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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUG.

1872.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

During twenty-five years existence the circulation of the WITNESS has increased from 800 to about 20,000; or, counting by sheets issued, instead of 800 a week, we have in round numbers:—

Daily, 11,000 x 6	-	-	66,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 2	-	-	6,000
Weekly - - - - -	-	-	7,000

79,000

The same rates of increase for the next quarter of a century would give us an entry into 500,000 families for 7,900,000 sheets. These figures are no more incredible than the present ones would have been twenty-five years ago, and we shall do our best, with the assistance of constantly improving appliances and facilities for reaching the public, and counting largely on the rapid growth of our Dominion and of its chief city, to realize them.

PLATFORM.

We stand just where we have always stood, and look for success to that aid which has hitherto helped us.

THE DAILY WITNESS, is issued at Noon, 2, 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., and sold in every town and village for ONE CENT. We shall by 1st January, 1872, have completed our arrangements for city delivery, and will, by means of delivery carts and sleighs, be able to supply dealers in almost every corner of the city. We have a steam press running on bulletins alone, so that each dealer may receive one daily. *Daily Witness*, \$3 per annum, payable in advance.

TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS.—Subscribers to the SEMI-WEEKLY WITNESS will after 1st January be supplied with a TRI-WEEKLY of the shape and size of the present DAILY WITNESS, which will be found to contain about as much matter as the present SEMI-WEEKLY, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter without any addition of price. *Tri-Weekly Witness* \$2 per annum in advance.

MONTREAL (WEEKLY) WITNESS.—This paper will continue of the same shape as hitherto, but will be larger by the breadth of a column each way on every page, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter. *Weekly Witness*, \$1.00 in advance.

CLUBS.

We have never been able to offer any inducement which has borne fruit equal to the assistance of those whose sincere

friendship for the enterprise has prompted them to exertion on our behalf.

In all editions where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting \$8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising in the DAILY WITNESS costs 10 cents per line for *new advertisements*, or for such as are inserted as new; 5 cents per line for *old advertisements*—that is all insertions after the first, when not inserted as new. The following are exceptional:—Employees or Board Wanted, one cent per word. Employment or Boarders Wanted, and Articles Lost and Found, 20 words for 10 cents and half a cent for each additional word.

The TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY WITNESS will be counted together, and all the issues of one week will be counted one insertion. Thus,

Weekly - - - - -	=	7,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 3	=	9,000
		16,000

The service rendered will thus be greater in quantity, and for many kinds of business better in quality, than that of the Daily; yet, for the present, the same scale of charges will be followed. Thus an advertiser has, for the same money, advertising for as many weeks in the country editions as he has days in the daily editions. The above startling changes in the terms of the country editions we are enabled to make by increased printing facilities, and in the hope of securing a circulation that will attract advertising patronage. Advertisers may, we think, confidently count on a rapid improvement in the value or time contracts through the working of these changes. No advertisements will be accepted which are not in accord with the known principles of the WITNESS.

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We here announce cheaper papers than can be got anywhere else, and cheaper advertising, we think, in proportion to circulation, than is offered in Canada. Whether the papers are good, as well as cheap, the public are the best judges. All the departments of reading matter will be kept up as heretofore. We are giving increased attention to the commercial department.

(Continued on third page of Cover.)



DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1872.

THE CAREER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON, TILL THE COUP D'ETAT OF DECEMBER, 1851.

BY JOHN READE.

The rise of the Bonaparte family from obscurity to eminence presents one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of nations. And yet it is not without parallel in the early annals of France. Clovis, first king of the French, the "eldest son of the Church," attained supreme power for himself and his sons by the exercise of the same abilities which placed the first Napoleon on the throne of France. The empire of Charlemagne originated in the ambition, foresight and energy of Pepin Heristal, mayor of the palace to a degenerate Merovingian king. Hugh Capet, the renowned ancestor of that "Monsieur" and "Madame" Capet, over whose heads young General Bonaparte advanced to power, founded his dynasty by making circumstances his slaves.

But each of these illustrious personages had better opportunities for working his will than Napoleon had, and in magnificence of design and indefatigable energy in accomplishment, none of them can be compared to him. His life will be a study for historians to the end of time.

But it is not of the career of the *First*, but of the *Third* Napoleon, Emperor of the French, that we desire at present to speak. The *Second* Napoleon, we may here remark, christened Napoleon François, and titled by his father, King of Rome, lived the greater part of his lonely life with his grandfather, the Emperor of

Austria, as Francis Joseph Charles, Duke of Reichstadt. This poor boy, of whose yearning after the France to which his father had solemnly bequeathed him no one can read without emotion, died July, 1832, at the age of twenty-one years. Though he had never looked upon French soil since the beginning of his fourth year, and had even been deprived of his baptismal and family names, nevertheless, his cousin Louis thought it right inferentially to award to him the posthumous dignity of Emperor of the French on assuming that title himself.

That cousin Louis is one of the most extraordinary men of the present age. His career is like an invention of the imagination. As a fact, it is very puzzling, and will furnish posterity with much scope for reflection and argument. In the meantime we have thought that a brief sketch of the early life of this wonderful personage, whose destiny seems even yet to be mysteriously linked with that of France, may not be uninteresting to the readers of this magazine.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is the step-child of romance—not the romance of power, but the romance of love. His father Louis, or Luigi, as he was baptized, was the youngest but one of the male members of the Bonaparte family. In character he resembled none of his brothers. He was gentle, affectionate, and, from his

earliest years, inclined to melancholy. A disappointment in love, of which the selfishness of his brother Napoleon was the cause, preying upon a mind so disposed, left an impression which lasted during his life. Having met at Paris, in the time of the Consulate, a young lady, daughter of a certain Marquis de Beauharnais, a connection of the first husband of Josephine, he had staked his happiness on obtaining her affections. But her family happening to differ in politics from the chief ruler of France, the latter took care that the intimacy between Louis and Mademoiselle Beauharnais should end as soon as possible. He soon found occupation for the youthful lover, and removed him far from the presence of the lady who had charmed him. But neither absence nor an active life produced any change in the feelings of poor Louis. He undertook diplomatic commissions, he fought in the shadow of the pyramids, he embalmed his sorrows in verse, he even knelt at the hymeneal altar, but still the bright eyes of his first love, so cruelly lost to him, haunted him wherever he went.

The wife chosen for him by his arbitrary brother was, also, by a kind of mocking coincidence, a Beauharnais—Hortense, daughter of Josephine, step-daughter of the Emperor. In their forced marriage there was a double murder of the affections, for Hortense herself had learned to love one of the imperial *aides-de-camp*. With the utmost reluctance they were pronounced man and wife in the beginning of the year 1802.

In 1806 the Emperor assigned to Louis the throne of Holland. But the amiable Louis was in no wise fitted to act the rôle of an usurper. Although he was much beloved by the people over whom fortune and his brother's will had thus placed him, he voluntarily abdicated the throne in 1810. During the period of his royalty, his eldest son, the Crown Prince of Holland, died at the Hague. There remained two, Napoleon Louis, born in 1804, and Charles Louis Napoleon, born at Paris, on the 20th of April, 1808. After his resignation, the ex-King of Holland resided successively in Austria, Switzerland and Italy, and was known as the Count de Saint Leu. He

took no further part in public events, and withdrawing himself from politics, withdrew also from his political wife. They separated by mutual consent after the brotherly restraint which had kept them together had ceased to exist. Louis, the love-lorn, at last settled in Italy, where, to divert his melancholy, he wrote novels, critiques, political essays and poetry. One of his productions, "Marie, ou les Peines d'Amour," is a literary monument to his own early disappointment. Such life-long devotion as that of Louis is exceedingly rare, and throws into the shade even the high-flown adulation of the Italian poets. The homage of Louis to Mademoiselle Beauharnais (afterwards Madame Lavalette) transcends immeasurably all the wordy extravagances of affection lavished on the Beatrices, the Leonoras and the Lauras of southern song. What Tasso sang Louis felt:

"One, above the rest,
Soon kindled in my heart the lover's fire!
For her these sighs still issue from my breast;
Her name, her beauties still my song inspire."

Louis Napoleon died at Florence in the summer of 1846, two months after his son and namesake had escaped from the Castle of Ham, and while the latter, who was prevented by lack of passports from seeing his dying father, was enjoying his newly found liberty in London.

After the separation—whether by mutual arrangement or not we cannot tell—the charge of the surviving children devolved upon Hortense de Beauharnais. She chose Arenenberg, a quiet mansion in the Swiss canton of Thurgau, as her and their residence. She seems to have well discharged her motherly duties, and her whole behavior towards her sons shows her to have been a woman of strong affections, as well as of good sense.

Napoleon Louis and Charles Louis Napoleon attained their manhood without often or long leaving the magnificent retirement of those Swiss valleys. The surrounding scenery seems also to have produced its effect on their young and ardent minds,—conscious of the possession of an illustrious name, and eagerly longing for some avenue to personal distinction. This longing was heightened by the glowing

tales of young companions whose hearts were full of the old heroic glories of Switzerland. Just at the period of their lives when the mind is most susceptible of martial passion, the Italian Revolution drew them into its vortex. The toils of the campaign proved fatal to the elder brother, and extremely dangerous to the younger, who fell seriously ill at Ancona. Only by the loving fortitude of his mother was he rescued from sickness and his Austrian foes. The mother and son, escaping from Italy, passed through France to England, after a brief residence in which country they returned to their peaceful home in Switzerland. But Louis Napoleon, having tasted of the sweets as well of the pains of adventure, was henceforth little contented to remain inactive.

The death of the Duke of Reichstadt in the year after the Italian troubles to which we have referred, 1832, made the ambitious young man legal heir, by the *Senatus Consultum* of 1804, to the destinies of the Great Bonaparte. Though in features he was neither the nephew of his uncle nor the son of his father, he was not slow to assume the position of representative chief of the Bonaparte family. Whatever of the Napoleonic he possessed was in his mind, and he chose to imitate in his demeanor, habits and aims, his imperial uncle rather than his unpretentious father. But for several years the heir of Napoleon was doomed, like his predecessor, to obscurity. His life was a dream of France enthusiastic and himself triumphant. That dream he eventually changed into a real drama.

But during these years of forced quietude, Louis Napoleon did more than dream. He was not idle. He observed, and thought, and planned, and wrote. His books, indeed, were at that time little valued, and the world did not stand much in awe of his talents. Nor did his first attempts to regain from Europe that consideration to which he thought, not without reason, that his birth entitled him, add a great deal to the glory of the Napoleonic name. Yet there never has been a day since the accession of Napoleon the First to the imperial dignity, on which the Bonapartes were utterly without friends in France. The very name has for many an all-controlling

magic in it. Of this disposition of the French people towards his family, Louis Napoleon seems to have had from the first an instinctive appreciation, and however aimless some of his written words, and however foolish some of his acts may have appeared to English and other critics and observers, there can be no doubt now that they had the desired effect in France. Even as early as 1836 there was a numerous Bonapartist faction in that country, with the leaders of which Louis soon put himself in communication. The want of success which attended his attempt on Strasbourg in this year, was owing to mismanagement on the part of his confederates resident in the country more than to any misconception on the part of the Prince as to the feeling which existed towards him. The whole thing was hastily planned and ridiculously executed, it is true; but this was the fault of those who should have made preparations for a simultaneous general rising of the Bonapartists, rather than of Louis Napoleon, who supposed that these preparations had been made. At any rate, the very contempt and ridicule which were cast from all directions on the affair of Strasbourg, by calming people's fears, opened the way eventually for the fulfilment of the adventurer's hopes. It must also be remembered that the future Emperor was then a young man in his twenty-ninth year, the greater part of whose life had been spent in the solitude of his Swiss home. Immediately after his escapade at Strasbourg, Louis Napoleon started for this continent; but his visit was of brief duration. From London, where he then intended to take up his abode and watch the progress of events, he was summoned to the death-bed of his mother. He was little more than in time to see her alive. The ex-Queen Hortense died at her *château* in Switzerland on the 5th of October, 1837.

Notwithstanding the failure of his enterprise of the preceding year, the Prince had made himself an object of some interest to the Government of Louis Philippe. This was soon shown by the jealousy of the latter towards that of Switzerland for harboring a man who *might* prove dangerous to the existing French *régime*. Accord-

ingly, Louis Napoleon finally left the home of his childhood, boyhood, and early manhood. For two years after he resided in London, where he made not a few friends, and attracted, in his walks and rides, and in general society, such attention as distinguished foreigners are accustomed to be honored or annoyed with.

On the 15th of December, 1840, an event took place which shot an electrical pang of mingled pride and sorrow through the entire heart of France—the return of the ashes of the great Napoleon. For a long time before the signal day arrived, the people were naturally in a state of intense excitement. The very dust of the Emperor, like the bones of the prophet Elisha, sent life and energy into the veins of the French nation. No better time could be imagined for an attempt to restore the Napoleonic dynasty; besides, apart from the exciting cause which has been mentioned, the people were more dissatisfied than ever before with the existing government.

Napoleon made the attempt, and—failed. A worse planned expedition it would be difficult to recall from the limbo of human defeats and misadventures than that which left London on the 4th of August, 1840, in the steamer "City of Edinburgh," Capt. Crow, Commander. Those who witnessed the departure of the steamer from a London dock thought they saw a gay pleasure party of foreign gentlemen. Counting attendants, there were about sixty altogether. Their destination was said to be Hamburg, but when they were out a while at sea, the chief personage aboard directed the captain to make for Boulogne. The night was spent in carousing, every subject of the intended empire doing that which was right in his own eyes. The Prince had a good deal of money with him, about £20,000, which he distributed very freely among his followers. Some of these latter, also, carried bags of gold to supplement the Prince's resources. A good many of them, moreover, had bottles of rum on or in their persons. On the morning of the 6th of August, the Prince and his motley force reached Boulogne, most of them wearing French military uniforms. The garrison of the city, consisting of two

companies, were at breakfast when this strange party entered the barracks. Their bewilderment at sight of the martial strangers was somewhat calmed by a free distribution of money and rum; and we have no doubt that the latter insidious article of consumption had something to do with the shouts of "*Vive L'Empereur*" which were elicited from them. The funniest part of the whole affair is the fact established by subsequent investigation that the soldiers, not being very deeply read in history, were uncertain whether it was the prisoner of St. Helena, or his son, or only his nephew, who stood before them. The arrival of the officers caused, as might be expected, no little confusion, during which Prince Louis completely lost his self-possession and ran about waving his hat and crying "*Vive L'Empereur!*"

Some four months after, when *Le Retour des Cendres* took place, Louis Napoleon was a sadder and a wiser man. As to what might be the reflections of the prisoner of Ham at such a moment we are not left to the mercy of mere poetic fancy to inform us: for he wrote them down. They are these:

"SIRE,—You return to your capital and the people in crowds salute your return; but I, from the depths of my dungeon, can only perceive a ray of the sun which shines upon your obsequies.

"Blame not your family because they are not there to receive you. Your exile and your misfortunes have ceased with your life, but ours last forever! You died upon a rock far from your country and your friends; the hand of your son did not close your eyes; and to-day no friend will be your mourner.

"Montholon, he whom you loved most of all your devoted companions, who bestowed on you the cares of a son, he has remained faithful to your thought, to your last wishes; he is in prison with me.

* * * *

"On landing on the French soil, you felt an electric shock; you rose in your coffin; your eyes re-opened a moment; the tri-color floated on the shore,—but your eagle was not there!

"The people press as formerly about

your path; they salute you with acclamations as if you were living; but the great ones of the time, while they render you homage, say in an undertone: 'O God! do not awake him!'

"You have at last seen once more the French people, whom you loved so much; you have returned to that France which you made so great; but *the stranger has left traces in it which all the pomp of your return will not efface!*

"Sire, the 15th of December is a great day for France and me. From the midst of that sumptuous cortege, you have for an instant cast your regards on my gloomy dwelling, and recalling the caresses which you used to lavish on me in my infancy, you have said to me: 'Thou sufferest for me, my friend; I am satisfied with thee.'"

This is very poetic prose. It would seem as if the gentle melancholy of his father had inspired some of the sentences. The whole train of thought has been turned into beautiful verse by one of the greatest modern poets—Théophile Gautier. Of his version we give, for the benefit of our readers, the first and last stanzas:—

"Quand sous l'arc triomphal on s'inscrivent nos
gloires,
Passait le sombre char couronné de victoires,
Aux longues ailes d'or,
Et qu' enfin Ste. Hélène, après tant de souffrance,
Delivrait la grande ombre et rendait à la France
Son funèbre trésor,
Un reveur, un captif derrière ses murailles,
Triste de ne pouvoir, aux saintes funérailles,
Assister, œil en pleurs,
Dans l'étroite prison sans échos et muette,
Melant sa note émue à l'ode du poète,
Epanchait ses douleurs.

"Sire, c'est un grand jour que le quinze décembre!
Votre voix, est ce un rêve, a parlé dans ma chambre:
Toi, qui souffres pour moi,
Ami, de la prison le lent et dur martyre,
Je quitte mon triomphe et je viens pour te dire:
'Je suis content de toi.'"

The italics above marked are our own.

There is something strangely prophetic of his own career, and of the present state of France, in the words about "the stranger leaving traces in it which all the pomp of your return will not efface;" and

there is something very touching in the reference to the caresses which the Emperor bestowed on his infant nephew in the days of his pride.

For nearly six years the Prince, with his fellow-prisoners—Montholon, Persigny, and others—remained in the castle of Ham. During this time he devoted himself to literary labor. In Switzerland he had written his "*Reveries Politiques*," "*Considerations Militaires sur la Suisse*," and a "*Manuel d'Artillerie*;" during his two years' residence in London he had elaborated his "*Idées Napoléoniennes*;" at Ham his labors were of a various character, none of them being of any special importance. In connection with his imperial ambition, it is, however, interesting to find that he contemplated writing the life of Charlemagne. It will be remembered that Lucien Bonaparte chose this same imperial personage for the hero of his epic. His chief aim of late years, and that which finally plunged him into inextricable disaster, has been the rectification of the frontier. It may be, considering the cause of the late war, that he even looked on the possession of part of Spain as not impossible. That he was certain of defeating the Prussians and imposing on them such terms as he pleased, there can scarcely be reason to doubt. He may, also, have had designs of Italian conquest. Now the Empire of Charlemagne extended from the Elbe and the Bohemian mountains to the confines of Naples and the River Ebro. The restoration of such an Empire would have placed France in the very position of superiority to the rest of Europe, which was the great primitive "*Idée Napoléonienne*."

On the 25th of May, 1846, Louis Napoleon escaped from the Castle of Ham, and soon after the other prisoners obtained their release.

Two months after his escape, his father—the gentle, melancholy Louis—died (as we have previously mentioned) at Florence. He had been for some time in delicate health, and his son, hearing this, had sought permission from the French Government to go and see him. He went, as we have seen, without permission. But he never saw his father again, for not

being able to obtain the passports then necessary, he had to remain in London.

We are now approaching the great crisis in the life of Louis Napoleon.

The time at length arrived when France was ready for the reception of the Napoleonic family. This time was that which is signalized by the Revolution of the 24th February, 1848.

The plan which we have proposed to ourselves of giving only a brief sketch of the life of Louis Napoleon, makes it necessary for us to condense the events of the next four years or so—namely, the time which elapsed between the Revolution above mentioned and the *coup d'état* of December, 1851—within very narrow limits. It is a time most difficult to deal with, and which will be the *crux* of the future historian of the France of the present.

On the breaking out of the Revolution of the 24th February, 1848, Louis Napoleon was in England. He lost no time in gaining his native city. On the 28th of the same month he addressed a letter, dated at Paris, to the Provisional Government, in which he expressed his desire to range himself under the banner of the Republic "without any other ambition than that of serving his country." But the Provisional Government did not think it advisable as yet to allow the heir of Napoleon to take up his residence in France. He returned to England, leaving behind him, however, some devoted friends, who labored with might and main to unite the scattered elements of the Napoleonic party. The influence of his name was very powerful in the provincial towns and rural districts, and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" were not unfrequently heard from the first days of May till the terrible days of June.

Apprised, in the meantime, by his partisans of all that was going on in his favor, Napoleon ventured to address another letter to the National Assembly on the 24th of May. This letter was composed with consummate cleverness. In it he asked why the law of exile should still be maintained against him. Was it, he demanded, for having always publicly declared, in his written opinions, that France was the ap-panage of no single man, or family, or

party? Was it because, desiring that the principle of national sovereignty should triumph without anarchy or license, he had twice been the victim of his hostility to the Government which they had overthrown? Could it be for his having consented, through deference for the Provisional Government, to withdraw from the country, after having hastened to Paris at the first rumor of the Revolution? Could it be, in fine, for his having disinterestedly declined the candidatures to the Assembly which had been offered to him, resolved to return to France only when the Constitution should be established and the Republic confirmed? The same reasons which had led him to take arms against the authority of Louis Philippe induced him to offer his services, should they be required, in defence of the Assembly—the result of universal suffrage. This letter produced the desired effect on the Assembly. The exile law was repealed. Louis Napoleon entered France in triumph.

He had already been elected representative by several departments, but had declined the honor. He was now re-elected and took his seat in the Assembly on the 26th of September, 1848. Two months afterwards he was the candidate of the "Party of Order"—Orleanists, Legitimists, and Bonapartists—for the Presidency of the Republic. The elections took place on the 10th of December. Louis Napoleon was elected. The votes were as follows:—Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, 6,434,226; General Cavaignac, 1,448,107; Ledru Rollin, 370,119; Raspail, 36,920; Lamartine, 17,910; General Changarnier, 4,790; votes lost, 12,600—total, 7,327,345.

The new President took the following oath:—"In the presence of God, and before the French people, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties which the Constitution imposes upon me."

How he kept this oath will be seen in the sequel.

In his speech, which immediately followed, the President said that his desire was to establish society on its foundations, to confirm democratic institutions, and to seek all proper means of relief for the

generous and intelligent people who had given him so striking a testimony of their confidence. He then gave expression to his gratitude, to his hopes, and to his ideas of his own duties and those of the Assembly. "Let us," said he, in conclusion, "be men of our country, not men of a party, and, with God's help, we shall do what is right, if we do not succeed in accomplishing great results."

It will now be necessary to say a few words regarding the Constitution which gave Louis Napoleon the opportunity of attaining supreme and arbitrary power.

This Constitution, which received the sanction of the Assembly on the 4th of November, 1848, was a compromise between democratic aspirations and monarchical traditions. It was, indeed, somewhat despotic, and to wise politicians its tendency was manifest. It maintained absolute centralization, giving to the Minister of the Interior almost unlimited powers. It also maintained a permanent magistracy and a standing army, recruited by conscription. But the seeds of its dissolution lay in the immense power which it conceded to the President. He was virtually as powerful as an absolute monarch. He had control of the army and the appointment of the administrative body—half a million of functionaries, whose interest was to please, half a million of soldiers, who were bound to obey.

On the other hand, the National Assembly had charge of all matters of finance, of taxes, of legislation, and, in theory, at least of the foreign politics of the country. The principle of the Constitution also subordinated the President, in a certain sense, to the National Assembly. The Assembly was the brain to devise; the President the arm to obey. In case of refusal on his part to carry out the will of the Assembly, that body had the right of summoning both him and his ministers before a high court of justice. But, in case the refractory President should disregard the summons, the Assembly had no means of enforcing that right. For such means they should have had to petition the rebellious chief himself.

How favorable such a position was to the designs which, we believe, Louis Napoleon

had in view from the moment he set foot in France! Between him and the thorough Republicans of the Assembly there soon arose a stubborn, taciturn, persistent conflict. But events have proved that the majority were, from the time of his election, disaffected toward the Constitution, and looked forward to a restoration of the Empire, or, at least, to the establishment of a strong Government (*un pouvoir fort*), as the only way to secure permanent concord.

Besides, Louis Napoleon was the elect of the vast majority of the people. There was, moreover, the *prestige* of his origin, which alone gave him a large weight of influence. He was the acknowledged head and heir of the house of Bonaparte. It was impossible that the imperial crown should not sometimes glitter before his eyes; it was impossible that the people should long be ignorant of the real relations which existed between the President and them. If any of them were so, he soon took occasion to set them right. Before a year had elapsed, he had set forth in parables, which are now easy of interpretation, the policy which led to the *coup d'état*, and ended in the Second Empire. It was at Ham—the place of his six years' imprisonment—that he first began to utter his mysterious prophecies. He there began to adopt that mode of expression, when speaking of himself, which caused so much uneasiness to sincere Republicans in and out of the Assembly. He was "the elect of entire France;" "the legitimate chief of that grand nation;" "the name of Napoleon was itself a programme;" he spoke of France "seeking the hand, the will, the flag of the elect of the 10th of December."

It was in the Presidential Message of the 31st October, 1849, that the most significant of the above recorded expressions were employed. This Message has been called a "*vrai coup de théâtre*." It was the warning preliminary of the *coup d'état*. On this occasion the Ministry—Barrot-Dufaure—which had always acted in the utmost seeming accord with the President, was summarily, and without apparent cause, dismissed. They had been his coadjutors in the establishment of the

Roman Catholic religion, in the restoration of the Pope to power, in settling the Parisian tumults, and crushing the Lyonnese insurrection. The consequent surprise was very great, and it was not lessened when the comparatively able Ministry which had been dismissed, was replaced by men of (at that time) no prestige and little influence. The only reason which could be imagined for the change was the refusal of the principal members of the Cabinet to introduce a bill for the grant of a supplementary three millions of francs in favor of the President.

But other surprises were to follow. The new Ministry had been specially appointed to confirm the paramount authority of the President of the Republic. By an extraordinary interpretation of the Constitution, three millions of electors were deprived of the suffrage. This was effected by raising the period of residence in a commune, necessary to secure the privilege of voting, from six months to three years. By this enactment it was claimed by the President and his party that social order was guaranteed, and the fear of anarchy removed.

From the passage of this law, (May 31st, 1850), apprehensions of a *coup d'état*, and epidemic dread of the election of 1852, divided the feelings of the nation. The majority of the people—the industrious, peace-loving middle classes—were ready to kiss with fervent devotion any strong hand that would free them from the horrible fear of another revolution.

During all this time Louis Napoleon observed a cautious reticence as to the questions which agitated the country.

But the time came when he thought it no longer wise to be reserved. He broke silence at last in the course of a tour through the Departments. He alluded to the First Empire and compared its establishment with his own election. He declared his entire devotion to the people, whether they asked him to *abnegate* or to *persevere*. He yielded to no person the right of being their representative more than he was.

A crisis was evidently approaching—our wonder now is that it did not come sooner; but Napoleon had learned by failure the usefulness of patience. At a review held at Satory on the 10th of October, 1850, the

cavalry raised the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur*." General Neumayer, who insisted on enforcing the military regulation of silence under arms, was permitted to leave the service. A great scandal was naturally the result, and the offending general was soon replaced in his command.

After this affair [the President set himself to the task of calming suspicion. His message of the 12th November, 1850, expressed the utmost loyalty to the Constitution. Nevertheless there is in it one of those obscure revelations of purpose of which we have before spoken. "What I am chiefly concerned for," he said, "is not to know who will rule France in 1852, but to employ the time at my disposal in such a manner that the transition, *whatever it be*, may be effected without excitement and without trouble." These words restored confidence to the most suspicious. Satory was forgotten. But Louis Napoleon had gained the knowledge which he had sought. The army and the people were in his favor, and the whole nation was in his power.

We must now pass over many events and incidents of importance as bearing on the policy of December, 1851. The first eleven months of that year, there is reason to believe, were spent in maturing the plan of the *coup d'état*. The accomplices of the President in this daring conspiracy were Messieurs de Morny, de Persigny, Fleury, de Saint Arnaud, Magnan and de Maupas—none of them, as yet, persons of any great influence in the country, or of any high distinction either military or civil. They were men, however, who had their fortunes to make.

We do not intend at present, either to describe or characterize this enterprise. It has had its defenders as well as its assailants. Among these latter is Mr. Kinglake, whose delineation of the characters of the principal actors engaged in, and description of the scenes which preceded and followed the event, form one of the most wonderful pieces of word-painting in the English language. The best *defence* of the *coup d'état* is the general prosperity of France during the Second Empire.

The plan which was formed and carried out on the night of the 2nd December was

to arrest the representatives of the people and those generals whose influence was most to be dreaded; to occupy the palace of the Assembly; and to print and publish decrees and proclamations from the President to the people and the army.

On Monday evening, the first of December, Napoleon held his usual reception as President of the Republic. He is said to have shown no sign of agitation either by word or demeanor. The other conspirators, also, shewed themselves to the public, each at his usual resort, so as to lull suspicion. At seven o'clock next morning the arrests had been made; the Hall of the Assembly had been seized; and the proclamations had been placarded on the walls of Paris.

On the horrors of the three days which followed we do not intend to dwell. Every one knows the result. The triumph of Louis Napoleon was complete; the Constitution of 1848 existed only in memory.

The result of Napoleon's appeal to the army was: *oui*, 303,290; *non*, 37,359; non-voters, 3,626. That of the appeal to the navy stood thus: *oui*, 15,759; *non*, 5,128; non-voters, 486.

On the 8th of December appeared a grand proclamation from Louis Napoleon to the French people. The President felicitated himself on the restoration of tranquility, invited the citizens to vote, and thanked the workmen of Paris for the good feeling which they had shewn towards him. In this proclamation the name of the Republic was not even mentioned. It had already ceased to exist.

