

**BED-TIME  
STORIES**



**FOR MY  
GRAND-CHILDREN**



**WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY  
EDITH J. ARCHIBALD**

PLA  
A67

BED-TIME STORIES  
FOR MY  
GRAND-CHILDREN



Written and Compiled by  
EDITH J. ARCHIBALD

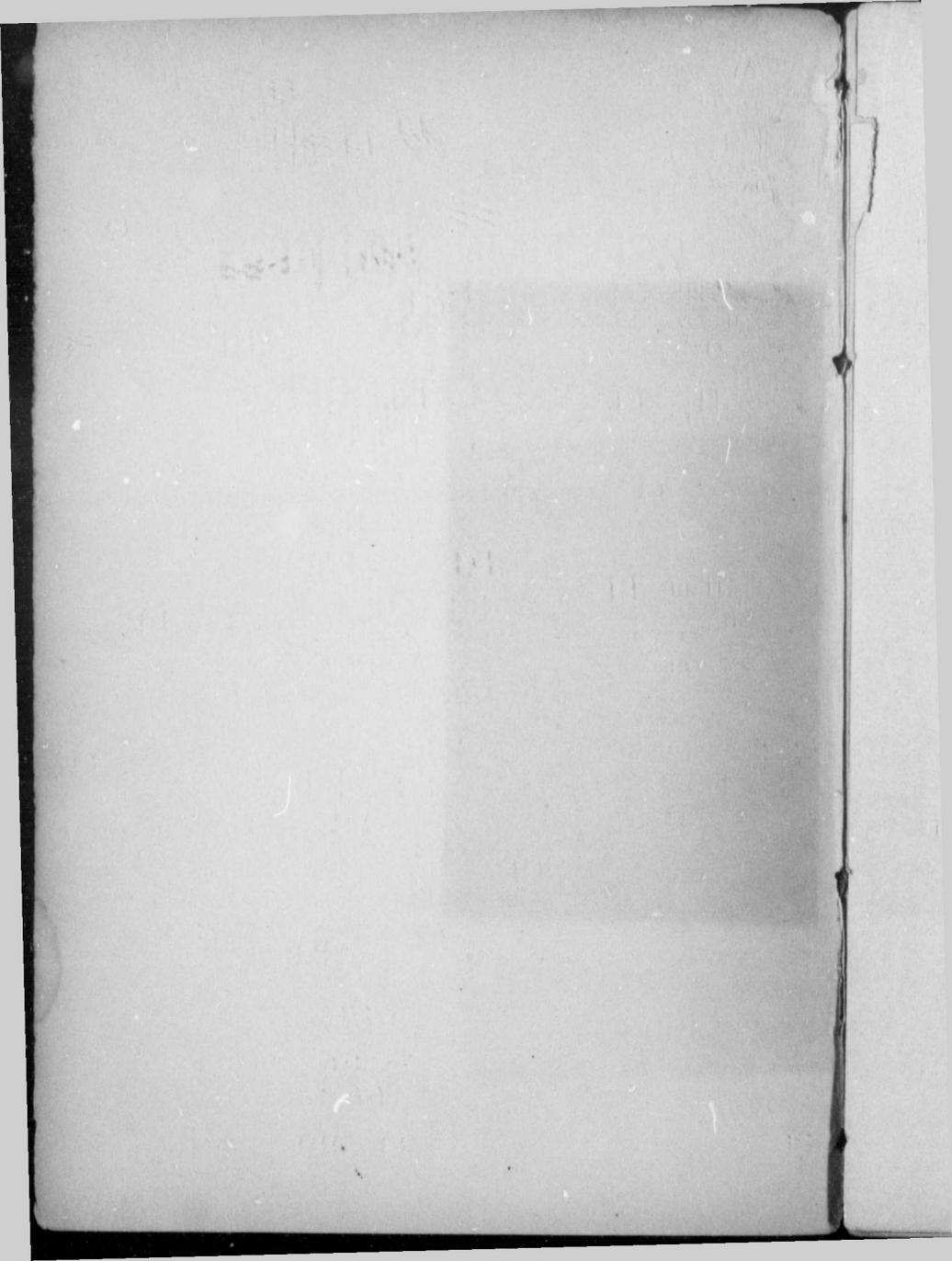
*(Mrs. Charles Archibald)*

1854 - 1936

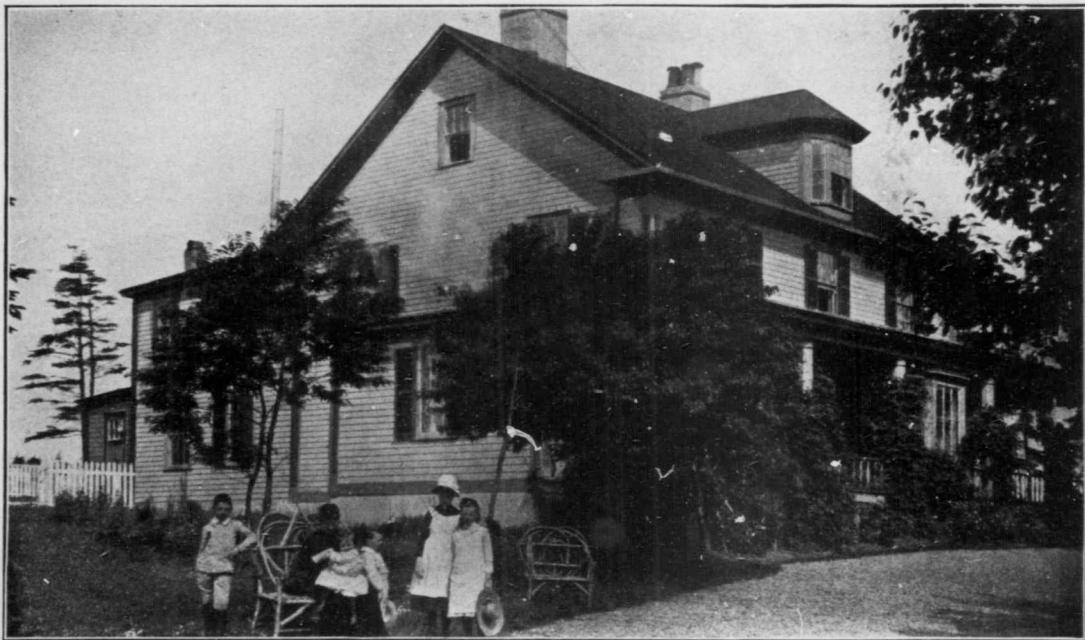
Jessie

1910

Mary Weston  
Archibald  
Memorial



A 44329



*Cherry*  
"SEA-VIEW"—THE HOME AT MORIEN.

## To My Dear Elliston Grandchildren.

---

MY DEAREST JOAN AND CHARLES,—

When Granny was a little girl,—ever and *ever* so long ago—one of her greatest pleasures was to listen to tales told by *her* Mother and Father of what they did, and how they lived when they, too, were children.

I am quite sure that, if your own darling Mother had been spared to you, she would have loved to tell you many bed-time stories of her home-life in far off Cape Breton where she and her brothers—(who are, you know, your Uncles Tom, and Charles, and Brenton) used to have merry times together. But God, our Heavenly Father, Who loves all His children, and Who knows what is the very best for each one of them, has taken your dear Mother to live with His holy Angels in the Paradise above. I hope that you will often think of her there, for I am sure her pure Spirit is watching over you; loving you always, and longing for each of you to be good and true, loving and unselfish,—so that you may grow up to be all that she hoped and prayed you might be; to comfort and care for your dear Father, whom she loved best in the world, and to play your parts well all through your life.

So I feel sure that the time will come, as the years pass, when you will long to know something of your dear Mother's life when she was a little girl; about her school-days and those years when she was growing up into her sweet and gentle maidenhood; about her friends and companions, her occupations and her pleasures; the books she read and loved,

the lessons she learned, the places and people she visited and the sort of life she lived.

Your dear Father of course, is the one who knew her best, and he can tell you a great deal that I could not; but even he does not know much about the story of her life before those happy days when they first met each other and found out that, out of all the world, they two were meant to be man and wife.

If we only lived near each other, you and Granny could talk together about all these matters!

But we are so many thousands of miles apart!—and, besides,—time is flying, the days are passing swiftly: Grandpapa and Grandmamma are old people and have not many years before them!

So, *I* think, don't you?—that it is best to begin at once!

EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.

Halifax, N. S., January 1st, 1910.

# The Home At Morien

## CHAPTER I.

**ONCE** upon a time a good many years ago, two people (who were your Grandpapa and Grandmamma Archibald) lived in a far-away village by the sea, in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. It was a lonely place, and far from their own home and friends, but they were very happy there, for they were both young and they loved each other dearly.

Their house was pretty and comfortable and they had many simple pleasures.

The great Atlantic Ocean lay right before them—almost at their front door, so to speak: for, in winter storms, the salt spray was dashed against their windows, and the big waves broke into white foam around the cliffs just below their front gate.

But in summer-time the sea was calm and blue, and the wide bay was full of the white sails of the fishermen's boats and down at the long wharf there lay many stately vessels and steamers which came there to be loaded with coal from the colliery of which your Grandpapa was Manager and part owner.

The house faced to the south and was called "Sea-View," there were trees around it, and flower beds. It had a wide, roomy veranda, and there was a large kitchen-garden at one side. A hedge of spruce trees bordered the long drive from the gate. At one side was a croquet ground: behind this again the ice-house, almost hidden by trees.

At the back of the house stood a large barn with a paddock and chicken-run behind it. There was also here a tennis lawn, which was entered from the kitchen-garden.

The house was called "Sea-View," because it looked out across the bay towards the wide Atlantic. There was a tiny Island just between the two headlands that bounded the harbor. It was only a rock with a light-house on it, but two

lonely men lived there, and every evening at sunset the light twinkled from its tall windows far out across the sea.

The village itself was not beautiful. A long, straggling street ran through it for over a mile; on each side were the long rows of miners' houses—ugly wooden buildings with dirty back-yards, where ragged children played or quarreled all day long. Gaunt, long legged pigs and lean goats wandered about, trying to find something eatable.

Midway in the village a wooden bridge spanned a little ravine, where a noisy and dirty brook, fed from the distant coal pit with yellow copperas-water, tumbled into the sea, staining the rocks and the water for some distance an ugly rust color.

Under this bridge was the "incline" down which continually clattered cars laden with coal, running out upon the long wharf to load the vessels. At the top of this hill or "incline" there was a road leading to the coal mine, and also a line of railway for transporting the coal.

These roads, and indeed all the roads about the place, were quite black; for they were made of slack coal. There were few green fields and fewer trees, but, out where the tall stack of the engine-house rose, there was a grove of pale green hackmatack or junipers, which showed both in winter and summer lines of delicate lace-like tracery against the sunset sky. The little children at Sea View, from their nursery windows, loved to look at these trees.

