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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1871.

## CORMACK'S JOURNEY ACROSS NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHNS, N. F.

### A TERRA INCOGNITA.

It is a remarkable fact that the great Island of Newfoundland is to this day unexplored, as far as the interior is concerned. While daring travellers have been searching out the mysterious sources of the Nile, and bold mariners have solved at length the North-West Passage—the problem of centuries—here is an island, considerably larger than Ireland, nearly four times the size of Belgium, the most ancient of Britain's forty colonies, lying within easy distance of England, and yet far less is known of its uninhabited interior than of Central Africa. Its internal plains, lakes, mountain-ranges, are unmapped, its river courses undetermined, its natural resources unknown. Around its 2,000 miles of coast, 146,000 people are sprinkled, living chiefly on the harvest yielded by the sea, while the interior is left to bears, wolves, deer, beavers and foxes. Scenery the grandest and loveliest may be found within its boundaries; game, too, for the sportsman in profusion. The charm of gazing at scenes on which the eye of man may never before have rested, and of making discoveries in geology, natural history and botany, the importance of which may be very great, all invite exploration; and yet our adventurous travellers and scientific explorers pass by what is at their own doors as worthless and plunge into the interior of Africa or Australia, risk life and limb in China or Japan, and brave the polar ice-floes in search of an open Arctic Basin. Let us hope that ere long we shall hear of some well-equipped scientific expedition setting out for the exploration of the interior of Newfoundland; or of some daring traveller, with a genius for adventures like Sir Samuel Baker, winning fresh laurels by opening up here a new portion of earth's surface.

### CORMACK'S ENTERPRISE.

Forty-nine years ago, in the year 1822, there lived in Newfoundland a Scotchman, W. E. Cormack by name. He was of a good family, well educated, of scientific tastes, and fond of adventure. It seemed to him strange and anomalous that the island should have been inhabited by white men for 300 years, and that the natural condition of the interior should be utterly unknown; and he courageously resolved to attempt raising the veil that shrouded this *terra incognita*. He was admirably fitted for such an undertaking, being a man of iron nerve and powerful frame, possessed of cool, unflinching courage and tenacity of purpose. He loved adventure for its own sake, and had that thirst for knowledge and that observant turn of mind which are the best qualifications of a traveller. He resolved to wipe away the reproach involved in such ignorance regarding Newfoundland, by penetrating the central part of the country in the direction in which the natural characteristics of the interior were likely to be most decidedly exhibited. Accordingly, he fixed on the route between Trinity Bay on the east coast and St.

George's Bay on the west coast as that most likely to secure the object he had in view. He met with little sympathy or encouragement in his undertaking, which was looked upon as Quixotic. The Government of the day refused him any assistance. Nothing daunted, Cormack went forward single-handed in his perilous adventure. He succeeded in securing the services of a Micmac Indian, a noted hunter of the south-west coast. With this single companion, he proceeded to the most inland part of Random Sound, in Trinity Bay, and with as much provisions as they could carry in their knapsacks, a supply of ammunition and a couple of guns, the travellers plunged into the untrodden wilderness and set their faces towards the west. Three months of fearful hardships, trials and privations were spent on the journey, although they preserved as nearly as possible a direct westward course; and, at the end of that time, they emerged, worn and weary, on the shore of St. George's Bay. Cormack published a very interesting narrative of his journey in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh; with which his friend Professor Jameson was connected. This narrative was subsequently re-published in a pamphlet containing 63 pages. It is now very scarce; I know of but one copy—that in the Athenæum Library, St. John's. I propose to furnish a brief abstract of this narrative, which has an interest far beyond that of fiction.

### EQUIPMENT.

Cormack wisely fixed on the fall of the year as the best time for his expedition. Having to depend on his gun chiefly for subsistence, he calculated that the season in which the berries are ripe was that in which the wild birds and beasts would be roaming at large, and most likely to fall in the traveller's way. The equipment of the travellers was of the simplest description. In addition to their fowling-pieces, powder and shot, they carried twenty pounds of biscuit, eight pounds of pork, some portable soup, tea and sugar, a blanket each, a telescope, pocket-compass and fishing-tackle. The unknown dangers that lay before them were enough to appal stout hearts—the Red Indians, then supposed to be numerous in the interior, might destroy them—packs of wolves might devour them—sickness or accident might disable one or both where no help could reach them—or, above all, subsistence might fail, and they might perish miserably of hunger. Without waiting to calculate these dangers, they at once struck into the forest, towards the centre of the island, starting on September 5th, 1822.

### WESTWARD HO!—THE START.

During the first six days they found themselves advancing through a dense, unbroken pine forest—firs, the black and red spruce predominating, with a few birches and larch in favored spots, but no maple, beech, oak or ash. The close underwood, the wind-fallen trees, the brooks that lay in their way, and the suffocating heat of the woods, with the myriads of mosquitoes and black and sand flies, so impeded their progress that they could with difficulty advance seven or eight miles a day. Scrambling with great toil through this dense forest, they occasionally reached a bold granitic pap projecting above the dark green surface. On ascending one of these, the prospect was grand and impressive—an ocean of undulating forest for twenty miles to the westward—the high lands of Trinity and Bonavista Bays and glimpses of the broad Atlantic to the northward. These round-backed, granite hills rose among the forest growths as monuments of a world that had passed away—the records of a primitive creation—grim and solitary among the perishable productions of the present. At the bottom of each of these hills was almost invariably a small lake, and by the lake a marsh. These marshes consist of peat formed chiefly of mosses and covered with grasses, rushes and wild flowers, the grasses sometimes rising to the height of five or six feet. When the moisture is less the *Kalmia Augustifolia* covers whole acres of the marshes and gives them a most brilliant appearance, and the *Rhododendron* puts forth its delicate lilac blossoms. The lakes were covered with white and yellow water lilies. Cormack describes the dead silence of the woods, during the day, as almost oppressive, only the occasional chattering of the titmouse, the tap-

ping of the woodpecker, or the croak of the raven breaking the stillness. At night, from the lakes, the loud notes of the loon were heard as they swam about in search of food, sometimes sounding like the lowing of cattle and again like the bleating of sheep. The travellers bivouacked each night in Indian fashion, making a bed of spruce branches, over which, on poles, a blanket was stretched. A fire was kindled, supper cooked, wet clothes dried, and then each rolled himself in his blanket with his feet towards the fire, and reposed on the fragrant bed of boughs.

### THE SUMMIT REACHED.

On the 10th September the aspect of the country began to change, the trees became larger and stood more apart; spacious tracts of rocky ground entirely clear of wood became more frequent; they enjoyed the luxury of a breeze that freed them from the hosts of blood-thirsty flies; everything indicated their approach to a more open country. Soon they found themselves on a great granitic ridge covered with scattered trees and a variety of beautiful lichens or rein-deer moss, while partridge berries and whortleberries loaded the ground. Coveys of ptarmigan, the indigenous grouse of the country, rose in every direction, and snipes from every marsh; the birds of passage, ducks and geese were flying to and fro from their breeding places in the interior and the sea coast; tracks of deer, and of wolves fearfully large, and of bears, foxes, and martins, were seen everywhere. Looking back toward the sea coast a magnificent view met the eye of the travellers. They saw that, under cover of the forest, they had been uniformly ascending for forty miles, since they left the shore at Random Bay; and that now they stood on the summit of a great mountain ridge that served as a barrier between the sea and the interior. The dense black forest through which they had passed appeared spotted with bright yellow marshes and glossy lakes gleaming from its interior.

### VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

Still more magnificent was the view when they turned to the west. The vast unexplored interior, on which the eye of civilized man had never before gazed, was spread out in all its amplitude and sublimity. It was a rapturous moment for Cormack, and amply repaid all his toils. The panorama presented a vast basin with an emerald surface—green plains marbled with woods and lakes of every form and extent—a picture of all the luxurious scenes of natural cultivation receding into invisibleness; very different this from the grim, howling desert which fancy had conjured up as the interior of Newfoundland, filled with repulsive sights and objects of terror. "A new world," exclaims Cormack in rapture, "seemed to invite us onward, or rather we claimed the dominion and were impatient to proceed to take possession. Fancy carried us swiftly across the island. Obstacles of every kind were dispelled and despised. Primitiveness, Omnipotence and tranquillity were stamped upon everything so forcibly that the mind is hurled back thousands of years, and the man left denuded of the mental fabric which a knowledge of ages of human experience and of time may have reared within him. Could a dwelling be secured amid the heavenly emotions excited by the presence of such objects!"

### THE BROAD SAVANNAS.

Such was the profusion of animal life in these solitudes that Cormack and his companion fearlessly consumed the remainder of their provisions, which was but small, confident in their ability to secure food for some time to come by their firearms. Game birds were abundant, and beasts of various kinds emerging to prey upon each other. "Monarchs of all they surveyed," everything animate and inanimate seemed to the travellers to be their own. With high hopes they now descended into the interior. The bright plains on which they had been gazing proved to be steppes, or savannas, compossed of fine, black compact peat mould, formed by the growth and decay of mosses and covered with a kind of wiry grass. In undulating beds they stretched northward and southward, with running waters and lakes, skirted with woods lying between. Their yellow surfaces were sometimes uninterrupted by

either tree, shrub, rocks or any inequality for more than ten miles. "They were chequered everywhere", says Cormack, "upon the surface by deep-beaten deer-paths, and were in reality magnificent natural deer parks, adorned by woods and water. The trees here sometimes grow to a considerable size, particularly the larch; birch is also common, the deer herd upon them to graze. It is impossible to describe the grandeur and richness of the scenery, which will probably remain long undefaced by the hand of man."

### ONWARD—THE REINDEER.

It took the travellers nearly a month to traverse this savanna country, their progress being only at the rate of five to seven miles a day to the westward, while the distance walked was equivalent to three or four times as much. These deviations from the direct course were partly from choice and partly from necessity, as they wished to view and examine the country on the one hand, and had to make frequent detours to get round the extremities of lakes and woods, and to look for game for subsistence. The most noticeable feature of these steppes, was the innumerable deer-paths by which they were traversed in all directions. Of the millions of acres here, there is no one spot exceeding a few superficial yards that is not bounded on all sides by deer-paths. The Newfoundland deer is the Cariboo species, and like that animal in every other country it is migratory. In vast herds they pass in spring from the south-east to the west and north-west portions of the island, returning over the same track on the approach of winter. Nature has liberally stocked Newfoundland with herds finer than those of which Norway and Lapland can boast. Some of these reindeer attain to the weight of six or seven hundred pounds, and even upwards. Cormack found no difficulty in bringing down the fattest of the herds that he met with—generally the leading stag, as tall as a horse. The venison he found excellent, and the fat upon the haunches of some of them was two inches in thickness. The flesh of the reindeer, with that of geese, ducks, and beavers, and magnificent trout from the brooks, constituted their principal food. When game failed them, they subsisted on berries, of which there was a prodigal abundance. Cormack says he longed for bread for about ten days after his stock was consumed; but after that did not miss it. The black duck of the interior, remote from the sea, is the finest bird for the table in Newfoundland.

"The trout," says Cormack, "are so easily caught in the rivulets—they being unacquainted with enemies—as to take the artificial fly merely by holding out the line in the hand, without a rod. No country in the world can afford finer sport than the interior of this island in the months of August and September. The beasts of the chase are of a large class, and the cover for all game excellent."

### BERRIES, BEARS AND WOLVES.

The proportion of water to land in the savanna country Cormack found to be very large—in some places half the surface was covered with lakes; in others, one third, and seldom less. In some of the forests strips of the trees were borne down by wind, in the same direction, flat to the earth—the havoc played being awful; and such parts were almost impassable. Towards the centre of the island, the travellers crossed extensive districts remarkable for abundance of berries, which attract great numbers of black bears. The paths, or beats, of these animals throughout their feeding-grounds, are stamped with marks of antiquity seemingly coeval with the country. The points of rocks that happened to project in their way, were perfectly polished from having been continually trodden and rubbed. Many tracks of wolves were seen; but these animals fled before the approach of man. The rocks of the savannas were granite, quartz, and chloritic greenstone. In the whole of this territory only one mountain rises—a solitary peak of granite, which Cormack named Mount Sylvester, after the name of his Indian. Larch, of all other trees, seems to be that to which the savanna soil is most congenial. The travellers observed it growing from the wettest swamp to the summits of the highest hills where fir cannot live. Sarsaparilla, wild currants, gooseberries and raspberries were plentiful

in many places—the berries being much superior to those near the coast. The different varieties of whortleberries grow to a size and perfection that would render them preferable to fine fruit in any country.

JAMESON'S MOUNTAINS—SERPENTINE LAKE.

On the 7th of October the travellers found themselves approaching the termination of the savanna country. A hilly ridge, bristly and castellated, lay before them, which proved to be a serpentine deposit, including a variety of other rocks, all lying in nearly vertical strata, alternating. Mineralogical appearances here were very marked. The noble serpentine, varying in color from black green to yellow, and from translucent to semi-transparent, lay in strata nearly a yard wide. Soap-stone, verd antique, and various other magnesian rocks were abundant. The appearances were such that Cormack thought himself to be in the vicinity of an extinct volcano. A lake in the neighborhood, which he denominated "Serpentine Lake," presented a curious and beautiful appearance on some of its beaches, which were composed of rolled fragments of those rocks; red, yellow and green prevailing. This interesting ridge and district Cormack designated "Jameson's Mountains," in honor of his friend Professor Jameson of Edinburgh. They are about 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, and form the centre of Newfoundland.

MIDWAY—THE GRANITIC WEST.

It was now five weeks since they had started, and they were 110 miles from the most inland part of Trinity Bay, and just half way to St. George's Bay. Jameson's Mountains, on which they now stood, were seen to separate by their serpentine deposits the low slate country over which they had passed, covered with savannas, from the high and entirely granitic country to the west, on which they were about to enter. Both travellers now began to feel severely the effects of excessive exertion, wet, and irregular supplies of food. The Indian was complaining heavily of the ceaseless toil, and pressed Cormack to take the nearest route to the sea-coast. This proposal the white man stoutly resisted, and by promises of reward, and appeals to his fame and prowess as a hunter, with difficulty persuaded the Indian to persevere. Their journey now lay through a more difficult country; mountainous, rugged and bleak—a hungry, granitic region, where they were often compelled to climb and creep over confused heaps of white quartz and granite. Lichens were abundant from the edge of the lake to the mountain-top; and deer, in small herds, appeared in every direction.

THE MOUNTAINEER INDIAN—AN IDYLLIC SCENE.

On the 11th October, as they were surveying a large lake in the south-west, to their great joy, a faint column of smoke was seen issuing from amongst islands about five miles distant. Now, at length, they thought that they were to meet some of the Red Indians of the country. On the next morning the fire of Cormack's gun was returned; and presently he beheld, to his great delight, a small canoe with a man seated in the stern, paddling softly towards them, with that air of independence and serenity possessed only by the Indian. He proved to be a Mountaineer from Labrador, engaged in a hunting excursion, accompanied by his wife only, who was a Micmac. The two Indians kissed each other, and as the stranger had picked up a little of the Micmac language, they were able to converse. The Mountaineer invited the travellers to enter his canoe and spend a day at his camp, where he had plenty of venison—an invitation they were not slow to accept. The interview is best told in Cormack's words: "His wigwam was situated in the centre of a wooded islet, at which we arrived before sunset. The approach from the landing-place was by a mossy, carpeted avenue, formed by the trees having been cut down in that direction for firewood. The sight of a fire, not of our own kindling, of which we were to partake, seemed hospitality. The wigwam was occupied by his wife, seated on a deer-skin, busy sewing together skins of the same kind. A large Newfoundland dog, her only companion in her husband's absence, had welcomed us at the landing-place with signs of the greatest joy. Sylvan happiness reigned here. His wigwam was of a

semi-circular form, covered with birch rind and dried deer-skins, the fire on the fore-ground outside. Abundance and neatness pervaded the encampment. On horizontal poles over the fire hung quantities of venison steaks being smoke-dried. The hostess was cheerful, and a supper, the best the chase could furnish, was soon sêt before us on sheets of birch rind. They told me to 'to make their camp my own, and use everything in it as such.' The excellence of the venison and of the flesh of young beavers could not be surpassed. A cake of hard deer's fat, with scraps of suet, toasted brown, intermixed, was eaten with the meat; soup was the drink. Our hostess after supper sang several Indian songs at my request; they were plaintive, and sung in a high key. The song of a female, and her contentment in this remote and secluded spot, exhibited the strange diversity there is in human nature. My Indian entertained them incessantly until nearly daylight with stories about what he had seen in St. John's. Our toils were for the time forgotten. The Mountaineer had occupied his camp for about two weeks, deer being very plentiful all around the lake. His larder, which was a kind of shed, erected on the rocky shore for the sake of a free circulation of air, was in reality a well-stocked butcher's stall, containing parts of some half-dozen fat deer; also the carcasses of beavers, otters, musk-rats, and martens, all methodically laid out. His property consisted of two guns and ammunition, an axe, some culinary utensils of iron and tin, and blankets, with a collection of skins for sale at the sea-coasts, and a stock of dried venison in bundles. Animal flesh of every kind in steaks without salt, smoke-dried on the fire for forty-eight hours, becomes nearly as light and portable as cork, and will keep sound for years; it thus forms a good substitute for bread, and by being boiled two hours recovers most of its original qualities."

HARDSHIPS—MOUNT MISERY—THE SEA! THE SEA!

On the 14th October they left the camp of the hospitable Mountaineer, who gave them, at parting, valuable directions as to the best route to St. George's Bay. The Lake on one of whose islands they had been entertained, is about ten miles long and three to four in breadth, and was named "Jameson Lake" by Cormack. On the following day a snow-storm set in; there were speedily three feet of snow on the ground; their provisions were exhausted, and they had to crouch under the trees, in a miserable plight. Their fire was buried again and again by the snow from the trees. The hill under which they sought shelter Cormack named appropriately "Mount Misery." After being storm-stayed for two days they left their wretched encampment, and luckily for them, in their exhausted and starving condition, they fell in with a party of Micmac Indians, who received them hospitably. After two days' stay they again set forward, the snow having entirely dissolved. The country became more mountainous, deer more numerous and berries plentiful and in high perfection—especially the partridge berries, many spots being literally red with them. On the 22nd October they were fortunate enough to shoot a bear. He was very fat, and weighed 350 pounds. They rested two days to feast on the carcass, and, of course, carried away with them as much as possible to meet future wants. Their hardships now increased greatly, as winter had fairly set in; the ponds were all frozen over, and the birds of passage had deserted the interior for the coast. The travellers suffered much at nights from the inclemency of the weather, the trees being so stunted and scanty that they could hardly collect enough brush-wood and roots to keep a very small fire alive. At one time, for three nights in succession, they could not find a dry spot to lie upon. With want of sleep, exhausting toil and insufficient food, Cormack found his strength rapidly giving way, and calculated that beyond two weeks more it could not hold out.

The country through which they now advanced westward became drearier than ever—granite mountains, bald, and capped with snow, lying in all directions. After passing an extensive lake, which Cormack named "Wilson's Lake," after a friend in Edinburgh, they fell in with another party of Micmac Indians, who received them

hospitably, supplied them with provisions, and one of them agreed to act as guide to St. George's Bay, still sixty miles distant. Without this seasonable aid, it is very doubtful whether the travellers would ever have reached the sea-coast, especially as they had been following the wrong track for some time, and their strength was almost exhausted. For twenty miles farther they pursued their way over hills and across lakes, crossing two rivers which form the main source-branches of the River Exploits, which takes its rise in the south-west corner of the island, and is 200 hundred miles in length. On the 1st of November, from the summit of a snowy ridge, their eyes were at last gladdened by a sight of the ocean and St. George's Bay. They hailed the glance of the sea as home and the parent of everything dear. The range on which they stood was 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and they found the descent very precipitous and craggy.

During the last two days of their journey they were without food of any kind; but on the 4th November their sufferings were ended, and they were received with open arms by the people of St. George's Bay. Having recruited here for ten days, Cormack pursued his journey southward amid hardships and exposure, and, at length, on the 16th December, he reached Bay Despair, where he heard of a vessel in Fortune Bay, bound for England, in which he embarked. Thus ended one of the most remarkable and perilous journeys on record. Cormack considered that his success was partly owing to the smallness of his party. "Many together," he says, "could not so easily have sustained themselves; they would have multiplied the chances of casualties, and thereby of the requisition of the attendance and detention of the able. It is difficult to give an idea of, or to form an estimate equivalent to, the road distance gone over. The toil and deprivations were such that hired men or followers of any class would not have endured them."

CORMACK'S AFTER HISTORY.

I may mention that this enterprising traveller, subsequent to his Newfoundland journey, entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and finally settled in Vancouver's Island, where he held a Government appointment, and where his death took place a few years ago. No one has repeated his daring feat of travel in Newfoundland; so that he has the honor of being the only European who has traversed the interior of the Island. No public recognition of his services was ever made, and no honors or rewards followed his achievements.

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## MONTCALM'S BURIAL.

BY E. H. NASH, FARNBORO, P. Q.

Montcalm was buried by torchlight in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, in a trench ploughed by a bombshell.

'Twas an autumn night when the measured tread
Of the men who were bearing forth the dead,
Smote full on the ears of the watchers where
They were gathered around in the place of prayer.
Slow, slowly they followed the torch's glare
As it flickered and flashed in the evening air,
Sadly they sighed as they bore to his grave
Afar from his country that warrior brave.

No trappings of mourning, no grave-digger there,
But the fathers whispered a word of prayer,
And the grave was ready—a trench so deep,
That the precious ashes it well might keep,
Was beside the wall, all ploughed by a shell
On the day when the soldier had fought so well—
It was gaping wide, and they placed him there
On the spot where the sisterhood met for prayer.

# THE CHALLONERS:

## THE LAST LEAVES OF A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND.

*(Concluded.)*

### CHAPTER V.

Self-will, even when it gains its ends, is not always rewarded, and so Elsie found it. Her ride was by no means so pleasant as she had intended when she planned it with such care. Her cousin was moody and reserved; her own lively sallies seemed in ill keeping with his gravity and fits of musing; and at last Elsie gave up the attempt to draw him into conversation, and they rode almost in silence.

The way was a long one. Past the gates of Charlcote, through Charlcote village, over the common, and then through some deep lanes to the Glen Fall. This was a hamlet in a beautiful situation at the foot of a hill, down which trickled the silver thread of water, now swollen by spring rains, which gave the place its name. Elsie knew but little of the place or the people, the woman she had come to see had been a servant at Donningdean, and as such was thought to have a claim on the good offices of the family in sickness. Elsie was never remiss in attentions to the poor, and having enquired the cottage, from a child of rough head and grimy aspect, with his finger in his mouth, entered the low door.

John remained outside, a mark for the curiosity and observation of the place: he bore the scrutiny with considerable fortitude while waiting for Elsie, who, he thought, continued an unreasonable time within. When she at last rejoined him, he perceived the traces of tears; she had found the woman evidently dying, and agitation and fatigue had somewhat overcome her. John was instantly alarmed.

"Shall I ride home, Elsie, and send the carriage for you? You are not fit for a twelve mile ride back."

"Nonsense! If you did, nothing would ever persuade Aunt Charlotte that I had not been thrown by 'Aunt Sally?' I shall be all right directly."

"Then if not, you must stop at Charlcote and rest."

"Very well, I have no objections to that."

So said, so done; and a lounge in an easy chair having somewhat restored her, she prepared to start again, but stopped as usual to glance from the window as she passed it. It was a view indeed that few could have resisted gazing on; it comprised a great part of the Charlcote estate; farms, woods, the village, the mill, all lay spread like a map below them. Elsie looked and admired, as she had looked and admired a hundred times before. Her companion looked also and sighed.

"Why do you look so gloomy, cousin? Is it not a pretty scene in the afternoon light?"

"Very pretty. Would be prettier still if the acres were one's own."

"John! you are not envious of Percie?"

"No, Elsie; I hope I am neither envious nor jealous. I hope I grudge nothing to Percie of all he possesses or will possess."

Something in his tone struck her. Jealous! Why did he use that word! Could he have noticed Percie's boyish attentions and thought them acceptable to her?

"John, may I say something to you?"

"Anything you please, Elsie."

"You have been with us a whole week, John, and I have never told you how I sympathize with you; how grieved I am for all that has happened to cause you sorrow."

