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# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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## Discontent.

A SONNET, BY ROBERT MLIOTT.

One time a rose upon a rocky height  
Saw low adown a dale a lily fair,  
With beauty bloom in May's divinest air,  
Shedding on all around a tender light  
Of Purity, as shines at dead of night  
A star above a desert bleak and bare,  
Yet in the lily's heart a cold despair,  
"Gan reign and therewith did her beauty blight,  
For discontented with her lot she sighed,  
All for the freedom of the rose above.  
The rose, now humbled from her haughty pride,  
For quiet of the dale express'd her love;  
Thus in men's hearts grows discontent, whereof  
Grows weariness, of which have many died.

## The Breadfinder.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

WE do not know when we talk of the trials of poverty what those trials are. We but faintly appreciate the sufferings of the poor. It is not the bodily pain that is the real evil. The wound that the soul gets in the unequal conflict with the world is the only enduring pain. That endures; that lingers. The hunger of to-day, the cold and pain of to-day, are forgotten in the feasting and warmth of to-morrow; but the slight and insult that lacerate the soul, in too many cases, yield hideous harvest in after years.

Except in the noblest natures, which are rare in any class; but with such natures, "poverty," to use the words of a great German, "is but as the pain which attends the piercing of the young maiden's ears, who hangs beautiful jewels in the wound."

It could not have been wholly by chance—for is there in the universe such a thing as chance?—and certainly it was not by intention that Harding found himself in Finsbury, near to where his father dwelt. The old house where his childhood and youth and dawning manhood had been spent, stood before him. It rather seemed to have risen up before him in the walk than to have waited in the old spot for his approach. But there it was, the house where his mother died—he was not a twelvemonth old then—and where his father had reaped such gain, as, when society is improved, will be offered to no man's sickle. But even usurers' wealth is not always tangible, and will not unfrequently resolve itself into waste paper.

How he found himself with his finger on the knocker he did not clearly know. The startled servant let him pass without a note of recognition, and he was immediately in his father's presence.

"Zounds, Bill!—the carpet—you'll spoil the carpet with the snow, boy. Haven't you got an umbrella?"  
He had been mantled in a fog up to this point; but now he perceived that he was everywhere whitened, like a twelfthcake.

"It's a Brussels, and nearly new," the usurer continued.  
"You can't hurt the old cloth in the kitchen. Run down and dismiss the girl. So you are come back to the old man," he added, when they were alone in the lower region of the house. "I expected it. Well, I'm forgiving. Shall I kill the fattened calf, eh?"

"I want some money, father," said the young man, doggedly.

"No? Do you now? Dear me!" cried the elder Harding, with feigned surprise.

"Getting it from you is better than starving, perhaps," the son proceeded. "And I shall rob if you don't let me have it. I know what you will say—that I once affected to be squeamish about the way you got your money. Well, I did. But I am cured of that, I hope. I see that we should all be honest if we could, but when we can't—"

"Aye, when we can't," said his father, taking up the sentence, "what then?"

"Why," said William, we make the best of circumstances. I have made the best of mine, and come to you to aid me."

"To aid you? Just what other people do. They come to me to aid *them*," said the usurer. "But there's the wrong I do them. I do aid them, and my son cuts me for my inhumanity, though I've had them here before now ready to go down on their knees for help."

"I am not going down upon my knees, father; but I want fifty pounds—Let me have it," said the young man.

"Fifty pounds;—that's a large sum. On—on good security, Bill?"

"On the devil," replied William, pettishly, "or, he added, with a grim smile, "YOU MAY TAKE A POSTORIT."

"Which means that you will pay principal and interest after my death," said the money-lender. "I'll do it."

"Eh?" said the son, raising his eyelids.

"I'll do it," repeated the usurer. "That is," he added "at two hundred per cent.—not a farthing less, Bill, because it may turn out that there will be no assets. At a cool two hundred, payable at my death."

The young man looked at his father's feet. "Well," he said, presently—for he thought of the young wife at home—"as you will. I'll sign to it."

He was about to follow the old man for the purpose, but the latter motioned him back and said that the Brussels carpet was nearly new.

"Won't you take a little of something, Bill? A glass of sherry and a biscuit," he said, when the requisite forms had been complied with. "Do let me prevail upon you."

The other crumpled the gold before he replied.

"If you will give me a fresh bottle, and let me draw the cork, and let me fill for myself, I will take two or three glasses," he said.

The usurer seemed puzzled.

"Why a fresh bottle?" he asked.

"Because you may poison the decanter, dear father," returned his son.

"Ha ha!" chuckled the old man. "Tizzy," calling the servant, "bring a bottle of sherry from the cellar. We'll drink," he added, when the woman had executed the order, "to the health of Mrs. Harding, Eh? Shall we?"

His son tossed off four glasses of wine without replying, and with a rough farewell, left the house. He took a cab at the first stand, and having called to treat with the doctor on the way, rejoined his wife after three hours' absence. She had not been left alone all this while. Harding found a woman, the wife of the fellow-lodger, in the room, who was employed in airing some baby-linen before the fire, while the contents of a small saucepan were simmering away upon the hob.

"I've made bold," she said when he entered, "to look in upon your good lady."

She seemed half afraid of him, as if her samaritan deed had merited reproach. Bending first over the bed to kiss the little enduring creature, whose heart had been so full for many and many a long day, and whisper his adventures in her ear, he advanced and took the friendly neighbor by the hand.

"It's so good of you, Mrs. Merrythought," he said; "but you women are always so considerate. I don't know what we men should do without you."

She had something to say to him, of which she did not know how to acquit herself in his wife's hearing; so, feigning to believe that she heard her husband's voice in the passage, she opened the door and went out upon the landing-place, where she stood coughing and beckoning to attract his notice; he had stepped across to the bed-side, however, to kiss his little wife once more, and she was obliged to call him by his name.

"There's a nice doctor," she said, when he had joined her without the apartment, "as did for me when my last was born. If you don't mind going to him, and using my husband's name, sir, I'm sure he would come, and wait for his money till its quite convenient. And then," she added, checking his disposition to speak, "as for a nurse I've sent my eldest son over to Poplar for Mrs. Boss—maybe you've heard of Mrs. Boss, sir? I once was housemaid to a lady she attended, and then she said—I wasn't married then, sir, or even keeping company—Cheeky," she said—Cheeky was my maiden name, sir—when it comes to your turn, my girl, my name is Boss, and I lives when I'm at home, which ain't often to be sure, in Tozer street Poplar." And every one of my eight, sir, she has been the nurse to; and a good nurse she is, which I can put my oath to if you wish."

"My good Mrs. Merrythought," said Harding, touched by her kindness, "I have already provided a doctor, but I am greatly your debtor for Mrs. Boss."

#### CHAPTER IV.

E are the slaves of stone and wood and iron. I wish we could import somewhat of the Hindoo philosophy into our religion. This apparently solid earth—these clouds that go tearing along in a strong wind, a hundred miles an hour they say—that sun and moon, those stars; how we are cheated into a belief of their real existence! When the fact is that the landscape I saw last night, in that foolish dream I had, was just as real as they. I awoke, and the landscape was nought. But I passed from that delusion to another, and fancied the bed and the chair and the window to be real, when, like the landscape in my dream they were only apparitions. We are the slaves of matter—of substance (forgetting the meaning of that word SUBSTANCE, which implies that which stands, or exists, under appearances.) But in all ages, there have been seers among men, whose names endure as household memories, who have discovered the truth and have roundly asserted it. Others, venturing halfway, admit Time to be a delusion; but if Time, then also must Space be a delusion for I can only traverse from one point of space to another in Time, and it would require many years for a cannon ball to reach the sun. And then Time is a delusion, let every one know who can remember how short the hour seemed that was passed with the pleasant friends, and how long it was when he spent it upon the rack of anxiety.

Sixty minutes being real and independent of the mind, must be always of the same length in all circumstances. But we

perceive that an hour may be as a day, a week, when we spend it in terrible expectancy, and the messenger delays. And for space—yesterday the journey appeared to me so short, and today it was so long, yet I did not lengthen it by ten paces. Yet if the distance were real, and independent of my mental condition, it must have been on both occasions of the same extent.

We are the slaves of matter; but this matter is an arrant cheat, and we are the constant dupes of its imposition.

Is it not so with us, when God sends a new ray of his Divinity upon earth, and we say a child is born? We are the slaves of matter again in those little human limbs which are only the form that our thought has taken, and are as unreal as Time and Space. The miniature man or woman is two spaus long. I can measure the length by extending my hand twice, but the act of extension implies Space, and is done in Time. I say we are the dupes of matter.

Quiting the region of metaphysics, however—which is no dim haze, as divers persons would have us believe—let us see whether the baby-clothes which had swathed the limbs of Mrs. Merrythought's last required any mending before they were ready for their new office. No; in no one instance; so good had baby Merrythought been. Very soon the doctor arrived in a cab and Mrs. Boss was dropped at the end of the street by an omnibus. Very fat was Mrs. Boss and very good-natured and obliging. Her warm heart, moreover, like her body, seemed ever on the increase, and daily became greater, in two senses.

"It will be the death of me," she said, as she followed Mrs. Merrythought up the stairs, which were by mishap, very narrow. "I never can do it, I never can—that's for certain."

"Eh?" said Mrs. Merrythought, "What's amiss?"

"Can it be expected of me?" proceeded Mrs. Boss halting to pant more at her ease. "Is any one so ridiculous as to suppose I could do it? If the door-way is as narrow as the stairs, when I once get into the room, I shall be like a cork in a bottle, and as difficult to get out again."

"Ah!" remarked Mrs. Merrythought, "I see."

"See, child! Yes, and so do I see it. It can't be done. Positively, I'm stuck fast already," said Mrs. Boss, "and tighter lacing would be of no use, bless you."

"I suppose it wouldn't," returned Mrs. Merrythought.

"Not a bit of it," said the nurse. "You may as well ask me to creep through a key-hole, as to get up and down those stairs half-a-dozen times a day."

"Well, I must wait upon you—you shan't have to leave the room," said Mrs. Merrythought, who always did her best to diminish difficulties.

"Is the room a large one?" gasped Mrs. Boss.

"Not a very large one," replied Mrs. Merrythought, faltering.

"It's small,—isn't it? don't deceive me," said the nurse, anxiously.

"Well, it is smallish," answered her friend.

"I never can,—It's of no use," said Mrs. Boss. "I want air. I must have air, or perish,—its my nature."

"But you must come up," said Mrs. Merrythought, "now you have got so far. You can't turn upon the stairs, and you can't go down backward. You must come up, if it's only to turn in the room and go down again."

The, good unwieldy woman seemed struck with this suggestion and applied herself anew to the task of mounting. Once in the room, and recovered in some measure, she turned her eyes upon the little wife she had come to tend.

"Pretty lamb," she said, compassionately, to Mrs. Merrythought, "and is it her first? Deary me, what a many ladies I have nursed, whose first it was, and hoped to be the last and I said—no please God; for scripture says they shall be like olive-branches round about your table."

"You won't go home again—promise you won't," said Mrs. Merrythought, who saw that with the increased facility of breathing, she was waxing into the best of humors.

Mrs. Boss did not reply, but set herself to survey the room, the wall of which she swept with her eyes, and rested her gaze upon the window.

It was a very small window. If wishing could have made it larger, Mrs. Merrythought would have had it as large as a shop-front.

"You can try how you feel for one night, at least nurse," she said.

"Don't leave me please don't," said Emma Harding, "I see you're kind and good, and you shall be made as comfortable as possible."