Beyond the bridge stood the Company's store and office a large wooden building: a short distance back of this the public school. A few shops, four Churches, a small hotel, the Post-Office and a few fishermen's dwellings made up the centre of the village. At the head of Breakwater Street stood the Presbyterian Church.

The Breakwater was a huge and solid structure, over a quarter of a mile long. It protected the coaling wharf from the violence of the easterly gales, and big ships were moored to it by huge hawsers around the great mooring posts, while the calm haven between it and the loading wharf was always full of small schooners and fishing boats.

The Breakwater was a fascinating place, full of exciting possibilities for adventure. There were such delightful things lying about!—old anchors and chains, parts of wrecked vessels, old carved wooden figure-heads, lobster pots, nets and fishermen's gear of all kinds. On stormy days the huge waves dashed wildly against its sturdy timbers, flinging their white spray high over the rigging of vessels lying in the calmer water beyond.

So much then for the village itself. At the other end, near Sea-View, and beyond it towards the head of the bay, the water grew very shoal, and large sand bars ran away out into the middle of the harbor.

The country here was green and well wooded, and pleasant roads led away in many directions towards farms and cottages where lived honest, thrifty Scotch folk.

But the nearest railroad in those days was many, many miles away, and the people lived simple, homely, quiet lives. Very few had ever been farther away from home in all their lives than to the county town of Sydney, fewer still had ever left the Island of Cape Breton. They raised a few sheep, carded and spun and wove the wool from these into cloth and made their own clothing from it: once in a while exchanged their farm produce for goods or provisions, as they needed them, at the nearest country store; were constant and faithful to their church and their religious duties, kind, patient and honest.

They came of the good old Highland stock, and in their own simple way were true "gentle" folk with fine instincts and that inborn good breeding which is native to a kindly heart.

I am telling you about all these seemingly not very important matters because I want my little Joan and Charles to know all about the surroundings in which their dear mother was born and brought up.

## CHAPTER II.

*Where did you come from, baby dear?*

*"Out of the Everywhere into Here."*—GEO. MACDONALD.

ONE beautiful, bright, cold Sunday in December (it was the 12th of that month, 1875)—there came to the people in the "Big House"—as the miners called Sea-View—the sweetest little girl baby in the world!

She had wide blue eyes, and the *pinkest* cheeks! and her little head was covered with a silken down like spun gold.

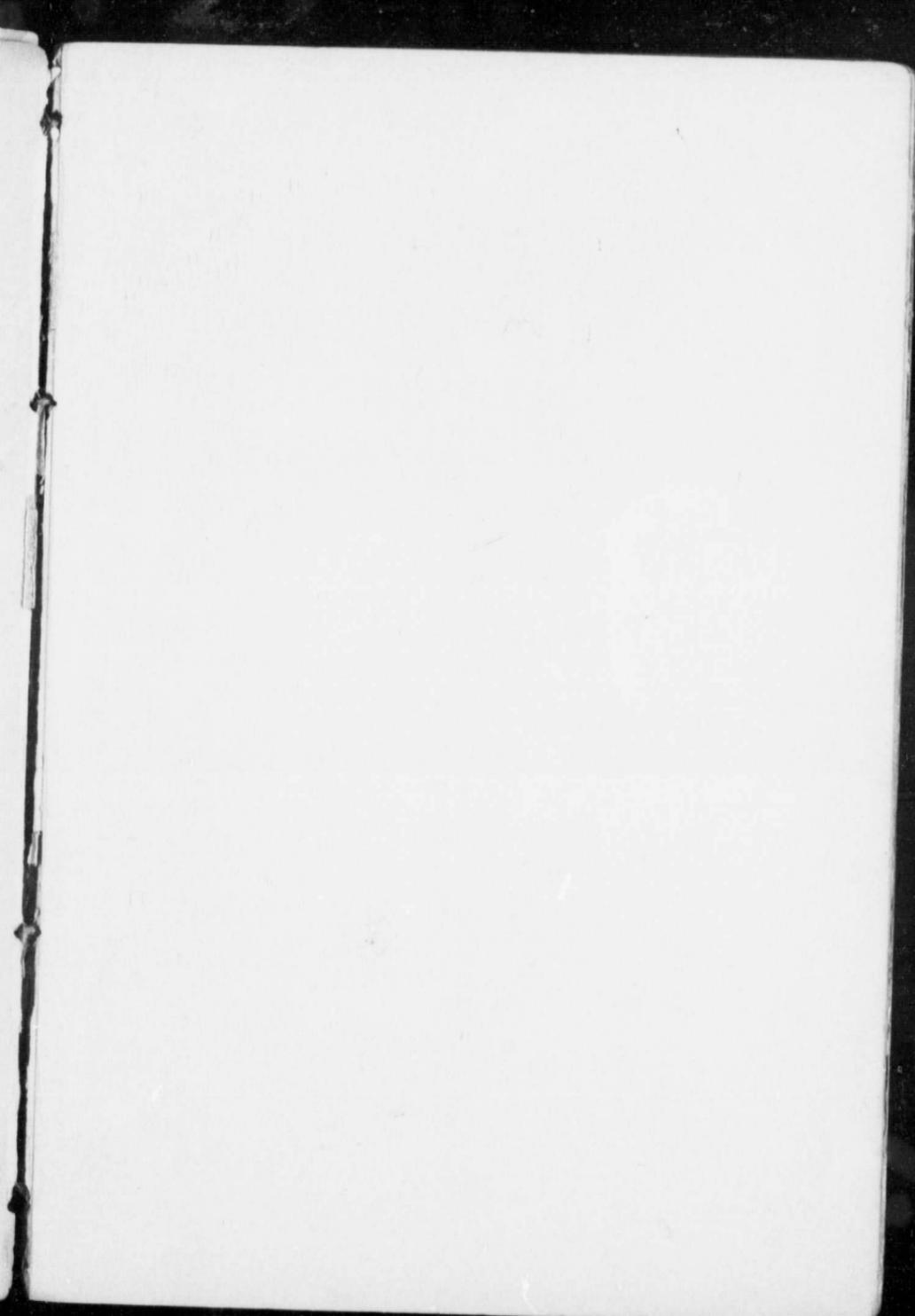
Her hands and feet were so dainty, and her skin so white, and her little body so plump and healthy, that it was natural to suppose she was quite the loveliest baby ever seen! At least her Father and Mother thought so, and they certainly *ought* to have known best, don't you think so?

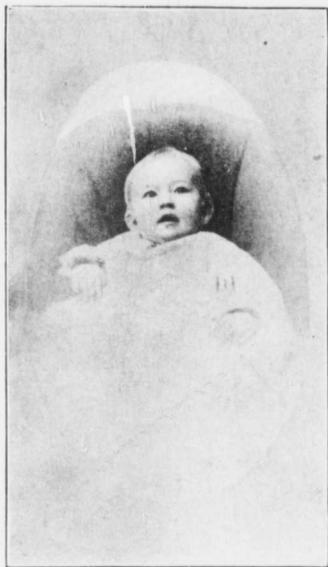
After pondering much what to call her, she was given the name of Susan Georgina: Susan being the name of her own father's mother, and Georgina that of her Mamma's favorite sister. It was also settled that she was to be called "Georgie" for short.

When the day came for her to be christened, a dear old white-haired minister, the Rev. Matthew Wilson, who had also christened her own Father, came many miles to give her baptism. She looked like a lovely little white flower dressed in a dainty and beautiful white lace robe which was even then a family possession and had been worn by another baby—a cousin of little Georgie's—many years before. You will like to know, Joan dear, that when you and Charles were christened, over thirty years afterwards, you also each wore that same pretty lace frock!

Little Georgie grew and thrived all through her first winter, which was a very cold one.

Once she was taken on a long journey to the home of her grandfather, Senator Archibald, at Sydney Mines. Her parents drove all the way in a sleigh, and the little baby, warmly wrapped in shawls and snuggled closely in her nurse's arms, slept the whole way, and awoke bright and rosy and merry,





BABY GEORGIE, AGED ONE YEAR.

at  
m  
he  
da

I  
wa

bal  
ho  
wa  
the

To  
pet  
spo

ret  
run  
lov  
the

spe  
so  
tho  
littl

alik  
mer  
for

calle  
was  
and

at her journey's end. Every month she grew sweeter and more attractive and was always delighting her parents with her pretty baby ways, and by the time that the fine summer days had come, she had learned many cunning little tricks.

---

### CHAPTER III.

**I**N the autumn of 1876, when Baby Georgie was about ten months old, she was taken by her father and mother all the way to New York in a steamer.

Her other grandparents—Sir Edward and Lady Archibald—the Father and Mother of her own Mamma, had their home there, and they gave their dear little grandchild a very warm welcome indeed. Here is a picture of her taken about that time.

After some time a little baby-brother, who was called Tom, came to be her playmate, and everybody loved and petted the two children so that they were very nearly quite spoiled.

When, in the summer time the two little children returned to their home in Cape Breton, Baby Georgie could run about anywhere and could say many little words. She loved her little brother dearly, and all through their lives these two were always devoted to each other.

When they were two and three years old they again spent a winter with the New York grandparents. They were so nearly of a size that people used to take them for twins, though your mamma was the taller and more slender of the little pair.

They wore little shaggy brown coats and caps made almost alike, and when they went out to walk in the streets their merry little rosy faces and funny ways made many friends for them.

They had a dear, quaint old Scotch nurse whom they called "Cammelly." Her name was Mrs. Campbell, but this was their way of saying it. "Cammelly" loved them dearly and spoiled them dreadfully. She had such funny names

for them both! Georgie she called the "wee wee queen of Bath-Sheba," and Tommy was the "Floo'er o' the Forest an' the Keeper o' the glen." She would sing them quaint old Scotch songs, and tell them the oddest rhymes and stories. "Cammelly," when she was at home, lived in one of the houses in the "Big Row" in the village, and the children loved to go there, and be "treated" by her to a large slice of bread and treacle or a "currant bun," or to a dainty which bore the not enticing name of "vinegar-pie"! Long after they had grown quite big and Cammelly was no longer their nurse, she would come up nearly every Sunday to their home to see them, and if ever a child fell and hurt itself, or was ill and needed petting, old Cammelly was the first to arrive, full of tender concern for the little patient and anxious to do what she could for them. When your Mamma was about ten years old, poor old "Cammelly" left the village and travelled away out across the ocean and then across Canada to British Columbia, where she had a son and a daughter living at Nanaimo. She lived to a great age; for three years after your dear Mother was married and living in Victoria, British Columbia herself, we went together to Nanaimo to see "Cammelly," who was then over 90 years old and quite bed-ridden, but bright and happy, though she had forgotten that your Mamma was not always a little girl, and she asked piteously for her "dear, wee Tammie—her ain laddie!" We could not make her understand that her "dear, wee Tammie" was himself a man grown up and about to be married! She lived in the past, dear old soul; and she talked constantly of her "dear, wee Georgic," the "wee, wee lamb of Fifty," as she used to love to call her in the old days at Sea-View.

