best of it. It isn't possible to leave now, Stacey; it would be a dead loss."

"See here," said Stacey, running her finger along the page open before here. "Let me read you 'bout dat ar King Amiziah, when he went and paid a hundred talents of silver (and dat's more'n you got) to de army of Israel to help him fight. Says de Lord, 'You send dem men home. I don't like 'em, and I can't fight long wid dem.' Says Amiziah, 'But what shall I do for de hundred talents I have given to de army of Israel?' De Lord say, 'I am able to give dee much more dan dis.' Now de king see he got to lose de Lord's help, or lose de money; so he made up his mind to stick to de Lord whatever else he did; and he had good luck. Dat ar was de only sensible thing Amiziah ebber did, and de only time he had good luck. Now 'sposin' he had let go de Lord, 'stid of dat ar money? Why, he loss de money and de battle he were fightin'. Now you look out, Mr. Ralph, and don't you hold so fast to de money dat you lose de Lord, and den de money slip through your fingers too."

Ralph turned away. Stacey's doctrine was too hard for him. Wearily ended the Sabbath-day with form of prayer that was but a form. The children were cross, and were sent early to bed. Ralph felt relieved when it was time for him to go to bed himself; and Mrs. Morley would have been surprised had she realized how glad she was that there were six days before another Sunday. Was Mrs. Morley alone in this feeling? How many so-called Christian families are there, the language of whose life is, "When will the Sabbath be gone, that we may set forth wheat?" But what says Amos? "The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob: Surely I will never forget any of their works." We write no book of rules for family living; but is it not the duty of every parent professing religion to have suitable Sabbath reading, attractive Sabbath exercises, and warm, lively, and constant home instruction on the Sabbath; that by variety and earnestness the duties of the day may be useful and interesting, shall not weary and disgust the children, but shall cause the holy time to be

desired as bringing a blessing and a pleasure beyond all other days?

We told you Stacey quietly and constantly pressed the matter of daily worship. She accomplished this by a private understanding with Helen, who, as soon as she finished her breakfast and supper, was to run to her father with the Bible. For this service, Helen daily received from Aunt Stacey a horse elaborately made of gingerbread. This noble steed she first drew up and down the kitchen-table a few times with a string, and then bit off its tail; next she bit off the head to preserve the balance; the legs then fell victims, to prevent running away, and lastly Helen devoured the shapeless body "to save it." It is quite fearful to consider that Stacey contemplated Helen's eating three hundred and sixty-five gingerbread horses in a year; but this immense sacrifice our old servant was quite willing to offer at the shrine of family worship. This plan worked quite well for some time.

Family worship is a sort of religious thermometer. Ralph Morley's family prayers indicated a low state of spiritual temperature. Ralph had no heart in the act: it was a form, and very formal. You will notice that a man who prays because he must, and for the sake of appearances, never prays *too short*: he looks to the quantity rather than the quality of his prayers; and the Devil bids him give good measure, that the deficiency of fervor may be the more apparent. Ralph duly took the Bible from his little daughter, and opened it at random. He did not know that portions of Scripture might be peculiarly suited to certain occasions; he did not know that times and seasons, joy and woe, Sabbaths and working-days, faults and repentings, and yearnings after better things, all found their parallel in the written Word. He believed it his duty to read a full chapter, however long it was; and if he were pressed with business, he crucified the flesh by selecting some particularly long chapter, and reading doggedly through it. Meantime he wondered if the men were sawing the right logs, if the planking were made the requisite thickness, if John Thomas were drunk, and if Peter Perkins had measured the last pile of boards.

There is no more wretched man than a formalist who has religious instinct, and a little religious training. Conscience goads him on to certain duties, and then lashes him because he finds them uncongenial; he is for ever tortured because he has no vital interest in things divine, when he knows he ought to have it; and he will not cast himself on God's mercy, crying, "Help thou mine unbelief," because a higher faith will combat some darling sin or greed that he is resolved to have and to hold.

Business at the Dodson Mill had been for so long a time under the supervision of King Whiskey, that it was very much disordered. Ralph Morley was a very energetic business man; and he rose early and went over to his mill, putting his hand and his brain everywhere, busy enough until breakfast time. Ralph was willing to reply to the bell, energetically swung by Freddie. He was hungry; he had too much sense to eat so fast as to bring about dyspepsia; and he took his seat at the table prepared to do full justice to the food and to himself. But after breakfast was that little Helen at his elbow with the Bible. The Bible, bread and water of life; but Ralph's soul was not hungry, and he felt that this celestial food was forced upon his spiritual appetite. For form's sake he would have enough; but Ralph was not in fear of religious dyspepsia, and did not understand that this disease is contagious when it seizes the head of a house, and is too frequently imparted from the soul of the father to the children or servants. Mindful of that dainty, the gingerbread horse, Helen thrust out the Word of God, "Here, pa"—and a glance of monition to Stacey.

Ralph has strong drawings towards the mill, where the saws are whirring through white pine logs of mighty growth. Ralph takes the book, and turns to the 5th chap. of Genesis, and begins, "This is the book of the generations of Adam," &c. His heart is on the pine logs, his mind's eye on John Thomas and Peter Perkins. He rushes on through names, ages and deaths; the chapter being, as we all know, a biblical cemetery, with each separate verse a gravestone, sacred to the memory of otherwise forgotten antediluvians, and rather fit for the close student than for the hour of domestic worship. Ralph was not so wise as that famous old man, who, entangled in the mazes of this portion of Scripture, coolly remarked, "And so they went on marrying and dying to the end of the chapter." He rushed on through it, making no judicious remark on man created in God's likeness, calling no attention to him who walked with God, refreshing no youthful memory with a word of those famous men who lived the longest, and who built the ark. No: Ralph considered it his duty to his religious profession to read that chapter through, and his duty to himself to get it done as soon as possible; and in vain did Freddy whimper at the 27th verse—"Oh, I'm sick of so much dying!" As to Frank, he made a pin-hook, tied it to a thread, and carefully fastened it in the hem of Richard's pantaloons. The chapter was finished, to the relief of all the family; and Ralph was now to add a prayer of length suited, not to home and heart needs, but to the length of the chapter. As he knelt down he pushed his chair towards the door, that

he might be prepared for a rush, and glanced to see that his hat was near his hand. Ralph did not pray that his own heart might be delivered from idols, and brought nigh to God, but he prayed that Japan might be brought out of heathendom. He did not supplicate for Richard, who had a bad temper; for Frank, who was fickle; and Freddy, who was idle—that they might be made meet for the kingdom of God; but he took a mental excursion to the islands of the sea, and to the head-waters of the Nile; and, instead of beseeching the All-Father to lead the family in ways of righteousness all the present day, he made a few general remarks to the Lord about the Millennium, and lions lying on straw, and bears eating grass. Oh, Ralph! Ralph! taking tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and forgetting the weightier matters of the law! These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

We were just about to add that Ralph's "Amen," and turning the door-knob, were almost simultaneous, and that he was half-way out of the door before he was fairly off his knees; and perhaps it would have been not much of an imagination.

Mrs. Morley was doing some baking that morning, and Aunt Stacey was ironing. The old servant polished shirt-bosoms and collars, more in sorrow than in anger, and finally remarked, "Dem chil'en get most mighty tired and oneasy at prayers."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Morley. "I don't know what to do with them."

"De ox won't go to an empty crib," quoth Stacey. "Mr. Ralph don't begin to hold prayers like his old fader used to do. *He'd* say, 'Chil'en! I'm goin' to read 'bout de Good Shepherd. Chil'en! here's 'bout a wonderful ting de Lord Jesus did. You hark!' Den when he pray—'Oh, Lord! Ralph played truant yesterday, and dy eye was on him while he was disobeyin' his parents and wastin' his time: make Ralph do better dan dat. Here's Fanny, Lord; she's vain, but dou wilt dwell wid de humble in heart.' Now I tell you, Missus, dem chil'en looked sharp at prayer time to see what was comin'."

"Well, it may have been a good plan," admitted Mrs. Morley; "but I don't exactly like personalities. And, anyway, Mr. Morley has not the knack of instructing that way; people are differently constituted."

"Well," said Stacey, "de Lord's got a great variety of chil'en; but it's all dar duty to get to bein' just as nigh like de hebbenly Fader as dey kin."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morley, pinching down a pie-crust. She called herself constitutionally backward about speaking on religious subjects.

"Dar's sech a ting," said Stacey, "as

sittin' down under de Lord's shadow wid great delight, and 'pears to me dat's what we ought to do at family prayers. We can get togeder to hear de good word, and talk to de Fader in hebben, and *enjoy* it."