During all this time, and for a month afterward, arrests were the order of the day. The prisons were crowded, and the prisoners, as may be expected, belonged, with rare exceptions, to the Republican party. The representatives of the Right who had been incarcerated on the 2nd of December were almost all released. The exceptions were Orleanists. Five Republican deputies were sentenced to transportation; six, to provisional exile; and sixty-six were condemned to expatriation by special decree.

In the meantime many of the departments had been put in a state of siege; and the anti-Napoleonic press was forced to

discontinue publication—all except *Le Siecle*, and it was confined for a long time to matters of news and official documents.

The general result of the *Plébiscite* was solemnly presented to Louis Napoleon on the 31st December. It was as follows: *oui*, 7,439,216; *non*, 640,737; non-voters, 36,880. In the capital the result of the vote was: *oui*, 135,981; *non*, 80,691; non-voters, 3,021.

On the occasion of this presentation, M. Baroche addressed the President in terms of congratulation. Amongst other remarks he said: "Never in any country has the national will been so solemnly represented; never did a government obtain such a confirmation, so broad a basis, an origin more legitimate, more worthy of the respect of the nations. . . . Take possession, prince, of that power which has been so gloriously conferred on you. . . . Re-establish in France the principle of authority, too much shaken during sixty years by our continual agitations. Combat unceasingly the anarchic passions which attack society at its very foundations. . . Prince, on the 2nd of December you took for your motto, '*France regenerated by the Revolution of 1789 and organized by the Emperor*;' that is to say, a wise and well regulated liberty, an authority strong and respected by all. . . . You have thus saved France, preserved all Europe from immense peril and added to the glory of your name a new and imperishable glory."

Louis Napoleon replied: "France has answered the loyal appeal which I made to her. She has understood that I only *departed from legality to enter into right*. More than seven million votes have just absolved me by justifying an act which had only for object to spare France, and Europe perhaps, years of trouble and misfortune. . . . I understand all the greatness of my new position; I am under no misconception as to its difficulties. But with a good conscience, with the aid of the right-thinking men, who, like you, will enlighten me by their knowledge and sustain me by their patriotism, with the well-proved devotion of our gallant army, finally, with that protection which I shall solemnly beseech Heaven still to grant me, I hope to render myself worthy of the confidence

which the people continue to place in me. I hope to assure the destinies of France by founding institutions which will respond at once to the democratic instincts of the nation, and the desire universally expressed to have henceforth a power strong and respected,—in fact to satisfy the emergencies of the present by creating a system which establishes authority without injuring equality, without closing any road to improvement; that is, to lay the true foundations of the only edifice capable of supporting later a wise and beneficent liberty.”

Louis Napoleon was just forty-three years of age when he attained that position which had been the one long dream of his life hitherto. How he filled it, how far his rule was beneficial for France, or the reverse,—the consideration of this question we reserve for another occasion, if time be afforded us to continue the subject. In the meantime we have done what we undertook, namely, to give a brief sketch of the early career of one of the most extraordinary personages of our day, in whatever light we may regard his character.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

(Translated from the French of Jean Reboul.)

BY GEORGE MURRAY.

An angle watched with radiant face
A cradled infant's dream,
Seeming his own bright form to trace
As in some crystal stream.

“Sweet image of myself,” he cried,
“Fair cherub come with me;

“Far we will journey side by side—
“Earth is no home for thee.

“Here, bliss is mixed with base alloy”
“Pain pleasure underlies:

“Grief echoes in each tone of joy,
“And rapture has its sighs.

“Fear at each banquet sits a guest,
“Earth's calmest Sabbath fails

“To pledge the future, or arrest
“To-morrow's raging gales.

“Say, then, shall gloomy woes and fears
“To vex thy soul arise?

“Oh! must the bitterness of tears

“Begin thine azure eyes?

“No! Through the fields of space with me
“Thy soul may soar content:
“God claims no more those days from thee,
“Thou should'st on earth have spent.

“But let no sable robes be pale
“And weeping friends be worn;
“Death's hour as gladly they should hail,
“As that when thou wast born.

“Pain for thy loss should leave no scar,
“Thy doom should cloud no brow:
“The last day is the fairest far
“To beings pure as thou.”

The seraph spake; and then, with white
Resplendent wings outspread,
To realms eternal took his flight:
Mother—thy son was dead!

THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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CHAPTER XVI.

It is Tuesday evening at Hollywood. Miss Lewis is in her own room, waiting to descend to the drawing-room. She is dressed in a plain dark silk, a white rosebud and a few autumn leaves in her hair. She is not pretty,—not even by lamplight and when dressed for a party; but there is something so good in her face that one is attracted to it. It is only seven o'clock. Her window-blind is rolled up to its extreme height, and she is looking out at the lamps in the distant town. All between seems a dreary waste of snow. Her cousins, who have just arrived, are laughing and chatting merrily with her aunt in the drawing-room. She knows the flutter of excitement they are in, for they are from the country, and a party, even a staid one, where no dancing is allowed and early hours kept, (for Mr. Roy is going to put his veto on late ones,) is an event to them. But she who has long been accustomed to such things, and whose love for them passed with their novelty, is as calm as the still air outside. She is thinking of poor Lawson, and wishing that her aunt's party were not to take place the evening of his funeral. But Mr. Roy of Hollywood never altered his plans. And after all, the death of a poor sexton could be nothing to him.

"I wanted him to send the sleigh to follow the hearse, but he said that would be beneath his dignity. No one we know followed it, though I am sure they might have—they are not Roys. Poor old man! He must often have been in want and suffering. Strange that I never thought of this before. Well he is removed from it now. No tear will ever again dim his eyes. Thanks to dear Miss Rivers we have clear evidence that he was ready. Strange that

it was left to her to find this out, and that none of us ever thought of speaking to him directly. It is a lesson to me that there are souls in as well as outside the Church. Dear Miss Rivers! I wish I had remained with her that day, in the school-room. I feel that I owe her an apology. But then, that would be acknowledging what Mrs. Allan says she never noticed. *She* says she is so obtuse, or so filled with her own importance, that she cannot see a slight. Perhaps she is showing Christian forgiveness; for she *must* feel. Oh dear! I almost wish aunt were not so highly connected in England that she might notice her a little; I would so like to be friendly with her."

At this moment Miss Lewis' attention was attracted to a man coming up the avenue. As he approached nearer, she noticed that he carried a carpet bag. "Who can he be? Somebody's servant, or perhaps a parcel for cook. But no, he is ringing the hall-door bell. What is that he is asking? 'If a Mrs. Roy lives here, whose maiden name was Brown.' Such impudence!" She ran half way down the stairs. The man, on noticing her, threw down his bag, and made a bound to meet her. Before she could escape him, he had bestowed on her a hearty kiss, saying,—

"You are Miss Adeline Lewis, my brother-in-law's niece. I knew you from your picture. I am Dick Brown, all the way from London. Is Charlotte in? Tell that gentleman there to stop gaping at me. I'm all right."

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Roy and their two nieces were in the hall. Had the earth opened at their feet and disclosed a volcano ready to destroy them, they could not have looked more petrified. Mrs. Roy was the first to recover herself. She reached

out her hand, and asking her brother to follow her, led him to a room at the back of the house, and saying that she would return in a few minutes, withdrew, as she did so quietly turning the key in the lock. She had barely time to resume her seat in the drawing-room, after sending Miss Lewis and the children to spend the evening with the unwelcome visitor, when the first arrivals were announced.

Mr. Roy was inwardly chafing—annoyed with himself for having opened his house at this time, and with his guests for having come. What could have brought this disgrace of his family to this country? Was he not well enough off in England? “Had he given me the slightest notice of his coming—but to take us unprepared! Before the evening is over he will have it announced that his father is a large liquor-dealer—something in his eyes, but shocking in mine. My father-in-law! I could never lift my head again.” He was in ignorance of the means his wife had taken to prevent her brother’s making his appearance among the guests. His eyes started, and a clammy perspiration came over him every time a new face appeared at the drawing-room door.

Miss Lewis, always unselfish, did her best to entertain Mr. Brown and to make the evening so pleasant for him that he would not notice his sister’s conduct. Once she looked in upon them, and whispered to her niece that she would explain all again.

I need not say that no one at Hollywood felt sorry when that evening’s entertainment was over, and that Oakboro’ society first dared to whisper and then boldly vote it “a stupid affair.” But then, dear Mrs. Roy had just received such bad news from England—the burning of the family seat—brought out by an attached servant; for her father feared the effect of a letter on her finely strung nerves.

Neither Mr. Roy nor his niece knew how or with whom this story originated. Either would scorn to originate or repeat a falsehood; but so strong was the power of the world over them, that they felt grateful to the unknown author of it. But who in Hollywood had been guilty of this explanation? Perhaps one who, in the

excitement of the moment, lost all sense of a Higher than the world, and stooped to say what would save her in its eyes.

Mrs. Roy’s brother safely out of the country, and in the extreme Western States, she became more than ever intolerant of “low society,” and select in her associates.

On the evening of the party at Hollywood, Mabel sat alone in the Rectory drawing-room, and was quite undisturbed when Mrs. Allan entered, dressed for it, and for the first time told her of the invitations, and that she presumed her deep mourning accounted for the omission of her name. Mabel knew better. The treatment that was being dealt to her was becoming too marked for her not to understand. But on this evening, the keenest slight Oakboro’ could offer would pass her unheeded. Never before Lawson’s death had eternity seemed so near. When her sister had been called away, she was so gently and gradually taken, that in the last moment she seemed like some beautiful day-flower closing its petals to open them on a brighter morn. But he, the man of work, flying here and there to prepare for worshippers the earthly courts, receives his summons—and, quicker than lightning speed, flies to end the Sabbath begun on earth in the courts above. How trifling now appeared the cares, pleasures and annoyances of this life, and how important the interests of the other! A few days before she had decided to disappoint her father and return home, where congenial, sympathizing friends would be around her; now she determined, even in the face of greater trials than she had yet met, to remain at her post—where her Heavenly Father had placed her—and daily take up her cross, let it be heavy or light, until He remove it. “Surely,” she thought, “He has work enough for me in this place, or He would not have brought me to it. But why I am subjected to indifference I do not know now, but I shall know hereafter.”

“O Mabel!” said Lucy, coming in panting from carrying the baby, who was sick, and insisted on being carried, “I am so glad you are not going out to-night. Cook and all are so frightened! They say

Lawson is sure to walk about this house to mind Kitty."

"Cook should not talk such nonsense. Lawson has gone to a place where he will have no more anxiety about Kitty, or any one else, and where he is too happy to think of returning, to walk about here."

Lucy sighed—such a heavy sigh that the baby, who was dozing in her arms, started. Mabel looked at her. The little old-fashioned face looked older than usual; there were dark marks under her eyes, and a compressed expression about her mouth, that made Mabel—always quick to notice the least change in her little favorite—in-sist on relieving her of her burden. The baby was unwilling to go to her, and Lucy would have patiently endured the fatigue, rather than hear her cry; but Mabel took her off to another room, and shutting out all noise, soon had the little one quieted and asleep in her cot. Her arms ached so much from the weight of the child that she wondered Lucy had strength to carry her.

When she returned to the drawing-room, she found the little girl resting where she had left her, her cheeks no longer pale, but burning a bright red, and her hands hot and feverish.

"Lucy, dear," she said, laying her head beside her, "why did you sigh that time?"

"I was so lonely, and I was thinking if my own mamma ever watches me, and if she knows how tired I get sometimes."

"What makes you tired, darling?"

"I don't know; but I would so like a whole day to be happy in, and to do just what I like. Is that naughty? You said Lawson had gone to rest. I would like to go, too, when I'm old—not now."

Her eyes brightened, and she raised her head off the ottoman, then dropping it quickly, her eyelids slowly closed, and she murmured something about "Baby, baby."

Mabel became alarmed, for the little hand she held was becoming hotter and her breath faster. Lifting her up, for she was small and light, she laid her on a sofa. As she did so, the child half opened her eyes, smiled, and said:—

"My head is so sore, and my back hurts. Tell papa to come quick!"

"Yes, dear; he will be here soon, and won't I do until then? See, here is Kitty coming to see what keeps you so quiet."

"No, I ain't!" said Kitty; "I'm come to see if my new mournin' becomes me, an' if you think I look nice. Dad allers used to tell me."

Mabel felt inclined to send her away; but the words, "Dad allers used to tell me," recalled to her the old man's affection for his children, and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the day that he stood under her window listening to his child's sobs. She spoke gently to Kitty, even more gently than usual, and told her how this fondness of dress used to grieve her poor old father, and how wrong it was, and how she ought to live as he would wish her to. Mabel spoke very low, for Lucy had fallen asleep. Before she had finished, Kitty began to rub her eyes with her fingers and cry:—

"It be so dreary. It be like the cemetery all over. I wish dad didn't die. Cook's scarin' us down-stairs, an' you be a-doin' it here. Oh, I be so feared!"

As she was about to commence one of her loud crying fits, Mabel, who feared to disturb the sleeper, rose and led her from the room.

"Tell me," she said, laying her hand on Mabel's arm, "be *she* agoin' to die, too, an' be one of them angels she used to be singin' about?"

"I hope not yet; but what a foolish girl you are to be afraid of your dead father? Why, I should think you would like to have him near you!"

"Oh! no, no; I don't want him now. I'd a deal rather he'd stay where he be."

"Well go down and ask Ann to sit with you beside the baby; Miss Lucy is too ill for me to leave,—and tell the boys not to make any noise."

Mr. and Mrs. Allan returned about eleven o'clock, and were alarmed to find Lucy—whom they thought they had left in perfect health a few hours before—in a high fever. Medical aid was at once sent for, and the little patient, uncomplaining lamb was found to be suffering from injury of the spine.

While they were removing her to her bed, Edgar came stumbling into the hall,

singing snatches of psalms—something he was not given to in his sober moments. He stared vacantly at his little sister as she was carried up-stairs; but the moment he caught a glimpse of Mabel he commenced to hiccup:—

“I’m an infidel, Miss Rivers, and I’ve just liquored up at pious Mrs. Roy’s; but it’s no matter whether I am drunk or sober.”

His father turned from him in disgust, and bade Kitty, who always seemed to be about when no one wanted her, “Go to bed.”

That night Mabel watched by the little sufferer; for Mrs. Allan felt too wearied with the evening’s entertainment to keep awake, and Mr. Allan had never known the inconvenience of one night’s loss of sleep.

The child’s rest was very fitful. At times she would start and cling around Mabel, begging of her not to leave her; then again she would fall into a stupor. Towards morning she slept more soundly, and murmured of “rest, rest.” Once she repeated, “A whole day to play by the fish-pond in the meadow, throwing stones to make pretty bubbles on the water;” then, with a sudden scream, she started, crying, “Baby is lost! I dropped her in the water!”

Early in the morning the doctor returned, and, after a more careful examination, told her parents that he had no hope of her recovery; that she might linger for a time, but her system was too much reduced to rally from both fever and injury to her spine. Her father would not accept this opinion, and consulted different doctors; but they all agreed that she could not live. Still he would not give her up. “Medicine was in fault. Nature would assert herself, and she would be spared.” He returned to his study; but somehow the indolent man could not rest in his easy-chair, and ever and anon he was walking up and down in the sick-room.

Edgar, who was warmly attached to his little sister, received the announcement of the doctors as a punishment for his individual line of conduct, and while the sun shone, bitterly reproached himself with it; but the evening’s darkness found him, as

usual, with his gay companions. Once Mabel heard his father expostulate with him, and beg of him to drink in moderation. She also heard his reply, which so many hearts can echo, “There is no moderation for me! One glass demands a fearful interest.”

“What nonsense! You have surely strength to stop when you should.”

“No, father, I have not. Mrs. Roy’s party can testify to that. I intended stopping at one glass; but she laughed, and hoped ‘Miss Rivers, the governess,’ was not imbuing me with her notions, and I laughed with her and drank. You know the rest. Father, there is nothing for me between total abstinence and the drunkard’s grave!”

“I am ashamed,” said his father, turning away, “that for one of my children there is no gentlemanly medium between a tea sot and a drunken one!”

Lucy was as silent a sufferer as she had been a worker. She lay patiently upon her bed, her face, always small, growing smaller each day, and her eyes larger, with a deepening mark under them. For some time no one told her of the change that was so soon to come over her, nor did she appear to think of it, but seemed content, when the fever was not burning, to lie and rest, watching whoever was ministering to her. At last, one evening when the sun was setting, and slanting his rays into her room, she turned from looking at his glory and asked:—

“Why is the house so quiet? I never hear the boys racing in from school, and baby cries so low.”

“It is because, darling, they don’t wish to disturb you. They know you are sick, and would not like noise.”

“Is that why?” After lying still for a few moments, she fixed her earnest eyes on Mabel’s face and asked: “Am I going to die, and you do not like to tell me?”

“Would you be afraid to die?”

There was no answer, and as the child seemed disinclined to speak, the question was not repeated.

A little later Kitty came very softly into the room—her usually boisterous manner gone—and asked permission to sit a little while. She held in her hand her Sunday

frock, and as soon as she was seated, busied herself in ripping the flounces off it. She made no remarks, but worked in silence, now and again raising her eyes to the bed.

The stillness to which Lucy alluded had fallen over everyone and everything. Even Mrs. Allan, to whom it was painful, went through the house with a consciousness of the quiet in the little chamber above.

Kitty, of her own accord, had taken the entire charge of the baby, and watched and tended her with the care she had seen Lucy bestow upon her. But upon Mabel devolved the greatest charge, and she willingly undertook it, satisfied that the Lord had given it to her; and was rewarded by seeing her little friend ripening each day for eternity.

Before the last change came, the little sufferer, looking into her father's face, said:—

"Papa, you wanted me to live to be a woman, and you would have given me everything to make me happy, and I wanted to stay, so that I might play and sing like Mabel; but now I want to go, and be happy forever at home. This is not my home, papa. I was always wanting rest here, but yonder I will have it forever and forever. You must not cry. (Mr. Allan was trying to control his usually placid countenance). You will come, too, and bring Edgar and all. Mabel told me the way —"

She became too exhausted to finish the sentence, and soon sank into a doze from which she did not awake for some time. When she did, she raised her head from the pillow and looked around her, then, resting her eyes lovingly on her father's face, murmured:—

"Dear Mabel! — I never will be we—a—," and fell into her last unbroken sleep.

Unknown to anyone in the room, Kitty had concealed herself behind the window-curtains, where she could peep out at her little mistress. She had suspected something when she heard Mrs. Allan, with tears in her eyes, call for the boys to go and kiss their sister; and quickly giving the baby in charge to her brother Jack, who happened to be in the house, followed them

up-stairs. When the doctor, holding the ebbing pulse in his hand, pronounced it all over, there was a breathless pause, then a wail from behind the curtains, and Kitty ran out of the room. Mabel followed, for her feelings oppressed her, and she thought the parents and brothers would like to be alone.

Kitty ran into the little nursery where Lucy was wont to sit by the baby's cot, and pointing to the spot, said,—

"There's where she'd be," then after putting her chair in its accustomed place, she went to the other end of the room and burst into a passionate fit of tears.

Mabel's own eyes were full; the last time she had been in that room was to keep the loving watcher company. She shut the door, lest Kitty's sobs should disturb the other mourners. As she did so, she asked passionately,—

"Be she really gone? An' will she never speak again?"

"Never."

"O Miss Rivers, couldn't He ha' let her live? He has no need o' her. *Why didn't He let her be?*"

"He loved her better than we did, and He has taken her to Himself," replied Mabel.

"That be what they say when dad went, but that be no help to me. O Lucy, *Miss* Lucy, if I could only tell you how sorry I be that I was so idle, and didn't mind the baby, but 'ud keep nippin' her so as she wouldn't stay. O Miss Lucy, I'll never be an angel, so I won't see you no more."

"Kitty, you must not say that. Would you not like to see your father, who loved you so well; and Lucy, and the holy angels, and the dear Saviour who died for you, and who wants to save you?"

Kitty slowly shook her head, and said,—

"No, I couldn't abide to be forever a singin' them hymns. They'd tire me out. An' I'd be allers a dirtyin them white dresses. No, I'll be what I be, an' nothin' else."

"But you cannot remain what you are; you must die sometime, and if you are not prepared to go to heaven and be an angel, you must go to the other place, and be forever lost."

"Don't, please don't," said Kitty, hold-

ing up her hands beseechingly; "I know all about the other place. Dad, an' Mrs. Allan, an' ev'rybody told me until I know'd it a deal sight better than them. I dream of it o' nights, an' that's what pious people can't do. Do you think Mr. Edgar will try an' be good now? I see'd him cry this mornin', an' he said it all came of his fault, an' I said it all came of mine, an' he said I be a fool. Do you think he'll be good after this?"

"I do not know. But we should try and be better ourselves, and that will help to make others better. And we should love Jesus more because He has taken our —" She could proceed no further, for her voice became choked.

Kitty renewed her cries, and wildly called on the dead to come back.

Mrs. Allan wondered at herself for feeling so much sorrow at her little step-daughter's death. She had never given her much affection, but instead, had regarded her as a rival of her own daughter; and determined that her training of her would be strict, and that in everything she would be made to yield to the younger.

She never ill-treated her, but she frowned upon all her little plans, and regarded her wishes as of no consequence; while her own child absorbed all the love which her nature yielded. And yet during Lucy's illness no one could have shown more self-denying care; sparing herself neither fatigue nor trouble in watching by the sick-bed or preparing delicacies to tempt her appetite. And now that she was gone, she missed her as one would miss the absence of some familiar thing, and for the first few days wept more frequently than anyone else. It was her hand dressed the little body for the grave, and placed on her bosom the chrysanthemum blossoms which Maria Lambert had brought to Mabel.

When the hearse moved away from the door, Mrs. Allan dried her tears, and holding her baby tightly in her arms, exclaimed,—

"I am glad it is over! You may consider me heartless, Miss Rivers, but though I never wished the child's death, since it was the Lord's will to take her, I am glad she is gone. She took too much of her

father's love. He had no eyes for this little one. Can you believe it, he has never once given her a kiss! Now that she is his only daughter, it will be different. Lucy had that soft way about her that men like, but I could never be bothered with; and I daresay Mr. Allan has often thought me cruel for turning from her caresses. I do not think there ever was a nature like mine; Mrs. Roy and Miss Lewis, and, indeed, all the ladies I know, are so different."

"Oh!" said Mabel, "I have met other people who were not fond of children."

"But I am fond of them in their place, and when they are nice; but you seem to be able to put up with all kinds."

"Yes, I am very fond of children. I always think that there is something about them as fresh and beautiful as the early morn—and they are so guileless."

"Not all," replied Mrs. Allan; "Lucy was one who, although so young, could not have been compared to a morning—she was more like the mature midday. When she was about I never felt myself entire mistress—she had such a silent way of watching everything I did and said. Well, she's gone, and it would be a relief if Edgar were as well provided for. He will never be anything but a burden to his father. His grandfather is to leave him something, but it will be squandered as soon as he gets it. Fred is so different; he is such a steady, studious boy, that there is no fear but that he will be a credit to us; and Willie, the last of them. I am determined shall go into business. His father opposes this as something beneath an Allan, and Mrs. Roy supports him by saying that none of her children will ever disgrace her family by standing behind a counter. But where dollars and cents are concerned I am the stronger, and I cannot afford any more expensive education."

Mabel smiled, for Mrs. Roy's name recalled a letter, which she had received a short time before from her brother, (the first one from him since her arrival at the Rectory), in which he alluded to a raw recruit in his company, of the name of Brown, who said, he had just come from Oakboro', in Canada, where he had friends of the name of Roy, "the grandest people

in the place," who were ashamed of him, because he stuck by his father in the retail liquor trade, though doing so, he said, did not benefit him much, for between a step-mother and a fire he was forced to emigrate.

Although Mabel smiled, she did not suppose that the Roys of Hollywood were the persons meant. Indeed, beyond a passing thought, she had not paid any attention to it: her mind had been too much occupied with Lucy. She was glad that Mrs. Allan had not noticed her smile, and she quietly listened while that lady expatiated on the grandeur of "the party," and the "high birth of the Roys," and how everything at Hollywood was conducted as in the mansions of their noble friends in England. She concluded her descriptions with a heartfelt regret that, for this winter, there would be no more parties for her.

"And just now too, when I have got into the way of going, and my new gray *voiture antique* just home. Well, she is gone, and the mourning won't be forever. There will be the mission-school for me, where I can meet some of the ladies—and the bazaar for the church—I dare say I will find excitement enough for a while. I could never stand the stillness of the last month over again; it would kill me. I could do nothing but cry. Indeed it was like a funeral all the time."

"Is it possible dear little Lucy was only a month ill? Yes, this is the first of February," said Mabel, looking sadly out of the window. In a low voice she added, "I will soon be on my journey home."

Mrs. Allan's quick ear caught the words, and she replied, "After the way you have been neglected, I am sure you will not be sorry to leave this place."

Mabel's face reddened. At first she had received these allusions with indifference, then with scorn, now she felt them painful. Mrs. Allan continued, "If Mr. Allan's niece is treated in the same way, I will rebel, and cut them all. Did I tell you about her? Her mother is just dead and her father wishes her to spend a year with us. He writes that she is a nice girl, but a little wayward. We expect her in a couple of weeks, so you will have an opportunity of meeting her."

When the funeral was over, Fred brought his cap to Mabel to alter the crape on it, and Mr. Allan went to his study to open the letters of condolence, which lay there on his table. Several of them were from leading men in the country—a fact to which he called special attention.

"You see, Edgar, in what estimation our family is held. I hope none of my children will ever change it. The dear little lamb who is gone would have been its brightest ornament." He compressed his lips, and a tear fell on the distinguished letter he held in his hand. "Apart from religion, we have one consolation, and it is a great one, that the first people in the land know of our precious Lucy, and sympathize with us in our loss."

"Here is our American cousin," said Fred, as their father drove up to the door in the children's cutter, drawn by the Canadian pony; a young lady completely muffled in black wrappings seated beside him.

"And as ugly as sin," remarked Edgar, who, standing at a safe distance from the window, watched her throwing back her veil, as she alighted.

"Just hear her laugh," said Willie, catching the infection and laughing himself. "There are Mrs. Robertson and Corrie come to the windows to listen."

"Go and help her with those parcels," said Mrs. Allan. "What a shame to see her with her arms so full, and you boys in the house!"

Edgar immediately obeyed, and was saluted by his cousin with a kiss. Her arms were next around Mrs. Allan's neck.

"Dear aunt, I am so glad to be here at last. I thought I never would arrive. The cars moved so slowly that I felt like showing them how I could walk."

The name of "aunt" was so pleasant to Mrs. Allan, who had been received rather distantly by her husband's friends, that for ever after Carrie Weldon was a favorite.

"Let me help you with your muffles, Miss Weldon. You must have been almost cramped to death in that cutter; I can never sit in it without suffering."

"Auntie dear, my name is Carrie, not Miss," she said, with a merry laugh, looking round the group. "And as for that

cutter, it's the dearest little affair I ever sat in. I hope to have many delightful drives in it," giving Edgar a nod.

"Not with me," *mentally* said that young gentleman—but aloud, with a bow, "I shall always be happy to drive you."

"Uncle told me that you have a young American lady visiting you."

"Yes," replied her aunt, "there is one staying here. She is out at present, visiting among the poor—she is so very religious."

"Quite a devotee," added Edgar.

Carrie raised her eyes, and her thoughts ran at once to the peculiarities of all the devotees she had ever known. "Her name?" she asked, "perhaps I know her."

"Rivers. Mabel Rivers from Daytonville, in the State of——."

Carrie shook her head, "Don't know her."

"No," said Mrs. Allan, "and nobody else knows her. I declare, we have done a very injudicious thing in inviting her to make us a visit. Numbers of ladies here have friends in the United States and none of them ever heard of her."

"My dear," said Mr. Allan, in a very decided tone, though the calm expression of his face remained undisturbed, "Miss Rivers is here through the wish of my cousin, the Rev. A—F—, who knows her family, and who knows *my* family well enough not to interest me in any but suitable people. Although,"—noticing Edgar's pleased look, "they may not be such as we would wish to connect ourselves with."

Carrie laughed again, a merry musical laugh. Edgar thought that she was not quite as ugly as she appeared at first, and began to wonder what she thought of him. "That hair of hers is very pretty, now that she has taken off her net, and let it fall in heavy black curls."

As Carrie caught Edgar's look fixed on her, she gave a slight shake to her curls, and replied to her aunt, "Auntie, Miss Rivers' home is hundreds of miles from mine, and I don't pretend to know even the names of half the ladies that live around me, and how could I be expected to know her? And as for friends of ladies here not knowing her—why, all Oakboro' might have hundreds of relations in the United

States, and not two families of them ever meet.

"Oh! I know that," said Mrs. Allan. "But ladies here are so particular with whom they associate; and they say her father made his money at tavern-keeping."

All in the room, even Mr. Allan, who had more than once, since Lucy's illness, put himself out of his ordinary temper in defending her from this charge, watched with no little curiosity its effect upon Miss Weldon.

To their astonishment she quietly asked, "Are they all temperance people here?—all but yourselves I mean?" glancing at the decanters on the sideboard.

"No, indeed," said Edgar.

"Oh! no," said Mrs. Allan, "but you see, if he were a tavern-keeper, his daughter would not be society, and people like Mrs. Roy, who visits at a lord's in England, and corresponds with half the nobility, could not be expected to notice her."

