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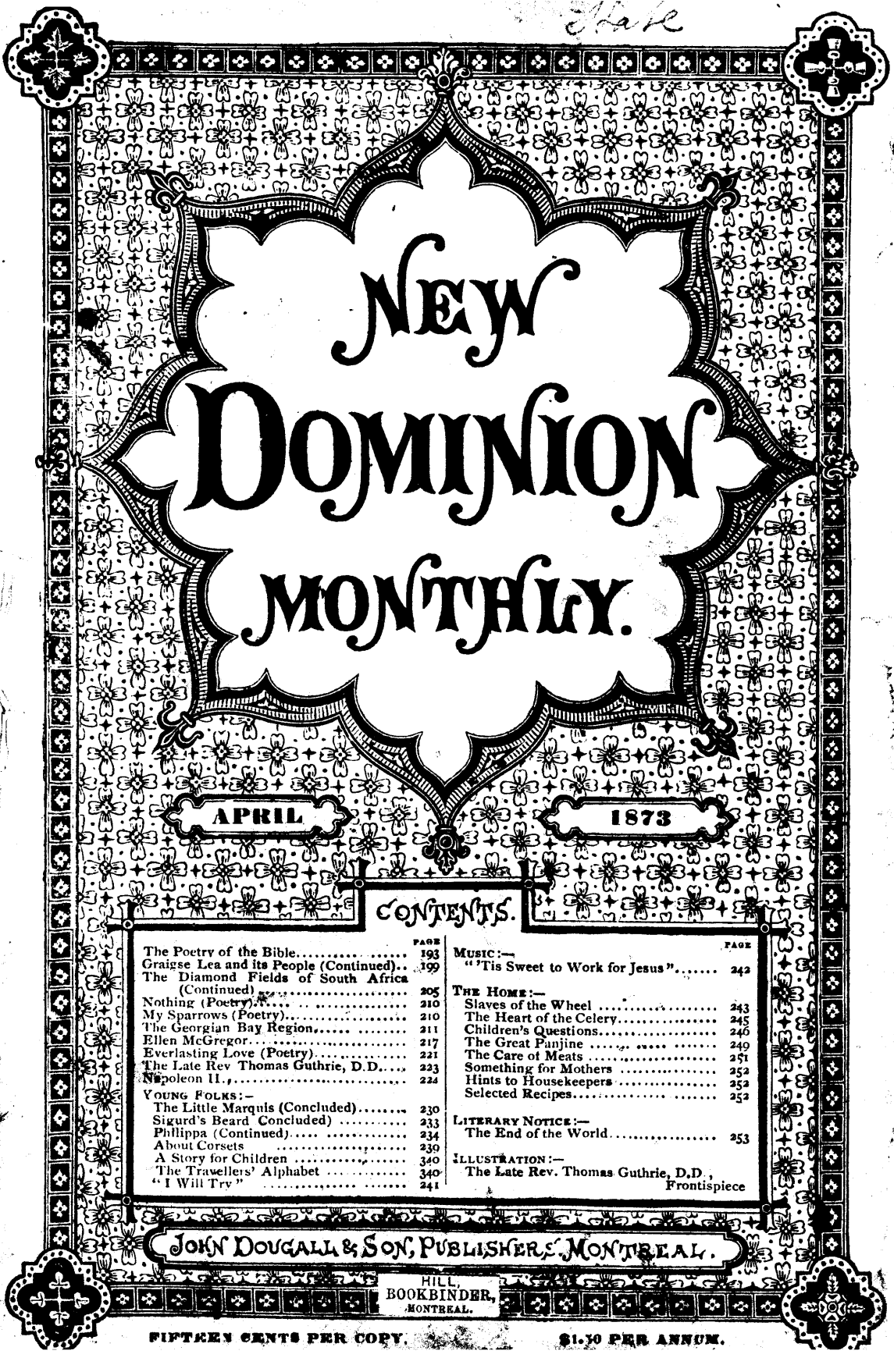
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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL

1873

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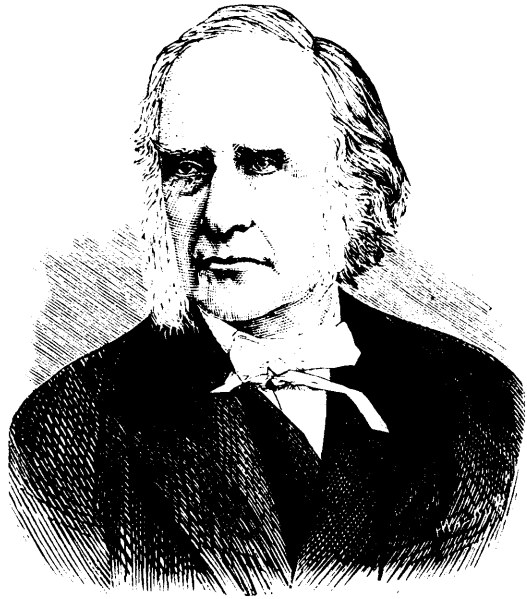
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THE LATE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1873.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

BY JOHN READE.

There are several considerations which might naturally deter one from speaking or writing of the poetry of the Bible. Among the most important of those which present themselves to me are first, the sentiment of veneration; second, the consciousness of inability; and third, the feeling of being *de trop* in any such work.

As to the first, I have, by inheritance and association, a loving awe for the Bible and all that it contains which makes me unwilling to regard its sacred pages from anything like a secular standpoint. It seems, as it is, the Holy of Holies among books—to be approached with as much care, with as great freedom from thoughts in any sense worldly, with as much of humility and reverence, as were required of the high priest when he entered the earthly dwelling place of the Divine Majesty; and it seems also not very unlike profanation to subject a Book or Books, written, as it were, in God's own handwriting, to any ordinary criticism. For the whole Bible, by whomsoever or whensoever its various parts may have been written, is the epistle—the great letter—the awful and loving response of God, in reply to man's yearning for a revelation fuller than aught that can be found in all the wonder and beauty of the mysterious world around him. It is, moreover, the "still, small voice" which replies to the silent craving of the inmost soul, comforting its sorrows and satisfying its longings; and when I recollect that the most comforting and sa-

tisfying portions of the Old Testament are also the most musical and poetic, I feel inclined to shrink back in shame and fear from the attempt to confound the comfort which cometh from above with even the most *inspired* of merely human productions. It is, still further, to me, what it is to millions in Protestant Christendom, emphatically a Book of the household; and even the most desolate wanderer to and fro upon the face of the earth may recall with shame and regret, not unmingled with a strange, unearthly pride and a something akin to hope, that once his name was entered in the "Family Bible"; that once on peaceful Sabbath afternoons, he was wont to read, with those who are now afar or gone to rest, in that good Book. Thus the Bible seems to be a part of the family circle, and as such to be entitled (quite distinctly from its great mission) to that tender reserve which guards those feelings—different in all and yet in all alike—which are connected with the first "Home, sweet Home" of childhood.

This veneration is not religion; yet it is not all "of the earth, earthy." It was born and grew in dark and troublous days, when your ancestors and mine, reader, gathered together on lonely hillsides, on star-lit nights, beneath the temple of the sky, to read and hear the Law and the Prophets and the Gospel of peace, and to sing the songs of David. Perhaps it is growing rare in this age of free thought and enlightenment, when the Bible has

among its commentators the Renans and Strausses and Colensos; but those who have helped to crush it ought to bethink themselves of what they have to give in its place.

It was this very sentiment which so long restrained Biblical scholars from touching on the subject of the poetry of the Bible, so that, till the publication of Bishop Lowth's celebrated work, "*De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum*," hardly anything had been written on the subject. Since then, however, much has been discovered which throws light on the nature and peculiarities of Hebrew poetry—of Hebrew verse, as distinguished from Hebrew prose, and even the most orthodox and most pious of commentators no longer hesitate to make this grammatical or literary distinction between different portions of the Holy Scriptures. Although the veneration, therefore, of which I have spoken may still hold its place in the mind, the objection which it primarily suggested no longer remains; nor can it be pressed into service without ignorance or prejudice or affectation.

As to the second objection, that of inability, it holds its ground in a manner which I deeply regret; and all the more so, as it is many years since my attention was first drawn to the subject, many years since I first ventured to speak on it. Nor have I at hand, while I write, those stores of varied research and learning which were necessary to aid me in my enterprise. I must trust a good deal to memory, and more to unabated interest and even enthusiasm. But, apart from all knowledge, which is very often "but a weariness of the flesh" to him who writes for the popular eye, there is still left the desire of pointing out to others beauties and wonders in the sacred volume, which, as such, may have escaped their eyes, as many of its grand sublimities, open to them, may still be dark to me.

The last sentence answers the third objection. There are persons who stay away from church because, they say, they have heard before all that the preacher has to tell them. The knowledge of such an animadversion would not be strong enough to make any sensible minister absent himself from reading-desk or pulpit, apart from

considerations of duty. And who of the most regular attendants at divine service ever came once away without having added something to his gains of knowledge? There are none from whom we may not receive, there are none to whom we may not give; and a philosopher may sometimes learn more from a child than the child from him.

The poetry of the Bible, like all poetry, is discoverable by two classes of persons. The scholar finds it out by study; the poet, whether he be a writer or merely a thinker of poetry, finds it out by intuition. If the two characters be united in the same person the result of the discovery gives proportionately more pleasure to the discoverer, confers more benefit on the world. Very happily this union is not rare in the days in which we live, and almost all those who have touched the subject with their pens during the last hundred years or more, have been not only men of learning and taste, but also thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of poetry.

The difficulty of the subject is its immensity. Where all is of the best it is hard to choose; and there is no chapter in the whole wondrous Book, from Genesis to Revelations, which does not contain thoughts, descriptions or incidents which are eminently and in the highest sense poetical. The first recorded uttered words of the Great Creator, "Let there be Light," coming in their due place after the movement of the Spirit over the *tohu vebohu*, the formlessness and void, the chaos and desolation of that far-off "beginning"—these creative words, the very sources of man's destiny, the very spring of the River of Life—are they not pregnant with all the poetry that has ever been written? are they not emanations from the brightness of His glory, who is the one great *poietes*, the poet or Maker, of all things in heaven and in earth? And the last words of St. John's Apocalypse, are they not a fulfilment of the implied promise in the creative Word, after that the Word had been "made flesh and dwelt among us"—that Word which was the "true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world?" And in the vast interval between these verses in the inspired records of patriarchs and pro

phets and apostles—in the mighty panorama of man's wanderings o'er the face of the earth, with God's eye ever upon him and his footsteps; with God's heart ever yearning over him as a son, though now wrathful with just indignation, now tender and pitiful; with God's angels around him, ministering to him; with incarnate Love for his neighbor by the Galileean lakeside, or among the Judean hills, or in His holy temple at Jerusalem; with that same incarnate Love unrecognized, rejected, crucified; with that conquest, long-foreshadowed, but forgotten, over death and hell; with those forty days of new-risen glory; with that awful up-taking among the clouds; with the gathering of the host of witnesses, and the beacon-lights of the Gospel carrying the glad news of an ascended Saviour and a present Comforter even "to the uttermost parts of the earth."—in all this ebb and flow of man's strange history, in his creation, his primal happiness, his fall, his wickedness, his destruction and resurrection, his lapses, his longings, his sufferings, his joys, his affections, his faith, his despair, his hopes, his ambitions, his disappointments, his lessons so varied, his use of those lessons, his rewards and his punishments and cherished promises, his greatness and his littleness,—God's "last best work," though by sin "defaced and deflowered"—in all this ever-changing drama of his action on the stage of life, in each act and scene of which we recognize the Divine Hand—is there not a very paradise of poetry, rich in both flower and fruit, rich as the lovely primal world was rich in all that comes to gratify and bless, in which there is a tree of knowledge that is not forbidden, a tree of life of which all may partake, and whose streams are destined to flow on with argosies of grace, till they have made glad the city of God's world?

There is, however, one thing which in this essay I must endeavor to avoid. The long rhapsody which I have just concluded is an exemplification of it and a warning against it. And yet this mode of writing or speaking, in which the mind is carried away by its own enthusiasm, illustrates very well "the Spirit of Hebrew poetry"—illustrates merely, for that spirit

can neither be thoroughly described nor at all imitated in modern times. All those who have taken it as a model have signally failed; and among these Mr. George Gilfillan, in his much admired and very Ossianic "Bards of the Bible." The mantles of Moses, of David, of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, and of Joel, have fallen upon no latter-day successors. But what I mean to say is to be avoided is the confounding of what is *poetic*, if I may coin a word, with what is poetry—of what suggests poetic thought with that thought itself. They erred who made the Bible all allegory; they would equally err who would make it all poetry.

The Jews, we believe, divide the Bible into the Law, the Prophets, and what is called the Hagiographa, or Holy Writings. It is in the last division that we find those books which are manifestly poetic compositions—as the Psalms, the Proverbs, Solomon's Song, Job, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. But in the second division as well as in the first there is unmistakable evidence in many parts of poetry, which was intended by its structure to be *poetry* as distinguished from prose, however lofty the conceptions embodied in it.

But how is Hebrew poetry to be distinguished from Hebrew prose, especially in an English translation? Indeed, it is not easy. In our own language there are prose writings which are poetic in idea and which might well be translated into other languages in that form; for instance, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." But we do not call these writings poetry, even though the turning of them into verse would only make them more prosaic. So, also, even David's Psalms present no outward characteristics of poetry to the English reader, how more poetic soever they may be felt to be than any rhyming versions of them. What are, then, the characteristics of Hebrew poetry?

I give the answer as I find it in the second volume of Nordheimer's Hebrew Grammar: "The conclusion at which these scholars (Bishop Lowth, De Wette, Herder and others) have arrived, and which the author's own examination of the subject leads him to regard as in the main correct, is that the most important features which distinguish Hebrew poetry from

prose consist in the nature of its subjects, its mode of treating them, and the more ornate character of its style, which again give rise to peculiarities in the structure of sentences and in the choice of words."

"The ground of difference observable between the poetry of other nations and that of the Hebrews, lies in the fact that the prosodies of the former prescribe certain strict and undeviating limits, within which the poet is compelled to move in the expression of his feelings; such as the length of the verses, the arrangement of the syllables composing them according to quantity, the place of the cæsura, &c., to which moderns have added the recurrence of like endings or rhymes. The sacred Hebrew muse, on the contrary, maintaining her primitive simplicity, lays down no arbitrary rules of versification with which to fetter the genius of the poet; she requires of her votary neither more nor less than that he should find himself in the state of excited or exalted feeling which is necessary to the production of all genuine poetry, and possess the power of delineating his emotions with truth and vigor."

Dr. Nordheimer then goes on "to examine into the causes which concur to produce all poetry," which he defines as "the outpouring of a mind raised by excitement above the ordinary tone of feeling." "Every faculty of the soul is then brought into unwonted exercise, and hence the language of poetry becomes animated, figurative and often abrupt; forming a lively representation of the activity of the internal emotions, which, like the ocean waves, are in a constant state of alternate elevation and depression, and give rise at each fresh impulse to a new expression of feeling."

Bishop Lowth, in his introduction to his translation of Isaiah, says that God, when He vouchsafed the knowledge of His purposes to His chosen prophets, endowed them also with the faculty of expression suited to so lofty a subject. At the same time it must not be forgotten that, even in the Bible, though the ideas are divine, the words are human; and no language can convey accurately what we are so familiar with in name—"The Word of the Lord."

A modern poet has spoken of "thoughts which lie too deep for tears," and there are also thoughts too deep for words; for tears can express what language fails to express. Indeed, all language is merely symbolic; all poetry but a feeble paraphrase of the inner, living language of the soul.

It is, indeed, the province, the high privilege, of the "many-minded poet" to "crowd his soul upon the strings" of his harp, till the deeps within him call to the deeps within others, and voice recognizes voice. But what poet has ever said all he wished to say? What poet has ever been able to pronounce "Well done!" on his own work? What poet has not felt the awful chasm between his aspiration and his attainment?

"Soul-trembling,
With incommunicable things, he speaks
At infinite distance. *So a babe in smiles
Repeats the unknown and unknowable
Joys of a smiling mother.*"

It is to this incommunicability that may be attributed the allegorical and parabolic character of much of the poetry of the Bible. The teaching of our Lord, also, was essentially of this character.

I cannot venture to say more on this part of the subject—inspiration. Whether God gave the words as well as the ideas, or only gave the latter, allowing them to be clothed in human language according to the genius and power of the writer, matters not for my present purpose. I go on, therefore, to give briefly the distinguishing features of Hebrew poetry.

Any one who has carefully read the Psalms must have remarked a frequent repetition of the same idea—the secondary idea echoing, completing, magnifying or specifying the sentiment contained in the first. For instance, in the 93rd Psalm, 3rd verse:

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
The floods have lifted up their voice,
The floods lift up their waves."

And again in Psalm xl., 14, 15.:

"Let them be ashamed and confounded together
who seek my soul to destroy it;
Let them be driven backward and put to shame that
wish me evil;
Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that
say unto me 'Aha.'"

In the first of these examples the entire sentence is repeated in a varied form; in the second, the same idea is expressed in three successive clauses.

The mutual correspondence of sentences and clauses the commentators and grammarians have termed parallelism, and this parallelism has been divided into synonymous, antithetic and synthetic, according as the second clause is the repetition, converse, or development of the first. Of these divisions again there are several varieties.

Synonymous parallelism is that which is most frequently met with. The repetition is variously made—by the change of verb or noun: by varying the construction of the sentence; by the use of stronger expressions, making a climax; by adding effect to cause, as “In Thee our fathers trusted; they trusted, and Thou savedst them;” by changing positive into negative, as “Keep, my son, the commandment of thy father; and forsake not the law of thy mother;” or, negative into positive, as “Thou, O Lord, withhold not thy mercy from me; let thy kindness and thy truth preserve me forever.” Sometimes, as in the examples first given, the idea is expressed in three successive clauses.

The following are instances of double parallelism:

“When ye stretch forth your hands,
I will hide my eyes from you;
And though you multiply prayer,
I will not hearken.”—*Isaiah* i. 15.

“The people who walk in darkness
Shall see a great light;
Those who dwell in the land of the shadow of death,
Light shall shine upon them.”—*Isa.* ix. 2.

Of *antithetic parallelism* the following verses from the first chapter of *Isaiah* are examples:

“The ox knoweth his owner,
And the ass his master’s crib;
Israel doth not know,
My people do not consider.”
“If ye be willing and obedient,
Ye shall eat the good of the land;
But if ye refuse and rebel,
Ye shall be devoured with the sword.”

In the same chapter is a fine instance of *synthetic parallelism*:

“The whole head is sick, the whole heart faint.
From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is
no soundness,

But wounds and bruises and putrifying sores;
They have not been closed, nor bound up, nor mollified
with ointment.

Your country is desolate, your cities burned with fire;
Your land, strangers devour it in your presence;
It is desolate, as overthrown by strangers.

And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vine-
yard;

As a lodge in a garden of cucumbers;
As a besieged city.

Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small
remnant,

We should have been as Sodom,
We should have been like unto Gomorrah.”

Here one idea (Israel’s fall and misery) is kept in view throughout, while it is progressively modified and developed till it reaches the foot of the descending climax in the fearful contingency of the last three clauses.

This form of Hebrew poetry abounds in the prophets, and is also frequently found in the Book of Job and other creations of the “Heavenly Muse.”

It is scarcely necessary to remark, what must have been observed by every reader of the Holy Scriptures, that the poetical portions of the Bible are replete with imagery. Metaphor, hyperbole, allegory, ellipsis and pleonasm are much more common to the genius of the Hebrew language than to any other with which scholars are acquainted. But the instances of their use are so easily discoverable by any one who reads with care that there is no need to give examples here. But there is one figure which is frequently used by the Hebrew writers, and whose force is most often obscured or lost in any translation, namely, the paranomasia, or pun. It is, indeed, a peculiarity in Hebrew poetry, which was employed, as rhyme is now, to give a harmonious turn to the sentence, but which also served to fix the sentiment on the memory. A punster, nowadays, does not gain much respect; but in the days of the world’s childhood, verbal conceits, such as riddles, puns and proverbs, were treasured up as the productions of a keen intellect and lively imagination. The great champion, Samson, whose story has been so feelingly told by our own great epic poet, was a master of such conceits. He used them in his joy and in his sorrow, in triumph and in hopeless bondage, in sport and in irony. *Isaiah* is also very happy

in such modes of giving point to the expression of an idea, as are likewise Jeremiah, Job, Micah and several others of the prophets. They are also found in the blessings of the patriarchs, where the paranomasia is suggested by the name of him who receives the blessing, in the words of Balaam, in the Psalms and Proverbs, and in some of our Saviour's discourses in the New Testament. Indeed the words of our Lord to Peter, which have been so rent and torn by the battery of polemics, and which, in turn, have blasted and divided Christendom, were founded on nothing more than a mode of expression common to the people of Israel and other Shemitic nations from the earliest times.

Herder, in his "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry" (Marsh's translation) says, on this subject, that "the Hebrew paranomasia is not so ridiculous a matter as we are apt to infer from the place and character of such things in modern languages. That language was of a wholly different construction and those verbal conceits had an entirely different aim. The Hebrews had no rhyme, but were fond of assonances and alliterations, to which the parallelism naturally led them. Which, then, is more intellectual or intelligible—the use of rhyme, which is an artifice merely for the ear; or the varied resemblance of sound to sense, where the word becomes an echo to the sense?"

I must now leave this part of the subject to be followed by the reader at his pleasure. It belongs rather to the labor of the grammarian than to the object which I have in view, and however necessary to know for the just appreciation of the characteristics of Hebrew poetry, is not absolutely necessary for the pilgrim whose love has drawn him to visit with reverent footsteps the holiest spots of this sacred land of song. It is not the letter but the spirit that I seek.

The following beautiful comparison, which is taken from the Book of Isaiah (chapter Lv.), may stand at the head of the "study," or rather "studies," on which the reader and I are now about to enter:

"My thoughts are not as your thoughts.
Nor my ways as your ways.

As heaven is high above the earth,
My ways are higher than your ways,
And my thoughts than your thoughts.
For as the rain and snow come down from heaven
And return not thither, but water the earth,
And make it bring forth leat and herb,
That it may give seed and bread to the sower,
So is my word that goeth out of my mouth—
It shall not return unto me void,
But shall accomplish that which I please,
And prosper in that whereto I sent it.
So shall ye also go out from me with joy."

Let these words remind us of the difference between the poetry of the Bible and the productions of all other poets, ancient or modern. Indeed we cannot forget what we have so frequently brought before us by the most vivid revelations of God's constant presence and ever-guiding hand in the affairs of men, from the voice heard by Adam with guilty fear to the "great white throne and Him who sat thereon" of St. John's Apocalypse. By voice or sign or act we find that presence everywhere in His Word as in His world. As friend, as judge, as father, as fellow-man, as sovereign, as minister, in "horror of great darkness," in pillar of cloud or fire, in awful interlinking of mysterious forms—the presence of the Most High makes itself felt throughout the sacred volume till the day of the "overshadowing" has come and Emmanuel (God with us) lives, as man among men.

One of these divine manifestations is thus described in language as simple and sublime as that in which the work of creation is told:—

"When Moses came within the sacred tent,
The lofty cloud descended low,
And stood before the door and spake with him.
And all the people saw the cloudy column
Stand before the door, and all rose up
And bowed themselves each one before his tent.
Jehovah spake with Moses mouth to mouth,
As one holds converse with his friend."

Then follows that awful answer of the Most High to the request of Moses, "I beseech thee, shew me thy glory:"

"Then came down Jehovah in the clouds,
And stood before him there,
And proclaimed Jehovah's name.
He passed by, Jehovah passed before him,
And proclaimed 'The Lord, the Lord God,
Merciful and gracious, long-suffering,
Abundant in goodness and truth,
That keepeth mercy for thousands,
Forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin,
But in whose sight the purest are unclean.'"

(To be continued.)

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER V.

THE DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

"And wine will circle round the brain
As ivy o'er the brow,
'Till what could see as far as stars
Is dark as Death's eye now." — *Bailey.*

"Ah me!" said Nora, sadly, as with her husband she discussed the sad end of Fairleigh Drummond. "I just remember when a child going to Aunt Nora's marriage. She was mamma's only sister—a great many years younger than she was, and almost idolized by her parents. She was warm-hearted, gay, high-spirited, and extremely beautiful. The bridegroom, poor Fairleigh, was handsome, talented, and witty, and almost worshipped his bride. I can also remember how proudly grandpapa looked on his beautiful child and her gallant husband, and how everybody predicted for them such a brilliant future. Father said Fairleigh Drummond 'would be an ornament to his country yet. The regiment he held a commission in was ordered shortly after Gibraltar, and I saw them no more. Fairleigh and Nora wrote repeatedly and regularly to us, and I remember how proud father and mother were always to receive their letters. The colonel of the regiment, an old friend of papa's, used also frequently to write to papa, and spoke in terms of the highest commendation of Uncle Fairleigh. By and by they went to India, and we used to see notices in the papers of Captain Drummond's bravery and military talents. We were all so proud of him! I am sure if he had been grandpapa's own son he could not have felt prouder of him. Then there was a rumor that he had fallen into disgrace, but we would not believe it; it seemed so unlikely. But still we felt anxious. We had not had any letters from them for some time. Then we saw a notice in the *Times* that

Captain Drummond had, in consequence of some difficulty with his superior officer, resigned. The difficulty was that the drinking which he occasionally indulged in had become a confirmed habit. The colonel had reproved him, very sharply for his neglect of duty consequent on this, and he, too high-spirited to bear the reprimand which he had deserved, resigned. For three years after that we heard nothing of him.

"Shortly before I first met you,—indeed, just when papa went up to London to make some business arrangements which were necessary previous to going abroad,—he met Fairleigh Drummond again. The evening previous to the day he had appointed for returning home, he called to see a friend with whom he had some important business. He found he had gone to the theatre, and thither he resolved to follow him; led there partly, he said, by curiosity. He had not been in the theatre since he was married, and he felt a little curious to know what his impressions of it would be after so long a time.

"The play was 'Othello,' and, resolving to sit and hear it, he delayed finding his friend until it should be over. The actor who personated 'Othello' at once attracted his attention—first, from his strikingly handsome appearance; secondly, from his very striking resemblance to some one he had been acquainted with whom papa could not recall; thirdly, from his acting, which for strength and naturalness, papa said could not be surpassed. The workings of doubt and jealousy, as he listened to the crafty Iago, were represented true to Shakespeare and to nature; then the fearful final scene—the despair, jealousy, love, hate and remorse, were inimitable. The actor was loudly called for by the delighted audience, but he did not appear; a gentleman informed papa that rumor said he was high-born, and by a series of fortuitous circumstances had been compelled

to accept the stage as a profession for some time. His name and lineage were kept a profound secret; in the bills he was called Signor something, but the secrecy only made many-tongued Rumor all the busier with his name and fame. While the gentleman was speaking, all at once it flashed on papa's mind that Othello and Fairleigh Drummond were one. Without waiting to wonder what strange fate had reduced him to such a position, papa hastened to the green room, to find that he had but just gone. One of the attendants having indicated the direction he had taken, he followed, hoping he might overtake him. As he was passing a brilliantly-lighted gin palace, a gentleman muffled in a cloak stumbled against him, coming out of it. Hastily begging pardon he would have hurried on, but a momentary glimpse of his face showed papa that it was he whom he sought, so he exclaimed.

"Fairleigh Drummond, is it possible!"

"Yes, sir," he answered a little haughtily. "I do not know who claims my acquaintance."

"Your brother-in-law," papa said. So he shook hands with him, and walked along, his repellent manner forbidding any allusion to his private affairs.

"Papa asked him how Nora was; he said she was well, and at present with him. Determined for himself to see how matters stood, he offered to accompany him home and see her; for he said mamma would never forgive him if he did not go to see her, and he intended leaving London in the morning.

"Uncle said that Mrs. Drummond usually retired before that hour, so that really he must excuse her; that he would convey any messages he might wish, and that his wife would shortly visit her sister, and answer all enquiries in person. Papa, seeing that he was anxious for concealment, frankly told him where he had seen him, offering if he were in any pecuniary trouble to relieve him from it, and inviting them both and the children to come down with him to Kenmure Lodge, promising if he would say nothing to Nora's father of the position in which he had found him.

