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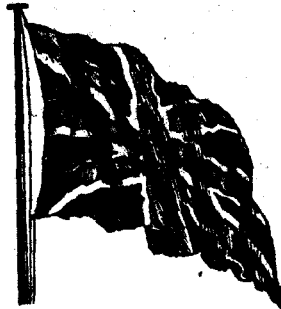
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VOL. 1.

PART 1.

THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

August, 1867.



MONTREAL:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

AUGUST, 1867.

CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
The Dominion of Canada.....	1	Shall we Gather at the River? Music.....	38
The Gorilla.....	1	The Wound Healed. Illustrated.....	39
Maria Mathsdotter; or, Female Heroism.....	3	"Emmanuel—God with Us".....	93
Something about Jelly-Fishes. By Edward S. Morse, in <i>American Naturalist</i> for July..	6	What are Woman's Rights?.....	39
No Time; or, Mason Earle's Paradox. By Rev. W. M. Blackburn, in <i>Sabbath at Home</i> for July.....	10	Edward VI. of England. Illustrated.....	40
The First Grenadier of France.....	15	Grandma Susan. Illustrated.....	41
Canada—An Ode for July 1st, 1867.....	17	Summer Time.....	42
Sawdust Pills.....	18	Worthy of Imitation. Illustrated.....	42
Evil Habits.....	19	Benefit of the Clergy. From <i>Chambers's Journal</i>	43
A Boy's Adventure at Niagara Falls. By F. T. Trowbridge.....	20	The New Nation. From the <i>Saturday Reader</i>	44
Spring Concert. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney... 24	24	Montreal in the Olden Time.....	45
Montreal in the Olden Time.....	24	The Sun. By Sir John Herschel.....	47
The Magnesium Light at Sea.....	25	The Bobolink's Song. By Mary E. Atkinson.. 48	48
Alone.....	25	Emmett's Insurrection. From <i>All the Year Round</i>	48
The Story of Osric the Shepherd. From <i>Good Words</i> for July.....	26	The Boundless Beneficence of the Creator. By Henry Ward Beecher.....	53
Australian Acclimatization. From <i>Good Words</i> for July.....	30	Ningpo, China.....	57
My First Lecture on Electricity. From <i>Students Monthly</i> for July.....	31	Aerial Navigation.....	58
The Great City of the World. From the <i>New York Nation</i>	34	Give the Best Reason.....	58
Profitable-Employment Dodgers. From the <i>Leisure Hour</i>	36	First Pictures.....	58
East Wind. By Rev. John Todd, D. D.....	37	Selected Recipes.....	59
The Great Victories. From the <i>New York Observer</i>	37	A Tiger Story. Illustrated.....	60
		A Cross.....	61
		The Lord's Prayer in Death. Illustrated.... 60	60
		The House Upon a Rock. Music.....	62
		"I Said I Would Try".....	63
		Little Children. By George Cooper, in <i>Round Table</i>	64
		"How Happy I'll Be".....	64
		Real Power.....	64

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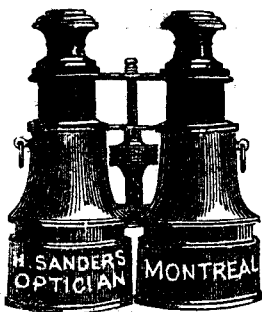
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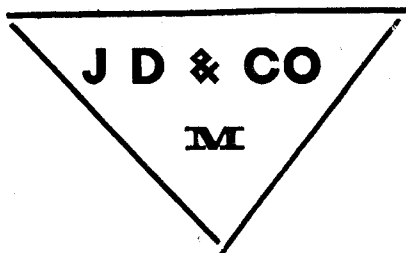
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THE TULIP.

I wish to call the attention of florists and gardeners to this flower, which, on account of its having been greatly overvalued at one time, has, perhaps, been less thought of since than it deserves. The Tulip has several very high recommendations.

1st. It is the most showy, and, at the same time, beautiful flower that grows. It has a great number of varieties, that are equally pleasing on a close inspection, or when a bird's-eye view is taken of a number grouped together.

A Tulip-bed should be at least twenty rows long, with six bulbs in a row, which, at six inches apart every way, gives about 12 by 4 feet, a convenient breadth for seeing every individual flower in the bed. This bed or border should be on the northern or western side of a walk, so that the flowers, on facing the morning sun, may be easily seen, that being the time of day when they appear opened into a cup, and consequently to the best advantage.

To one who loves flowers, (and who does not?) such a bed of Tulips, composed of good varieties, well diversified, will give more pleasure every year, during the fortnight or three weeks that it continues in bloom, than the whole cost of it laid out annually in almost any other way.

The collection of Tulips which I possess, and which has been gradually added to for 60 years, gave very great satisfaction every year to my grandfather and father in Scotland, and for upwards of forty years to myself in Canada,—so much so, that it appears to me a hundred dollars a year laid out in any other way would not confer more pleasure. The increase of this collection of Tulips, which, so far as I know, is the finest on the Continent of America, I sell annually, at prices very much lower than varieties of the same excellence could be imported for from Britain or Holland. For instance, *I will sell twenty distinct varieties, named, six of each or 120 flowering bulbs, for six dollars.*

CULTIVATION.

The Tulip is a remarkably hardy flower, suiting almost any soil and climate; and most of the varieties propagate freely, though there is a very great difference in this respect,—some kinds more than doubling, on the average, annually; others, in two or three years; and one or two choice kinds, perhaps not more than once in ten years. The larger the flower, and the longer it continues in bloom, the slower will be the increase at the root.

Many find their Tulips degenerate, and lose them altogether, through the neglect of the simple precaution of breaking off the seed-pods when the petals fall. If these be left on, the strength of the plant runs to seed (which none but regular florists take the trouble of sowing, and they not one pod in a thousand.) The bulbs are, consequently, feeble, and probably do not bloom at all next year. Just as carrots or turnips, when they run to seed, lose the strength and substance of the roots, so it is to a considerable extent with the Tulip; but the breaking of the seed-pods is no trouble, for any child that gets leave will delight to do it.

Any good dry soil will suit Tulips, and if gravelly so much the better. The Tulip should be planted about three inches deep in the fall of the year, in ground pretty well prepared; that from which a crop of potatoes has been taken, for instance, is in a very suitable state for Tulips. Each kind should be in a row, or rows by itself, marked with a pin or label, with the name upon it. There should be no

mulching or protection; and, in spring, almost as soon as the snow disappears, the stems will be seen shooting up through the earth. All that is necessary is to keep the bed free from weeds, and stir the earth between the rows. About the 20th of May, Tulips begin to open in this latitude,—a season at which there are few other flowers,—and continue in fine flower for fully two weeks on an average. After the petals fall, the seed-pods should be broken off, as already mentioned, and the stalks should be allowed to stand till they are half withered, when the bulbs should be taken up (say about the middle of July), each kind being put into a flower-pot by itself with its own pin or tally. The pots should be placed on a shelf in an out-house, till convenient to plant, which may be any time from the 1st of August to the 1st of December; though it is not well to put off planting so late as the latter date, if it can be helped.

In countries like Britain and Holland, where the Tulip finds many professional and amateur cultivators, they have Tulip Shows, which excite great interest; the competition being “for the best 12 or 20 named varieties,” “the best and largest collection,” &c., &c. Were a dozen of gentlemen in any place to cultivate Tulips, such a show might be got up by them for the gratification of the public.

All orders, with the money, will be carefully attended to, and the bulbs packed and forwarded by any conveyance designated. One hundred bulbs, of fine mixed sorts, without the names, will be sent for \$3, and one hundred offsets, many of which will bloom the first year, for \$1.

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"THE CANADIAN FRUIT-CULTURIST,"

BY JAMES DOUGALL, WINDSOR.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL

Price 25 cents, with a discount to Booksellers and Agents.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

UPPER CANADA.

This very dear and very useful little work is the production of Mr. James Dougall, of the Windsor Nurseries, and is the result of a long life devoted to the culture of fruit in Canada. We could not say enough in its praise were we to write for a month, and the best thing we can do is to advise all our country friends to get the book and study it as fast as they can. Upper Canada is peculiarly well adapted for growing fruit of all kinds, and all that is required to do so successfully is to know how. Here is the knowledge—let it not be neglected.—*British Whig, Kingston.*

The author has adopted the form of letters to a friend, and in this way communicates what he has to say in an easy and pleasant manner. And he has a good deal to say that is very valuable and interesting to the fruit-growers, a class that should comprise almost every one who has a home of his own. The letters treat of proper location, soil, preparation, and after-cultivation of orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and what will prove very useful are the lists given of the best varieties of the several fruits. Those of our readers who have a spare patch of ground even would do well to procure a copy, from the perusal of which they may profit in many ways.—*London Free Press.*

The "Canadian Fruit-Culturist" will supply a want that has long been felt of a work on fruit-culture, expressly written for the climate of Canada, and at a price that every person can afford to purchase. The well-known, long, and varied experience of the author in the cultivation of fruits, is sufficient guarantee that the information therein contained is exactly what is at present required by all intending to raise fruit, either for themselves or the market. All persons intending to plant orchards, vineyards, or gardens, and in fact every farmer, owner, or occupier of land, however small, should at once procure a copy.—*Essex Record, Windsor.*

It contains a vast amount of valuable information to fruit-growers, in twelve letters, on "sites, soils, &c., most suitable for culture"; on planting and future care of orchards; on the apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach, nectarine, apricot, quince, grape, gooseberry, currant, raspberry, and strawberry; and on the profits of fruit culture, marketing, &c.; and general remarks on Canada as a fruit-growing country.—*Woodstock Sentinel.*

Its author is Mr. James Dougall, of the celebrated nurseries of Windsor. The interest which the author has taken in this subject, and his experience and reputation as a successful grower, is a guarantee of the excellence of the work.—*Oshawa Vindicator.*

The work is from the pen of Mr. James Dougall, Windsor, and dwells in understandable language, on the proper location, soil, preparation, planting, and after-cultivation of orchards, vineyards, and gardens, with directions for the best mode of culture of each variety of fruit.—*Chatham Planter.*

It is an admirable work of its kind, and contains much useful information that would be found of incalculable value to intending fruit-growers.—*Port Hope Canadian.*

This little work will be found of great use to Canadian agriculturists, and ought to be in the hands of every farmer and gardener from Sandwich to Gaspe.—*London Evening Advertiser.*

This is a little book which will prove invaluable to inexperienced fruit-growers, and profitable to all.—*Berlin, C.W., Telegraph.*

It contains a large amount of information the most indispensable to persons interested in gardens, orchards, or vineyards.—*Peterborough Review.*

The production of Mr. James Dougall, of the celebrated Windsor Nurseries. Send for a copy at once.—*Kergus News Record.*

LOWER CANADA.

A pamphlet written by Mr. James Dougall, so well known as a practical fruit-grower in connection with the Windsor Nurseries. We have frequently, in these columns, inculcated the importance economically to Canada of the fruit crops which might be raised, and we are glad to see the public placed in possession of information which every farmer or owner of land may make exceedingly valuable to himself.—*Trade Review.*

On y trouve des préceptes utiles et précieux sur la culture du jardin et des vergers et les soins qu'il y faut prodiguer suivant les circonstances. M. James Dougall écrit en homme consommé dans l'expérience et en observateur exact et nul doute que l'horticulture ne profite beaucoup de ces conseils sages et raisonnés.—*Moniteur, Montreal.*

A perusal of these will give all the directions absolutely necessary to plant trees successfully, and also show the best varieties of fruit suitable for the different sections of this country.—*Quebec Gazette.*

We recommend all persons in this section of the country, who are in any way interested in the cultivation of fruit, to subscribe for the Fruit-Culturist at once.—*Dunsmuir, C.E., Journal.*

All the letters are compiled by Mr. James Dougall, of the Windsor (C.W.) Nurseries, and will be found highly interesting and useful to those in quest of fruit-culture knowledge. The writer says:

"From an extensive correspondence with all sections of the country on this subject, it has greatly surprised me to find how very few, even of intelligent and educated persons, are acquainted with the first principles of the planting and culture of fruit trees; and all the works on the subject are so voluminous, that to those whose time is fully occupied in other pursuits, it is almost a task to read them, while their cost generally is so high as to debar the great mass of the people from procuring them."

This is true, and we are glad to see that Mr. Dougall has brought out the little work before us, which is concise, plain, and within the reach of all to purchase.—*Granby, C.E., Gazette.*

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2. The MONTREAL WITNESS, Eight Pages, Semi-Weekly, \$2 per annum, contains all that appears in the DAILY, except part of the purely city matter and advertisements. This is a most valuable edition for those who do not take the DAILY, but who wish to have their news and prices-current oftener than once a week. Its circulation is about 3,000.

3. The WEEKLY WITNESS, Eight Pages, \$1 per annum, contains the greater part of the News, Contemporary Press, and Editorials of the SEMI-WEEKLY, with a part of the literary and useful matter; but, being only issued half as often, of course half of the matter of the SEMI-WEEKLY has to be left out of the WEEKLY.

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The WITNESS, being published in the commercial and financial metropolis of Canada, and giving special attention to produce, lumber, and stocks, prices-current, and financial reviews, will be found very valuable for business men in the Maritime Provinces, as it has long been regarded by business men in Canada East and West.

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The terms of all these publications are necessarily cash in advance, and the papers are discontinued when the subscription expires. In every case a gratis copy will be given with a club of eight; but, in the case of the Messenger, the nine copies have to go to one address.

Having done all we can in the way of furnishing useful, interesting, and cheap papers, we ask the co-operation of all well-wishers of the people throughout the Dominion of Canada to help us in disseminating them.

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MONTREAL, C. E.**

The New Dominion Monthly,

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

Vol. I, No. 1.]

MONTREAL, AUGUST 1, 1867.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

There are days which mark epochs in history; such, for instance, as the 22nd of December in New England, and the 4th of July throughout the States. We cannot in Canada fix upon the precise date of the first landing of settlers in the country; and the date of the conquest of Canada by Britain, though well known, is, for obvious reasons, not celebrated. The triumphs of war always suppose the defeat and humiliation of one side; and when the people of that side have to live among and beside the victors, it is in bad taste, to say the least, to continue to celebrate the victory over them, however beneficial it may prove in its effects. For this reason Canada has hitherto been without any national festival, but that want exists no longer. The day of the union of the four greatest Provinces of British North America under one Federal Government—the 1st of July, 1867—is one to be observed and remembered by the whole of the inhabitants of these Provinces.

Some have indeed said, "Why celebrate a change the results of which are yet unknown? Let us wait till we ascertain how it will turn out." But we do not thus wait in other cases. When a child is born, for instance, we rejoice without waiting to see whether he will turn out virtuous or vicious, taking it for granted that the Giver of all good intends a blessing by the gift. And, in like manner, we may hopefully and joyfully regard the change which, in the providence of God, has taken place in our political relations; the more especially that it has been accomplished without shedding a drop of blood, and with much less use of questionable means than has been deemed necessary to secure some other unions.

In fact, the new nation of Canada, for as such, we think, it should be regarded, starts into existence almost full-grown, without imbruing her hands in the blood of her parent in

order to get free; and without any insuperable animosities or antipathies between the different nationalities of which it is composed. On the contrary, there is a general disposition to make the most of the new state of things; and to this end to cherish mutually fraternal relations between the different provinces, and mutually friendly feelings among the various races that inhabit them.

This loyal and friendly state of feeling was admirably manifested in the demonstrations of rejoicing with which Dominion Day was generally celebrated; and all, we think, feel that, while we should be exceedingly grateful for the mercies of the past to the provinces in their divided state, we may look forward, now that we are united, to a future of rapidly-increasing prosperity and importance.

The Dominion of Canada starts with a population larger than that of several countries which have made their mark in the history of the world and materially influenced the liberty and progress of the human race; as a lumber-producing country, it is second to no other in the world; as a grain-producing country, it stands high; for shipping and commerce, it is said to occupy the third or fourth rank among the nations; for fisheries, when Newfoundland joins us, we shall probably be first; and in mining and manufacturing enterprise we stand fair.

With such natural and acquired advantages, and the powerful aid and protection of Great Britain in case of need, the people of the new Dominion occupy a position of privilege and advantage, which it will be their own fault if they do not improve to the uttermost.

THE GORILLA.

M. Du Chaillu has been lecturing recently in New York on Equatorial Africa, and in his second lecture he gave a remarkably interesting account of his discoveries concerning the

animal with which his name has become so inseparably connected.

But once, in all the literature of antiquity, do we hear anything of this monster. The record of the voyage of Hanno, a Carthaginian admiral, which probably took place about six centuries before the Christian era, contains the following passage, which is supposed to refer to the animal now known as the Gorilla:

"In a recess was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island, full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called gorillas. * * * But pursuing them we were not able to take the men; they all escaped us by their great agility, being *cremnobates* (that is to say, climbing precipitous rocks and trees), and defending themselves by throwing stones at us. We took three women, who bit and tore those who caught them, and were unwilling to follow. We were obliged, therefore, to kill them, and took their skins off, which skins were brought to Carthage, for we did not navigate further, provisions becoming scarce."

This record slept for thousands of years almost forgotten, till in 1847 and 1848 Dr. Jeffers Wyman and Professor Owen wrote some memoirs on part of the skeletons that had reached them.

M. Du Chaillu gives a thrilling account of his first glimpse of a gorilla:

"We had reached a place where once a village had been built, and where a degenerate kind of sugar-cane was growing in the very spot where the houses had formerly stood, when my men perceived what at once threw us into the greatest state of excitement. Here and there the cane was beaten down, torn up by the roots and lying about in fragments which had evidently been chewed. My men looked at each other in silence and muttered the word "Nguyla," which is the name they give to the gorilla. We followed the traces, and presently came to the footprints of the so-long-desired animal. It was the first time I had ever seen these footprints, and my sensations were indescribable. Here was I now, it seemed, on the point of meeting face to face that monster of whose ferocity, strength, and cunning, the natives had told me so much,—an animal which since the days of Hanno had not been seen in its wild state by a white man. My heart beat until I feared its loud pulsations would prove fatal. As we followed the tracks, we could easily see that there were four or five of them. We saw where they had run on all fours, the usual mode of progression of these animals, and where from time to time they had seated themselves to chew the canes they had borne off. I confess that I was never more excited in my life. For years I had heard of the terrible roar

of the gorilla, of its vast strength, and its fierce courage, if, unhappily, only wounded by a shot. We descended a hill, crossed a stream on a fallen log, and presently approached some huge boulders of granite. Alongside of these lay an immense dead tree, and about this we saw many evidences of the very recent presence of the gorilla. Our approach was very cautious. We were divided into two parties. We surrounded the granite block, behind which Makinda supposed the gorilla to be hidden. Makinda was to go to the right of the rock, while I took the left. Unfortunately, he got in advance of me. The watchful animals saw him. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half-human, devilish cry, and beheld four gorillas running past in the thick of the forest. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we did, and could run faster than we did. As they ran on their hind legs, the gorillas looked fearfully like hairy men. Their head down, their body inclined forward, their whole appearance was like men running for their lives; and I ceased to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods."

The next day he had a better view of the animal. As the party were seeking it through the forest, they heard a noise ahead as of some one breaking down the branches.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along in a silence which made a heavy breathing seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the beast. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on all fours, but when he saw our party, he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. Nearly six feet high, with an immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, intensely black face, with fiercely-glaring, large, deep, gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision, thus stood before me the king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us, but stood there and beat his breast with his huge fist till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which I found to be his mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to terrific roars. This roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins like a sharp bark of an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from a mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful teeth were shown as he sent forth a thunderous roar, and now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature,—a king of that hideous order half man half beast. He ad-

vanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that hideous roar again and beat his chest, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us; and here, just as he began one of his roars, beating his breast in rage, I killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet. The people fed on the body in the evening, carefully saving the brain for fetishes, of which two kinds are made, one giving the wearer a strong arm for the hunt, and the other making the wearer perfectly bewitching with women. The more wives they have, the more they are envied; hence this fetish is considered invaluable to them."

Another of their superstitions is that some men have turned into gorillas; and such possessed gorillas, they say, can never be killed, and are endowed with the intelligence of man, united to the strength and ferocity of the beast.

M. Du Chaillu has had good opportunities of studying the habits of the gorilla, and he says that, while many of the actions reported of him are false, no description can exceed the horror of his appearance, the ferocity of his attacks, and the impish malignity of his nature. The animal lives in the loneliest and darkest portion of the African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys and swampy soil. It is a restless or nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, and scarcely found two days in the same neighborhood. This restlessness is caused by the struggle it has to find its favorite food. For, though the gorilla possesses such immense canine teeth, and though his vast strength doubtless fits him to capture and kill almost every animal that frequents the forest, he is a strict vegetarian.

"I have examined the stomachs of all those we have killed, and found there nothing but the traces of berries, pine-apples, leaves, nuts, and other vegetable matter. It is a huge feeder. Indeed, its great frame and enormous muscular development could not be supported by little food. It does not live in trees; indeed, its enormous weight would prevent it from doing so. Some of the males must weigh from 300 to 400 pounds. By the examination of the stomachs of the many specimens I have had, I was able to ascertain with tolerable certainty the nature of its food, and I discovered that it had no need to ascend trees. It is fond of the heart of some trees, also of a kind of nut with a very hard shell. This shell is so hard that it requires a strong blow with a very heavy hammer to break it. And here is probably one purpose of

that enormous strength of jaw which long seemed to me thrown away on a non-carnivorous animal. Only the young gorillas sleep in trees for protection from the wild beasts. I have myself come upon fresh traces of gorilla beds on several occasions, and could see that the male had seated himself with his back against a tree trunk. The gorilla has no other roar than that I have described. There is, besides, the scream of the female, when alarmed, and a low kind of chick with which the watchful mother seems to call her child to her. The young ones have only a cry when in distress; but their voice is harsh, and sometimes is more a moan of pain than a child cry. The female gorilla has never more than one young at a time. I have found skulls where the huge canines were broken off. The negroes told me that such teeth were broken in combats between the males for the possession of a female. The gorilla walks in an erect position with greater ease than the chimpanzee. When standing up, his knees are bent at the joint outward, and his body stoops forward. The common walk of a gorilla is not on his hind legs, but on all fours. In this position, the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and, as he runs, his hind legs are brought far beneath the body. He can run with great speed."

M. Du Chaillu has found the gorilla quite untamable, even when taken young; in this respect differing from the chimpanzee, which is easily subdued.

MARIA MATHSDOTTER; OR, FEMALE HEROISM.

In one of the northern districts of Sweden there lives a woman who began, a few years since, to feel an intense longing for the good of her people. Her name was Maria Magdalena Mathsdotter. She was a Laplander by birth, as also in her manner of life; but, though dwelling under a most inhospitable sky, and having but few means of improvement, she succeeded in obtaining just enough of education to know its value. She had learned, moreover, that there was "a better country, that is, an heavenly"; and it was her joy to think that her final home would be there. But the poor Lapps around her! Their ignorance and degradation lay upon her heart as its heaviest burden. "Surely," she thought, "I can do something for them"; and she prayed that it might be shown her *what* she could do.

She had the care of one hundred reindeer the entire wealth of her parents. It was a nomadic life, therefore, that she was obliged

to lead; she could not help it. When spring came, she set her face toward the hills and mountains, for the better feeding of her charge. When autumn came, she turned back again upon the Gulf of Bothnia. What could she do for the elevation of the Lapps?

A strange thought one day sprang up in her mind. She could visit the king! She could tell her simple story; and, perhaps, from love to his people, he would aid her to establish a school in Wilhelmina, her native district. This would be a great boon; and God might be pleased to bestow a greater, even his sanctifying grace. By day and by night, month after month, she dwelt upon this plan. Often did she carry it to Him who heareth prayer; and her petitions were offered, there is reason to believe, in the simplest, truest faith. God could grant her request; of this she felt sure. At length she became satisfied that he would grant it.

At first, however, the obstacles appeared to be insurmountable. The distance was great, especially for a solitary female, and most of it was to be travelled on foot. She was an only child, moreover; how could her parents consent to her going? The undertaking was very hazardous; and she was constantly and greatly needed at home. Should she reach Stockholm in safety, she would find herself a stranger to everybody; and the language in use would be entirely different from hers. But none of these things moved her. As for the long journey,—she believed that God would keep her from the beginning to the end of it, and that was enough. As for the strange tongue,—she could learn it. As for the consent of her parents,—she would plead for it with them, and she would plead for it with Him who has all hearts in his hand; and she thought that it would be ready at the proper time. She seemed to hear a voice saying to her, "Go to the capital of the South, and ask for the succor which is needed."

She set herself resolutely and persistently to learn the language. To this end she procured books; and she made visits, as often as her reindeer charge would permit, to the Swedish-speaking pastors, whom she could see most easily. Nearly three years she devoted to the mastery of this new tongue. Meantime, she was entreating her parents to

sanction her purpose. They, however, besought her with tears to conceive of their bereaved and desolate condition, in case any disaster should befall her. They argued, further, that should she return in safety, weeks and months must elapse, during which they must receive from her none of the aid and comfort which were so necessary for them. But the path of duty seemed plainer and plainer, till at length she felt that the hour had come. She bade farewell to her parents, who wept bitterly for fear that they should see her face no more; and she started upon her long pilgrimage.

It was in the dead of a northern winter when she put on her Lapland skates, and turned her face to the South. The cold was intense. The days were very short, and the nights were very long. The route was all new to her; and yet, on every side, she saw the same wearisome prospect that had so often met her eye at home,—snow and ice, with few signs of life, stretching far away into the unknown. An heroic spirit was needed for such an endeavor; and such a spirit had been bestowed on this remarkable woman. Though she had no guide but the Omnipresent One, she did not hesitate to face the dangers that lay in her path. More than this, she rejoiced greatly in the prospect of accomplishing her benevolent design.

The Lord had heard her request; and he resolved to honor her faith. All along her journey, she found generous and sympathizing hearts. Nothing that she needed was withheld, till at length, having traversed those icy plains for hundreds of miles (two hundred leagues, it is said), she came to Gefle, where she took a public conveyance that carried her to the Swedish capital.

It was on the 3rd of March, 1864, that she first made her appearance in Stockholm. One who saw her has described her dress. It was singularly unfashionable; for she was clothed in a robe made of reindeer skins. She wore a bonnet that was "large," "red," and "very high." She was of medium height, and her complexion was "brown." Who would have selected such an one to bear an important petition to a king? On the other hand, "her face was full of intelligence." "Everything about her, in fact, denoted a superior woman."

He who giveth food "to the young ravens which cry," had gone before her, and insured her success. She was met by a Christian woman in the streets of Stockholm, and questioned as to her purpose. Immediately upon giving the proper answer, she was told that the French congregation of that city had taken up a collection, *the day before*, in behalf of the Lapps! We can readily imagine the surprise and joy of this weary pilgrim. Before she could present her request, it had been granted!

The few days she spent in Stockholm were full of activity and delight. She was graciously received by the king, who assured her of his patronage and support. She pleaded her cause before the Committee of the Swedish Missionary Society, and not in vain. She visited a number of excellent families, who made a collection for her. Having accomplished her object, she returned to her home, rejoicing in the kind sympathy which had been expressed, in the promises which had been made, and, still more, in the belief that the Lord had thoughts of mercy toward her people.