Carrie raised her eyebrows, and continued to raise them until her full black eyes were wide open; then the room rang with a merrier laugh than ever, until the sound of it died away, and was taken up by her again, in a vain effort to frame a reply. When she could articulate she said:

"Uncle, aunt and cousins, I am afraid, if you are so exclusive, that you will cut off three-fourths of the most accomplished ladies of America."

"Not at all," said Mr. Allan; "there is more real birth in the country than I see you are aware of. In this town alone, I could enumerate numbers of families of undoubted high descent, some even nearly related to the royal family."

"Yes," said his wife, "all our acquaintances here are *real* ladies and gentlemen."

"And are all Canadians the same?"

"No," said Fred, who now spoke for the first time, "there are plenty of common people—those with whom we trade, and such like. But all our friends knew lords and such great people at home."

"Then, uncle," said Carrie, "I am afraid they will send me to Coventry, for my father commenced life as a shoemaker."

The shock which this announcement

gave to the inmates of the Rectory; found expression in the quiet indignation of the Rector's words;—

"My cousin, Judge Weldon, commence life as a shoemaker!"

"Did you not know *that*? Why, he is a true American and is as proud of having risen through difficulties to his present position, as Canadians seem to be of their birth."

"I—I have a dim recollection of hearing some allusion to it. But did he not run away from his home? or do something that boys will do to vex their parents?" suggested Mr. Allan.

"Not at all; I am happy to say he was a most dutiful son, and learnt his trade with his father. I am surprised you did not know this—every boy in our city knows his history. So you see, if they ignore Miss Rivers, they will ignore me; for I do not suppose that they will draw a distinction between our fathers' early lives—although I do, for I think selling liquor the lowest occupation a man can be engaged in."

Mr. Allan, with a very red face, and not so quiet a manner as usual, abruptly changed the conversation. It had drifted into moorings in which he had never anchored; and his children had listened to facts which it had been his aim, as well as his father's, to conceal from them.

Unconscious that she had trodden upon forbidden ground, Carrie followed her aunt to her room. Even that lady felt annoyed that her new favorite had spoken "so foolishly;" for, though her own rise was of too recent a date, and too well known to disown, yet she wished her husband to stand before the world as a man of high birth.

Mrs. Allan's spare bedroom, which was considered by her the most desirable chamber in the house, occupied the ground-floor of a wing which extended towards the street. The rich damask curtains, heavily carved French bedstead, marble topped tables, and old fashioned wardrobe, were perfect of their kind. And it was with no feeling of humility that she threw open the door, but, instead, one of self-congratulation that, owing to her good management,

the Rectory had, at least, one room of which it need not be ashamed.

Carrie stood at its threshold and shrugged her shoulders, "Auntie, I am afraid you will think me very rude, but this is your spare bed-room, and I hate spare rooms; they meet me like a stranger's greeting. Won't you let me occupy another? my little cousin Lucy's? the nursery? or any one?—only I should be frightened to death sleeping here so near the street."

Her arms were coaxingly around her aunt's neck, and a kiss on her cheek, which quickly smoothed away the irritation and laid at her feet the choice of the whole Rectory.

"I hope, auntie, you do not think me so selfish. I would not wish to disturb any one, not even baby, to whom all rooms are alike—if you will only give me some nook or closet large enough for myself and a looking-glass, I shall be quite happy."

"And those trunks full of dresses," suggested Mrs. Allan.

"Oh! of course, but they could go anywhere; I am not at all particular about them. I would be so delighted if Miss Rivers would take me in. You know I am scarcely more than a school-girl, and I have a *penchant* for 'rooming' with some one."

"I would not ask her for the world," quickly replied her aunt, who had reasons for not wishing the young ladies to become intimate. "She would bore you to death with her gloomy views of life; and the house is dreary enough without having you turn a recluse."

"Not the least danger of that, auntie. It would take something more than talk to make me other than the light-hearted, merry girl I am."

"But *she* does not talk much," said Mrs. Allan—"that's the trouble; if she did, one could talk too; but she acts; Why there is not a turn she takes but she studies its bearings. I couldn't be so calculating—I am all nature and ever will be—my thinking comes afterwards."

"What an extraordinary creature she must be!" said Miss Weldon.

"Indeed, I think she is, and I am glad her visit is so nearly over. I never cared

much for her, and latterly I feel very uncomfortable in her presence. Everything she does, whether she sits still, or speaks, or looks, or even passes me, seems to reprove me. And even when I know she is not in the house, I have such a dread of her, that I declare at times I am quite bewildered."

"Very singular—Is it not, auntie?"

"Very, and she has such an attraction for children and poor people that I believe they could worship her."

"She does not frighten them, then?"

"No, I do not know how she manages with them; but I will give you one instance. She was not a week here before she had more control over my children than I had. Lucy, who was always a great trial to me—so self-willed and determined—she turned into such a saint, that until she died, I felt, if I raised my hand to her, or in any way exerted my authority, as though I were committing 'a crime. Indeed, Kitty, the parlor maid, is the only one in the house who has entirely escaped her influence, and I notice that she does her best to avoid her."

"She must exert mesmerism, or witchery, or something of the kind, auntie; but I am proof against everything—even the spirit-rappers could not get a response from the other world for me; so, like a good woman, let me make friends with your strange Miss Rivers, and by to-morrow night I will be installed in her room. For to-night, let that comical, happy-faced little girl who is in the hall peeping at me, sleep here on the lounge, and I will make her as cozy as baby in her cot upstairs."

Carrie laughed (and it seemed to chase half the stateliness from the chamber,) as she watched Kitty's flying form disappear down the hall and descend the kitchen stairs, before Mrs. Allan could command words to summon her back.

"No, ma'am, I'd not sleep in that room for all Oakboro'."

"You will sleep where you are put," replied her mistress.

"Not there, not if you 'hide the life out of me."

"Why?" asked Carrie.

"'Cause, Miss Lucy said the angels be allers in that room, that they o' kind of take care of it, 'cause her mother died there, an' her pictur be in the drawin'-room long side o' it, an' they'd be a mindin' that too, an' I couldn't abide their company, no more nor they me.

"What a foolish girl you are," said Mrs. Allan. "Go and mind baby, and remember, you will do what you are told."

As Kitty walked away, she gave her head a toss—the ghost of her former ones—and murmured, "I be bound I won't do as she says. I'm a spoilin' her, mindin' that baby, I do it for Miss Lucy, but it don't do no good; it grows wus an' wus ev'ry day. If I don't give it up, I'll grow as meek as her, who used to be scared an' sing, 'I want to be an angel,' 'til them creeturs tuk her at her word an' made her one. I shant ever sing it, an' then they wont have a chance with me; an' Mrs. Allan aint a goin' to boss me about—them's two things for certain."

While she was uttering these words, Mabel returned from her round of visits and passed the nursery door. A thought flashed into Kitty's mind, and running out she begged of her to allow Miss Weldon to sleep in her room at once; adding,—

"Your bein' willin' or no makes no differ, for she's bound to do it after to-morrow. Mrs. Allan's got awful fond of her; she kisses her, an' that be more than she ever let any one do afore, an' she's told her as she could have her pick of all the rooms. But for to-night, she be awful scared to sleep where the ol' Mrs. Allan died; an' you'll let her come."

Mabel said she would think about it; and Kitty taking this for permission, ran down to announce it to Miss Weldon.

L I G H T .

BY JOHN READE.

There is a darkness the sun cannot reach,
 Even at noontide, with his brightest beams—
 A darkness that can blacken heaven's own light
 With the fierce shadow of its hellish gloom,
 And make the fairest spot on nature's face
 Hideous and hateful as the jaws of death—
 The darkness of the unforgiven soul.
 And the fair moon, that, with a sister's love,
 Watches her lordly brother's sleeping charge,
 May bring the peaceful light that poets sing,—
 But not the sun, or moon, or glittering stars,
 Nor all the boundless crystalline of space,
 Can shed one ray upon the guilty soul,
 Unlighted by the "Sun of Righteousness."

Let there be light, O God! Let light descend—
 Creating, healing, purifying light!
 It comes not. I will wait, if 'tis Thy will,
 Till, in Thine own good time, Thou sendest it.
 Lord, I have waited. Sun of Righteousness,
 Enlighten me; forgive my darkened soul
 Its sin of darkness. I repent, I repent
 In dust and ashes, lowly bowed before Thee.
 Oh! hear my cry; I am athirst for light!
 Thy sun is in the sky—the natural sun—
 That giveth life and joy to all the world;
 I feel his beams, I see the light he sheds,
 And yet my soul is dark. How dark it is!
 O Risen Sun, shine down into my soul!

To know the light abroad and crouch far down
 In dungeon darkness; hear the song of birds,
 Yet feel that nevermore for us they sing;
 To hear the joyous feet of those who pass
 To work or pleasure, heedless of our pain,
 Not knowing it; to recognize the tones
 Of those we loved in happy days gone by,
 Conscious that more than death had parted us
 Forever; to have gentle winds waft holy chants
 From fanes where we had worshipped, well aware
 That against us church doors were ever closed;
 Oh! this were hard! yet what is this to lack
 Of God's light in the soul, His love in the heart!
 O God! O God! send me Thy light and love.

Thank God, the sky is clearing and the stars
 Shine forth,—the blessed, kindly stars, the hope
 Of wayfarer benighted. But how cold!
 I want the light, the healing warmth of day.
 Patience! the stars are promises of dawn;
 One, chiefly, soon to rise. It comes, it comes,
 The morning star, beautiful as a sun!
 Alas! 'tis cold, like all the other stars!
 Nought but the sun for me! But lo! oh, joy!
 The east is tinged with glory, which expands
 From glory unto glory. It is morn,
 Though yet the sun delays. Bow down, my soul,
 And wait his coming! Now, I thank Thee, Lord,
 Because Thou hast not left my soul in hell.

A WORD IN SEASON.

BY M. E. BRADLEY.

Alice Clayton was on her way one Sabbath morning to the little "mission school" in which she was a teacher. It was not in a pleasant quarter of the city, and the children who were gathered together in the big, dingy room over a grocery store, were not by any means the obedient, and well-bred, and agreeable pupils whom she would have chosen if she had loved her own ease and pleasure better than her Master's work.

They were gathered in literally from the streets and gutters—rude, dirty, neglected, utterly ignorant little creatures, who hardly knew that there was a God in heaven, or that themselves had souls to be saved. But Alice loved and pitied them all the more because they were so blind and forsaken, and labored with the more zeal and patience to bring them into the Saviour's fold. She had, of course, a thousand discouragements to contend with; and her most earnest efforts seemed sometimes the most complete failures. Many a "young disciple" would have given up the work, disheartened and weary; many did, indeed, and sought for some field in which the good results of their labors might be more apparent. But Alice was not one to turn back when she had once put her hand to the plough, and though she could not see, any more than the others who had left, that she was doing any actual good, still she determined to persevere and leave the result in God's hands.

Her thoughts were very busy with earnest and prayerful plans as she walked along the street this morning, and she was not giving much heed to the outward objects around her. She was startled all at once by a pleasant voice speaking close to her ear:—

"Here, miss, stop a minute, please. You've dropped your handkerchief—and it's a pity to lose such a pretty one!"

Alice looked up quickly, and saw a tidy-looking young woman standing at the door of a little candy-shop. She had a very bright, good-natured face, and her dress was as neat as possible; the little shop, too, had the freshest, cleanest look, and the bow-window filled with glass jars of pink and white mint-stick, and sugar-almonds and various other dainties of the sort, was arranged with unusual good taste. Alice could not help noticing the general neatness and freshness of the whole establishment, being pleased with it for an instant. In another moment the pleasure was changed to pain, as she remembered that it was the Lord's day, and saw too plainly that the tidy, pleasant-faced mistress of the little shop had no care for His own com-

mandment to "keep it holy." The shutters were down, the door open, and everything within arranged in the most attractive manner to invite customers.

Alice said "Thank you, you are very kind," as the woman picked up the handkerchief and handed it to her with ready politeness. But she could not answer her cheerful smile, and she kept on her way with a sad feeling at her heart.

"Ah me, how can I teach the children to reverence God's day," she thought sorrowfully, "when they see it so openly profaned all around them? And one would have expected better things from that woman's face, too. I wonder if it would have done any good for me to speak to her?"

It was a thought that startled her, and though the answer in her own mind came quickly—"Of course not: it would be useless, absurd to try it!" still it lingered with her through all the rest of her walk, and came up again and again, with strange pertinacity throughout the whole day. She was young and timid, and all the reserve and shyness of her nature revolted from the idea of such remonstrance with a perfect stranger. "What right have I to reprove her?" she asked herself. "She is older than I; she looks intelligent; she has doubtless had ample opportunities to learn that she is doing wrong by buying and selling on God's day; and if she still chooses to do it, is it likely that anything I could say would move her? I should only offend her, I am sure. Oh it would be idle and useless, and I cannot do it! I will not think of it any more."

Nevertheless, in spite of her resolve, she could not help thinking of it, and the more she tried to put the subject out of her mind, the more persistently it returned to her. "You cannot possibly do harm by speaking," conscience urged, "and no one can tell what good you may not do. A word in season has saved a soul before now. And you have no right to consider your own merely human feelings when you have an opportunity to speak in your Master's cause."

It was the uppermost thought in her mind when she left her own home on the following Sunday, and started again towards the school; and so urgently was it impressed upon her that she *ought* to speak to the woman, that she determined at last to do so, in case she should find her again standing at the door. Her heart beat fast as she approached the little shop, caught the first glimpse of the gay window and the wide open door; but it gave a bound of relief when she walked past and the woman did not appear. A little child was playing on the floor, but its mother was nowhere in sight, and Alice passed on with a strange sense of relief, quickening her steps half unconsciously,

for fear she should come out suddenly, after all.

The sense of relief did not last very long, however. Her class was unusually troublesome that morning, and it seemed more impossible than ever to make any impression upon their dull and indifferent minds. She was dissatisfied with herself, for she could not help feeling that she had avoided her convictions of duty, and hurried away to escape an opportunity of performing it; and she grew provoked and impatient with the children, and had the mortification of feeling at last when the hour was over that she had done them more harm by her lack of gentleness than good by anything she had taught them.

She had to pass the shop again on her way home, and this time the woman stood full in the doorway with the child in her arms, and made a curtsey of recognition to the young lady. Alice nodded in answer, and hurried by. It was impossible to speak then, but the tears rushed to her eyes, and she bit her lip in a vain sorrow and shame for her own cowardice.

"If I had only waited one moment in the morning, I should have seen her, and it would have been over," she thought, bitterly. "Oh, is it possible that I am ashamed and afraid to speak one word for my Lord and Master—one little word when He died for me!"

And tears of remorse and self-upbraiding, such as she had not shed for long years before, crowded thickly to her eyes. She had little comfort or peace all that day, and found no more as the other days went by, until at last she soothed her troubled conscience by making a firm resolve to obey its promptings, come what might, on the following Sunday. She started early when the day came, that she might wait at the door a few moments if necessary; and when the shop came in sight she quickened her pace and advanced resolutely, though her cheek grew pale and her heart faint, with a dread that only one so young and sensitive as she can understand. It was a comfort to her that nobody else was passing just then, and that the woman stood all alone in the shop. She had the same cheerful smile on her face, and when Alice paused at the door, came towards her directly.

"Do you wish anything, Miss? Will you walk in?" she asked, politely.

But when poor Alice, pale and hesitating, stammered out abruptly—"I wish—I wish very much you would not keep your shop open on Sunday!" the woman's whole manner changed very suddenly.

She drew herself up stiffly, and answered with a sneer,—"I'm very much obliged to you indeed, ma'am, but I don't see as its any of *your* business whether I keep my shop open or not. You ain't obliged to

come in Sundays or any other days, and I'd thank you, ma'am, to mind your own business and let me mind mine!"

She turned her back on Alice and flirted behind the counter; but the rude rebuff, instead of frightening the young girl, gave her more courage. It was only what she had expected, and the worst was over. She could speak freely now.

"I beg your pardon," she said, very gently, stepping in at the door. "I know I have no right to dictate to you, but I only thought perhaps no one had ever told you it was wrong."

"I don't want *you* to tell me, if nobody never did," was the answer, hastily and angrily given. "I guess I'm as good a Christian as you, and I try to do my duty, if I don't wear as fine clothes, and meddle with other folks' business, and talk so sanctimonious!"

"My clothes have nothing to do with it," said Alice, smiling; "and I don't mean to be sanctimonious, or to meddle. I am only trying to do my Master's work."

"You'd better do it, then, and let *my* work alone," the woman retorted.

"God says we must keep His day holy," said Alice, earnestly. "And you say you try to do your duty; but do you think anything is your duty that makes you disobey His holy commandment? Please don't be angry, but I am sure if you would only think about it, you would not do it any more. You look like a kind woman, and I don't believe you would do harm to little children if you knew it. But every Sunday that you keep this shop open you tempt some child or other to sin against God, and you will have to answer for it some day surely."

"Very well, ma'am. I shan't have to answer for it to you, any way. So if you've said all you've got to say, I'd be obliged to you if you'd leave me alone."

"No, I've one thing more to say," Alice returned. "I want to ask you one question: Why do you think I stopped here this morning?"

"How should I know? Because you like to meddle, I suppose."

"No, I do not like to meddle. It was the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life, and I have been struggling against it, and trying to find some excuse for *not* doing it, for two whole weeks. But God made me feel that it was my duty, that it was work for Him—because it might keep temptation from the poor ignorant children that I am trying to teach—and so I came. I hoped you would listen to me and help me. It is very hard to get them to learn anything good, and I should be so thankful if you would help me in this thing."

"Do you teach in the mission-school?" asked the woman, more civilly than she had spoken before.

"Yes," said Alice, "every Sunday."

"Well, it's a hard set *they* are," said the woman, "and I can't see how my shop's agoing to make 'em any worse or any better. If they didn't do nothing worse than to buy a penny worth o' candy on a Sunday, you wouldn't have much trouble with 'em, I guess."

"It would save me just as much trouble if they were not tempted to do that," said Alice, eagerly.

"Well, I'm a poor woman, and I've children of my own to take care of. I've got to do my duty by them before anything else."

"Your first duty by them is to bring them up to fear God and keep His commandments," Alice said, solemnly. "And you never can do that as long as you break this commandment before their eyes every Sunday. Some day—who can tell? they may break it themselves in some terrible way, and make you repent more bitterly than you can dream of now. But I will not say anything else. I hope you will forgive me for saying so much, and I will never trouble you again. Good-bye."

And before the woman could make any answer Alice was gone out of the shop. She felt very, very sad, even although it was no more than she had expected, for she had not dared to hope that her remonstrance would effect any good. Nevertheless she was most thankful that she had been enabled to give the warning faithfully; and every night afterwards, when she prayed for the objects nearest and dearest to her heart, she prayed also that it might not have been given entirely in vain.

She could not help watching with a little flutter of eagerness and excitement for the first glimpse of the shop, on the following Sunday. It was open as usual. The woman stood in the door and gave her a bold, defiant look, and Alice went by, pained and silent. Her class comforted her somewhat, however, for to-day they were more attentive and serious than they had ever been before, and she began to hope better things of them than she had ever dared till now. So she thanked God in her heart for so much, and left the rest patiently in His hands.

The next Sunday when she passed as usual, she had not the faintest expectation of seeing any change. Her joy and surprise may be imagined then, when she saw that the *shop was shut*. The door was closed, the shutters up and barred, and no one visible at the front of the house.

It would make my story far too long if I were to describe to you all that Alice felt, her quick impulse to see the woman again, and the good results of the long interview that followed. It is enough to say that *the word in season*, resented and resisted as it

had been in the first place, nevertheless could not be forgotten. It was pointed by the Spirit of God, and took effect at last with power and certainty.

Alice Clayton lived to see the woman whom her warning had reached in time, a faithful member of Christ's Church, bringing up her children in the fear of the Lord, and lending heart and hand with willing zeal to the very mission work in which Alice had so long been bound up. And she never ceased to thank God for enabling her to speak that "word in season" which in this case had truly been the means of "saving a soul."—*Mother's Magazine*.

TO BROCK'S MONUMENT ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

BY JOHN L. STUART.

Statue of Brock, upon thy pillared height!

O brave Sir Isaac! emblem grand of thee,
Robed in the first rays of the dawning light,
Fit garb for such an immortality!

Unyielding statue! when the heavens smile

Catch the first sunbeams, weave thyself a crown;
And when the warring tempests rage, the while,
Calm in the conflict, splendid be thy frown!

So stood the hero in the raging strife,

While war-clouds rolled and thundering can-
nons roared,
Calmly he stood, and recked not of his life,
Pointing the way to victory with his sword.

Stand like a herald on our frontier! stand,

And when the stranger asks, "Who dwelleth
here?"

Tell him a race of Britons own the land;

Bid true men welcome, and bid foemen fear.

Yes, speak out loudly from thy lips of rock,

And warn the rash invader to beware,
For still there lives the honored name of Brock,
And still his spirit lingers in the air.

How two invading armies yielded, tell;

And how he led his patriot bands and won,
How, even when beneath the heights he fell,
To victory his spirit cheered them on.

Stand up, Sir Isaac, on thy rocky height—

That very height from which they drove the foe,
When, charging fierce in Queenston's bloody fight,
Thy followers hurled them to th' abyss below.

With fixed steel they pressed them o'er the steep,

Stirred by the ardor of thy latest breath,
While dread Niagara took his awful leap,
Then rushed to aid the horrid work of death.

Eager to victory or death they pressed;
 And many a brave Canadian and his foe
 Were seen, with bay'net in each other's breast
 To roll together to the depths below.

O noble column on the wooded height!
 Beneath whose base repose the fallen brave,
 What feelings strange o'erwhelm us at thy sight,—
 A trophy towering o'er a hero's grave!

Pæans of joy and triumph mingle we
 And strains of freedom and of patriot pride
 With tributary tears, O Brock! to thee,
 And brave McDonnell lying at thy side.

Then, shall we fear the threat'ning foeman's brand,
 Since arm like thine may strike it back no more?
 Lo! He who gave thee to our troubled land,
 Shall still defend us as in days of yore.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

How many men there are who, for want of some wise prevision, some prudent consideration of death, leave pretty much all their plans to ravel out after they are gone! When the careful housewife has knit through the day, and brought her stocking or glove to its termination, she will not let it go till she has fastened the thread so that the child's hand shall not ravel out her work; but how many men leave their work in such a condition that all they have been doing ravels out!

There are men who intended, when they should have advanced to a certain state and condition, to have done great things. They were just on the point of doing them when they were thirty-five years old. There were great generosities which they did not mean to omit. They were bound not to live for nothing. They were always going to leave their mark on the world. They were going to leave their mark on the world at forty. They were going to leave their mark on the world at forty-five. And, finally, at forty-six, they left it, in the shape of a grave. They died with all their plans unaccomplished.

There are men who mean to build and leave hospitals. There are men who mean to build and leave schools. There are men who mean to found charities here, and endow beneficent institutions yonder. There are men who have been working and working, and saying, "When I get enough for my household, then I am going to work for God and mankind." Time runs on, and still they are telling what they mean to do. They continue to amass wealth, and so prepare themselves for the benevolent enterprises which they have in view. At last they will die, having done none of these things.

It is not wise for a man to let death distribute his charities. It is not best to leave your wealth to be scattered by death. Death is a poor distributor. If God gives you skill for amassing the power of wealth, see that you build while you are living. Begin to build early, according to your means, and keep on building, and saying, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

Do you mean to write hymns that shall be like God's angels singing hope in the hearts of desponding men? Write them now. Do you mean to sound out influences that shall make the neighborhood purer and sweeter, that shall straighten the things which are crooked, and that shall leave the ways of life clearer? Begin the work of reformation now. Do you mean to set on foot beneficent institutions of art and culture which shall work for humanity when you are gone? Do it now. For the most part, men work their threescore years and ten, and then disappear, and are forgotten; but it pleases God to give to some men the power of an earthly immortality. He who frames into noble English discourses the truths which every human soul needs and gives it to the wind, lives on when he is dead. He who breathes truth in a poem, and gives it wings, so that it goes through the air cheering men, lives after death. And if men organize their wealth into institutions for good, they live in these institutions for thousands of years. What men do in life cannot be compared with what they might do by organized influences that sound down into the life which is to come. When a man thinks how little he can do in his lifetime, what a comfort it must be to know how much he can do after his life has ceased here by endowments and investments which shall go on performing works of beneficence and humanity for centuries to come. And if men only thought, "To do anything I must do it speedily," how many of them could duplicate, quadruple, quintuple, sextuple their life and their deeds long after they had gone back to dust! But no man will live thus wisely unless he lives with the thought, "What I do I must do speedily."
 —*Beecher.*

NERVES.

I have sometimes heard the body compared to a steam-engine, and though the analogy is not perfect there are many points of resemblance. The food answers to the fuel, the nerve power to the steam which moves the machinery. You may clog your engine with too much fuel, as the body with too much food. You may use too little, and get up such a poor head of

steam as to do little work; you may clog the whole, as the boilers of some of the Mississippi steamboats, with dirty water, when they have to send men in to scrape off the mud and incrustations. You may let the ashes gather and fill up the grate and shut up the draft, and choke the fire. For the body, as for the steam-engine, you want good fuel, pure water, brisk fires, clear grates, clean boilers and a rapid cleaning off of all the refuse matter.

The fuller analogy might be with a steam engine that is used to propel several pieces of machinery, but never all at once. It may not be equal to that, and so they take it in turn. The nerve power does the work of the body, propels our legs, moves our arms—or tongues; works the brain, digests the food—for it is turned on to the stomach when food is put into it, and therefore can't as well be spared for brain, or hands, or feet. Hence the advantage of a little rest after a full meal. It is not laziness, it is wisdom. Men see it for their horses, and no man who is wise will drive or ride a horse hard, directly after feeding him. But they sometimes utterly disregard the rule for themselves.

The nerve power varies, like the pressure of steam, so many pounds to the square inch, though it can not be regulated in the same way. Our supply is rather weak in the morning; we can't well do much hard work before breakfast. One minister who distinguished himself by long hours of work in the early morning, distinguished himself by losing his sight. The wear and tear went to the weakest part. We grow stronger toward noon, going up with the sun; and after two o'clock begin to wane. Work done late at night is a greater tax upon the life than that done at noon. Turning night into day does not answer the purpose. There is wonderful power in the light, wonderful virtue in the sun's rays.

Brain work is more exhausting, uses up the nerve power faster than any sort of manual labor. And the brain is not as apt to complain of exhaustion. When one is very tired with hard work, the body will ache, that is, the nerves which carry the power. The brain will bear a great strain, but it finally gives way. And in these days of driving business, and long continued strain upon the nerve power, with all at the highest tension, so many men and women break down! Apoplexy, paralysis, insanity, and other forms of disease of the nervous system are the result. The engine is worked with too many pounds to the square inch and the weakest part gives way.

One of the busiest men of the age, and one who did an almost miraculous amount of work, was a wise man. He took recreation and rest even in the time of highest pressure. If he could, he slept. Even

five minutes' sleep will sometimes give time for the nervous energy to relax the strain. If he could not sleep, he lay down flat, relaxed every muscle and let himself alone, even for a few moments. No one who has not tried it can understand the relief and refreshment that may be found in this. And many an overwrought mother, working woman, working man, man of business, might save life, or health or reason, by these bits of timely rest.

Rest is the one thing to restore exhausted nervous energy. The Saviour said to His disciples, "Come ye apart . . . and rest awhile." Stimulants are a mistake. They deaden feeling and act like whip and spur to a tired horse; the nerves start up angrily and go on again, but they are none the less tired. Food, even, in large quantities is no help. Some one wrote a wise caution, with the title, "Feasting after Fatigue." A heavy task of digestion is only a new tax upon the nerve power, a new call upon the engine when the fires and the steam are low. A little simple refreshment is better, until rest has done its work. Some traveller in the desert tells the tale. The caravan halts after a long and weary day's march. All stop; a fire is made, water boiled, a little tea made and a cup passed round with a small quantity of a liquid, greenish and rather uninviting. After a few moments' rest they begin to revive, fuel is gathered, tents are pitched, the meal prepared, and by the time it is ready, all are ready to enjoy and to digest it.

The nerves are curiously distributed over the whole body, and the nervous power and energy seems to run over or through them like an electric current. And the similarity to electric or galvanic action is confirmed by the effect of the application of cold water to the surface. It seems to act like fresh acid in a galvanic battery, setting the current in motion with fresh vigor, renewing not exhausting. Wisely used, there is no more safe or refreshing stimulus.

Granted that there is something like electric action through the nerves, it would seem that any undue pressure at any one point interrupts this current. A learned Professor was writing a book. His work lay on a table, always ready for the hours he could spend in writing. Before the table stood a chair which was sunken in the seat, leaving a bar across the front, which came with some pressure across the under side of the thigh.

Before he was aware of it, from this continued pressure on the nerves at one point, came partial paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered. He was a wise and learned man, but he knew many things better than the laws of his being.

In these days of much writing and stiff

pens, many people lose power in their right hand and arm. The disease has taken a name; they say, "Scrivener's Paralysis." The remedy lies in prevention. Pressure on the under side of the arm is one cause, as on the edge of a desk or table. Have a care of that, and don't always write at the same place, or in the same position; and the other preventive remedies are a soft elastic pen—a quill is best—a pen-handle light and elastic, not too small, a yielding surface to write upon, and no constriction from the sleeve, especially at the shoulder. The arm should not be raised unnaturally, the whole position as easy as possible.