"And I won't leave you, my pretty dear, said Mrs. Boss "make up your mind to that. As, many a time, the doctor has said to me,—Boss, you're worth your weight in gold—which it's not for me to say that I am; but I won't leave you, my lamb, till you can go strong about the house."

The doctor, who had been talking with Harding downstairs, now came in. Harding remained in Mrs. Merrythought's room, surrounded by an army of children, and took a cup of tea and a mutton chop with her husband, who, being the father of eight, did his best to entertain his fellow-lodger; whom he now met for the first time.

"A man," he said, "is naturally pulled down at these times. I was, myself, with all my eight. Jack, you dog, let the cat alone—(this, parenthetically, to the third, who was always a graceless urchin with a cat.) Tom, if you suck your thumb, I'll put you to bed—(this to the seventh.) You know, Mr. Harding, a man that can feel at all, must feel on such occasions. What do you say to a pipe?"

"Thank ye," returned Harding, "I'll smoke one."

"I think," remarked Merrythought, reaching his tobacco, "that of all animals,—and they tell us that man is an animal—we are the most dependent. There's my Joe, there the eldest—he's twelve years old, and not able to help himself yet, and won't properly those four or five years." Joseph Merrythought hung down his head, as if his helplessness were a crime. "But, there, for that matter," his father added "if you come to philosophy, I don't know where you may end. That philosophy bothers me, Mr. Harding."

"Yes, very likely," said Harding who was not much interested.

"Oh, but it does, though," proceeded Merrythought, who wished to consider himself contradicted. "How shall we account for a whale's not being a fish, eh? And yet, they tell us, it isn't one. Now, can you answer that?"

"I can't, indeed," replied Harding, who was disinclined to talk.

"If we come to philosophy, we had need light two candles, for we shan't see with one, I can tell you. I have dipped into those things, I have. Have you been much of a reader, Mr. Harding?"

"Yes,—pretty well—tolerable," yawned poor William who was getting sadly tired of his host's conversation.

But he had to endure it for an hour longer, at the expiration of which period Mrs. Merrythought ran into the room, and bade him bless the stars, for it was all over and the girl—a girl it was—was such a little love. The young father hurried off to see his baby and then bethought himself of getting a bed out.

After deducting recent expenses, and redeeming his own and wife's garments from the pawnbrokers, Harding found himself, in a month's time, possessed of thirty-eight pounds. With thirty-eight pounds, you may go, on seven hundred and sixty occasions, to the pit of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and see Shakespeare played from the restored text. If you have only thirty-eight pounds in the world, I don't think that would be the best way of spending it. Harding proposed twenty schemes for profitably investing that very moderate sum, but he could not satisfy himself with any one of them. He at last determined to advertise in the newspapers for an engagement as a Classical Tutor; and while awaiting the result, to fall back upon his fortune.

Accordingly, the readers of the *Times* were one morning informed that a gentleman, thoroughly competent to instruct in the advanced classics, and conversant with the higher mathematics, was open to an engagement. The next day, Harding, calling at the library to which, as signified in the advertisement, letters were to be addressed, found a letter, which, upon perusal, he pronounced to be satisfactory. He was yet more satisfied, when he visited the writer on the following morning, and was engaged as an instructor in the Classics, without preamble or delay. The party with whom he treated was a youth of nineteen or thereabouts, who announced himself as his own master, and independent of all control.

"I am an aspirant, Mr. Harding," he said. "I have not been badly educated, but I want finishing off. I think you are just the person I want. Don't think me rude, if at this

early stage of our acquaintance, I ask you what your politics are, and what are your views of humanity?"

Harding did not immediately reply, for he was puzzled. There was about this youth, who proclaimed himself independent of all authority, such a coolness of procedure—such an assumption of superiority, which, while it did not offend him—it was too delicate and refined for that—took him greatly aback when he looked at the other's beardless face.

"I am liberal in my opinions," he said, presently, "but I never speak of my politics where they are not agreeable."

"You are liberal in your opinions," returned the youth. "Then we are friends. I am a Radical, and something more, Mr. Harding."

Harding replied that he was glad—he did not know what to say.

"I write," proceeded the youth.

"Indeed," remarked Harding.

"And publish," the other rejoined, "under the signature of Philo-Junius."

"I—I am not familiar with your—"

"With my writings. I suppose not. They appear in a penny weekly publication, called, 'The Startler.' It isn't much, but it possesses a merit, as being the herald of the People's Press. Startling publications will appear in scores by-and-bye. We have no People's Newspaper yet—we shall, hereafter, have one. There may be a hard struggle to establish it, but it will come, and it will utter stern truth."

Harding had been distressed for the bread that is so difficult to get, and his young wife had hungered for it, and they had known much sorrow. He had almost denied principle and forsaken honesty in his trials. He had confessed to his father, that honesty was good, while it could be adhered to, but must be parted with on an emergency. In the presence of this young enthusiast he felt shame and contrition. Boldero—for such was the youth's name, only needed encouragement to enter, at length, into his view of the future. The tutor and the pupil had much rich discourse that day, and at parting, they believed each other's destination to be that of a glorious Reformer. One had been twenty-two years in the world, and the other, nineteen, and they believed in the perfectibility of human nature. Fools!

Which was to be pupil, and which the tutor?

## CHAPTER V.



MR. PEASNAP'S Christmas party had proved a failure. The beef was over-roasted—burnt as Mrs. Peasnap avowed, even to tears, to a kitchen cinder; and the pudding, owing to an accident it met with in the pot, was broken into fragments and watery. The guests, not relishing their dinner, were gloomy. Peasnap's jokes scarcely excited a smile. The port was muddy, and the brandy, obtained in lieu of a debt, was British and fiery. The sherry was pronounced thin, and even the veteran drinkers preferred gooseberry negus, of which they sipped a thimbleful every half-hour till tea-time. The holly-berries were pale contrasted with the hue of Mrs. Peasnap's indignant cheeks.

Hence it was that Mrs. Peasnap resolved to give another party, which should prove a triumph, and efface all remembrance of the Christmas mishap. Her husband went into the city and made a treaty with a wine-merchant. Claret and champagne, in limited quantities, was the result; and Peasnap, encouraged by his wife, even went to such lengths as to hire a frosted silver claret-jug and finger-glasses. Moreover, he engaged Chimpanzee, the celebrated comic singer, and Maudlin, who excelled in sentimental recitative.

Emma Harding was a proud little woman when she received a note sealed with two beak-embracing doves, and containing an invitation to Mrs. Peasnap's Ladyday party for herself and husband. Going, indeed, was out of the question, unless William hinted at the long-promised satin dress, which he did that night, and bade her buy it the next morning.

The satin purchased, and "made-up" by no second-hand, the next consideration was the baby. Could Mrs. Boss spare one night from her ordinary avocations?

The afternoon of the Peasnap party arrived, and brought with it Mrs. Boss. It was not without some irresolution, however, that Emma resigned the infant to her care. She

stood wavering—should she, or should she not? The dear, good, motherly Boss would take golden care of the jewel, she would know.

"As my own, I will," said Mrs. Boss, "and my own I have, thank God, who ploughs the salt, salt ocean at this moment, in one of his blessed Majesty's ships."

"I have soaked the tops and bottoms," said Emma, "and you will only have to keep the saucepan simmering. And if you should want it, the Godfrey's on the mantleshelf."

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Boss, "I won't hear of it. That's not my plan. Some may, but I never do. Godfrey, I always will maintain, is unnatural."

When Emma joined her husband, she found him engaged in reading a note, which a lad had just delivered to him.

"Emma," he said, "you must go alone to Peasnap's."

"Eh?" she exclaimed. "William, dear?"

"You must go alone to Peasnap's," he repeated.

"Why cannot you come?" she anxiously inquired.

"I can't," he curtly answered. "Remember me kindly, and say that sudden business—particular business—there you know what to say."

"I don't indeed," she replied innocently. "And you frighten me, William. For God's sake tell me what you mean! Are you going to prison?"

"To prison," he rejoined, laughing. "No, no. Say at Peasnap's that I couldn't come. There is no need to be more explicit."

She looked at the lad, who had retired to a little distance, but his face revealed nothing.

"I will call and fetch you home," added Harding.

"Very well," she said, dolefully. "You know best."

"And act for the best," he returned. "Come, I will see you to Peasnap's."

He spoke apart to the lad, who immediately shot forward with boyish alacrity. Then he walked with his wife, in silence, to the corner of the street where Peasnap dwelt, and quitting her there, hurried in the direction of Boldero's residence.

In the front of the house where Boldero lodged, a man was standing dressed like an artisan, who, when he saw Harding approaching, advanced and met him.

"Mr. Harding?" he said.

"That is my name," replied William.

"Secretary of the P.F.D.?"

"What motive have you in questioning me?"

"You have just received a note from Mr. Boldero?"

"I have."

"You were about to visit him when I accosted you?"

"I was."

"Mr. Boldero has been suddenly called from home. He will see you at the usual hour and the usual place."

"You,"—said Harding, "are you of the P. F. D.?"

"I joined last Monday. Mr. Boldero knows me well. I have already been trusted."

"I am glad of it. I like your face. Give me your hand."

"With pleasure. I hear of you everywhere. My motto, like yours, is *Death to the Tyrants*."

Harding slightly frowned.

"I shall perhaps meet you to-night," he said.

"Undoubtedly. I shall be present."

"I will then talk further of this *Death to the Tyrants*."

It was now five o'clock, and Harding had three hours to wait before he could join Boldero. He thought, at first, of retracing his steps, and sitting down to Peasnap's dinner. But he re-considered. Whom should he meet there? What was Peasnap himself but a witless jester? He would be plagued to death with his host's conundrums. He shuddered as he thought of the dull addled brains which the wine would heat into unnatural activity. He walked irresolutely down two or three streets. It began to rain, and he had no umbrella. Should he return home to Mrs. Boss? Her gossip would distract him. He turned into a better sort of tavern, and ordered a glass of brandy and water and a cigar. The parlor was filled with people, but as he was not spoken to he felt himself alone. The newspaper was engaged, but the waiter offered him the Black Book—the Newgate Calendar of the priests and the aristocracy. He turned over its well-thumbed pages. Its contents he already knew well—its column of legalised deprecation in the shape of pensions.

He read and read. His hair almost stood erect. Has no yours over the same pages? Mine has.

"Death to the tyrants," cried a voice near him. The speaker was seated at the next table.

"We of the P.F.D. say so," added another voice.

Harding looked at these men. They were unknown to him. But the P.F.D. had augmented their numbers greatly during the last week, for the popular commotion was at its highest.

At half-past seven, he directed his course towards Westminster. It had ceased to rain, and the stars shone down brightly, beautifully. People were gathered in the streets, talking sedition. Above, the sky was calm, holy. But there were perhaps miserable beings in those distant worlds—if they were worlds—and wretched girls, who, driven to crime for want of the difficult bread drowned themselves. The great God knew.

"The Bill will be again thrown out," said a man, addressing a group of his fellows, as Harding passed.

"Then——" The speaker made a noise with his tongue resembling the cocking of a gun.

"Yes. Death to the tyrants," added a third. "We of the P.F.D. say so."

Harding hurried on.

Into a lighted room, where hundreds of men were assembled. On a raised platform were the committee of the P.F.D., and amongst them Boldero. Harding was greeted by the whole assemblage with a loud clapping of hands. Every moment the numbers increased. The room presently became densely thronged.

"We shall move in three months from this time," said Boldero apart to Harding. "The delegates have made their returns. Birmingham alone has added nine thousand since our last meeting."