Nor was she the only recipient of good. Many who saw her were stimulated to a stronger faith and a purer love. Her example had shown what Christianity might achieve. As one of the results of her visit, a Cent Missionary Society (Association du Sou Missionnaire), formed by Pastor Rorich, of the French congregation, became so popular that it obtained in six months 8,350 francs for the support of schools in Lapland; so that the Swedish Missionary Society opened, in addition to the six schools which it had previously organized, two others, one in Wilhelmina, which Maria Mathsdotter calls her home.

Let us imagine ourselves to be in the study of Pastor Rorich, on the evening of October 30, 1866. We ask for tidings of his friend Maria. He has often made inquiries respecting her, he says; but he has always received the same answer: "Maria! It is not known where she is. She is wandering over the deserts of Lapland, accompanying her father's herds of reindeer." Presently a knock is heard. The door is opened. Two women enter the room, clothed in the northern costume already described. One is the cousin of Maria Mathsdotter; the other is Maria herself. She ap-

proaches the dear friend who has felt such an interest in her people, and offers her hand. It is a happy meeting! It would not be easy to decide who is the more joyful, the pastor or his *protégée*. But why has she come to Stockholm again? One such visit might well suffice for the longest life. Her story is somewhat remarkable.

Some parts of Lapland are occupied by Swedish colonists, whose mode of life, unlike that of the Lapps, is stationary. This difference occasions serious antagonisms. The latter are jealous of the encroachments which are made upon their broad pasture grounds; the former do not hesitate to shoot down any straggling reindeer that trespasses upon their premises. The district of Wilhelmina was greatly troubled by this question last summer; and it was decided that some one should personally represent the facts to the king and solicit his interposition. But who should do it? Not a man could be found who was willing to perform the service! All eyes, therefore, were turned to Maria Mathsdotter. She accepted the trust, and, with a cousin, set out upon the long journey.

It was not possible for her to restrict herself to the business which occasioned her visit. On the 31st of October she attended "a working meeting," held for the purpose of making clothing for the school-children of Lapland. "Her countenance breathed tranquil satisfaction," says Pastor Rorich, "and her look shone with ineffable joy." She "did not remain with her arms folded; she took up a pair of scissors and began cutting patterns and giving advice; and all our ladies were eager to receive such good directions." The meeting was closed with reading of the scriptures and prayer. "She wept much that evening," continues her excellent friend, "and pressed my hand cordially, saying, 'Thanks, thanks, my friend; we shall meet some day in heaven.' Then she began offering her hand to every one else, repeating her usual salutation, 'The peace of God be with you.'" She attended other meetings of the same character, and in various ways she gave a new impulse to the efforts which had been commenced in behalf of her people. On the 11th of November she set out on her return, going by steamer to Hernosand, whence she was to travel one hundred and fifty leagues on her skates.

If we may credit the testimony of Pastor Rorich, Maria Mathsdotter is an extraordinary woman. Notwithstanding her lack of education, she possesses a well-developed mind. When one hears her speak, he says, "one is struck with her clear-headedness, her logical reasonings, and her precise expressions. She discourses with the greatest ease; and although she has had no training, she comports herself quite calmly, and defends her opinions without allowing herself to be intimidated by her audience. She never loses herself in details, as untutored people commonly do; but she follows up the idea which she has in view, and always knows how to come back to it."

But her moral eminence is much more conspicuous. "I cannot tell you," says the same individual, "how much good to the soul the converse does of this woman, whom I would willingly call the Apostle of the North! how one feels at once humiliated and excited to labor when one is in the presence of such faith and such profound humility, such love of souls, such zeal for the advancement of God's kingdom!"

It is not difficult to understand why such a person received so much kindness from the Christians of Stockholm. Though the instances of this thorough, unquestioning confidence in God are quite too rare in the present age, many, in all parts of the world, stand ready to recognize and honor it. Hence the wide-spread interest which is felt in this woman on the other side of the Atlantic. The story of her faith and zeal and love has been told in the chief languages of Europe; so that a fame, such as she never dreamed of, is already hers; and now, on this side of the Atlantic, thousands will repeat the prayer of Pastor Rorich: "May the peace of God be with her! May he keep her in those icy solitudes, and support the faith and charity with which she is animated!"

SOMETHING ABOUT JELLY-FISHES.

(By Edward S. Morse, in *American Naturalist* for July.)

The loiterer by the sea-side may have noticed in his rambles on the beach, certain gelatinous substances left by the retreating tide. An interest excited by so strange a sight may have prompted a closer examination, and yet

recognizing nothing tangible or definite in the structure of these shapeless bodies, a desire has been really awakened to know something about them. We will try to satisfy this curiosity, by giving a brief account of a few of our more common Jelly-fishes; for these shapeless lumps of jelly, seen stranded on our beaches, are really animals, assuming the most graceful and symmetrical forms in the water.

The Jelly-fishes, or Medusæ, have long excited the attention of naturalists from their singular structure, and the wonderful changes occurring during their growth.

While in the higher expressions of animal life the anatomist may puzzle over the intricacies of a complicated organization, in the Jelly-fishes he is at first more perplexed to find anything like organization in their parts, though they are really highly organized compared with animals still lower in the scale. So transparent are some, that one can hardly detect their presence in the water, and so largely does the sea-water enter into their composition, that certain kinds when dried lose ninety-nine one-hundredths of their own weight.

Péron and Lesueur, two distinguished French naturalists, who, in the early part of this century, made a voyage around the globe, thus summed up the results of their combined observations on these animals. "The substance of a Medusa is wholly resolved, by a kind of instantaneous fusion, into a fluid analogous to sea-water; and yet the most important functions of life are effected in bodies that seem to be nothing more, as it were, than coagulated water. The multiplication of these animals is prodigious, and we know nothing certain concerning their mode of generation. They may acquire dimensions of many feet in diameter, and weigh, occasionally, from fifty to sixty pounds; but their system of nutrition escapes us. They execute the most rapid and continued motions; and yet the details of their muscular system are altogether unknown. Their secretions seem to be extremely abundant; but we perceive nothing satisfactory as to their origin. They have a kind of very active respiration; its real seat is a mystery. They seem extremely feeble, but fishes of large size are daily their prey. One would imagine their stomachs incapable of any kind

of action on these latter animals : in a few moments they are digested. Many of them contain internally considerable quantities of air, but whether they imbibe it from the atmosphere, extract it from the ocean, or secrete it from within their bodies, we are equally ignorant. A great number of these Medusæ are phosphorescent, and glare amidst the gloom of night like globes of fire ; yet the nature, the principle, and the agents of this wonderful property remain to be discovered. Some sting and inflame the hand that touches them ; but the cause of this power is equally unknown."

Professor Richard Owen quotes these " lively paradoxes" to show the progress made since then in clearing up many points that were obscure at their time, and to show that even the skilful naturalist, with abundant material at hand, may plod on with uncertainty unless aided by the higher powers of the microscope. Recent works published by Professors Agassiz and Clark, and Mr. A. Agassiz, have detailed very fully the anatomy and classification of our native species.

The Jelly-fishes of our coast are represented by numerous globular and disk-like animals of a gelatinous texture, more or less transparent, having certain appendages consisting either of longitudinal bands of vibrating fringes, as in one order ; or, as in another order, having appendages surrounding the mouth, and others, thread-like, hanging from the margin of the disk. The parts most conspicuous within the body are the ovaries, or egg-sacks, the stomach, and certain tubes running from the stomach to the periphery of the body.

These animals are apparently radiated in their structure ; at all events, it is difficult in certain groups to distinguish a right and left side, and for this reason they are called Radiated animals, and form one of the three classes of the branch Radiata.

The Jelly-fishes of our coast are common in our harbors and inlets, where the water is fresh and pure from the ocean. A very ready and convenient way to collect them is to moor your boat on the shady side of a wharf where the reflected rays of the sun are avoided, and, as the tide sweeps gently past, to dip them as they are borne along by the current. Some little practice is necessary to discern the small-

er kinds, for many species are very minute, and other species, though of good size, are nevertheless hard to distinguish on account of extreme transparency. They may be dipped from the water with a tin dipper, though a wide-mouthed glass jar is better for this purpose. As they are secured, they may be poured into a wooden pail for assortment and examination at home ; or, better, a large glass jar, carried on purpose to hold them, may be filled at once, as too frequent changes destroy them.

Some species are very hardy, and may be kept alive for weeks, while others live only a few hours, gradually diminishing in size till they appear to melt away in the water.

Among the more common forms met with on our coast is the *Pleurobrachia*. Words fail in describing the beauty and singularity of this Jelly-fish. Conceive a globular body the size of a walnut or larger, but perfectly transparent, having eight bands of rapidly-vibrating fringes surrounding the body, running from one pole to the other like the ridges on a walnut, and two thread-like appendages, festooned with hundreds of shorter threads, trailing out behind the body like the tail of a comet, and you have a general idea of this Jelly-fish.

The zones of vibrating fringes act like so many little oars, and impel the body through the water. At times, only the fringes on one side are in motion ; and then the body rotates in the water like a vital globe. Anon, the different zones alternate in action, and the body describes a spiral course in the water. The most beautiful prismatic hues are exhibited when these fringes are in motion ; and these brilliant changing colors often lead to their detection in the water. The long thread-like appendages, already mentioned, are the most wonderful portion of the structure of this Jelly-fish. They are lined with hundreds of smaller threads which start at right angles from the main threads, and all are of the extreme tenuity. The distance these appendages can be projected from the body, the instantaneous manner in which they are drawn within the body, and the perfect control the animal manifests in their movements, seems incredible until the movements have been actually witnessed. When contracted, these appendages occupy a space of exceeding minuteness ; and, when projected from the

body, seem to run out as a cable runs from a ship. We have sought in vain for any definite solution of the function of these threads, and are compelled to offer one derived from our own observations. Besides the locomotive power derived from the longitudinal zones of fringes, the body will be seen to oscillate to and fro; this motion being produced by the alternate contraction and relaxation of these threads, the resistance offered to the water by the sudden contraction of the expanded threads being sufficient to oscillate the body. The Jelly-fish in question, unlike most members of the class, swim with the mouth upward, and the appendages start from the pole opposite the mouth; and, since the mouth is unprovided with any organs whereby to grasp food, the mouth has the power of sweeping back and forth in the water by the oscillations of the body, affording greater chances of coming in contact with their food. It has the power of seizing little shrimp-like animals; and a singular sight it is to see this Jelly-fish, with its repast perfectly visible within its transparent body.

There are two other forms of Jelly-fishes not uncommon in our waters, which have the zones of locomotive fringes, but have no trailing appendages, as in the species just described. One of these forms is called *Bolina*, and is somewhat larger than *Pleurobrachia*, being pear-shaped, and the larger end divided into two lobes which surround the mouth. These lobes have the power of expanding and contracting, and the contour of the animal is materially altered by their movements. They may sometimes be seen gaping wide, disclosing the mouth, and ready to entrap its food, and again so contracted that the mouth is quite hidden.

Another form, called *Idyia*, is long and cylindrical, like a tube, rounded and closed at one end, the other abrupt and open. The open end constitutes the mouth: in fact, it is hardly more than a locomotive stomach. This Jelly-fish has more consistency than those heretofore described, and is quite opaque. At certain seasons of the year they are pinkish in color. An individual of this species, when confined with *Pleurobrachia*, soon manifests its carnivorous propensities by attacking, and often swallowing, the *Pleurobrachia* whole. It does not appear daunted if its victim proves

larger than itself, but slowly, patiently engulfs its victim; and a curious sight it is to see the *Idyia*, directly after this feat is performed, presenting the appearance of a tight skin drawn around the innermost Jelly-fish, though in a short time its food is digested, and the *Idyia* resumes its normal shape, and not in the least augmented in size. It probably requires a dozen or more of such game for an ordinary lunch. This statement will not be wondered at, if the experiment is tried of drying a specimen of *Pleurobrachia* on a white card, and finding nothing left but a few crystals of salt. The vitality of these Jelly-fishes is remarkable: they can be cut in several pieces, and yet each piece will remain alive for a long time in the water; and one naturalist, after having cut an *Idyia* in half longitudinally, observed one half to enfold and digest another Jelly-fish.

The three forms thus far described are common representatives of an order of Jelly-fish called *Ctenophoræ*, or Comb-bearers, the fringes or paddles having been compared by some writers to the teeth of a comb. These fringes form a distinguishing trait of the order. The members of this order are reproduced directly from eggs.

We will now consider another order of Jelly-fishes called *Discophoræ*, or dish-like Jelly-fishes, since the form of many species presents a dish-like appearance. Members of this order are very conspicuous in the water, owing to their large size, their opacity, and the distinctness of their egg-pouches. They have no zones of locomotive fringes, but hanging below the disk and surrounding the mouth are numerous appendages, and surrounding the border of the disk is seen a delicate fringe of threads interrupted at regular intervals by little dots called eyes. These Jelly-fishes swim in the water by successive expansions and contractions of the disk, making a motion something like the motion made by the partial closing and opening of an umbrella. This motion is very leisurely performed, and the animal appears drifted by the currents and eddies with but little power to direct its course.

Our most common species, the *Aurelia*, occurs abundantly in our bays, sometimes in vast multitudes. When full-grown they measure from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter.

Another form, called *Cyanéa*, often attains an immense size. Mr. A. Agassiz gives an account of one that measured seven feet across the disk, and whose appendages stretched out to the length of one hundred and twelve feet; their average size, however, is about one-third the dimensions just given.

The nettling sensation produced by certain Jelly-fishes, when brought in contact with the naked body, has long excited the attention of naturalists. The *Cyanca* is one of the most formidable in this respect, and Prof. Edward Forbes describes an English species as "the terror of tender-skinned bathers. With its broad, tawny, festooned, and scalloped disk, often a full foot or more across, it flaps its way through the yielding waters, and drags after it a long train of riband-like arms, and seemingly interminable tails, marking its course when the body is far away from us. Once tangled in its trailing 'hair,' the unfortunate, who has recklessly ventured across the graceful monster's path, too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle but binds the poisonous threads more firmly round his body, and then there is no escape; for, when the winder of the fatal net finds his course impeded by the terrified human wresling in its coils, he, seeking no combat with the mightier biped, casts loose his envenomed arms, and swims away. The amputated weapons, severed from their parent body, vent vengeance on the cause of their destruction, and sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack." Peculiar oval cells, each containing a little filament capable of protrusion, have been supposed to be the seat of this nettling sensation. These are called urticating cells, and the whole class of Jelly-fishes are called *Acalephs*, or Sea-nettles, from this peculiar property. These stinging cells cover the surface of the body and appendages, though, strange enough, there are many species possessing these cells that produce no stinging sensation whatever.

The strangest feature in the history of certain Jelly-fishes belonging to the order Discophora, as the *Aurelia*, for instance, is their wonderful mode of reproduction. It would require too long a time to detail the successive steps made before the whole truth was known regarding the development of these

Jelly-fishes. How the successive stages were described by different zoologists as entirely distinct animals, until at last it was proved that they all represented the different stages of growth of one animal. The *Aurelia*, for example, gives origin to little locomotive eggs; these, swimming in shoals, finally effect lodgments on the rocks, one end becoming attached, and the other throwing out little tentacles. In this condition they resemble miniature polyps. Gradually they increase in length, and little transverse seams or constrictions, appear on the sides of the body; these constrictions deepening, and their edges becoming scalloped. Finally, the seams have deepened to such an extent that their appearance has been compared to a pile of saucers, and at last they become separated one after the other, each turning upside down, and swimming off free Jelly-fishes. In this stage, they are called *Ephyra*, and are entirely unlike their parent in appearance. By the fall they will have attained their adult form, and a diameter of twelve or more inches.

By far the greater number of our smaller Jelly-fishes belong to another order called *Hydroids*, and pass through phases of growth equally as strange as those above recounted. The limits of our paper will allow only a few words on this group. On the rocks at low water, and on floating weeds, little moss-like tufts will be found in abundance. This plant-like growth, when examined under a lens, will be seen active with life. The ends of the little twigs and offshoots appear as little bell-shaped cups, with tentacles studding the free ends like the plates of a flower; these are the fixed individuals, and are the purveyors of the community. In the spring time little capsules will be noticed on the twigs, within which are to be seen minute globular bodies, to be finally set free by the rupture of the capsules, as free swimming Jelly-fishes. Others bud directly from the twig and drop off singly, as in *Coryne*. These are found by thousands in spring-time. Not only do these free Jelly-fishes bud from fixed communities, but in one species young ones bud from the Jelly-fish itself, as in *Lizzia*, and certain others where the young bud from the stomach. All these Hydroid Jelly-fishes produce eggs, which again give rise to plant-like communities.

NO TIME; OR, MASON EARLE'S
PARADOX.

(By Rev. W. M. Blackburn, in Sabbath at Home for July.)

CHAPTER I.

"Why don't white man hoe his corn? Weeds choke him dead," said an Indian to a careless farmer.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I must cut my hay while the sun shines, and get ready for wheat harvest."

"*You have all the time there is,*" said the Indian very coolly. A wiser remark was never made by a philosopher. Plato would have made it the text for a lecture.

This was one of the standing anecdotes of Schoolmaster Hale. The new pupils, who did not hear it within three days after entering his school must have been deaf. Those who had heard it for the twentieth time playfully called it "the essence of Indian wisdom." It was firmly rooted in the memory of Mason Earle, a bright lad whose father thought that a high degree of knowledge was quite dangerous to honesty and industry. He would often say, "I do not wish to have my sons learn so much that they will know how to live by their wits. They must *work* for a living." His notion was that nobody ever did much real work except farmers and mechanics. If he had been placed, for a little while, in the store of the merchant, in the office of the lawyer, in the school of the teacher, in the chair of the editor, in the desk of the statesman, in the study of the minister, or the circuit of the physician, he might have found out that some other people were hard at earnest, honest work as well as himself. Still his narrow ideas did not offend his neighbors; for they respected him as a generous Christian, and they could trust him with uncounted gold. The shade of his trees and the good cheer of his house were very inviting to the villagers, who often walked out to his farm-house in strawberry time, or in the winter, when pecks of apples and volumes of stories gave life to the company that sat before the evening fire.

Why should Mason Earle think of being anything else than a farmer? And yet he did. He was not an idle boy. "He's a great worker," said his mother. "He helps me wonder-

fully, when I am tired, and the supper-table must be cleared. If Satan has some mischief for idle hands to do, he don't get a chance at Mason. And he reads! Why, he has knocked the dust off his grandfather's old books, and he pores over them as if they were as new as the last story-books. He says 'the old is better,' and I think it is. There's the Pilgrim's Progress, and a Church History, and—"

"Does he ever read novels?" asked the visitor.

Mrs. Earle set her face like a flint and looked astonished. She lifted her glasses, as if she would hear better, or see what was meant. Perhaps she had not understood the question. At best, she ought not to take it as an insult.

"Novels, do you say?" she inquired. If one had crept into her house, she would have hunted it into the fire.

"Of course I do not mean romances," replied the visitor, changing her tack; "but those stories made up of nothing. They call them religious novels."

"It must be a novel religion that they teach. Mason does not read them: he has no time."

"What does he do on Sundays? I wish I knew how to keep my children out of mischief on that day."

"Do!" exclaimed Mrs. Earle. "He don't read religious novels, that is sure. He goes to Sunday-school and to church, and reads the Bible so as to get through it once every year."

"Indeed! my children have not time for that."

"If you kept them busier, they would find time enough."

This was Mrs. Earle's paradox. She taught it to Mason from his infancy. He added it to "the essence of Indian wisdom." It was to be his rule through life. We credit it to him, because he showed how it worked.

Mason often read the old books aloud to his mother, after saving time by being busy and earnest. Many a Latin foot-note puzzled him. "Maybe it's something not fit to be in English," said his mother in her simplicity.

"No: it's something very deep and learned," he replied. "I wish I knew Latin." His good mother began to wish so too, and they talked of how it might be learned. It re-

quired some courage to meet his father's prejudice, but she would be his advocate.

Mason chose his hour very wisely. It was one cold day, after he had brought the horse and sleigh to the gate for his father to ride into the country, whence he would not return until late in the night. "If he refuses," thought Mason, "there will be no long talk about it afterward, and he may have better second thoughts." He had everything in just the right order, so as to please him, and he helped his father into the sleigh. He saw that the bells were free, and tucked in the edges of the buffalo robe. The horse was eager to be off. "Father," said Mason, with a trembling voice, and Mr. Earle gave the lines a sudden pull, expecting to hear that a trace was not in trim,—“I wish you would let me study Latin.”

"If you learn well what you have now in hand, you will have no time for anything else. What good will it do? Will it help you to raise better corn and cattle?"

"I'll find the time," replied the lad very softly; "for I have all the time there is, as the Indian said."

"But your teacher will have no time to aid you."

"Uncle Robert says that he will help me along."

This uncle was the physician of the little village. He had translated some of the foot- notes which puzzled Mason, and thus worn off a little rust from his college studies. He hoped that his nephew might give the spur to his idle son Jerome.

"Very well," replied Mr. Earle, not a little proud to discover the resolute spirit in his boy. "We will see what you can do." The horse started as if these words were meant for him; and, if more was said, it was lost in the music of the bells. But what he heard was like a song in his ear. Its chorus would linger in his memory.

Mason had gained one point. The next thing was to get a Latin grammar. Would his father think to buy one for him? "I am glad that I did not ask him," thought the lad. "He has to work hard, and the crops were short last year. If I get a new coat I must not expect a new book. I will try cousin Jerome."

Off he hastened, as merry as if girded with

sleigh-bells, and said, "Cousin Jerome, is Latin a hard study?"

"Oh, awful! I have to buckle down to it night and day, and then I have not time to get my lessons."

"When do you use your grammar?"

"The whole day from breakfast to bed-time, except when at play."

"Will you let me have it every morning before breakfast, and at recess?"

"You might have it always, if I had my way. But you will not come for it often. A few doses of it will cure you. Father wants me to be a physician; and he says that, if I would step into his practice, I must study this old dead language, so as to know the medical terms. I suppose I must be able to talk to the people so that they won't know what is the matter with them, nor what the medicine is. But, I'll tell you, when I get to be a doctor, and find any persons too happy, I will prescribe a dose of Latin grammar to them. That will reduce their spirits."

The plan was completed. Mason went home saying to himself, "Cousin Jerome has too much time; that is the trouble. He does not feel that a thing must be done at once, now or never; he thinks that another hour will do as well, and so he waits; when that hour comes he waits again for a better season. If he had just one short hour, and no more, he would go to work with a will." Mason's view was correct. His cousin was ever saying "time enough" until it was gone, and then he said, "I have no time," and took his gun for a hunt after rabbits, or set his trap for quails.

"There will be no time to read the old books to-night," said Mrs. Earle at supper. "You have all the chores to do, and your 'sums' to work out."

Mason had a different idea. He set about feeding the cattle, and folding the sheep; he saw that every chicken and turkey was as snugly housed as he would be, and that every horse had plenty of straw in his stall. He flew about so busily that he had no need to "come in and warm," as his mother suggested. At last he piled up the wood in the corner for the evening fire, and said, "Mother, I will be ready to read aloud in twenty minutes."

"You forget about your 'sums,' don't you?"

"I did them in my head while I was at

work. You see I had my arithmetic in my pocket, and just took a peep into it once in a while."

"I declare! The more work, the more time for study. Cousin Jerome don't understand that. It don't stand to reason very well, but yet is common sense." The good woman put her kitchen in order, and brought Tabby into the sitting-room to lie on the hearth, and purr away the hours of his life, conscious that not a mouse dwelt in all his domain.

Many a lad could not have given his whole mind to reading if he had been in Mason's place. He would have thought, "Father will come home soon, and I must go and help him to put up the horse. How I dread it!" Or he would have said to himself, "I shall have the grammar in the morning. I am so glad that I cannot read this solid book to-night. I must get up early; that is a good excuse; so I will go to bed, and let father put his horse in the stable." But Mason was too busy to be tempted with any such thoughts. He was reading, all absorbed in the book, when the sleigh-bells were heard. He knew them, ran through the snow and the cold, opened the gate and said, "Father, you go into the house; the stall is ready for Tony, and I will attend to him."

Was not Mr. Earle pleased? If he had been asked to buy a Latin grammar, he would have been willing to purchase a dozen books for so good a son. Mason gave Tony to understand that the oats and hay had been waiting for him, and bade him good-night in his stall. Closing the door, he saw a light in his uncle's office. He ran for the grammar. Idle Jerome was asleep, perhaps dreaming of quail-traps. The next day he would say to Schoolmaster Hale, "I had no time to get my lesson at home." Mason would be able to tell a different story.

Thus the busy lad began his new study. We can imagine how he pushed forward. He found time for play, for books, and for his work at home. "Well," said his father, at length, "he is in earnest. I think I must give him an education. He is worthy of it."

CHAP. II.

A few years have passed away: Mason Earle is in college. In one thing he has yielded to the tempter. The evil one has whisper-

ed, "It is not yet time for you to be a Christian."

He and his room-mate John were deep in Latin one evening, when a fellow-student called, saying, "It is the hour for prayer-meeting. Are you not going?"

"We have no time," said John.

"That is the very reason why I think we ought to go," said Mason. Whenever I hear that excuse, 'no time,' I suspect it. The thing from which we excuse ourselves is generally a good one. If asked to do what is wrong, we would give some other reason. If we have no time to pray, God may not have time to bless us. I will go to the meeting."

Mason went because it was right, rather than from an interest in the services. It had been his custom at home to attend the meetings for social prayer. On his return to his room, his class-mate was wearied and nervous. He had not got on in his lesson. "I might as well have gone out somewhere," said he, "although I have no taste for such meetings, and I would not have gone there. I have done nothing here."

"I have got my mind into good trim for study," replied Mason. "One hour will prepare me for the morning lesson."

"Go on, then; you have no time to talk with me, nor help me."

"I have one thing to propose. It is that we read a chapter in the Bible together every evening, early, while the mind is fresh. If we put it off as the last thing before bed-time, we will often be drowsy, and neglect it."

"We do not have time."

"If we had plenty of time we would waste it, and be doing something worse. If we seem to have none, we shall find all that we need. Hard application will put a margin on every busy hour."

"You can read your Bible whenever you choose. As for mine, it is still in my trunk."

Mason was already carefully reading his chapter. He seemed to be in no haste. When it was finished, he bent over his book as if he were really buckled down to it. He gave much aid to John, who had been, like the fishermen, toiling and taking nothing. The lesson was soon learned. Mason took his pen to inform his mother that he had resolved to attend a prayer-meeting every evening of the

week. "It is a season of revival," he wrote, "and you will wish me to go. The tempter has said that a student has *no time* for religion. That causes me to remember that I have all the time there is."

The soul of the busy student was touched by the finger of God, that it might be created anew. He began to ask, "What shall I do?" Only show him, and he would do it. It was his habit to postpone nothing that he felt ought to be done at once. The heavenly voice was saying, "*Now* is the day of salvation." "*To-day*, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

John noticed that every evening, after reading the Bible, Mason took his hat and left the room. He did not return for half an hour, and when asked where he had been, he gave no definite answer. At one time John followed him so cautiously that he was not seen. Mason entered a barn. John went near to it and listened. What did he hear? The voice of prayer. It was like that of a man pleading for his life. "Lord, forgive me. I wickedly thought that it was not time to serve thee, that I was too young, and that every day was my own. Can such a sin be forgiven? . . . Forgive my room-mate for neglecting his Bible, and for hating the Lord Jesus Christ."