"Fairleigh seemed touched by papa's kindness, and invited him to walk home

with him. The home was in the basement story of a house in one of the back streets of London, a miserable, filthy place. Aunt Nora threw her arms round papa's neck and wept most bitterly. Fairleigh, too, seemed much moved, and with tears in his eyes, besought papa to find him some employment, however humble, in which he might have some chance of rising, promising that if he would he would never drink any more. He frankly acknowledged that it was drinking which had reduced them to their present position; that since their return from India, he had led an aimless, dissipated life in London, being employed occasionally by the newspapers as a reporter; that, being almost reduced to starvation, he had sought and obtained an engagement in Covent Garden theatre, from which now his greatest desire was to escape. He was in constant dread of being recognized by some of his former acquaintances.

"Papa rather indignantly asked him why if he were conscious of drunkenness having so reduced him, he did not like a man renounce it, reminding him of where they had met.

"He said he drank now to forget his shame and misery, but if he were only restored to a respectable position, he would never again endanger it or his family's happiness.

"His remorse appeared to be really so sincere that papa felt sorry for him. His wife said nothing of her sufferings, but her wasted cheek, care-worn brow, and stooped, old-looking figure required no commentary. Fairleigh himself would not come with papa, but was willing, even anxious, that his wife and son, Grahame, should. Papa waited a few days for them, and procured for aunt all that she seemed to require. He also obtained, through a Parliamentary friend of his, a situation for Fairleigh in one of the Government offices. You may imagine how mamma felt at seeing her sister again, so changed! It was a pitiful story of gradual declension, of heart-sickness in a strange land, of poverty and sickness, sorrow and shame. The cloud, no larger at first than a man's hand, had appeared on her horizon very shortly after she was married. Sometimes it disappear-

ed altogether, only to re-appear broader and blacker than ever. She had buried two babes in India; they died for want of proper attention, the poor mother evidently thought. When she came to London she had still two, Grahame and her youngest, a little blue-eyed, golden-haired girl. Till the night she died poor aunt used to say she did not know what suffering was. Her husband had gone out, taking all the money, even to the last copper that was in the house, promising to send in coal and food, taking Grahame with him to carry back the smaller things. She had raked up the last cinders to warm herself and Mary, the baby. She had noticed that she had looked fevered and restless all day, but had not thought much of it. Shortly after they had gone out she became suddenly worse. She waited impatiently for her husband or Grahame, but neither returned. She knew nothing of her neighbors, and felt as if she could not ask their assistance; they were so different from her, and she knew her husband would be displeased if she did. So she sat and waited, and held her moaning babe till the daylight died and the last embers of her fire went out.

"Her baby had had croup once before, and with agony she recognized the symptoms again. She did not know where to find a doctor, and if she did who would she leave the child with? She would not light a candle, for she thought it would make it seem later; so she wrapped the baby well up in shawls, and sat by the window to watch for their coming. Her suffering that tedious night she has frequently said she could never describe. At last they returned, her husband grumbling at the darkness. She lighted a candle, and one look told the tale—he had spent the money, and was deeply intoxicated; but, worse than all, Grahame's raised, excited look told that something was wrong with him too. She said she had never reproached her husband till then, but she could endure no more; she bitterly upbraided him for what he had done, robbing her of the only comfort she had had in the world, her son, pointing to her sick, dying babe as his work also. Her unwonted excitement and vehemence sobered

him to some extent. He went for a doctor, leaving Grahame on his knees at his mother's feet imploring her pardon. It seems he had accompanied his father to the drinking saloon, vainly endeavoring to bring him home or to let him have the money. While there, partly by bribes, partly by threats, he and some of his drinking associates prevailed on the poor child to drink a glass of rum, amusing themselves by his strange sayings and actions. Ere Fairleigh returned with the doctor, he had found means to get coal and food. Whenever the doctor saw the child, he said it could have been saved had he seen it sooner; now there was no hope. And so it proved; in a few hours her precious baby died in her arms.

"When fully sobered, Fairleigh's agony, she said, was something fearful to see. His wife had no difficulty in making him promise never to tempt his child again. He promised, too, that he would never again taste himself; but he forgot that. It was then he went to the theatre. Aunt Nora only stayed a few days with us. She did not reproach her husband much, and was even anxious to return to him. Some important service which he had in his power to do the Government, and in which he displayed great talent and diplomacy, seemed to place him on the highway to fortune again; but once again he fell, and seemingly resolved this time not to involve his wife in his degradation, he left her, leaving a letter telling her to come to us. She wrote us, and papa brought her home. She was not long with us till she died of a broken heart, yet without ever once losing her faith in her husband's ultimate restoration."

"What a sad story! and the sequel was sadder than all. Who knows to what depths of degradation he had been brought, what misery he suffered, ere he wandered here!"

Arthur Russel leant back in his easy chair, gazing into the fire, while he pursued the painful train of thought the story and the events of the past few days awakened. Here was a man in his own rank of life, his superior in natural talents and advantages of position, brought to ruin utterly, fearful, such as he shuddered to think

of; not by a sudden and fearful catastrophe, not by any overwhelming temptations, but by simple easy compliance with the drinking usages of society—usages which he himself upheld and practised! He had been accustomed to deride temperance men and temperance principles as too ultra altogether for the nineteenth century, to regard the fearful domestic tragedies brought on by drunkenness as existing only in the brains of the writers who so well depicted them: but this case was too near him, was too palpable to his own eyes to be so discharged. He must think of temperance. Like Felix, he trembled; not at Paul's reasonings, but at the reasonings of God's providence; but alas! like him he put it off to a more convenient season. There must be a madness in the wine-cup, a power to blind men's faculties when they can thus see others, their friends and acquaintances, destroyed by courses which they themselves are pursuing, and which nevertheless they will not relinquish.

CHAPTER VI.

“THE KING'S ARMS.”

“The King's Arms,” the largest hotel Weston supported, changed proprietors. John Menzies, who had kept it for a number of years, fell from his horse while attempting to cross a ford under the influence of liquor and was drowned. His affairs were found deeply involved; his creditors got only a fraction of their dues, and his wife and children were obliged to seek maintenance from the parish.

James Forbes, a sober, industrious farmer, much respected in the community, a very regular attender, even a member of the parish church, had allowed the love of money to obtain an undue influence over him. The produce of his farm was sufficient to keep him and his large family in comfort, though not in affluence. His sons worked the farm, and his daughters managed the dairy, and as yet their united labors had prospered.

But James was not satisfied; he wanted to get rich fast, and it was evident that he could not do so on his farm. When the

death of John Menzies left the “King's Arms” vacant, he thought the wished-for opportunity had occurred. It was true that to the last occupant it had been a losing business; but, then, every one knew the reason—he had been the best customer at his own bar. So James Forbes applied for and became proprietor of the Weston King's “Arms,” sold his farm and transferred himself and his family to his new home. The boys would find plenty employment about the stables, and the girls in attending to the bar and house. Of course he invited all his old friends and neighbors to visit him in his new quarters, and when they came it was to be expected that he would offer them spirits, which, coming through the hands of his fair daughters, were of course, the more acceptable. It might also have been expected—indeed James Forbes had expected it—that the young men in Weston should look in to see what like his daughters were, and finding them pretty, vivacious and well-dressed, should call again, making an excuse of a glass of beer or ale first, and afterwards he trusted to the girls' influence of something stronger; and also that the tipplers already should call in to see what kind of liquors he kept, and finding them good, the landlord polite and flattering, the house clean and comfortable, the landlady well-dressed and smiling, should become regular customers. So he calculated, nor was he disappointed in his calculations. The farmers' sons, his former neighbors, coming first for friendship, came again and again, attracted by the smiling, lively dressy barmaids, their old sweethearts. The girls themselves, modest, industrious, and good tempered when they came from the farm, were, if anything, above the average of their peers. A profane word or gross allusion shocked them, and brought the ready color to their cheeks, a flash to their eyes; but custom soon rendered them insensible, till they learned to laugh and jest with a freedom they would once have deemed impossible. Their father's lessons in drawing customers to and retaining them at the bar were not lost upon them, and what they did first at his command, timidly, they soon learned to do with a very good grace to gratify

their love of coquetry and to show their power. It was necessary, also, that James Forbes and his sons, to avoid the reputation of meanness, and to lead on their customers, should drink with them. There was not much danger of the calculating landlord himself overstepping the bounds of safety, for he counted the profit and loss of every drop he took and balanced them; but his sons, unaccustomed to the liberty they now had, and incited by the example of others, over them he could exercise no such control. He forgot to calculate gain and loss there, nor was he prepared to risk the consequences.

The Church began to bestir itself about its members, for, since they had become proprietors of "The Arms," their attendance at church had not been regular by any means. They were either too tired or too busy to go to church. The minister, a Mr. Fraser, waited on Mr. Forbes, and represented to him the danger to which he was exposing his own soul and that of his children, by allowing them the free use of intoxicants, and in encouraging their absence from church.

James Forbes, irritated at this interference, retorted that as long as the minister thought his brandy and water necessary for his night's repose, he need not accuse those who procured it for him of being greater sinners than he. The minister, deeply pained, left, but placed it out of the power of any one to accuse him of connivance with drunkenness again by publicly joining the temperance society, and ever after taking a prominent part in it.

Forbes, when he heard of it, sneeringly said "that it was very well for those who could not control their appetites, and felt they were in danger of becoming drunkards, to join these temperance societies, but for his part he should be ashamed to acknowledge his weakness." And the loungers about the bar loudly coincided with him. It was unmanly to go and sign their names to the drunkards' list.

However, the inn-keeper and his family never again went to Graigse Lea church. They occasionally attended a dissenting meeting, but after a time even that was given up. They were hardening under the

influences with which they had surrounded themselves.

Dr. Angus, who was seldom absent from the bar or kitchen, was losing his character, health and practice very fast. When sober he was a very skilful, kind doctor; but it was so seldom that he was so, that people preferred to trust to his more methodical rival, than run the risk which must attend his prescriptions. His wife, almost maddened by his constant ill-treatment and neglect, thought she would drown recollection in the maddening bowl. Thenceforward, the family scenes became little better than pitched battles. The Doctor, indignant at his wife for indulging in the same sin in which he found so much pleasure, refused to give her any money. She drank first to forget her misery, her loneliness, but ere long to satisfy the strong craving she acquired. Unable to procure money to satisfy her craving, and refused by the landlord of the "Weston Arms," who had been forbidden by her husband to credit her, she bartered with him, exchanging various articles of furniture for whiskey. James Forbes had a few qualms of conscience when first he began to take household articles from the miserable creature; but alas! for the hardening influence of habit, he at last even suggested things which he fancied—(the Doctor had had a very well-furnished house),—and beat down the price he would give for them to the lowest possible figure. The traffic in liquor had but its usual effect. It necessarily must harden. Men cannot traffic in ruin, despair, poverty, starvation, and remain tender-hearted. They must grow callous, or give up the business.

By some means or another, known only to such men, James Forbes became aware of Alfred Hamilton's weakness ere any one else had even suspected it. Could he only secure him as a frequenter of his bar, it would be worth a great deal to him, he thought. His brilliant conversational powers, his social position, the love with which he was regarded, would lead many who although they now drank at home, yet would not be seen frequenting a public house, to come.

But how to secure the accomplishment of this wish was a question of no little im-

port to the wily landlord. It was evident that as yet the craving was not sufficiently strong to make him forget the position he held, or his own self-respect; and how better could he increase it than by ministering to it? The arrival of a new stock of excellent whiskey, and the season of the year—Christmas-time, gave him, he thought, the wished-for opportunity. By one of his boys, who attended Mr. Hamilton's school, he sent him on Christmas morning a gallon of best "Glenlivet," with the compliments of the season. Mr. Hamilton, although he accepted it, felt not a little annoyed at the gift. Save at the dinner at Craigse Lea, he had always made it a point to be very careful, very reluctant in tasting intoxicating liquors of any kind. If the inn-keeper had any deeper motive than friendship in

his gift, Alfred resolved that he should find himself outwitted. Two months thereafter James had occasion to call on Mr. Hamilton to settle his school fees. Mr. Hamilton invited him in, and produced that very bottle he had sent—still, as the watchful visitor could see, almost as full as when it was given. Mr. Hamilton then took occasion to thank him for his gift, although he said he had not used much of it. He did not approve of using intoxicants in his own family. James Forbes felt that he was foiled, and regarded the gallon of whiskey as so much lost money. He must make it up on some one else.

And so this world goes plotting and eluding plots, wearing masks which deceive no one but the wearer, and laughing at our neighbors' masks.

(To be continued.)

H O M E R .

BY JOHN READE.

How many eyes have brightened o'er the page
 Where the great master doth the fate unfold
 Of those who perished through Achilles' rage,
 Of Troy's destruction, by the seers foretold,
 And of Ulysses, vigilant and bold,
 Who much had seen, much knew of gods and men!
 To-day we read the story o'er again,
 As fresh as when, by Plato's hand unrolled,
 The scroll was traced; new as when Mantua's bard
 Delighted, read; dear, as when Abelard,
 Weary of love and penance, found relief
 In the sad tale of lovely Helen's shame.
 But oh! we seldom think what toil and grief
 Won the poor wandering minstrel such a fame.

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER V.

ANNEXATION—CANTEEN RIOTS.

The Orange Free State is a republic composed almost entirely of Dutch boers. It was formed during the early troubles in the Colony, when a large number of the Dutch farmers south of the Orange River became dissatisfied with the English rule, grew rebellious, and seeing a great tract of open country north of them, fit for sheep-farming, and only held nominally by the Griquas, or half-breeds, they migrated to its wilderness, and there parcelled it out among themselves. For a time they were much troubled by the natives, and repeatedly petitioned the Colonial Government for help; but their cries were unheeded. The British policy at that period was to take no fresh territory into the Colony, and such unruly and disobedient children were perhaps designedly neglected when in trouble—anyway, they left these Orange River boers to their fate. Fortune, however, smiled upon them, gave them peace with the Kafir tribes and a steady emigration of young farmers from the south, who strengthened and enriched this lonely nation, until she became a terror to the various barbarians round about. At different times, and for very selfish reasons, she seized new pieces of territory, and twice waged war upon the blacks, when they resisted these encroachments. One of these tracts of country, thus seized, belonged to Waterboer, a Griqua chief, who had always been favorable to the British. In his weak and defenceless condition resistance was hopeless; so perceiving the Free State burghers held the land by right of force, he made overtures to the Cape Town Government that they should take him under their protectorate and occupy his country. In fact, he gave them a title deed to all that tract where of late the diamonds had been found. But little knew the rulers in Cape Town of the untold wealth lying hid

under these waste and dreary plains of Waterboer, as with a few strokes of the pen they refused the offer. Their knowledge of this howling wilderness gave them no encouragement to strike a blow in its defence; so they wrote a sympathizing letter to the old Griqua—hoped he would come right in the end; but, really, they couldn't meddle in his dispute—and so quietly backed out of actual possession of the richest fifty square miles of country that the world contains, and which has since cost them more trouble and honor to regain than it would have taken to conquer the whole Dutch Republic years before. Waterboer, seeing no hope of intervention, gave in, abandoned the slice in dispute, and became a friend to his powerful and aggressive neighbor. Time flew, sheep-farmers flourished and grew rich, and people had forgotten the dreary strip of ground over which was the quarrel; when the world is startled: "Diamonds are found near the Orange River!" and then electrified by the news of further discoveries. People flock to the El Dorado, and it turns out to be the old territory of Waterboer that has at last revealed its hidden treasures, over which for years had shepherds watched their flocks, in happy ignorance of wealth that would buy up half a dozen Rothschilds, or give every poor man in England a pension for life.

As soon as diggers flocked to the mines they naturally looked for some protection to that nation on whose borders they had collected, and although they organized committees from among themselves, which, as far as they went, kept order and looked after the blacks, still, as the camps increased and lawless vagabonds collected from all parts of the world, more powerful rule was needed. At this time Governor Barkly commenced the dry and voluminous correspondence with President Brand of the Free State, regarding the possession and ownership of the other camps. This

case, of course, was founded on the former wish of Waterboer to be allied with the Colony. The old documents of the treaty were fished up from oblivion in the State House, their text carefully transcribed, and the copy mailed to His Honor Pres. Brand, with a prefatory letter explaining the position the Free State was in. But His Honor, of course, understood the diplomacy of Cape Town too well, and replied that, for years, the section in dispute was inhabited by loyal burghers, who paid taxes into the republican treasury, and received protection as citizens, and that to give them up would betray the first principles of honor. He also informed Gov. Barkly that the Griquas only held the country by an imaginary title, which was worthless, as His Excellency very well knew; and, lastly, having long ago rejected the country in dispute, it was now impossible for him to prove a right to its possession, simply because its mineral wealth would be a source of profit to the Colony. The argument waxed fierce. The President and Governor became much exasperated with each other, and naturally the two nations took great interest in the dispute. The burghers of the Orange Republic armed and drilled assiduously, resolved to fight for their rights; and their hostile attitude alarmed the Cape colonists so much, as also the British diggers, that they formed in companies to back up the Cape Government in its demands. In this state things were in March and April, 1871, when President Brant, foreseeing his certain defeat in case of war, but still anxious to save his country from dismemberment, begged Governor Barkly to allow an Arbitration Court to be formed, and decide the quarrel. This was agreeable to the Home and Colonial Governments; but they absolutely refused to submit their case to any but South Africans. Now Brand feared it might be a one-sided Court if composed entirely of Afrikanders (native whites), so he demanded the judgment should be given by the Emperor of Germany, King of Holland, or President of the United States, neither of whom knew anything of the merits of the case, and likely cared still less. This was the point of irreconcilable division, and here the

case has stood ever since. Letters have passed and repassed, surveys have been made, reports prepared, and petitions presented. But beyond the facts that both parties agree to an arbitration, and disagree as to the arbitrators, the dispute on paper is *in statu quo*. Not so the actual condition of affairs. For in the meantime, the debatable ground has been seized by the Cape authorities, and the Free State Magistrate and officials on the Fields ignominiously kicked out. The seizure was very easily effected, for, beyond a protest from President Brand, no resistance was offered, and the diggers cared little who ruled them, if they only paid light taxes and had sufficient protection. On the 15th November, 1871, the British flag was hoisted on the Market Square, Du Toit's Pan, and the newly appointed magistrate read the proclamation. A small crowd assembled to hear the decree announced, changing their flag and country thus unceremoniously, but no excitement was shown, and what few intelligent men were present, seemed to consider it a common event which was as necessary as the change of the seasons. "Why," said one, "I am glad of a change. Nothing like variety. Perhaps British taxes will be less than those of the Free State, and for the rest I don't care."

A comical scene took place after the ceremony. An old Irishman, drunk and foolish, mounted the platform and addressed the astonished diggers. His first and only important remark was: "I'm a rebel. I'll die a rebel." He then gave a rambling discourse on the Free State policy, and finished up by alluding to the high price of vegetables! Says he, "Whin a man finds a five carat diamond he comes here to market, and runs the price of vigitables up so that a poor man like meself can't afford to buy. Down with the rich min." After this interesting remark he called for all true Irishmen to attack the *dirty* English and drive them from the camp—but just then some wags upset the staging, and down came Paddy to the ground. A policeman coming up, the outspoken rebel was marched off to the lock-up.

Another inebriated digger * from York-

* A broken down surgeon, who had ruined himself with brandy. He was at this time proprietor of a sausage manufactory!

shire was very loyal, and took his post at the foot of the flagstaff, resolved to protect the flag from all insult or injury. He informed the crowd he intended to stop there all day. "These degraded boers can't be trusted. See yon swi—swinish Dutchman; if he was I, down would come the flag,—bu—bu—but he—he's not." Just then he became slightly dizzy from the effects of Cape "smoke" and old "Sol" above, and quite naturally transferred his sense of motion to the mighty stick he guarded; so, clutching the flagstaff, he yelled out, "Save her, boys. The d—!s in the pole." In the afternoon, feeling the effects of his potations, he could stand it no longer; so staggering into a neighboring store, he borrowed a hammer and nails, and, returning, nailed the halyards to the flagstaff. Then taking off his hat, and bowing a drunken adieu to the flowing bunting, he retired to his tent.

The new territory was named the Province of Griqualand West, and was subdivided into three districts: Pniel, Klipdrift, and Griqua Town. The commissioners appointed in Cape Town formed the supreme power; while under them were three magistrates, inspectors, &c. The stringent laws of the Free State with regard to the blacks were repealed, and many changes were made in the regulations and government of the camps. Many of these were distasteful to the population, especially with regard to the blacks. They were rigidly kept under before, were obliged to be in their quarters at 9 p.m., and suffered flogging for the slightest offence. But now they roamed about at all hours of the night unmolested, and were never flogged but for heavy crimes. Another grievance was: the Supreme Court was located in Klipdrift, thirty miles from the main camps, and whenever any person wished to bring an action at law—where the amount of damages sued for was over £20, he must go with his witnesses to Klipdrift, and there remain day after day, until his case be called on—to do which he probably takes all hands from his claim, and so suffers pecuniary loss. Perhaps when he returns, a claim which has cost him \$5,000 has been "jumped" through the law's delay. There was also a strong feeling

among the diggers that the authorities knew little of, and cared less for, the difficulties they had to contend with, and received any advice with contemptuous disregard.

But all these troubles were shortly to be swallowed up in the startling discovery that there was a well organized system of diamond-stealing going on among the black servants. While the summary punishment of the lash was in force, the Kafirs were generally honest; but as soon as they saw the change of rulers, they changed their tactics accordingly; and no doubt thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds were stolen without suspicion on the part of employers. Of all South African questions, that of the natives has certainly had the greatest consideration, and has proved the most difficult to solve. It has baffled the united wisdom of the Cape Parliament; it has defied the erudite of the press of the Colony; it has perplexed successive administrators. Every effort to bring about a satisfactory settlement of the question has proved futile. It has been the perpetual grievance of the farmers, and yet no farmer appears to have shown sufficient ability to grasp it, and point out a way to overcome the difficulty. One feature is, an inherent desire on the part of the native population to obtain live stock by dishonest means; and, although a system of espionage has been introduced, their depredations are as bad as ever. In the Colony the sources of attraction to the Kafir are the farmer's sheep and cattle "kraals." * Not so on the Diamond Fields. There the glittering pieces of carbon have greater charms for native servants than aught else. They have a shrewd idea of the value of diamonds, and the means for their concealment are not difficult. Indeed they have no scruples about hoodwinking their employers, and pocketing their treasures; and this is done in the broad light of day, under the very noses of overseers. Great watchfulness is used, but it is simply impossible to be constantly eyeing one's "boys," and thus it is they manage to secrete the gems, until some fine morning they have quitted the Fields

*An enclosure for stock.

with a pocketful of stolen diamonds. Numerous were the suggestions in reference to the suppression of diamond-pilfering, but only two appeared feasible, of which one was reluctantly adopted by the Magistrate only when the diggers had risen *en masse* and taken the law into their own hands. As far as we can see, the action of the Free State in respect of native thieves is vigorous, the trial summary, the sentence prompt, the punishment severe; not with imprisonment and so-called hard labor, but with the lash. Imprisonment in the case of a Kafir is no degradation, neither can it be regarded in the light of punishment; but there can be no doubt that the lash, vigorously applied, is not only an infliction much feared, but a preventative of crime.

The greatest number of thefts took place in the New Rush, where the thief had much in his favor. An acquaintance of mine had several Kafirs working for him, and, suspecting that all was not right one day, searched a great giant of a "boy"—one who seemed to despise both the white men and their laws. To his joy he found two little diamonds snugly ensconced in a greasy plait of his hair. The rogue struggled hard to escape; but with the help of his comrades (who all turned Queen's evidence), he was strapped down to a cask, when his irate master gave him eighty lashes on the bare back. One would think the criminal would not survive such punishment; but he was either particularly hard and tough, or else the cat was not forcibly applied, for when released the rascal sprang up and amid a volley of threats and curses rushed towards his "boss." He had him tied down again, and gave him forty more to teach him a little politeness, and then turned him out of the camp. His fellow laborers followed him to the end of the street, and instead of consoling him, warned him if he returned they would kill him; as his clumsy way of theft was a disgrace to their nation! Another smart boy, who had long been suspected of appropriating the finds, was one day caught in his own trap. He appeared at his "boss's" tent and asked to be discharged; for, said he, "I have a very sore leg." Seeing blood on his limb, and

that it was bandaged up very carefully, the gentleman told him he had better not go until it was healed; but the "boy" was determined on leaving. Pitying the native in such a miserable plight, he made him sit down and take off the bandage. On examination he found a gash in the calf, apparently but recently cut—though, unlike a common flesh wound, it swelled out as if containing a piece of bone or other hard substance. Thinking it a very serious wound, the gentleman called in the services of a doctor. The Kafir was much agitated at his appearance, and refused to let him examine it; however, after a struggle, they mastered the boy, and upon the physician probing the wound, out dropped a fifteen carat diamond—one of the most perfect stones which had yet been found. The astounded master rushed off to the claim, and having searched the whole gang found over one hundred diamonds, large and small, concealed on its different members! Great excitement ensued among the diggers, and the police managed to conduct the blacks to the "trunk" only after one was mortally and two others dangerously wounded. In fact these natives are the Down Easters of Africa, and if they do not make wooden nutmegs, or invent some new-fangled washing-machine with which to delude the public, yet they take advantage of their neighbors' stupidity and carelessness in much more ruinous ways. Like civilized nations they are selfish, and also follow suit by being very dishonest. Still, there are exceptions. One man who was unable to leave the Colony to try his fortune, but still determined to have a hand in, sent up to the diggings six natives, who agreed to work three months for him at the mines. When the time had expired, they returned home, and to their employer's joy gave him a parcel of diamonds worth about £1,500. The happy man made merrily, and invited his friends in to inspect the finds. Unhappily for himself, however, he asked the blacks for a history of their doings while at the Fields. They replied that for the first two months they were very unlucky, and spent all the money he gave them. "Well, then," said the gentleman, "how did you manage to support

yourselves the last month, and return to me with all these diamonds?" "Oh," replied the nigger with a self-congratulatory grin, "we hired out to other 'bosses,' and the diamonds all came out of their claims!" Imagine the instant revulsion of feeling in that poor man's breast! Rage and despair in place of joy and pride. "Adieu, adieu to all my greatness!" he cried, as he made preparations to start for the Diamond Fields, if perchance he might there discover the rightful owners of the treasure. Whether he did his Kafirs bodily harm before his departure, history deponeth not; but a more complete turning of the tables could not have happened. Those savages deserve to be recorded as the most aggravating practical jokers on record.