"You intend to move then?" said Harding.

"Undoubtedly," replied Boldero, looking astonishment.

"Otherwise we have wasted our time and money."

"But this *death to the tyrants*—is it so well, then, to use violence? We seek, do we not, to make men better?"

"Do you shrink," said Boldero.

From violence I do. From blood I do," replied Harding.

"Are you afraid?"

"No, no; but when have the people ever won their cause by an appeal to arms?"

"In Cromwell's time," said Boldero: "you are a coward, Harding."

"I am not; you do me wrong. But let us try what Moral Force can do."

"Moral Force!" returned Boldero, fiercely. "We are P. F. D., Physical Force Democrats."

"You perjure that holy word, Democracy. Yours will be Mob Law and Mob Strength,—the law and strength of brutes."

"You knew our resolution when you accepted my invitation to join us. Why are you a turncoat?"

"I knew it; yes. I believe it was the will of God. But I erred. I blasphemed. Love, my friend, is the Law of the Supreme. We must conquer only through love. We must be better men than our oppressors. I have thought deeply of what I now utter. Elevated natures rely on the moral law. The weapon and the fist are left to ruder beings, as we see the dog worry with his teeth, and do not wish to imitate him."

"And do you think to prevail with our oppressors by persuasion—by entreaty?" returned Boldero, with a sneer.

"Will they give us our rights because we ask them and behave ourselves like good children? When they yield to the pressure from without, as it is called, is it not because they fear the growing discontent, and know what tough and stubborn sinews knit the frames of Englishmen? It is the fear of a resort to physical force that makes them yield, when they yield to moral force."

"Legislators are amenable, as we all are, to the law of progress," replied Harding. "You will find that as the age moves forward, legislation, though it may lag in the rear, and will never anticipate, will yet be obliged to follow at a respectable distance."

The business of the meeting commenced, and they talked no more. The speakers were noisy, for they were demagogues, and appealed to the coarser passions of their audience

"Better," said one, "that the pavement should run blood than the people be oppressed. The people? Say rather, the slaves; for we are slaves. (Cries of "We are, we are!") Our tyrants ride roughshod over us. They bow our necks to the ground. But we will crouch no longer. We will teach them our strength," etc., etc.

They all spoke after the same fashion.

But one said, in addition, that they must never stop till they had community of property. "Mine must be thine," he said, "and thine must be mine. The grapes must not be mine or yours—they must be *ours*."

"And you would be quarrelling for the ripest bunch," thought Harding.

"I am the Secretary of the P. F. D.," he said to the committee, when the meeting was broken up. "I wish to resign the office. I dissent from your doctrines, and with the same hatred of oppression, and the same ardent desire for reform,—a more thorough reform—I think, than we shall get—I am a convert to moral force and the law of love."

(To be continued)

## Widow Beebe's Boy.

THE stage has gone, sir, but there's a widow lives here, and she's got a boy, and he'll drive you over. He's a nice little fellow, and Deacon Ball let's him have his team for a trifle, and we like to get him a job when we can."

It was a hot day in July. Away up among the hills that made the lower slope of the Monadnock Mountain a friend lay very ill. In order to reach his temporary home one must take an early train to the nearest station, and trust to the lumbering old coach that makes a daily trip to E—. The train was late; the stage, after waiting some time, was gone. The landlord of the little white hotel appeared in his shirt sleeves, and leaning his elbow on the balcony rail dropped down on the hot and thirsty traveler what comfort could be extracted from the opening sentence of my sketch.

"Would we not come in and have some dinner?" "Yes." "Would he send for the deacon's team? And the boy?" "Yes."

And the dinner was eaten and the team came round—an open buggy and an old white horse, and as we were seated the door of a little brown house across the way opened and out rushed the "widow's boy."

In his mouth was the last morsel of his dinner; he had evidently learned how to "eat and run." His feet were clad in last winter's much-worn boots, whose wrinkled legs refused to stay within the limits of the narrow and faded trousers. As his legs flew forward his arms flew backward in an ineffectual struggle to get himself inside of a jacket much too short in the sleeves.

"There he is," said the hostler, "that's the Widow Beebe's boy. I told him I'd hold the horse while he went home to get a bite."

The horse did not look as if he needed to be held, but the hostler got his dime, and the boy approached in time to relieve my mind as to whether he would conquer the jacket or the jacket would conquer him and turn him wrong side out.

He was sun-burned and freckled, large-mouthed and red-haired—a homely, plain, wretched little Yankee boy; and yet as we rode through the deep summer bloom and fragrance of the shaded road, winding up the long hills in the glow of the afternoon sun, I learned such a lesson from the little fellow as I shall not soon forget.

He did not look much like a preacher as he sat stooping forward a little, whisking the flies from the deacon's horse, but his sermon was one which I wish might have been heard by all the boys in the land. As it was I had to spur him on now and then by questions to get him to tell about himself.

"My father died, you see, and left my mother the little brown house opposite the tavern. You saw it, didn't you, sir—the one with the lilac bushes under the window? Father was sick a long time, and when he could not work he had to raise money on the house. Deacon Ball let him have it, a little at a time, and when father was gone, mother found the money owed was almost three hundred dollars. At first she

thought she would have to give up the house, but the deacon said, 'Let it wait awhile,' and he turned and patted me on the head and said: 'When Johnny gets big enough to earn something I shall expect him to pay it.' I was only nine then, but I'm thirteen now; I remember it, and I remember mother cried, and said, 'Yes, Deacon, Johnny is my only hope now;' and I wondered and wondered what work I could do. I really felt as if I ought to begin at once, but I couldn't think of anything to do."

"Well, what did you do?" I asked quickly, for I was afraid he would stop, and I wanted to hear the rest.

"Well, at first I did very funny things for a boy. Mother used to knit socks to sell, and she sewed the rags to make rag carpets and I helped."

"How? What could you do?"

"Well, the people who would like a carpet could not always get the time to make it. So I went to the houses among the farmers and took home their rags, old coats and everything they had, and out in the woods I ripped and cut them up. Then mother sewed them and sometimes I sewed some, too, and then I rolled them into balls and took them back to the owners, all ready to be woven into rugs."

"But did they pay for your work?"

"Oh, yes, we got so much a pound; and I felt quite like a young merchant when I weighed them out with our old steelyards. But that was only one way; we've two or three old apple trees out in the back yard by the wall, and we dried the apples and sold them. Then some of the farmers who had a good many apples began to send them to us to dry, and we paid them so many pounds all dry and had the rest to sell."

"But you surely could not do much in ways like these."

"No, not much, but something; and we had the knitting."

"Did you knit?"

"Not at first, but after a while mother began to have the rheumatism in her hands and the joints became swollen and the fingers twisted and it hurt her to move them. Then I learned to knit; before that I wound the yarn for her. I had to learn to sew a little, too, for mother didn't like to see the holes without patches."

And he looked half smilingly at the specimens on his knees.

"But you did not mend those?" said I.

"Yes, sir; but I was in a hurry, and mother said it was not done as it ought to be. They had just been washed, and I couldn't wait for them to dry."

"Who washed them?"

"I did and ironed them, too. I can wash and iron almost as well as mother can. She don't mean to let me, but how is she going to help it? She can hardly use her hands at all, and some days she cannot leave her chair, so I had to learn to make the beds and to scrub the floor and wash the dishes, and I can cook almost as well as a girl."

"Is it possible? I shall have to take supper with you on my way back to the city, and test your skill."

Johnny blushed, and I added:—

"It's a pity, my boy, that you haven't a sister."

"I had one," he said gently, "but she died; and—if she had lived, I shouldn't have wished her to lift, and bring wood and water, and scrub as poor mother always did. Sometimes I wish I could have sprung all the way from a baby to a man. It's such slow work growing up; and it was while mother was waiting for us to grow up that she worked so hard."

"But, my boy, you cannot expect to be son and daughter and mother all in one. You cannot do the work for a whole family."

"Yes, I can; it isn't much, and I am going to do it and the work my father left undone. I'm going to pay that mortgage, if I live."

"Heaven grant you may," I said, fervently, under my breath; "for not many mothers have such a son."

"Mother don't know I mean to do it, and she is very anxious I should go to school, and I mean to sometime; but I know just where the boys in my class are studying, and I get the lessons at home. Mother reads them to me out of the book, while I am washing the dishes or doing her work, and we have great fun. I try to remember and repeat it, and if we come to anything we can't make out, I take it over to the teacher in the evening, she is very kind, she tells me."

Very kind! Who wouldn't be kind to such a boy? I felt the tears coming to my eyes at such a sudden vision of this soul's doing girl's work, while his poor old mother held the book in her twisted hands and tried to help him to learn.

"But all this does not earn money, my boy. How do you expect to save if you spend your time indoors?"

"Oh, I don't do girl's work all day; no, indeed! I have worked out our taxes on the road. It wasn't much, but I helped the men build a stone wall down by the river; and Deacon Ball lets me do a great deal of work for him, and when I get a chance to take anybody from the hotel to ride, he lets me have his team for almost nothing, and I pay to him whatever I make. And I work on the farm with the men in summer; and I have a cow of my own and sell the milk at the tavern; and we have some hens, too, and sell the eggs. And in the fall I cut and pile the winter's wood in the sheds for the people who haven't any boys—and there's a good many people about here who haven't any boys," he added, brushing a fly from the old horse with the tip of his whip.

After this we fell into silence and rode through the sweet New England roads, with Monadnock rising before us ever nearer and more majestic. It impressed me with a sense of his rugged strength—one of the hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;" but I glanced from the mountain to the little red-headed morsel of humanity at my side with a sort of recognition of their kinship. Somehow they seemed to belong together. I felt as if the same sturdy stuff were in them both. It was only a fancy, but it was confirmed the next day; for when I came back from town after seeing my invalid friend, I called on Deacon Ball. I found him white-haired and kindly-faced. He kept the village store and owned a pretty house, and was evidently very well to do. Naturally we talked of John, and the deacon said to me with tears in his old watery blue eyes:

"Why, bless your heart, sir, you don't think I'm going to take his money, do you? The only son of his mother and she a widow, and all tied up into double bow-knots with the rheumatics besides! True enough, I let his father have the money, and my wife she says, says she to me: 'Well, deacon, my dear, we've not got a child and shall be just as well off a hundred years from now if the widow never pays a cent; but 'cording to my calculation its better to let the boy think he's payin'! She says I might as well try to keep a barrel of vinegar from workin'. It's the mother in him and it's got to work. We think a good deal of the widow, Mandy and me. I did before I ever saw Mandy; but for all that we hold the mortgage, and Johnny wants to work it out. Mandy and me, we are going to let him work."

"I turned away, for I was going to sup at Johnny's house; but before I went I asked the deacon how much Johnny had already paid.

"Well I don't know; Mandy knows—I pass it to her—she keeps the book. Drop in before you go to the train and I'll show it to you."

I dropped in and the deacon showed me the account. It was the book of a savings bank in a neighboring town, and on its pages were credits of all the little sums the boy had earned or paid; and I saw they were standing to Widow Beebe's name. I grasped the deacon's hand. He was looking away over the house-tops to where Monadnock was smiling under the good-night kiss of the sun.

"Good-by, sir, good by," he said, returning my squeeze with interest. "Much obliged, I'm sure, Mandy and me, too; but don't be worried about Johnny. When we see it we know the real stuff it takes to make a real man—and Johnny has got it; Johnny is like that mountain over there—chock full of grit and lots of backbone."