"I know it, Elsie. Your affectionate reception of me would have shown me that, if I had doubted it, which, believe me, I

never did." Cold as his tone was she continued:

"I have sometimes thought, John, since you have been here, that you must have some deeper grief than that of the loss of wealth; that you are graver, less like yourself, than the mere want of money could make one like you. Am I not right, dear cousin? If so will you not tell me and let me sympathize with you and comfort you if I can?"

"Every man must bear his own burden." This was all his answer.

"Nay, cousin, 'Bear ye one another's burdens;' surely that is the more comforting and Christian test of the two."

"You are a good little girl, Elsie," he replied with a slight laugh; "and a better Bible scholar than I, after all. I'll tell you a story, if you care to hear it."

She looked up, wondering at the alteration in his tone. "I am listening."

"Some time ago, Elsie, I had a friend—"

"That is a flimsy disguise, cousin; you may as well speak in your own name; it will be less trouble to you and not more clear to me."

"Long ago then, Elsie, there was some one whom I loved, very tenderly and very truly. She was far too good for me, I know; I could not hope to have been worthy of her love; but still I hoped and thought she might have come to love me, and for the sake of my love might forget my unworthiness of her."

Elsie listened breathless. She knew he spoke of her.

"Then came the change in my fortunes. Whatever hope I might have had went then. I lost the right even to think of marrying, and was glad I had never sought to form an engagement which must now have ceased."

"If she had loved you," said Elsie, firmly, though in a low voice, "it would have made but little difference."

"No, Elsie; I could not ask her to share my broken fortunes. My grief is my own; I have only told you because you asked me to account for my gloom."

"And what if she loved you? What if she had guessed your heart was her's, though you had never told her so, and given her's in return? What if she had been waiting for the assurance in words of what she knew but could not seem to know? What if your silence inflicted as much on her as on yourself?" Hardly knowing what she said, Elsie uttered these rapid words.

"I might perhaps have thought so, Elsie, I might perhaps, had I known it to be so, have overcome my pride rather than sacrifice her happiness as well as my own. But I was spared the mortification of asking in vain. I discovered that, while I had been loving her, she loved, she was betrothed, to another.

Elsie looked up in amazement. Had she been so utterly mistaken, so utterly blind, as to imagine herself beloved by one who now told her of his love for another? Had she so nearly betrayed herself, and so nearly subjected herself to the imputation most intolerable to a proud woman—that of giving her heart unasked away? She drew back in alarm from the dangerous verge her steps had approached so closely; she took refuge in the coldest manner she could put on, on so short a notice; uttered these few freezing words, "It was fortunate you discovered the truth in time. It is growing late; let us go home."

She overacted her part. Her cousin looked at her in surprise. "You give me poor comfort after all, Elsie: I am glad I did not depend much on you for consolation. I hope I shall show more sympathy in a short time for your happiness than you do now for my grief."

The kindly tone, and the smile which accompanied the words, struck reproach to Elsie's heart. She felt ashamed of her jealous anger, and hastened to atone for it.

"I do sympathize with you indeed, cousin, believe me," she said softly and earnestly; "but I fear the grief of loving where we are not beloved is one which no sympathy can ease."

"It is so, Elsie; therefore I rejoice that it is one you will never know. We will go now; Aunt Charlotte's prophecy of the rain is coming true."

They rode home in silence. Elsie was far too conscious of her late narrow escape to run any farther risks; her sorrow, her shame at having been so mistaken, so vain, gave her manner a constraint which her cousin noticed without being able to ac-

count for, and which imparted itself to him; and thus, as in most lovers' misunderstandings, each added to the other's delusion, and the cloud grew each moment darker.

John was sorry it should be so. He was so soon to leave her—it was so uncertain when, or under what circumstances they might again meet, that he was anxious that no quarrel, however slight, should hang over the recollections of the last hours he could spend with her; the last in which he could think of her and not need to remember that she belonged to another. But Elsie gave him no encouragement to speak, and returned the shortest possible answers to his remarks; and they reached the gates of Donningdean, and were in as thick a mental fog as ever.

"You are doomed to be unlucky, Elsie; 'Aunt Sally' is losing a shoe this time; wait and let me see to it, or she may hurt herself or you."

He got down, holding his own horse by the bridle, while he examined the offending shoe; which indeed was so loose that he pulled it off with little difficulty.

"I suppose we must carry it home; eh, Elsie? It would never do to throw a horse-shoe away?" He spoke gaily, as he looked up at her and smiled, but she did not smile in return.

"Thank you, John;" she said gravely. "You are very kind."

"Elsie, have I offended you? have I unconsciously grieved or pained you? Believe me, I had no intention of it; nothing would distress me more."

"You have not indeed; you could not."

"I do not know whether I shall now," he continued; "but I may not have another chance before I go, to say a few words that I should like you to remember that I had said when I am gone. He stopped and twisted his fingers nervously in her horse's mane. Elsie, wondering what was to come, sat silent and cold.

"You have not given me your confidence, cousin, and I have perhaps no right to ask it, or even to tell you that I guess how matters stand; and that of all those who will congratulate you on your fair prospect and wish you joy, none will do so more heartily than I."

He had overrated his strength; his voice shook very much as he ended. Elsie looked at him, aghast at the possibility his words presented.

"I do not understand you, cousin. What do you mean?"

"That I know the happiness in store for Percie: and that my best wishes are for him, and—you."

Another girl might have blushed; Elsie, being a Challoner, grew deadly pale; she understood it all now. "You are mistaken, John," she said, so low that he scarcely caught the words. "Percie is not and never can be anything but a cousin to me."

"Elsie!" He looked in her face and said no more, but he took the hand which hung within reach, and deliberately drew off the glove and kissed the trembling fingers. "May I have it?" he asked, looking up. "Will you give me it and yourself, even though our position carries out what I said just now, and you are above me still?"

"Did you mean me?" she whispered, bending towards him a face to which the rosy color had all come back.

"Do you love me?" "yes—yes." It was well it was a secluded lane which led to the Donningdean gates; but I do not think these two considered much whether it was or not.

"Elsie," said John at last, "you had better not ask me what I meant just now, or perhaps I may ask you—"

"Hush!" and the white hand covered his lips. "We have talked long enough. Mount now, and come home."

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## Chapter VI.

It would be difficult to say to whom the tale told by Elsie on her return gave most consternation. She confided at once to her father the understanding to which she had come with her cousin, and asked, in a manner that showed she made sure of obtaining it, for his consent and approval. Allan was taken completely by surprise. He had grown accustomed to the idea of her marrying Percie at some future time. Elsie, from shyness, and Charlotte, from policy, had never told him of the episode at the seaside, and he had been in the belief that

matters were progressing quite satisfactorily between them. He had at one time feared for a moment that Elsie might become too fond of Challie, but had long dismissed the idea; but had never given a thought to the probability of her liking John, a comparatively new acquaintance; and here was the truth put suddenly before him—not what might happen at some distant period, not merely a fear for the future, but a thing settled, completed, and done. Elsie told her story simply and candidly, in her usual fashion; she saw no cause to put on a bashfulness she did not feel, "We love each other, papa; and I am sure you will not say no to that on which my life's happiness depends."

Allan hesitated; it was a bitter disappointment. The inconvenience and disgrace had not then been sufficient; he must now sacrifice his hopes with regard to his child. He turned from her to the window, and stood looking moodily out upon the lawn and the stretch of park beyond. And all this must go with Elsie; the old estate, the possession of which had been the Challoners, and theirs only, for centuries, must descend to a Lawrence, one whose father was a bankrupt mill-owner, and whose mother—Allan Challoner was not a man given to much demonstration, but he set his teeth and muttered "It shall not be." He could imagine now what Charlotte's feelings might have been twenty years before. He was silent so long that Elsie began to fear for the result of his meditations, and going up to him, gently laid her hand upon his arm.

"You are not angry, papa, either with John or me?"

"Not with you, my child. You must not wonder if I am not exactly pleased with one who would deprive me of my best treasure. And I had other views for you, Elsie: quite different views."

Elsie's deepening color showed that she understood what he meant. "Perhaps you think, papa, that John is not rich enough? He feels that too, and it made, and makes, him fear to ask for me; but I told him you were far above being influenced by such considerations; and you know that but for the misfortunes of his father only six months ago, he would have been my equal in fortune as well as in birth."

She could not know how the words stung. It was no satisfaction to Allan that she was ignorant, that all but himself and Charlotte were and always would be ignorant, of the truth. He knew it, and the knowledge was very bitter.

"That does not make it the more agreeable now, Elsie." he replied to her last remark.

"Papa, what is the use of money if it does not make us happy? If the wealth I have now and shall have hereafter is to be the means, not of giving me what will make me happiest, but of depriving me of it, it will be less a blessing than a great evil. I should wish then that we were poor."

Her father turned, and the sight of her completed the victory already half achieved by her gentle pleading. Her earnestness had retained the deep blush in her usually pale cheek; her hair, loosened by her late ride, had fallen partly over her shoulders, and the rare tears stood in her large brown eyes, quenching their fire. Never had she looked so like her mother, and as Allan gazed on her there came over him the remembrance of the time when he would have used her arguments, when he felt as she did now: he remembered only that he had loved, and been beloved; and in those few moments lived through again the lost dream of his youth.

"Have your own way, child;" he said, as he kissed her. "Let it be as you will."

"Papa, did you wish me to marry Percie?" she whispered as she returned his embrace. "I am sorry to have disappointed you, if you did."

"Not if you did not love him, my child."

"Papa, I could never have loved him as —as mamma loved you."

"You are a true woman, Elsie," he said, smiling at the ingenuity of the last words. "Run away now and send your daring lover to me." And without much fear of the result of the impending interview, Elsie went.

But if Allan was softened to consent to his daughter's choice through love for her, regard for her happiness, and the remembrance of his own youthful passion, with

Mrs. Falconer there could be no such alleviation of the disappointment. To her it was unmitigated vexation. More than that, grief and pain, and fear on her son's account were added to the deep annoyance of seeing the last of the Challoners make so unworthy an alliance: unworthy in her eyes even had John been what he was supposed to be, and doubly so, knowing what she knew.

"You will never consent, Allan?" she said, when her brother told her the unwelcome news.

"I have consented."

"Oh, Allan, have you thought of the degradation? Have you thought of what we both wished so much?"

"That is out of the question, Charlotte; she would never love him now. She loves the other, once and forever."

"But there is one way still, Allan. She would not marry him if she knew—"

"Charlotte!" the sternness of the tone struck her dumb; she had heard it once, and but once before. "Let there be no more said. Charlotte," he added more quietly, after a pause; "what is done, is done. We have kept the secret, whether right or wrong, for our own pleasure and convenience; we must keep it now for that of others. I know all you would say; you would repeat the arguments, I will not say the actions, of twenty years ago. But it shall not be; I have my child's happiness too much at heart, either to force upon her one she does not love or to separate her from one whom, through our doings, she loves with all her heart; one who personally is quite worthy of her."

"You think only of your own child," said Mrs. Falconer, somewhat bitterly. "You have no thought or care for mine."

"Too much to wish to bring about a marriage which could but be productive of misery. Besides Percie is but a boy. She has never cared for him, and he will forget."

"I trust your hopes may be more prophetic than my fears," said Charlotte, with a heavy sigh. The prospect before her was not pleasant; it would be impossible to keep the truth from Percie long, and how she dreaded the disclosure, none could know.

Her fears were but too well grounded. In a few weeks John Lawrence came again to Donningdean. He found that in 1857 Perth is not altogether the end of the world; and with regard to the travelling expenses, "where there's a will there's a way." Of course, on his appearance there as Elsie's acknowledged lover and betrothed, laying claim to her society and exacting lover's rights, there was no keeping the secret any longer. It would have been useless indeed; for there was no reason why the young people should wait; the wedding began to be talked of, and preparations for it must begin.

But the telling of the dreaded news was not to devolve upon Mrs. Falconer. While she delayed and dallied, and put off the unpleasant task from day to day in a manner very unlike her usual self, Percie settled the question and solved the difficulty by making the discovery for himself.

He had gone out as usual one morning, leaving her to muse by the hour over her disappointed life. She sat by the window, looking very pale and wan in the June sunshine that struck upon but imparted no glow or light to the dark and sombre figure, or the thin white hands lying idle in her lap. They generally did so lie; Charlotte felt a contempt for most of the arts which employ feminine fingers, and easily occupied herself without them; her own gloomy thoughts gave her employment enough.

She saw Percie coming towards the house with hasty steps, and called to him from the window; but he did not heed her, and she left her seat and went to meet him in the hall.

One glance at his face was enough; she saw the fulfilment of all that she had most feared. With a smothered cry she threw herself towards him, but he repulsed her with angry rudeness.

"Oh, Percie! You know it! Oh, my son, my son!"

"I know everything mother; no thanks to you."

"Oh, Percie, I was afraid. Can you forget her, my boy, my own?"

He laughed. "Forget her? Oh, yes, I shall forget all about it soon, I dare say."

His tone deceived her. "And my son

shall woo and win a fairer bride," she said, with a caress and a faint smile.

But then Percie's passion broke forth. "She has blasted my life," he said. "Who am I, what have I done, that I should be thus cursed in my youth?" and he ended the sentence with a deep oath, the first she had ever heard from his lips.

It scared her; yet more did the fury in his eyes chill her blood; the stern woman quailed before the revelation in his glance. She scarcely dared to take his hand. "Is your mother's love nothing to you, Percie? Have you not your mother still?" A tender anguish of reproach hung in her tone.

"Pshaw!" He pulled his hand from her clasp and was gone.

It was the one drop wanting to complete the bitterness of Charlotte's cup. For this she had borne with his every caprice and fancy for twenty years; for this she had lavished on him all the love she had garnered in her heart, all she had once bestowed on the lover of her youth, all she had denied to the husband of her riper years. To be thrust from her son's affections by this stranger girl, to have her endearments cast aside with a contemptuous word—it was too much. Mrs. Falconer bowed her head, and between the close pressed fingers two heavy drops made their way. Only two; but the concentrated bitterness of a life of readier weeping was in those slow-shed tears.

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## Chapter VII.

Very very heavily passed the days, the long bright summer days, to the inmates of Charlcote Hall. To Percie's first violence succeeded a settled gloom and dejection; his high and cheerful spirits gave place to a variableness of temper which formed a phase of character entirely new to Mrs. Falconer, and which she found very hard to endure.

She proposed to Percie that they should go abroad, hoping that in the course of two or three years' travel new scenes might weaken, or a fairer face blot out, the recollection of Elsie; but Percie rejected the idea with sullen scorn. He would allow no mention of the subject of his melancholy; passing his time either in solitary rides or rambles, in pretending to read, and in practising for hours in the shooting alley where he had once made Elsie a witness of his skill.

It was from Elsie that Charlotte had learned how Percie had become acquainted with the fatal news. In one of her rare, (now very rare) visits to Donningdean, she had inquired, and Elsie had told her all she knew. Percie had heard the first hint from one of the villagers, she believed, and coming in hot haste to Donningdean, had encountered Elsie in the Park. In a few short passionate words, he had demanded to know the truth, which Elsie, stung by his rudeness, had not endeavored to soften, but had told him in plain words. He had broken into a storm of reproach, and at last flung from her, refusing to listen to a conciliatory word. How he had returned home Charlotte knew.

In the anger of her disappointment, Mrs. Falconer lost sight of justice and reason. She could not help acknowledging that it was not Elsie's fault she could not return her son's love; but, nevertheless, she felt against her bitter resentment, which she scarcely tried to conceal. She could not entirely refuse to go to Donningdean, or to see her niece, but she did so as little as possible. She was provoked at the happiness of the lovers, unvaunted yet undisguised; she felt maddened at seeing Mrs. Lawrence's satisfaction and at hearing her self-gratulations; and she despised her brother for so weakly yielding what she never would have granted, and what was such misery to her child and to her. Such being her feelings it was undoubtedly more for the happiness of the party at Donningdean that she should stay away.

They were happy. Of the lovers little need be said, as like all lovers they were sufficient for each other; but even Allan forgot his first annoyance in his pleasure at his child's smiles, and his esteem and affection for his future son-in-law, as he came to know him more.

They thought but little of Percie. None of them even yet gave him credit for the disposition he possessed, and attributed his absence to mere boyish feelings which time would soon cool down. They had small

leisure or attention to bestow on him or his moods, for in August Elsie was to be married, and all had enough to do and to think of in preparing for the great event.

Elsie first became aware of the magnitude of her aunt's displeasure when she found that she utterly refused to attend the wedding. She had much wished that it could have been postponed until after Percie's return to Oxford in the autumn; but as this was not to be, and as Percie refused to leave the neighborhood, she had to look forward with what courage she might to what the last week in August might bring forth; but as for joining in the festivities—she refused in no amiable voice or way.

Elsie was deeply hurt, but her spirit rose against the injustice of the accusations brought against her. "You are unkind, Aunt Charlotte," she said. "I cannot help not loving Percie as he wishes; I told him so long since, and now you speak as though I had wickedly and designedly done him harm."

"You have done him harm—the worst of harm. He is utterly changed—he will go to destruction; and all through you."

"Do not say so, Aunt Charlotte. No man worthy of the name ever went to destruction because disappointed of a woman's love. Percie is but a boy; he will soon forget me, and find a better wife than I."

Mrs. Falconer could say nothing—there was nothing to be said or done. Elsie was too happy to care much for what she really believed to be but a boy's anger at disappointment in a fancy that would soon pass away; and after a few tears shed over the quarrel she made up her mind it would all come right in time, and dismissed it from her thoughts.

The week before the wedding, Charlotte again tried hard to persuade Percie to leave Charlcote, but in vain. A change had come over his temper, he had begun to talk of his woes, and make a sort of boast of his misery. His mother tried to rouse in him a spirit of pride and resistance. "Percie, be a man," she said; "fret no more; there are others fairer than she, who would be glad to smile on my boy. Think no more of her; she is not worth your grief."

"Mother, she was my one love; I shall never love again; she has broken my heart. I was at the church to-day mother; it is to be decked and decorated, and she is to walk on flowers—but she must walk also over graves; would to God she walked over mine!"

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Elsie's bridal morning came at last; fair and calm and bright. In the old village church she gave herself to the man she loved, and received her father's blessing on her marriage. It was a quiet wedding; there were but few guests; but happy, grateful villagers blessed the bride, and children scattered blossoms under her feet, that her first wedded steps might be on flowers. She was very still and quiet; her air a thought graver than her wont; her cheeks a trifle blanched; but she felt proud and happy as she leaned upon the arm that was to be now her guide through life, and she showed, as she felt, no fear.

And did no one see the one unbidden guest? Did no one notice the stealthy figure concealed behind the lofty stone beneath the yew? Did no one see the white and rigid face that watched the bride come forth, or hear the stifled sound, half sob, half groan? No. All eyes were fixed on Elsie's face, all lips were opened to wish her joy and peace, all ears were bent to catch her gentle accents in reply. None had a thought save for her, and Percie Falconer departed, as he had come, unseen.

Charlotte spent the morning alone. She had not seen her son that day. On asking for him in the morning, she had heard he was already gone out, and the hours passed anxiously in waiting his return. She sat by the window as usual, in the flood of summer sunshine; she seemed to take delight in defying it, as though she said to Heaven, "I scorn your warmth and glow; here, at least, is one object you can never light or cheer."

She did not know how Percie entered the house; she heard no step in the hall, no footfall on the carpet at her side; she did not feel his presence till his arm circled her neck. She gave a wild start of joy.

"Mother, kiss me."

She put up her hands, drew his head to her bosom, and kissed him as only a mother

can. "My child, are you come back to me?"

"Mother, will you forgive me for my many faults and failings, and all the sorrows I have ever given you? I should like to hear you say so—"

"Percie, my darling—I have nothing to forgive, when I hold you thus to my heart."

"Kiss me again, mother."

She did so, while a happy dew dimmed her sight. Then he drew himself from her arms; looked long and earnestly on her face, and pressing his lips once more to her's left her slowly—she too far lost in the sense of her new soft happiness to detain him. She watched his light step down the garden path, in the direction of the alley, and soon heard his shots in rapid succession from the shadow of the wood. He was her own again—her's only. He would now forget his transient passion, and both he and she be once more at peace.

Far into the summer afternoon she mused, silently happy—a sensation long unknown. Only once did her softened brow contract into a frown; it was when, borne on the whisper of the wind, came a sound from the village spire, the clash of wedding bells. "Who has dared to set them ringing?—the Charlcote bells?" But the passing anger faded, and her happy thoughts returned. Dream on while you may, Charlotte Falconer. They are the last quiet thoughts, the last peaceful hours, you shall ever know.

Evening drew on, but Percie had not come back; dinner-time came, and the servants inquired "if Mr. Percie should be waited for?" Yes; he would soon be home; she had no doubt, no fear. At another time she might have been anxious, but those kisses whose taste yet lingered on her lips were a shield between her and thought of harm; the voice yet singing at her heart closed her ears to the hoarse croak of evil. They waited half an hour—an hour—but he did not come; then Charlotte made her own meal with what appetite she might, and sat down in the gathering shadows to await her son's return.

Out in the garden all is fair and still under the light of a young moon; the golden crescent hangs low in the west, casting black-barred shadows on the turf, and tipping with silver the feathery branches of the trees. On what else in this wide world is she shining, Mrs. Falconer wonders, as she marks the line of light and shade upon the path, the closed petals of the children of the sun, and the night primrose opening her heart to the queen of the sky. Her eye wanders down the shadow idly, till it reaches the place where Percie vanished from her sight in the gloom of the wood; and her thoughts come back with a start—Where is he? why does he not come home?

What sudden terror makes her start up, her hands pressed to her heart, and her lips tight set, as though to force back a cry? What anguish is it that wrings out the sob her bosom has never throbbed with since her husband died? Her trembling hands can scarcely undo the bolts that bar her progress, her trembling feet can scarcely support her in her agitation, as she leaves the house and hurries through the garden at her utmost speed.

It would be dark now, save for the quivering light of the setting moon, which glints and glimmers, giving ghostly shapes and colors to the most familiar forms. It is more gloomy still under the arching boughs of the shrubbery that Charlotte enters. What is that! she starts and shivers, like a girl going to her first love-tryst, at the sigh of the breeze, the rustle of the leaves, and the glimmer of the white target in the pale moonlight, and glances hurriedly and fearfully round. Thank God! the place is deserted by all save her: she breathes freer, and turns to go; when—her blood curdles at her heart, and for the first and last time in her life she utters a piercing and unearthly scream. Before her, on the damp grass beneath a cypress tree, lies her son—a dark stain about his mouth, the pistol still clenched in his stiffened grasp, and the moon shining on the white still face, turned upward to the summer evening sky.

And Charlotte? Who would wish to draw aside the veil we would willingly cast over her anguish—a veil deep and dark as the shadow that fell upon her life, never to be lifted more? Who will look forward through the coming years and see the lonely woman in her deserted home, shrinking from companionship, shunning her

kind; her only company her dead son's grave, her only occupation living through the dreary past? Elsie's little children tread softly, and whisper "Poor Aunt Charlotte!" when they see her. It is but seldom; she cannot bear to look on them; they have her dead son's eyes.

But when she dies—when the gloomy, saddened spirit is freed from its heavy bonds, and the weary body returns to the dust—it will be known that she desires to be buried with her child on the spot where, by his own hand, he fell. And if, after she is gone to her rest, Elsie, the happy wife and mother, or her children, innocent and fair, examines the Bible she makes her constant study now, they will find against one verse a broad black score. The words so marked are these: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

THE END.

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## THE POET'S PORTION.

*Translated from the German of Schiller.*

BY JOHN READE.

I.

"Receive the world," cried Jove from his high throne,
Unto the sons of men, "that it may be
A heritage for evermore your own,
To hold, as brothers should, in charity."

II.

Then hastened every man to take his share;
In active eagerness youth vied with age;
The farmer seized whatever fruits were fair;
The baron warfare with the deer did wage.

III.

With merchandise the merchant's granary teemed;
The abbot chose the generous last year's wine;
The king of overflowing coffers dreamed,
And said, "The tithe of road and bridge is mine."

IV.

But now, when all the earth was given away,
From some far journey late the poet came.
Alas! he had lost all by his delay,
For naught was left that some one did not claim.

V.

"Ah me! shall I, then,—I, alone of all—
Forgotten be, who am thy lealest son?"
Thus, loud lamenting, he on Jove did call,
And cast himself adown before the throne.

VI.

"If thou in dreamland lingeredst so long,"
Replied the god, "why findest fault with me?
When the world was divided, child of song,
Where wast thou?" Said the poet, "Lord, with thee.

VII.