"Well, yes," replied Mrs. Morley; "but Mr. Morley is very much pressed and worried with his business; it must be looked after carefully and constantly, and borne in mind all the time, or it will go to ruin."

"Bless you, Missey dear!" cried Stacey, "Dat's just de condition ebery one of our souls is in, and de little lookin' a'ter dey gets jest amazes me."

No reply coming to this, Stacey remarked, as she got a hot iron and rubbed it, "Yes, missey, you can hide de sun wid a dinner-plate; and you can hold up a little old lumber-mill so close to your eyes dat you hide de good Lord of hebben and earth; and it's mighty dangerous too."

One or two Sundays, very much after the pattern of the first, had made holy time a terror to all the Morleys; when Frank, recalling some stories he had read, the exhortation of friends in Fenton, and, moved by a desire for change, proposed that himself and his brothers be allowed to spend Sunday afternoon in a room at the mill, having Sunday-school with the children from the neighboring cabins. Ralph received this idea with rapture. To use a common phrase, it took the curse off present doings. He would be relieved of Sunday noise and pet; his children would be properly occupied in a way of their choice; and then how suitable it was thus to make the wilderness blossom like the garden of the Lord! Ralph was sure that was worth coming to Dodson's for: he was almost ready to think it was what he had come for. It would have been more consistent had Ralph led this movement, and been the head of this Sunday-school, organizing his children and working with them; but this was not in his line of conduct, so he gave permission, and the use of the room, and let the boys go on as they chose. Mrs. Morley declined to let Helen be of the school-committee, until she saw how the matter worked; but she gathered up the papers, cards, old books and Testaments that her sons ordered, and, on Sunday afternoon, the three boys rushed over to the mill with laden arms. Two girls and five boys were in waiting, come from the workmen's cabins. There was some dispute between Richard and Frank about the superintendency; but Frank yielded when Richard threatened to go home if he might not have the post of honor. Richard pompously read a chapter, but got very angry when the boys laughed. Other devotional exercises were dispensed with; and the seven pupils were about to be divided into three classes, when one and all declared

they would not have poor Freddy for a teacher; one of the girls adding insult to injury by pronouncing him "a little snip." Richard now put Freddy among the pupils, and made two classes of four each, but Freddy retired weeping to a corner, and said "he would not play." It took a long time to be suited with seats, and a long time more to be suited with books. Teaching began, and proceeded for about fifteen minutes. But now Richard told his eldest neophyte that he was a sinner.

"I ain't no more of a sinner than you be," said the boy.

"Yes, you are," retorted Richard rashly.

"You lie!" cried Peter Perkins's heir.

Richard's hot temper blazed, and he struck young Perkins in the face. It was the signal of an affray: the three Morley brothers on one side, the five cabin boys on the other, and the two girls cheering on both parties. Blows were given; books flew through the air; oaths and howls were heard; and Stacey, listening for mischief, heard and ran to the rescue. Words, shakes, slaps, and general efficiency parted the combatants. Richard was minus the sleeve of his jacket; Frank had lost an important part of his trowsers; and Freddy was short one tooth: but that Stacey, said, was loose, and "would soon have come out any way." The remnants of the school books were collected; the mill-boys vowed they would never come there again; and Richard and Co. promptly declared they "didn't want them to,—they weren't worth teaching." Stacey drove her flock of nurslings home; and Mrs. Morley shed tears over this misadventure. Ralph indignantly declared his neighbors a low set, neither reproved nor questioned his own children, and thus ended the first attempt at religious improvement at Dodson's lumber mill,—ended thus because Ralph's heart was more exercised with covetousness than with eternal life.

(To be continued.)

## STORY OF A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

It was Christmas eve. The City of N— was one blaze of light, as the windows of the various shops, with their brilliant array of goods for the holidays, shot out their beams, as if in rivalry one with the other; while hurrying crowds, with smiles of pleasant anticipations upon their faces, bustled to and fro, to make the last purchases for the coming festival. The cheerful lights from the windows of the dwellings, also seemed to speak of joy and gladness within.

But let us get from these gay and festive scenes into a little court, leading from one of the principal business streets of the city, where stood a row of old-fashioned wooden

houses, with moss-covered roofs and broken chimneys, having had for many years the same appearance outwardly that they still bore, that of falling to the ground at any moment. In the first of these tenements, within a lower room, the want and misery of which was faintly revealed by a gas-light, which burned in front of the window outside, sat a lad of about fifteen years of age, with a girl a few years older than himself.

"Come, sister," said the boy, "we ought to go now, before it is later and colder."

"No, Marco," answered the girl, gently, "you must not go to-night; you are not strong enough."

"But I shall feel better when I get out."

"You know you have had nothing to eat all day," remonstrated his sister, "and you will be faint."

"Do you not remember, Lisette,"—and here his voice faltered,—"that three years ago last night, when our mother died, she called me to her bed, and asked me to bring her harp to her; and, when I had brought it, how she said, 'Marco, take this harp and keep it for my sake. It is all I have now to remind me of my dear home in old Italy. Play it often, and to-morrow night, on the Holy Christmas-Eve, go into the street with it, sing of Him whom I feel I shall then have seen. I shall be singing to Him, while you are singing of Him, and'—"

Here the boy broke down in a flood of tears, as the vivid recollection of that scene, that voice now hushed, their desolate condition, overwhelmed him; and his sister, seeing it would be a relief to his mind to go out, brought him his treasured harp, which he spent some time in tuning.

Marco was born blind, and, never having known the blessedness of eyesight, he could not as much realize the loss. His nature was highly sensitive, and, together with a fanciful turn of mind, could highly enjoy all that was told him by his faithful guide, as it occurred in real life, or among the beauties of nature.

The street-door soon opened, and the two coming out, pursued their way, the girl carefully guiding the brother's steps, who, with his loved harp at his side, leaned confidently on her.

"Let us go to the rich houses first, Marco," said Lisette.

"The poor ones, please," answered the boy; the Christ-child came first to a stable, and these must hear of Him before the others."

Then they came into a miserable, dimly-lighted street, and stopped before the wretched dwellings there, into whose corners such sweet strains had never before entered. Marco struck a few sweet chords upon the instrument, and then with his sweet, plaintive voice sang the following

hymn, which his mother taught him when quite young, and which having sung with her for many years, he still continued to sing for her sake :—

“ There came a Little Child to earth  
Long ago,  
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth  
High and low :  
Out in the night, so calm and still,  
Their song was heard ;  
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill  
Was Christ the Lord.

“ Far away in a goodly land,  
Fair and bright,  
Children with crowns of glory stand,  
Robed in white—  
In white more pure than the spotless sun ;  
While their tongues unite  
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago  
On Christmas night.

“ They sing how the Lord of that world so fair  
A child was born ;  
And, that they might the crown of glory share,  
Wore a crown of thorn ;  
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,  
Came forth to die,  
That the children of earth might in glory reign  
With Him on high.

“ He has put on His kingly apparel now,  
In that goodly land,  
And He leads to where fountains of water flow  
That chosen band.  
And for evermore, in their robes so fair  
And undefiled,  
Those ransomed children His praise declare  
Who was once a child.”

As his voice rang out upon the air, many came to the window, or gathered about him, to hear the glad news of a Saviour's birth, who had never known His name. And thus the boy and girl passed on through the most miserable streets of the city, until they reached the luxurious homes of the rich.

“ Here is a house with the curtains up,” said the sister. “ There is a bright fire in the parlor, and the father, mother and children, are all sitting around it. Will you sing here ?”

“ Do they look happy ?” asked the boy.

“ O yes, brother ; I think they must know who Jesus is.”

Tuning the harp anew, Marco commenced the oft-repeated tale. Never had his voice seemed so clear and sweet, and yet so beautifully sad. The group inside the house ran to the window on hearing the music, saw the two figures on the sidewalk, and heard about what the boy was singing.

“ What a beautiful voice he has !” said the lady.

“ I should think they would be very cold ;

cannot we ask them to come in ?” asked the children of their father.

“ If mother is willing,” he replied. She was very glad to grant their request ; and going to the door, asked them to come in by the fire.

“ The lady asks us to come into the house, Marco, shall we go ?”

“ I thought I heard my mother's voice,” said the boy, as if lost in thought ; she calls to me to come ; then rousing himself, he answered, “ Yes, sister, we will go.”

They went up the steps into this pleasant home, where the children had father and mother and every comfort of life.

“ Oh how nice and warm,” exclaimed the boy as he entered the room.

“ Come nearer to the fire, my lad ?” said the gentleman. “ Cannot he see ?” he asked, observing that he did not move.