All these incidents, which gradually leaked out, made the diggers very suspicious,—not only of the natives themselves, but also of individuals, white and black, who generally under the semblance of some lawful occupation secretly bought diamonds from negroes, knowing them to be stolen. The most deadly thrust that could be made at a person's honor and good fame, was to call him a "nigger diamond-buyer." He was immediately a marked man, one who had good reason to shun the streets after dark, and who invariably received sundry punchings at the hands of intoxicated diggers. They suddenly became infamous, and their ill-earned notoriety was certain to drive them from the Fields. One I remember well, who fell under the ban of suspicion. He kept a liquor-store, and at the time was prospering; but rumor whispered he had been seen at the dead hour of night in friendly intercourse with loathsome Hottentots or treacherous Kafirs. Gold had been heard to chink while their heads bent low over the villanous bargain. Suddenly trade deserted his canteen, people gazed on him with an evil eye, and he trembled if he ventured away from home. He couldn't stand this worse than misery a single week, but sold out for a trifle, and guilty or not, decamped, unable to breast the tide of public opinion. These examples multiplied until the population grew excited. The Government was called upon to interfere and stop these wholesale

robberies. People said: "Why don't they suppress these low canteens, where blacks can get drunk and return to our tents like so many maniacs?" "Why don't they license the buyers, and search our natives for us?" But the powers above heeded not. They wanted license fees, taxes and rents, but no complaints. In fact they snubbed petitioners, angered injured men by their neglect, and brought the camp at the New Rush to open revolt and riot. The 18th of December, 1871, will long be remembered at the Diamond mines. That morning in New Rush, a digger had entered a canteen, and while taking a glass, witnessed a Kafir, sell a two carat diamond to the landlord. Here was proof positive. Early in the afternoon bodies of diggers collected together from all parts, and just outside the "kopje" held a mass meeting. The Kafir who had been seen selling the diamond, gave in his evidence, and it was so conclusive as to the guilt of Asher—the canteen proprietor—that the assemblage decided on inflicting summary punishment. "The Government won't protect us, so we'll protect ourselves," they cried, and, combining, marched swiftly on the doomed canteen and tore it to the ground. Asher barely escaped with his life, and, all wounds and blood, found refuge in flight; while his tent, liquors, and outfit were given to the flames. An immense crowd was now gathered, all business was suspended—the stores and tents were closed and locked—while with cheers and shouts the incendiaries swept up the street. "To the other nigger canteens!" was the battle cry, and with revenge in their faces and dark, lowering brows, they attacked and burned the suspected places. As the day wore on, the more respectable of the crowd, becoming alarmed at some blood-thirsty rioters who desired to string up the notorious landlords, returned to their tents. Their unmanageable followers marched on triumphantly, and finished up an afternoon's sport by gutting a shop containing £1,500 worth of goods. The frightened police were now brought to the scratch, and succeeded in dispersing the crowd before any one lost his life. But that a large force of mounted police, well armed and drilled, hid in their quarters until £5,000 worth of property

was destroyed, and numbers suffered violence from the mob, is a scandalous tale to tell of. The Government was powerless to do anything; for, although it went through the form of trying the ringleaders, yet it dare not punish them. Five hundred resolute diggers surrounded the Court Room, and avowed their intention of pulling the building about the magistrates' ears, in case they fined the three ringleaders.* From this time, the Fields have had it all their own way. The Government is snubbed whenever it puts its nose into mining affairs; the police are hammered if they try to make an arrest, and robbery and violence are on the increase. Three months ago it was well known that a parcel of six pounds (*avoir-*

du pois) weight of diamonds was to be shipped to the coast. According to custom the jolly post-office clerks, to whom the bag was entrusted the night before the mail left, carelessly flung it under the counter, there to find a berth among letter-bags, old boots, chips and the extraordinary *et ceteras* of a juvenile post-office. A thin board stood between this wealth and hundreds of reckless, impoverished criminals. Heaven help the diamonds! But it didn't, for at the small hours of morning, when the exhilarated police were all in neighboring canteens singing "We'll not go home till morning," or else dead drunk under a table, a band of mounted men galloped away up Main street, out on the plain, and with these men went the diamonds! To this day they are *non est inventus*.

* Popularly called the three martyrs.

(To be continued.)

NOTHING.

O! the power and joy of being nothing, having nothing, and knowing nothing but a glorified Christ up there in heaven, and of being "careful for nothing" but the honor of His sweet name down here on earth.

Oh to be nothing—nothing,
Only to lie at His feet
A broken, emptied vessel,
Thus for His use made meet!
Emptied, that He may fill me
As to His service I go,
Broken, so that unhindered
Through me His life may flow.

Oh to be nothing—nothing,
An arrow hid in His hand,
Or a messenger at His gateway
Waiting for His command;
Only an instrument ready
For Him to use at His will;
And should He not require me,
Willing to wait there still.

Oh to be nothing—nothing,
Though painful the humbling be:
Though it lay me low in the sight of those
Who are now, perhaps, praising me,
I would rather be nothing, nothing,
That to Him be their voices raised,
Who alone is the fountain of blessing,
Who alone is meet to be praised.

Yet e'en as my pleading rises,
A voice seems with mine to blend,
And whispers in loving accents,
"I call thee not servant, but friend.
Fellow-worker with Me I call thee,
Sharing my sorrows and joy—
Fellow-heir to the glory I have above,
To treasure without alloy."

Thine may I be, Thine only,
Till called by Thee to share
The glorious heavenly mansions
Thou art gone before to prepare.

My heart and soul are yearning
To see Thee face to face,
With unfettered tongue to praise Thee
For such heights and depths of grace.
—Selected.

MY SPARROWS.

"To catch sparrows, sprinkle salt on their tails."
—Nursery Lore.

From a dingy garden-bower—
Child, pent up in smoky town—
Watched I many a patient hour
For the sparrows gray and brown.
Sprinkling salt on a trail-feather
Was to be my charm of might;
But the salt and I together
Failed to stay their sudden flight.

Had I caught that wished-for sparrow
(Now, I say in wisdom's words),
Still my triumph had been narrow—
Sparrows are but homely birds.
Dull of plumage, with no glitter
On their breasts of dingy gray;
And their voice a restless twitter:
I am glad they flew away!

For my fancy now beholds them
With the plumes of Paradise,
And my eager clutch enfolds them
Glittering with a thousand dyes.
Love himself might gem his arrows
With a feather from their breast;
Philomel learn from those sparrows
Songs she never has possessed.

Still, while restless Fancy lingers,
Puffing at my idle sails,
Hope and I will find our fingers
Sprinkling salt for sparrows' tails.
Sorry work 'twould make of living,
Did the future promise naught;
And—I say it with thanksgiving—
All my sparrows are not caught!

—Kate Hillard.

THE GEORGIAN BAY REGION.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

Last summer an opportunity offered for the writer to visit and spend some time in the Georgian Bay region, and the information then obtained concerning this comparatively unknown part of our country may possibly prove generally interesting. The first impression made upon the mind of a visitor is that of surprise. He naturally wonders how a section of our country, containing so much that is really attractive, should remain for so long a time after settlement of the Province began, in a state of wildness and obscurity.

When the French first took possession of this northern part of the American Continent, that remarkable zeal for colonization and missionary purposes which so eminently characterized their efforts, led them to undertake responsibilities which even at the present time seem to include a great amount of labor. We have assurances of their having visited the remote part here referred to almost immediately after establishing themselves at Quebec and Montreal. That memorable pioneer whose name stands so prominently associated with the primitive history of Canada, Samuel Champlain, was the first to penetrate the wilderness and gaze upon the wonderful beauty so lavishly bestowed upon the New World he was so ambitious to bring under the protection of his native France. In a previous article, referring to the Bay of Quinté, we mentioned his having been the first European to reach its waters, which was accomplished in 1615, when on an expedition up the Ottawa with a number of friendly Indians. It was during this same expedition that the Georgian Bay and vicinity was visited. Though actuated by a desire to make new discoveries, it is nevertheless a historical fact that Champlain had promised his assistance to his Indian allies in a war they were waging

against the powerful and vindictive Iroquois, who inhabited the country lying south of the Great Lakes, but who seem to have coveted the possessions of their neighbors to the north. When the expedition arrived at Lake Nipissing, we are told they were kindly received by a warlike tribe residing there, and reinforced for the grand object of the undertaking—the capture of a kind of stronghold the Iroquois had somewhere on the shores of the Georgian Bay. We have no means of knowing the exact location of this Indian fort, but suppose it to have been in the vicinity of the present site of Penetanguishene. The attack proved unsuccessful, and Champlain and his allies were forced to retreat under very adverse circumstances.

This conduct of the French Governor has been severely condemned by writers, who censure him for inaugurating a policy which afterward bore such bitter fruit. It cannot be denied but that the French, by giving aid to the Indians in their predatory conflicts, did much towards hastening their own expulsion from the continent; but Champlain, no doubt, erred principally through a passionate zeal for ultimately Christianizing the natives. We should not forget that it was a common saying of his, that “the conversion of one soul was of more value than the conquest of an empire.”

Charlevoix, an old historian, visited Canada in 1720, and made an extensive journey from Tadousac, through all the frontier settlements, to the most remote western limits of French dominion. The means of conveyance was by canoe along the shores, and the enthusiastic Frenchman was enraptured with the scenery and salubrity of the climate. In his writings, giving an account of what he experienced, he mentions having found “water clear as

the purest fountain, abundance of game, and a beautiful landscape bounded by the noblest forests in the world."

Previous to 1829 [the annual distribution of presents to the Indians, by the British Government, took place at Drummond's Island, which lies in the north-western part of Lake Huron, and this event of itself must have brought a considerable number of prominent persons to the neighborhood we are describing. In 1829 Drummond's Island was ceded to the United States, and the distribution then took place at St. Joseph's Island, lying directly north of Drummond's. Finally, the annual rendezvous was at Penetanguishene, where it continued to be held until the determination of the Government to settle the Indians upon the Grand Manitoulin, or "Sacred Isle," as it was called by the natives, who regarded it as the abode of the Great Spirit. Sir Francis Head, the then Governor-General, made the first attempt to carry out this wise plan in 1836, being present in person to superintend the regulations. Subsequent efforts completed what has proved a most successful venture, the Indians remaining upon the reservation and gradually improving in civilized life.

The above references are made to show that though the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron regions have so long remained unsettled, they were not unknown to those looking for chances where profitable investments might be made. The only reason we can find to account for the seeming indifference manifested for many years, is the unfavorable opinion, reasonably formed by those whose business called them there, of the interior country, by reference to what they knew of many of the islands and promontories which intersect the Bay in all directions. The soil upon most of these is of an inferior quality, and the timber stunted in growth and unmarketable. But this is no criterion by which to judge the territory stretching away inland for hundreds of miles, much of which is now being thrown open for settlement under the authority of the Free Grant and Homestead Act of Feb. 28th, 1868. And even upon the islands, more recent attention has shown that facilities exist whereby important enterprises may be successfully

carried on, and immense profits derived. The majority of them are yet in a state of primitive wildness, excepting an occasional Indian settlement or mission work.

By reference to the map it will be seen that what is known as the Georgian Bay Region actually comprises the whole of the extensive country between Penetanguishene and the Sault Ste. Marie. The narrow channel lying to the north of the Grand Manitoulin, Cockburn and Drummond's Islands, is but a continuation of the Bay, which is quite as extensive as Lake Huron, of which it forms a distinguished part. The section of country bordering on this body of water contains the principal pineries of the North West, and must, therefore, continue to increase in public estimation as present and prospective enterprises are developed. As yet it is little else than a bleak waste, the lumbering business having made but slight impression upon the prevailing wildness that reigns supreme. As an evidence of the general apathy, it may be remarked that nearly the whole of this immense region was under a Government license for about twenty years, at a nominal rate of only 50 cents per square mile, as ground rent; and still in 1856 the small sum of \$600 was received from these rents. In 1862 the land in seven townships was offered for sale at 20 cents an acre, but only two hundred acres were sold in ten years!

But a small proportion has yet been sold; and a recent explanation made by the Provincial Commissioner of Crown Lands, in the Local Legislature, shows that there are no less than 5,000 square miles of this territory that are not under license. An equal area in the Ottawa region is valued at \$25,000,000, and this will afford a basis from which we may compute the estimated worth of the Georgian Bay reserve. Considerable allowance must be made in favor of the Ottawa district, owing to the superiority of the supply, the same area producing a much greater quantity of marketable timber. But there are large tracts in the Georgian Bay district where the yield is quite equal to that on the Ottawa, both as regards quantity and quality. There are other considerations which compensate in a measure for the advantages possessed

by the Ottawa reserve, and which strongly influence public opinion. Lumber cut in the latter does not reach market until the second year, whereas that cut in the former can be easily disposed of the same season. This is owing to the easy means of access, and facilities for shipping that abound in the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. Such advantages must necessarily induce a large investment in the timber trade of the North West during the next few years, and by this means the country will be opened for settlement.

The Government has very wisely concluded to enlist the active co-operation of the lumbermen, in order to facilitate the means for inducing actual settlement. Immigrants, and others who desire to take advantage of the liberal offers made by the Free Grant Act, are not prepared to brave the prolonged hardships and inconveniences of an entire isolation from civilized life which a settlement in those savage wilds entail. They are usually in destitute circumstances, or nearly so, and can barely find means for subsistence after getting a family and scanty articles of domestic necessity to the distant claim. Again, what little grain and produce could be raised from the hastily cleared land, during the first few years, would cost more to be carried to market than it was worth. In order to obviate as far as possible these impediments to settlement, it is proposed to induce the lumbermen to pave the way, and we are informed that already some forty or fifty capitalists have promised a direct interest in the movement. They will invest on an average about \$50,000 each, and in a few years, it is calculated there will be not less than \$4,000,000 scattered over the vast territory, in saw mills, houses, etc. Such a large outlay will bring a great number of workmen, and these must be fed and cared for, while hay, oats, &c., will be in active demand to supply food for the horses employed, and thus a good market will be provided for the settler, and also ready hire when pressed for money and provisions. There can be no doubt of the wisdom of this plan, and a continuation of that enlightened policy which has characterized the administration of this department of the public service by the

present Minister, Hon. Mr. Scott, will undoubtedly very much aid the prospective change.

Reference is made elsewhere to the inducements for settlement which exist in the Georgian Bay Region, independent of the lumbering interests. A careful inspection convinced us that there are vast tracts of excellent land, covered by a heavy growth of beech, maple, and other popular timber, and rich in all the constituent elements that guarantee a bountiful yield. When it is taken into consideration that scarcely any of this territory has been molested by civilized industry, an opinion can readily be formed of the immense quantity of wealth that now lies undeveloped, awaiting the efforts of man. The natives, it is known, seldom cut a tree larger than a common sapling, the dead and decaying parts being used for fuel, and their nomadic tendencies bring them a convenient supply when needed. The growing scarcity of wood in the older-settled sections must direct attention to these almost inexhaustible fields for supply, and railroad communication being so actively advanced, together with the superior water privileges, ready means of access can be had. It is probable that when a market is sought for this commodity much of it will go the shortest route, and supply Chicago, Milwaukee and other American cities. The only chance we have for a successful competition is dependent upon the railroads, now being pushed forward with all possible expedition. The Northern and Midland branches already penetrate the immediate neighborhoods, and it is intended to carry the former to Lake Nipissing, thus intersecting the eastern terminus of the great Pacific project. The Midland Company will doubtless find it advantageous to extend their line to Parry Sound, if not further north, and thus open the entire region to the eastern markets. The Grand Junction charter also provides for the road to be extended from Lindsay to some point on the Georgian Bay; but the Midland having already adopted the most direct route, it is probable that line will be used. From the above it will be seen that the territory to which we particularly refer, and which is beginning to attract capita-

lists for profitable investments, can be reached as conveniently as most parts of the first-settled sections.

Having pointed out the more substantial merits, we now propose to refer briefly to some of the lesser attractions, which, nevertheless, form an important feature in this as well as other regions of our extensive Dominion. Much has been written of the beauty of the scenery around Lake Superior, but as yet little is known by tourists of what can be found in the Georgian Bay, and northern part of Lake Huron. The last mentioned body of water is almost entirely void of islands of any size or importance until the very northern limit is reached, when they rise up from the deep-blue water in endless variety, and assume the most picturesque forms. The entrance to Georgian Bay, between the Bruce Peninsula and Grand Manitoulin, is rendered most hazardous to an inexperienced sailor, or during thick weather, by means of a perfect archipelago. Some of the islands are of considerable size, and contain more or less tillable soil and valuable timber, but the majority are mere projections of submarine shoals, and of no value except for ornamentation, for which purpose they answer admirably. It would be difficult to give an intelligent description of the panorama that opens out as the vessel follows the circuitous course, as laid down on her chart, after careful soundings. The picture must be seen to be properly appreciated, and seen, too, during the gorgeous summer months, when Nature is dressed in her finest livery. The channel sometimes leads the vessel to within a few yards of the dark, grey rocks that compose the base of most of the smaller islands, the larger ones being generally surrounded by a shelving beach, which necessitates giving them a wider berth in passing. The Grand Manitoulin is almost entirely surrounded by picturesque groups of rocky islets. Some are quite treeless, having only a few low bushes in broken patches to diversify the surface, while others are thickly covered o'er with lofty trees and an impenetrable undergrowth. Those of any size generally contain considerable elevations, which are clothed to the summit with green foliage,

the intervening hollows showing a descent of almost unbroken regularity and surpassing grandeur. The mainland adjacent is usually broken, and highly diversified.

The eastern and northeastern parts of the Bay are still more intersected by islands than the western, and if possible the beauty of their formation increases. The Indians have given the principal ones names, expressive of some particular feature that has impressed their figurative mind. We were shown the "Bear's Rump," so called from the resemblance the little island bears to the hind part of a crouching bear, when viewed from a distance. The "Giant's Tomb" gets its name from a huge mound that rises up near the centre of the island in the form of a tomb, and clusters of tall pines that grow at both ends increase its resemblance to the object they conceive it to be. This island is held in dread by the Indians, who declare it to be haunted by some giant demon, and refuse to visit it. "Flower-Pot Island" has a limestone rock at the eastern extremity, which has been worn by the incessant action of the water, and shaped like a flower-pot. There were formerly three of these rocky monuments, standing some distance apart, and all bearing a striking resemblance to each other in general formation; but two of them have been undermined by the war of the elements, and have tumbled over into the deep water. The one remaining is about 60 feet in height, and apparently from 25 to 30 in circumference at the surface of the water. "Mission Island," which is one of the largest in the Bay, receives its name from its being the location of two important Indian Missions, carried on by the Wesleyan Methodist and Roman Catholic Societies. It was not convenient for us to visit the scene of their good work, but from those who were familiar with the operations we learned that the missionary labors were being crowned with glorious success. A large number of Indians are collected on the Island, and two prosperous villages are maintained, solely through the industry of Christianized natives. The missions on the Grand Manitoulin are still more ex-

tensive and encouraging. During our stay in this vicinity we did not meet with one drunken Indian, and, considering the facilities for procuring whiskey at the lurking stations, this must be regarded as a hopeful augury for the future. The abundance of game and fish has a tendency to divert the thoughts of the red man from his agricultural and mechanical pursuits during certain seasons of the year; but he generally returns contentedly after satiating this natural desire. In this connection we might mention that the value of the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron fisheries are just beginning to be appreciated, and must constitute no inconsiderable portion of the available wealth of the country. By means of a trolling line, fastened to the stern of our vessel, we caught 26 excellent salmon trout, some of them weighing 20 lbs. The deep water swarms with these fish, and also whitefish, pickerel, &c., while the numerous inlets and narrow channels are filled with the smaller species, which are readily caught with the hook and line. The disciples of Walton could find abundance of agreeable pastime by spending a few weeks of the hot summer months in this refreshing neighborhood. The dense forests also abound with all kinds of game, and, therefore, those who prefer to follow the example of Nimrod can easily be accommodated also.

The water of Lake Huron, and also of Georgian Bay, is remarkably clear, and of a deep-blue color. It is an easy matter to see the bottom at the depth of 50 and 60 feet, when the surface is smooth, and we found it delightfully cool during the scorching July weather. This may account for the prevalence of fogs, which so much increase the danger of navigation, especially in the vicinity of the islands and shoals. During the summer months Lake Huron, and more particularly the entrance to Georgian Bay, is seldom clear of a cold, thick fog, which settles down upon the water, and rises from it with great rapidity. It does not creep over the surface, as is common on the eastern lakes and on the land, but seems to descend like a mist, which, perhaps, it may be properly considered. So sudden is the descent and

change, that a warm sunshine, which only a few moments before rendered clothing oppressive, is shut out by a wintry-cloud, rendering an extra garment necessary until the vessel passes through the shower, or it lifts again. This decrease of temperature may be accounted for by the depth of water, and also by the constant supply received through the considerable rivers that empty into these great inland seas. These rivers have their source among the hills and mountains that form the water-shed between the Lakes and Hudson's Bay, and must, therefore, bring down the meltings of almost perpetual snow.

A recent report on the survey of the great Lakes, transmitted to the Senate of the United States by the Engineer Department, announces the discovery of measurable tides in Lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan, and that the tide-wave moves from north to south, instead of from east to west. This is a peculiarity that has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. We might also remark that the prevailing wind on Lake Huron is from the north, which sailors attempt to explain by reference to the shape of the Lake, the body extending from north to south. It is a meteorological fact that in summer the air over the land becomes heated early in the day, and therefore rarifies, while that over the water retains a more equable temperature. This is the cause of "sea-breezes," as they are called, which usually set in from the water about ten o'clock in the morning. A peculiarity of the Georgian Bay was also pointed out to us, which is of much interest to mariners in these waters. It is found that the needle of the compass is influenced so powerfully by some undefined attraction as to cause a deviation of about two and a half points from the proper course, when sailing from west to east, or *vice versa*. Ignorance of this has led many captains into disagreeable quarters, and brought their vessels to an untimely end. Sailing from Waubashene or Penetanguishene, in the eastern part of the Bay, and laying a course by the compass for Cove Island Light, which is at the western entrance, a vessel would run on Lonely Island, a bleak, barren rock about five miles east of the

southern coast of the Grand Manitoulin. Our vessel was under the command of a skilful and careful sailor, Capt. H. R. Monck, who took much pains to give us all possible information. It was highly interesting to see him creep through the circuitous channels in the midst of impenetrable fog, or when surrounded by the darkness of night. With his chart and "log" he was able to determine the exact position of his vessel, and direct her course with an unerring precision.

With reference to the above-mentioned peculiarity, what can be the influence that produces this remarkable deviation? By some it is attributed to an extensive mineral deposit somewhere in the vicinity, but we do not know whether such an assumption can be intelligently sustained. It is possible that there are rich fields for geological investigation in this region, which settlement will properly develop, but we are not aware that any discoveries have yet been made to confirm the supposition. According to the action of the compass, the deposits, if any, would be found either upon some of the numerous islands that line the north shore, or upon the mainland adjacent thereto. If there are no minerals, then the cause must be attributable to some other agency, and it would be interesting to know what it may be. It could not be owing to any powerful component of the atmosphere; for, if so, it does not seem reasonable that the influence would be confined to so limited a space. After passing the entrance channel, and getting well out upon the broad bosom of Lake Huron, no perceptible effect is noticed, and the charted route is followed with perfect security. Let those who are conversant with scientific theories enlighten us regarding this mysterious matter; and to such the subject is respectfully submitted.

We have here sketched the leading features of the great Georgian Bay Region, which contains a more than average share of natural wealth and physical grandeur, and which is now inviting the immigrant and those in search of comfortable homes for themselves and children to its boundless

domain. The action of Government, before referred to, in soliciting the co-operation of capitalists engaged in lumbering, will render the pioneer experience of settlers comparatively light, and give them advantages of a superior nature. We venture the assertion that nowhere else on the Continent of America can the industrious immigrant find a more convenient location, where the future may be successfully provided for. The Free Grant Lands in the Province of Ontario now comprise 59 townships, each containing from 50 to 60 thousand acres, and the greater proportion is in the Parry Sound and Muskoka Agencies, which lie immediately contiguous to the Georgian Bay. The provisions are most liberal, and should receive the intelligent consideration of intending settlers. The climate is salubrious, and as mild as at Ottawa and Montreal. A few years must witness a great change in this section of Ontario, and where now the Indian with his rude appliances and the wild beast roam in careless freedom, the sound of civilized industry will echo through the grand old forests, and homes of ease and contentment dot the wilderness landscape. The backwoodsman's axe is now at work, and every reverberating stroke is a death knell to the spirit of savage solemnity that has for ages brooded over the scene. With confidence in the promise of a coming reward, they levy a manly war on Nature's ruggedness—

"They hew the dark old woods away,
And give the virgin fields to day."

Teeming multitudes will people the rich valleys and spread themselves along the river banks, rejoicing in the possession of plenty for themselves and those dependent upon them for support. The progress of our country is onward, and now, as formerly,

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

The larger portion of this northern Continent is governed by the free children of Canada, and it is probable their descendants will rule its destiny for ever.

ELLEN MCGREGOR.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

CHAPTER I.

Dismal enough at all times was the little station at Dayton, but doubly so was it now. A cold, dreary rain had fallen all day, and at night-fall a wild storm had come on. The wind shrieked and howled about the old building as if it would delight to demolish it. The rain poured in torrents and dashed against the windows, threatening to make forcible entrance there.

At one of those windows stood a girl—no, a woman. She was not more than twenty-two, but you would never think of calling her a girl. She was a woman, and a woman of no ordinary cast. She was waiting for the train. A terrible night for a woman to be out, and alone; but Ellen McGregor was accustomed to meeting difficulties. Ay! and overcoming them too. You knew that by the cool, clear eye; by the firm mouth—even by the way in which she stood. Every line of the fine face—every movement of the soft but firm hand, denoted determination. She was a woman not easily turned aside when once she had taken a fancy. For a long time she watched the storm. Then she slowly paced up and down the small room, dimly lighted by one lamp

“Train’s coming!” shouted a boy, poking a very wet head in at the half-open door.

The half-dozen sleepy travellers marshalled themselves on the platform, under the dripping eaves of the low roof, and waited again. A ball of fire in the distance—then a cloud of smoke—a shrill whistle—a whirr and a rush, and the train brought itself up to where they stood. Hurrying themselves aboard, they assumed as comfortable positions as possible, and were soon oblivious of all the disagree-

ables. All of them but Miss McGregor,—she never seemed to sleep; she never seemed to be tired. She lost herself in her own thoughts until a name spoken behind her caught her ear, and roused her from her reverie.

“By the way, Granby,” said one of the two gentlemen who occupied the seat behind her, “what ever became of your sister Lottie?”

“She married George Ford. Married well too. Old family—rich too. She’s very ill now—thinks she will not recover, and has sent for me to come and see her.”

“So you are going there now. Has she any children to leave?”

“One youngster—I forget whether it is a boy or a girl,—wants me to be its guardian.”

“You are the last man I should want to leave a child with.”

“Lottie doesn’t know me as well as you do.”

“Do you mean to accept the charge?”

“Of course. Ford could not have been worth less than five hundred thousand. It would be a nice thing to have the charge of that.”

“Mr. Ford is dead, then?”

“Yes, died only three months ago.”

She heard no more. A rush in her head took from her the power of hearing or seeing, for a moment. And this was the brother of her dearest friend, Lottie Granby! And more—this was Cecil Granby, who had once been her affianced husband! She shuddered at the thought. She knew now why he had asked to be released from the engagement. Five years ago she lost what had been considered a fine property, and then lost him. It troubled her for a while; but he had not called out the best of her nature, and she soon recovered from the shock.

For an hour she held counsel with herself; and then the longing to see her old friend became so strong that she decided to go to her. With Ellen McGregor to resolve was to do; so she coolly turned round, gave her card to Mr. Granby, and said,

"Can you give me Lottie's address?"

Surprise mastered him for a moment; then, recovering himself, he said,

"I am going to her now. If you want to see her alive, you had better accompany me. She is very ill."

"Thank you, I will go with you;" and she turned again to her own thoughts.

The first faint glimmer of dawn was appearing in the east as they left the train. The rain was over; but the clouds were driving before a wild wind, that gave them a weird, fantastic look. It had been a dreary night, and was succeeded by a still more dreary morning. In perfect silence they drove to Mrs. Ford's stately home. All was dark, except where the lamp in an upper room sent out lances of light through the partially closed blind.

"How is Mrs. Ford?" asked Granby of a servant who met them at the door.

"Alive, sir, and conscious, but very weak. She has been expecting you."

"Miss McGregor, will you wait while I go up and tell her you are here?"

She bowed, and he left her.

Almost immediately, a servant came and asked her to go to Mrs. Ford.

"Ellen," she said, taking her hand in both her thin palms, "you are strong, and brave, and loving too. Will you stay with me until it is all over?"

"Yes, Lottie dear; I will not leave you."

Mrs. Ford must have been very beautiful when in health. The soft brown eyes were still bright and clear; the rich dark hair lay in luxuriant masses on the pillow, but the wasted features bore too plainly the mark of the destroyer.

"Cecil, come here," she said. "I want to leave my little Blanche with you. But first I must tell you—she will have no property. There was something wrong about it—it rightfully belonged to George's brother, and he never knew it until he was on his deathbed. Then he made what reparation he could—willed him everything

during his lifetime; at his death it goes to Blanche, I believe. His wife is a cold-hearted woman with no children of her own, and I could not leave my child with her. You have an abundance to take care of her with, Cecil; take her for Lottie's sake." He hesitated. He was thinking to himself.

"Of course, it is not to be thought of that I should take the young one without the cash too, but I may as well satisfy her." So he said,

"Yes, Lottie."

She murmured her thanks, and then was seized with a violent fit of coughing, during which he left the room, and he never saw her again alive. He followed her to the grave as chief mourner; although in the quiet of her own room, with the motherless child clasped closely in her arms, Ellen McGregor was the real mourner.

The next morning Granby and Mr. Ford met in the library to settle matters.

"I understand you are to take the child, Mr. Granby."

"You understand what is not true then," said Granby, hotly. "Do you think I shall take the brat when you have all the property? I'm not such a soft fool, I hope."

"I do not intend my niece to be a dependent," said Mr. Ford, the indignant blood rising to his brow. "I will bear her expenses, but I thought you had agreed to be her guardian."

"I agreed to guard the property; but since I find you have that, I wash my hands of the whole concern."

"Then you positively refuse to take her?"