"Mine eyes were fixed upon thy countenance;
Mine ears drank in thy heaven's harmony;
Forgive the love which, lost in rapturous trance,
Saw but thy light, and made earth naught to me."

VIII.

"Then what remains?" said Jove; "The world is gone;
The harvest, chase, and mart are mine no more;
But—wouldst thou dwell in heaven near my throne,
My son, thou'lt ever find an open door."

# EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(*Continued.*)

## CHAPTER XLIX.

NISSOURI SETTLERS — THE BROTHERS SCATCHERD—"THE DOCTOR" — AN INTRODUCTION—NEWS OF NEIGHBORS—FOLLOWING THE BLAZE—BEWILDERED—AT HOME AGAIN—MORE SUCCESSFUL — PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCES — DISCOVERS A PRIZE—MARRIAGE.

Simultaneously with the settlement of London, several parties settled east of the town line which separates London from Nissouri, within the bounds of the latter township. Among these was the late John Scatcherd, Esq., who for a number of years represented the West Riding of Middlesex, and who was for a still longer time an esteemed and useful magistrate in the Provincial Parliament. In 1822 Mr. Scatcherd had in his employment a very peculiar person whose name was Bardine Knowlan; but who, from the skill which he claimed to possess in the medicinal qualities of the various plants and roots which grew in the woods, was familiarly known as "The Doctor."

During the summer of that year Mr. Scatcherd was joined by his brother, Mr. Thomas Scatcherd. The latter says, "I paid a man a silver dollar for piloting me through the intricacies of the bush from Westminster to my brother's."

His tramp through the deep forest, with its tangled undergrowth, so profuse in leafage as to conceal from the eye of the traveller objects lying within a few paces of him—rather suggestive of cover for prowling wild beasts—picking his way on old logs over streams and through swamps, or plunging unwarily into unsuspected mireholes, tormented by myriads of mosquitoes performing exploits in phlebotomy on every exposed part of his person, or singing in his ears their tantalizing preludes or finales to the feasts they had drawn from their victim—all contrasted so unfavorably with rambles under the greenwood shade in his native England as to give him impressions of the new country very much to its disadvantage.

He had supposed that, in his progress from the ocean thus far westward, he had become too familiar with dense forests and bush roads to have anything more to learn of either; but he now found that his destination lay within a deeper depth of the "boundless contiguity of shade," in a wilder wilderness than any that he had previously explored.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "how wild a place is this in which to make a home I have come so far."

The idea of being removed to so great a distance from the comforts of civilization, especially from medical aid in the event of illness, caused him no slight uneasiness—particularly so, because of his having heard so much of the almost certainty of newcomers being seized by fever and ague.

Even the joy of meeting again with his only brother, and receiving that gentleman's glad welcome to a brother's home and heart, did not altogether dissipate his gloomy misgivings. His brother, soon perceiving that he was not in his usual spirits, devised a method of amusing him that was probably suggested by his own suspicions as to one cause of his anxiety.

When "the Doctor" returned from his work in the evening, his employer conducted him into the presence of his brother, saying, "Thomas, allow me to introduce Dr. Knowlan to you."

With a sudden thrill of satisfaction at learning that there was a doctor in the vicinity, Mr. T. Scatcherd turned cour-

teously to salute the much-desired Esculapius. But all his preconceived ideas of a medical man were suddenly disconcerted by the appearance of the object presented. A man, shoeless, stockingless, and clad in a shirt and trowsers, stood before him. He wore his hair long and streaming down on both sides of his face, then drawn back and tied behind in a sort of pig-tail, which hung down between his shoulders. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up above his elbows, exhibiting a pair of arms which were tanned by exposure to the sun to a a hue dark as the duskiest Indian. His nether garment was of buckskin, and from long use had accommodated its shape to that of the flexed limbs, so that when he stood upright his trowsers stuck out at the knees at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

Such was the spectacle that met the gaze of the astonished Englishman.

"And this uncouth being," thought he, as his eyes took in the details of the picture, "is a Canadian doctor!"

His undisguised amazement excited the risible propensities of both his brother and "the Doctor," and he soon joined in their mirth and laughed away, for the time being, his fears of the fever and ague.

Mr. Scatcherd says that, notwithstanding Knowlan's unpromising exterior, he was esteemed useful among the settlers in treating their diseases with the simple herbs found in the woods. Others who knew him speak of him as having been a man of more than average intelligence, a great reader, possessed of much general information, and not at all remarkable for his humble estimate of his own abilities and acquirements. His medical knowledge was his pet hobby; being particularly sensitive to any slight to it, and resenting an unwillingness to submit to his treatment as a personal insult.

An American, accustomed to bush life, and expert in the performance of the labors required in clearing up wild land, he looked upon the unpractised efforts of the Europeans about him with something akin to contempt, regarding them as a race of incapables, fit only to be placed under the tutelage of such as he.

Mr. Scatcherd, valuing his experience in matters with which he was himself necessarily unacquainted, and also not sorry to have such a one to beguile the tedium of his lonely life, humored his whims and allowed him to manage as he pleased.

This recognition of his abilities quite won Knowlan's regard and attached him to his employer, towards whom he assumed a patronizing air which, though only amusing to that gentleman, would have been intolerable to one destitute of his keen appreciation of the ludicrous.

The Messrs. Scatcherd were both at that time unmarried, as was also their factotum; and notwithstanding the varied capabilities of the latter individual, their bachelor establishment was less remarkable for culinary triumphs and orderly arrangements than for the free and easy style of its appointments and the absence of home-like comforts.

Though this kind of life was not to the taste of either of the gentlemen, yet Mr. J. Scatcherd had endured it from his first coming to the country, some two years previously. During the early part of his stay in the woods he had been entirely dependent for companionship, as well as assistance in his domestic affairs, upon his hired men. But one day a man, passing farther on into the township, halted at Mr. Scatcherd's. Glad to see another human face, he entered into conversation with the traveller. He having delivered his small budget of news from the outer world, added a local item more interesting than all the rest. Three families had settled in the immediate vicinity.

How gratifying this information was can be realized by those only who, having social dispositions, have been deprived of the pleasures of social intercourse. Mr. Scatcherd inquired particularly as to the whereabouts of these neighbors, with a view to making their acquaintance. The stranger told him there would be no trouble in finding them. If he would look for the *blaze* on the concession line before his own door, and follow it southward, he would come to the house of Mr. Thomas Bailey, the nearest of those settlers.

Mr. Scatcherd seized the first interval of leisure to make the purposed call. He knew where the concession line was, and there

he began an earnest search for the *blaze.* The word suggested the idea of fire to his mind, and he concluded that it was the mark of fire on certain trees that he was to look for. He was not long in finding a tree on which was the trace of fire, and then another, and another. For a little while he seemed to be getting on very well, then the trees exhibiting a portion of burnt surface did not so frequently appear. Sometimes, for quite a distance, none such were to be seen. But thinking that he could certainly keep on a straight line long enough to reach the next marked tree, he continued his walk, and finding none, still walked on, till he began to wonder at not having reached the place he sought.

Looking at his watch, he perceived that a much longer time had elapsed since he started than would have been required, at the rate at which he had been travelling, to walk a far greater distance than the limit of his purposed journey. It was only too evident that he had diverged from the straight course; but how far, and in what direction? Conjectures were idle. Being altogether unacquainted with the woods into which he had ventured, it was impossible for him to determine his present whereabouts with any confidence.

Prudence forbade him to attempt to penetrate farther into the unknown wilds. Abandoning his neighborly purpose for that time, he turned about, hoping to be able to find his way home. But he had no skill in following a trail, and therefore could not find anything that indicated whether or not he had passed that way before. Though less confident of his ability to keep a straight course than in the morning, he tried it again, going as he supposed northward. Fortunately it was still early in the afternoon, and even if he should deviate slightly from the direct line, he had no doubt but that, before dark, he would come out somewhere on a large stream that flowed for some distance towards the west, and passed through his own place.

After proceeding in this way for some time, happening to look toward his right, he perceived an opening in the forest. Could it be that, having passed Mr. Bailey's clearing without seeing it, he had gone so far beyond it, and was now finding it on his return? Whosoever it might be, he hoped to find some one there from whom he could learn where he was; for now he was convinced that he was lost. On entering the clearing he was completely bewildered. By degrees things began to look familiar. That house was strangely like his—yes, it was his own!

Afterward, when he had become familiar with the ground lying between him and Mr. Bailey, it was his impression that, in all that day's wandering, he had not been more than a mile distant from his starting-point.

His next attempt at forming the acquaintance of his neighbors was more successful. In a little time he became a frequent guest among them—particularly in the genial household of Mr. Farley, attracted thither chiefly by the sunny smiles and modest mien of Mr. F's. blue-eyed daughter.

The attachment was reciprocal, and soon after his brother's arrival, Mr. John Scatcherd was united in marriage to the amiable lady whose loving care and wise counsels blessed all his subsequent life.

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## Chapter L.

MR. HOWAY—MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A YOUNG WOMAN—DELAYS DANGEROUS—BEAR TRACKS—THE BEARS TREED—EFFORTS TO DISTURB THEM—SUCCEEDS IN GETTING ONE TO LOOK, AND SHOOTS HIM—GOES FOR ASSISTANCE—RETURNS REINFORCED—THE TREE CUT—TWO BEARS TUMBLE OUT—ONE OF THEM WOUNDED—THE BEARS RUN—PURSUED—GET INTO A SWAMP—HUNTERS RETURN FOR THE NIGHT—THE DOCTOR AND HOWAY TRY AGAIN—REFUSE TO TAKE MUCH FOOD WITH THEM—GONE FOR DAYS—SEEN SEVEN MILES FROM HOME—NO FURTHER TIDINGS.

Mr. Scatcherd's nearest neighbor on the west was Mr. Thomas Howay, one of the Bathurst settlers, whose land lay just within the eastern limit of London Township. Mr. Howay was an unmarried man, and being separated by the river from the

friends in whose company he had made the journey from his native land, his life had been rather dreary living alone in the woods.

About the time of which we have been writing, he had made the acquaintance of a young woman whose family had settled some miles to the north-east. He was much pleased with this blooming damsel, whose presence, he thought, would greatly enliven his solitary home. The unmarried men among the settlers were very much in excess of the unmarried women, and Howay, fearing that some of his brother bachelors might espy his fair one, promptly decided upon offering himself to her acceptance.

Early in December, 1822, he was returning home after visiting her, in high spirits at the success of his wooing, when, there being snow on the ground, he discovered some bear-tracks. In that region, in those days, most men going from home, whether on business or pleasure, carried their guns with them. Howay followed the tracks to the foot of a large elm tree, which he perceived to be hollow, and in which they had evidently ensconced themselves.

Unwilling to allow them to escape him thus, he tramped about the tree for some time, making a good deal of noise, hoping thereby to annoy the bears into showing themselves; but they kept close. Determined, if possible, to disturb them, he began to pound upon the tree with a stick, whereupon one of the bears stuck out his head to reconnoitre.

Howay had kept his gun in readiness for this, and the moment that the bear had sufficiently exposed himself, Howay fired. Instantly he stepped aside, just in time to avoid the falling mass, as poor Bruin tumbled to the earth, quite dead.

No artifice that he could resort to was successful in inducing another bear to take a peep. Convinced that he could not dislodge them without felling the tree, and having no axe with him, he went in search of one, leaving his trophy where it fell.

Knowing that bear-hunting sometimes proved rather a perilous business, he prudently determined to bring assistance with him on his return. The neighbor whom he chose to associate with himself in the exploit, lived at some distance on the opposite side of the river. When he had seen Holden, and related his adventure, and they had made the necessary arrangements, it was too late to renew operations that night. Next morning Holden and his son accompanied Howay, all well armed and provided with axes, dogs, oxen, and sleds. Thus armed and equipped, they proceeded as far as Mr. Scatcherd's. There they paused, while Mr. Howay obtained permission to lay down the fences and cross the clearing with the oxen and sled.

Mr. T. Scatcherd, on learning the object of the expedition, became eager to make one of the party. A bear-hunt! There was fascination in the very thought of so stirring an incident breaking in upon the monotonous life he was leading.

"Surely," thought the punctilious young Englishman, "Mr. Howay will invite me to join in the hunt."

But no; Howay was intent upon getting back to the bears as speedily as possible, and was not disposed to waste time or thought upon a form of politeness not thought necessary in that community. Disappointed and somewhat annoyed at what he considered a want of courtesy, Mr. Scatcherd stood and watched the hunters till they disappeared in the woods. Soon, however, he saw Howay returning. They had broken down in the woods, and he wanted to borrow an auger.

Mr. Scatcherd went with him to the house, and having supplied him with the desired implement, saw him again depart without having given any intimation that his company would be acceptable.

At this point his excitement overleaped the restraint his idea of etiquette had put upon it, and seizing his rifle he followed Howay.

The broken sled was soon repaired, and the party again in motion—the patient oxen drawing the cumbrous sled over fallen trees and along sidling knolls, through the thick undergrowth, where it could pass only by bearing the bushes and young saplings to the earth, many of them to spring back again, seemingly uninjured after it had passed—the poor animals slipping about, sometimes falling on the smooth ice in swampy places, or breaking through it and cutting their legs on the sharp, jagged edges of broken ice.

After proceeding in this way for about two miles, they came to the place where the dead bear was still lying. The snow showing the tracks of the bears up to the tree, but none away from it, proved that the other bears were still there. In high glee, the men commenced a vigorous attack upon the tree. With keen axes, wielded by strong arms, they belabored the hoary giant, their resounding blows waking the forest echoes; but the besieged, as if unheeding, kept close within their fortress. The tree being of tremendous size, and the felling of it a tedious and laborious operation, the men relieved each other at chopping.

Before they had begun to chop, Mr. Howay had charged them that, if one of the bears showed himself, none of them were to fire. He was ambitious of the distinction of having killed all the bears himself, thinking that they ought to recognize his exclusive right to do so, because it was he who had treed them. Mr. Scatcherd thought Howay rather unreasonable, and determined that, if opportunity offered, he would do as he pleased about obeying the injunction.

When the tree began to fall, the men sprang aside—Howay and the Holdens to the side where the dead bear lay, and Scatcherd to the other. In its descent two bears tumbled out on the side where Mr. Scatcherd stood alone. He seized his gun, but before he, in his excitement, could take aim, they caught sight of him and popped under the tree—which had rested with the trunk about three feet from the ground—and came out on the opposite side, where the other men were. Howay said that they almost ran over him, rushing towards the spot where their dead comrade lay. Disconcerted by such close proximity, he fired at random, and shot one of them through the body. Mr. Scatcherd sprang to that side of the tree, eager to get a shot at one of them; but, just at the critical moment, the dogs ran up behind the one at which he was aiming, causing him to withhold his fire lest he might hit one of the dogs.

"So," he says, "I lost a glorious chance of shooting a bear; but if it were to do again, I believe I would fire, even at the risk of killing a dog."

The third* bear escaped injury, and dashed off into the thick woods, accompanied by his wounded companion—the latter leaving a trail of blood on the snow as he went. The dogs gave chase, followed by Howay and the elder Holden—Scatcherd and the younger Holden remaining with the oxen.

The men continued the pursuit, till the bears took refuge in a large swamp, whither the men did not deem it prudent to follow them, night being at hand.

Rather crest-fallen at a termination of the chase so different from that they had so proudly anticipated, they retraced their steps to the spot where their companions awaited them. Then, having placed upon the sled the bear killed the previous day, they returned to Mr. Scatcherd's.

It was then night. "The Doctor" had got in from work, and was in high dudgeon because he had not been apprised of the hunt. His sulks, however, were not long proof against his curiosity to learn all the particulars of what had transpired. He and Howay entered into conversation, and before they parted, they had agreed that in the morning they would together follow up the tracks of the bears.

Bright and early next morning, prompt to his appointment, Mr. Howay made his appearance with dog and gun, but rather poorly provided with ammunition. He and Knowlan, however, thought it quite sufficient. The latter being a backwoodsman, had more experience in such matters than any of those who had been out the day before; and not lacking self-assertion, he had inspired his auditors with confidence in his skill and prowess as a hunter.

Mr. Scatcherd entered into their plans, and stimulated by the love of wild adventure, natural to most young men, he made up his mind to bear them company.

Mrs. Scatcherd, while occupied with hospitable cares for the comfort of the hunters, was startled by the announcement of this

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* Knowlan told Rev. J. Webster that there were five bears in the tree, three of which Howay shot as they at different times looked out at him. But Mr. T. Scatcherd, who was present, and others who had knowledge of the circumstances at the time of their occurrence, speak of but three, one of which he killed, and wounded another.

purpose of her brother-in-law. She had thought that undertaking to follow the tracks through the woods and swamps they knew not whither, and in such weather, at the risk of being led so far from human habitations as to have to lie out all night, was a wild enterprise, even for the toil-inured men; but for him, so new to the woods, and to the rigors of the climate, she thought it madness. Knowing, too, that an encounter with a wounded bear was no holiday pastime, she was alarmed for his safety.

She urged these considerations upon him, and also that her husband, who had gone to York (now Toronto) to attend to some business, had entrusted herself and the home interests to his care—that if he and Knowlan both went after the bears she would be left altogether alone—that she feared they might not get back that night, &c., &c.

Thus appealed to, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and, fortunately for himself, stayed at home. Knowlan and Howay declined to take with them the quantity of food that Mrs. Scatcherd urged upon their acceptance, both asserting that there was quite too much, that a good lunch each, by way of dinner, was all that they would require. Finding that they would not be prevailed upon to take more, Mrs. Scatcherd made the specified lunches as liberal as they would allow her. Then they took their departure, sanguine of success, and assuring her that she need give herself no uneasiness about them, that they would be certain to be back before dark. But the night came and they did not, and the next in like manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Scatcherd being alarmed, instituted inquiries, and learned that they had been seen crossing the north branch of the Thames about seven miles from Mr. Scatcherd's in the afternoon of the day on which they started.

Days and nights passed, and there was no further tidings of the missing hunters.

(*To be continued.*)

## WHO PLUCKED THAT FLOWER?

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

A gard'ner sought a seed
  In foreign lands;
  Some rare exotic!
And with a miser's greed,
  And anxious trembling hands,
Lest some the deed should see,
Upon the ground he bent his knee,
  And secret dropped it.

He watched it, day and night,
  And when began
  To swell the ground above it,
No bound had his delight:
  He almost crazy ran,
To mark it silent creep
Forth from its deep imbedded sleep,
  And upward move it.

And when it blossomed sweet,
  And fragrance sent
  Through all the spot entrancing,
He danced upon his feet,
  Or, like a pilgrim, bent
Before some orient shrine,
He seemed to pay it vows divine,
  On knees advancing.

One day the flower was gone!
  Dead seemed the air,
  And dead all hearts without it;
The gard'ner, most forlorn,
  With tear, and cry, and prayer,
Backward and forth was pacing,
Eager each fellow-servant facing,
  Asking about it.

"Who plucked that flower?
  What right had he
  To work me such disaster?
I miss it every hour!
  Quick, tell! what is his plea?"
"Gard'ner," one servant said,
Drooping low down his rev'rent head,
  "*It was the Master!*"

—*Christian Weekly.*

# RUSTIC JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER."

*(Continued.)*

## TRIALS OF EARLY SETTLERS.

Another of the trials of early settlement is the absence of roads. The townships as surveyed in Canada West had road allowances provided for, so that every lot should join a road. These allowances ofttimes remain, after settlement has begun, for years uncut, and the settler has to travei to and from his farm as best he can, frequently backing his grist to mill or carrying other supplies for many weary miles. The legal enactments anent road-making provide that each settler in proportion to the value of his property should perform so many days' work yearly on the public roads. All males of age, not on the assessment roll, were formerly required to work three days on the road each year, but this is now reduced to two days. Each day of statute labor, as it is called, consists of eight hours actual work directed by a path-master or overseer of highways.

This labor could be commuted formerly at 2s. 6d. per day; now the figure is 5s. per day. Non-resident land-owners pay their road-work in money. This money formerly was expended under the direction of the magistrates in quarter sessions assembled in the different townships where it was levied, but when municipal institutions were established their worships were relieved of this duty. Another source of income for road-making was this. The House of Assembly would include in the estimates a grant to the whole Province for road-making, apportion the same on some principle of supposed wants or claims, and appoint commissioners in each township or county for expending it. Another source was the special grants made by Parliament to particular localities. At present, in addition to the statute labor and the money from non-resident assessment, there is a certain portion from crown land sales paid yearly to each municipality where such lands are situated. Another source of income, applied to road improvement as well as other purposes, is from the clergy reserve fund, paid annually to each municipality in proportion to its population on the assessment rolls. Some good people, regarding with horror the application of this money to road-making, speak of it as spoliation, and treading in the mud revenue sacred to religious purposes. Others think making good roads to go to church a very proper use to make of this money, and that the true apostolic clergy fund is the free-will offeiing of the people.

Another privation incident to early bush life, and which was long felt in Canada, was the lack of schools. As settlements advanced, however, school-houses arose, at first very unpretending in appearance and by no means comfortable in their appointments. Other things were in keeping. Books of every variety were used, and one book would often serve several scholars.

The teachers as a class were not overstocked with learning; their pay was small and they boarded from house to house. No general system prevailed, and the whole machinery of education was widely different from what exists at present. These rustic school-houses, rough though they were, served many purposes in new settlements, and proved useful buildings to the whole neighborhood. Here township meetings were held, here elections were made, here the Bible agent presented the claims of the inspired volume, here the temperance lecturer pressed the benefits of total abstinence, and here the heralds of Zion told to listening crowds the story of the cross. The writer can call to mind many scenes of school-house preaching in the earlier days of Canadian history, some deeply solemn, some noisy, and others which stirred

his youthful mirth not a little. Of the latter kind an example will illustrate the contrast between things past and present. A bark-covered building served a large settlement for school and meeting house. When used for the latter its dimensions were out of proportion to the demand on its space. On a cold evening in mid-winter the settlement mustered strong at the school house to hear preaching. The worshippers crowded in and soon formed a solid mass. The luckless natives near the stove were nearly roasted, as the sweat flowed freely down their faces, while the outsiders near the door were only comfortable with their great-coats on. In order to consult their Bibles and join in the song of praise, the considerate people brought with them candles, which they held in their hands. Two were placed on the desk for the use of the preacher with the means of lighting them. As the good man could not conveniently make candlesticks of his hands, while he preached and turned leaves, he deliberately dropped grease from the burning candles on the edge of the desk and then dabbed them against the cooling tallow for support. Bravely freed from candle-holding, he proceeded with the service, and said much that instructed and quickened his hearers. Unfortunately, many times the candles needed snuffing, and the preacher's fingers were the only means at hand to do the work. The feat was somewhat perilous from the danger of displacing the candles, and sending them over among the people, or that of burning his reverence's fingers. This latter he did several times and thrust them into his mouth for relief. Time was also lost on each occasion when snuffing was required, as two or three attacks and retreats followed each attempt, very amusing to behold. Near the spot where the bark-covered school-house stood, on a rising ground beautiful for situation, is now seen a handsome stone chapel which would be a credit to any settlement. Within are conveniences for public service, and among these a chandelier affording ample illumination, requiring no candles and no snuffing. But the pioneer settlers of the times just described, where are they?

> "Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It is a day to be remembered when a house for worship rears its head for the first time in a new settlement. Much discussion and jarring opinions prevail usually ere this consummation is realized; the site, the size and material are important items to settle, and the diversity of views—the fitful zeal of many and the selfishness of human nature interpose obstacles to united action. In one neighborhood in Canada which might be named, many years elapsed after the first steps were taken before the meeting-house was a reality. During these years three different localities were chosen; on two of them the timber rotted after being framed and partly put up.

To many in the backwoods, the absence of religious privileges is a sore trial. Such enter into the feelings of David when he exclaims, "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." No house of prayer invites willing worshippers to unite in praising God. Hence the invitation that rejoiced the heart of Israel's King and drew from him the response, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord," cannot be given. Not only is the material sanctuary wanting, but no man of God statedly breaks for them the Bread of Life, and they perceive more than ever the force and grace of the prophet's exclamation, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth." The visits of the pioneer preacher, although few and far apart, are sunny seasons to the pious backwoodsman. Weather permitting, service in a barn or grove will be attended by the settlers for many miles round, and the word spoken ofttimes has proved bread cast upon the waters that appeareth in after days. To persons so situated it is consoling to know that "God that made the world and all things therein dwelleth not in temples made with hands," but wherever two or three are gathered together in His name there will He be to bless them and do them good. Spiritual worship alone imparts consecrating virtue

to any place, and when thus employed a barn in the bush is as holy as the most magnificent cathedral on earth.

