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No 1

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Oct.

1869

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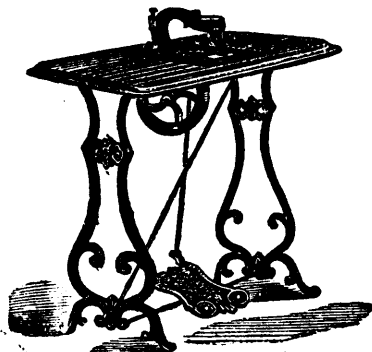
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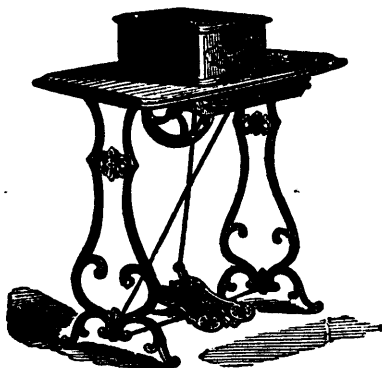
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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1869.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN THE WEST.

BY P. E. BUCKE, OTTAWA.

Who, having once stood on the docks at Sarnia, on a bright autumnal day, can forget the beautiful, greenish waters of that queen of rivers—the St. Clair, as lit up by the setting sun, it flows towards the city of Detroit; or can view unmoved the tiny waves tipped with pearly white, made by the fresh southern wind as it blows upstream; or fail to admire the safe harbor which awaits the storm-tossed craft, running for shelter from the icy northern breeze of the tempestuous Lake Huron.

With this charming river, however, the present sketch has, to tell the truth, not much to do, the object being to give a short description of the wild-fowl shooting on that part of it which divides into several channels, some thirty-five miles below Sarnia.

An excursionist down the St. Clair River to the "Flats" about the middle of October, would be a good deal surprised at the preparations going on there for the destruction of the feathered tribe, so soon as the weather becomes sufficiently cool to admit of the wildfowl being kept in good order for the market.

These Flats begin at the Chenail Ecarté, commonly called the "Snigh Carty," about half a mile below Baby's Point on the Canada shore, and end by bordering on Lake St. Clair about twelve miles lower down the river. They extend over an area of between two and three hundred square miles.

The "Chenail" cuts off Walpole from the main land and makes it an island. This

piece of ground is specially set apart by the Canadian Government for an Indian reserve. It is level and of good quality; wheat, oats, barley, indian corn, buckwheat, and other cereals, may be raised advantageously, as may also fruits of all kinds, especially grapes, apples, and peaches; but it is much to be regretted the red man makes one of the very worst of husbandmen, he does not appear to have sufficient faith in the soil to commit a handful of seed-grain to its keeping in order that he may reap a bushel-full in due season. On this island is erected a neat, brown painted, frame church and parsonage by the Government, as are also the log dwellings for the natives. On the American side of the river, but a little lower down than the head of Walpole, is Hurson's Island; and on the main land is the town of Algonac, having a population of about twelve hundred souls. Hurson's Island, although it has some high land, on which are fine farms and orchards, is principally "Flats" which extend for miles. These Flats consist of low, marshy ground, covered with reeds, sedges, and bulrushes, all on the most gigantic scale. It is not unusual for the inexperienced hunter, led away in hot pursuit of game towards sundown, to get lost in these level prairies; and, if his party are unable to find him by sallying out and firing their guns until he answers, and thus bring him to the camp, he pays the penalty of his eagerness by passing the night on the wet ground or in his punt in the open air, and so succeeds in

catching a "teaser" of a cold which generally drives him from his sport to his more comfortable home; and he may think himself well off, if he escapes being laid up in his bed for two or three weeks. Many persons resort to these Flats to shoot for the Canadian and American markets, of Toronto, Boston, New York, and Detroit, amongst the most successful of whom are the Messrs. Ward & Rennardsons, boatbuilders, of Toronto. In ten weeks, with three guns, in the fall of 1868, they bagged two thousand five hundred birds, mostly ducks, with some geese and an occasional swan. Eagles, hawks, and owls, at this season are in beautiful plumage, and are killed to grace the table of some lady's drawing room, or to be put away on the dusty shelves of some natural history society. Seventy-five birds with one gun, is considered an excellent day's shooting. These sportsmen generally arrive at Hurson's Island about the 15th of October, and proceed to put their boats and other implements in order, which occupies about a week. They make their head-quarters in a scow, which is towed about the main channels as required, so that it may be nearest the best shooting grounds, which vary very considerably according to the state of the wind and weather. On fine days, the ducks move out into the lake; but in rough, stormy weather they retire inland to feed in the quieter pools of water. The scow has a raised cabin containing a small stove, used both for cooking and heating purposes; into this ark they take their decoys, provisions and a large quantity of ammunition. Their punts are about thirteen feet long, built of boards hollowed so that they may not split by bending them to the ribs. These boats are sometimes of cedar, sometimes of pine—cedar being the lightest but pine the less likely to split. They are made of quarter-inch planks, and are covered with copper on the bottom to prevent the ice from cutting them through, as the best shooting is just as the streams are freezing up. It is necessary to have these punts as light as possible, as they have to be hauled sometimes half a mile or more from the main channels, through the marsh, into lagoons of open water.