If a woman clopes in England, taking any of her husband's property, she is likely to be arrested for theft under the new Married Women's Property Act, which gives the women the rights they have so long craved, and also exposes them to new liabilities. Mrs. Margaret Fletcher ran away from her home at Workington a short time ago, and carried with her jewels and wearing apparel valued at \$12. Her husband first sued for divorce and got it, and then prosecuted his wife as a thief, and the justice decided against the defendant, who was beautiful as well as wayward.

## OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew upon a thought produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Obstinacy and heat in argument are surest proofs of tolly.  
A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.  
He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

Of all evils to the generous, shame is the most deadly pang.

The mouth of the gossip, like a drug store, is open at all hours.

One of the best sort of minds is that which minds its own business.

Worth begets in base minds envy; in great souls, emulation.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam.

What fate imposes men must needs abide; it boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and villainess for wit.

Everybody is willing to take religion when he has got out of the world all it can give him.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it he is superior.

A note made on Sunday is void; which may account for some men's sleeping through church service, and making no note of what the preacher says.

There is nobody who can stir up so many church rows as a prominent Methodist preacher, as the brother or sister who claims to live a life of sinless perfection.

A recent dictate of fashion is important to all married men. It is that small checks will be in regal for spring and summer silk dresses. It generally takes such large checks.

As the actors at the theatre are numerically small, compared with the audience, so in the world those who do anything are few in comparison with the many who sit still and look on.

A lady writer is out with an article entitled "How to Catch a Husband." But her theory is all wrong. Ask any married woman how to catch a husband, and she will reply, "By the hair."

A man asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and was going to tell her it was because a woman needs him; but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

It is said that one reason why many married ladies keep pet dogs is because their husbands are absent so much from home. They don't have the canines for protection. It's because home doesn't seem natural with no growling about, and the dogs growl during the time the husband ought to be attending to that duty.

"Madam," he began, as he lifted his hat at the front door, "I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged and vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is"—"Sir! those are my own children!" she interrupted, and the way that front door slammed his toes jarred every hair on his scalp-lock.

There are some folks in this world who don't seem to have the faintest idea of humor. A young man in Allegheny recently purchased one of those broad, flat scarfs which cover up a shirt front so completely that the shirt of the season of '82 answers for holiday wear in '83, and he gave it to his landlady, who wanted to know what it was. The young man told her it was a liver-pad; and when he wanted to dress up on Sunday, and go down to church and "mash" the freckle-faced alto, he couldn't find his scarf; and when he spoke to his landlady about it, she retired in a rage, and sent the hired girl back with the scarf and the pleasant information that she had suspected all along that it was no liver-pad, as she had not felt the least bit better since she had been wearing it.

## LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the friends—Authors."

Mr. Thomas Hughes is expected at Rugby, Tenn., the coming autumn.

The Polish novelist J. J. Kraszewski is probably the most voluminous of living writers. He has written and published 490 novels.

The editor of *Land and Liberty*, a Russian periodical, has written a book entitled "Underground Russia: Revolutionary Profiles and Sketches from Life." It will be published shortly in London, Eng.

A portrait of Longfellow engraved in pure line by Mr. Charles Burt, is said to be the most satisfactory portrait extant. It is based on a photograph preferred by Longfellow's family above all others.

The author of a new novel, "My Trivial Life and Misfortunes; by a Plain Woman," which has just been printed by the Blackwoods and is to be reprinted by the Putnams, was so anxious to secure her anonymity that all her negotiations with her publishers were carried on by advertisements in the *London Times*.

John Richard Green, the English historian, died at Mentone on March 7. Mr. Green was a clergyman of the Church of England. He was a friend and pupil of the historians Stubbs and Freeman, and had been an examiner in the School of Modern History at Oxford. His "Short History of the English People" appeared in 1874, and met with such success that he expanded it into a work on the same plan in four volumes (1878-80). In 1882 he published a history of England to the time of Egbert called "The Making of England." He collected a number of his essays on various subjects into a volume entitled "Stray Studies from England and Italy." "A Short Geography of the British Isles" and a series of primers of history and literature were edited by him.

## Fame.

The following poem, not included in any edition of Emerson's works, was written when he was twenty-six years old. Mr. Joel Benton, in his recently published work, "Emerson as a Poet," speaks of it as piquing curiosity, as exhibiting "the early groping of the author's mind toward its present mould of form."

Ah Fate! cannot a man  
Be wise without a beard?  
From East to West, from Bersheba to Dan,  
Say, was it never heard  
That wisdom might in youth be gotten,  
Or wit be ripe before 'twas rotten?

He pays too high a price  
For knowledge and for fame  
Who gives his sinews to be wise,  
His teeth and bones to buy a name,  
And crawls through life a paralytic  
To earn the praise of bard and critic.

Is it not better done  
To dine and sleep through forty years,  
Be loved by few, be feared by none,  
Laugh life away, have wine for tears,  
And take the mortal leap undaunted,  
Content that all we ask was granted?

But Fate will not permit  
The seeds of gods to die  
Nor suffer sense to win from wit  
Its guerdon in the sky;  
Nor let us hide, what'er our pleasure,  
The world's light underneath a measure.

Go, then, sad youth, and shine!  
Go, sacrifice to Fame!  
Put love, joy, health, upon, the shrine,  
And life to fan the flame!  
Thy hapless self for praises barter,  
And die to Fame an honored martyr.

## CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

The *London Lancet* says it is dangerous to wear red stockings. It finds that a thin salt is used as a mordant to fix the dye. Becoming more easily soluble at each washing, it forms, with acid excretions from the feet, an irritating fluid, which, often produces dangerous trouble.

It is reported that a company has been formed in Iowa for the purpose of manufacturing sporting shot from iron. It is stated that the trials which have been made of the shot have proved it to be fully equal, and in some respects superior, to the lead shot. Ovens are now being put up to anneal shot.

It is estimated that there are five times as many kinds of insects as there are species of all other living things put together. The oak alone gives shelter and support to 450 species of insects, and 200 kinds make their home in pine trees. In 1849, Alexander von Humboldt estimated that the number of species preserved in collection was between 150,000 and 170,000; but scientific men now say that there must be something like 750,000 species.

A new method of recognizing blood-stains where they have been partly washed out or altered by decay has been recommended by Signor Filippi. It depends on the iron in the blood. The suspected parts of the tissue are macerated twenty-four hours in alcohol of ninety-five per cent. strength to which one-twentieth of sulphuric acid has been added. The liquid is poured off, and made strongly alkaline by adding an alcoholic solution of ammonia; then it is heated to boiling in a water bath and filtered. On the filter remains a precipitate and sulphate of ammonia, which is washed with alcoholic ammoniacal liquid. The liquid is vaporised and the residue calcined. If hæmatin is present, red spots appear on both sides of the porcelain dish, and these, dissolved in a drop of nitromuriatic acid, give the well-known iron reactions with ferro or sulpho-cyanide of potassium. It is advisable to make a testing experiment with a stainless part of the same tissue.

Mr. Mattieu Williams recommends sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) as a cheap and effective domestic disinfectant. "I have lately used it," he says, "in the case of a trouble to which English householders are too commonly liable, and one that has in many cases done serious mischief. The stoppage of a soilpipe caused the overflow of a closet, and a consequent saturation of floor-boards, that in time would probably have developed danger by nourishing and developing the germs of bacteria, bacilli, etc., which abound in the air, and are ready to increase and multiply wherever their unsavoury food abounds. By simply mopping the floor with a solution of these blue crystals, and allowing it to soak well into the pores of the wood, they (the pores) cease to become a habitat for such microscopic abominations. The copper salt poisons the poisoners. The solution should not be put into iron or zinc vessels, as it rapidly corrodes them, and deposits a nonadherent film of copper. Stone-ware resists it, and it may also be safely kept in wooden buckets."

## How to Take Out Screws from Woodwork.

One of the simplest and readiest methods for loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire, and applied for a couple or three minutes to the head of the rusted screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screw-driver as if it was a recently inserted screw. As there is a kitchen poker in every house, that instrument, if heated at its extremity, and applied for a few minutes to the head of the screw or screws, will do the required work of loosening, and an ordinary screw-driver will do the rest, without causing the least damage, trouble or vexation of spirit. In all work above the common kind, where it is necessary to use screws, and particularly in hinge work and mountings, fancy appliances affixed to joinery or furniture works, we would advise the oiling of screws or dipping their points in grease before driving them. This will render them more easy to drive and also to withdraw, and it will undoubtedly retard for a longer time the action of rusting.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

This month we wish to call the attention of all wishing

### TO MAKE MONEY

to the fact that many such persons of both sexes, young and old, are succeeding in their object, by canvassing for subscribers to the FAMILY CIRCLE and retaining our large CASH COMMISSION to agents which will be made known through our 1882-83 circular, which together with sample copies will be sent free on application by post card or letter.

One lady, who has sent us many large lists of subscribers, echoing the opinion of hundreds of others who have written us, says: "Your spicy, amusing, interesting, and consequently popular magazine has only to be placed in its true light before intelligent and appreciative persons, and they are ready subscribers."

Subscriptions can commence with any number. Send for Agent's Outfit to Lawson & Jones, Publishers, London East, Ont.

### PERIODICALS, ETC.

The stylographic pen is one of the necessities of our modern civilization. If Hood's song had been "Dip, dip, dip," instead of "Stitch, stitch, stitch," it would have lost its text at the hands of Mr. Livermore, who has given his age this perfection of pen, penholder and case, and ink, all in one, handsome, and always at hand and ready for use. The inventor has put some new improvements into it, and now what remains but for every scribe and letter writer to find it on his desk. Ink, filler and cleaner, all go with it. And to crown all, the price has been reduced to \$2. Send that amount to the sole agent, Mr. Louis E. Dunlap, 590 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and the return mail will bring you this most perfect pen.

### CIRCLE CHAT

THE GREATEST HEROISM consists in acquitting ourselves of our most ordinary every-day duties with becoming grace. The most trifling actions on the part of children toward parents, parents toward children; brothers toward sisters, sisters toward brothers; husbands toward wives, wives toward husbands—the bearing in general of each member of the family toward the rest—this is the real test in life of true heroism.

ON ACCOUNT OF HIS PROGRESSIVE OPINIONS, Rev. James D. Shaw of Waco, Texas, was compelled to leave the Methodist Church. He has commenced the publication of a magazine called *The Independent Pulpit*, wherein he, not without justice, speaks as follows of the press: "We have been a silent though interested observer of what the press has had to say of our late *departure* and our observations have revealed two very unexpected things, namely: the irreligiousness of the religious press, and the religiousness of the irreligious press. From the first we have received narrow, spiteful invective, and from the second, generous, manly sympathy. What a strange contrast! How different from what one would expect after such loud professions of holiness and sanctification—*perfect love!*"

A PERSON'S ENERGIES must be directed to some purpose continually, so that if there is nothing attractive put before the minds of the young that is benefitting and good, something evil will surely present itself. Work—constant, interesting work, is the best remedy for evil habits.

### RESPONSES TO READERS.

Mrs. C.—No; the lady referred to is at present a resident of Hamilton, Ontario.

Mrs. H.—A never-failing remedy for bugs is said to be a mixture of equal proportions of kerosene and blue ointment. Saturate a woollen rag and rub with it.

Y. L.—Give the young lady all the time she desires. There may be reasons of which you have no idea which make her hesitate in giving a decision in so important a matter.

