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THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY
FOR 1875.

PART I.—JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.



Montreal :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
218 AND 220 ST. JAMES STREET.

1875.

PRICE : ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

INDEX TO PART I. FOR 1875.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

	PAGE
All Fools' Day	103
Attempt at Story Writing, My	24
Curious London Sign Boards	05
Day at Waterloo, A	90
Fishing the Tommy-Cod	1
Geometry Illustrated	88
Gibson, John, R. A	205
How Bennie Bingham Received his Sight	321
How I Gained My Popularity on Queen's Birth-day	267
London in the Olden Time	15
Loss and Gain; or, the Bensons	200, 275, 336
Ludwig Von Beethoven	344
Lulu's Two Birthdays	208
Mistake in Life, A	9, 68, 139
Mopsey's Venture	4, 84
Music in the Churches	218
New Love a True Love, A	27
Patty's Story	134
Prince Edward, Duke of Kent	214
Ralph's Mistake	74
Roses	338
Saxon London	129
Snow-Shoe Tramp, A	81
Story from Our Village Lite	328
Story of Shipwreck, A	146
Story Told at Sea, A	257
Student's Eight Days' Tramp from Halle	150
Tommy the " Toffee Man"	280

YOUNG FOLKS.

Baby Lion	348
Charlie's Hens	295
Comet, The	92
Dictation Exercise	359
Fireside Game, A	168
Fritz Kappel's Knife	356
Grove, A	168
How to Succeed	357
Joseph Heron's Resolution	294
Lennie, the Goldfish	231
" Little Queen" of England, The	95
May's Christmas Tree	43
Mother's Way	36
Not Bread Alone	38, 99, 164, 225, 289, 351
Rainy Day Chat, A	282
Rules for Keeping Goldfish	230
Scriptural Enigma	359
Spitzel	156, 220
Time Enough Yet	161
Uncle Bernard's Shell	33
Who Wrote the " Arabian Nights?"	97

THE HOME.

	PAGE
Bible in the Family, The	304
Cheapness, Comfort, and Luxury	238
Day in Barbara Noble's Life, A	49
Economy in Space	169
Hints for the Cook	176
Hints for the Sick Room	51
Hints to the Old	303
Holidays for Middle-Age	48
Home School, The	108
House Cleaning	175
Little Seamstresses	301
Living Vine, The	172
Mental Games for Children	307
Mother's Hour	105
Over-busy Housekeepers	177
Physical Education	237
Poetry in the Kitchen	46
Reading the Testament	367
Setting Out a Dinner Table	114
Selected Recipes	55, 115, 178, 241, 308, 368
Seventy Years Ago	298
Taming the Humming Bird	54
Theatre and Shakespeare, The	362
Tom	240
Two Pictures	365
Two Sundays in a Child's Life	252
We and our Children	113
Where are the Children?	297
Where Marbles Come From	54
Worth, the Paris Dressmaker	360

POETRY.

Altered Motto, The	145
Baby, Baby, Bless Her	54
Birthday Lines	264
Champaign Charlie Waltz, The	133
Cross in the Plan, The	8
Death of D'Assat, The	207
Hatred	67
Home Coming, The	336
Kingdom of God, The	351
Little Whimpy	296
Old Home, The	347
Out of Weakness, Strength	327
" Papa, Please Let Me In!"	281
Three Little Girls	45
Up-Stairs	26
Wind Voices	273

LITERARY NOTICES.		NOTICES.	
	PAGE		PAGE
Constance	57	Chas. Darwin, Esq., F.R.S.....	320
German Universities	117	King Kalakaua.....	128
Guizot's History of France.....	120	Sir Charles Lyell, The late.....	256
Invasion of the Crimea, The.....	375	Professor Goldwin Smith.....	192
Lewisiana	185	Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL. D.....	380
Nature and the Bible.....	369		
Our New Crusade.....	180	ILLUSTRATIONS.	
Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy, The.....	242	Chas. Darwin, Esq., F.R.S.....	May.
Ten Years with Spiritual Mediums.....	309	King Kalakaua.....	February.
		Sir Charles Lyell. The late.....	April.
		Sir Wilfrid Lawson.....	January.
		Professor Goldwin Smith	March.
		Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D. LL. D.....	June.
REVIEW OF THE TIMES.. 59, 123, 187, 251, 316, 375			



NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1875.

FISHING THE TOMMY-COD.

When the beautiful leaves of autumn have fallen to be covered by the white snow; when the stripped trees sway to and fro shivering in the wintry blast; when the rivers are bound by icy fetters—then the fishermen of St. Roch de Quebec improvise a village on the frozen bosom of the St. Charles.

In the early part of December, ere the ice is firmly taken, numbers of wooden shanties are placed in clusters in the neighborhood of the Palais Harbor, and the season of the tommy-cod fishing commences. It is short, but the most is made of it, for the slaughter continues day and night; at only short intervals have the poor fish any respite from their enemies; when the tide is low the onslaught ceases, and at that time a few only of the careless ones fall a prey to the baited hook. The numbers taken during the season are enormous, and fail not during the whole winter to supply, at a very cheap rate, the markets with a delicious eating fish. During the whole winter, I said, for in the month of April the frozen tommy-cods, as fresh as when first whipped out of the water, are to be purchased in the shops and the markets. During the season large quantities of barrels are packed with them, and kept in cold places till needed for barter. When Fridays and fast days come so often, and the long Lent adds to the demand, it would seem almost a special foresight on the part of the tommy-cods, to visit the improvised villages on the St. Charles.

And these villages are worth visiting; they are unique in their way, having merely a temporary existence of about three weeks. Thither the boys of Quebec, all provided with fishing-lines and some liver for bait, as well as a few sous to pay for the use and occupation of the hut (if scarce of cash they take with them a couple of tallow candles or an armful of firewood), proceed in the day time, and having gained admittance to one of the shanties, sit down to the amusement of fishing for tommy-cods; and rarely do they leave, after two or three hours' sport, without carrying home with them from six to ten dozen each. Thither, in the evening, the grown up boys and men proceed and spend the whole night in the same manner, leaving in the early morning with a load of from twenty to forty dozen each.

Late one evening—late in order to catch the right time of the tide—in last December, with two friends, I went to experience the excitement which kept so many from their beds in the cold nights of a Canadian winter. We provided ourselves only with a substantial supper, having been informed that all necessary fishing tackle would be at our disposal, *en payant*. It was a beautiful bright, moonlight winter night; the sky was intensely blue, and the stars shone brightly in countless myriads. No gaslights spoiled the scene by their flickering flame, and the dark shadows of the sombre-looking houses fell in fantastic shapes on the white snow-clad and deserted streets. The weather was extremely cold, and as we

walked over the sidewalks sounds like pistol shots burst from beneath our tread. As we reached the river the hulls of winter bound craft showed their black sides in contrast to the prevailing whiteness, which spread far before us till lost in the uncertainty of distance and the far off sky. Following the *balized* road we soon reached the fishermen's huts, quite visible as square buildings of unpainted wood, with one door, a couple of small windows and a stovepipe projecting from one of the sides, and from which issued the light fairy-like smoke of a wood fire. We searched for the *cabane*, as these huts are called, of Christie Gunner, the oldest and best, and most favorably known of St. Roch fishermen; his temporary habitation was distinguished as the largest among the cluster, and as having a flag-staff and flag.

A knock at the door and it was opened by Christie himself, who cheerfully invited us in. The *cabane* was roomy; in one corner a stove produced an enormous amount of caloric; so much so, indeed, that in a few moments our frosted hirsute appendages were streaming down with the melted ice, and we were glad to divest ourselves of our furs and overcoats, which we hung up on pegs placed on the wall; at one end was a table, and above it a cupboard containing delf ware, cutlery, and small et cetera; at one side, in the flooring, extending from one wall to the other, was an opening of about eighteen inches wide, down which, at the distance of about one foot, was the dark, cold water of the St. Charles river; on each side of this opening was a bench, also extending the length of the building; above the opening, fastened to the ceiling, was a small beam, perforated at distances about eight inches apart, by holes in which were short sticks, round which were twined the fishing lines; a few chairs, some firewood, and a couple of lamps completed the contents of the *cabane*. Christie Gunner was *par excellence* a fisherman. Born at St. Helier's, Jersey, in the beginning of the present century, he spent his boyhood in catching eels, lobsters, and oysters; he afterwards followed cod fishing, and the vessel in which he was, having been wrecked, he was picked up by a Quebec bound vessel,

and thereafter chose the old capital of Canada as his home. Since his advent he has perseveringly followed his vocation in the waters round the city; in the summer casting his net for bass, Johnny Doré, and white fish, in the fall, for smelt, and in the winter taking tommy-cods. It is an arduous and exposed life he follows, and yet he is hale, hearty, and strong; and, notwithstanding the cheapness of liquors in his native isle, he acquired no taste therefor, and has continued his abstemious habits throughout the colds and heats of Canada. His sole indulgence is his pipe; he might be more choice in the quality of his tobacco, but if he is satisfied with it, who can have aught to say? If those who frequent his *cabane* like not the flavor, they can supply him with better, and they can take my word for it he will not refuse the gift. Like his countrymen, his French and English incline to a *patois*; indeed, it is sometimes difficult to say in what language he is expressing himself. Christie has a sound, honest heart, and is, as all fishermen must be, a most patient and sturdy worker. A better baiter of a hook or drawer of a net I never met. We soon took our seats on the benches, and with a line in each hand commenced feeling for bites; and we waited not long for such; quickly they came, and before many minutes had elapsed we were all busy pulling up the lines one after another, taking off sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three fish from each, for these lines are armed with some half-dozen hooks. Hardly had we time to toss the struggling fish into the basket, bait the hooks, and cast them into the water, before the other line required similar attention. The destruction was incredible, and as it increased our excitement grew apace,—an excitement characterized by a silence of voice, a silence broken but by the splash of the impaled fish, and the casting of the deceptive line. For over two hours we thus continued and our baskets were being rapidly filled; the heat was excessive, and the constant work increased the lassitude caused by it. Now and then one of us would adjourn to the outer world for a mouthful of fresh air, and on such occasions, when the door opened, the cold atmosphere rushed into our furnace like

clouds of steam. From the neighboring cabanes could be heard the sound of song, the strains of the violin, and the measured steps of dancers. Amusement and jollity seemed prevalent in the village on the ice. By degrees the catch became less and our attention flagged. The water had become too low, and the fish were leaving for other quarters, and conversation, which had been forgotten, began to break the silence, when a loud knock was heard at the door. Christie made a sign for us to keep quiet and asked who was there; he was answered by a louder knock.

"Ah!" he said in a low tone, "these are the *gens des clos* blackguards from St. Sauveur, robbers and thieves! What do you want?" shouted Christie.

"Open the door, or we will break it in," was shouted back.

"The first man," replied Christie, "that comes will be shot, so take your chance;" so saying, he took a double-barrelled gun from a hiding-place, and full-cocked it, the sound of the clicking of which seemed only to exasperate the assailants, for they immediately began to hammer at the door and the window-shutters, accompanying the sounds with shouts of threats and defiance, by which we soon found out that they were French-Canadians. One of the scoundrels was provided with an axe, and was making sad havoc of the door. Inside we were preparing ourselves for a stout resistance as soon as the door gave way. While waiting for this, a shout in the distance advised us of the approach of another gang. Our assailers evidently had also heard the shout, for there was a cessation of their operations. Gradually the shouts of the new party increased, and a consultation seemed to take place among those in our immediate vicinity. Their deliberations were not long, for with an exultant yell they started off to meet the others, and there quickly followed the uproar of a conflict. We cautiously

opened our battered door, and at a short distance could be distinguished the crowd of combatants. Yells, execrations and blows sounded through the night air. There could not have been less than thirty of both parties, and for some time the struggle seemed equal. At last, however, one party gave way and fled up the river, pursued by the other, where they disappeared in the darkness, from out of which for some time could be heard the yells of victory and the shrieks of the smitten ones. Three or four of the rowdies were left helpless on the ice. From out of the cabanes others, like ourselves, had issued to see the result of the fight, and some of these went to the assistance of the wounded roughs. Christie soon learned from them that the French-Canadians from St. Sauveur had been attacked by the Irish from St. Roch, and put to flight. The cabanes of the fishermen are sometimes subjected to the plundering propensities of gangs of rowdies, and had it not been for the timely arrival of an opposition crowd, our night's adventure might have ended somewhat differently. After returning to the cabane we found that our tommy-cod fishing experience, with a riot as a *dernier bouche*, had sated our thirst for excitement; and somewhat tired and sleepy, and laden with our fish, we took our way home over the ice. The moon had gone down, and the darkest hour before daylight had come upon us. Not until we had lost our way two or three times, and waded up to our knees in startingly cold water, did we find our way to *terra firma*. When we take into consideration the loss of sleep, the suffocating heat of the cabane, the tramp through the icy water, and the possibility of facial disfigurement and loss of personal effects, we say of tommy-cod fishing in the cabanes on the St. Charles River, in the month of a Canadian December: *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

MOPSY'S VENTURE.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

I had been called Cicely for my great aunt, Miss Cicely Towers, whom I had never seen, and who had always been associated in my mind with a little old fashioned picture taken from the old play of "The Quaker," in which Dame Cicely is represented in a coal-scuttle bonnet, and with a kerchief crossed over her bosom, with her head thrust out of a little diamond-paned window, shaking her fist in a deprecativ manner at poor Lubin, and bidding him to "go about his business as she is busy."

My aunt Cicely lived a great many miles from us, and we had hitherto had very little intercourse with her, at least within my memory, and consequently it was with a good deal of surprise that I received the intelligence from my mother that I was to go on a visit to her in a few days. She had written for me some months previously; but as the journey was too long for me to take alone, my mother had not said anything about it until she got the opportunity of sending me with Mr. Rohen, a friend of my father's, who was going to pass through the town near which my aunt lived.

I was delighted at the prospect of a railway journey, notwithstanding the vision of the scolding woman in the coalscuttle bonnet that immediately arose before my mind's eye, and that haunted my waking hours at intervals all through my journey. And it was not till Mr. Rohen lifted me, a weary little traveller, from the cab at the door of Stillbrook Hall, that my notion that my aunt lived in a house with a thatched roof and diamond-paned windows was wholly dispelled. Stillbrook Hall was the largest house I had ever seen, and had a great entrance that looked to me like the entrance of a church. The house was surrounded by extensive grounds, and the

freshness of early summer was over everything. I felt dull and stupid, but as I stood on the steps I took in the sound of babbling water mingled with the singing of many birds, and the perfume of lilacs and white clover. The door was opened by a middle-aged woman, who said,

"If you please, sir, if you'll excuse it, you and little Miss will wait here for a moment, till I open the drawing-room blinds."

The hall looked dingy and was full of shadows, and as the great door swung after us with a clang, I felt as if the bright sunny world without was shut out forever. There was a stained glass window on each side of the door and the shadows of them fell at the foot of the stairs in two brilliant streaks of purple and crimson and gold; while at the head of the stairs was a Gothic window on which was stained in gorgeous tints a row of barefooted saints, which, in my ignorance, I took for Joseph's brethren.

In a few moments we were shown into a spacious and elegantly furnished room, which was also full of dim shadows. The single ray of light admitted by the heavy falling curtains fell over a large oil painting of a pretty, peaceful English scene; an arched bridge, a little lakelet on which a flock of ducks were swimming, a party of gipsies in faded scarlet cloaks and picturesque hats following a queer old cart down into a bowery glade, a group of grand old trees and a ruined castle in the background, with the soft shadows of evening falling over all.

"Well, Cicely, have you got waked up yet?" said Mr. Rohen, as he walked over to the window and looked out.

"Yes, and I want to go back home! If you leave me in this dark place I shall never get out again," I said, beginning to sob.

"Why, Cicely! Cicely! after being such a little woman all through your journey!" said Mr. Rohen, patting me kindly on the head.

The servant again appeared, and respectfully requested us to walk into Miss Cicely's room, leading the way back through the hall and up another hall, which was quite dark. I shut my eyes and clung to Mr. Rohen with all my might. A door opened and standing before us was a tiny lady with soft brown eyes and hair as white as snow—this was my Aunt Cicely.

She received Mr. Rohen very graciously and was all sympathy for me.

"Come here, my poor little girl," she said, as I stood with woe-begone, tear-stained face looking wonderingly at her. "We have got down to one servant at Stillbrook, Mr. Rohen," she said, in her soft sweet way, as she proceeded to take off my hat and cloak.

"Mr. Towers has been telling me something of your misfortune, Miss Towers, but I hope things will mend before long," answered Mr. Rohen, who I remarked treated my aunt with a deference I had never seen him show to any person before.

After a while refreshments were brought in on a silver tray, and my aunt said,

"Now, my dear, after you have had something to eat, you can lie down and rest; you look sleepy."

I saw her and Mr. Rohen moving towards the tray, but it dwindled and dwindled till it seemed to grow as small as my hand and I fell over on the sofa cushions fast asleep.

When I awoke Mr. Rohen was gone and my aunt was sitting beside a little table looking over some letters.

"You must have been quite wearied out, my dear, you have slept so long and so soundly," she said.

I felt as if I wanted to begin to cry again, but she was so sweet and kind I felt ashamed to. After looking at her little, old-fashioned watch she rang the bell, when the servant I had seen in the morning appeared.

"Mopsy, I wish you would bring Miss Cicely upstairs to dress for dinner; and you may bring it up as soon as it is ready," she said.

Up we went, up the great dingy stairs, past the saints, into a large handsomely furnished dressing-room. Mopsy brushed my hair and tied on my sash in silence.

"Whose room is this?" I asked.

"It is Mr. Arthur's, Miss, when he is here," answered Mopsy.

"Mr. Arthur, who is he?"

"Why he is your uncle, Miss."

"My uncle, why I never heard of him before."

"Oh, as like as not, Miss; very few that know anything about him want to have much to do with him, or to have much to say about him. I wish Miss Cicely had never seen his face for my part; but it can't be helped now," said Mopsy with a deep sigh, as she led the way down stairs.

I pondered on these words as I accompanied my aunt into the dining-room, which seemed to me like a new page in some queer old story book. The room, which was hung with old family portraits, was large and very lofty, and had rounded corners. The pattern of the paper on the wall had been intended to represent old tapestry, and the dinginess that was over it made the delusion perfect. I thought my aunt looked like a little old queen as she took her place at the table in her black velvet dress, and her broad, old-fashioned, real lace collar, and with her hair arranged in little snowy puffs. I was rather forward for my age, which was just turned ten, and I was, also, naturally very talkative and lively. And as my aunt's manner soon put me at my ease, before dinner was over I had given her a description of my home, my father and mother, my little school companions, and lastly an account of my journey—all of which seemed to interest and amuse her very much.

Seeing that I looked longingly out of the window, she said,

"Mopsy will take you for a walk after tea, and you can look about and see where you have got to."

And then, seeing that my eyes rested upon the portrait of a very beautiful young lady, in an old-fashioned, dark green riding habit, and wearing a black velvet cap with a sweeping ostrich plume, she said briefly,

"That is my cousin; her name, too, was Cicely Towers."

"She looks pretty," I said.

"Yes, she was a great beauty in her day, and had quite an eventful life," she answered.

Mopsy had a good honest face, and a clean, thrifty appearance, though rather a blunt manner; and as she brought me over the grounds a couple of hours afterwards, she said,—

"You see, Miss, Stillbrook is quite an old place, at least for Canada, and everything about it came from England excepting the timber."

"What, the stone and all?" I said.

"Stone! there is no stone about it, child; it's all built of wooden blocks. It went by the name of the Towers Mansion for long after it was built, but Miss Cicely gave it the name of Stillbrook after the old family mansion in England."

The number of trees in the grounds gave the place the appearance of being very much secluded, though it was situated on the high road, and only a couple of miles from a large town. A broad stream, that now sparkled in the sunlight, and now hid itself in the cool shadow of a group of trees, wound in and out through the grounds, spanned here and there with picturesque little rustic bridges, some of which were beginning to fall into decay, at the sight of which Mopsy heaved a deep sigh. The lilacs hung in great plumes all about the verandah, and scarlet peonies bloomed in the flower beds.

On running out on to the verandah one morning before breakfast, after I had been about a week at Stillbrook, what was my surprise to come suddenly upon a strange gentleman lounging in an easy chair with the most free-and-easy air imaginable, with a cigar in his mouth, and with a blue velvet smoking-cap with a long gold tassel stuck jauntily on one side of his head. Though, even to my childish eyes, he had a worn, dissipated look, he was strikingly handsome, with a brilliant complexion, sparkling blue eyes and bright auburn hair, which clustered all over his head in short curls.

"Come, little one, and give me a kiss," he said, chirping to me as if I was a canary bird, or a baby six months old. But I shrank from him with an instinctive dislike. He seemed just as well pleased, however, and laughed good-naturedly as I turned and ran into the house.

"Oh, Mopsy, 'did you know there was a gentleman sitting on the verandah?" I said, bursting into the kitchen.

"Why, yes, Miss; it is Mr. Arthur; he came in the night, routing people out of their beds, as usual; but it's little he cares," said Mopsy sullenly.

When I went in to breakfast my aunt said, "This is your Uncle Arthur, my dear."

And I went up dutifully and shook hands with him, when, instead of resenting my former rudeness, he laughed good-humoredly and patted me on the cheek. My Uncle Arthur talked a great deal in a lively, vivacious way, but as his conversation was about people and things I knew nothing about, it did not interest me, and I took the earliest opportunity to slip down to the kitchen. This happened to be an unusually busy day with Mopsy, and she delighted me beyond measure by allowing me to wipe the dishes, and to help her in various ways about her work. My Aunt and her handsome nephew went for a drive in the afternoon, while Mopsy and I worked away in the kitchen. It was getting on towards evening, when Mopsy looked at the kitchen clock as she shoved a couple of loaves of bread into the oven, and said:

"Dear me! I don't see how I am going to find time to get over to mother's for a little sweet cream, and there is not a drop in the house."

I immediately volunteered to go. Mopsy would not hear of such a thing at first, but I begged so hard that she at last consented, and I never felt happier than when taking my way down over the rustic bridge and along the beaten path across the meadow, with Mopsy's big pink sun bonnet on my head and a little blue pitcher in my hand. Mopsy's parents, whose name was Whittey, were thrifty, well-to-do people, and had a nice little twenty-acre farm on the edge of the Stillbrook property. The house, like Stillbrook, was so embowered in trees that

it was scarcely visible from the road. On each side of the path that led from the gate to the door, lilacs and fragrant currants bloomed luxuriantly, and all about the porch great yellow sunflowers lifted their bright faces towards the sun. The house door stood open, but there was no person within, and now, after a lapse of many years, a vivid picture of that kitchen, with its glittering tins, snow-white walls, and well scoured floor, rises before my mind's eye. The sun crept in through the scarlet runners that shaded the window and lay on the floor like a patch of golden embroidery, in the midst of which a little tortoise-shell kitten lay curled up fast asleep, with the ball belonging to Mrs. Whittey's knitting between its forepaws, and with some of the yarn twisted about its neck, while the knitting lay under the table. In a few moments I caught sight of Mrs. Whittey's sun bonnet passing the window.

"Why, daughter, you are a little woman to come over from the big house your lbone," she said, taking the pitcher out of my hand, and then observing the kitten, she said:

"Do you see yonder young villain o' the world? Ah, ha! you young rascal," she continued, shaking her fist at the kitten as she replaced her knitting on the table with the ball beside it. When I told her Mr. Arthur had come, she sighed and shook her head, and said, "Well, daughter, I hope he will bring good luck with him."

She then led the way round the house past more lilacs, more fragrant currant bushes, and more sunflowers.

"This is the milk-house," she said, pausing before what I had taken to be a clumsy-looking little door in the side of a steep grassy bank. The milk-house was lined with rough stones, which were as white as white-wash could make them, and the shelves which were ranged about the rough walls, and on which rows of bright milk-pans were ranged, had been scoured till they shone. The fragrance of the blossoms with which the air was laden had followed us in and mingled with the cool, fresh, creamy smell that pervaded the milk-house. The sunbeams streamed in through the bars of the solitary little window, and danced over Mrs.

Whittey's sun-bonnet, as she skimmed one of the pans into my pitcher.

"I don't suppose a couple of butter pats would go amiss," she said, lifting a crock from the cool earthen floor, out of which she took a couple of large, firm, yellow pats of butter, on which the clear water drops glittered like drops of dew.

"I will get a leaf to put them in," she said, going out and returning in a few moments with a couple of wet cabbage leaves, in which she laid the butter, and then, wrapping the whole in a snow-white towel, she said, "My hens is the greatest ruffins for clockin', but I think I can spare a few eggs for Miss Cicily."

"Mopsy did not say anything about eggs," I said.

"Oh, well, I don't think they will go amiss, daughter; things are not as they were at the big house; it's many a dozen of eggs I got out of it long 'go, when I had no place to keep hens myself," she said, nodding her head, as she lifted another crock off the floor, out of which she took a number of large, pale pink eggs.

"Them's the shankise, the villains; but it's my heart that's broke with them; gettin' the toes froze off them in the winter, and goblin' up everything they can get their nibs on," she said, as she put the eggs into the basket beside the butter.

"This is the hen house," she said, walking round to a little open shed that stood in the yard at the back of the house. The fowls were all at roost, and there was quite a commotion among them as Mrs. Whittey thrust in her head. "What are you makin' such a fuss about, Mother Brown? Sure no one wants your old carcadge" (carcase), she said, addressing a little brown hen with a very red comb, that was fluttering nervously about. "Ah, ha! old John, I see you, my boy; it was you that upset my drop o' barm that I set on the window to cool this mornin'," she said, shaking her fist at a beautiful rooster, who looked as if he comprehended what she said perfectly.

"Them's pullets," she said, pointing to two pretty little speckled hens that were sitting on the edge of a coop at the other side of the shed, and before I knew where I was she had grabbed hold of them and

twisted their necks. I exclaimed loudly and almost tearfully against this, but she said:

"Pooh, child; they might as well be killed now as any other time. I don't see old speckled Biddy," she continued, peering in among the now wildly fluttering and cackling fowls.

"Oh, is it there you are?" she exclaimed suddenly, as she espied the missing fowl sitting behind an old box, evidently engaged in what its mistress was pleased to call "clockin'." "That's what you are up to, is it, you villain o' the world?" she said, as she seized Mistress Biddy by the tail, and carried her over to a tub of rain water, at the corner of the house, into which she ducked her again and again. "There, now, ma'am, take that, and I will give you twice as much to-morrow, if I catch you at your old tricks," she said, as she threw the terrified fowl to the other side of the yard, and then retraced her steps to the milk-house.

I had observed that all Mrs. Whittey's fowls' feet were encased in little, flat three-cornered boots, and I said:

"What do you put boots on your fowls for, Mrs. Whittey? Are you afraid they will get their feet hurt?"

"Get their feet hurt!" she repeated; "small danger of *them* gettin' their feet hurt, the ruffins; it is to keep them from

scratchin' up and gobblin' down everything we have got about us," she said, as she tied the pullets' feet together and hung them over my arm.