Some one, inspired by the spirit of mischief, invented a pen that would hold ink enough for the work of hours. It is a satire on the haste of the age, that one can not spare time to dip his pen into the inkstand—and yet that very motion and relief to the nerves and muscles, may save many a one from the consequences of long and undue pressure.

There is bitter truth in the proverb,—
"The more haste, the less speed."—*Advantage.*

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE.

BY MRS. PROF. ROBBINS.

Up in the west corner of Jonas Percival's barn, under the ragged end of the great hay-mow, curled in a heap that looked like anything but a little child, lay Leany Dunn—and Leany was a thief. For weeks, I am afraid for months, she had been stealing from Jonas Percival's farm. To-day she had taken a pinch of tea—she always called a pinch as much as she could hold between her long, yellow thumb and finger—a tea-cupful of coarse brown sugar, one biscuit, a cookie, and two halves of a fried doughnut, and then she had come to this hiding-place to secrete and gloat over them.

Her gains to-day had been attended with more than ordinary peril. Mrs. Percival had come into the pantry while she was hiding in the bosom of her dress the small brown paper holding the tea, and had asked sharply, "What are you always fidgeting about the neck of your gown for, Leany? Can't you never keep your fingers off from nothing?"

She had also counted before her the biscuits, the cookies, the doughnuts, and the heaping dish of apple-tarts, looking her full in the face each time she finished her enumeration, and receiving in return only a fixed, dull, almost idiotic stare, changing, however, into a quick flash of triumph the moment her back was turned, for—good luck, "the barn door was locked after the horse was stolen." Cookies, doughnuts,

sugar and biscuit were already safe under the sweet, new-mown hay.

Jonas Percival and his wife were busy taking their nice supper. Leany had finished hers an hour ago—two cold potatoes, and a bowl of very skim milk, crumbed thick with odds and ends of musty bread. It tasted good to her, however, as she gulped it down at the sink, thrusting the big iron spoon away into her broad mouth; and you will hardly believe it, though it is true, smacking her lips now and then over some morsel more savory than the rest. I think she relished it better than Mrs. Percival did her delicate toast, or the luscious great strawberries, half-smothered in the golden cream. While they were eating, Leany found a moment to run to the barn, and, curled up in this ungainly heap, she is busy patching the ends of the doughnut together, to see if they can't be made to match, and seem like "a splendangulous whole fellar." That will "tickle him right smart," she chuckled to herself, turning over and over the cake in a long ray of sunset which came slanting in through the crack just opposite her, slanting in with its rich gold tint, fresh from God's pencil, painted by Him, to fall with its wondrous beauty over this little thief—over her poor, broken doughnut, lingering here with a pitiful love under the rough brown rafters above her head, changing their long, swinging, dusty cobwebs [into loops of glorious light—waking the eaves swallows one by one, as they peeped over the edge, down into their pretty nests, and calling from them dreamy good-nights, all of which Leany heard, and answered with a nod and a cheery smile. I think, though she uttered never a word, the birds heard her. If not, I am sure God did.

Leany was very tired. She had worked hard all day. Mrs. Percival was a driving woman; everything and everybody that came near her had to "move on." Leany had "moved on" for a whole year, until she had moved off what little flesh she had when she came. Her real name was Angelina. At first people called her Liny, by way of abbreviation, but before she had worked long on the big farm, she grew, as I have said, so very thin it was only natural to call her Leany-y. Mrs. Percival hardly understood the reproach the name implied, or I think she would not have used it.

"L-e-a-n-y!"

The call, in a very prolonged way, came up to Leany as she lay in the barn half-asleep, watching the sunbeam, the cobwebs, and the ducking swallows' heads, and she started as if it had been a great hand that had clutched her, thrust her treasures further into the fragrant hay, covered them carefully, and then crept down silently, darting out the back door of the barn, and,

making her appearance in another moment around its eastern corner, holding in her bit of a ragged apron four brown eggs.

"Always out of the way, and always an egg hunting," said Mrs. Percival, catching sight of the eggs through a rent in the apron. "You're a master hand to find them, though," in a little gentler tone, as the child stopped before her and uncovered them.

"Yes'm," said Leany, standing squarely on two flat, broad feet, and looking with a frightened look in the sharp face above her.

Such a quaint little figure as it was, there in the broad setting sunlight, with the shadows quivering down from the long willow leaves above her, and resting almost as if it were in benediction on the tangled black hair, the low, square forehead, the dull gray eyes, and the broad, full mouth; not seeming to mind the patches, or the rags, or the sharp bones, or the blue flesh that so thinly covered them, perhaps seeing under all God's little girl. And yet you will remember I told you to begin with, Leany was a thief! What! could God own a child that stole? I don't know that He does; and perhaps some day we can ask Him and He will answer us.

Mrs. Percival took the eggs out of the apron, turning them over with evident admiration—they were so large and fresh. I wish she could have left one there for Leany to add to her stolen food; it might have helped to take away its sin—who can tell? But she did not; she ordered her to put them in the back pantry, speaking as if she were telling Ponto, the dog, to take his greasy bone out into the compost heap. Leany obeyed her with even less of humanity in what she did than Ponto would have had.

When it was fairly dark, and nearly nine, Leany was allowed to go home. Mrs. Percival generally managed to be round when she left, so she would have no temptation to steal. "Her folks were so poor, it wasn't right to leave her; folks would take things sometimes, when they wouldn't others. There wasn't any telling, and a Christian housekeeper ought to remember how the Lord prayed, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

Mrs. Percival said this almost every night, word for word, to her husband, until he began to expect it as much as he did his chair tipped back upon its two hind legs in the porch, and his pipe. He connected it with a slam of the back gate, and a shuffle of barefooted feet out toward the barn, but never gave it a second thought. Mrs. Percival always seemed to consider him a lay-figure, gotten up to listen to her sermons. He was used to them, and to never hearing a word.

The stars came out and walked home

with Leany. She reached her hands up towards them several times unconsciously; they were so much company, and so kind, and quiet, and—loving, she would have said if she could have put the dumb, happy feeling at her heart into words. Rolled up in some plantain leaves, and hugged close, were her treasures; and Ned would be waiting for her at the gate—he always waited, no matter how late she came.

"Won't it be jolly, though?"

The stars blinked and winked at her, and said in reply—she was sure they did,

"Won't it be jolly, though?"

It always seemed strange to Leany that the nearer she came to the house the longer the road was. It was a long walk—a mile and a half at least—and you must remember the feet that took it were very weary when they started to-night, so climbing that last hill, counting Pat Ronan's barn, and Mr. Short's pasture, and Nat Cutt's cider mill, was slow work. If Leany had been a cross child she would have snapped out some ugly words to Ned, I dare say, but she was not.

There he stood at the gate waiting for her—dumpy Ned, sick Ned, with the great hump on his back God had given him to carry there until he died. His mother might have made it lighter for him, but God took her, and the father, whom He left, did not seem to care much about either of these children.

"It was such hard work to get along, and Percival, though he was rich as a Jew, was so hard on poor folks. Leany was big and smart enough to earn more money, as well as her vittles and drink; but gals never were good for nothing, and the boy was only a hunchback."

Yet with all his grumbling, Mr. Dunn never abused this boy; he only half-fed and clothed him, and now and then taunted him with his deformity; so the child shrank from him, clinging closer to Leany, loving her, indeed, with a great, hungry heart, more hungry far than the poor, mis-shapen body.

To steal food for him; to bring to him the pinch of tea, the sugar, the biscuit, the cookies, the put-together doughnut; to feel "how jolly it was," and to have the stars feel "jolly" over it, too. Well, there is but one thing that can be said about it, my young readers. Far be it from me to apologize, even in the remotest way, for dishonesty. I have no wish to call anything but by its right name. I only want you—and this is the point of my story—to put yourself in Leany's place, and see how you would have felt, and what you would have done. I want to inculcate upon you, as forcibly as I can, that great principle—Christian charity—that can enter into others' places, see with their eyes, hear with their ears, feel with their hearts.

That is, after all, the thing—*feel with their hearts.*

Leany and Ned sat down under the starlight, hidden from the house by the little clump of lilac bushes, and Ned ate his treat greedily. You see, it was not only the food to him, though there was need enough of that, but it was some one's thinking of and caring for him, and he only a miserable little hunchback!

Leany picked up the crumbs he dropped, making a great noise as she ate them, as if she wanted to tell him by the sound that she was enjoying the food with him. And so she did; but when it came to the doughnut, and she had made it stay together long enough to look whole in the starlight, she fairly gurgled over with delight, her laugh rippling out on the still night air, so very sweet and glad, so heart-full, it almost seemed as if, were angels listening, they could scarcely catch a sound like that with which a thief ordinarily rejoices over his plunder.

Then the children went in to bed, and Leany, whom her mother had taught to pray, before she died, knelt down by Ned's little bed, and folding her hands said:

"Oh, God! I thank Thee for the nice things what Ned's had. Make us both good, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Elated by her success of the previous day, Leany arose earlier than usual on the next morning, and made everything ready with double care for Ned's comfort while she should be gone, then went singing back to her work. That night she was to receive the small sum allowed her weekly, and to spend it had been her dream through all the long days and weeks of her hard servitude! To *spend* it! Only to think what a world of comfort and luxury it would buy! Happy little Leany!

She planned something else, I am sorry to say—how many more things she could steal! and if the hole in the hay-mow would be perfectly safe for so much! And thus planning, she found herself once more in Mrs. Percival's kitchen, with the temptation her mistress said she was so anxious to remove from her, in an unusual way within her reach.

Unlucky hour! And yet who shall say that it was not the luckiest hour of all Leany's sad life? She saw four lumps—square, shining lumps—of white sugar on the table, and an orange.

"Oh, Ned! Ned!" Her heart went out to the pale little hunchback with an inarticulate shout of joy! Her fingers clutched their prize, and her feet bore her to the chosen hiding place before—literally before she had time for a second thought. If she had had a month to think in, I do not know but it would have been with the same result, excepting in the matter of prayer, it was such a neglected, untaught

childhood, this that God had given her. Put yourself in her place, child, whose father and mother never lose an opportunity to instil a precious, God-fearing, man-loving principle. Suppose, just suppose, you had lived her life, do you know how you would have acted? Are you sure you could have resisted those lumps of sugar, and this inviting orange? Mind, not for yourself; oh, no! Leany never ate a thing she stole, but for Ned!

I think it was very cruel, as well as inconsistent that Mrs. Percival, notwithstanding the sermon she had preached to her husband, should have put these very things there, as a bait wherewith to catch Leany; and that now, as the child glides swiftly and softly away, she stands peeping at her, keen-eyed and vigilant, behind the pantry door; sees her take them; sees her run; follows her, and when Leany draws herself out from the hole into which she has burrowed more deeply within the mow, in order to insure their safety, there she stands, confronting her. Oh! what severe, angry eyes! Leany sees them for months and months; indeed, I doubt whether she can ever forget them while she lives.

"So I have caught you at last!" she says, clutching the poor, thin arm, and jerking the child out. "A thief, be ye! A stealing, be ye, and in a Christian family, too! I'll see about that!"

And Mrs. Percival *did* see to it. How? It was a Christian family, you know, and its head must have been supposed to understand all those tender, touching, beautiful laws of Him who said over exposed sin, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." But she must have forgotten them just now, for no mercy was there for Leany.

"The child's a thief. There is no knowing how much or what she has been stealing from me for all these months. Send her to the reform school for such wicked children, without an hour's delay."

And Leany was sent, Ned shrieking and screaming after the cart which carried her away, and she looking back at him with a terror-stricken face, so pitiful to see that even Mrs. Percival could not have withstood its abject misery. The man who drove her wiped away the first tears that had ever been in his eyes since he was a boy.

Ned went to the poor-house—there was no other place for him—until God takes him to that home that He has waiting for him, where He will give back to His poor little afflicted ones, in double measure—doubt it not—all the gladness and beauty which He has taken from their young lives here. You know these days are only a few of those He plans for; the others He holds waiting for us by and by.

Need I make the moral of my story any

more apparent? Will it be necessary for me to suggest again that it is always safest, always kindest, to put ourselves in others' places before we condemn them. My friend, try to do so. I will promise you that you will never regret it here, and, above all, never regret it when the day comes that you are judged as you have judged.—*Little Corporal.*

CORNELIUS.

BY C. A. G.

"I really do not know what is to become of him," said the colonel, leaning back in his Sleepy Hollow chair, and speaking with a puzzled note in his good-natured voice. "It rather goes against my conscience to have any human being on my place half-starved, and wholly unsheltered, but I can't devise a remedy. All the cabins are full, and not a family will take in the boy for love or money; not for my orders even. Superstitious, you see! They say he has the evil eye; his mother was reputed a witch. Even Phillis, who is remarkably intelligent, refused to harbor him in spite of my expostulations. I can't pass him on to the next plantation; it would be the same thing or worse there. He said, 'he 'lowed there wasn't no place for him,' and I reckon he was right—in this world at least. If you could pick up anything for him to do about the house and look after him a trifle—but you didn't come South as a missionary, especially to begin on such unlikely material."

The "material" alluded to crouched on the lowest step of the piazza whereon we sat, and his appearance was certainly not prepossessing, to state the case mildly. A shrunken, slightly deformed figure with one leg pitifully twisted, and meagre claw-like hands; a weird, black face, sulky, defiant, and withal bearing a trace of goblin mirth—that was Cornelius. Except in the rags which covered him, anything more unlike the troop of ordinary, plump, sooty-faced, grinning little black boys who swarmed on the plantation could hardly be imagined. The idea of keeping such an object in sight was appalling. Yet his story was pitiful, and that he had suffered from exposure and hunger was too evident.

The colonel read relenting in our eyes, and with an amused smile gave a whistle much as one would call a sleeping dog.

"Come up here, boy, and tell the lady what you can do for her if she lets you stay at the house."

"I'se de boy what can fotch an' carry, an' wait an' tend fur de missis," said the imp with a grin. "Spect I does 'more tings dan missis reckons."

"Very likely," thought we apprehensively. In the end pity prevailed over prejudice and Cornelius was installed general factotum to the ladies, conditional upon his good behavior. But whoever suggested that condition knew not Cornelius neither fathomed the cunning of him!

The subject of a Sunday-school memoir could not have worn a more saintly and demure aspect than did he when in our presence, but away from the eye of master or mistress his pranks were numberless and without parallel. To keep his hands from picking and stealing was as impossible as it was to find one grain of truth in his ready excuses and ingenious explanations of the so-called "accidents" which were constantly occurring in whatever department he might be employed. Though cordially hated by the other house-servants he so cunningly worked upon their superstitious natures that he was equally feared, and not one dared give evidence against him.

"He put de evil eye onto us," they said, and so gave the shield of silence to his misdeeds.

"His mammy she put a spell on yellow Chloe's two babies, an' dey jus' wasted and wasted like dey was a starvin.' 'Nelious he hab de power too; darsn't 'fend him, missis!" said our sensible Phillis, and that was all the reply our remonstrance could elicit.

As for the younger members of our large and somewhat loosely organized Southern household, Cornelius was to them at once a terror and a fascination. Daily he enticed Gabriel, and Mandy, and little Vic into flagrant neglect of their duties, and utterly evading the responsibility of their misdeeds, gloried in the punishment his wit was sure to bring upon their luckless heads. But they learned nothing by experience; Monday's exploits were expiated in tears and howls, only to be repeated on Tuesday.

Of course such a state of things could not exist long without complaint, threatening to end in the expulsion of the offender.

Often it was decreed, but as often, when the colonel frowned grimly, the madame declared her patience exhausted, and the rest of us "gave up" in despair, Nita set her pretty lips firmly and demanded one more trial of the reprobate.

"But the rascal snared twenty-four quails in the oak lot this evening, and here's the major coming over with his gun to-morrow;" growled the colonel.

"Mandy was frightened almost into convulsions by some of his gibberish, and I had to be at the quarters half the night with her," added the madame wearily.

"He scared Phemie so she dropped baby into the branch yesterday, and brought her home dripping wet. And I found

Geordie making little yellow Sam lower him down into the well in the bucket because Cornelius said there was an alligator there. Geordie had the carving-knife to fight him with."

Thus quoth the little mother plaintively; and again madame took up the strain.

"Four cut-glass goblets since yesterday, and none nearer than Savannah!" sighed she.

"And the pony lamed by 'witch-riding,' last night!" said Nita with a little laugh.

"Oh, if you begin to count up the things broken and stolen and lost and spoiled by that imp, you'll make me out a subject for bankruptcy soon," said the colonel. "Well—settle it as you please. If Nita is bent on it—"

Nita was "bent" on it, so Cornelius stayed on, though the roll of his misdeeds lengthened and any hope of his reformation melted into thin air. Why Nita's compassion thus brooded over and protected him I do not know; perhaps because that Southern winter her own happiness was so deep it must needs overflow in mercy towards every creature—even our "aggravator." For daily young Lochinvar drew bridle at the gate; daily we watched the progress of the old sweet story and saw our pretty one growing brilliant in love's sunshine. The rose-hued atmosphere of "that new world which is the old" wherein she walked, cast its glow on all around her, and the prose of all our lives was touched by the poetry of hers.

Did Cornelius recognize the shield which kept him from again being thrust out from the comfortable plenty at The Pines to wander literally with his hand against every man and every man's hand against him! Did any germ of gratitude stir in that misshapen form, any trace of love illumine that impish face? None was discernible; and of the circle that alternately laughed and groaned over his inflictions not one would have hesitated to declare him utterly destitute of feeling—almost without a soul. One evening we sat on the wide piazza enjoying the effect of a thunder-storm, watching the play of the lightning on the dusky pines, and listening to the fitful, plaintive music which in the lull between the peals was borne to us from the quarters where the hands were holding a "praise-meeting."

Suddenly we heard far down the avenue which sloped from the house to the public road, a crash and a cry of human pain, and as we waited a moment in startled suspense, galloping hoofs were heard, and up the avenue came young Lochinvar's fine-limbed horse, snorting in terror, and riderless. The record of the next few moments of horror and hurry is not yet effaced from some hearts.

Down where the branch rippled across

the pine avenue we found our friend, motionless and senseless, lying in the shallow ford where the fall of a tree had crushed him from the saddle.

"Lightning? I didn't think the storm was so severe as that!" muttered the colonel as the prostrate form was borne to the house, and the surprise was echoed in other minds to be speedily forgotten in more absorbing thoughts.

For a time the issue of the accident was doubtful, but God was merciful and with the dawning of the second day hope crept into our hearts, growing stronger as the hours advanced. Then, as we drew breath after the prolonged anxiety, a certain strangeness in the demeanor of the servants was perceptible, a mystery of air and manner that brought the madame to me in much perplexity.

"It's very extraordinary about Cornelius, isn't it?" she said as we together sought the perfumed quiet of the garden.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, he has not been seen at the house or kitchen since night before last, until he came in this morning drenched to the skin and shivering like the ague. He must have been out in the rain last night, but he won't answer a question, and he looks miserable.

"He's been on one of his old raids, and come to grief in his mischief, probably," said I carelessly.

"It is more than that," said the madame gravely. "There is a mystery about the accident, I think. Solomon, who went down to clear away the broken tree, came back looking very strange, and said unguardedly, 'De lightning nebber done dat 'ar, for suah,' and Phillis is frowning and muttering at Cornelius as he lies in the corner on the floor. His face is almost livid, but he doesn't reply at all."

"It's preposterous to suspect him of being concerned in that!" I exclaimed, quite unprepared for the idea at which her words hinted.

"Gabriel says—come here, Gabriel!" called the madame raising her voice; and a small black figure precipitated itself over the fence and through the rose-trees, appearing at our feet in a breathless mixture of fear, importance, and haste, rolling its eyes in droll humility at the madame's command.

"Tell us about that tree, Gabe; instantly."

"Nelius done make dis nigger a spook, 'f dat 'ar's tole; spect missis don't keer fur dat, but I does," said Gabriel, solemnly.

"Tell us what you know," was the firm reply; and the instinct of entire submission to the voice of a superior conquered even superstitious fear.

"Nelius done went an' cut dat ar tree and burn him so he fall. Seed him do it.

'Nelius hab revenge 'gainst Mass' Tom Jones kase he done flog his mammy mos' ter deff once; tink it he when Mass' Var come ridin' by and crack nim on de hed wid it. Mass' Tom done used to ridin' dis yer way ebenins, and Mass' Var gin'lly come sooner."

"Are you telling the truth, Gabe?" asked the madame sternly.

"Hope ter die if taint so, missis; 'spect 'Nelius kill me, anyways," declared Gabe, rolling his eyes yet more wildly, and ducking his head in answer to the madame's gesture of dismissal.

We stood looking at each other with bewildered faces, until my companion said:

"I don't know what to do or think; I dread to tell the colonel or Nita—"

"I know it already," said a calm voice from the arbor near by which we stood, and Nita came to view, pale, haggard, but very quiet. "I am going to see that poor creature."

After the first astonished pause we followed her steady footsteps to the kitchen where crouched Cornelius.

There is nothing of the angelic in Nita's piquant features and brilliant eyes; but as I saw her kneel by that pitiful figure there was that in her expression which thrilled my heart as with power from on high—the power of generous, patient, Christian womanhood. The boy shivered as he felt her touch and turned his ashy face farther away while she spoke sweetly and simply as if to a little child.

"You have been very bad, Cornelius; but Massa Var will not die, and I will forgive you."

The madame and I turned away softly from the cabin, and Phillis—who had been petrified with amazement at our approach—hastily set down her bake-kettle on the floor, flung her homespun apron over her turbaned head, and rushed out of the door into the vegetable garden, where she sat on a bed of young lettuce and sobbed mightily.

She said afterward "Dere wasn't no room in dar fur nuffin' but prayin'."

Through Nita's agency the colonel was not directly told of the evil ignorant passion which had so nearly caused a tragedy in our midst; the servants were hushed, and Cornelius, after a week of illness, took his old place in their midst.

Took it with a difference, however; for he seemed thinner and more twisted than ever, while the impish look of his face was softened into a more human expression.

He came with the others, also, to the Sunday-school which Nita and the little mother held for the house-servants, and no longer grimaced the young darkies into convulsive giggles. He would hang about in Nita's presence like a dog, watching her every motion and quick to divine her least

desire. She gave him some special teaching, I think; I often saw her reading to him; but she would not talk of her singular *protégé*, and avoided any mention of her lover's danger. So, with his return to health and vigor matters lapsed into their old peaceful monotony at The Pines.

The days grew longer and hotter; the garden was a tropical luxuriance of fragrant growth; we began to think longingly of home, and to weary of perpetual green peas and sunshine. Preparations for our northward fitting were made, and the time of our departure was fixed.

"Your 'missionary' work is about finished, ladies," said the colonel as we waited on the piazza for the carriage. "It came near being a hopeless experiment, but perhaps you won't regret it now."

How it happened nobody knew, but the next moment Geordie, who had been restlessly climbing about and watching the men load the heavy trunks upon the cart, slipped somehow and fell directly before the wheels. It was Nita's shriek which signalled his danger, and her slight figure which sprang to his aid, regardless of her own safety. But another form launched itself before her, pushing her swiftly aside, and as the startled horses plunged forward Geordie was flung unhurt beyond harm's reach, and in his place lay the almost lifeless body of Cornelius.

Only once did the dull eyes unclose at the sound of Nita's sobbing, and the stiffening lips essay to speak.

"Missie safe? Nebber mind den; dis yer'll make up fur de oder time."

Then more faintly:

"Massa Jesus done forgibs fur dat; missie forgibs 'um, too. Dere's all put right."

The meagre, dusky hand groped feebly for the fair white one which stretched to meet it, and the years of ignorance and degradation, of debasing wrong and want and pain, were cast off; Nita's missionary work was truly finished, and homeless, out-cast Cornelius had "found a place" at last. —*Christian Weekly*.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.*

BY REV. WM. M. TAYLOR. NEW YORK.

Few Scottish ministers of this day have attained a wider celebrity than Dr. MacLeod, of the Barony Church, Glasgow. He visited the British American provinces in his early life, as a deputy of the General Assembly of the Scotch Church; he was specially commissioned to investigate the mission stations of the same Church in India; and since the origination of *Good*

* See frontispiece.

Words, he has been the editor and main-spring of the magazine; hence, almost wherever the English language is read, the intelligence of his death will awaken profound interest, and will be received with sadness. At the late meeting of the General Assembly in Edinburgh, he delivered an address on Indian Missions, concerning which a correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* says: "Dr. MacLeod never spoke better than on this occasion; but there was in the closing paragraph a sad premonition or it may be presentiment, of what was so soon to come. He said, 'I shall never again address the House as Convener of the Indian Missions. I am absolutely forbidden by my medical man from attempting such work, and it is at the risk of my life if I continue it. But I shall ever take a deep interest in the work of the Committee, and I thank the Church for the courtesy and kindness I have received, and for the forbearance which has been shown to me for so many years.' A few days after he had uttered these words, he laid down the business of his earthly life, and obeyed the summons of the Master, leaving behind him the happy memory that his latest public labors were in behalf of the Christianization of the Indian Empire."

Dr. MacLeod belonged to a family of ministers. His grandfather, whom he has affectionately described in the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," was the pastor of Morven, and was succeeded in that office by one of his sons (Norman's uncle), whose tall figure and stately gait procured for him the name of "the high priest of Morven." Norman's father was minister first of Campbelltown, in Argyleshire; afterwards of Campsie, in the neighborhood of Glasgow; and finally, of the Highland chapel of St. Columba, in the western metropolis of Scotland. He was said to be one of the most eloquent Gaelic preachers of his day, and was a great authority in all matters pertaining to the Gaelic dialect. He rendered considerable assistance, also, in the translation of the Scriptures into the Erse, or native Irish language. He had a fine gentlemanly appearance, and we still remember with interest his annual visits to Kilmarnock, where he spoke with great unction in behalf of female education in India.

Norman was born in the year 1812, and was a student in the University of Glasgow, where he was the contemporary of Archibald Tait, now Archbishop of Canterbury; of James Halley, William Arnot, James Hamilton, and William Burns. He stood respectably in all his classes, with the exception of mathematics, in which science he could never bring himself to take any interest. We remember a traditional story that was floating about the courts of the college in our student-life, to

the effect that on being unexpectedly called by the mathematical professor to complete a demonstration which another student had begun, he was asked what was to be done next? "Draw a line," said young MacLeod. "Where from?" asked the professor. "From the point C," was the answer. "Where to?" again inquired the teacher. "*Ad infinitum*," replied Norman; amid the uproarious laughter of the class, under cover of which the good-humored and indulgent Dr. Thompson allowed the culprit to escape unpunished. He was better known in those days for his genial humor and general companionableness, than for any great eminence as a student; and yet there must have been, even then, some promise of his after-excellence, for at the great Peel banquet he was the chosen representative of the students, and made such an oration as produced a powerful impression on the great statesman's mind, and secured his interest and patronage as long as he lived.

His first settlement in the ministry was in the Parish of Loudon, Ayrshire, where he was ordained in 1838. It was an extensive parish, rich in Covenanted memories in its moorland districts, and having in its village (New Milns) a large weaving population, who were famous in those days for their general intelligence and great controversial ability. Among such a people, his frank and genial manner and his ready repartee made him a general favorite, and he was there instrumental in inducing a great number of careless and indifferent parishioners to become regular attendants on the means of grace. He was, besides, popular as a preacher wherever he went, and his visits to Kilmarnock on sacramental occasions, were always sure to awaken much interest and attention. Often in our boyhood have we heard him with the greatest delight. His sermons were clear, telling, forcible, and thoroughly evangelical.

During his residence at Loudon, the non-intrusion controversy was at its hottest, and he published a little *brochure* in broad Scotch upon the subject, entitled, "A Crack About the Kirk," in which, if we remember rightly, he advocated the cause of the non-intrusionists. At all events, it was expected by all that he would have come "out" at the Disruption; and it was a heavy blow and sore discouragement to the Free Churchmen of the neighborhood, when they found that, as one of "the Forty" (as they were called), he had chosen to remain in the residuary Establishment.

Immediately after the Disruption he was preferred, through the influence, as was supposed at the time, of Sir Robert Peel, to the parish of Dalkeith, and after laboring there for a considerable time, he was translated to the Barony parish of Glas-

gow, one of the richest livings in the Scottish Establishment. The church is hard by the venerable Cathedral, and immediately beneath the beautiful Necropolis crowned with its monument of Knox; but it has no architectural harmony with its situation. It is, in fact, about as ugly a building as can well be imagined, and with its two little peaks jutting up from each side, it might be described in the words of Chalmers of another building, as "belonging to the short-horned breed!" It is also in the East end of the city, and near the High street and other low neighborhoods. Nevertheless, his eloquence as a preacher triumphed over all these obstacles, and it was speedily crowded by a large and fashionable congregation. But he was not content with that. He resolved to reach the masses; and having obtained an assistant to relieve him of one of the ordinary services he instituted an evening service having this peculiarity, that no one was allowed to enter save in working dress. It was a novel congregation, the women sitting in their "mutches" and "plaids," and the men in their "fustian jackets;" but the word was with power, for at the close of the first winter's services, 76 persons applied for membership, and after examination, 69 were received into church fellowship; and the following year, out of 47 who applied, 40 were admitted. These services were the foundation of a mission church, which has had a most encouraging history, and is still doing a noble work.