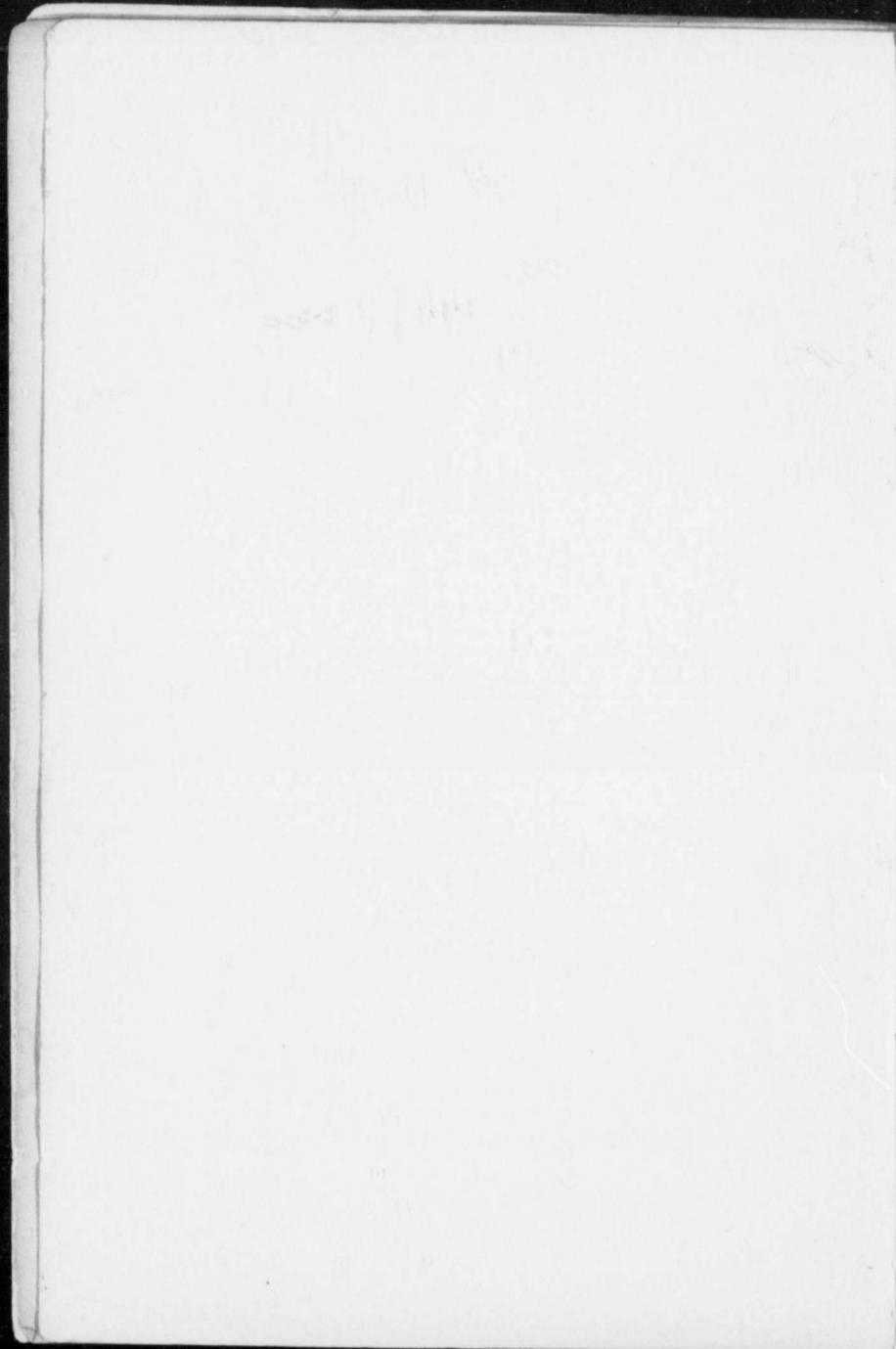
---

#### CHAPTER IV.

**A**S the years came and went two more children were added to the family at Sea-View, so that, by the time your Mamma was nine years old she had three brothers, Tom Charlie and the baby, Brenton.



BROTHER AND SISTER.



w  
tv  
  
a  
st  
it  
tr  
th  
u  
  
co  
h  
ta  
p  
st  
is  
B  
in  
g  
w  
  
cl  
th  
o  
I  
le  
a  
c  
f  
  
a  
w  
to  
a  
in  
  
w

She and Tom being the two oldest and nearest of an age, were the greatest friends and playmates, just as, to-day, you two are companions for each other.

What fun they had in winter-time playing in the snow! and building big snow-men and forts made of blocks of snow, that had high walls, just like real houses, and where it was such joy to "make believe" that it was a "really, truly" house; furnished with an old mat begged from Annie the cook, with seats made of soap-boxes, and a barrel turned upside down for a table!

Then to rush in the house all fresh and rosy-cheeked and coax Mother for some apples and gingerbread or cookies to have a "party" with in the snow house! How *good* things tasted there, and what appetites everybody had! Here is a picture that Granny herself took of them playing in the snow; don't you think they all look happy? The small boy is Charlie (*Uncle Charlie*). You cannot see little Uncle Brenton, because he, most likely, was having his morning nap in the nursery. Your Mamma in the picture had on a big, grey ulster and wore a little scarlet woollen hood which she was very fond of.

The winters in Cape Breton were long and cold, but the children were strong and hardy and delighted in them. One of their greatest pleasures was to coast down the steep cliffs out on to the frozen harbor, with shouts and screams of delight. In this pastime your dear mother was bolder and more fearless than either of the boys. Skating also was a favorite amusement, and once they dressed up and had a make believe carnival out on the tennis court, which was flooded and frozen over for the occasion.

Christmas Eve—the day before Christmas—was always a very busy, happy time for the children. All day long there were bundles and parcels being tied up, warm clothing, toys, tea and sugar, yes! and good things also, such as raisins and figs, cakes and pies, and jam were got ready and sorted into different quantities.

Little Georgie and her brother Tom loved to be about when all this was going on, and felt very grand and import-

ant when they were allowed to help by fetching things or by holding the scissors or the string.

When everything was tied up and ready, then came their greatest pleasure, for all these good things were to be given away to very poor or sick people who had little to give their own children for Christmas, so Georgie and Tom were always encouraged to spare some of their own toys and books to put with these things in the parcels. Then came the fun of being warmly wrapped up with great coats and mufflers and of having their parcels loaded on to their little sleds about dusk in the afternoon. Off they would scamper with their load of good things to "play Santa Claus" by leaving mysterious packages at the door of the houses where their poor friends lived, giving a loud rat-tat at the door and then rushing home before they could be discovered!

But perhaps the story of how they kept Christmas Day will interest you most, for it was quite different from most other children's Christmas.

Don't suppose, though, that they didn't hang up their stockings like other children, for *of course* they *always* did! They were hung, four of them in a row, in front of the big fireplace in the kitchen which had a chimney so wide that Santa Claus might easily have driven his entire Reindeer Team down it, and afterwards hitched them up to the great big old-fashioned "crane" from which hung a huge black kettle and ever so many iron "pot hooks"! A great many letters were written to Santa Claus about this time, and sent up the chimney; your dear Mamma used to write them for her brothers as well as for herself, and if old Santa Claus didn't know what every child wanted him to bring it was not *her* fault!

Well then! on Christmas morning (which usually began very early indeed!) there would be a rush for the stockings, and the sound of little bare feet pattering down the stairs was followed by shrieks of delight, the tooting of horns and trumpets and other weird and strange noises. Then a scamper back to their warm beds, each clutching the precious

stocking full of treasures. No more sleep *that* morning for your Grandpa and Granny!

After prayers, and at breakfast the greatest excitement prevailed, for each child found a shining silver piece in his or her mug or under their plate. Besides which, there were all kinds of lovely, queer shaped parcels and packages at each place and *such* fun untying them and finding more treasures!

After breakfast, if the day were fine and the sleighing good, the sleigh was brought round to the front door, and all the children, tucked in warm and snug under the big fur robes, drove merrily off with their Father to a farm house six miles away, where lived some kind old Highland Scotch people called MacAulay, with their daughter Flora and their son Neill. The farmhouse stood on the shores of a lake called False Bay Lake, and you have in your own home a beautiful painting of this Lake as it looked in summer time, when you dear mother used to have such fun playing on the little island called Cow Island, that you see in the picture. But in the winter time the lake was frozen many inches deep, and so on Christmas Day the children used to be driven right over its white surface to the very door of the farmhouse. After they had been welcomed by the good old Scotch people and fed with sweet cakes by Flora, Neill and their Papa would go out on the lake and cut a hole in the ice with an axe. Then spruce boughs were laid all around the hole, and all were given fishing lines, to fish for smelts through the ice; they generally caught a large number. While this was going on, Neill would build a fire on the shore with drift wood, where every now and then the children could warm their cold fingers and toes. When they were tired of this sport they would go indoors to the big kitchen where they were petted and made much of by dear old Mrs. MacAulay. Your Mamma always loved to see the dear old woman spinning at her wheel, for she and Flora were very busy all through the winter spinning and weaving cloths and blankets and even carpets and beautiful Tartan Plaids, from the wool of their own sheep. The great hand-loom up in the attic overhead