"I am afraid they will all be too many for you, daughter," she said, looking at the basket and the pitcher. But never mind; the old man won't be in for his tea for a while yet, and I will set you a bit," she continued, taking the basket on one arm and the chickens on the other, and walking before me, stopping when she came to the gate to pick a bunch of the overhanging lilacs, which she put into the basket. Mrs. Whittey "set" me as far as the rustic bridge, but she would have gone all the way had she not espied Mopsy afar off coming to meet me.

"Well, if that's not just like mother, sending lilacs to Stillbrook when it's full of them; but I suppose she picks some for everyone that goes in, and she never thought of us having plenty," said Mopsy; as she hung the basket over her arm.

"I told your mother you did not say anything about her sending anything but the cream, Mopsy, but she said they would no go amiss," I said.

"That they won't, Miss. I'll wager you these chicks nicely roasted won't go amiss at Mr. Arthur's supper to-night, and there is small danger of his asking who fed them," said Mopsy.

(To be continued.)

THE CROSS IN THE PLAN.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

I heard of a quaint old story
In a far-away Eastern land,
Of a mosque of Mahomet that rises
Not far from the sloping strand.

There bowed in his chains a captive,
Who had come from a Northern town,
Where the sun, that runs low in the winter,
Shines cold on the frozen ground.

Rare powers he had at building;
For the forest, so grand and wild,
He could shape it again in the marble—
Trunk, foliage, arches and aisle.

They offered the slave his ransom,
With a pass to the Northern land,
If a mosque to Mahomet he builded,
To tower above the strand.

He planned in the stone so grandly,
And he wrought for his life, that man;
But they saw in the beautiful outlines
The cross he had dared to plan.

They mockingly gave the ransom;
Out of fetters his soul was sent
From the land of the fiery summer,
But—*death* was the way he went.

He left for us all a lesson;
To whatever you put your hand,
Be it deeds that you dare or may cherish,
The cross—let it mark the plan.

In patient endeavor be Christlike,
In your trials and pains and loss,
That all who look at your living
May see in your life the cross.

—Advance.

A MISTAKE IN LIFE:

A CANADIAN STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY C. E. W.

(Continued.)

Miss Wray, a lady long passed the age of sweet sixteen, but always ready to give her splendid musical talents for the general amusement, had just sat down to play a set of lancers.

Grant, who had been engaged for this to Miss Roberts, could not find a *vis-a-vis*, and, accordingly, was now strolling through the hall with his fair partner. He now gave vent to the feelings which his after-dinner conversation with her father had stirred in his mind. From the fun of sleighing parties, skating carnivals and summer rides and pic-nics, the conversation, as they walked slowly up and down the retired hall, turned again upon the pursuit of business.

Lucy Roberts was not one of those superficial belles who, if the topic once left dancing, fun and jollity, and travelled beyond the prescribed limits of young ladyism, could not enter into questions of greater depth, and she could bring to bear also upon each, much good common sense.

Grant was saying how jolly it must be to make a lot of money in some enterprise, and be able to have everybody about, give good entertainments, and enjoy wealth and all its attendant luxuries and pleasures before one got to be a cranky, gouty old gentleman.

"Your picture is very taking," said Lucy: "but then you only see the result; you do not sufficiently take into consideration the means by which this wealth and enjoyment, luxuries and jollity, have to be attained. Oh! the hard days and anxious, sleepless nights spent in the pursuit of wealth in business! I've seen papa come home so wearied, and with such a careworn look; and then, just as soon as he had hurried through his dinner, take himself off to the

study and pore over his papers or some great ledger that he had carried home, till all the house had gone off to bed, and everything was so quiet that you could hear the watch ticking on his table as loud as if it had been instead the great eight-day kitchen clock. I have often crept down stairs, and peeped through the half open door, when in winter it would be left ajar to let in the heat from the hall stove, to see poor papa leaning his weary head on his hands, and thinking,—oh! I could see him thinking, till the perspiration would stand out on his forehead, and he would jump up and walk up and down, up and down, for an hour at a time. I do not care what they say about money—I would not like to have to give up 'Daisy,' and our nice carriage, and the parties that mamma gives; but I am always dreaming of some dreadful failure, and every night I watch for papa to come home, and I can tell as plainly as if he told us, whether business has gone right or not."

"Perhaps you believe in love in a cottage, Miss Roberts," said Grant in a light tone of voice.

"Please don't laugh at me; I am really quite serious in what I am saying. I suppose love in a cottage is a good deal nonsense, but I do sometimes envy the rough old farmers round us. Now there's old Squire Hillop, who I don't suppose can write his own name, or only just as much, when mamma and I have been over there paying our neighbor's duty call, and as they would be hurt if we refused, we are always obliged to stay to tea. He is a dear old man, and I think he looks the very picture of happiness when he gets into his slippers and goes off to sleep over his paper, as contentedly as if there were no such

things in the world as a 'financial crisis,' or stopping payments, or rise in wool, or any of those horrid things that you can never tell but will happen without a moment's warning."

Such conversations as the above, in the course of the ensuing winter, occurred on several occasions between Lucy Roberts and Grant. On the other hand, Mr. Roberts seldom referred to such matters with our hero, but appeared as if he was sorry that a young man of education should throw himself away on Canadian farming. Indeed, Lucy, who knew her father's sanguine disposition, and feared his influence upon her friend, whom she had liked very much from the first day they met, though carefully abstaining from saying anything that could disclose her true reasons, used all her influence, and that was not a little, to prevent young Grant throwing up farm life.

Mrs Roberts, who never troubled herself much outside her household duties, was always glad to see such a gentlemanly young fellow as Grant, and never interfered with the quiet walks and rides that Grant and Lucy Roberts now often took together.

The natural consequence followed, as it ever must when a young man is thrown much into the society of a girl whom he thoroughly respects in every way, and who possesses in an eminent degree the qualities of amiability and gentleness. Lucy was not one of those flimsy young girls of the period whose highest ambition is to act the flirt; far from being in any degree superficial or shallow, she had much deep feeling and good common sense.

Grant was also flattered by the respect which Mr. Roberts, his senior by several years, paid to him; so that it is not to be wondered at that he found Silver Creek a very pleasant place to stay at. Mr. Roberts never renewed the subject of the first evening's talk; but, as his future prospects were constantly prominent in Grant's mind he often asked the manufacturer for his advice.

The latter conveyed, in an insidious manner, the prospects of success which lay before the pioneer manufacturers of Canada, and it was evident, at least to Grant, from the constant bustle and steadily increasing

dimensions of the mill, that a pushing business was being carried on.

Mrs. Roberts having given Richard an invitation to stay at Silver Creek for a fortnight, it was eagerly accepted. The days were passed in pleasant rambles in the woods, for spring had again clothed every thing with soft beauty, in rides through the country roads, and the evenings were enlivened by music and singing. Not a word was spoken by the host about business matters; but he came home each evening radiant and with a light brow.

Grant soon began to think that Lucy had overdrawn the sad picture given at the Doctor's party, and he ascribed any exaggeration to her love for her father, which had led her to magnify the importance of some passing business dilemma. Mr. Roberts did not seek openly to influence our hero's ideas about his future life; but as the business man drew back from his first position, Grant more anxiously sought to know his views. The last day had arrived, and to-morrow Richard Grant was to return to The Maples. The two were seated under the verandah, after an early dinner, enjoying their cigars, when Grant determined to speak once more, if it should be the last time, to Mr. Roberts on that which was foremost in his mind.

"Mr. Roberts, I have thought about farming and manufacturing over and over again, and my opinions have veered like a weathercock, but I can't see the fun of farming in Canada. It's horrid hard work, and the returns come in very slow. I have made up my mind to go into some business. Do you know of any opening for a young fellow in my position, with a little money, but no special business knowledge?"

A gleam shot from the grey eyes, which in a moment settled down again to their usual lack-a-daisical expression, as Mr. Roberts answered:

"There was a time when I should have been averse to giving advice which might influence a young man for life, for fear that hereafter I might have reason to feel great regret, should the course pointed out by me not prove successful; but as I grow older, I have found that people never take

advice unless it jumps with their own previous determination. So you have made up your mind to give up your ideas of farming and take to something where there is less drudgery and a little more excitement? It is what I expected. You are just the man to succeed in business; energetic, young and active, with a little capital, and a very good education. Now, the next thing is, you want to find an opening; that is not quite such an easy task. There are plenty of them; but before you go in with any one you would require some personal or other security. The better plan would be to advertise. Suppose you go to town and put an advertisement in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, under the heading of Business Chances, and wait for answers. If you get any, and I will warrant you will not be long without floods of them, I'll go down with you and see after anything that looks like the thing."

"Thank you; but it is really giving you too much trouble."

"Not at all; not at all. I can generally make business out of such trips, and I have no doubt I shall stumble across some new customers wherever we may have to go, so that you see it is not such a kind offer after all."

The cigars being ended, and twilight fast falling, the two went into the house. Mr. Roberts had some letters to write, and turned in at the study door. Grant went on to the morning-room. Lucy was engaged in touching up a crayon that she was anxious to finish. As Grant entered the room, he thought she had never looked more lovely. She was sitting near the window, and the ruddy glow of deep twilight lingering in the west, appeared to centre, as in a focus, upon her head and face. The delicate profile thus thrown into a strong light, made yet brighter by the gloom that had gathered in the rest of the room, and the clear outline of her well-shaped head, and the gentle lines of neck and bosom, reminded him of those photographs in which the vignette is taken irradiated by a strong ray of light. She was so intensely engaged upon her work, as people will be when seizing the last few moments of daylight, that she had not

heard his foot upon the threshold. As he stood entranced by the lovely vision, mingled thoughts fled through his mind. As he built the rapid castles in the air of future success his thoughts laid out before his fervent imagination, a bright, cosy house, a weary return from the daily round of work and care, to a bright room in which he might ever see such another centre as that on which he now gazed. "How I could work, with such a dear companion to smooth the rough ways of life! There would be no trials that I could not face and battle with; no success but would afford a thousand-fold of joy, if I could but feel that it was shared by one like Lucy." His first admiration, when they had met some ten months ago, had been toned down and deepened into feelings more akin to respect for Miss Roberts; her strong good sense and cheerful companionship, had made a deep and lasting impression upon his heart. For a long time he had never felt so happy and contented, nor had the hours passed so quickly, as when strolling with her through the woods, riding along the quiet by-ways, or singing in the little Silver-Creek drawing-room. He had learned to look forward with delight to the weekly meetings on a Sunday morning, and the quiet walk from church after each service as far as where the roads to The Maples and Silver Creek branched off in different directions. There had been few Sunday evenings that had not found young Grant strolling over to the mill, or calling in at the house for an hour's chat. And now, that supreme moment had come suddenly; that crisis in the life of every man when he first acknowledges to himself that he really loves—not the spasmodic affection of the ardent youth, but the deep, strong; well-anchored love of full-blown manhood. A few seconds before he only knew that Silver-Creek house was a stunning place to stay at. He might have said to any enquiring men-friends that Miss Roberts was a jolly, bright, sensible girl. But now, as his heart drank in the lovely scene before him, he felt that there was much more; that she was to him the peerless jewel without price, and that his whole soul had gone out to her. But, fast upon the train of this

entrancing feeling, stole the thought,—for with all sweets do we not find some bitter dregs?—what did she think of him? Could she ever suffer herself to entertain only a little of that deep love that he felt had filled his own heart? What could she, the most sensible girl he had ever met, think of his rambling plans and unsettled ideas, now praising one life, and again longing and sighing for some other and more rapid road to fortune?

He had pictured to himself the home, enriched and adorned by such an one as her whom he now watched with an admiring love. He had, in the twinkling of an eye, seen her his own in fancy, to love and protect, to cherish and to work for: and she, what would she be in such a house—the very light and life; with her, life was to be happy, and full of joy and holy love; without her—Ah! hardly had imagination filled his cup of joy than it was dashed remorselessly from his grasp—without her, every thing seemed black and gloomy, cold and void. Thus it always is; when a man feels himself raised to the seventh heaven of delight, standing on the topmost pinnacle of hope and happiness, some doubt or qualm or sudden fear pulls him again to the base with relentless force.

Such thoughts as these passed rapidly through Richard's mind, as in the excitement of the moment his heart seemed to beat not only fast but audibly.

Lucy, whose attention had been riveted on her work, was at first quite unconscious of the presence of any one but herself; but now, gradually, there stole over her senses that feeling which comes from intuitive knowledge that we are watched, and by the influence of which, it is said, that sleep in church, even under the soporific effects of the ninth and lastly, may be awakened, and looking up, she met the attentive gaze of Richard Grant. Which of the two was most embarrassed at that moment, it were, indeed, hard to tell; but certain it is that Lucy first recovered herself, and commiserating the evident confusion into which her friend had been thrown by the consciousness that he had been extremely rude, appeared to have noticed nothing, but simply called him to her side.

"Oh, do come here and tell me if you think that sky is right; I feel just in the right mood for putting in the last soft touches, and you know that is every thing, so I cannot afford to lose a minute. It is not the slightest good trying by lamplight," she added, as she bent down her lovely head and appeared again absorbed in the work upon her easel.

"Ah! Miss Roberts, it's of use—the spell has been broken; if you had not been disturbed by me, you would have finished that sky, light or no light, and I'm a brute to come in and spoil the last few minutes that you had all to yourself; you must have thought me terribly rude," said Richard, "when you looked up just now and found me staring as if you were a wild Indian; but really," and he laughed a short, uncomfortable laugh, for he was not quite at ease, and he knew full well how Lucy hated empty compliments, "if I had been a photographer, I should have stuck my head under the black affair, and had your vignette in the right hand corner, at the top of my outside show case, by to-morrow morning."

"Is that a compliment, Mr. Grant? I cannot say I should admire being advertised by Mr. Simmonds in his show case, though my vignette were all that you infer. At present, I would far rather he should admire my crayon than take my likeness; but, as you say, the spell is broken, and I am not so much put out," she added, observing his blank looks, "because, I should not really have had time to finish it. But is it not strange how long you can see, if you never take your eyes off a thing? A moment ago and everything on the paper seemed quite clear and plain, and now darkness has dropped in a second and the drawing is quite black. But pray excuse me, I must go and see Mamma. We'll not leave you alone five minutes," she added, as she ran lightly from the room in search of Mrs. Roberts.

"I wish she would not," thought Grant, "but people do reverse the old adage, that two are good company and three none at all."

Lucy and her mother, whom she had gone to assist in some of the mysterious duties

of the household provision, soon returned to the drawing-room, and the evening passed as many had before, and as many are spent each day throughout the world.

Before retiring for the night, the usual custom was for the host and Grant to smoke a last pipe; and to-night, as it was very mild and the moon was bathing the night with a mellow light, they moved their chairs out on the verandah. Mr. Roberts studiously avoided, as usual, all openings which might lead to a renewal of the subject of the morning's conversation. He knew his man, and it was soon plain that Grant would open the ball. And, accordingly, he soon broke in,—

“Please excuse me, but about what we were talking of this morning; cannot you think of any place where they want ‘a partner with some capital,’ or where there are ‘good reasons for selling?’”

Mr. Roberts did not answer for a few seconds, but seemed revolving in his mind some scheme, while his companion sat impatiently swaying one foot over the arm of his rocking-chair, and mentally consigning these slow old fogies to a place where their train of reason might become quickened up.

After a full five minutes' pause the senior answered, “No, I cannot think of any good place that I could at present recommend, but I do know of a place, where I believe there might be a first class opening suitable for your particular case. I'll think it over to-morrow and speak to you again in the evening. You positively must keep cool for twenty-four hours,” he added, as he observed with an amused smile the gesture of impatience with which his friend received the notice of postponement. “My dear fellow, when you have been in business as long as I have, you'll not be in a desperate hurry to make up your mind on such points. Nor if you put your money into the concern I have in view,” he added *sotto voce*, as he turned to walk towards the far end of the verandah. “You really must wait,” he said coming back; “I'll think it over very carefully. I often have my considering cap on to best advantage in intervals during hours at the mill. I shouldn't wonder but it will suit

you to a T. How much capital did you say was at your command? Three thousand pounds—fifteen thousand—well, that is not a great amount and will not go a long way; but you will, of course, start on a small scale, but if you are attentive you should soon double your money. But it is time we turned in; good-night and pleasant dreams; and take my advice,” as he shook hands with Grant, “when you lie down, try and dismiss from your mind all thoughts about your future prospects, and go off to sleep. I know it's hard, but I can generally manage it, and here's my receipt: I try and compel myself to think of something more soothing, and if I do not get on the actual track of such a subject, the attempt to think of it, seems to act as a wet blanket on any unpleasant topic, and generally ends in sleep before long. *Au revoir.*” And knocking the ashes from his finished pipe, he left our hero on the verandah in undisturbed possession of his own reflections.

The evening following found the same two again upon the verandah, when Mr. Roberts disclosed the gist of his day's reflections—Grant having been persuaded to stay with them another day.

With a sudden burst of confidence, very captivating when coming from a man in general so reserved about his business, he informed his hearer that knowing of no other business in which he could advise him to engage, he had determined, after mature consideration, to offer him a connection in his own interests.

“You see,” he said, “I am doing a very extended business. I have connections all over the Dominion, from Montreal to Sarnia, and even in the outlying provinces, and in the course of the season I fill many orders. These orders come in as fast or faster than I have means at hand to fill them, for my goods, are getting a better name every day in the Dominion. But those merchants who order from us also require amongst other goods that they keep in stock a large amount of yarn. Now I have neither the time nor the space in which to devote a room to the manufacture of this necessary article, for which the demand is already almost unlimited. Of course, you

could start a factory for this entirely on your own responsibility, but I am willing to give you a helping hand, and by running such a mill in immediate connection with my already established business, I should be able to give you the *entrée* into a large market. But, in order to gain the confidence of my customers, it would be necessary that you should have an interest in my business; so if you are willing to invest your money with me, I'll admit you as my junior partner, and we can then run the joint establishments together. My mill is too small to put more machinery in it, nor would there be sufficient power; but, as I have often pointed out to you, about a quarter of a mile down the stream there is a spot admirably adapted by nature to be formed into a good milldam; we could easily manage it so that you might obtain a full head of water for at least half the day. Now, if you should think well of this plan, take lots of time to consider it. Of course I cannot give you half my profits, because your capital is but a mite in the amount that is already in the business, but you shall, of course, have a fair percentage of profit. We will build a new mill below, and that shall be put in your charge. My present 'boss spinner' understands yarn perfectly; you shall have him down there, and we'll fill his place in the upper mill. If, after a time, you feel able to put more capital in the business, why, we will talk about new terms of partnership. "That is my offer. Now think it over carefully; consult your friends; and you need not hurry,—I'll leave it open for a long time."

Grant, at first thunderstruck at the prospect of entering business with and under the eye of such an experienced man, and one whom he firmly believed to be making seventy dollars a day, was overjoyed when he heard this proposal. Jumping up from his seat, he grasped his companion warmly by the hand.

"I don't require a minute to think of it; of course, I shall be only too glad to accept your offer. Why, I shall have every advantage,—your aid and knowledge, your customers from the very start, no market

to create; I think it a splendid chance And you don't know how I feel your kindness in giving me such an opportunity." And he added to himself, "I shall be near dear Lucy," and immediately those castles in the air, too often idle phantasies, began to whirl through his excitable mind. An early fortune, a settled business, a home, and—that Lucy might be persuaded to fill up the blank

Deeply lost in such tricks of vivid imagination, he had been closely watched by Mr. Roberts, who, now looking out upon the distant hills, and his eyes seeming to follow the course of the valley which wound round towards the right, until they settled on the gable end of the mill, which could just be seen a few hundred feet down the stream, broke in upon the young man's meditations,—

"But never be in a hurry, whatever you do. I would not for twice the value of my business have you enter anything with your eyes shut; speak to your friends; consult them and come back and you shall see my books without reserve; that is," he added, "if, after seeing Mr. Frampton and your older friends, you still hold to the desire to come in with me. 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,'" he continued, as if simply adapting an old saw to the present topic; but the on-looker, who observed the triumphant look which for a moment rested on his usually expressionless features, and passed away as rapidly, could, without the exercise of inordinate astuteness, have seen that there was implied a deeper meaning. Doubtless, the father had not been unobservant of the lingering looks with which Grant's eyes had lately followed his daughter as she moved about the drawing-room, or in the exercise of her daily household duties; nor the ready blush which with so little cause, now frequently mantled on the soft neck of pretty Lucy. It may have been that the same reasons that urged him to so insidiously offer a partnership, may have also had some influence in the formation of another desire, that there should be drawn more closely the ties of family connection.

LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME:

BRITISH AND ROMAN.

BY J. J. PROCTER.

Everybody knows that there are more ways than one of cutting an apple in halves. Whether geographers took the hint, following the example of Sir Isaac Newton, I am unable to say; but certain it is that, whereas in my younger days they were contented to divide the world into the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, they have got it divided into all sorts of halves now—Eastern and Western, Northern and Southern, Land and Water. It is to the last mentioned pair of hemispheres that I would draw your attention for a moment.

We have all of us, I doubt not, heard that the star of empire moves westward, and history shows the general truth of the assertion. We learn from it how the great empires founded round the cradle of the human race saw their power and glory moving, sunlike, to the West; how leaving Asia they lingered for a while on the Northern shores of Africa, on Egypt and Carthage; but these were but fitful gleams; the great light of empire travelled west by north-west, and took up its abode in Europe, in fulfilment of the prophecy delivered by Noah, "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." But when it came to Europe, the star of empire did not cease to obey the mysterious law at whose bidding it had quitted Asia; along the coast of the Mediterranean it went, from the Grecian to the Italian peninsula, from the Italian to the Spanish, while inward it crossed from the Ottoman Empire to the Austrian, from the Austrian to the French; always moving, its march was steadily, not in a westerly, but in a north-westerly direction, no matter from what quarter the impulses came that drove

it onwards. The Scythians rushed against it from the East, the Saracens from the South, the Huns from the North, the Franks and Celts from the West. Africa stretched out her arms from Carthage to drag it to her; from the shores of the Caspian and the semi-Asiatic steppes of Southern Russia, Asia sought to stay the truant; huge whirlwinds of men swooped down from the Rhine and the Danube, to bind it in the icy chains of the North, and the Western Crusaders sought to drive it back, and settle it on the banks of the Jordan,—all in vain! There was a law which no effort of man could break, and the track of empire remained north-westerly; so too, and as an almost necessary consequence, maritime superiority and commerce travelled. From Tyre and Sidon to Greece, from Greece to Venice, from Venice to Genoa, Genoa to Leghorn, Leghorn to Spain and Portugal, Spain to Holland, Holland to England, flowed the tide.

Now there is a reason for this, and this reason we shall find in looking at the map of the land-hemisphere. We know that all things gravitate to a centre, and if we look at this map, and find the centre of the great mass of land upon the face of the earth, we shall discover it, speaking roughly, in that little island known as Great Britain. If we look again still more closely we shall find that as nearly as possible the exact centre of the land is situated near the mouth of the Thames, and is called London. It will not, therefore, surprise us, with this light on the subject, to know that the most populous, most wealthy and most maritime city on the face of the earth is the capital of two small islands on the extreme verge of the Atlantic Ocean.

And so, through the mere working of the natural law of gravitation, the London of to-day is the eighth wonder of the world. What a picture does the very name of it call up to the mind! Think what an immense mass of buildings must be required to give shelter to a population little, if anything, short of that with which the provinces of North America entered into confederation! Think of the streets, the squares, circles, crescents, lanes, and alleys through which that vast living tide of nearly four million souls ebbs and flows daily; the immense supplies of food which have daily to be brought in for its maintenance; the long lines of docks and wharves; the unnumbered shipping from all parts of the globe, and bearing the flags of all nations; the buildings of all sorts and styles of architecture, ancient and modern, and appropriated to all sorts of purposes, good and bad; the church, the chapel, the senate house, the literary institutions, the inns of court, the hospitals, the halls, shops, villas, theatres, gin-palaces, cellars, nests of lodgings, floor on floor! Think on the sudden and startling contrasts, wealth and poverty, grandeur and abject wretchedness, purity and licentiousness, religion and impiety, life and death, which face you at every turn! Think of London to-day! What a thronged, and noisy, and hive-like place it must needs be! What toil of all kinds is going on from morn to night; what work for the muscle and the brain, the hand and the head, the mind and the heart; how every power is tasked to the utmost; every energy stretched almost to bursting! What weary feet, what panting breaths, what aching heads, what worn-out minds, what exhausted feeling, what rest-craving! Talk of the thunders of Niagara; how weak and puny is its one monotonous voice to the roar and swirl that goes up with weeping and with laughter, with shouts of triumph and groans of despair, with prayer and with blasphemy, up day by day to the throne of the Most High from four millions of human souls! And then, when the long day's turmoil is over, and for two or three hours the night settles down and broods over the sleeping city, and the roaring streets lie silent and empty beneath the watchful stars, think how deadly and unearthly that momentary silence must be! I think I was never so impressed with anything in my life as I once was by the aspect of London asleep. It was in 1856, at the time of the peace rejoicings at the end of the Crimean war. I was at Cambridge at that period, but a couple of friends proposed to me to join them and run up to London to see the illuminations. The resolution was taken on the sudden, and when we got into town, on making enquiries after dinner for beds, we were assured that such a luxury was quite unattainable. The idea seemed at first sight ridiculous, but a lengthened enquiry showed it was but too true; not only were all the beds taken up, but all the sofas, chairs and tables: not only all the places to lie down, but all the places to sit down. Nay! later on in the evening when we went to see the illuminations and the fireworks in Hyde Park, we found that even the room to stand up was sometimes denied us, so dense was the mass of human beings, that I and my two friends, for we were linked arm in arm, were lifted up bodily from our feet, and carried along for thirty or forty yards at a time with no more power to use our limbs than babies have when wrapped up to take a sleigh drive. Now hurled violently like a battering ram against some stout old gentleman; now irreparably damaging the crinoline and other mysteries of some pretty girl; now threatened with impalement on the huge cotton umbrella of some elderly female; assailed with entreaties from the front to mind "ver we wos a shoving to," and with objurgations to the rear, to look lively and keep a moving; powerless to comply with either admonition, and without breath to vindicate ourselves; with elbows to right of us, elbows to left of us, elbows behind us, we were borne along like corks on a gutter when swollen by a shower. The great charge at Balaklava was nothing to it; but when the vast crowd had melted away, and we were left to walk the streets all night, the silence and desolation of the vast city was something appalling. There, where a few hours previously we had been

in imminent risk of being pressed to death, was not a sound or sign of life. The great houses rose on all sides of us like walls of a well, ghostly and vast in the uncertain starlight, and seeming to shut us into a grave with the tombstone taken off. No words can express the awfulness of that huge sleeping city, except that one picture in the Bible, "And when the sun was going down a deep sleep fell upon Abram, and lo, a horror of great darkness fell upon him." Once before I had experienced a somewhat similar feeling of awe, when standing on the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius, and looking up, I saw the lurid sulphurous clouds that stream incessantly from the top curl and writhe four hundred feet above me; but there was lacking the feeling of the unnatural. Vesuvius was nature alive; London asleep was like a dead man looking at you.