John had been wondering why Mason should have such convictions of sin and need to be forgiven. Where was there a young man more moral and kind? What had he done that was so sinful? Why be so anxious and pray so fervently? Was it such a wickedness to neglect religion?—only to delay it, and wait for another time? John did not feel it to be so. He did not see that this was to treat God with contempt, as if He had not the right to every moment of our lives. But there were two arrows that entered the listener's heart. He had neglected his Bible. When his mother placed it in his trunk, he promised to read it; but there it had lain ever since. This was one arrow; not that he cared for the Bible, but he had been false to his own word. Delays in religion cause many a one to be false to himself and to his promises. The other arrow was still more keen. It came in the plea that he might be forgiven for hating the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I do not hate him," he said to himself. In

anger he turned away. Was it true that such a hatred was in his heart? If it had not been there, he would not have muttered, "I hate such prayers. Nobody need pray for me. I can take care of myself. I hate my room-mate."

Mason calmly returned to his room. It was vacant. Where was John? He was surprised at his absence, but had no time to waste in wonderment. He sat down to his lessons. He had lately found it quite hard to engage his mind in study, for his sin was ever before him. Now a new thought came to him. "I will pray to God," said he. "If he approves of my studies, he will let me give my mind to them for a proper time." It was a silent prayer. Mason found that he could study with new zest.

John entered the room roughly, pushing a chair out of the way with his foot, and flinging his cap down, while saying, "I can't get along with so many disturbances."

"Do I disturb you?" gently inquired Mason.

"I cannot tell what it is: I am restless."

He knew very well that it was his conscience and his hating heart that gave him trouble. The remedy was in that neglected Bible, and in the neglected Saviour.

"May I help you? I am not very much hurried."

"It is too late for study to-night. I'll wait until morning, and take the hour from the ball-club."

"What! give up the exercise? I would study the harder, and win time for play. We will want you on the ground."

"That's a new idea! Win time for play!" John thought of it. It meant that study was the regular business. Better win by study the time for play, than be compelled to give up the play for study, for thus both would be gained. But would Mason still remain in the ball-club? Would the young Christian again be the first on the playground, and the first to drop the bat at the college bell? This puzzled John, for he did not understand the motive. Mason would play ball as heartily as ever, so that he might keep his body strong, and his mind fresh for study and for every Christian duty. He would count his moments, and give everything its proper time.

John's heart was touched by the goodness

of his classmate. He felt ashamed that he had just been to see Jerome Roberts, and engaged to room with him. He placed a chair in a corner, sat down, gazed at the wall, and thought over his errors. "Mason is the best friend I ever had," he whispered to himself, "He is right. He is not going to be so dull, and wear so long a face, as I supposed. He will help me, but won't do all my studying for me. He ought not; if I don't get my own lessons, I shall remain a fool. But he may urge me to go to prayer-meeting, and to read my Bible, and to be a Christian. If I say that I have no time for all this, he will prove to me that he finds time enough. He does it all, and still is second to no one in the class. With all his religion, he is a first-rate companion, and I'll stay with him. Mother will like it. Jerome is an idler, with a hound in his room, whose name deserves to be on the college roll quite as much as that of his master. I was not sent here to chase after squirrels with him, nor to eat snipe suppers in his room. I will tell him that no change will be made."

Even a little repentance put John's mind in better order for study. A good resolution aided him still more. He took his book. Mason looked at his watch. It was his bedtime. But he offered to give his friend twenty minutes, and help him over the hardest places in his Latin lesson, one of which was Caesar's famous bridge. He set him over the stream; the twentieth minute was up: John was deep in his study. Mason went softly behind him into a corner, and knelt down to commit himself to Him who never slumbers. John knew it, rested his forehead on his hand, closed his eyes, and wished that he was like his kind and genial room-mate. Whose sleep was the more quiet and refreshing that night? Surely that of him who had found time for all his duties,—to himself, to his room-mate, and his Lord.

A new idea now was gained. "All time is God's: he is the author of it," Mason often would say, as he pushed on in his studies. "It is wonderful how much time there is; enough for everything true and right and kind; but none for what is evil."

Amid all his duties, he found a way to teach a class in Sunday school, and to do it well. He thoroughly studied every lesson, and ex-

pected his class to have the verses of Scripture committed to memory. But the old excuse was often urged, "no time." Even children learn it at an early age. One day he grew earnest, and said to his scholars, "No time to learn God's holy word! You may die unsaved, and then you will have an eternity to regret that you did not read it, and obey it. You may then count up your lost hours and moments. You may then remember those which were wasted. . . . No time! How is it that God has any time to give you? He waits to be gracious. Yes, *waits*. He does not come swiftly upon you to take you out of this world. And what are you doing while he is waiting? Suppose your father was on a train of cars waiting for you to join him and go to a great city. You were on the playground; he called to you, 'I am waiting!' What would you do? Would you say, 'I have no time to go?'"

"I would run to him," said one of the lads.

"Why would you not say, 'there is time enough yet?'"

"Because the train might start."

"Suppose the signal was given, and your father should persuade the conductor to wait for you just one minute."

"Then I would run all the faster."

"But see how you treat your heavenly Father. He is waiting, as if he had stopped the train of events just for you. And yet you think that if he is waiting you need not hasten at all. This is the very reason why you should make no delay. You have just time enough to do what God wishes you, and not a moment more. There is one excuse which not a soul will make at the judgment-seat of Christ. None will say, 'I had no time.'"

CHAP. III.

Mason Earle became a physician. He thought how the Lord Jesus healed the sick, and hoped that his Master would bless him in this noble profession. Nobody ever heard him say, "I must visit my patients; I have no time to go to church." He did both. He took an active part in every good work. Whatever his hand found to do,—and an earnest man can find a great deal,—he did it with all his might. His pen was busy.

"How is it," asked one of his fellow-townsmen, "that you attend to your large practice,

to schools and churches and charities, and do not break down?"

"Simply because God gives me time enough for work and recreation."

"But how do you manage to write so much for the press?"

"By seeming to have no time for it. If I had a month to write a page, I should put off the work from day to day, and at last feel like giving up the attempt. But on some of my rides into the country I arrange my thoughts, and the moment I can sit down, the pen creeps into my hand. The page is written while I am warming my feet in winter, or while I am cooling myself in the shade on a summer day."

Once he was called to see a man who had lived a long, idle life, and had been suddenly brought to his couch of pain.

"Don't let me die yet," said the patient; "doctor, don't let me die!"

"Are you not prepared?"

"Oh, I have wasted my time! If I only had a little more, I would try to be ready."

"When would you begin? To-day? Now?"

"I cannot begin now. Do relieve me so that I may begin to-morrow."

"How many times, in your life, have you said to-morrow?"

"A great many."

"And none ever came. None ever will. If you do not repent to-day, there is no reason to think that you would if you could have a to-morrow." The doctor knelt and prayed for him, told him tenderly of the Saviour, and left him. Three hours later, the man was dead. The doctor shed tears at his grave, and turned away with this awful thought, "This is the man who had no time for religion. If he had been a busier man, he would have found time enough."

Mason Earle's rule was a paradox. The reason why he did so much was because he seemed to have no time to do it. What will my reader do the next moment of his life? Live "redeeming the time."

— The Emperor of Germany, Sigismund, being once asked the surest mode of attaining happiness, replied: "Only do in health what you promise to do when you are sick."

THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

For many a year there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade.

When the companies assembled for parade and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer,—it was that of La Tour d'Auvergne.

When it was called, the oldest sergeant present stepped a pace forward, and raising his hand to his cap, said proudly:

"Died on the field of honor."

For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirit of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered in 1767, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but, finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of eight thousand men, while retaining only the rank of captain.

Hence he was known as the first grenadier of France.

But it is of one particular exploit of his that we wish to write, more than his career in general.

When he was forty years of age, he went on a visit to a friend, not far from a section of the country that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there, he was busy in acquainting himself with the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him, and while here the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had been suddenly shifted to that quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, and the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent a movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so ra-

pidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march. It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it.

He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger.

He hastened on, and arriving there found the tower in perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who had heard of the approach of the Austrians, had been seized with a panic thereat, and had fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage when he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, but then, with a grim smile, he began to fasten the main door and pile against it such articles as he could find.

When he had done this, he loaded all the guns he could find, and put them, together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loop-holes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance.

Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe they had abandoned the expedition.

About midnight, however, his practised ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them

entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick, short commands of the officers; and, from the sounds, he supposed that the troops were retiring from the pass. Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post as he hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait till daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons.

"Say to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that this garrison will defend this pass to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass and opened on the tower. But to effect this the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and within musket range of it. They had scarcely got the gun in position, when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that the piece was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning; so half an hour after the gun was withdrawn, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it,—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For a while this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there was a number of loop-holes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the assault was made and repulsed.

ed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison.

This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation, the terms were accepted.

Meantime La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with surprising rapidity, but with surprising accuracy, for it was well known in the army that he had never thrown away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to allow the French army time to complete its manœuvre. After that he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the army.

When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions named.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load.

To the surprise of the Austrians, no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment, the Austrian colonel rode up to him, and asked in French, why the garrison did not turn out.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said the soldier proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have had the honor, Colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The Colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then, raising his cap, he said warmly:

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all, with the grenadier, into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne, but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying he preferred to remain where he was.

The brave old soldier met his death in action at Aberhausen, in June, 1800, and the simple and expressive scene at roll-call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.

CANADA—AN ODE FOR 1st JULY, 1867.

I.

When people live in righteousness,
And rulers rule in uprightness,
When law is just, and might is right,
Such people living in God's sight,
He shall them surely guide and bless.

II.

But when from Him they turn aside,
Godless, through luxury and pride;
When vice doth reign, and mob is king,
God's judgments on themselves they bring;
Then curses follow,—woes betide.

III.

Then lust of conquest "paves the way
For villain bonds and despots' sway;"
For all, in heart, are tyrants then,
From beardless youths to aged men,—
Scourges prepared in dread array.

IV.

Then, Canada, we humbly pray
For thee, on this thy natal day;
Mayst thou be kept from lust of power,
Increase in strength from hour to hour;
And may thy fame endure for aye.

V.

May charity, with Godlike mein,—
'Mong races of a different creed,
Even in thought and very deed,—
Be ever present, ever seen.

VI.

Be just, and fear no outward foe;
A people just and true shall stand
A monument in every land;
Tyrants have ever been laid low.

GEORGE THOMSON.

Lachute.

SAWDUST PILLS.

In a local newspaper, which I am rather fond of reading, I often see the following tempting advertisement:—

“SAWDUST GRATIS.

“1000 sacks to be given away; apply at the saw-mills—.”

Most persons of an inventive turn of mind, who frequently read this announcement, would naturally tax their brains to discover what use they could make of sawdust. There is such a charm in getting a thousand sacks of anything, not absolutely offensive, for nothing, that many people have doubtless obtained a quantity of this sawdust, with an idea that, like all bargains, it will come in handy at some period. To these people I venture to throw out a valuable suggestion. As dolls are often stuffed with this economical material, why should not the human doll be filled with it? There are two ways of doing this,—in food and in physic; but as the human doll is ten times as fastidious about the first as he is about the second, I propose to cram him with this sawdust in the shape of pills.

The first thing required in this sawdust pill will be a good name, and that can be obtained from any literary gentleman who is clever in inventing titles. The next thing will be the command of capital—from ten to twenty thousand pounds; and courage to scatter it broadcast in advertising this title. Put your trust in the credulity of the great Anglo-Saxon race, and it will never deceive you. No man amongst those leviathan quacks, who spend their £30,000 per annum in advertisements, ever had cause to complain of the intelligence of the public. They planted the titles of their nostrums years ago in the popular mind, and their businesses now go on like an excellent clock, which only requires an occasional inspection.

In mixing your sawdust pills, you will require one ingredient that can make its presence felt to the believing nostrum-taker, and gamboge is the cheapest and most effective substance for your purpose. “Testimonials” will be required to back up your advertisements, and these you will have to procure from some “literary gentleman.” Real testimonials will flow in freely enough,

after a time; and no wonder in an age when respectable people rush forward to testify that they have shaken hands with Homer under a dining-room table. Still you must not rely too much upon these certificates, and as your business cannot be conducted without the aid of literary talent, you will do well to encourage such talent from the moment of starting. Your advertisements will have to be altered so as to hit the prevailing feeling of the hour; and the following may be regarded as a model in this respect:—

“WET WEATHER.

“The last spring and summer were almost unexampled for the fall of rain, which has caused the rate of mortality to be unusually high; and it is now, unfortunately, rendered higher by the dearness of provisions. From such depressing influences, diseases must arise; but, fortunately for the humbler classes, Professor Puffaway has discovered the means of averting or curing most disorders, especially such as occur from poor or depraved blood. By Puffaway’s remedies, that fluid is perfectly purified from all contaminations caused by irregular living, unwholesome diet, foul air, or insalubrious vapors. His medicine, and no other, will regulate the digestive organs, and revivify generally every corporeal, solid and fluid.”

In specifying what diseases you profess to cure with the sawdust pill, be careful not to use any terms but what are vague and general. Cling to nervous, imaginary, and digestive disorders, but never break into the province of the surgeon, or you may expose the weakness of your nostrum. Head your advertisements—“To the Nervous and Debilitated”—“A Boon to Nervous Sufferers”—“Bile! Bile! Bile!” or, “Bile, Wind, and Indigestion”—“The Sinking may be Saved”—“Health and Happiness”—or, “By Her Majesty’s Royal Letters Patent.” Get these “letters patent,” and the Government stamp—they cost very little—and they will give an air of authority to the sawdust and gamboge, which will be of infinite value. Whenever an epidemic or prevailing disease appears,—such as the Asiatic cholera, for example,—leap upon its back with your sawdust pill without the slightest hesitation. Such diseases never last for any length of time,

and when they are gone you can take credit in your advertisements for having expelled them. You may sometimes find it of advantage to start an opposition against yourself, or to come to some understanding about mutual abuse with an opponent already existing. Old Dr. Gravesend is now engaged in a profitable fight with young Dr. Gravesend respecting the celebrated sauce of prunella; and it is strange that the enterprising Doo Babby has never tried this expedient in puffing the delicious prevalentia. If your sawdust pill is commercially analyzed, the account will stand thus on a single box, sold, we will say, at two shillings:—

ORGANIZATION.	£	s.	d.
Advertisements.....	0	0	4
Discount to Druggist.....	0	0	4
Cost of working business.....	0	0	1
		0	0
		0	9
COST OF PILLS.			
Gamboge, making.....	0	0	1
Sawdust.....	0	0	0
		0	0
		0	10
Profit.....	0	1	2
		0	2
		0	0

If any daring speculator hesitates about blessing his fellow-creatures with this sawdust pill,—of course, with a far more attractive name,—let him get some competent chemist to analyze any of the popular pills of the day, and he will soon gain courage. The most notorious of these pills are those which go by the general names of anti-bilious, aperient, and liver pills. Aloes—the prolific source of trusses and bandages—is the basis of them all; and to this is added gamboge, jalap, extract of colocynth, soap, and sometimes a volatile oil, as oil of linseed, oil of peppermint, oil of caraway, or oil of cloves. They are, therefore, almost identical in their composition with the common aperient pills, such as are dispensed at the public hospitals, and sold at a cheap rate by every druggist in the kingdom.

Certain pills have been advertised very extensively of late, in the form of an appeal to nervous sufferers, from a “retired clergyman,” who undertakes to send the recipe on the receipt of a single postage stamp. The prescription generally sent upon application runs thus:

“Alcoholic extract of ignatia-amara, thirty

grains; powdered gum Arabic, ten grains; make into forty pills.”

This recipe is usually accompanied with a sincere and earnest hope that, under Divine Providence, it may be found to produce the desired effect. It commonly happens that no one can make up the prescription but the dispenser to the “retired clergyman,” and another application has to be made, accompanied with two-and-sixpence in postage stamps, to obtain a supply of the pills. These pills have been examined, and found to contain no particle of the active principle of the ignatia amara, but their real ingredients were eight grains of gum, eleven grains of starch, and one grain of a greenish matter wholly inert. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the “retired clergyman” is cautious enough to send such a preparation, for if the pills containing the real ignatia amara were taken with any degree of indiscretion, it is very probable that death would be the result.

The stomachs of “nervous sufferers” and afflicted people need be strong, for train oil is often a principal ingredient in the common soap so largely used in mixing these quack nostrums. The speculator in the sawdust pills need not fear to venture, after wading through such a nauseous list as I have just given. His compound will at least have the merit of simplicity. The sawdust, which is to form the basis, can be invested with all the real and imaginary qualities of peruvian bark, and the gamboge, by its activity, will, as usual, prove the truth of this, or any other assertion. If my sawdust-pill project be not immediately seized, I shall begin to think that no enterprise is left in the country.—*Author of “Under Bow Bells,” &c.*

EVIL HABITS.—Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit. Wit pleads; fear disheartens; he that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads: fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.—*Quarles.*

—Wrong not others, and God will right thee.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

As I was walking one day with my friend G—— along the edge of the cliff below the American Fall, he told the following story of his first visit to Niagara:—

"It was fifteen years ago," said he. "I was a mere boy then. My father had died the spring before, and I was thrown upon my own resources. With my mother's blessing, and twenty-three dollars in my pocket, I walked from our little home on Tonawanda Creek, in the town of Batavia, to Buffalo, where I hoped to get into business, make money enough to buy a house, take my mother to live with me, and educate my younger brother and sisters. I was full of ambition. But I didn't succeed immediately in finding employment; and, at the end of a week, having spent three dollars out of my precious little store,—for I knew that my mother had given almost her last penny for my journey,—I began to grow homesick and discouraged. At last I found a situation in a hardware store. I was to be boarded and clothed for my services, the first year; to receive, in addition, fifty dollars in money, the second year: one hundred, the third year; and so on.

"I engaged the place on Wednesday; I was to enter upon my duties the next Monday; and, during the four intervening days, I determined to treat myself to a view of the Falls.

"In order to save as much as possible of my mother's money to send back to her, I made the journey on foot. I was all day Thursday about it. I slept at a tavern, and was fortunate the next morning in making the acquaintance of a very polite young man, who said he knew the place, and would show me around.

"Ah! what a wonderful summer day it was! How the mist went up from the cataract! how the sun made rainbows in it, which brightened and vanished as the vapory cloud gathered, and the wind blew it away! how the birds sang in the woods on Goat Island! how our little ferry-boat tossed on the foaming eddies below the Falls! how grand and glorious it all was, and what a glad child was I!

'My new acquaintance proved a very

pleasant companion, although he was so very polished and self-possessed that he made me, a green country lad, feel sometimes very painfully my inferiority. He abounded in fine sentiments, one of which I had occasion to remember,—'Confidence is the flower of friendship and the ornament of life.' This he was accustomed to say with a persuasive smile, and a sweet inflection of the voice, which were quite captivating. He had a bow, and a flourish, and an apt word, for every occasion. He was genteelly dressed,—although I remember that his coat was a trifle threadbare, and that he wore it buttoned across his genteel bosom, warm as the day was. Once or twice I had a glimpse of soiled linen under it; but his politeness quite made me forget for the time the trifling circumstance.

"'You must certainly cross the ferry,' he said, 'if only to be able to tell your mother that you have been in Canada. Your excellent mother,—how I should delight to see her, and say, "I had the honor of visiting Canada with your son"! Besides, you get the best view of the Horseshoe Fall as you cross the river below. I am sure,' he added, 'you will show confidence in my friendship by taking my advice.'

"I told him I could not well afford the expense of crossing; and related the history of my twenty dollars. Tears came into his eyes as he grasped my hand.

"'I honor your motives!' he exclaimed. 'you shall make this trip at my expense.' 'Not a word! not a word!' he said, waving me off, and counting out change to the boatman. 'Confidence is the flower of friendship, and the ornament of life.'

"So we crossed the ferry; and, having spent an hour in rambling about on the other side, he advised me not to return without having first walked under the sheet of water.

"'It is a most astonishing thing!' he said. 'You descend a staircase. You follow a path beneath the overhanging cliff. The thundering cataract is before you. You pass beneath it, along a narrow shelf of rock between it and the precipice. You are under Niagara! The shelf grows narrower as you proceed, until, by the guide's directions, you put your finger in a hole in the rock, which, he tells you, is the farthest point to which mortal has ever gone. It is an experience no enterpris-

ing young American should be contented to live without.'

"Is there no danger?" I asked.

"None whatever. It is exciting, but not dangerous. All that is needed is a little confidence. Confidence is the —, but you know what I think of confidence. Here is the house where you obtain clothes and a guide for the excursion. Let me suggest only one thing. You have a watch with you?"

"Yes, one that was my father's. It is very dear to me on that account."

"How very affecting!" said he. "Treasure it as you would the jewel of your integrity. You will not wish to get it wet; and you will be drenched to the skin in the spray of the cataract."

"I can leave it, with my money, where I leave my clothes," I said.

"In the hands of strangers?" he replied. "Your clothes will be safe with them; but your money? and your watch? Very well; very well. I suppose they will be safe, although I was about to suggest—but no matter. I shall not go under the sheet to-day."

"Indeed! why not?"

"I've been under it a hundred times already. When I say a hundred times I speak figuratively. I have been under it three times, in the course of my eventful life. Perhaps, after you have been, I will go, provided you will take charge of my pocket-book, and a valuable gold watch I carry, which was not exactly my father's, but which was presented to me by a very dear uncle,—and which, really, I am unwilling to trust in any hands but yours."

"This proof of confidence touched me deeply. 'Then,' said I, 'if you stay here, you shall take charge of my watch and money.'

"As you please," said he. And I delivered my treasures into his obliging hands. 'How beautiful!' he said, with the same persuasive smile and sweet inflection. 'Confidence is, indeed, the flower of friendship, and the ornament of life.'

"Now I had all the time a strong feeling that I ought not to go under the fall. It seemed as if something would happen if I did. But this polite and friendly young man had gained such a complete influence over me that I had no longer a will of my own. Having permitted him to pay for my crossing

the ferry, I felt bound to please him by accepting his advice in everything. He now added to my obligations by paying at the counter for the clothes and guide I was to make my trip with. This he did much against my will, but I could not prevent him.

"While he was making change, an old gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made at the tavern the night before, touched my arm and drew me aside. 'You look like an honest boy,' he said; 'and, from our talk last evening, I became interested in you. But I'm afraid you are getting into bad company. Do you know that fellow?'

"He?" I said. 'O yes, very well; I've been with him all day. Why?'

"Because," said the old gentleman, 'I don't like the looks of him. I believe he is a rogue.'

"You are very much mistaken," I replied. 'He is one of the politest, one of the most generous men!'

"Well, well; perhaps," said the old gentleman, smiling doubtfully. 'All I have to say is, look out for him. You haven't seen as much of the world as I have.' And he patted my shoulder.

"Just then the young man came with the bundle of clothes I was to put on, and led me away to the dressing-room. He said the guide was waiting, and talked so fast and hurried me so, that I had no time to think, until he took leave of me at the top of the staircase.

"I will walk about here until you come back," he said, in such a very friendly way that I was indignant at the old gentleman who had slandered him.

"However, the minute he was out of my sight, I became troubled in my mind about him. Then I reflected that I had all along felt secret doubts of his character, which his persuasive manners and fine sentiments had, for the time, kept concealed almost from myself,—just as the tossing white torrent of foam, below the Falls yonder, hides the boiling eddies under it. I remembered, with increasing uneasiness, the old gentleman's kind warning, and blushed at my foolish remark,—that I knew a perfect stranger very well, having been with him all day! As yet, I had not even learned my friend's name. There was something false about his politeness, I could not help thinking; and, as to his generosity,

what difference did it make which pocket-book paid my expenses, his or mine, if he finally ran away with both?

"These thoughts flashed through my mind, notwithstanding the excitement of the adventure; and, having stood a minute under the cataract, and put my finger in the crevice the guide showed me, I was anxious to return to the upper world. But now an accident happened, well calculated to favor the rogue, if he was a rogue, or to prove his friendship, if he was a friend.

"As I was passing from under the sheet, two or three small fragments of rock—loosened, I suppose, by the jar of the cataract—broke from the overhanging wall, and fell on the path between me and the guide.

"'Quick! quick!' he exclaimed, pulling me towards him. But before I had passed the spot, a larger mass of fragments came down, almost burying me beneath them. I just remember the guide calling for help amid the roar of the Falls, and pulling at my shoulder, which was already dislocated by the tumbling rocks. Then I swooned away.

"When I came to myself, I was in the same room where my friend had hired for me my guide and clothes. I was in great pain, and groaning at every breath. I was carried into an adjoining room, and laid upon a bed; and there a surgeon visited me, and set my bones.

"Upon that bed I lay three weeks; and almost every day I could hear people come into the public room, the door of which was sometimes open, and inquire with regard to the danger of going under the Falls.

"'There is not the least danger,' was the invariable reply. 'No accident was ever known to happen to any person going with a guide.' And there I, the victim of a terrible accident, lay and listened to these lies, which I was too weak even to cry out and expose.

"A lonely and anxious month that was; for after I had recovered from my injuries so that I could sit up, it was still a week before I was able to travel. I wrote to my mother. I also wrote to the proprietor of the hardware store to whom I had engaged my services. He did not reply, and I could not help thinking I had lost the situation.

"I received the best of care at the hands of the strangers in whose house I was. It was not altogether disinterested care, however

The business of furnishing guides and clothes to visitors going under the fall was very profitable; and it was in my power to injure it materially by publishing my accident. My case never got into the newspapers; and as I was convinced that the danger of going behind the sheet was after all trifling, I took no pains to warn anybody against it.

"My expenses, during that long, lonesome month, were cheerfully borne by my kind host: fortunately for me, for I had not a cent in the world. I did not write that fact to my mother, for I still hoped to hear of my watch and pocket-book.

"On making inquiries for my polite friend, after my accident, all I had been able to learn was, that a person who professed great interest in me had charged the proprietor of the house to have everything done for me that could be done, and had left his address on going away, with a message that, if I wanted anything, I had only to apply to him. As I did want my watch and pocket-book, I determined to hunt him up. Luckily, his address was Buffalo, where I was going.

"Well, I had enough of Niagara Falls that time; and glad was I when the surgeon pronounced me able to travel. My host paid my fare to Buffalo, and gave me two dollars besides.

"On reaching the city, I hastened first to the hardware store where I had hired out. The proprietor looked at me grimly. 'Oh, you are the boy that took the situation, and then ran away! Well, we don't want any such boys as you. Besides, the place is filled.' He would listen to no excuses, and I went away with a heavy heart.

"I next went to find my friend. The address took me to a large warehouse on Buffalo Creek, over the entrance to which I saw, with a thrill of interest, the very name that was on the card.

"'Is Mr. Keplow in?' I eagerly asked; and was shown to the counting-room.

"I entered, and met face to face, not the polite young man to whom I had intrusted my watch and money, but the plain old gentleman who had warned me against him. 'Ah!' said he, 'you have got along; I've been expecting you. Sit down.'