“ No, sir ; he is blind,” said his sister.

“ Come, Marco, I will lead you to a seat. The fire is so beautiful, so warm, you will be all well now.” And the two orphans sat by that home hearth, the comforts of which they had never realized, having been born and brought up in poverty.

“ Let me take your harp,” said the lady, “ you must be tired carrying it about.”

“ Oh no,” he said, clinging closely to it, “ do not take it away ; I cannot let it go from me to-night.”

“ Then you love it very much ?”

“ It was my mother's ; she gave it to me just before she died.” Then he told the story of that touching scene, while the tears stole unconsciously down the cheeks of the hearers as he related it. “ And I know,” he continued, “ that she—my angel mother—leans down from heaven to catch the hymn I sing, and echoes it on her golden harp. I thought I heard her to-night.”

“ What was that you were singing ?” asked the lady.

“ It is a hymn that tells me about Jesus.”

“ Then you know who Jesus is ?”

The boy turned his face round to the spot from whence her voice proceeded, so that the firelight revealed the delicate contour of his face, and said earnestly : “ Because my eyes cannot see, is no reason why my soul should be blind.”

“ Won't you please sing us the hymn,” asked the children, “ if you are not too tired ?”

“ He will love to sing it to you,” said his sister, “ he is never tired of repeating it.”

“ There came a little child to earth,” he sang, and clearer and stronger grew his voice as he proceeded, while a radiance came over his face, as if he was hearing in reality the echo of the heavenly host.

When he sang the words, “ And forever more in their robes so fair,” his voice burst forth with unwonted strength, as if he could not express his own joy sufficiently.

“ Those ransomed children,” he warbled,

but feebler than before. "His praise declare who once was a—" He ceased, and the blood slowly oozed from his mouth. The burst of praise had been too much for the frail spirit so sensitively formed.

His sister, screaming, rushed to his side; but the lady tried to calm her, saying that he should be taken up stairs and provided for.

Marco seemed to hear these words, for his lips moved, and his sister, bending down, heard the word "home."

"I think he would like to be carried home, ma'am. Do not think him ungrateful, it was our mother's home, you know."

The boys lips moved again: "Mother," he murmured.

The gentleman, leaving the room, ordered a carriage, in which he deposited the light form of the little musician, still holding the harp with a tight grasp. His sister followed, and they were soon at home. He was laid on his own little bed, while the physician, who had been summoned, tried every possible means to rouse him from his stupor. But all seemed useless, and having left directions to be carried out when he should awake, he took his leave.

For a long time, Marco lay perfectly motionless, the stillness of the room unbroken, save by the occasional sobs of Lisette, as she watched by his side.

At twelve o'clock the chimes of the neighboring church were played, to usher in the holy time of Christmas. The boy stirred slightly, as if the sound had awakened him. When they ceased, he suddenly roused himself, put out his hands at the side of the bed, and felt for his harp. Having found it there, he lifted it up with wondrous strength, struck one full, sweet chord, as of a great amen, then sunk back upon his pillow.

The morning dawned, bringing its glad light to many a happy face and heart, as the joyous day arrived, but on the face of Marco rested a smile, a radiance brighter than earth with all her joys could ever give.

His eyes were opened! He had seen Jesus!

\* \* \* \* \*

Years have since passed away. In a handsome house within this same city, embellished with every mark of elegance and comfort, lives a lady, who, though much older than when we last heard of her, is no other than the sister of Marco. She often relates the story of her early life and wanderings to her children, while the dear, old harp, regarded as sacred by them all, remains a silent witness in one corner of the

parlor. The strings have never been touched since the one who so loved to strike its chords completed his own soul-harmony in heaven.

At evening, when the lamps are lighted, the children beg their mother not to draw the curtains. "Some boy and girl may come to-night and sing," they say, and so the home-light beams out upon any poor homeless wanderers who may chance to gaze upon it.

Should you drive a few miles out of the city, you will come to a quiet cemetery, where, in a secluded spot under a willow tree, is a grave. At its foot a love-token of flowers is ever placed, while on the headstone one may read the following inscription:—

MARCO BINO :  
born  
April 3, 18—;  
died  
Dec. 25, 18—.

"And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

"And the eyes of the blind shall be opened."

STOCKING SONG.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Welcome, Christmas, heel and toe!  
Here we wait thee in a row.  
Come, good Santa Claus, we beg—  
Fill us tightly, foot and leg.

Fill us quickly ere you go,  
Fill us till we overflow.  
That's the way; and leave us more  
Heaped in piles upon the floor.

Little feet that ran all day  
Twitch in dreams of merry play;  
Little feet that jumped at will  
Lie all pink, and warm, and still.

See us! how we lightly swing;  
Hear us! how we try to sing.  
Welcome, Christmas, heel and toe!  
Come and fill us ere you go!

Here we hang till some one nimbly  
Jumps with treasure down the chimney—  
Bless us! How he'll tickle us,  
Funny old St. Nicholas!

**NOUS SOMMES TROIS SOUVERAINS PRINCES.**

MUSIQUE RECUEILLIE ET TRANSCRITE AVEC PIANO PAR J. B. WEKERLIN.

*A French Christmas Carol of the last century, sung in the Province of Anjou.*CHANT. *Andante con mot.**p*

Nous som - mes trois sou - ve - rains  
Prin - ces are we, sove - reign - ty

prin - ces De - l'O - ri - ent, Qui voy - a geons de nos pro -  
bear - ing In Eas - tern land: Trav - el - lers three, roy - al - ly

vin - ces En Oc - ci - dent, Pour ho - no - rer le Roi des  
far - ing to Wes - tern strand; Hon - or to pay the King of

rois Des sa nais - san - ce, Et re - ce - voir les dou - ces  
kings At His ap - pear - ing: To hear the law the child

*Rit.*  
lois Que don ne son en - fan ce.  
king brings Sweet in the hear - ing.

*Rit.*

Nous avons dans ces cassettes  
Quelques présents,  
D'aromates les plus parfaites,  
D'or et d'encens.  
Agréez, Seigneur, ce trésor  
Et nos hommages:  
En recevant la myrrhe et l'or,  
Bénéissez ces trois mages.

Caskets have we, caskets the fairest  
Our gifts to hold:  
Spices odorous, richest and rarest  
Incense and gold.  
Take then, O Lord, our treasure store,  
Hear our confessing:  
Thou hast the myrrh and gold—therefore  
Give us Thy blessing.





## The Home.

### GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS.

BY S. H. M.

"I must say, Alice, I cannot see how you find so much time for reading," said Mrs. Crawford, as her cousin, Mrs. Gray, entered her sitting-room with a book from the circulating library. "You have about the same work to do that I have, yet so far as I can see, you neglect nothing and still find time to read and improve."

"Well, cousin, I do not see how it is," answered Mrs. Gray, pleasantly. "You do not seem to be idle; I always find you busy whenever I call."

"I am always busy; that is, my work is never done. I am behind in everything. I have been owing calls for six months, and as for reading, I can never have an hour for that. I cannot tell when I have taken up a book with the intention of reading it through or enjoying it."

"I find time for very little compared to what I should like to," said Mrs. Gray; "for I cannot afford but one servant, and must keep the greater part of my sewing at home. Still I manage to keep up and read at least a book every month."

"Besides the newspapers?" cried Mrs. Crawford in astonishment.

"Besides the newspapers. I must keep myself posted in the news above all other things," said Mrs. Gray. "But I must hurry home," she continued. "I do wish, Mary, that you would find time to read this," showing her the book. "I hear it praised very highly."

"Oh! I know I cannot, so it is of no use to speak of it."

"Well, I do not see how it is," soliloquized Mrs. Gray as she walked homeward. "Mary used to be a famous reader in our girlhood days. I am afraid she has not the faculty of economizing time. I wish I could see into the working of her household machinery."

It was not a very long time after this that Mrs. Gray had her desire gratified. It so happened that both the ladies' husbands were called away from home on business at the same time. As they were to be gone a few weeks, Mrs. Crawford invited her cousin to spend the time at her house, which invitation was accepted, and Mrs. Gray was domiciled under her cousin's roof.

"Now," thought she, "I am going to

watch Cousin Mary and see what becomes of her time."

The next morning after her arrival, she was quite surprised upon entering the dining-room to find no one there, although she had lain later than usual herself, "Where is your mistress?" she inquired of the servant, who was busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast.

"She's not up yet, plaze," was the answer.