Almost all kinds of ducks and brent geese are shot over decoys. A great deal, therefore,

depends upon having these artificial birds well shaped, naturally painted, and properly ballasted and anchored, so that they will swing with the wind or current, like a flock of wildfowl feeding. Having secured about eighteen of these "dummies" of the right kind, such as red-heads, black-ducks, mallards, widgeons, bluebills and canvas-backs, it requires some skill and a good knowledge of the inlets to set them in the most advantageous places; they are usually put at the down-stream end of an island, or point of rushes, in which the sportsman secretes himself—the nearest decoys are placed at twenty yards from him—the ducks will sail down towards the outside of his flock, and no good shot will allow them to alight, which they will frequently do at the beginning of the season, before they are much fired at. Where there is not foliage of a sufficient thickness to hide a man and his boat, blinds have to be erected, with splines and rushes, to conceal the hunter from his wary prey. Often, when the punt has to be hauled a distance, only three or four decoys are taken. These are made purposely light and hollow—sometimes of gutta-percha—and, in such cases, the first birds that are killed are set up either with wires or by means of sticks—a few of which are carried on purpose. This stick is run down the duck's neck and through the skin at his crop, and inserted into the mud; and this, with a little practice, can be so successfully done that no one could distinguish whether they are alive or dead without a pretty close inspection.

Ducks are curious birds. If they take a notion to go into a pool, go in they will,—and all the firing in the world will not keep them out, provided the sportsman's cover is good; for so soon as the report dies away, and the smoke clears off, another flock sails in—to the destruction of some of its number. Seventy ducks have been known to be shot in a pool, when in another lying close by only three were killed by an equally skilful sportsman, equally well provided with the necessary appliances.

Sometimes the eggs of the wild ducks are obtained, or the ducklings caught and reared in the barn-yard with the domestic birds. These never attempt to fly or stray away from the home where they are brought

up; and if properly taken care of and tended, they become even tamer than their adopted parents,—coming when called by their master and taking their food out of his hand. These live decoys are very valuable, as their voice as well as appearance will bring birds flying over a great distance to their call. The method of using them is to tie them by the leg to a stake set firmly into the water. These patient birds soon become accustomed to their temporary restraint, and feed and quack about with the greatest indifference and unconcern.

The best hours for shooting are in the morning from daylight until about eight, and in the evening from four until dark, when the birds are flying in to their feeding-grounds; but in stormy weather, when the wind is off the lake, the ducks keep coming in at all hours.

When the shooting commences it is always found best to have three or four parties stationed at various points to keep the ducks moving, and a person in a light outrigger-skiff to drive those that light in the open water, and to pick up the dead birds, as the parties shooting should be exposed as little as possible.

Some parts of the St. Clair Flats, at the proper season, abound in snipe; these birds, however, are seldom disturbed by the pot-hunter, as they are considered too small game, and take too much powder and shot to make it sufficiently profitable to shoot them. A good snipe-shot with a well-trained pointer or setter, knowing the ground could make a very respectable bag.

Not many years ago, prairie hens were killed on both Walpole and Hurson's Island; but of late years they have not been met with. Quail also used to be very plentiful, but it is supposed that the severity of the last few winters has been too much for them and they have quite died out in consequence; heavy snow-drifts often bury and smother a whole bevy; but their worst enemy is the fox.

At the lower end of Hurson's Island are several farm-houses, where sportsmen, who are unprovided with scows or tents, can be accommodated on very reasonable terms. Amongst these we may mention that of a most respectable widow lady, Mrs. East, an Englishwoman from the Lincolnshire fens

Her house is kept with the most scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, and one is sure to be made comfortable. Her son, John, used to be a perfect Nimrod amongst the wildfowl, but of late years his time is too much taken up with agricultural pursuits. He, however, still builds his punts in the winter evenings and takes a great interest in the shooting going on, and, as he knows the Flats well, can give many a hint to the uninitiated. Mr. Fish also keeps a house of entertainment, and opposite to his house is a dock where the steamboats stop if signalled, either on their way up or down. One of the greatest advantages of this place is its easiness of access from all parts of Canada by the Grand Trunk Railway to Sarnia, and thence by the day-boats "Dove," or "Reindeer," to Fish's dock. Sometimes a party charter a small schooner at Sarnia at so much per day, hoist their punts and traps on board, and sail down. A movable establishment at the Flats enables the party to select the best localities, according to the state of the weather &c., and to move about without trouble.