W. H.—We will send, post paid, to any address, the numbers of the FAMILY CIRCLE from July 1882 to January 1883 (inclusive) containing the complete story, "The Old Library at Home," on receipt of twenty-five cents.

A. P.—To rise and leave the theatre when a play is drawing to a close is very rude. It is not only an insult to the actors but a source of annoyance to those of the audience who can appreciate what is usually the most impressive acting in the play.

S. S.—The rule of always keeping to the right when meeting and passing people on the street should be followed in all cases except when a gentleman, walking alone, meets a lady where one side of the walk is preferable to the other, when he will pass on the objectionable side.

HARRY J.—The separate lists of subscribers sent in by those competing for the steel engraving offered in our last month's issue, to the one sending the most subscribers before the first of July next, will be carefully recorded opposite each contestant's name, and the name of the one winning the prize will be published in the July number.

P. A. R.—You appear to have got beyond taking advice in the affair. The main thing in selecting, is to be satisfied that the object of your affection is worthy your utmost devotion and love; besides, a young lady who would be a suitable wife for one would be ill-suited for another.

B. G.—You will find it very difficult to make money from literary composition. You will first have to write something of more than ordinary brilliancy. Depend upon it editors are better judges than your friends, as more, to their own interest, depends upon the acceptance of the very best articles.

J. F.—You have followed the best course possible under the circumstances and should by all means continue to do the same. The other parties concerned will respect you more for thus conducting yourself, and Miss A. will no doubt see that she was wrong if she is a sensible girl, and the facts are exactly as you have stated.

W. N. J.—1. A gentleman should in all circumstances conform to the rules of etiquette, whether his adherence to them will be recognized and returned or not. 2. A gentleman has no right to take a lady's hand to shake unless it is offered. 3. As a general rule an introduction is not followed by shaking hands, but simply by a bow.

STUDENT—There is an allusion in the paragraph in Circle Chat last month about novel reading, to the at-one-time popular Swedish novel, *Det gar an*, "It Will Do," the widespread influence of which is said to have been to excite the imaginations of readers so as to have caused many lovers to desert the objects of their affections simply to make their lives more romantic.

MINNIE W.—We could not award our monthly puzzle prize to the person sending in the first correct solutions, as our subscribers extend all over the Dominion and as far South as Virginia in the U. S., so that when the papers are mailed from the office at the same time there is a difference of a few days in their receiving them, and also in the time their answers would take to come to us.

MARY B.—You had better try to bring about a reconciliation and smooth over the affair, making it as commonplace as possible rather than have any romance attached to it, which might cause ignorant gossips to give a version of the matter which would probably surprize you and cause bitter repentance. Young ladies cannot afford to consider themselves above what people say, and no gentleman will despise a lady for not following her inclinations in such matters.

## HEALTH AND DISEASE.

*Mens sana in corpore sano.*

## Some Uses of Salt.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water, and drank, will instantly relieve dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if, at the same time, due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half-pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as an emetic; and in cases of poisoning is always at hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extraction of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations.

## Bad Teeth and Disease.

In commenting upon the importance of taking care of the teeth, an exchange says:—

"Had we the means, we would endow a charity, the great aim of which should be to prevent disease by establishing an institution for the treatment of decayed and imperfect teeth. There are more cases of disease of various kinds and various degrees of severity emanating from bad teeth than from almost any other cause. The trouble is easily remedied if taken in time; but those who suffer most are they who have not the means to employ competent dentists. It is pitiful to see the children of the poor as they grow up, gradually losing their teeth by decay and neglect, and becoming dyspeptic at twenty, and old and haggard at thirty. If there is a nobler charity than that which would supply free dentistry to the poor, and dentistry at cost to those who are able to pay no more, we know not what it is. But there are persons of ample means who pay no attention to their own teeth or those of their children. They should be taught the importance of attending to this matter, and if they then refused they should be punished for the neglect of an important duty towards their families. There is no excuse for any person's having bad teeth. A child can be taught the importance of attending to the teeth, and every child that has his second front teeth should be provided with a tooth-brush, and be required to use it at least once every day using castile soap. Once in six months, at furthest, a dentist should be employed to examine the teeth and properly fill any that may be found decayed. Were this plan generally adopted we should see no more toothless men and women."

## Some Health Rules

Never sleep in a room, if there is no fire, with all of the windows and doors closed. The average room does not contain more than one-third the air needed by the sleeper.

Never sleep in the same clothes worn by day, but hang them where they can air.

Never drink water, that has stood in the sleeping room all night in open vessels.

Never go to bed with cold feet, but first soak them in hot water, then dash on cold water, followed by thorough friction.

## Care of the Hair.

The scalp, when in a healthy state, is soft and thick and warm with goodly blood-vessels able to afford ample nourishment from which secretion shall be elaborated, and space for the working of all that delicate machinery which exists at the roots of the hair. As the circulation decreases, the scalp spreads, so to say, the glands and capsules are unable to fulfil their functions. Or, again, the too free use of pomades and dressings causes the head to catch dust, excludes air, clogs the perspiratory pores, relaxes the skin, and deranges

all its processes; while, in addition, the oils are frequently rancid, however, the rancidity may be disguised by perfumes, and when this is the case they corrode and irritate everything, and change the normal production of sebum to an excess that becomes disease.

One of the first things requisite to regain the beauty of the hair with those who have suffered a deterioration, either from the use of chemicals or of pomades, or from the wearing of too much weight and its consequent heat, is perfect cleanliness of the scalp. Many people are afraid of washing the head, fearing to take cold. They never dream of taking cold by wetting their heads in bay-rum or cologne, forgetting that the quicker evaporation of alcoholic mixtures on the surface is liable to give cold in greater and speedier degree by far than soap and water can. Cold is seldom taken in a brisk washing of the head and as brisk a drying, the friction occasioning a reaction and warmth that are sufficient protection, while the cleansing of the vessels from dust and dead skin and the rest of their extrinsic accumulations is a positive addition to health.

This friction of a gentle and persistent sort is more than half the secret of the recovery of the hair and its beauty. It promotes the circulation of the blood in the scalp, without which there can be no growth or gloss; and its mild excitation has a tonic effect, whose good results are soon seen. Sometimes a slight stimulant, such as a very small amount of ammonia in water, or of tincture of cantharides, is of advantage, applied outwardly, especially when the scalp has become loose, and often in that contingency a wash of strong black tea proves an excellent astringent. If the hair is unnaturally stiff a slight addition of glycerine to the lotion whatever it may be, is advised. It is occasionally wise, also, the hair still remaining impoverished or obstinate, to have recourse to a medical treatment, such as the taking of quinine, iron, the water of chalybeate springs, and other tonics, and a course of hypophosphite of soda—half a dozen grains of the latter in water three times a day; but for this it is proper that a physician should be consulted, as otherwise one is liable to receive more harm than good. But in most cases it will be found that perfect cleanliness through soap and water, the use of mild external stimulants, even of John Wesley's rubbing with a raw onion till the skin reddens, and then with an emollient trifle of honey, will, in conjunction with brushing, be quite sufficient to do all that can be done, as it makes miracles to bring the dead to life, and when the hair is really dead there is an end of it. But the brushing must be regular and repeated till the hair glows, not given with the least roughness of motion, but with a gentle constancy that produces no strain at the roots, and with a generous discretion that gives the thicker-growing portions as much as the thin ones and the partings, never use a scratching brush, and always brushing in the direction of the hair's growth.

And, with the rest, let us say that the brushes must be kept as clean as the head if healthy hair is wanted. They must be beaten to liberate dust and all dry particles and rubbed with a coarse dry cloth, then washed in borax and water to take away all foulness, and afterward rinsed in weak alum water to stiffen the bristles, shaken free from spray, and left to dry, but not wiped.

## Remedy for Cold Feet.

The following remedy for cold feet is recommended by the *Fireman's Journal* for sedentary sufferers, as well as policemen, car drivers, and others who are exposed to the cold:—All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up and down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and, by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. A heavy pair of woollen stockings drawn over thin cotton ones is also a recommendation for keeping the feet warm, and at the same time preventing their becoming tender and sore.

It is said that the fresh juice of limes will cure diphtheria.

## THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

## FASHION NOTES.

The imitation alligator skin, so extensively used, is made of pig's skin.

Flowers are used in great profusion on the bonnets imported for spring.

Long wrinkled gloves are now worn inside the sleeves instead of being drawn up on the outside.

Dress sleeves are fitted very closely to the arm; they are high on the shoulder and short at the wrist; linen cuffs are seldom used, because white cuffs of embroidery are worn outside the sleeve.

Combinations of two materials are seen in most of the costumes imported for spring and summer. The rule with these is a plain fabric for the waist and drapery, with figured goods for the lower skirt, but there are a few exceptions that prove the rule.

Little girls' dresses of Turkey red or blue percale are made with low, square necks and short sleeves, to wear over white guimpes. Blue bows are on the red dresses and red bows are on blue ones. There are twelve tucks down the front and back of the long waists, and embroidered ruffles cover the skirt. Their white pique dresses are trimmed with open guipure embroidery, and shrimp-pink bows are worn with these.

Many skirts are trimmed solely with shirring, having clusters of shirrs some two inches wide, alternating with plain spaces of equal width at the bottom, and graduated to double the width at the upper part of the skirt. The bottom is finished with a flounce either hemmed or embroidered. A bow of very wide ribbon, or else a chiffone sash, forms a short pouf behind.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**TOMATO HASH**—Chop cold roast beef or broiled beefsteak very fine. Put a minced onion and a teaspoonful of tomatoes on to boil. When the onions and tomatoes are thoroughly done, add the beef, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Serve scalding hot.

**PALMETTO BATTER CAKES**—To one quart of milk add the yolks of four eggs, beaten very lightly; mix boiled rice or hominy to suit your taste, and add flour enough to make the proper consistency. Lastly, beat the whites of the eggs very light, and stir in just before baking. Buttermilk can be used instead of sweet milk, but the acidity must be corrected with a little soda.

**CORN BREAD**—Two cups of sour milk, three-quarters of a cup of molasses, two cups of corn meal, one and one-half cups of white flour, a small teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in sour milk; salt; steam three hours; to be eaten hot. Slice and steam when you wish to warm it up.

**EXCELLENT BROWN BREAD**—One and a-half cups of yellow meal, one cup of rye flour, one cup of graham flour, one cup of molasses, two full teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt. Mix all to a consistency of a thick batter with either milk or water, pour into a buttered mould or tin pail, and steam in boiling water four hours.

**SODA BISCUIT**—In a recent lecture by Miss Parloa soda biscuits were made of a quart of unsifted flour, a tablespoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and milk enough (nearly a pint) to make a soft dough. Lard or drippings might have been used instead of butter, and water instead of milk. The dry ingredients were mixed together and rubbed through a sieve; then the milk was added, and the mixture stirred with a spoon until a smooth paste had been formed. The moulding-board having been sprinkled lightly with flour, the dough was rolled down to the thickness of about half an inch. It was cut into small cakes, and these were baked fifteen minutes in a very hot oven.

**ORANGE PUDDING**—Two large oranges pared and cut in pieces one inch square, put in the bottom of a pudding-dish; pour over them one cup of white sugar; then make a plain corn starch pudding without sugar, and pour it over the orange and sugar. Let stand and cool.

**APPLE SOUFFLE**—One pint of steamed apples, one table-spoonful of melted butter, half a cupful of sugar, the whites of six eggs and the yolks of three, a slight grating of nutmeg. Stir into the hot apple the butter, the sugar and nutmeg and the yolks of the eggs well-beaten. When this is cold, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir into the mixture. Butter a three-pint dish, and turn the soufflé into it. Bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Serve immediately with any kind of sauce.