Mrs. Gray said nothing, but upon looking at her watch found it was nearly eight o'clock. She crossed the hall and stepped into the parlor. A neat little room it was when kept so; but now it looked pretty much as any parlor will look after an evening's occupation by the family, perhaps a little more topsy-turvy. The centre-table was littered up with newspapers, books, crochet work, the sewing basket, and even Mrs. Crawford's best back hair formed a part of the miscellaneous pile. There was a fire in the grate which had been made by the servant, but the hearth was strewn with ashes and cinders. On the sofa were Mrs. Crawford's furs and cloak, which she had worn the previous day, and had tossed them there instead of carrying them up-stairs. It did not take Mrs. Gray very long to see all this; she just smiled to herself, as she began the almost hopeless task of restoring the table to something like order. She folded up the papers, placed the books in order, put the sewing into the tiny work-basket, and had just swept the hearth when the breakfast-bell rang.

"You are an early riser, I presume," said Mrs. Crawford as Mrs. Gray entered the dining-room.

"Yes, rather, compared with you. In this your usual time for breakfast?"

"I can hardly say that we have any usual time for breakfast," laughed Mrs. Crawford. "I generally have breakfast by this time," looking at the clock—it was almost nine. "When Frank is at home he usually breakfasts at half-past seven, but I seldom do. I enjoy a morning's nap so much."

The two ladies sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Crawford's appetite was poor; she never did "relish her breakfast," she said.

"I do," said her cousin, "and my appetite is prodigious this morning, for I am accustomed to rising and eating early."

"Are you!" said Mrs. Crawford, languidly.

"I do not see the use of getting up so early when one is not obliged to."

"I have a little writing to do this morning," said Mrs. Gray, as they arose from the breakfast-table. "So I must ask to be excused from the parlor this morning."

"Oh! certainly, but be sure you are through by dinner. We dine at one, and I have planned an expedition for this afternoon."

Mrs. Gray started to her room, and Mrs. Crawford after a stretch or two, and many times saying, "Well I must get to work," went into the parlor. She saw at a glance that some person had already been there, and as that was no part of the servant's work she rightly guessed who it was. It never occurred to her, however, that some person had done this while she was dozing the morning hours away. A bit of ribbon lying on the table attracted her attention; she picked it up and began fashioning it into a bow. At least twenty minutes were spent in the attempt before it suited her fancy; then tossing it into the work-basket she picked up her furs and started up-stairs to her bedroom. Here the first thing which attracted her attention was her bonnet. Somehow it looked stale, she thought, and taking it up began to wonder if she could not manage to give it a new appearance.

An hour afterward Mrs. Gray entered her cousin's room, and found her sitting on the bed surrounded by flowers, old ribbons, and her bonnet in her hand.

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "You are not contemplating the millinery business, are you?"

"Yes, at least part of it. I was just looking amongst these to see if I had something to put on my bonnet in place of this japonica; I am tired of it. How do you think this would look?" holding up a beautiful cluster of moss roses.

"I do not think it would improve it at all. I think that japonica exquisite."

"I think so, too; but I have worn it some time and am tired of it."

"Then I would buy something new. To my eye nothing here is half so beautiful."

Mrs. Crawford held up the bonnet and looked at it from all points, unable to decide what to do with it.

"Is that eleven o'clock?" she asked in a startled tone, as she heard the tiny clock chime out the hour. "It is, as sure as I live. I must hurry to tell Ann what to have for dinner." She fairly flew to the kitchen.

"Shure, ma'am, it's meself as can't be gettin' soup made at this time for dinner to-day."

"What can we get, Ann? Dø help me think."

"There's the turkey left from yesterday—I could be afther fixin' that up for yees."

"That will have to do—and get some of the canned vegetables and fruit, and fix it up nice. I had no idea it was so late," she added to herself, as she left the kitchen. "Time flies so fast, and I do not get a thing done." Mrs. Crawford had told herself that every day for years. On her way back to the chamber she had left in such haste, she remembered there was something in the parlor that she wanted. She stepped in. The piano was open, and a new piece of music, which Mrs. Gray had brought, lay before it. She just went up to look at it. The temptation was too great; she could not resist the desire to play it through just once. Mrs. Gray, in the room above, heard the music and looked at her watch, mentally resolved to look at it again when the music should cease. She had just thirty minutes to wait.

When Mrs. Crawford re-entered the chamber Mrs. Gray saw that the bonnet, which, with all the etceteras had been left on the bed, was likely to be taken up again, and quietly said—"Mary, I would have cleaned up your room for you, only I did not know what to do with all these—" pointing to the bed and its litter.

"No, cousin. If you had I should have been ashamed of myself. I will soon clear this up, and I must hurry, too. Bless me! here's the half of the day gone and I have not done anything. Do you get your work done up before noon always?"

"Always when I am able to do it at all," was the answer.

"Well, I cannot see how you do it," sighed Mrs. Crawford. Mrs. Gray said nothing, but she thought she could tell her if she chose.

Like all idle persons, when once started, Mrs. Crawford could work with a will, and at it she went with an alacrity that quite astonished Mrs. Gray, who was glad to beat a retreat. She shook up the bed, hurried on with the sheets and blankets, and went at the sweeping with a vengeance. She was vainly trying to catch up with time. She had often heard that "an hour in the morning is worth two through the day," but had never verified the truth of the proverb in her own practice.

Neither lady saw the other until the bell rang for dinner. Mrs. Gray was first in the dining-room, but in a few moments Mrs. Crawford came in. Her hair was dressed, but she still clung to her morning wrapper.

"I declare, I have not had time to dress for dinner," she said, half apologetically.

"I guess we shall enjoy it quite as well," answered her cousin.

"If your appetite is as good as mine I am sure we shall," returned the other.

"What is your programme for this afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Gray.

"I never have any programme," answered

Mrs. Crawford, "but I had intended a stroll for this afternoon."

"Do you never lay out your work?" inquired Mrs. Gray, cautiously.

"Not very often. I have tried that plan several times. It may work for a day or so, but I invariably fall behind my calculations. Something always interferes, and I have sometimes doubted if there is ever anything gained by it. Do you think there is?"

"Most certainly I do," answered her cousin, "but if we are going out this afternoon we must not sit here longer," and both ladies left the dining-room to prepare for a walk, from which they did not return until dark.

As no visitors came in, they spent the evening quietly talking of girlhood days. Thus ended the first day of Mrs. Gray's visit to her cousin.

With the next morning came the same late breakfast, and the whole day passed in the same manner as the other had; Mrs. Crawford always finding something to do which might have been left undone, and leaving undone the things which required her immediate attention. And thus a week slipped by, and during that time Mrs. Crawford had repeatedly declared she never had a moment's time for reading or improvement.

"You see just how it goes all the time, Alice," she said, as her cousin had urged her to read a new work by a popular author; "I should like to know how I am to find the time. If you can tell me some way to economize that article, I shall be forever obliged to you."

"I think, Mary, that I have discovered the secret source of your peculiar trouble," answered Mrs. Gray, "you do not gather up the fragments."

"Fragments of what?"

"Of time."

"I do not think I understand you," said Mrs. Crawford, looking a little nettled as she met the calm gaze of the other.

"I mean that you constantly allow trifles to steal away your time. If you will allow me, I will just give you the result of my observations since I have been here."

"Then you have been taking notes," said the lady, good humoredly.

"I confess I have, but not to satisfy any curiosity on my part, but for your own benefit," said Mrs. Gray.

"Well, let me hear them. I promise you my undivided attention," and Mrs. Crawford leaned back in her chair, assuming a comical expression of injured innocence.

"And your good humor, too?"

"Yes, if I have any."

"You will not interrupt me?"

"No. Begin at once."

"In the first place, you have lost in four

mornings just six hours by lying a-bed until past eight o'clock."

Mrs. Crawford threw up both hands, drew a long breath, and exclaimed—"Then you want me to get up before day!"

"No, I do not. But remember, you are not to interrupt me. One morning you lost just twenty minutes making a ribbon bow, which you threw into your work-basket, where it has lain ever since. Next you thought to fix a bonnet which needed no repairing. You spent just forty minutes at that. Another morning you spent just thirty minutes looking out of your chamber window at nothing, as I could see. Let us sum this up and see what it amounts to. One hour and a half in bed, twenty minutes making a useless bow, forty minutes looking at your bonnet—for that is all it amounted to; that makes two hours and a half; and thirty minutes looking out of the window makes just three hours. Just think of the pages you could read in that time!"

"Pretty good for one day," said Mrs. Crawford, a little nettled. "But does every day show a like record?"

"Very much the same as regards the waste of time. But you promised to retain your good humor."

"Go on. I will try to keep cool."

"I have not much more to say. I think these facts will convince you that much of your time might be gathered up and made of some more value to you," said Mrs. Gray.