"I positively do"—with an oath.

Just then Ellen McGregor came into the room. She looked for a moment from one to the other, then her great gray eyes lighted up, and flashing a look of contempt at Granby, she said to Mr. Ford,

"Am I right in thinking that man said he would not take charge of his sister's child?"

"You are right, Miss McGregor."

"Cecil Granby, how dare you! The last words you ever spoke to her were to promise to do this."

"I've changed my mind," he said, indifferently.

"I really don't know what is to become of her," broke in Mr. Ford. "My wife is not willing to accept the responsibility."

"I am then," said Miss McGregor, firmly. "I was left an orphan myself, and I cannot shut my heart against a homeless waif. I'll take her."

"I wish you luck," sneered Cecil; but she had left the room to find Blanche.

Warmhearted and impulsive, her blood was fairly up now; and, waiting for nothing, she directed the nurse to pack up the child's clothing, and then literally carried her off. Once in the train, with the little face nestled close against her, she took time to think.

"I should not be at all surprised, Ellen McGregor," she said to herself, "if you have got into a scrape now with your hot-headedness. But what could a person do? Certainly not leave this poor little bird alone in the world," and she gathered the little form more closely to her. "I have never failed in anything I undertook yet, and I don't intend to give up now. No, no, little Blanche, you and I must contrive to live on what has hitherto sufficed to keep me alone."

She was not at all rich, but a trifle had been saved from the wreck of her fortune that yielded her a small income; and if need be, she was willing to work. Soon after she got home a letter came from Mr. Ford saying he had intended to make arrangements with her, but she had left so suddenly. He felt it his right to furnish the funds for his niece's support and education, if Miss McGregor would only superintend it; and he mentioned a sum he had settled upon her. At first she felt inclined to refuse his offer; but after looking the matter all over, she concluded to accept it—and constituted herself, teacher, companion, everything, to four year old Blanche.

CHAPTER II.

Ten Christmas days have come and gone again, ten bright summers bloomed and faded, since Ellen McGregor took Blanche Ford to her heart and home. She had seen some dark days, but she stoutly maintained that,

"Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day."

Just now, things were looking very bright. A debt that had been due her father—quite a considerable sum too—had, very unexpectedly, been paid to her; so her mind was easy as to money matters. Then Blanche had grown very dear to her in those years when they two were shut in from the rest of the world, almost alone. One morning they had been reading together, when Miss McGregor suddenly stopped, saying,

"I cannot read any more this morning."

"What is the matter, auntie? You have looked pale and troubled all morning."

"I have a very strange presentiment, Blanche, that something is coming to trouble you and me. It seems as though we had been too happy to have it last." Blanche laughed.

"I can scarcely imagine my matter-of-fact auntie listening to a presentiment."

"I cannot shake it off; I have tried in vain. Blanche," she added, suddenly, "you would not leave me, would you? You would not be happier in any other place?"

"No, no indeed!" and she wound her arms round her neck. "My dear auntie, you are a' the world to me."

She clasped the child closely to her heart for a moment, and then said,

"You may leave me alone for a little now, Blanche. I can best conquer this foolish feeling alone. Go and make yourself happy."

Humming a tune, she sauntered out into the front porch, feeling, as she said, "very much banished." At the gate a horse was tied, and coming up the path was Herbert Creighton, the minister's son, and one of her childhood's friends.

Blanche bounded out to meet him.

"O! Herbert," she cried. "I am so glad you are come back. When did you come? Dear me! You are quite a man."

"I came last evening, for a month's holiday. You are grown almost a woman, and a very beautiful one too."

She shook her dark curls over her face to hide her blushes at the compliment,—not that it was news to her. Blanche Ford knew she was beautiful, and was very glad of it; but she was not inordinately vain.

"Are you not going to ask me to go in and see Miss McGregor?" asked Herbert.

"No, sit down here in the porch. She wants to be alone this morning, so I shall have you all to myself."

"Then may I have your pony brought out? I want to see if you have improved in your horsemanship during my absence."

"Yes, certainly," and she ran for her habit.

Left alone, Ellen McGregor sat with her head on her hand, thinking. She seemed to see her whole life spread out like a panorama before her. Though she saw many errors, many places where she stopped to drop a tear that she had not done more wisely, there was one scene over which she smiled softly to herself.

"Yes, Ellen McGregor," she said, "you never did a better thing for yourself than when you adopted Blanche Ford. Bless the child! I wonder where she is so long?"

The hurried tramp of feet below struck unpleasantly on her ear. Slowly it came up the stair, like the tread of men who bore a burden, and she felt as if an ice-cold hand had seized her heart; but she could not stir. They passed her door and stopped at Blanche's room. She staggered to the door, but it was opened by Herbert Creighton, who led her back to her seat and stood before her.

"Tell me quick, Herbert. Is she killed?"

"She was thrown from her horse, and hurt—stunned only, I hope. She has not yet recovered consciousness, but the doctor will be here in a few moments."

With a groan she covered her face for a moment; then, summoning all her strength, she went quietly to Blanche.

The surgeon had just arrived—not the old doctor she had always employed, but a stranger. She turned fiercely to Herbert.

"Why did you not go for Dr. Ransom?"

The stranger replied.

"He was not at home, madam, and I happened to be visiting at his place, so I ventured to offer my services, as they seemed anxious to procure assistance at once. Will you trust your child to my care?"

Her quick, practised eye took a survey of him, and seemed satisfied. She only said "Yes," and he immediately proceeded

to his work. He found that a leg was broken and one shoulder dislocated.

"I am glad to know," he said to Miss McGregor, as he was taking leave, "that my patient is in such good hands. You have a cool head and a firm hand I see. I think there is no cause for alarm on her account."

"Auntie," said Blanche, in the night, "did Herbert tell you how it happened?"

"No; but never mind, dear. Don't trouble yourself to talk. I can hear it when you are stronger."

"I want to tell you now. A strange man met us in the road, and he looked at me, oh so awfully, and then caught at my bridle, and the horse plunged, and I don't remember any more. I think it was the fright made me faint."

"I wouldn't think of it. He was probably amazed to see such a beauty in a little country village."

Although she turned it off so lightly, she was far from feeling easy herself.

Next morning as she was standing in the hall, a shadow fell across the open doorway, and looking up she recognized Cecil Granby. Without a word of welcome, she opened the parlor door, and he followed her in.

"How is my niece, this morning?" he asked.

"Very comfortable, thank you."

"Ah! She is not badly injured, then?"

"Not so badly as we feared. We hope she will soon be herself again," she said, privately wondering what had brought him there. She had heard nothing from him for ten years.

"That is well, as I intend to relieve you of the charge of her as soon as she is better."

She grasped the back of a chair for support, but her voice was steady as she said,

"Explain yourself, if you please."

"Certainly. My sister, as you know, appointed me her guardian, and I have come to take her now."

Ellen McGregor was herself again.

"Well, sir," she said, "you can return as soon as you please, for Blanche Ford will not go with you."

"The law will decide that point."

"Very well, let the law decide it then," and with a haughty bow, she left him.

At noon the doctor came.

"Doctor," she asked, "can I safely leave Blanche for two or three hours this afternoon?"

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"I believe so. I want to go to P—, nine miles from here, on business that I can trust to no one else. It concerns Blanche very closely, or I should not think of doing it now. The worst of it is, I cannot tell her, and she will miss me."

"Have you a friend who would take your place?"

"Yes, Mrs. Creighton will stay with her."

"You can go then. I will try and amuse Miss Blanche, so that the time will not seem long."

She went to Mr. Black, an old lawyer in P—, and told him the whole case.

"How old is the girl?" he asked.

"Fourteen."

"Old enough to choose her own guardian. Wait! What did you say her name was?"

"Blanche Ford."

"George Ford's daughter, and Philip Ford's niece?"

"The very same."

"Ah! Then I have some business with the young lady myself. Did you know Philip Ford was dead?"

"No, is he?"

"Died last week; and, by the terms of George Ford's will, the property now goes to his child—this little girl you have."

"Can this be why Cecil Granby is suddenly so much interested in her?"

"Very likely. He is capable of such a thing. Have you supported this child, Miss McGregor?"

"Her uncle made her a yearly allowance when she came to me."

"Entirely sufficient for her support?"

"He thought so; but it would not educate her as I wanted to."

"And you have done the rest yourself?"

"Yes, but pray don't think I want any remuneration for this, Mr. Black. I regard her as my own child, and am very glad to have been able to educate her well."

"I believe you. We will have this business settled as soon as possible. She must choose a guardian at once."

"She is very ill just now."

"As soon as she is able, then."

With her heart considerably lightened, she went home. She had little doubt what Blanche's choice would be. Of the property, she scarcely thought at all. Coming into the sick-room, she found Mrs. Creighton composedly knitting, and Dr. Wilmer reading; while the interest in the brown eyes that were fixed on his face, showed plainly how well he had kept his promise to amuse his patient. Blanche looked up with a smile into the face bent so lovingly over her, as she said,

"You have been taking the air, Dr. Wilmer says. I am so glad, for you looked pale and tired this morning."

"I was tired this morning, but I am as fresh as a lark now. What have you been doing while I was away?"

"Listening to this reading."

(To be continued.)

EVERLASTING LOVE.

DORA GREENWELL.

"Come and sit by my bed awhile, Jeanie: there's just a little space
Betwixt light and dark, and the fire is low, and I cannot see your face;
But I like to feel I've hold of your hand, and to know I've got you near,
For kind and good you've been, Jeanie, the time that I've been here:

"Kind and good you've been, Jeanie, when all was so dull and strange:
I was left to myself, and was not myself, and I seem'd too old to change,
And I couldn't get framed to the House's ways; it was neither work nor play;
It wasn't at all like being at home, and it wasn't like being away.

" And the days slipt on, and the years slipt on, and I felt in a kind of dream,
As I used to do in the noisy school sewing a long white seam;
Sewing, sewing a long white seam the whole of the summer day,
When I'd like to have been in the open fields either at work or at play.

" But now I feel as I used to feel in the summer evening's cool,
When we bairns would meet at the end of the street, or the edge of the village pool;
Or like when I've stood at the gate to wait for father home from the town,
And held him tight by the hand, or held my mother tight by the gown.

" And I feel to-night as I used to feel when I was a little lass,
When something seem'd alive in the leaves and something astir in the grass;
And all in the room seems warm and light, and I'm pleased to go or to stay;
But I've got a word in my heart, Jeanie, that's calling me away."

" Oh, what have you seen, Nannie, have you seen a blessed sight
Of angels coming to meet you; have you heard them at dead of night? "
" Oh nothing, nothing like that, Jeanie, but what saith the Blessed Word?
" God speaketh once, yea, twice, unto man when never a voice is heard."

" And He's given a word unto me, Jeanie—a word and a holy thought,
Of something I never found upon earth, and something I've always sought;
Of something I never thought that I'd find till I found it in Heaven above;
It's love He has given to me, Jeanie, His everlasting love!

" I'm old, Jeanie, poor and old, and I've had to work hard for my bread;
It's long since father and mother died, and ye know I was never wed;
And the most of my life's been spent in place, and in places where I have been,
If I've heard a little talk about love, it's been work I've mostly seen.

" And in summer the days were long and light, and in winter short and cold,
Till at last I was good for work no more, for you see I'm getting old;
And I knew there was nothing left for me but to come to the House, and I cried,
But if I was not good for work, what was I good for beside?

" And still when I went to chapel and church, I heard of love and of love;
It was something I hadn't met with on earth, and that hadn't come down from above;
It was something I'd heard of, but never seen, that I'd wish'd for and hadn't found,
But I liked to hear of love and of love, it had such a beautiful sound.

" And I used to think, perhaps it was meant for richer people and higher,
Like the little maid that sits at church beside her father the Squire,
For the angels that always live above, or for good folks after they die;
But now it has come to me I know, it is nigh and is very nigh."

" Oh tell me, what have you seen, Nannie; have you seen a shining light?
Have you heard the angels that harp and sing to their golden harps at night?"
" Oh Jeanie, woman, I couldn't have thought of such things as these if I'd tried;
It was God Himself that spoke to me; it was Him and none beside.

" It wasn't a voice that spoke in my ear, but a word that came to my soul,
And it isn't a little love I've got in my heart when I've got the whole;
It is peace, it is joy, that has fill'd it up as a cup is filled to its brim;
Just to know that Jesus died for me, and that I am one with Him.*

" Its love, Jeanie, that's come to me as nigh as you're now, and nigher;
Its love that'll never change, Jeanie, its love that'll never tire,
Though I'm old and I'm poor, and deaf, and dark, and the most of folks that I see,
Be they ever so kind, I'd weary of them, or they'd soon grow weary of me

" And this isn't the House any more—it's Home; and I'm pleased to go or to stay;
I'm not a woman weary with work, or a little lass at play;
I'm a child with its hand in its father's hand, its head on its mother's breast;
It's Christ, Jeanie, that's bid me come to Him, and that's given me rest

" And it isn't little God's given to me, though He's kept it to the end,—
Its wealth that the richest cannot buy, that the poorest can never spend;
And I needn't wait till I go to Heaven, for its Heaven come down from above;
Its love, Jeanie, God's given to me, His everlasting love!"—*Sunday Magazine.*

* "I knew that Jesus was my Saviour, and that I was one with Him;" words used by an aged, humble believer, in describing a manifestation which had conveyed unspeakable peace to her soul, at a time of great bodily weakness, and in the near prospect of death.

THE LATE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE,
D. D.

BY JOHN FRASER.

Few ministers ever attained so wide and affectionate a popularity in Scotland as the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., whose sudden, but not unexpected, death occurred a few days since. Born in 1803, in the little town of Brechin, in Forfarshire, Scotland, Dr. Guthrie lived to pass through and take a leading part in almost every important social and religious crisis by which his country has been agitated for the last fifty years. The Guthries from time immemorial have been associated with Brechin, and for more than a century the family has supplied that town with provosts, magistrates, and leading public men. Dr. Guthrie's father, like so many of his countrymen in rural districts, united the two trades of merchant and banker, and by the aid of industry, energy, and business talent, contrived to acquire a considerable fortune. He was a man of more than average ability; gifted with great natural shrewdness, and a fund of geniality and humor, which formed so marked an element in the mental legacy inherited from him by his distinguished son. As a youth, Thomas Guthrie did not promise brilliantly. In appearance, he was a long, lanky, straggling-looking lad, with great awkward bones, prominent, homely features, a large nose, uncouth hair, and clothes that seemed as if they had been thrown on with a pitchfork. After studying, with no marked success, at a local grammar-school, he matriculated at the University of Edinburgh; and, after going through the usual curriculum, was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Brechin in 1825. At college, Mr. Guthrie was diligent rather than brilliant, and displayed remarkable earnestness in the pursuit of his theological studies. Not satisfied with the conventional theological course prescribed by the Church of Scotland, and believing that some little medical knowledge would be of advantage to one whose life would probably be spent in a thinly populated country district, among poor parishioners, the young licentiate crossed to Paris, in the University of which city he spent a short time in the study of comparative anatomy and chemistry. On his return to Scotland, Mr. Guthrie served for nearly two years in his father's banking-house, which he did not finally leave till 1830, when he was appointed to take charge of the parish of Arbirlot, in his native country. Here he labored for some years, and with so much success, that his fame as an earnest preacher and pulpit orator soon found its way to Edinburgh procuring him a call to

the collegiate church of Old Greyfriars, which he accepted. This was in 1837, and three years later his popularity had increased to such an extent that a new parish was formed and a new church was built especially for him, namely, St. John's, whither he removed in 1840. Up to this time, Mr. Guthrie had devoted himself mainly to his parochial duties, including incessant labors to reform and better the degraded masses of the Scotch metropolis. But the time was fast approaching when he was to engage in more arduous and exciting, though not more noble work. Already keen observers were sensible of a coming storm; and it required no great prescience to detect on the theological horizon the cloud, as of a man's hand, which was soon to overspread the entire sky, and break in that tempestuous storm which shook the Church of Scotland to its centre.

It is not necessary to enter into the particulars of the great schism which resulted in the formation of what is called the Free Church, in 1843. It is enough for our present purpose to know that among the originators of that secession Mr. Guthrie was one of the most energetic and powerful, and did more, perhaps, than any clergyman, except Drs. Chalmers, Candlish, and Cunningham, to precipitate the crisis. But although he left the established Church, he did not leave his old field of labor, but continued to minister to a large and influential congregation in Edinburgh, until he set out on his memorable mission through the length and breadth of Scotland, in 1845-6, when his powerful oratorical appeals and splendid energy were mainly instrumental in establishing the Sustentation Fund, for the efficient support and housing of ministers of the Free Church. Not content with his success in this field, and as if to refute the charge that his charity began and ended at home, the indefatigable preacher next turned his attention to destitute and homeless children, and started the movement which resulted in the establishment of Ragged or Industrial Schools, first in Edinburgh, and finally all over Great Britain. In addition to his advocacy of these two schemes, Dr Guthrie was a constant and eloquent supporter of the temperance cause, and, indeed, of every movement that had for its end the amelioration of society and the suppression of vice.

In 1860, *Good Words* was started by Messrs. A. Strahan & Co., London, under the editorship of the late Dr. Norman Macleod—an intimate friend of Dr. Guthrie by the way—and after a short time the extraordinary success of that journal, and the growing secularity of its tone, led to the establishment of the *Sunday Magazine* by the same firm, under the management of Dr. Guthrie. In 1862, Dr. Guthrie was made Moderator of the General Assembly

of the Free Church of Scotland, and some time later, failing health and threatened heart-disease compelled him to retire from active ministerial duties. But he never quite gave up preaching, and only a few months ago delivered, in Glasgow, one of his most stirring addresses. Perhaps the last philanthropic scheme with which he was publicly identified was the Industrial Training Ships, for the education and reformation of houseless and destitute children; and some even on this side the Atlantic may remember the almost savagely scathing and eloquent philippic which he delivered in the March of 1872, on the proposed union of the Free and the United Presbyterian denominations. We need hardly add that the old man eloquent was in favor of the union; and his speech on the occasion referred to fell like a veritable bombshell amid the ranks of its opponents.

In appearance Dr. Guthrie was very tall, striking, and venerable. It is now nearly two years since the writer of this paper last saw him standing on a step of the main entrance to the Duke of Argyll's castle at Inverary. The occasion was the home-coming of the Marquis and Princess. Marchioness of Lorne after their marriage; and we can see as distinctly as if it were yesterday the tall, thin, loosely-clothed figure of the venerable Doctor, his long white hair gently stirred by the breeze, his pale, full, genial face wreathed with smiles, as he stood immediately behind the royal pair, by the side of the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Granville. In private, no man could be more simple, natural, enjoyable, and hearty. He was full of humor, and stories, and fun; a great favorite with dogs and children; and one of the very best friends and guides a young man could seek counsel from. In public, he was (after Dr. Chalmers and, latterly, Dr. Caird) the most eloquent Scotchman of his times, blending solemnity and pathos, a quaint provincial accent and delivery, with a surpassing earnestness and power to move the hearts of an audience to a degree rarely attained in any pulpit. One great feature of his oratory was the aptness and profuseness of his illustrations and similes. Of these, quite two-thirds were taken from the clouds and sea. The ocean seemed always to be sounding in the preacher's ears; and his descriptions of storms and shipwrecks were surpassingly vivid. As a writer, Dr. Guthrie was not voluminous. He was emphatically a preacher, not an author; yet his "City, its Sins and Sorrows," issued in 1857, his "Plea for Ragged Schools," and his "Way to Life," published in 1862, must be familiar to many American readers. It is not, however, by his published works that Dr. Guthrie will be remembered by posterity, but in connection with those great religious

and philanthropic agitations of his age in which he took a leading part. Not as the accomplished writer, the keen debater, or the successful editor will he live in the hearts of the future, but as the friend and spokesman of the poor, the homeless, and the destitute; the powerful advocate of those who were powerless to speak on their own behalf; and as one of the four leaders of the great theological revolt of 1843, when, by his eloquence and energy, he linked his name imperishably with the history of that Church of which he was for thirty years so conspicuously an ornament.—*Christian Union.*

NAPOLEON II.

KING OF ROME AND DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

The 20th of March, 1811, was a day of jubilee in Paris. As soon as it was rumored that the Empress Marie Louise was indisposed, the Tuileries were besieged by all classes, who regarded the event as one of the deepest national interest. At length the auspicious moment arrived, and the infant heir of Napoleon was brought to the light of day.

In a note to Chaboulon's Memoirs of Napoleon in 1815, vol. ii., p. 79, the editor writes, that when young Napoleon "came into the world, he was believed to be dead; he was without warmth, without motion, without respiration. Monsieur Dubois, the accoucheur of the Empress, had made reiterated attempts to recall him to life, when a hundred guns were discharged in succession to celebrate his birth. The concussion and agitation produced by this firing acted so powerfully on the organs of the royal infant, that his senses were reanimated."

No sooner had the feeble cry escaped from the infant's lips than Napoleon hurried to embrace him, and, bearing him into the presence of the great dignitaries of state, who had been assembled as witnesses to the event, proclaimed him *King of Rome*—the title which, it had been announced, would be conferred on a son. On the same day, the young king was privately christened in the chapel of the Tuileries.

So great was the delight of the Parisians that they kissed and embraced each other in the streets. Men, women, and children flocked to the Tuileries to obtain intelligence, and it was deemed necessary to issue bulletins, in order to inform them of the health of the mother and child.

Young Napoleon was intrusted to a healthy and robust nurse, chosen from the laboring class. She was neither suffered to quit the palace nor to converse with any man. In fulfilment of these regulations,

the strictest precautions were adopted. She, however, rode out in a carriage for the sake of her health, but never without being accompanied by several ladies.

The public baptism of the young prince was celebrated, at Paris, with the greatest pomp and magnificence, in the church of Notre Dame, June 9th, 1811. The ceremony took place at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the Imperial infant received the names of Napoleon-Francis-Charles-Joseph-Bonaparte. The baptism was followed by a grand dinner, given by the Prefect of the Seine and the municipal body of Paris to the Mayors of the large cities of the Empire, and of the Kingdom of Italy.

Shortly after his birth, the Emperor determined to surround his son with a guard in harmony with his age. Accordingly, on the 30th of March, 1811, a decree appeared, ordering the formation of two regiments, of six companies each, which were to bear the name of "pupils of the guard;" the decree further announced that there should be no *grenadiers*. On August 24th of the same year, the corps, which was formed of the orphans of those who had fallen in battle, consisted of 8,000 men; the uniform was green, with yellow embroidery. One day, when the Emperor was reviewing, in the Cour du Carrousel, a part of his grand army, a battalion of little-foot-soldiers, in good order, was seen to advance, the oldest being scarcely twelve years of age. They drew themselves up in line of battle immediately opposite a battalion of the old guard. At the sight of these children, the veterans smiled. As soon as the Emperor appeared, "the pupils" were severely reviewed, and then, placing himself between them and the old grenadiers, he said; "Soldiers of my guard, these are your children! I confide to them the guard of my son, as I have confided mine in you. I require at your hands friendship and protection for them."

Turning to his pupils, he addressed them: "And you, my children, in attaching you to my guard, I impose on you a duty difficult to observe; but I rely on you, and I hope one day it will be said, 'These children are worthy of their fathers.'" A deafening cry of "Vive l'Empereur" answered the address, and from that day "the pupils of the guard" were in the service of the King of Rome.

In the latter part of the year 1811, the young king was a marvel of beauty and good-nature. The Duchess D'Abrantes remarks that he resembled one of those figures of Cupid which have been discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum. The Emperor would sometimes take his son in his arms, with the most ardent demonstrations of paternal love, and toss him in the air, whilst the child would laugh till the

tears stood in his eyes. The infant was brought to him every morning when he was at breakfast, and on these occasions the Emperor would give the child a little claret, by dipping his finger in the glass and making him suck it, and he seldom failed to besmear the little one with everything within his reach on the table.

Marie Louise, who had never been accustomed to young children, scarcely ventured to take her son in her arms or to caress him, lest she should do him some injury. She would repair at four o'clock in the afternoon to his apartment, and busily engaged on a piece of tapestry, would look now and then at him, saying as she nodded her head, "*Bon jour! Bon jour!*" At the end of a quarter of an hour, perhaps, she would be informed of the arrival of her dancing-master, and the afternoon visit would be over. Thus the child became more attached to Madame de Montesquiou, his governess, than to his mother. Madame de Montesquiou had taken charge of him from his birth, and it would have been difficult to have made a better choice. She was young enough to render herself agreeable to a child, and yet, at the same time, she had a sufficient maturity of years to fit her for the position to which she had been appointed by the Emperor.

After the retreat from Moscow, Napoleon, care-worn and dejected, sought in the companionship of his wife and child to dispel the busy thoughts of an active brain. The Emperor had for his son an almost inexpressible love. His countenance illumined with smiles when he held him in his arms or upon his knees. He caressed him, teased him, and carried him before the looking-glass, where he made faces for his amusement. But most frequently his affection would manifest itself by whimsical tricks. If he met his son in the gardens, for instance, he would throw him down, or upset his toys. On one occasion the Emperor took his son to a review in the Champ de Mars, and the features of the young king brightened with pleasure at hearing the joyful acclamations of the old guard, tanned by the suns of a hundred battles.

"Was he frightened?" inquired the Empress.

"Frightened! no, surely," replied Napoleon. "He knew he was surrounded by his father's friends."

Madame de Montesquiou took advantage of every opportunity to inculcate those principles of piety for which she herself was distinguished. Kneeling by her side every night and morning, the young king lifted up his little hands in prayer to the Great Creator. After the terrible losses in Russia, she caused the infant to address the following words to the Throne of Grace: "O Lord, inspire papa with the wish of

restoring peace, for the happiness of France and of us all." One evening Napoleon happened to be present when his son was retiring to rest, but Madame de Montesquiou made no alteration in the prayer, and the child repeated the words already mentioned. Napoleon listened attentively, and, observing that it was his wish to restore peace, changed the conversation.

The supposition of the young prince being occasionally flogged is entirely erroneous. His governess adopted the most prudent and effectual means of correcting him. He was in general mild and docile, but he occasionally proved himself to be of the blood of Napoleon. He was, like his father, restless and impetuous, and sometimes gave way to fits of passion. One day when he had thrown himself on the floor, crying loudly and refusing to listen to anything his governess said, she closed the windows and drew down the blinds. The child, astonished at this, immediately rose, forgot the subject of his vexation, and asked her why she had shut the windows.

"I did so lest you might be heard," replied Madame de Montesquiou. "Do you think the people of France would have you for their prince, were they to know that you throw yourself into such fits of passion?"

"Do you think any one heard me?" he inquired.

"I should be very sorry if they did."

"Pardon me, *Maman Quiou*" (this was the endearing name by which he always addressed her), "I'll never do so again."

The Emperor almost always, even in his most serious labors, wished to have his son with him. When the child was brought to him Napoleon hastened towards him, took him in his arms and carried him away, covering him with kisses. His cabinet, in which were planned so many wise combinations, was very often, also, the sole confidant of the tendernesses of a father. Napoleon had caused to be made for himself a number of small pieces of mahogany of unequal length and of different shapes, the tops of which were carved to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he desired to try some new combinations of troops—some new evolution—he made use of these pieces, which were arranged upon the carpet to give a large field of action. Sometimes his son would enter the cabinet when his father was seriously engaged in the disposal of the pieces. The child, lying at his side, and charmed no doubt by the shape and color of the mimic soldiers, which recalled to mind his own playthings, would frequently disturb the whole order of battle, at the decisive moment when the enemy were about to be vanquished. Such, however, was the presence of mind of the Emperor, that he

displayed not the least annoyance, but he began again, with perfect coolness, to arrange his wooden warriors. It was not only the inheritor of his name and power that he loved in the person of his son. When he held him in his arms, all ideas of ambition and pride were banished from his mind. He was simply a fond and indulgent father.

The Emperor had conceived many novel ideas relative to the education of the King of Rome. For this important object, he decided on the *Institut de Meudon*. There he proposed to assemble the princes of the entire Imperial family, and he intended that they should receive the attentions of private tuition, combined with the advantages of public education. Their teachings were to be founded on general information, extended views, summaries, and results. He wished them to possess knowledge rather than learning, and judgment rather than attainments. Above all, he objected to the pursuing of any particular study too deeply, for he regarded perfection, whether in the arts or sciences, as a disadvantage to a prince.