Long before this, Dr. MacLeod had ventured into the field of authorship. His "Deborah," a valuable work addressed especially to servants and their mistresses; his "Hints on Home Education," full of practical good sense most clearly and ably enforced; his "Earnest Student," perhaps the best of all his books, and a loving memorial of "John Mackintosh," his brother-in-law, had all been published before he came to Glasgow. But after his removal to that city, he became, about the year 1860, editor of *Good Words*, in which, as he has himself said, "his principal motive was the desire to provide a periodical for *all the week*, whose articles should be wholly original, and which should not only be written in a Christian spirit or merely blend 'the religious' with 'the secular,' but should also *yoke* them together without compromise." When the first volume was finished, he said, "There are now, I hope, few who will sympathize with the old Scotch woman who remarked to her son, whom she found reading a 'religious book' on a week day, 'O Sandy, Sandy, are ye no frightened to read sic a guid buik as that, and this no' the Sabbath day?'" Since he assumed the editorship of that periodical—an office which he held to the

close of his life—his authorship has been mainly in its pages. There he published his "Parish Papers," "The Old Lieutenant and His Son," his "Indian Travels," "The Starling," and others, all of which were pervaded with liveliness and humor, and many of which were distinguished by a portraiture of Scottish character which occasionally reminds us of Scott himself. For unction and pathos, however, we know none of his writings equal to his "Wee Davie."

Dr. MacLeod was a great favorite at Court. He was a friend of the Prince Consort, and continued to be highly esteemed by the Queen. As one of the royal chaplains in Scotland, he often preached before Her Majesty at Balmoral; and every reader of the Queen's book will remember how artlessly she describes "the lump in her throat," which rose as she heard him pray for her "children." He has been present at all the royal marriages, and has had more of Court favor, such as it is, than has fallen to the lot of any unepiscopal minister for more than a century.

In style, Dr. MacLeod was frequently diffuse and florid; but when he became animated and earnest, he became also condensed and terse. In theology he was, in his early ministry, very decidedly evangelical; but in his later years he came under the influence of Maurice, Robertson and others, and adopted views about sacrifice and the atonement somewhat different from those which Dr. Crawford has recently so eloquently expounded. Some years ago he raised a very tempest of controversy around him, and lost much of his influence in his native land, by a speech which he delivered on the Sabbath question, in which he put forth his opinions briefly thus: "I cannot as a Christian accept of the continued obligation of the Sabbath law of the Fourth Commandment; while at the same time, I have perfect faith in the Lord's Day."

In society, Dr. MacLeod was distinguished for his *bonhomie* and good fellowship. He was the most cheerful of companions, and the most agreeable of friends. Now and again he uttered a very smart repartee, which stung by its point as much as it amused by its wit. As an instance, we may relate an anecdote which has been current in the old country for a year or two. If it is not true, it ought to be, for it hits off both men to the life. In the recent "Union" discussions in the Free Church, the late Dr. Gibson, a most excellent man, but somewhat wedded to the principle of Church establishments, was a bitter opponent of Union, and in the course of his speeches said many strong things in favor of the union between Church and State. After one of these speeches, he happened to enter an omnibus

in which Dr. MacLeod was already seated, and having exchanged civilities, Dr. MacLeod said, "Dr. Gibson, I hear you're coming back to the old kirk, and really some of your speeches of late look very like it; is it true?" "God forbid!" replied Dr. Gibson, shaking his head in holy horror. "Aye," naively responded Dr. MacLeod, "that's just what I said myself when I heard it first!"

Dr. MacLeod, like other men, had his faults. There was a certain slyness about him which sometimes "concealed his hand" from those around him, until he surprised them with some sharp practice for which they were scarcely prepared; and with all his geniality, there was a quiet assumption of importance in many of his movements which was exceedingly unpalatable to his dissenting brethren. He was fond of preferment and ambitious of power. Probably no minister was so instrumental in procuring "livings" for his friends as he was; while there was in him a degree of appreciation of the notice given him by the great which was hardly in keeping with his mental independence. But we dwell now with most delight upon his excellencies. He was an eloquent preacher, a public-spirited citizen, an able man. As he said in his last speech, "He desired to be as broad as the charity of Almighty God, and as narrow as God's righteousness, which is a sharp sword that separates between eternal right and wrong." He will be sorely missed in the city in which he dwelt, and in the church of which he was an ornament. May the mantle of his interest in the masses fall upon some youthful disciple who shall carry forward the work in which he took so much delight.—*N. Y. Observer.*

WHEN ?

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But, if a wondrous hand from the blue, yonder,
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end, its mystic clue,
What should I do?

What *could* I do, oh! blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tem-
pest hide Thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,
If Thou come late.

—*Independent.*

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "SOWING THE GOOD SEED," "ADRIENNE CACHELLE," ETC

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIII

Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee!

From this good hour, O leave me never more!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love

Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sine
Quench, ere it rise each selfish, low desire
And keep my soul as Thine calm and divine.

—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Much as I would like to follow our two little friends in their daily life, I fear I must leave them for a time, and pass on until more important events began to cast their shadows before our Effie's pathway, which had been so bright since her home had been with the Lyttletons. It was winter when we last saw her, but it is summer now, and the garden beds are gay with roses again. Two years and a half have rolled away, and now at last the fearful war is ended, and in all parts of the Union brothers and fathers are coming home, many wounded, many lame for life. But oh how many sad hearts are there who will never be gladdened by the sight of returning dear ones,—whose fathers and brothers and friends died long ago on the ghastly battle-field or in the close, crowded ward of some hospital! It was a sad time to poor Belle Lyttleton,—not that she did not rejoice with the others at seeing the dear soldier-brother coming back with honors and more than one scar—but ah! she could not forget another whom she had looked forward to as returning in the same way, coming first to her to hear his reward from her lips. Belle indeed felt that she was not alone in her sorrow—that there were many, many in the land grieving as

she; and we will hope too that the poor mourner had, like Maude, learnt where to look for comfort—to whom to go when sad and lonely and desolate.

To the dear invalid, though sad at her sister's grief, these days were full of much joy; it made her so happy to have the dear brother she loved so well by her side, to talk with him, to have him sing to her and read to her, to watch him as he walked by her side pushing her chair along so steadily with one strong hand—and above all, Richard had not been many days at home before Maude discovered, from those little words and actions that speak so plainly, that her brother thought very differently on religious subjects to what he used to do. Little by little the topic became more general between the brother and sister until they spoke openly to each other of the things now prized by both. "And do you know what first made me think as I do, Maude?" said Richard one day as he sat at his sister's feet under the shade of the old elm. "It was just the words of a little child who was on board the steamer I sailed from Europe in. I often wish I could see the little creature again. I have never ceased to blame myself for not trying to do something for her and her mother when we landed. Poor things! they were Scotch, and were coming to New York, I forget for what purpose. I often wondered what became of them in the great city! The little girl was so wise and cunning and old-fashioned I took quite a fancy to her; she would talk about the Bible like some old woman, though she was only eight or nine, I think. She made me feel so ashamed of myself by asking me with the greatest

wonder if I hadn't a Bible of my own that I did not long remain without it; and I read it too, Maude."

Tears stood in the sister's eyes, and for a moment she laid her little thin hand caressingly on Richard's shoulder.

"What was the little girl's name?" she asked after a moment's pause.

"I cannot remember her given name. I know she called herself Effie; I recollect that, for I thought of Sir Walter's "Effie Deans."

"Why, my little servant's name is Effie—Effie Hamilton. I wonder if it could be the same! She is Scotch and came out with her mother to try and find the father. Do you know, I should not be surprised if the two are identical? Why, I remember she told me the other day she was sure she had seen you somewhere, but I told her she must be mistaken! Is it not strange! But here she comes now with some message; just look quietly and see if she is your little girl."

When Effie had gone Mr. Gresham said positively,—

"I am sure it is she; I could not doubt it. It is strange, isn't it, that I should find her here? Tell me all you know about her."

So Maude told Effie's eventful history—how invaluable she had been to her, and how much happier she herself had been since Effie had been with her.

"She is a wonderful child!" said her brother meditatively when his sister had ended.

"An example, Richard, of how much good early Christian training and a consistent life can accomplish. I am sure I can never thank God enough for sending the dear girl to me."

When Richard wheeled his sister to her room she found Effie busy dusting and putting everything in its place. When they were alone and the door was shut, Effie turned round eagerly,

"Oh! I've found out who Mr. Richard is, Miss Maude; it has worried me a good deal, and last night when I was in bed it all came back to me. He is the gentleman who came out in the same ship as mother and me; I remember now, he was very kind to me, and used to talk and play with me."

"How strange it is, Effie! Do you know my brother and I have just been talking about it; he recollects too, now. He says, Effie, you did him good then talking to him about the Bible."

"Did I? I am sure I don't remember; I only know he was very kind to me, and I'm glad he's turned out to be your brother. But, Miss Maude, I remember he told me then he had a little sister like me, who had hair like mine; I know he meant you, but your hair is dark and you are much older, how is it?"

"I think it is this way—when you saw Mr. Gresham then he had been abroad for several years, and I suppose he thought of me just as he had last seen me; my hair used to be quite light like yours when I was a little girl."

"Oh! I see; it quite puzzled me this morning," and Effie returned to her work quite satisfied.

The years have changed our little friend a good deal. If you watch, as she moves about so quickly, you will see she has grown from a child into a tall, thoughtful-looking girl, as womanly and wise as if she were thirty. There is a good deal more flesh, too, on the small bones, and a more fresh, healthy color in her cheeks. Effie's life has evidently been a happy one to her, and if we step into those cars just hastening citywards, and slipping out again at Genesee street, enter Joseph Ritterman's and ask for Solly, we will find that time has dealt kindly with her, too. She is quite a young woman—tall and well-made. Neat and as smart "as any girl in America," Mr. Ritterman says.

The old people are not just as smart as they used to be, and they have never had reason to regret their adoption of the poor New York child. She has spared them both many an hour's fatigue, tends the shop, does the house-work, and is, in fact, invaluable.

Remorseless war has been lenient to the old couple, and sent them back two of their three boys—one, it is true, without an arm, but none the less welcome for that. Again and again must the veterans tell the tale of their many adventures to the never-weary parents; while Solly, with her work, sits listening with as much eagerness as

she used to devour Nance's scraps of news.

One day when the Lyttletons were sitting at tea in the pleasant dining-room, Mr. Lyttleton said:—

"What is the name of that little servant of yours, Maude?"

"Effie, pa."

"Effie what?"

"Hamilton; but why?"

"There was a fellow in the store this morning asking if I had not a girl of that name in my family. I rather fancy he's the child's father."

Maude looked aghast.

"Oh, do you think so? I should be so sorry to have anyone after Effie. Parents are often so troublesome!"

"And yet, my dear, would it not be natural for the man to want to see Effie if he is her father?" suggested Mrs. Lyttleton, mildly.

"Yes, of course; but you know yourself, mother, how much better servants are if they have no relations to interfere with them."

"Yes, my love, I quite understand you; but don't trouble yourself—this person may not be Effie's father at all."

"I feel sure he is," said Maude to Belle, as she wheeled her away, and try as she would, the thought would worry her. Of course she said nothing about it to Effie, and such is the power of sleep that, by next morning, she had almost forgotten the subject.

That afternoon, as Effie sat on the back verandah with her knitting, a man approached clad in an old soldier's uniform, and evidently one of the many who, now cast adrift, roamed about seeking for assistance or employment. He sauntered slowly up, then seating himself leisurely on the wide, low steps, he took a survey of the surroundings.

"Nice place, this?" he said to Effie who, not the least frightened, went on unconcernedly with her work.

"Very nice, sir," she answered, "especially in summer time."

"You live here, I 'spose?"

"Yes, wouldn't you like some help? They're always kind to soldiers here," and Effie rose.

"No, no, sit down, what's your name?"

"Effie Hamilton."

"My name's Hamilton too."

"Is it?" said Effie quickly, but then she sighed and said sadly, "It always startles me when I hear the name, though I've found out there's plenty of the name here; but dear mammy and me hunted for father so long and asked so many people if they ever knew him that it makes me quite tremble even now."

"Well, I guess if you care to, you've found your dad now."

Effie grew pale, her limbs trembled and she felt as if she should fall. "Oh! no, it can't be!" she said at length in a faint voice.

"But I tell you it is," said the man a little vehemently. "My name is Duncan Hamilton, I lived in —— (mentioning the place), and married Jeanie Gray. I came out to America most nine years ago, and when I left Scotland you, Effie Hamilton, were a wee bit thing, may be five or so, I kin remember. Oh! yer needn't be afraid I'm imposing, because I aint."

Effie now having had time to recover a little, left her seat and, going down to her father, she put her hand on his, and looking up at him with tears in her eyes, she said, "I'm glad to see you, father; I'm glad for mammy's sake too. I feel I can't doubt you're my own father, and would you like to hear all about dear mammy and me?"

Hamilton bowed his head, and Effie told of all their troubles and hardships, bringing more than one answering tear into the eyes of Jeanie's husband, as she spoke of how the poor wife used to pray and watch and search for him, and even died for his sake. The husband groaned.

"Aye, I heard she was gone. Poor Jeanie! I wasn't the husband I ought to have been to her! She was far too good for me!" murmured the conscience-stricken man.

"Whatever did she leave her home for, and come across the ocean, and break the old folks' hearts, for *me* for? Poor creature! And she was bonnie!"

Effie let him mourn for a time, then she said gently,

"Don't grieve, father; mammy's so much happier where she is!"

"Aye, she's in Heaven if ever any one got there—she's where I'll never be!"

"Oh! father, don't say so!" exclaimed his daughter in distressed tones.

"Just your mother over again," said Hamilton, stroking for a moment Effie's fair hair.

"You've been in the war, I suppose, father?" said Effie after a few moments silence.

"Yes, ever since it commenced. An awful war it's been. I never expected to come back alive."

"Did you ever live in Utica before?"

"A little while. I've been all over the States, bless you, wanderin' here and there."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I'm goin' to New York now. I know a fellow as lives in — street who's agoin' to give me steady work that will just suit me."

"What is it?" asked Effie, innocently.

"Oh! easy kind of work; you would not understand if I told you."

"Father, don't you feel ill?" asked Effie, looking up in the pale, thin face.

"I guess I do; don't think I shall be good for much of anything any more. I've got a terrible bad cough and I just feel used up walking only from the city here."

"Let me get you something to eat; do, father."

"No, no I couldn't eat; but if you want to help me I'd be glad of a cent or two, I would. I havn't got half a one; its a shame, though, to ask you.

Effie without waiting to reply bounded off and soon came back with two dollars, which she put into her father's hand.

"No, no, its too much!" he exclaimed; "a half—a quarter will do."

"No, father, do take it; I've no use for it; please do. But when shall I see you again?" she asked as he rose to go.

"I don't 'spose you ever will, and it won't be much loss, I'm thinkin'. I'm off to New York to-night, but I thought I'd kinder like to see you once."

"But, dear father, I can't bear to think of never seeing you again. Let me go with you; I know I ought to; I'd keep house for you, and we'd be quite happy."

"No, no child, I wouldnt add to all my

sins that of taking you away from a nice home."

"But, father, I promised mammy I'd take care of you, and I really think its best I should go."

"No, no, I couldnt; don't say anything more about it. Be thankful you can stay where you are."

"But, father, dear father, you will promise to write to me if you are in trouble or sick. I'm afraid you're far from well."

"Yes, yes I'll write to you if anything's wrong. You're a good girl like your mother. Good-bye," and in a moment he was gone, and very soon the tall figure in the long blue coat was but a speck on the winding road, watched by Effie with strange new feelings.

(To be continued.)

HOW A LETTER WENT TO PAPA.

Little Tiny Leigh came in and stood on tiptoe by the escritoire where Aunt Sue was writing. As she did so a very small rose-bud of a mouth made itself apparent above the line of the desk at auntie's right, and a piping little voice, proceeding from it, demanded, "Vat you doin', auntie?"

"Writing letters," responded auntie, who, with a bunch of envelopes and a quire of paper before her, was very deep in the business indeed. Then a fat dimpled finger stole cautiously up and touched a finished pile.

"One, two, free, four, amen!" counted Tiny, who always cherished the belief that "amen" stood for a full stop, and made use of it accordingly.

"Vat for you wite letters, auntie?"

"O, to send to my friends," replied auntie, bending over her work, and speaking in a voice that seemed to issue from her eyebrows.

"Vere is you fend's?" persevered the child.

"Everywhere," said auntie, who happened to be writing that word at the moment.

"Does letters go ev'where?"

"Yes," responded auntie, absently.

"Would a letter go to papa?"

"Yes," said auntie again, who by this time was in the very heart of a brilliant description, and did not know in the least what she was talking about.

"How does letters go?" pursued Tiny. But auntie did not hear. "How does letters go?" urged she again, this time touch-

ing auntie's elbow by way of experiment. The experiment, so far as auntie was concerned, resulted in a bold, upward stroke, at an acute angle with the last "hair line," and she looked up really out of patience at last.

"O Tiny," said she, "what a little mis—" but she stopped suddenly. There was such a look of appeal in the soft, blue eyes fixed anxiously upon her, that she could not find it in her heart to visit any indignation on that small, golden head, so she only kissed the rosy mouth and said, "Auntie is very busy just now, darling, and you must not disturb her. Another day she will talk to you just as much as ever you wish. Here!" added she, seeing the look of disappointment that stole over the sunny face; "see! I will make a letter of you and send you to mamma."

So she took a postage-stamp out of her little drawer, and, parting the flossy curls, pasted it right in the centre of Tiny's smooth white forehead.

"I don't know how letters goes," said the baby girl, chuckling delightedly. "Does they fly?"

"Letters don't 'goes,'" said auntie, laughing, they *go*, through the post-office, now run along and put yourself in a post-office somewhere, and mamma will be sure to find you."

"O yes! I know, I saw'd it—the *po-soffis*—me and mamma—one day. It's down the corner and yound the *ab'nue*!"

So she trotted off across the broad library floor, out into the hall, and Aunt Sue, having heard the door close behind her, returned to her writing.

Out in the hall Tiny stood still. A great thought came to her. "I will go to papa," said she to herself. Papa was gone away. He had been gone, O, such a long, long time! she could only just remember faintly, like a dream, some soft, loving, brown eyes, and a gentle voice that called her "little daughter." Then the rooms were very dark one time, a strange, black box, covered with flowers, was carried out at the door, and papa had never come back any more. Never *ouce*, though she had run all through the house and garden crying out, "I want papa! I want papa!" many a day. But now she could go to him. They told her he was gone to God, but was she not a letter now, and had not auntie said that letters could go *ev'where*? And if she could only get into the "*po-soffis*," papa would be sure to find her. Yes, she would go to papa! There stood the hat-rack, with her own small jockey hanging upon it; so with all her strength she pushed forward one of the great hall chairs, climbed up, and secured her hat, put it on hindside foremost—poor little Tiny!—and opening the door went out into the busy street.

Twenty minutes afterward Aunt Sue having finished her letters, crossed the hall and noticed the displaced chair and missing jockey, and wondered where the child could be. At that very moment the clerk at the post-office heard a little piping voice, and, looking down, saw a strange sight,—a tiny creature, no more than three years old, it seemed, with jockey-hat awry, its sweeping plume tangled with golden curls, a postage stamp shining conspicuous in the centre of a polished forehead, and wistful blue eyes turned up to him, glistening with a great hope.

"I want to go to papa," said the voice.

The clerk smiled. "Where is your papa?" asked he.

"Gone to God," said Tiny, solemnly.

The smile died out. They had sent many odd parcels to strange directions through that office, but never one to that address, thought he.

"I am a letter, and I want to go to papa," pleaded the child, her yearning eyes still fastened on his face.

"What is your name?" said the clerk.

But at that moment a blustering business man, bound on the redress of some grievance, pressed forward and brushed her aside; she was drawn into the current of people, passing in at one door and out at another, and before she could say another word found herself in the street again.

There she stood irresolute. Her heart ached with disappointment, the passers-by jostled and bewildered her, she began to be afraid, and her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly there was a great outcry. The frightened crowd fled into doorways. A pair of runaway horses came dashing down the street! The people on the crossings rushed to the sidewalk. No one noticed an unprotected little one standing there with blanched face, and eyes wild with terror; no one heard a feeble, wailing cry. A great, burly boy with a basket on his arm, pressing forward in blind speed, found something in his pathway and bore it down. Then it was all over. The mad horses were down the street and far away. The relieved pedestrians came out from their places of refuge. Only one did not "move on."

A little, lifeless figure, with wide-open blue eyes, long, soft, golden curls sweeping the curbstone, and dimpled hands thrown out, lay where it had fallen. The jockey-hat had rolled from her head, its white feather was dragged in the dust, but the postage-stamp still clung to the shining forehead. The crowd looking on noted it with curious eyes. It had done its work well. Ah me! the little "letter" had gone safely to papa, and to God.—

— *Annie Clyde.*

A STRUGGLE FOR A MUSTACHE.

(Concluded.)

Our hearts gave a great jump. The crisis had come. We stole out to our places, Tom holding his open book under his nose, while Harry and I put our handkerchiefs over our mouths. All eyes began to fasten upon us; and somebody snickered out.

"What's this?" demanded the master, coming down to our end of the room. No one answered; but a general grin and staring pointed us out as the root of the difficulty.

"Put down your book, Thomas," said the master. Tom wriggled and hesitated.

"Do you hear?"

Down came the book, and, lo! the black lip! A roar followed this unveiling.

"What is that?" cried the master, looking at it attentively.

"Mustache!" suggested a voice behind.

The master glanced at it again, then frowned. He had a small, sandy mustache himself, and, with a young gentleman's usual sensitiveness on this subject, I think he took it as a saucy imitation, a piece of impudence. For a moment he almost glared at poor Tom, when another voice blurted out, "A couple more under the handkerchiefs!"

"Take them down!" thundered he, turning upon us.

We did so, and were greeted with another roar.

But Mr. Redway recovered his humor in a moment, and turning to one of the little boys, said pleasantly, though still with a slight gleam in his eye, "Johnny, run over to Mr. Needham's, next door, and borrow his razor and a piece of soap. These young gentlemen will have to shave. The class may be seated till we can get their mustaches off."

Now the best thing for us to have done then would have been to tell him frankly just how it was. But we were so flustered, scared, and withal so ashamed, that we stood mute as monkeys, our black lips helping the simile.

"Come out here!" said he. We followed him into the floor. "Take off your jackets!"

We peeled.

"Now pin your handkerchiefs about each other's necks, towel fashion."

We performed this office for each other, in a dreadfully clumsy way, eliciting fresh outbursts from the whole school, which now sat agape with merriment. By this time Johnny had got back with Mr. Needham's razor and lather-box.

The master went along to the pail and poured some water into the box, which he set on the table. Next he seated me in his chair, barber fashion, and had me put my heels up on the stove. This done, he retired

to the back seat and bade Harry shave me after the most approved style, with the remark that he would teach us *barbering*, if nothing else.

"Lather him and shave him well," was the order, as he went up the aisle, leaving us alone in the floor.

It took a second command to drive Harry into it. And then O, how lingeringly awkward and slow he went about it! How silly he looked, as he smeared the lather over my face! And how his hands trembled and shook about as he *didered* the razor along my lip! And the *little chap* in the chair must have been a picture! You can imagine him! In short, I leave the whole scene to your imagination. You can't overdo it. The master laughed till the tears ran down into his sandy mustache. And such guffaws, both bass and treble, as rose in the back seat! What the three little fellows who furnished the fun underwent Heaven only can know. I never had anything to knock the bottom out of my self-respect before nor since. To this day it makes me squirm and ejaculate, whenever I happen to think of it suddenly.

And when, after scraping off the lather, my lip still showed black as jet, how they laughed again! The master made Harry go over me a second time. Then I shaved him, and lastly he shaved Tom. That wound up the shaving part.

"Now," said the master, coming to the table, "go and wash off that ink."

"It isn't ink, sir," Harry ventured to say.

"What is it then?"

"I—I don't know what it is, sir."

"You don't know what it is? Where did you get it? Where did it come from?"

"New York, sir."

"New York! Have you got any more of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see it."

Harry went to his jacket, and, drawing from his breast pocket the yellow envelope, took out the package of "Compound," before the wondering school.

The master took it. "Oho!" he exclaimed. "A whisker preparation! Blacked your lips, did it? Served you right. Take a friend's advice: let Nature work. Now go wash it off."

"It won't come off, sir," said Harry.

"Won't come off?"

"No, sir. We've tried it, hard."

"Let me try. Come here."

Thereupon he caught up the lather-box and soaped us again; then getting out his handkerchief, gave our poor lips another most unmerciful scouring, going at it again and again, all the harder, when he saw he hadn't started it. He didn't like to *give in* on it, but finally had to.

"Take your seats, you young scamps!" he cried out, at last, nearly exhausted with

his useless toil. "Never saw such stuff! You're marked, I guess, for one while."

We were marked in more senses than one. You know how, when a red ribbon is tied to a youngrooster's neck, all the other roosters in the flock will run him down and give him no rest as long as it's on him. That was our case at school for the next three or four weeks, till the stain wore off; and we often heard of it afterwards.

It's almost needless to say that no mustache *came out*. The thing speaks for itself. "Professor Bouffet!" rather played it on us. But it will be a long day before any of those New York leeches get us to bite again.—*C. A. Stephens, in Our Young Folks.*

GABE.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

"Mis' Chaim'lin! Mis' Chaim'lin! *Mis' Cha-aim'lin!*" came echoing up the broad back stairs, in a sort of progressive scale, not, however, based upon the rules of strict musical progression.

Mrs. Chamberlin, thus vehemently summoned, hastened to the head of the stairs, and answered:—

"Well, Gabe, what is it?"

"*It's rainin'!*" quoth Gabe, and darted away from the entry, as if his mission were accomplished.

Now, as the rain was falling in sheets and torrents that moist May morning of twenty years ago, and dashing against the window panes with force sufficient to rattle every sash on the side from whence came the storm, it was certainly hardly worth while for Mrs. Chamberlin to leave her sewing, and walk half the length of the house, to be informed of the fact; and one could hardly wonder at the mildly-murmured anathema that escaped those gentle lips, as the lady turned again to her hurriedly-dropped work.

"Torment that boy," she said in a vexed whisper.

"What's the matter now, mother?" asked Jenny, roguishly.

"Oh, that witless Gabe, trotting me through the halls, and making me lose my needle, for nothing under the canopy but to hear him brawl out that it was raining, as he always does, every time it rains a drop," answered her mother as tartly as her easy good-nature would permit, and ending in a laugh, as Gabe's voice of entreaty was again heard soaring up the stairway.

"Miss Jinny! A-aw, Miss Jinny!"

"If he does tell me '*it's rainin'*," quoth Jenny, threateningly, "I'll cuff his ears—see if I don't! I promised to slap him the very next time he paraded me through those halls on his fool's errands, and I *will*."

"A-a-aw, Miss Jinny!"

"What do you want, you little torment? If you do provoke me with any more of your nonsense—"

"Tain't no nonsinse. Come on down dem star steps fas's ye can. Yer jularkey's a-comin'," and Gabe dodged into the kitchen again, singing:—

"Oh! Miss Jinny, don't you cry,
Your jularkey'll come by'm by;
Dar he comes, all drest in blue
Dat's a sign dat he lubs you."

"Gabe," said Jenny, severely, putting her head in at the half-open door, "are you a young idiot? Tell me!"

"No, Miss Jinny," whined Gabe, in a fashion peculiarly his own, as if her words hurt him, "I ain't no young ijit. I'se a talkin' *sins*e, too. It's rainin' cats *an'* dogs, an' yer jularkey's a-comin'."

"My *what?*" asked Jenny, with a look of amazement, as well as vexation. "Can you talk English, or can you not?"

"Good gur-racious, Miss Jinny!" answered Gabe, in the same whining tone of protest, "how onreasonin' you *is* to-day. Dat ar feller 'll clip in de house fore ye knows it, fus' thing ye knows. He dun tyin' up his hoss in de woodshed, dis berry minit. He got cotch out in de rain, ye see. I knowed he was a-comin', kase I dun drap de dish rag *an'* a fork. Dar he is a-ringin' de front do' bell, an' yer has ter go to de do', kase I ain't no ways fit to be seed, an' dat ar Irish lady wat does de cookin', she dun got out o' sody agin, an' she gone to de grocery wid de pass-book an' de *umberill*."

"Mercy sake!" ejaculated Jenny, now fully realizing the situation. "A gentleman at the door, in this storm! *Who can* it be?"

"It's your jularkey, Miss Jinny, sure's yer bawn. Dat ar wid de long whiskers an' de mustashers, an' sich; wars de bosom pin, an' de tight boot strops. If ye don't let him in soon, dey'll melt off in dis yere rain, an' he kain't neber come a-courtin' ye no more."

Here Gabe managed to drop the dish rag again, and dodged under the table after it, thereby escaping the smart slap that Jenny intended to bestow on him; and Jenny hastened to admit her very particular friend, who stood wondering whether or not he should have to remount and ride farther for hospitable shelter.

"Pray excuse me," said Jenny, smiling and blushing in a manner that would have compensated Guy Bryan for a dozen wettings. "It was all that dreadful Gabe."

"And do you know," laughed Guy, "that the same Gabe has ornamented the top of the house in a most comical manner, greatly, I fear, to the detriment of the furnishings of his own apartment, and the ceiling of the room below."

"Why, how in the world?" asked Jenny.

"I knew it was his doings, this morning when I rode by in the fair weather. I noticed the pleasing effect of the bouquets in the front windows, between the loopings of the lace curtains; and, glancing upwards, was amazed to see the curtains of Master Gabe's window looped back in precisely the same manner, while between them, in a superannuated jam jar, I should say, was an immense posy of snowballs and peonies. The window is yet wide open, and the drapery, I fancy, is somewhat damp by this time, for the rain beats directly in, the posy not being sufficiently large to keep it out."