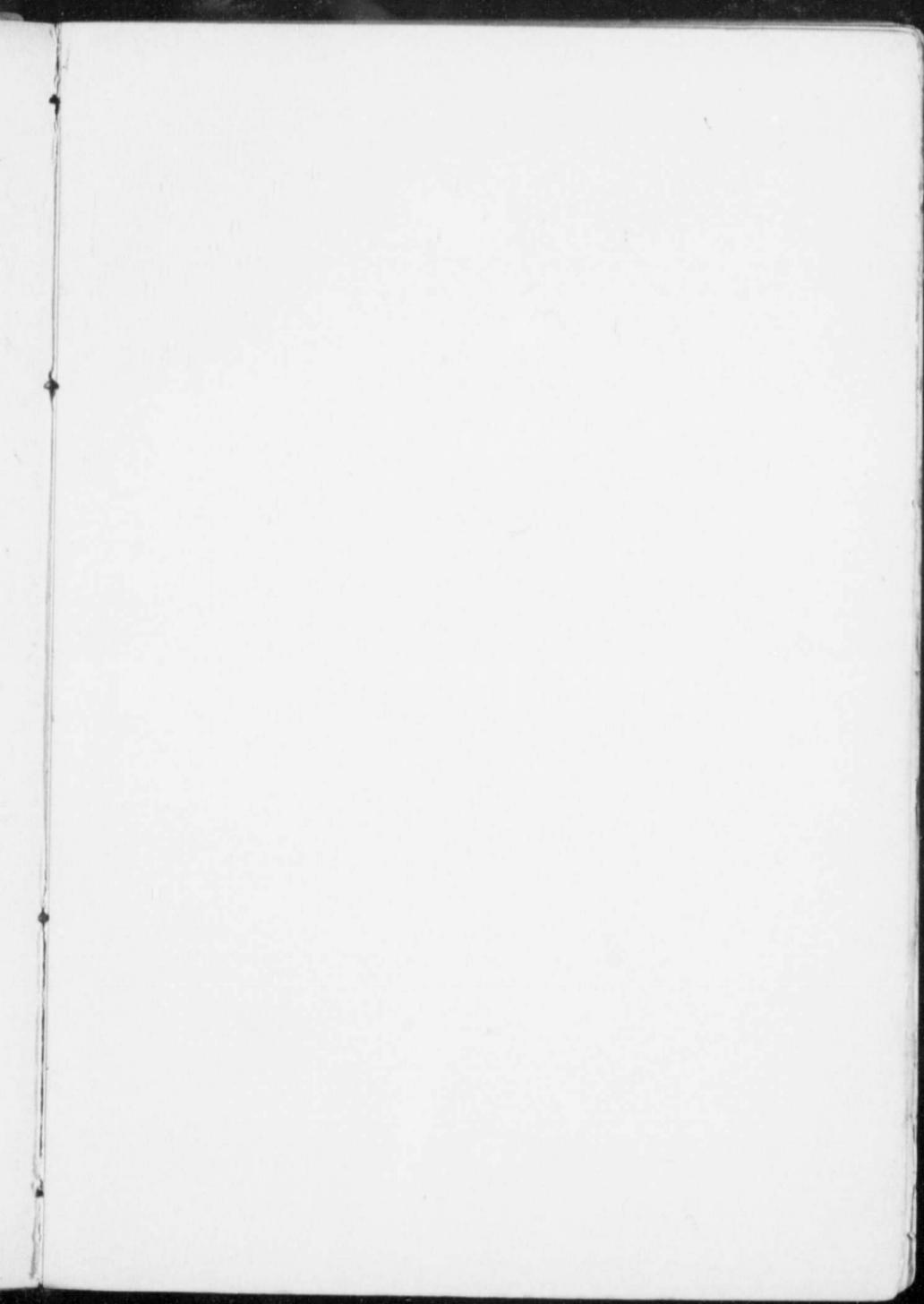
was worked by Flora, and your mamma dearly loved to watch her nimble fingers as she threw the shuttle back and forth and the web grew under her hands, and the pattern began to show out.

Meanwhile, at home your Granny had been very busy, and when the children all returned in time for the five o'clock Christmas dinner which was the great event of the day, as on this one occasion they were allowed to dine with the "grown-ups,"—it was a most extraordinary thing—but—they always found the drawing-room door *locked!*

But when dinner was over and everybody had had as much as was good for them, and everyone had pulled the Christmas crackers, *then* came the crowning joy of all—when the drawing-room door was opened and there stood a wonderful, glittering Christmas Tree, all shining with lights and sparkling ornaments, and with toys and candies hanging from every bough.

Then the servants were called in, and old "Cammelly" also made her appearance, dressed in her best, and full of queer Scotch sayings and exclamations. Everybody got presents from the tree and parcels from underneath it. Then Granny played the piano and everybody sang all sorts of songs, beginning with the dear old Christmas carols, "Once in Royal David's City" and "When Shepherds watched their flocks by Night," till by and by, bright eyes grew drowsy and little heads drooped—the candles on the tree were put out, and the happy, tired children went off to bed.

The Christmas tree, however, stood for many days in the corner of the drawing-room, and during that time, if any village child came to the house he or she always got something off the tree. It really was quite curious how many little children used to be sent to Sea View on errands about this time! in fact they were all *anxious* to go there!





WINTER SPORTS.

Wage Tom

Charles

W  
V  
C  
T  
f  
t  
C  
V  
i  
e  
h  
i  
s  
q  
n  
a  
h  
f  
u  
n  
m  
be  
M  
th  
m  
Y  
of  
col  
the  
wo

## CHAPTER V.

WHEN your dear Mother was about seven years old, and your Uncle Tom six, they began to have tiny lessons to learn. Both of them had long before this learned their letters and could read many words: besides they were very quick at learning little verses and poems, and if they heard stories once or twice they could always repeat them almost word for word.

But now their regular lessons began and they had a very sweet young lady, Miss Ada Cameron, as governess, who taught them to write and to do little tiny sums on their slates, besides hearing, them read in a book which Grandmamma had also used when she too was a little girl. It was called, "Reading Without Tears," but I am afraid that it did not always deserve that name, as even Grandmamma can recollect shedding many tears over some of the lessons in it, and I daresay your darling Mother did the same! Still she learned very quickly and easily and could soon write quite a nice little letter.

She used to sew a little also, but that she never cared much for, though she loved to play with her dolls and had a great many of them. But she was fonder of animals—of living things—than of dolls; horses, cats and dogs were her favorites, and in games she liked best those she could make up, and "make believe" in.

Best of all as she gradually learned to read, she loved books, and of hearing stories she never tired. The children's nursery was a large room, and all around it there was a border, nearly as tall as the tallest child, of scrap pictures. Many of these pictures had been cut out by the children themselves on rainy or stormy days, from picture papers or magazines. When their Grandmamma Archibald in New York heard of what they intended to do she sent them lots of pretty pictures, both plain and colored. When they had collected enough, their mother (*your* Grandmamma) pasted them on the wall and then had them varnished over so they would not be injured. They looked very nice and proved to

be a great pleasure. The plain ones were underneath, and all around the top there was a border of colored ones. There were all kinds and sorts of pictures, some funny and others serious, some from Scripture stories (and these were very popular on Sunday afternoons), and some of ships and soldiers, animals and places; there were also pictures of the Queen and the Royal family, and the children knew quite a number of them. On Sunday afternoons and on wet days the children would choose some particular picture and demand a story about it, or perhaps when Grandma was tired they would tell the story themselves. Your Mother was always very bright at this amusement and would make up all sorts of funny things about the pictures.

She had a beautiful little doll's house of six rooms completely furnished. In this house lived a large family of dolls—father, mother and six children, with their cook-doll. Your Mother called them the "Burronamus family," after a name in a story book of hers which took her fancy. She used to make up all sorts of adventures for them and she always played that Mr. Burronamus was a "bold, bad man," and used to beat his poor wife and throw the children out of the window! Once, the house was supposed to be besieged and taken by a whole regiment of Uncle Tom's leaden Highlanders, who were going to hang poor Mr. Burronamus if his wife had not begged hard for his life! But more often the Burronamus people were quite peaceful and happy and enjoyed eating the dreadful messes which their maid cooked for them in the tiny kitchen on the toy stove.

Up in the third story or attic of the house at Sea View there was a big dormer-window built out from the roof. It had a lovely view of the sea and country all around and was a very favorite place for the children to play. There were two closets opening from the sides of this window away into the eaves, under the roof. They were dark and full of a delightfully queer collection of rubbish, old furniture, old pots and pans, broken china, old toys, trunks, etc., etc. The children called these "Glory-holes," and loved to root about in them. They often served also as robbers' caves and bears'

dens, and at such times it was comforting to remember that Mother or Nurse was probably not far away, so that if you got *too* frightened you could always call out to them and rush downstairs before the bears or the robbers had time to catch you! At such times no one ever wanted to be the *last*, and I have known the whole party to arrive at the bottom of the stairs by the convenient and swift method of coasting down in the big, flat clothes-basket which also served many other purposes, being oftenest used as a ship, of which Uncle Tom was the captain and your Mother, the seasick passenger. These were of course all house or indoor plays; but there was all outdoors for a playground, and what good times they all had!

In summer, they loved to play over by the croquet ground, on the steps of the ice-house which was many things in its day—serving for an opera house or a school-room as fancy dictated. The old birch tree in front of their home was a favorite haunt and your mother could climb it like a cat, and spent many an hour perched up high among its leafy branches, armed with a story book and a pocketful of cookies. Then there was the shore and the delight of wading and swimming in the salt water. Sometimes they would be invited to go down on board some vessel that had come in at the wharf, when the captain would show them curious things from foreign lands and give them still queerer things to eat, which generally disagreed with them! Or there would be expeditions and picnics to favorite haunts in the country and many long summer days were spent at the MacAulay farm at False Bay Beach, where shoes and stockings were dispensed with, and nobody minded *how* you looked or what you did!

Your dear mother had for her nearest friends, two sweet cousins about her own age. One of these was Beatrice Kinnear whose mother (your Great-Aunt Emily), died when she was a child of seven years old. Beatrice's home was in Halifax, where she lived with her guardian, and, as she was not at all a strong child she often had to go away during the cold winters to a warm climate. But in the summer time she would come to stay with her cousins at Sea View, and she and your

Mamma spent many weeks and months together and were always, all their lives, very much attached to each other. As Beatrice used to be taken to foreign countries in the winter time she had been a great traveller and had seen many wonderful sights, about which the children loved to hear her talk. Then, too, she was a city child, and had been to the theatre and the opera, and she taught them to act and get up wonderful dramas, and scenes out of operas were often acted with great vigor on the platform in front of the old ice-house, which they played was the stage.

The other cousin, called Fiffie Purves, lived at North Sydney, not so very far away, and your mother often went to stay with her, while she would as often return the visit, and so they spent many summers and winters also in each other's company. Fiffie was a very sweet and loving child: she was very pretty also, and full of fun. The two little girls were very happy together and loved each other like sisters. In summer time they would often go to stay for days together at False Bay Farm, driving themselves there and back in their own little pony-cart. You will like to hear about the ponies which Georgie and Fiffie had and which were great pets.

They were little Shetland ponies which, poor things, had had a very hard life of it, for they had been worked for many years underground down in one of the neighboring coal mines, where they had been employed to haul the wag-gons of coal in the pit. They had been cruelly used and were kept very dirty, and also, I fear, about half starved. But at last there came a day when the mine was closed up and the ponies were taken out of the pit, and put into a field. From having been so long in the dark, the poor beasts were quite dazzled with the bright sunshine, but they soon got used to it. Your Grandpapa bought one of them for your mother, and Fiffie's father bought the other for her. It took a long time to get them really cleansed from the grease and coal-dust that were ground into their shaggy coats and to comb out their tangled manes and tails, but it was worth the trouble, for your mamma's pony, "Cippy," proved to be a

very pretty cream color. For a long time the poor beast was afraid of the boys, whom he evidently took to be like his cruel "drivers" in the mine, but he was from the first devoted to his little mistress, and would follow her about and eat out of her hand just like a big dog. He was full of life and tricks also, and loved to throw the boys over his head, but he was always gentle when your Mother rode him. He got so tame that he would often make his appearance in the back kitchen looking for dainties, more especially ginger-bread of which he was very fond, and which he would eat greedily if he got a chance. Grandpapa had a pretty little sleigh made for him to draw, in which the children loved to ride.

When your Mamma was ten years old she made her first voyage to England to see her grandmamma, Lady Archibald, who then lived in London. The little girl had read quite a good deal of English history and she greatly enjoyed the wonderful sights she saw in London, where her mother and her Aunt Lizzie took her to the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and Hampton Court, and to the Zoo, where all the animals are kept.