Such and so vast is the London of the present day: a giant city in a giant age. But for any one to form an idea of the state and appearance of the old city at the beginning of its history, is no easy task. Like an old ship it has been repaired and rebuilt, till not one of its original timbers remain, and the crews that manned it have in like manner successively disappeared. Streets, buildings, speech, customs,—all have varied. How a Londoner of George the Second's time would marvel at the idea of travelling by steam, and laugh with incredulity if he were told that he would leave London at four o'clock in the afternoon, and be in Liverpool in time for supper. Much more distantly removed in point of ideas and association, would be our grave-looking ancestors some centuries earlier; while a citizen of the times of the Plantagenets would have a perfectly foreign appearance, dress and speech, and be to his polished and highly civilized descendant as one little better than a barbarian. Go back to the time of the Conqueror, and everything becomes changed;—costumes, manners, language, habitations, scenery, shift, and give place to far different appearances. In the Roman age, still more startling differences are presented; not even the soil remains the same. The level of the site on which the city stood sank far

lower than at present, and indications of Roman highways and floors of houses are found from twenty to forty feet below the existing pathways. In fact the name London is used for what has been a succession of cities, different from each other, including inhabitants in one age who would have been foreigners and barbarians to the inhabitants of another age. But London has been a city, even before history has noticed her; the name is most probably Celtic, and indicates that a town stood there before the arrival of the Romans; the two most probable derivations are from *Llawn*, meaning full, and *Dynmen*, a place full of men; and *Lon*, or *Lhong*, the British name for ships, and *Dun a*, town. Of these two the last is most generally accepted, the etymology from the word *Lhong* deriving support from the Latin name given it in the Itinerary of Antoninus, "*Longidinium*," while the "*Lundinium*" of Marcellinus seems to show that the first syllable had very early come to be pronounced in the way it still is.

Far different from what it is now was the aspect of London when the Roman eyes first fell upon it. The counties of Kent and Essex, now divided by the Thames, were partially overflowed, in the vicinity of the river, by an arm of the sea, so that a broad estuary came up as far as Greenwich, and the waters spread on both sides, washing the foot of the Kentish Uplands to the south, and finding a boundary to the north in the gently-rising ground of Essex. The mouth of the river, properly speaking, was situated three or four miles from where London Bridge now stands. Instead of being confined between banks, as at present, the river overflowed extensive marshes, which lay both right and left beyond London. Sailing up the broad stream, the voyager would find the waters spreading on either side of him, as he reached the spots now known as Chelsea and Battersea, a fact of which the record is preserved in these very names. A tract of land rose on the north side of the river, bounded to the west by a range of country subject to inundations, and consisting of beds of rushes and osiers, boggy grounds and impenetrable thickets, intersected by streams, and

bounded on the north by a large, dense forest, rising on the edge of a vast fen or lake, which covered the whole district now called Finsbury, and stretched away for miles beyond. This tract of land, rising in a broad knoll, formed the site of London. Geoffrey of Monmouth, an early English historian, and one rather fond of the marvellous, describes the British city in the most extravagant terms. He calls it Lud's Town, or the town of King Lud, a fabulous hero of Britain, and gravely informs us that it "had a strong and stately wall, adorned with an infinite number of towers of curious workmanship, and containing public structures of all sorts." This high-flown description is altogether erroneous, and the British town was rather one of those rude settlements described by Cæsar and Strabo as common in the island. An enclosure of miserable conical-shaped huts, like those of an African or Indian village, was much more like what it was. There was a ditch and rampart round the enclosures which included within it, besides the abode for men, stables or stalls for cattle, for the Britons of the south-east were a pastoral people. The position of London, in the immediate neighborhood of marshy lands, would preclude the possibility of growing corn there; otherwise agriculture might have been practised by the original dwellers in this spot, and the enclosure might have contained rude farming homesteads, for the Southern Britons were husbandmen as well as graziers. But the inhabitants themselves, what were they like? The types of this old Celtic race have been portrayed to us from our childhood, with naked, painted bodies, flowing hair, glaring eyes, and arms uplifted with rude weapons brandished in the air. But it should be remembered that it is only as they appeared to Cæsar on his invasion of the coast, when, in Celtic fashion, they had flung off their garments to engage in battle, that this description is applied to them even by him; and that we have his testimony that it was only the inland tribes, those least civilized, that clothed themselves in skins, while the Southern Britons, like the Gauls, dressed in even splendid attire. Planche, in his work on British costume, describes the dress as not unlike, in its general fashion,

"the highland tartan of modern times. Classic writers tell us of the surplice-like robes of the Druid priests; of the splendid dress of the warrior-queen Boadicea; of the stout tartan plaids worn by the Scilly Islanders, which were so much admired at Rome for their warmth and thickness; of the ornamental baskets, much coveted by the Roman ladies; of their broad gold bracelets and collars. Soap, too, says Pliny, was a purely British invention, and from this island both the article and the name were adopted by the inhabitants of Southern Europe.

We have been assured that their boats, were mere wicker baskets covered with hides, called coracles, which a man might easily carry on his back. It is a curious thing how what we have been accustomed to look upon as evidence of the inferiority of the ancients turns up every now and then in modern inventions. The recurrence to rams in naval warfare was a late instance of this; but only last Wednesday I was reading a description of a new kind of life-boat recently invented and tested in Liverpool, and that life-boat was made of open wicker-work, compact, yet pervious to the water, which runs in and, therefore, runs out again like through a fine sieve. It is constructed with a double keel, which gives an elevated flooring, also of basket-work; this false bottom being high enough above the level of the water inside and outside to afford a dry footing. The boat was tested by being pulled off by a steam tug from a height of between sixteen and twenty feet, with her crew of six men in her. She plunged with her nose under the tide, as a bather takes a header, and came up trim and lively, half-filled, one oarsman completely ducked, and the rest more or less wet. Then came the trial to see how many men she could take. They crowded into her as many men as could stand any how—about fifty-five, and it is said that double the number would scarcely have sunk her. Here then we have the despised coracle of the ancient Britons turning up in the nineteenth century as the best life-boat known. But the coracles were not the only boats the Britons possessed. Canoes have been dug up on the banks of the Carron, thirty-six feet long by four broad, and

hollowed out of solid oak. Cæsar says, too, that the British vessels were decidedly superior to his own, and in another passage he tells us that they exported lead, tin, and other metals, and imported in return brass and bronze. Again we are told that Britain was the granary of Gaul, or France, large quantities of wheat being exported thither.

An export trade in corn naturally leads us to consider their agriculture. Pliny tells us that they trenched and subsoiled their fields, manuring them with chalk, sea sand and lime, the effects of which manure, he says, lasted eighty years. Nor was this all. Who invented reaping machines? Our cousins across the line, I suppose, you will say. Not a bit of it. Nineteen hundred years ago, we are told the Britons and Gauls used enormous machines with teeth set in a row, drawn by a mare, with which they soon cleared their broad level plains of the standing corn; and as they reaped their fields, so they reaped their enemies, driving among them in huge chariots with sharpened scythes sticking out two feet from each side of the axle. Just fancy a lot of those machines coming full tilt at one; I should think it would have made even our volunteers feel considerably ticklish about the knee-joints, and rather disturbed the accuracy of their aim; no need of surgeons to amputate legs there. The Britons of the days before the Christian era were certainly not the most civilized people in the world; but neither were they in the condition of the Indian tribes of this continent, or the natives of the Pacific Archipelagoes. They were good farmers, good miners, good shipwrights, horse-trainers, smiths, wheelwrights, ropemakers—they were coiners of money, manufacturers of woollen goods, of fancy-work, of gold ornaments. The fact was that they had had considerable communication with the great maritime power of Northern Africa, Carthage, centuries before the arrival of the Romans, and were by no means destitute of civilization.

London by day presented a number of these Celtic people, engaged in their pastoral pursuits, or embarking and paddling on the river in their coracles or wicker-

boats, to catch fish, or loading their ships with corn, cattle or minerals for the voyage across the English Channel, or preparing for war, throwing off their plaids, and ascending with furious menaces the war chariot, whose wheels were studded with scythe-like spikes. There, too, resorted the Gallic merchants, and the hardy Phœnician and Carthaginian navigators. London by night was a scene of country quiet. The birds folded up their wings, the cattle lay down to sleep, the Thames rolled his unpolluted waves on in silence, while the marshes around overflowed with water, from amidst which the bittern boomed like a bell tolling nightly, and the Britons lay down and slumbered and dreamed much as we do in this little country place, each one repairing to his own little world of memories and fancies.

Such was London when the Romans first visited it. That visit seems to have been later than Cæsar's invasion. The earliest mention of it by the Roman historians is in Tacitus, who speaks of it as a place of importance, but not as a Roman colony. It had become a Roman station. Its central situation, and great natural advantages, had marked it out for this to the keen-eyed masters of the world; but when and how they changed the British town into one of their provincial cities, is now a subject wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. The same historian informs us that London, at the time when the Roman general Suetonius Paulinus arrived there, which was in the year 64, contained a great number of merchants and merchandise. Under its new masters it had made a giant stride towards its present position.

But the war-cloud was gathering over the prosperous city, and broke upon it in waves of fire and streams of blood. Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, had suffered grievous wrongs from the haughty Romans. The dominions of her dead husband had been wrested from her; she herself, on remonstrating, had felt the lash of the slave, and her daughters had been outraged. Sharp and deadly as were the wrongs, still more sharp and deadly was the vengeance of the intrepid and high-spirited princess. Escaping to her countrymen, her fiery elo-

quence aroused them, like the hot wind of the Sahara, against the Roman oppressor. Town after town was taken, the inhabitants were given to the sword, and the buildings to the flames. Fire and blood marked the injured woman's track as she marched upon London. It had by that time become a large Roman settlement; but the Latin general was for the time powerless before the storm that had arisen, and abandoned the place for want of means of defending it. Who shall paint the terror and despair of the inhabitants? Their sole hope lay in the mercy of the conqueror, and what room for mercy was there left in that tortured heart? Without mercy she assailed it, without mercy she pillaged and destroyed it; without mercy she slew its inhabitants. Among the many terrific calamities to which this, like other cities, has from time to time been the subject, this, the first of them on record, is not the least shocking; not less than 70 000 persons perished in London and St. Albans. Boadicea is said to have hanged the Roman women naked, sewed up their mouths, pierced their bodies with sharpened stakes, and committed other barbarities. Then, when there were no longer human beings to glut her fierce thirst for vengeance, she turned her wrath upon the city and consumed it with fire; and so from the wreathing smoke of the great town she turned and went forth to meet her doom in battle. Her marks have been found to this day. Men digging deep down have discovered tessellated pavements, above which are traces of fire, wood ashes lying a few inches thick, together with molten glass and red pottery, blackened by smoke; then on higher ground are fragments of buildings, which seem to have been reared over ruins left by a former conflagration. Eighteen centuries passed away, and men going twenty or thirty feet below the streets of busy London come upon the blackened, fire-scathed dwellings of a forgotten city and an almost forgotten period, and say: "This was Boadicea's work!" So well did a woman avenge a woman's wrongs.

But London was probably not very long before it recovered from this early calamity. Its favorable position on the banks of the Thames could not fail to recommend it to the care of the Romans and induce them to accomplish its rebuilding. The river has been its friend from the beginning, and has ever brought it commerce and wealth to repay its losses, and to compensate for its misfortunes. Till it loses the old stream it can never be irretrievably impoverished, as the alderman very justly thought. He lived in Queen Mary's time, and, when he was told that Her Majesty was greatly displeased with the Londoners, and intended to remove the Court and Parliament to Oxford, he asked, "Does she mean to take away the Thames from London, too?" "Why, no," replied the courtier. "Well, then," answered the other, "we shall do well enough at London, whatever may become of the Court and Parliament." That river became its friend in connection with the second incident recorded of it in history. In the year 297, a body of Franks fell upon the place, and were beginning to plunder it, when the arrival of a part of the Roman fleet succored the inhabitants, and drove away the invaders. A second time the town was relieved by the Emperor Theodosius, who discomfited its Scotch and Pictish enemies. These inveterate troublers of the early peace of the island, had made a rather more extended foray than usual, and were approaching London with an eye to business, burdened with the spoils they had already taken, and driving before them the prisoners they had made, like so many beasts in droves. It was an early version of the more modern cattle-lifting expeditions of the Scottish and English borderers. But as these gentlemen were marching cheerfully along in gleesome anticipation of the sack of the rich and defenceless city, they came suddenly upon the Emperor Theodosius and the Roman Legionaries. Marvellous was the alteration that took place in their views, and surprising the rapidity with which it was effected. It is recorded on a latter day that a Scotchman passing by an orchard where there were some very fine apples, and seeing nobody about, resolved to have a few. Jumping over the fence, he was about making his way to the finest tree of the place, when suddenly from underneath its branches the proprietor jumped up and accosted him. "Hollo, mon! whaur are ye

ganging till?" "Bock again," was the reply, as he suited the action to the word. Something very similar took place at the interview between the Romans and the Picts. The booty was dropped, the captives left behind, and the plunderers went "bock again," decidedly less jolly than they had come.

It is probable that it was at this period that London received the title of *Augusta*, which was given to about seventy cities of the Roman Empire, generally the capitals of the countries in which they were situated. It had certainly reached the dignity of a "*Colonia*." A *Colonia*, from which we get our word *colony*, consisted of a number of Roman citizens, sent out by the decree of the Senate, either to occupy an already existing town, or to plant one in a country of which Rome had taken possession. The original inhabitants were not driven out nor deprived of all their property, but were allowed to enjoy certain municipal privileges, very inferior, however, to those of the immigrants who were virtually lords and masters of the territory. The government of the colony resembled that of Rome: its laws were there administered, its usages practiced, its worship established, its arts diffused; in short the dependent municipality was the image of the central and parent one. The aboriginal residents, who thus found themselves subject to foreign masters, were not likely in many cases cordially or patiently to submit to the imposed authority, and, therefore, dissatisfaction and annoyance existed and was evinced even in cases where open revolt did not take place. That London was a colony is an ascertained fact, and, therefore, a city of this description; but how the spirit of the inhabitants with regard to their masters was affected, we have now little or no means of judging. But one thing is left to guide us, and that is the affection with which the Romans regarded Britain, from which we may infer that the relations between conquerors and conquered were, at any rate during the later period of the occupancy of the island, of a satisfactory kind.

The Romans occupied the island six hundred years; and imprinted deeply on it

traces of their own civilization. There exist to this day plain evidences of the extent of the Roman London and indications of its artistic state; its growth may be followed and its boundaries measured. In the very heart of the present city, on the Roman highway of Watling street, from St. Paul's Churchyard to the Tower, lay the old city, bounded on the south by the Thames, and on the north by a line which did not run far behind Guildhall. It was a parallelogram, intersected, according to the Roman fashion, by streets running in straight lines. Close to the outside of this, and even in St. Paul's Churchyard, there have been discovered funeral urns, the sure signs of Roman burial places. As these were always outside the boundaries of the city, these relics prove that London originally must have been confined within the limits named, but afterwards it became much more extended. Marks of the growth of London in Roman times were found at the beginning of the last century, when, on taking down some houses, there were discovered, first, a tessellated pavement, and four feet below it Roman urns in pottery, containing burnt bones and ashes. Here the city must have pushed out its borders, and invaded the territories of death. The villa must have been reared over the sepulchre; the living population must have been so increased as no longer to be able to remain within the old bounds. Indeed the curious fact has been established that the original city was in great part superseded by a later one built over it, and out of its ruins. In Lower Thames street, within the old city, an extensive edifice has been recently brought to light, which either constituted a private building with its own baths, or a small public establishment, similar to those excavated at Pompeii. There were plainly here rooms, cisterns, and flues for both cold and warm bathing, indulgences highly valued by the Romans.

That a bridge spanned the river at that early age is indicated by recent researches. Throughout the entire line of old London Bridge the bed of the river was found to contain ancient wooden piles, and when these piles, subsequently to the erection of the new bridge, were pulled up to deepen

the bed of the river, many thousands of Roman coins, with abundance of broken Roman tiles and pottery, were discovered; and immediately beneath some of the central piles, brass medallions of some of the Roman Emperors. The beautiful works of art which were discovered alongside the foundations of the old bridge—the colossal head of Adrian; the bronze images of Apollo, Mercury, and other divinities; an extraordinary instrument, ornamented with the heads of deities and animals, and other relics bearing direct reference to pagan mythology,—were probably thrown into the river by the early Christians in their zeal for obliterating all allusions to the old supplanted religion.

Though no positive remains of temples have been detected, mouldings and sculptures adapted to friezes have been found worked up in parts of the London wall, and may have formed portions of sacred buildings previous to their dishonored use. A curious altar was discovered some time ago in Cheapside, and in the immediate neighborhood of St. Michael's and other churches the bones and horns of animals offered in sacrifice are buried. There are vestiges of the pagan worship introduced by the conquerors of Britain, and perhaps the vicinity of such relics to spots employed for Christian uses may indicate that buildings consecrated to the honor and promotion of the Christian religion appeared upon the site of heathen temples, or were constructed out of them. A considerable portion of the ground on which the Roman city stood was prepared for the purpose, after being recovered by draining and embankment, from the river and from the marsh land. Near the Thames wooden piles abounded, driven deep into the boggy earth, and constituting the basis of houses and pavement, as, to this day, is built the city of Amsterdam, in Holland, on piles driven thirty feet and more into the boggy reclaimed land. Opposite the place where Finsbury circus was, a well-turned Roman arch was discovered at the depth of nineteen feet, at the entrance of which were iron bars, placed apparently for the purpose of restraining the sedge and weeds from choking the passage.

With regard to the artistic civilization of Roman London, many proofs have been, and are being continually obtained during the improvements of the city. At depths, varying from ten to twenty feet and upwards, we come upon numerous remains of houses, and of a variety of domestic utensils. Some of these houses exhibit, as may be expected, evidence of the superior rank and wealth of their owners, in the rich tessellated pavements of their apartments. The fictile urns and vessels, in an endless variety of shape and pattern, contribute evidence of domestic comfort, and of that combination of elegance and utility which characterizes those works of ancient art. Some of them are proved to have been manufactured in Britain, and on the handles of wine jars, and on the rims of pans, are to be seen the makers' names. An abundance of Samian pottery has been preserved; a species of earthenware of a bright red color, wrought into cups and dishes, plain and adorned, with an ivy-leaf pattern, and also formed into bowls, with elaborate designs, comprising mythological, drinking and hunting subjects, combats, games and architectural and fanciful compositions. Glass utensils have also been discovered, blue, green and yellow. Fresco-paintings which retain a remarkable freshness of hue; knives and other implements in steel; leather sandals, and curious instruments, resembling those which are still used in the West of England for yarn-spinning.

As one muses over the results of antiquarian researches, the vast modern city shrinks in dimensions to very narrow limits, and the broad Roman wall is seen belting the city all round. Through the massive gateways came the armed legions with their eagles, marching into the streets, and making the pavements ring with their heavy tramp, as they advance towards the Pretorium, somewhere about London Stone. They disperse and mingle with the citizens. Busy crowds sweep along the highways; shops receive their customers, courts of justice their litigants, temples their worshippers; nor, happily, are there wanting sacred spots where men and women gather-together to sing hymns to

Jesus Christ, rejoicing in that divine religion which gives them the prospect of an eternal inheritance, through faith in Him who brings life and immortality to light by the Gospel. Persons are employed in their work-rooms; the arts of civilized life in their various forms are busily plied; provisions are obtained and prepared; among them the oysters, for which Britain in those days was famous. Men of patrician rank entertain their friends in the halls of their luxurious villas; the plebian, with his family, takes his meal at a humbler abode; people are seen sitting in the porticoes of public buildings, or entering the baths by the Thames side. The galley, with its banks of oars, glides up the river, and the mariners disembark. Cargoes from the mother city and her colonies are unshipped and piled up in warehouses, and

all the din and bustle of an old Roman town fall on the ear and engage the attention.

And so old London flourished for six hundred years; *then*, a new era opened on it. The Roman Empire was broken up; the legions who subdued the world were themselves subdued, and the proud Eagle that had barked down the thrones of kings cowered and folded its wings, and submitted to be chained. The old civilization crumbled and melted away by degrees, and gave place to new forms of society. The Gothic superseded the Latin. The wild, rude energy of the North was poured like fresh blood into the emasculated veins of the South. The Vandals overran Spain, the Franks, France, and the Anglos and Saxons, Britain. The very name of the country was changed, and it became Anglo Land, or England.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more: they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego—

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rite—
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

— Selected.

MY ATTEMPT AT STORY-WRITING.

BY ELECTRA.

When I have seated myself at the table (authoresses, I believe, have desks, but I haven't any yet), dipped my pen in the ink, and tried it, it splutters horribly, and sticks fiercely into the paper when I least expect it, in a way that would make most *men* have recourse to a formula; but, being a woman, I confine my ejaculations to the word "Bother!" and do the best I can with the thing, for I know there isn't another in the house. Now, I am in a little difficulty, for I do not know exactly what to write about, but I *do* know that down town there is a beautiful dress-pattern of green and white summer-silk (just one left) that the storekeeper told me I could have for twenty dollars. As I looked at it, wondering how on earth I could earn the money to buy it, the thought came into my mind, "Why can't you do as your friend, Emily Clark, does: set to work and write a story?" I shook hands with the idea, told the storekeeper I hoped to be able to take it another time, took one last, lingering look at the shining folds upon the counter, started home immediately, and here I sit, trying to make up my mind what to write. I see I've got some ink on my fingers already; that's a good sign. I believe authoresses are generally supposed to have inky fingers.

My, there goes Mary Gaines! I wonder if she made that dress she has on herself? It looks real nice anyway. I guess she's going up to the Harts'. I shouldn't think she'd want to go there, when the Hart girls are so jealous because George Clyde goes to see her; but she's so good and sweet herself I don't believe she ever notices how hateful they look when they see her and George together, and what, in the name of wonder, she sees to love in him, is more than I can understand. He

looks well enough, but he's awful wild, and anybody can see by his eye that he's got a pretty good temper of his own. It seems to me that people get curiously mated in many marriages. Yesterday I called upon our minister and his wife. He is just one of the nicest little men I ever knew; real good-looking, kind and thoroughly Christian, and his wife is as disagreeable as he is agreeable. (No, you're mistaken; I never wanted to marry him; he was married when I first became acquainted with him). She is hard and sour-looking, with round, beady, black eyes, and a squeaky voice. He is as logical as a proposition in Euclid, while she is the most utterly unreasoning and unreasonable woman that ever contradicted a man; yet, as people say, "he loves the very ground she walks on," and if that be true, he has considerable to love besides herself, for she has a good big foot of her own, that measures somewhere, I should say, about a foot and a half.

But about Mary Gaines. She was engaged some time ago to John Holt, just as handsome and steady a young man as there was in the town, and very well off. Everybody said it would be a good match, when suddenly Mary got the idea into her head that she didn't love John well enough to marry him, and told him so. He seemed to take it dreadfully to heart, but six months afterwards he married Jeannie Williams, with her saucy face and rude ways, and now, they say, he's perfectly miserable, and, indeed, he looks and acts as if he were. Some people's lives seem to get all tangled and mixed up. I hope mine won't act that way.

If I could marry rich I'd be tempted to get married; then I could have a silk dress without any trouble. I wouldn't mind writing, if I really felt that I could do it;

but none of our folks ever took to writing, and I'm afraid I haven't it in me; but I'll do the best I can, and maybe the editor will send me a letter something like this:

DEAR MADAM,—We have perused your MS. with pleasure, and it will appear in the next week's issue of the "Journal."

Enclosed you will find the sum of twenty dollars (\$20), as payment for the same.

Hoping to receive further contributions from your gifted pen at your earliest convenience,

We remain,

Yours truly,
&c., &c.

Stop! I think I said there wasn't anybody in our family that was given to writing, but I am mistaken. Cousin Askelon, that lives over at Stubb's Mills, used to write poetry. I don't know whether he does now or not. But he composed a valentine once all in rhyme; and when Mr. Brown's little boy was drowned in the mill-dam the summer before last, Cousin Askelon composed some verses about it. I wish I could remember them: I thought they were real nice. He brought it all in in rhyme—how it happened, the time, even to the day of the month; how old the child was, how bad his mother felt; how we all ought to take warning by it, and be ready to be drowned at any minute. The last time I was over at Mr. Brown's I saw them framed and hung up in the parlor. I read them over, and thought how nice everything came in; but I don't care much for poetry; at least, if I was to be drowned I shouldn't want anybody to go to writing verses about it. Somehow I can't get my mind composed to writing. I had almost decided what to write, and now it's all gone, just with the clatter and fuss those children make over washing the dishes. I don't see why they need squabble so, as to who shall wash and who shall wipe. If either of them would come and write this story, I'd wash the dishes in double-quick time. I wonder if Emily Clark finds it as hard work as I do to write a story? If she does, she certainly earns all she gets for them. I guess she does that anyway, for I find that if people want anything worth having, they've got to work for it, unless they happen to be lucky enough to have

somebody to supply them with all they need. But I do wonder why I can't write as well as Emily? I'm sure she's nothing particular to look at. My forehead's a great deal higher than hers, and my nose is long and straight, while hers is a regular pug.

Dear me! I wish I could do something to earn money. There are four of us girls at home; Pa's salary is only small, and it's so hard to get what we need to make anything like a nice appearance. It doesn't so much matter about the two little ones; *their* day is coming; but we two large girls need so much, and because we can't get it, we feel discontented, and are tempted to be stingy with each other, for Pa has no more to spend on both of us than would make one look anything like. Girls need so many things!

I remember reading somewhere that if a woman had on a pretty calico dress, a nice collar, and a bow of bright ribbon at her throat, she was dressed plenty well enough. Well, maybe so; but who wants to wear everlasting calico, when other girls have lawns and linens, and grenadines, and all the other pretty dress goods that are worn so much? I'm sure I don't. I do love nice things to wear; somehow, I feel better and happier when I'm well dressed. The other day I had on my blue and white lawn,—it has so many ruffles and puffs that it took me three hours to do it up; was fixed up generally as well as my clothes would allow, and was on my way to the Mechanics' Institute library to change "The Heir of Redcliffe" for "Meldora, or the Bandit's Bride," when a wretched-looking little girl passed me, her feet bare, and wearing an old, ragged, washed-out calico dress; and the way that child looked at me as I passed her, made me feel so sorry for her that just then I wished my dress was as mean as hers, so that she would not have felt so shabby and ashamed. I wonder how I would feel if I had to go looking like she did?

But, heigho! here I've been running on, all about dress, and haven't one word of my story written yet!

I wonder what Frank Bruce would say if he knew I was writing a story? I wish he

would come up to-night. If I thought he would, I'd go to work and iron my white waist, and baste some clean ruffling in the neck. I wouldn't like Frank to see it, but yesterday I took a calling card and wrote on it "Mrs. Frank Bruce," instead of my own name, and I liked the look of it very well.

I think if I thought ever so much of a young gentleman, I wouldn't marry him if he had an awful homely name. I know a man named Josiah Higgins. Fancy being "Mrs. Josiah Higgins!" And I read something in the newspapers the other day about a man named Jonathan Slow. How could a man with such a name as that ever get upstairs? How could he lift his feet from one step to another with such a name as that? Or suppose there should be an alarm of fire, how could he run like other men, with "Jonathan Slow" dragging at his heels? I think some of our old names are getting pretty well played out. Somebody ought to invent some new ones. Talking about inventing names, I know a lady who invented a name for her little girl, because she couldn't find any nice enough, so she manufactured the name "Dorsilla," which *she* says is prettier than any name she ever knew or heard tell of.