"But you would not have me never to take up any music, never indulge in making those trifles my fancy may desire; always keep at work, would you?"

"By no means," answered the other.

"But what you lack is order—system. You take up something and half finish it, perhaps; then leave it for something else, and so go from one half-finished work to another, and the consequence is, nothing is ever completed at the time it should be. The way that you practice your music does you no good. Instead of having a stated time for it, you see something perhaps when you are dusting the parlor that you would like to practice. You sit down, run through it once or twice maybe, then suddenly think of something you should have done an hour before, and off you go. Your time is lost, for such practice does you no good."

There was a silence of some moments, then Mrs. Crawford said—"I believe you are right, cousin. I was a little inclined at first to rebel against your lecture, but it is all too true. We can economize in time as well as anything else. But I must say that I always did detest the arrangement that makes everything be done at the precise time and exactly the same way every day, let come what will. I have a neighbor of this sort, and even the clothes on the line

on washing-day hang in the same place every week. I wonder sometimes if they do not know their places and jump right into them."

"I do not know as there is anything gained by such precision as that," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, "but I am not speaking so much of the manner of doing things as of the time to do it."

"Well, cousin," said Mrs. Crawford, after a long pause, "I will try to practice your preaching. I will make an effort to gather up these fragments of time. Let me see, I must be up by seven in the morning in order to have breakfast at half-past."

The next morning Mrs. Crawford was called at seven o'clock.

"Remember your promise," said Mrs. Gray, as she knocked at the door.

But it was so hard to get up so early. That morning's nap seemed the sweetest of all sleep to her, but she resolutely determined to break off the habit, so she arose forthwith.

"I am on trial to-day, you know," she said to her cousin. "You must act as prompter. I dare say I shall need one, I find it so hard to get off the old road."

"I have no doubt you do," responded Mrs. Gray, "but you will find the by-paths so new and fresh that you will wonder you never entered them before.—*Home Magazine*.

## TRUST YOUR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

There is no lesson that so well repays the teacher as that by which children are taught to feel that they are *trusted*—that father and mother commit matters of importance to their care, with confidence that they will not disappoint them. Begin this teaching while the child is yet young. Of course you must gauge the importance of the trust by the age of the child, taking care that you do not tax the little one beyond its capacity; but being just as careful to have it understand that you are in earnest. It is a great event in a child's life when it first feels that you look to it with loving confidence for the performance of certain duties—that you have trusted to its honor; and that feeling of responsibility which comes with this knowledge, wakes up self-respect, and the care and faithfulness which the youngest sees must be necessary to the satisfactory execution of the work, will be good seed sown, that in after years will bear fruit, amply repaying all the trouble it cost to prepare the soil for its reception. That such teaching is not the most easy duty one can accept, every mother knows full well, and would much

prefer to do the work herself, if conscience permitted, than be subjected to the tediousness and annoyance of drilling a child to do it. But this is a mother's mission, which is not wise to delegate to another.

When a child has been repeatedly shown precisely how to do certain things, begin to leave those little "*chores*" for it to do alone when you are not near. Let it be something trivial at first, of course. Say to the little two-year-old, "Mamma must go out for a little while. I am sorry to leave the nursery in disorder; but Eddie is such a helpful little man, he will put all the blocks and 'Noah's Ark' up, just as I like to see them; and little Kitty, too, knows how I wish her to fold the doll's clothes and lay them in the drawer, when her play is over; I am sure this room will look very nice when I return.

If this kindly training is begun early, do you not know how proud and happy these miniature men and women will feel when this work is entrusted to their care—a token of mother's confidence in their ability? Of course, it may be necessary to be a little *short-sighted* when you return, and pass over for the time some few items that will bear improvement; but let these wait. Appear pleased—*be pleased*—with their efforts; give as much sweet praise as is judicious, to gladden their little hearts. It will be time enough when the next trial is made, to say, "I think I would fold this little dress so;" or "put those books here." Gentle hints, interspersed with all possible approval, will fix the lesson, so that you can soon feel safe to put the play-room almost wholly in the care of quite young children, except the sweeping, or work beyond their strength. But their lesson, as we said before, must begin early, else the child will learn to prefer being waited upon to doing the work itself.

As your child can bear it, add, year by year, to the trust and responsibility. Accept the labor as a love-offering to save your time and strength, and it will not be long before willing hands and happy hearts will really lighten your labors, and save you many weary steps, while at the same time they are learning a lesson that will do them good through life. Vary the teaching by sending the child, by and by, out to do a little shopping—some small thing, but such as will call for the exercise of taste and a little judgment; nothing of much importance, so that, should there chance to be a slight mistake, no great harm will follow; yet so much that the child, by thus learning to judge and discriminate in small things, will be preparing for greater ones.

An expedition of this kind stands out among the brightest of our childhood memories. It was in a season of severe sickness, both at home and in the vicinity. Our mother was ill, the older children

either on the sick list or absent. It was quite necessary to send to the "Shiretown," twelve miles distant, where, in those "long ago" days, the most important shopping was done, and the foreign groceries purchased. Father had his buggy at the door just ready to start on this tour, and was making a list of the last items and charges from mother, when he was summoned in great haste to a patient. Here was a dilemma! The purchase must be made, the patient must be cared for. What was to be done? We were sitting in the south hall-door, playing with the baby, so near to the sick room that we could not help hearing the consultation. Father must go to his patient—but who was to go for the articles so greatly needed? The "tailoress" would be on hand in the morning, and the cloth must be had for her work—a tailoress was an important character in those days; and if we lost our turn, there would be weeks to wait before we could secure her again. That would never do, for "the boys" must soon return to school, and their clothes be ready, any how. What could be done? We heard the hurried talk, with a kind of dreamy wonder as to how they would settle the troublesome question; but, as one who could have no personal interest in the solution, went on with our frolic with baby, when mother said,

"Write out a list, with full directions, and send E."

What a bound our heart gave! We nearly dropped the baby. *We*—not twelve years old—and mother thought we could be trusted to do such a big thing! We felt a half head taller only to think that mother, bless her, thought us capable of it. Whether it was decided that we should go or not was, just then, quite a secondary consideration, yet we were "all ears" to catch father's reply;

"Send that child! What does she know of buying anything? and this is a very important errand."

Ah, here our heart collapsed; we didn't quite want to go—the work seemed so great—but we did want father to think us trustworthy and capable as mother did.

"If you think it safe for her to drive alone so far I think you may trust her to do the errand well, with suitable directions. The merchants and grocers are old friends, and will not take advantage of the child."

"Well, it is the only thing we can do," said father, with an anxious, dissatisfied tone, and this great responsibility was committed to our care. How much we thought in that long twelve miles ride to the town! What anxious thoughts on the return ride, fearing that we had forgotten something, or made some ill-advised purchase; but under it all there was a dull pain to remember that father didn't quite trust us, which did not

leave us until, safe at home, all the purchases laid out and examined, he drew us to his knee, close by mother's sick bed, and kissed us with "Well done, my brave girl! Hasn't she done well, mother?"

How much good that day's work did us, giving us courage when duties seemed too hard for us, we can never estimate; but the most precious of all was our mother's trust and father's approbation. It is only by love and gentleness that a child can be taught to find real enjoyment in later or important cares. Exact it as a duty; sternly command, watch, with constant suspicion and fault-finding—and labor is drudgery, and cares of any kind a terror to the young. The child either becomes stubborn, or if timid and loving, is so nervously fearful of being blamed that this very fear insures the dreaded results. Ah, if young mothers could know how many hours of self-reproach the grandmothers pass as they look to the time when their little ones were around them, and see, too late, how many mistakes they made, simply by their own impatience, over-strictness and want of confidence in their children's good intention and desire to do right, it might save them from much regret, and their children from many temptations. But each one must have an experience of their own. When young, we seldom are ready to profit by the experiences of the old, or think them of much more importance than "old wives' fables," but when, after many mistakes, we arrive at middle age, we are able to estimate their value.—*Christian Union.*

### TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your home with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step farther and visit the homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil and self denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses that his mind will not be constantly harassed lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now to resist the

arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you shall have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself, to right and duty, and keep your expenses within your means.—*Rural New Yorker*.