But the days and years were flying fast and soon, all too soon, it was time for the happy home party at Sea View to be broken up. For the boys had to go away to school, and it was thought best for your mamma also to have some companions of her own age to study with.

---

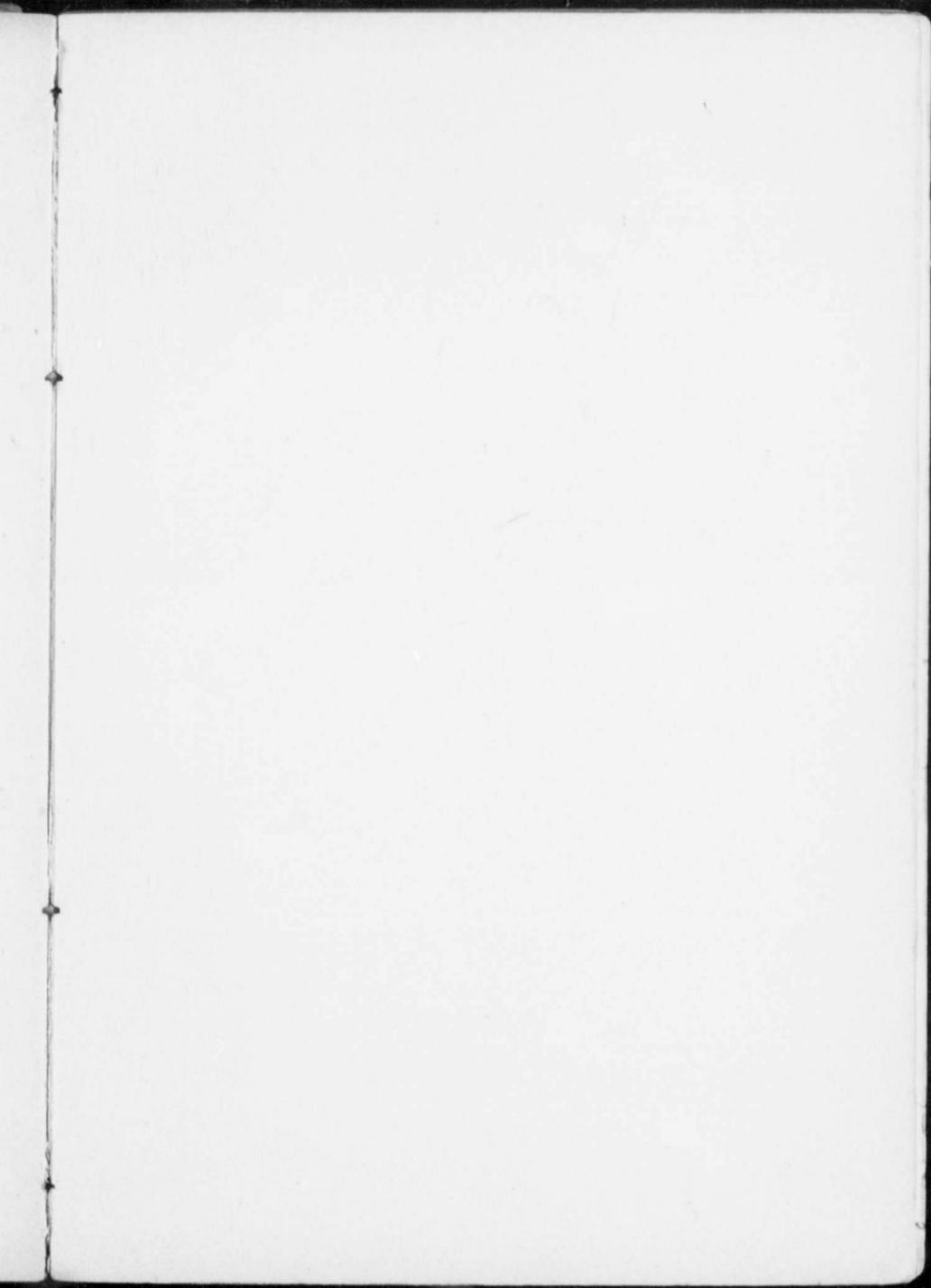
## CHAPTER VI.

**S**O her school life began: first of all at the Halifax Ladies' College, where she was the very youngest pupil, the very first term, until her friend and cousin Fiffie came too, who was a few months younger than she. There is a photograph of her, taken at this time, by which you can see that she was beginning to grow up. But she did not stay long at the College, and after another year at home it was decided to send her to Montreal, to Trafalgar Institute. Here she passed two very busy, happy years and learned quickly and well. She

liked the school life and was a great favorite with her teachers and her companions. Fiffie also went with her, so the two girls were still together. At the end of her school course she passed very creditably the advanced "A. A." examination and took a diploma which entitled her to the first year in Arts at McGill College.

It was about this time that she first began to write and to compose short stories and poems. One of these stories, which is really a gem in its way was written by her as a birthday gift to her father when she was just fifteen. It is called "Trumps," and I have had it printed for you as you see, at the end of this book, with other things she wrote.

Grandpapa and Granny were so pleased with this lovely little tale that they sent it to a friend in New York, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson who, herself an authoress, was delighted with the story, and showed it to the editress of "St. Nicholas," Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, who wrote a most complimentary letter about it. It was published in "The Christian at Work," and the money paid for it (\$4.00) was sent to your Mother who was greatly surprised to find herself in print. A little poem called "A Twilight Song" was written about this time also, but at home, and during the summer holidays. Your dear mother was now fast growing up into a young girl, and, as she grew in height and beauty, she developed also in sweetness and gentleness. Everyone loved her; she was so simple, so gentle, so perfectly honest and truthful; her teachers felt that her influence in the school was always for the best and highest things. She was sincere, and earnest too in her religious nature, though very reticent and shy about showing her feelings. Sacred things to her were *sacred* and not to be talked of, but they were very real and deep and a part of her very being. I think her favorite study was history; she loved English literature and she herself had a fine literary style in writing and expressed herself exceedingly well and in good language, both in her letters and literary compositions. Botany to her was a delight, for she loved nature, and thoroughly enjoyed the school trips on Montreal Mountain in search of rare specimens





MAIDENHOOD

of fe  
and  
execu  
taste  
peran  
of ha  
tures  
draw  
of fo

full

some  
old l  
ness

The  
char  
diffi  
so f  
and  
spri  
for

and  
Car

stud  
Koj  
sing

inte  
in t  
sur

ent  
of  
the

ma  
to  
ma

I v

of ferns and flowers. Music with her amounted to a passion; and although she never attained to very great excellence of execution, I think I have never met anyone whose musical taste and feeling was more correct and whose sensitive "temperament" responded more quickly and fully to the intricacies of harmonious ideas and sounds, than your dear Mother. Pictures too she loved, and from a tiny child, would always try to draw what she saw. She realized in a large sense the beauty of form and line, though she loved color also.

The two pictures of her about this period in her life are full of interest.

After she had left Trafalgar and had been at home for some months, your Grandfather and I had decided to leave our old home at Sea-View. Changes in your grandfather's business had come about, so that he sold out the Gowrie Colliery. The two older boys were at school and it was felt that a change of residence would be beneficial for all. But it was difficult to make choice just at that time of an abiding-place, so for the winter your Grandfather and I, with your Mother and our youngest son, Brenton, went to Boston. In the spring following this, your dear Mother sailed for England, for a visit first to your Great-grandmother, Lady Archibald, and afterwards she went to Dresden with her Aunt Carrie and her daughter, where she spent six months studying German, and working in the studio of Herr Kopp, the court portrait painter. She also took lessons in singing and in china painting. Life in Dresden was full of interest to her, and all her letters home spoke of her delight in the operas and concerts she attended and of all the pleasures and pursuits into which she and her cousin Carita entered. She remained under her Aunt's care until the spring of 1895, when I went across to London and she joined me there. We had a delightful tour together, visiting Paris and making a stay of some weeks in Switzerland; then returning to England, we spent a few weeks with your Great-grand-mamma in London and returned home to Halifax in July.

Of our life together after that for the next five years I will not say much here, for your own dear father will tell

you, some day, of how he came to meet her, and to know and love her. I have written about her childish days and about her school-girl days just so that you both might feel that at least you knew *something* of what your Mother was when your Father came into her life.

As I look back over these years that are past and gone, and try to recall the things about her that I would most like you to know and to remember all the time, it seems to me that two qualities—her truthfulness and high sense of honor and her wonderful unselfishness stand out most clearly. I never knew her to deceive me; she always spoke the truth; if she promised anything whatever, she would keep her word at no matter what cost. Then her unselfishness; she always thought of others before herself. From the time she was a tiny child of two or three she never enjoyed any treat that she could not share with others; if ever she was given anything her first thought was that it would give pleasure to her brothers. She would deny herself any pleasure if it interfered with anyone's plans or kept them from any enjoyment. And she was always so loving and pitiful to anyone in trouble, and to sick people or old people; gentle and thoughtful of everyone's comfort. She could not bear cruelty or unkindness to pets or to animals of any sort; she even thought that the flowers and plants could feel and suffer if neglected, or if rudely torn or plucked.

Nothing made her so angry as to see a little child hurt or bullied by a bigger one, and there is a story of how one day she boxed the ears of a big boy much older than herself who was ill-treating a little fellow in the village street.

From a tiny child, she always had great self-control and could endure pain or discomfort without complaint. Once or twice she showed wonderful courage and what is called "presence of mind." On one occasion a careless maid having overfilled a lamp which threatened to explode, she climbed up on a chair and carried it out all smoking and threw it on a snow bank. Another day when, through the tilting of the seat of the waggon in which she was driving with her little brothers, she was thrown out and quite badly



COLLEGE DAYS.

cut al  
and t  
ing w  
in bec

A  
she d  
peopl  
fairy

S  
Longi  
lighte  
tier w  
vein  
oughl  
like to  
for ye  
thoug  
deeply  
what  
she m  
good,  
alway  
life w

cut about the head, she came gaily into her Mamma's room and told her they had had "just a lovely day," saying nothing whatever of her own hurts lest her Mother, who was ill in bed, might be alarmed.

All sweet and gentle and poetic fancies and imaginations she delighted in, and until quite a big girl of twelve she peopled all her favorite haunts in garden and wood with fairy folk.

She loved poetry, and knew by heart not only many of Longfellow's and Scott's and Macaulay's poems, but delighted in Milton's "Paradise Lost," and in Shakspeare. Whittier was a great favorite with her, as she always had a strong vein of religious thought, and knew her Bible most thoroughly. Perhaps some day, when you are older you may like to hear more of her later life; if so, Granny has put away for you many of her beautiful letters and journals. But, though my darling Joan and Charlie will never know how deeply and passionately their dear mother loved them, or what a brave struggle she made for life and health so that she might live for them, if only they will try every day to be good, unselfish, gentle and true as she was when a child, and always—to the last moment she lived—then her beautiful life will not have been lived in vain.