"'Are you Mr. Keplow?'

"'That's my name.'

"And he — that young man you warned me against — who had my watch and pocket-book — I stammered.

"I know nothing about him; and if he had your property, I could have told you beforehand that you would never see it again."

"I have lost them then, and my situation too!" I exclaimed, and burst into tears.

"Well, well," said he, in a comforting tone, "there is no great loss without some small gain. You have gained a useful experience, and perhaps you will gain something else."

"When I told him about the situation I had forfeited, he laughed, and said it was no great loss, as that man never could keep a boy longer than a few months, he was so hard with his help. He then said, he had a place for me in his store, if I would like the flour and grain business; and before I left his counting-room, I sat down at the desk and wrote to my mother that I had hired out for five years to my new friend.

"I remained eight years with Mr. Keplow, and before the end of that time I had my sisters and my younger brother going to school at my expense. Finally, our firm wished to establish a branch house in Chicago, and I was placed at the head of it. There I have been ever since, and there I am now, doing about as large a business, buying and shipping wool and grain, as is done by any house on the Lakes.

"One morning, a year ago last winter, a gentleman entered my office, who said he wished to speak to me on personal and private business. The door being closed, he seated himself, took from his pocket a bundle of letters, and said: 'Mr. G——, I have been induced to call on you, knowing that you are a liberal and high-minded man, and an influential member of the church of which I am a humble, but, I trust, faithful officiating minister. It is the same church, although you reside here in Chicago, and the field of labors is in the distant State of Maine. My name is Loddy. I am a younger brother of the distinguished Dr. Loddy, of New York. I produce these letters to show you that I am what I profess to be.'

"I glanced at the letters, and asked how I could serve him.

"I was so unfortunate, on getting off the train in a crowd last night, as to have my

pocket picked. At this distance from my family and friends, I find myself suddenly without a dollar in money, either to pay my hotel expenses or to prosecute my journey. What I wish is a loan of fifty dollars, which shall be returned to you as soon as I get home. I regret exceedingly the necessity I am under of making this call upon your generosity, or I should rather say confidence; but confidence is a beautiful virtue, which we do not perhaps sufficiently cultivate,—it is the flower of friendship and the ornament of life."

"I was already trying hard to remember where I had seen that man; and every moment his plausible manners and persuasive smile were growing more and more familiar to me, when that favorite sentiment concerning confidence lighted up my memory as by an electric flash. I arose, locked the door, and pocketed the key.

"Mr. Loddy," said I, "do you remember a fatherless boy you robbed of a watch and twenty dollars, at Niagara Falls, thirteen years ago? I am that fatherless boy, and I am very glad to see you."

"He blandly denied all knowledge of the circumstance.

"Mr. Loddy, or whatever your name may be, you are an impostor; these letters are forgeries; and it is in my power to send you to prison. Your only chance is to make a frank confession, and promise better things."

"When he saw that I was in earnest, he said: 'I do begin to remember a little adventure with a boy at Niagara Falls a few years ago; but I should never have suspected you of being that boy. How whiskers have changed you, to be sure!'

"Confess," said I, "that you are a sharper and blackleg by trade."

"That is unfortunately the truth," he said, more seriously; "and I can say from experience that a very poor trade it is."

"You do not look as if you had prospered at it," I said.

"I haven't prospered at it!" he exclaimed, his false smiles fading, and a genuine emotion coming into his face. "It's a trade that don't pay. If I had given half the time and energy to some honest calling, which I have employed in trying to get a living without work, I might now be a man of property and

reputation like you, instead of the homeless wretch I am!

"He told me his history, saying in conclusion, 'I have been twice in State prison; and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but I tell you my worst punishment is in being what I am.'

"He spoke sincerely; and I was never so forcibly struck with the truth, that the robber robs only himself. The wrong he had done to me, and to hundreds of others, was but trifling and temporary; but the wrong he had done to his own manhood was deep and everlasting.

"I could not but pity the wretch, and having burned his forged papers, to prevent him from doing more mischief with them, I let him go. I have never heard from him since."
—*F. T. Trowbridge.*

SPRING CONCERT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There's a concert, a concert of gladness and glee,
The programme is rich and the tickets are free,
In a grand vaulted hall, where there's room and to spare,
With no gas-light to eat up the oxygen there.

The musicians excel in their wonderful art;
They have compass of voice, and the gamut by heart;
They have travelled abroad in the winter recess,
And sung to vast crowds with unbounded success;
And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare,
Their arrival to hail and their melodies share.

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set,
Which they hope you'll comply with, and may not regret;
They don't keep late hours, for they've always been told
'Twould injure their voice, and make them look old.

They invite you to come, if you have a fine ear,
To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear;
Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born,
Their music is sweetest at breaking of morn;
It was learned at Heaven's gate, with its rapturous lays,
And may teach you, perhaps, its own spirit of praise.

THE BEGINNING OF MONTREAL.

In many of its aspects, the enterprise of Montreal belonged to the time of the first Crusades. The spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon lived again in Chomedey de Maisonneuve; and in Marguërite Bourgeoys was realized that fair ideal of womanhood, a flower of earth expanding in the rays of Heaven, which soothed with gentle influence the wildness of a barbarous age.

On the seventeenth of May, 1742, Maisonneuve's little flotilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two row-boats—approached Montreal; and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was with them to deliver the island, in behalf of the Company of the Hundred Associates, to Maisonneuve, representative of the Associates of Montreal. And here, too, was Father Vimont, Superior of the Missions; for the Jesuits had been prudently invited to accept the spiritual charge of the young colony. On the following day, they glided along the green and solitary shores now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site of a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence, and known afterwards as Pointe à Callière. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring-flowers were blooming in the young grass and birds of varied plumage fitted among the boughs.

Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their hands in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised in a pleasant spot near at hand; and Mademoiselle Mance with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant, Charlotte Barre, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of all beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies, with their servant; Montmagny no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him,—soldiers, sailors, artisans and laborers,—all alike soldiers at need.

They knelt in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them:—

“You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.”

The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the Western forest and twilight came on. Fireflies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar, where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards, and went to rest. Such was the birthnight of Montreal.—*Parkman's Jesuits.*

THE MAGNESIUM LIGHT AT SEA.

The American Magnesium Company, of Boston, have lately exhibited an apparatus showing the adaptation of the magnesium light for signalling at sea. They claim that the light from a lamp constructed in the same manner as the one exhibited has been seen at a distance of sixty-five miles. The great difficulty hitherto with the magnesium light has been the unsteadiness of the flame, owing to the want of some mechanical arrangement whereby the flame could be properly fed with the metallic strip. This has now been completely overcome by a delicate clock-work arrangement; the delicate ribbon of magnetism is given off in just sufficient quantity to supply a steady and most brilliant flame. It is stated that the main obstacle to a more general use of magnesium as an illuminator is fast disappearing, the difficulty being the expense of the material. Not long ago the manufactured slips of metal which are burned to produce the flame cost \$16 per ounce; they now sell for \$3.50. As the consumption increases, and manufacturers become more experienced, the price continues to fall, as the supply is unlimited.—*Journal of Applied Chemistry.*

—Dr. Hall says that the secrets of health are six. Keep warm; eat regularly and slowly; maintain regular bodily habits; keep a clean skin; get plenty of sleep at night.

A L O N E .

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress, and bare cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head:
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes
down

In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavement alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers have
said,

And mammas have tucked them up snugly in
bed?

No dear mother upon me ever smiled;
Why is it, I wonder? I'm nobody's child.

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world, loves me; e'en the little dogs
run

When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to
see

How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but, sometimes, when I
lie

Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame,

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above;
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their soft, sweet blue
eyes,

And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light,
And away from the hunger and storm so wild:
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

THE STORY OF OSRIC THE SHEPHERD.

(From Good Words for July.)

In the olden times when there were fairies on the earth, Osric the shepherd was watching his flocks by the source of a mountain stream. The ground was blue with violets and hyacinths, for it was the sweet spring-time; while tufts of fern and a few mountain-ashes overhung the rivulet, and looked at themselves in the water. It was a beautiful spot, and the shepherd knew it well, and loved it.

He was a sprightly young fellow of twenty, and, as most young men are, was full of dreams about raising himself from his present humble station. "Ah, now," he said aloud, "what a thing it is that I have always to stop here and watch sheep! I wonder why I could not have been born a master instead of a man; or why I could not have a good horse and a glittering suit of armor, like the knight I see yonder on the road,—going to some grand tournament, I'll be bound, where he will be admired by all the ladies, and perhaps get a purse of gold or a thousand acres of prime meadow-land by a single blow. If I had only the chance!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when he heard a slight rustling among the ferns at his back, and, turning his head to see what it was, he perceived a figure that startled him not a little. It was that of a lady, old, ugly, and blind of an eye; but her bearing was stately, and, by her green robes and exceedingly small stature, Osric immediately guessed that she was a visitor from fairy-land.

"Do not tremble so, mortal," she said to the frightened youth; "I wish to serve and not to harm you. My name is Queen Fortune, and my power considerable. I appear to most men once in their lives, at any rate; but it is usually when they are much older than you. However, by good luck, you had seated yourself within ear-shot when you began complaining so bitterly; and I am come to give you your chance now. What is it you would like best?"

The delighted Osric fell on his knees be-

fore the benevolent spirit, and, after pouring out his thanks, began murmuring wishes for gold and fame and wisdom, and all kinds of grand things.

"Stop, stop," exclaimed the queen, laughing; "I did not say I would give you these things, young man; all that I shall do is to put you in the way of getting them for yourself, and that only on certain conditions. Now listen."

Osric pricked his ears.

"Go to the foot of the precipice you see yonder," continued the other, "and fling this pebble against the rock. Remove the stone against which the pebble strikes; you will then see a cavern before you,—the Cave of Reflection is our name for it,—from which I expect you to bring me without fail every several thing you find within. Everything there is yours, and is absolutely necessary for your equipment. But remember this: for each time you have to return to fetch what you leave in the chamber, I shall exact twelve years of your life as a penalty,—and little enough, too, when I make you such an offer. Is it a bargain, Osric?"

What could be easier, the latter thought, than to be put in the way of success on such terms? "Agreed," he cried, and, taking the pebble, ran to the precipice in such haste that he was out of breath when he reached it. Marking where the pebble struck, he found the loose stone as the fairy had said; but for a long time his utmost efforts to effect an entrance were in vain. At last a lucky side-push both sent the rock flying back into the recess within, and carried Osric after, rather more quickly than he liked. When he rose from the earth, however, he saw before him the mouth of a spacious cave, which you may be sure he lost no time in penetrating; though, as he did not know the ground, he took care to proceed very cautiously, for fear of falling into some deep pool or abyss.

He had not gone far when he caught sight of a magnificent bay horse, ready saddled, and with a splendid coat of mail, a sword, spurs, and helmet, all hanging from the saddle. The charger was easy to be seen, standing, as it did, not far from the entrance, and where

the light of day was still struggling, so to speak, with the darkness within.

"This is what she meant, no doubt," he cried exultingly. "Why, I never saw such a horse and armor in my life; they are better, I do believe, than Sir Leopold's!" the Sir Leopold in question being the mighty baron who lived in the great castle hard by. Then Osric, in his excitement, set up such a hurrah, that the spirited horse bounded out of the cave at once. The youth followed in haste to catch his prize, and, having accomplished this, proceeded to examine the rich trappings in detail. The more he saw of them the better he liked them; but as he looked, the fact suddenly struck him that the horse had no bridle.

"Dear me," he said, "that is a pity. But, perhaps, he never had a bridle; it certainly has not dropped off since I drove him out. And, after all, I fancy it does not matter much; I can use a piece of rope or anything till I get home, and there is a bridle there. Aye, and I see the door of the cave is closed again, so that I suppose I cannot go back if I wished!" However, he did not think it worth while to try the door; but putting on his armor, sprang to the saddle, and thought himself at least a prince already. Then, in his impatience to try the pace of his new servant, he struck the spurs into his side and (as he might have expected with a spirited creature like that, and no bridle) was off its back in a twinkling.

The fall in his heavy armor would have been a serious thing; but Osric fortunately lighted where the ground was soft, and although he was covered with mud when he got up, he was not much hurt. Still, as he knew the danger of being thrown in this way often, he determined not to remount just yet; and partly driving the horse before him, partly dragging it on by the mane, succeeded in getting it to the place where the fairy was standing.

"This steed, Osric," said she, "is heavenly-born, and will carry you nobly in every danger. His dam is one of the undying coursers of the Sun, and from that we call him Fire. The sword, too, which you are brandishing about in that dangerous way, is of such matchless strength and temper that nothing,

whether flesh or stone or iron, can resist it long. "But," she suddenly asked with a look of surprise, "but where is the bridle?"

"Why, I thought I could get one on the road," replied the blushing youth. "I did not miss it till I was out of the cave."

The fairy's answer was in a tone of high displeasure. "And did you imagine, young man, that a horse like this, an immortal's progeny and a spirit's gift, could be held by any make-shift thing a mortal like you might choose to put in his mouth? Rest assured Fire will submit to no bridle but his own. I have a great mind to have nothing further to do with you."

Osric, however, begged pardon in such humble terms that Queen Fortune relented, and allowed him to return for the bridle. "I'll leave nothing behind me this time, for I'll have a light," he said to himself as he went towards the cave. He knew that there was always a light burning in the little chapel on the hill-top, and that he could be supplied with an excellent lamp there; but, as the road was steep and difficult, he preferred borrowing a common rushlight at the house of a good-natured old man who lived near. Having procured the light, he went forward to the cave, and, knowing the way to open the door, got in with much less trouble than on the former occasion. Then he lighted his candle, and, advancing slowly into the place, found the bridle very easily, for it was hanging in a dark corner close to where the horse had been. Encouraged by this discovery, he went on examining the floor for a considerable distance, till he had quite lost sight of day; but the chamber he was in was so gloomy and immense, and had so many side-passages branching out of it in all directions, that at length he began to be afraid. "Why, it is a place," he said aloud, for he was glad to break the unearthly silence even with his own voice, "where a man might roam about for hours and lose his way, and perhaps never get out again at all. I don't like such work; and I cannot think you good, kind lady would wish one to go groping about for a week in such a dark, dangerous hole: I have no doubt she would place all her presents near the entrance

with the rest. In fact, I cannot conceive what else I can want. Just let me think: I have got horse, armor, spurs, helmet, sword, and bridle—oh yes; I am certain there is nothing more; and what time I am losing!" So with this he made his way back to the entrance; but, as he went along holding the candle close to the ground, he fancied he saw something sparkle at his feet, and, stooping down, found a flask nearly buried in some mud which was thereabouts. There was the print of a hoof directly above the spot where the flask lay, and he thought it must have fallen off in some of Fire's caperings, and so have been trodden into the ground. Otherwise he could not understand why he had not seen it before; for, when he drew it out, it was covered with diamonds of such size and lustre that they would have been easily visible, even in the darkest part of the cave.

When he got outside he thought that the best way of carrying the bridle was to put the reins over his head, and in doing this he happened to touch his chin. It was strangely rough, and on feeling at his face, he found himself by some extraordinary means in possession of a huge beard and moustache.

"Well, this is amusing at any rate," he cried, with a burst of laughter; "when I set off from home this morning I had not a single hair on my chin, and here I am with a beard that might grace a patriarch. How the folks at home will stare!"

He afterwards remembered that he was to be twelve years older every time he had to return to the cave, and he laughed again. What were twelve years at his time of life?

"There!" he shouted, as, holding the flask on high in triumph, he approached the fairy. "I am sure now there is nothing left; for I got a candle this time and looked very carefully."

"Do you not think, Osric," replied she, with a smile, "that it would have been wise to light the candle the first time you went to the cave? But I am glad you have found the flask. It is full of a sovereign remedy, and, whenever you are wounded or disappointed, a single drop of the essence it contains will heal

you completely, its curative properties are so wonderful.

"But," continued the fairy, noticing that the other was hastily fastening Fire's bridle in his eagerness to be off, "but there is one thing still needful before you can start with any chance of success; it is in the cave, Osric; why have you not brought it?"

The shepherd's heart sank within him.

"What, more yet?" he exclaimed bitterly; "you might have told me so."

"It was not my business to tell you what there was in the cave; I never inform any one what he will find there. But I told you to bring *every* thing."

"I never saw a knight in my life who carried anything beyond what I have got here."

"Very likely, Osric," she answered, "but my knights must be differently equipped from ordinary mortals."

"Well, I'll not go back, that's flat," said Osric, sullenly; "I shall start as I am."

"Come now, you are somewhat grieved at the consequences of your own carelessness. Try a little of the essence."

The young man did so, and was certainly surprised at the effect produced on him. The sun seemed brighter, the fields greener,—nay, wonderful to relate, the ugly old fairy herself looked almost young again, and Osric was more than half reconciled to his disappointment. But he stuck to it that he would not return to the cave: he would go as he was.

"Very well," said the fairy; "do so if you like, but I warn you that you will have nothing but disasters. However, if you like to meet me here again in three years and a day, you can."

So Osric rode off with an exulting heart bent on great exploits, for he did not at all believe what the fairy had told him. He thought he would not return home until he had achieved success; and he had many strange conflicts and adventures, but was singularly unfortunate in all. In fact, he met with so many wounds and mishaps that he would have been killed outright, had it not been for the magic liquor. Long before the three years were out, therefore, he had become convinced by sad experience that Queen For-

tune was right ; and at the time specified, wofully bruised and crestfallen, he presented himself to her, and on his knees begged leave to go to the cave once more.

The fairy granted his request. This time he found the door of the cave open, and, after lighting a good lamp that he got from the chapel, he looked very carefully over the whole floor again and again without finding a single thing, though he sought for hours. At length, being weary and almost broken-hearted, he placed his lamp on the ground and sat down on a stone in the centre of the chamber, to think what he should do next. But, as he sat, a low whisper like that of the winds, coming he knew not whence, struck on his ears ; and lo ! as he raised his eyes to see what it was, they fell on something which was fluttering, as red as blood, on one of the sides of the room far overhead. Strange to say, the silly fellow in all his searchings had examined no part of the cave but the ground : he had never once thought of looking up.

He went quickly to the spot, and saw that what attracted his attention was a banneret of scarlet cloth. After many failures, he succeeded in climbing up and catching hold of the staff. He then carefully examined all the other sides of the cave, but could find nothing else ; indeed, he had now really secured all the treasures that the place contained.

When he got the banner out to the light, he saw that on the cloth there were these words, *LOOKING UNTO GOD*, written in letters of gold. In spite of his success, he was much tired ; and, either from his exertions, or the weight of the banner, or some cause he did not yet understand, he thought the distance back to the fairy at least a dozen times as great as it had seemed on his previous journeys.

"Aye, at last," said Queen Fortune sadly, "at last, Osric, you have put yourself in the way of succeeding. You have everything now that mortal can want, and you look very well. Would you like to see yourself before you start ?" And she held out to him a small mirror of silver, which she produced from her pocket.

Osric took the mirror with a smile of delight, but as he looked the smile vanished, and he

grew pale as death with surprise and fear. He had seen in that single glance that his hair was becoming gray, and that there were the wrinkles of incipient old age about his eyes and on his forehead. And when, all in tears, he turned to the spot where he had left his horse, he saw nothing but a white skeleton, which the crows had picked bare. And when he took up his trusty sword, he found it was eaten away with rust.

"Deceitful fairy," he exclaimed, in a voice scarcely articulate for rage ; "and this is the end of all your fine promises,—myself an old man and my horse a skeleton, before we have done anything !"

"Why, you fool," replied the fairy, laughing sarcastically, "did you think your horse could live forever ? It is thirty good years, nearly, since I gave him to you, for you had to return twice to the cave, you know ; and a horse will naturally die and a man grow old in that time. If you have managed your chances so badly, it was surely no one's fault but your own. Farewell, and be thankful that after your folly I leave you even the flask and the banner." And with these words Queen Fortune vanished.

After her departure, they say that Osric lingered about the spot many days, moaning and half mad. The wonderful contents of the flask cured him, however, even in this desperate case ; and at last he returned to his native village to seek his friends. But eight-and-twenty years had gone by, and he found not a soul who knew him. So he sold his splendid armor, and retired into a monastery to end his days. It is said that he used to go sighing about the cloisters, and crying out continually, "Alas, for what I might have been ! Alas, for the opportunities I have missed !" And from this the other monks came to call him at last Brother Might-have-been. But he was very gentle, and never spoke an unkind word or thought an unkind thought of any one ; for whenever he felt himself in a bad humor, he took a single drop of the unfailing essence. And when he died, they found the scarlet cloth of the banner wrapped round him, with the inscription, "*Looking unto God*," still plainly visible. They would not disturb it ;

but buried him in the quiet graveyard of the monastery, with the rag, that he valued so much, laid next his heart.

MORAL.—We may start in youth, borne on that fiery offspring of the sun, which is Genius, and with Courage enough to cut our way through all the obstacles of life; but, in the quiet chambers of reflection, or elsewhere, we must find Prudence as a bridle for our fire, and Charity as a medicine for our sorrows. Above all, we must find out the banner of God, under which alone can we fight successfully or well. It will be well for us if we find all these before gray hairs steal over our heads, and our arm is nerveless, and our enthusiasm dead, and we have to cry with the poor fool in the fable, "Alas, for what I might have been! Alas, for the opportunities I have missed!"

J. H. BURROW.

AUSTRALIAN ACCLIMATIZATION.

(From *Leisure Hour for July*.)

When Australia was first discovered, nothing struck European Emigrants as more extraordinary, in connection with the new land, than the novel fauna and flora therein displayed. The kangaroo, the ornithorhynchus, amongst animals, were forms, until Australia was known, unheard of. Amongst birds, there were black swans and white crows, to set one's preconceived notions about swans and crows at defiance. The prevalent forms of vegetable life seemed hardly less extraordinary. Trees with almost no visible leaves, cherries with stones seemingly outside, helped to complete the notion of utter strangeness to old-world forms. Taken altogether, the Australian continent seemed to have a soil and a climate disproportionately good, by comparison, with the animals and vegetables indigenous. Here was an incentive to the enterprise of man. Enterprising man has been on the field of Australian acclimatization for the last few years. The Acclimatization Society of Melbourne has recently issued a report of proceedings. This report is of extreme interest, as the following will make manifest. To begin with a failure, the society regrets to announce that the attempts made to acclimatize the alpaca and Cashmere goat have failed, it is believed in consequence of

the practical difficulties and expense of maintaining these animals in the high mountainous regions of Gipps' Land, in which alone the suitable climate and other conditions necessary for their welfare could be found in the colony. Perhaps expectations ran higher about these Cashmere goats and alpacas than in respect to any other importation. Disappointment has been proportionately great; but, otherwise, success has crowned nearly every other effort of the Acclimatization Society. The greatest achievement of the society, during the past year, has been the introduction of a flock of ninety-three Angora goats. A large sum of money has been expended on these animals, and their acclimatization may be considered assured. These goats have thriven admirably in the colony, the climate of which is not unlike that of their native country. Since the arrival of the flock, its increase has been sixty, whilst two only have died. The total number of pure Angora goats now owned by the society is one hundred and eighty. Each Angora goat has a fleece of about four pounds average weight, for which the market price is generally a shilling a pound higher than good sheep's wool. The demand for the wool is practically unlimited, so that no fears need to be entertained of overstocking the market. Some Angora wool having been forwarded by the council to Messrs. Titus Salt and Sons, these gentlemen had it made up into cloth, and returned. It was shown in the International Exhibition and universally admired.

Though the acclimatization of Angora goats may be considered most important in a remunerative sense, that of salmon and several other species of foreign fish is to the naturalist most curious. The "Lincolnshire," with a shipment of ova on board, arrived on the 1st of May, 1856, when a large proportion of the salmon and salmon-trout ova were found to be alive. Of brown-trout ova, only five hundred were shipped; and they had all perished. The hatching in Tasmania resulted in six thousand salmon and one thousand salmon-trout. The salmon which were hatched two years and a half since have gone to the sea, and their return was looked for at the time of the report. Experience has proved that there is nothing in Australian rivers injurious to salmon. A two-year-old smolt has been

caught in Tasmania, and had been shown in the Intercolonial Exhibition in Melbourne. It is pronounced to be as fine a fish of its age as was ever seen in the United Kingdom. Two very interesting experiments were made when the last ova were shipped. In the ice-bin in which the ova were deposited, were placed a box containing cocoons of the Ailanthus silk-worm, and some fruit-trees and heather. On arrival the cocoons were placed in charge of Professor McCoy, and six months afterwards one of them produced a living moth. The others being opened, were found to have assumed the pupa state in the cocoon; so that the voyage had no connection with their death. The trees and heather arrived in a state as perfect as if they had only been just lifted from the nursery. This experiment is considered to be most important. It seems to show that all the vegetable world of northern Europe is placed at the disposal of Australia. Amongst recent arrivals are twenty-two of a beautiful species of deer,—the axis deer. They have been sent to Longrenong, on the Wimmera, where they have been liberated in company with thirteen others, already in the possession of Mr. Samuel Wilson. The spot was chosen with the intent that the entire Grampian range of hills may be stocked with these beautiful animals. The European hare has been an Australian denizen now for so long that this animal may be looked upon as completely naturalized. The society reports that at every spot where these animals have been turned out they have increased and are increasing.

In bird importations, the success of the Acclimatization Society has been conspicuous. Not scarce and choice varieties alone have won their regards, though there have been many of these; even common British sparrows have been thought worthy of importation by our Tasmanian colonists. British house and field sparrows now hop about and twitter at the antipodes, helping to keep down the preponderance of insect life which was so prejudicial to the Australian farmer and gardener. Sparrows, indeed, would seem to have been in high request, for not only have the two British species of house and hedge sparrows been acclimatized, but even the Chinese sparrows, by which an international insect-eating competition among all the sparrows may be brought

about. A further supply of Ceylon partridges has been secured, these birds having been turned loose on the grounds of Mr. Austin, at Barwon Park. The society intends to pay especial regard to the acclimatization of ostriches; and there is much reason to believe that these birds will thrive admirably under their new condition. For some time past, ostriches have been bred in the south of France, where, it is said, they have almost become as tame as barn-door pets. The Acclimatization Society have not restricted their attention to things merely useful, but have brought their energies to bear upon the ornamental as well. Goldfinches, chaffinches, and skylarks can hardly have been thus honorably transported to the antipodes with any view to money-making, but simply out of regard to their ornament and accomplishments, and pleasant old-world associations.

Though the project for introducing the Ailanthus silk-worm has temporarily failed, yet the common mulberry-leaf silk-worm bids fair to create an important branch of commerce for Australia. A plentiful supply of the finest silk-worm eggs has been received from Japan, and distributed amongst persons who have given attention to sericulture. We have no intention to present an inventory list of all the old-world animals now acclimatized in Australia. Enough has been stated to show with what energy the Tasmanian Society of Acclimatization has gone to work, and how great have been the fruits of their labors. It is a pleasing thought that a land which the old country once valued only because it afforded a transportation field to criminals, should have risen to a state of civilization, refinement, and elegance, and that it should now have established transportation of birds and beasts and fishes.

MY FIRST LECTURE ON ELECTRICITY.

(From Students' Monthly for June.)