But, alas! all the Emperor's brightest hopes and expectations were dashed to the ground. The tocsin sounded the summons to war, and, on the morning of the 25th of January, 1814, Napoleon, having tenderly embraced his wife and child, whom he beheld for the last time, quitted the Tuileries to place himself at the head of the army. This campaign, as is well known, ended with the capitulation of Paris.

On the 28th of April, Napoleon embarked for Elba, and on the 2nd of May, Marie Louise and the King of Rome left France forever.

The reign of the little king was over. A change was to come over the spirit of his dream. The bright ideas of youth, the fairy-fancies of his infant brain were to fade away, like mist before the rising sun,—the child was hereafter to be a prisoner rather than a prince.

On arriving at Vienna, the palace of Schönbrunn was assigned to Marie Louise and her son, as a royal residence. Towards the end of May, Madame de Montesquiou was formally requested to return to France. She was succeeded by a German lady, the widow of General Metrowski. Marie Louise soon after repaired to Aix-la-Chapelle for her health, and during her absence young Napoleon remained at Schönbrunn, where he was frequently visited by his grandfather and his aunts, who seem to have had for him a true affection. The other members of the Austrian family, with but few exceptions, failed to regard him with that interest which was due to his age and position. They conceived the idea of creating him a bishop,

and this suggestion was carried so far, that, in the Congress of Vienna, September, 1814, some of the members argued that it was necessary for the safety of Europe to conceal under the garb of a priest this heir to so much glory.

On the 22nd of June, 1815, Napoleon proclaimed his son emperor of the French under the title of Napoleon II., but the battle of Waterloo had been too decisive to permit the French the choice of their own sovereign. The Duke of Wellington formally declared in favor of Louis XVIII., Bonaparte was banished to St. Helena, and the rights of Napoleon II. were disregarded.

Without being anything extraordinary as a child, Napoleon was from the first precocious. His answers were as quick as judicious, and he expressed himself with great elegance of phrase. M. Foresti, who was his tutor for sixteen years, nearly the entire period of his Austrian life, remarks that "he was good-natured to his inferiors," but that "he only obeyed on conviction, and always began with resistance."

On the 14th of September, 1815, Marie Louise renounced for herself and her child all claims to the throne of France. She was thereafter to take the title of Archduchess of Austria and Duchess of Parma, and her son was to be called Hereditary Prince of Parma. She shortly afterwards gave her hand in marriage to Count Nieperg, and, leaving for Parma, many years elapsed before she again beheld the face of her son.

At the age of five years, young Napoleon was remarkably beautiful. He spoke with a true Parisian accent, and all his movements were full of grace and gentleness. His great amusement was mischievous practical jokes, such as filling his grandfather's boots with gravel, tying the skirt of his coat to a chair, etc. The first instruction attempted to be communicated to him was a knowledge of the German language. To this he opposed a most determined resistance, regarding all endeavors to teach him as an insult and an injury, but, finally, he learned the language so rapidly that he soon spoke it in the Imperial family like one of themselves.

In July, 1816, Francis II., being on a visit at Schönbrunn with his two daughters and his grandson, wished to see a young lion, a present from the Prince of Wales. The lion being very young, was nursed by two goats; on the approach of the Archduchesses, one of the goats came forward in a menacing attitude. Young Napoleon took hold of the goat by her horns and remarked to his aunt, "You can pass now; have no fear, for I will hold her." Francis II. was extremely pleased, and said to him, "That is well, my boy. I like you for that,

for I see you choose the right way where there is danger."

Young Napoleon was far from being of a communicative disposition, and, consequently, he did not like some children talk himself out of his recollections. Ideas of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father were constantly present in his mind. One day, one of the archdukes showed him a little silver medal, of which numbers had been struck in honor of his birth; his bust was upon it. He was asked, "Do you know whom this represents?"

"Myself," answered he, without hesitation, "when I was King of Rome."

On another occasion, General Soumariva, military commandant of Austria, was relating to him the lives of three illustrious personages, whom he cited as the greatest warriors of their times. The child listened attentively, but, suddenly interrupting the general, he eagerly remarked, "I know a fourth whom you have not named."

"And who is that Monseigneur?"

"My father," replied the child, as he ran rapidly away.

On the 18th of June, 1817, an international convention deprived him of the name of Napoleon, and substituted for it the more common one of Charles. The Emperor of Austria conferred upon him the title of Duke of Reichstadt, together with that of Serene Highness. At this early age he evinced a taste for a military life, and Count Diedrichstein was accordingly intrusted with his education in that profession. In the prosecution of this design, and to divert his mind from another model, the example of Prince Eugene of Savoy was proposed for his imitation. At the age of seven he was indulged with the uniform of a private; after a time, in reward for the exactness with which he performed his exercise, he was raised to the grade of sergeant.

On the 22nd of July, 1821, the young Duke was informed of the death of his father. He wept bitterly and shut himself up for several days. The next day he put on mourning, which he wore so long beyond the accustomed time, that an Imperial order was issued to compel him to suppress all tokens of grief. Time rolled on, but every year, on the 22nd July, he retired to his apartment and prayed earnestly for the soul of his father.

The greatest care was taken with the Duke's education. He was taught the dead languages, at first by M. Colin, and afterwards by M. Oberhaus. His military studies alternated with his classical ones. Of all his Latin books, *Cæsar's Commentaries* seems to have been his favorite. In fact, he became so infatuated with this work, that he wrote a remarkable treatise

upon it which has been published. He also edited a life of Prince Schwarzenberg, in which there were many passages relating to his father. From his fifteenth year he was permitted to read any book on the history of Napoleon and the French Revolution. He seems to have known almost by instinct, that it was only through war that he could ever rise to more than a mere subordinate of the palace, and this is probably the reason why he took the deepest interest in everything that partook of a military character.

About 1827 it was deemed necessary to initiate the young Duke into the policy of the Austrian cabinet. Accordingly, Prince Metternich, under the form of lectures on history, gave him the whole theory of Imperial government. These lectures produced the desired effect, and he was thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of absolutism.

From a book entitled *Le Fils de l'Homme*, published in France, in 1829, we learn that the Duke of Reichstadt was a prisoner both in body and mind. No Frenchman was allowed to be presented to him; no communication could be made to him except through the medium of his jailers, and no word could be uttered in his hearing which might by possibility touch the chord of ambition. His life was measured out by the square and rule; the cabinets of France and Austria determined on what he should know, and what he should think. The risk which he was informed that he incurred of being assassinated by some crazy fanatic of liberty, was the talisman by which this enchantment of soul and body was effected. His orders were obeyed, his every wish anticipated; he had his books, his horses, and his equipages for promenade or the chase; but in relation to all that the heart holds dear, he was, with slight exceptions, a solitary prisoner.

The revolution of 1830 produced a startling effect on the young Duke, for he perceived at a glance the future which lay open before him. He heard with emotion of the events which were transpiring in France, but he abstained from all participation in them, for he was surrounded on all sides by the spies and emissaries of Metternich. It was at this time that the Countess Camerata, a daughter of Eliza Bacciochi, made an attempt to involve him in a correspondence. One evening, in disguise, she lay in wait for him on entering the Imperial palace, seized his hand, and kissed it with an expression of the utmost tenderness. Monsieur Oberhaus, the Duke's tutor, who was alone with him, and had been struck with surprise as well as the Duke, stepped forward and asked her what she meant. "Who," cried she, in a tone of enthusiasm, "will refuse

me the boon of kissing the hand of the son of my sovereign?" At the time the Duke was ignorant who it was that had tendered him this equivocal homage, but her subsequent letters informed him that she was his cousin.

His first appearance in society was on the 15th of January, 1831, at a grand ball given at the house of Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador. It was there, also, that he became acquainted with Marshal Marmont, one of his father's generals, and, forgetting the treachery of the man who had delivered Paris to the allies, he informed him that there were many points relative to his father on which he would be happy to be enlightened. Metternich's permission was obtained; the marshal and his ancient master's son were mutually inclined. The young Napoleon had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand points to clear up. Marmont was finally engaged to give the Duke a whole course of military lectures, the text being Napoleon's campaigns. These lectures lasted for three months, and were then discontinued, as their frequency had begun to give umbrage.

On the 15th of June, 1831, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of a battalion of Hungarian infantry. From this time his life was passed in the barracks and on the parade ground. He felt that this was his first step to emancipation, as he called it, and he devoted himself to the duties of a chief officer with an ardor which quickly devoured the body that had been shaken by the silent struggles of solitude. His voice became hoarse, he was subject to coughs and attacks of fever, and his symptoms became so alarming that it was finally deemed advisable to send him to Schönbrunn to recuperate his strength.

The air and quiet at his Imperial residence were extremely beneficial, but the first return to vigor was the signal for exertion. To enjoy the solitude and the contemplation of nature, he repaired daily to a little village near Vienna, and it was there that he became struck with the grace and beauty of a niece of the good woman who kept the inn in that out-of-the-way resort. Her picturesque costume and simple manners naturally attracted his youthful attention, and he soon became deeply enamored. To this girl it is said he unfolded the secrets of his heart, and the restraint which had been killing him was overcome at last. Finding his health and spirits much improved, he was seized with an irresistible desire to see the ballet of *Le Diable Boiteux*, in which the *Cachucha*, danced by Fanny Ellsler, had become the talk of the city. On beholding the dancer, he gazed first in terror, then in doubt, then in horror and amazement, and sank slowly down senseless on the floor of the

box where he was placed. It was the dancer herself on whom his whole heart and soul had been bestowed. He went back no more to the village, and could never be persuaded to behold even once again the traitress who had so imposed upon his trusting heart. No one but himself ever suspected Fanny Ellsler of any base intrigue; the pastoral comedy had been played out in good part, and it is said, with the entire concurrence of Imperial relatives.

On his return to Schönbrunn, he commenced hunting in all weathers, which, together with exposure in visiting in a neighboring military station, soon occasioned a recurrence of the most dangerous symptoms of his disease, and, on the 22nd July, 1832,—the anniversary of the day whereon he had been informed of the death of his father.—the Duke of Reichstadt breathed his last.

At the time of his decease, many reports were circulated to the effect that foul means had been employed to hasten his death, that he had been poisoned, and that he had been permitted to indulge in every species of dissipation in order to bring about the desired result. On tracing these reports to their source, I find that these unworthy suspicions originated in the brains of a few French writers who were desirous of beholding the young Duke seated on the throne of his illustrious father. As a farther argument against these rumors, it is affirmed by some that the Emperor of Austria was greatly affected at the death of his grandson, and that he experienced for him a strong affection which was reciprocated on the part of young Napoleon. As a still further argument, it was found, on the opening of the body, that one of the lungs was nearly gone, and that while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearances of old age.

The Duke left no will and his mother accordingly inherited his property, the yearly income of which was nearly a million of florins imperial. He was buried in the Carthusian Monastery at Vienna, and his funeral, which took place two days after his decease, was attended with the same forms and honors as that of an archduke of Austria.

Whilst sojourning at Vienna, in the winter of 1868, I determined on visiting the monastery in which the Duke of Reichstadt is sepulchred. On ringing at the little gate of a building adjacent to the church, a capuchin, who discharged the functions of porter, desired me to wait a few minutes until another of his brethren, especially

appointed for the guidance of strangers, should arrive. This was an old capuchin, who came at length, holding a large bunch of keys in one hand and a lighted lantern in the other. He opened a side gate, and descending before me, illumined with his lantern the steps of a staircase that had but little of royalty about it, and was completely dark at its upper end. We said not a word to each other. At length, having descended about sixty steps, I found myself in a vault, on the two sides of which were ranged a great number of bronze tombs of different forms and dimensions. A small gate, at the further end of the vault, led into a little octagonal hall, lighted from above and enclosing some nine or ten tombs. Stopping suddenly before one of these funeral monuments, the old capuchin remarked, "There it is!" Nothing could be more simple than this receptacle of departed royalty. The vault, and the walls which support it, are covered with a color between rose and gray. No sculpture, no fresco, no ornament of any kind exists. The daylight falls from above through a glass covering, fixed in the middle of the vault. The ground is paved with yellow and violet-colored slabs. The tombs, supported on the ground by three round feet, are of bronze, and have no other ornament except three great bronze rings attached to their lower part. In one corner stood the coffin of the ill-fated Maximilian, covered with wreaths and immortelles, and a silver wreath of laurel, said to have been the gift of Carlotta, formed a pleasing contrast to the unfading green by which it was surrounded. Upon the tomb of Napoleon, which is near that of his mother, Marie Louise, was a Latin inscription.

The following is the English of the epitaph, which was placed on his sepulchre by the order of Francis II. :

To the eternal memory of

JOSEPH CHARLES FRANCIS,

DUKE OF REICHSTADT,

Son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. Born at Paris, March 20, 1811. When in his cradle he was hailed by the title of King of Rome; he was endowed with every faculty, both of body and mind; his stature was tall; his countenance adorned with the charms of youth, and his conversation full of affability; he displayed an astonishing capacity for study, and the exercises of the military art; attacked by a pulmonary disease, he died at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, July 22, 1832.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Young Folks.



THE LITTLE MARQUIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

(*Concluded.*)

"I then saw the lieutenant approach the Marchioness, and say something in a low tone. I guessed what it was, whether I could be trusted.

"'As myself,' replied my mistress, turning her lovely eyes towards me.

"'Well, then, let her take the child whilst you remain concealed with the Marquis at the farm.'

"'No, no, the boy must not leave me; his father would not like it; he is our only son and must remain with us.'

"The farm was about half a mile from the house. I ran thither and soon arranged everything with the good farmer and his wife. A bed was prepared for the wounded man in one of the most secluded rooms, and it was agreed that the little Marquis should be dressed as a peasant, and pass for one of the farmer's children, in case strangers happened to come. I was also to remain at the farm.

"The lieutenant soon returned with two soldiers, carrying the Marquis on a litter. He had fainted, and was unconscious of all that went on. We dared not think of a doctor—our only chance of safety was to remain quiet. The peasants could easily be made to believe the family had suddenly left the house on hearing the disastrous news from Nantes. We, therefore, bound up the wounds as well as we could. The Marquis had received two balls in the chest and a sabre cut on the arm. The soldiers and the lieutenant had left; they were forced to provide for their own security. Notwithstanding our unskillful surgery, the Marquis seemed to mend. Two or three days elapsed and we began to breathe more

freely, and to speak of leaving. The little Marquis played his part well enough; he thought it extremely amusing to wear a blouse and to eat brown bread with the other children—but he disliked being spoken to as they were; even in his peasant's dress he would be obeyed as if he wore his proper dress. His mother was so alarmed at this display of pride, which might bring such dreadful results, that she made him promise to behave differently; but his pride was too great for his good resolutions to hold. However, no one seemed to suspect us, so we felt comparatively easy on that score. One morning when the children were playing in the court-yard, a man stopped at the door; he had a bad face, and the farmer's wife, who first saw him, wished to make the little Marquis come in. 'Gaston,' she cried, speaking roughly on purpose to deceive the spy, if spy he was, 'come here directly; don't you hear me, child?'

"'Gaston!' repeated the man, 'why what an aristocratic name for a little rogue like that!'

"'Frightened by this remark the farmer's wife called him again.

"'Why do you speak to me like that?' said the child proudly; 'you know you have no right to do it.'

"'Stop, you naughty child!' said the poor woman trembling with fear, 'ought you to speak like that to your mother?'

"'To my mother!' repeated Gaston in the most haughty way imaginable; 'my mother is a Marchioness, and you are only a farmer's wife.'

"The man had heard enough. He went

off quietly, certain that some of the proscribed nobles were concealed in this farm, which had hitherto borne such a good name. The poor woman, much alarmed at having had a witness of the above scene, went to the Marchioness and related all that had happened. She spoke low and outside the door of the Marquis's room, but he heard all and called her in.

"I am lost!" he said, "without a doubt they will come here this evening; my wife and child must leave this place immediately. Is your husband here?"

"Yes," she replied, "but where are we to take them?"

"Have you not another farm, a hut in the woods—no matter where, as long as they are not here this evening. Marie will go with them, and by and by they will escape to England."

"May God grant it!" said the poor woman. The Marchioness came in leading Gaston by the hand.

"I have scolded him," she said in a low tone, "but he must not be told."

"No, poor child!" he replied, drawing his son to him and fondly kissing his curly head; "no, I do not blame him." Then turning to his wife he told her she must leave directly.

"It is impossible," she answered, becoming deadly pale.

"It must be done," said the Marquis in a voice that never faltered; "alone I may perhaps escape—Mrs. Guillet is a wonderful woman, and will hide me in some other part of the house and remove all traces of our presence, whilst three would inevitably be discovered."

"The Marchioness dared not answer, but I saw she looked upon this as a final separation. When all was arranged we departed. The little Marquis was seated on a horse before his mother, who held him with one hand and the bridle in the other.

"If only your wife does not suffer for her kindness towards us," she said to the farmer, who replied that his wife never minded anything as long as she did her duty.

"We went on during the remainder of the day and half the night, when we halted in a sort of ruined hut. The next day we were taken in at a farm and had bread and

milk given us; this went on for some days. The Marchioness would not leave the country until she knew her husband's fate. The farmer, who had left us on the day after our flight, returned at last, and my poor mistress heard all that happened. The Marquis had been taken the very night we left, and shot the following day. The farmer gave us all the details of the dreadful night at the farm, when we were wandering through the woods and fields seeking a shelter. His wife had hidden the Marquis in a loft behind some large bundles of flax, hoping to save him; but the search was so minute that she soon felt all was lost. She saw the Marquis being forced to stand in spite of his weakness, and she heard him murmur as the brutal soldiers dragged him out, "My poor child! May you never know the harm you have done!"

"The Blues (for so the Republicans were called) rudely blamed the farmer's wife for concealing an enemy to her country. She replied, 'I have a son in the Republican army and my husband, is a patriot, but the Marquis has always been good and just to us and I only did my duty in hiding him.' The men carried off their prisoner without further words. Some weeks later we contrived to cross the sea in an open boat, and were landed on the English coast."

"But that was not all?" I asked, seeing Marie hesitated.

"No, indeed, our misery only began then. It is true we only ran the risk of being starved to death, but only he who has lived in a strange land can tell what we suffered."

"You are forgetting one thing, Marie. I have heard papa say that you kept him and his mother by the work of your own hands, and that but for your devotion they would most likely have perished with hunger."

"Did he say that?" said the worthy woman in a tone of pleased surprise, "and when? and to whom?"

"Once when a relation we had never seen came here, do you remember?"

"Oh dear me! I am quite satisfied now that my young master has not forgotten, —not that it is worth mentioning. The Marchioness fell ill soon after we arrived in London, and so was unable to give lessons as she had intended, and which

would have brought in far more money than my poor needle-work. We had only just enough for three months to keep body and soul together. The poor boy grew so fast and was so thin—he had only bread sometimes, on the days when we could not give him any soup. He never saw any other children and had quite forgotten how to play; but one thing he never forgot, and that was his pride of birth. You must not be surprised at this; pride in those days was thought a virtue. A little gentleman learned to think of himself as one of a different order of beings. The poor child little knew what this same pride had cost him, and his mother often wept to see his defiant air, not that he was naughty with her—on the contrary, he perfectly adored her. He listened to all she said, and in the evenings she taught him more wise things than I could ever repeat, though I liked to hear them, she talked so well; but the Marquis was haughty to everyone except his mother, even to me.

“We had been a long time in England when some more French people came to live in the same house as ourselves. They had been servants, and had emigrated with their masters, and seemed to want for nothing. The Marchioness and I heard the sound of a quarrel on the stairs, and we listened. It appears that the son of one of the new arrivals had spoken familiarly to Gaston, who, not being able to get rid of him, gave the boy a box on the ears, saying, ‘There, take that as a lesson not to treat me as your equal.’

“‘Oh, its true I am not a prince,’ retorted the angry child, ‘but at any rate my jacket is not patched and I have plenty to eat.’

“This reply struck home. Gaston exclaimed, ‘And what does that matter?’ I am not a well-fed and well-clothed boer, but I am the Marquis of Vandesse, and I must beg you not to trouble yourself to speak when we meet.”

“‘Oh yes, a fine Marquis truly!’ said his little tormentor; ‘you may well be proud of your title when for it you let your father be taken by the Blues.’

“Madame grew very pale when she heard these words. How had the boy known this cruel story? What would be the

end? Would her son come to her for an explanation? He bent over his books all day without speaking, but when in bed he called his mother, who went and knelt by his side. Poor child! the words of the boy and his own recollections had revealed all.

“‘Mamma,’ he whispered, ‘is it quite true what he said?’

“She had no need to ask what he meant.

“‘Yes, my poor child, he spoke the truth; but how he knew it I cannot tell. I wished to keep it a secret from you.’

“‘Can you forgive me?’

“‘My dear child why should I not pardon the evil you did unconsciously?’

“Then he went closer and, trembling in every limb, asked, ‘Did my father know that I was the cause?’

“‘Yes, his last words were, ‘May he never know.’”

“‘But how can I forget? Oh, my dreadful pride! How I hate myself!’

“The poor mother’s heart was nearly broken at the sight of her boy’s grief, but perhaps this suffering was the only cure for his fault. Since that day I have never heard a proud word, nor have I seen him gay and cheerful. I believe he can never forget that terrible lesson. When he returned to France he neither claimed his title nor his property.”

What I felt during this recital can never be described. Was Marie wrong or right to tell me? Had she remembered sufficiently that he she had spoken of was my father? I will not decide, but this is certain, that a complete change came over me. The thought of this great trouble which had never been forgotten weighed heavily upon my mind. I felt instinctively that life would be intolerable if always burdened by the terrible consequences entailed by so many of our faults and mistakes. I longed to take my father’s hand, to cover it with kisses and to say, “If only you had never known, or if at least you could forget.”

I thanked Marie without telling her my thoughts, and left the kitchen. When I came to the study I paused involuntarily, and put my hand on the door; it opened, and I saw my father sitting before his desk, his head resting on the table. He seemed very sad; but this very sadness drew me to

him, now that I knew the cause. I went up quietly to his side and placed my trembling hand in his; he raised his head, looked at me for a moment, and then said,

"Gaston, I have left you too much alone; from to-morrow we will study together every evening." Ever since then I have loved my father passionately, and completely lost all my fears. My poor father! I only wish I had earlier tried to be a comfort to him!

SIGURD'S BEARD.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN.

(Concluded.)

With a gesture half triumphant, half appealing, Gerda turned to her father.

"Be silent, child," said Sigurd, severely. "I have more to ask of this youth, ere I renounce my purpose of making thee his wife. Tell me now, Björn, who is the maiden for whom thou art ready to lay down thy life?"

"Of a truth, I know not her name," answered Björn.

"Men of ancient race wed not with nameless maids," said Sigurd, sternly. "Her beauty must be great indeed to beguile thee into so rash an act. Is she fairer than the bride whom thou dost reject for her sake?"

"Nay," stammered Björn, blushing and looking down, "thy daughter is the fairest maiden on whom I have ever gazed, for the face of my betrothed I have never yet beheld."

"Thou mockest us, Björn," cried Sigurd, angrily, "and there is no such maiden. Prithee, is this a time for jesting?"

"I do not jest, Sigurd," answered Björn; "I am, indeed, betrothed to a maiden whose face I have never seen. If thou wilt grant me a few minutes longer life, thou shalt learn how this came to pass."

"Be brief," quoth Sigurd. And Björn told his tale.

"Two years ago, I was hunting in a remote part of Sweden, when one day I missed my road among the mountains, and wandered about for many hours, seeking vainly for some castle or village where I might find food and shelter for the night. At last, just before sunset, I reached the summit of a precipitous cliff, and, peeping over the edge, I beheld a small and beautiful valley, dotted with groups of stately trees, through which a dozen narrow footpaths wound in and out, in so intricate and bewildering a manner, that my head grew giddy in the vain effort to detect where one ended and another began.

"Some one must surely dwell in this fair valley, thought I, and forthwith I grasped the projecting roots of an old pine-tree and, swinging myself over the edge of the cliff, dropped lightly down on to a bed of thick green moss at its foot. Once in the valley, I was amazed to find that along the borders of the paths which I had noticed from above, grew shrubs and flowers such as I had never before beheld in our northern clime, while countless tiny fountains filled the air with their pleasant murmur. Yet, though on every side I beheld these signs of human skill and care, I could discover no dwelling in the valley, nor yet any outlet by which to escape from it. My first feelings of wonder and admiration were rapidly giving way to uneasiness and alarm, when, turning suddenly round the angle of a projecting rock, I beheld a veiled lady, seated on the sward. Alarmed by my unexpected appearance, she sprang to her feet and seemed for a moment about to take flight; but my words and looks soon reassured her, and I had little difficulty in inducing her to resume her seat, and listen to the story of my wanderings. When I had ended my tale she spoke, and I started as I heard her voice, for tones so sweet, so musical, had never before fallen on my ear.

"Since thy rashness hath brought thee into my enchanted valley, Sir Knight," she said, "thou must be content to tarry here till I give thee leave to depart."

"Since there is no way out of thy realm, I must perforce remain in it forever," answered I. The lady laughed, and her laugh was sweeter even than her spoken words.

"If there is no way out of my valley, how then did I come hither?" asked she gaily. "Dost think that, like thee, I dropped from yonder rocks?"

"Of a truth, fair lady," answered I, "thy presence here is a mystery which my poor wits are too dull to solve."

"Who bids thee solve it; and how knowest thou that I am fair?" asked the veiled lady quickly.

"I read thy beauty in thy voice," answered I. "My mother's voice was sweet and low like thine, and there was no woman in Norway fairer than she."

"Art thou, then, a Norwegian?" asked the stranger, and when I answered "Yes," she questioned me of my land, and its people, and its heroes, and we talked together till the moon rose above the mountain tops. Then said the maiden—and I fancied she sighed as she spoke—"The time hath now come for thy deliverance, but ere I set thee free, thou must find a ransom worthy of thee to give, and of me to take."

"Then I offered her the gold chain from my neck, and the jewelled clasp from my

cloak, but with neither of these would she be content. 'Then must I remain thy captive, for I have nothing else wherewith to buy my freedom,' said I.

"Give me the ring from thy finger, and I will release thee," said she quickly.

"Now this ring had been my mother's betrothal ring, and I had vowed to her on her death-bed that it should never be worn by any woman save her whom I had chosen for my wife; so, when the maiden asked it from me, I sat long silent, debating in my heart whether she was one whom the son of Swerker might wed without dishonor; for I needed not the voice of Sigurd to teach me that men of noble race mate not with maidens of low degree. But when the lady marked my perplexity, she rose up proudly, saying: 'Keep thy ring, Sir Knight; I will nought of ransom that is given with grudging. Go back into the world, and get thee ears that may reveal to thee not only my beauty but my worth.'

"When I heard these words, I was ashamed of my doubts, and, taking the ring from my finger, I placed it upon hers. 'Now art thou my betrothed,' said I, 'and though I should never behold thee again, yet can I never wed another.'

"Yea," answered the maiden softly, 'now are we betrothed, but the wedding, I trow, will not be yet.' Then she loosed a scarf which she wore as a girdle around her waist, and, having bound my eyes, she led me by the hand through what I deemed to be a winding passage underground, till of a sudden the night wind blew coldly in my face, and I knew I stood once more on the open mountain side.

"Now thou art free to see again," said the lady, as she dropped my hand.

"In a moment I had torn the scarf from my eyes, but, in that moment, my guide had vanished, and though I lingered long amongst those mountains, never again did I behold my unknown bride, or the enchanted valley of which she was the queen."

"For that, at least, thou mayst count thyself in luck," quoth Sigurd, as Björn ceased to speak. "Of a surety this veiled maiden was some evil spirit, and if thou dost not soon find a priest to absolve thee from thy bargain, she will doubtless return and drag thee down to hell."

"That she was no daughter of earth, I myself have long believed," answered Björn, thoughtfully; "but that she was in league with hell, neither thou nor any man shall ever persuade me, though, were she the daughter of the Evil One himself, I would still keep faith with her."

A silence followed Björn's bold words; a silence broken at last by a laugh so soft and musical that it scarce seemed to fall from mortal lips. Yet sweet as was that sound, he who had stood unmoved before

the wrath of Sigurd grew pale and trembled as it stole upon his ear.

"Laugh, oh laugh again, sweet voice," cried Björn, as he sank on the ground at Gerda's feet, "and that music for which I have so long vainly thirsted shall waft my spirit to the gods."