Susan Georgina  
Archibald 1875-19

## Trumps.

By S. G. ARCHIBALD. (1891.)

HIS name wasn't "Trumps" at all, but everybody called him "Trumps," that is except Nurse, Fletcher and Maria, and *they* called him Master Andrew—that was Trumps' real name, just like Papa's, for Mamma had told him so. But "Trumps" was "Trumps" to every one else, and this is how it came about. Once, when he was quite a little boy, only three, his Mamma carried him down to desert, partly because it was the Christmas dinner and partly because she wanted to show him to his soldier uncle (Archie) who had just come home. Trumps remembered it all in a faint, dreamy fashion—the bright lights, the gentlemen laughing, the ladies coaxing him to come to them and giving him lots of nice things. Clearest of all, Trumps remembered his second christening; for he had pondered over it often in his wise little head, but never arrived at any satisfactory conclusion. He remembered quite well what his Uncle Archie said when he first saw him: "Is this my nephew, Lillian—what's his name?"

"Why, Andrew, of course," his mother answered.

"Lillian, and you too, Andrew, I am ashamed of you for giving the poor infant such an ugly name" (here all the gentlemen laughed). "*I* find it a nasty enough mouthful to call *you* Andrew, my dear brother-in-law; but it can't be helped in your case, but I mean to re-christen my nephew 'Trumps'—for every one was glad when he turned up."

Here there was a great deal of laughing and applauding, and one gentleman rose and said, "I propose the health of Mr. Trumps! Long may he 'turn up.'"

So the name stuck to him, and Trumps liked it because Uncle Archie proposed it. Trumps liked everything Uncle Archie did, for he had been in the wars, and besides, he told wonderful stories and always had something in his pocket for Trumps when he visited the nursery. Of all Uncle

Archie's stories Trumps liked best to hear the "Ventures of Prince Boysie." Once when he was "a vewy weenty boy," as Trumps said in a loftily ashamed way, *he* went searching for "ventures," but they were disappointing and not at all like Prince Boysie's. The woods were dark, Trumps was very tired, the Fairies didn't come, and when papa found him he said that mamma had been crying hard, so Trumps never went on "ventures" again. Trumps' home was in the country, and it was a very beautiful and lovely one. Seaforth Hall was considered one of the finest places in all the country side, and a model old English country place, but principally it was noted for its avenue and trees. The avenue was a place of great interest to Trumps; he had even invented names for the tallest and most important looking trees, and called out to them gaily as he passed with his nurse, rolling his hoop over their fallen leaves or peering into their mysterious depths, in his soberer moods.

The avenue had a double attraction to Trumps, for it led to the Lodge, and at the Lodge there was always something interesting to amuse him while nurse sat and talked to Mrs. Brock

Sometimes Trumps was just a little bit lonely in spite of his beautiful nursery and toys, for he had no little brothers or sisters to share them with, and sometimes Nursie was stupid and didn't care to play. On the whole he was a very happy little boy and had a great deal of attention paid him by his papa, mamma and Uncle Archie, but all his petting did not harm him in the least. His quaint old-fashioned ways made him a great favorite among his mamma's guests; in fact he was such a sweet tempered, gentle, unselfish little fellow, that no one could help liking him.

His nurse was very fond of him and said "He looked as purty as a picture," when he was dressed in his velvet suit ready to go down to dessert. And in truth a pretty picture he made as he stood by his Mother's side with her white arm thrown protectingly around him.

Not a crusty old bachelor or sour old maid could have looked at him as he stood there without a strange feeling of

pride and enjoyment creeping into their hearts. Everybody loved Trumps, for he loved everybody and everything; but next to his papa, mamma and uncle, Trumps loved Fiddlesticks. Fiddlesticks was Trumps' cat.

On his fifth birthday Trumps' Uncle Archie came into the nursery holding his hand to his pocket, and after he had given Trumps his five kisses he took it away and there was the sweetest, fuzziest little gray kitten peeping out of the pocket, and this was "Madame Fiddle." Fiddle was a much more obliging companion than Nursie, she was never too tired for a game of romps. Trumps never teased her as some little boys do their pussies, but he talked to her a great deal and showed her all his pictures. When he was tired playing he liked to lie on the rug and watch Fiddle's eyes. He thought she could speak if she wanted to, like a fairy-book cat. He had had Fiddle almost a year when one morning, whilst he was still in bed, Nursie came in with a basket.

"Guess what I have, Master Andrew," she said, but Trumps couldn't guess. Then Nursie lifted up the cover, and Trumps saw Fiddle and three "teenty" kitties.

"O Nursie!" he screamed, "do dress me! Can they drink milk?"

"Not yet, Master Andrew," said Nursie; "but how can I dress you if you jump about like that?"

But finally Trumps was dressed. That was an exciting day! first Trump examined the kitties; one was gray like Fiddle, one was all white but its feet, and they were gray, and the other was pure white.

Trumps had a deep consultation with his mother that evening, and they named the kitties Duster, Moccasin and Snowball. At first Trumps was a little disappointed when he found the kitties couldn't play like Fiddle, but only "stuck" their nails into one's coat and clung there crying "mee-iow" in a "teenty-weenty voice like the little bear." Besides their eyes were quite shut so that you couldn't see what color they were, and that was disappointing, even though Nurse said they would open by-and-by.

They were very interesting to watch, however, and every day they grew stronger, so that in a few days they would walk a little quivering all over like furry jelly. Trumps and Fiddle nursed them carefully, but alas, one morning Trumps was awakened by something jumping on his bed; he put out his hand, it was Fiddle.

"Why, Fiddle!" said Trumps, trying to catch her, but Fiddle with a mournful "me-ow" jumped off the bed. Trumps watched with a puzzled face as she began sniffing about the room.

Presently curiosity got the better of him, and jumping out of bed he ran to the kittens' basket. The kittens were gone! At first Trumps couldn't believe it, but after pulling out the rug and turning the basket upside down, there could be no doubt. Now where were the kittens? that was the question! so Trumps joined in Fiddle's search. He was lying down in the act of peering under the bureau when Nurse came in with the water for his bath.

"Why, Master Andrew, out of bed! in your nightgown and bare feet too! Get up at once, you naughty boy; you'll catch your death of cold."

"But, Nursie," said Trumps, "it's the kitties; they is gone, and Fiddle is crying."

"O you needn't look there, Master Andrew. Hackett saw them running away last night."

"Why didn't he stop them, Nursie?" asked Trumps.

"I suppose he was too busy," said nurse so crossly that Trumps didn't venture another question.

"Poor Fiddle! I guess she is crying for the kitties, like mamma did when I ran away," thought Trumps.

He was especially kind to her all day, and petted her more even than he was accustomed to, but Fiddle was ungratefully impatient under his gentle caresses, and ran about uttering doleful little cries that went to Trumps' tender little heart. By tea time he had made up his mind, and told Fiddle so as they lay on the rug together while Nurse went for tea.

"Don't cwy, Fiddle," he said as he hugged the gray cat. "I guess your kitties has only gone searching for 'ventures:

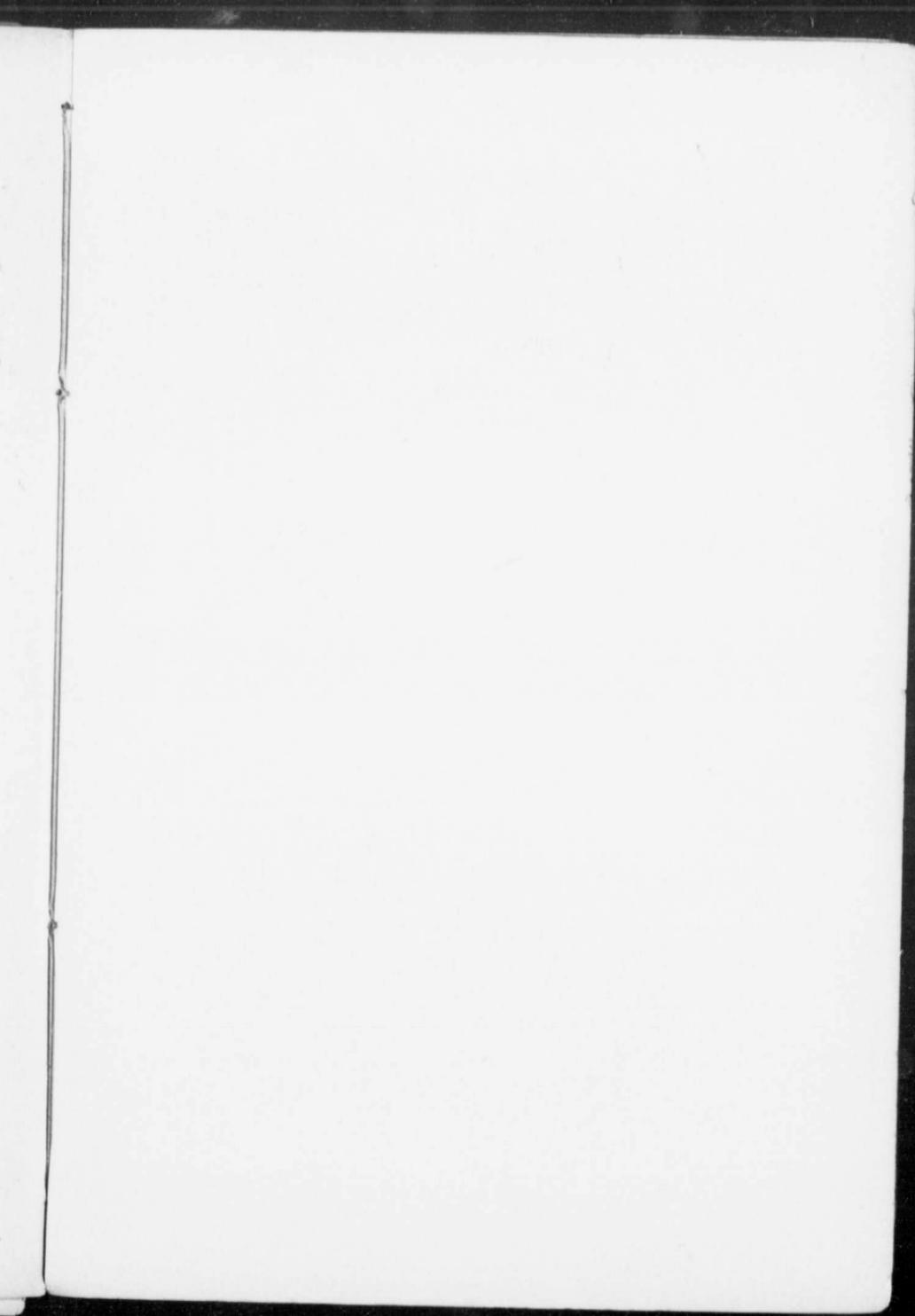
I'll go and find them for you, like papa and Uncle Archie did me. You will stay and tell Nursie where I is gone, won't you?"