What a multitude of speculations and guesses do we hear from time to time as to the nature of the Electric Telegraph, and the subtle mysterious fluid that is perpetually flashing through fabulous distances, and without the least regard to time, messages of greeting and of grief, tidings of weal and of woe!

I remember once to have heard a respectable old lady, well read in other matters, declare her conviction that the wires of the telegraph must be hollow, and that the messages, having been

written neatly on slips of paper and compressed into small pellets, were driven by some curious and ingenious adaptation of atmospheric pressure from end to end of the tubes. I have known others possessed with the idea that some one pulls the wires; but the majority of people whom I have met, and especially of the dwellers in these parts where telegraph poles have not yet been planted, live in a sort of perpetual puzzle upon the subject, and if they think about it at all, are troubled by intense haze and mistiness.

"Why," said I to myself, one cold, dreary day, as I drove along by the shore of the Gulf, wondering, among other things, whether our winter loneliness would ever be mitigated by "daily news" and "telegrams," only an hour old, instead of the rather stale provision with which we are fain to content ourselves—"why," said I, "should I keep my little spark of electric light under a bushel? A few of the dwellers by the 'mournful and misty Atlantic' will be all the wiser for a lecture, however elementary, on electricity and the telegraph; I shall have them in the school-house; I shall explain some of those phenomena that will be as wonderful here as they were elsewhere in the days of Franklin, and I shall beat him in one respect, for I shall talk about the telegraph; then I shall give shocks; I shall take sparks from noses; I shall ring bells; I shall astonish the natives; I shall"—but here I stopped; my castle was going up rather fast, and the somewhat depressing reflection immediately succeeded, that I was not possessed of a single piece of apparatus,—neither a battery, nor a telegraph, nor an electrical machine. How I wished that there was a "Polytechnic Institution" within a hundred miles or so, from which I could supply my wants! how many recollections returned of a certain shop window, against the panes of which I frequently flattened my nose in the marvel-loving days of my youth, where machines and gorgon-heads of hair, and cannon to be discharged by a "spark," and magnets, great and small, caused in me an intense hankering, which was only occasionally and partially gratified! but this was of no avail. I must now manufacture my own apparatus, if I am to have any; the difficulties are great, without doubt, thought I, but not insurmountable.

And so, soon afterwards, I set to work. My first look-out was for a bottle sufficiently large and strong for a cylinder. This I diligently sought out in all the shops in our village, but without success.

I then tried the stores in the next village, and at length I set my eyes on a desirable article. The owner, evidencing a love of conscience, not suspected before, but only latent from want of opportunities of development, nobly emptied the coveted jar of the supply of *magnesia* which was intended to dose the infants of the place for a year or so: he would hear of neither recompense nor reward, and all I could promise him was a *shock*. A friendly blacksmith assisted me in punching the bottom out of this bottle; a

well-disposed carpenter made a *stand*; the rest I managed myself. A small supply of *amalgam* and a few sheets of *tin-foil* had remained by me for some years, so I soon got my *rubber* mounted, and my *prime conductor* also; the latter insulated by being fastened with sealing-wax into an empty castor-oil bottle. So far so good; the machine worked well; sparks came forth; one step towards the *lecture* had been gained.

In getting up a *leyden jar*, I had some difficulty. A kind lady emptied her preserved peaches from a nice-looking glass jar, and gave it me as soon as she knew what I wanted; but, alas! it proved too thick. A friend, living sixty miles off, sent me an excellent jar by the "Courier;" but his carefulness was not equal to his kindness, and so, from bad packing, the jar was broken into small pieces before it reached me.

At last, however, I found the very thing I wanted; it stood on a shelf in a distant store, and was filled with nutmegs. The ingenuous youth who "presided" had only to hear that I wanted to give shocks. "Ah!" said he; "yes, I remember getting shocks when I was in Jersey; my! how my elbows tingled! Certainly, you must have it; the nutmegs will do very well in a box."

In this way I got on famously. Every one who could assist me did so.

I had only to pronounce the word "*electricity*," and jars, wire, copper, zinc—anything in the possession of my neighbors—were placed at my service. A needle telegraph was my next object. Two pieces of watch-spring, pierced, magnetized, surrounded by a coil of covered wire, and mounted on a pivot in a little box, answered admirably.

Two cylinders of copper, and two of zinc, composed my not very formidable *battery*. One of the copper cylinders had been part of a kettle; the other had formed part of the sheathing of the good ship *Ideal*, which struck, and, I may add, *stuck*, on the rocks quite close to our village, about a year before; and the zinc had been procured from Quebec, for the purpose of rendering water-tight the house of the worthy fellow who sacrificed a good strip of it to the cause of science!

In a few weeks my apparatus was as perfect as it was likely to be; it was meagre, no doubt; but still there had never been the like in the place before, and novelty is everything in such a case.

My telegraph worked marvellously; on the face of the box I had placed a dial, showing how many *deflections* to the left made *A*, and how many signified *B*. The *commutator* was a stumbling block, but a little ingenuity and sealing-wax, with a trifle of copper wire, enabled me to overcome that difficulty. Then the machine was powerful enough to charge the *leyden jar* in about twenty turns of the handle. I rehearsed the shocks upon small boys, to make sure that all was right. I rang my bells; I made the pith balls jump about vigorously; and a pair of dancing figures performed between two tin

plates, only the man *would* dance on his head, though I took every pains to restrain this irregular tendency.

At length I felt strong enough to announce the coming *lecture*. A notice, written in a bold style, and tacked up in a few conspicuous situations, answered for advertisement.

Our Secretary-Treasurer, when deploring the want of cash to pay the school-teacher's modest stipend, grandiloquently declares that "money is not the *circulating medium* here; but neither are the columns of weekly or daily papers our advertising *medium*; ours is a much simpler and less expensive, if less effective, method.

In this case, at least, it was successful.

On the appointed evening, the school-house was crowded. I had, during the day, arranged my telegraph wires along the walls; so, when I arrived in the evening, I had only to hang up my telegraph, place my battery, charged with salt and water,—for want of acid,—*under* the table, and my machine and its *adjuncts upon* the table, and all was ready.

I am not about to inflict the *lecture* upon my readers, to the majority of whom it would be nothing new. Suffice it to say, that I began, as I believe all lecturers from the highest to the humblest begin, with "*Elektron*."

I "moved on" then to Franklin and his *kite*; made a few pleasant remarks about a feathered being the safest place in which nervous people may abide a thunderstorm. I then gave a hint or two about frictional electricity, negative and positive, conductors and non-conductors.

But here I perceived the interest was beginning to flag, so I adroitly changed the subject to *galvanism*, introduced by the famous story of the *frogs* which the illustrious discoverer was about to have cooked for his dinner, when their spasmodic contortions pointed the way into a new world of science. It was not difficult to lead my hearers on to *Oersted* and the deflection of the needle, and hence to the telegraph and the wonderful cable, which had but a short time before united the Old and the New Worlds. Then I tried to explain galvanic action, the nature of the battery, oxygen, and hydrogen; but I quickly perceived the propriety of proceeding to experiment: so I deflected the needle of the telegraph in different directions, much to the delight of the lookers-on. "Now," said I, "you shall see a message sent; watch the needle!" So I spelt out—"Quebec, schooner 'Trial,' Cap. Bass, arrived." Now, as Captain Bass was sitting within a few feet of the instrument, and as the message was the very one he would gladly send to his native village on the completion of every successful trip, he quite appreciated the performance, and the delighted audience was highly demonstrative. Having excited sufficient interest, as I supposed, in the telegraph, by relating some cheerful anecdotes concerning its proved utility in catching *thieves* who had endeavored to escape by *express trains*; also, having dwelt upon the satisfaction to be derived

from an immediate knowledge that "flour has fallen," and "fish is going up," I endeavored to give some account of the electrical machine and its appurtenances.

And here, I must confess, I experienced not a little disappointment; to be sure, I was only a tyro in lecturing, or the mischance could not have happened. The night was very cold, and, of course, the cylinder and other glass articles became very cold also; and on carrying them into the warm room, the steaming breath of the crowd was quickly condensed on the glass; so, when I prepared to "manipulate," I found, to my chagrin, that there was something wrong. The bells would not ring, the pith balls moved feebly, and the dancers absolutely refused to budge, and an incipient murmur of disappointment—which, however, was quickly suppressed by the rest of my well-disposed and most indulgent audience—issued from some Philistines in the darkest corner of the room. My presence of mind did not entirely fail me, however; I dexterously rubbed up my cylinder with a silk handkerchief; I discarded the bells and dancers as a bad job, and applied myself vigorously to charge the leyden jar, which I had failed to accomplish before. I was again beginning to fear that the lecture would come to an abortive conclusion, as no electricity showed itself, when, incautiously placing my hand where I ought not to have placed it, I received a shock which dispelled my apprehensions; though the sensation, which I very much dislike, was only balanced by the pleasure of knowing that the affair was not to end in a *fizzle*.

Then the fun commenced in reality. This was something all could enjoy. Half a dozen at a time held hands and touched the jar, according to directions, and received the *shock*, and went off rubbing their elbows, to the great amusement of the others. At last I had electrified nearly the whole assembly, and had got a pain in my own elbow from grinding out the electric supply. Then, having formed an insulating stand by placing a piece of board on three tumblers, I took sparks from numerous noses; and with this last experiment, and a few words expressive of the hope that this, though the *first*, would not be the *last* "Electric Telegraph" we should see in Cape Dove, the proceedings terminated, and all went their ways rejoicing.

Such was my first lecture on Electricity. My difficulties, such as they were, were in a great measure overcome by a little perseverance, and I enjoyed an ample return in the knowledge that I had given an evening's amusement, as well as a few new ideas, to a number of people who were very grateful for the little trouble I had taken.

I will not be so bold as to say to others, go and do likewise; but I would wish to convey a hint to the effect that even a very elementary knowledge of a science may be utilized in this way, in lonely districts, where there is little to break the monotony of the dreary winter, where lecturers are few, and where critics do not flourish.

In such places the undisguised wonder at what is new, the pleased attention, and the respectful good humor of his audience, will be sure to reward the lecturer.

W. G. L.

THE GREAT CITY OF THE WORLD.

(From the *N. Y. Nation*.)

The census-taker of London, among other curious facts, tells us that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, more Germans than in any town of Germany excepting Berlin, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine.

In the present magnitude of London, it is amusing to remember the comments upon its greatness made by Addison or Burke or Dr. Johnson at a time when it was to its present self what the babe is to the man. One Good-Friday, Johnson and his man Bozzy trudged together along the Strand to attend service at St. Clement Danes. Bozzy remarked that "London was too large for the reason that nobody was heeded by his neighbor, and there was no fear of censure for not observing Good-Friday." The doctor snubbed the fawning coxcomb for his Pharisaical speech, but admitted that for other reasons London was really too large. It was then about one-sixth of its present size.

The growth of the town since the happy year when Londoners learned how, with proper accuracy, to count their own noses, presents us a record full of interest, and at the same time to us full of wholesome admonition to cultivate a grace rarely found in America,—urban modesty.

In 1801 the population of London was....	861,845
In 1811 " "	1,009,546
In 1821 " "	1,225,694
In 1831 " "	1,474,069
In 1841 " "	1,873,676
In 1851 " "	2,363,141
In 1861 " "	2,803,034

In this country, our ears are perpetually stunned by the din of boasting kept up at the growth of certain of our ambitious but still callow inland towns. The growth of these towns is indeed wonderful, but it would be none the less wonderful if there were less noise made about it. Who ever saw one rational Londoner exhibiting the least vanity at the amazing and pauseless increase of that titanic town? As soon would he think of finding food for in-

dividual conceit in the magnificence of the sun in heaven, or in the mellow richness of the verdure upon the outlying fields. Yet how the statistics of the expansion of London, which are left to tell in silence their own astounding tale, dwarf the records of accumulating talk which so many American cities blazon at every corner and bellow from every house-top!

Taking the last census in each country as the standard of comparison, it appears that, during the ten years preceding 1861, London added to itself a new city one-half the size of New York, more than twice the size of Baltimore, nearly three times the size of Boston, more than three times the size of Cincinnati or St. Louis, and more than four times the size of Chicago. If the eight cities of Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Pittsburg, Newark, Providence, Portland, and Milwaukee, had been taken up bodily in 1861, put on shipboard, conveyed across the Atlantic, and deposited on the fringe of the skirts of London, they, with their united populations, would not have added to London as much as London quietly added to itself during the previous decennial period. Every twelve months a new city springs into being along the globous verge of London equal to the city of Cleveland.

Jonathan is a very clever boy, no doubt, and no doubt Jonathan knows it. But he will be quite as clever when, grown tired of spouting his own praises, he sets out on his travels, compares notes with other people, and learns a little modesty by learning that he has not a monopoly of the business of doing *big things*.

The author of the "Espriella Letters" divides the people of London into two races, the solar and the lunar. By some recent estimates it appears that these races are now even more distinctly separated by the exactions of commerce, than they were in Southey's time by those of fashion. Several years ago, the metropolis, like some fabulous Cyclops, sprawled out upon its couch of 78,000 acres; but the original city, the venerable parent of this gigantean monster, is still content with that pigmy bed of 728 acres on which it has reposed for a thousand years. The city, though so small, is still the centre of the trading, financial, and journalistic life of London; and has, it seems, a day population of 283,520 souls, and a night population of only 113,387 souls. Thus, every morning, there come rush-

ing into the city from suburban rural cottage and country villa, to toil and get rich within the narrow walls of the old city, 170,133 persons, while there are 509,611 customers and clients who enter the city every day to deal with them. What tremendous energy, then, must be in the systole and diastole of this Cyclopean heart, whose throb can suck in and expel every day along its veins and arteries a living stream of 728,986 human beings!

No Londoner, as we have already said, thinks of boasting of the awfully increasing proportions of London; but many a Londoner contemplates the subject with anxiety. One troublesome problem is that of ingress and egress. Every morning nearly a million men make a rush to get into a space of seven hundred acres, and every night they make a rush to get out of it. No wonder that, in addition to streets on the level of the houses, they build streets under the houses and streets over the houses, and that in a few years there must inevitably be three continuous cities of London—terrene London, subterrene London, and superterrene London. But the swollen and congested state of the veins and arteries of the mighty town is not the only source of anxiety. What shall London do for lungs? A meeting assembled at the Mansion House some time ago, under the call of the Lord Mayor, to consider the peril arising from the disappearance of commons and open spaces in the neighborhood of the metropolis. The meeting was addressed by Thomas Hughes and other gentlemen of note. The most important speech was embodied in some very startling and amusing estimates of the future development of London presented by Mr Benjamin Scott, the excellent and versatile chamberlain of the city, whose ingenious argument in defence of the Pilgrim Fathers was recently published,

Mr. Scott thought that, in dealing with the question before the meeting, they should not confine their calculations to 3,000,000 inhabitants. He found that in 1861 there were 3,222,717 persons living in an area of sixteen miles, taking Charing Cross as the centre. An increase of population had been going on within that area during the past half-century at the rate of 19.6-10 per cent. every ten years. In fifty years, at this rate, the population of the same area would be 8,532,000

souls. What would be their position fifty years hence if they were allowed only the radius at present supposed to be sufficient? He found that in 1801 the people were twenty yards from each other, in 1851 about fourteen yards, and in 1866 something over nine yards. If this diminution of space went on for fifty years more, they would be more closely packed than his audience were at that moment,—in fact there would be no standing-room for them!

We may get some impression of the present magnitude of London by looking at a few details of its colossal state. More than 350,000 houses are required for this giant to live in; and that he may take his walks and drives with comfort, he has laid out and paved a number of streets which, if placed in line, would extend from Liverpool to New York. As he is not one of those good giants who are early to bed and early to rise, he has been obliged to erect for his nocturnal guidance 360,000 gas-lamps along his streets, and to keep them burning all night, thus consuming every twenty-four hours about 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. To bathe his person, to wash his clothes, and to supply the various vulgar needs of his kitchen, as well as to furnish him occasionally with a beverage which he is rather too much inclined to despise, he uses 44,383,328 gallons of water per day. He seems to depend a good deal on artificial heat for a variety of purposes, and is accordingly compelled to shovel into his bin 5,000,000 tons of coal every year. Though he does not always dress with great splendor, his clothing bill is a generous one; for he constantly maintains 2,950 merchant tailors, 3,000 boot and shoe dealers, 1,560 milliners and dressmakers, and 1,080 linen-drapers. Notwithstanding the fact that he is endowed with excellent locomotive faculties, he frequently prefers to be carried, and for this purpose he keeps always within call 5,000 cabs, 1,500 omnibuses, and 24,000 horses, besides all the other sorts of vehicles which human need can require or human wit invent. Like giants in general, he is blessed with a very tolerable appetite; and as to thirst, it may be said that he is never wholly without its cravings. In the course of every year, he manages to devour 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, 35,000 pigs,

10,000,000 head of game, 3,000,000 salmon, and innumerable fish of other sorts; while, during the same period, to quote a deceased humorist, he "puts himself outside" of 43,200,000 gallons of beer, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. His dairy may be regarded as a respectable one, for he keeps 13,000 cows. It must be confessed that he occasionally indulges in the weed, for he supports 1,350 tobacconists. Of course any giant, whether Christian or pagan, who will go on eating, drinking, smoking, and dressing at this rate, to say nothing of keeping his lamps burning all night, deserves to be ill; and we hear without surprise that he has provided himself with the constant attendance of 2,400 doctors. To all his other qualities it is to be added that, though something of a rake and a good deal of a sot, he is in certain moods a marvellously religious giant, all which he proves by the fact that he keeps up 852 churches and employs the ghostly counsel of 930 divines.

PROFITABLE-EMPLOYMENT DODGERS.

A writer, in a recent number of "The Leisure Hour," has exposed the above class of vile wretches, who live by preying upon those anxious unemployed persons, women especially, who are unfortunately, so numerous, both in London and elsewhere:—

"Knowing how many thousands of persons there are throughout the kingdom who are pinched in circumstances, who have families to maintain on insufficient means; how many there are who are cast out of work; how many who work for inadequate pay, and are eager for better remuneration;—knowing all this and much more, these rascals live by turning their knowledge to account. They have neither the means nor the intention to assist the struggling parties in the slightest degree; but, by dint of reiterated and wholesale lying, they can rob and plunder them, and fill their own pockets. They see their way to that plainly enough, because there are too many newspaper proprietors always ready to circulate their lies, at the charge of some sixpence a line, and send them on their mission of fraud and robbery throughout the land. Let us instance one or two cases which have come under our own observation. The widow of a professional man, left with a young family to maintain by her own exertions, saw, in a morning paper, an advertisement, inviting 'individuals in search of employment, either as a source of income or to fill up their leisure hours,' to apply to the advertiser (enclosing a

stamped envelope for reply), who would inform them of 'means by which two to four pounds a week might be realized, in town or country, and by either sex.' The poor widow was but too eager to catch at this seeming deliverance from her chief trouble. She wrote at once, making the required enclosure, and in a day or two received an answer, stating that the information she desired would be forwarded to her address, on the receipt of a specified sum of money, which she might send in postage-stamps. This was not exactly what she had expected from the benevolent advertiser, but she reflected a little, and, noting in the reply that the sum demanded was in payment of unavoidable expenses, she sent it without demur. She waited long and anxiously for the precious document which was to lift her from indigence and fear of want to comparative competence and peace of mind. It did not come in a hurry; and when, after a week's delay, the long-wished-for letter appeared, she had hardly courage to open it. When opened at length, there fell from the envelope a quarter-sheet of demy paper, of the Seven Dials stamp, printed on both sides in Seven Dials type, and containing some fifty or more old receipts, pillaged from the 'varieties' page of one of the penny journals, or some such source. The 'two to four pounds a week' were to be gained by compounding a wash for the complexion out of various ingredients to be bought at the chemist's, or by manufacturing a preparation for accelerating the growth of whiskers, the operator being instructed to simmer a certain quantity of beef-marrow, on a slow fire, in a small earthen vessel, together with definite proportions of olive oil, oil of rosemary, and oil of nutmeg. Or independence was to be won by boiling down treacle, sugar, and flour into toffee and hard-bake; or by making a brilliant varnish for polishing furniture; or by mixing pomatums, tooth-powders, and lip-salves; or by doing fifty different things besides, none of which, had they been carried into execution, were likely to lead to anything but loss.

"Another lady, the widow of an officer who died in India, finding her pension all too scanty to support and educate her daughters, was induced, by an advertisement in the papers, to reply to a so-called establishment, which we shall call the 'Mediæval Art Institute,' the managers of which professed to be desirous of engaging the services of clever persons in multiplying copies in colors of antique designs of an ecclesiastical description. Applicants were to forward a specimen of their skill in copying, with a guinea for materials and a copy of the design to be produced. Together with the materials, the necessary instructions would be sent from the institute. On complying with the terms of the advertisement, the lady, who really drew with remarkable correctness, received a lithographed exemplar, a blank sheet of papers, and four small cakes of the colors required to be used. In a few days she sent back her copy, with the exemplar, intimating that she would be glad to

make any number of such copies on the terms mentioned. In return, she received an assurance that, although her work was very promising, it was not quite up to the mark; a different exemplar was enclosed, which she was advised to try, as more suited to her drawing; and another guinea was demanded, as the price of fresh materials and printed instructions. So plausible and so flattering were the terms of this communication, that she at once complied with it, and in a short time returned her second performance. The result was precisely the same,—the same courteous strictures on her work, the same council to try again. And so the treacherous delusion was maintained, until the eager aspirant had parted with six guineas from her scanty hoard, in return for which she had acquired a box of colors worth two-and-sixpence at the most, and her own rejected performances. Even then her eyes were only opened to the facts of the case by an accidental meeting with a friend, who had gone through the same miserable experience at the same hands."

EAST WIND.

Why should the wind coming from the East over an ocean of water depress the human body, while that which comes from the West across a continent enlivens the spirits and gives courage and vigor? Be this as it may, it seems as if some people never felt any wind that was not East. They are always "out of sorts." The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men a while ago, a farmer, who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said:

"Mr. Nayling, this rain will be fine for your grass crop."

"Yes, perhaps; but it is bad for the corn, and will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop."

A few days after this, when the sun was shining hot, I said:

"Fine sun for your corn, sir."

"Yes, pretty fair, but it's awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather."

Again on a cold morning, I met my neighbor, and said:

"This must be capital for your rye, Mr. Nayling."

"Yes, but it is the very worst weather for the corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward."

So the man lives in a perpetual East wind. Nothing suits him, and it would be impossible for Providence to give him weather about which he would not grumble. I know one man who feels that our country is on the very brink of ruin, the Government a curse, and everything to be destroyed. And he has felt and talked thus for at least thirty years, and yet his property has been increasing in value all this time, amid this gathering ruin. The fact is, the man lives in an unchanging East wind. And there is Mr. Slow, who lives in the hollow under the Long Hill; he has been mourning for many years over the degeneracy of the times, and always telling what wonderful lawyers and doctors and ministers there were when he was young? He can sleep under any preaching he now hears, and the lawyers seem to be young upstarts, or too old to practise. He longs for the good old times. Ah! Mr. Slow, does your weather-vane ever point anywhere but to the East?—*Rev. John Todd, D.D.*

THE GREAT VICTORIES.

In the trials to be suffered
In the fellowship with care,
'Tis the hidden, inward struggle
That will prove the worst to bear.

'Tis the strife that no man pities,
'Tis the cry that no man hears,
'Tis the victory unpeached
But by secret sobs and tears.

Ah! my friends, when God's great angel
Cries aloud the deeds of might,
At the day when hearts are opened
In the Holy Father's sight,

Then the greatest deeds and noblest
Will be those unheard of now,
Hidden under silent heart-beats,
And an uncomplaining brow.

Deeds of patient self-rejection,
Wrung from hearts that made no moan,—
Tender hearts, that, like the Master's,
"Trod the wine-press all alone."

Hearts that purer grew and fairer
In the struggle day by day,
Learning thus, from holy teachers,
How to suffer and to pray.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

Shall we Gather at the River?

"I will gather you from all nations."

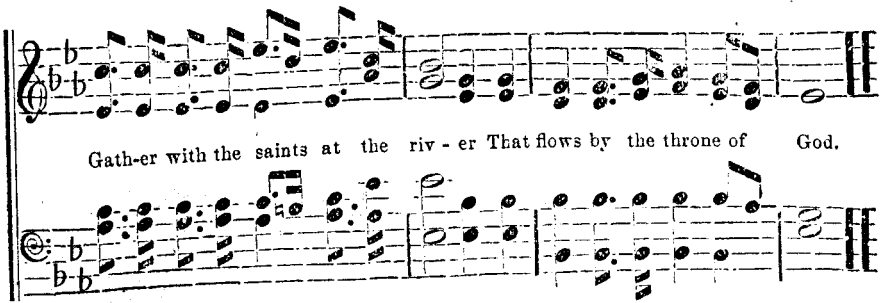
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - ry bur - den

trod; With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing
 spray; We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the
 down; Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro -

CHORUS.

by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath - er at the
 hap - py, gold - en day. Yes, we'll gath - er at the
 vide a robe and crown. Yes, we'll gath - er at the

p
 riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;



At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever
 Lift their songs of saving grace.
 Yes, we'll gather, etc.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pi-grimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.
 Yes, we'll gather, etc.

[For the NEW DOMINION.]

"EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US."

MATTHEW, 1, 23.

Creator and Redeemer, who hast given
 Our life on earth, and all our hope of heaven;
 In whom we live, and move, on whom de-
 pend;
 Our loving Saviour, and our faithful friend,—
 Life's thorny path Thy wearied feet have trod.
 Mysterious being,—perfect man, and God!—
 Now seated on Thy glorious, blood-bought
 throne,
 Thou still art ever present with Thine own.
 Thy "soldiers," shielded by Thy constant care,
 May fight with courage, and defy despair;
 And when, at length, their lives they shall lay
 down,
 Receive from Thee a never-fading crown,
 Behold Thy glory, and, enraptured, raise,
 With harp and voice, their hymns of ceaseless
 praise.

July 23, 1867.

ANON.

WHAT ARE WOMAN'S RIGHTS?

The right to wake when others sleep;
 The right to watch, the right to weep;
 The right to comfort in distress;
 The right to soothe, the right to bless;
 The right the widow's heart to cheer;
 The right to dry the orphan's tear;
 The right to feed and clothe the poor,
 The right to teach them to endure;
 The right, when other friends have flown
 And left the sufferer alone,
 To kneel that dying couch beside
 And meekly point to Him who died;
 The right a happy home to make
 In any clime for Jesus' sake:
 Rights such as these are all we crave
 Until our last—a peaceful grave.

[It is to be hoped that men are not excluded
 from these rights.]



THE WOUND HEALED.

You should have spoken gently, dear,
 If sister Ann you meant should hear;
 A softer look, a kinder tone,
 Her gentle ear would soon have won;
 But, as it was, she turned away,
 Nor heard the half you had to say.
 You should reprove her with a smile,
 And look forgiving all the while.
 Go, kiss her cheek and wipe her eyes,
 See—foolish little thing!—she cries;
 And tell her that another day
 You'll chide her in a loving way.
 Come, little Annie, come to me,
 And jump up, darling, on my knee;
 And little Harry, you come too,
 I'll tell you both a tale that's true,
 Of One who left his throne on high,
 And laid aside his majesty,
 And came down as a little child,
 With soul and manners meek and mild;
 Who was afflicted and oppress'd,
 Reviled by cruel taunt and jest;
 And yet no word resenting wrong
 In him could ever find a tongue;
 Oh, may he lay his hands on you,
 And make you kind and loving too,
 And by his grace your spirits move
 To gentle thoughts and acts of love!
 Oh, strive, by his sweet lessons taught,
 To be like him in speech and thought,
 And fitter for a world above,
 Where "love is heav'n, and heav'n is love."