**FAVORITE SNOW CAKE**—Beat one cup of butter to a cream, add one and a-half cups of flour, and stir very thoroughly together; then add one cup of corn starch and one cup of sweet milk in which three tea-spoonfuls of baking powder have been dissolved; last add the whites of eight eggs and two cups of sugar well-beaten together; flavor to taste, bake in sheets, and put together with icing.

**HOUSE-KEEPERS' NOTES**—Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.—Cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.—Boiling starch is much improved by the addition of sperm, or salt or both, or a little gum arabic, dissolved.—A table-spoonful of turpentine, boiled with your white clothes, will greatly aid the whitening process.—Kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable as new.

## MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

**TO CLEAN FLAT-IRONS**—Beeswax and salt will make your flat-irons as clear and as smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

**REMEDY FOR RINGWORM**—Dissolve a piece of sulphate of potash, the size of a walnut, in one ounce of water. Apply night and morning for a couple of days, and it will disappear.

**TO REMOVE SUNBURN**—Take two drams of borax, one dram of alum, one dram of camphor, half an ounce of sugar-candy and a pound of ox-gall. Mix and stir well for ten minutes, and stir it three or four times a fortnight. When clear and transparent, strain through a blotting paper and bottle for use.

**TO PREVENT HAIR FALLING OUT**—Ammonia one ounce, rosemary one ounce, cantharides four drams, rose-water four ounces, glycerine one ounce. First wet the hand with cold water, then apply the mixture, rubbing briskly.

**POMADE FOR THE HAIR**—Half a pint of castor oil and an ounce of white wax. Stir until it gets cool enough to thicken, when perfume may be stirred in; geranium, bergamot or lemon oil may be used.

**TO KEEP THE HAIR FROM TURNING GREY**—Oxide of bismuth four drams, spermaceti four drams, pure hog's lard four ounces. Melt the two last and add the first.

**TO MAKE THE HAIR GROW**—If there are no small hairs on the scalp nothing will cause the hair to grow again. To resuscitate it if there is any hope, brush well and bathe the bald spot three or four times a week in cold, soft water; carbonate of ammonia one dram, tincture of cantharides four drams, bay rum four ounces, castor oil two ounces. Mix well and use it every day.

**CLEANING GOLD JEWELRY**—Gold ornaments may be kept bright and clean with soap and warm water, scrubbing them well with a soft nail brush. They may be dried in saw-dust of box-wood. Imitation jewelry may be treated in the same way.

**TO MAKE LIP-SALVE**—Melt in a jar placed in a basin of boiling water a quarter of an ounce each of white wax and spermaceti, flour of benzoin fifteen grains, and half an ounce of the oil of almonds. Stir till the mixture is cool. Color red with alkanet root.

**TO CLEAN KID BOOTS**—Mix a little white of egg and ink in a bottle, so that the composition may be well shaken up when required for use. Apply to the kid with a piece of sponge and rub dry with the palm of the hand. When the kid shows symptoms of cracking, rub in a few drops of sweet oil. The soles and heels should be polished with common blacking.

## OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

## Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

As the sketches and selections we have hitherto presented in "Our Biographical Bureau," have been critical as well as biographical, our readers will, we trust, not be disappointed if in this number we dispense with the application of the title, and present an excellent review extracted from the *Cornhill Magazine*, on "Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty:"

THE students of Rossetti's poems—taking their tone from Mr. Swinburne's magnificent eulogy—have for the most part rather set forth their artistic excellence than endeavored to explain their contents, or to indicate the relation of the poet's habit of thought and feeling to the ideas which Englishmen are accustomed to trust or admire. And consequently many critics, whose ethical point of view demands respect, continue to find in Rossetti's works an enigma not worth the pains of solution, and to decriy them as obscure, fantastic, or even as grossly immoral in tendency.

It will be the object of this essay—written from a point of view of by no means exclusive sympathy with the movement which Rossetti led—to show, in the first place, the great practical importance of that movement for good or evil; and, further, to trace such relations between this Religion of Art, this Worship of Beauty, and the older and more accredited manifestations of the Higher Life, as may indicate to the moralist on what points he should concentrate his efforts if, hopeless of withstanding the rising stream, he seeks at least to retain some power of deepening or modifying its channel.

From the æsthetic side such an attempt will be regarded with indifference, and from the ethical side with little hope. Even so bold a peacemaker as the author of "Natural Religion" has shrunk from this task; for the art which he admits as an element in his Church of Civilization is an art very different from Rossetti's. It is an art manifestly untainted by sensuousness, manifestly akin to virtue; an art which, like Wordsworth's, finds its revelation in sea and sky and mountain rather than in "eyes which the sun-gate of the soul unbar," or in

Such fire as Love's soul-winning hands distill,  
Even from his inmost ark of light and dew.

Y<sup>e</sup>ver slight the points of contact between the ethical and the æsthetic theories of life may be, it is important that they should be noted and dwelt upon. For assuredly the "æsthetic movement" is not a mere fashion of the day—the modish pastime of nincompoops and charlatans. The imitators who surround its leaders, and whose jargon almost disgusts us with the very mysteries of art, the very vocabulary of emotion—these men are but the straws that mark the current, the inevitable parasites of the rapidly rising cause. We have, indeed, only to look around us to perceive that—whether or not the conditions of the modern world are favorable to artistic excellence—all the main forces of civilization are tending towards artistic activity. The increase of wealth, the diffusion of education, the gradual decline of the military, the hieratic, the aristocratic ideals—each of these causes removes some obstacle from the artist's path or offers some fresh prize to his endeavors. Art has outlived both the Puritans and the Inquisition; she is no longer denuded by the spirit of self-mortification, nor enslaved by a jealous orthodoxy. The increased wealth of the world makes the artist's life stable and secure, while it sets free a surplus income so large that an increasing share of it must almost necessarily be devoted to some form of æsthetic expenditure.

And more than this. It is evident, especially in new countries, that a need is felt of some kind of social distinction—some now aristocracy—based on differences other than those of birth and wealth. Not, indeed, that rank and family are likely to cease to be held in honor; but, as power is gradually dissociated from them, they lose their exclusive

predominance, and take their place on the same footing as other graces and dignities of life. Still less need we assume any slackening in the pursuit of riches; the fact being rather that this pursuit is so widely successful that in civilized capitals even immense opulence can now scarcely confer on its possessor all the distinction which he desires. In America, accordingly, where modern instincts find their freest field, we have before our eyes the process of the gradual distribution of the old prerogatives of birth amongst wealth, culture, and the proletariat. In Europe a class privileged by birth used to supply at once the rulers and the ideals of other men. In America the rule has passed to the multitude; largely swayed in subordinate matters by organized wealth, but in the last resort supreme. The ideal of the new community at first was Wealth; but, as its best literature and its best society plainly show, that ideal is shifting in the direction of Culture. In the younger cities, the coarser classes, still bow down undisguisedly to the god Dollar; but when this Philistine deity is rejected as shaming his worshippers, æsthetic Culture seems somehow the only Power ready to install itself in the vacant shrine.

And all over the world the spread of Science, the diffusion of Morality, tend in this same direction. For the net result of Science and Morality for the mass of men is simply to give them comfort and leisure, to leave them cheerful, peaceful, and anxious for occupation. Nay, even the sexual instinct, as men become less vehement and unbridled, merges in larger and larger measure into the mere æsthetic enjoyment of beauty; till Stesichorus might now maintain with more truth than of old that our modern Helen is not herself fought for by two continents, but rather her image is blamelessly diffused over the albums of two hemispheres.

Since the primal impulses, will remain to mankind, since Love's pathway will be retrodden by many a generation, and all of faith or knowledge to which that pathway leads will endure, it is no small part of the poet's function to show in how great a measure Love does actually presuppose and consist of this exaltation of the mystic element in man; and how the sense of unearthly destinies may give dignity to Love's invasion, and steadfastness to his continuance, and surround his vanishing with the mingled ecstasy of anguish and of hope. Let us trace, with Rossetti, some stages of his onward way.

The inexplicable suddenness with which Love will sometimes possess himself of two several hearts—finding a secret kinship which, like a common aroma, permeates the whole being of each—has often suggested the thought that such companionship is not in reality now first begun; that it is founded in a pre-natal affection, and is the unconscious prolongation of the emotions of an ideal world—

Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it, love,

That nearer souls allied to mine was yet

One nearer kindred than life hinted of.

O born with me somewhere that men forget,

And though in years of sight and sound unmet,

Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough!

It is thus that Rossetti traces backward the kindling of the earthly flame. And he feels also that if love be so pervading, so fateful a thing, the man who takes it upon him has much to fear. He moves among great risks; "the moon-track of the journeying face of Fate" is subject for him to strange perturbations, to terrible eclipse. What if his love be a mistake?—if he feels against his will a disenchantment stealing over the enchanted garden, and his now self walking, a ghastly intruder among scenes vainly consecrated by an illusive past?

Whence came his feet into my field, and why?

How is it that he finds it all so drear?

How do I see his seeing, and how hear

The name his bitter silence knows it by?

Or what of him for whom some unforgotten hour has marred his life's best felicity, "et inquinavit æro tempus aureum"? What of the recollection that chills his freest moments with an inward and icy breath?

Look in my face, my name is Might-have-been;

I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.

There is no need to invite attention to the lines which thus begin. They will summon their own auditors: they

will not die till that inward Presence dies also, and there sits not at the heart of any man a memory deeper than his joy.

But over all lovers, however wisely they may love, and well, there hangs one shadow which no wisdom can avert. To one or other the shock must come, the separation which will make the survivor's after-life seem something posthumous, and its events like changes in a dream.

Upon Rossetti, as is well known, that shock fell with desolating force. There seems a kind of delicacy in analyzing the poems which reflect the stages of that sorrow. But those who know the utmost anguish of yearning have found in the sonnets entitled "Willow-wood" a voice speaking as from their own hearts.

It is not, the bereaved lover only who finds in a female figure the ideal recipient of his impulses of adoring love. Of how many creeds has this been the inspiring element!—from the painter who invokes upon his canvas a Virgin revealed in sleep, to the philosopher who preaches the worship of Humanity in a woman's likeness, to be at once the Mother and the Beloved of all. Yet this ideal will operate most actively in hearts which can give to that celestial vision a remembered reality, whose "memorial threshold" seems visibly to bridge the passage between the transitory and the superlunary world.

City, of thine a single, simple door,

By some new Power reduplicate, must be

Even yet my life-porch in eternity,

Even with one presence filled, as once of yore ;

Or mocking winds whirl round a chaff-strown floor

Thee and thy years and these my words and me.

And if sometimes this transmuted passion—this religion of beauty spiritualized into a beatific dream—should prompt to quietism rather than to vigorous action ; it sometimes we hear in the mourner's utterance a tone as of a man too weak for his destiny—this has its pathos too. For it is a part of the lot of man that the fires which purify should also consume him, and that as the lower things become distasteful the energy which seeks the higher things should fade too often into a sad repose.

Here with her face doth Memory sit,

Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,

Till other eyes shall look from it—

Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,

Even than the old gaze tenderer ;

While hopes and aims, long lost with her,

Stand round her image side by side,

Like tombs of pilgrims that have died

About the Holy Sepulcher.