Fiddle purred an assent. Trumps had been out that afternoon, and his little ulster and broad-rimmed soft felt hat lay on a chair still. He seized his hat, but didn't put on his ulster, for there was no one to hold it. Then he softly opened the door.

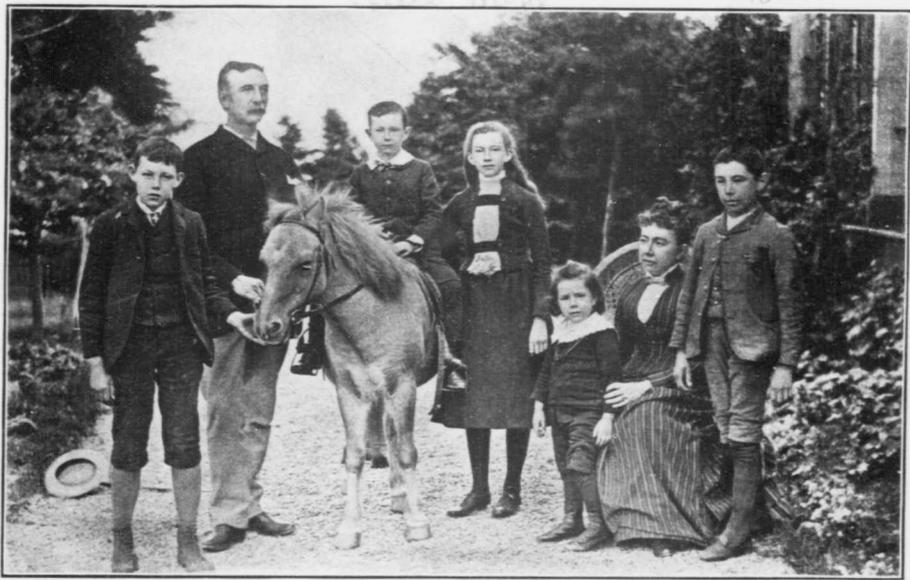
"I'll soon be back with the kitties, Fiddle," he called, and ran gaily downstairs. He encountered no one, for his mamma was writing in her study, James was gossiping in the kitchen, and his papa and uncle were out shooting.

Trumps let himself out the side door. The air felt chilly and he wished he had taken his warm ulster, but now it was too late. He ran across the lawn and opened the gate that led to the woods. He remembered that was the way he had gone, and reasoned it out in his own little head that that was where the kitties were searching for "ventures." His heart beat a trifle faster as he entered the woods, for they looked very gloomy and different in the October evening light from the woods in which he and Nursie had played in the summer. Still it was not quite dark, for Trumps had tea at five; and he walked on bravely calling every now and then in his shrill childish treble "kitties! naughty kitties! come home; your mother is cwyng!" But no welcome "me-iow" answered him. Trumps began to walk slower and slower, for he was tired, hungry and disappointed, besides it was quite dark. Presently a bright idea struck him.

"Why of course," he cried in a glad little voice, "the Fairwies know where the kitties is. I must find a Fairwy wing," and he began to search carefully along the side of the path. He was looking for a toadstool (his uncle had told him fairies used toadstools for tables). Suddenly he ran forward a little towards something that gleamed white-yellow in the dusky light. He flung himself upon the moss with a shout of delight; it was a toadstool, and it grew at the foot of a mossy stump draped in vines. Surely this was a Fairy Ring! Trumps gazed anxiously about.



W. G. ...  
Tenn



A HAPPY FAMILY, WITH PONY

ent  
on j  
stur  
kno  
stai  
ong  
gon  
me-  
ing  
she  
ing  
Shu  
dov  
Tr  
thi  
fet  
she  
for  
Ar  
Ar  
Ar  
we  
Ni  
ali  
un  
ba  
Sc  
m

"I guess I must wait for the moon," he said, with a patient little sigh. But long before the moon rose an old crow on his way home spied Trumps fast asleep at the foot of the stump, and called a meeting of his friends and relations to know what it meant.

Now when Trumps left the nursery, Nurse was still down stairs; and to tell the truth, she had stayed longer than she ought to have done. When she came up she found Trumps gone and Fiddle wandering round the room. "Me-ow, me-ow," said Fiddle, and I suppose that was *her* way of giving a message, but Nurse didn't understand. To tell the truth she was a little alarmed, but soon comforted herself by thinking that Lady Seaforth had probably taken him down stairs. She put the toast down by the fire to keep warm, and sitting down comfortably in a rocking-chair began to mend one of Trump's lace cuffs; after a bit she glanced at the clock.

"Half an hour after tea time," she muttered. "I don't think my lady knows the tea is ready. I better go down and fetch Master Andrew."

So after arranging her cap and donning a fresh apron, she went down stairs and knocked at the door of Lady Seaforth's study.

"Come in, nurse," said a sweet voice, "has Master Andrew been naughty?"

Nurse's face grew very puzzled. "I came for Master Andrew," she said. "I thought perhaps you didn't notice it was past his tea-time, my lady."

"Why he is not here, I haven't seen him this afternoon. Nurse; isn't he in the nursery?" said Lady Seaforth, an alarmed look crossing her pretty face.

"No, my lady," said Nurse, thoroughly alarmed, "not unless he is hiding. I went to get his tea, and when I came back he was gone. I thought he was with you."

"How long since you missed him, Nurse?" said Lady Seaforth.

"A half an hour and more, my lady."

"Ring the bell, Nurse, and then go and look about the nursery carefully; he must be somewhere in the house.

Maria," she said, as the servant appeared, "Master Andrew is lost—at least—I think he is in the house somewhere. Nurse has missed him. I want you and Jane to look everywhere for him. Nurse is hunting too; I think he is hiding. I wish you to send James and Fletcher to me too."

Fletcher, the old butler, who had seen Sir Andrew grow up, in his excitement (much to James' delight) spoke before his lady addressed him.

"Master Andrew lost again, my lady?" he said.

"I hope not, good Fletcher," she said reassuringly, "but I want you to look about the grounds, and James to go to the kennels. Why, Nurse, have you found him?" she added, as nurse appeared at the door.

"No, my lady," said Nurse, "but he has gone out—taken his hat."

"Then, James, go down to the Lodge and see if he is there; and Fletcher, go for your master; he is shooting with Captain Reddan, you know," said Lady Seaforth in a trembling voice, no longer able to repress her anxiety. "No coat! and it is chilly this evening; I hope he went to the Lodge, they would stop him there. I wish Andrew would come," she thought.

Meanwhile Sir Andrew and Captain Reddan, all unconscious of Trumps' disappearance, were slowly making their way home.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I wonder what all those crows are collected for in that tree over there, Archie," said Sir Andrew.

"I should say that tree was near the path, so your curiosity will be satisfied if they don't fly away."

"There they go," said Sir Andrew. They had nearly reached the spot. "Why! there is something on the ground. It's a child. Why, Archie! it is *Trumps* as I am alive!"

Yes, it was Trumps, fast asleep. His big red hat had fallen off, and his golden curls gleamed against the moss as if some sunbeam had lost its way and was imprisoned in the woods. His long eyelashes drooped over his rosy cheeks; he was dreaming something pleasant, for he was smiling in his

sleep. He looked like a little fairy prince himself as he lay on his mossy bed, and tight in one hand he held the "fairy table." He opened his eyes as his Father lifted him in his arms. "Where is the—Why! it's Father," he cried, "I thought it was the Fairies!"

"Here is the result of your nonsense, Archie," said Sir Andrew.

"No, it was the kitties," said Trumps eagerly. He was beginning to think this was quite a "venture," and his Father's arms felt so strong. "They runned away and Fiddle cried."

"Archie, you had better run on and tell Lilian we have found him, she will be very anxious," said his Father. "Like Fiddle?" asked Trumps in such a subdued little voice that his father laughed, but it was no laughing matter to Trumps, and he was quite silent all the rest of the way. When his Father laid him in his Mother's arms, he murmured in her ear, with both arms around her neck, "I'm sor-ry you cwied, Mothersie! I told Fiddle to tell Nursie."

The rest of the evening to Trumps was all a warm pleasant daze, but when he had had his supper, and had been tucked into his little bed, with Fiddle asleep on the foot, he caught the hand that was stroking his curls, and said, as he kissed it, in his sweet sleepy voice, "I guess Mother was quite glad when *her* little Trumps turned up"!

## A Twilight Song.

---

Through the open window  
At the close of the day  
Creeps the solemn twilight,  
Seems to us to say—  
“Care and toil are over,  
Work and play are done;  
God has given men evening  
For rest and peace, and Home.”  
Idle on the carpet,  
Baby's playthings rest;  
Baby little heeds them,  
Clasped to Mother's breast.  
Drowsy bright eyes closing,  
Downy head so still;  
Gentle sleep is coming,  
Do what Baby will.  
Low and sweet and tender,  
Through the roseate gloom;  
Floats the Mother's slumber song,  
Hallowing the room.  
“Go to sleep my darling,  
Naught there is to fear;  
Sleep sweet, Mother's dear one!  
God and I are here.”  
And weary little Baby  
Finds “Mother's way” the best;  
So, with a kiss she lays him  
Down in his cradle nest.  
And softly then the Mother  
Folds the little clothes “just so,”  
And puts the scattered playthings  
Just where they ought to go.  
Silently then the Mother  
Lifts up her heart in prayer,  
Asking that Christ may keep her babe,  
Aye in his tender care.

GEORGIE ARCHIBALD, 1890.

# Nu-mach-wa:

## AN INDIAN LOVE-STORY.

BY G. S. ARCHIBALD,

(July, 1803)

*probably Samuel George Williamson  
Archibald (1777-1846)*

THE golden shafts of the late afternoon sun slanted through the stems of the trees that crowded in upon a little clearing, where lay huddled together the few rough wigwams of a small band of Siroquois Indians.

Hidden with the subtle cunning of the wilderness, the tiny settlement was no more incongruous with its surroundings than a cunningly constructed village of beavers; and it seemed to blend with the leafy background as imperceptibly as the smoke of its camp fires melted into the blue of the woodland shadows.

Here and there, through the leafy screen flashed the gleam of the St. John River like a naked sword guarding the little promontory on three of its sides.

Swift as light, foaming, flashing, dancing in a green fury ran its waters here; for just above, the shining falls filled all the air with their roar of defiance.

Behind the camps the green army of resinous spruces flung the protecting ægis of their shadow, magnanimously unmindful of some of their number, ruthlessly felled, and piled up to form a rude stockade against an enemy, that the red gleam of the camp fires was powerless to affront.

And in truth, this little band had need of all such defences, for they lived in the fear of enemies, tireless as wolves, cruel and unsparring as a forest fire,—the dreaded Iroquois.

Several years before, a war party of these ruthless enemies had surprised the tribe, nearly all the warriors had perished—but a small remnant, mostly old men, women and children, fled far into the sheltering forest. Here by the swift St. John River they found a refuge.

Season after season came and went and the survivors hunted and fished with an ever growing sense of security, till the dread terror of their foe was subdued by time, even as distance softened the roar of the falls.