EDWARD VI. OF ENGLAND.

Edward VI. of England began his reign in 1547, at the age of nine years. His mother died almost immediately after his birth, and until he was nearly seven he was under the care of females whose virtues and accomplishments were calculated to make the happiest impression on his character. Thus, by the grace of God, was laid the foundation of that deep, tender, and consistent piety that marked his conduct through life, and left him, at death, an unblemished fame.

In early childhood, he displayed strong powers of mind and a conscientious heart. His reverence for the Scriptures was remarkable.—Once, while playing with some infantine companions, he desired to reach an article that was considerably above their heads. So they moved a large book for him to stand upon. Scarcely had he placed his foot upon the covers when he saw it was the Bible. Instantly drawing back, he folded his arms around it and said seriously to his playfellows, "Shall I trample under my feet that which God hath commanded me to treasure up in my heart?"

At his coronation, being then nine years old, three swords were laid before him, to signify that he was the monarch of three separate kingdoms.

"There is another sword yet wanting," said the child-prince; "one more, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Without that we are nothing, we can do nothing; we have no power. Through that, we are what we are at this day. From that Book alone we obtain all virtue and salvation, and whatever we have of divine strength."

Constancy and regularity in prayer were among his early traits of character. After he became a king, and was subject to the interruptions and temptations of a court, nothing could induce him to neglect his daily seasons of private devotion. One day he was told that Sir John Cheeke, who had given him lessons in Latin, when quite a child, was dangerously



"Shall I trample under my feet that which God hath commanded me to treasure up in my heart?"

sick. With deep solemnity on his countenance, he went to his stated retirement, and afterwards hearing that the physician had said there was little hope of his recovery, replied in the simple fervor of faith,

"Ah! but I think there is, for I have most earnestly begged of God, in my prayers this morning, to spare him."

When the sufferer was restored to health, and informed of the circumstance, he was deeply touched by the grateful affection and confiding piety of his royal pupil.

Edward Sixth kept an exact diary of all the memorable events that passed under his observation. The conferring of every office, civil or ecclesiastical, the receipts and expenditure of the revenue, the repairs or erection of forts, the sending forth or reception of ambassadors, and, indeed, all matters of business that occurred during his reign, were legibly recorded by his own hand, with their appropriate dates. This diary, which evinces industry and uprightness of purpose, is often quoted by his- torians.

But pulmonary consumption early made fatal inroads on his health, and he prepared for a higher and happier state with the benignity of one whose heart was already there. The following prayer, which is among those which he used as the close of life drew nigh, will show how much the progress of true religion among his people dwelt on his mind, when about to be taken from them:—

“My Lord God! if thou wilt deliver me from this miserable and wretched life, take me among thy chosen. Yet, not my will, but thy will be done. Lord, I commit my spirit

unto Thee. Thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with Thee. But if Thou dost send me life and health, grant that I may more truly serve Thee.

“Oh, my God! save thy people and bless thine inheritance. Preserve thy chosen realm of England, and maintain Thy true religion, that both king and people may praise Thy holy name, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Edward Sixth died at the age of sixteen, July 6th, 1553, beloved and deeply lamented by all over whom he reigned.

GRANDMA SUSAN.

Grandma Susan was an old lady who once lived in a little lonely brown cottage, just beyond the village of C—. She was poor, and earned her living by nursing the sick, raising a little garden stuff, and knitting socks. Everybody loved the old lady because she was good. She was happy, too. Her face, so calm, so sweet, so heavenly, was a sermon to all who looked upon it; for, though it was plain even to homeliness, it shone with the light of the Divine Presence which dwelt in her soul.

“You always seem very happy,” said I to her one Sabbath, as she was trudging alone to church, with her Bible in her hand.

“I am always happy,” said Susan; “my peace is like a river. Bless the Lord, O my soul.”

“What makes you so happy, Susan?” I asked. “You are all alone in the world, you are poor, you are feeble, you work hard, and yet you are happier than any princess. Tell me your secret, Susan.”

“Perhaps it’s because I have none but God to look to,” said Susan. “Rich people have many things to trust in and care for, and are always anxious about troubles ahead. I have nothing to care for, because, you see, I leave it all to the Lord. If he can take care of the



big world, I know he can surely take care of such a poor old woman as I am; and so I leave everything to him, and he does take care of me, blessed be his holy name!"

"But, Susan," said I, "suppose God should take away your health, or command his lightning to burn your cottage, or the first frost to destroy your garden stuff—suppose—"

The old lady here broke in upon my remarks with a voice and look I shall never forget. Said she—

"Suppose! I never do suppose. I can't suppose the Lord will do anything that isn't best for me. It's this *supposing* that makes people unhappy. Why not wait till the *suppose comes*, and then make the best of it?"

Oh, wise old lady! Oh, trustful Grandma Susan.

When Grandma Susan died, she had but one regret. She told it to a friend in these memorable words,—

"Tell all the children that an old woman, who is near to death, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when she was a little child. Tell them youth is the time to serve the Lord."

Well, Grandma Susan is gone to the world of love now, but I hope my children will take her advice. She had travelled all the dusty road of life. She had learned that the best thing for comfort on that journey is to love the Saviour. She knew, because she had tried it. What say you to this, boys and girls? You have the journey to make. The road lies before you long (perhaps), dusty, rough, dangerous. Will you venture upon it without old Susan's secret? I hope not.

SUMMER TIME.

Sweet it was in that summer time

By the winding river's bank to stray;

Sweet, where the trees in their leafy prime
Checked with shade our wandering way:

Golden the light of the sun's last rays;

Perfumed the breath of the summer air;

Sweet, on a downcast face to gaze,—

Sweet it was, and my love was fair!

Our boat lay moored on the river nigh;

The sun had sunk, and the day was gone;

The moon's faint crescent had climbed the sky;
The stars came out, yet we wandered on.
The lightest zephyr was hushed to sleep;
There was peace and calm above, below;
Our whispers scarce broke that silence deep,
As we walked by the river's noiseless flow.

I plucked for my love a stray wild-flower;
The nightingale sang its strain divine:
I gave her my heart that evening hour;
I asked my darling,—and she was mine!
Once more we had reached our little boat;
Once more, borne on by the tranquil tide,
We heard the nightingale's love-lorn note;
And she was near me,—my love, my bride!

The summer hours may perish and go,
Their memories sweet will haunt me yet;
As long as the river shall onward flow,
Those evening hours I shall ne'er forget,—
Those evening hours, that summer walk
By the river's bank, 'neath the fragrant limes;
Those whispers of love, that long, low talk,
In that sweetest of all sweet summer times!



"Let us consider one another, to provoke unto love, and to good works."—*Heb. x. 24.*

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

A traveller in Asia Minor, in a time of distressing drought, found a vase of water under a little shed by the road-side, for the refreshment of the weary traveller. A man in the neighborhood was in the habit of bringing the water from a considerable distance, and filling the vase every morning, and then going to his work. He could have had no motive to do this, but a kind regard to the comfort of weary travellers, for he was never there to receive their thanks, much less their money. This was benevolence.

BENEFIT OF THE CLERGY.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

"To be hanged without benefit of the clergy." The first three words of the sentence seem severe enough, but the last part of it conveys to many minds an idea that the intention of the legislature was to increase indefinitely the punishment of the culprit by sending him,

Cut off even in the blossom of his sin,
Unhouselled, disappointed, unaneled,

to the other world, after breaking his neck with a halter in this one.

Such, however, was not the design of the framers of the sentence, nor did "benefit of clergy," refer in any way to those spiritual ministrations which the coldest form of charity would not deny to the condemned. Benefit of clergy was a privilege founded upon the exemption which clerks originally claimed from the jurisdiction of secular judges. Basing their claim upon the text, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," and theoretically, perhaps, on the presumed impossibility of a man whose calling it was "to wait upon God continually" committing any serious crime, the clergy, in the days when justice was hampered by superstition, procured that, no matter how heinous the offence of which they had been accused, they were to be answerable to their own ordinary only, and not to the king's justices. A clerk arraigned or convicted before a secular judge, had but to declare who and what he was, his declaration being backed up, if necessary, by the demand of his bishop, and he was discharged into the custody of the ordinary, who was supposed to provide some sufficient punishment for him, or else to deliver him by "purgation." The latter process was most frequently adopted; it consisted in the accused taking oath before the ordinary that he was innocent, and a certain number of other people asserting, also upon oath, that they believed his statement.

In this way the clergy enjoyed an almost complete immunity from punishment for their crimes, and as these were neither few nor slight, their privilege gave rise to much complaint by those who had to smart where the

clergy were set free, and still more by those whom the clerical delinquents had outraged. The offensive assertion of the privilege in the case of the clergyman whom A'Becket refused to allow to be tried at common law brought about the Constitution of Clarendon, and ultimately the death of the archbishop.

The Constitution of Clarendon, by which the clergy were admitted to be liable to process at common law, became in this respect a dead-letter, and the benefit of clergy survived and increased in the blood of "St. Thomas of Canterbury." It was now extended to laymen who chose to claim it, and no further evidence of clerkship was necessary than that the claimant should be able to read and write.

If he gave these proofs, he was given over to the ordinary, who put him to his purgation, or laid upon him some ecclesiastical penance, as in the case of real clerks. As this privilege was applicable in all cases of capital felony, and there was no limit to the number of times it might be enjoyed, the worst evildoers in the country got off scot-free,—at all events, they saved their necks,—and the peace of the country was disturbed accordingly. The solemn farce of purgation became, in many cases, too ridiculous to be gone through, or else the ordinary would not give himself the trouble to witness it; and as the alternative punishment he was empowered to award was for the offences of actual clerks, it followed, as a matter of practice, that a lay-ruffian on receiving benefit of the clergy was *ipso facto* discharged of his crime and its consequences.

The abuse of the privilege became so flagrant that a statute of Edward I., called the Statute of Westminster the First, provided that clerks convicted of felony, and delivered to the ordinary, were not allowed to go free without purgation, "so that the king shall not need to provide any other remedy therein." A statute in the 25 Edward III., recites the complaints of sundry prelates that the secular judges had actually hanged clerks, "in prejudice of the franchises, and in depression of the jurisdiction of Holy Church;" and goes on to direct that "all manner of clerks," convicted before the secular judges of treason

or felony touching any other than the king, shall have the "privilege of Holy Church," and be given up to the ordinary. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, promised at the same time safely to keep and duly to punish such clerks, "so that no clerk shall take courage so to offend for default of correction;" a promise reiterated by another primate to Henry IV.

It may easily be imagined, however, that this promise was evaded. Not only did the ordinary ex-officio incline to the merciful side, but he found it no light matter to receive, punish, maintain, and keep all the scoundrels that were "admitted to clergy." Favoritism had also free scope, and the worst criminals might be abroad with impunity, while offenders in smaller things were undergoing punishment. By 4 Henry VII., c. 13, it was ordered that the benefit of clergy should be allowed but once to persons not in orders; and all who received the benefit were to be branded with a hot iron on the brawn of the thumb with the letter M if they were murderers, and T if they were felons of a less degree. The branding was to be done by the jailer in the open court, before the convict was delivered to the ordinary. Eight years afterwards, when a master was murdered by his servant under circumstances that excited much popular indignation, advantage was taken to pass an act to deprive all laymen who should thereafter murder their masters of the benefit of clergy.

Henry VIII. dealt the hardest blows that the institution received until quite modern times. A statute passed in the fourth year of his reign took away clergy from all murderers, and from certain felons, unless they were actual clerks.

—Faraday has shown that if a small cubical space be inclosed by arranging square bar magnets, with their like poles in apposition, so as to form a chamber, within that space all local magnetism inferior in power to the magnets employed will be neutralized. The same effect may be obtained with electromagnets as with permanent magnets.

THE NEW NATION.

(From the Saturday Reader.)

The deed is done! Our country stands
 United, hearts and hopes and hands,
 From ocean to the far-off west;
 In peace the nation wakes to life,
 No bloody stains of angry strife
 Redd'ning her virgin crest.

To us the past remains no more,
 Save where its page is sprinkled o'er
 With records of each noble deed:
 How brave men conquered in the fight,
 How statesmen struggled for the right,
 Each in his country's need.

But bright the future gleams beyond,
 And quick our hopeful hearts respond,
 As down the vista long we view
 The coming glories of our land;
 And fast they throng on either hand
 In this our era new.

Increasing commerce, with its sails
 Moved by the breath of favoring gales,
 And dotting ocean's heaving breast;
 At home the wealth that labor yields
 Augmenting ever, and the fields
 In waving plenty drest;

Increasing love of country, strong
 To save the right, avenge the wrong,
 And to protect our northern homes;
 While from the world beyond the sea,
 Lured by the sweets of liberty,
 Unnumbered thousands come;—

Such pictures pass before the eye
 Of him who essays to desecry
 The future of our infant state:
 To prove them true or false remains
 With us,—we now may forge our chains,
 Or make our country great.

Men of the north! whose sturdy hands
 Have caused our gloomy forest lands
 To bud and blossom as the rose!
 The prospect fair before you lies:
 Steep not your noble energies
 In indolent repose,

But bend your minds, your strong good sense,
 Your wisdom, your intelligence,
 To start the nation on the road,
 While mother-England cries, "God-speed!"
 What more, Canadians, do we need?—
 The blessing of our God.

Let, then, the warm petition rise,
 Where village spires point to the skies,
 Where city thousands meet for prayer,
 That Canada may ever be
 United, happy, brave, and free,
 And honored everywhere!

QUEBEC.

H. K. C.

MONTREAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Shortly before my arrival in Montreal, in the fall of 1826, great changes had taken place in the eastern part of the city. The Citadel Hill had been levelled, and the ancient fort which crowned it had as a matter of course disappeared. Dalhousie Square, the fashionable quarter of the city, was laid out in the place which the hill and fort had occupied, and the picturesque was sacrificed to the convenient.

Of the number of old landmarks which disappeared speedily afterward, in the progress of improvement, I shall describe only a few of the most remarkable.

The old French Church, which then stood in the Place d'Armes, in the line of Notre Dame street, was not very remarkable either for size or beauty. It was a queer old pile, with a queer old steeple, the latter by no means high or symmetrical. As soon as the new parish church was finished, the old was removed; but it was not until some years after that the old steeple was taken down, as it had to stand with its bells till the towers of the new church were ready to receive them.

In beauty of architecture, and especially the height and elegance of its spire, the English Church,—as it was called,—which stood in Notre Dame street, on the site now occupied by Messrs. Savage & Lyman's and other fine stores, far surpassed any in the city; and the removal of that edifice, and, especially, of its steeple, from a site so conspicuous, has been a matter of lasting regret to many. There, at the date above mentioned, or shortly after, the eloquent Mr. Stevens preached to the troops on Sabbath mornings, and the gentle and loving Atkinson to the civilians,—both of them drawing large congregations of outsiders in addition to the people of their own charge.

The wharves of those days presented perhaps the greatest contrast to those of the present day, of any part of the city. They were just the natural bank of the river, which looked higher than it does now; and the vessels could lie pretty near it at the point on which the Royal Insurance Building now stands, and discharge their cargoes upon it by long gangways. These vessels were not very numerous. The old "Euretta," the North-West Company's vessel—which used to come in

spring with supplies for the fur-trading posts and lie till the return of the canoes from the interior with furs in the fall, and which was almost the only sea-going vessel that came to Montreal,—had terminated her trips before 1826; and a sprightly fleet of three brigs, making two trips a year, succeeded her. These were the "Sophia," Capt. Neal, consigned to Robertson, Masson, & Co., a crack vessel, which cracked on at such a rate to get in first that she often lost some part of her spars or sails. Her captain was a bold, bluff, hearty sailor, very much liked, whose conviviality was his chief failing.

The second was the "Favorite," owned and navigated by Captain Allan,—a careful, calculating, and enterprising shipmaster, and the very embodiment of the canny Scot of plays and novels. He was father of the Messrs. Allan of Montreal, and the Messrs. Allan of Liverpool and Glasgow. The "Favorite" was consigned to Millar & Parlane, afterwards Messrs. Millar & Edmonstone, afterwards Edmonstone & Allan, and now H. & A. Allan. Thus, out of the "Favorite," Captain Allan, grew the great Canadian line of ocean steamers, and we know not how many noble sailing vessels besides.

The "Cherub," Capt. Millar, was the third of these early regular traders, and both ship and captain were favorites; but we know not what became of either.

Besides these three vessels that made two trips a year, there was a little vessel called the "Amity," which came every summer, we think, from Dundee, and another small vessel from Ardrossan, and, if we mistake not, the "Great Britain" made one trip annually from London. Very soon after 1826, however, vessels began to come in numbers from Liverpool and other ports.

It will be seen by the foregoing that nearly the whole trade of Montreal was with Scotland; and it used to be said jocularly, all through Canada, that the only good trade going was to be a Scotchman. But all that is changed now. Then the Hon. John Richardson, Hon. Peter McGill, Archdeacon Strachan, Hon. William Morris, and nearly all the leading merchants and public men in the country, were Scotchmen; and every one who knew them saw that they were cut out by nature and training for leaders.

The old North-West Company had broken down before its great rival, the Hudson Bay Company, and the times when its partners were the great men of Montreal had passed away; but their influence on the manners and customs of the city still remained at the date we speak of, and that unhappily was far from good.

The first steamboats that navigated the St. Lawrence, namely, the "Malsham" and the "Car of Commerce," had been superseded by new and superior boats, such as the "John Molson," the "Quebec," and the "Swiftsure," which made the trip from Quebec to Montreal in two or three days, according to circumstances. These vessels not only carried passengers and freight, but served also as tow-boats. Canada was greatly indebted to the enterprise and perseverance of Mr. Molson in the steamboat line; as he not only began to use steam on the St. Lawrence nearly as early as it was used on the Clyde or Hudson, but he was continually making improvements in the rapid succession of new boats which he built. It was pleasantly narrated of his first steamboat that he had to keep several yoke of oxen at Hochelaga to tow her up the Current St. Mary; ox-power being in those days required to supplement steam-power at a pinch. Mr. Molson was so enthusiastic about his boats that he was wont to superintend the loading of them personally, and was particularly careful to aid in driving on board any cattle or pigs that were sent forward to the Quebec market.

At the period of which I am writing (1826-7) the Methodist Church stood where the Montreal Insurance Company's building now stands, in Great St. James street; and the gospel was eloquently preached in it by the Rev. Mr. Alder. There were some remarkable revivals in that Church, the demonstrations at which were the theme of general, and often very flippant, conversation, as such things were then new in Lower Canada.

The Rev. Mr. Christmas was earnestly laboring in the American Presbyterian Church, then just erected, and establishing Sabbath-schools and other agencies for good. To Mr. Christmas, Montreal owes much. He was a man of saintly, earnest, loving disposition, something like McCheyne; and, like

him, he was eminently successful in his labors. It was Mr. Christmas who introduced the Temperance Reformation into Montreal, at a public meeting held in the St. Peter Street Scotch Presbyterian Church,—another of our public edifices which has passed away. This meeting, which was held in 1828, was thinly attended, but Mr. Christmas's address was most convincing. At the close, he exhorted all present to sign the pledge, and form a Society to discountenance the drinking usages; and, descending from the pulpit, he was the first to sign it himself, thus setting an example of acting in accordance with his own teaching, which is at all times influential. He was followed by Jacob DeWitt, Esq., and some forty others, of whom we think D. P. Janes and Benjamin Lyman are probably the only survivors.

The St. Peter Street Church, to which I have referred, had been under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Easton; but in the fall of 1826, Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Mathieson became the pastor, and continued there till the new St. Andrew's Church on Beaver Hill was built; where he has continued to minister to this present, enjoying, during that long time, the uninterrupted love of his people and the respect of the public. The Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Christ's Church Cathedral, is the only other minister in the city dating from the same, or perhaps even an earlier year; and he, also, is full of honor and public respect.

At the time of which we write, the Rev. Mr. Esson and the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Black were the joint-ministers of St. Gabriel Street Church, the oldest Protestant Church in Montreal, which still stands as a monument of the religious zeal of the early Protestant inhabitants of the city.

Of the Churches standing in 1826, only the Bonsecours Church and St. Gabriel Street Church remain. The following, which were then standing, have all passed away: the French Church, the Bishop's Church, and the Recollet Church, the English (Christ's) Church, the Methodist Church, the St. Peter Street Presbyterian, and the American Church. There have likewise been several churches built since then, which have also disappeared,—namely, Trinity Church; the Congrega-

tional Church, St. Maurice Street; the Baptist Church and St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, St. Helen Street; and the U. P. Church, Lagauchetiere Street. It is scarcely necessary to add that these churches have been replaced by much larger and finer edifices, in parts of the city more suitable for their respective congregations. The old French Church has been succeeded by the present Parish Church; the Bishop's Church, by St. James's Church, on the same site, St. Denis Street; the Recollet Church, by St. Patrick's; Christ's Church, Notre Dame Street, by Christ Church Cathedral in Union Avenue; Trinity Church, St. Paul Street, by Trinity Church, Viger Square; the small Methodist Church, by the Great St. James Street Wesleyan Church; St. Andrew's Church, St. Peter's Street, by St. Andrew's Church, Beaver Hall Hill; St. Paul's Church, St. Helen Street, by an immense edifice now erecting on St. Catherine Street; the U. P. Church, Lagauchetiere Street, by Erskine Church, St. Catherine Street; the Congregational Church, St. Maurice Street, by Zion Church; the Baptist Church, St. Helen Street, by that on Beaver Hall Hill. To these have also been added, at various times, a considerable number of new Churches in different parts of the city.

The United Presbyterian Church, the Congregational Church, and the Baptist Church, had no existence in 1826; nor, I think, till about the year 1832, when the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Taylor, gathered a Secession (afterwards a U. P.) congregation, to which he still ministers in Erskine C. P. Church. The Rev. Mr. Gilmore gathered a Baptist Church, and the Rev. Mr. Miles a Congregational Church, about the same year. The last of these early ministers of this city went to the Townships, where he died some years ago; and Mr. Gilmore became pastor of the Baptist Church in Peterboro, and Superintendent of Indian Missions.

Trinity Church, where the evangelical and earnest Mr. Willoughby ministered, was built on St. Paul Street East, and in it he gathered that wonderful Sabbath-school which has since been so zealously and ably perpetuated in St. George's Church. The first Sabbath-school in Montreal, however, was gathered in 1816, by Miss Lucy Hedge, afterwards Rev. Mrs. Wilkes.

(To be Continued.)

THE SUN.

BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

How shall I attempt to convey to you any conception of the scale on which the great work of warming and lighting is carried on in the sun? It is not by large words that it can be done. All "word painting" must break down, and it is only by bringing before you the consideration of great facts in the simplest language, that there is any chance of doing it. In the very outset, here is the greatest fact of all—the enormous waste, or what appears to us to be a waste—the excessive, exorbitant prodigality of diffusion of the sun's light and heat. No doubt it is a great thing to light and warm the whole surface of our globe. Then look at such globes as Jupiter, and Saturn, and the others. This, as you will soon see, is something astounding; but then look what a trifling space they occupy in the whole sphere of diffusion, around the sun. Conceive that little globe of the earth, such as we have described it, in comparison with our six feet sphere, removed 12,000 of its own diameters,—that is to say, 210 yards from the centre of such a sphere (for that would be the relative size of its orbit),—why it would be an invisible point, and would require a strong telescope to be seen at all as a thing having size and shape. It occupies only the 75,000th part of the circumference of the circle which it describes about the sun. So that 75,000 of such earths at that distance, and in that circle, placed side by side, would all be equally well warmed and lighted—and, then, that is only in one plane! But there is the whole sphere of space above and below, unoccupied; at any single point of which, if an earth were placed at the same distance, it would receive the same amount of light and heat. Take all the planets together great and small; the light and heat they receive is only one 227,000,000th part of the whole quantity thrown out by the sun. All the rest escapes into free space, and is lost among the stars; or does there some other work that we know nothing about. Of the small fraction thus utilized in our system, the earth takes for its share only one 10th part, or less than one 2000-millionth part of the whole supply.

THE BOBOLINK'S SONG.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

The sun was sinking to the west,
The weary world lay down to rest,
In all the calm of Sabbath evening,
So still and tranquil, so hushed and blest.

The maple-trees, in shady rows,
Stood in their motionless repose
Between me and the jasper sunset,
Aglow with its crystal, gold, and rose.

And soft across the summer air,
The church-bells flung their call to prayer
But in my heart they woke no echo,
For it was weary and full of care.

More calmly sweet the evening grew,
Across the grass a bobolink flew;
Low bent the stem on which he lighted,
Like a fragile flower o'erfilled with dew.

The full, rich music of the bird
Uttered a sweet, consoling word:
"Be of good cheer!" was the loving message,
As if down-dropped from the sky, I heard.

I looked to see an angel near,
But once more sang, so full and clear,
The little bird on the waving blossom,
"Be of good cheer! Oh, be of good cheer!"

Flute-like and low, from far away,
Another voice took up the lay;
And then another, as rich and tender,
The comforting message seemed to say.

And more than chanted hymn or psalm
That music shed a healing balm.
The weary inward strife was over,
And I felt the soothing touch of calm.

"I thank Thee, O my Lord!" I said,
"For Thou has heard and comforted;
And when my heart was faint and burdened,
The blessing of rest and strength hast shed."

Since then, when, floating to and fro,
The bobolinks sing so sweet and low,
I hail them as unconscious angels,
And I bless them since they blessed me so.

—N. Y. Independent.

EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

(From All the Year Round for July.)

In 1803, the year after the discovery of Colonel Despard's conspiracy in England, Robert Emmet, the son of a Dublin physician, an impulsive young enthusiast, who had been for some years in voluntary exile in France, returned to Ireland with the purpose of initiating a second insurrection. Robert's elder brother, Thomas, a barrister, also an exile, and also eager for Irish independence, had met him at Amsterdam, and filled him with delusive hopes.

"If I get ten counties to rise," the dreamer said to a friend, "ought I to go on?"

"You ought if you get five, and you will succeed," was the answer.

Emmet was a handsome, sanguine, high-spirited, eloquent young man, of fine talents, great energy, and chivalrous courage; but led away by impetuous passions to a belief in a palpable impossibility. He had entered the Dublin University at sixteen, and had even then been notorious for his wild republicanism. Moore the poet mentions him as his colleague at a juvenile debating-club, and, even then, in great repute, not only for his learning and eloquence, but for the purity of his life and the grave suavity of his manner. The dangerous subjects propounded by these hot-headed young politicians were such as, "whether an aristocracy or democracy is more favorable to the advancement of science and literature;" and "whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey his commanding-officer." The object of these stripling conspirators was to praise the French republic, and to denounce England by insuendo or open sedition. The students were fired by recollections of Plutarch's heroes and Plato's Utopia; there were often real wrongs enacting before their eyes; their own fathers and brothers had been slain or hung; and, looking across the water, they could see French sympathizers stretching out their hands with promises of aid. The conclusion of one of Emmet's boyish speeches shows how much of the William Tell there was even then in his heart:

"When a people, advancing rapidly in knowledge and power," said the debating-club orator, "perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? Why, pull the government up to the people."