Why, I declare! if it isn't five o'clock! I

must go and see about getting [supper, for there's no one else to attend to it this evening, and Pa must have his supper at six, whether I write a story or not.

* * * * *

Frank Bruce came up last night. He is so friendly and good that I could tell him almost anything. I told him what I had been trying to do yesterday, and how I had run on, and hadn't written one word of a story. He wanted to see what I *had* written, and I, like a simpleton, forgot what I had written about the name on a calling card, and showed it to him. He read it all through, and smiled a good many times. When he had finished reading it, he told me to send it just as it was; that he believed the editor of the *Journal* would rather have it than a regular made-up story; so I took his advice, and sent it.

But I must tell you something else that he said—not word for word, but the sense of it,—“That if I liked the name, ‘Mrs. Frank Bruce,’ I might have it, and welcome; for his part, he would be glad to share it with me.”

I thought at first he was only in fun; but I soon found out that he was in earnest; so I suppose in a short time I shall be “Mrs. Frank Bruce,” instead of Miss Lizzie Gates.

UP-STAIRS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Watching at eve, by the window,
Till I had wandered in sight;
Shouting and toddling to meet me,
Patting her hands with delight.
Hugging and kissing me sweetly,
Lips like the rosiest dew!
Running away then and calling:
I'll be up-stairs before you!”

Often at twilight I linger,
Waiting, in silence, to hear
One little voice gently calling,
Two little feet patter near!
Then on my heart sadly echo
Words that, alas! were so true,
While her dear arms clung around me:
“I'll be up-stairs before you!”

—Independent,

A NEW LOVE A TRUE LOVE.

CHAPTER IX.

Mark Ardesley had been wilfully unjust when he had taunted Juliet with Mr. Thurston's vulgarity, on the eve of her marriage. A proud man Miles Thurston certainly was, but not a vulgar one, for all that he had sprung from the people. It was this very pride which had often saved him from the littlenesses too frequently characteristic of the man who has risen. Step by step he had worked his way up in the world.

Still he could remember the time when he had run errands and held horses for a sixpence in the Old World city, glad and thankful when he could carry home to his hard-worked mother and consumptive father a trifle at the day's close to add to the scanty family resources. It was still fresh in his memory how his father had come home one day looking white and ghastly, and stopping at every step to take breath, and had told his mother that he had been dismissed; that his employer had said he was no longer fit for work. The despairing, hopeless look in the man's face was still painfully distinct in his son's memory, and his mother's first horror when she had learned the tidings. But she had been brave and loyal, and had spoken words of hope and trust after the first shock was over, and had refused to succumb to despair, even when hunger was staring them in the face during all that long and bitter winter; and Miles had learned courage from her, had emulated and imitated her high and patient spirit, and the two had worked bravely on together for the dying husband and father, till the end had come and they had seen him laid in a pauper's grave. Then Mrs. Thurston had given way, and had rapidly declined; till another winter had seen her laid by her husband's side, and Miles, a lonely orphan, cast upon the charity of the world.

But the boy had sterling stuff in his composition, and a resolute heart in his breast.

He had a hero soul within him, just as much as any of the great heroes who have come to the world's front in times past and present, acknowledged as such. He was not one to be stamped out of existence or trampled into the mud of the great city. He had a place in it, or if not in it somewhere in the great wide world he felt; and that place should be his, if he had to fight a long and a hard battle for it.

And he had fought the battle nobly, resolutely, and had won the place. He had come to Canada, where there was bread enough and to spare for every hard working, brave-souled son of want in the crowded mother-land,—come with a purpose which could not fail; which would not recognize such a word as defeat in all the vocabulary of its mother tongue.

This is no imaginary case in its broad and general outlines, but one which has its innumerable parallels in the lives of the men who this day influence to the greatest extent the destinies of our brave Dominion.

Reader, whoever you may be, let not the example be lost upon you. There is hope for every future where there are faith, courage, and patient effort. Let us honor our self-made men and follow in their steps.

Miles Thurston had married for love. If he had been looking about him for a family connection likely to strengthen his already well-established political and social position, he would have had no difficulty in finding one. There were men very high in place and power who would have gladly bestowed a daughter or a relative upon the rising member whose voice already, at any moment, commanded attention on the floor of the House of Commons, and whose vote and interest were so eagerly sought for.

Leaders, like poets, are born, not made. Miles Thurston was already pointed out as a probable leader and a man destined to

write his name upon the page of his country's history. In setting ambition entirely aside and yielding solely to the promptings of love in his choice of a wife, he had believed that he was doing the wisest thing for himself as well as for her. He had not been blind to the fact that Juliet was wild and wilful and undisciplined, but he had seen that with all her faults, there was an underlying truth and nobleness in her character that made him feel confident for the future of the man who should intrust his honor and happiness to her keeping. He had not failed to detect the family efforts to entrap him into a marriage, and he would have, in another case, taken pleasure in foiling attempts so palpable.

If Juliet herself had not so determinately opposed the plot laid for both of them, so frankly shewn herself to him in her worst colors, and taken, as it were, a pride in baffling the "best laid schemes" of the domestic junto, he would, probably, have included her in the half-pitiful contempt with which he regarded in secret the family, whom, nevertheless, he was generous enough to befriended openly. Juliet's frankness, however, her complete honesty, saved her, and made her, quite as much as her girlish grace and beauty, his wife. The thought that she did not love him had never entered his mind after she had accepted him. Mrs. Amhurst had assured him that Juliet had long cared for him in secret.

"But you know, Mr. Thurston," she had added confidentially, "what a strange girl Juliet is; and how contradictory, at times, with all her charming qualities. She has always had a sort of sensitive horror that you might think she was to be won for the mere asking, and has seemed to wish to discourage and keep you at a distance, when, in reality, as I have reason to believe, her heart has been yearning for fresh proofs of your affection. Our position, too, so different from what it once was," and here the narrator had wiped away a few tears not altogether feigned; though as Mr. Thurston had recollected at the very moment, the family position had been pretty much the same from the time that Juliet could remember it, financial crises

threatening it with total destruction. But he received in good faith Mrs. Amhurst's explanation, and exempted Juliet from all complicity in the family scheming.

He was the more ready to believe in her sincerity because he loved her himself, and because, though a man who had seen much of the world, he was as yet inexperienced in the ways of a woman's heart. Her mother's explanation seemed to him, with his knowledge of Juliet's character, perfectly reasonable, and he had asked no further questions, but had taken it for granted in their brief wooing that her heart was his, and that if her love did not shew itself in the demonstrative fashion of her ordinary likes and dislikes, it was none the less a sincere and genuine love. And he had been supremely happy in the first short months of their married life. To him there had been no cloud in his domestic horizon. Juliet had been the joy, the pride, the hope of his heart. He had found in her the woman he had pictured to himself in the purest dreams of his manhood. With her and in the sanctity of their wedded life all the harshness, all the ruggedness which sometimes revealed themselves in the very powerfulness of his character when outside of his home, were softened and toned down to tenderness and perfect trust; for there had been perfect confidence in her. He would have stricken to the earth the man who had dared to breathe but the faintest whisper to him against the fidelity of his wife.

When Juliet had told him her pitiful little story it had seemed to him as if the smiling heavens had suddenly grown black and frowning, and had showered down upon him the thunderbolts of wrath; the earth had suddenly opened at his feet to swallow him up in vengeance. With a sudden, sharp, exceeding bitter anguish he had awakened from the first dull horror, in which he had scarcely comprehended the meaning of her words, to the realization to him so terrible, that she had never loved him, that she had loved another from the very first.

Let us understand him; let us realize the wounded pride, the cruel hurt to love and honor, the depth of wrong compre-

hended to him in the words he had just heard, attested by the tears and bitter sobs of the woman who was struggling to be true to him now. Let us not condemn him in that bitter awakening his only refuge from utter abandonment to the grief that would have unmanned him in his own eyes, was a feigned hardness, a feigned, inflexible and cruel scorn of the woman who had dishonored him in his own eyes. And yet, even then, if he had but dared to yield to the promptings of his heart, he would have taken her back to his bosom; he would have shielded her still, in that first humiliating hour, from the anguish which he felt for her sake, even then, more than for his own. It had broken passionately through the icy barriers of his pride a moment in his parting kiss, the love that would have spoken forgiveness and peace still; then it had shrunk back appalled, refusing to assert itself in the first cold formal letter that had come so hopelessly into Juliet's desolate home. But the next letter had been tenderer, more true, more like the noble heart which had been yielding more and more to its truer instincts. The man's heart was hungering and thirsting for peace with the woman whom he loved; hungering and thirsting to take her back, with such love as she could give him, to her place again. He would have, perhaps, retraced at once his steps homewards, if he could have done so without violating interests which might become national; but, in his absence, if Juliet could have looked into his heart, she would have ceased to fear.

CHAPTER X.

The wind had not fallen during the night, but increased in violence; and Saturday, the 23rd, broke dark and dreary, and cold as in November. Juliet's favorite flower-bed presented a melancholy spectacle, as she looked out upon them from the windows of the breakfast-room. The pitiless storm had crushed and broken and beaten down her fairest flowers, till the garden was but the wreck of its former trim and blooming self.

"And that is not the worst of it, ma'am," John announced, with a doleful

voice and countenance. "Them young fruit trees that the master was so particular about is damaged, every one of them, more or less; and the roof is blown completely off the new boat-house."

It was the worst storm they had had for years, the sailors said, as their vessels tossed about on the angry river; its waves all lashed to fury with the rough wind and rain beating in their faces, and blinding them at their work.

A telegram came from Mr. Thurston, despatched at the last moment.

They were setting sail, and the weather was cold, with high winds and rain. Juliet bore it as she could, and could only hope and pray for the safety of the one she loved.

"You are not going to church this morning?" Mrs. Amhurst asked in amazement, when Sunday came, with the storm still unabated, and she heard Juliet giving directions to have the carriage brought round after breakfast.

"Yes," was the brief reply; in a tone that convinced Mrs. Amhurst that remonstrance would be useless.

Where else could she go, Juliet thought, from the restless anguish that was gnawing at her heart? She was not religious in the ordinary acceptation of the word. With her own family and with Mr. Routh, she had passed for one openly deficient of the proprieties of piety. She had gone to church when she felt inclined to go, and had stayed at home when she had felt inclined to stay; and had sometimes shocked and outraged the feelings of even her long-suffering and forbearing father by her open denunciation of hypocrisy, with special reference to the family habits. After her marriage she had "improved," Mr. Routh was glad to see; had come to church regularly with her husband, and if religion was to be gauged by the extent of its contributions to the finances of the church, was in a fair way to become religious. Still, she had a way of holding Mr. Routh off at arm's length, when he would fain in the exercise of his pastoral office have assured himself that Mrs. Thurston was in reality quite a changed person from Miss Juliet Amhurst, and in no way imbued with the dis-

positions, or likely ever again to fall into the heterodox notions and vagrant habits of that whilom wandering sheep of his flock.

"Of course you are not coming, mamma?" Juliet had said, when she saw Mrs. Amhurst, though with evident reluctance, prepare to accompany her to church.

"Of course I am, Juliet, if you are going," her mother had answered a little testily.

It was very trying to have to leave the bright fire and the novel she had intended to finish that morning, to face the cold and storm and rain for a mere whim of Juliet's.

Juliet would have dismissed her from coming if she could; but Mrs. Amhurst's mind was made up, and for once she was as resolute as her daughter. After all it was not such a hardship, she admitted to herself as she lay back among the cushions of the luxurious family carriage of Mr. Thurston, well shielded from the blast of the storm, and wrapped about with the "Paisley" which Mr. Thurston had given her when he returned from his wedding-trip. There was not a large congregation either, and it showed well for her piety that she had not stayed at home with the crowd. Then, too, she had made Juliet stop the carriage to pick up Mr. Amhurst and the girls; so there was quite a large family party when they all entered the church together, and a comfortable consciousness of doing her duty herself, and having seen that her family did theirs also, animated her mind and invested the sacrifice she had just made with an agreeableness proportionate to its merit.

"It would never have done for us to be absent," she reflected within herself, as Mr. Routh gave out the words of the hymn:—

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave;
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,—
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea."

The storm was wailing and shrieking around the little church, and it seemed to Juliet that she could hear with palpable distinctness the roar of the far-off ocean, and the thunder of its waves breaking over the

decks and bulwarks of the "Southern." She closed her eyes and tried to shut out the horrible vision of a gallant vessel shattered and dismantled—a wreck at the mercy of the ruthless winds and waves; her passengers and crew engulfed in the black abyss, or clinging to some broken spar or plank with upturned faces, white as death. She could see *his* face upturned from the black waste,—the face she might never see again in life. The thought was too horrible to bear. She could scarcely prevent herself from shrieking aloud in the agony of the vision. She tried to pray mutely as the choir sang on, to follow the words in her heart, to lift up her soul to Him in the strong cry and passion of the closing strain:—

"O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea."

But would there ever be praise for him? Would he ever return to her from the angry deep? The wind grew louder and louder. Oh, if it would but cease! Oh, if peace from Him who had calmed it once upon the waters of Galilee, would fall now upon its angry tumult! She went home to pray as she had never prayed in all her life before; and all through that day and night the storm raged on, and still her prayers seemed unanswered. Another day came, and the daily papers brought tidings that made even Mrs. Amhurst, who had tried alternately to laugh and reason Juliet out of her fears, turn pale and tremble in her turn. It had been a fearful storm everywhere, but most of all at sea. Vessels had been wrecked wholesale, and the coasts and waves were strewn with broken masts and floating spars, and the shattered barques that had weathered many a storm before; and, oh, more than all, with the dead bodies of those who had perished then. Nothing was known as yet of the fate of the "Southern." It seemed to Juliet as if her very reason would give way under the pressure of suspense so fearful. Was there nothing,

nothing that could be done? She grew wild and desperate. Her white, despairing face was turned to her father, to Mrs. Amhurst, to any one, in ceaseless appeal. and Mr. Amhurst went to and fro, from hour to hour, for the tidings that refused to come. But God was merciful; at last it came,—a letter in Miles' own handwriting. She broke the seal, and with the first reassuring words and date, the glad tears that had seemed frozen in her eyes in these last awful days and nights, flowed once again. O joy unspeakable, he was safe! Safe!—she had no words yet to tell the news of his escape to those who had gathered anxiously about her; only those glad and thankful tears, that seemed as if they must flow on, or her heart must break. But the words came at last, when she had read her husband's letter over many times. The "Southern" had been in fearful peril. Nothing but the hand of God, and that the vessel herself was true as steel, had saved her in that awful night, when she had tossed all but helpless at the mercy of the winds and tides. For thirty years her brave captain had not experienced such a storm. It was a night never to be forgotten. They had sailed away from Gaspé, bravely, confidently, in the teeth of the tempest, and had been fearless 'still, though the storm had increased with every knot they made, till night came on with its awful blackness, and they had lost all knowledge of their course, and had whirled madly about till morning, knowing not the moment they might go down.

"It seemed most improbable that I should ever see you again in this world," the letter said. "Our captain told us that, humanly speaking, there was but one hope for us,—if the vessel would hold together till daylight, we should be saved. She was a gallant craft, and was fighting nobly with the elements, resisting like a Titan, strung to the last tension; but had you seen her with her masts shivered, her sails torn away, and the water breaking over her with the roar of a thousand cannon, in the awful blackness made dimly visible by the ghastly light at her wheel, or in the crowded cabin, where the passengers were gathered, most of them in a silence more fearful

than any words or shrieks, and heard the crash of breaking timbers and glass and china, surely your heart might well have trembled. But we were in His keeping who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, and we were safe."

It would be days still before he could return, but Juliet could bear it now. There was the blessed assurance now of his safety in the past, and she could trust him with Him for the future. Still it was a weary time while she waited for him, and passed, oh, how slowly!

Who has not felt it at some time, when the one beloved is absent, and the days and hours drag on in loneliness; when the heart counts each moment as it passes, and hopes and fears alternately, and learns to feel the dread of what may be, the uncertainty that must be, while it is parted from the one that is as its life? O mystery of love, that makes these earthly partings so hard to bear! How will it be when the great parting day shall have come? When the eyes whose light, withheld from us but for a single day, has left us with darkness in our hearts, shall have closed upon us forever, till we can follow them out from the dark into the light, where they have gone; when the feet, for whose returning sound we have hearkened yearningly, as it has tarried, shall tarry evermore on the other side of the flood they have stemmed before us; when the voice, whose tones, while yet they have lingered a little while, have left us with the music chords incomplete in our soul, shall have taken up the song we know not yet; when the hands, whose clasp withdrawn from ours a little while, has left us empty-handed with the world about us, shall have folded meekly forever on the pulseless heart?

These are the questions that the heart asks itself shudderingly in its solemn moments. How shall it answer them?

Who shall answer them to each one of us till the time shall come, and we shall drink of the cup of the bitter knowledge for answer? Juliet might have passed into this bitter knowledge suddenly; the cup was lifted to her lips, but a merciful hand had put it gently aside.

THE END.

Mr. Thurston was expected home that night, and Juliet had driven with her father to the station to meet him. Such a lovely, calm, clear night, with the new moon hanging its delicate silver crescent on the brow of the sky, and the stars coming out here and there in her train. No more stormy wind and tempest—no more cold and rain; a deep celestine calm pervading earth and sky; and the boats gliding softly over the quiet waters of the river, in the soft, mysterious light, like white-winged spirit forms. But the silence was rudely, yet to Juliet's ears, joyfully broken by the shrill, sudden, piercing notes that make the hearts of waiting friends leap expectant in their breast.

"Drive quicker! Oh, drive quicker, papa!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "or the train will stop before we get there."

It had stopped, and Mr. Thurston was standing on the platform when the carriage drove up. In another moment he had sprung up the steps, and was clasping Juliet to his heart. Not a word was spoken by either of them; but in that long clinging embrace each felt what was in the heart of the other. Mr. Amhurst, perhaps with an instinctive perception of the unspoken wishes of the re-united husband and wife, had had himself set down at his own door.

"Hadn't you better come on and spend the night with us? Won't Mrs. Amhurst expect you?" Mr. Thurston urged—for once in his life, the least little bit insincere. But the girls could not be left alone. Mr. Amhurst had explained, and excused himself on the plea. They drove slowly homewards by the quiet river, with the phantom-like boats gliding over its waters. The

stillness and the solemn mystery of night were all about them, and crept into their hearts as the solemn stillness and mystery of night ever do. Hand clasped in hand the two who had once been far off, drew very near to each other.

"My darling! my darling wife!" was all that Miles could say at first. He was not a man prone to exhibit the deeper feelings of his nature; but in that hour all reserve was merged in the thankful joy of meeting. He had been very near death, very near the great separation, and now he was with her again, and the veil was lifted from both their hearts. And Juliet told him all. Yes, blessed hour when she could speak to him freely, and carry peace, a peace that should never remove from it, into his heart. His face grew radiant—the great strong rugged face grew radiant and beautiful, as she had fancied it would—while she told him the story of her new love.

"Oh, believe it, Miles," she cried, her earnest, pleading voice carrying joyful conviction to his heart. "Believe it, for its truth's sake."

It is not always that the new love is the true love; but in Juliet's case it was. Hand in hand, up the rugged steps, as through the flowery meads, they should walk together now till the great parting day should come. And we, for whom their simple story has been told, if on life's solemn journey, our feet may walk together over the uncertain, toilsome road; if we may take up its burden and bear it together, then happy and blessed shall we be; for love is strong,—yea, stronger than death to suffer and endure, and to conquer in the end.

Young Folks.

UNCLE BERNARD'S SHELL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN—CHATRIAN, BY L. E. KELLY.

Uncle Bernard had a large shell on his desk. Now shells with red edges are not common in the forests of Hundsruok, five hundred leagues from the sea. Daniel Richter, an old mariner, had brought this one from foreign parts, as a lasting remembrance of his voyages.

It may be imagined with what admiration its village children regarded this wondrous object. Each time that my uncle went on his rounds, we proceeded to the library, our cotton caps on our heads, our hands embedded in our blouse pockets, and our eyes fixed on the marble slab, where lay the "American snail shell," as the old servant, Grédel, called it. Ludwig said it must live in the hedges, Kasper thought it swam in the rivers, but no one knew exactly what it was. Uncle Bernard, who one day overheard our discussions, began to smile. He put his three-cornered hat on the table, took up the shell, and sitting down in his arm-chair, he said:—

"Listen to what is going on inside." Then each of us put our ear to the shell, and we heard a great noise, like a distant woodland breeze. We gazed at each other in astonishment. "What do you think of that?" asked my uncle, but no one could reply.

Then he spoke in a serious tone.

"Children, this great murmuring noise is the noise of the blood which flows in your head, your arms, your heart, and in all your limbs. It flows here in small trickling streams, there in torrents, elsewhere like rivers and floods. It nourishes your whole body, so that you live and grow and flourish from the top of your head to the sole of

your foot. Now, to make you understand why you hear these noises in the shell, I must explain it as clearly as I can. You know the echo of the Hollow Rock, which sends back your cry when you cry, your song when you sing, and the sound of your horn when you call to your goats on the mountain in the evening. Well, this shell is an echo similar to that of the Hollow Rock—only when you put your ear to it, it sends back the echo of what is going on within you, and this noise resembles all the voices in heaven and earth, for each of us is a little world. He who could see a hundredth part of the wonders which are continually going on in his head during the space of a single second, in order that he may *live* and *think*, and of which he only hears a faint murmur in the shell, would fall down weeping on his knees, thanking God for His exceeding great kindness. By and by, when you are men, you will understand better what I am telling you, and will know that I was right. But in the meantime, my dear boys, watch carefully over the soul; keep it pure; it is that which makes you live; the Lord placed it in your head to enlighten your little world, just as He put His sun in the heavens to give light and heat to the universe. You know, my children, that there are in the world countries where the sun, so to speak, never shines. Those places are very dreary. Men cannot live in them; no flowers are to be seen; no trees, no fruit, no birds,—nothing but ice and snow; all is as if dead! Thus would it be with you, if you allowed the soul to be darkened; your little world would exist in

gloom and sadness; you would be miserable. Avoid, studiously, therefore, all that can injure the soul: idleness, greediness, disobedience, and, above all, lying. These vices are like vapors from below, and end by obscuring the light which our Lord has given us. If you keep your soul above these clouds, it will always shine like a brilliant sun, and you will be happy."

So spoke Uncle Bernard, and we all listened attentively, each resolving to follow the good advice, and not allow earthly vapors to obscure the light in our souls. Since then how many times have I not listened to the murmur of the shell! Every evening of the beautiful autumn days, when I came in from the pasture, I took it up, and pressing my cheek against the pink enamel, I listened with eagerness. I thought of all the wonderful things Uncle Bernard had told me, and I said to myself, If only I could see what he spoke of, through a little hole, how charming it would be! But what astonished me more than anything else was, that I seemed to distinguish, when I listened, in the murmur of the shell the echo of all my thoughts, some of them gentle and tender, others joyous. They sang like the linnets and finches in the springtime, and filled me with delight. I should have remained for hours with my eyes starting, and my mouth half open, scarcely breathing, so as to hear better, if our old Grédel had not cried out:

"Fritzel, what art thou thinking of? Remove that snail shell from thine ear and come and help to lay the cloth; the doctor is just coming in."

Then I put down the shell reluctantly on the desk, I laid the cloth for my uncle and myself, and I took a jug to fill with water at the spring.

But one day Uncle Bernard's shell echoed less pleasant sounds; its music became threatening and caused me great alarm. It was because I had reason to be dissatisfied with myself; dark clouds obscured my soul; it was my fault, my grievous fault. I must, however, relate my story from the beginning. Things happened as follows:—On that afternoon Ludwig and I were taking care of our goats on the mountain side; we plaited our whipcord,

we whistled, and no thought of mischief or trouble entered our minds. The goats climbed the sharp rocks,—their necks stretched out and their pointed beards showed clear against the blue sky. Our old toothless dog, Bockel, was fast asleep, his long wolfish head between his paws. There we were, lying in the shade of a group of fir trees, when suddenly Ludwig stretched out his whip towards the ravine, and said:—

"Look down there; on the edge of that great rock, in that old beech tree, there is a blackbird's nest."

I looked and saw the old blackbird flying from branch to branch, for he already knew we were watching him. Uncle Bernard had often forbidden me to rob birds' nests; and, besides, this one was over the precipice, in the forked branch of a decayed tree. For a long time I reflected in silence.

Ludwig said: "There are young ones. This morning when I was gathering mulberries among the brambles I heard them crying for food; to-morrow they will fly away, for they must be nearly fledged."

I did not answer, but the Evil One was at my elbow. At last, I rose and went near the tree in the midst of the heather, and tried to climb it, but it was too large. Unfortunately, a younger and smaller beech tree grew near. I climbed up it, and making it bend in the direction I wished, I succeeded in reaching the first branch of the other. I ascended. The two blackbirds uttered plaintive cries, and whirled round among the leaves. I did not heed them. I sat cross-legged on the old branch, and leant forward to look into the nest. I saw plainly three little ones and an egg, and the sight gave me courage. The fledglings stretched out their necks, their great yellow beaks open to the throat, and I fancied they were already in my grasp. But as I advanced, my legs hanging down and my hands holding on in front, the branch suddenly broke in pieces, and I had only time to cry out. I turned twice in my fall, and fell on the great branch underneath, to which I clung with desperate strength. The whole tree shook to the roots, and the other branch came crashing down, scraping the rocks with a noise which made my

hair stand on end. In spite of myself, my eyes followed its descent into the ravine below; it fell into the boiling torrent, and went whirling through the foam, to the great outlet, where it was lost to sight. I then climbed gently up to the trunk of the tree, keeping my knees close together, and asking God's pardon, and at last let myself slip, almost fainting, into the heather. The two old blackbirds still fluttered round, uttering lamentable cries. Ludwig had run away; but as he was going down the path of the Altenberg, he accidentally turned round, and, seeing me safe and sound, he rushed back quite breathless, calling out:

"Are you there? Then you did not fall from the rock?"

"Yes," I said, scarcely able to articulate, "here I am—the good God has saved me! But let us go—let us go—I am frightened!"

It was already seven o'clock in the evening, the red sun set behind the fir trees. I never thought of looking after the goats that night. The dog brought back the flock, which came down through the dusty path as far as Hirschland. Neither Ludwig nor I whistled joyously on our horns, as on other evenings, to hear the echo of the Hollow Rock answer us back. Fear had taken hold of us, and my limbs still trembled. Once in the village, while the goats wandered from right to left, bleating at all the stable doors, I said to Ludwig:

"You will not tell?"

"Don't be afraid."