"I'll have that boy sent away," said Jenny, her face crimson with vexation. "He's too horrid for any use," and, excusing herself, she returned to the kitchen.

"Gabe, go directly up-stairs, and take in that dreadful mess you have in your window; and shut the window, and sop up the floor. And if you ever do such a thing as that again, I'll—"

"'Tain't nuthin' but de soap-fat jar, Miss Jinny. I scoured it out wid consecrated lye, an' I begged dem yere roses from Mis' Stevens. Sure's yer bawn, Miss Jinny, I nebber stealed de fus' one ob 'em. But golly! dey is a soaking', I do spec'," and Gabe bounded off to his dormitory to attend to his floral treasures.

When the spring storm was over, and Mr. Bryan had taken his leave, Jenny returned to her self-imposed task of disciplining Gabe.

"Gabe," she said, with much dignity of manner, "you are not worth your board, let alone wages. I mean to ask papa to send you away."

"What yer pappy pays for me, Miss Jinny?" asked Gabe, coolly, and with utter lack of appreciation of the serious threat.

"He *promised* to pay four dollars a month, but if I was papa I wouldn't pay a cent. That woman said you were a nice, tidy, quiet boy, and ever so handy."

"Um!" grunted Gabe. "But ef your pappy had a-knowed some tings's well 's ole Gabe knowed 'em, he wouldn't a-believed dat ar. Tink dat 'oman didn't know she lyin' when she tole him dat? She cheated y'all awful. Kase *she* don't own me. She hires me from old Mistis for two dollars de month, an' den she make de cap'n pay *fo'*. O, ho! *sich* a ole 'oman! Why, Miss Jinny, I ain't wuth *one* dollar de month, I ain't; kase I jes' does nuthin' but trifle de whole blessed time. My mammy knows dat. So does Mistis. Dat de reason dey hires me out. But, sho! dey nebber spectid to find nobody green's de cap'n, ter gib *fo'* dollars de month. O, ho! dat 'oman come de sharp on de cap'n, didn't she, Miss Jinny?" and Gabe grinned so tantalizingly in Jenny's face that she administered a box on his ear.

"O, laws, Miss Jinny," giggled the

youngster, "hand feels like cotton. O, my! ef dar ain't de milkman. 'Scuse me, Miss Jinny, has ter take de milk, kain't stay for git my jaws slapped any mo' jes' now," and away he sped into the house for the pitcher, not forgetting his own little brown mug, in which he regularly coaxed the milkman to pour a sweet draught for Gabe's especial benefit. Sometimes he offered an equivalent, making a hitching post of himself, by assuming an inverted position, and catching the reins between his toes, and thus holding them, while the milkman supplied his customers in the adjacent block.

Poor Gabe! With all his shiftless, witless ways, there was yet something brave and noble about him. Two things, indeed. His love for his mother, and his self-denial for the sake of Another, whom having not seen he loved.

"Gabe," said Jenny, one day, "what are you going to do with that half-dollar Uncle Will gave you on Fourth of July? You didn't buy fire-crackers, as he supposed you would."

"Gwine to keep it fer Chrismis fer ole mammy. Reckon may be I kin save up mos' a whole dollar by dat time. Laws, Miss Jinny, how I 'spises to pass by de cumfectioner's shop, an' see de good 'lasses caindy an' pop kawn in de winder an' ole Gabe kain't git none; but I has to do it, kase ef I didn't, ole mammy wouldn't git no Chrismis, an' I 'se bound' she shill hab one. So I shets my eyes an' hites right a past 'em, an' says, 'Shet up, ole greedy Gabe. Ain't yer 'shamed to be studyin' 'bout spindin' dat ar silver harf-dollar Marse Will gub ye?' Reckon Marse Will dunno how triflin' Gabe is, else he wouldn't a gub it. Reckon I orter tole him, Miss Jinny?"

"Oh, no," laughed Jenny, "I guess he knew well enough. Is that all the money you have?"

"Got tin cints mo'. Gwine ter sind Tes-tamints to de heathin wid dat ar. Puts five cints inter de counterrybushin box ebery Sunday, I dus. Now, what you laffin' 'bout, Miss Jinny? You tinks de Lord 'spises ole Gabe's money? Ain't it jes' as good as white folkses? White folks gub it to me. De good Lord knows pore triflin' Gabe kain't arn nuffin', so He don't spec' much; but Gabe knows dat

'Jesus died for me,
And on de cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.'

An' dat's why I gibs my five cintsis to de Sunday-school counterrybushin, fur de heathin, what don't know dat ar good news!"

"Well, Gabe," said Jenny, "I wouldn't wonder if the Lord would be better pleased if you bought molasses candy and pop-corn

with your money, and was spry with your work, and got along with less foolishness."

"Dus ye b'lieve dat, Miss Jinny?" asked Gabe, lighting up with animation. "Ef I thought dat ar, 'clar' I'd go straight an' spind dat tin cints. But, conscience sake! Miss Jinny, s'pose I got de Sunday-school money clean spint, an' den couldn't make no headway wid de wuk, an' jes' kep' on wid de trffin' an' de foolishin' all same, how ye s'pose I feel when I gwine ter die, an' de good Lord say, "Gabe, whar dem tin cints you gwine fur to send Testaments to de heathin wid?" Um! um! Reckon I better do what I *kin* do; an' not gib up de sho' ting fur de mighty onsartain one. Kase, sho's ye bawn, Miss Jinny, I dus tink it's jes nigh onto onpossible for ole Gabe to sittle down stiddy. Good gur-racious! Miss Jinny, *please* lemme go an' fly kite wid dem yere lazy white boys over in de back lot. I'll come jes' de minit ye ring de bell. I will, *sko*."

"Go then," said Jenny, gently, and tears were in her eyes as she turned away from the "little torment." "Poor fellow," she murmured, "he knows what he can do for the Saviour, and he does it. Denies himself, too, and takes up his cross. Ah, me! After all, I don't know that Gabe is so very much worse than Miss Jenny. I must be more patient and forbearing with him. I'm not sure that I do as much as he for the Saviour. Ah! well, it is a blessed thing that it is *God* who is the Judge of all."

And as Jenny went slowly to her room, something seemed to whisper so plainly—plainer than ever before—the words of that tender Saviour, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones."

A TALK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY THOMAS K. BEECHER.

I am always sorry for a man that knows how to do but one thing. I have seen many such men. I gave ten dollars to one who could speak and write five or six languages, and translate beautifully; but in the middle of a hard winter he could not get a living.

I remember another man who had preached twenty-five years, till his throat failed him, and he used to go round looking very blue and sad, until people pitied him and made little donation parties for him, because he was good for nothing except to preach.

I have met many such men. One was a wool stapler, but when there was no more wool to sort he was helpless as a baby. Another one knew how to drill and polish needle eyes, but neither he nor I had any needles to drill or eyes to polish.

I knew a lady once that had taught

school for twenty years till she was a poor nervous, broken-down woman, and really didn't know how to make a dress for herself.

I know a man that wants to keep a store, and he sits with his thumb in his mouth waiting for a store to come to be kept.

I heard of a minister, who, when his people gave him a horse and a buggy, had to wait for the deacon's wife to come over and show him how to harness, for he didn't know the bits for the crupper.

Now, boys and girls, every real man should know how to do one thing right well, and he ought to know how to do a great many things tolerably well.

Every wise farmer has a principal crop, but he always puts in a little something else, so that if his main crop fails, he will have something to live on. Don't carry all your eggs in one basket. Don't put all your money in one pocket. If you want to get along right well learn one sort of work to get a living by, and all sorts of work to get along with when your one sort gives out.

When a tree loses its limbs by the wind or by saw, it does not give up and die. Watch it! It bursts out from underneath the old dry bark, with little ticks of twigs which it learned and laid away years ago when it was a sapling. Of course the tree chose three or four of its twigs and lived by them: they grew and it grew; but when they got twisted off, the tree laughed and said: "There's more than one way to make a living." And so the little things that it had not thought of for twenty years began to grow just as I have seen some men and women, when they get into trouble, they stirred round and went at something that they used to do when they were young.

That's the reason why I go in for all sorts of work. I believe in boys learning how to do girls' work, and girls learning how to do boys' work.

I remember once out in India, before the days of railways, of the nicest woman I ever saw. She could make pies, pickles and preserves; roast beef and turkey; she could make beds and bouquets, paper rooms and shake carpets; there was no end to what she could do. But one day she was sick, and there were eight in the family, and no bread, and no beef, and nothing to eat, and nobody to do this woman's work. Hold on! Not so fast. For I remember washing day, and baking day, and mending day, and that we men and boys laughed. We took off our shoes and stockings, and stamped in the suds. We rolled up our sleeves and washed our hands wonderfully clean, and made bread, and while our hands were in we made pies and cakes too. And on Thursday, I think the dear woman was helped along famously,

when we held a sort of sewing society by her bedside, and sewed on buttons and darned our socks and stockings. I think the laugh did her good. And for two or three weeks we were as jolly as sailors or soldiers, and got along famously.

Let girls learn to do boys' work. I lent my horse and waggon to a very nice girl not long ago, and when she brought them home she hitched the horse to a post, by the large ring that the lines goes through on the saddle. Of course the horse pulled and broke the halter, and did great damage.

Now, it seems to me that every girl should learn to harness a horse, and that every boy should know how to darn stockings, and every mason should learn the shoemaker's trade, every tailor learn the carpenter's trade, and everybody learn how to do everything a little and one or two things perfectly.

When we are young and thrifty, we ought to start half a dozen more buds than we intend to have grown into branches. Boys and girls fool away enough time to learn many a thing which may be of some use to them by and by.

"I ain't going to be a girl and learn to sew."

Yet soldiers and sailors are certainly manly enough, my boy; and I have seen two hundred sailors, some of them gray-haired men, sitting down on the clean decks of a man-of-war with their bags and making flannel shirts, or blue caps or white duck trowsers, and embroidering anchors and eagles, and other badges on their shirt collars with white silk, just as quietly as so many sewing-girls.

At West Point, too, where they take boys, and teach them to be perfect soldiers, they have to learn, among other things, to cook, and make their own beds, and do their own sewing, and sweep, and dust, because, you know a sailor or a soldier never knows where his duty may call them, and the man that knows how to do most things is the best sailor, the best soldier, that is to say, the most of a man.

I don't believe there is such a thing as he-work and she-work. I never saw a woman do man's work handily, but I liked her all the better for it. And I never saw a man do woman's work neatly, but I thought the more of him, for the work is something that needs to be done, and he that knows how to do most, will have the best chance to make money, or, which is better still, make himself feel like a useful man. For you see if a man feels that he is of no use in the world except to be a bug in a crack, and if the crack widens, be scared and drop, or if the crack closes, be pinched, he is always anxious about that crack for fear that something is going to

happen, and then he will be out in the cold or else jammed; such a man never can be happy, because he can never feel that he amounts to much.

But if a man feels that if he must quit bricklaying he can go to shoemaking, and if he cannot make shoes he can curry horses, and if he cannot curry horses he can lay sidewalk, or if he cannot lay sidewalk he can rake stones out of the road, or spade in the garden, or take care of sick folks, or scour old coats, he is always sure that he can do something—that man will never feel scared. He will always have a laugh on his face. People will be glad to see him. They will say, what a handy fellow he is to be sure.

All sorts of work, I say. By the time you are fifteen you can 'steal'—(they call it stealing, but it is not stealing), you can learn four trades by keeping your eyes open. You will learn one trade perfectly, and work at them a little as you go along, and be wonderfully helped by them when your trade fails. You will learn from your mother how to help your wife when you get one. And girls, you can learn from your father how to keep things moving when your husband takes sick as for weeks weaker than any woman.

So then, what do you say, boys? Suppose hereafter you do as the cadets do at West Point—make your own beds every morning till you can do it better than your own mother can. And girls you learn to harness a horse till you can do it as quickly as your brother. And boys, learn how to make bread; and girls learn how to sharpen a knife, and whittle, and drive nails without splitting a board; and boys, learn how to hem towels, stocking heels, and grease boots and waggon wheels, to lay shingles and ease the doors when they stick.

At some other time, perhaps, I will write a few directions to boys and girls how to become genteel; but this time I am showing the way to become strong, and cheerful and happy. I am showing the way to keep from having the blues when you grow up. Keep your eyes and ears wide open. Learn to do all sorts of work. And whenever you see a chance to work, or find work that needs to be done, just lend a hand, whether you get paid for it or not, and my word for it you will grow hearty and plump, handsome and happy. But best of all, you will have troops of friends because you will deserve them.

THE TRUE STORY OF PETER AND HIS LITTLE DUMB SLAVE.

BY MARY H. FIELD.

Peter was unmistakably the owner of his slave; indeed, he had been served by him so long that, if ever Peter thought about i

at all he must have known that the number of days during which the slave had been silently toiling for him, was precisely the same as that which measured his own brief life. I say, if ever he thought about it all; for how true it is that we think the least about some of our choicest possessions! With what careless satisfaction we take our share in the June sunshine, and how seldom are we vividly conscious of the Love which enfolds us all with an atmosphere sweeter than that of any June!

Thus Peter made little account of his indebtedness to his slave, or of his duties towards him.

Now the slave was a queer little fellow, wonderfully made as Peter's own self, endlessly good-natured, and as marvellously diligent and capable. His name was Ventriculus, and his employment consisted in taking Peter's food, and by a mysterious process called assimilation, making it ready for Peter's uses. Very likely this may seem a small affair, but whoever thinks it is so makes a very grave mistake. Neither Queen Victoria's *chef de cuisine*, nor the great Monsieur Blot, nor that famous Frenchman who declared that he knew how to cook eggs in five hundred different ways, was ever more full of ingenious culinary devices. And no poor slaves who ever burnt their fingers preparing a stew of peacocks' tongues, blistered their faces before fiery ovens, or ran their feet off waiting on the great Roman Emperor Heliogabalus, ever had so hard a time as poor little Ventriculus.

And now as to Peter. He was the only child of some honest, kindly, well-to-do people, in a little New England town. Nature endowed him with an excellent constitution, a strong well-shaped form, a fair amount of brains, and a bright happy temper. What a generous endowment it was to be sure! But then, if we only knew it, she does about as much for the very poorest of us. Can it be possible that, notwithstanding all this, Peter could be a most tyrannical, arbitrary, barbarous master to a poor little dumb slave? It was even so. Yet it must be said, in Peter's defence, that this inhuman conduct sprang more from ignorance and thoughtlessness than from any other cause. So does almost all cruelty, for that matter; but a person is responsible for ignorance and thoughtlessness, is he not?

Well, the business of Ventriculus, as I said, was to assimilate Peter's food, that is, to change it from bread and milk and meat into bright red blood, and all the wonderful substance that made up his beautiful body. Not one of the marvellous processes of life and growth could go on without the aid of Ventriculus. He did his work in an exquisitely arranged little laboratory, for his combinations were

largely chemical, and he kept himself supplied with all such things as chemists need. Among his other duties, also, he had to keep up a lively mill-like motion, enough of itself to exhaust one's energies. But I haven't time to explain half of his performances; indeed, I doubt if I could give a very satisfactory explanation of them if I had ever so much time, for the whole family of the Ventriculi are eminently *secretive*, and no one has ever made much headway in trying to pry into their business. The most ingenious chemist has tried in vain to imitate their arts. One might as well try to make an egg!

What a rollicking little Ventriculus it was to be sure when Peter was a great fat baby! How smoothly the machinery all worked! How deftly the chemical combinations were made! How like necromancy it all seemed! Ventriculus fairly danced about his work. "I'll turn out a magnificent specimen of a baby here," he chuckled to himself, as he rubbed and twisted and mixed and measured, and so he did.

"Here's a leg for a babe of a week," said the doctor; and he would be bound "there was not his like that year in twenty parishes round!"

Well, there was not much change for a year or two. Peter was as ruddy and fair and strong-limbed as his doting parents could desire; and Ventriculus worked gleefully all day and then slept soundly all night, as he certainly had a right to do. But now trouble began. Peter's mother was a notable housewife, and chief among her accomplishments was the art of cookery. Such crisp, delicious doughnuts, such rich, flaky pastry, such delightful cream-biscuits! Time would fail me to tell of her ability or her achievements in this line. Peter had a lively appreciation of these tempting delicacies, and his loving mother supplied them to him without stint. But "one man's meat is another man's poison," says the old proverb, and though all this good living was fun for Peter, it was death to poor Ventriculus. Those very things which Peter enjoyed the most were, alas! the most impossible for Ventriculus to convert into flesh and blood. Still, all of his machinery was so new, and his laboratory so well supplied, and he had such a surplus amount of nervous energy, that he kept up good courage, and, as his cares and tasks increased, worked away with tenfold zeal. Besides, Peter was a roystering, out-doors sort of fellow, and so Ventriculus had pure air and vigorous exercise for allies, and Peter grew and thrived, in spite of adverse circumstances, until a dozen years had slipped gayly over his head. He was, as I said, a cheerful-tempered boy—generous, bright, active, full of life and fun, so the school-boys

voted him a capital fellow. The school-girls, too, were by no means insensible to his good qualities, especially as they were joined to a very presentable face and form. It was all smooth sailing for Peter, and little did he reckon that Ventriculus was fairly wearing himself out in his service. There was one particular source of grievance that poor Ventriculus had. Working like a galley-slave, as he did, all day, he thought surely he was entitled to a little rest at night, and for a while he did manage to get a few hours of repose. Peter was fond of bread and milk, and from choice, when a little boy, almost always made his supper of this simple and time-honored diet, and Ventriculus could easily and quickly dispose of even a large quantity of it; but as Peter grew older and his tastes more artificial, this simple food grew rather distasteful to him, especially as the supper-table was always laden with warm cakes, rich preserves, pickles, and cheese, and nobody knows what other devices of the enemy. So, after a hard day's work it grew to be no uncommon thing for poor Ventriculus to be supplied with a fresh load of abominations to tug at frantically all night. Was Pharaoh's treatment of the Israelites anything to compare with this?

Peter had a habit of going into the pantry just before he went to bed, and tossing down into Ventriculus' groaning mill a huge piece of mince-pie. This proved the last feather which broke the camel's back. Ventriculus was speechless, but he began to silently brood over plans for rebellion.

"Beware the anger of the dove," says the proverb. Ventriculus had a friend—the well-known Col. Ik Payne—and he was summoned to the rescue. It was arranged that the Colonel should appear just after Peter had fallen asleep at night, and inflict on him condign punishment. Unsuspecting Peter came home from school "hungry as a bear," he said, and no words can tell the amount of labor he imposed upon his poor slave. Peter's mother was charmed with the practical approval he bestowed upon her bountiful meal, and when he had rapidly bolted one plateful of griddle-cakes, she hastened to set another heaped-up dish before him.

"What a splendid appetite the boy does have!" said his pleased father, as he passed the syrup and butter again, and "how well you do keep us, mother!"

The good house-wife fairly beamed with proud satisfaction.

Well, bed-time came, and Peter, feeling rather restless and uncomfortable, went into the pantry just before retiring and took his accustomed lunch of pie and cheese. He slept in a great soft feather-bed, and after he had gone to bed his

mother went in and tucked him up and kissed him, as fond mothers will, and then left him as she thought to happy slumbers. Peter was a little wakeful, and tumbled about quite a while before getting to sleep, but finally dropped off into uneasy dreams. Then came the tug of war. Col. Ik Payne was there sure enough, and if Peter didn't get what boys call particular fits, then I'm no true chronicler. Such sharp weapons as the Colonel is master of, and such sleight of hand! He took Peter right where he lived, and no mistake! The poor boy tossed and turned and moaned and groaned. He dreamed he was a fat turkey and it was Thanksgiving time! He dreamed he was a dreadfully well-fed pig trying to escape from the butcher's big dog! He dreamed finally that he fell off a precipice, and just as he was about to strike the great jagged rocks below he woke with a piercing scream. This brought his mother speedily, and she found him sitting up in bed in a cold perspiration and fairly writhing with distress. Of course she was filled with sympathy and anxiety. She rushed about in the most excited manner—heated bricks, heated flannels, gave him peppermint, paregoric, catnip-tea, and sundry other panaceas. By and by Ventriculus relented, for he was but a soft-hearted fellow after all, and signalled Col. Ik Payne to withdraw. So quiet fell upon the house once more, but Peter's mother had had such a fright she slept with one eye open the rest of the night, and the boy himself had but indifferent rest, woke with a bad headache in the morning, and had to stay at home from school all day.

One would suppose such a severe drubbing as this would have taught Peter a useful lesson; but the truth is he failed entirely to see the cause of this midnight attack, and went on as recklessly as ever. So there was inaugurated a prolonged and dreadful intestine war. Peter's life was just a series of skirmishes between himself and Col. Ik Payne, and a very sorry life it was. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and Peter's house began to totter. Strange as it may seem, his treatment of Ventriculus grew worse and worse. His appetite was weak and capricious, and what did he do to mend it but keep munching away at all sorts of trash! Candy, nuts, raisins, fruit, anything to divert his mind from the frequent and sharp thrusts of the redoubtable Colonel. The anxious mother also came to his rescue with all the rich, spicy, tempting morsels her ingenious brain and willing hands could concoct. Alas! poor Ventriculus! Driven to desperation, he determined that the rebellion should become a revolution. He organized an army, with General Dyspepsia to command the cavalry and General Debility the in-

fantry, and declared war to the death! Wise it would have been for Peter to surrender. He would have found Ventriculus a most magnanimous foe, and the terms of capitulation would have been very mild. All might have been well even now, but Peter was such a little ignoramus, and his mother such a—yes, I will say it—such a fond, foolish old goose, that the war raged on. Everything was done that could be done to harass and murder the poor slave, while as to Peter, he found the truth of the wise Quaker poet's verse:—

"The laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed,
And close as sin and suffering joined,
They march to fate abreast."

Between Col. Ik Payne, Gen. Debility, and Gen. Dyspepsia, Peter was brought low. The ruddy color faded out of his cheeks, the sparkle went out of his merry eyes, and his mother listened in vain for his old-time bounding step. His firm muscles grew soft, and the delicate adipose tissue, which had rounded and softened the outlines of his young form, vanished away. He wandered about like a restless, unhappy ghost, and had continually such a dreadful sense of "*goneness*." He went to school a little, but was so peevish and miserable that the boys hooted at him, and, poor boy, to crown his misery, he heard dainty little Kitty Brown, on whom he had lavished his budding gallantry, and who had always smiled favorably upon him—he heard her say to Johnny Hall (how Peter hated him!) that "Peter's breath was perfectly horrid."

That was the unkindest cut of all—Peter left school.

Paler and weaker, and, alas! crosser grew Peter. His poor anxious mother took counsel with all her old-lady friends, and they taxed their memories to recall all the remedies they had tried, or had ever heard of as being tried, in similar cases. At the same time the good souls all did their best to get him "something he could eat, poor child!" Such masses of indigestible custards and jellies, and such oceans of abominable "herb-tea," as alternately loaded and drowned poor Ventriculus!

Most of the old dames promptly decided it was worms that were devouring the wretched child, and steaming potions of tansy, worm-wood, thoroughwort, and picra were duly administered, with other horrors, which shall be nameless. Strange as it may seem, Peter grew worse, so they tried the doctors. Most fortunately the doctor prescribed a careful system of diet.

It was the first time the attention of the family had ever been called to that subject.

Ventriculus ordered an immediate cessation of hostilities, and when the generals had withdrawn their forces, he "buried the hatchet," and for the first time since Peter was a baby, the poor dumb slave had a little dearly-bought rest.

But when Peter recovered fully, and really grew sleek and fat and *hungry*, all would have been turmoil again, if it hadn't been for the timely visit of Uncle John, a shrewd, wise, kind-hearted old gentleman. He took a great interest in his sprightly nephew, and of course heard a detailed account of his recent terrible illness. While this recital was going on, they were seated at tea-table, which was loaded as usual with all sorts of delicacies. The old gentleman listened attentively to the story; calmly surveyed Peter, who was bolting warm biscuit and honey; took a silent inventory of the viands before him; and then addressed the good mother, whose eyes were running over as she recalled each distressing particular. "Why, Jerusha," he said, "don't you see? you came near starving him to death!"

The astonished lady gazed at him with dumb surprise, not to say indignation. Silence fell upon them all for a moment. Peter dropped his knife and fork, while his father cleared his throat ominously. Finally the mother found words. "To think I should have lived to see this day!" she sobbed. "My own uncle accusing me of starving my only child! and this table before him!"

Nobody knows how the matter would have ended if Uncle John had not begun to laugh. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; he laughed till his wig fell off, and then, of course, they all had to laugh too.

Then Uncle John gave them a little lecture on Digestion. "I call a child starved," he said, "whose stomach is never supplied with the right kind of food," and he went on, and illustrated, and explained, and talked so wisely and entertainingly and wittily withal, that he made both Peter and his mother, who were neither of them obstinate or conceited people, converts to his views. Besides, Peter had suffered so much that he was perfectly willing to do anything to keep well, especially as it involved no more sacrifice than would come from confining his diet to good meat, bread, and vegetables.

Need I add that Peter and his little dumb slave have lived on the best of terms ever since?—*Hearth and Home.*

FOUR BLACK AND WHITE MICE.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Lively.

1. Four black and white mice Lost their way T' other day, A squeaking, A

squeaking; And they said to one a - noth - er, "O, we should have

minded mother. O dear! what will she say? Will she say?"

2. These black and white mice
Found it cold,
I am told, A shivering,
 A shivering;
And they cuddled close together;
For 'twas very rainy weather,
And they not very old,
 Very old.
3. These black and white mice
Didn't know
Where to go, A puzzling,
 A puzzling;
Then cried out the biggest mouse,
"There I see a little house!
Made for us, that I know,
That I know."
4. These black and white mice
Cried no more
As before. A laughing,
 A laughing,
Now they followed the big mouse,
Who had spied the little house,
And peeped in at the door,
At the door.

5. These black and white mice
Cried out, "O!
It will do!" A chuckling,
 A chuckling,
"It is all so very nice,
It was surely meant for mice,
Here is toasted cheese, too,
Cheese, too.
6. These black and white mice,
All, without
Any doubt, A scampering,
 A scampering,
Hurried all into the house,
Made so nicely for a mouse
To go in, not get out,
Not get out.
7. These black and white mice,
They are sighing,
They are crying,
 Aweary,
 Aweary.
Now all in a little heap,
They have cried themselves to sleep,
And quietly are lying,
Are lying.

—From *Our Young Folks*.

The Home.

SYMPATHY.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

I think there can be no doubt that the most effectual way of securing the confidence and love of children, and of acquiring an ascendancy over them, is by sympathizing with them in their child-like hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows—in their ideas, their fancies, and even in their caprices, and in all cases where duty is not concerned. Indeed, the more child-like, that is, the more peculiar to the children themselves, the feelings are that we enter into with them, the closer is the bond of kindness and affection that is formed.

Miss Sophronia calls at a house to make a visit. A child of seven or eight years of age is playing upon the floor. After a little time, at a pause in the conversation, she calls the child—addressing her as “My little girl!”—to come to her. The child—a shade being cast over her mind by being thus unnecessarily reminded of her littleness—hesitates to come. The mother says, “Come and shake hands with the lady, my dear!” The child comes reluctantly. Miss Sophronia asks what her name is, how old she is, whether she goes to school, what she studies there, and whether she likes to go to school, and at length releases her. The child, only too glad to be free from such a tiresome visitor, goes back to her play, and afterwards the only ideas she has associated with the person of her visitor are those relating to her school and her lessons, which may or may not be of an agreeable character.

Presently, after Miss Sophronia has gone, Miss Aurelia comes in. After some conversation with the mother, she goes to see what the child is building with her blocks. After looking on for a moment with an expression of interest in her countenance, she asks her if she has a doll. The child says she has four. Miss Aurelia then asks which she likes best, and expresses a desire to see that one. The child, much pleased, runs away to bring it, and presently comes back with all four. Miss Aurelia takes them in her hands, examines them, talks about them, and talks to them; and when at last the child goes back to her play, she goes with the feeling in her heart that she has found a new friend.

Thus, to bring ourselves near to the hearts of children, we must go to them by entering into *their world*. They can not come to us by entering ours. They have no experience of it, and can not understand it. But we have had experience of theirs, and can enter it if we choose; and in that way we bring ourselves very near to them.

Some mothers may perhaps say that they have not time thus to enter into the ideas and occupations of their children. They are engrossed with the serious cares of life, or busy with its various occupations. But it does not require time. It is not a question of time, but of manner. The farmer's wife, for example, is busy ironing, or sewing, or preparing breakfast for her husband and sons, who are expected every moment to come in hungry from their work. Her little daughter, ten years old, comes to show her a shawl she has been making from a piece of calico for her doll. The busy mother thinks she must say, “Yes; but run away now, Mary; I am very busy!”—because that is the easiest and quickest thing to say; but it is just as easy and just as quick to say, “What a pretty shawl! Play now that you are going to take Minette out for a walk in it!” The one mode sends the child away repulsed and a little disappointed; the other pleases her and makes her happy, and tends, moreover, to form a new bond of union and sympathy between her mother's heart and her own. A merchant, engrossed all day in his business, comes home to his house at dinner-time, and meets his boy of fifteen on the steps returning from his school. “Well, James,” he says, as they walk together up stairs, “I hope you have been a good boy at school to-day.” James not knowing what to say, makes some inaudible or unmeaning reply. His father then goes on to say that he hopes his boy will be diligent and attentive to his studies, and improve his time well, as his future success in life will depend upon the use which he makes of his advantages while he is young; and then leaves him at the head of the stairs, each to go to his room.