Next day Emmet was struck off the college roll, and the plotting publicans and farmers were glad of a gentleman leader.

From a portrait of Emmet in latter life, we can picture him in '98 with his tall, ascetic figure, his long Napoleonian face, and his thin, soft hair brushed down over his high forehead. In 1802, care and thought had bent his brows into a too habitual frown, had compressed his lips, and turned down the outer angles of his mouth to a painful and

malign expression; but still, bend the brows or tighten the lips as time might, the face was always the face of a man of singular courage, and of acute though unbalanced genius.

There is a story told of this young politician in early life, that proved his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid cooling powder. He immediately discovered his mistake, and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote,—chalk. Timid men would instantly have torn at the bell, roused all the family, and sent for a stomach-pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise; but, stealing down stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there, and took sufficient doses of it to neutralize the poison.

In 1798, when that self-willed and reckless, but still generous and single-hearted, young officer, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commenced to conspire against the English government, the two Emmets conspired with the United Irishmen, and Thomas the barrister was seized, with the other Leinster delegates. That seizure added the whole conspiracy as far as Dublin was concerned. Thomas Emmet said before the Secret Committee of Safety, that he was sure that Lord Edward would have ceased to arm and discipline the people the moment their wrongs were redressed, and force had become unnecessary. He denied that the conspirators had any intention of murdering the English judges and noblemen: they wished only to have held them as hostages for the conduct of England. At that same committee, Thomas Emmet told the Lord Chancellor boldly to his face, that the '98 insurrection had been produced by the oppressive free quarters granted to the soldiers and yeomanry, the burning of houses, the tortures, and the military executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow. There is no doubt that the cruelties of Vinegar Hill and Wexford, led to retaliations almost as cruel. The yeomanry, half of them raw lads, flushed with newly acquired power, and savage because their families had either

suffered or been in danger, were often brutal and ruthless; innocent persons were shot, and harmless persons were plundered. Juries were too eager to condemn; judges inclined always to death. The chance had come to bleed the rebels, and the lancet was keen and cut deep.

In the prisons, well-born and refined men, like Thomas Emmet, suffered cruelly. The cells were crowded and unhealthy; the jailers, insolent and cruel. There was no discipline, and the thieves' orgies were interrupted only by the tolling of the death-bell. In such a den, the brave wife of this sincere but misguided man immured herself for twelve months, refusing to go out unless dragged away by force; only once stealing out at night, and in disguise (by the connivance of the jailer's wife, whose rough nature she had softened by her tears), to visit a sick child, for whom her heart was almost breaking. The sufferings of his brother and his brother's wife no doubt increased Emmet's hatred to the existing government more even than all the sabreings and platoon-firing in Wicklow and Wexford. The Union bill passed in 1801, after Grattan's scornful and passionate invectives; and Lord Castlereagh's triumph and cold arrogance frenzied the United Irishmen, and drove such men as Emmet to believe in open insurrection as their only hope.

Wolfe Tone has spoken highly of the talents of the Emmet family. He described Thomas Emmet as a man of great and comprehensive mind and a warm heart, one who would adhere to his principles through all sacrifices, and even to death. Of another brother, Grattan said: "Temple Emmet, before he came to the bar, knew more law than any of the judges on the bench; and he would have answered better both in law and divinity than any judge or bishop of the land." The heart of the young conspirator, fresh from exile, burned as he heard with perfect faith all the exaggerated stories of the recent Protestant cruelties. He remembered the promises of the French plotters; he did not foresee that Napoleon was too selfish and too busy just then to do much for Ireland; money was scarce, merchants were timid, the peasantry was cowed and scared; the Presbyterians were incensed by the cruelties at Wexford, and the Catholics distrustful

of the north. Ardent and impetuous, Emmet had returned, eager to draw the sword, about the same time, and probably in conjunction with an Irish officer named Russell, who had been released from Fort George after the troubles of '98, on condition of his transporting himself out of his Majesty's dominions, and who had now returned with a secret French commission as general-in-chief.

This Russell was a religious enthusiast, a wild interpreter of prophecies. He was to head an insurrection in Down and Antrim contemporaneously with a landing of the French in Scotland, and with Emmet's seizure of Dublin Castle.

To other motives for ambition, Robert Emmet now (in 1803) added the strongest of any. He fell in love, with all the passion of his vehement nature; he had won the heart of a daughter of that great forensic orator, Curran. Mr. Curran was irresolute in the cause of the United Irishmen, and he did not share in the dreams of the handsome young enthusiast. The prairie was ready to light, but the fire had still to be put. The lives of thousands of rash men were dependent on the momentary caprice of this fugitive, who, led away by enthusiasm, would have seen ten thousand men fall dead by his side, nor have felt a moment's regret, if he could only have planted the green flag and "Sunburst" on the walls of Dublin Castle, and have filled its cells with English prisoners. The one idea had grown dominant, and he had now braced himself to make the Curtius' leap. On his first return, he had taken the name of Hewitt, and hidden himself in the house of a Mrs. Palmer, at Harold's Cross. There he corresponded with the leading conspirators, and sketched out his rough plans. On the 24th of March, 1803, he went with a Mr. Dowdall, who had been formerly secretary to the Whig Club, and contracted for a house at a place called Butterfield-lane, near Rathfarnham. But their mysterious and stealthy movements soon exciting suspicion, and the spot not being central enough, they soon left there. About the end of April, when Ireland's meadows began "the wearing of the green" more luxuriantly and rebelliously than ever, Emmet's friends took for their young leader a roomy malt-house in Marshal's alley, Thomas street, which had

been long unoccupied. It was a retired place the space was ample; above all, it was central and near the heart of the city, at which the first desperate blow was to be struck. There he lodged, while men were forging pike-heads, moulding cartridges, running bullets, stitching green and scarlet-faced uniforms, hemming green flags, and filling rocket-cases,—taking only a few hurried hours of sleep on a mattress, when, exhausted in mind and body, he sank back amid the clang of the hammers and the clatter and exultation of twenty hard-working associates. In one depot alone, this indefatigable conspirator had accumulated forty-five pounds of cannon-powder, eleven boxes of fine powder, one hundred bottles quilted with musket-balls and bound with canvas, two hundred and forty-six ink-bottles filled with powder and encircled with buck-shot, to be used as hand-grenades, sixty-two thousand rounds of ball-cartridges, three bushels of musket-balls, heaps of tow mixed with tar and gunpowder for burning houses, twenty thousand pikes, bundles of sky-rockets for signals, and many hollow beams filled with combustibles. The arms were stored in various depots through the city, but chiefly in Mass lane and Marshal's alley. The White Bull Inn, in Thomas street, was a haunt of the conspirators; and there tailors and other workmen were made drunk, decoyed to the depot, and forced to lend their aid. Spies and suspected persons found lurking near the depots were lured in and detained. The volcano would soon burst out: the hidden fires were already foaming upwards towards the surface.

When already the police agents were beginning to have glimpses of danger, and to patrol the bridges and quays of Dublin armed, an accident had almost betrayed Emmet's plans. An explosion took place at one of the depots in Patrick street during the manufacture of some gunpowder. Those who know the recklessness of the lower orders of Irish, especially under excitement, may easily guess the cause of the accident. Some of the workmen, in the absence of their foreman, would smoke over a barrel of gunpowder; or some rebel smiths would hammer at the red-hot pike-heads, and drive the sparks to where their comrades were filling rocket-cases. The half-drunken rebels were suddenly

astonished by a burst of flame and a roar of momentary thunder. One man, in dashing up to a window to escape suffocation, gashed open an artery in his arm, fell back, and bled to death. A companion was taken prisoner by the police, who instantly rushed in. Luckily, however, for Emmet, Major Sirr and the Dublin police, over-secure, were pacified by lies and misrepresentations, and the government took no alarm. The levees at the Castle went on as usual, though there were still rumors of a "rising" that made the Lord-Lieutenant order the patrols of certain stations to be doubled.

In the mean time, Robert Emmet was racked with fears and anxieties, and with sorrow for the recent loss of life (strange contradiction in a man who was about to send thousands to death). He dreaded detection just as the great enterprise was about to bear fruit. He moved now for the third time, hiding in the depot at Mass lane. There, with feverish restlessness, he spent all day, urging on the blacksmiths and bullet-makers, and at night slept for an hour at a time, when exhausted, between the forge and the rocket-makers' table.

There were not yet more than eighty or a hundred conspirators actively engaged with Emmet, Dowdall, and Quigley; but these men firmly believed all Dublin—nay, all Ireland—would rise when once they emerged from the depot, and their young Hannibal had shouted in the streets the first "Erin go bragh!" There was too much of Hamlet about Emmet for such an enterprise as this; he had not the experience of men or the power of command requisite to conduct such a revolt. He was too sanguine, too credulous, too mild and tender-hearted, too trustful, too easily deceived by promises and pretences. He did not know how the nation had suffered in '98, and how humbled it was since the defeats of that year. He was not one of those Cæsar-like beings who over-rule other men's wills, and magnetize all with whom they come into contact. Some of his associates, fearing discovery, proposed at once flying to arms; others thought action still premature. Seven days were spent in these debates; at last it was agreed to surprise the arsenals near the city, and take the Castle by a *coup*

de main. As in '98, the mail-coaches were also to be stopped on the same day, as a signal for the country to rise.

Imagine the feelings of this man,—to-day a fugitive skulking from Major Sirr and his armed agents; to-morrow, as he thought to be, the patriot chief who was to restore liberty to Ireland! To-morrow the lover of Sarah Curran would clasp his beloved to his breast, and be greeted by her father as a conqueror and a victor. To-morrow England, France, Europe, the world, would know his name,—the good and free to bless, the weak and wicked to curse and execrate it. In such a fever of conflicting passions, Emmet drew up an impetuous manifesto from "The Provisional Government to the People of Ireland." It concluded thus:

"Countrymen of all descriptions! let us act with union and concert; all sects—Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian—are equally and indiscriminately embraced in the benevolence of our object; repress, prevent, and discourage excesses, pillage, and intoxication; let each man do his duty, and remember that, during public agitation, inaction becomes a crime; be no other competition known than that of doing good; remember against whom you fight,—your oppressors for six hundred years; remember their massacres, their tortures; remember your murdered friends, your burned houses, your violated females; keep in mind your country, to whom we are now giving her high rank among nations; and in the honest terror of feeling, let us all exclaim, that as, in the hour of her trial, we serve this country, so may God serve us in that which will be last of all!"

Towards dusk on the 23rd of July, Emmet prepared for action. He put on a general's uniform, green, laced with gold on the sleeves and skirts, and with gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and pantaloons, new boots, a cocked-hat with a white feather, a sash, a sword, and a case of pistols. About fifty men had assembled outside the depot; to these men Emmet distributed pikes and ammunition. In a moment, as if by enchantment, all the streets and alleys leading to Mass lane and Thomas street swarm with ruffians clamoring for arms, filling cartouche-boxes, pouches, bags, and pockets, loading muskets, shaking links and torches, and way-

ing swords and green flags. Already the narrow street near the rebel depot is one close-wedged, bristling mass of pikes, and into the dusky summer night-air spring every now and then signal rockets, that burst into showers of starry fire. The men are flushed with whiskey, and make the dingy houses ring with their shouts and shrieks of delight, as Emmet, dark and determined, looking like the young Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, slashes the air with his sword and waves his white-plumed hat. In Dirty lane the insurgents, already numbering five hundred or more, fire off their blunderbusses and pistols, heedless of alarming the garrison they were intent on surprising.

One of Emmet's own coadjutors describes this moment very vividly :

"About six o'clock, Emmet, Malachy, one or two others, and myself, put on our green uniforms, trimmed with gold lace, and selected our arms. The insurgents, who had all day been well plied with whiskey, began to prepare for commencing an attack upon the Castle; and, when all was ready, Emmet made an animated address to the conspirators. At eight o'clock precisely, we sallied out of the depot, and when we arrived in Thomas street the insurgents gave three deafening cheers.

"The consternation excited by our presence defies description. Every avenue emptied its curious hundreds, and almost every window exhibited half a dozen inquisitive heads; while peaceable shopkeepers ran to their doors, and beheld with amazement a lawless band of armed insurgents, in the midst of a peaceable city, an hour at least before dark. The scene at first might have appeared amusing to a careless spectator, from the singular and dubious character which the riot wore; but when the rocket ascended and burst over the heads of the people, the aspect of things underwent an immediate and wonderful change. The impulse of the moment was self-preservation; and those who, a few minutes before, seemed to look on with vacant wonder, now assumed a face of horror, and fled with precipitation. The wish to escape was simultaneous; and the eagerness with which the people retreated from before us impeded their flight, as they crowded upon one another in the entrance of alleys, court-ways,

and lanes, while the screams of women and children were frightful and heart-rending.

"'To the Castle!' cried our enthusiastic leader, drawing his sword, and his followers appeared to obey; but when we reached the market-house, our adherents had wonderfully diminished, there not being more than twenty insurgents with us.

"'Fire the rocket!' cried Malachy.

"'Hold a while,' said Emmet, snatching the match from the man's hand who was about applying it. 'Let no lives be unnecessarily lost. Run back and see what detains the men.'

"Malachy obeyed; and we remained near the market-house, waiting their arrival, until the soldiers approached."

The night was dark; the excitement along the quays, in the swarming "Liberty," and below the Castle, was tremendous. There is no excitement so wild as Irish excitement. Bands of pikemen were marching to various points of the city, and others were rushing, open-mouthed, to the depots for arms and powder. Already drums were beating at the Castle and in the various barrack-yards, and patches of scarlet were moving towards the spot where rockets were sprung and guns discharged.

That night Lord Kilwarden, chief-justice of the King's Bench, an amiable and just old lawyer, who had never lent himself to such ruthless severities as Lord Norbury and other partisans, had smilingly dressed at his country-house, and, trim, powdered, and in full evening dress, handed his daughter, Miss Wolfe, into his carriage, and, with his nephew, a clergyman, driven cheerful and chatty to a party at the Castle. All the stories of this good and worthy man redound to his credit. In 1795, when he was attorney-general, a number of striplings and boys were indicted for high treason. The poor lads appeared in court wearing those open collars and frilled tuckers made familiar to us by Gainsborough's pictures. As Kilwarden entered the court, the Jeffreys of that day called out brutally :

"Well, Mr. Attorney, I suppose you are ready to go on with the trials of these tuckered traitors?"

Generously indignant and disgusted at hearing such language from the representative of divine justice, Kilwarden replied :

"No, my lord, I am not ready."

Then, stooping down to the prisoners' counsel, he whispered:

"If I have any power to save the lives of these boys, whose extreme youth I did not before know, that man shall never have the gratification of passing sentence upon a single one of these tuckered traitors."

The large-hearted man was as good as his word. He procured pardons for all the prisoners on condition of their voluntarily expatriating themselves. One lad alone obstinately refused to accept pardon on such a condition, and was tried, convicted, and executed.

The relatives of that unhappy boy persisted in considering their kinsman as an especial, selected victim, and swore vengeance against the good old judge. On this unfortunate summer night the carriage got embedded in the mob; the pikemen soon closed round it; pistols and blunderbusses were held to the head of the powdered coachman, sunk deeper than usual into his seat with fear, and at the heads of the footmen clustering behind. There was a murderous cry, and a pikeman named Shannon tore open the door of the carriage. It was Shannon, a relation of the boy who would be hanged.

"It is I, Kilwarden, chief-justice of the King's Bench!" the old nobleman blandly cries, as he tried to calm the fears of his frightened daughter.

"Then you're the man I want," roars Shannon, and digs his pike into the old lord's chest. Before it is withdrawn, half a dozen other weapons met the old man's body, and he is trampled underfoot. His daughter, alone and unattended, breaks through the pitying crowd, and is the first to enter the Castle, and sobbingly relate the horrors of that cruel night. Kilwarden's nephew was pursued and piked.

(To be Continued.)

—A four-year-old went to church on the Sabbath, and when he got home his grandmother asked him what the minister said.

"Don't know," said he; "he didn't speak to me."

A good many older people might answer in the same way.

THE BOUNDLESS BENEFICENCE OF THE CREATOR.

The following striking thoughts are from one of the late sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, reported in the *N. Y. Methodist* :—

"If you go into a man's house, though you may not see him, you know something of him; and you know something of the woman who is the housekeeper. If you go into a painter's studio, and see what subjects he is moved to deal with, you see something of the man himself. If you go to a student's table, and see what topics he likes to think upon, you learn something of his nature. If you go into a dwelling and behold order and neatness, and taste in arrangement, you do not need to be told that you see disposition indicated by material things. If you see uncleanliness, untidiness, and disorder, you do not simply see filth and a want of order,—you see a mind that was not pained by disorder and uncleanliness. If you see, on the other hand, beauty and attractiveness, you do not see these alone, but instantly and spontaneously say: 'Ah! some one lives here that knows how to live.'

"Years ago, when I travelled in the West, there were hotels there which they called *houses of entertainment*. There was a choice between these hotels and the barn; but it usually lay with the barn. I used to ride frequently several hours rather than to take the first that I met. I watched for houses with flowers in the window. I looked for houses that had something of a yard. For when I found a flower, I found a woman that loved flowers; and when I found a woman that loved flowers, I found a woman that had a natural element of refinement about her. There was something beautiful in her. Now, the flower was not merely a flower to me: it was the sign of a person that had a certain kind of disposition.

"When I look into nature, I see—what? Not sticks, not stones, not flowers, not trees,—I see Him that made them. I see things that were created by Christ Jesus. When I look upon the heavens of the natural world, I behold Him who made the natural world. If I see frugality, narrowness of compass, want of variety, I am not mistaken as to the disposition of the creator; but if, on the other hand, I find abundance, superabundance, endless change, and endless variety, I cannot be mistaken.

"Now, we that see the revelation of nature, see God's disposition. These are his gardens; these are his fields; this is his coloring; this is his frescoing; these are his seasons; and I can, from these elements, infer his disposition, as much as I can infer a man's disposition from those things which go to make up his housekeeping. Is he not a God that does exceeding abundantly beyond what we ask or think?

"The prodigality of nature; the immensity of those agents which are at work in the natural world; the vast circuits and quantities of heat

and light, which are as much material streams as rivers are, which have poured from the bosom of the sun since the world began, without any appreciable diminution, and which have filled space far beyond the most expert calculator's measuring,—what do these peculiarities indicate, but the problem deepest, most mysterious, and most august and precious,—the height and depth and length and breadth, the infiniteness, of the love of God in Christ Jesus? Who shall measure or know what is the kindness of the divine heart?

"A child goes with a cup to the side of the ocean, and ladles out the water cupful by cupful, and puts it in its mimic lake; and the thought of the child is that he will measure the water in the ocean, and see how much there is. How much chance is there that he will accomplish what he undertakes? He may take out and take out water from the ocean till he has grown to his manhood, and there will be no less than when he began, and the task which he has undertaken will be no nearer to its completion.

"Now, we stand by the side of an infinite God, and attempt to measure infinity by methods that are more absurd than that of the child who attempts to measure the quantity of water in the ocean with a cup.

"I will not dwell upon God's providential bounties, whose flow for a whole life is incalculable; yet there are hours, I think to every reflective mind, when there rises up such a sense of the greatness of the way in which God has led him through life that he is overwhelmed, and it seems as though there was concentrated upon him a greater amount of thought and feeling than it is possible for the imagination to conceive. Would that we had a more frequent sense of God's bounty! I do not mean a sense of divine providential mercies merely, but a retrospect of man's individual life; of the way God has dealt with him; of the way which he has been tempted; of the way in which the divine spirit has entered into the business of his life; of the sparing mercies of God; of the dangers, unseen and suddenly disclosed, from which he has been rescued; of sicknesses of which he has been healed; of losses which have not been his destruction; of temptations which threatened to overcome him, but which, after all, were vanquished. These things, and ten thousand others that every reflective man must remember, and more that he cannot recall, cannot fail, it seems to me, to give any just man a sense of God's exceeding abundant goodness beyond asking and beyond thought.

"If any one has reared children and inducted them safely into manhood in the midst of the dangers that multiplied about them, and the troubles that beset them, and the temptations that surrounded them, and the liabilities to evil that contested their way, it seems to me that he must be a stone, in looking back upon his household, not to be overwhelmed with a sense of the multitudinousness of God's mercies. I think that there is nothing in this world that

one, in founding a family, should be more thankful for than the successful establishment of children in it, from youth to ripe and virtuous manhood. A man may do many things in this world that are deserving of praise; but there are few things that he can do that are more deserving of praise than, dying, to leave his name with some six or eight or ten others who shall fill his place, and who shall maintain virtue, and intelligence, and good habits throughout their lives."

ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

We copy the following strange story of Martin Van Buchell and Sir John Dinley, from *Cassell's Magazine* for July:—

"There are no queer people now,—no extraordinary characters, no singular beings. Society seems to have been brought, somehow, to a kind of dead or living level, so that for one of its members to be an original, is considered to qualify him for Colney Hatch. The records of some of the queer people who claimed attention before we were born are still to be found in odd pamphlets and dog's-eared volumes at the doors of second-hand booksellers, or may be occasionally gathered from the recitals of old-fashioned folks with pleasant memories of their youth, before table-turning superseded the ordeal of the Bible and key, and when Johanna Southcote had not yet given place to Brigham Young.

"Who would now consult a doctor if he exhibited the eccentricities of the once famous Martin Van Buchell? and yet worthy Martin was very nearly being appointed dentist to the king. There are queer people amongst our doctors still, but this queerness is of rather a more private character. They don't ride on a rough pony painted of a piebald pattern, nor do they advertise that ladies in delicate health may receive great benefit from purchasing hairs from their beards. The father of Van Buchell was tapestry-maker to King George the Second, so that the future doctor may be said to have been born under the shadow of the court, and he commenced his career as groom of the chamber of Lady Talbot, in whose service he saved money enough to enable him to commence the 'study of mechanics and medicine,' the latter under the tuition of William and John Hunter. Like many other medical aspirants, Van Buchell first appeared as a dentist, and was so successful that he is said to have received as much as eighty guineas for a set of false teeth; but he also devoted himself to mechanical inventions connected with surgery, as well as patent stirrups and other contrivances long since forgotten.

"The most extraordinary freak of this eccentric philosopher was exhibited after the death of his first wife, from whom he was so unwilling to part that he had her body embalmed, and for a long time kept it in a glass case, in the drawing-room, where numbers of persons went to see it, and in order to account for such a strange whim

invented a report that he was entitled by a clause in a will to certain money so long as his wife 'remained above ground.'

"His was a queer household: but little meat and no fermented drink was allowed; at all events, he partook of none of the latter, though he may have winked at the consumption by his wife, for he made it a rule to take his dinner alone, and whistled when he wanted anything.

"He was twice married, and on each occasion gave his wife the choice of wearing either white or black clothes from that time thenceforth. The first chose black, the second white, so that he had an opportunity of discovering which was most becoming; but neither of them appeared in colors. His own appearance was not a little singular, and, as at one period he took a fancy for selling cakes, nuts, apples, and gingerbread at his street-door in Mount street, Berkeley Square, he became, perhaps, rather more notorious than famous, although there was really a certain dignity about his fine flowing beard in days when everybody shaved clean. Imagine him, however, on a gray pony untrimmed and undocked (for his objection to hair-cutting extended to the clipping of animals), with a shallow, narrow-brimmed hat, rusty with age, a brown coat, and unblackened boots; his steed, not only decorated with streaks and spots of black, green, or purple, but furnished, by way of head-gear, with a sort of spring blind, which could be let down over the animal's eyes in case of his taking fright, or to conceal any particular object at which he was likely to shy.

"Van Buchell was said to be really skillful, and might have attained to a first-rate practice but for his extraordinary whims; one of which was that he would never visit his patients. The motto which appeared in all his advertisements was, 'I go to none'; and it is reported that he once refused a fee of five hundred guineas offered by an eminent lawyer who desired him to come and prescribe for him.

"His advertisements were even more whimsical than his appearance, and yet they had in them flashes of humorous common sense. One of them was in the form of an address to George the Third, and set forth that 'Your majesty's petitioner about ten years ago had often the high honor, before your majesty's nobles, of conversing with your majesty, face to face, when we were hunting of the stag in Windsor Forest.' It was certainly true that the ingenious eccentricities of the doctor very often attracted the notice of his sovereign. He was, in fact, just the person to whom George the Third was likely to be communicative on a chance meeting; and it is easy to imagine that the king was curious to discover the effects of the long beard, and willing to admire the little mechanical contrivances of the robust doctor. One of the favorite advertisements of Van Buchell was the quotation from an essay on the subject of beards. It was headed, 'Beards the Delight of Ancient Beauties,' and went on to say, 'When the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the

sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion'; and so on, narrating the story of the cropping of Louis the Seventh, the consequent divorce of Eleanor of Aquitaine, her marriage with the Count of Anjou, and the subsequent wars which ravaged France for three hundred years. In another public announcement he says, 'Let your beards grow long that ye may be strong in mind and body; leave off deforming, each himself reform.' In another and much madder effusion, he speaks of himself as having 'a handsome beard like Hippocrates,' and as 'a British Christian man, with a comely beard full eight inches long.'

"Probably few men have made more capital out of a beard than Doctor Van Buchell, though there are still many men who owe much to the appearance given to their faces by this appendage, and who would sink into comparative insignificance if they were once to be induced to shave. Their strength, like that of Samson, is in their hair, which may be said to be a preface without which they would not be able to assume so confident an address. Whether his beard or his temperate manner had most to do with it, it is certain that Van Buchell enjoyed a robust old age, and his venerable figure was well-known at the Westminster Forum, a sort of debating society of some note; but which, during the agitation caused by the writings of Paine, was suspected of having deteriorated through the opinions of some of its members. The doctor, however, always exercised the right—claimed by every individual according to the rules—of reading a chapter of the New Testament; and at that period he frequently visited Newgate for the purpose of consoling the prisoners confined there on account of seditious practices. In 1803, Doctor Van Buchell suffered a great domestic calamity in the loss of his eldest son; but he lived for some years afterwards, and there are still people who remember, as children, hearing of the house in Mount street, with its motto of, 'I go to none.'

"Do any of my readers remember Sir John Dinely, Knight of Windsor? It is scarcely probable, and yet his is a grotesque shadow not altogether disconnected with a tragedy. His father was Sir John Dinely Goodyere, who had taken the name of Dinely in consideration of the estate he held from his mother's family, and who, being on bad terms with his younger brother, Captain Samuel Dinely Goodyere, of the 'Ruby' man-of-war, threatened to disinherit him in favor of his cousin, John Foote, the elder brother of Samuel Foote the comedian. Domestic disagreements and a case in the Divorce Court had already issued in the unfortunate knight disowning his wife; and it was the fear that he might re-marry, and that an acknowledged heir should be born to the estate, that first led to the animosity of his younger brother. In order to make some attempt to reconcile the two men, a good-natured friend took the opportunity of Captain Goodyere's ship lying off Bristol, and invited them to his house to dinner. They met without quarrelling, and parted with seeming

friendship; but a few days afterwards there were rumors that the elder brother had disappeared, and, at the next sessions, Samuel Goodyere, late Captain of the 'Ruby,' was indicted for aiding and abetting in the murder of Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Baronet.