And when the dream and the legend which inspired Rossetti's boyhood with the vision of the Blessed Damozel—which kindled his early manhood into the sweetest Ave that ever saluted "Mary, Virgin, full of grace"—had transformed themselves in his heart into the reality and the recollection ; when Love had been made known to him by life itself and death—then the vaguer worship became a concentrated expectancy : one vanished hand seemed to offer the endless welcome, one name to symbolize all heaven, and to be in itself the single hope.

Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air

Between the scriptured petals softly blown

Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—

Ah! let none other alien spell so'er,—

But only the one Hope's one name be there,—

Not less nor more, but e'en that word alone.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show not only how superficial is the view which represents Rossetti as a dangerous sensualist, but also how inadequately we shall understand him if we think to find in him only the commonplaces of passion dressed out in fantastic language and Italianized allegory. There is more to be learned from him than this, though it be too soon, as yet, to discern with exactness his place in the history of our time. Yet we may note that his sensitive and reserved individuality ; his life, absorbed in Art, and aloof from—without being below—the circles of politics or fashion ; his refinement, created as it were from within, and independent of conventional models, point him out as a member of that new aristocracy of which we have

already spoken, that optimism of passion and genius (if we may revive an obsolete word to express a new shade of meaning) which is coming into existence as a cosmopolitan of the past. And, further, we may observe in him the reaction of Art against Materialism, which becomes more marked as the dominant tone of science grows more soulless and severe. The instincts which make other men Catholics, Ritualists, Hegelians, have compelled him, too, to seek "the meaning of all things that are" elsewhere than in the behavior of ether or atoms, though he can track his revelation to no source more explicit than the look in a woman's eyes.

But if we ask—and it was one of the questions with which we started—what encouragement the moralist can find in this counter-wave of art and mysticism which meets the materialistic tide, there is no certain or easy answer. The one view of life seems as powerless as the other to supply that antique and manly virtue which civilization tends to undermine by the lessening effort that it exacts of men, the increasing enjoyment which it offers to them. "Time has run back and fetched the age of gold," in the sense that the opulent can now take life as easily as it was taken in paradise ; and Rossetti's poems, placed beside Sidney's or Lovelace's seem the expression of a century which is refining itself into quietism and mellowing into decay.

Yet thus much we may safely affirm, that if we contrast aestheticism with pure hedonism—the pursuit through art with the pursuit of pleasure simply as pleasure—the one has a tendency to quicken and exalt, as the other to deaden and vulgarize, the emotions and appetencies of man. If only the artist can keep clear of the sensual selfishness which, will in its turn, degrade the art which yields to it ; if only he can worship beauty with a strong and single heart, his emotional nature will acquire a grace and elevation which are not, indeed, identical with the elevation, virtue, the grace of holiness, but which are none the less a priceless enrichment of the complex life of man. Rossetti could never have summoned us to the clear height of Wordsworth's "Laodamia." Yet who can read the "House of Life" and not feel that the poet has known love as love can be—not an enjoyment only or a triumph, but a worship and a regeneration ; love not fleeting, nor changeful ; but "far above all passionate wind of welcome and farewell," love offering to the soul no mere excitation and by-play, but "a heavenly solstice, hushed and halcyon," love whose "hours elect in choral consonancy" bear with them nothing that is vain or vulgar, common or unclean. He must have felt as no passing tragedy the long ache of parted pain, "the ground-whirl of the perished leaves of hope," "the sunset's desolate disarray," the fruitless striving "to wrest a bond from night's inveteracy," to behold, once alone, 'the unforgotten eyes re-risen from the dark death.

Love, as Plato said, is "the interpreter and mediator" between things human and things divine ; and it may be to love that we must look to teach the worshiper of beauty that the highest things are also the loveliest, and that the strongest of moral agencies is also the most pervading and keenest joy. Art and religion, which no compression could amalgamate, may by love be expanded and interfused ; and thus the poet may not err so wholly who seeks in a woman's eyes the meaning of all things that are ; and "the soul's sphere of infinite images" may not be a mere prismatic fringe to reality, but rather those images may be as dark rays made visible by passing through the medium of a mind which is fitted to refract and reflect them.

A faint, a fitful reflex! Whether it be from light of sun or of moon, "sole repercussum aut radiantis imagine lunæ"—the glimmer of a vivifying or of a phantom day—may scarcely be for us to know. But never yet has the universe been proved smaller than the conceptions of man, whose furthest, deepest speculation has only found within him yet profounder abysses—without, a more unfathomable heaven.

A story that is good enough to be true is going the rounds about Mark Twain and Sergeant Ballantine. Mark failed to answer a letter of the Sergeant ; and, after waiting a reasonable time, the latter was so exasperated at not receiving an answer that he mailed Twain a sheet of paper and a postage-stamp as a gentle reminder. Mr. Clemens wrote back on a postal : "Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."

## SELECTED.

"Blipping only what is sweet ;  
Leave to the chaff and take the wheat."

## Alone.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;  
Weep, and you weep alone ;  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer ;  
Sigh, it is lost on the air.  
The echoes bound to a joyous sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.  
Rejoice, and men will seek you ;  
Grieve, and they turn and go.  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many ;  
Be sad, and you lose them all.  
There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.  
Feast, and your halls are crowded ;  
Fast, and the world goes by.  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—[Ella Wheeler.]

## The Feathered Hero.

N interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the English Coldstream Guards orderly room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription, "Jacob, 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words, "Died on Duty."

In 1838, a rebellion broke out in Canada, and two battalions of the Guards were sent hither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the Citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farmyard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that time a great pest to the colonists; and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting-place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it.

One day the sentry, whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm, had his attention attracted to an unusual noise, and on looking toward the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter; but this would have alarmed the guard, and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator to the scene, while every step brought the Reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier, in its frantic endeavor to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford, and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose; but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the sentinel passed through his body.

The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor could it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was taken away with it, as a regimental pet, to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved his preserver's life. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not must of course forever remain a problem; but it so happened that he was on that particular post about two months afterward, when a desperate attempt was made to

surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a strange rustling sound, and bringing his musket to his shoulder, he shouted, loudly, "Who goes there?" Not a sound save the echo of his own voice in the distance, and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which stood in the deserted farmyard, responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat, followed by a devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again "stood at ease" before the sentry-box. This was the enemies' opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavoring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up toward the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were prepared with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded, and rushed blindly forward; but the sentry, fully alive to his danger, bayoneted one and shot at the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the other conspirators approached quickly to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its tactics, and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard—whom the firing of his musket had alarmed—came upon the scene and made them flee for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison, and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death. On the arrival of the regiment in London, the bird resumed its old duties with the sentinel posted at the barrack gates; and it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked prudently up and down with the sentry, or stood to "attention" beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at his disposal. Children were its especial favorites, as they used to bring the creature all kinds of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was "standing easy." For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird, but it was of no avail, and he died like a true soldier, at the post of duty, after a "sentry go" of no less than twelve years.

## A Word for Homely Women.

In reply to a reporter's query, "What ladies are the easiest to wait upon?" a clerk answered, "The homely ones," emphatically, and seeing a look of incredulity, upon the reporter's face he continued:—

"It's so; I am not bracing you a bit. The prettier they are the harder they are to please. A handsome girl has been so flattered and coaxed and petted, from infancy up, that she has lost her head. She enters with a flutter, and must be shown half a hundred different cosmetics. Then she settles down to a steady twenty-minutes' vibration between them all. She is changeable, fluctuating and peevish, and if you venture to make a suggestion she skips from the store as though fired from the mouth of a cannon. Now, on the other hand, a homely girl has a mind of her own. She is not constantly cloyed with admiration and petting from her admirers, and has drunk but precious little from the golden bowl of adulation. But she knows what she wants asks you for it decisively and leaves you with a smile that would be charming if her mouth was only a yard and a half smaller and her teeth a little less like elephant tusks. God grant us a prosperity of homely girls. Life would be endurable without pretty faces, but heaven help us if we lose our homely ones."

### She Will be Better Soon.

"It will be morning soon," he said;  
Then glancing toward the snowy bed.  
"She will be better then." His word—  
Most welcome I had ever heard—  
Like music fell upon my ear.  
I drew the bedside still more near;  
But, as above her low I stooped,  
The weary eyelids slowly drooped,  
And, though I gently called her name  
From parted lips no answer came.

A weight of fear then filled my breast;  
But had not one who knew the best  
Just said, "She will be better soon,"  
In voice that fell like sweetest tune?  
So, as the long hours onward crept,  
I sat beside her while she slept  
And almost laughed to think my fears  
Had drawn so dark the coming years.

Then, when the morning dawned, I threw  
The shutter wide, and saw the dew  
Lay glistening on a thousand flowers,  
And thought, "How like our future hours  
The garden lies! Some shade is there,  
And yet the whole is passing fair."

Then o'er the bed again I stooped,  
And found the waxen lids still drooped,  
While from my lips words died away,  
For, though my darling sleeping lay,  
It was the dreamless sleep she slept,  
And with the dead I vigil kept.

*Joquita in the Chicago Tribune.*

### Why he Married.

In the forthcoming fascinating biography of the heroic Lord Lawrence there is among many anecdotes one eminently characteristic of the man, who was as strong in his affection as in his will. He was one evening sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate with his sister and other members of the family; all were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading, and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in, "Why really, John, it would seem as if you could not get or five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

### "Dear Mother"

In one of the country jails in Western Pennsylvania a poor old man died lately who had been a prisoner there for fifty-one years.

In 1831, William Standford, an English farm-hand near the village of Uniontown, became violently insane and committed a murder. He was tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life, and was chained to the floor of the jail for eighteen years, according to the inhuman methods of that day.

Finding that he was harmless, the jailor at last took off his chains, but he has remained in the prison ever since, and was known as "Crazy Bill," the bugaboo of several generations of children.

He was eighty-one at the time of his death. During his whole life, and in all the ravings of madness, he never was known once to allude to his childhood, or to his early days. When, however, he lay dying on his pallet in the cell, the old man suddenly checked his foolish babblings, and lay still and silent for a few moments. Then he looked up with a grave, tender smile, and said, "Dear mother!" He never spoke again.

The thought of his mother, who had loved him, and whom he had loved, had lain hidden in that poor, crazed, foolish brain for eighty long years, through all his imbecility and ferocity and madness; and woke at the last. All the misery and cruelty he had suffered slipped away from him, and like

a little child he came back to the "dear mother" whom he had lost nearly a century ago, and who had loved him best of all the world.

If the happy mothers who, perhaps, are reading this paper to their children gathered about their knees could only understand how long their memory will last with those children; how long after they are dust their words and actions will influence the lives of their sons and daughters, how different those words and actions would be!

There would be an end then, we think, of irritable wrangling, of harsh judgments and of petty deceits with the little ones; and every woman would hold up her hands to God, asking Him to so lead her that she may be the "dear mother" to whom her children will turn smiling in their dying hour.

### Punishing Children.

Twenty-four years' experience in training children has made me rather doubtful of the expediency of punishing a little one again and again for not doing something on which the parent's will has been firmly set. I know the old theory about "breaking a child's will," and the necessity of exacting "instant obedience," but still I think the wondrous mental machinery is a study so intricate and so fearful we may well misdoubt ourselves sometimes and pause a little before we go to extreme measures. A wise parent will judiciously avoid a regular "set to" with a baby, will not make too many iron laws, and will not place temptation in a little one's way to see if it will fall. It is the sentiment of some old writer, that "He who designedly lays temptation in the way of another is, if he falls, a partaker in his guilt." Think of this when you purposely lay forbidden cakes or cherries on the table, and then go slyly away to watch if the baby disobeys you. I feel perfectly confident many little ones are "dealt with" in great severity, who, if wisely and kindly left alone awhile, would lovingly accede to our wishes. One need not give up a point. A little one may be firmly and kindly told that he must do what is told him, and be left in his crib or his basket chair to think it over. For little darlings under two years old do much thinking and speculating. We mothers of one baby are too impatient of results. We cannot bear to wait for the little plant to grow into the shape we desire. So many crooks in the disposition right themselves as we go along, if we are lovingly judicious and mildly firm.