All this is very well. Advice given under such circumstances, and in such a way produces, undoubtedly, a certain good effect, but it does not tend at all to bring the father and son together. But if, instead of giving this common-place advice,

the father asks—supposing it to be winter at the time—“Which kind of skates are the most popular among the boys nowadays, James?” Then, after hearing his reply, he asks him what *his* opinion is, and whether any great improvement has been made within a short time, and whether the patent inventions are any of them of much consequence. The tendency of such a conversation as this, equally brief with the other, will be to draw the father and son more together. Even in a moral point of view, the influence would be, indirectly, very salutary; for although no moral counsel or instruction was given at the time, the effect of such a participation in the thoughts with which the boy's mind is occupied is to strengthen the bond of union between the heart of the boy and that of his father, and thus to make the boy far more ready to receive and be guided by the advice or admonitions of his father on other occasions.

Let no one suppose, from these illustrations, that they are intended to inculcate the idea that a father is to lay aside the parental counsels and instructions that he has been accustomed to give to his children, and replace them by talks about skates! They are only intended to show one aspect of the difference of effect produced by two kinds of conversation, and that the father, if he wishes to gain and retain an influence over the hearts of his boys, must descend sometimes into the world in which they live, and with which their thoughts are occupied, and must enter it, not merely as a spectator, or a fault-finder, or a counsellor, but as a sharer, to some extent, in the ideas and feelings which are appropriate to it.

The effect of our sympathy with children in winning their confidence and love, is all the more powerful when it is exercised in cases where they are naturally inclined not to expect sympathy—that is, in relation to feelings which they would suppose that older persons would be inclined to condemn. Perhaps the most striking example of this is in what is commonly called foolish fears. Now a fear is foolish or otherwise, not according to the absolute facts involving the supposed danger, but according to the means which the person in question has of knowing the facts. A lady, for example, in passing along the sidewalk of a great city comes to a place where workmen are raising an immense and ponderous iron safe, which, slowly rising, hangs suspended twenty feet above the walk. She is afraid to pass under it. The foreman, however, who is engaged in directing the operation, passing freely to and fro under the impending weight, as he has occasion, and without the least concern, smiles, perhaps, at the lady's “foolish fears.” But the fears which might,

perhaps, be foolish in him, are not so in her, since he *knows* the nature and the strength of the machinery and securities above, and she does not. She only knows that accidents do sometimes happen from want of due precaution in raising heavy weights, and she does not know, and has no means of knowing, whether or not the due precautions have been taken in this case. So she manifests good sense, and not folly, in going out of her way to avoid all possibility of danger.

This is really the proper explanation of a large class of what are usually termed foolish fears. Viewed in the light of the individual's knowledge of the facts in the case, they are sensible fears, and not foolish ones at all.

A girl of twelve, from the city, spending the summer in the country, wishes to go down to the river to join her brothers there, but is stopped by observing a cow in a field which she has to cross. She comes back to the house, and is there laughed at for her foolishness in being “afraid of a cow!”

But why should she not be afraid of a cow? She has heard stories of people being gored by bulls, and sometimes by cows, and she has no means whatever of estimating the reality or the extent of the danger in any particular case. The farmer's daughters, however, who laugh at her, know the cow in question perfectly well. They have milked her, and fed her, and tied her up to her manger a hundred times; so, while it would be a very foolish thing for them to be afraid to cross a field where the cow was feeding, it is a very sensible thing for the stranger-girl from the city to be so.

Nor would it certainly change the case much for the child, if the farmer's girls were to assure her that the cow was perfectly peaceable, and that there was no danger; for she does not know the girls any better than she does the cow, and can not judge how far their statements or opinions are to be relied upon. It may possibly not be the cow they think it is. They are very positive, it is true; but very positive people are often mistaken. Besides, the cow may be peaceable with them, and yet be disposed to attack a stranger. What a child requires in such a case is sympathy and help, not ridicule.

This, in the case supposed, she meets in the form of the farmer's son, a young man browned in face and plain in attire, who comes along while she stands loitering at the fence looking at the cow, and not daring after all, notwithstanding the assurances she has received at the house, to cross the field. His name is Joseph, and he is a natural gentleman—a class of persons of whom a much larger number is found in this humble guise, and a much

smaller number in proportion among the fashionables in elegant life, than is often supposed. "Yes," says Joseph, after hearing the child's statement of the case, "you are right. Cows are sometimes vicious, I know; and you are perfectly right to be on your guard against such as you do not know when you meet them in the country. This one, as it happens, is very kind; but still, I will go through the field with you."

So he goes with her through the field, stopping on the way to talk a little to the cow, and to feed her with an apple which he has in his pocket.

It is in this spirit that the fears, and antipathies, and false imaginations of children are to be dealt with; though of course, there may be many exceptions to the general rule.

There is a certain sense in which we should feel a sympathy with children in the wrong that they do. It would seem paradoxical to say that in any sense there should be sympathy with sin, and yet there is a sense in which this is true, though perhaps, strictly speaking, it is sympathy with the trial and temptation which led to the sin, rather than with the act of transgression itself.

This principle is eminently true in its application to children. They need the influence of a kind and considerate sympathy when they have done wrong, more, perhaps, than at any other time; and the effects of the proper manifestation of this sympathy on the part of the mother will, perhaps, be greater and more salutary in this case than in any other. Of course the sympathy must be of the right kind, and must be expressed in the right way, so as not to allow the tenderness or compassion for the wrong-doer to be mistaken for approval or justification of the wrong.

A boy, for instance, comes home from school in a state of great distress, and perhaps of indignation and resentment, on account of having been punished. Mothers sometimes say at once, in such a case, "I don't pity you at all. I have no doubt you deserved it." This only increases the tumult of commotion in the boy's mind, without at all tending to help him to feel a sense of his guilt. His mind still imperfectly developed, can not take cognizance simultaneously of all the parts and all the aspects of a complicated transaction. The sense of his wrong-doing, which forms in his teacher's and in his mother's mind so essential a part of the transaction, is not present in his conceptions at all. There is no room for it, so totally engrossed are all his faculties with the stinging recollections of suffering, the tumultuous emotions of anger and resentment, and now with the additional thought that even his mother has taken part against him. The mother's conception of the transaction is equally

limited and imperfect, though in a different way. She thinks only that if she were to treat the child with kindness and sympathy, she would be taking the part of a bad boy against his teacher; whereas, in reality, she might do it in such a way as only to be taking the part of a suffering boy against his pain.

It would seem that the true and proper course for a mother to take with a child in such a case would be to soothe and calm his agitation, and to listen, if need be, to his account of the affair, without questioning or controverting it at all, however plainly she may see that, under the blinding and distorting influence of his excitement, he is misrepresenting the facts. Let him tell his story. Listen to it patiently to the end. It is not necessary to express or even to form an opinion on the merits of it. The ready and willing hearing of one side of a case does not commit the tribunal to a decision in favor of that side. On the other hand, it is the only way to give weight and a sense of impartiality to a decision against it.

Thus the mother may sympathize with her boy in his troubles, appreciate fully the force of the circumstances which led him into the wrong, and help to soothe and calm his agitation, and thus take his part, and place herself closely to him in respect to his suffering, without committing herself at all in regard to the original cause of it; and then, at a subsequent time, when the tumult of his soul has subsided, she can, if she thinks best, far more easily and effectually lead him to see wherein he was wrong.—From, "*Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young.*"

AN OLD MAID'S PEEPS.

BY A. H. B.

Yes, I will not deny it, I am an old maid, and have old maidish notions about some things, among others that of taking *peeps* as I go along through the world. I trust that you will not think me a prying, meddlesome character. I detest that, but when things are not quite out of your sight, I don't know as there is any harm in seeing them, if you *can't* help doing so,—especially if you have particularly sharp eyes, as I confess mine to be, and perhaps I should add my ears, too. If our faculties are good, use 'em, says I. When I started out on a calling tour, a few mornings since, I noted everything in my way down town,—the "blue and gold" sky above me, the soil of the earth beneath, the elegant ladies disfigured by the "Grecian bend," the patient little toiler with his heavy basket on his arm, and the humble, fragrant blossoms in the florist's windows. Noticing these, why should I be supposed to leave

my senses behind me as soon as I entered the door, and was seated in the cosy parlor of my friend H.? I saw,—I could not help seeing, that the floor was strewn with wooden bricks, and the table with pictures, giving an untidy aspect to the room which annoyed me. Of course, when my friend entered, and in her eagerness to welcome me, nearly stumbled over the blocks, she saw them, too, and an exclamation of surprise came to her lips. A moment after she stepped to the door and called "Willie."

A pretty boy answered the summons, and his mother merely saying, "My little son has been very careless," turned her attention to me, while Willie, looking very much ashamed, noiselessly replaced the bricks in their basket, and gathered up the pictures, and stray books, lugging the basket in his chubby arms from the room.

His mother smiled, as the door closed, saying, "Poor Willie feels sadly mortified, I know. I allow him to bring his toys in here an hour after breakfast, that he may enjoy his sister's practice, as he is extremely fond of music, on the condition that every article shall be returned to its proper place when she leaves the piano, otherwise he forfeits the pleasure for the next day."

"And your other children," I said, "I should like to see them all." But here the servant called her out, and I was left alone for a few moments. A murmur of voices came from the adjoining room, the door being ajar, and by a slight change of position the whole scene was presented to me. Kitty, the baby, was playing with the blocks in a corner, Bob whittling in another, and Willie making pictures on his slate, with an expression of seriousness upon his jolly little fat face, amusing to behold. He spoke in a whisper, supposed to be very low, but which to my ears was quite distinct, "Hush, childrens, you 'sturb mama's company."

"How did you feel," said Bob, "when you had to go right in and pick 'em up?"

"Awful," said Willie. "I was 'shamed to look up, but I guess she didn't see me much, cause I was such a mouse."

My friend returning, apologized for her detention, and we resumed our conversation upon themes of peculiar interest to us both, and which warmed and cheered my heart, and, I trust, her's also. When I rose to take leave, I could not help saying, "I am thankful, Agnes, that you have such comfortable children!"

She looked surprised, saying, "Why, you have not seen them."

"Only a *peep*, dear, when you were out, and we have been talking an hour without being once disturbed by them!"

My next call was on my friend Mrs. P., and promised to be equally agreeable with her first. She was a lively, brilliant wo-

man. We chatted gaily, a few moments' and were enjoying a hearty laugh at some sally of hers, when the door was thrown open and a boy of about seven rushed in, exclaiming, "I want some more jelly cake and Mary won't give me any, mama; shan't she?" almost screamed the child, in his passion, wholly regardless of my presence. "Come here, dear," said his mother, "and see this lady—and then mama will see about Mary;" but the young gentleman positively declined the honor of my acquaintance in lieu of his cake. So his mother was forced to attend to him, and I heard—I could not help hearing—the girl say, "Indeed, ma'am, I was obeying yer own orders;" and then I saw,—I could not help seeing—that a piece of the cake was hastily put into his hand, and a suppressed, "There, Caddie; but you can have no more, my dear," and she resumed her seat by my side.

We had just commenced the discussion of a new book which lay on the table, when I rushed Master Cad again, and calling out, "I want to go and hear that street organ, and Mary won't let me."

"You can't go out, dear, for you have a cold; but Mary, if you can't keep him quiet, open the piano, and he may have an organ to himself; softly, dear, you know." But such a volley of discords poured forth at his touch that I rose to take leave.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. P., "I am thankful I have but *one*. If I had as many as Mrs. H. has, I should be crazy. Call again Miss M.," and so nodding adieu, we parted.

"Call again" kept ringing in my ears, as I marched indignantly homeward! Not until I have recovered from the headache and shock of this one. Well I have learned some things, to-day, by my "*peeps*," and one is, not to consider children of *necessity* nuisances.—*Mother at Home.*

TENDER AND TRUE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Strong and manly and true as steel."

It was the remark of a gentleman standing near me. I did not hear the reply made by his companion, who was a lady, but, from something in the manner of the gentleman, I concluded that her ideal of the person referred to was not in full accord with his.

At the lower end of the room a beautiful young woman stood leaning on the arm of her husband, into whose face scarcely any one could look without admiring its manly beauty and signs of intellectual strength. It was, moreover, a true face; and yet, as my eyes lingered upon it, and then turned to the sweet, loving countenance of the bride, a shadow crept over my spirits,

"Strong manly and as true as steel."

Yes, you saw all that in the finely cast face; in the full lips; in the large wide eyes and nostrils; in the ample forehead. "Strong and manly and as true as steel." Even so. And yet, looking still into the tender, almost dreamy face of the bride, I could not feel all at ease touching her future.

Grant Baldwin I knew well. We were old friends. His bride I had not seen until this evening. There was something more than beauty in her face—something that held your gaze like a spell. Her eyes were of a deep hazel, large and soft; her countenance very fair, almost to paleness; her form slight and her stature low. I noticed that, as she stood by her husband, she leaned toward him in a kind of shrinking, dependent way, and every now and then glanced up into his face with a wistful sort of look that I did not clearly understand.

I met them not long afterwards in their own home, and was more than ever charmed with Mrs. Baldwin. She was pure and sweet and gentle, as he was strong and manly and as true as steel—meet complements of each other, one would think; and yet, as on that first evening, I felt the lack of some element to give a complete harmony to their lives. It troubled me. I knew my friend well—knew him to be a man of high honor and strength of character; a little cold and undemonstrative, as we say; rather more inclined to hide what he felt than to give it free expression.

It happened that I did not come very near them again for several months, and then I noticed with pain that an invisible barrier had grown up between them, and that neither had yet found in married life the sweet satisfactions anticipated. During the evening I spent with them, I saw the tear spring to the eyes of Mrs. Baldwin more than once; and I noticed in them a hungry kind of look as they rested now and then on her husband's face. I was puzzled. What could it mean?

A few days afterwards, meeting Mr. Baldwin, I asked after his wife.

"Well," he answered.

But in the tone of his voice my ear read: "Not well."

"How does she like her new home?" I inquired. He had brought her from a neighboring city.

My friend sighed involuntarily. "Not too well, I'm afraid," he answered. "She still feels strange."

"The tenderer the flower," I remarked, "the more difficult to transplant."

"Yes," in an absent tone.

"I should say," I added, "that your wife has a highly sensitive spiritual organization."

"Undoubtedly that is true," answered

my friend. "But are not persons so organized difficult to understand?"

"Sometimes."

"Always I should say," he returned.

I did not know what reply it was best to make, and so kept silent. After a little while he said, with some feeling: "I would give all the world to make her happy!"

"Happy!" My surprise at his remark expressed itself in my voice.

"Yes happy," he said with emphasis. "My wife is not happy, and it troubles me beyond measure."

"Do you make no guess at the cause of her unhappiness?" I asked.

"I am all at sea. Sometimes I think she doesn't really love me. No! no!" he added quickly, "not that! I am sure of her love."

"Is she as sure of your love?" said I.

The question seemed to hurt him.

"Have I not chosen her from among women to be my wife?" he answered, with something of indignation in his voice.

"Am I the man to say 'I love,' and not mean it? Did I not promise before God to love and cherish her till death? Sure of my love! If I have one element of character more strongly developed than another, it is the element of *truth*. When I told her that I loved her, I told her an abiding truth. She is as dear to me as the apple of my eye. The very thought of a doubt on her part hurts me like an accusation of wrong."

A light came into my mind, bringing a revelation of the real ground of trouble, and I said: "Have you been as tender to your young wife always, as true?"

His eyes flashed; but the fire went out of them instantly.

"Mere truth in character is often reserved and proud," said I. "True as steel is all well enough. But steel is hard and cold, and chills by contact."

Baldwin looked at me strangely.

"Tender and true, my dear friend! Tender and true! Love will have nothing less," I ventured to add.

"Good morning!" he said, in a voice that I scarcely recognized, and turning from me he walked away.

Had I offended him? We did not meet again for several weeks. I was going homeward one evening, when I heard quick feet behind me. A hand was laid on my shoulder and a familiar voice spoke my name. It was my friend Baldwin.

"Come home with me," he said.

I tried to excuse myself, but he would take no denial; so I accompanied him home. His manner as we walked was frank and cheery.

"How is Mrs Baldwin?" I naturally inquired.

"Oh, very well!" he answered, without change of tone.

"Getting more reconciled to her new home?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad to hear it. Few of us can bear an entire change in our surroundings without a shadow falling on the spirits."

He did not reply to this remark but changed the subject.

Mrs. Baldwin met her husband almost at the door. She had been watching for him at the parlor window. I noticed that he kissed her very tenderly, and put an arm about her waist, spite of my presence. Her face was all alive with pleasure, and its whole expression so different from what it was when I last met her, that I could but wonder at the change. Her manner toward me, her husband's friend, was very cordial, and quite in contrast with what it had been at a previous meeting. Then she was repressed, absent, and ill at ease, and when she looked at her husband her face, instead of lighting up, grew strangely shadowed.

I understood it all. The true and loyal husband had supplemented fidelity with tenderness. I saw this in every word and tone, and action. The half-proud courtliness of manner—the dignified repression of feeling—which had so hurt and chilled his loving little wife, and held her away from him, were all gone, fused by the tenderness he permitted to go forth in speech and act. Tender and true! Yes, he was all that now; and his sweet young wife felt herself to be the happiest woman in all the world.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A FAMILY GROUP.

BY REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D. D.

Josiah had a wretched set of boys. Courts are poor places to bring up children in, even where the father is a good man. There are courtiers to flatter and pander, and there is money to make sin easy.

Josiah was converted when he was sixteen. He had already two wives and two babies. His wives were Zebudah and Hamutal, and their respective children were Eliakim, the future Bible-burner, and Jehoahaz, who, though younger than his brother, was destined to be Josiah's successor. Eliakim was, at the time of his father's conversion, two years old, and Jehoahaz just born. Thirteen years later Hamutal brought Josiah another son, whom the regal parents called Mattaniah, and who was proportionately young enough to take lessons in sin from his two big brothers. Josiah was now very busy in reforming the kingdom, and he did well, but it is a pity he did not reform his own family. He left there the seeds of the kingdom's destruction. Reforming the country,

while leaving three kinglets to grow up wild in the place, was "stopping at the spigot and letting run at the bung."

In Josiah's reign Babylon was endeavoring to throw off the Assyrian yoke and set up for herself. She succeeded under Nabopolassar and his distinguished son Nabu-kuduri-ursur, whom we are better acquainted with as Nebuchadnezzar. While this revolution was going on in the Tigro-Euphratean valley, Pharaoh-Nechoh, the enterprising monarch of Egypt, seized the opportunity to march a huge army into Asia in order to smite both combatants. He must needs go through the borders of Judah to reach his foe on the Euphrates at Carchemish, where the northeasterly and southeasterly lines of intercourse between Egypt and Assyria (to avoid the desert) meet. Josiah lost his wits in his hereditary attachment to Babylon, and had the folly to attack the Egyptian host in the pass of Megiddo, at the southwest corner of the great plain of Jezreel. Nechoh devoured the Jewish army, and Josiah went back to Jerusalem a corpse.

Dear good king! how the people mourned for you with Jeremiah at their head! Well they might, for this sad death let the royal hyenas loose. Hamutal's son, Jehoahaz, seizes the throne, thrusting his older brother, Zebudah's son, aside. He is Babylonian in his policy, like his father, while Eliakim has an Egyptian leaning. (These were the two colors of Jewish politics.) Jehoahaz has the people with him, and, to make his throne sure, has himself anointed, a ceremonial which probably had not been performed in Jerusalem from Solomon's day, four hundred years. But three months of wickedness ended his usurpation. Nechoh had defeated the Babylonian forces at Carchemish, and now had leisure to settle his little account with Judah. He sends for Jehoahaz, who meets the Pharaoh at Riblah, away up in Cœle-Syria, beyond Baalbec, two hundred miles away from home. It isn't a pleasant visit for Jehoahaz. He is made an Egyptian against his will, and his chains vividly remind him of his ancestors eight centuries back, in Moses' early days. Nechoh carries the young man down to Egypt with him, and on his way stops at Jerusalem, empties the city treasury into his pocket, and puts Eliakim on the vacant throne, giving him a new name, Jehoiakim, as a mark of a new order of things. For three years Jehoiakim had full swing under the protection of Egypt, and developed wickedness that would not have been believed had not Jeremiah taken his portrait. He filled Jerusalem with crime and blood, and when Urijah stood up with holy rebuke, he chased the prophet into Egypt, easily induced

Pharaoh to give him up, and then enjoyed the luxury of putting him to death.

Then came a new political phase. Nebuchadnezzar has had another fight with Nechoh at Carchemish, and has completely overthrown the Egyptian, and now he comes down on poor Jerusalem and tries a suit of chains on Jehoiakim. The wretch does homage and promises obedience to the Babylonian and is let off, but he must govern Judah as a Babylonish province. He thinks he is now safe after his dreadful fright, and his defiant course recommences. Jerusalem is a Sodom and the royal palace a fountain of sin. He hears there is a prophecy of Jeremiah's calling on Judah to repent. He sends for it, and coolly cuts the sacred roll into shreds and amuses himself with seeing them burn. False to God and false to man, he strives to catch Jeremiah to use him as he had used Urijah; and when he thought Nebuchadnezzar was involved in trouble, he ventured on a revolt. For four or five years this revolt caused great distress. The Babylonish king could not himself at once attend to the case, but he sent flying bands of national enemies against Judah, who laid waste and spread ruin on every side. All the while this Jewish Nero was living in luxury and blood, the wretched people cursing him while they feared him. At length Nebuchadnezzar reaches the city. It is besieged; but not before the royal monster had met a violent death, and had been buried with the burial of an ass, cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem to corrupt under the heat and frost. In three months after this ignominious end, the Babylonians are in Jerusalem and make sad havoc. All the gold and silver glories of the temple become "loot" for the Chaldean prince. Thousands of nobles and men of mark and artisans are formed in line for hopeless captivity, and young king Jehoiachin (who had had a most melancholy three months' reign) with his mother Nehushta are found in the sad ranks.

Two of Josiah's sons are done with. There's one more. He is Hamutal's younger one. He was ten years old when Josiah, his father, died. He was now twenty-one. Nebuchadnezzar put him over the shadow of a kingdom that was left, and changed his name from Mattaniah to Zedekiah. He wasn't the iron-nerved scoundrel that his brother Jehoiakim was, but he was a weak and wicked man, a tool in the hands of a strong and desperate Jerusalem "ring." At their beck he would imprison Jeremiah himself, who stood almost alone as God's representative in depraved Jerusalem. He had no strength to do right, but let himself go with the tide of iniquity which defiled the Holy City. That sacred spot, where David and Hezekiah and Josiah had reigned, where the

whole people had again and again sworn allegiance to Jehovah, and where the highest strains of devotional praise to the true God had so often arisen, was now filled with the most debasing idolatries and the most loathsome vices. From the palace to the hovel all was moral filth. Over all this Zedekiah appropriately presided.

The cup was now full. The abandoned city must drink it to the dregs. A new rebellion against Babylon as silly as it was wicked, brings the great conqueror again to the gates of Jerusalem. The siege is frightful—famine, pestilence, violence. The gates at last are forced. The miserable king has fled down the Kedron. He has reached the plain of Jordan. He is caught. As he is dragged back to Jerusalem, the city is a charred ruin. They carry him away north to Nebuchadnezzar at Riblah, where his brother Jehoahaz had, twenty-two years before, met Nechoh. This is a worse meeting yet. His sons are slaughtered before his eyes, and then those sorrowful eyes are put out! The kingdom of Judah is extinguished.

Is not this a grievous tale? O good fathers! watch over your boys. See the three wretches who called good Josiah father, and take warning. It's a dangerous thing to be in high position and to have much money around your children. Nature will destroy them. Only grace will save them. Your children will not *grow* into godliness. They must be *educated* into it. Good reforming Josiahs! train your own children to the Lord.

THE SLAVES OF THE ROLLING-PIN.

Pies again! Always pies! One, two, three, four, this is the fifth time, within say ten days or a fortnight, that, to my knowledge, *pies* have stood in the way of better things.

First, my hostess, Mrs. Fennel, could not leave to take a ride with me a few mornings ago, because "we are entirely out of—*pies*." Mrs. Fennel, poor woman, is far from well, and what with husband, grown-up boys, and two small children—not to mention myself as boarder—she has a large family to cook for, with only her daughter Martha to help do the work. That breezy morning ride would have raised her spirits, it would have put new life into her, but—*pies*. (This is one time.) Then Miss Martha, who is fond of reading, declined the loan of my library book the other day on account of having to help her mother make—*pies*. (Two times.) Last evening, again, she could not run up on the hill to see the sun set, because they were trying to get the meat and apple ready over night for—*pies*. (Three times.) And last week,

I remember, when poor Mrs. Fennel was taken off her work by one of her ill turns, Mrs. Melendy came in with offers of assistance.

"Now, I can stay just two hours by the clock," said Mrs. M., in her sprightly way, "and what shall I take hold of first? Shall I tidy up the room, read to you, bathe your head, make some good gruel? Or, else, shall I take hold of the mending, or see to the dinner, or what?"

Mrs. Fennel raised her languid lids, and faintly murmured, "Out of *pies*."

"Dear me!" cried breezy Mrs. Melendy, "I know what that feeling is well enough, and 'tis a dreadful feeling! Why, I should no more dare to set out a meal's victuals without *pie* than I should dare to fly! For my husband, he must have his piece o' pie to top off with, whatever's on the table," and the sympathizing sister bared her willing arms and wrestled womanfully with the rolling-pin, I know not how long.

The fifth time was this morning. While sitting in the room adjoining the kitchen, the doors being open between, I heard Martha ask her mother why they couldn't take a magazine. "I do long for something to read," said she, "and all we have is just one newspaper a week."

"Oh! we couldn't get much reading-time," said Mrs. Fennel. "If 'tisn't one thing, 'tis another. There's your father, now, coming with the raisins. These pies will take about all the forenoon." Miss Martha afterward spoke to her father about the magazine.

"We can't afford to spend money on readin'," he answered, with his usual drawing monotone voice; "costs a sight to live. Now, if we didn't raise our own pork, we should be hard pushed to git short'nin' for our *pies*."

Such constant reiteration had made me desperate. I strode to the doorway. "And why *must* we have *pies*?" I demanded, in tones of smothered indignation. "Why not bread and butter, with fruits or sauce, instead? Why not drop *pies* out of the work altogether? Yes, drop them out of the world!" Miss Martha was the first to recover from the shock of this startling proposition. "Our men-folks couldn't get along without pies, Mr. McKimber," she said.

"Pie-crust does make a slave of a woman, though," said Mrs. Fennel. "There's nothin' harder than standin' on your feet all the forenoon rollin' of it out."

"Dunno 'bout doin' without pie," drawled Mr. Fennel. "'Pears if bread'n sarse'd be a mighty poor show for somethin' to eat."

"'Twould take off the heft of the cookin'," said Mrs. Fennel thoughtfully, "but" (with a sigh) "you couldn't satisfy the men-folks."

I rushed to my chamber in despair. Pie,

then, is one of the household gods in "Tweenit." But what can I do about it? Something must be done. Suppose I write an "Appeal to Women," and read it at the sewing-circle, pretending it was published in—well, in Scotland or Alaska or Australia! We gentlemen have to help along the entertainment in some way.

Hark, now, to the music of the rolling-pin sounding from below! The rites of pie-worship have begun. Very good. That music shall inspire my

"APPEAL.

"My dear friends: This is an age of inquiry. Can any one tell me who first imprisoned our luscious fruits in a paste of grease and flour, baptized the thing with fire, and named it '*pie*'? And why is this *pie* a necessity? That is what confounds me. Mothers of families, hard pressed with work, consume time and strength in endless struggles with the rolling-pin. Fathers of families lengthen their bills to shorten their pies. And to what end? To the destruction of health. Every stroke on the board is so much strength worse than thrown away. Every flake of pastry is so much on the wrong side of nothing. Who shall count the hours which, day by day are rolled into *pie-crust*, and chiefly by over-burdened women who complain of 'no time' and 'no constitution.'

"One Saturday forenoon I stood on the hill which overlooks this village, and, being a *clairvoyant*, I saw through the roofs of the houses, and in every kitchen was a weary woman, 'standin' on her feet,' rolling, rolling, rolling. Oh! it was a pitiful sight! One poor slave, before beginning the work, looked longingly out upon the fields and the flower-garden. Another folded down the leaf of her book, laying it away with a sigh. Close around some stood their own little children, tugging at their skirts, pleading for that time and attention which rightfully belonged to them. One frail, delicate woman was actually obliged to lie down and rest twice before her task was ended. Another, the mother of an infant not many months old, accomplished hers with one foot on the cradle-rocker.

"We read of despotic countries where galley-slaves were chained to the oar. They, however, after serving out their time went free. Alas, for the poor woman chained to the rolling-pin! Her sentence is for life!

"We read too in ancient story of powerful *genii*, whose control over their slaves was absolute. But this terrible *genius* of the household exacts from its slaves an equally prompt obedience. Is there one among them who dare assert her freedom?

"No, their doom is inevitable. Woman is foreordained to roll her life away. Is there no escape? No escape. The rolling-

board is planted squarely in the path of every little daughter, and sooner or later, if her life be spared, she will walk up to it. Shall we not call it an altar upon which human sacrifices are performed daily?