Then Sigurd laid the hand of Gerda in the hand of Björn, son of Swerker, saying: "Well, O Björn, hast thou borne this trial of thy truth, and well for thee that thy soul was proof against temptation; for, by the beard of which thy hand despoiled me, hadst thou been willing to barter away honor for life, I would have slain thee before my daughter's eyes. Take now the bride to whom thou didst plight thyself with thy mother's ring, for thou art worthy to be to Sigurd the son whom the gods denied.

Then—whilst Björn gazed with rapture on Gerda's beautiful face, as she told how, meeting him in the valley to which there was no access save through the subterranean passage, known only to her adopted mother and herself, she had recognized at a glance the future bridegroom whose form she had oft beheld in Asfrieda's magic mirror. The men-at-arms carried the block back to the kitchen, where it did good service in the preparations for the marriage feast, and messengers were despatched in hot haste to the bridegroom's castle to apprise his vassals of their lord's good fortune.

Of all that afterwards befell, nought need here be chronicled, save only that Sigurd and his people—that Björn might live and they not be foresworn—never again suffered the hair to grow upon their chins: and as they soon learned to think that the custom they had adopted must be the only one in accordance with the will of the gods, they waged such ceaseless war against all those of their neighbors who refused to follow their example that, during the lifetime of that generation, beards became as rare in Norway as icebergs at the equator, or palm-trees at the pole.

PHILIPPA.

CHAPTER IV.

MOTHER JOAN.

"She hears old footsteps wandering slow
Through the lone chambers of her heart"
—Lowell.

When Guy of Ashridge was fairly gone, Philippa felt at once relieved and vexed to lose him. She had called in a new physician to prescribe for her disease; and she was sure that he had administered a harmful medicine, if he had not also given a wrong diagnosis. Instead of being better,

she felt worse; and she resolved to give herself the next dose, in the form of a "retreat" into a convent, to pray and fast, and make her peace with God. Various reasons induced her to select a convent at a distance from home. After a period of indecision, she fixed upon the Abbey of Shaftesbury, and obtained the necessary permission to reside there for a time.

Lady Sergeaux arrived at Shaftesbury towards the close of August. She found the Abbess and nuns kindly disposed towards her, and her stay was not disagreeable, except for the restless, dissatisfied feelings of her own heart. But she found that her peace was not made, for all her fastings, scourgings, vigils, and prayers. Guy's words came back to her with every rite, "God strip you of your own goodness!" and she could not wrap herself in its mantle as complacently as before.

In the Abbey of Shaftesbury was one nun who drew Philippa's attention more than the others. This was a woman of about sixty years of age, whom all the convent called Mother Joan. An upright, white-haired woman, with some remnant of former comeliness; but Mother Joan was blind. Philippa pitied her affliction, and liked her simple, straightforward manner. She had many old memories and tales of forgotten times, which she was ready enough to tell; and these Philippa, as well as the nuns, always liked to hear.

"How old were you, Mother Joan, when you became a nun?" she asked her one day during the recreation-hour.

"Younger than you, Lady," said Mother Joan. "I was but an hilding* of twenty."

"And wherefore was it, Mother?" inquired a giddy young nun, whose name was Laura. "Wert thou disappointed in love, or—"

The scorn exhibited on the blind woman's face stopped her.

"I never was such a fool," said Mother Joan, bluntly. "I became a nun because my father had decreed it from my cradle, and my mother willed it also. There were but two of us maids, and—ah, well! she would not have more than one to suffer."

"Had thy sister, then, a woful story?" asked Sister Laura, settling her wimple,† as she thought, becomingly.

"Never woman wofuller," sadly replied Mother Joan.

The next opportunity she had, Lady Sergeaux asked one of the more discreet nuns who Mother Joan was.

"Eldest daughter of the great house of Le Despenser," replied Sister Senicula; "of most excellent blood and lineage; daughter unto my noble Lord of Gloucester that was, and the royal Lady Alianora de Clare, his wife, the daughter of a daughter of King Edward. By Mary, Mother and Maiden, she is the noblest nun in all these walls."

"And what hath been her history?" inquired Philippa.

"Her history, I think, was but little," replied Senicula; "your Ladyship heard her say that she had been professed at twenty years. But I have known her to speak of a sister of hers, who had a very sorrowful story. I have often wished to know what it were, but she will never tell it."

The next recreation-time found Philippa, as usual, seated by Mother Joan. The blind nun passed her hand softly over Philippa's dress.

"That is a damask,"* she said. "I used to like damask and baudekyn."†

"I never wear baudekyn," answered Philippa. "I am but a knight's wife."

"What is the color?" the blind woman wished to know.

"Red and black, in stripes," said Philippa.

"I remember," said Mother Joan, dreamily, "many years ago, seeing mine aunt, the Lady of Gloucester, at the court of King Edward of Caernarvon, arrayed in a fair baudekyn of rose color and silver. It was the loveliest stuff I ever saw. And I could see then."

Her voice fell so mournfully that Philippa tried to turn her attention by asking her,— "Knew you King Edward of Westminster?"‡

"Nay, Lady de Sergeaux, with what years do you credit me?" rejoined the nun, laughing a little. "Edward of Westminster was dead ere I was born. But I have heard of him from them that did remember him well. He was a goodly man, of lofty stature, and royal presence: a wise man, and a cunning §—saving only that he opposed our holy Father the Pope."

"Did he so?" responded Philippa.

"Did he so?" ironically repeated Mo-

* The figured silk made at Damascus.

† Baudekyn or baldekyn was the richest silk stuff then known, and also of oriental manufacture.

‡ In accordance with the custom of the time, by which persons were commonly named from their birth-places, Edward I., II., and III. are respectively designated Edward of Westminster, of Caernarvon, and of Windsor.

§ Clever.

* A word derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and used indiscriminately to denote a young person of either sex.

† The covering for the neck, worn by secular women as well as nuns, and either with or without a veil or hood. It had been in fashion for two centuries or thereabouts, but was not beginning to be generally discarded.

ther Joan. "Did he not command that no bull should ever be brought into England? and hanged he not the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem for reading one to his monks? I can tell you, to brave Edward of Westminster was no laughing matter. He never cared what his anger cost. His own children had need to think twice ere they aroused his ire. Why, on the day of his daughter the Lady Elizabeth's marriage with my noble Lord of Hereford, he, being angered by some word of the bride, snatched her coronet from off her head, and flung it behind the fire. Aye, and a jewel or twain was lost therefrom ere the Lady's Grace had it back."

"And his son, King Edward of Caernarvon—what like was he?" asked Philippa, smiling.

Mother Joan did not answer immediately. At last she said,—“The blessed Virgin grant that they which have reviled him be no worse than he! He had some strange notions—so had other men, whom I at least am bound to hold in honor. God grant all peace!”

Philippa wondered who the other men were, and whether Mother Joan alluded to her own ancestors. She knew nothing of the Despensers, except the remembrance that she had never heard them alluded to at Arundel but in a tone of bitter scorn and loathing.

"Maybe," continued the blind woman, in a softer voice, "he was no worse for his strange opinions. Some were not. 'Tis a marvellous matter, surely, that there be that can lead lives of angels, and yet hold views that holy Church condemneth as utterly to be abhorred."

"Whom mean you, Mother?"

"I mean, child," replied the nun, speaking slowly and painfully, "one whom I hope is gone to God. One to whom, and for whom, this world was an ill place; and, therefore, I trust she hath found her rest in a better. God knoweth how and when she died—if she be dead. We never knew."

Mother Joan made the sign of the cross, and a very mournful expression came over her face.

"Ah, holy Virgin!" she said, lifting her sightless eyes, "why is it that such things are permitted? The wicked dwell in peace, and increase their goods; the holy dwell hardly and die poor. Couldst not thou change the lots? There is at this moment one man in the world, clad in cloth of gold, dwelling gloriously, than whom the foul fiend himself is scarcely worse; and there was one woman, like the angels, whose Queen thou art, and only God and thou know what became of her. Blessed Mary, must such things always be? I cannot understand it. I suppose thou canst."

It was the old perplexity—as old as Asaph; but he understood it when he went into the sanctuary of God, and Mother Joan had never followed him there.

"Lady de Sergeaux," resumed the blind nun, "there is at times a tone in your voice which mindeth me strangely of hers—hers of whom I spake but now. If I offend not in asking it, I pray you tell me who were your elders?"

Philippa gave her such information as she had to give. "I am a daughter of my Lord of Arundel."

"Which Lord?" exclaimed Mother Joan, in a voice as of deep interest suddenly awakened.

"They call him," answered Philippa, "Earl Richard the Copped-Hat."*

"Ah?" answered Mother Joan, in that deep bass tone which sounds almost like an execration. "That was the man. Like Dives, clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day; and his portion shall be with Dives at the last, Your pardon, Dame, I forgot for the nonce that I spake to his daughter. Yet I said but truth."

"That may be," responded Philippa under her breath.

"Then you have not found him a saint?" replied the blind nun, with a bitter little laugh. "Well, I might have guessed that. And you, then, are a daughter of that proud jade Alianora of Lancaster, for whose indwelling the fiend swept the Castle of Arundel clean of God's angels? I do not think she made up for it."

Philippa's own interest was painfully aroused now. Surely Mother Joan knows something of that mysterious history which hitherto she had failed so sadly to discover.

"I cry you mercy, Mother," she said.

"But I am not the daughter of the Lady Alianora."

"Whose, then? Quick!" cried Mother Joan, in accents of passionate earnestness.

"Who was my mother," answered Philippa, "I cannot tell you, for I was never told myself. All that I know of her I had but from a poor lavender, that spake well of her, and she called her the Lady Isabel."

"Isabel Isabel!"

Philippa was deeply touched; for the name, twice repeated, broke in a wail of tender, mournful love, from the lips of the blind nun.

"Mother," she pleaded, "if you know anything of her, for the holy Virgin's love tell it to me, her child. I have missed her and longed for her all my life. Surely I have a right to know her story who gave me that life!"

* The copped-hat was the high-crowned brimless hat then fashionable, the parent of the modern one. An instance of it will be found in the figure of Bolingbroke, plate xvi. of the illustrations to Creton's History of Richard II., Archæologia, vol. xx.

"Thou shalt know," responded Mother Joan in a choked voice. "But, child, name me Mother Joan no longer. Call me what I am to thee—Aunt. Thy mother was my sister."

And then Philippa knew that she stood upon the threshold of all her long-nursed hopes.

"But tell me first," pursued the nun, "how that upstart treated thee—Alianora."

"She was not unkind to me," answered Philippa hesitatingly. "She did not give me precedence over her daughters, but then she is of the blood royal, and I am not. But——"

"Not royal!" exclaimed Mother Joan in extremely treble tones. "Have they brought thee up so ignorantly as that? Not of the blood royal, quotha! Child, by our Lady's hosen, thou art fifty-three steps nearer the throne than she! We were daughters of Alianora, whose mother was Joan of Acon,* daughter of King Edward of Westminster; and she is but the daughter of Henry, the son of Edmund, son of Henry of Winchester." †

Philippa was silent from astonishment. "Go on," said the nun. "What did she do to thee?"

"She did little," said Philippa in a low voice. "She only left undone."

"Ah!" replied Mother Joan. "The one half of the *Confiteor*. The other commonly marcheth apace behind."

"Then," said Philippa, "my mother was——"

"Isabel La Despenser, younger daughter of the Lord Hugh Le Despenser the younger, Earl of Gloucester, and granddaughter of Hugh the elder, Earl of Winchester. Thou knowest their names well, if not hers."

"I know nothing about them," replied Philippa, shaking her head. "None ever told me. I only remember to have heard them named at Arundel as very wicked persons, and rebels against the King."

"Holy Virgin!" cried Mother Joan. "Rebels!—against which King?"

"I do not know," answered Philippa.

"But I do!" exclaimed the blind woman, bitterly. "Rebels against a rebel! Traitors to a traitress! God reward Isabelle of France for all the shame and ruin that she brought on England! Was the crown that she carried with her worth the price which she cost that carried it? Well, she is dead now—gone before God to answer all that long and black account of hers. Methinks it took some answering. Child, my father did some ill things, and my grandfather did more; but did either ever anything to merit the shame and

agony of those two gibbets at Hereford and Bristol? Gibbets for them that had sat in the King's council, and aided him to rule the realm,—and one of them a white-haired man over sixty years!* And what had they done, save to anger the tigress? God help us all! We be all poor sinners; but there be some, at the least in men's eyes, a deal blacker than others. But thou wouldst know her story, not theirs: yet theirs is the half of hers, and the tale were unfinished if I told it not."

"What was she like?" asked Philippa.

Mother Joan passed her hand softly over the features of her niece.

"Like, and not like," she said. "Thy features are sharper cut than hers; and though in thy voice there is a sound of hers, it is less soft and low. Hers was like the wind among the strings of an harp hanging on the wall. Thy coloring I cannot see. But if thou be like her, thine hair is glossy, and of chesnut hue; and thine eyes are dark and mournful."

"Tell me about her, Aunt, I pray you," said Philippa.

Joan La Despenser smoothed down her monastic habit, and leaned her head back against the wall. There was evidently some picture of memory's bringing before her sightless eyes, and her voice itself had a lower and softer tone as she spoke of the dead sister. But her first words were not of her.

"Holy Virgin!" she said, "when thou didst create the world, wherefore didst thou make women? For women have but two fates: either they are black-souled, like the tigress Isabelle, and then they prosper and thrive, as she did; or else they are white snowdrops, like our dead darling, and then they are martyrs. A few die in the cradle—those whom thou lovest best; and what fools are we to weep for them! Ah me! things be mostly crooked in this world. Is there another, me wondereth, where they grow straight?—where the black-souled die on the gibbets, and the white-souled wear the crowns? I would like to die, and change to that Golden Land, if there be. Methinks it is far off."

It was a Land "very far off." And over the eyes of Joan La Despenser the blinding film of earth remained; for she had not drunk of the Living Water.

"The founder of our house,"—thus Mother Joan began her narrative,—"was my grandfather's father, slain, above an

* Acre, where Joan was born.
† Henry III.

* One historian after another has copied Froissart's assertion that Hugh Le Despenser the elder at his death was an old man of ninety, and none ever took the trouble to verify the statement; yet the *post-mortem* inquisition of his father is extant, certifying that he was born in the first week in March, 1261; so that on October 8, 1326, the day of his execution, he was only sixty-five.

hundred years ago, at the battle of Evesham. He left an infant son, not four years old when he died. This was my grandfather, Hugh Le Despenser, Earl of Winchester, who at the age of twenty-five advanced the fortunes of his house by wedding a daughter of Warwick, Isabel, the young widow of the Lord de Chaworth, and the mother's mother of Alianora of Lancaster. Thou and thy father's wife, therefore, are near akin. This Isabel (after whom thy mother was named) was a famed beauty, and brought moreover a very rich dower. My grandfather and she had many children, but I need only speak of one—my hapless father.

"King Edward of Caernarvon loved my father dearly. In truth, so did Edward of Westminster, who bestowed on him, ere he was fully ten years old, the hand of his grand-daughter, my mother, Alianora de Clare, who brought him in dower the mighty earldom of Gloucester. The eldest of us was Hugh my brother; then came I; next followed my other brothers, Edward, Gilbert, and Philip; and last of all, eight years after me, came Isabel, thy mother.

"From her birth this child was mine especial care. I was always a thoughtful, quiet maiden, more meet for cloister than court; and I well remember, though 'tis fifty years ago, the morrow when my baby-sister was put into mine arms, and I was bidden to have a care of her. Have a care of her! Had she never passed into any worse care than mine—well-a-day! Yet, could I have looked forward into the future, and have read Isabel's coming history, I might have thought that the wisest and kindest course I could take would be to smother her in her cradle.

"Before she was three years old, she passed from me. My Lord of Arundel—Earl Edmund that then was—was very friendly with my father; and he desired that their families should be drawn closer together by the marriage of Richard Fitzalan, his son and heir—a boy of twelve years—with one of my father's daughters. My father, thus appealed unto, gave him our snowdrop.

"Not Joan," said he; "Joan is God's. She shall be the spouse of Christ in Shaftesbury Abbey."

"So it came that ere my darling was three years old, they twined the bride-wreath for her hair, and let it all down flowing, soft and shining, from beneath her golden fillet. Ah holy Virgin! had it been thy pleasure to give me that cup of gall they mixed that day for her, and to her the draught of pure fresh water thou hast held to me! Perchance I could have drunk it with less pain than she did; and at least it would have saved the pain to her.

"That was in the fourteenth year of Ed-

ward of Caernarvon.* So long as Earl Edmund of Arundel lived, there was little to fear. He, as I said, loved my father, and was a father to Isabel. The Lady of Arundel likewise was then living, and was careful over her as a mother. Knowest thou that the Lady Griselda, of such fame for her patient endurance, was an ancestress of thy father? It should have been of thy mother. Hers was a like story; only that to her came no reward, no happy close.

"But ere I proceed, I must speak of one woful matter, which I do believe to have been the ruin of my father. He was never loved by the people—partly, I think, because he gave counsel to the King to rule, as they thought, with too stern a hand; partly because my grandfather loved money too well, nor was he over careful how he came thereby; partly because the Queen hated him, and she was popular; but far above all these for another reason, which was the occasion of his fall, and the ruin of all who loved him.

"Hast thou ever heard of the Boni-Homines? They have other names—Albigenses, Waldenses, Cathari, Men of the Valleys. They are a sect of heretics, dwelling originally in the dominions of the Marquis of Monferrato, toward the borders betwixt France, Italy, and Spain: men condemned by the Church, and holding certain evil opinions touching the holy doctrine of grace of condignity, and free-will, and the like. Yet some of them, I must confess, lead not unholy lives."

Philippa merely answered that she had heard of these heretics.

"Well," resumed the blind woman, "my father became entangled with these men. How or wherefore I know not. He might have known that their doctrines had been condemned by the holy Council of Lumbars two hundred years back. But when the Friars Predicants were first set up by the blessed Dominic, under leave of our holy Father the Pope, many of these sectaries crept in among them. A company went forth from Ashridge, and another from Edingdon—the two houses of this brood of serpents. And one of them, named Giles de Edingdon, fell in with my father, and taught him the evil doctrines of these wretches, whom Earl Edmund of Cornwall (of the blood royal), that wedded a daughter of our house, had in his un wisdom brought into this land; for he was a wicked man and an ill liver. † Kind Edward of Caernarvon likewise listened to these men, and did but too often according to their counsels.

"Against my grandfather and others,

* 1320.

† It will be understood that this was the light in which the monks regarded Earl Edmund.

but especially against these men of Edingdon and Ashridge, Dame Isabelle the Queen set herself up. King Edward had himself sent her away on a certain mission touching the homage due to the King of France for Guienne; for he might not adventure to leave the realm at that time. But now this wicked woman gathered together an army, and with Prince Edward, and the King's brother the Earl of Kent, who were deluded by her enchantments, she came back and landed at Orewell, and thence marched with flying colors to Bristol, men gathering everywhere to her standard as she came.

"We were in Bristol in that awful day. My mother, the King had left in charge of the Tower of London; but in Bristol, with the King, were my grandfather and father, my Lord and Lady of Arundel, their son Richard, and Isabel, and myself. I was then a maiden of sixteen years. When Dame Isabelle's banners floated over the gates of the city, and her trumpets summoned the citizens to surrender, King Edward, who was a timid man, flung himself into the castle for safety, and with him all of us, saving my grandfather, and my Lord of Arundel, who remained without, directing the defence.

"The citizens of Bristol, thus besieged (for she had surrounded the town), sent to ask Dame Isabelle her will, offering to surrender the city on condition that she would spare their lives and property. But she answered by her trumpeter that she would agree to nothing unless they would first surrender the Earls of Winchester and Arundel; 'for,' saith she, 'I am come purposely to destroy them.' Then the citizens consulted together, and determined to save their lives and property by the sacrifice of the noblest blood in England, and (as it was shown afterwards) of the blood royal. They opened their gates, and yielded up my grandfather and thine to her will."

ABOUT CORSETS.

There was a time when the wearing of corsets was by no means confined to the fairer sex. When the martial spirit ruled the world the corset had its place under the armor, and when the armor was laid aside for the gay dalliance of the courts, the corset was still hidden under the velvet and lace of the perfumed gallants. But when men began to wrestle with the powers of nature and subdue her instead of one another, they solved the question that now troubles the feminine mind by laying aside their corsets altogether. Having once experienced the delights of freedom from this bondage, it is scarcely probable they will ever resume them. I suppose that some of my readers can remember in childhood some one individual of whom it

was rumored that this tapering waist a corset confined, and who was gazed at in great astonishment and some awe. These were the connecting links with the far past; but, I believe, this genus is now entirely extinct.

As for the women, there is no question but we have also taken some steps toward the light. Whoever has rummaged in old chests full of moth-eaten finery has doubtless come across a pair of the stays our grandmothers wore. I have found them. They were two feet and a half, at the very least, in length; in the front was a board three inches wide; two similar ones held the laces in place in the back, and whale-bones, many and various, ran in all directions. What wonderful things they were! Almost things of beauty, but fortunately not to be enjoyed forever! Indeed, realizing as we all do how difficult it is to escape from the tyranny of custom, we ought to be very thankful we are not our own grandmothers.

But it is the corset of to-day with which we have to do. How many homilies have we each listened to on the sin of corset-wearing; and how fruitless have they all been, because the real objectionable point was not at issue! Every self-constituted preacher has enlarged on the evils of *tight-lacing*; and we have all vowed, with our hands across the breast, that we do not and never did lace at all, in the sense in which the word is generally used; and although we are not believed, we are telling the truth all the time, for most women of the present day do not and never did lace. Wasp-like waists have gone out of fashion. The majority of women, therefore, know that their corsets are by no means tight. The fact is self-evident. Assured on that point of our perfect innocence, we insist that corsets (without tight-lacing) are a necessity. They give not only a physical, but a moral support to our backs; with them we feel strong and erect; without them, we are as limp as rags and utterly worthless. Take away, then, if necessary, our jewellery, our velvets, and laces, but oh! leave us, leave us our corsets! Thus we think, but nevertheless we are not comfortable in our present style of dress; on the contrary, we are very uncomfortable. And we know very well that the trouble is in our corsets.

The first requisite of a corset is that the support of the clothes should depend from the shoulders instead of the hips. This support most corsets do not give, and so little is the importance of this recognized that ladies who are under the constant care of distinguished physicians still wear, unrebuked by them, their several skirts, some of them heavily trimmed, hanging on their hips. This is bad enough in healthy women, but criminal in invalids. Some corsets are supported by rubber bands over the

shoulders. But straps themselves are injurious, hurting the delicate muscles. In addition, the most pliable busks are still an injury, none the less so because they do not hurt and we do not immediately feel their ill effects.

To completely solve the difficulty, then, is to convince women that the corset is not a necessity, and this is a herculean task. Even the weak backs that American women are supposed to have, do not need the support of a corset. A young lady says: "Why, I lean back in my corset like in an arm-chair." Probably, but an arm-chair is by no means a necessity. I have seen old men and women sit perfectly upright without the support of arm-chairs. They accustomed themselves to do so. Corsets are simply a habit. Backs would grow strong without them.

A more powerful argument in favor of corsets is, that as long as we dress as we do now, we need something to hold up our skirts. Here is a substitute that a few persons have found to answer admirably. Make a basque waist of satin, jean, linen, or cotton. About the waist stitch a band of cloth, and on this sew large buttons, and button every skirt on it. Cut it very high on the shoulders, and bring the lower part of the arm-hole directly under the arm-pit, which arrangement gives perfect freedom to the arm. In front, just below the top of the darts, the cloth is cut from the bottom to about a finger's length from the arm-hole, and a half width of muslin or linen (according to material of the waist) is added and puffed in. Over this the dress will fit as nicely as over a French corset. If one wishes, whalebones may be placed in the darts or any place else, but they are not a necessity.

This substitute is simple, easily made, and worth a trial.—*Hearth and Home.*

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

A friend of mine told me a story a little while ago which interested me so much that I want to tell it to all my little friends. This gentleman owned a fine horse, which was very fond of him, and would come from the pastures at the sound of his voice, and followed him round like a dog. Well, at one time the horse became lame and was obliged to stay in his stable and not be used for many weeks, and it was during this time that Mr. B. became interested to see how much the horse knew and how kind his sympathies were. An old cat had made her nest upon the scaffold just above the horse's manger, and had laid

there her little family of five kittens, to bring them up under his good tuition, I suppose.

She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down into his manger and went off for food, and then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger, with her foot bleeding and badly hurt, so that she could scarcely crawl; but she managed to leap away on three feet and get her breakfast; but when she came back she was entirely unable to get up to her kittens, and what do you think she did? She sat down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up several times, till at last pony, seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to the kittens, who, I doubt not, were glad enough to see her.

This Mr. C. told me he saw repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll off into the manger, go and get her breakfast, come back, and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language and been willing to listen to it.—*Ex.*

THE TRAVELLERS' ALPHABET.

A GAME.

ELLEN.—I am going on a journey to Albany.

LOUISA.—What shall you do there?

ELLEN.—Ask for apples and apricots.

LOUISA.—I am going to Boston.

FRANK.—What will you do there?

LOUISA.—Buy bonnets and buns.

FRANK.—I am going to College.

SUSAN.—What will you do there.

FRANK.—Cut capers.

SUSAN.—I am going to Dover.

SARA.—What will you do there.

SUSAN.—Dress dolls.

SARA.—I am going to Erie.

RUSSELL.—What will you do there?

SARA.—Eat eggs.

RUSSELL.—I am going to Fairhaven.

GRACE.—What will you do there?

RUSSELL.—Feed fawns with frogs.

GRACE.—I am going to Greenbush.

HOWARD.—What will you do there?

GRACE.—Give gold to girls.

HOWARD.—I am going to Hanover.

MARY.—What will you do there?

HOWARD.—Hunt with hounds and horses.

The party went through the alphabet in the above manner. Whoever could not answer readily, after due time was allowed, must either pay a forfeit or suffer some penalty.

"I WILL TRY."

There is a society in London known as the Society of Arts. Its object is the encouragement of talent in the departments of art. Prizes are awarded by the Society, sometimes to painters for their pictures, and sometimes to humbler artisans for improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of bonnets, lace, etc.

More than half a century ago, a little fellow, named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of paintings at the Society's rooms. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and color with remarkable skill.

"Look you, William," said his mother, "I saw some paintings in the exhibition which did not seem to me half as good as some of yours." ♦

"Do you really think so, mother?" asked he.

"I am sure of it," she replied. "I saw some paintings inferior, both in color and drawing, to some that are hanging in your chamber."

William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls at the next exhibition."

"Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

"O! mother, do you think I should stand any chance of success?"

"Nothing venture, nothing win," said his mother. "You can but try."

"And I *will* try, mother, dear," said William. "I have a historical subject in my head out of which I think I can make a picture."

"What is it, William?"

"The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him? He led a mob in the time of Richard the Second. He behaved insolently before the King at Smithfield, and was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then dispatched by the King's attendants."

"It is a bold subject, William; but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it."

"If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again."

"To be sure you can, William. So we will not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver palette offered by the Society for the best historical painting."

Without more ado, little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with

the various costumes of the year 1381; he learned how the King and the noblemen used to dress, and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and workmen, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learned what sort of weapons were carried in those days.

After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped, in imagination, the persons present at the scene—the King and his attendants; Walworth the Mayor; Wat Tyler himself, and in the background some of his ruffianly companions.

The difficulty now was to select that period of the action best fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in attitudes the most natural and expressive. Many times did little William make a sketch on paper, and obliterate it, dissatisfied with his work. At times he almost despaired of accomplishing anything that should do justice to the conception in his mind. But after many failures, he completed a sketch which he decided to transfer to canvas.

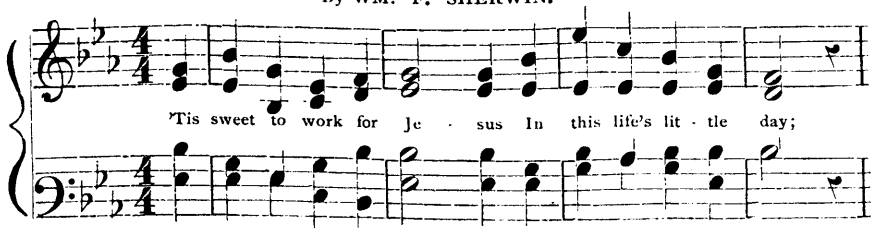
He now labored diligently at his task, and took every opportunity to improve himself in a knowledge of colors and their effects. At length the day for handing in his picture arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to its merits. On the day appointed for the announcement of the decision, many persons of distinction were present, including ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk.