### SELECTED RECIPES.

**APPLE AND QUINCE SAUCE.**—Pare, quarter, and core one peck of sweet apples and half a peck of quinces; then weigh both together; save all the cores and peels that are free from specks or worms; put these into a preserving kettle, just cover with water and boil twenty minutes; strain and pour the liquor over the quinces, cover closely and let it boil till about half done, then add the apples; stir it occasionally to prevent it burning, being careful to break the pieces as little as possible. When done so that a straw or knitting needle will pass easily, add half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, stir it in gently, cover again closely, and leave it on the back part of the stove to simmer a short time, say twenty minutes, till the sugar is thoroughly incorporated with the fruit. Then pack in stone pots and cover closely. It is a very excellent substitute for apple butter, and to most tastes more palatable.

**NEWPORT FISH PUDDING.**—Pick any cold fish left from the dinner into fine bits, carefully removing all the bones. Thicken some boiling milk with flour, wet to a batter with cold milk, and stir the fish into it; season with pepper, butter, and salt. Put it into a pudding-dish, and spread cracker or bread crumbs thickly over the top to prevent the milk from scorching, and set into the oven to bake just long enough to brown nicely. A good way to use up cold fish, making a nice breakfast dish or side dish for dinner.

**SAUSAGE.**—To fifty pounds of meat ground fine, add salt, pepper, and sage to taste; mix well, and add half a pound brown sugar—this prevents the sausage from becoming strong. No water should be used on sausage at all; and a good deal of fat meat should be mixed in with the lean pieces in grinding to make the sausage rich enough to cook itself.

**HOW TO MAKE GOOD YEAST.**—A farmer's wife sends us the following recipe for making good yeast:—"Take eight good-sized potatoes, peel, and boil them in a gallon of water until quite soft; then mash them very fine, and put in two-thirds of a cup of salt, and one cup of sugar; pour over them the water they were boiled in,

and let them stand until cool. Then put in some good yeast, and pour all into a good, clean jug; let it stand in a warm place twelve hours, then cork up tight, and set it in a cold place. It will be ready for use in a day or two, and will keep a month in summer, and any length of time in winter if kept tightly corked."

**RICE PUDDING.**—Boil half a pound of rice in new milk; when cold add half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, ten eggs well beaten; flavor with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in a pudding-dish one hour.

**A GOOD PLUM-PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS**—*time to boil, four hours.*—One pound of raisins, half a pound of suet, one pound of flour, four ounces of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one pint of milk, nutmeg, and grated ginger. Chop the suet very fine, and mix it with the flour. Add the bread-crumbs, ginger, and nutmeg, and the raisins stoned, and mix it all well together with the milk and molasses. Put it into a basin, or floured cloth, and boil it.

**BRUNSWICK JELLY-CAKE.**—Stir together half a pound of fresh butter and half a pound of powdered white sugar until they become perfectly light. Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour, and add to it the yolks of three eggs, beaten very smooth and light, adding in the butter and sugar a teaspoonful of mixed spice, nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, and half a wineglass of rose-water. Stir the whole very well and lay it on your dough-board, which must be first sprinkled with flour. It will be a soft dough, but if unmanagable you can add a little more flour. Spread the dough into a sheet half an inch thick, and cut it into round cakes with the edge of a tumbler. Bake them in buttered pans for about five or six minutes. When cold, spread on the surface of each cake a layer of fruit jelly or marmalade. Beat the whites of three eggs until they stand alone, and add enough white sugar to make it as thick as icing. Flavor it with a few drops of essence of lemon, and heap it with a spoon upon each cake, making it higher in the centre. Put the cakes in a cool oven, and when the tops are of a brown color they are sufficiently done.

**CHOCOLATE PUFFS.**—Beat and sift half a pound of double-refined sugar, and grate into it one ounce of chocolate; then beat the whites of two eggs to a high froth and mix it with your sugar and chocolate. Beat all together until the mixture becomes as stiff as paste, then sugar your papers and drop the puffs on the papers about the size of a sixpence, and bake them in a slow oven.



GENERAL TROCHU.

As General Trochu is now one of the most prominent men in France, we present our readers with a likeness of him, engraved from a photograph. He stands well as a military man and a politician; but it is chiefly in private life that the excellence of his character has been admired. He is understood to favor the Orleans dynasty; and his administration in the difficult position of Commandant in Paris during the present siege appears to have been, upon the whole, ably conducted.

## Literary Notices.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. By Charles Dickens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Montreal: F. E. Grafton.

Dickens' last work is certainly not his greatest; indeed, we question whether it might not with truth be pronounced the poorest that he ever wrote. However, it is neither kind nor fair to judge severely an unfinished work, whose last pages might have entirely redeemed its character, and we will merely proceed to lay before our readers, who may have lacked time or opportunity for a perusal of the book, a slight sketch of its contents. Edwin Drood, the hero, a young engineer, is betrothed to a school-girl, by name Rosa Bud, but commonly called "Pussy" by her lover. She is described as "wonderfully pretty, wonderfully childish, wonderfully whimsical." Edwin does not find his position perfectly agreeable, and, in conversation with his friend, who is also his uncle and guardian, he states it thus:—

"Isn't it unsatisfactory to be cut off from choice in such a matter? There, Jack! I tell you! If I could choose, I would choose Pussy from all the pretty girls in the world."

"But you have not got to choose."

"That's what I complain of. My dead-and-gone father, and Pussy's dead-and-gone father, must needs marry us together by anticipation. Why couldn't they leave us alone?"

His uncle, John Jasper, to whom we are introduced in the first page in the character of an opium-smoker, is Miss Bud's music-teacher, and very deeply, though secretly, in love with her. Edwin's careless talk, therefore, grates frightfully upon his feelings, though he is careful to show no sign of vexation, but is apparently devoted to his nephew's interests. At this stage of the story, we meet with a carefully-drawn character, who has a considerable part to

play in the story. This is Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon of the Cathedral. He is described to us as follows:—

The Reverend Septimus Crisparkle (Septimus, because six little brother Crisparkles before him went out, one by one, as they were born, like six weak little rushlights, as they were lighted) having broken the thin morning ice near Cloisterham Weir with his amiable head, much to the invigoration of his frame, was now assisting his circulation by boxing at a looking-glass with great science and prowess. A fresh and healthy portrait the looking-glass presented of the Reverend Septimus, feinting and dodging with the utmost artfulness, and hitting out from the shoulder with the utmost straightness, while his radiant features teemed with innocence, and soft-hearted benevolence beamed from his boxing-gloves.

It was scarcely breakfast-time yet, for Mrs. Crisparkle—mother, not wife of the Reverend Septimus—was only just down, and waiting for the urn. Indeed, the Reverend Septimus left off at this very moment to take the pretty old lady's entering face between his boxing-gloves and kiss it. Having done so with tenderness, the Reverend Septimus turned to again, countering with his left, and putting in his right, in a tremendous manner.

Red brick walls harmoniously toned down in color by time, strong-rooted ivy, latticed windows, panelled rooms, big oaken beams in little places, and stone-walled gardens, where annual fruit yet ripened upon monkish trees, were the principal surroundings of pretty old Mrs. Crisparkle and the Reverend Septimus as they sat at breakfast.

"And what, Ma dear," inquired the Minor Canon, giving proof of a wholesome and vigorous appetite, "does the letter say?"

The pretty old lady, after reading it, had just laid it down upon the breakfast-cloth. She handed it over to her son.

Now the old lady was exceedingly proud of her bright eyes being so clear that she could read writing without spectacles. Her son was also so proud of the circumstance, and so dutifully bent on her deriving the utmost possible gratification from it, that he had invented the pretence that he himself could *not* read writing without spectacles. Therefore he now assumed a pair,



of grave and prodigious proportions, which not only seriously inconvenienced his nose and his breakfast, but seriously impeded his perusal of the letter. For he had the eyes of a microscope and a telescope combined, when they were unassisted.

The letter alluded to is from a professed philanthropist, named Honeythunder, who, as we might expect from Dickens, unites in his character everything that is disagreeable, and has for its object the placing of his wards, Neville and Helena Landless, in the care respectively of Mr. Crisparkle and Mrs. Twinkleton, the principal of the seminary in which Rosa Bud is a pupil, for the completion of their education. The introduction of this brother and sister into the plot of the story, complicates it wonderfully. They are twins from Ceylon, and have been abused and brought up in ignorance by a cruel stepfather there, and have gone through many adventures. Neville thus depicts himself to his teacher:—

“I have had, sir, from my earliest remembrance, to suppress a deadly and bitter hatred. This has made me secret and revengeful. I have been always tyrannically held down by the strong hand. This has driven me, in my weakness, to the resource of being false and mean. I have been stinted of education, liberty, money, dress, the very necessities of life, the commonest pleasures of childhood, the commonest possessions of youth. This has caused me to be utterly wanting in I don't know what emotions, or remembrances, or good instincts—I have not even a name for the thing, you see!—that you have had to work upon in other young men to whom you have been accustomed.”