"When the orgies of the rolling-pin were finished that Saturday morning, I observed that the *genius of the long-handled spoon* took control, demanding the customary tribute of eggs, sugar, fat, spices, etc. Demanding also the usual outlay of time and strength which goes to the compounding of cakes. And thus, with rolling, beating, and stirring, the forenoon wore away, leaving in each house its accumulation of unhealthy food.

"You *do* know, madam, that plain living is better for your children? You *would* like more time to devote to them, or for books, or for recreation? Then pray why not change all this? Why not refuse to sacrifice to the god of Appetite that time, strength, and money which are needed for higher purposes? Is *palate* for ever to rank above *brain*? Change your creed. Say, I believe in health, in books, in outdoors. Why don't you *rise*, slaves? Now is your time. Now, when slaves everywhere are demanding their freedom, rebel against the tyranny of vain cookery.

"*Company*? Thanks for teaching me that word. The kind hospitality of this social little village of 'Tweenit' enables me to be 'company' myself very frequently. And I am aware that much time is spent in the preparation of viands to set before me, which for variety and richness could not be excelled. Shall I add that whenever, at the bountifully-spread tea-tables, I have attempted to start a rational conversation, the attempt has for the most part failed? Books, public men, public measures, new ideas, new inventions, new discoveries, what is doing for the elevation of women, on none of these subjects had my entertainers a word to offer. Their talk was, almost without exception, trivial, not to say gossipy.

"Therefore, as a member of that institution which, as everybody says, makes a sight of work, namely '*company*,' I protest. I petition for less food and more culture. And your petitioner further prays that some of the spices and good things be taken out of the cooking and put into the conversation.

"But the 'men-folk'? Ah! to be sure. Perhaps, after all, it is they who need an appeal."—*Hearth and Home*.

IMPROVISED LAMP PEDESTALS.

In arranging the hair at night one naturally wishes to have the light at least as high as one's head, if not above it. This cannot always be accomplished, especially

in country houses where there are not gas-burners; consequently, there is often no help for us but to set down our lamp or candle upon the dressing-table, with its rays shooting up into our eyes, and proceed to dress with the tops of our heads in shadow.

Sometimes thoughtful housewives have a lamp-bracket on the wall at just the right height; but there is another good contrivance for effecting a like result. All you need is an empty salt-box, a stick, a quart of sand, half a yard of muslin, ditto of bright cambric, and a little "gumption." These at command, you may soon have an improvised lamp pedestal that won't upset, and that in every way will be just the thing. A bracket must hang in its place, but a pedestal can be placed where you choose. Now for directions: Take a common round salt-box; separate the box and cover by means of a strong stick about sixteen inches long, stood upright in the middle of the former, and roofed by the latter, the whole secured in position by means of hammer and nails.

This done, fill up the box with some heavy material—sand and stones will do, if you stretch strong muslin tightly over the box to keep them from tumbling out; but the best plan is to stir plaster of Paris into water till the mixture is about as thick as cream; then pour it around the upright stick until the box is filled with it. It will soon harden; and as it hardens add the mixture with a spoon, so as to heap it up well for an inch or two around the stick. All you have to do after this is to make the cover, which may be of any material, and as plain or fanciful as you please. The prettiest material is white striped Swiss over blue or rose-colored cambric. Cut the top to fit smoothly, allowing only enough for a seam; then gather and sew to this a straight piece measuring in width one and a half the circumference of the top, and in length two inches more than the height of the pedestal; sew up the long seam, and run a coarse thread around the bottom. Then slip this case over the pedestal, and tighten the drawing thread under the bottom, just enough to allow you to tie a ribbon mid-way around the pedestal, which will hold in the fullness, giving the whole an hour-glass form. The weight of the stand will soon flatten the gathered portion underneath. Quilled ribbon or a deep fluted ruffle of the material should be fastened around the top of the pedestal. The advantage of a Swiss muslin cover is that at any time it can be taken off and washed, leaving on the cambric under-cover. It is well to wind twine around the centre of the pedestal, under the ribbon for the sake of strength, because the top, though nailed in the middle, may need the support of the case to keep it always level.

A REMEDY FOUND.

Those who become so weary of their infirmities, temper, pride, vanity, avarice, lust, or whatever else, and so despairing of every other way as to fly to Christ and give themselves over into His hands for deliverance and keeping, find the remedy perfect, glorious. Those who stay away from Christ, or look to Him only to help them—that is, look to Him to whom the whole work of saving belongs, to help *them* do *His* work—go on to the bitter end unsaved.

A housekeeper was sadly troubled with the infirmity of a hasty temper. Long habit confirmed her in the second nature of sharp words. She was a good woman, a good Christian as the term goes, but though she would rather have lost her right hand, or her head, than have given up her Saviour, yet her weakness was too strong for her. All her good resolutions were put to flight in a moment by any one of the everyday crosses of the housekeeper's life.

This woman had learned her weakness, and would have given all the world to be free from it, but saw no hope of it until death.

At last, however, she heard of a convention for higher life and went to it. "Jesus a Saviour from sin" was the theme. Many testimonies were given to the fact that Jesus does save from their sins all who put their trust in Him. Hope that she might be saved sprang up in her heart. She pondered the matter. In her kitchen, engaged about her work, she turned it over and over in her mind. The question came up in this form, "Such a hasty temper as mine so long indulged, how can it ever be overcome? If I could only have time to think when a provocation comes, I might look to Jesus and He would save me, but before I have time to think, my temper is up and my tongue loose. If there was only some way of thinking beforehand—but stay—that Jesus can do for me if He is in me. Yes, the dear Jesus is quicker than even my quick temper, and He can be beforehand with that and with the tempter too. Yes, that is it—Why! How is it I never saw this before? Yes, Jesus can keep me." So she began rejoicing in Jesus as able to keep her blameless in all times of provocation. And it was a great joy to her.

Afterwards she became somewhat perplexed with the question of giving all up for Jesus, and how she should know when she had come to the end of it and had given up the last thing. Then came to her the grand truth that it was only to give *herself* up, and all was given up, and this she could do and did do with delight.

So given up, and so trusting in Jesus, she

found herself perpetually and entirely the Lord's, and proved by happy and continual experience His keeping power. He was always quicker than the temper or the tempter.

It was not this woman, but another who had come to the same position of faith in Jesus, who shortly after was put to the test in a way that brought glory to God in her soul, and from her tongue, in a very unexpected moment and way. She was in her kitchen making preserves. On her stove was a kettle full and boiling. In her hand she held a glass jar-full just done. Seeing the kettle about to boil over, she turned quickly to put down the jar in her hand, and broke it, and away went the preserves mingled with broken glass all over everything. For the first time in her life, under such circumstances, a great calm pervaded her soul, and instead of the usual exclamations of angry vexation, she cried out in the joy of her heart, "Glory to God!"—*Times of Refreshing.*

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

IN CASE OF A BAD CUT.—The first thing to be done is to notice the blood that flows from the wound. If this is of a bright scarlet color and spurts out irregularly, an artery has been cut. Tie a ligature, if possible, *above* the wound (between it and the heart), and send some one for the doctor as fast as he can go. If the blood is dark and flows regularly, a vein has been severed and the case is not so serious. You may be able to attend to the whole matter yourself with some lint and sticking-plaster and a bandage. But if there is much bleeding, the doctor should be called in. Pipe-clay or whiting, with some dry lint over it, the whole confined by a bandage, is an excellent remedy for a bleeding wound, and many a man has saved his life on the battlefield by clapping a handful of dry earth to his wound.

IN CASE OF APPARENT DROWNING.—Send for the doctor, blankets, and dry clothes, then turn the patient face downward, open his mouth, and keep his tongue out. This will cleanse his mouth and nostrils of water, and will allow air to enter the windpipe. Then put him on his back, raise his head and shoulders, and remove all tight clothing from his head and chest. Now take hold of his arms above the elbows and draw them up until they meet above the head. Keep them there for a second or two, and bring them down and press them against the side of his chest, pressing lightly at the same time on his breast-bone. Repeat this movement with deliberation and perseverance until the patient makes an effort to breathe of himself, and then endeavor to restore the cir-

ulation. Wrap him in dry blankets and rub your very best, under the blankets if possible. Rub upwards. Put warm bricks, bottles of hot water, etc., to the pit of the stomach, the arm-pits, the thighs, and the soles of the feet. When he begins to revive, give him something stimulating and let him go to sleep.

IN CASE OF SUFFOCATION by foul air, treat the patient in the same way as above, excepting that the clothes need not be removed, and, in addition, apply plenty of cold water to the head.

SELECTED RECIPES.

CUCUMBERS.—Cucumbers make a nice relish if sliced the long way, and fried as you do squash or egg-plant.

GRATED CUCUMBER.—Take large green cucumbers and grate them, and let them drain in a colander for several hours to get rid of the green juice. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and grated onion; put in vinegar enough to cover them—the best and strongest vinegar should be used. Put them in a bottle without cooking, and seal closely.

CABBAGE.—Cabbage, to boil, should be cut into pieces about as large as a very small tea-cup (the flavor is much finer than when boiled whole, and they do not take so long to cook when cut up); cut again before dishing, and add a small piece of butter and salt.

POULTRY.—Poultry that has been kept too long, and has an unpleasant smell, can be made fresh and good by putting powdered charcoal in a cloth, tying it up, and placing it inside the fowl for about two hours before cooking. If the cloth absorbs it readily, remove it, and put a fresh piece, with more charcoal in it, in the fowl. When the weather is warm, and poultry likely to spoil, as soon as the animal heat has left the fowl sprinkle powdered charcoal over it to prevent its becoming tainted.

ORANGE CREAM.—Pare the rind of a Seville orange very thin, and squeeze the juice of four oranges, and put it, with the peel, into a saucepan, with one pint of water, eight ounces of sugar, and the whites of five eggs, well beaten. Mix all together, place it over a slow fire, stir it in one direction till it looks thick and white, strain it through a gauze sieve, and stir it till cold. Beat the yolks of the five eggs very thoroughly, and add them to the contents of the saucepan, with some cream. Stir all together over the fire till ready to

boil, pour it into a basin, and again stir it till quite cold before putting it into glasses.

ORANGE AND COCOANUT MERINGUE.—In cases where it is not convenient to have a cooked pudding, a simple and delicious meringue may be made as follows: Take one dozen sweet oranges, peeled and sliced, one grated cocoanut, and half a pint or more of powdered sugar. Spread a layer of the orange in a glass dish, scatter the cocoanut thickly over it, sprinkle sugar over this. Then put on another layer of orange, with cocoanut and sugar above, as before. Fill up the dish in this way, having cocoanut and sugar for the top layer.

TO PICKLE GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice thin, in separate plates, green tomatoes and onions—allow half a dozen of large, green peppers to one peck of tomatoes. Take a large earthen or wooden bowl and lay in a layer of tomatoes and a layer of onions, sprinkling in a tablespoonful of salt to each layer; continue this until you have packed together all you wish to pickle. Then turn a large plate or clean dry board over the tomatoes, and put some heavy weight—a stone—on top and let it stand till morning; then drain off all the salt and juice, and pour over boiling vinegar, strongly spiced with cinnamon, cloves, and very little allspice and ginger, which should be tied in a little bag, and removed when the vinegar is poured over; cover close and let them stand a week, when the vinegar should be poured off, the pickles thoroughly drained, and cold vinegar poured over the tomatoes. Some chop the onions pretty fine after they are drained from the salt.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—Gather the seeds when green and not fully grown, and drop them into vinegar as you pick them. When you have a sufficient quantity scald the whole in vinegar and bottle them or soak them twelve hours in brine—then drain and pour over boiling vinegar, with whole peppers and allspice. They are often used as substitutes for capers; and the flowers and young seeds are used in salads.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.—Select the most perfect; break off the flowers, as they would naturally part. Put a layer of them in a jar and sprinkle over salt; then another layer of cauliflower; then salt and so on. Let them soak two days; then wash off the salt and let them drain well; then pack in a jar or bottle, and pour over boiling spiced vinegar. In a few days, if necessary, heat the vinegar again, and pour over them, and cover or cork closely.

Literary Notices.

AIMEE: A Tale of the Days of James the Second. By Agnes Giberne. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

This is a touching tale of a Huguenot girl who escaped with great difficulty and danger from France to England, where she found for years a dwelling-place with distant relatives. The troubles and persecutions which occurred in the time of James the Second form an important part of the story, and we recommend it to those who wish to obtain a clear idea of the history of that period. The deliberate way in which King James, at first popular and beloved, alienated from himself the affection of his people, and the ruthlessness with which he trampled upon rights and liberty are well depicted in the course of the story. Among other matters the author gives a full account of the popular sympathy with the seven bishops who petitioned against the illegal Declaration of Indulgence which the King had ordered to be read in the churches. We copy as much of the story as our space permits. Of course our readers are aware that the Bishop Ken here referred to was the author of the beautiful Evening Hymn with which every one is familiar:

Late in the evening of Friday, the eighteenth of June, six grave and elderly men, in episcopal dress, were seen crossing the Thames to Whitehall. It was an unusual spectacle, and excited considerable wonder among lookers-on. Alleyne Men-teith, who was refreshing himself by an hour on the river, after long confinement in his brother's sick room, happened to be passing at that moment, and gazed in astonishment.

"Looks as if something was in the wind, don't it, sir?" remarked the weather-beaten boatman at his side. "Their lordships, the Bishops, don't go to court in parties of six for nothing."

"Ha! Bishop Ken. I thought so!" exclaimed Alleyne, lifting his hat, as he recognized the mild pleasant manly face, and unaffected benevolence of expression which, once seen, were not easily forgotten. "And Bishop Trelawny by his side."

Quietly the Bishops landed on the opposite bank of the river, and speedily disap-

peared from Alleyne's vision. One of their number was sent as a delegate to the Earl of Sunderland, the others waiting patiently meanwhile for the result of the interview. In no long time he returned, bearing the somewhat unexpected news that the King was ready at once to receive them. Had Lord Sunderland explained to His Majesty the purport of the petition they bore with them? No; the crafty minister had declined to have anything to do with reading it. What matter. They would see the King, and explain for themselves.

With a grave and steadfast demeanor the six prelates entered the royal closet. James stood smiling to receive them, and greeted them with unlooked-for graciousness. He received the petition which they offered him, recognizing and remarking on the handwriting, and proceeding at once to its perusal.

Ha! what was this? No mere request for a slight alteration or modification of his command, as he expected. What did their lordships mean? The King's face grew dark with passion as he read,—

"To the King's most excellent Majesty. The humble petition of William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and of divers of the suffragan bishops of that province, now present with him, in behalf of themselves and others of their absent brethren, and of the Clergy of their respective dioceses,

"HUMBLY SHOWETH,

"That the great averseness they find in themselves, to the distributing and publishing in all their churches, your Majesty's late Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, proceedeth neither from any want of duty and obedience to your Majesty; our holy mother the Church of England being, both in her principles and consistent practice, unquestionably loyal, and having (to her great honor) been more than once publicly acknowledged to be so by your gracious Majesty; nor yet from any want of due tenderness to Dissenters, in relation to whom they are willing to come to such a temper as shall be thought fit, when the matter shall be considered and settled in Parliament and Convocation; but among many other circumstances, from this especially, because that Declaration is founded upon such a Dispensing Power, as hath often been declared illegal in Parliament, and particularly in the years 1662 and 1672, and in the beginning of your Majesty's reign, and is a question of so great moment and consequence to the whole nation, both in Church and State, that your petitioners cannot in

prudence, honor, or conscience, so far make themselves parties to it, as the distribution of it all over the nation, and the solemn publication of it once and again, even in God's House, and in the time of His Divine Service, must amount to, in common and reasonable construction.

"Your Petitioners therefore most humbly and earnestly beseech your Majesty, that you will be graciously pleased not to insist upon their distributing and reading your Majesty's said Declaration.

"And your Petitioners shall ever pray,

(Signed,) "W. CANTERBURY,

"W. ASAPH,

"FRAN. ELY,

"JO. CHICHESTER,

"THO. BATH AND WELLS,

"THO. PETRIBURGENS,

"JOHN BRISTOL."

The King read to the close, and folded up the paper with a frown of deep displeasure.

"This is a great surprise to me," he said, facing his six petitioners. "Here are strange words, my lords. I did not expect this from you. This is a standard of rebellion."

The Bishop of St. Asaph spoke impulsively in self-defence, and his words were echoed by some of the others. "Sir, we have before now adventured our lives for your Majesty. Gladly would we lose the last drop of our blood, rather than lift a finger against you."

"I tell you, this is a standard of rebellion," retorted the King angrily. "I never saw such an address."

"Rebellion!" repeated Bishop Trelawny, sinking on his knees. "I beseech your Majesty not to say so hard a thing of us. Do not believe we can be guilty of rebellion. It is impossible that I or any of my family should ever be so. Your Majesty cannot but remember that you sent me down into Cornwall to quell Monmouth's rebellion, and I am ready to do what I can to quell another, if there were occasion."

"I tell you, *this* is a standard of rebellion," reiterated James passionately.

"Sir, said the Bishop of Chichester, "we have quelled one rebellion, and we will not raise another."

"We rebel, sir!" echoed the Bishop of Ely. "We are ready to die at your feet."

"Sir," calmly interposed Bishop Ken, little intimidated by the royal anger, "I hope your Majesty will grant that liberty to us which you allow to all mankind."

This cut at the Declaration was caught up and echoed sharply by the equally fearless Bishop of Peterborough.

"Sir, you allow liberty of conscience to all mankind. The reading this Declaration is against our conscience."

"I will keep this paper," cried the King, too angry to attempt a logical answer. "It

is the strangest address which ever I saw. It tends to rebellion. 'Tis a standard of rebellion. Do you question my Dispensing Power? Did ever a good Churchman question a Dispensing Power before? Some of you have printed and preached for it, when it was for your purpose."

Their lordships could not, of course, venture on a direct denial of His Majesty's assertion, but the Bishop of Peterborough explained—

"Sir, what we say of the Dispensing Power refers only to what was declared in Parliament."

"The Dispensing Power was never before questioned by men of the Church of England," said the King indignantly.

The Bishop of St. Asaph would not allow this to pass. "Sir, it was declared against in the first Parliament called by his late Majesty, and by that which was called by your Majesty."

The King again took refuge in angry repetitions of his former remarks—

"This is rebellion. 'Tis a standard of rebellion. But I will have my Declaration published."

Bishop Ken spoke out bravely, giving out the key-note to his own consistent conduct, past, present, and future—

"Sir, we are bound to fear God, and to honor the King. We desire to do both. We will honor your Majesty, but we must fear God."

"Is this what I have deserved?" cried the King passionately; "I who have supported the Church of England, and who will support it!" The Bishops must surely have exchanged meaning glances at this assertion. "I will remember you, that you have signed this paper. I did not expect this from you, at least some of you. I *will* be obeyed in publishing my Declaration. You are trumpeters of sedition! What do you do here? Go to your Dioceses, and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will not part with it. I will remember you that have signed it."

"God's will be done!" was Bishop Ken's calm and temperate reply to this undignified display of wrath.

"What's that?" cried the King sharply.

"God's will be done!" gently repeated Bishop Ken, and the Bishop of Peterborough echoed his words.

"If I think fit to alter my mind I will send word to you. God has given to me this Dispensing Power, and I will maintain it. I tell you there are seven thousand men, and of the Church of England too, that have not bowed the knee to Baal."

The stormy interview ended here, and the patient and enduring, but faithful and conscientious petitioners, were abruptly dismissed from the presence of the angry King.

Wild was the excitement throughout London that night. For by some mysterious process the story of the interview oozed out. And not only that, but the Petition itself, printed word for word, was sold by thousands in the streets. The excitement was only exceeded by the enthusiastic pride and delight in the firm stand taken by the Bishops. With such an example before their eyes, it was no wonder that the clergy and the people alike were wrought up to an irresistible pitch of indignant determination.

Great suspense was felt by all as to what would be the action of the clergy on the following Sunday. In Westminster Abbey a great body of people were assembled:—

Quietly passed the greater part of the service, and Aimée's thoughts were far enough removed from all remembrance of the King's Declaration. Suddenly she was aroused by a general stir and movement all around her. She sat upright, and looked about her.

Bishop Spratt was standing with a paper in his hands, which he had begun to read aloud. The whole congregation had arisen. It was one unanimous and impulsive movement of deep disapprobation, throughout the length and breadth of the building. Frowning brows and resolute faces met her startled gaze on every side. An instant more, and a vast gathering throng was pressing rapidly and steadily out of the Abbey. A deep hushed threatening murmur of suppressed and passionate resentment rose from every side, drowning the tones of the reader.

Mr. Selwyn was one of the first to be upon his feet. "Come," he said in a low voice. "We will remain to sanction no such illegal proceeding."

Alleyne was already on his way to the door. Aimée cast one glance at the agitated and alarmed Bishop, in whose hand the paper shook and trembled visibly. Then with Margery and Mrs. Selwyn she joined the moving congregation. Long before Bishop Spratt reached the end of the Declaration, his voice sounded over the empty stalls and benches of the mighty Abbey. Not a man remained to listen, save those whose office rendered it next to impossible that they should leave.

In two other city churches that day, the reading of the Declaration was attended with precisely the same results. No sooner did it begin, than the congregations calmly rose and left the buildings in which they were seated. In one instance, a plea of forgetfulness formed the excuse for disobedience. In every other church throughout the whole of London, including even the Chapel of St. James's Palace, the unconstitutional command of the King was

steadily, deliberately, conscientiously disregarded.

Shortly afterwards the seven bishops were summoned to appear before the Privy Council. At the appointed hour the streets were thronged with anxious crowds and the river covered with loaded wherries. The excitement grew and culminated when the issue was made known:—

Elstob had suddenly appeared in the midst of the crowd, his face flushed and fierce with no groundless wrath. "Do you desire to hear the upshot of the matter?" he cried, in tones which, though not loud, yet penetrated far and wide. "Their lordships are forthwith committed as close prisoners to the Tower."

"The Tower!" An angry swelling murmur arose from the mighty concourse. "The Bishops to the Tower!!"

"Ha! there they come!"

And as the seven venerable men appeared, walking from the palace to the river, escorted by a military guard, the excitement of the people broke through all bounds. They surged forwards, around and about the prisoners, in a perfect tempest of furious and agitated feeling. Vaughan forced his way impetuously forward, and for one instant grasped the hand of Bishop Ken.

"My Lord!—you a prisoner in the Tower! No more of passive obedience for me to the will of a Popish tyrant," he said passionately.

"Nay, Sir Vaughan; fear God and honor the King now as ever," gravely responded the Bishop, and with a gentle farewell pressure of his young friend's hand, he passed on with his companions towards the royal barge which awaited them.

Sir Vaughan stepped back with compressed lips and gleaming eyes, which found their reflection in many a face near at hand. But the next instant a change swept over the angry people. As if animated by a single impulse, the assembled masses of men and women sank upon their knees in the open streets, praying with one heart and one voice aloud to God.

A strange sight was that kneeling multitude, with their upturned faces, and clasped hands, and fervent supplications, as they besought God to be with these brave and single-hearted men, thus willingly suffering in the cause of truth.

The royal barge was reached, and the reverend prisoners embarked, with the same calm and dignified demeanor that they had preserved throughout. As the barge floated down the stream, on its way to the Tower of dark and ominous history, a mighty cheer arose from the crowd—a cheer of encouragement to the prisoners—

a sound of warning to the King within his palace walls.

The excitement attending the trial, which took place on the 29th of June, was likewise intense:—

The great Westminster Hall was crowded from one end to the other with eager listeners, and dense multitudes filled the neighboring streets.

Step by step the ten-hours' trial dragged its slow length along. Witness after witness was called up, to be closely and perseveringly interrogated. The signatures were proved with no great difficulty, but the presentation of the petition to the King was a different matter. Failure after failure drew peals of derisive triumph from the great crowd of listeners.

"Hal there goes trim Mr. Pepys, to undergo categorical persecution," observed Sir Vaughan. "'Tis too cautious a bird to be easily taken tripping." Then a while later—"What's that? Sunderland! An unhappy thought. They would have failed but for that. I fear he will work mischief. Yet I marvel that the brazen renegade dares to show his face amongst us."

It must have been an effort. The Prime Minister made his appearance in a sedan-chair—a very lady-like concern even then in the eyes of men. His pallid face and hesitating accents bore witness to his consciousness of the bitter scorn of that vast multitude, amongst whom the principal peers of the land stood sternly foremost in prominent rows. But his evidence proved the case for the prosecution. And then began the defence—the most deeply interesting portion of the trial.

For hours it lasted. One after another the ablest and clearest-headed lawyers of the day arose and argued on behalf of the bishops. They defended first the petition and its presentation, answering and more than answering all accusations of malicious and seditious intentions towards the King.

But the mere matter and style of the petition itself were soon left in the background. The whole weight of argument was brought to bear upon the illegal doctrine of the King's Dispensing Power. One speaker after another calmly, firmly, and deliberately struck deep to the very foundation of the structure, which during the past three years James had elaborately built up. The King had no Dispensing Power! This was the gist of the matter, which, for three long hours, kept the whole of the great crowded hall in voiceless rapt attention.

A faint and feeble answer was attempted by the prosecuting side amidst vehement hissing. The evidence was then summed up by the Chief Justice. The jurymen retired to consider their verdict. And the trial having lasted throughout the whole

day, the great multitude began now, at seven o'clock in the evening, slowly to disperse. They might not hope to hear the end of the matter until the morning.

In the morning the crowd was renewed, and the issue proved that the King had at last gone too far, and had fast undermined his own power while attempting to add to it:—

Nine o'clock came, but it was not till an hour later that the seven Bishops were conducted into Westminster Hall. A dense throng of expectant faces filled the building; but the crowd within was nothing to the crowd without.

The twelve jurymen made their appearance in the box. The great question, "Guilty or not Guilty?" was asked by Astry. One moment of agonizing suspense followed. Then the foreman of the jury spoke out the answer, loud and clear,—
"Not Guilty!"

The words had scarcely passed his lips, before a hearty cheer arose from the benches and galleries around. Another instant, and a wild, wild ringing shout of triumph burst, as if uttered by a single voice, from the dense mass of listeners within the hall. Outside, it was caught up and repeated in a mighty rolling echo of hurrahs, which swept in a ceaseless rush of thundering acclamations down the Thames, and through the length and breadth of the city.

A lull in the city and nation followed the trial of the seven prelates. The victory was not yet fully gained, but the outworks had been carried. Men waited now awhile, with characteristic English patience. Had the King learnt a lesson? Would he take warning from the past? Was there hope in future he would recede from his lawless and unconstitutional career? If not now, all hope of such a change was vain. Never again could the voice of the nation ring forth in more plain and trumpet-like accents of reproof or warning, than on the day of the great trial and acquittal.

And slowly, slowly, the eyes of the people became opened to the fact that all hope was vain. Recklessly still the King rushed on to his ruin. In blind and dogged obstinacy, he still persisted in his struggle for despotic power. Again the cloud over the nation grew dark and threatening. All dreams of restraining James were over. Gradually the gaze of almost all Protestant Englishmen became riveted on William of Orange. Whispers of coming succor went abroad. But all through the anxious summer months there was little ground for certain expectations of a change—of a rescue from ever-increasing thralldom.

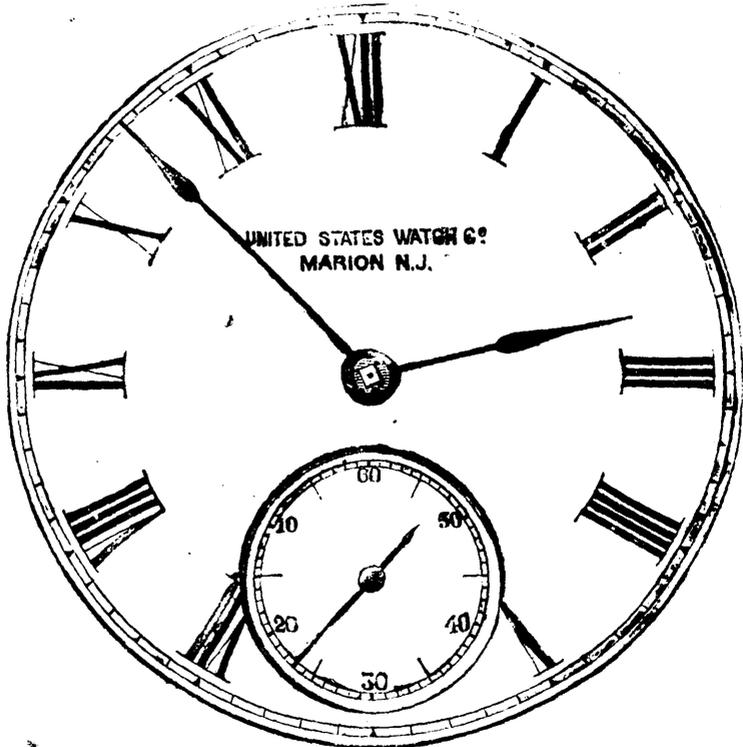
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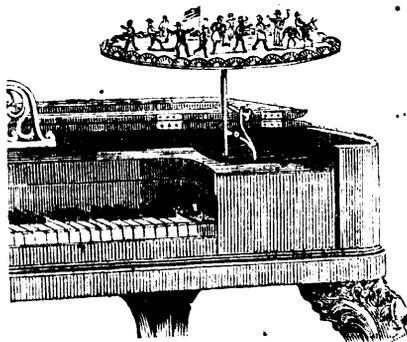
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