William's mother was present, of course. She sat waiting the result, with a beating heart. What a gratified mother she was, when, after the transaction of some uninteresting business, it was announced that the prize of a silver palette for the best historical picture was awarded to the painter of the piece entitled, "The Death of Wat Tyler."

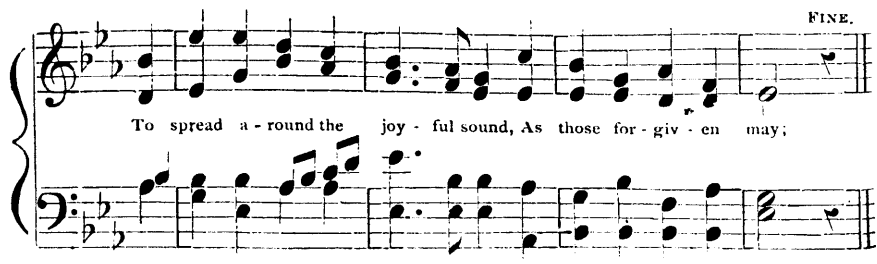
When it was found that William Ross was the successful artist, the applause of the audience broke forth with enthusiasm. To see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age was a novelty and surprise. William was summoned with his picture to the Duke's chair, and here he received such counsel and encouragement as were of great service to him in his future career. He became at length Sir William Ross, miniature painter to the Queen, having risen to fortune and to fame, by carrying out with determination and perseverance, his simple promise to his mother of "*I will try.*"—*Selected.*

"TIS SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS."

By WM. F. SHERWIN.



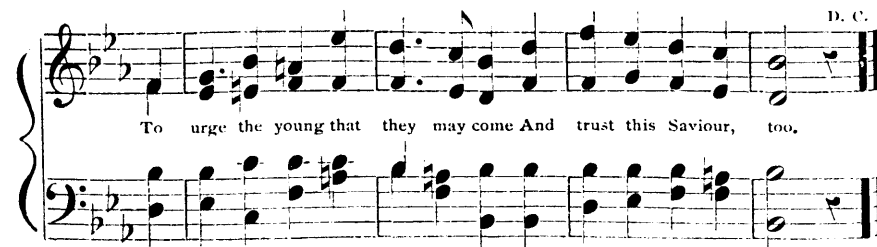
'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus In this life's lit - tle day;



To spread a - round the joy - ful sound, As those for - giv - en may;



To tell His lov - ing kind - ness, His pro - mis - es so true;



To urge the young that they may come And trust this Saviour, too,

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
 For Him who loved, and gave
 Himself for us, an offering thus,
 Our ruined souls to save.
 Glad service we would render,
 For grace so rich and free;
 Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have borne
 So little fruit to Thee.
 'Tis sweet, &c.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
 Be this our one desire,
 Our purpose still to do His will,
 Whatever He require.
 No action is too lowly,
 No work of love too small;
 If Christ but lead, we may indeed
 Well follow such a call.
 'Tis sweet, &c.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus
 While our weak spirits rest
 In His own care, safe shelter'd there,
 And with His presence blest.
 In such calm, happy moments,
 No greater joy we know;
 Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
 To whom our all we owe.
 'Tis sweet, &c.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
 Oh! weary not of this,
 But onward press with cheerfulness:
 Tho' rough the pathway is.
 Hold on unmoved and patient,
 Till He shall call thee home,
 With joy to stand at God's right hand,
 To serve before the throne.
 'Tis sweet, &c.—*Selected.*

The Home.

SLAVES OF THE WHEEL.

BY MRS. S. C. HALLOWELL.

"She's a very pretty girl," I thought, as I watched her at her window, across the street from mine. An intellectual face, with its clear, grey eyes, and low, broad brow—a pure profile of the Greek type, but relieved from impassiveness by the full pout of her mouth. Her hair too, in its dark richness of chestnut brown, though it was wonderful in band, and braid, and glossy spiral, frames rarely that graceful head.

It is early in the morning, and she wears a close-fitting dress of some dark-brown stuff, with a clear ruffle at the throat. Day after day she sits there, and all day long; and I can divine by the motion of her shoulders, and the lift of her arm, now and then, that she sits at the sewing-machine.

And yet, I see her go down the street, sometimes arrayed like the lilies of a court; the golden lilies—not the shy ones of the valley; and superb in all the mysteries of a many-ruffled, gorgeous street costume. Evidently she is a girl, as girls go, with money enough for each passing fancy; and time all her own. Indeed, I believe that she is the only child of a father "well-to-do" in worldly goods.

I stand on tip-toe that I may see still farther into the room; may penetrate into the heart of this girlish mystery, that has held her already many days.

What is this that I see? Pink silk, fold on fold of it, on chairs and on table; and her white fingers, guiding the flying wheel, are turning and patting, with marvellous dexterity, a shining ruffle of the same.

A ball dress! And that is the meaning of these hard-working days? The fair girl, that had been text for a very gracious sermon in my thought, seemed now as she bent over the wheel, like a devotee before some ghastly idol. It was almost a suttee she was performing, as her cheeks glowed with the mad eagerness of her work. It was burning up, surely, the fair proportions of her life; was shrivelling her heart, and narrowing her brain. It was making

sad waste and havoc of the young energy, the concentrated will, and the golden morning hours. All those bright, girlish thoughts pinned down to one point—*sixteen rose-colored ruffles!*

I let fall my curtain; I would look no more. The fair, dear thing she had seemed to me, destitute—the type of womanly helpfulness for women—she was wrapped in self; I could see it now.

And when, an hour later, she appeared at the door, in another marvellous creation of cloth and velvet, piled with loop and fold, and intricate with fur tracery, I turn away with a shiver. For now I know what this magnificent walking dress represents—not the expanse of the milliner's bill; would that it did—but days and weeks of her own young life, stitched away and dead among its folds.

"Well, there is no pleasing some folks!" my clear-eyed damsel opposite would say, if I told her this. "If I had *bought* that dress, it would have cost—yes—two hundred dollars easily! Because I made it myself and it costs nothing, in comparison, why should you care? I have plenty of time; nothing else to do, in fact!"

"Who darns the stockings?"

"Mamma, of course!"

"Who keeps house and orders all the supplies?"

"Mamma; who else?"

"Who nursed your father through that attack of gout in the winter, when the doctor's carriage was so often at the door?"

"Nobody but mamma. I am not good at nursing."

"And yet you are qualifying yourself to be somebody else's mamma in due time, by a patient frilling of pink silks and suitable devotion to your dainty bonnet! Go to! go to!" (I love the dear old Saxon words; they are so convenient when you don't know just where to send your adversary.) "To school," I would fain have said, could there be but a school that would teach women that *living* is the aim of life. Living, in its fullest sense, and not a mere cramming of crude knowledge, nor the other extreme of infinite sewing. Alas for the leagues upon leagues of tucks and hems! and alas for the fairest hours of life spent with that cruel little needle! Not merely cruel in the sense which Hood has

set it in—a tiny dagger to stab away a poor girl's life. Of that, presently.

If I were required to state a formula of my belief, I would put it simply thus: *All women work too much.*

The tired-out young mother from her over-flowing work-table, which, with Lucy's ruffled aprons piled up on Harry's trousers, and the baby's bibs, is the feature of the room, looks up in mild wonder at the word.

"Is it possible to sew *too much*; to save *too much*, when one's income is so small?"

"Yes, it is possible to save in mint and cummin to waste mother's life!"

All this time that you are stitching, driving at the whirring-wheel, the children are in the nursery left to the ignorance of the half-grown girl, who does, after a fashion, the "upstairs" work, or walking out this bright afternoon with her. In the kitchen, another untrained, though older, girl is cooking a dinner; a dinner which your husband will sigh over, and which you will have neither appetite nor courage to taste when it comes. And yet to the cooking of that dinner will have gone the contents of that generous basket that came home this morning. You know there is waste, there is breakage, there is ruin of pots, and pans, and food; there is coal enough burned, as your husband says sometimes, to sail a yacht across the ocean. And yet you cannot make one step to prevent it, till your sewing be all done.

You know that upstairs the children are learning other lessons than your gentle patience would set for them; you know that in their bright-eyed, rosy walk, they ask question after question that Nora cannot answer. Yet you shut yourself out from the dearest privilege of motherhood, to share your children's play-hour—for what? That they may be elaborately dressed, like the children of Lady Midas, over the way.

"But," says a voice from the sunny corner-house, "my children are not dressed like those princesses; I *wouldn't* afford it, if I could. And yet I, too, sew, day in, day out, over plain garments for every-day wear. Don't come to tell me that that is a sin!"

"Indeed, indeed, my dear little woman, strong as you are to stand up against the masque of folly, and shut it out from your children's lives, you do not yet know, have not fully weighed, those golden grains lost and scattered from your own. They fall about you—those grains of time and opportunity—in noiseless showers, while you sew your life away.

It is your business to be a wife, is it not? That is, a helpmate, a sharer of your husband's thought, of his interest and plans. When you married him, years and years ago, you took that for your vocation. And

after, since the babies came, it is your business to be mother. You took no vow to be seamstress! Nor is there any reason why you should; while there are a thousand reasons—beginning at the purely physical one, the injurious effect of the steady cramping work and monotonous wheel-driving—why you should not!

Your duty is to *live*—to be alive and strong, so long as your husband and children are about you. I know that the tenderest music of a woman's life comes of the self-sacrifice there is in it. But it must be a wise and thoughtful sacrifice; not a wasteful, wilful, unreasoning one.

It is precisely the plain sewing, the long and tedious hem and seam, that costs so little when an expert does it, that is most extravagant for you to do.

You are the executive officer. It is your duty to pervade all departments, to order and control all; and not tie yourself to one wheel in the corner, while all the household swings helplessly elsewhere.

When you rise in the morning, you should rise like the sun, shining *everywhere*. If that luminary were to concentrate his beams upon one particular garden, doubtless there would be wonders in the horticultural line—mammoth cabbages and gorgeous turnips; but what would become of all the grain-fields lying cold and bleak among the hills?

Confine your efforts in needle and thread to the necessary buttons, and the stitch in time that saves so many little stockings and trousers. And for the rest—which brings us to our corollary, and the complement of your womanly wisdom. There are women whose business it is to sew. Did it ever occur to you that by giving this business more outlets (into friendly homes, for instance), these women, the slaves of the slop-shop, or hard-hearted contractor, may rise a step higher, may gain new dignity and enjoyment in their work.

Seek out in the garret the woman whom Hood has immortalized. Bring her your plethoric bundle of work, with a gentler woman's word of cheer, and a generous woman's open hand. Wear a look of interest, also a kindly question, that brings her life into your own. Make her feel that, in your bond of sisterhood, nothing that concerns a woman's struggles or a woman's pain lies foreign to your heart.

Or, if you can so arrange it, let her come for a day, now and then, to work in your household, to take in a full breath of its happy air. Lend her a book, if she cares to read it; give her a ticket to the charity concert, that she may slip in shyly and hear the children sing. You are the sunshine of your home, we have said; but you'll never miss the stray gleam that lights her dusky way.

And for yourself, live out in full measure

your woman's life—many-sided, all-embracing, in the dear discipline of home, and reaching out into the world with interests and influence as Heaven has given you strength to grow.—*Christian Union.*

THE HEART OF THE CELERY.

"She was a good wife to me," said a widower *bon-vivant* to his consoler: "she always gave me the heart of the celery."

It was an absurd speech, of course, and turned the current of sympathy at once into one of ridicule; and certainly the hearer might well feel that the man who mourned his wife in that style deserved no better treatment than ridicule.

Yet was it so very peculiar? Was the mourner so totally different a being from the consoler! Probably not: probably much of the difference between them, after all, lay in the phraseology of the mourner's lament. It is not at all impossible, we grieve to say, that the consoler had the heart of the celery too—if he chanced to like that better than the fuller-flavored green stalks—but had failed to observe that his wife fared less richly; that is to say, if he did not happen to be a gourmand, he gratified himself in other ways quite as satisfactory as the celery.

He liked, perhaps, the most comfortable chair in the house: it was always pulled forward for him into the warmest place beside the fire and beneath the lamp. He liked, perhaps, the cutting of the new-magazine: his wife would not have peeped between the leaves without the fate of Fatima before her eyes. He liked early rising: his wife, half somnambule, martyred herself that he might breakfast by candle light. He liked to live away from people: his wife isolated herself from the society dear to her heart. He liked a warm dressing-room: his wife sprung up in the winter prime, unhindered by him, and lighted the fire. He liked driving his fast horses: his wife, quaking with fear, and longing to clutch the sides of the carriage, drove smiling beside him. After all, it seems to us that he had the heart of the celery.

Not that we mean that every husband as a matter of course is selfish; but that every wife, allowing for exceptions, would make him so if she could, and that, if a man can be spoiled, there is nothing like a good wife to spoil him. And this is a fact which we all see in our daily experience.

There are, indeed, two orders of husband, if no more. One of these comes home tired from business: he may have run round a good deal; or he may have sat still in his counting-room and read the shipping-list; he may have walked half a dozen

squares home, or have taken the cars of twenty miles; and if his body be not tired, his mind may be; and it is wife here, and wife there, and wife in the other place, and there would be a fine state of things in that house if wife should refuse the call, or let fatigue or discontent ruffle her voice, or her face, or her manner. But she has been tossing a teething baby in her arms half the day; mending and making, with her foot on the rocker; listening to the little boy's complaints; dressing the little girl's doll; overseeing servants if she has them; doing their work if she hasn't; keeping peace and order in the house; and her sleep was broken the night before, and will be the night after. But does it ever occur to him that wife may be tired too? No, indeed. She drops away into death before his eyes, and he calls it a mysterious dispensation of Providence, and by-and-by he marries a second wife; but not the patient and adoring slave he had before: far from it; the tables are turned, and he learns how great a thing it is to suffer and be strong—while all the neighbors declare that this is the sort of husband who needs to kill one wife in order to learn how to treat another.

But quite a different order of husband is another, the antipodes of this one, in fact. The baby is fretting when he comes home: it is his pleasure to take it and release the worn-out wife. Does he want his slippers, his tobacco, his book? the wife puts them in their places, and he knows where to find them. He sends her out for a run in the air; he intercepts the heavy burden that she would lift; he snatches away the work that she would be busy over when the house is still; he makes her feel that he does not merely allow her to live for the gratification it affords her to wait upon him, but that her life and comfort are as important to him as his own are, and that the religious rite of their marriage was not one where she was sacrificed a victim on its altar.

In reality, for the existence of the first order of husband it is chiefly the wives who are to be held accountable. They delight to serve where they love, and they give themselves the delight at the cost of making the service so common as to be unnoticeable, and of coarsening and hardening the nature they once thought so fine; they delight to make themselves felt, to make themselves indispensable; they forget the duty they owe their children and themselves or preserving health and strength in remembering the duty they owe their husbands, and they pamper the poor men's bodies at the expense, one might say, of their souls. If they happen to see another woman's husband undressing his little boy at night, they smile at the superior manliness of their husbands, who do not even

put the studs into their own shirts in the morning; and if a man in all the neighborhood, conscious of his own strong back and stubborn muscles, considers himself better able to stand over the wash-tub than his delicate wife is, and does it, they unanimously laugh him to scorn.

How far a wife's responsibility extends in this matter it would be a delicate thing to decide. Yet as marriage is a partnership as well as a sacrament, and always an affair of mutual interests, and as both parties to it are supposed to be reasonable beings, able to resist temptation and guard themselves from straying into forbidden paths, not mere puppets and possessions, it seems a work of supererogation on the part of the one part to assume that she must lie down and let the party of the other part walk over her flesh and blood in order to keep his feet in the right path.

Nor, by this, do we mean to give any false pity to the fagged-out wives who keep their houses without system—incapables who deserve as small pity as any other class of sinners—who, however faithful they may be in desire, have never troubled themselves to learn any decent method of managing their affairs, whose maids are untrained, whose closets and drawers are at sixes and sevens, and who consequently drag their work about the house from morning till night, and give right of way to the old saw which says,

“Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.”

Certainly, after the welfare of her children, it is the first duty of every wife to make her home a pleasant spot; to make it the one place in the world where her husband would prefer to spend his leisure; to make it so bright and cheerful and healthy that bars and billiards can have no attraction beside it, and always to cast such an aura of love and gentleness throughout its bounds that it shall seem a sacred and holy spot to him when he is away from it, that its influence shall extend about him wherever he goes. But the woman who could do so much alone would be a miracle, not to say a monstrosity. It is the happiness and right of the husband to be a builder as well as a dweller in such a home; and when a woman has such a home, that fact alone implies a spontaneity of co-operation on his part that shows he is not one to sequester to himself in any sense *the heart of the celery*.—*Harper's Bazar*.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

The curiosity of children is not a fault, and therefore we must never censure them for asking questions, or lead them to think

that we consider the disposition to do so a fault on their part; but, on the other hand, this disposition is to be encouraged as much as possible.

We must remember that a child, when his powers of observation begin to be developed, finds everything around him full of mystery and wonder. Why some things are hard and some are soft—why some things will roll and some will not—why he is not hurt when he falls on the sofa, and is hurt when he falls on the floor—why a chair will tumble over when he climbs up by the rounds of it, while yet the steps of the stairs remain firm and can be ascended without danger—why one thing is black, and another red, and another green—why water will all go away of itself from his hands or his dress, while mud will not—why he can dig in the ground, but cannot dig in a floor—all is a mystery, and the little adventurer is in a continual state of curiosity and wonder, not only to learn the meaning of all these things, but also of desire to extend his observations, and find out more and more of the astonishing phenomena that are exhibited around him. The good feeling of the mother, or of any intelligent friend who is willing to aid him in his efforts, is, of course, invaluable to him as a means of promoting his advancement in knowledge and of developing his powers.

Of course there will be times when it is inconvenient for the parent to attend to the questions of the child, and when he must, consequently, be debarred of the pleasure and privilege of asking them; but even at such times as these the disposition to ask them must not be attributed to him as a fault. Never tell him that he is “a little tease”—that “you are tired to death of answering his questions”—that he is “a chatter-box that would weary the patience of Job,” or that, if he will “sit still for half an hour without speaking a word, you will give him a reward.” If you are going to be engaged, and so cannot attend to him, say to him that you wish you could talk with him, and answer the questions, but that you are going to be busy and cannot do it; and then, after providing him with some other means of occupation, require him to be silent: though even then you ought to relieve the tedium of silence for him by stopping every ten or fifteen minutes from your reading, or your letter-writing, or the planning of your work, or whatever your employment may be, and giving your attention to him for a minute or two, and affording him an opportunity to relieve the pressure on his mind by a little conversation.

Give generally to children's questions the shortest and simplest answers possible.

One reason why parents find the questions of children so fatiguing to them, is

that they attempt too much in their answers. If they would give the right kind of answers, they would find the work of replying very easy, and in most of their avocations it would occasion them very little interruption. These short and simple answers are all that a child requires. A full and detailed explanation of any thing they ask about is as tiresome for them to listen to as it is for the mother to frame and give; while a short and simple reply which advances them one step in their knowledge of the subject is perfectly easy for the mother to give, and is, at the same time, all that they wish to receive.

For example, let us suppose that the father and mother are taking a ride on a summer afternoon after a shower, with little Johnny sitting upon the seat between them in the chaise. The parents are engaged in conversation with each other, we will suppose, and would not like to be interrupted. Johnny presently spies a rainbow on a cloud in the east, and, after uttering an exclamation of delight, asks his mother what made the rainbow. She hears the question, and her mind, glancing for a moment at the difficulty of giving an intelligible explanation of so grand a phenomenon to such a child, experiences an obscure sensation of perplexity and annoyance, but not quite enough to take off her attention from her conversation; so she goes on and takes no notice of Johnny's enquiry. Johnny, accordingly, soon repeats it, "Mother! mother! what makes the rainbow?"

At length her attention is forced to the subject, and she either tells Johnny that she can't explain it to him—that he is not old enough to understand it; or, perhaps, scolds him for interrupting her with so many teasing questions.

In another such case, the mother, on hearing the question, pauses long enough to look kindly and with a smile of encouragement upon her face towards Johnny, and to say simply, "The sun," and then goes on with her conversation. Johnny says "Oh!" in a tone of satisfaction. It is a new and grand idea to him that the sun makes the rainbow, and it is enough to fill his mind with contemplation for several minutes, during which his parents go on without interruption in their talk. Presently Johnny asks again,

"Mother, *how* does the sun make the rainbow?"

His mother answers in the same way as before, "By shining on the cloud;" and, leaving that additional idea for Johnny to reflect upon and receive fully into his mind, turns again to her husband and resumes her conversation with him after a scarcely perceptible interruption.

Johnny, after having reflected in silence some minutes, during which he has looked

at the sun and at the rainbow, and observed that the cloud on which the arch is formed is exactly opposite to the sun, and fully exposed to his beams, is prepared for another step, and asks,

"Mother, how does the sun make a rainbow by shining on the cloud?"

His mother replies that it shines on millions of little drops of rain in the cloud, and makes them of all colors, like drops of dew on the ground, and all the colors together make the rainbow.

Here are images presented to Johnny's mind enough to occupy his thoughts for a considerable interval, when perhaps he will have another question still, to be answered by an equally short and simple reply; though, probably, by this time his curiosity will have become satisfied in respect to his subject of inquiry, and his attention will have been arrested by some other object.

To answer the child's questions in this way is so easy, and the pauses which the answers lead to on the part of the questioner are usually so long, that very little serious interruption is occasioned by them to any of the ordinary pursuits in which a mother is engaged; and the little interruption which is caused is greatly overbalanced by the pleasure which the mother will experience in witnessing the gratification and improvement of the child, if she really loves him, and is seriously interested in the development of his thinking and reasoning powers.

The answers which are given to children should not only be short and simple in form, but each one should be studiously designed to communicate as small an amount of information as possible.

This may seem, at first view, a strange idea, but the import of it simply is that, in giving the child his intellectual nourishment, you must act as you do in respect to his bodily food—that is, divide what he is to receive into small portions, and administer a little at a time. If you give him too much at once in either case, you are in danger of choking him.

For example, Johnny asks some mornning in the early winter, when the first snow is falling, and he has been watching it for some time from the window in wonder and delight, "Mother what makes it snow?" Now, if the mother imagines that she must give anything like a full answer to the question, her attention must be distracted from her work to enable her to frame it; and if she does not give up the attempt altogether, and rebuke the boy for teasing her with "so many silly questions," she perhaps suspends her work, and, after a moment's perplexing thought, she says the vapor of the water from the rivers and seas and damp ground rises into the air, and there at last congeals into flakes of snow,

and these fall through the air to the ground.

The boy listens and attempts to understand the explanation, but he is bewildered and lost in the endeavor to take in at once this extended and complicated process—one which is, moreover, not only extended and complicated, but which is composed of elements all of which are entirely new to him.

If the mother, however, should act on the principle of communicating as small a portion of the information required as it is possible to give in one answer, Johnny's inquiry would lead, probably, to a conversation somewhat like the following, the answers on the part of the mother being so short and simple as to require no perceptible thought on her part, and so occasioning no serious interruption to her work, unless it should be something requiring special attention.

"Mother," asks Johnny, "what makes it snow?"

"It is the snow-flakes coming down out of the sky," says his mother. "Watch them!"

"Oh!" says Johnny, uttering the child's little exclamation of satisfaction. He looks at the flakes as they fall, catching one after another with his eye, and following it in its meandering descent. He will, perhaps, occupy himself several minutes in silence and profound attention, in bringing fully to his mind the idea that a snow-storm consists of a mass of descending flakes of snow falling through the air. At length, when he has familiarized himself with this idea, he asks again, perhaps,

"Where do the flakes come from, mother?"

"Out of the sky."

"Oh!" says Johnny again, for the moment entirely satisfied.

One might at first think that these words would be almost unmeaning, or, at least, that they would give the little questioner no real information. But they do give him information that is both important and novel. They advance him one step in his inquiry. Out of the sky means, to him, from a great height. The words give him to understand that the flakes are not formed where they first come into his view, but that they descend from a higher region. After reflecting on this idea a moment, he asks, we will suppose,

"How high is the sky, mother?"

"Oh, very high—higher than the top of the house," replies the mother.

"As high as the top of the chimney?"

"Yes, higher than that."

"As high as the moon?"

"No, not so high as the moon."

"How high is it then, mother?"

"About as high as birds can fly."

"Oh!" says Johnny, perfectly satisfied.

The answer is somewhat indefinite, it is true, but its indefiniteness is the chief element in the value of it. A definite and precise answer, even if one of that character were ready at hand, would be utterly inappropriate to the occasion.

It is not even always necessary that an answer to a child's question should convey any information at all. A little conversation on the subject of the inquiry, giving the child an opportunity to hear and to use language in respect to it, is often all that is required.

It must be remembered that the power to express thoughts, or to represent external objects by language, is a new power to young children, and, like all other new powers, the mere exercise of it gives great pleasure. If a person in full health and vigor were suddenly to acquire the art of flying, he would take great pleasure in moving, by means of his wings, through the air from one high point to another, not because he had any object in visiting those high points, but because it would give him pleasure to find that he could do so, and to exercise his newly acquired power. So with children in their talk. They talk often, perhaps generally, for the sake of the pleasure of talking, not for the sake of what they have to say. So, if you will only talk with them and allow them to talk to you about anything that interests them, they are pleased, whether you communicate to them any new information or not. This single thought, once fully understood by a mother, will save her a great deal of trouble in answering the incessant questions of her children. The only essential thing in many cases is to say something in reply to the question, no matter whether what you say communicates any information or not.

If a child asks, for instance, what makes the stars shine so, and his mother answers, "Because they are so bright," he will be very likely to be as well satisfied as if she attempted to give a philosophical explanation of the phenomenon.

"Father," says Mary, as she is walking with her father in the garden, "what makes some roses white and some red?" "It is very curious, is it not?" says her father. "Yes, father, it is very curious indeed. What makes it so?" "There must be some cause for it," says her father. "And the apples that grow on some trees are sweet, and on others they are sour. That is curious too." "Yes, very curious indeed," says Mary. "The leaves of trees seem to be always green," continues her father, "though the flowers are of various colors." "Yes, father," says Mary. "Except," adds her father, "when they turn yellow, and red, and brown, in the fall of the year."

The mother should be always ready and

willing to say "I don't know," in answer to children's questions.

Parents and teachers are very often somewhat averse to this, lest, by often confessing their own ignorance, they should lower themselves in the estimation of their pupils or their children. So they feel bound to give some kind of an explanation to every difficulty, in hopes that it may satisfy the enquirer, though it does not satisfy themselves. But this is a great mistake. The sooner that pupils and children understand that the field of knowledge is utterly boundless, and that it is only a very small portion of it that their superiors in age and attainment have yet explored, the better for all concerned. The kind of superiority, in the estimation of children, which it is chiefly desirable to attain, consists in their always finding that the explanation which we give, whenever we attempt any, is *clear, fair, and satisfactory*, not in our being always ready to offer an explanation, whether satisfactory or not.

A boy whose mother is pleased to have him near her, who likes to hear and answer his questions, to watch the gradual development of his thinking and reasoning powers, and to enlarge and extend his knowledge of language—thus necessarily and of course expanding the range and scope of his ideas—will find that though his studies, strictly so called—that is, his learning to read, and the committing to memory lessons from books—may be deferred, yet, when he finally commences them he will go at once to the head of his classes at school, through the superior strength and ampler development which his mental powers will have attained.—*From Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young.*

THE GREAT PANJINE.

The man of common-sense had nothing in the world but his common-sense.

Common-sense is a desirable property; but in the raw it is not edible, and our man was hungry.

Hunger is the hint by which Nature drives men to work. Therefore the man of common-sense went to work. But when he had earned a little money he fancied that his talents were lying idle, and concluded to travel; and in the course of events he came to the palace of the great Panjine, and found everybody in trouble.

For when the Panjine's only daughter was born he summoned all the wise men of his court and commanded them to study out and make a full report to him of all the accidents, diseases, and dangers common to children. What is the use, you see, of being the great Panjine, if one's

daughter is to be treated like any other child?

On a certain day the wise men presented their reports. Number One had the true and melancholy account of all the children who had tumbled out of windows.

The great Panjine immediately ordered that there should be a man in waiting at every window in the palace, whose sole business should be to take care that the little Panjine did not fall out.

Number Two related how numbers had been seriously injured by falling over in chairs.