Social trials are to be met with here; let us notice some in relation to children. Family government involves duties and responsibilities of the gravest kind. This remark holds good the world over, irrespective of latitude or longitude. The phase of the subject particularly trying to the emigrant parent is the republican tendencies of youth, so different from what obtained when he was a child and at home. Probably even there things are much changed from what they used to be. Change is the order of the age; yet doubtless our proximity to the great Republic has its influence in forming the notions of liberty and rights somewhat prematurely developed in our children. Wisdom is profitable to direct; we must accept the situation, and adopt an administration to meet the case. It cannot be denied the tendency with us is laxity in authority; on the other hand, the old regime cannot be defended. Like the criminal code in the punishment of men, the administration of justice to children required amendment. Parental authority should be nicely adjusted to the individual cases of the family. One rule for all, and that a stringent one, was too much the custom in days gone by. Our fathers believed strongly in the virtue of the rod, and whipping was a religious duty, frequently preceded by reading a portion of Scripture. The frequency and severity of these whippings ofttimes had a bad rather than a good effect. No less severe was the discipline of the school, and here the hardening process went on. How irrational to beat a child for a slip of memory. Think of a teacher about to hear a class spell taking a heavy ruler or thick strap of leather, and for every word misspelled striking with all his force the tender hand of a child. While the tendency of the age may be to err the other way, we must meet this otherwise than by reviving the practice of the past, which would be as sensible as re-enacting the law that formerly hung a man for stealing a sheep. Another error common in parents, was in the matter of choosing professions for their children; this was too often done to please the parent rather than the child, and how many children have learned trades for which they felt no inclination, and as soon as they could, ceased to follow! How reasonable that the taste and capacity of children should be consulted first! It is much better to excel as a mechanic or farmer than to take a low position in a profession. It would have been a great loss to the world if Scott the commentator, had continued farming; Cook, the discoverer, to serve behind the counter, or Carey, the translator, to mend shoes. It may be taken as a safe maxim that proficiency in any calling depends very much on the love which one has for it, and therefore it is wrong to force a child to follow an uncongenial occupation, when this can be avoided. Another matter in which parental authority is too often misapplied, is in the marriage of their children. Wed our children will, and wed they should; and the important consideration comes up, what part has the parent the right to take in this momentous business? In a general way very little, and the less the better. Next to the rights of conscience, the rights of marriage are sacred, and only in extreme cases should parental authority interfere with the choice of their offspring. In spite of the sovereign claims of patriarchal jurisdiction we learn a valuable lesson in the pleasing story of the nuptials of Rebecca. Abraham's servant pressed her parents to send him away speedily with their daughter that she might become the wife of Isaac. "And they said we will call the damsel and enquire at her mouth. And they called Rebeeca and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? and she said, I will go." The legitimate power of parents in relation to suitable matches lies in educating their children's tastes and principles, and in aiming to qualify them for the duties and responsibilities of the connubial state.

But enough of the dark side of the picture; there are silver linings to the cloud, and we turn from the trials to the triumphs of forest life, in which we shall delight to expatiate in the next number of JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

*(To be continued.)*

# HOW WE RECEIVED PRINCE ARTHUR, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MISS BLAIR ATHOL.

Although I am a Pumpkinite, or Pumponian, and although our copy-books used to tell us that self-praise was no recommendation, yet I will venture to say that nowhere on the Great Western is there a town of the same size that surpasses my own native Pumpkinville.

Pumpkinville has a great many churches, a market, a music hall, a park, and a fire-engine which obstinately refuses to work when its services are required. It also boasts of a crystal palace, and in fact the public advantages of this town are, like a great many other things, "too numerous to mention."

I must not forget the Ladies' Sewing Society, which I have heard it said quite does away with the necessity for our paper, the Pumpkinville *Patriot*, and last, but by no means least, we have a brass band—a Brass Band!

It requires a more fluent pen than mine to describe our feelings when we first heard our band perform in public; and our enthusiasm when it blundered successfully through the Java March is simply indescribable. As good luck would have it, by the time we heard of Prince Arthur's arrival, our band could play with very little hesitation, "God save the Queen," so that on that momentous occasion we were promised a variety. How shall I portray the excitement that pervaded the different circles of our little town (for there were quite a number) in anticipation of seeing our Queen's son? It was only a sight we were to have—the train was to pass through slowly, or stop altogether, that we might have a glimpse of royalty.

We are loyal in Pumpkinville, and if we appeared slightly ridiculous and unduly excited upon that occasion, I lay it all to loyalty. I myself had scarcely any appetite for two weeks before. The principal men of our town laid their heads together for the purpose of concocting a speech which should be delivered by the mayor. I do not know the contents of this speech, but I am sorry to say it was the means of creating a little hard feeling within the hitherto amicable bosoms of our councillors, each of whom thought he knew best what would suit a prince.

I had visiting me at the time my cousin Ethel from Toronto, and as Pumpkinville does not present a great variety of entertainment to a city girl she looked forward to the eventful day as eagerly as any of us. It was true she was to go home the day after to prepare for the Prince Arthur Ball, where she would have a much better chance to see him; but she seemed to have caught the general infection, and could talk of nothing else but what she should wear on that occasion. Now I have a brother who is in that interesting stage of adolescence called hobbledehoyhood, and Tom, I grieve to say, took great delight in teasing Ethel. "Did she intend to go for Arthur? What should he say to Mr. Horton, our minister, and Mr. FitzHugh, a Detroit gentleman, both of whom had, as he expressed it, dangled around after her a good deal. Tom despised girls. "Give me a horse and a dog," cried Tom; "as for marrying (he was seventeen)—pshaw—" and he curled his lip in infinite contempt. At last the eventful day arrived. Ethel had decided to wear white. It doesn't make much difference about me; but I may say that, as I have to do my own ironing, I wore a buff calico. At eleven o'clock the train should be in; and ten precisely found us on our way to the station—Ethel, Tom, and I. She had walked two miles the evening before to beg a bouquet from a lady

who was famed in Pumpkinville for her house-plants; which bouquet, she privately informed me, was to be thrown at the Prince's feet.

As we drew near the station we heard sounds that made us prick up our ears like the "war-horse snuffing the battle from afar;" and directly the soul-stirring strains of the Java March were borne along on the morning breeze. The band was there! We hastened on, keeping time to the martial air, and lifting our feet very high as if walking on air. To tell the truth the sidewalks are not in very good repair in that part of the town, and one has to lift one's feet high.

The station house was decorated with red flannel and little boys who had chosen that conspicuous place in order to get a good view; and the Union Jack floated proudly from the highest pole they could get to put it on. The band was there in a state of excitement bordering on distraction, for fear they would not come safely through their performance. Tom jostled a way for us through the crowd to a very good spot, where we had to stand under a broiling sun until the train came; for which service Ethel thanked him by saying it was the only good thing he had done in his life.

"Here comes the parson, Ethel," said Tom; "I vow it's a treat to look at his pale face after you two girls."

It was only too true. I was well aware of the fact that my own face grew a most unbecoming red, on a hot day; and glancing at Ethel I inwardly exclaimed "It must be in the family;" her clear complexion was now suffused with a very deep crimson.

"What a disagreeable boy you are," said she. "What does he mean?" turning to me "Oh! how awfully red you are. Do I look like that?"

"It's only the reflection of the flannel Ethel," replied Tom. "Don't cut the parson now."

"Good morning, ladies," said Mr. Horton, "a beautiful day, though a little warm;" with a side glance at our glowing faces. (He might have talked of heat if he had felt them).

"A little," responded Ethel, drily; and her face grew a deeper red. "I wish the train would come. Do look at that creature, Nell," she whispered to me.

"That creature" was a young lady from the country who must have weighed at least a hundred and sixty; arrayed in a thick white cotton dress, a very jaunty little hat with a profusion of flowers, a parasol that might shade her nose, and a complexion of the deepest beet-root. She placed herself beside Ethel, and I saw that like her she too had a bouquet, composed of batchelor's buttons and old man, with a sprig of spearmint.

"I wonder you don't envy me, Mr. Horton," said Tom, "with three such sisters" —glancing at the young lady with the batchelor's buttons, and then maliciously at Ethel.

"I do envy you," answered Mr. Horton, quietly.

Ethel was furious. "I shall tell Aunt Ellen the minute we reach home how Tom acts. Don't you wish she'd move on?" casting a withering look at the batchelor's buttons. But she had evidently taken her stand.

"I don't see what brings so many women out," said Tom, as a lady (I suppose I should call her) stuck a pin into his arm in order to make a way for herself.

"As good a right to come as you, I suppose, young sir," snapped a very sharp-faced specimen of the sex at his other elbow.

"Oh quite, madam, quite," replied he briskly, taking off his hat very politely and rubbing the wounded arm.

"I think I see the mayor," said Mr. Horton, who seemed anxious to create a diversion. And truly he was a man of weight if one might judge from his aldermanic proportions.

I could not help thinking, most irreverently, I will confess, of the big elephant in the last menagerie with which Pumpkinville was favored, as he moved slowly and solemnly to the place appointed, followed by the councillors, each and all arrayed in the best of black broadcloth. They wore white cotton gloves and carried canes; but the mayor sported his funeral black kids, and flourished an immense white handkerchief in one hand and a blue cotton umbrella in the other. It was a sight well calculated to inspire the human breast with

the profoundest admiration, not to say awe. They had scarcely taken their places when a commotion on the roof of the station-house apprized us that the train was in sight. "Here she comes!" squealed the little boys. The band gave a few preliminary toots, and looked equal to anything. The mayor slowly opened the blue umbrella, which one of the councillors kindly held over him; while with one hand he scrubbed up his face with the immense handkerchief, and nervously clutched the speech with the other. He held himself erect, head very high, coughed two or three times to reassure himself, opened the speech to have it ready, and then all of a sudden looked wildly around him as if meditating flight. However it was a false alarm, or rather it was the forerunner of royalty, if I may so speak, in the shape of a hand-car with four of the grimiest workmen I ever saw. We were now growing very impatient to have it over. Ethel's flowers were beginning to droop, not to mention her spirits; and, between the crowd and heat, our position was not an enviable one.

"I declare I'll be ashamed to be seen here," she whispered.

"Never mind, Ethel; he may not recognise you," said Tom.

At last the train did come, and the scene which ensued beggars description. As the engine bore royally down towards us, if I may use the expression, the crowd, with a wild yell of delight, rushed forward as if to embrace it. Even the mayor, carried away for the moment by his feelings, frantically waved his handkerchief round his bald head (his hat having been knocked off by some exuberant Pumpkinite) and would have set off to meet the train, but was held back by some cool-headed councillor who had an eye to appearances. Ethel and I shook out our dresses, and wiping the perspiration off our heated brows, prepared to "make our manners," as the Irish say.

"Don't forget to throw your bouquet, Ethel," I whispered. "If the train would only stop here!"

Meanwhile the band had got fairly launched into the Java March: the mayor had the speech opened—upside down it is true—and was in a more composed frame of mind, and we were waiting to see the Prince. Fortune favors the brave. The train stopped just before us, but do you think we were left there? Again the excited citizens of Pumpkinville made a furious onslaught on the end of the car in which the Prince was standing; and we were carried down on the track and almost under the wheels of the train. With considerable exertion and, I need scarcely say, very ruffled tempers we regained a stand, and while Ethel prepared to throw her bouquet I made observations. The Prince's frank, manly smile was worth all the trouble I thought as I made my "introduction bow;" and the friendly grasp of the hand which he gave to certain impetuous individuals whose feelings were worked up to such a pitch that they could not restrain themselves, should have won for him every heart. "Long live Prince Arthur!" I inwardly exclaimed. The band having played the Java March once had commenced over again, evidently reserving the National Anthem for the last; the mayor was coming on in the speech as well as could be expected considering his cough, which interrupted him, poor man, at every second word. But the Prince was too busy to pay much attention, being fully occupied in shaking hands with and receiving the complimentary remarks of his loyal but somewhat excited subjects.

"Now Nell," whispered Ethel, "I am going to throw this."

After carefully selecting a spot at which to aim (the heart I think), so that it might fall into the Prince's hands, Ethel threw her elegant bouquet; but alas! once more the treacherous crowd gave a convulsive heave and we were carried onward so rapidly that the bouquet, instead of falling upon the heart of royalty, came sharply on one side of the Prince's head, and fell at his feet, while he just turned in time to seize the old man and bachelor's buttons of the young lady who had thrown her offering upon seeing Ethel do so. She danced for joy, and in her ecstacy trod on both Ethel's toes and mine at the same time. This was more than flesh and blood could bear.

"Oh!" gasped Ethel, "this is insufferable. Let us go home."

It was much easier to talk of getting home than to get there. We were safely

wedged in by the crowd; it was perfectly useless to attempt to leave. We had to grin and bear it. If I could have relieved myself by shrieking instead of grinning, I could have borne it much better; but consideration of Ethel's feelings restrained me. It was no joke to her. Fortunately this part of the performance escaped Tom's "eagle eye," and now the train was about to leave. The speech was over, and the mayor wiped his reeking brow, looking at least six inches taller than when he commenced. The band hastily concluded the March, and struck up the National Anthem. The excited Pumpkinites still continued to execute a sort of war-dance around the end of the car—whooping and hurrahing—and in fact each one expressing his delight after his own style. But the hour of parting had come, and it was quite affecting to hear the tender adieus. "Give me love to your mother," said an honest Irishman. "Take care of yourself, dear," screamed a woman from an unseen quarter. "Remember me to all at home." "Good bye and God bless you for your mother's sake." The train moved slowly away, and standing in the door of the car, bowing gracefully to all, and tenderly holding the bachelor's buttons and old man, with about three thousand of his subjects in full pursuit, was the last sight I saw of our Queen's "fair-haired boy."

We were rejoined by Tom and Mr. Horton, and set out on our way home, certainly sadder if not wiser girls—Ethel and myself, I mean. What a different aspect everything wore as we stumbled over the bad sidewalk, where two hours before we had as it were "walked on air." Our feelings as well as our toes were deeply wounded. The clothes were almost torn off us, the bouquet which Ethel had prized so highly had been trodden under foot of the vulgar herd, our faces were purple from heat and excitement, and altogether ours was a most unhappy frame of mind. Ethel stuck close to Tom, leaving Mr. Horton to me—an uncommon occurrence; but she declared the look of her face was enough to frighten any man besides being "so horribly vulgar."

Again the fates were against her. About half-way home whom should we see bowing very politely across the street, but Mr. FitzHugh, the Detroit swell, as Tom called him. In vain Ethel looked straight before her with a very uninviting expression of countenance. He was not to be daunted, and crossing over he placed himself at her side, opening the conversation with the original remark.

"It's very warm to-day."

"Very," responded Ethel, in her most dignified manner.

"How did you like the Prince, FitzHugh?" asked Tom.

"Very much indeed. A fine frank, manly fellow; a prince every inch of him," replied the American heartily.

Mr. FitzHugh exerted himself manfully to entertain his fair companion, and draw her into conversation; but it was of no avail: Ethel maintained a dignified silence. At last we reached home. After taking leave of the gentlemen, Ethel wondered what brought them up with us.

"I guess we're able to walk home in daylight without an escort. And Nell," said she solemnly, "if you ever hear of me going to see a prince again you may know I am not in my right senses."

"Why I thought you were anxious to make an impression there," said Tom, wickedly. "You did it too—either you or that fat girl; you've no idea how sweetly he smiled over in that direction.

"Tom Athol," I said, "if you don't take yourself out of this room——" but with this parting shot Tom had vanished. I tried to comfort her with the prospect of the ball when she went home.

"Balls!" she exclaimed, half angrily, "I hate them; "I'm sick of them. They are just like this morning's disappointment and disgust. Just so much time and money wasted. I scarcely ever came home from a ball yet but I thought what a miserable, good-for-nothing life I led."

I looked up surprised.

"Oh it's quite so, though I suppose you never gave me credit for such thoughts. Just look at the difference between your life and mine."

"You needn't remind me of that," I replied a little bitterly, as I commenced to mend a dress for one of my little sisters. There are five of us younger than Tom,

and as I have a sickly mother, a great deal devolves on me. I had often contrasted my hard-working, quiet, patching life with Ethel's gay, careless, easy, fashionable style of living; and I found the less I thought of it the better for my own peace of mind.

"You needn't remind me of that," I said; "I might as well go into a convent at once; I couldn't have a much different life, or see less gayety.

"You would soon tire of gayety. But what I mean is, look how much good you do. Aunt Ellen couldn't possibly do without you; while I am not one bit of use to anyone. I'm good for nothing but to spend money. I can assure you, Nell, it's quite a pleasant idea to think you are some good in the world."

"This was all perfectly new to me. For the last two weeks she had talked of nothing but Prince Arthur and what she should wear; and now she was giving utterance to very different sentiments. I could not understand the gay, good-natured, careless Ethel becoming tired of her fashionable though useless life. I suppose my face expressed my astonishment, for she continued:

"Nell, I suppose you are surprised, but though I don't say much I think a good deal more of these things than people give me credit for. And Mr. Horton's sermon on Sunday—I do believe he meant it for me, Nell."

"All your imagination;" I replied "Mr. Horton never preaches at people personally. But what was it about; I forget."

"Oh, you remember the man that hid his talent in the earth. I can't bear to hear a sermon from that; I always think of myself—not that I have any remarkable talents, but I have time and money. Well I don't believe I'll ever be different as long as I live in a city, there is so much there to divert a person; and the best of the amusements end like this morning's, disappointment everywhere." She ended with such a weary sigh.

This was a new phase of Ethel's character to me; I had never seen anything like it before. She had never laughed at or mocked anything of a serious nature, but at the same time she had never displayed the least interest in anything beyond fashionable life and dress.

"Well," she said, drearily, "I may as well pack my trunks; I generally leave everything to the last. The ball will be the next thing, and people will say I am so gay and happy, and just in my element. Do you remember those two lines in the 'Convict Ship,' Nell?"

"The withering thoughts that the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles lie burning below."

"Dear me, how blue I am to-day." And she went off singing "Hear me, Norma."

This was how we received Prince Arthur. For the benefit of those who may have become interested in Ethel, I may state that she now very contentedly shares Mr. Horton's quiet home, and makes a very good minister's wife, I think. The members of the Sewing Society, however, think differently, and are scandalized that Mr. Horton didn't choose a wife out of the flock. Tom still despises women, but thinks Ethel has improved very much. He says, with the air of a man who considers his opinion of some value, that "Horton might have done worse."

Ethel is happier now, and declares it all came of the way in which we received Prince Arthur.

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## TEN IN TEN, ONCE.

That was what Fred and I called the rule we had to use in ciphering out our life sums. It was after we had read Hale's charming story of "Ten Times One are Ten," where good was made to work out and increase and multiply. We had to work backward, at least it seemed so, when others could do so much and we so little.

We got thinking about it, especially when our friends the Royals, who lived near by, took Sarah and Mary Rush into their beautiful house and gave them a home. We had all been so sorry for the two girls! Sarah was an invalid needing care, and Mary an overworked teacher with an insufficient salary. So they were struggling along, orphans, with absolutely no other resource than Mary's ten dollars a week, which barely paid their board. We all liked them, and all said how sorry we were, and that was the end of it; when suddenly Mrs. Royal, being disappointed about the coming of some expected guests, took the two lovely rooms she had prepared for them, made them lovelier yet, and then, driving out with her husband in their carriage,

brought back the two Rush girls and installed them there. They should stay as long as they liked, the Royals said; and, indeed, every one felt that it was little likely Sarah ever would go away again till she went to her long, last home. I went over to see them, and found Mary Rush weeping for sheer relief and gratitude. I told Mrs. Royal her house seemed consecrated for what she had done.

When we first heard of it in our own little family, a neighbor telling the news, I looked at Fred, and he at me.

"Now why couldn't *we* have done that?" I exclaimed.

"We couldn't," he said, softly; and then I remembered how small our house was, with its one little spare room, often wanted by some passing guest, and how we had no servant, and how much of my time and strength it took to look out for our tricksome two-year-old.

"No, we couldn't," I echoed, more softly still. "But oh, it does seem as if we ought to do something in some way."

We talked it over a good deal after that, Fred and I; and for some time we could think of nothing more than the mission school, and carrying flowers, jelly, and little trifles to some sick people we knew. You see, our means were so small. Such shining, lovely charities as the Royals' seemed out of our reach. We could not take any poor, pining souls off on a glad journey to mountain or sea-shore; we could not put unexpected purses in poor widows' hands, nor pay for any struggling youth's education; we had not even a carriage to take invalids and neglected people out for lovely little drives. There was Fred hard at work all day in the office, and I at home busy as a bee from morning till night with housekeeping, sewing, and Bertie. But there must be at least one little talent, hid away in our opportunities somewhere, that we could bring out and use in the Master's service.

At last we thought of something. I can remember almost the moment. We had such a good little supper that evening—light biscuit and butter, jelly, hot oysters, and remarkably good tea. Fred was tired and hungry, and enjoyed every thing. But when we had done, there still remained a goodly portion of oysters steaming in the dish and plenty of everything else.

"Pity we hadn't had company to tea," said Fred, reflectively.

"Oh dear!" said I, "if we had invited company, I should have had to bake all day, making cake and cookies and tarts, and all such things. That is why I never have tea-parties. I should be all tired out by the time the folks came."

"Just so," replied Fred. "Cake is a folderol, and dyspepsia attends tea-parties. But suppose, girlie, I had brought home poor Nevins, our overworked clerk, home to supper with me, or suppose old Mrs. Wynn had been here, or one or two tired young teachers or seamstresses had dropped in, don't you think they would have heartily enjoyed just what we have had, and been all the better for it, and for one of our happy evenings in our little parlor?"

"Yes, indeed!" I cried, catching his idea in the instant. "Fred, you are a blessed boy. We'll do it."

And this was the origin of our Tuesday and Thursday evenings. There was no hard work or fuss about them at all. We just got up a good, relishable little supper, such as we might have had for ourselves, only more of it, and then called in whomsoever Providence threw in our way—sometimes not more than one, sometimes three or four. Fred often brought home poor, careworn Nevins, who starved at a fourth-rate boarding-house, and it heartened him up wonderfully. Now and then I had Kitty Lang to help me sew on Bertie's dresses, and told her to invite any three of the most tired sewing-girls she knew to come to tea and stay the evening. And wasn't it a pleasure to heap up those pale girls' plates with strengenthing oysters and chicken, and see them sip delicious tea and chocolate! It fairly brought color into their poor faces. And then in the evening we had games, or I played some of my half-forgotten music, or Fred read poetry aloud to us all; and we coaxed some of the girls to read to us too. We found out in that way that one girl had a beautiful, clear, sympathetic voice for reading; and when I told Mrs. Royal about it, she found a delightful old lady who wanted just such a girl to go with her to the sea-shore for the whole summer, to be company for her and read to her. Now wasn't that a splendid thing to happen to that worn, delicate girl? and didn't one thing grow out of another beautifully? I don't know what we should have done without the Royals. They put a bright finishing touch on so many things!

Sometimes it was a few hard-working teachers we had; and then in the course of the evening Mrs. Royal and Mary Rush were pretty sure to come in upon us, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, bringing fruit or flowers, or a great dish of ice-cream; and so, one way or another, our little evenings were a great success. We had teachers pretty often: such young girls, many of them overtasked, and working for such small salaries—brain-work, too, the most exhausting of all. Do you know how many such teachers there are? Reckon them up in your own town; look at city statistics. As many times as I have done it, it always takes me by surprise. And then to think what numbers of applicants there are for every vacant situation! so many girls struggling for ways to support themselves!

so many fainting by the way, like Sarah and Mary Rush!

Fred, keeping his eyes open, made the acquaintance of young clerks just beginning on meagre salaries, many of them strangers in the place, and with absolutely no society. It did them as much real good as any one, he argued, to get a taste of home pleasures; so I was never surprised, when our evenings came, to see Fred bringing in with him some bashful clerk or pale student. Then I began to want a romance; why couldn't some of our young clerks fall in love with some of our young teachers or seamstresses? But Fred laughed at the idea, begged me not to mix in sentiment with our little schemes of good, and desired to know what sort of figure poor young Stebbens, for instance, would cut, getting married to one of our bright young teachers, on six dollars a week!

One Tuesday, when I had Kitty Lang to sew, she told me she had invited a new friend to come to tea—not a sewing-girl nor a teacher; in fact, a girl with no business whatever.