### Letter Writing.

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, that of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.

A pleasant letter I hold to be the pleasantest thing that this world has to give. It should be good-humored; witty it may be, but with a gentle diluted wit. Concocted brilliancy will spoil it altogether. Not long, so that it be not tedious in the reading; nor brief, so that the delight suffice not to make itself felt. It should be written specially for the reader, and should apply altogether to him and not altogether to any other. It should never flatter—flattery is always odious. But underneath the visible stream of pungent water there may be the slightest under-current of eulogy, so that it be not seen, but only understood. Censure it may contain freely but censure which, in arraigning the conduct, implies no doubt as to the intellect. It should be legibly written, so that it may be read with comfort; but no more than that. Calligraphy betokens caution, and if it be not light in hand, it is nothing. That it be fairly grammatical and not ill spelt, the writer owes to his schoolmaster, but this should come of habit, not of care. Then let its page be soiled by no business; one touch of utility will destroy it all. If you ask for examples, let it be as unlike Walpole as may be. If you can so write it that Lord Byron might have written it, you will not be very far from high excellence.—*Anthony Trollope.*

## Tombstone Epitaphs.

"Tell me, gray-headed old sexton," I said,  
 "Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?  
 I have wandered the quiet old churchyard through,  
 And pondered on epitaphs old and new;  
 But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,  
 I read of no evil that men have done."

The sexton stood by a grave newly made,  
 With his chin on his hand and his hand on the spade;  
 And I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye  
 That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes flight,  
 Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?  
 Which of us mortals shall dare to say  
 That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?"

"The longer we live and the farther we speed,  
 The better we learn that humanity's need  
 Is charity's spirit that prompts us to find  
 Rather virtue than vice in the hearts of our kind."

"Therefore, good deeds we inscribe on these stones;  
 The evil men do let it lie with their bones;  
 I have labored as sexton for many a year  
 But I never have buried a bad man here."

## Daniel Lambert's Fatness.

It is generally considered, when speaking of people remarkable for flesh, that Daniel Lambert leads the list. He was an Englishman by birth, born in 1770. Up to the age of nineteen he was merely a muscular fellow able to lift great weights and carry 500 pounds with ease. He succeeded his father as keeper of a prison, led an easy, sedentary life, which soon told upon his bulk. In 1793 he walked from Woolwich to London to reduce himself. He weighed at the time 418 pounds. He grew so fat that he could no longer attend to the duties of his office, and the magistrate retired him on a pension of £200 a year. Fat as he was he was an excellent swimmer, and opened a swimming school where he gave lessons with great success. So great was his bulk that he could swim with two men on his back. Retiring, he determined to exhibit himself, and, being unable to travel in an ordinary vehicle, had one made for him. In London he was quite the centre of attraction, from the king down. In June 1809 he weighed and tipped the beam at 737 pounds. His measure round the waist was three yards four inches, and he was one yard four inches round the leg. Each suit of clothes cost him \$100, and were, of course, made to order. Seven ordinary men could be buttoned under his coat at a time. He died June 20, 1809 and his coffin was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, two feet four inches deep, and required 112 superficial feet of plank to make it. It was built on two axletrees and four wheels. Twenty men worked half an hour to get this monster into the grave, and at last slid the coffin down an inclined plane.

## Different Kinds of Lying.

In a recent sermon, Dr. Palmage spoke as follows:—

"There are thousands of ways of telling a lie by look and manner, without falsifying with the lips. There are persons guilty of dishonesty of this nature who think they are excusable when they call it a white lie. There is no lie of that color. The whitest lie ever told is as black as perdition. There are people so given to dishonesty that they don't know when they lie. With some it is a natural infirmity. Some are born liars. Their whole lives from the cradle to the grave are filled with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases—a sort of moral croup or spiritual measles."

"I pass on to speak of social lies, and how insincere society is. It is difficult to tell what connection there is between the expression of civility and the expression of the heart. People ask you to come to their house, but you hardly know whether they want you to go or not. Not at home often means too lazy to dress."

## A Pointed Tale.

Jack Pringle is a man who never wastes an opportunity or puts off for to-morrow the joke that can be done to-day.

Going down street last Wednesday, he was accosted by a little nervous man who had an impediment in his speech.

Said the stranger: "C-can you t-tell me w-where I can g-get s-s-some t-t-tin t-t-tacks?"

"With much pleasure, sir," replied Jack, who realized the position at once; and, having directed his interlocutor to the shop of a neighboring ironmonger, by a somewhat circuitous route, hurried off to the shop by a short cut.

Now, the ironmonger was having his dinner in a little back parlor, but when Jack entered the premises he came forward briskly, bowing and rubbing his hands together in that peculiarly servile manner that is characteristic of the British shopkeeper.

"Do y-you s-sell t-t-tin t-t-tacks?" asked Jack, assuming a stammer.

"Oh, yes, sir; certainly, sir."

"G-g-good long ones?"

"Yes, sir; all sizes, sir."

"W-with s-s-sharp points?"

"Yes, sir, very sharp points."

"W-w-well then, s-s-sit down on 'em, and w-w-wait till I c-call again."

Having "given his order," Jack thought it prudent to retire at once, as there were several heavy articles within easy access of the proprietor's hand.

The old man had hardly cooled down and returned to his meal, which had also cooled down unpleasantly, when the "real Simon pure" entered the shop, and again the ironmonger came forth, "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water."

"Do y-you s-sell t-t-tin t-t-tacks?" said the little man.

Luckily the door was open, so the customer successfully avoided the seven-pound weight and the two flat-irons hurled at him.

As to the remark made by the dealer in ferruginous goods, the printer says that they "run too much on sorts" and "he is not going to cut up a lot of rule to make dashes."

## A Great Disappointment.

One Sunday afternoon, at a hotel in Alabama, says M. Quad, we were talking about how great disappointments sometimes soured a man, when a chap who had been chewing plug tobacco all by himself over by the window turned around and said:

"Gentlemen, you've hit it plumb centre! Up to four years ago I was a man who allus wore a griu on his face, and I'd divide my last chaw with a stranger. Folks now call me mean and ugly, and I kin hardly git a man to drink with me."

"Then you have suffered a great disappointment?" I queried.

"I have, stranger—I have. Ten years ago a man in this very town cleaned me out on a mortgage, sold me out on an execution, and chucked when I took the dirt road for Tennessee. I orter have shot him, but somehow I didn't do it, and arter I got to Tennessee things began preying on my mind. Day and night I could hear a voice saying, 'Go back and plunk old Brown,' and I lost flesh and come powerful near going into a decline. Well, that voice kept talking and I kept waiting, but in about three years I shouldered my rifle and turned my steps this way, my mind fully made up to shoot old Brown on sight. He had a patch o' land out west o' here, and used to ride out every day. I made for that spot, calkerlating to biff him as he drove up to the gate. N body had seen me, and nobody would know who did the shooting."

Here he made a long pause.

"Well, I got fixed and waited, and I was feeling real good for the first time in three years when I heard hoots and looked out for the old man. It wasn't him. True as you sot there the old skinflint had gone and died only a week before, giving me a tramp of two hundred miles to say 'howdy?' to his executor! Gentlemen, I can't describe my feelings! Just think of one white man playing such a trick on another! It was wuss than Arkansas swamp mud warmed over for next season. I was took with shakes and chills and a cough, and here I am, sour, cross, mulish, ugly, and realizing that I don't stand no more show of going to heaven when I die than that 'thar' dog does of swallowing a postoffice without any preliminary chawin'!"

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## Once.

Once a fair-haired little boy  
 Played beside my cottage door,  
 With a patter of his bare feet  
 Making music on the floor.  
 And a childish form of beauty  
 Filled with pride a mother's heart:  
 Winning waves and baby graces  
 Gave to life a blessed part.

Once beneath a gush of sunset  
 Came an angel from the skies,  
 Touched my baby on the forehead—  
 Closed in death his sweet blue eyes,  
 Came when fell the beams of evening  
 Bright about the cottage door,  
 Hushed the sweet voice of my prattler—  
 Stilled his feet for evermore.

Once they took away my baby  
 To a valley still and low,  
 Where they left about him lying  
 Buds and blossoms white as snow—  
 Let me with a cry so weary,  
 And a heart beneath the stone  
 That had hidden, and forever,  
 Sunlight of my life and home.  
 —[Lizzie King, in *San Jose (Cal.) Mercury*.

## I Know a Thing or Two.

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me father," replied the boy, laughing. "I know a thing or two. I know now how far to go and when to stop."

The boy left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at the "old man's notions" about him.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned.

Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things, "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents.

## A Beautiful Faith.

A pious woman, hunting up the children of want one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say:

"Pull the string up high; pull the string up high."

She looked up and saw a string which, on being pulled, lifted up the latch, and she opened the door on two little half-naked children all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the elder child.

"And are you not cold? No fire on a day like this?"

"O, when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say 'Now I lay me down to sleep; then we get warm.'"

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she always fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father' and 'Give us this day our daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the good woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but those two little sparrows, perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.—*The Nation*.

## OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

A neatly written, and correct set of answers from Clara M. Vollans, Windsor, carried off the prize this month, in a close contest.

Correct answers have also been received from:—Jessie Campbell, Point Edward; F. M. Davis, Millington, Mich.; Anna I. Stevens, Kirkdale, Que.; Josie Abel, Windsor; Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Scout, West Point, New York; Florence E. Goodall, Windsor; Charlie West, Kingston; Edward J., Hamilton; Bertie, Brooklyn; George H. Toronto, and W. B. Lawrence, Toronto.

A handsomely-bound interesting story book will be awarded to the one sending in the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number before the 5th of May. Letters must all be in before the fifth to receive notice.

Any of our young friends wishing to compete for the prize steel engraving, advertised on the last page of the cover, by sending us a postal card, expressing their desire, will have a sample copy and blank forms sent to canvass with.

## APRIL PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

Unfilled.  
 Oppressed.  
 To worship.  
 Courage.  
 Parts of the body.

2

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A supernatural being.  
 One of the United States.  
 A nickname.  
 Affinity.  
 A lyric poem.

The finals placed before initials includes most of the readers of this column.

3

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
 My 5, 6, 11, 9 is the beginning of day.  
 My 11, 1, 10, 2, 5 is a province.  
 My 12, 4, 10, 11, 9 is to strongly desire.  
 My 8, 3, 7 is an affirmation.  
 My whole relates to charity.

4

EASY DECAPITATION.

Behead a grain, and leave an element; behead an element, and leave a verb; behead a verb and leave a preposition.  
*Bertha Miller.*

5

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter in west  
 Metal  
 Liquor  
 A ridge  
 Creator  
 A drink  
 A letter in east

## ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

- Square word:— P O L E  
 O V E R  
 L E E S  
 E R S T
- Rebus:— W under F in—Wonderful.
- Decapitations:— D-r-am.  
 S-w-ell.  
 T-h-at.
- Diamond puzzle:—  
 C  
 C O O  
 C O M M A  
 C O M R A D E  
 I D A H O  
 I D A  
 E
- Numerical Enigma:— Syndicate;