In the centre of the cleared space crackled a couple of fires, round which women were busying themselves. One or two old men nodded drowsily in the shade of a wigwam and eyed with lazy anticipation the preparations for their evening meal.

Several bright eyed little children rolled and tumbled about with the wild grace of creatures of the woods: a lithe limbed boy with a string of shining trout pushed his way through the bushes, fishing spear in hand. A girl child bore a rough birch-bark bucket of water towards the group near the fire.

In the opening of one of the wigwams stood a young girl. She was about sixteen or seventeen. Her slender figure, with its youthful freshness formed an agreeable contrast to the shapeless, and often slatternly appearance of some of the older women around the fire.

A certain superiority, an air of aloofness, seemed to distinguish her. Her clear eyes, the color of a brown forest brook, were fixed dreamily on the glooming woodland. It was thus that some forest creature might await its homing mate.

A shrill scream from the little girl roused her from her reverie. The child, stumbling over a root, had spilt the water and was being shaken for her carelessness by a shrewish looking old squaw.

A red color flushed the healthy brown cheek of the girl, as she stepped swiftly towards the woman and said quietly, "Let her go, Bas-lo-oo, I will get more water." The child released from her captor's hold, cast a half sullen glance of gratitude at her protectress. The other women stopped their work to listen. Angered by this interference and spurred on by her audience, the old woman shook her little victim more fiercely still: "Fetch the water you may, Iroquois squaw," said she, "but I shall beat my grand daughter, if I choose,"

and she redoubled her blows on the child, while an almost imperceptible murmur of approbation told of the sympathy of her companions.

A fierce light now flamed from the young girl's eyes, as she bent protectingly over the child. The old woman's stick, more by design than by accident, descended once or twice heavily on her shrinking form, leaving dark weals in its track. By this time the spectators were roused to take some part. "Let Wikpa go," said one; "Do not strike Numachwa," said another: "Beware! she is the Chief's woman now." The old woman muttered angrily, her little red eyes sparkled with malice, but she loosened her hold on the child, who crept sobbing into the bushes.

Without uttering a word, the girl picked up the bucket and disappeared in the direction of the river. Her absence proved the signal for an outburst of sympathy for the old Bas-lo-oo, as, still clutching her stick, she stumpled towards the fire, where she was speedily surrounded by the other women, the children hanging curious on the outskirts of the group.

Jealousy added zest to their malice, for though Numachwa was the chief's wife, yet the taunt of old Bas-lo-oo was truth—she was an Iroquois. Captured in some successful reprisal, her childish beauty had pleased her captor, and she had been adopted, as sometimes occurred, in place of a dead child.

Her protectors, however, had subsequently perished at the hands of her own tribe, in that frightful massacre, the horrors of which were still unforgotten.

She had been spared to become the drudge of the camp, and their revenge had sought an outlet in many words and acts of petty spite. Many a night had she scolded herself to sleep in the weariness of her lonely heart and aching little body. One day, however, brought an exception to the general rule; Ku-sa-wa-ga, the son of the old chief who had perished in the massacre, who was just taking his father's place in the tribe, heard her cries, and, attracted by her growing beauty, interfered to protect her: and there came a blessed immunity

from the general persecution. Relieved from fear of personal violence, her passionate gratitude added charm to her youthful loveliness and, to the disgust of other aspirants, accentuated by their tribal hatred, he had made her his bride but two moons before.

Her new found happiness enabled her to bear with indifference the spiteful asides and jealous looks which were all they dared to indulge in her husband's absence.

He was now away with the other braves on a hunting party, and pleased as the women were at the injuries which were the result of Nu-mach-wa's interference, they feared the chief's displeasure.

Nu-mach-wa's return silenced the speculations of the group and they watched stolidly while she placed her brimming bucket near the fire.

A spray of ripening raspberries by the water's edge had given her a new idea, and, entering the wigwam, she reappeared with a basket in her hand, and again sought the forest.

This time she tracked out the little Wikpa who, like a broken-winged bird, had dragged herself out of sight into the bushes. Gently she placed her hand on the little shrinking shoulder.

The child's tear-stained face looked up at hers with a mixture of curiosity and sullen gratitude.

"Come, Wikpa," she said, "I go to gather raspberries for Ku-sa-wa-ga's return. Come with me, you need not fear Bas-lo-oa. You shall eat and sleep in our wigwam to-night."

Slowly the little creature followed her to the water's edge, where, with a handful of soft, green moss, she gently bathed the little bruised shoulders in the cool water. The child eyed the bruise on Nu-mach-wa's arm. "Why do you do it?" she demanded abruptly, "do you not hate us?" "I was often beaten," responded Nu-mach-wa. Quietly they threaded their careful way by the river's brim to where, in a natural clearing, the ripe fruit gleamed redly. Nu-mach-wa's thoughts were busy, while her nimble fingers swiftly filled her basket. Her small companion's garner found its way chiefly into her

little red mouth. They had left the camp far behind them, and the roar of the falls had sunk to a gentle murmur in the distance. Her birch basket was full now, and yielding to the lazy abandon of the summer afternoon, she flung herself upon a patch of sweet fern in the shade of some bushes. The little Wikpa still strayed in search of the ripe berries.

The calm breath of the evening breeze soothed the maiden's wounded spirit. To such happiness as hers what mattered the gibes of envious women?

Her dreaming eyes were fixed on the fast darkening river but they saw only a vision of her splendid young lover. Suddenly she sprang to her knees, silently and cautiously. She had caught sight of a dark moving shadow, close under the wooded shore. Yes!—it was—a canoe—two! ah! here was a third; *war canoes!* She could from her shelter see the flash of the setting sun on their weapons, and the gleam of the paint on their faces! They paddled arrogantly, in the insolence of strength, hardly using concealment. Her heart seemed to stop but her brain worked rapidly. *Iroquois!* the dreaded foe had found them at last! Across her memory flashed the half obliterated horrors of her childhood. She thought with lightning speed of the unsuspecting camp—the women who so lately had hurled the hated name in her face—the little children, the helpless old men. They would burn, slay and destroy them! Ah! it was well Ku-sa-wa-ga was away—but would it avail? No! the cunning Iroquois would conceal themselves—would await the return of the unsuspecting hunting party! ah! what could she do?

With fascinated eyes she watched the canoes. Something was happening: the leader had paused and the other two canoes shot up beside his. Instantly her brain grasped the reason. *They were not sure of their way!* The increasing speed of the current, the increasing noise of the falls made them uneasy. Into her mind came a sudden, daring resolve. For her, it meant death, but she would try it—she would save Ku-sa-wa-ga.

She called softly to the child. The little one, trained to instant obedience, turned.

"Run quickly, Wikpa, tell them the Iroquois come! say to Ku-sa-wa-ga—Farewell! I go to my own people!"

At the dread name the child disappeared unquestioning, noiselessly as a shadow.

Loosening the shining plaits of her hair till it looked disheveled, and hastily tearing her dress at the shoulder so as to expose the now livid bruise, Nu-mach-wa crept to the water's edge. She shook the bushes slightly—it was ever so slightly, but enough, for the eye of the Indian, like that of the wood creatures, is keen to detect movement. The leading canoe paused, paddles suspended and then shot cautiously towards the bank. The paint bedizened braves landed warily, fearing some snare. Scorning concealment Numachwa rose to her feet.

"Slay not, brothers, I am of your tribe!" she cried, in the language of her childhood. Fearlessly she let them drag her to the shore. Now all depended on her acting. Could she cheat these cunning warriors? In low, eager tones she told her story; the long years of drudgery, scorn and hardship. Familiar names, old phrases rose convincingly to her lips, her eyes flashed hatred and revenge. Tearing aside her dress she displayed the livid bruises as visible proof of the truth of her narrative.

"Let them give her her revenge; she would guide them! Now was their opportunity: the braves had gone on a hunting party, none remained at the village but half-grown boys and old men—an easy prey." There they could conceal themselves. Her eyes gleamed with triumphant malice—"the hunting party would return—and *then!*" (Nor could the now convinced Iroquois guess at the awful shudder of her heart at this word "*then*") Stooping, with her fingers she drew a plan of the little promontory in the sand: "they would land *here*."

"How far was it to the camp?" asked one.

"A mile and a half," she answered truly, "but by the water it was less."

"What then, was this noise of the waters?" "There is a Fall below," she answered with daring honesty. "Rapids

there were but they could be passed in safety; the party would land long before nearing the Falls. Would she not go in the canoe to guide them. But let them hasten: women from the camp seeking berries might see them, and give the alarm."

The warriors drew aside in consultation. Would they trust her? But the chief had eyed her approvingly. Never had she looked so beautiful, as in her simulated fury. She should be his spoil. Turning to her they bade her get into the canoe, and the party set forth in the now fast gathering twilight. Swiftly the moments passed, as swiftly flowed the water. The paddles were unnecessary now, save to guide the canoe past some dark mass of rock. A few minutes more of unsuspecting progress and all would be safe. The shores shot past, louder roared the Falls; uneasily the Indians listened to their thunder, as they held their paddles firmly, alert for the expected rapids."

"Let the others come nearer that they may follow us closely," said Nu-mach-wa, and in obedience to a low guttural command, the two accompanying canoes were urged closer. Another instant and they swept around a bend in the river. Before them rose the white veil of the Falls, faintly touched by the pink of the fast setting sun.

"Behold, the village, Iroquois!" cried Nu-mach-wa—but words were not needed—the Indians saw that they were tricked. Like lightning from a summer cloud leapt the knife of the chief, but, before it descended, Numachwa sprang into the friendly river.

"Follow, oh! Iroquois!—I lead!" she cried. The waters bore her up lovingly for a moment, then the white mist hid her slender form as it plunged downward to its death.

With desperate paddles the Indians strove vainly to reach the shore, but it was useless. Exulting in its power the swift, smooth water bore them onwards till it leapt into its chasm as fearlessly, as triumphantly as the spirit of Numachwa had, for love's sake, melted into the shadow of the hereafter.

The silent forest no longer shelters the Lodges of the Iroquois. Another people dwell by the shores of the St. John. But to-day, as then, the Falls sing exultant the story of the self-sacrificing love that saved the Indian village.

## Premonition

---

“Where 'mid these clouds shall I my Saviour find  
In this dark night?  
Whence, 'mid these storms and tempests wild shall come  
My heavenly light?  
How long to wait before my task is done,  
And Christ shall lead me to His heavenly home?”

*Be still O soul! and thy complaining cease,*

*Thy Saviour still*

*Shall guide thy faltering footsteps safe unto*

*His holy hut;*

*There at His Feet shall all thy wanderings cease,*

*Thy soul be bosomed in eternal peace.*

*Fight on awhile, for soon thy toil shall end,*

*Thy Guide shall come*

*With His own hand across the narrow sea*

*To lead thee home;*

*There shall the toils that troubled thee the while*

*End in the perfect glory of His smile.*

S. G. A.

*Susan Georgia  
Archibald*