"But that, we hope, won't last long," she added, between a sigh and a laugh. "Poor Fanny is trying so hard to get employment; but there is not a single vacancy among the school-teachers, and all the stores where girls clerk are full She don't know which way to turn."

On inquiring more, Kitty told me that her new friend, Fanny Gray, was an English girl who came to this country with her parents three years before. They had both died soon after, and left her almost destitute. She succeeded in getting a few music-scholars, but earned barely enough to pay board; so after awhile she went into a sewing-room and worked there a year, till she found her health was absolutely breaking down, and she had spirit enough left to renounce the needle, and declare her faith that there must be other work in the world a girl could do. Then she found her way to Foxborough, to the great straw-works, and found employment there, sewing braid and wiring hats. She had done well there while the busy season lasted, but now work was slack, and they had dismissed four-fifths of the girls. So she had drifted at last to our little town, with twenty dollars in her purse to keep her till she found something to do.

"And half of that is gone already," said Kitty, "and she has to pay three dollars a week for board. And oh! she is such a nice girl; and I thought maybe you or Mrs. Royal could find something for her."

Alas! not Mrs. Royal, and much less I, could command places for one tithe of the poor girls in our town seeking employment. I had heard of so many cases lately. But Kitty talked on and on, while she stitched at Bertie's blue dress, till by-and-by she had won my whole heart to an interest in her friend. She was so sweet and bright, yet with something sad about her—this was Kitty's description—and she could sing hymns so beautifully, and could do dainty lace-work; and she kept a journal, and she was ready to do anything for a living, if it was to scrub door-steps; only this one thing—a sewing-girl—she would never again become.

"And I don't blame her!" said Kitty, and her words were accompanied by the little hacking cough which was troubling her of late.

I grew very curious to see this Fanny Gray, and when Kitty, looking from the window, exclaimed, "Here she comes!" and the bell rang, and I went to the door, it was with a real flutter of excitement that I welcomed the one who was destined to become my pet *protégée*. She had a brave, bonny face, this fair English girl, with soft, yellow hair, and not the usual blue eyes, but eyes of trusty brown—earnest, a little pathetic, maybe. I brought her in at once, and got her things off, and in five minutes more she was sitting in a little low chair playing with Bertie as if she felt at home. Fred came in directly, bringing Nevins, and I flew to set my table. We had one of the coziest little suppers imaginable, and Fred had gone to the extravagance of bananas, for which I pardoned him when Kitty Lang said she never tasted one before in her life, and how delicious they were!

After tea I opened the piano and played a little, preparatory to asking Fanny Gray to sing—for Kitty had said so much about her hymns. She made no apology when I entreated her, but said she knew little besides a few ballads and hymns. She had a sweet, powerful voice, with great expression; and Fred nodded his pleasure to me as she sat there playing her simple accompaniments and singing. She gave us some of the anthems from the prayer-book first, and then took up the dear old psalm:

> "As pants the hart for cooling streams,
> When heated in the chase;
> So longs my soul O God, for thee,
> And thy refreshing grace."

Her voice rose in such pure, thrilling pathos, it seemed as if my heart stopped beating. Poor old Nevins bowed his head in his hands and wept. I suppose he knew well enough in his hard, drudging life what it was to feel like the hart panting for cooling streams.

There was a little pause after the psalm; I think we all had tears somewhere, in our hearts if not in our eyes, and did not want to speak. Fanny Gray waited a moment, and then her voice took up that dear beautiful hymn:

> "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
> Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
> Here bring your wounded hearts, here bring your anguish:
> Earth hath no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal."

When this was done she turned round from the instrument and faced us — the quiet, fair young English girl—once more. We all took her into our hearts from that evening.

But what could we find for her to do? No school wanted a teacher, no family a governess, no store a girl for clerk, no lawyer a copyist, no milliner a work-woman; and they had too many hands already, the foremen told me, at the hoop-skirt factory, the book-binderies, and the artificial-flower establishment. The season was dull, and labor a drug in the market. I puzzled my brain over Fanny Gray's case till Fred said, laughing, I would soon become perfect in the law of supply and demand, and the relation of capital to labor, and be able to talk with Ruskin or John Stuart Mill, and all the rest of the political economists. Meanwhile the weeks were slipping by, and with them Fanny's little store of money. At last, in desperation, I told her she could at least save her board-bill by coming to our house to stay till she found some employment, and perhaps she could help me a little about the house, enough to relieve her from obligation; but I could not offer to pay her anything, because Fred and I had to practice economy, and did not feel able to hire. Well, the girl actually cried for joy at the offer, and came to us the very next morning; and I must say that during the few weeks she stayed with me I enjoyed the very poetry of housekeeping. She knew how to do everything, and she had the neatest, deftest ways, and was perfectly splendid in taking care of Bertie. I told Fred that I believed Providence had never meant her to work in a store or factory, but had destined her to be a sunshiny little wife and housekeeper and mother.

On my first baking-day after she came she made me up the most delicious little cakes and tarts that I ever tasted. I told her jestingly she would be a treasure in a bakery, and, seizing the idea, she went out that afternoon without telling me her purpose, and when she came back, said she had found a baker on S—— street who would engage her at fair wages if she could bring him some satisfactory specimens of fancy baking. The next day we held a high festival in the kitchen, and though I don't think much of cake generally, that day it presented itself to me as a fine art. If you could have seen the display on my shelves when the battle was won! Queen cakes, cocoa-nut drops, cheese cakes (which I had read of in English stories, but never tasted), jelly tarts and cream tarts, trifles and macaroons. My little pantry had never dreamed of such dainties We selected the nicest-looking of each kind, and when I had borrowed two broad, shallow flower baskets of Mrs. Royal to lay them in, we started forth together to visit the baker. The moment I saw him I took a dislike to him. He did not seem to me like a nice man, and I did not like his manner toward Fanny. But he professed himself satisfied with the samples, and offered her good wages if she would come into the bakery. She would be expected to board in his family. Fanny looked at me as if seeking my opinion, when he named his terms. I took the responsibility of saying that she would like a few days to think the matter over and consult her friends. He showed a little bad spirit then, and said he supposed she applied for the place because she wanted it.

When we got home I told Fanny she must not go there; and I think she felt really relieved at my decision, though she had been so anxious to find employment that the failure of this little plan quite disheartened her.

But she had a bit of good luck that very evening. I had told the Royals about her, and Mr. Royal happening to drop in, I by-and-by got Fanny to sing. He was very much pleased with the quality of her voice, said it was just the thing for a church, and asked her if she had ever sung in a choir.

"I used to do so before we left home," said Fanny, softly; and I fancied there were tears ready to start as she thought of her early village home.

"Very well," said Mr. Royal; "there is a little church, a sort of mission chapel, down town, in whose success I am interested. They need a leading soprano, and, as I have rather looked out for their music, I suppose I have as much right as any one to offer you an engagement. The salary is very small, but every little helps; and would you accept the position, Miss Gray, for a hundred dollars a year?"

"Indeed I would!" she exclaimed; "and be grateful for the chance. It will be a pleasure to me, as well as a great assistance."

So that was settled. I told Fanny she would have enough to clothe herself now; but she did not slacken her search for a steady employment. One day Mrs, Royal came in with a long face, and said she was going to lose her excellent nursery girl, Norah. The girl was to be married in a fortnight. She asked me if I knew any trustworthy enough for the place.

"I don't consider taking care of children a menial employment," said Mrs. Royal, in her noble way. "If I had not so many duties, I should rejoice to give up my time to them myself. I hate to lose a single one of their sweet smiles and pretty atti-

tudes and baby speeches. And I want to hire some one who looks at them in the same way I do—as priceless little treasures to be trained into good men and good women. You know I have fitted up a pretty little sleeping-room opening off the nursery, and to a person who really satisfied me I would give fifteen dollars a month."

Fanny Gray, who had just been getting Bertie to sleep on the sofa, rose at this, and came forward in her calm modest way, but with a little tremble in her voice, and said:

"Would I do, Mrs. Royal? Would you take me? Mrs. Brown here will tell you how much I love little children."

"You are just the one, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Royal, getting up and kissing her. "And I'll confess that when I mentioned it just now I was in hopes you would hear me and take a fancy to the place. Perhaps I am partial to my own babies, but I do think it must be a great deal nicer and better to take care of them than to work all day in a heated factory, or stand from morning till night in a store—or even make cakes in a bakery!" She said this with an arch smile.

"A great deal better," said Fanny, sensibly. "I think it is happier work, and healthier and more inspiriting."

"And you will sing them such sweet lullabies at night!" said Mrs. Royal, with motherly pleasure.

It was agreed then, that Fanny should go to her in two weeks' time, when Norah left; and for those two weeks, of course, she would remain with me. I began to think Bertie and I would not know what to do without her. While Fanny had been with us, behind all her sweet usefulness and modest dignity, which pleased us so, there seemed always to lie a background of sadness. I had spoken of it to Fred, and said I was afraid she had some mental trouble.

"Oh no," he answered, cheerily; "it is only her anxiety about the future. As soon as she gets a good place, you will see her as merry as a lark."

The good place was found now, and a great deal of the shadow did certainly pass away. I thought Fred had been quite right when I heard her singing through the house, and telling Bertie the most bewitching, joyous little stories. But at twilight, or when she was singing hymns, or when she had been alone and I came upon her unawares, there was a touch of pathos lurking there still, a hint of tears, a look of patience, that went to my heart. I told Fred it seemed just like the way I felt, before we were married, when he had gone off on that long business voyage and I did not hear from him for months, and I believed Fanny had a lover somewhere.

"Nonsense, dear!" said Fred, kissing me. "You are the most romantic little woman on earth, and think more about love than Fanny does, I'll warrant!"

The next Thursday we were expecting Kitty Lang to tea, with two homesick girls she had discovered, who had come up from the country to learn the milliner's trade. Fanny and I flew around making preparations; for I meant to have a delicious chicken salad for supper, biscuit and coffee, and some of Fanny's wonderful cakes and tarts. Everything came from the stove a perfect success. Bertie was good as a little cherub, and kept his white frock clean all day, Fanny and I finished everything by three o'clock, and were congratulating ourselves, when suddenly the clouds began to gather, the wind rose to almost a hurricane, and in half an hour the rain was pouring down in torrents.

We said it might be only a shower that would pass off, and so kept hoping till half-past five, when the skies seemed blacker than ever, and it was evidently setting in for a wild, stormy night.

"Do you suppose they will come?" I asked Fanny, thinking to myself how many weary blocks away Kitty Lang's boarding-house was.

Fanny shook her head.

"Kitty hasn't any overshoes, I know," she said, "and her umbrella is broken. I don't believe they will come."

And they did not come. We waited and waited, till at last I began to think even Fred himself would not get home, he was so late. But at seven I heard him rushing in at the hall door, and his voice telling some one where to set the umbrella.

"Oh, I hope he has brought Nevins!" I exclaimed, running out.

But it was not Nevins, nor any one I knew; only a red-haired, shrewd-looking boy about fourteen years old, who, Fred explained, had just been taken into the office as an errand-boy, with a chance to work his way up. And Fred added, with a smile, that the little fellow meant to be one of the firm yet.

I don't think I ever saw a smarter boy in my life—a perfect specimen of young America—wide awake, keen, not a bit afraid. If he had been six years older, Fred said afterward, he should not have thought of inviting so self-sufficient a young man to our "Thursday evenings." But, as it was, it was the very courage of the boy that won on his sympathy thinking of all the probable disappointments, temptations, and pitfalls that lay before the unconscious little fellow. His name was Roger. I left him in the sitting-room with Fanny, and hurried to boil my coffee, which I made none the less nice because we had only this little waif to share it with us.

And *didn't* he enjoy his supper! I have known hosts of boys in my day, but none with a better appetite than Roger! He

thought the chicken salad "bully," and regarded Fanny's tarts with especial favor. He got acquainted with the utmost rapidity, and was very ready to tell all about himself, about his widowed mother, how they had lived, and about the bit of property that lay in the bank waiting for him to be twenty-one and go into business. He spoke cheerily of his position as errand-boy, saying,

"If I'm going to climb the ladder, I suppose the right place to begin is at the bottom!"

It rained harder than ever after tea; but we adjourned to the parlor, as usual, to entertain ourselves. Roger seemed pleased with everything—played with Bertie, whom he called a "cunning little shaver," looked through the stereoscope, examined the albums, and finally sat down opposite Fanny. He seemed to take the greatest fancy to Fanny from the very first, and his eyes were wandering toward her continually. He found she was from England, and then he plied her with questions about what parts of it she had seen, in what county she had lived and how long since she had left there. She was more amused at his curiosity than offended, and answered him fully, as one would tell stories of long ago to a child.

Fred sat reading his newspaper, and presently called our attention to a curious account, which he read aloud, of a returned soldier looking in vain for his only sister for years. She had heard he was dead, had married, and gone West. The name of her husband he could not learn, nor where she went; and so had searched and inquired throughout the country for three years, without finding any clew, till one day he met her face to face in a little village post-office in some remote part of Michigan.

This led to a conversation on the ways in which friends might be lost to each other, and Roger brightened up. He evidently had a story to tell.

"That is like what has happened to my brother," he said. "May I tell you about it, Sir?"

Fred laid down his paper indulgently to listen, I took my knitting, and Fanny, saddened maybe by the talk about her English home, sat with dreamy, sorrowful eyes, looking off into vacancy.

So Roger began: "You ought to see my brother Phil: he's a splendid fellow. He's only my half-brother, but I love him just as well. He don't look like me: he has black, curly hair, and is real handsome. He's a smart business fellow, too, and he is twenty-nine years old; but he don't get married, because he can't find the girl he's in love with, though he has hunted high and low. You see, the firm he worked for sent him to England three or four years ago to see to some agency, and there, in some little village, he fell in love on a Sunday with a girl that sung in the choir. You ought to hear him tell about her voice, and how pretty she was. He got acquainted, and saw her all he could, and found she was just as nice as he thought for, and he thinks she was beginning to like him a little; anyway, he at last made up his mind to propose to her the very next day, when a telegram came and took him off as quick as a wink to Liverpool; and from there he had to go to Edinburgh, and wait a good while about something, and then he was sent to Paris; and, one way and another, it was two months before he could get back to the village where the girl lived. And then he found that the old folks had taken a sudden notion, and sold out and gone to America, taking his 'little English daisy,' as he called her, without leaving any word or clew by which he could find them. He came back to New York as quick as ever he could, and made all sorts of inquiries, and advertised, but it wasn't any use. And he'd be just about heart-broken if he didn't keep hoping to find her some day. Every time he hears of such a family he hunts them up. He's away off in San Francisco now on business, and I expect he'll search California through before he leaves, thinking she may possibly be there. Isn't it too bad, Mr. Brown? I feel so sorry for him—she was such a nice, pretty girl. I should know her in a minute if I saw her: I am sure I should, for he has told me just how she looks, with smooth, golden hair, you know, and shining, dark brown eyes. I believe I've found her for him now!" he added, excitedly. For the last five minutes his eyes had been eagerly fixed on Fanny, and hers as eagerly on him, and now she turned away and burst into tears.

He sprang toward her. "Say!" he exclaimed. "Fanny Gray, aren't you my brother Phil's Fanny Gray?"

Of course she was! And wasn't it splendid? And didn't I have the romance I wanted to perfection? She, poor child, had thought, perhaps, after all, he did not care for her, because he had gone without speaking; and so she left no message, never dreaming but what he could find them easily enough in America if he wanted to. But she loved him with her whole heart; and that was why, when she realized how hopelessly they were lost to each other, the brooding, wistful, sad, Evangeline look came into her eyes and dwelt there.

A telegram sped to San Francisco the next day, and just as quick as the noble through-train on the Pacific Railroad could bring him, Philip Belton came. I liked him the moment I saw him; and oh! how proud and glad he looked when he had his "little English daisy" in his arms!

Well, of course he wanted to be married

right away, and that broke up all the fine plan of Fanny's going to take care of the little Royal children. They had a quiet morning wedding in our parlor, with no guests but the Royals, and Mary Rush and Kitty Lang, and poor old Nevins. Phil's home was in another town, and there he took our Fanny; but I hear from them often, and they are always doing well and always happy. Said I not that Providence meant Fanny to be a sunshiny little wife and housekeeper and mother!

"And now whom shall I get to take care of my little children?" wondered Mrs. Royal.

"I will!" said Kitty Lang, a flush of resolution coming into her pale face. "I used to think I couldn't do any thing but sew; but I am more sensible now, and know better; and if you will let me come, I will be glad and thankful!"

So poor Kitty found a safe harbor at last, for they will never let her leave them. She is growing round and rosy. She never had so comfortable a room in her life before, she says, and she really feels that she is improving every day in mind and heart among those dear children.

Fred and I still keep up our Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and I hope a great many more good results will spring from them. After wishing in vain that we could do the great things that we can't, it is really an exquisite happiness to grow content, and begin to do all the little things that we can. Ones are as necessary as tens, and

"All service ranks the same with God!"

—*Harper's Bazar.*

## TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO WRITE.

It is said to have been one of Lincoln's facetious remarks, that to a man in the President's chair it seemed that everybody in the country wanted to live off the country by getting public office. And we may add that to one in an editorial chair, it seems that every young person in the country wishes to be a writer. Every newspaper and magazine office is overwhelmed with articles and applications from people who think that a literary reputation and a fortune lie just at the points of their pens. And so, when we had set down the title to this article, we rejoiced in the thought that more people would feel a personal interest in this subject than in any we might select. Punch's celebrated advice to people about to marry was, "Don't." It is quite as applicable to people about to write, and quite as likely to be followed by them as by the class to whom it was first addressed.

We are constantly asked to advise people in regard to the best way of beginning a literary career, and so we may set down some suggestions for those who wish to write, not having the least thought that they will prove of service to many of the class for whom they are intended; for people who want to write for the press are not apt to take the advice, "Don't," from those whose example so little accords with their precept.

But let us remind you that writing is the poorest of all occupations if considered in the light of the pecuniary returns it brings. We could secure in twenty-four hours a hundred fair writers, many of them people of some experience, by inserting an advertisement in the papers stating that we wanted a man or woman of good abilities to fill an editorial position on a small salary. The trouble is that neither authorship nor journalism is a distinct profession. They are open to every one who has a moderate education. No special training is required, as in law or medicine. People who are lawyers, doctors, teachers, painters, and so on, help to break down the profession of letters by spending their spare hours in authorship. So that, unless a writer has decided ability, authorship or journalism is a beggarly calling. On the other hand, nothing is so rare, nothing so hard to find, as a writer of real gifts. "Will you please criticise my articles, that I may improve?" is a request that comes to us with an article. It is entirely vain. Criticism will help to correct faults. It will not contribute one jot toward giving you ability. No amount of coaxing will bring out writing talent. Editors sit down and wait for it to appear. Somewhere in the current of ten thousand failures there must come a jewel. And when the writer is found, all the weariness of looking over waste-baskets full of manuscript for a year is paid for. For instance, there is nothing so much needed as good short stories. There are not more than a dozen or two of people in the country who can write such stories, and half of these do not do it. There is always a market for a good "single-number" story. But there are no writers of them to be had. Those who can do it are full of engagements, and several of them, to our knowledge, are broken in health by the severity of their toil. And, yet, there does not appear more than one good story-writer in a year.

If you feel that you can write, and that you will willingly make heavy pecuniary sacrifices to write, then hearken to a word of counsel. Do not pluck unripe fruit. In no field does good, generous culture pay so well as in that of writing for the press. No amount of what is commonly called education can fit you for the work of a writer. The rich fields of English literature, old and new, are the pasture grounds to which every young writer should be sent.

Do not hope to be able to write for leading papers before you have learned your

trade. Do not think, because a few partial friends praise you, that you are a great writer. Do not think, because you can write for the *Smithville Gazette*, that your fortune is made. Do not seek a personal interview with an editor, or a letter of introduction. If your article is what he wants, he will be delighted to use it. And for the rest, remember that while writing for the press is a trade that not every one can learn, it is a trade to be learned by practice and study. If the matter is not in you, you can not learn it. But if you have ability, it can be greatly improved by practice and the study of the best models.—*Hearth and Home.*

## "IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE."

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Some years ago, a public man died in the city of New Bedford, among whose memoranda was found a very remarkable poem. It was read at his funeral, and published in the daily prints. It commenced,

"It is told me I must die."

The poem impressed all as a strain of sincere and elevated piety, such as rarely is found. It was evidently written by no ordinary person, and under no ordinary circumstances.

We find the poem in a volume of "English State Trials." It was written by Richard Langhorne, a man of spotless life, and ardent piety, who fell under the ban of popular displeasure, for defending the persecuted Catholics during the religious commotions of the reign of Charles II. He was accused of being connected with the Popish Plot, a plot which never had an existence save in the brain of that miserable imposter and perjurer, Titus Oates. He was one of the several innocent persons against whom Oates bore false testimony, and who lost their lives after mock trials at time of public prejudices and excitement. He was executed July 14th, 1679.

His life had been devout and its end was glorious. Again and again, calling God to witness, he protested his innocence, which was clearly proved but a short time after his death. He appeared to enjoy great disclosures of God's love during his imprisonment, and he went to the scaffold with a serene and stately bearing, as one would go to a royal banquet. His last prayer was, "Blessed Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit; now at this instant take me to Paradise: I am desirous to be with thee." (To the sheriff) "I am ready."

The poem beginning, "It is told me I must die," was written shortly before his execution. It is very long. We give an extract:

I.

It is told me I must die,
O happy news!
Be glad, O my soul
And rejoice in Jesus thy Saviour.
If He intended thy perdition,
Would He have laid down His life for thee?
Would He have called thee with so much love,
And illumined thee with the light of His spirit?

II.

It is told me I must die,
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul,
Behold thy Jesus calls thee!
He prayed for thee upon the cross.
There He extended His arms to receive thee,
There He opened His heart to give thee entrance,
There He gave up His life to purchase life for thee.

III.

It is told me I must die,
O what happiness!
I am going
To the place of my rest,
To the land of the living,
To the haven of security,
To the kingdom of peace,
To the palace of my God
To sit at the table of my king,
To feed on the bread of angels,
To see what eye hath not seen,
To hear what ear hath not heard,
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

IV.

It is told me I must die,
O news of joy!
Let us go, my soul; I am content,
I am willing to die
To see my Jesus,
To love my Jesus,
To bless my Jesus,
And to sing His praise to all eternity.

V.

O my Father,
O Thou best of all fathers,
Come now, in mercy receive Thy child!
I was lost, but by Thy mercy found,
I was dead, but by Thy grace am raised again!

VI.

O Jesus,
The comforter of the afflicted,
The refuge of the oppressed,
The redeemer of the captives,
The hope of the distressed,
Who never drivest any from Thee
Who approach unto Thee with faith, hope and love,
My heart tells Thee
That it burns with a desire to see Thee.
Come, sweet Jesus,
Come quickly,
Draw my soul from this prison,
Recall me from this banishment,
Conduct me to my own dear country,
O how beautiful are Thy tabernacles!
O how admirable is Thy palace!
O what content shall I have with Thee!
Into Thy hands, O Jesus,
I recommend my spirit.

# Young Folks.

## EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

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

(*Continued.*)

### CHAPTER VIII.

Work, work, work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam;
Seam, and gusset and band;
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd
As well as the weary hand.

Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope;
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart—
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.

—***Hood.***

"Mammy, dear, I can make a whole shirt now my own self," said Effie to her mother, as one dull December day they sat sewing together. "If it wasn't so cold I could get on almost as fast as you, mither."

"Aye, aye, my poor bairnie," returned her mother, scarce able to keep back the tears which must not fall lest they spoil her work, or hinder her sewing; "it is cold. What is to become of us all through the lang winter, God only knows."

"Now, don't be down-hearted, mammy; I can help you so much better, we ought to get on nicely."

"My bairnie, I couldna' do without you;" said the mother, tenderly, stopping a moment to pass her hand caressingly over Effie's golden hair, which used to be "grandfaither's" glory and delight. "Just like's your ain mither used to be when she was a bit thing like you," he used to say, as he twined it round his old wrinkled fingers.

Ah! when would the old man see his little sunny-haired Effie again!

"Mammy," again broke in Effie, after another pause, "may I ask Solly to come up to supper to-night? We'll get these two shirts done before six, and then Solly and me can take them home. I like to go along Broadway; somehow it doesn't feel so cold there—the street is so light and the shops look so warm."