And so I returned to Uncle Bernard. He had gone up the mountain to visit an old woodcutter who was ill. Grédel was laying the table. When the doctor did not return by eight o'clock, she and I used to have our supper together. This is what we did on this occasion. Then Grédel took away the dishes and washed them in the kitchen. I went straight into the library, and not without uneasiness, took up the shell. I shall never forget how it murmured that evening! How the rivers and torrents roared, and how in the midst of it all the plaintive cries of the old blackbirds, the noise of the branch scraping the rocks, and the trembling of the trees, were heard once more! And when I pictured to myself the poor

little birds crushed under the stones—it was frightful—too frightful to think of! I rushed away to my little room over the barn, and went to bed; but no sleep came to my eyes—horror still kept me awake. Towards ten o'clock I heard my uncle trotting home, in the silence of the night. He stopped at our door and put up his horse in the stable, and then went in. I heard him open the kitchen cupboard and help himself to something to eat, as he always did when he came in late.

"If he but knew what I have done!" I said to myself.

At last he retired to bed. I spent the night in turning and tossing about, agitation still preventing me from sleeping. My soul seemed as black as ink. I was ready to cry. Towards midnight my despair became so great that I felt I must confess everything at once. I got up and went down to Uncle Bernard's bedroom. He was asleep. A night-light was on the table. I knelt down by the side of his bed. He awoke with a start, raised himself on his elbow, and looked at me in astonishment.

"Is it thou, Fritz? What art thou doing there, my child?"

"Uncle Bernard," I cried sobbing, "forgive me; I have sinned against heaven and against you."

"What hast thou done?" he exclaimed in tender tones.

"I climbed on a beech tree up the mountain to get a blackbird's nest, and the branch broke under me."

"Broke?"

"Yes, and the Lord saved me by allowing me to clutch another branch. Now the old blackbirds keep asking me for their little ones; they fly round me and prevent me from sleeping."

My uncle was silent for some time; hot tears fell from my eyes.

"Uncle," I cried again, "this evening I listened attentively to the shell—all is broken, all is upset; and it will never come right again."

Then he took my hand and after a moment's pause, said, seriously:—

"I forgive thee! . . . Be re-assured. . . . But let this be a lesson to thee.

Think of the grief I should have felt if thou hadst been brought home dead! Well, the poor father and mother of the little black-birds are as desolate as I should have been had I lost thee! They ask for their lost children! Thou didst not think of that. . . . Since thou dost repent, I willingly pardon thee."

At the same time he rose, made me drink a glass of *eau sucrée*, and said:—

"Now, go to bed. . . . The poor old birds will not torment thee any more. . . . Thou wilt sleep now. But for the future thou shalt no longer keep the goats; a boy of thy age ought to go to school."

I went up to my room again more quietly and slept soundly. The next day Uncle Bernard himself took me to our old school-master, Tobie Veyrius. To speak the truth, it seemed, at first, very hard to me to remain shut up in one room from morning till night without daring to move—yes, that came hard upon me. I missed the open air; but nothing here below is done without a good deal of trouble. And then work ended by becoming a pleasant duty. Labor is, after all, the purest and most solid of our enjoyments. By honest work alone, we become *men*, and useful to our fellow-creatures.

Uncle Bernard is now very old; he spends his time seated in the great chair behind the stove in winter, and in summer on the stone bench before the door, under the shade of the vine, which covers the front of the house. I am a doctor. . . . I have taken my uncle's place! First thing in the morning I mount on horseback, and do not return till the evening, often exhausted with fatigue. It is a trying life, especially when the snow lies deep on the ground, but for all that I am very happy. The shell is always in its old place. Sometimes when I come back from my mountain rides I take it up, as in my happy boyhood, and I listen to the murmuring echo of my thoughts,—not always are they joyous; at times they are even very sad, when perhaps one of my poor patients is at death's door, and I can do nothing more for him,—but they are never threatening, as on the memorable evening of my bird's-nesting adventure.

He only is truly happy who can listen without fear to the voice of conscience; rich or poor, he tastes the most complete happiness which man can know in this world.

MOTHER'S WAY.

BY ALICE ARNOLD CRAWFORD.

Fred White sat on the edge of the sidewalk, slowly replacing his shoes and stockings. The shoes were heavy with red clay and the stockings clung with damp tenacity to a pair of blue feet, refusing to be tugged beyond the wet little heels of their owner.

"I say, Rob."

"Well?" enquired Rob, meditatively, tracing with one bare toe the hop-scotch pattern on the sidewalk. "Well?"

"You and the rest of the boys go 'long and get your 'scuses. Don't wait for me," tugging at the refractory sock. "Teacher'll expect us back right away"—tug, tug, and a sound of parting stitches in the stocking. "Meet me at the corner and we'll all go into school together. There!"

Seeing that Fred's prospects were brightening, Rob and the others ran down the street, intent on producing from maternal pens, the required excuses for an unfortunate tardiness in the schoolroom.

"How they do sing!" soliloquized Fred, as the voices of his schoolmates fell upon his ears through the open windows. "They ain't late, nor going home for a note, nor anything. Bother the raft and the poles and the mud!" and the little boy ruefully wiped his cheek with his clean jacket-sleeve and proceeded to tie a knot in the stiff, clay-colored shoestring.

"I will be good, I will be good,
I will be good to-day,"

shouted the chorus in the schoolroom as Fred arose and started for his home around the next corner.

"I will be good! I will be good!"

proceeded the songsters with the usual vehemence of threescore mischievous and thoughtless urchins; but the words struck the listener unpleasantly.

"Just what I said to Mamma this morning, when she pinned my collar," said he, feeling involuntarily for the too frequently lost article. "I meant it, too. But Rob and the boys called me to the water, and then Tom Gray said I didn't dare go on the raft; and, any way, I won't be dared by Tom."

Fred sighed as he opened the little gate and went through the grass to the kitchen door. The hardest of his way lay in meeting his Mamma and conquering her scruples—for Mamma had her scruples, and they interfered sadly sometimes with

Fred's plans. She was washing though, and perhaps would be in a hurry. That was in his favor.

"I say, Mamma," winningly.

"Why! Freddie," came in sweet surprised tones from the cloud of steam.

"Say, know—now, Mamma," laying a stick of wood with great precision on the nearest pile.

"What is it, dear? Why aren't you at school? It is late."

"Well, that's just it. You see Rob and the boys and—well, yes—and, and me—"

"Come here, Freddy. Let me wipe your face and your collar. How came you to take hold of it with muddy fingers? Come into the house."

"Oh! never mind. I'm in a hurry." Fred thrust his feet behind the chips for reasons known to himself. "I'm tardy, Mamma, and teacher wants a note. Please do it quick, 'cause I've got to be back in time for 'rithmetic. I'll be bringin' in wood while you write."

Now this unusual offer of Fred's struck his mother suspiciously, and she dried her hands slowly with a troubled look on her face. It was a way his mother had. She always looked seriously upon the misdemeanors of her children in their dealings with their teachers. Fred never liked it. It made him so much trouble to have her ask questions. Why didn't she let things go, as Tom Gray's mother did?

"Freddy."

"Yes'm," hesitatingly, from the dim recesses of the woodshed, where the dry sticks lay.

"Come in for a moment."

Fred obeyed. She was a little mother, but he always obeyed when she spoke. She led him into the coal-room, beyond the kitchen.

"Yes, sir," said Fred to himself. "Yes, sir. She's going to ask questions. The boys'll be waiting. Oh! dear. That old raft and Tom Gray!—and, anyway, what did make Mamma so inquisitive?"

"Where have you been?" began his mother, sitting down in the green arm-chair (she looked pale against the green. Fred thought) and removing the strip of linen from the neck of his "roundabout."

"Just down to the ravine a little while. There were whole lots of boys 'nd a raft. They said I daren't get aboard; 'nd so I did. You wouldn't have me be a coward, of course," doubtfully but encouragingly.

Mamma didn't seem very appreciative just here, so Fred proceeded:

"'Nd then we went to the bridge, and the bell rang before we could get ashore. Rob and the others were late too."

As his mother's eyes were slightly downcast, Fred stood a little closer to her skirts. His feet seemed in the way.

"What did your teacher say?" asked Mrs. White—so sadly, it seemed—taking from Fred's pocket a roll of soiled linen, once a clean handkerchief.

"Oh! she said we must get our 'scuses—the rule, you know. Oh! no. My feet are warm enough. Don't mind me! You just be writin', 'cause I'm in such a hurry."

Quietly surveying the clay-spread shoes, Mrs. White began removing them. Fred thought her hands looked very white and delicate against his soiled stockings, and wondered, as she laid the damp articles aside, if washing was very hard, any way. Mamma's arms were slender, too. 'Twas too bad to make her so much work. But the note!

"Come, Mamma, will you?"

"Yes, Freddy, since your teacher requires it. Put on these dry things." And she turned away to bring her pen.

"Why? ain't she jolly, though?" whispered Fred, to his dry socks. "No questions nor grieved looks. Tell you, I'll never do this again, No, sir!"

"What shall I say?" asked Mamma, as she pushed down the clothes in the boiler and returned.

"Oh! just what they always say. Please a-scuse Freddy, as he was necessarily 'tained," said the young diplomat.

"Then it was necessary for you to go to the water?" queried his mother, doubtfully. Freddy was chipping the dry mud from his copper-toes. He didn't reply.

"And necessary to play on the raft?"

"Tom Gray dared me," interposed Fred, dulling his knife rather recklessly.

"And necessary to stand in the cold water?"

"Well, now, Mamma, let's not talk about that now. It's most ten o'clock. Please be writin'."

"What shall I write?"

"Oh! you know." And the speaker nervously twisted his shoestring and put it through an eyelet.

Mamma began writing, gravely. Fred hopped on one foot to the table, anxiously spelling out the words. He saw:

"N-o, no; e-x-c-u-s-e, excuse."

Down went the undressed foot. Matters were growing serious.

"H-i-s, his; o-w-n, own; f-a-u-l-t, fault."

"Oh, Mamma! She'll punish me, she'll punish me! How *can* you. Oh! *don't* you love me? Oh! Mamma!"

"Yes, dear, I love you. Isn't my note true?"

"Well, but couldn't you just say—just say— Well, couldn't you fix it somehow?" he sobbed.

"This is the truth, dear, and the truth cannot be improved by fixing. Mamma cannot tell a lie for you."

"I don't want you to tell a lie." Oh! no; the dear face of his mother was too pure

for that. Fred only wanted a compromise. "But don't you love me? Do you want me to be punished?"

"I love you too well to send you to your teacher with a falsehood in your hand. I cannot fix the note, Freddy, without making it untrue; but I would gladly bear the pain of your punishment on my own hand."

"Never!" exclaimed Fred, with unwonted chivalry, kissing the hands that were finishing his toilet.

"I will walk back with you, dear," putting the neat Shaker bonnet over her strangely dewy eyes; "and you will not be as lonely then."

"But you'll hear her whip me. She will certainly do that if I take this note," and the sobs began again.

"Then I shall know you are bearing the pain, rather than carry an untruth from your mother's hand," said Mrs. White, taking Fred's in her own, and moving to the door.

Going toward the schoolroom, a strange medley of thoughts passed through the little boy's mind. Mother's way was so strange, so irresistible. It made trouble for him; yet it was right, he knew. But that terrible ruler! His hand would tremble; but his mother bade him good-bye at the gate, as though a punishment was nothing.

"Go in now, Freddy. Mamma can wait for you to decide whether she is right or wrong. Good-bye."

Fred brushed the tears away. Tom Gray shouldn't see him cry. He wanted to kiss Mamma. She looked so pale, and *maybe* her way was best. He looked back from the entry. He would smile toward her. It would be too bad to let her go home grieving, and he remembered her arms were so small, and those stockings were only two among many muddy ones. He had made her a great deal of trouble this morning—little mother!

He went into the schoolroom. Mamma waited without for three, four, five minutes. No sound of blow or cry. Six, seven minutes. All quiet within.

Then she drew a long breath and went home.

At noon two feet bounded into the kitchen, and a voice exclaimed:

"Hurrah for Mamma!"

"Well, dear?" brightly.

"She never touched me. Not a stroke—She only looked odd around her eyes, and she read your note aloud, and she said: 'Here is a good mother.' My! I was so proud; I didn't care if I did have to stay and make up my lesson. I wouldn't have you write the other 'cause for anything."

"And how about Rob and the others?" asked his mother.

"Oh! I didn't ask. They didn't have to stay, though; 'cause they wern't gone as

long. Oh! I didn't mind. When a fellow's so full of happy and proud and never meaning to be bad again, he don't think much about the others getting off easy. I say, Mamma" (Fred's face was in the kitchen towel)—"I say, after all, even if she had whipped, I think your way's the best. Dinner ready?"—*N. Y. Independent.*

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

BREAD AND MILK.

CHAPTER VI.

"How good is God, who will not only give us what we pray for, but will reward us for going to Him and laying our wants before Him."

Tea was over at the Parsonage, but Josie could not stay to chat in the twilight on the piazza, for an errand must be done at the village store, and the two cows must be milked.

"I am the maiden all forlorn, that milks the cow with a crumpled horn," she laughed, when she arose to take leave.

"You should say that you draw lactiferous wealth from lacteal glands," returned Trudie.

"That's a natural way to get 'wealth,' I am sure," said Josie; "the corniculate beasts await me; will that do?"

"You are everything but a 'forlorn' maiden," Helen said, looking into her merry face.

"To-night!" answered Josie; "but I do have fits of the dismals."

Josie Nelson walked down the village street with as light a step as if the patched gaiters were button boots like Trudie Grey's. She had not felt so light-hearted since her stepfather's death. She had been trying to take all the care, forgetting that there was One to help, rather One to do it all, while she must only obey Him. But now she would leave her home and longings in His hands, with no more fretting or reasoning. He would take all the care, and leave her free to serve Him.

Josie was just beginning to think that she had time to do His will. Perhaps her mysterious good news were to come through the post-office; she was always on the watch for something to happen. She made her purchases, and turned reluctantly away from the counter. Tom wrote once in a while, but never any one else. She had no friend outside of Sunny Plains; her good news would surely have to come some other way.

"Every good thing comes from God."

The thought came like a flash of light. So whether it came from the clouds or

the earth, from north, south, east or west, it would come from Him!

She walked towards home with hurried steps. *Something* would come if she asked Him: for a school, something to do her good, and to give her opportunity to do His work! He would satisfy her, for He knew just the thing she was hungry for; she thought it was a school-room filled with boys and girls; but, perhaps, it was not that, for His plan might include something better than that, if anything *could* be better than that!

Any hunger was more blessed than fullness, if it would lead her to Him.

Tea was on the table when she reached home,—if the repast could be called tea when Mrs. Lathrop was the only one who indulged in that beverage.

"Come to bread and milk!" Lou was shouting in the back doorway.

The twins and Sammy and Julia started towards the house on a run.

"Don't tell all the neighborhood we have bread and milk for supper, Lou," cried Sarah, indignantly. "You called come to beans, to-day noon, and I know they heard you at the Parsonage."

"Would I deceive the neighborhood?" enquired Lou, raising her blue eyes innocently, then bursting into a laugh.

Josie's eyes sought her mother's face to see if she looked fretted. Ever since Josie could remember, she had been "taking care" of her mother.

"Have you had a good afternoon, dear?" asked Mrs. Lathrop, setting the small teapot on the table.

"Good? super-extra good!"

"I thought somebody had told you good news as soon as you came in," said Lou. Yes, the good news had come—the good news that she had been waiting for so long!

"What is the good news?" enquired Sarah, setting a chair for her twin. "Something for Lady and me, too?"

"And for baby and me!" echoed Lou, lifting her twin into her chair.

How could she say it there—before them all?

"I've had my tea, I'll go and milk," said Josie, confusedly.

"Sam you are a dirty little animal," cried Lou; "you don't come to bread and milk with those hands."

Sam looked down at his hands. "What shall I do with them then?" he asked slowly.

"Eat with them for being so smart!" said Josie.

"Come, Mrs. Mother," called Lou, "the currant jelly is getting cold, and the apple dumplings getting heavy. There, Sarah, wouldn't you like the neighbors to hear that?"

Josie ran up to her room to change her dress. As she was shaking the dust out of her old black alpaca, she saw the gray pony with its green-habited rider standing at the parsonage gate, with Marion and Miss Helen saying "good-bye."

She wondered as she hung away the worn black dress if she would ever have a brown suit, with a brown jockey, and gloves to match. That was her ideal dress for a school-teacher. What a thankful face would look out from under the brown jockey, and what willing hands would be encased in the brown kid gloves!

Still, despite the distance of the ideal gloves, very willing hands drew the "lactiferous wealth," and a grateful heart hurried the fingers on in her work that evening when Josie told her mother and Sarah all about the afternoon.

Sarah was making pink calico aprons for the twins; she did not look up or speak while Josie was talking. Josie's openness was as much a marvel to Sarah as a delight. Mrs. Lathrop was cheered by Josie's words oftener than Josie knew.

They were doubly bound together, this mother and daughter, for it was Josie who had loved God first, and the story of her love to Him told to her mother,—because she told her mother everything,—was among the means of bringing the mother in penitence to God. Among them, only, for who can know all the way by which He brings to Himself His called and chosen?

Josie had told Miss Helen once that she and her mother were "twin sisters."

Josie might wear patched gaiters, she might eat plain food, and labor with a pain in her side from morning till night, she might never be able to do the thing she longed to do, but still Josie was rich. And she knew it to-night when her mother stopped to kiss her as she passed her, if she had never known it before.

"Josie!" said Mrs. Lathrop, when Sarah had gone to bed, and Josie was mixing the bread,— "when you are married, how shall I keep house?"

"Married!" exclaimed Josie indignantly. "Mother, I'd rather have a school than ten husbands."

An hour later Josie was sitting on the floor in her room, with the end of a candle in a brass candlestick beside her, and in her hand a leather-covered book, partly filled with accounts of her earnings and her spendings; with a dull knife she was sharpening a lead pencil that she had picked up on the post-office steps.

Lou's yellow head was on the pillow, and her wide-awake blue eyes were following Josie's motions with keen interest.

"Jo, are you writing a book?" she enquired at length.

"Yes, writing my autobiography. It's

a very curious thing to be living a life, did you know it!"

"If I write my life, I must begin to do things to put in it. I'll write baby's life, when I write. She says cunning things enough every day to fill a book. There, did you hear it thunder? Miss Helen is in her room, she just lighted up. Her light shines all over the village, Jo."

But Josie was not listening, she was making the first entry in her leather-covered autobiography. She wrote only a few lines, dating them. They were written for God to see:

"I believe that God has all power in heaven and on earth.

"I believe that He loves me, and loves to give good things to me.

"I believe that He hears and answers in His own wise way prayers made in faith and submission, and in the name of Christ.

"I believe that He will hear and answer all my prayers, not just as I ask, perhaps, but just as He thinks best and good for me.

"I believe that He will teach me how to ask, and what to ask for.

"Therefore, I ask Him, in the name of Christ, and because I want it so, to make me trust Him, so that I need not be troubled about anything. And, therefore, I ask Him to give me a school to teach, and to make me do His work in my school."

The wide-open eyes were on her face.

"Your ought-to-be-graphy must be solemn, if it makes you cry!"

There were two tears on the page. Josie knew that God saw them too.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO PARTINGS.

While Josie was sewing and talking about the afternoon to her mother and Sarah, Helen was seated in one corner of her sofa in the greenhouse room, while her father from the other corner was giving her incidents he had learned in his call at Mrs. Newton's boarding-house.

All Sunny Plains knew that much of Miss Helen's life was spent in listening. Seemingly it had never occurred to the minister that his daughter might be a good talker, also:

A shaded lamp stood on the table, giving the subdued light that the minister's eyes could bear; the greenhouse door stood open; the perfume of violets filled the room, making it as sweet as a garden.

"Mrs. Newton was speaking of your favorite, Agnes Lucerne. It seems that her health is failing rapidly. Mrs. Newton was sure it would be a change for her to come to Sunny Plains and take the place of her nurse, whom she will discharge as soon as she can find a more competent person—"

"Agnes Lucerne needs rest!" interrupted Helen. "What can Mrs. Newton be thinking of?"

"Herself. People have been known to be. I would regret to see that fragile girl in such a position in that house. Agnes must give up teaching. Mrs. Sheffield told her that she seemed very willing if only she could find other employment. Little Con has no one else to depend on. Con keeps Agnes in the world, Mrs. Sheffield says."

"She isn't all that keeps Agnes in the world," Helen said after a pause; "Agnes loves to be in the world. Mrs. Sheffield tries to persuade her to be sentimental, but she will never succeed."

"She is a relative—distant, but still a relative—of Theodore Congreve, is she not?"

"Yes," was the short, sharp reply. Helen's words were often short, seldom sharp.

"He may not know it, not that he is responsible for all his relatives, however."

Helen arose with an air of weariness. "I think I will retire, father. Can I get anything for you?"

"No, dear; nothing, thank you. My milk is ready?"

"Yes; good night."

"Helen, child, how little I know of your life!" said her father with a half sigh.

Had Theodore Congreve's name brought the words?

She flushed as she replied lightly:

"Don't sigh about it, father; it isn't such a good thing to know. I am one of the species that dwell apart. I believe we only find that kind among men. I live in other people's lives, but I don't know how to take them into mine—perhaps they don't know how to come. That is well, isn't it?"

"I fear not; however,

"Each spirit weaves the robe it wears
From out life's busy loom."

"I am not so sure of that; sometimes a robe is woven around us," said Helen as she retired.

Her chamber did not seem lonely tonight, for the girls had left the sound of their voices and the rustle of their presence.

Helen loved girls and girlishness. Her own girlhood was a very happy memory.

Agnes Lucerne thought that Helen did not know how to be unhappy.

If any one did live in Helen's life, it was Agnes-Lucerne.

Helen placed the candlestick upon the bureau, and stood looking into the glass at the reflection of herself; a tall figure, robed in white, with a knot of green velvet fastening the lace at her throat, and a knot of green velvet among the braids of her hair. There was always a soft, faint flush in her cheeks; it was a sweet, clear, frank face,

not pretty, no one ever thought of that; but it was Miss Helen's face, and Miss Helen's soul was in it. It was not a calm face to-night,—the afternoon's talk had not left her calm,—the eagerness in the eyes startled her.

"I wonder if they often look so," she said aloud, passing her hands over them; "the soul that looks out is very much in earnest about something. I am afraid I am *wilful* about expecting Alf on my birthday! What *am* I?" she asked, bending forward as if in sympathy to meet herself. "Nobody's wife, and nobody's mother; nobody's sister; even it may be nobody's anything! Poor Helen. what are you after all? "God's child!" her heart whispered. "You are not *poor*, Helen, if you are that."

The eagerness softened in her eyes as they filled with tears.

"There's a little yellow head on Josie's pillow! That girl doesn't know how she is blessed!" thought Helen, looking at the chamber windows over the way.

"But I will have Con, and Agnes, if she will come." She stood leaning over the back of the chair Josie had occupied, her thoughts shaping themselves into definiteness.

"He has given me all this comfort," she argued. "He has given me twelve hundred dollars to spend every year, with no one to question how I spend it. I will honor Him with it as far as I can. She belongs to Him. I will take her for His sake. She says she loves me better than any one in the world—except Con. I know she will not refuse me."

The minister's step was on the stairs, hastening to the door, Helen asked: "Father, will you need the carriage to-morrow?"

"I think not. I know of nothing to call me away."

"Then if you have no plan for me, I will drive over to Walnut Grove. And, father, if I can persuade Agnes Lucerne to spend her vacation with us, or longer still, to stay till she is stronger, you will have no objection?"

"Surely not, daughter. Bring them and keep them as long as they will stay. She has every claim upon us, claims that I delight to own. Her father was a fellow-worker."

The minister passed his daughter's door and entered his own chamber. He was changing very fast into the old man, soon he would be a very old man. The thought smote his daughter keenly, at first, selfishly, how alone she would be if Alf's coming were much longer delayed; then with a tender pity for the helpless old age with no son's arm to lean upon. For an hour in unwearied supplication she heard his voice; often repeated were the words: "My son! my son!"

She dropped on her knees, and her heart cried out to God to have mercy upon her father, and comfort him concerning his only son. Too excited to sleep she paced up and down the room, reviewing the conversation of the afternoon, recalling the earnest faces and anxious voices. How trustingly they had received the message! The words she had spoken that afternoon had been wrung out of the two sorrows of her life. Only a few words, but they were words of light, of healing,—words to strengthen and comfort them all their life long, even as they had comforted her—words without the truth of which the hardness of life would be unendurable.

Slowly, in long review, she went over the few events of her life, specially dwelling upon the last ten years wherein two events stood out, the two events that had changed all her inner life, the two events that had taught her the need and blessedness of prayer. Before that, she questioned whether she had ever prayed at all. She could think of these years now without bitterness, not without sorrow; perhaps that never could be in this life.

How could she think with hardness of that scene of ten years ago, with her father's agonized cry still sounding in her ears?—"My son! my son!"

It was as clearly before her to-night as on the morning on which it happened, ten years ago. It was a summer morning, it was Alf's first college vacation. He had been particularly merry and bright at breakfast, and her father particularly silent, even grim. After breakfast they had taken a drive together; Alf had promised to bring her the first number of a new magazine; when they returned about noon he had thrown it across the room to her, saying, "You see, I never forget you, Nell." Afterward he and his father stood on the back piazza together. The stubborn look she knew so well had shaped Alf's lips into unrelenting lines. Her father was simply angry; he was a high-tempered man, but she had never seen his lips white with anger as they were now. She heard Alf say something about "grandfather's money," and "spending it royally." She was standing in the hall with a plate of broken ice in her hand; neither appeared to observe her; before she could hasten from the spot, she heard her father's voice trembling with angry excitement, and saw the heavy lash of his whip fall once, twice, thrice on the shoulders of his son.

"Father, you will drive me to—"

The word died on his lips as his eyes had fallen on her face. The whip fell on the floor of the piazza, and the old man—for he was an old man even then—tattered into the hall and into his study. Alf did not turn again. She knew her face would have held him then as it had many times be-

fore, but he walked steadily down to the gate at the foot of the garden, not stopping to latch it, and turned into the lane. She watched him, wondering that he did not look back at her. She assured herself again and again that he had gone to talk it over with Sam Curtis, his chum, who was also in Sunny Plains for the vacation, and would be home at night, his own saucy, merry, repentant self.

But night did not bring him, nor the next day. Weeks and months of suspense followed. Sam Curtis had not seen him, no one knew whither he had gone. The days and weeks of suspense, added to the rebellion in her own heart against her father, so wore upon her that a long illness followed. She was much alone in her sickness; her father spent most of his time within the closed doors of his study. The minister was suffering, and all Sunny Plains suffered with him. At the end of two years the minister was a changed man, "broken down," Sunny Plains said; "gentle," Helen thought, "as gentle as a child." Sunny Plains listened to him as it had never listened before; earthly passions seemed to have fallen away from him; he lived in the presence of God. Helen knew it and loved him unspeakably.

From the day Alf had gone, her father had not spoken his name to her. Alf was wild and he was weak; governed by strong passions, over which he had little control, but impulsive and repentant, he might return any day. But ten years of "any days" had passed with no word from him, still to-night she prayed with renewed faith for his penitent return, and, more than all, that he might be kept from evil. Her faith was like new faith every morning, and it was new faith every evening; coming from God, it could not fail her.