Although this slight sketch is principally about wild-fowl, it ought not to be concluded without a word in behalf of the unfortunate musk-rat, who in years gone by used to build himself a peaceful hut and dwell in safety and security in his marsh; but, the price of all kinds of furs having gone up so enormously of late, a levy has been put on the hides of musk-rats also, and if the present system of wholesale slaughter long prevails—they are now getting scarce—they will eventually become an extinct species. To understand how this destruction goes on, it is necessary to know something of this animal's domestic habits. Having settled upon a spot in the tall reeds where there is plenty of water, the musk-rat builds himself a house of mud and rushes, about four feet high and twelve in circumference. The door is placed under water, but his family apartments are in a dry, snug spot above the water level. Late in the fall the people who cut the wild hay, or graze cattle on the higher portions of the Flats, set fire to the long, rank foliage which burns with tremendous fury for miles in extent, denuding hundreds of acres of their autumnal covering and leaving the ground bare; so that the

tender grass is easily accessible to grazing cattle in the spring, and the farmer's scythe is not impeded by the tangled grass in the harvest season. This burning generally takes place after the first ice has formed, and, the whole country having thus been cleared off, the musk-rats, tenements are easily found, and as soon as the ice is sufficiently strong to bear up the hunter, forth he goes and overthrows the hut of Mr. Rat,—killing as many animals as he can. The rest either dive under the ice and are drowned, or burrow in the snow until the pursuit is over; but on returning to their home they find themselves houseless

for the winter, and perish from cold and starvation; so that if they escape their enemy, man, they either find a watery grave or are frozen to death.

It would not only be a humane act for the legislatures of Canada and the United States to take these unfortunate animals under their special protection, but, as their skins are an article of export, and are also extensively used in both countries, as a matter of commerce they ought to receive that consideration which their case merits; and such wholesale cruelty and wanton slaughter should, by all legal means, be put a stop to.

CANADA TO ENGLAND.

[The following poem had a wide circulation some years ago in a fragmentary shape. We are happy to be able to reproduce it in a more perfect form.—Ed. N. D. M.]

Mother of many prosperous lands,
Thy children in this far-off West,—
Seeing that, vague and undefined,

A cloud comes up to mar our rest,
Fearing that busy tongues, whose speech
Is mischief, may have caused a breach,
And frayed the delicate links which bind
Our people each to each,—
With loving hearts and outstretched hands
Send greeting leal and kind.

Heed not the teachings of a school
Of shallow sophists, who would part
The outlying members of thy rule;
Who fain would lop, with felon stroke,
The branches of our English oak,
And, wronging the great English heart,
Would deem her honor cheaply sold
For higher prices on the mart,
And increased hoard of gold.

What though a many thousand miles
Of boisterous waters ebb and flow
Between us and the favored Isles—
The "involute Isles" which boast thy sway—
No time nor distance can divide
What gentlest bonds have firmest tied;
And this we fain would have you know,
The which let none gainsay.
Nay, rather let the wide world hear,
That we so far are yet so near,
That come what may, in weal or woe,
Our hearts are one this day.

Thus late, when death's cold wings were spread,
And when the nation's eyes were dim,
We also bowed the stricken head,

We, too, the eloquent teardrops shed
In heartfelt grief for *him*,
For, seeing clearer from afar,
We knew his value while he stayed,
Needing not loss to teach his worth;
So, hearing that another star
Was quenched, we checked our Christmas
mirth,
And thought of England's Queen, and prayed—
A nation's heart was in our prayer—
That He who brings the widow aid
Might comfort her despair.

When recent danger threatened near
We nerved our hearts to play our part,
Not making boast, nor feeling fear;
But as the news of insult spread
Were none to dally or to lag;
For all the grand, old, Island spirit,
Which Britain's chivalrous sons inherit,
Was roused, and, as one heart, one head,
We rallied round our flag.

And now as then, unchanged, the same,
Though filling each our separate spheres,
Thy joys, thy griefs, and thy good name
Are ours, and or in good, or ill,
Our pride of race we have not lost,
And aye it is our loftiest boast
That we are Britons still!
And in the gradual lapse of years
We look, that 'neath these distant skies
Another England shall arise—
A noble scion of the old,
Still to herself and lineage true,
And prizing honor more than gold.
This is *our* hope, and as for *you*,
Be just, as you are generous, Mother,
And let not those who rashly speak
Things which they know not, render weak
The ties that bind us to each other.