"Yes, yes, you may ask the child; indeed it's no' nice for her wi' that old Nance, poor drunken creature; it is a sad sight to see her come staggering as she does up those creaking stairs. She says the drink keeps the cold out; perhaps it does; folks that don't know the temptations o' the poor shouldna' be too hard on them. It's verra hard to be cold and hungry and have no fire and no food, and they do say when they tak' the liquor they don't crave for food, so we must not blame them too much. I only hope that none of mine will ever touch the cursed stuff; it kills body and soul; it's just the ruin of most o' the people in the coort, the cause o' mair than half their misery."

"They say," said Effie, "that the man who keeps the grog-shop across the road takes twice as much money in a day as the baker does."

"I dinna doubt it, child, I dinna doubt it. Solly says the women gie' the whiskey to their very babes to mak' them sleep when they are out working; little wonder they grow up to be drunken men and women."

"Oh! mammy, isn't it awful! I've seen wee ones that could scarce toddle, beg and cry for a sip from the jug their own mothers were drinking from."

"God guard us frae the sin!" said Jeanie, solemnly. "But now run, Effie child, and get us a bit candle frae the grocery, and ask Solly as you come up to come in by-and-by."

Effie was soon off, her little feet pattering down the broken stairs now as fast as Solly's would, for time was very precious; she did not delay a moment even with her friend, but having extorted from her a promise to take supper with them, ran up to her mother.

"Old Nance hasn't come home yet!" she exclaimed, almost out of breath, as she hastened in; "and so Solly says she'll come, no matter how cross the old woman is when she gets home."

"Bairnie, dinna get to speak like Solly;" her mother said, reprovingly, as Effie put the candle on the table; "It grieves me enow for you to be among such without your growing like them."

"I won't, mammy dear, I won't;" and Effie bent over and kissed her mother as she resumed her sewing.

Soon after, the work all finished, was carefully folded up ready to be taken home, and Effie, making her mother sit down for a few moments by the scanty fire she had just lighted, bustled about preparing their simple evening meal. There were no rolls no currant bun to-night; oh! no, they could not be so "stravagant" often, as Solly said; their fare consisted merely of a few potatoes —some stale bread, and two or three slices of bacon which, as a great treat, Effie had got that day. There was a little liquid scarcely worthy of the name of tea in a broken teapot; but that was only for "mammy," Effie always took water—now-a-days she had none but what she melted from any snow at all clean she could collect off the roof or in some sheltered corner. Poor little Effie, no wonder her roses were all gone, her slight form slighter than ever! It had been chiefly on account of the bacon that Solly had been invited to tea, and very soon she came flying into the room, exclaiming,

"I smells somethin' good: allers has something nice when you axes me, Miss Hamilton;" she continued, smacking her lips.

"I'm sorry there isn't more," said Jeanie with true Highland hospitality, as they sat down.

"Why, I think there's an awful pile," rejoined Solly, anxious perhaps to remove any unpleasant feelings from her hostess's mind.

Jeanie said grace and then the meal proceeded, interspersed with merry remarks from the two children, for they were lighthearted in spite of their poverty. When the frugal repast was ended, Effie and Solly set out on their errand, Effie kissing her mother good-bye as she always did. Poor Jeanie never saw her child set off to wend her way through the crowded city streets without a pang; thoughts of the dangers she might meet with filled her mind till her heart was sick with dread; especially did she dislike these evening walks now that winter days had come and the narrow pent-up streets were dark at four o'clock; it seemed so late by seven—so late to send out her little Effie to push her way among crowds of rude boys and bad men; she always felt happier if Solly was with her, for she knew that she could elbow her way through the crush, where Effie would shrink back timidly. But the God in whom Jeanie trusted watched over the little maiden, and shielded her from harm.

It was not long ere the mother heard the children's voices in the passage below; for much as Effie liked to look into the brightly-lighted shop-windows, she never lingered, she knew mammy at home was always anxious about her.

"Now, Solly, we'll have our reading lesson," said Effie, when the two had warmed themselves over the feeble fire which Jeanie had kept slowly burning until their return. The children, however, said that they had run all the way, and only their fingers were very cold.

"I say, it's jolly here," remarked Solly, on her knees before the fire; "Old Yaller won't let me have a fire; she says there's no need till Janawerry; but I'm just going to cheat the old girl, and have you down to supper some night when she's off, and hev a roarin' fire, see if I don't."

For about two months now Solly had been taking lessons in spelling and reading in a pretty picture spelling-book Mrs. Merrit had given Effie, first from Effie and then from Jeanie, who, now that Solly had got on so well, taught the two children together. At first Solly had objected strenuously "to git any larnin;" but after much coaxing from Effie, whom she loved with a devotion almost beautiful to behold in one like her, she was at last persuaded to learn from her little friend, and so much quickness and aptitude did she possess that in a few weeks her knowledge equalled that of her juvenile teacher, so Effie was obliged to hand over her pupil to her mother. Solly did not like the change; but then Effie was to learn with her, so she yielded. The lessons, indeed, were not very irksome, never lasting more than an hour; but that hour Jeanie had to make up by working long after little Effie was asleep on her straw bed. Nor was it every evening the studies could be accomplished; sometimes there was too much work to do, and sometime Nance would be what Solly called "fractious"—though interruptions from these causes grew less frequent as Nance grew to know her neighbors better. Although Jeanie seldom, if ever, entered the lower room, yet she never refused admission to the old woman, who would sit upstairs by the hour talking to her quiet listener, sometimes much to that listener's annoyance; it was a strange fact, that often as old Nance sought Jeanie's room, she never once entered it when under the influence of drink—although that was by no means seldom; the poor creature instinctively shrank from meeting Jeanie's mild reproving eye at such times.

Mrs. Hamilton, with Scottish reserve, never spoke openly to Solly or Nance on religious subjects, though she never omitted a customary act of devotion when they were with her; yet her quiet consistent life spoke volumes to those two ignorant ones; they felt that their neighbor's entire conduct was ruled by motives which never actuated their own; that under all circumstances she acknowledged her trust in that God whom they looked upon merely as some superior being too great and powerful to think of such as they. In Effie's simple prayer—the first she had ever heard—Solly was astonished at the sweet confidence her new friend seemed to place in Him she called "Our Father," and yet there was no undue familiarity, and to Solly it appeared as if indeed that great God was listening to Effie's prayer. The scene awakened new and strange thoughts in the mind of the untaught child, and produced impressions which were never effaced. After all there is not a stronger power in the work of the Lord than that of a consistent Christian life; it often does more good than the most eloquent sermon, the most earnest appeal to the careless or the hardened. And, my dear young readers, even a "child is known by his doing;" none of you are too young or too humble to have some influence; then pray for strength always to use it aright, always so to live that men may "take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus," and seeing how happy His service makes you, may long to possess like precious faith.

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## Chapter IX.

Cold! bitterly cold!
  The moon is bright,
And the snow is white,
  Beautiful to behold;
But the wind is howling
  Like hungry, growling
Wolves on the wintry wold—
  Cold! bitterly cold.

My shawl is ragged and old—
  The hearth deserted and dark,
Gladdened by never a spark:
  And my only light
Is the pitiless white
  That the moonbeams spill
Silvery chill,
  Cruelly—splendidly bright,
This frosty winter's night—
  Cold! bitterly cold!

—*Anon.*

Jeanie and Effie had thought the early December days were cold; but before February was over, it seemed as if they must freeze in the bare, comfortless room, through which the chill winds whistled in spite of its southern aspect. So much did they both suffer that work got behindhand, and starvation seemed staring them in the face. Matters below stairs were little better, though Solly and Nance had been always accustomed to hunger and cold, and did

not feel it as the two poor creatures above them, who could do nothing but sit cowering together with shivering limbs and chatter-ing teeth. More than once would the only means of support of Jeanie and Effie have been taken from them, had not Solly pleaded for them with a few of her curt phrases, which seemed to have some weight with the merchant.

"How could yer sleep easy in yer bed, if yer felt them two lonely critters were lying stark and stiff on their straw, jist because yer wouldn't wait a little till the cold spell's past?" she exclaimed one day as she stood in her rags boldly before the wealthy but grasping employer. "Woudn't thoughts of 'em haunt yer? I tell yer what, if yer want to sleep quietly in yer bed, don't be takin' the bread out of them starvin' critters' mouths; for I tell yer them's mighty good folks, and I'd sooner have their blessings than their curses, if I were you, Mister Hunt, I wud;" and Solly went off, feeling sure her mission was accomplished.

But, thank God, the extreme cold did not last very long; in a few days Jeanie and Effie were at work again, though not without a hint from the merchant that they need not expect such leniency another time. He said he would not have taken them on again, only times had not been very busy, and he had not lost anything by their not working. Jeanie left her employer's shop with a firm resolve, which she carried out next day; it was to delay no longer, but write at once to her father, begging him to send them some little help. Even to look forward to the weeks which must elapse ere an answer could be received, made Jeanie shudder; but she felt much happier as she started off to mail her letter, leaving Effie sewing at home.

While at the post she thought she would ask if there were any letters for her. Much to her surprise one was handed to her, which, as she curiously turned it over, she saw had come all the way from her own dear home. Retreating to a quiet corner, she hastily broke the seal; yet as she did so a pang of dread seemed to strike her breast. "Why, if there was no trouble should the auld folks be writing to her?" Oh! how did she keep from falling as she read the dreadful tidings? Why did not her heart break! Father, mother, both gone—both laid months ago in the quiet kirk-yard, and she—she would never see their faces more!

Bewildered, poor Jeanie leant against the wall, and pressing her hand to her throbbing brow, tried to think—tried to take it all in, to realize that she was left so lonely; that never again (yes, she knew it) would she see that dear old home, the misty mountains or the purple heather; that there was no hope of release now, nothing left for her and Effie but to struggle on with want and poverty! Oh! it was terrible! Once again she read the letter, which a kind neighbor had written, full of sympathy for Jeanie, which was sweet to her afterwards when she could think of it, coming as it did clothed in the quaint contractions and sayings of her native home. It was all too true. The "gude wife" had gone first, cut off by a low fever prevalent in the neighborhood, and in less than a fortnight the "auld man" was laid low, also. Life was to him unbearable without her who had shared his joys and sorrows for more than fifty years, and so he, too, drooped, and soon they slept side by side. And never would Jeanie see even the grassy mound that marked their resting-place; she felt this as she put the letter in her dress and strove to go home to Effie. She walked as one in a dream; the busy crowds seemed to float past her like visions in the quiet night when sleep refuses to woo the weary eyelids.

Effie was still at her sewing when her mother returned, singing softly over her work as she bent close to the dim window, to catch the last gleam of daylight.

"Ah, mammy, I'm so glad that you are come," she exclaimed as the door opened, yet not leaving her work, for the moments were precious. "Mammy dear, is anything the matter?" she cried as her mother sank into a chair; the room was dark and gloomy, so Effie could not see her face.

"Ah! bairnie, bairnie, my heart's just broken," sobbed the poor woman, unable longer to repress her grief. At once Effie left her work and kneeling by her mother, implored her to speak and tell her what grieved her so.

"Ah! child, whatever will become of us? Oh! Effie, faither and mither both dead and gone months ago, and I to never know! Oh, bairnie, bairnie!" and fast flowed the scalding tears over Effie's sunny hair.

"Oh! mammy, where did you hear it? It can't be true, mammy!"

In a voice broken by sobs the mother read the letter which had brought the sad news, and as thoughts of the dear white-haired old grandfather and kind indulgent grandmither came to the child, she, too, wept and mingled her tears with her mother's. Effie was the first to bring back present necessities; perhaps it was better so—but it sounded hard at first to poor Jeanie.

"But, mammy, darling, I must get to my work; I haven't that shirt nearly done."

"Aye, aye, child, we must work now in earnest; you're just right." And with a sort of desperation the poor woman laid aside the hood and the bright plaid shawl which reminded her so forcibly of the lost ones; her mother had made her get it just before she left them, and oh! how thankful she had been for its warmth during the bitter days and nights of the cold American winter; she could not restrain the tears which fell while she folded the article carefully up. But she must not give way; the poor have no time for sorrowing.

Very soon the candle was lighted, and the two at work very silent and sad. By and by Effie crept down stairs to tell Solly not to come to lessons that night, and to impart the sad news from Scotland. Solly expressed herself "real sorry," and yet I fear she secretly indulged a feeling of satisfaction at the thought that now there was slight fear of her losing her little friend. The dread that her mother would some day take her back to her own country, had always oppressed Solly since Effie had told her so much of her old grandfather, and how good he used to be to her.

"Will yer come down and sit with us? must be kinder lonesome with you's to-night."

"Oh! Solly, I couldn't leave mammy you know," answered Effie, with a shocked face.

"Well now, you're a queer un; how much you do think of your mammy to be sure!"

"I should think I did," returned Effie with a smile as she ran off.

"I'd like ter have some un that would love me like that young un loves that pale-faced mammy of hern," said Nance, almost with a sigh.

"Did yer never hev young uns, old girl?"

"Hadn't I? as purty little uns as ever opened their eyes; but bless yer, they always died jist when I began to love them the best."

"Wasn't that a pity now?" said Solly, quite gravely for her.

"Lor, no, I don't think it; what would they have growed up to? A life like their mammy's, allers hungry and thirsty, allers getting more kicks than coppers! Lor, I think they're better where they be. But, I say, I'm getting grumpy; hand us the jug, Sol."

"Now don't to-night, Nance?" said Solly, in a tone that somewhat startled the old woman, but only for a moment.

"You go long; why shouldn't I?" she shouted, and seizing the broken-mouthed pitcher drained its fiery contents at a draught. The stupefying liquor soon sent the poor creature asleep; but Solly sat on, crouching in one corner of the wretched room. Presently she heard footsteps coming down the stairs, and soon after Effie entered.

"Solly," she whispered, afraid of waking Nance, "Mammy says you're to come up to us; we've got a little fire; come up and warm yourself."

With a bound Solly was at the door; suddenly a loud scream sounded up the long dark, passage. Effie shrank back, but Solly said,

"It's only Mol Dean, she's jolly agin; she allers hollers like mad; come along; we'll get up the stairs afore she comes up."

"Oh, I couldn't; I'm so frightened," said Effie, trembling.

The next moment the wretched creature flew past them, dragging after her her torn and ragged dress, her hair streaming, her eyes flashing; with a loud scream she burst into a room a little higher up, and the girls heard her yelling at her terrified children, who tried in vain to hide from her.

"Oh! Solly, isn't it awful! Solly, Solly, promise me, oh, promise that you'll never, never touch a drop," cried Effie, clinging to her friend and lifting up to her the little white, pleading face.

"But I have more'n once," said Solly, honestly.

"Ah! then, Solly, never, never do it again."

"Well, I won't, leastways—"

"No, no, never; do promise me! I love you so, Solly."

"Well, I won't, never;" said Solly, emphatically.

"Oh! I'm so glad;" and pulling down Solly's face to her, Effie kissed it.

This was almost too much for Solly; it was only the second time Effie had shown her such a mark of her love, and it was as much as the poor little creature could do to keep back the tears that for the first time sprung to her eyes.

"What a goose I be!" she muttered to herself; yet held Effie's hand fast as they went up stairs.

Mrs. Hamilton was sitting quietly at her sewing, and if her greeting to Solly was sad it was kind.

"We'll have no lessons the night," she said, "but you might as well be sitting here as down in your own room, child; we're glad to have you."

Solly did not reply; she did not know what to say; she felt as if it would not do to talk loud, as she generally did, when Mrs. Hamilton looked so sad, so she sat on the floor by the smouldering fire as still as a mouse. At length she said in a sort of loud whisper to Effie, who was near her,

"Couldn't I sew them buttons on for yer; I believe I could now; I wish I could help yer."

Mrs. Hamilton looked down at the child with an expression which showed that she was not too much occupied in her own grief to be unmindful of others; then she said quietly,

"Give Solly that coarse shirt, Effie; let her watch you and see if she can sew the buttons on like you; here's a needle and thread."

Solly, delighted, took the garment and with needle in hand bent her eyes on Effie to do like she did. They both laughed at first, at her clumsy efforts; but Solly was very persevering, and after a long while of very slow work, Mrs. Hamilton said the buttons would do very well; then she gave the child a piece of cotton, and Effie showed her how to run and hem. And so amid their own troubles these two strove to aid and help others, and doubtless their own grief lost much of its poignancy as they thought on the woes of those around them.

*(To be continued.)*

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## CHARCOAL'S STORY.

I'm only Charcoal, the blacksmith's dog,
  Ugly and fast growing old;
Lying in sunshine the livelong day,
  By the forge when the nights are cold.
I look across at the little house,
  The door where I used to wait
For a school-boy shout, a merry face,
  To meet me within the gate.

My master, the smith, remembers too,
  I see on his grimy cheek,
As he looks across at the cottage-door,
  A pitiful, tear-drawn streak
He, stooping, lays in a trembling way
  His hand on my lifted head;
I look and whine, but we understand—
  Each thinks of the school-boy dead.

Prince is the tawny and handsome hound
  That comes with the hunting Squire;
Smooth and well-fed with a stable-bed,
  And a place by the kitchen fire.
The Squire is going away, he said;
  He waited an hour to-day,
While my master carefully shod his mare
  In his slow, old-fashioned way.

I heard him say, with an oath or two,
  "Put an end to that sorry cur:
Better buy my Prince, he's a noble beast."
  I heard, but I did not stir;
For I knew I was only a wornout thing,
  Not bright, like the tawny hound,
And felt I would gladly go and die
  On a short, new churchyard mound.

"Well Squire"—the brawny arm rose and fell,
  The sparks from the anvil flew—
"I s'pose the critter that's lying there
  Is not much account to you.
But while I live, and can earn his keep,
  Old Charcoal and I won't part;
For, Squire, I really think sometimes,
  The dog has a human heart.

"My little Jacky—he loved him so—
And Jacky he's gone, you see;
And so it 'pears as if Charcoal knows
That he's more than folks to me."

The Squire is gone with his horse and hound,
And master and I still wait
Together, and side by side go in
At night through the lonely gate.
But by and by one must go alone—
Only one be left of three,
To pass the gate and the cottage door;
Alas! if it should be me!

—*Happy Hours.*

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## DON'T LET THE JONESES KNOW.

I like children's parties, they are so enjoyable and free from formality. I think on the whole they do good, though I have no doubt there is often much foolish pride and vanity shown on those occasions. Some children do not go with the intention of enjoying the fun, but just to show off their fine clothes, etc. I very well remember a party to which I once went; and I should like to tell you about it.

Four of us were invited to this party, and I was the youngest of the four. We were more than usually delighted, because we felt sure to enjoy ourselves.

Mr. Scar was a very kind gentleman, with nice children, and a beautiful large house, so his parties were generally a success. I had never been to his house except in summer-time, but I had heard so much from my brothers and sisters of these "jolly parties," that I was very anxious to go. I remember how impatient we were for papa to give his consent. He gave it readily enough, but a little while after, when we were sitting at tea, he asked suddenly, "But how do you mean to get there?"

"Why, papa," said Albert, my brother, who was about twelve years old, what a queer question! we shall walk of course, easy enough."

"Not so easy as you think, Albert. The roads are shocking after these heavy rains. If you could do it, the girls could not: I shall not think of allowing them."

At this we drew very long faces, and I felt the tears coming in my eyes.

"I'll tell you what," cried Albert, "Mary and I could manage, but Annie and Janie must stay at home; they are too little to go such a long way."

"Oh, no, no, that is too bad," Annie exclaimed, and I joined her in such an eager fashion that kind Mary, who was older than Albert, came to our relief.

"I shall not go without you two, so don't trouble yourselves. Papa we can put on our cloaks and thick shoes, and we shall take no harm."

"I tell you, you will be splashed up to your necks before you get there," said papa, as he rose and left the room.

When he had gone we crowded together, and oh, what a talk we had! Annie and I scolded Albert soundly for daring to propose that we should stay at home.

When papa came in again he called us to him, and told us he had ordered a conveyance to take us, and we must guess what it was.

Of course we thought it would be a cab from the nearest town (which was a long way off), and yet we knew it was unlike papa to go to such an expense as that; but what else could it be, unless indeed he had borrowed some gentleman's carriage? But papa laughed, and said it was neither a cab nor a carriage.

You may just guess our feelings when he told us plainly that it was only old Peter Dean's donkey-cart. At first we could not believe him, but there was no mistaking papa. Albert fired up and declared he would not go to ride in a donkey-cart, and Mary joined him for a time; but Annie and I cried so bitterly, that at length she said, she would go, if we could only persuade Albert.

Now I must tell you before I proceed, that our village was but small, and could only boast of one cab, which had already been bespoken. Most of the gentlemen who lived around kept their carriages or hired them from town, but that was not the case with us. Papa had a large family, and he was not wealthy, so it had generally been our lot to walk. This time papa had ordered otherwise as you know. Well, Annie and I did our very best to coax Albert, but he was very proud about it, and for a long time would not listen to us.

"Why couldn't we have a cab from M—— like any one else?" grumbled he.

"O Albert," said Mary, "just think of the expense: why we might each have a beautiful new white dress for the money it would cost."

"Well, all I can say is, that I'm not going to a grand party in a donkey-cart, and with such a coachman as old Peter."

He laughed scornfully at the bare idea.

However, on the evening before the party-day he consented to go. This was what made him give in. He knew the Scars would be anxious to know why he did not go, and papa would not scruple to tell the real reason. Then Willie Scar, who was a sensible boy, would think him very proud and foolish.

Of course Annie and I were delighted, for we did not think it would be such a degradation as the other two considered it.

After breakfast the next morning Annie and I went to watch old Peter get his little cart ready. He washed it out in the brook at the bottom of the garden, then we helped

him to line it with carpet, and fetched some stools for Albert and Mary to sit on. In the afternoon when we were ready, Peter brought his donkey and cart round to the front door, and we got in amid much laughter and fun from all except Albert, who looked very surly. Then the little donkey stepped out bravely, and we were soon in the village street. There were quite a number of people gathered to watch us, and some remarks were passed that deepened the blush on Mary's cheek, and the frown on Albert's brow; but I cared little, for I was completely hid from view, sitting in the bottom of the cart, with my head on Mary's knee.

When we got farther out into the country, Albert broke the silence by saying, "Now then, you little youngsters, mind you don't blab about this old donkey-cart."

"Of course not."

And really we felt quite offended by being reminded of such a thing.

"I would not mind but for those Joneses," said Albert, "they are such a proud lot, and won't they turn up their noses if they get to know!"

"Never mind, we are better off than they are, after all," returned Mary, "for they have no carriage, so they will have to walk."

"Not they, indeed; they have engaged a carriage from M——; Tom told me so, and I don't see why we could not have had one too."

Mary shook her head at him reprovingly.

The conversation ceased for awhile, then as we drew near our destination Albert told us we were to get out a little distance from the house, so that if any one happened to be looking out of the windows they would not see us. So he alighted at the gate, much to old Peter's disgust, as he wanted to drive up and show off his fine donkey load. Albert said he heard the Joneses' cab coming, so snatching me up in his arms, he rushed up the garden walk, followed quickly by Mary and Annie.

Miss Sear and Willie met us, and the first question was—

"How did you come?"

Albert looked at Mary, who blushing a little, confessed we had ridden in a donkey-cart.

Willie and his sister burst into a merry laugh, but they said it was a capital idea, and much better than walking. Albert and Mary begged they would keep it secret, as every one would not think as they did.

Then we went to take off our shawls and wrappers. As Miss Sear was unpinning my shawl, she said:

"What a good thoughtful papa to think of sending you so nicely! and it was lined with carpet, was it?"

I was delighted to hear her say this, and my spirits quite rose, if they had ever sunk.

On going down to the drawing-room, Mary whispered:

"Now don't let the Joneses know."

In the course of the evening, after having just had a capital game at blind-man's buff, and feeling rather tired, I placed myself in a snug corner to rest, where I could see the others without being disturbed.

While sitting there Kate Jones and a young stranger came and sat down beside me.

I was not pleased, because they were proud girls, and Kate had a disdainful way of speaking to me, as I was two years younger than herself.

She spread out her beautiful pink frock, and carelessly threw out her foot, that I might see the little pink rosette on the white satin slipper.

I felt very shabby next her, in my dark blue merino dress (my Sunday frock, as I called it).

She nodded to me a little stiffly, then went on talking with her friend, who was a pretty fashionably dressed little girl.

I could not help hearing what they said, as they spoke loudly. Now their conversation was very silly and boastful. The stranger said a great deal about "Our house, our carriage, my new bonnet that cost a guinea," and so on. Kate replied in like manner. I could not help looking closely at the stranger, she uttered such wonderful things. I began to think she must be a very grand body, and I thought, "It will never do for me to let them know we came in a donkey-cart."