The great Panjine ordered that an attendant should always stand ready to hold fast the chairs in which the little Panjine should climb.

Number Three described dreadful accidents by fire.

The great Panjine sat horror-stricken, and for a moment thought seriously of abolishing fires altogether; but as that was manifestly impossible, he selected a corps of attendants whose sole business it should be to watch day and night, and save the little Panjine from catching fire or being scalded.

Number Four had ready a pleasing list of the diseases that result from imprudent eating.

The great Panjine sent for three doctors, who should examine and consult over every meal, and pronounce it perfectly healthy before the little Panjine could touch it.

Number Five showed a catalogue of children injured by falls from wagons and horses, or hurt in the gymnasium or at various childish plays.

"These," said the great Panjine, "were the result of carelessness. There shall be no carelessness with the little Panjine;" and he ordered a horse attendant, a boat attendant, a gymnasium attendant, and so on, one for every childish game, to watch the little Panjine every instant.

Number Six showed the miserable consequences of draughts.

The great Panjine at once abolished draughts throughout the kingdom.

Number Seven followed with a list of contagious diseases.

The great Panjine appointed a guard of three more learned doctors, who were never to lose sight of the little Panjine, and to keep at proper distance everybody guilty of anything contagious.

Number Eight read pitiful accounts of ill-used children.

The great Panjine ordained that the little Panjine should always be kept happy by three ladies of great wit and amiability, who should amuse, and three men of wonderful inventive genius, who should do nothing but invent new toys and games for her use.

Number Nine treated of education.

The great Panjine appointed six teachers.

Number Ten hinted at the dangers of overstudy.

The great Panjine ordered six monitors to keep the teachers in check, and make sure that the little Panjine's lessons should always be perfectly agreeable to her.

Surrounded by these precautions, with guards, attendants, doctors, teachers, inventors, on every side, whose sole object was to keep her safe, well, and happy, and make her wise, could the little Panjine be other than a world's wonder of happiness, health, grace, and virtue? And yet never was there a more unhappy princess. Continually fretting and dissatisfied, awkward, sickly, stupid, helpless—a torment to herself and those around her—she was for ever wishing to die, while the great Panjine in despair offered vast rewards to any one who would cure the princess of her melancholy and ill health.

All this was poured into the ears of the man of common-sense, and every one he met had something new to tell about the endless vagaries and troubles of the little Panjine. The man of common-sense reflected. As the first result of his meditations, he hired a small dwelling close by the palace, and hung out a sign representing himself as a teacher of drawing by a new method. As the second, he procured a small spaniel, and after binding it in every conceivable way, so that it could by no possibility stir an inch, laid it near his threshold, where it could not fail to attract attention.

After a time students came to the man of common-sense, curious to learn his new method; but, alas! it was soon discovered that those who knew nothing had not advanced a step, and those who already knew something had lost what little knowledge and confidence they possessed. In a rage they went to the Panjine to complain of the stranger who had cheated them out of their money, taking care to add that he also offended humanity by his cruelty in constantly keeping a small spaniel bound and moaning at his door, in spite of all remonstrances.

On hearing this the Panjine sent for the man of common-sense, and demanded the reasons for his singular behavior.

"Your Panjineship" replied the man of common-sense, "I did but follow that system of education with your subjects that you have pursued with the little Panjine, supposing that I could not go wrong in imitating such an illustrious example. Common children must learn the art of living, as common students do the art of drawing, by a series of experiments, discoveries, and inventions that keep every nerve and muscle and sense and thought in active exercise, and at the cost of many

such failures as bumps, tumbles, tears, sulks, indigestions, disappointments, and the like. You avoid the possibility of these troubles and pains by having every operation performed for her, by gratifying every wish, by consecrating to her existence all the energy and the mental power of various other existences. Fired by your sublime example, I likewise devote my energy and experience, your Panjineship, to my pupils. I ask myself, What prevents perfect success in drawing? Why the mistakes of the artist. I therefore explain to my pupils that they shall never make mistakes—that they shall be impossible, as I myself will hold the hand of each student, and direct every movement for him. My students declare that they learn nothing, and have lost all power over their hands, while the little Panjine, for whom you are constantly making happiness, is unhappy. There are critics who declare that true pleasure or true success must grow as a rose does; that as the seed must first die, so some ease and comfort and self-will must be sacrificed; that as the rose grows day by day by operations of its own within itself, so must a child's happiness and health; and that the little Panjine has not been permitted to be a rose, but has been forced to live like a sponge, through which filters all that affection and wit can invent, leaving no trace behind. I preferred to listen to your Panjineship's example rather than the fault-finding of these critics. For the dog, your Panjineship, I am still following your transcendent example. Let the little Panjine should come to some harm, she is never allowed to ramble where she pleases—climb, run, frolic, play as she likes. Her muscles, her senses, her inventive faculties, her thinking powers, all are tied up fast, and made of no use by the nurses, teachers, guards, doctors, attendants, that follow her every where like her shadow, and interfere constantly to do the work her own faculties were intended to perform. This unnatural cramp of all her powers makes her fretful, restless, and miserable, as his bonds do my dog. But what would you have? I love my dog; and just as the little Panjine might bruise or burn herself, or fall down, or be disappointed, or cry, so my dog might get into a fight with a larger dog, or be scratched by a cat, or lost, or drowned, or poisoned, or taught bad tricks, or infected with the mange, if I let him loose. And I think there is no one who will say that the reasoning and treatment that are good enough for a great princess are not good enough for a dog."

Here the man of common-sense paused and looked about him. The great Panjine smiled in spite of himself.

"Papa," said the little Panjine, "send all the others away and keep this man."

But all the courtiers whispered under their breath, "Oh, of course! as if any of us couldn't have told him that! But then a stranger must always come from some foreign country to teach us how to read the alphabet."

But the man of common-sense only smiled—and I wish I had this gift; for it is one thing to find out a matter, quite another to make others see it. There are many Panjines who will read this tale and yet never know it was written for them.—*Selected.*

THE CARE OF MEATS.

BY CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

Beef and mutton are improved by keeping as long as they remain sweet. If meat begins to taint, wash it and rub it with powdered charcoal, and it often removes the taint. Sometimes rubbing with salt will cure it.

Corn-fed pork is best. Pork made by stillhouse slops is almost poisonous, and hogs that live on offal never furnish healthful food. If hogs are properly fed, the pork is not unhealthful.

Measly pork has kernels in it, and is unhealthful.

A thick skin shows that the pork is old, and that it requires more time to boil.

If your pork is very salt, soak it some hours.

Take all the kernels out that you will find in the round, and thick end of the flank of beef, and in the fat, and fill the holes with salt. This will preserve it longer.

Salt your meat, in summer, as soon as you receive it.

A pound and a half of salt rubbed into twenty-five pounds of beef will corn it so as to last several days in ordinary warm weather; or put it in strong brine.

Do not let pork freeze, if you intend to salt it.

Too much saltpetre spoils beef, and many say saleratus is better.

In winter, meat is kept finely if well packed in snow, without salting, but some say it lessens the sweetness.

DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING UP A HOG.—Split the hog through the spine, take off each half of the head behind the ear, then take off a piece in front of the shoulder and next the head, say four or five pounds, for sausages. Then take out *the leaf*, which lies around the kidneys, for lard. Then, with a knife, cut out the whole mass of the lean meat, except what belongs to the shoulder and the ham. Then take off the ham and the shoulder. Then take out all the fat to be used for lard, which is the loose piece, directly in front of the ham. Next cut off a narrow strip from the spring,

or belly, for sausage meat. Do not cut up the remainder, which is clear pork, for salting, for if cut small it will swim. Lay a stone on to keep it under the brine. Take off the cheek, or jowl, of the head for smoking with the ham; and use the upper part for boiling, baking, or head-cheese. The feet are boiled and then fried, or used for jelly. It is most economical to try up the thin, flabby pieces for lard to cook with. The leaf fat try by itself, for the nicest cooking. Clean all the intestines of the fat for lard. That which does not readily separate from the largest intestines use for soapgrease. Of the insides, the liver, heart, sweet-breads and kidneys are sometimes used for broiling or frying. The smaller intestines are used for sausage cases. In salting down, leave out the bloody and lean portions, and use them for sausages.

TO TRY OUT LARD.—Take what is called *the leaf*, and take off all the skin, cut it into pieces an inch square, put it into a clean pot over a slow fire, with a tea-cupful of water, and try it till the scraps look a reddish-brown, taking great care not to let it burn, which would spoil the whole. Then strain it through a strong cloth into a stone pot, and set it away for use. Take the fat to which the smaller intestines are attached (not the large ones), and the flabby pieces of pork not fit for salting, try these in the same way, and set the fat thus obtained where it will freeze, and by spring the strong taste will be gone, and then it can be used for frying. The tea-cupful of water prevents burning while trying.

DIRECTIONS FOR SALTING DOWN PORK.—Allow a peck of salt for sixty pounds. Cover the bottom of the barrel with salt an inch deep. Put down one layer of pork, and cover that with salt half an inch thick. Continue thus till the barrel is full. Then pour in as much strong pickle as the barrel will receive. Keep coarse salt between all pieces, so that the brine can circulate. When a white scum or bloody-looking matter rises on the top, scald the brine and add more salt. Leave out bloody and lean pieces for sausages. Pack as tight as possible, the rind next the barrel; and let it be *always kept under* the brine. Some use a stone for this purpose. In salting down a new supply, take the old brine, boil it down and remove all the scum, and then use it to pour over the pork. The pork may be used in six weeks after salting.

SAUSAGE MEAT.—Take one-third fat and two-thirds lean pork, and chop it, and then to every twelve pounds of meat add twelve large even spoonfuls of pounded salt, nine of sifted sage, and six of sifted black pepper. Some like a little summer-savory. Keep it in a cool and dry place.

BOLOGNA SAUSAGES.—Take equal portions of veal, pork and ham, chop them fine, season with sweet herbs and pepper,

put them in cases, boil them till tender, and then dry them.

ANOTHER RECIPE FOR SAUSAGE MEAT.—To twenty-five pounds of chopped meat, which should be one-third fat and two-thirds lean, put twenty spoonfuls of sage, twenty-five of salt, ten of pepper, and four of summer-savory.

SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS.

“Oh dear, what *can* I do?” sighed a restless little fellow, after being told he mustn't whittle or cut paper on the floor, he mustn't put the chairs out of place, he mustn't slide down on the lounge, he mustn't squeak his fingers on the window, he mustn't swing the curtain tassels—in fact, *mustn't* seemed to be the principal word in his mother's vocabulary. Meantime the mother, busy with a bit of fascinating work, hardly gave a thought to the little boy whose fingers fairly ached for something to do, and after being checked in a dozen different directions, he finally took refuge in fretting, and was sent to the kitchen for something to eat. Was he hungry? Not at all, but he wanted *something to do*. We want to beg of the mothers to make some provision for their children's amusement, not in the way of costly toys, but by giving them a place to play. It saves time and trouble, it saves your own and your children's temper. In many families a play-room could be given to the children with very little inconvenience. We know of a family where a little six by ten sewing-room, opening from the dining-room, is vacated every winter when the cold drives the boys from their basement workshop. The carpet is taken up, two barrels with a board across them makes a work bench, a dry goods box is a storing place for lumber, and an old bureau is tool chest and depository for finished and unfinished jobs. A board slide across the bottom of the door-way keeps the shavings from being dragged upon the dining-room carpet, and here on their own premises the boys work and play in perfect content. They whittle, they cut paper, they paste, they paint. There are but two rules for the shop: no tools must be left out of their drawer at night, and every Saturday the shop must be put in perfect order, and all rubbish deposited in the kindling box under the bench.

We have no doubt the mother misses her sewing-room, but the gain compensates for the loss a hundred fold. If you cannot do this, and many mothers cannot, still let them work and play. A deep box in the corner will hold a young mechanic and his work, and paper clippings are easily brushed up from a square of oil cloth which may be quickly spread down or

gathered up. A big apron of old calico is quickly run together, and will keep the nicest little suit tidy, while the delighted artist paints to his heart's content.

Let there be a corner somewhere to store the queer nondescript articles so dear to a child's heart, and teach the children to gather them up themselves. If you can spare neither cupboard, closet, nor drawer, a box neatly covered with carpet or druggut will not injure the neatest sitting-room. But do not sacrifice all the comfort and happiness of your children by a too scrupulous neatness. Why should a home be neat save for the comfort and happiness of its inmates?—*Little Corporal*.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Frozen custard is a nice dish [for dessert and very easily prepared. Boil two quarts of rich milk. Beat eight eggs and a teacupful of sugar together, and after the milk has boiled, pour it over the eggs and sugar, stirring all the while. Pour the whole mixture into your kettle, and let it come to a boil, stirring it constantly. Then take it off the fire, and let it become cold. Flavor it with whatever essence you prefer. Then freeze it.

A simple plan to cure beef is to dissolve eight pounds of salt and four ounces of saltpetre in about a pail of water, by heating on the stove. When it comes to a scald, add two quarts molasses and two pounds of sugar. After skimming carefully, pour the whole over the beef, and place weights on to keep it under. These are the proportions to about a hundred pounds of meat. Let this lie from four days to two weeks.

It is not every housewife who knows how to boil a chicken. Plain, artless boiling is apt to produce a yellowish, slimy-looking fowl. Before cooking, the bird should always be well washed in tepid water and lemon juice; and to insure whiteness, delicacy and succulence, should be boiled in a paste made of flour and water, and after being put in the boiling water should be allowed to simmer slowly. This method is very effectual in preserving all the juices of the fowl, and the result is a more toothsome and nourishing morsel than the luckless bird which has been “galloped to death” in plain boiling water. Mutton is also much better for being boiled in paste.

SELECTED RECIPES.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Four heads of lettuce, one largesized chicken, chopped. Put the lettuce in the bottom of the dish, the chicken upon it. Add one teaspoonful of capers, three hard-boiled eggs, one dozen

olives, one raw egg, twelve tablespoonfuls of oil, one or more of vinegar, one teaspoonful of mustard. Mix well together, and season with pepper and salt to suit the taste.

LEMON PIE.—One cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one half cup of milk, one half cup of water; stir well together and place in a crust; when done, beat the whites of the eggs, and add one teaspoonful of extract of lemon; spread this over your pie, and sprinkle with sugar; bake to a delicate brown.

TO MAKE OLD BLACK SILK LOOK LIKE NEW.—Unpick the garment and wash the pieces in hot soapsuds; rinse by dipping up and down in hot water, then dip in second water prepared as follows: Boil two ounces of logwood chips in five quarts of water; add a quarter of an ounce of copperas: strain through an old bit of calico, and dip your silk into this dye. Let the silk be pinned on to a line by the corners, and hang until it is nearly dry. Then take it down and iron it between two pieces of old black silk. It will look like new.

TO KEEP MEAT.—Meat is much better for family use when at least one week old in cold weather. The English method for keeping meat for some time has great merit. Experts say, Hang up a quarter of meat with the cut end up, being the reverse of the usual way, by the leg, and the juice will remain in the meat, and not run to the cut and dry up by evaporation. It is worth a trial.

AN EXCELLENT PUDDING OF PIECES OF STALE BREAD, ETC.—Soak two pounds of pieces of dry stale bread or toast all night in plenty of water, with a plate laid on the top to keep them under water. Next morning pour off, and squeeze out all of the superfluous water; then mash fine the pieces of bread, mix with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of cleaned currants, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, four ounces of suet, chopped fine, and two teaspoonfuls of fresh ground allspice; then grease the inside of a baking dish with a bit of suet, put in the pudding and bake for two hours.

Literary Notices.

THE END OF THE WORLD; by the Author of "The Hoosier School-Master."

Dr. Eggleston struck a rich and previously unworked vein in the "Hoosier School-Master"—a vein which was not to be exhausted by one effort. "The End of the World," which has been recently republished in England with a preface by the author, was his second representation of rough Western life in the past. As might be guessed from the title, the plot centres in one of the periods chosen by Millerite preachers for the final winding up of this dispensation. It is, however, essentially a love story, and the characters are well drawn, and the incidents related with the rich humor which was so conspicuous in "The Hoosier School-Master." The following extract is chosen not only as a specimen of the style of the book, but for its historical value, as it illustrates the

excesses to which religious fanaticism has run at times even in the New World.

The extract, which is somewhat condensed, commences with the marriage of the hero and heroine, who had conquered many obstacles that they might enter the New Dispensation together.

When he asked August if he would live with this woman in holy matrimony, "so long as ye both shall live," August, thinking the two hours of time left to him too short for the earnestness of his vows, looked the old minister in the face, and said with solemn earnestness, "Forever and ever!"

"No, my son," said the old man, smiling and almost weeping, "that is not the right answer. I like your whole-hearted love. But it is far easier to say 'forever and ever,' standing as you now think you do on the brink of eternity, than to say 'till death do us part,' looking down a long and weary road of toil and sickness and poverty and change, and little vexations. You do not only take this woman, young and blooming, but old and sick and

withered and wearied, perhaps. Do you take her for any lot?"

"For any lot," said August, solemnly and humbly

And Julia, on her part, could only bow her head in reply to the questions, for the tears chased one another down her cheeks. And then came the benediction. The inspired old man, full of hearty sympathy, stretched his trembling hands with apostolic solemnity over the heads of the two, and said slowly, with solemn pauses, as the words welled up out of his soul: "The peace of God—that passeth all understanding," (here his voice melted with emotion)—"keep your hearts—and minds—in the knowledge and love of God.—And now, may grace—mercy—and peace from God—the Father—and our Lord Jesus Christ—be with you—evermore—Amen!" And to the imagination of Julia the Spirit of God descended like a dove into her heart, and the great mystery of wifely love and the other greater mystery of love to God seemed to flow together in her soul. And the quieter spirit of August was suffused with a great peace.

They soon left the castle to return to the moat of ascension, but they walked slowly, and at first silently, over the intervening hill, which gave them a view of the Ohio River, sleeping in its indescribable beauty and stillness in the moonlight.

Presently they heard the melodious voice of the old presiding elder, riding up the road a little way off, singing the hopeful hymns in which he so much delighted. The rich and earnest voice made the woods ring with one verse of

"Oh! how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

And then he broke into Watts's

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes!"

There seemed to be some accord between the singing of the brave old man and the peacefulness of the landscape. Soon he had reached the last stanza, and in tones of subdued but ecstatic triumph he sang:

"There I shall bathe my wearied soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

"August," said Julia slowly, as if afraid to break a silence so blessed, "August, it seems to me that the sky and the river and the hazy hills and my own soul are all alike, just as full of happiness and peace as they can be."

"Yes," said August, smiling, "but the sky is clear, and your eyes are raining, Julia. But can it be possible that God, who made this world so beautiful, will burn it up to-night? It used to seem a hard world to me when I was away from you, and I didn't care how quickly it burned up. But now——"

Somehow August forgot to finish that sentence. Words are of so little use under such circumstances. A little pressure on Julia's arm, which was in his, told all that he meant. When love makes earth a heaven, it is enough.

"But how beautiful the new earth will be!" said Julia, still looking at the sleeping river; "the river of life will be clear as crystal!"

"Yes," said August, "the Spanish version says, 'Most resplendent, like unto crystal!'"

"I think," said Julia, "that it must be something like this river. The trees of life will stand on either side, like those great sycamores that lean over the water so gracefully."

Any landscape would have seemed heavenly to Julia on this night. A venerable friend of mine, a true Christian philanthropist, whose praise is in all the churches, wants me to undertake to reform fictitious literature by leaving out the love. And so I will when God reforms His universe by leaving out the love. Love is the best thing in novels; not until love is turned out of heaven will I help turn it out of literature. It is only the misrepresentation of love in literature that is bad, as the poisoning of love in life is bad. It was the love of August that opened Julia's heart to the influences of heaven, and Julia was to August in some sense a mediator of God's grace.

By eleven o'clock August Wehle and his wife—it gives me nearly as much pleasure as it did August to use that locution—were standing not far away from the surging crowd of those who, in singing hymns and in excited prayer, were waiting for the judgment. Jonas and his wife and Andrew were with them. August, though not a recognized Millerite, almost blamed himself that he should have been away these two hours from the services.

As August stood thinking of the awfulness of this critical moment, the exercises of the Adventists grated on the deep peacefulness of his spirit, for from singing their more beautiful hymns, they had passed now to an excited singing or shouting of the old camp-meeting ditty whose refrain is:

"I hope to shout glory when this world's all on fire!
Hallelujah!"

He and Julia hung back a moment, but Mrs. Abigail, who had recovered from her

last trance, and had been for some time engaged in an active search for Julia, now pounced upon her, and bore her off, before she had time to think, to the place of the hottest excitement.

At last the time drew on towards midnight, the hour upon which all expectation was concentrated. For did not the Parable of the ten Virgins speak of the coming of the Bridegroom at midnight?

"My friends and brethren," said Elder Hankins, his voice shaking with emotion, as he held his watch up in the moonlight, "My friends and brethren, if the Word is true, there is but five minutes more before the coming of the new dispensation. Let us spend the last moments of time in silent devotion."

"I wonder ef he thinks the world runs down by his paytent-leever watch?" said Jonas, who could not resist the impulse to make a characteristic remark, even with the expectation of the immediate coming of the day of judgment in his mind.

"I wonder for what longitude he calculates prophecy?" said Andrew. "It cannot be midnight all round the world at the same moment."

But Elder Hankins's flock did not take any such difficulty into consideration. And no spectator could look upon them bowing silently in prayer, awed by the expectation of the sudden coming of the Lord, without feeling that, however much the expectation might be illusory, the emotion was a fact absolutely awful. Events are only sublime as they move the human soul, and the swift-coming end of time was subjectively a great reality to these waiting people. Even Andrew was awe-stricken from sympathy; as Coleridge, when he stood godfather for Keble's child, was overwhelmed with a sense of the significance of the sacrament from Keble's standpoint. As for Cynthia Ann, she trembled with fear as she held fast to the arms of Jonas. And Jonas felt as much seriousness as was possible to him, until he heard Norman Anderson's voice crying with terror and excitement, and felt Cynthia shudder on his arm.

"For my part," said Jonas turning to Andrew, "it don't seem like as ef it was much use to holler and make a furss about the corn crap when October's fairly sot in, and the frost has nipped the blades. All the plowin' and hoein' and weedin' and thinnin' out the suckers won't better the yield then. An' when wheat's ripe, they's nothin' to be done fer it. It's got to be rep just as it stan's. I'm rale sorry, to-night, as my life a'nt no better, but what's the use of cryin' over it? They's nothin' to do now but let it be gathered and shelled out, and measured up in the standard half-bushel. An' I'm feared they'll be a heap of nubbins not wuth the shuckin'. But ef

it don't come to six bushels the acre, I can't help it now by takin' on."

At twelve o'clock, even the scoffers were silent. But as the sultry night drew on towards one o'clock, Bill Day and his party felt their spirits revive a little. The calculation had failed in one part, and it might in all. Bill resumed his burlesque exhortations to the rough-looking "brethren" about him. He tried to lead them in singing some ribald parody of Adventist hymns, but his terror and theirs was too genuine, and their voices died down into husky whispers, and they were more alarmed than ever at discovering the extent of their own demoralization. The bottle, one of those small-necked, big-bodied quart-bottles that Western toppers carry in yellow cotton handkerchiefs, was passed round. But even the whiskey seemed powerless to neutralize their terror, rather increasing the panic by fuddling their faculties.

At one o'clock the moon was just about dipping behind the hills, and the great sycamores, standing like giant sentinels on the river's marge, cast long unearthly shadows across the water, which grew blacker every minute. The deepening gloom gave all objects in the river valley a weird, distorted look. This oppressed August. The landscape seemed an enchanted one, a something seen in a dream or a delirium. It was as though the change had already come, and the real tangible world had passed away. He was the more susceptible from the depression caused by the hot sultriness of the night, and his separation from Julia.

He thought he would try to penetrate the crowd to the point where his mother was; then he would be near her, and nearer to Julia if anything happened. A curious infatuation had taken hold of August. He knew that it was an infatuation, but he could not shake it off. He had resolved that in case the trumpet should be heard in the heavens, he would seize Julia and claim her in the very moment of universal dissolution. He reached his mother, and as he looked into her calm face, ready for the millennium or for anything else "the Father" should decree, he thought she had never seemed more glorious than she did now, sitting with her children about her, almost unmoved by the excitement. For Mrs. Wehle had come to take everything as from the Heavenly Father. She had even received honest but thick-headed Gottlieb in this spirit, when he had fallen to her by the Moravian lot, a husband chosen for her by the Lord, whose will was not to be questioned.

August was just about to speak to his mother, when he was forced to hang his head in shame, for there was his father rising to exhort.

"O mine freunde! be shust immediadely all of de dime retty, Ton't led your vait vail already, and ton't let de debil git no unter bolts on ye. Vatch and pe retty!"

And August could hear the derisive shouts of Bill Day's party, who had recovered their courage, crying out, "Go it, ole Dutchman! I'll bet on you!" He clenched his fist in anger, but his mother's eyes, looking at him with quiet rebuke, pacified him in a moment. Yet he could not help wondering whether blundering kinsfolk made people blush in the next world.

"Holt on doo de last ent!" continued Gottlieb. "It's pout goom! Kood pye, ole moon. You koes town, you nebber gooms pack no more already."

This exhortation might have proceeded in this strain indefinitely, to the mortification of August and the amusement of the profane, had there not just at that moment broken upon the sultry stillness of the night one of those crescendo thunderbursts, beginning in a distant rumble, and swelling out louder and still louder, until it ended with a tremendous detonation. In the strange light of the setting moon, while everybody's attention was engrossed by the excitement, the swift oncoming of a thundercloud had not been observed by any but Andrew, and it had already climbed halfway to the zenith, blotting out a third of the firmament. This inverted thunderbolt produced a startling effect upon the over-strained nerves of the crowd. Some cried out with terror, some sobbed with hysterical agony, some shouted in triumph, and it was generally believed that Virginia Waters, who died a maniac many years afterward, lost her reason at that moment. Bill Day ceased his mocking, and shook till his teeth chattered. And none of his party dared laugh at him. The moon had now gone, and the vivid lightning followed the thunder, and yet louder and more fearful thunder succeeded the lightning. The people ran about as if demented, and Julia was left alone. August had only one thought in all this confusion, and that was to find Julia. Having found her, they clasped hands, and stood upon the brow of the hill calmly watching the coming tempest, believing it to be the coming of the end. Between the claps of thunder they could hear the broken sentences of Elder Hankins, saying something about the lightning that shineth from one part of heaven to the other, and about the promised coming in the clouds. But they did not much heed the words. They were

looking the blinding lightning in the face, and in their courageous trust they thought themselves ready to look into the flaming countenance of the Almighty, if they should be called before Him. Every fresh burst of thunder seemed to August to be the rocking of the world, trembling in the throes of dissolution. But the world might crumble or melt; there is something more enduring than the world. August felt the everlastingness of love; as many another man in a supreme crisis has felt it.

But the cloud had already covered half the sky, and the bursts of thunder followed one another now in quicker succession. And as suddenly as the thunder had come, came the wind. A solitary old sycamore, leaning over the water on the Kentucky shore, a mile away, was first to fall. In the lurid darkness, August and Julia saw it meet its fate. Then the rail fences on the nearer bank were scattered like kindling-wood, and some of the sturdy old apple-trees of the orchard in the river-bottom were uprooted, while others were stripped of their boughs. Julia clung to August and said something, but he could only see her lips move; her voice was drowned by the incessant roar of the thunder. And then the hurricane struck them, and they half ran and were half carried down the rear slope of the hill. Now they saw for the first time that the people were gone. The instinct of self-preservation had proven stronger than their fanaticism, and a contagious panic had carried them into a hay-barn near by.

* * * * *
The summer storm had spent itself by daylight, and the sun rose on that morning after the world's end much as it had risen on other mornings, but it looked down upon prostrate trees and scattered fences and roofless barns. And the minds of the people were in much the same *dishvelled* state as the landscape. One simple-minded girl was a maniac. Some declared that the world had ended, and that this was the new earth, if people only had faith to receive it; some still waited for the end, and with some the reaction from credulity had already set in, a reaction that carried them into the blankest atheism and bold immorality. People who had spent the summer in looking for a change that would have relieved them from all responsibility, now turned reluctantly toward the commonplace drudgery of life. It is the evil of all day-dreaming—day-dreaming about the other world included—that it unfits us for duty in this world of tangible and inevitable facts.

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