"The son of the unfortunate gentleman, who came into some portion of the family property, and seemed always to expect to make good his title to the whole, cut so strange a figure in the world that people might well wonder how so comical a person should be, as it were, the only living representative of such a tragical event. Sir John Dinely spent years in the pursuit of various ladies of fortune, until he had almost entirely exhausted his own means. By that time, and when he was a spare, middle-aged gentleman, with queer, old-fashioned, seedy garments, which yet had about them something of a court fashion, the interest of Lord North procured for him the pension and residence of a poor Knight of Windsor. His one foible—his character being quite harmless and good-natured—was a kind of amorous Platonism; all his talk and most of his amusement was in reference to his supposed proceedings to obtain a wife, until he became a public character, and his matrimonial advertisements, his old-fashioned finery, and his rather comical figure, were so well known to the public, that he became a character, and was recognized as one of the queer folks of the time. Of course his small pension made the practice of strict economy a necessity, and in Windsor he might sometimes be seen on his way from the chandler's shop carrying his own small purchases; but not without a certain dignity, which showed that he believed he was only under a temporary reverse of fortune. Very different was his appearance when he was on his way to the place where he hoped to meet some fair respondent to one of his advertisements in various country newspapers. If the day turned out to be wet, he was generally mounted on a pair of high patens, and his costume was at least half a century behind the time, consisting of an embroidered velvet waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. Perhaps the interviews and adventures which ensued from his pursuit of matrimonial fortune repaid the trouble; for numerous assignations were kept, some of them, it is feared, by practical jokers, who damaged the holiday attire of the poor vain gentleman; but he kept on advertising, and waiting and hoping for the lady who, with a fortune of not less than a thousand a year, would consent to become a baroness, and receive a settlement of a possibly contingent three hundred thousand pounds when Sir John obtained his rights.

"The old gentleman never achieved success in this strange pursuit, but died in 1803 still a Windsor pensioner; but he persevered to the last. Perhaps the fame which he had obtained, founded as it was on a sort of contemptuous amusement, became sweet to him after he had given up his hopes of an alliance. At all events, he

persisted in advertising to the last, and the terms of his proposals were not in the least abated. In one of them he says, 'As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and as the contest will be superb, honorable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love and an infant baronet.' In the *Reading Mercury* for May 24, 1802, appeared an address to 'Miss in her Teens,' saying, 'Let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies—marriageable—to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour. Pray, my young charmers, giving me a fair hearing, do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewell and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary, and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of a heroine command £300,000, and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom. In the *Ipswich Journal* of August 21, the same year, he addressed 'The Angelic Fair of the True English Breed,' and winds up by saying, 'Pull no caps on his account, but favor him with your smiles, and pears of pleasure await your steps.' These effusions were all signed, and applicants were directed to address him at his residence at Windsor. Sir John Dinely was another word for a sort of amatory Don Quixote, a man whose absurdity had something about it which gave it an *air tendre*. His great amusement—besides that of attending auctions when the poor old fellow could afford to spend a shilling or two—was an occasional visit to Vauxhall or to a London theatre. Before going to either he apprised the public of his intention by an advertisement, and always took up his position in the front row of the pit, or paraded in the most conspicuous portion of the 'Royal Gardens.' Singularly enough, his visits to these places of public entertainment were in the nature of an extra attraction, for the Sir John Dinely nights were sure to draw a large attendance, especially of the ladies, who went to see the strange, old-fashioned gentleman, with sentiments, the nature of which it would be difficult to guess, except they were, like himself, the shadow of something in which the comical was a little subdued by a sort of melancholy dignity."

— Among the jewels in the Swiss department of the Exposition, is a very handsome beetle, with diamond eyes, enamelled wings, glittering with precious gems. You touch a spring and he raises his wing-sheath and shows a watch, possibly half an inch across.

NINGPO, CHINA.

The following interesting description of the above-named city is taken from a letter in the *London Times*, dated Ningpo, May 22 :—

“Notwithstanding the complete eclipse of Ningpo as a foreign settlement by Shanghai, it is still an important place of Chinese trade, and one of the largest cities in the empire. It was at Ningpo that the first development, on a large scale, of European intercourse with China took place. As early as 1522, we read of a Portuguese settlement at the mouth of the Yung, which rapidly developed till, twenty years later, it comprised 1,200 foreign residents, a Senate-house, two churches, and two hospitals. But the outrages perpetrated by the Portuguese in the surrounding country brought this colony to an untimely end. It is related that under the rule of one Lancerote Pereira, they were in the habit of plundering the neighboring villages and carrying off not only the property, but the wives and daughters of the inhabitants. The flat accordingly went forth that the intruders and their houses were to be exterminated and destroyed, and a force of 60,000 Chinese, with 300 junks, accomplished this high behest. The East India Company next established a factory on the island of Chusan, some fifty miles from Ningpo, towards the end of the 17th century; but it was closed in 1703 as being unremunerative, and we hear little more of Ningpo till, in 1841, Sir Hugh Gough captured it and Chinbae, a fortified town at the mouth of the river, after a gallant defence of the latter by the Chinese garrison. Next year Ningpo was thrown open by treaty to foreign trade, which, however, has never attained great importance in consequence of the superior advantage of situation enjoyed by Shanghai, with which daily communication by steamer exists. It received a serious blow in the Taeping occupation, which was put an end to by Captain Dew in 1862; and foreign merchants now complain that it has reached the last extremity of dulness.

“The same cause, however, which renders it so little remunerative as a place of foreign trade, does not account for the extreme depression of native interests which is also observable. When I was in Ningpo, about twelve months ago, the streets were thronged, and closed shutters were an exception. Now the place looks almost like an English country town on a Sunday. In the most important thoroughfares, every third shop seems closed; and you can walk without being hustled where it was formerly difficult to make your way. The necessary consequence of this suspension of business is, that a number of people are thrown out of employment, and depend on the charity of their relations for subsistence. This state of affairs in China portends brigandage swelling into rebellion. Accordingly, apprehensions are entertained by the better classes of Chinese that grave disturbances may ensue if the present excessive imposts continue to be obstinately levied.

“At this juncture a new Taotai has arrived, on whom, no doubt, strong pressure will be brought to bear to induce the desired reform; for, though the Futai is the actual arbiter, the Taotai's influence and advice will be potential. But the Chinese augur ill from the vast concourse of relatives who have arrived in his Excellency's train. Eleven sons and twelve daughters aid an innumerable host of cousins, connections, and friends in crowding the Yamen to excess.

“The Anglo-Chinese force which was instrumental in expelling the Taepings from Chekiang is still kept up, under command of Colonel Cooke, though on a reduced scale. The Franco-Chinese contingent which was associated with it was disbanded immediately after peace had been restored. Its officers had not ingratiated themselves in the affections of the natives, private or official.

“But, though Ningpo offers little attraction to foreigners in the way of trade, it, or rather its neighborhood, does possess in a very high degree the attractions of landscape, and numbers of people come here from Shanghai for change of air and scene. The favorite resort is a spot among the hills, called ‘The Snowy Valley,’—why, I cannot profess to say, for there is nothing approaching snow there in summer; but there are high hills clothed with flowers, valleys rich with cultivation, and waterfalls varying in depth from 500 to 1,000 feet. One must go into the interior of this province to realize the aptitude of the term ‘Flowery Land,’ bestowed by the Chinese on their country. ‘Few,’ says Mr. Fortune, ‘can form any idea of the gorgeous and striking beauty of these azalea-clad mountains, where on every side the eye rests on masses of flowers of dazzling brightness and surpassing beauty.’ The journey to the Snowy Valley is performed by boat from Ningpo to the foot of the hills, and thence by mountain chairs to the Buddhist temple, which, like the Christian monasteries of old, gives shelter to the traveller. So long as the ascent is gradual, these chairs are by no means an unpleasant mode of progression; but in steep parts of the road, where steps have been cut to afford sure footing to the Coolies, visions of being precipitated bodily down the ravine will occur to the bravest.

“It is only at intervals, however, that the attention is sufficiently withdrawn from the surrounding scenery to notice the apparent imminence of the peril. After some months spent on the detestable mud flat which stretches a hundred miles in every direction from Shanghai, the attraction of hills clothed with luxuriant and diverse-colored azaleas, of trees shrouded in clematis, of wild rose and honeysuckle, of hill and valley, and of the river winding its tortuous way in the distance, entrance the beholder. Every necessary, from food and drink to blankets and pillows, must be taken with one. Buddhist fare would not satisfy an appetite excited by the novel freshness of mountain air. But room to any extent and for any time is at disposal. Each day an excursion may be made to a new point,

whence new scenery is visible, the magnificent cascades claiming first attention; and every one returns enchanted with his visit, and with a loudly expressed determination to go back at the earliest possible moment that the exigencies of business will permit."

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

In France there has been established a company entitled "Compagnie des Transports Universels,"—which, freely translated, means "Universal Transportation Company,"—for the purpose of building, equipping, and putting in operation an aerial ship, invented and patented in that country by M. Vanisse.

The inventor compares his ship to a great ocean clipper, and sets forth the essential requisites which have been studied in its construction, as follows:—1st, Capability of sailing alike over plains and hills out of contact with the ground; 2nd, Convenient means of ascent and descent for embarkation and disembarkation; 3rd, The utilizing of the wind as a means of propulsion, but with the faculty of tacking in either direction; 4th, Facility for ascent and descent without losing gas or ballast, not only to cause the elevation of the balloon to a proper mean height, but to search for favorable currents and to get out of stormy regions.

The machine is described as composed of an immense frame of very strong but light construction, of elongated form and of greater breadth than height, and of which the interior is divided longitudinally into three large compartments or series of compartments, the outer ones to contain the ascensional force distributed in so large a number of balloons as to avoid accidents from bursting or other cause which might compromise safety, and the central one to contain the travellers and the necessary organs and apparatus for propulsion and direction. Two screw propellers, placed in the rear, serve both to propel the ship in calms, and to cause its ascent or descent obliquely, without loss of gas or ballast, when the change of arrangement of the centre of gravity has given a certain inclination to the ship. There are also two lateral screws arranged forward, to be used independently of each other, for the purpose, either alone or aided by the sails, of causing the machine to

move obliquely to the currents, like a ship tacking on the sea. The power to be employed in working the screws is not stated. Below the lower gallery there is a small boat, which is to be lowered for the reception of passengers and raised up into a central well to take the passengers on board. The numerous gas-balloons are attached to the inner or principal part of the frame, the outer part of the frame serving to sustain an exterior covering. The balloons are in communication with pumps and reservoirs in the central hold.

On each side of the ship are lateral sectional sails, the sections of which are movable to moderate the vertical movements of ascent and descent and to co-operate in the oblique movements; they also serve as keels. There are also sails above and below, like the main sails of a sloop, which are manœuvred as in navigating the sea, to obtain from the wind a propulsive force and to tack in other directions.

GIVE THE BEST REASON.—Parents should be careful to give the best reason to their children. By so doing they will gain more respect for their authority, and so a readier obedience will be rendered. To illustrate: a child wishes to do something on the Sabbath day which it ought not to do. The parent says "no," and gives such reasons as these: "I am afraid you will hurt yourself;" or, "Other children don't do so;" or, "Your father doesn't wish you to do it." Even christian parents sometimes give such reasons, when they might give better ones. Is it to be wondered at that so many controversies arise between parents and their children? Let the best reason be given first, and let that be sufficient. Children ought to be taught that the Sabbath is God's day, and that he has commanded that it shall not be used as other days, but be kept. Why then mention any other reason for not spending the Lord's day as other days are spent, before this,—that it is displeasing to God?

FROST PICTURES.

Wonderful pictures—silver white—
Gleam on the window panes to-night:
Stately forests, and orchard trees,
Birds and blossoms, and honey bees.
No one can tell how the pictures grow—
Wonderful pictures—pure as snow.

—Little Corporal.

SELECTED RECIPES.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick fine red, but long ripe, currants from the stem; bruise them, and strain the juice from a quart at a time through a thin muslin; wring it gently to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, cover it with tissue paper as directed. Glass should be tempered by keeping it in warm water for a short time before pouring any hot liquid into it, otherwise it will crack.

To make currant jelly without boiling, press the juice from the currants and strain it; to every pint put a pound of fine white sugar; mix them together, until the sugar is dissolved; then put it in jars, seal them, and expose them to a hot sun for two or three days.

CANNING FRUIT.—Mrs. Powers, of Oswego county, N. Y., gives the following plain directions: "I will suppose cans are all ready. I prefer cans with glass covers. I scald the fruit in a large tin pan, with juice or water to cover it. Put half a teacup of cold water into every can, and fill up with hot water; put the covers and rubbers also into hot water. Now empty a can and fill full with hot fruit, and then another. Let them stand open till the hand can be held upon them without burning. As soon as filled, cut writing-paper the size of the can, one for each, and when cool slip one over the fruit entirely, and fill up the can on top of the paper with boiling juice, and seal at once. The papers keep the fruit from rising to the top of the liquid. There is no use of setting cans in water to heat them, or of putting them into quilted bags: it is too troublesome. I let the fruit shrink, and then fill up to the cover as close as possible. Ladies must be governed by their own common sense."

To PICKLE GHERKINS.—Keep them in strong brine till they are yellow, then take them out and turn on hot spiced vinegar,

and keep them in a warm place until they turn green; then turn off the vinegar and add a fresh supply of hot spiced vinegar.

MINUTE PUDDING.—For a small family, take one quart of sweet milk, heat to a boiling, add a table-spoonful of salt, then stir in common flour, sprinkling with the hand as for a hasty pudding, stirring rapidly until the flour is well mixed with the milk. To be eaten with butter and molasses. It may be improved by adding one or two beaten eggs on removing from the fire, in which case less flour should be used.

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

PLAIN PUDDING.—One quart of milk, five table-spoonful of maizena, four ounces of sugar, heat the milk and sugar to boiling, then add the maizena, it having previously been well dissolved in a part of the milk cold, boil two or three minutes, stirring it briskly; flavor to taste and pour the pudding into moulds; when cold, turn it out and serve with cold stewed fruit, preserves, or jellies, as a sauce.

BERWICK SPONGE-CAKE.—Beat six eggs two minutes, add three cups of sugar and beat five minutes; two cups of flour with two teaspoons of cream of tartar, and beat two minutes; one cup of water, with a teaspoon of soda, and beat one minute; add a little salt, the grated peel and half the juice of a lemon, and two more cups of flour, beating all together another minute. Observe the time exactly, and bake in rather deep pans.

To SWEEP CARPETS.—Much-used carpets are often swept with a wet broom, to prevent dust from rising; a better way is to sprinkle paper, tear to shreds, and scatter over the carpet; when sweeping, the paper rolls up and takes the dust with it.

A TIGER STORY.

Lucy and Fanny were two little girls, who lived with their papa and mamma in London. When Lucy was six, and Fanny five years old, their uncle George came home from India. This was a great joy to them; he was so kind, and had so much to tell them about far-away places, and strange people, and animals, and things, such as they had never seen. They never wearied of hearing his stories, and he did not seem either to weary of them.

One day, after dinner, they both climbed on his knees, and Lucy said:—

“Oh, uncle, do tell us a tiger story! We have seen a living tiger in the Zoological Gardens, and what a fierce-looking animal it was! We were afraid to go near the bars of its iron house. Uncle, did you ever see them in India?”

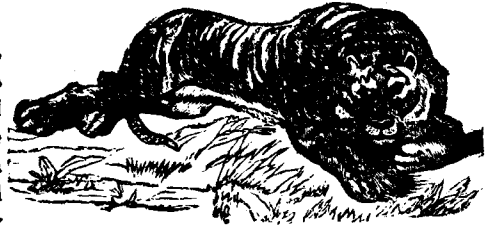
“Yes, indeed I have, both alive and dead; and very fierce they were.”

“Do tell us about them, then, uncle. Do not the tigers sometimes run away with little children?”

“Yes, if they are very hungry, and can get near them without being seen. I will tell you a story about a tiger and a baby, which happened to some friends of my own.”

“Oh, that will be so nice.”

“Well, this gentleman and lady had one sweet little baby, and they had to take a very long journey with it, through a wild part of India. There were no houses there, and they had to sleep in a tent. This is a kind of house made of cloth, by driving high sticks firmly into the ground, and then drawing curtains all over them. It is very comfortable and cool in a warm country, where there is no rain; but then there are no doors or windows to shut, as we do at night, to make all safe. One night they had to sleep in a very wild place, near a thick wood. The lady said,—‘Oh, I feel so afraid to-night; I cannot tell you how frightened I am. I know there are many tigers and wild animals in the woods; and what if they should come upon us?’ Her husband replied, ‘My dear, we will make the servants light a fire, and keep watch, and you need have no



fear; and we must put our trust in God.’ So the lady kissed her baby, and put it into its cradle; and then she and her husband knelt down together, and prayed to God to keep them from every danger; and they repeated that pretty verse, ‘I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.’

“In the middle of the night, the lady started up with a loud cry, ‘Oh, my baby! my baby! I dreamed just now that a great tiger had crept below the curtains and ran away with my child!’ And when she looked into the cradle the baby was not there! Oh, you may think how dreadful was their distress. They ran out of the tent, and there, in the moonlight, they saw a great animal, moving towards the wood, with something white in his mouth. They wakened all the servants, and got loaded guns, and went after it into the wood. They went as fast and yet as quietly as they could, and very soon they came to a place where they saw through the trees that the tiger had lain down, and was playing with the baby, just as pussy does with a mouse before she kills it. The baby was not crying, and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord to help, and when one of the men took up his gun, the lady cried, ‘Oh, you will kill my child!’ But the man raised the gun and fired at once, and God made him do it well. The tiger gave a loud howl, and jumped up, and then fell down again, shot quite dead. Then they all rushed forward, and there was the dear baby quite safe, and smiling, as if it were not at all afraid.”

“Oh, uncle, what a delightful story! And did the baby really live?”

“Yes; the poor lady was very ill afterwards, but the baby not at all. I have seen it often since then.”

"Oh, have you really seen a baby that has been in a tiger's mouth?"

"Yes, I have, and you too."

"We, uncle! when have we seen it?"

"You may see him just now."

The children looked all round the room, and then back to uncle George, and something in his eyes made Lucy exclaim,—

"Uncle, could it have been yourself?"

"Just myself."

"Is it true you were once in a tiger's mouth? But you do not remember about it?"

"Certainly not; but my father and mother have often told me the story. You may be sure that often, when they looked at their child afterwards, they gave thanks to God. It was He who made the mother dream, and awake just at the right minute; and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes, so as not to hurt it; and the man fire, so as to shoot the tiger, and not the child. But now, good night, my dear girls; and before you go to bed, pray to God to keep you safe, as my friends did that night in the tent."

"But, uncle, *we* do not live in tents; our nursery door shuts quite close, and there are no tigers going about here. The man in the gardens told us that his one was quite safe locked up."

"Yes, my love, but there are many kinds of danger in this world, and we need God to take care of us here quite as much as in India. Good night, and learn by heart my mother's favorite verse—'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'—*Child's Paper.*

A CROSS.

A wise man sought to explain to his little child the nature of a cross. He took two slips of wood, a long and a short one. "See! my child," he said, "the long piece is the will of God; the short piece is your will. Lay your will in a line with the will of God, and you have no cross: lay it athwart, and you make one directly."



THE LORD'S PRAYER IN DEATH.

A Sunday-school scholar was dying. Her friends had gathered around to listen to her dying words. After she had been raised in bed, and had spoken a few words to each one, she said:

"Now, mother, I would like to have you lay my head down on the pillow."

Her request was granted.

"Now," said she, "I want to say the Lord's Prayer, just as I said it when I was a little child."

Slowly and fervently that beautiful prayer was repeated. For a few moments a smile played around the lips of the dying girl, and then her happy spirit winged its way to that better land, where prayer is lost in praise.

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

(MATT. VII.: 24, 25.)

From "GOLDEN CENSER." W. B. B.

1. Oh, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will stand for - ev - er;
 2. For He whose word is last - ing as the hills, Whose truth is unchang - ing ever,
 3. Oh, if my house is built up - on the sand, 'Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
 4. Then let my house be built up - on a rock, For there it will stand for - ev - er;

The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock May beat up - on my house that is
 Hath said my house on the so - lid rock shall stand, He'll hold it by his might in the
 The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend, And beat up - on my house that is
 The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock May beat up - on my house that is

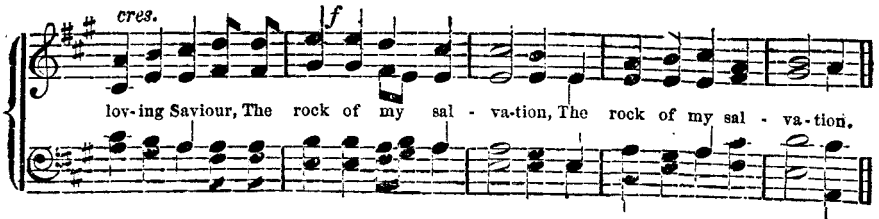
found - ed on a rock, But it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,
 hol - low of his hand, And it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,
 built up - on the sand, And it sure - ly will fall, nev - er to rise,
 found - ed on a rock, But it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,

Full Chorus.

nev - er, nev - er, nev - er! My rock is firm, it is my sure foun -
 My rock is firm, is firm,

mp

da - tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ, my lov - ing Sav - iour, Je - sus Christ, my



"I SAID I WOULD TRY."

"Children," said a superintendent of a Sunday School, one day, just before school was dismissed, "I want you each to try if you cannot bring one new scholar with you next Sunday. It would be but a small thing for each one to do, and yet it would double our school. Will you all try?" There was a general "Yes, sir;" though I am afraid they did not all remember the promise they had made.

"I said I would try," thought little Mary Gordon, as she walked home. "I said I would try; but all the children I know go to a Sunday School already, except Tom; but I couldn't ask him: he is such a big boy, and so bad; and, besides, I'm afraid of him. No, I couldn't ask Tom."

This "Tom" of whom Mary stood so much in awe, was the terror of all the little boys and girls in the neighborhood. If any boy's kite was found torn, or any girl's pet kitten hurt, Tom was sure to be concerned in the mischief. As to his attending Sunday School or church, such a thing had never been known. He had even been heard to say, with a threatening look, that he would like to see any one try to get him inside such places. No wonder little Mary was afraid.

"I said I would try," she thought again to herself. That was mak'ng a promise; and if I don't try I shall break it, and that would be very wrong. Besides, he might come; and then he would learn how to be good, and how to go to heaven, and I don't believe he knows anything about it now. Oh, yes, I'll ask him to come."

It was not long before she had an opportunity. The next day as she was returning from school, she saw Tom at a little distance, walking slowly along. He did not see her till she was just up to him. "Tom," she said

with a trembling voice and a beating heart, "won't you go to the Sunday School with me next Sunday?"

In utter amazement, he gazed at her for a minute without speaking; then he said slowly, "Go to the Sunday School! Why, what in the world shall I go there for?"

Taking courage from his manner, Mary ventured to look up at him, and said earnestly, "Oh, Tom, don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Well," said Tom, "suppose I do; going to the Sunday School won't take me to heaven, will it?"

"No," said Mary, hesitatingly; "but, Tom, when I first went there, I heard them singing 'I want to be an angel,' and they sang it so beautifully, it made me feel as if I wanted to be an angel too. Tom, if you would only come!"

She had scarcely finished, when Tom walked abruptly past her; and, a minute after, she heard him whistling as he walked down the street. Poor little Mary! she was so disappointed that the tears would come; and, as she was wiping them away, she heard a hasty footstep behind her, and, in an instant, Tom stood before her again. "Mary," he said, "are you crying because I won't go to the Sunday School?"

She looked at him surprised, and a little startled, and then said earnestly, "Oh, Tom, won't you come?"

"Mary," he replied, you are the only one that ever cared enough about me to cry for me. You need not cry any more; I'll go with you next Sunday."

Tom went, and after that his seat was never vacant. He did learn the way to heaven, and walked in it; and the last I heard of him was, that he had taken his life in his hand, and gone to preach to the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

I know not where he may be now. I know not whether, in a distant land, he yet stands up in his Master's name, and proclaims, "Come, whosoever will;" or whether, "having fought the good fight and finished his course," he has entered his everlasting rest; but I am sure that, when the trumpet shall sound, and sea and land give up their dead, one who might have risen to shame and contempt shall awake to glory and everlasting life. I know not what became of little Mary, whether she is struggling in poverty and loneliness, or is surrounded by riches and honors, or whether she has already fallen asleep; but I am sure that in the last day, when the crown of life is placed upon her brow, one gem, surpassing all earth's brightest jewels, shall shine in it for ever and ever.

Would you not like to win such a gem for the crown which the Judge shall give you?

LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless little children!
Day by day,
With pure and simple wiles,
And winning words and smiles,
They creep into the heart;
And who would wish to say them nay?

They look up in our faces,
And their eyes
Are tender and are fair,
As if still lingered there
The Saviour's kindly smile!
So very meek they look, and wise.

We live again our play-time
In their play;
Their soft hands lead us back,
Along a weary track,—
The pathway of our years,—
Unto the time when life was May.

Oh! when my days have ended,
I would rest
Where little children keep
Their slumber long and deep:
My grave be near the little mounds
I know that God hath blest!

—George Cooper, in the Round Table.

"HOW HAPPY I'LL BE."

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours
She twined the buds in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair;
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be,
When ten years more have grown over me,

And I am a maiden, with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek, and lighting my brow!"

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with a soft perfume;
Vases were near, of antique mould,
Beautiful pictures rare and old,
And she of all the loveliest there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair;
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be,
When my heart's true love comes home to me!

Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bent over the cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest;

"Sleep well," she murmured, soft and low,
As she pressed her kisses on his brow;
"Oh! child, sweet child, how happy I'll be,
If the good God let thee stay with me,
Till later on, in life's evening hour,
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower!"

An aged one sat by the glowing hearth,
Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run,
Had borne her along to the setting sun,
"Ah me!" she breathed, in an under-tone,
"How happy I'll be when life is done!
When the world fades out with its weary strife,
And I soar away to a better life!"

'Tis thus we journey, from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future's ray;
Hoping on earth till its visions fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade;
Turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven.

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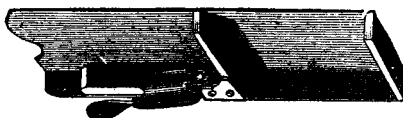
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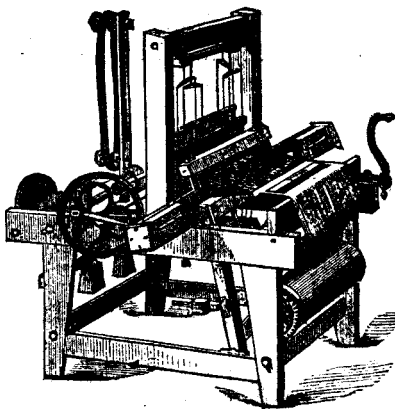
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