“This is evidently true. But this is not encouraging,” thought Mr. Crisparkle, as they turned again.

“And to wish with, sir: I have been brought up among abject and servile dependents, of an inferior race, and I may easily have contracted some affinity with them. Sometimes, I don't know but that it may be a drop of what is tigerish in their blood.”

This passionate young man meets young Drood at his uncle's, quarrels with and appears ready to murder him on account of the complacent way in which Edwin speaks of Rosa, who has already impressed Neville deeply. There is in this scene the vaguest possible hint that the wine supplied to them by Jasper is drugged to produce this effect.

This quarrel is carefully smoothed over by the friends; but it is not very long before the engagement is broken through in the following manner. We give the whole conversation, as it is one of the finest passages in the book:—

“My dear Eddy,” said Rosa, when they had turned out of the High Street, and had got among the quiet walks in the neighborhood of the Cathedral and the river, “I want to say something very serious to you. I have been thinking about it for a long, long time.”

“I want to be serious with you too, Rosa, dear. I mean to be serious and earnest.”

“Thank you, Eddy. And you will not think me unkind because I begin, will you? You will not think I speak for myself only because I speak first? That would not be generous, would it? And I know you are generous!”

He said, “I hope I am not ungenerous to you, Rosa.” He called her Pussy no more. Never again.

“And there is no fear,” pursued Rosa, “of our quarrelling, is there? Because, Eddy,” clasping her hand on his arm, “we have so much reason to be very lenient to each other!”

“We will be, Rosa.”

“That's a dear good boy! Eddy, let us be courageous. Let us change to brother and sister from this day forth.”

“Never be husband and wife?”

“Never!”

Neither spoke again for a little while. But after that pause he said with some effort—

“Of course I know that this has been in both our minds, Rosa, and of course I am in honor bound to confess freely that it does not originate with you.”

“No, nor with you, dear,” she returned, with pathetic earnestness! “It has sprung up between us. You are not truly happy in our engagement; I am not truly happy in it. O, I am so sorry, so sorry!” And there she broke into tears.

“I am deeply sorry, too, Rosa. Deeply sorry for you.”

“And I for you, poor boy! And I for you!”

This pure young feeling, this gentle and forbearing feeling of each toward the other, brought with it its reward in a softening light that seemed to shine on their position. The relations between them did not look wilful or capricious, or a failure, in such a light; they became elevated into something more self-denying, honorable, affectionate, and true.

“If we knew yesterday,” said Rosa, as she dried her eyes, “and we did know yesterday, and on many, many yesterdays, that we were far from right together in

those relations which were not of our own choosing, what better could we do to-day than change them? It is natural that we should be sorry, and you see how sorry we both are; but how much better to be sorry now than then!"

"When, Rosa?"

"When it would be too late. And then we should be angry, besides."

Another silence fell upon them.

"And you know," said Rosa, innocently, "you couldn't like me then; and you can always like me now, for I shall not be a drag upon you, or a worry to you. And I can always like you now, and your sister will not tease or trifle with you. I often did when I was not your sister, and I beg your pardon for it."

"Don't let us come to that, Rosa; or I shall want more pardoning than I like to think of."

"No, indeed, Eddy; you are too hard, my generous boy, upon yourself. Let us sit down, brother, on these ruins, and let me tell you how it was with us. I think I know, for I have considered about it very much since you were here last time. You liked me, didn't you? You thought I was a nice little thing?"

"Everybody thinks that, Rosa."

"Do they?" She knitted her brow musingly for a moment, and then flashed out with the bright little induction: "Well; but say they do. Surely it was not enough that you should think of me only as other people did; now, was it?"

The point was not to be got over. It was not enough.

"And that is just what I mean; that is just how it was with us," said Rosa. "You liked me very well, and you had grown used to me, and had grown used to the idea of our being married. You accepted the situation as an inevitable kind of thing, didn't you? It was to be, you thought, and why discuss or dispute it."

It was new and strange to him to have himself presented to himself so clearly, in a glass of her holding up. He had always patronized her, in his superiority to her share of woman's wit. Was that but another instance of something radically amiss in the terms on which they had been gliding toward a lifelong bondage?

"All this that I say of you is true of me as well, Eddy. Unless it was, I might not be bold enough to say it. Only, the difference between us was, that by little and little there crept into my mind a habit of thinking about it, instead of dismissing it. My life is not so busy as yours, you see, and I have not so many things to think of. So I thought about it very much, and I cried about it very much, too (though that was not your fault, poor boy); when all at once my guardian came down to prepare for my leaving the Nuns' House. I tried

to hint to him that I was not quite settled in my mind, but I hesitated and failed, and he didn't understand me. But he is a good, good man. And he put before me so kindly, and yet so strongly, how seriously we ought to consider, in our circumstances, that I resolved to speak to you the next moment we were alone and grave. And if I seemed to come to it easily just now, because I came to it all at once, don't think it was so really, Eddy, for O, it was very, very hard, and O, I am very, very sorry!"

Her full heart broke into tears again. He put his arm about her waist, and they walked by the river side together.

"Your guardian has spoken to me, too, Rosa dear. I saw him before I left London." His right hand was in his breast, seeking the ring; but he checked it as he thought, "If I am to take it back, why should I tell her of it?"

"And that made you more serious about it, didn't it, Eddy? And if I had not spoken to you, as I have, you would have spoken to me? I hope you can tell me so? I don't like it to be *all* my doing, though it is so much better for us."

"Yes, I should have spoken; I should have put everything before you; I came intending to do it. But I never could have spoken to you as you have spoken to me, Rosa."

"Don't say you mean so coldly or unkindly, Eddy, please, if you can help it."

"I mean so sensibly and delicately, so wisely and so affectionately."

"That's my dear brother." She kissed his hand in a little rapture. "The dear girls will be dreadfully disappointed," added Rosa, laughing, with the dew-drops glistening in her bright eyes. "They have looked forward to it so, poor pets!"

This result they, unfortunately, from different reasons, agree, is not to be made known to John Jasper for a while. Early one morning, not long after this scene, Jasper rushes to Mr. Crisparkle's house and loudly demands his nephew, who, he says, had gone down to the river with Mr. Neville the night before, and had not been seen since. Edwin never turns up. Suspicion is carefully directed by Mr. Jasper to the young man, who was well known to have quarrelled with Edwin; but nothing can be proved, and the book closes with the mystery of his disappearance unsolved. Of course there are many minor characters in the book, some of them as absurd and grotesque as possible; but we have no space for any further quotations, or we would gladly afford our readers a peep at Mr. Sapsea, Durdles' Deputy, Miss Twinkleton, Mr. Grewgious, and the Billickins.

## Editorial Notices.



### THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The portrait of the ex-Empress Eugenie, at the beginning of this number, will strike every one as peculiarly interesting, on account of the distinguished beauty and most romantic life of the extraordinary woman it represents. We copy the following brief sketch of her history:—

The touching picture of Eugenie, which we give herewith, will be viewed with interest at this moment, when the so lately powerful Empress is in exile, parted from the man whose splendid fortunes she has shared, and whose throne she has graced during the last seventeen years.

Her Majesty comes on both sides of a good stock. Her father, Count de Montijo, was a grandee of Spain, descending from a Genoese family who settled in Estremadura. Her mother is of Scottish extraction, being sprung from the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn. She was born May 5, 1826, and educated partly in France and partly in England. Clifton, near Bristol, we believe, is the place which had the honor of educating the future Empress. During her youth she travelled a great deal with her mother, under the title of Countess of Téba. In 1851 she appeared at the fêtes of the Elysée, where her grace and beauty attracted universal attention, and won the heart of the Prince President. They were married with great pomp in Notre Dame on the 22nd January, 1853, when the late President of the Republic, now developed into a Cæsar, publicly vindicated his choice to the following effect:—

“She is of good birth, and although French by feeling, by education, and by the recollection of her father’s services to the Empire, she, as a Spaniard, has no relations in France on whom it is necessary to bestow honors and dignities. Endowed with excellent faculties she will adorn the throne, while in the hour of danger she will become one of its bravest supporters. Her piety will prompt her to pray to Heaven for the happiness of France; her beauty and kindness will recall the memory of the Empress Josephine.”

The Empress took up her residence at the Tuileries, but passed a large part of her

time at St. Cloud; and from Biarritz, which her patronage converted into a fashionable watering-place, she made several excursions into Spain. In 1856 she gave birth to the Prince Imperial.