I would have gone away, but Kate was seated on my dress, and I did not like to ask her to get up, so I was fast. I feared each minute that Kate would want to know how we came, and my heart beat every time "carriage" was mentioned. At last, just as I expected, Kate turned and asked:

"Did you walk through these bad roads?"

"No," I replied, "we rode."

"Oh, indeed," said she much surprised, "then you had a cab from town?"

I blushed, hesitated, and answered, "We had a very nice conveyance, which will call for us to-night."

"Indeed," returned Kate again, much astonished, for it was well-known that we generally walked. I dreaded more questions, and felt very uneasy, for though I had not told a direct falsehood, I knew I was deceiving her. I wished I had spoken the truth straight out, in spite of what Albert and Mary had said.

Just then Willie Sear came holding out his hand.

"Come, Janie, you must join us in this game."

I sprang up gladly, thereby nearly upsetting Kate, and tearing the gathers of my dress. One moment I stayed to apologize,

then I went with him. I was very happy till supper-time, then Willie (the friend of the little ones) took me and another little girl in to supper. He put me at the end of the table, that I might be near his sister. But, unluckily, Kate Jones sat opposite me, so I was not quite comfortable. While we were at supper, old Peter came, and announced himself as the "Grahams' coachman."

He was invited into the kitchen, and enjoyed eating a very good supper. Albert had told him to wait for us at the gate, but the old man was not to be put off in such a manner; he wanted to have a share of the good cheer. One of the servants came to Miss Scar, and said, in my hearing,

"An old man has come for the Grahams; he says he is their coachman, and the carriage is waiting; such a carriage, Miss Scar: it is only a donkey-cart!"

The servants were whispering and tittering, and soon the truth got out. The children at the table told it to one another till all knew.

I blushed till I could blush no longer, and then glanced at Albert's now frowning face. But what was the worst, I heard Kate Jones say to her next neighbor:

"Did you ever hear of such a thing? and that little monkey (meaning me) told me they had a cab from town. The little story-teller!"

Oh, how my blood boiled! I had not said so, but I had certainly led her to believe it, so I was rightly punished. All enjoyment for me was gone, for Kate even told Miss Scar. I was perfectly miserable, Iand wished I could run away. Once I was going to call to Kate across the table, when I heard Tom Jones' voice.

"Albert Graham, may I ask how much your father gave for that pretty little phaeton outside? I should really like to know, so that I might get one like it."

"Will you hold your tongue?" shouted Albert, rising from his seat in a fury, but Willie, who was behind, pressed him down again, and looking sternly at Tom, said:

"I say, Tom, you had better mind what you are about, or you and I'll quarrel; we will have no rudeness here."

No one durst say a word aloud after that.

As soon as supper was over we came away, for papa always made us leave early, often to our sorrow, but to-night, to our great joy. I managed to tell Miss Scar what I had really said to Kate, and begged she would not consider me a story-teller, and I would be careful not to deceive any more. She laughed, and gave me plenty of kisses, then whispered gravely:

"Yes, dear, it is always best to tell the plain truth; besides, love, I don't know what you had to be ashamed of in the nice little donkey and cart."

"But, Miss Scar, we knew they would all laugh at us, so that was why Albert warned me not to tell."

"Well, dear, just think of these words: 'Never be ashamed of anything but sin.'"

I returned her caresses warmly, and felt much easier in my mind. Our ride home was a silent one. I laid my head on Mary's knee, and soon fell asleep. It was a very dark night, but old Peter had a lantern, and walked at the donkey's head. I remember it seemed a long ride, for every time I woke we seemed to be far from home. However, we arrived there safely at last, and tired out, Annie and I crept to bed, leaving the other two busy telling the evening's adventures to mamma.

I have never since forgotten the lesson of that evening:

"Never be ashamed of anything but sin."
—*Christian Weekly.*

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## A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Away, away in the Northland,
  Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
  They cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
  To the sledges when it snows;
And the children look like bears' cubs,
  In their funny, furry clothes.

They tell them a curious story—
  I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson,
  If I tell the tale to you.

Once when the good St. Peter
  Lived in the world below,
And walked about it preaching,
  Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,
  In travelling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
  And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
  For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
  To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
  But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
  Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
  And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
  As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it as thin as a wafer—
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away,"
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good St. Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard, dry wood."

Then she went up through the chimney,
Never speaking a word;
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same;
But all the rest of her clothes were burned,
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees to this very day,
Boring, and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches,
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird, though you live
As selfishly as you can;
But you may be changed to a smaller thing—
A mean and selfish man.

## SOME HOME-MADE FUN.

Potato Pantomimes may be as old as the hills, but I confess not to have heard of or seen them until quite lately. So, perhaps, you have not.

Take a good-sized potato with a smooth skin; cut out nose, eyes, and mouth; twist curled hair into the shape of a wig and whiskers or moustache, and fasten on with pins; then make a hole for the forefinger to go into; this gives the head a throat.

Wrap a bit of cloth, a handkerchief, or what not round the hand, arranging one corner of it round the thumb, and the other around the second finger. Then you have a little man with hands and arms, capable of bowing and moving his head.

Make a screen, let four or five youngsters be behind it, each with their potato characters, and as they say the words of the charade, burlesque, or tragedy, let these potato-men perform. It is capital fun, and beats Punch and Judy out of the field.

Potato-men have amiable dispositions. They are generally friendly, fond of shaking hands, embracing, and nodding their heads cordially at each other. They also have a thoughtful way of rubbing their foreheads that is very funny. Sometimes they fight, I admit, but they don't bang each other all the time as Punch and Judy do. Try them.

## LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER'S CORNER.

### PAPER PILLOW.

Save all your scraps of writing-paper, cast-away copy-books, old envelopes, and backs of notes, etc., etc. Cut them into strips about half an inch wide and two inches long; curl them well with a dull pen-knife. Make a pillow-case of any materials you have; fill it with your curled paper mixed with a few shreds of flannel. Stuff it quite full, sew the end up, and cover it as you please. These pillows are very useful in case of fevers, as they keep continually cool; they are a cheap and good substitute for feather pillows, and any little girl or boy can make them.

### KNITTED MOSS.

Cast on about fifty stitches of light green Berlin wool; slip a stitch on your needle without knitting, and knit the next row. Continue the same until you have finished two skeins of wool, taking care never to knit the first stitch of each line. Then knit on it, in the same manner, two skeins of the next shade of color, and continue this until you have knitted up five shades; join on a rich brown and a faded moss-colored wool, and then cast off. Soak your piece of knitting in water, and have it baked in the oven until it is quite dry; or cover it with paper to preserve the colors, and press it with a hot iron. Let it remain for a few hours untouched. Then unfasten the last stitch, and pull it out. It will unravel easily, from the first stitch of each row not having been knitted, and you will have a good curling imitation of moss for baskets or mat borders.

# MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

## JOHNNY.

By C. Moulton.

1. Johnny shall have a new bonnet, And Johnny shall go to the
2. And here's a leg for a stocking, And here's a foot for a

fair; And Johnny shall have a new rib - bon To
shoe; And he has a kiss for his dad - dy, And

tie up his bonny brown hair. And why may not I love
two for his mammy al - so. And why may not I love

John - ny, And why may not John-ny love me? And
John - ny. And why may not John-ny love me? And

why may not I love John - ny As well as any-bod-y?
why may not I love John - ny As well as any-bod-y?

*8va ........................................loco.*

*tr*

# The Home.

## EXERCISE A NECESSITY.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

Nature allows none of her powers to lie dormant. If we do not use that which she gives us, it is taken away. Especially is this the case with the use of the muscles. We have seen this result in the cramped and paralyzed muscles of the waist, which often cannot even hold the body upright. We have seen, also, how, by rendering the blood impure, it injures every part of the system.

But this is not all. It weakens the action of all the muscles directly. None of them can act with the freedom which they would have if all were free. They are so intimately bound together that if one suffers all the others suffer with it. Bind any animal about the middle so that the muscles there cannot work, and all the other principal muscles must work under restraint. So you set one of these ligatured bodies to walking, and the whole operation is a very constrained affair; the lower limbs move mostly by themselves, and the lay figure slides along very much as if on castors. This gives the characterless gait somewhat peculiar to our American women. The upper part of the figure is still. The ligature about the waist has cut off the sympathy which should exist between the two, and so cheats the walker out of nearly all the benefit to be derived from the exercise. She says that walking hurts her, and in that she is right. Then she desists from walking, and in that she is wrong. She should put herself into proper conditions for walking, and persist in it, though discreetly of course; not to utter exhaustion.

"I cannot walk," said such a lady once, "I have tried it repeatedly."

I glanced at her belt with the watch stuck in it.

"Oh," said she eagerly, "my dress is not tight. The idea is absurd. I cannot wear tight dresses. I had to give them up long ago. They would kill me outright."

"Well, now," I said, "when you walk does it exercise you all over, or only the half of you?"

"Why, my lower limbs, of course," she replied perplexedly.

"Yes, and so you exercise the lower half of your body with exercise intended for the whole of it. Of course it gets overdone and suffers, and the upper half gets none at all."

This brought out an acknowledgment of female weaknesses which she supposed were aggravated by walking, and that was a good and sufficient reason why she should not try to walk. I thought it a good and sufficient reason why she should wear loose clothing, so that the exercise intended for the whole body could have its whole effect. Perhaps it would be better for such suffering women to take a large proportion of their exercise in other ways at first. Croquet, riding and driving might be tried, but nothing will help them much until they dress right. By the time they do this, however, they may be so much broken down that they will be obliged to humor themselves a great deal before they can regain even comfortable health.

American ladies walk very little. For this there are several causes, no one of which, however, exercises more influence than that of tight-dressing. A tightly dressed person cannot enjoy walking. It does not inflate the lungs with the increased quantity of air needed for the increased activity of the system. To promote this there should be a gentle movement of the arms. All untrammelled men and women, and boys and girls, naturally move their arms more or less in walking. It is not needful to swing them like the arms of a steam engine, but a natural movement of this kind will be graceful in persons otherwise graceful. This also gives character to the gait and bearing of the individual, and imparts life and animation.

To promote this, ladies should break up the pernicious fashion of always carrying something in their hands. With a short walking dress the hands would seldom be needed to manage that. With a broad-brimmed hat the face may be shaded enough to make the carrying of a parasol superfluous, except in the hottest part of the day in hot weather. Happily the fashions favor this at the present writing, but whether they will continue to do so by the time it reaches the reader is another question. But when a good thing of that kind comes along, I hold fast to it as long as I can.

Our feet gear also affects our walking. The shoes at present worn are strong and thick soled, and that is well; but if stiff enough to make corns, that mars the pleasure of walking. High heels will also do

that by driving the foot painfully into the forward part of the shoe. Insist on having *all* the heel removed, and then have only one or two thicknesses of leather, or "lifts," put on, quite as wide as the sole and as long as the heel. Then if your shoes are large enough, you will enjoy your walking as you never could with high and narrow heels. Besides, by wearing these unnatural heels we derange the whole basis of our physical structure, and sow the seeds of innumerable ills which we are but just beginning to reap. I know a lovely girl prostrated, perhaps for life, by spinal and nervous complaints caused, her doctor says, by wearing high and narrow heels. If we thwart nature we must pay the penalty.

Ladies (and gentlemen, too, for that matter) are almost as perverse about tight shoes as they are about tight dresses. Shoemaking also is in a very barbarous state. The shoemaker gets his "fit" out of the flesh and bones of his patrons, instead of making an artistic and beautiful article to meet the natural wants of the foot and allow it to work freely and easily. "That's soon said, but it can't be done," said a son of Crispin in reply to such a criticism, and it reminded me of a dressmaker's remark—"You can't expect to have a dress sit smooth when it hangs like a bag!" To her I could triumphantly reply that *I* could make my dresses *hang smooth*, and if I made shoes I believe I should eventually find some way of making them look well and work easily at the same time. Our study in the past has been too much to thwart nature. Our true happiness and efficiency depends largely on our ability to work with her.

Cold feet should never be allowed. The best way to warm them and to keep them warm is by walking, under the best conditions, one of which is that the feet be clad as warmly as the rest of the body. Congress gaiters, or elastics of any kind about the shoe, keep up a constant pressure upon the blood vessels, and impede circulation.

Walking is an exercise adapted to all conditions except those of utter prostration. Every day the walk should be taken, modified somewhat by the weather, but never entirely dispensed with, unless, indeed, other equally valuable out-door exercise, like gardening or riding, may be taken in its place. Active exercise for a purpose is in most cases better than walking for mere walking's sake.

Rambling in the fields and woods, berrying, gathering flowers and botanizing, are among the best forms of exercise for women, next to out-of-door work. Gardening is the best, perhaps, all things considered. It is active, gently exciting, tasteful and available to most women, for very few of those who read these pages are so shut up that they do not have a chance in a court yard at least, however small it may be. And it is surprising to see what can be done in some of our city yards. Some little front yards I have seen, that do not contain more than ten square feet of earth, that are yet perfect masses of luxuriance and bloom. As for back yards, I wonder that any of them are allowed to lie waste when the pale, puny women within are pining for just the vigor which their cultivation would bestow.

Many of our country ladies are beginning to claim their "rights" in the garden. Many years ago a great deal was said about the neglect of farmers to make gardens. This state of things has been greatly improved, but it now begins to appear probable that this department will pass into the hands of the women. It is not, indeed, necessary that they should do the hardest part of the work, but after a while they will be surprised to find how much they can do, and how strong they will become.

Women should also learn to drive and to ride on horseback. I do not know why women "never can go anywhere," without calling off some man from his proper work to harness up and drive for them. It does not require very super-feminine strength to manage a horse. It is the tact, the will-power, that does it mostly, and women can exercise that just as well as men, and they have just as good a right to do so.

If the men would take as much pains to teach their daughters the management of a horse as they do their sons, and if the women would be brave enough and determined to learn, and willing to wear a suitable dress, there would be very little difficulty about the matter.

But what is that dismal sigh? It sounds like the voice of many oppressed sisters sounding up from the subterranean caverns. Let us, in the exuberance of our newly found vigor, turn knight-errant, since the spirit of chivalry is dying out among the men. Yes, here is one in the dark castle of custom, imprisoned at hard labor, not with grated windows, to be sure, but worse yet—windows which do not even admit the sunlight.

"It does very well for you to talk about exercise," she begins, "I have too much of it. I am so tired when my housework is done that I am glad to get a chance to sit down in a chair, to say nothing about walking out for exercise."

Well, housework is certainly good exercise. If the person is properly dressed, so that it can have its natural effect, it is as wholesome a kind of exercise as any one can take within doors. It exercises the whole system, even more thoroughly than walking, and it has also the advantage of a stimulus, and of a peculiarly profitable re-

sult. But as we have intimated, necessity, or an unwise ambition, often lead to overdoing. When that is done, however, it does not help the matter much to sit down, or even to lie down, moping in a close, dark room. Come out into the sunlight. It will give you vigor. Spread down a comfortable under the tree, and rest in good earnest, or take a drive out, that will rest you.

You haven't the time? What absorbs you so? Remodeling an old dress! Why, it looks fresh and good now. It is out of style, you say. And you prefer to do that rather than go out and take the fresh air. Well, then, you must suffer the consequences. You will feel just so tired and exhausted to-morrow. It is not enough to take exercise in the house. You want sunshine and fresh air also, and the little you get in running in and out is not nearly enough.

But perhaps that young mother next door will ride out with her babe. After some little persuasion she consents, but it takes her *a whole hour* to dress herself and her child. The babe is literally loaded down with tucking and embroidery. I remark that it must take a great deal of time to do the sewing for her babe. "Yes, it takes a deal of time to take care of children, anyway," she replies dolefully. Her pale cheeks bear witness to many days of weary stitching and nights of toil. The wailing babe suffers from it too, and will be affected by it all through life, and all the mother gets for it is the transient admiration of the baby's *clothes!* Is it possible that human beings can be so senseless?

I call next on some young ladies, whom I find up to their eyes in ruffling, trimming, dress-making. "Have you been out today?" I inquire. "No, we shall not be able to go out this week. We must finish this dress."

"What a world of work you are putting on it!" "Yes, we just counted up for the fun of the thing. There are one hundred and twenty yards of stitching, besides the basting and other hand work." "And do you sit at this work all day?" "Yes and day after day, too. I declare, the way they make dresses now gives a great deal of work. I shall be glad when the fashion changes." I look at this young woman in amazement, but I presume remonstrance will be thrown away on any one who can thus clank her chains for music.

Fancy work of all kinds takes a great deal of time, cramps a great many lungs, and blinds a great many eyes, and though it produces many pretty things, and cultivates the taste a little, yet they are poor pay for health. The only time it is admissible is when you have really nothing better to do, mostly when talking or visiting, and something is wanted to busy the fingers with. For this it is well to keep some simple trifle on hand. It is very absorbing if we allow it to engross our attention. Beware of it.

The fact is, if we are willing to give up our time to fancy work, or, indeed, to anything else that crowds upon our attention, we that are industriously inclined can find enough to so occupy our fingers that we can easily persuade ourselves we have no time to attend to exercise; but if we keep it in view, and resolutely give it a place among things that must be done, we shall find time to give it some attention. If it is done judiciously, very few things will give us better satisfaction in health, and strength, and pleasure.—*Home and Health.*

## A MODEL FAMILY.

This seems to be a model family—thep have such sensible, *healthy* ideas. Although of the finest intellectual tastes, and possessing abundant means to burden themselves with numerous servants and avoid labor, they only employ two, a man and a woman. Henry, being very intimate with the family, led Mrs. Weston to talk with me of her views, and of her manner of carrying them out. To me they were delightful, from their originality and sense. At the present time, when it seems the "chief end" of almost every woman to do as little as possible, it is refreshing to meet a person holding to the old-fashioned idea of its being right and proper for every woman to do a certain and daily share of manual labor. Mrs. Weston says that the sweeping, dusting, making of beds, and the more delicate of the cookery is always done by herself and daughters, thus leaving the one servant with no more to do than she could easily accomplish by herself, except at times when the house is full of company, and she then employs a woman from the neighborhood to assist the servant.

I asked her if this daily labor were never irksome; she replied that neither she nor her daughters thought of it as a burden, for they knew it was much better for them, than spending all their time in literary and sedentary pursuits. To avoid monotony, and that they may be equally skilled in all branches of domestic labor, each one does a certain kind for one week at a time, and then changes with another. The house showed the most perfect care, that care which only a *lady* can give, for the servant is rare who does her work with the refinement of cleanliness, which a lady employs. Mrs. Weston and her daughters show the good effect of their daily labors in their fine, healthy color, and their straight, well-developed figures. Mr. Weston pursues a simular course with his boys—each one

has his share of daily out-door labor to perform. They all have their regular hours for study. In the evening they always unite in the parlor, and divide the time between music, reading aloud, and games. Mrs. Weston and her daughters do all their sewing, too; but they make a point of keeping it out of the parlor.

They have a sewing-room in the upper part of the house, where a good sewing-machine and other conveniences are always to be found, and there all the mending and making are done during the day-time.—*Herald of Health.*

## A LITTLE JUDICIOUS PRAISE.

No heart is insensible to words of praise, or the kindly smile of approbation; and none are utterly above being affected by censure or blame. Children are particularly sensitive in this respect. Nothing can discourage a child more than a spirit of fault-finding; and perhaps nothing can exert a more baneful influence upon both parent and child. If your little one, throughout the day, has been pleasant and obedient, and you say to him, "My son, you have been good to-day, and it makes me very happy;" and if, with more than a usually affectionate embrace, you say, "Good-night, my dear child," a throb of suppressed feeling fills his breast, and he resolves on always earning this approval. If your son or daughter have accomplished some difficult piece of work, rendering you essential assistance, or have climbed some step in the daily drill of study; or have acquired some new accomplishment, or added grace, or better than all, have gained the victory over some bad habit or besetting sin, acknowledge it, see it, praise them for it. Let them see, by your added tenderness, the deep joy and comfort it gives you. Thus you will create a great incentive to right conduct, and lay a broad foundation for a character which shall be redolent with succulent fruit and fragrant blossoms.—*Phrenological Journal.*

## A BILL OF FARE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

It was a stormy May day without, but the cosiness of Mrs. Dale's parlor does not depend on sunshine. All the blinds were open, and the curtains pinned back, to let in as much light as possible. There were hyacinths in the window and a pot of mignonette; on the table stood a glass of violets. A bright little coke fire burned in the grate. I should premise that I came uninvited. It is a way we have in our town, if a leisure morning or afternoon turns up, to pop into each other's doors, work-basket in hand, with a friendly "May I?"

Mrs. Dale had no idea I was coming until I came, and her dinner, her freshly-crimped morning-cap, and the glass of violets were arranged for her own private delectation, not mine.

The dinner consisted, first of soup.

"How very nice!" I remarked on the first spoonful. "Has it a name? Do tell me all you can about it."

"This saucy little Jack of mine," said Mrs. Dale, laughing, "dubs it 'Squashy-washy.' The cook-book is grander; there it figures as 'Purée of Squash.'"

"Of squash?"

"Yes. I always have—during cold weather at least—soup stock on hand, and soup every day. It is one of my economies. Ann makes the stock once or twice a week, according to circumstances, using all the beef and ham and mutton bones that have collected, the remains of chickens or turkeys, if we happen to have any, the trimmings of chops, scraps of meat, etc. She boils it *slowly* for twenty-four hours, adding water if needful, then sets it away to cool. Next morning the pot presents, first a layer of fat, every particle of which is taken off, and then a firm jelly, which is the stock.

"A portion of this is used every day for the soup. It has, as you perceive, cost so far absolutely nothing. Sometimes Ann thickens with rice, sometimes with shreded vegetables or maccaroni; or, again, grated carrot or mashed potato. At other times, she makes 'Purée' like this, or of green peas, or salsify, or artichokes, or green corn. All are made in pretty much the same way; the vegetable is stewed, strained, and seasoned, a large cup of stock is added, a little flour smoothly stirred in for thickening, and a pint of milk, more or less added just before serving.

Ann now removed the tureen, and brought the dinner, which was a leg of mutton, stuffed and roasted, and two kinds of vegetables. A pretty glass dish of currant-jelly was placed before me. A vase of violets occupied the middle of the table.

"We have taken to stuffed mutton lately," Mrs. Dale remarked. "The children consider it quite a grand dish and a novelty."

"How do you get rid of the bone?"

"Oh! the butcher sees to that. You have only to give the order."

One of the vegetables was rice. It was hot and savory, having been stewed with a little butter, pepper, and salt, after boiling. The other was potato, in tempting brown cones. "Shaped in a glass after being mashed, glazed over with yolk of egg, and browned in the oven," Mrs. Dale explained.

Lastly came the dessert, at sight of which the little ones all rustled in their chairs and were visibly pleased.

"The children have a passion for this

simple delicacy," said Mrs. Dale. "So I treat them to it frequently, especially on dull and rainy days, when school-going seems rather a hardship."

"But what is it?"

"Molasses-toast, or, as the recipe calls it, 'Fritta-Pani.' It is made of slices of bread buttered on *both* sides, and fried in West India molasses. Nothing could be simpler, but as you see, it is very good."

So it was, with a flavor compounded of taffy-candy and gingerbread. Dinner over we returned to the pleasant little parlor.

"By the way," I remarked, "while we are on the subject of food, I wish you would explain your plan of table management to me. How do you arrange, week by week? I have noticed that though your breakfasts and dinners are as simple as mine, they are more varied, and, so to speak, more harmonious. It would be of great use to me to hear about it, and beside I have a friend who wants to know."

"Well," replied Mrs. Dale, smiling, "I don't pretend to be wiser than my neighbors, and I dare say your ways, and your friend's too, are an improvement on mine in many respects. Still, if you wish, I will try to recall our bill of fare for this week, and the whys and wherefore thereof."

"Pray do. That is just what I want."

"To begin with Sunday, then," said Mrs. Dale, after a moment's pause. "We had the regular old-fashioned New-England breakfast of toasted brown-bread and baked beans, the beans baked in an earthen pot, you know, for twelve hours, and eaten warm. They are rather hearty, but the children are so long in church and Sunday-school that they need something substantial.

"One of my mother's rules was a cold dinner on Sunday, and I like to keep it up. Our dinner was cold corned-beef, apple-sauce, baked sweet potatoes, and for dessert a 'Poor man's rice-pudding.' Every thing was prepared the day before except the potatoes, and those Ann put in the oven as soon as she came from church."