The other sorrow came later. No one knew of this and about this but God. She had given this no shape, it had no name, but a friend had come into her life, and then gone away out of it!

It must have been because God willed it so; she could not reason, she only submitted; what beside does He ask?

She was a cheerful giver even of submission. She had but one prayer for this: "Father, Thou knowest." Some days it was in her heart all day long. It was six years ago now; he had come, this friend, just after she recovered from her illness, and when he asked her to become his wife and go with him across the Atlantic, where he must stay for a year, she refused to go because of her father. "He is not strong enough to let me go now," she said; "wait

till you come back. We are young, he is old and very sorrowful, Theodore."

"If you choose between us, and choose *him*, so be it," he had angrily replied: "you choose once and forever, Helen!"

"Then I *do* choose once and forever!" she had said indignantly; "you are selfish; you think only of yourself, not of him or of me!"

"And you ought to think of me, too. I ask you again, Helen: will you go?"

"You know I *cannot* go!" firmly and sorrowfully.

"This is forever, remember!" he said hastily.

"This is forever, I remember," she repeated quietly. "I am disappointed in you, Theodore."

Then he went away. "Good-bye, Miss Helen," he said, as he took the hand she offered.

And Helen said nothing. There was nothing to be said. God permitted it; perhaps she had been wrong. He knew that she had meant to please Him through it all.

Would he ever forget the last words she had spoken to him: "I am disappointed in you." Were they hard words to listen to? He would never know how much harder they were to speak.

And was it well? Yes, it was well. God had permitted it.

Six years since this sorrow, and not one word had she heard from Theodore Congreve. About him she had heard frequently; he had remained abroad three years, since he had been engaged in business at the West. He was not married, that was all she knew. He could not forgive her, it seemed.

As she walked up and down, reviewing the years, her steps growing slower as her excitement grew less, her father's voice fell into calmer strains, and then ceased altogether. A slow, heavy step on the carpet, then all was still.

There was a rumbling of thunder which she had heard without regarding for some time. Suddenly the flashes of light filled the room. Closing the blinds and drawing the curtains away from the windows, she lay down upon the outside of the bed to wait till the storm should pass over. It was not long; at times the crashes of the thunder rolled on without interval, and flash following flash, kept the room in light.

Then, almost as suddenly as they came, the flashes ceased, the thunder rumbled brokenly in the distance, the frogs were loud again; there was a cheery sound in their croaking, as if, in spite of the storm, all things remained unchanged.

(To be continued.)

MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"What do you do on Christmas?" asked a pale-faced little girl in a black dress, of her cousin Jeanie.

"Christmas?" said Jeanie, with a puzzled look on her rosy face; "why, nothing; only just not go to school."

"Nothing!" returned the first speaker, aghast. "Don't you have any Christmas-tree?"

"Christmas-tree! What's that?" asked Jeanie.

"Nor hang up your stocking?"

Jeanie shook her head.

"Nor have a single bit of a present?" May went on in utter amazement.

"What for?" asked Jeanie.

"Why, don't you know about Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney on Christmas Eve, and gives everybody a present?" said May, completely bewildered.

"Don't know nothing 'bout him," said Jeanie. "Don't b'lieve there's any such a person in Missouri."

May drew a long sigh. It was not the first time she had sighed since the jolting old waggon, called a stage, had landed her, two weeks before, at her uncle's home, a wretched, penniless orphan.

"What is a Christmas-tree, anyway?" asked Jeanie, seeing that May was not going to speak.

"Oh, it's a beautiful green tree, covered with lights and presents, and beautiful things! When mamma was alive we always had one on Christmas Eve."

"Does it grow so?" asked Jeanie curiously.

"Of course not! What a question?" said May. "Do you know what Christmas is, anyhow?" she added with a quick flush of color.

"Of course I do," retorted Jeanie; "but *that* hasn't anything to do with Christmas-trees."

"Yes it has," said May earnestly, "a great deal to do with them, and with every way that we have for having everything just as sweet and lovely as we can on that day. Mother always said so."

Jeanie opened her eyes wider, and then asked softly:

"But what about the Christmas-tree, May?"

"Well, it's cut down and brought into the house and all the things put on before you see it, and when it's all ready the folding-doors are opened, and—oh, it's beautiful!" May added in ecstasy. "Last Christmas I had such lovely things,—the prettiest blue dress you ever saw—I've got a piece of it in my trunk—and new clothes for my doll, oh, such nice ones! a whole suit with overskirt, and all in the fashion;

and a cornucopia of candies, and a box of nuts and raisins, and——oh, I can't think of half the things," added May brightly, yet half ready to cry.

"I wish I could see one," said Jeanie; "but we don't have such things here. Ma hasn't got time, nor anybody."

"I'll tell you what we can do, I guess," said May, who had been revolving an idea in her mind; "we might get up one ourselves,—you could; of course it wouldn't be so nice as mamma's, but it would be better than none."

"Well, let's," said Jeanie, "and not tell a single one till it's all done."

"Where can we have it? We need a fire and a door that'll lock," said May.

"Oh, Pa'll let me have the out-room. I know, if I coax him," said Jeanie, "and we can put a nail over the latch to fasten the door."

The out-room, you must know, was a roughly-built room, a little apart from the house. It had a big open fire-place and a huge kettle, and when there was any big work, like making up the year's soap, or putting down the year's supply of salt pork, a great fire was built there, and the out-room came into use.

"Well," said May reflectively, "I guess we can do it; we can trim it up, you know."

"How?" asked Jeanie, to whom all Christmas ways were unknown mysteries.

"Oh, I'll show you. We can get evergreens in the woods, and oh, some of that lovely bitter-sweet, and I can make paper flowers," May went on enthusiastically, as ideas rushed into her mind. "We can have it real pretty; but don't let's tell anybody a thing about it."

The next week was a very busy one to the two plotters. Every moment, when out of school, they were whispering in corners, or engaged in some mysterious work, which they would hide if any one came near.

Mrs. Stanley was glad to see the first cheerful look on the face of the orphan, and did not interfere so long as the girls kept out of her way. The boys, of whom there were two younger and one older than Jeanie—were very curious, and Will—the older one—rather teasing about it; but on the whole May and Jeanie succeeded very well in keeping their secret.

Two days before Christmas, Jeanie followed her father as he started off in the morning to the barn to feed the cattle. How she managed her teasing I cannot say, but in a short time she came into the house radiant, gave a mysterious nod to May, and they at once disappeared upstairs.

Soon they stole down the back way, armed themselves with brooms, materials for a fire, and a big nail with which to lock the door, and slipped into the out-room.

It was not a promising looking place,

but they were young and enthusiastic; so Jeanie went to work to build up a roaring fire, and May began with the broom.

Well, they worked all day, harder than ever before in their lives, and all the next day, and when at last the room was ready for company, it really looked very pretty.

The bare walls were ornamented with wreaths of the gay bitter-sweet and evergreen boughs, brightened by an occasional rose or lily, neatly made by May, of thin white paper. The big kettle was transformed into a table, by means of a board or two across the top, and a white sheet spread over all. The two windows were curtained with old newspapers, concealed by branches of evergreen. In the centre of the room stood a tub, and braced up in it by stones and sticks of wood, hidden by sprays of green, stood a very pretty evergreen-tree. There were no candles on it, for the united wisdom of the two workers had not been able to compass that. But the bright flickering light of the fire was enough, and, in fact, made just the right effect, as it did not reveal too much.

On the tree were hung bits of bright ribbon and other pretty things out of May's trunk,—keepsakes from her old playmates. These were used just for decoration. There were long strings of popped corn besides. There were festoons about the branches, and among them a present for each one of the family.

All this time one of the girls had been obliged to stay in the out-room every moment to keep the door locked, for the boys were just wild to find out the mystery. Mrs. Stanley had stopped in her dreary round of drudgery—for this home, you must know, was the temple of work—to ask what all the fuss was about. But Jeanie told her that her father said she might use the out-room, and she was too busy and tired to feel much interest; so she said: "Well, she didn't care, so's they didn't do any mischief."

On the eventful night, when called to supper, May went into the family-room, for Jeanie could not tear herself away from contemplation of the wonderful tree. To her it was the embodiment of everything beautiful and enchanting in the world. With no books but school-books, no pictures, no papers, nothing beautiful to be seen in that little grinding prairie home, she had never even conceived of anything so lovely.

When at last they rose from the table, May stopped at the door.

"Aunt," she began timidly,—for she was rather afraid of the hard-working woman, whose sharp grey eyes seemed to look through her, and whose thin lips never opened but to make some practical remark,—“will you come over with Uncle and see our Christmas-tree? Come boys.” And she started off.

“So that's what the young ones have been up to, is it?” said Mr. Stanley, lighting his pipe. “Come, mother, let's go over and see what they've got. That May's the beater for plans if ever I see one.”

“Wall,” said Mrs. Stanley, pushing back the table that she had already cleared; “I don't mind if I step over a minute before I get out my dishwater. I never see Jane so took up as she has been this week.”

They went over to the out-room. The boys were already there staring in a bewilderment of wonder. May leaned against the unique table, very tired, but happy, and Jeanie fairly danced around with delight.

“Well, well!” said Mr. Stanley, “this looks something like, now! Why, this carries me back to when I was a boy, away down in York State. I'd never a' thought you two little gals could fix this old room up so pretty; would you now, mother?”

“Mother” didn't say anything. There was a sort of a choke in her throat, and something suspiciously like a tear in her eye, as she looked at the bright, happy faces of her children—faces such as she had never seen since they were babies, before they were initiated into the regularly family grind.

After a moment she recovered herself, went up to May, and, to her utter amazement, gave her a warm kiss, and said:

“It's beautiful dear, and I thank you for it.” And then she looked a few minutes, and said she must go. But Jeanie sprang up.

“Wait, ma; the presents are coming yet.”

“Presents!” said Mr. Stanley; “are these presents, then?”

“Oh, of course!” said May, “else how could it be a Christmas-tree?”

“Sure enough!” said Mr. Stanley.

May now went up to the tree and took down first a pretty necktie for Will, made out of some of her bits of silk.

“Why, that's just the very thing I want,” said Will, amazed. “How did you know that, you witch? and who made it?”

“Jeanie and I,” said May.

“No, May made it 'most every bit,” said Jeanie. “I don't know how.”

“Next came a pair of warm red mittens for Harry.

“Jeanie made these,” said May, “I can't knit.”

Well, so they went on. Mrs. Stanley had a pretty pin-cushion for her bureau; Mr. Stanley a neat bag for his tobacco; Johnny a pair of wristlets to keep his wrists warm. Each of the children had a little bag of nicely cracked hickory-nuts, a beautiful red apple and a few sticks of molasses candy. The girls had nothing; they had been so busy they never thought of themselves.

When the presents were all distributed,

and the children were busy eating nuts and candy, and having a merry time naming apple seeds, and doing other things that May taught them, Mrs. Stanley stole out, and went back to the kitchen to her dish-washing. But something was the matter, for she moved more slowly than ever before; she let the water run over, put the soap into the milk-cup, and made various other blunders. She was thinking.

And when all the family were in bed that night, and she and Mr. Stanley were sitting alone by the fire, she spoke her thoughts.

"John, that tree has set me a-thinking. We aint doing just right by our children. It's all work and no play, and they're growing old and sober before their time. We're forehanded enough now to let up on them a little."

"You're right, mother," said Mr. Stanley. "I've been thinking the same thing myself. That little gal, with her pretty, lady-like ways, does make me think so much of her mother, only 't wa' n't natural to her to be so downhearted as the little one has been. But see her to-night! I declare I'd do anything a'most to keep that happy face on her. What shall we do, Sally?"

"Well," said Mrs. Stanley, her face unwontedly bright with new thoughts, "it is n't eight o'clock yet, and I've been thinking if you'd go to the village and buy a few things to put by their beds for Christmas it would be good. Children think so much of such things," she added, half apologetically.

"So it would! and I'll do it, wife," said Mr. Stanley, taking his boots out of a corner, and hastening to put them on. "Make out your list, and I'll go down to Kenedy's. He don't shut up till nine."

Kenedy's was a country store, where you could buy everything, from a needle to a thrashing-machine, and about nine o'clock Mr. Stanley came home with a market-basket full of things. There was a gay merino dress for Jeanie, a pair of skates for May, a new knife for Will, a sled and a picture-book for each of the boys.

There was, beside these, a package of real store candy, some raisins, and down under the whole, where Mrs. Stanley could not see it, a neat dark dress for her, which Mr. Stanley had bought to surprise her.

Well, everybody was surprised the next morning, you may be sure, and after the breakfast—of which little was eaten—Will went out and killed a turkey. Jeanie and May put on big aprons and helped; Will chopped stuffing and suet; and, for the first time in their lives, the children had a real Christmas dinner—plum-pudding and all.

That was the beginning of a new life in

the plain farmhouse. Little by little, books found their way to the table, an easy-chair or two stole into the rooms, pictures made their appearance on the walls, and in time a wing was added to the house. After awhile a neat-handed farmer's daughter came to help Mrs. Stanley. Shrubbery came up in the yard, vines began to grow over the windows, and the fence had a new coat of paint. Now that she was not always tired out, Mrs. Stanley began to go out among her neighbors; friendly visits succeeded, then a tea-party. Will joined the book club in the village, and Mrs. Stanley invited them to meet at her house in turn, and, in fact, some innocent pleasures came into these hard-working lives, and all owing, as Mr. Stanley would say, holding the bright happy May on his knee, "to this little girl's Christmas tree."—*St. Nicholas*.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS

One, two, three !
Don't you see ?

All little girlies belonging to me :
There's Katie so busy, and mischievous Lou,
And Elsie who nothing as yet can do
But eat, and sleep, and kick out her feet,
And "make believe" angry and look very sweet ;
"A terrible trouble" some folks say ;
Their father and I think another way.

Like a miser his store,
We count o'er and o'er.
Our treasures, though well we knew them before,
And number them out like houses and lands ;
Six little feet, and six little hands,
Two that are grey, and four blue eyes,
Three little heads we think wondrous wise ;
Three rosy faces with each a small nose,
Thirty fat fingers and thirty fat toes.

They look very quiet,
But, I'll not deny it,
They're capable sometimes, of making a riot,
There's Katie, m' eldest daughter,
She likes to dabble her hands in the water ;
Lulu has found out a beautiful play,
Scattering the ashes every way ;
White b.b.y Elsie, the sly little minx !
Can spill her milk and look wise as a sphinx.

One, two, three !
As you may see,
There's work enough in the world for me ;
So many little wants to supply,
So many times to sing "lullaby,"
So many little garments to sew,—
And the faces are always dirty, you know,—
So busy the days, so wearied the nights,
Half the time going in putting to rights.

As you may guess,—
And I confess,—
There are anxious thoughts that at times oppress !
Hopes, plans, and fears for a future day ;
But all the mother can do is to pray,
"Father, watch them with Thy sleepless eyes,
And out of Thy wisdom make me wise."
Then comes a sweet voice, as pleading as may be,
Down goes the pen, and up comes—a baby !
—*Early Days*.

The Home.

POETRY IN THE KITCHEN.

It was on a Monday I first discovered poetry could exist in the kitchen. I believe if there is one time more than another when everyone views life in a commonplace light, it is on Monday. At least, this is apt to be the case in a large family.

Have you ever, on a quiet Sunday evening, had the thought suddenly occur to you that Monday was close at hand? I hardly think the scene looked so pleasant after that. Sunday is the soul's wash-day, when her sins and shortcomings are cleansed in Christ's atoning blood, and she comes forth arrayed in the spotless robes of His righteousness. Why should the next day, with all its vexations and cares, so closely follow this sweet season of peace?

Well, as I said, it was on Monday I found the poetry. Our cook, at best, is inclined to be cross, but she was particularly so on this occasion. I heard nurse tell mother that "she didn't know what ailed Martha, but she wouldn't allow her room on the stove to make the baby's porridge." As a rule, I make a point of avoiding both the cook and the kitchen on washing-day, and a very good plan it is; but on this morning an aunt, who was visiting us, was ill, and on me devolved the duty of preparing her breakfast. The prospect was not a pleasant one, but there was no help for it; so I made up my mind, as I tied on my apron, to be as agreeable as possible, and so, perhaps, coax her into a better humor. She was standing with her back to me as I opened the door, but did not consider it worth her while to turn her head in reply to my pleasant "Good morning."

"What a beautiful day it is," I remarked, as I put the coffee on to boil.

"For those who has time to enjoy it," was her answer.

"Mother told me you had a cold yesterday. Is it better?"

"No, it isn't."

She might be more civil, I thought, and at least thank me for enquiring after her health. I was in despair, especially as I intended asking her at that moment to move the boiler, that I might make the toast. I looked about me; there was nothing in the monotonous rows of tins to suggest a topic of conversation. I certainly could not talk about wash-tubs; that subject was altogether too ordinary; nor would I know what to say about them. The weather had proved a failure; she would not talk about her health, nor appear the least interested in anything I said. "What an extraordinary woman she is?" I said to myself. I could usually succeed in making people talk, if I exerted myself, but for once had failed. As I was busy with these thoughts, my eye suddenly rested on a small wooden box, in which some ferns were growing. Perhaps she liked flowers. It was a happy thought.

"How nicely your ferns are growing, Martha!" I began. "Mine are not looking so well this year. Do you water them often?"

"Only once a day, Miss, and that is in the morning; but they should have plenty of rich earth, and be kept in a dark place."

"Where did you get your earth? The ground was frozen when I found mine, so I am afraid it is very poor."

"Well, Miss, I had first to clear away the snow, and then dig down beyond the frozen earth until I found some that would do. I think they do look very well. See, here is one beginning to sprout already."

This time the red swollen hands came out of the waves of soapsuds to show me a

tiny green shoot. Her manner was beginning to thaw; evidently she was pleased. I asked her a few more questions on the subject of plants, all of which she answered readily, and in a way which convinced me she was quite at home when talking about them.

"Why, Martha," I exclaimed, "at length, have you ever lived in the country?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss; I was born and brought up there. I never saw the city until I was married." Here the hard look settled upon her face once more, so I hastened to add:

"And was it when you lived there you learned so much about plants?"

"Yes; my father was a gardener, and I always helped him to take care of the flowers, and I made all the nosegays he took to the county fairs myself. Every morning I took the cows to pasture, and every evening I fetched them home again. It was a long walk through the woods and over the hill, and as I always went alone, I got into the habit of picking wild flowers and berries and things. There was not a plant within miles that I did not know the name of."

She was talking herself now, and needed no more questions from me to draw her out. She grew young again as she spoke. Her eyes flashed, her face lightened, and the severe lines around her mouth softened as she smiled. Her simple language became almost beautiful. She forgot that any one was listening, and started as if from a dream when I interrupted her. Poor Martha, I did feel sorry to bring her back that morning from the cool shady woods, where she was wandering, to the steaming kitchen and her hard work. But the coffee was waiting and the toast was beginning to get cold, so I had to go, but I know her thoughts were very pleasant that morning, and I do not think she found her work so long and tedious as usual. The other servants noticed the change, and again I happened to overhear a remark of nurse's, but this time it was:

"I'm sure, ma'am, I don't know what's come over cook, but she's just in the beautifullest humor you ever saw. She really asked me when I went down to tea if she shouldn't warm me up a chop!"

Martha's sad, lot had changed the happy country girl into a severe and bitter woman. Her story is an old, old one, such as you have often heard before. Married early to a man who treated her with the greatest cruelty, she found herself, when twenty years of age, left alone with one child to struggle on as best she could against poverty and ill-health. She had just two soft spots in her sealed heart, one for her child, whom she idolized, and the other for flowers. I have seen her enter our sitting-room in winter, when flowers were rare, and at the sight of them her eyes would fill with tears, and she would clasp her hand and exclaim:

"How beautiful they are! how lovely!"

They touched a chord in her withered life, and awakened melody long hushed by their silent language. I thought a great deal about her that day, and also about servants in general. I am afraid we are too apt to forget they are like ourselves in many ways. I decided to watch closely and to try and find some more poetry. I did not have to wait long. The next day when I went to the Post Office I found a letter in our box addressed to our housemaid. The direction was squeezed into the left hand corner, and the letters were unformed and crooked, but around the envelope were scallops of true blue. Ah, I thought, so Lizzette's lover has some poetry in his nature, too. She was washing dishes when I gave her the letter. Do you suppose she criticised the writing? I should think not, but I am sure the blue scallops spoke volumes to her. She very discreetly put it in her pocket, for whoever read a love letter when there were at least half a dozen people in the room? A few moments later she went into the pantry to put away the dishes, but above the clatter of knives and forks I heard the sound of paper tearing, and then I knew that hard-working little Lizzette was enjoying her love-letter. There was a happy contented look about her face all the rest of the day, and I heard her singing to herself the words "For I love him, Oh, I love him faithfully!" Wouldn't you call that poetry? I would. What a contrast she was to the cook! and yet they were the best of friends. The lat-

ter had long since out-lived romance. Her life had been a failure, and she no longer expected anything beyond her present dull existence. Lizzette, happy as the day was long, was everything we could wish as a servant. She could do a little of everything, and consequently was at every one's service. She had a low sweet voice and a quiet dignity of manner, which commanded respect. In short we all agreed that the man who was fortunate enough to secure Lizzette for his wife would have a treasure indeed. And so the man seemed to think himself, for he was most devoted, although he lived at a distance. His letters never failed to appear when they were expected, and he was constantly coming to see her. I suppose no lady ever took more pleasure in preparing her wedding outfit than did our housemaid. She rose earlier in the morning, and sat up later at night than she had formerly done. Every scrap of silk, or cloth, or calico, was saved; nothing was considered too small to be of use. We felt as much interested in her as if she were a dear friend, and were glad to help her in every way we could. Each one of the children made her something pretty or useful to put in her new home.

These two incidents which I have mentioned took place in our family, and I have told them just as they occurred. I know there must be numbers more of a like nature. Perhaps you would say that poetry in the kitchen means badly cooked dinners, ill-dressed servants, or sour bread. Then you may be sure it is the wrong kind of poetry, and should not be encouraged. We all know to our cost and discomfort how many servants there are, whose heads are turned by the low trashy novels they read. This class of reading hurts them as much as it does their masters and mistresses. It gives them wrong and unnatural views and ideas of life, and raises in them hopes which can never be realized, besides completely unfitting them for their work.

But the real healthy every-day poetry cannot be dispensed with, for it is of the greatest service and benefit to the hard-working, faithful servant, and helps to make her every-day toil less wearisome and more endurable.

HOLIDAYS FOR MIDDLE-AGE.

Now that the fires burn on library and parlor hearths in the evenings, and the curtains are drawn close, it is worth while to consider what is to be done in-doors. The work is ready for everybody who chooses to do it; but the relaxation, the rest, the stimulant, which is to fit us for the work—what is that to be? For fashionable classes, this matter of amusement is ruled in almost as inflexible grooves as drudgery for the poor: for men or young people, too, it adjusts itself naturally. The father of a family has his clubs, his share in the political or church meeting, or, at least, his quiet newspaper, and slippers, at home—precisely the drowsy reaction he needs after the friction of a busy day. The boys and girls have their concerts, their lectures, the thousand devices of "sociables," "accidentals," etc., by which they contrive to flock together, to chirp like young birds in May, and, perhaps, to mate like them. But the wives and mothers, the great aggregate of women, no longer young—what is to be their tonic? They certainly need a tonic. The American mother of a family is the real maid-of-all-work in it, and the more faithful and intelligent she is, the more she usually tries to deserve the name. She may work with her hands or not (in the large majority of cases, she does work with her hands), but it is she who, in any case, oversees and gives life to a dozen different interests. Her husband's business, the boys' education, the girls' standing in society, the baby's teething, the sewing and housework for them all, are all processes which she urges on, and which rasp and fret daily and hourly on her brain—a very dull, unskilled brain, too often, but almost always quite willing to wear itself out for those she loves. Whether it would be nobler or more politic in her to shirk this work,—husband, babies, and house,—and develop her latent talents as physician, artist, or saleswoman, is not the question with us just now. A few women have done this. In the cities, too, money can remove much of the responsibility from the mistress of a household; but the great aggregate of wives and mothers in this country are domestic women who ask nothing better of fate than that whatever strength they may have of body and mind shall be drained for their husbands and children. Now this spirit of martyrdom is a very good thing—when it is necessary. For our part we see no necessity for it here. We are told that the women's wards in the insane asylums, in New England, are filled with middle-aged wives, mothers driven there by overwork and anxiety; through the rest of the country the popular type of the woman of forty is neither fat nor fair, but a sallow, anxious-eyed creature, with teeth and hair furnished by the shops, and

a liver and nerves which long ago took her work, temper, and, we had almost said, religion, out of her control. This rapid decay of our women may be owing partly to climatic influence, but it is much more due to the wear and tear of their motherhood, and anxiety to push their children forward, added to the incessant petty rasping of inefficient domestic service.

A man's work may be heavier, but is single, it wears on him on one side only; he has his hours sacred to business, to give to his brief, his sermon, his shop; there is no drain on the rest of his faculties or time. His wife has no hour sacred to this or to that; he brings his trouble to her and it is her duty to comprehend and aid him, while her brain is devising how to keep her boy Tom away from the companions who brought him home drunk last night; how to give Jenny another year of music lessons; how to contrive a cloak for the baby out of her old merino; the burning meat in the kitchen all the while "setting her nerves in a quiver." She has not a power of mind, a skill of body which her daily life does not draw upon. Her husband comes and goes to his office; the out-door air, the stir, the change of ideas, the passing word for this man or that, unconsciously refresh and lift him from the cankering care of the work. She has the parlor, the dining-room, the kitchen, to shut her into it, day after day, year after year. Women, without a single actual grief in the world, grow morbid and ill-tempered, simply from living in-doors, and resort to prayer to conquer their crossness, when they only need a walk of a couple of miles, or some wholesome amusement. It is a natural craving for this necessity — amusement — which drives them to the tea-parties and sewing-circles which men ridicule as absurd and tedious.

There is no reason why our women, who are notably rational and shrewd in the conduct of the working part of life, should cut themselves off thus irrationally from the necessary relaxation, or make it either costly or tedious. Let every mother of a family resolve not to put off her holidays until old age, but to take them all along the way, and to bring a good share of them into this winter. Let her give no ball, no musical evenings, no hot, perspiring tea-parties, but manage to have her table always prettily served and comfortably provided, and her welcome ready for any friend who may come to it; let her set apart an evening, if possible, when her rooms shall be open to any pleasant friend who will visit her; the refreshments to be of the simplest kind; and, above all, if the table chance *not* to be well served, or the friends are *not* agreeable, let her take the mishap as a jest, and meet all her difficulties with an easy good humor. It is *not* necessary to take every bull of trouble

by the horns; if we welcome and nod to them as to cheerful acquaintances they will usually trot by on the other side of the road.

Let her take our prescription for the winter, and our word for it the spring will find fresher roses in her cheeks and fewer wrinkles in her husband's forehead. — *Scribner's Monthly*.

A DAY IN BARBARA NOBLE'S LIFE.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

We have known Barbara Noble a great many years, and we came across this leaf of her journal in a perfectly honorable manner; we were friends at Mount Holyoke boarding-school.