Modern royalty travels a good deal, and the Empress Eugenie has had a fair share of such journeyings. She has paid several visits to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. In 1859, during the Emperor’s absence in the battle-fields of Italy, she became Regent of the Empire. In 1860 she accompanied her husband through the south of France, Nice, Savoy, and Algeria. Nor ought we to forget her visit to the cholera hospitals of Amiens during the epidemic of 1866. Her last complete year of imperial sway was especially devoted to travelling. She first visited Corsica, Toulon, and the south, and afterward went to Venice, Turkey, and Egypt, at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal.

The opening of the Suez Canal!—what memories does it not recall of fêtes and rejoicings, and narratives written by courtly chroniclers with gilded pens on rose-tinted paper! Contrast these flatteries with the scene of September 4, when a multitude was surging round the Tuileries, when the poor lady, who so recently adorned the throne, fled through the crowd, amidst savage shouts of “To the guillotine!” and after a weary pilgrimage to the sea-coast contrived to set sail for England, where she had the sad consolation of rejoining her son in exile, and renewing her correspondence with her imprisoned husband. And all these calamities must be embittered by the thought that they might so easily have been averted, and so much bloodshed and ruin spared, by the curbing of an ambition which has o’erleaped itself.

The following private letter, written by the Empress from Egypt to her husband, one of a great number of letters from various parties, found in the private cabinet of the Emperor when the people took possession of the Tuileries, and which the Provisional Government has since published, gives a very favorable view of the ex-Empress as a wife and mother. It also indicates judgment in affairs of State:—

ON BOARD THE "IMPERATRICE" ON }  
THE NILE, }  
October 27th, 1870. }

MY DEAREST LOUIS:

I wrote to you *en route* upon (word illegible) on the Nile. To tell you that we are enjoying fresh breezes would not be absolutely the truth; but the heat is tolerable, for there is some air, but in the sun it is quite a different thing. Besides I tell you the state of the atmosphere by telegraph. Through the same means I have news of you and of Louis every day; it is marvellous and pleasant to me that I am always fastened to the dear shore by this wire, which joins me to all that I love. I am delighted by our charming journey, and I would like to give you a description of it; but so many other narrators, more learned and clever than I, have undertaken this task, that the best thing to my mind is for me to shroud myself up in mute admiration. I was very uneasy all day yesterday, thinking that you were in Paris without me; but all has gone on well, as I see by the despatch. When we see other nations one judges and appreciates much more the injustice of our own. I think, in spite of everything, that we should not be discouraged, and that you must advance on the path you have inaugurated (*et marcher dans la voie que tu as inauguré*); good faith on concessions that have been made is, I may tell you, people think and say (*on le pense et dit*), a good thing. I hope, then, that your address will be in this direction; the more you will need force in the future, the more it will be necessary to prove to the country that you have (*qu'on a*) ideas and not expedients. I am, since my departure, very far away and very ignorant of affairs to speak thus; but I am firmly convinced that sequence in ideas is true strength. I do not like *coups*, and I am persuaded that one can't effect a *coup d'état* twice in a reign. I speak at random, for I am persuading a man already convinced of what he knows more about than I. But one must say something, if it were only to prove what you well know—that my heart is near you both, and that, if in tranquil days my vagabond mind likes to wander through space (*dans les espaces*) in those of anxiety and disquiet my place is by the side of you both. Isolated from men and business, you breathe a calm atmosphere, which does you good; and, deluded by imagination, I believe that all things go well, because of all things I am ignorant. Amuse yourself; relaxation I believe to be indispensable; one must refresh the moral as one recruits the physical constitution, and an idea constantly dwelt upon ends (*et idée constante finie*) by wearing even the best organized brain. I have experienced this; and if all that has during my life

made the beautiful colors of my illusions fade, I now no longer wish to remember. My life is finished; but I live again in my son, and my true joys, I believe, are those which, passing through his heart, reach mine. Meanwhile I enjoy (*je joui*) my journey; the sunsets (*des couchés du soleil*); the savage nature reduced to cultivation on the banks of a breadth of 50 mètres, and behind that the desert with its *dæcores*—all resplendent in the rays of a burning sun. *Au revoir*, and believe in the love of her who is entirely devoted to you.

EUGENIE.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY  
FOR 1871.

This well known literary Monthly, the only one of the kind in the Dominion, will be issued for 1871 in a way which will enable new subscribers to begin with that year, as if it were a new series. It will be issued so as to make two volumes for the year, each being for six months, and containing 384 pages with title page and index, as the magazine was issued for the first two years. Formerly, however, the year began with October, but it has since been found more convenient to begin with January; and formerly the volumes were numbered 1, 2, 3, &c., but hereafter the designation will be

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY  
FOR 1871.

PART I—(January to June, inclusive)

PART II—(July to December, inclusive),

and so on in future years. This will make each year complete in itself, and not necessarily part of a series; but as we cannot print many copies of the first number on chance, and as all would doubtless like to have the year complete, we would urge intending subscribers to send in their subscriptions as speedily as possible, in order that we may know how many copies to print of the January number. There will be at least two serial stories in 1871, and a resumé of the chapters of "Adrienne Cabelle" and "Moth and Rust," which have appeared in 1870, will be given in the first number for 1871, in order that new subscribers may enter upon these stories intelligently.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY has

an extensive circle of able contributors, whose tales, articles, &c., fill full half of each number,—the remainder being made up of selections from the best literature of the period. It has also one or more pictures in each number, chiefly portraits of the celebrities of the day.

We append the Terms and a few of the recent notices of the press of Canada:—

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The price is \$1.50 per annum; but any old subscriber remitting for himself and a new subscriber at the same time, can have the two copies, addressed separately, for \$2; and any five subscribers, old or new, may combine together and have the five copies, addressed separately, for \$5.

N.B.—Subscribers for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY and WITNESS may have both at the following rates:—DOMINION MONTHLY and DAILY WITNESS, \$4; ditto and SEMI-WEEKLY, \$3; ditto and WEEKLY, \$2. We may add that none of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY matter appears in the WITNESS, nor WITNESS matter in the NEW DOMINION.

N.B.—Subscribers whose term expires with this number, are requested to renew in good time, to prevent any break in their series, as the magazine is discontinued when the term is up, unless the subscription is renewed.

#### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

This popular Canadian serial ought to have a large circulation in all the Provinces, first—because it is a good, instructive, family periodical; and, secondly—because of the extremely low price at which it is furnished. The importance to a country of having a literature of its own is a subject upon which a great deal might be said; we will just say, in the meantime, that the more liberally we patronize home efforts in this direction, the sooner will the honorable achievement of a Canadian literature be realized.—*People's Journal, Toronto.*

We would recommend it to all who wish to have a serial most interesting to the Canadian reader.—*Cobourg Sentinel.*

The best and cheapest periodical published in Canada.—*South Simcoe News.*

Is full of varied and interesting reading matter.—*Huron Signal.*

Always a welcome visitor.—*Sarnia (Ontario) Canadian.*

Is worthy the patronage of every reader.—*Paisley (Ont.) Advocate.*

Always presents an interesting table of contents.—*Richmond (Q.) Guardian.*

The illustrations are exceedingly well executed.—*Hamilton (Ont.) Journal.*

Abounds with matter of Canadian interest.—*Paris (Ont.) Star.*

This serial has done a good work in fostering Canadian literature. Its excellent and diversified contents make it a welcome visitor, and we should like to see it occupying a place in every Canadian home.—*Bruce (Ontario) Reporter.*

It is beautifully illustrated, and the reading matter is exceptionally good. The prospectus for 1871 offers great inducements, and the NEW DOMINION should have a rush of new subscribers this fall.—*Vidette, St. Mary's (Ont.)*

This excellent magazine, for November, is out and contains a large amount of interesting reading matter, both original and selected, besides illustrations, music, fashion plates, and receipts of a domestic character. Its price is low and its appearance excellent.—*St. John, N. B., Daily News.*

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for November will be welcomed by its thousands of readers. We are glad to notice the improvements constantly made in this work.—*Ingersoll (Ont.) Chronicle.*

Is taking a high position among the periodicals of the day.—*Quebec Mercury.*

Our national magazine.—*Liverpool (N. S.) Advertiser.*

Is up to the usual high standard.—*Express, Halifax, N. S.*

We highly recommend it to our readers as a first-class Monthly.—*Charlottetown (P. E. I.) Examiner.*

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for November has come to hand. The contents are varied, and more than usually interesting. It is one of the cheapest of Magazines of the kind published anywhere, and we would advise such of our readers as wish to post themselves up in Canadian incidents, as well as supply their families with a large amount of useful reading, to subscribe for it from the first of the year.—*Charlottetown (P. E. I.) Patriot.*

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