"The dinner was very nice, I am sure, except—the truth is, I am discouraged about corned-beef. It is so apt to be salt and stringy."

"Ah! that is because you do not soak it over night."

"Soak it? Before boiling?"

"No. Afterward. Just set the pot aside, hot broth and all, until the next day. It freshens the beef a little, and makes it as tender and delicate as chicken."

"Which piece of beef do you buy?"

"A rump-piece—usually about twelve pounds. I like a supply as a stand-by for Monday and Tuesday.

"Monday's breakfast was an easy one, to favor the washing. Cold beef sliced, stewed potatoes, and graham puffs. For dinner we had soup, mutton chops with mashed potato, and pickled peaches. You see" (laughing), "I had the wash on my mind, so I economized vegetables, and gave the children the peaches instead. The dessert was boiled rice with raisins, and sugar and milk by way of sauce.

"Tuesday's breakfast was a little dish of the faithful beef minced fine with potato, and browned on top. There was also dry toast, and a large tureen of stewed rice. Beef again at dinner, cold, with soup, salad, baked potatoes, and a mince-pie. Mince-pies," continued my friend with a laugh, "are pernicious, though good. I rarely make them, but now and then they come in well to supplement a spare dinner; in fact they are almost a dinner in themselves.

"Wednesday began with the ubiquitous beef, positively its last appearance. This time it figured as 'croquettes,' that is, mince-meat shaped in a glass, glazed with egg, and browned. Stewed potatoes accompanied it, and buckwheat cakes, of which the children are very fond. For dinner we had veal-pigeons."

"What are those?"

"Thin cutlets, spread with stuffing, rolled, tied, and roasted. There were three cooked; so one was left untouched, for next day. The vegetables were boiled potatoes, carrots boiled, sliced, and stewed with a little butter, sweet potatoes boiled, sliced, and stewed with milk. For dessert, a baked custard.

"Thursday was Carrie's birthday. She chose the dinner as a part of the birthday treat—roast chicken, clam soup, and lemon creams. The chicken was for her own benefit; the creams for Georgie's, who is particularly fond of them; and the soup for mine."

"How is that made?"

"A pint of clams are chopped fine, and boiled in a quart of milk and one of water, When tender the whole is thickened slightly with flour, seasoned, strained through a fine sieve, which leaves out all the hard pieces of clam."

"And the lemon creams?"

"Those I make myself. I squeeze a large lemon, and grate the peel, add two teacups and a half of water, and heat it over the fire. While it is heating, I rub two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch smooth, and beat the yolks of three eggs. I then stir the lemon-water gradually into the corn-starch, add the egg, and set it on the fire to thicken gradually, like boiled custard. After it is done, I beat the whites of the eggs stiff and stir them in; then pour into small tumblers or lemonade glasses, and set them in the ice-chest to get very cold.

"They must be delicious! I'll surely try them."

"The chickens," continued Mrs. Dale,

"were large ones. The servants made their dinner of cold veal (I had that in mind, you see). So an entire fowl was left for Friday's dinner: in addition to which I had a *compote* of codfish, made of the fish nicely shred, stewed, and mixed with potato, shaped into a large mound, like plum-pudding, browned in the oven, and covered with egg-sauce. This provided dinner for the servants, who eat no meat on Friday. The dessert was a 'Brown Betty,' as the children call it."

"What is that!"

"A baked pudding made of alternate layers of bread-crumbs and sliced apple, with sugar and cinnamon sprinkled in, and bits of butter on top. It is eaten with a sweet sauce."

"So that finishes the week?"

"Yes. Our breakfast, this morning, was minced chicken—the remains of Thursday—potatoes, and corn-bread. Oh! and yesterday we had poached eggs, rice, and wheat puffs, made after that recipe I gave you."

"How can you remember so well?" I said, admiringly.

"The dinners," she replied, "almost inevitably suggest the next days' breakfasts, and are themselves suggested by the days of the week, or special circumstances, like Carrie's birthday, which was easily recalled. Housekeeping is a sort of mosaic—one thing supplements another. I try always to plan for two or three days together; that tends to economy, and what you call 'harmony,' in table matters. Then, too, I wish the children to have due proportions of the elements that go to make growth; for though it is a mistake to dwell overmuch on the chemical side of food, a thoughtful mind will duly regard it."

And so, ended Mrs. Dale's account of a week's bill of fare.—*Hearth and Home.*

## SELECTED RECIPES.

Pickled Oysters.—Strain them through a colander—save the liquor—and pour water over the oysters to cleanse them thoroughly. When drained, throw them into the liquor, previously brought to a boil and nicely skimmed. As soon as they are scalded, not allowing them to boil, take them up with a skimmer; add to the liquor an equal quantity of good vinegar, with a little mace, cloves, pepper, and unground spices. Scald it and pour it over the oysters. Skim out part of the spices, and leave a few to be served with the oysters.

Chicken Salad.—I use all the meat of a tender chicken, not rejecting the dark part, as some do. An equal weight of celery is the rule, but I seldom use so large a proportion, say two-thirds of celery. For dressing, the yolks of two raw and two hard-boiled eggs, one large tablespoon dry mustard, *stirring in one direction;* add a little sweet oil, stirring constantly until a third of a half-pint bottle is added, the juice of a lemon, then more oil, in all two thirds of a bottle, a little vinegar, a teaspoon or more of salt. This must be made very slowly, and stirred a long time. I have had it so white that it looked like rich cream, and so stiff as to hold the spoon upright in the bowl. It is about perfect for a salad of any kind. I do not mix salad until just before it is to be set upon the table, but the dressing may be made several hours before using if kept covered.

Yeast.—Boil six potatoes without the skins; add six tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one quarter pint of brown sugar. Mash the whole, having poured over the mixture a pint of the water in which the potatoes were boiled, scalding hot. When lukewarm add half a pint of yeast. Excellent for biscuit.

Cod-Fish Balls.—Soak in warm water as much salt cod-fish as is needed, judging by the size of the family. Let it stand in the water all night. In the morning pick out all the bones, press out the water, and chop fine. Boil the potatoes in the skin. When done, peel and mash while hot, twice as much potato as you have fish; mix well together, and moisten with cream or a little new milk, with a great spoonful of butter. Have some well clarified dripping or sweet lard ready in a saucepan. Let it get boiling hot, and then put in the fish balls. They should be made a little more than half an inch thick. Fry a good, clear brown, taking care not to scorch them. One egg well beaten is an improvement.

Soda Biscuit.—Put two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar into one quart of flour; sift both together and rub in thoroughly two great spoonfuls of butter. Put one teaspoonful of soda into a tablespoonful of cold water, and stir till all is dissolved, then put it into a pint of cold water and pour it on the flour. Stir together quickly; if it cannot be rolled out, add a little more flour, but just as little as it is possible to roll out the biscuits with. Cut in shape and bake immediately. The great secret of making good soda biscuit is, to sift the soda with the flour—to have the soda thoroughly dissolved—the dough made as thin and as quickly as possible, and baked immediately.

Steamed Brown Bread.—One cup of Indian meal, two cups of rye, one cup of molasses, two cups of milk, half teaspoonful of soda, the same of salt. Stir well together and steam three hours, taking care that the water does not stop boiling. Add

boiling water as the water boils away. If you wish it hot for breakfast—steam the day before—and in the morning set it in the oven for half an hour to form a good crust.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Cut off the bottom ends of the stalks of any quantity of mushrooms, young or old; but the old black ones, if not decayed or too much worm-eaten, are the best. If not perfectly clean, they must be peeled and washed. Sprinkle over them a generous portion of salt. If you have a prospect of more, the jar may stand for a week or two, until such time as it is convenient to finish them up, adding more salt as more mushrooms are put in. They should be stirred very often, or at least once a day. When you wish to finish them up, bring the whole to a boil, adding allspice and black pepper to your judgment, and more salt if necessary. Now strain without pressing the pulp if you want a clear catsup, but if not particular about this, strain the whole. If mushrooms are scarce with you, the remaining pulp may be kept as a flavoring for gravies, etc. After straining return the catsup to the kettle, and let it simmer for some time and until reduced nearly a half. If not spiced enough, more spice may now be added. I judge of the quality of the article, and if it wants more salt or spice, by simply tasting a little on a spoon.

MUSHROOMS TO FRY.—Remove the skin from full-grown mushrooms. They should not be black or worm-eaten. Put into the pan or spider a small quantity of butter; as soon as it is hot lay in the mushrooms, on which a little pepper and salt should be sprinkled. Give them a fry which will reduce their bulk, when they are done. They may be eaten with meats as a relish, or they are good for luncheon with bread and butter. They are good in whatever style you like to partake of them.

SPICED GRAPES.—To five pounds of grapes and four pounds of sugar, add a pint of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice respectively. Boil slowly until done.

COLD SOAP.—Twenty pounds of grease, twenty-two pounds of potash, three-quaters of a pound of rosin. Select the gray-looking potash, as that which is dark is apt to stain the clothes in washing; put it into the soap-barrel; pour in hot soft water to facilitate its solution; when softened, put in the grease, nicely tried out and strained, reserving two or three pounds to melt the rosin; keep adding hot water until it stirs readily, and when nearly to the top of the barrel, put in the melted rosin and fat. This soap will keep any length of time and be free from insects. For use, a third part of soft water should be added to it.

TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS.—Fruit stains may be removed from linen without in any way injuring the fabric, by rubbing yellow soap on both sides of the stained spots; then wet some starch in cold water to a thick paste and spread over the soap; rub this starch paste into the cloth thoroughly, and expose the linen to sun and air till the stains disappear. If not entirely gone in three or four days, repeat the application. This method is for stains that have been in some days. If taken when fresh-stained there is little trouble in removing them. Hold the stained place over a bowl and pour on *boiling* water; let it filter through slowly—pouring on the water gradually—till the stain disappear. Then lay the article in the hot sun for an hour or two—when it may be washed and ironed—and if the water used is really boiling, and the stain fresh made, not dried in, it requires nothing more.

BROWN SOAP.—The common brown soap is the very best thing with which to stop a mouse or rat hole. If you put a piece of wood in, or fill up with plaster, in a short time it is all out again. But soap they abhor, and if a piece is wedged in they wilt never trouble *that* place again.

SALVE FOR CHAPPED HANDS, ETC.—The following is a well-tested, excellent remedy for chapped hands and sores of this nature. Put together equal weights of fresh unsalted butter, tallow, beeswax, and stoned raisins: simmer until the raisins are done to a crisp, but not burned. Strain and pour in to cups to cool. Rub the hands thoroughly with it, and though they will smart at first they will soon feel comfortable and heal quickly.

CANDIED GINGER.—Grate one ounce of ginger, and put it, with one pound of loaf sugar, beaten fine, into a tossing-pan, with water to dissolve it. Stir well together over a slow fire till the sugar begins to boil; stir in another pound of sugar, beaten fine, and continue stirring it till it is thick. Then take it off the fire, drop it into cakes upon earthen dishes, set them in a warm place to dry; they will be hard and brittle, and look white.

FLAVOR FOR TEA.—To impart a fine flavor to ordinary tea, place rose-leaves in the tea-canister, or add one drop of the otto of roses on a piece of soft paper to every pound of tea, and keep the canister closely covered.

# Literary Notices.

MY WIFE AND I; or Harry Henderson's History. By Mrs. Stowe.

Looked upon as a novel, this latest work of Mrs. Stowe's is a failure. There is in it no plot worth speaking of, and the hero and heroine are desperately uninteresting, and the style and manner of courtship improbable in the extreme. In saying this, however, we, by no means, wish to disparage the book—it is one of Mrs. Stowe's finest efforts. Her idea has evidently been not to make an interesting tale, but to make of the plot a string to hold together her theories and musings on the vexed question of Woman's Rights and true social position. Her mature thoughts on this important and at present all-absorbing subject, are strung as pearls on a necklace, intermingled, however, here and there, with theories on other important questions of the day. The book is unquestionably a live one, and as such will attract great attention, although Harry Henderson is not very interesting company, and though Eva Van Arsdale does make his acquaintance in an omnibus, and, when in love with him, writes letters several columns in length to her friends, expatiating on her hopes and fears in the matter in a way we would scarcely expect from such a very high-minded young lady. Among the side issues of the book, we may notice that one chapter, that which contains Bolton's history, is as powerful a piece of writing in favor of total abstinence as we have ever read. Another, giving Mr. Henderson's experience with New York newspapers, gives a severe blow to the reviewing of books in the publisher's interests, as practised there even by professedly religious sheets. The woman question is, however, the great one of the book, and the following extract illustrates well Mrs. Stowe's peculiar power of looking at a matter on both sides. Harry is conversing with his cousin Caroline, whose position symbolizes that of thousands of single women:—

"But the ideal marriage is the thing to be sought," said I.

"For you, who are born with the right to seek, it *is* the thing to be sought," she said; "for me, who am born to wait till I am sought by exactly the right one, the chances are so infinitesimal that they ought not to be considered; I may have a fortune left me, and die a millionaire; there is no actual impossibility in *that* thing's happening—it is a thing that has happened people who expected it as little as I do—but it would be the height of absurdity to base my calculation upon it; and yet all the arrangements that are made about me and for me, are made on the presumption that I am to marry. I went to Uncle Jacob, and tried to get him to take me through a course of medical study, to fit me for a professional life, and it was impossible to get him to take any serious view of it, or to believe what I said; he seemed really to think I was plotting to upset the Bible and the Constitution, in planning for an independent life."

"After all, Caroline, you must pardon me if I say that it does not seem possible that a woman like you will be allowed—that is you know—you will—well—find somebody—that is, you will be less exacting by and by."

"Exacting! why do you use that word, when I don't exact anything? I am not so very ideal in my tastes, I am only *individual*; I must have in myself a certain feeling towards this possible individual, and I don't find it. In one case certainly I asked myself why I didn't? The man was all he should be, I didn't object to him in the slightest degree as a man; but looked on respecting the marriage relation, he was simply intolerable. It must be that I have no vocation to marry, and yet I want what any live woman wants; I want something of my own; I want a life-work worth doing; I want a home of my own; I want money that I can use as I please, that I can give and withhold, and dispense of as absolutely *mine*, and not another's; and the world seems all arranged so as to hinder my getting it. If a man wants to get an education, there are colleges with rich foundations, where endowments have been heaped up, and a scholarship founded, to enable him to prepare for life at a reasonable expense.

There are no such for women, and their schools, such as they are, infinitely poorer than those given to men, involve double the expense. If you ask a professional man to teach you privately, he laughs at you, compliments you, and sends you away with the feeling that he considers you a silly, crack-brained girl, or perhaps an unsuccessful angler in matrimonial waters; he seems to think that there is no use teaching you, because you will throw down all, and run for the first man that beckons to you. That sort of presumption is insufferable to me."

"Oh, well, Carrie, you know those old doctors, they get a certain jog-trot way of arranging human life; and then men that are happily married are in such bliss, and such women-worshippers, that they cannot make up their mind that anybody they care about should not enter their paradise."

"I do not despise their paradise," said Caroline; "I think everybody most happy that can enter it. I am thankful to see that they can. I am delighted and astonished every day at beholding the bliss and satisfaction with which really nice, pretty girls, take up with the men they do, and I think it all very delightful; but it's rather hard to me that, since I can't have that, I mustn't have anything else."

"After all, Caroline, is not your dissatisfaction with the laws of nature?"

"Not exactly; I won't quarrel with the will that made me a woman, not in my deepest heart. Neither being a woman do I want to be unwomanly. I would not, if I could, do what George Sand did, put on men's clothes and live a man's life. Anything of that sort in a woman is very repulsive and disgusting to me. At the same time I do think that the customs and laws of society might be modified so as to give to women who do not choose to marry, independent position and means of securing home and fortune. Marriage never ought to be entered on as a means of support. It seems to me that our sex are enough weighted by nature, and that therefore all the laws and institutions of society ought to act in just the contrary direction, and tend to hold us up—to widen our way, to encourage our efforts, because we are the weaker party and need it most. The world is now arranged for the strong, and I think it ought to be re-arranged for the weak."

I paused, and pondered all that she had been saying.

"Caroline," I said, "if you might have exactly what you want, what would it have been?"

"In the first place, then, exactly the same education as my brothers. I hear of colleges now, somewhere far out west, where a brother and sister may go through the same course together; that would have suited me. I am impatient of half education. I am by nature very thorough and exact. I want to be sure of doing whatever I undertake as well as it can be done. I don't want to be flattered and petted for pretty ignorance. I don't want to be tolerated in any half way, slovenly work of any kind, because I am a woman. When I have a thorough general education, I then want to make professional studies. I have a great aptitude for medicine. I have a natural turn for the care of the sick, and am now sent for, far and near, as one of the best advisers and watchers in case of sickness. In that profession, I don't doubt I might do great good, be very happy, have a cheerful home of my own, and a pleasant life-work; but I don't want to enter it half taught. I want to be able to do as good work as any man's; to be held to the same account, and receive only what I can fairly win."

"But, Caroline, a man's life includes so much drudgery."

"And does not mine? Do you suppose that the care of all the house and dairy, the oversight of all my father's home affairs, is no drudgery? Much of it is done with my own hands, because no other work than mine can content me. But when we went to school together, it was just so: I worked out problems and made historical investigations. Now all that is laid aside; at least, all my efforts are so hap-hazard and painfully incomplete, that it is discouraging to me."

"But would not your father consent?"

"My father is a man wedded to the past, and set against every change in ideas. I have tried to get his consent to let me go and study, and prepare myself to do something worth doing, but he is perfectly immovable. He says I know more now than half the women, and a great deal too much for my good, and that he cannot spare me. At twenty-one he makes no further claim on any of my brothers; their minority comes to an end at a certain period—mine, never."

We were walking in the moonlight up and down under the trees by the house. Caroline suddenly stopped.

"Cousin," she said, "if you succeed; if you get to be what I hope you will—high in the world, a prosperous editor—speak for the dumb, for us whose lives burn themselves out into white ashes in silence and repression."

"I *will*," I said.

The next day I spoke to my Uncle Jacob of Caroline's desire to study, and said that some way ought to be provided for taking her out of her present confined limits.

He looked at me with a shrewd, quizzical expression, and said, "Providence generally opens a way out for girls as handsome as she is. Caroline is a little restless just

at present, and so is getting some of those modern strong-minded notions into her head. The fact is, that our region is a little too much out of the world; there is nobody around here, probably, that she would think a suitable match for her. The fact is, Caroline ought to visit, and cruise about a little in some of the watering places next summer, and be seen. There are few girls with a finer air, or more sure to make a sensation. I fancy she would soon find the right sphere under other circumstances."

"But does it not occur to you, uncle, that the very idea of going out into the world, seeking to attract and fall into the way of offers of marriage, is one from which such a spirit as Caroline's must revolt? Is there not something essentially unwomanly in it—something humiliating? I know, myself, that she is too proud, too justly self-respecting, to do it. And why should a superior woman be condemned to smother her whole nature, to bind down all her faculties, and *wait* for occupation in a sphere which it is unwomanly to seek directly, and unwomanly to accept when offered to her, unless offered by the one of a thousand for whom she can have a certain feeling?"

"To tell the truth," said my uncle, looking at me again, "I always thought in my heart that Caroline was just the proper person for *you*—just the woman you need—brave, strong, and yet lovely; and I don't see any objection in the way of *your* taking her."

"You talk as if she were a golden apple, that I had nothing to do but reach forth my hand to pick," said I. "Did it never occur to you that I *couldn't* take her if I were to try?"

"Well, I don't know," said Uncle Jacob, looking me over in a manner which indicated a complimentary opinion. "I'm not so sure of that. She's not in the way of seeing many men superior to you."

"And suppose that she were that sort of woman who did not wish to marry at all?" said I.

My uncle looked quizzical, and said, "I doubt the existence of that species."

"It appears to me," said I, "that Caroline is by nature so much more fitted for the life of a scholar than that of an ordinary domestic woman, that nothing but a most absorbing and extraordinary amount of personal affection would ever make the routine of domestic life agreeable to her. She is very fastidious and individual in her tastes, too, and the probabilities of her finding the person whom she could love in this manner are very small. Now it appears to me that the taking for granted that all women, without respect to taste or temperament, must have no sphere or opening for their faculties except domestic life, is as great an absurdity in our modern civilization as the stupid custom of half-civilized nations, by which every son, no matter what his character, is obliged to confine himself to the trade of his father. I should have felt it a hardship to be condemned always to be a shoemaker if my father had been one."

"Nay," said my uncle, "the cases are not parallel. The domestic sphere of wife and mother to which woman is called, is divine and god-like; it is sacred, and solemn, and no woman can go higher than that, and anything else to which she devotes herself, falls infinitely below it."

"Well, then," said I, "let me use another simile. My father was a minister, and I reverence and almost adore the ideal of such a minister and such a ministry as his was. Yet it would be an oppression on me to constrain me to enter into it. I am not adapted to it, or fitted for it. I should make a failure in it, while I might succeed in a lower sphere. Now it seems to me just as no one should enter the ministry as a means of support or worldly position, but wholly from a divine enthusiasm, so no woman should enter marriage for provision, or station, or support; but simply and only for the most purely personal affection. And my theory of life would be, to have society so arranged that indepedent woman shall have every facility for developing her mind and perfecting herself that independent man has, and every opportunity in society for acquiring and holding property, for securing influence, and position, and fame just as man can. If laws are to make any difference between the two sexes, they ought to help, and not to hinder the weaker party. Then, I think a man might feel that his wife came to him from the purest and highest kind of love—not driven to him as a refuge, not compelled to take him as a *dernier resort*, not struggling and striving to bring her mind to him, because she *must* marry somebody,—but choosing him intelligently and freely, because he is *the one* more to her than all the world beside."

"Well," said my uncle, regretfully, "of course I don't want to be a matchmaker, but I did hope that you and Caroline would be so agreed; and I think now that if you would try, you might put these notions out of her head, and put yourself in their place."

"And what if I had tried, and become certain that it was of no use?"

"You don't say she has refused you!" said my uncle, with a start.

"No, indeed!" said I. "Caroline is one of those women whose whole manner keeps off entirely all approaches of that kind. You may rely upon it, uncle, that while she loves me as frankly and truly and honestly as ever sister loved a brother, yet

I am perfectly convinced that it is mainly because I have kept myself clear of any misunderstanding of her noble frankness, or presumption founded upon it. Her love for me is honest comradeship, just such as I might have from a college mate, and there is not the least danger of its sliding into anything else. There may be an Endymion to this Diana, but it certainly won't be Harry Henderson."

"H'm!" said my uncle. "Well, I'm afraid then that she never will marry, and I should be sorry to see a fine woman like Caroline withering into an old maid."

"She certainly will," said I, "unless you and mother stretch forth your hands and give her liberty to seek her destiny in the mode in which nature inclines her. You will never get *her* to go husband-hunting. The mere idea suggested to her of exhibiting her charms in places of resort, in the vague hope of being chosen, would be sufficient to keep her out of society. She has one of those independent natures to which it is just as necessary to happiness that she should make her own way, and just as irksome to depend on others, as it is for most young men. She has a fine philosophic mind, great powers of acquisition, a curiosity for scientific research; and her desire is to fit herself for a physician,—a sphere perfectly womanly, and in which the motherly nature of woman can be most beautifully developed. Now, help her with your knowledge through the introductory stages of study, and use your influence afterward to get her father to give her wider advantages."

"Well, the fact is," said my uncle, "Caroline is a splendid nurse; she has great physical strength and endurance, great courage and presence of mind, and a wonderful power of consoling and comforting sick people. She has borrowed some of my books, and seemed to show a considerable acuteness in her remarks on them. But somehow the idea that a lovely young woman should devote herself to medicine, has seemed to me a great waste, and I never seriously encouraged it."

# Notices.

## OUR NEW SERIAL.

Next month we commence a serial story of great interest, entitled "That Winter." The scene is laid in Canada, and it illustrates the foibles of society in our smaller cities and towns.

Our next number will have, besides the story already mentioned, several special attractions. There will be a Christmas story, by the author of the lively sketch "How we Received Prince Arthur;" an account of a thrilling Skating Adventure, by J. G. Bourinot; and a second paper on Miss Macpherson's work, which is such an important one for Canada, as well as for the children she rescues from misery.

We had hoped to place before our readers this month a sketch of the life of Louis Joseph Papineau, prepared especially for us by a gentleman fully competent for the work, with a portrait; but this is unavoidably postponed to a future number.

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