We smile when we think how she hated house-work; but she was a brave girl, and when she married a poor man, and a farmer, her desire to help him up the worldly ladder made servants out of the question, and she learned how to make bread and butter, to roast meat, and make pies—in fact, to become an excellent house and home-keeper. Her husband knew this, and often expressed the fact to her; but it seems, by her diary, that he sometimes censured, and she hints at the heart-aches it gave her. But here is the diary:—

"Charles said, night before last, when we were talking about 'woman's work never being done,' that I was either slow or did unnecessary work. Of course he did not say that in so many words, but his thoughts are very clear to me. We sat up so late talking, that we overslept yesterday morning, and it was nearly five o'clock before we awoke. While he built the fire and filled the kettles I bathed and dressed, shook up the bed, picked up his dressing-gown and slippers, and put the chamber somewhat in order. I set the table, made the coffee, and was ready to attend to the milk when he came in from milking. There was bread to mould before breakfast, waffles to make, and steak to broil. After breakfast and prayers the children came down; although May is only nine, she dressed little Albert. Nell and Susie helped each other in fastening dresses and boots.

"While they were eating their breakfast I churned. May helped me wash the dishes, and as they have to walk a long distance to school, I put their dinner in baskets. At nine o'clock there was nothing done about regular house-work, except the clearing of the table and washing the dishes. After the butter was cared for the bread must be baked, and pies, cookies for the children, meat prepared for dinner, vegetables brought from the cellar and washed for cooking, the rooms swept and dusted, the chamber-work done, and then it was time

to get the table ready for dinner. While waiting for Charles I held Albert in my arms, and mended a pair of gloves which Charles said had needed mending for a week, but which he had carried in his coat pocket and forgotten to speak about.

"When Charles came to dinner, our pastor, who is always welcome, came with him. After dinner we sat at the table and finished our discussion on 'evolution,' and before I had the dishes washed, stove cleaned, kitchen swept, and ready to change my dress, it was half-past three o'clock.

"I'll not record in my journal all of the thousand and one little things which have to be performed daily—such as skimming the milk, caring for the ice, cleaning the lamps, plants to sprinkle, the pigs, dog, kitten, and chickens to feed, bird cage to clean, and flowers to arrange in the vases. The 'odd days' have their regular work, of cleaning the milk safe and refrigerator, keeping doors and windows clean, washing and ironing, and on Saturday baking enough for a regiment, and getting ready for the Sabbath.

"It was four o'clock yesterday when I came down stairs dressed for the afternoon work. I don't think that I was slow about my work, or did anything that could be left undone. I was too tired to sit down to my piano, that has been my comfort in weary hours since childhood. My heart was heavy because my husband did not thank me an angel! I can afford to smile at the absurdity of the idea to-day, but I did not feel like smiling yesterday.

"I was too tired to read the last magazine, and if I was not, there was the mending. Four pairs of restless feet, and two pairs of busy ones, make stockings that come from the wash needing a stitch in time.

"I was glad to have this opportunity of mending, for it is my very best time to think. All day I had been rebelling, and I would not allow the good angels to come into my heart. I was unhappy because my life-path seemed so narrow and unimportant. I do not belong to that class that have a restless ambition after a 'mission,' neither to the class that find nothing to do; but my duties are so homely, and no one seems any better for having known me. I am very tired all the time, and sometimes it seems as though I could not go on this way much longer.

"I drew my needle in and out of Charlie's sock, with some such feeling as this: 'Yes, he really thinks that I am slow and indolent; he finds a great deal of fault, I think; I don't see why I should be situated as I am, when there are so many, not half as good, who have everything agreeable and pleasant, and of whom every one speaks in praise. I don't believe that any one would miss me if I should die! Charles's sister

Helen, whom he is always quoting, could keep house for him —.' Here I pricked my finger quite hard, and the thought came, 'Serve you just right for indulging in such wicked thoughts;' and I laughed quite cheerfully. How quickly my blues disappeared as I began to think of my mercies and blessings. If I am tired, strength is given me day by day, and I have One on whom I can lay my burden, and grace is given me in a wonderful degree. I used *always* to feel fretful when I was tired or sick, but of late, nearly always, when trouble, cares, or perplexities come, each seems to be the very cross for me to carry.

"Last week, in prayer-meeting, many of the ladies who spoke said 'it is hard to take up the cross and speak.' If I had been older and wiser I should have said that the way to live was never to lay the cross down, and then there was never the trouble of the up-lifting. I wonder if, when we have patience under trials, that is not 'bearing the cross.'

"St. Luke says, 'Bear the cross *daily*.' If he had well known the life of women, he would have said, *hourly*. It is a 'watch before our lips,' before our thoughts, and our imagination—constantly trying to please Jesus by denying self, deeds, words, temper, or thoughts every hour; it is *always* 'the cross.' Without it, no salvation; with it, heavenly sweetness. How long it took me to find that it was *always*!

"Years ago, when the divine hunger made me plead for righteousness, and the thought came, 'it must be a cross that will raise you towards Him, who gives the bread of life,' I took back my prayer with, 'O Lord, I cannot *endure* trials.' How hard was then the saying of Kempis, 'Both above and below, without and within, whichever way thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the cross.' If there had been any better way for us, Jesus, with His great love, would have shown it by word and example.

"Is not the bearing of the cross only another name for sacrifice? We cannot suffer martyrdom for His sake, as was done in the days long ago; but we can make our lives full of self-denial. There are many women who do not count their lives dear unto themselves, and this obeying the call of duty for His sake, is the genuine spirit of martyrdom. If we want to learn of Him, and live with Him, to be His earnest and faithful disciples, we must not murmur at the school. If adversity and trials are best for us, He will discipline us in that way. If we can endure prosperity He is glad to lead us through pleasant paths; but whatever the school, it will be only a little while before we graduate into the bright and glorious world, of which we now sometimes have a foretaste.

"I am sorry I was so rebellious in my thoughts. I do want to feel constantly

that my life is planned for me, and to so live that when Jesus calls He will find the fruits of my life-work—my homely, daily duties—perfect and abundant, and my sheaves—kind deeds and words, bound together with cheerfulness and patience—ready for the storehouse.

"I had all these happy thoughts, and many more which I am unable to express in words, while darning the stockings before the children came home. After supper May offered to do up the work, saying, 'You look so pale, mamma.' Charles looked at me and said, 'You do look tired, Barbara; but you are always so cheerful that I don't notice as I ought. I was thinking to-day that if the wheat yields as I expect it will, you must have a servant; you are working too hard.'

"I made the excuse that Bertie must go to bed, to get away and hide the happy tears. Charles read in the evening, while I finished the stockings; and I find time to make this record to-day because he took upon himself the work of straining the milk, churning, and some other chores which are my duties.

"If the cross is to be borne constantly, God gives a great many comforts, and I find that in each day of my life when I carry the cross willingly it always carries me."—*Zion's Herald*.

HINTS FOR THE SICK ROOM.

A few words upon bedsteads and bedding; and principally as regards patients who are entirely, or almost entirely, confined to bed.

Feverishness is generally supposed to be a symptom of fever—in nine cases out of ten it is a symptom of bedding. The patient has had re-introduced into the body the emanations from himself, which day after day and week after week saturate his unaired bedding. How can it be otherwise? Look at the ordinary bed in which a patient lies.

If I were looking out for an example in order to show what *not* to do, I should take the specimen of an ordinary bed in a private house: a wooden bedstead, two, or even three, mattresses piled up to above the height of a table; a valance attached to the frame—nothing but a miracle could ever thoroughly dry or air such a bed and bedding. The patient must inevitably alternate between cold damp after his bed is made, and warm damp before, both saturated with organic matter, and this from the time the mattresses are put under him until the time they are picked to pieces, if this is ever done.

If you consider that an adult in health exhales by the lungs and skin in the twenty-four hours, three pints, at least, of

moisture, loaded with organic matter ready to enter into putrefaction; that in sickness the quantity is often greatly increased, the quality is always more noxious—just ask yourself next where does all this moisture go to? Chiefly into the bedding, because it cannot go anywhere else. And it stays there, because, except perhaps a weekly change of sheets, scarcely any other airing is attempted.

The only way of really nursing a real patient is to have an *iron* bedstead, with rheocline springs, which are permeable by the air up to the very mattress (no valance, of course), the mattress to be a thin hair one; the bed to be not above 3½ feet wide. If the patient be entirely confined to his bed, there should be *two* such bedsteads, each bed to be "made" with mattress, sheets, blankets, &c., complete—the patient to pass twelve hours in each bed; on no account to carry his sheets with him. The whole of the bedding to be hung up to air for each intermediate twelve hours. Of course there are many cases where this cannot be done at all—many more where only an approach to it can be made. I am indicating the ideal of nursing, and what I have actually had done. But about the kind of bedstead there can be no doubt, whether there be one or two provided.

There is a prejudice in favor of a wide bed—I believe it to be a prejudice. All the refreshment of moving a patient from one side to the other of his bed is far more effectually secured by putting him into a fresh bed; and a patient who is really very ill does not stray far in bed. But it is said there is no room to put a tray down on a bed. No good nurse will ever put a tray on a bed at all. If the patient can turn on his side, he will eat more comfortably from a bedside table; and on no account whatever should a bed ever be higher than a sofa; otherwise, the patient feels himself "out of humanity's reach;" he can get at nothing for himself; he can move nothing for himself. If the patient cannot turn, a table over the bed is a better thing. I need hardly say that a patient's bed should never have its side against the wall. The nurse must be able to get easily to both sides of the bed, and to reach easily every part of the patient without stretching—a thing impossible if the bed be either too wide or too high.

If a bed is higher than a sofa, the difference of the fatigue of getting in and out of bed will just make the difference, very often, to the patient (who can get in and out of bed at all) of being able to take a few minutes' exercise, either in the open air or in another room. It is so very odd that people never think of this, or of how many more times a patient who is in bed for the twenty-four hours is obliged to get in and out of bed than they are, who only,

it is to be hoped, get into bed once and out of bed once during the twenty-four hours.

A patient's bed should always be in the lightest spot in the room, and he should be able to see out of the window.

I need scarcely say that the old four-post bed with curtains is utterly inadmissible, whether for sick or well. Hospital bedsteads are, in many respects, very much less objectionable than private ones.

There is reason to believe that not a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with the head under the bed clothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is farther contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit, and it often happens that the bed clothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from his skin. A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part, so to speak, of ventilation.

It may be worth while to remark that where there is any danger of bed-sores, a blanket should never be placed *under* the patient. It retains damp and acts like a poultice.

Never use anything but light blankets as bed covering for the sick. The heavy cotton impervious counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps in the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever.

It cannot be necessary to tell a nurse that she should be clean, or that she should keep her patient clean,—seeing that the greater part of nursing consists in preserving cleanliness. No ventilation can freshen a room or ward where the most scrupulous cleanliness is not observed. Unless the wind be blowing through the windows at the rate of twenty miles an hour, dusty carpets, dirty wainscots, musty curtains and furniture, will infallibly produce a close smell. I have lived in a large and expensively-furnished London house, where the only constant inmate in two very lofty rooms, with opposite windows, was myself, and yet, owing to the above-mentioned dirty circumstances, no opening of windows could ever keep those rooms free from closeness; but the carpet and curtains having been turned out of the rooms altogether, they became instantly as fresh as could be wished.

But no particle of dust is ever or can ever be removed or really got rid of by the present system of dusting. Dusting in these days means nothing but flapping the dust from one part of a room to another with doors and windows closed. What you do it for I cannot think. You had

much better leave the dust alone, if you are not going to take it away altogether. Tidying a room means nothing now but removing a thing from one place, which it has kept clean for itself, on to another and a dirtier one. Flapping by way of cleaning is only admissible in the case of pictures, or anything made of paper. The only way I know to *remove* dust, the plague of all lovers of fresh air, is to wipe everything with a damp cloth. And all furniture ought to be so made as that it may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury to itself, and so polished as that it may be damped without injury to others. To dust as it is now practiced truly means to distribute dust more equally over a room.

For a sick room, a carpet is perhaps the worst expedient which could by any possibility have been invented. If you must have a carpet, the only safety is to take it up two or three times a year, instead of once. A dirty carpet literally infects the room. And if you consider the enormous quantity of organic matter from the feet of people coming in, which must saturate it, this is by no means surprising.

As for walls, the worst is the papered wall; the next worst is plaster. But the plaster can be redeemed by frequent lime-washing; the paper requires frequent re-newing. A glazed paper gets rid of a good deal of the danger. But the ordinary bedroom paper is all that it ought *not* to be.

The best wall now extant is oil paint. From this you can wash the animal exuvia.

Air can be soiled just like water. If you blow into water you will soil it with the animal matter from your breath. So it is with air. Air is always soiled in a room where walls and carpets are saturated with animal exhalations.

Want of cleanliness, then, in rooms, which you have to guard against, may arise in three ways.

1. Dirty air coming in from without, soiled by sewer emanations, the evaporation from dirty streets, smoke, bits of unburned fuel, bits of straw, bits of horse dung.

2. Dirty air coming from within, from dust, which you often displace, but never remove. And this recalls what ought to be a *sine qua non*. Have as few ledges in your room as possible. And under no pretence have any ledge out of sight. Dust accumulates there and will never be wiped off. This is a certain way to soil the air. Besides this, the animal exhalations from your inmates saturate your furniture. And if you never clean your furniture properly, how can your rooms be anything but musty? Ventilate as you please, the rooms will never be sweet.

3. Dirty air coming from the carpet. Above all, take care of the carpets, that the animal dirt left there by the feet of vis-

itors does not stay there. Floors, unless the grain is filled up and polished, are just as bad. The smell from the floor of a school-room or ward, when any moisture brings out the organic matter by which it is saturated, might alone be enough to warn us of the mischief that is going on.

Very few people, be they of what class they may, have any idea of the exquisite cleanliness required in the sick-room. For much of what I have said applies less to the hospital than to the private sick-room. The smoky chimney, the dusty furniture, the utensils emptied but once a day, keep the air of the sick-room constantly dirty in the best private houses.

The well have a curious habit of forgetting that what is to them but a trifling inconvenience, to be patiently "put up" with, is to the sick a source of suffering, delaying recovery, if not actually hastening death. The well are scarcely ever more than eight hours, at most, in the same room. Some change they can always make, if only for a few minutes. Even during the supposed eight hours, they can change their posture or their position in the room. But the sick man who never leaves his bed, who cannot change by any movement of his own his air or his light, or his warmth; who cannot obtain quiet, or get out of the smoke, or the smell, or the dust; he is really poisoned or depressed by what is to you the merest trifle.

"What can't be cured must be endured," is the very worst and most dangerous maxim for a nurse which ever was made. Patience and resignation in her are but other words for carelessness or indifference—contemptible, if in regard to herself; culpable, if in regard to her sick.

In almost all diseases the function of the skin is, more or less, disordered; and in many most important diseases Nature relieves herself almost entirely by the skin. This is particularly the case with children. But the excretion, which comes from the skin, is left there, unless removed by washing or by the clothes. Every nurse should keep this fact constantly in mind,—for, if she allow her sick to remain unwashed, or their clothing to remain on them after being saturated with perspiration or other excretion, she is interfering injuriously with the natural processes of health just as effectually as if she were to give the patient a dose of slow poison by the mouth. Poisoning by the skin is no less certain than poisoning by the mouth—only it is slower in its operation.

The amount of relief and comfort experienced by the sick after the skin has been carefully washed and dried, is one of the commonest observations made at a sick bed. But it must not be forgotten that the comfort and relief so obtained are not all,

They are, in fact, nothing more than a sign that the vital powers have been relieved by removing something that was oppressing them. The nurse, therefore, must never put off attending to the personal cleanliness of her patient, under the plea that all that is to be gained is a little relief, which can be quite as well given later.

In all well-regulated hospitals this ought to be, and generally is, attended to. But it is very generally neglected with the private sick.

Just as it is necessary to renew the air round a sick person frequently, to carry off morbid effluvia from the lungs and skin, by maintaining free ventilation, so is it necessary to keep the pores of the skin free from all obstructing excretions. The object, both of ventilation and of skin-cleanliness, is pretty much the same,—to wit, removing noxious matter from the system as rapidly as possible.

One word as to cleanliness merely as cleanliness.

Compare the dirtiness of the water in which you have washed when it is cold without soap, cold with soap, hot with soap. You will find the first has hardly removed any dirt at all, the second a little more, the third a great deal more. But hold your hand over the cup of hot water for a minute or two, and then, by merely rubbing with the finger, you will bring off flakes of dirt or dirty skin. After a vapor bath you may peel your whole self clean in this way. What I mean is, that by simply washing or sponging with water you do not really clean the skin. Take a rough towel, dip one corner in very hot water,—if a little spirit be added to it it will be more effectual,—and then rub as if you were rubbing the towel into your skin with your fingers. The black flakes which will come off will convince you that you were not clean before, however much soap and water you may have used. These flakes are what require removing. And you can really keep yourself cleaner with a tumbler of hot water and a rough towel and rubbing, than with a whole apparatus of bath and soap and sponge, without rubbing. It is quite nonsense to say that anybody need be dirty. Patients have been kept as clean by these means on a long voyage, when a basin full of water could not be afforded, and when they could not be moved out of their berths, as if all the appurtenances of home had been at hand.

Washing, however, with a large quantity of water has quite other effects than those of mere cleanliness. The skin absorbs the water and becomes softer and more perspirable. To wash with soap and soft water is, therefore, desirable from other points of view than that of cleanliness.—From Miss

Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing."

TAMING THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The ruby-throat has sometimes been tamed. Mr. Webber, in his "Wild Scenes and Song Birds," says after several unsuccessful attempts, at last "I succeeded in securing an uninjured captive, which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby-throated species, the most splendid and diminutive that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts of loaf-sugar, with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing possum'—feigning to be dead, most skillfully. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes to peep whether the way was clear, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and, in a moment, was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught, from a silver teaspoon. When sated it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite as artistically as if on its favorite sprav. I was enchanted with the bold, innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen black eyes to survey us, as much as to say, "Well, good folks! who are you!" By the next day it would come from any part of either room, alight upon the side of a white China cup containing the mixture, and drink eagerly, with its long bill thrust into the very base. It would alight on my fingers, and seem to talk with us endearingly in its soft chirps." Mr. Webber afterward succeeded in taming several of the same species. He gave them their liberty occasionally, and they returned regularly. At the time for migration they left for the winter; but, the next spring, they sought their old quarters, and accepted the delicious nectar kindly provided for them, and by degrees brought their mates.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

WHERE MARBLES COME FROM.

Not far from Salzburg, in Austria, is a great mountain, which consists of nothing but beautiful marble. The stone masons cut out blocks and columns of it, take them to the great city, and build palaces and fine houses of them. But what becomes of the little pieces which are broken off, and are so small that the great people cannot use

them! These are for the children! Out of them are made little marble balls—playing marbles. How this is done let me tell you.

From this same marble mountain several brooks flow down into the valley below. Their waters rush swiftly down from one shelf of rocks to another, and form countless little water-falls. By the side of these little falls numerous small mills have been placed. In each of these the water drives a little flying-wheel. Underneath the barrel of the wheel is a round grinding-stone. This mill-stone turns in a stone trough, into which fresh water is continually splashing. The large bits of marble are broken with a hammer into rough angular pieces about as large as walnuts. No child would care to play with these stones; they are sharp-cornered, jagged, and gray and dusty besides. They are thrown into the stone-mill-trough with water, and the millstone begins to turn. Now the angular stones have a long merry dance; they hop, and trip, and stumble over one another, and whirl round and round and round in a circle; they crash, and beat and grate upon each other all day and all night long. At last they become so small that the millstone in the trough takes no more hold of them, and the little mill stands still. Then the little stones are ready. The millstone is lifted—there they lie, a hundred or more all together, and one just as pretty as another. They are perfectly round, all corners and roughness are gone. The marbles now only need polishing.—*Ladies' Repository*.

BABY, BABY BLESS HER.

Baby, baby, bless her;
How shall mamma dress her?

The summer cloud
Is not too proud
To find soft wool to dress her.

The blue bell
Is a true bell,
And will find the blue to dress her.

The cherry tree
Is a merry tree,
And will find the pink to dress her.

The lily bright
Will find the white,
The beautiful white to dress her.

The leaves in the wood
Are sweet and good,
And will find the green to dress her.

The honey-suckle
With buds for a buckle,
Will make a girdle to dress her.

The heavens hold
Both silver and gold
In the stars, and they will dress her.

—*Morning Light*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

BAKED POTATOES.—Choose large potatoes, as much of a size as possible; wash them in lukewarm water, and scrub them well, for the browned skin of a baked potato is by many persons considered the better part of it. Put them into a moderate oven, and bake them for two hours, turning them three or four times whilst they are cooking. Serve them in a napkin immediately they are done, as, if kept a long time in the oven, they have a shrivelled appearance. Do not forget to send to table with them a piece of cold butter.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—Choose potatoes of an equal size, pare them, take out all the eyes and specks, and as they are peeled throw them into cold water. Put them into a saucepan, with sufficient cold water to cover them, with salt, and let them *boil gently* until tender. Ascertain when they are done by thrusting a fork into them, and take them up the moment they feel soft through; for if they are left in the water afterwards, they become waxy or watery. Drain away the water, put the saucepan by the side of the fire, with the lid partially uncovered, to allow the steam to escape, and let the potatoes get thoroughly dry, and do not allow them to get burnt. Their superfluous moisture will evaporate, and the potatoes, if a good sort, will be perfectly mealy and dry. Potatoes vary so much in quality and size, that it is difficult to give the exact time for boiling; they should be attentively watched, and probed with a fork, to ascertain when they are cooked. Send them to table quickly, and very hot, and with an opening in the cover of the dish that a portion of the steam may evaporate, and not fall back on the potatoes. Moderate-sized old potatoes require fifteen to twenty minutes after the water boils; large ones half an hour to thirty-five minutes. To keep potatoes hot, after draining the water from them, put a folded cloth or flannel (kept for the purpose) on the top of them, keeping the saucepan-lid partially uncovered. This will absorb the moisture, and keep them hot some time without spoiling.

TO BOIL POTATOES IN THEIR JACKETS.—To obtain this wholesome and delicious vegetable cooked in perfection, it should be boiled and sent to table with the skin on. In Ireland, where, perhaps, the cooking of potatoes is better understood than in any country, they are always served so. Wash the potatoes well, and if necessary, use a clean scrubbing-brush to remove the dirt from them; and, if possible, choose the potatoes so that they may all be as nearly

the same size as possible. When thoroughly cleansed, fill the saucepan half full with them, and just cover the potatoes with cold water, salted; they are more quickly boiled with a small quantity of water, and, besides, are more savory than when drowned in it. Bring them to the boil, then draw the pan to the side of the fire, and let them simmer gently until tender. Ascertain when they are done by probing them with a fork; then pour off the water, uncover the saucepan, and let the potatoes dry by the side of the fire, taking care not to let them burn. Peel them quickly, put them in a very hot vegetable-dish, either with or without a napkin, and serve very quickly. After potatoes are cooked, they should never be entirely covered up, as the steam, instead of escaping, falls down on them, and makes them watery and insipid. In Ireland they are usually served up with the skins on, and a small plate is placed by the side of each guest. Moderate-sized potatoes, with their skins on, require twenty to twenty-five minutes after the water boils; large potatoes twenty-five minutes to three-quarters of an hour, or longer; five minutes to dry them.

TO BOIL NEW POTATOES.—Do not have the potatoes dug long before they are dressed, as they are never good when they have been out of the ground some time. Well wash them, rub off the skins with a coarse cloth, and put them into *boiling* water salted. Let them boil until tender; try them with a fork, and when done, pour the water away from them; let them stand by the side of the fire with the lid of the saucepan partially uncovered, and when the potatoes are thoroughly dry, put them into a hot vegetable-dish, with a piece of butter the size of a walnut; pile the potatoes over this, and serve. If the potatoes are too old to have the skins rubbed off, boil them in their jackets; drain, peel, and serve them as above, with a piece of butter placed in the midst of them.

MINCED BEEF.—Ingredients: 1 oz. of butter, 1 small onion, about 12 tablespoonfuls of gravy left from the meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste, a few slices of lean roast beef. Put into a stewpan the butter with an onion chopped fine; add the gravy and $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of flour to thicken; season with pepper and salt, and stir these ingredients over the fire until the onion is a rich brown. Cut, but do not chop the meat *very fine*, add it to the gravy, stir till quite hot, and serve. Garnish with sippets of toasted bread. Be careful in not allowing the gravy to boil after the meat is added, as it would render it hard and tough.

WINTER SALAD.—*Ingredients*—Endive, mustard-and-cress, boiled beetroot, 3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs, celery. The above ingredients form the principal constituents of a winter salad, and may be converted into a very pretty dish, by nicely contrasting the various colors, and by tastefully garnishing it. Shred the celery into thin pieces, after having carefully washed and cut away all worm-eaten pieces; cleanse the endive and mustard-and-cress free from grit, and arrange these high in the centre of a salad-bowl or dish; garnish with the hard-boiled eggs and beet-root, both of which should be cut in slices; and pour into the dish, but not over the salad, either of the following sauces. Never dress a salad long before it is required for table, as, by standing, it loses its freshness and pretty crisp and light appearance; the sauce, however, may always be prepared a few hours beforehand, and when required for use, the herbs laid lightly over it.

SALAD DRESSING (Excellent) I.—*Ingredients*—1 teaspoonful of mixed mustard, 1 teaspoonful of pounded sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of salad oil, 4 tablespoonfuls of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, cayenne and salt to taste. Put the mixed mustard into a salad-bowl with the sugar, and add the oil drop by drop, carefully stirring and mixing all these ingredients well together. Proceed in this manner with the milk and vinegar, which must be added very *gradually*, or the sauce will curdle. Put in the seasoning, when the mixture will be ready for use. If this dressing is properly made, it will have a soft creamy appearance, and will be found very delicious with crab, or cold fried fish (the latter cut into dice), as well as with salads. In mixing salad dressings, the ingredients cannot be added *too gradually*, or *stirred too much*.

II.—*Ingredients*—4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of mixed mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of white pepper, half that quantity of cayenne, salt to taste, 4 tablespoonfuls of cream, equal quantities of oil and vinegar. Boil the eggs until hard, which will be in about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or 20 minutes; put them into cold water, take off the shells, and pound the yolks in a mortar to a smooth paste. Then add all the other ingredients, except the vinegar, and stir them well until the whole are thoroughly incorporated one with the other. Pour in sufficient vinegar to make it of the consistency of cream, taking care to add but little at a time. The mixture will then be ready for use. The whites of the eggs, cut into rings, will serve very well as a garnishing to the salad.

In making salads, the vegetables, &c., should never be added to the sauce very long before they are wanted for table; the dressing, however, may always be prepared some hours before required. Where

salads are much in request, it is a good plan to bottle off sufficient dressing for a few days' consumption, as thereby much time and trouble are saved. If kept in a cool place, it will remain good for 4 or 5 days.

HASHED BEEF.—*Ingredients.*—The remains of ribs or sirloin of beef, 2 onions, 1 carrot, 1 bunch of savory herbs, pepper and salt to taste. $\frac{1}{2}$ blade of pounded mace, thickening of flour, rather more than 1 pint of water. Take off all the meat from the bones of ribs or sirloin of beef; remove the outside brown and gristle; place the meat on one side, and well stew the bones and pieces, with the above ingredients, for about two hours, till it becomes a strong gravy, and is reduced to rather more than $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; strain this, thicken with a teaspoonful of flour, and let the gravy cool; skim off all the fat; lay in the meat, let it get hot through, but do not allow it to boil, and garnish with sippets of toasted bread. It may be served in walls of mashed potatoes, browned; in which case the sippets should be omitted. Be careful that hashed meat does not boil, or it will become tough.

POTTED BEEF.—*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold roast or boiled beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter, cayenne to taste, 2 blades of pounded mace. The outside slices of boiled beef may, with a little trouble, be converted into a very nice addition to the breakfast-table. Cut up the meat into small pieces and pound it well, with a little butter, in a mortar; add a seasoning of cayenne and mace, and be very particular that the latter ingredient is reduced to the finest powder. When all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, put it into glass or earthen potting-pots, and pour on the top a coating of clarified butter. If cold roast beef is used, remove all pieces of gristle and dry outside pieces, as these do not pound well.

BEEF RISSOLES.—*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold roast beef; to each pound of meat allow $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, a few chopped savory herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of minced lemon-peel, 1 or 2 eggs, according to the quantity of meat. Mince the beef very fine, which should be rather lean, and mix with this bread crumbs, herbs, seasoning, and lemon-peel, in the above proportion, to each pound of meat. Make all into a thick paste with 1 or 2 eggs; divide into balls or cones, and fry a rich brown. Garnish the dish with fried parsley, and send with them to table some good brown gravy in a tureen. Instead of garnishing with fried parsley, gravy may be poured in the dish, round the rissoles; in this case, it will not be necessary to send any in a tureen.

Literary Notices.

CONSTANCE, a Lay of the Olden Time. By
Maple Leaf. Montreal: Printed by
John Lovell.

To this poem, which is the work of a young lady of Montreal, we venture to call the attention of our readers, although it has already been before the public for a year. Though by no means perfect,—the poem being more or less defective throughout in the management of the metre—it is a work of art of no little power and beauty, and, considering the youth of the writer, is worthy of all admiration. We will try, by means of a series of extracts, to afford to our readers a glimpse at the plot as well as at the special beauties of the poem. Constance, the heroine, with her twin-sister, Rosaline,—the daughters of Earl de Macey, a proud peer,—are thus described :

Rosaline was one of fairy form and face;
Back from her forehead stream'd her waving hair
Clustering in golden ringlets o'er her neck,
Whilst her soft eyes, like two celestial stars,
Blue as the vault of Heaven, seemed often filled
With the glad sunshine of a glorious youth.
And she was like some blushing moss-rose fair,
But Constance was a flower more rarely seen.
Tall and commanding was her slender form,
Lofly her mien, and on her countenance
The majesty of virtue ever sate.
And from her marble brow, pure as the snow,
Rippl'd the tresses of rich, auburn hair;
Whilst often in the flashing of her eye
One trac'd the fire of a high, dauntless soul;
Yet when in contemplation she was wrapt,
Her spirit seemed to dwell in those dark depths,
Their hue a liquid brown—pure, deep, and clear,
Evn like the waters of that far-famed lake
From whence the maiden had derived her name—
And tho' she seldom smiled, a smile it seemed
To all more sweet because so rarely seen.

It is the time of the Crusaders, and Constance goes with her father to Court on a morning thus poetically delineated :—

The sun arose
And draped in sunlight the grey castle walls,
And the soft sky above, a wide expanse,

Like one vast *thought* of the all-mighty God
So spiritual, pure, unfathomable,
No clouds, as frowns, furrowed its countenance;
And in the golden light the feathery trees
Waved their green boughs, and kissed the summer
wind,
Which flitted, softly sighing, o'er the ground.
Meanwhile the lark, that sunny bird of joy,
Greet'd with gladsome song the op'ning day.

During their absence, Guy Lestrangle comes, bringing despatches from the Earl, and is entertained by Rosaline, with whom he falls in love. The betrothal and departure to the Holy Land are described in the Fourth Book :—

And in the grand old hall, all deck'd with flowers,
And graced by brilliant lords and ladies fair,
There did the lovers make the solemn vows.
Some marvelled that the face of Constance was
Paler than needed for her sister's joy.
When midnight came all had to rest retired,
Yet slumber strayed far from the sisters twain.
Rosaline smiling e'en thro' happy tears,
Besought her sister's praises of her knight;
And Constance with a smile sweet, spiritual,
In accents low spake all her heart desired.
Length gentle sleep came to fair Rosaline,
Weaving the airy fancies of the day
Into the brighter fairy dreams of night.
Yet Constance slept not. From her couch she rose
And strove in vain her heart's wild throbs to still.
Having no mortal eye to see her grief,
Her haughty head bow'd in mute agony,
Still strove in that tempestuous hour to pray,
And when the storm itself had well-nigh spent,
To her unselfish self spake falteringly:
" Ah me, my soul is full of weary pains;
Fain would I die, and then forever rest!
And yet, not thus must Constance weakly yield.
Ah! full of utter selfishness and sin
Am I; yet could it e'en be otherwise
I would not have it so; it is my lot
To care, alas! for one who loves me not.
Better a thousand times that I should weep
Than that my Rosaline should even sigh;
For thou wouldst die for me, my little bird,
My love of thee shall ne'er be less than thine.
I would not have my Rosaline's young life
Clouded by grief; I would not have it thus;
Earth's shadows are for me; earth's joys for her;
And could I, in addition to my own,

Have all the thorns that in *her* pathway lie,
Then would I be content, I would not shrink,
Knowing her happy I should be resign'd,
Do with me, Father, even as Thou wilt,
In my great weakness do Thou help Thy child."

And a great calm o'er her sad spirit fell.
Again sleep visited her weary eyes,
For to her came a grand and holy peace.

And now the sisters in the castle hall,
Bade to their sire and De Lestrance God-speed.

Then to the courtyard from the hall they went,
And wildly sobbed fair Rosaline, whilst o'er
Her brow fell as a veil of shining gold
Her waving hair, 'neath which her lovely face
Gleamed like a morning glory wet with dew,
And marvelled that her Constance was so calm.
She could not tell that in that noble heart,
Sorrow there lay too deep for utterance,
Nor knew not that beneath that still, sweet smile
Was there a grief tears could not weep away.

The queenly Constance, with character
thus purified by suffering and resignation,
devotes the rest of her life both at home and
in the Holy Land, to the service of others,
and especially to working out the happi-
ness of her sister. The description of her
self-sacrifice durng the devastations of a
deadly fever is speciall y fine:—

Still pleaded Rosaline, "Must I remain
These perils leaving thee alone to brave?
Is not thy life, love, dearer far than mine?
And wherefore this?" Then with a saddened smile
Spake Constance, "Ah! my dearest, is there not
One who would far more miss and mourn, me
thinks,

Thyself e'en than a thousand Constances!
Therefore entreat no more, my Rosaline,"
Then she went forth in sweet self-sacrifice;
Watched o'er the sick, thought only of their wants
And of the safety of her sister fair.

In utter self-forgetfulness she went,
And many lying on their couch of pain
E'en held their breath her light footfall to hear,
And 'mid the darkest hour, when fever raged,
Fancied the cooling touch of her small hand
Was a pure dew drop, fall'n from the skies;
And thought the soothing sound of her sweet voice
The murmur of the wavelets of the lake.

And often the last gaze of dying eyes
Rested on her; half deeming that they saw
An angel in that slender, shadowy form,
And yearning look of love unutterable.
And strained their failing ears the last, last words
Of holy triumph and steadfast faith to hear.
For the grim messenger came day by day,
Those taking who to this life still would cling,

Nor spared the young, but with his iron grip
The fairest flower of 't pluck'd in passing by.
Yet amongst those who fear'd death were some
Who meekly yielded up to God their souls;
Yea, such who with a Christian's lofty faith,
Long'd only their dear Master Christ to meet.

At length her strength gave way, and she
seemed

"Each day more shadowy and spirit-like."

One evening, gazing on the sunset, she
softly said:—

"Come hither, Rosaline, Guy, also thou,
For the last time do I that sunset see,
And ere I go, fain would I speak with thee.
Yet pray I not as in those other days,
Oh! that thou mayest each to the other long
Be granted: such has *ever* been my prayer.
That naught but happiness may fall to thee,
For sorrow purifieth, and methinks
We may grow holy 'neath God's chastening rod;
And often 'mongst the thorns are fairest flowers,
And if we suffer here that other world
The brighter seemeth to our longing souls.
So mayest thou be, that then when death shall come
Such it is not to thee, but rather life."

"And I go hence, sweet sister, not in fear,
For on my soul no shadow there hath fall'n,
But full of calm, deep peace do I depart.
The road hath been so rough and wearisome,
But now at last my spirit rest hath found.
Ye must not mourn and weep for me as one
Having no hope, for I am satisfied."
And a still, saintly smile came o'er her face,
Robing her marble features as a veil
Of shadowy light, whilst o'er her brow there strayed
The auburn tresses, and 'neath the red light,
Of sunset, shone like waves of burning gold.
And o'er her eyes, so spiritually clear,
The lids droop'd, as the water-lily folds
Its snowy petals o'er its golden breast.
Tranquil she lay, nor spake. All breathlessly
they watched, but deeming that their Constance
slept.

'Length when the shades of night had gathered o'er,
Unto her sister there, came Rosaline,
Saying, with tender words, "Shall we depart?"
She answered not, and when again they spake,
Stirred not, for in that silent hour had fled
Her spirit pure, unto its longed-for home.

We have quoted enough to show that the
poem, which is fifty pages in length, is
well worthy of careful perusal. It is very
handsomely printed and bound, and is in
every way a credit to both author and pub-
lisher.

Review of the Times.

The year which has just closed has been one for which the people of Canada have good reason to send up ascriptions of thankfulness to the Giver of all good. First, it has been a year of peace, which, in these stormy times, is in itself a matter of blessing. Continental Europe is in a condition of armed truce, and elements of tremendous disturbance are accumulating in almost every State. The Jesuits are working with their accustomed energy to realize their old ideal—the Church to rule the world—the Pope to rule the Church, and the Jesuits to rule the Pope. They have found no great difficulty with the two last; but the first is a knotty problem. The world wants to rule itself, and even in Catholic States, now as of old, it is extremely loth to let the Church be master. As for other States the bare idea of such a thing is provoking the bitterest feeling of dislike and antagonism; and not only this, but preparations for conflict. Immense hosts of men are withdrawn from active industry and kept ready for deadly strife, and the whole political atmosphere is one of doubt, disquiet, and apprehension. We, on this side the Atlantic, if we have the disadvantage of being removed from the great centres of international and political life in Europe, are, at any rate, free from the agitation and apprehension which are their concomitants at present. We have fought our constitutional battles and now live at peace with one another. Men of different races and creeds are working together to fill a common destiny and build up a common Canadian nationality. We have made immense material progress during the last few years, and we are filled with hope for the future. Our young men are growing up under the powerful influence of free institutions. They are learning to consider the name "Canadian" as one to be proud of, and Canada a country to be loved

and gloried in. Nothing is more striking than the prevalence of this spirit in our young children. Born on the banks of our great St. Lawrence, or the shores of our vast inland seas, reared up with a knowledge of the great races from which we sprang, and the glorious Empire of which we form a part, they are pervaded through and through by the spirit of true patriotism. They love their native land. No land is like it to them—even old England is not what Canada is. And certainly there can be no healthier or more hopeful feeling, for love of native land is the spring of every noble political aspiration.

During the past year we have made progress in developing the vast outlying regions which now have fallen to our lot to govern. A few years ago Canada meant only a narrow strip of country along the St. Lawrence Valley. Now, by a succession of remarkable events, a Confederation has been formed, embracing the sea-bound communities of the Atlantic Coast and stretching across the immense regions of the centre of the Continent over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. This development is one of the most marvellous in history. If it had been the fruits of conquests, the whole world would have been interested in looking on. But it has been peaceful; hence it has been little noticed—but the result is not the less decisive. Canada now has vast regions in the North-West, all her own; and during the past year she has taken energetic steps in the way of bringing them under the sway of civilization. The capital of this region—the town of Winnipeg—has nearly doubled in trade and population during the last two years. Domestic troubles have been quieted; Indian tribes have been amicably arranged with; a Governor, who is a native of Canada, has inspired confidence in the wise and faithful administra-

tion of law. Settlers are pouring in—some of them from Europe, others from the older parts of Canada. The Pacific Railway project has begun to take a practical shape. Great progress has been made in the preliminary surveys, and works of construction have been begun at the point we have ourselves indicated as desirable, viz., from the centre of Red River; the line thence southward to the American frontier, is to be first constructed. This, when finished, will furnish the readiest access to the territory, and though a portion of it is through a foreign country, that is a small matter in those times of constant and friendly intercourse. If the country is peopled it will matter very little how the people got there. But the railway will be pushed east as well as south, and before long we may expect to see a good route by Lake Superior entirely through our own territory. Steamboats now ply on its waters to within four hundred miles of the Red River, and when this portion of the railway is completed the journey in summer will be as easy as it will be romantic and pleasant. The eastern portion of the route, and especially that bordering on the North Shore of Lake Superior and Lake Huron, must be left to a future day. But the road must be pushed westward to open up the great prairie regions of the North-West, and make a communication as soon as possible with British Columbia. When this route is established it is difficult to imagine what the future of Canada may become.

The legislative business of all our Parliaments has been pushed quietly on during the last year. Constitutional questions having been settled; the great point now is to have wise and economical administration. The Ontario Legislature is largely composed of practical men who have just closed a useful period of legislation and been dissolved. The affairs of that Province still continue to be generally in a flourishing condition. The revenue is in advance of the expenditure. A large number of immigrants have settled in the Province during the year; some of them, however, it should be said, not being of the right kind,—and these, instead of being a gain, are a loss. It is said that the number

of tramps and loafers is increasing largely in the Western districts of the country. This, if the case, is a very serious business indeed. It may partly be accounted for by the large number of men who have been thrown out of employment since the panic in the United States. But some of them are, doubtless, immigrants who have been assisted to come out. There is always a danger in giving such assistance, for there are thousands in all the large towns of England who have been shiftless and idle for years, and, having contracted habits of roving and restlessness, are glad enough of the chance of coming out to a new country. They would never come if they had to find the money themselves. But assisted passages and bonuses help them over the difficulty, and so we have them here, not at all improved by the passage across the ocean. All their old shiftless ways cling to them; they cannot adapt themselves to new circumstances; they are still idle, and they sink down in the winter season into a sort of semi-pauperism. Our Emigration Agents in England, whether for the Dominion or for the separate Provinces, need to be specially on their guard against sending us such incongruous material as this.

The Legislature of Quebec has been disturbed by the scandal arising out of a discreditable land transaction of one of its members. This is now being enquired into, but the public has long made up its mind as to the real bearings of the case. Such things cannot be endured in these days, and the Ministry implicated in them must pay the penalty of wrong doing.

It is a question whether some reform of the criminal law is not needed in view of the extraordinary development of crime in these times. Never were criminals so daring, and never did they fly at such high game. In the little town of Paris, Ontario, a gang broke into the residence of a bank manager, gagged and bound him, and took the keys of the safe. Only by the accident of leaving one of the children untouched were their plans frustrated. Shortly afterwards the express van of a Great Western train was entered, the men in charge bound, and all the money and securities stolen. The plunder amounted to about \$40,000.

And only a week or two ago a most desperate and daring attempt was made to rob one of the banks in our own city.

Now, while crime is growing and increasing and developing its appliances, it is singular how absolutely quiescent the administration of justice and the means of punishment are. We are not taking any steps to meet the new condition of things. No new laws are enacted; our police arrangements remain the same. It is the rule for criminals to escape—the exception for them to be caught; and if these are caught the punishment is not such as to deter others. The law should be a terror to evil doers, but it is not.

It is a question, then, if the whole form of criminal jurisprudence should not be revised. We have made our safes stronger, cannot we make our laws stronger too? Why should there be such light terms of imprisonment for such offences as burglary? Why should not burglary, when arms are on the person, as they invariably are, be punished invariably by long terms of imprisonment in chains and solitary confinement. This would be a terror. Something to deter is required. And just as garrotting was stamped out by severe punishment of offenders in England, we may succeed, especially if there is co-operation in the States, in stamping out the burglaries which have recently attained such a portentous development.

The reported outrage on the German flag, by the Carlists, raises a question which may result in direct interference of that Power with the course of the Spanish imbroglio. States can only deal with States. If the private citizens of one country commit such an offence against one or more citizens of another, or against its official representatives, as to excite the wrath of the governing power recognized by the victim, the governing power of the offenders is appealed to for redress; that is, if the offence is committed outside the territorial jurisdiction of the complaining government. For the injury inflicted by Fenian raiders on our people, we looked to the United States for redress, as such

marauders cannot be followed into their own country by the legal powers of that which they had insulted. It is, however, stated by the European Press that the German Empire is about demanding satisfaction from the Carlists for an attack upon one of its vessels. The statement is evidently not authentic, as this would be a recognition of the Carlists as a national power amenable to international law. The appeal for redress, if any is made, will be to the Madrid authorities—to the Republic of Spain, and, it is exceedingly probable, as both England and France have had occasion to complain of similar outrages committed against their laws and subjects by the Carlists, that the present disturbances in Spain will be put an end to ere long by the armed intervention of one or more of these powers. Continents can no more suffer chronic insurrection to exist in one portion, than a city can allow one street to be constantly the scene of street fights, and the Carlist row urgently calls for an international police.

The English Church, though boasting its reverence for Scripture, seems bent upon proving the Biblical apothegm not true, which runs, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Possibly, however, some will say it is anxious to illustrate its truth. Dr. Colenso is in England; he has been declared by the law of England, by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, still a bishop of the Established Church, yet he is being forbidden the exercise of any clerical function in the dioceses of other bishops; that is, these State Church, State appointed bishops are inflicting on one of their own order a sentence of deposition and excommunication which the very power which is the source of their status has declared to be utterly illegal. What wonder is there with such a spectacle of incapacity to administer the discipline essential for excluding false teachers from the Church, except by a defiance of the law, that the more earnest-minded of Churchmen long for freedom from the fetters of the State, so that the Church may be free to govern itself, and say who shall or shall not be its spiritual

rulers and guides? Some time ago a friend of this writer, Rector of Claybrook, near Lutterworth, invited the heretical bishop to occupy his pulpit, but was served by an inhibitory mandate from the Bishop of Peterboro'. The curate, however, read the sermon which Dr. Colenso had prepared, and invited the people to a service in the village green, in the afternoon. The result was a large crowd, great excitement in the district, intense sympathy with the Bishop of Natal, and such attention to his Biblical criticisms as shook the faith of many, who, but for the inhibition, would never have heard his name. Curiously enough the day following the closing of one pulpit to Dr. Colenso, a sermon was preached in Westminster Abbey by a Presbyterian clergyman! What with High Church bishops inhibiting a Broad Church bishop, and a Broad Church dean opening his church to an outsider—a denier of Episcopacy and rectors and all grades of clergy breaking the law in ritualistic displays, the English Establishment presents a melancholy spectacle of disorder, which cannot but bring about a vital change in its constitution and relation to the State.

The pamphlet of Mr. Gladstone, entitled "A Political Expostulation," is an appeal to Roman Catholics to explain how their presumed acceptance of the decree of the late Council, pronouncing the Pope personally infallible, when speaking "*ex cathedra*," is compatible with their national loyalty. The replies it has elicited reveal a remarkable divergence of opinion touching these points. 1st, As to what is the true interpretation of that decree; 2nd, as to its bearing upon the civil allegiance of those who accept it in the most rigid form; 3rd, as to the validity of the decree as a dogma binding upon every member of the Catholic Church; 4th, as to the historic continuity of that dogma or its identity with the teaching of the Church from age to age in the past; 5th, as to the relative and respective spheres of ecclesiastical and civil authority; 6th, as to the consequences of rejecting this dogma, or suspending judgment upon it until its confirmation and official promulgation

in a manner thought by some to be essential to its being an essential article of belief. The controversy on these issues has been carried on in the *Times* from day to day for weeks past, by Archbishop Manning, Monsignor Capel, and Canon Oakeley, for the clergy; the laity being represented by Lords Acton, Camoys, Herries, and Arundel, with Messrs. Petre, Stourton, and Langdale, all men of the highest social position, whose families have been Catholics for centuries, together with Sir George Bowyer, M.P., and Sir Martin Shee, and many others.

We have not space even to synoptically summarize their letters, but may thus summarize their leading features. Taking first their points of harmony we may say that every one of the debaters protests indignantly against the idea that the Catholic faith has in it any element, even with the Vatican decrees taken to be a part thereof, at war with the loyalty of a subject to the powers that be, so long as those powers do not make war upon the conscience of the faithful. Canon Oakeley, indeed, goes so far as to declare that even then "the Pope invariably recommends unresisting submission under the provocations of persecution;" a statement which is, however, repudiated by the others. Here all harmony ends and, on every one of the six issues stated above, the writers enunciate theories most diverse, most subtle, most mysterious, and most antagonistic. Lords Acton and Camoys, and Mr. Petre—the former one of the ablest historians of the day,—all declare that the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and personal infallibility of the Pope were never taught as articles of faith before the late Council. Mr. Stourton affirms that he and "all Catholics were educated in the belief that the infallible authority of the Church resides in the bishops and prelates of the Church assembled in Council, presided over by the Pope"—a statement which, although intended as a reply to Lords Acton and Camoys, is a singular confirmation of their views. Sir George Bowyer seems to be halting between two opinions; he says, "Whether infallibility be exercised by the Pope, *ex cathedra*, or by the Pope *in*

Council," &c.,—which exposes his unsettled state of mind on the dogma. Then Monsignor Capel declares that "the spiritual power is supreme over the civil, and defines its limits," which a host of writers hasten to correct, and protest against as utterly contrary to the Catholic theory, as it is subversive of all national liberty. Sir Martin Shee, a most able lawyer, steps into the arena and declares positively, as a Catholic and a jurist, that the decrees of the late Council have no validity, are not binding, are not, in fact, decrees at all, but only suggestions, or decrees under consideration; that the Council is not closed and may reverse them; that the whole controversy is utterly untimely, and does not deal with any existing facts. Over all this hurly-burly of contrariety in opinion, one voice sounds strong and clear and minatory. Archbishop Manning declares that the dogmas in question are now articles of faith, always have been, and to reject them or question them is tantamount to making spiritual shipwreck; for such scepticism is self-excommunication. The net result of the whole, however, is a clear rebuke to Ultramontanism. This, the proudest bird ever seen in the ecclesiastical firmament, has been winged in the zenith of its flight. Its audacious policy has been denounced by men representing not merely the ancient Catholic families of England, but by the highest intellect of the English Catholic laity.

A very exhaustive discussion on the subject of small farms, on the possibility of rearing a family on the produce of say twenty acres, has been carried on at home, arising from the continued appeal made by the laborers for land to till for themselves. It is demonstrated that even with very low rental and extreme industry the tenant of such holding would earn a living very little better than a day laborer, and run risks of utter ruin in case of sickness or bad crops. The discussion was, however, we think, pressed too severely against the small farm project, as it was carefully based on a false assumption—that the laborers were to quit service wholly for tenancy,

whereas, the proposal is, to add to their cottages, *as laborers' dwellings*, a patch of land enough to keep a cow or grow vegetables and fruit for a family and some to spare for market. Were this done the cotter's home would be less like his pig's for decency, and nearer that of the squire's domestic animals, as by tilling a few roods the men would realize enough to pay a better rental, and with more home comfort thus earned would come desires for, and a struggle after, a life less revolting to humanity than is now led by "the peasants," as the *Times* glories in styling the husbandmen of England—a name they will lose when they become voters.

The Empress of Russia has been in England several weeks visiting her daughter and the Queen's. Strange to say the two ladies, grandmothers equally of the one child, only saw each other during the ceremony of that infant's baptism—a meeting by compulsion of circumstance evidently, rather than attraction of any form of affection or State ceremonial. The Empress is an invalid, it is true, but the Queen's sympathetic nature would naturally have led to unusual attention being shown her son's guest, but she stayed at Balmoral well nigh all the time of the Imperial visit. Evidently there is a "tiff;" some infinitesimal point of feminine sensitiveness or etiquette has been touched unkindly or recklessly. Let us hope this is all, and that the Royal ladies will not, as some have done in days gone by, raise a mere teapot tempest—a richly gilt teapot, we admit—into a national quarrel.

The re-adjustment of the British Columbia Treaty *in re* the Pacific Railway will ere long be under discussion. It is of interest to know that the total exports of that Province last year, to June, 1874, were \$2,061,743, one-half being gold dust and bars. Recent explorations lead to the belief that coal, copper, and iron abound on Vancouver's Island, as well as cedar, fir and white pine. But it will need an enormous yield of all these resources to find paying traffic for the railway.

The endeavor to make men virtuous by Act of Parliament is a standing butt for sarcastic shafts. What then must be said of an attempt to make men godly by fear of military punishment? This is being done in Austria. By a recent mandate, all cadets at the military schools are to confess once a week, and produce a ticket as evidence of the fact from the priest, or suffer degradation in rank, and be liable to severer discipline. It needs not a supernatural acquaintance with human nature,

young-man nature, let us say, to enable a just estimate to be made of the spiritual value of such confessions, admitting their value when voluntary. The Austrian army of the future will consist of a small percentage of fanatics and a large residue of sceptics and scoffers, whose infidelity will be varnished very thinly over with orthodox habits! Surely the experience of centuries ought to have had some weight in preventing such folly.

Notice.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is the political leader of the Temperance party in Great Britain. He was born in 1828, and was first elected to Parliament, from Carlisle, in 1859. He at once adopted the pronounced views known as Radicalism, and has ever since been prominently identified with all great philanthropic movements and political reforms. The United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic was formed in 1863, and in the following year Sir Wilfrid, for the first time, introduced the Permissive Bill into Parliament. This bill proposes to give a two-thirds majority in each parish or town power to prohibit the traffic entirely. Carlisle re-elected him in 1868, and again in 1873. He has introduced the Permissive Bill five times into the House of Commons, and secured increasing support for it, until, in 1872, he was sustained by 136 members on the second reading. He again introduced the bill into the present Parliament, and had

but 92 supporters. This was not surprising, as the Conservative majority in the present House owed its election chiefly to the exclusive support of the enormous liquor interest throughout the three kingdoms, which returned between fifty and sixty brewers and distillers to Parliament in the last election. But Sir Wilfrid and his party are by no means discouraged, and they are more active than ever in promulgating their principles, and apparently more hopeful of ultimate success. Sir Wilfrid is eminently practical and prudent and his wit and unfailling good nature, his liberality and magnanimity towards opponents, peculiarly qualify him for the championship of a cause which has to encounter such mountains of prejudice and unreasoning opposition as the Temperance cause in Great Britain. At the same time his courage, abilities, and invincible resolution render him the trusted leader of the small but compact and rapidly growing party which is seeking the overthrow of Britain's greatest curse.