LAWYERS.

BY R. V. R., JR., KINGSTON.

In the first place, it may be well, to define what is meant by the term "lawyer," which is a generic name including various species, such as attorneys and solicitors, advocates, doctors and proctors, barristers and counsel. No doubt very many definitions have been, and every day are given of this word. The great majority of the community understand by it, a class of men, alas! far too common in this fair province of ours, who are generally to be found seated in an office, which is bedecked with tapestries, spun by the most accomplished artizans of spiderdom, and perfumed with the sweetest scents of musty papers, poring over some work of legal lore, so dull, dry, and prosy, that, in the estimation of most men, its leaves are scarce fit

"To bind a book, to line a box,
Or serve to curl a maiden's locks;"

and surrounded by a heterogeneous mass of papers and documents, (summonses and capiases, rebutters and sur-rebutters), lying in a state of confusion, thrice confounded. Whenever a client enters their chambers, according to popular report, these workers, who are always busy, fearing that Satan might find some mischief for their idle hands to do, look up from their labors most smilingly and with that expression of benignity on their countenance with which a spider surveys a fly, when the latter walks into its parlor and becomes entangled by the cunningly woven net. At stated times these book-worms come out into the sun, and are to be seen rushing about, clad in garments of sombre hue, and neck-tie of lily-white, laden with a bag containing far more law than do their heads, their gown which is always worn *sans* crinoline, and a variable number of documents called briefs, from their oft-times interminable length. Shortly after these public appearances, they may generally be found in the palace of justice, congregated together like the far-famed council of the crows; while alternately

one holds forth to twelve enlightened gentlemen of the jury, on a subject concerning which these worthy twelve know nothing, and care less; at one time, in accents soft and low, and soothing as the gentle murmur of the sea on some pebbly shore; at another, raging and roaring, like the same mighty ocean when its waters are lashed into fury by the tumultuous winds of heaven, or as Serjeant Buzfuz did when he recounted the grievous wrongs, the blighted hopes, the shattered happiness of Mrs. Bardell; or else two of these gentlemen squabble, dispute, and fight, threatening a repetition of the horrible tragedy of the Kilkenny cats, and making the listeners dread lest nothing of them be left save the tails of their gowns.

Such are lawyers, as they appear outwardly to the generality of mankind. Some say that, inwardly, they are full of all uncleanness, the very hot-beds of all that is wicked. That learned divine, Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, who is more celebrated for his wit, than his religion, for his sarcastic, biting remarks, than for his good-will towards men, and who according to all accounts, was not a saint in matters of morality, describes lawyers, as "a society of men bred from their youth in the art of proving, by words, multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid." Lord Macaulay considers a barrister as one who would "with a wig on his head, and a band round his neck, do for a guinea what, without these appendages, he would think it wicked and nefarious to do for an empire; who not merely believing, but knowing a statement to be true, would do all that can be done by sophistry, by rhetoric, by solemn asseveration, by indignant exclamation, by gesture, by play of features, by terrifying one honest witness, by perplexing another, to cause a jury to think that statement false." But then this most fascinating essayist and historian was soured towards the whole profession, because

he had been most unsuccessful in his endeavors to distinguish himself at the bar; for in this life a man seldom feels charitably disposed towards those who succeed where he has failed.

Others who have had a much better opportunity of knowing what lawyers really are, and have not had their mental vision blinded by hatred, or the recollection of disappointed hopes, nor had dust thrown into their eyes by the green-eyed monster jealousy, and view things in their true and proper light, speak of lawyers as the counselors, secretaries, interpreters and servants of justice—the mother and queen of all virtues; the agents of the Judge of all the earth in the administration of right; orators who use the power of their tongue and wit to shame impudence, to protect innocency, to crush oppression, to give liberty to the captives, to succour the afflicted, to advance justice and equity and every good work, and to help them to right who suffer wrong.

Which of these definitions of the lawyer is the more correct one, I will not presume to say, but will leave the matter in the hands of my readers, feeling fully assured and confident that they will exercise charity, and not condemn the whole fraternity of the long robe, merely because one here and another there may have sullied the borders of his garment by trailing it through some dirty case, or tarnished his fair fame by the love of filthy lucre. The few unworthy members in such a numerous profession are like spots on the sun, which do not in the least diminish its brightness and glory, and yet deserve to be mentioned from their singularity.

Why is it that nearly every man, no matter how fragile may be the house in which he lives, at every opportunity casts a stone at the gentlemen of the long robe? why are they a mark at which every one aims a blow? Junius, around whom such an air of mystery has ever hung, and who gave all who crossed his path a stab with the sharp weapons he wielded unseen, says: "If there be any instances, as some there are undoubtedly, of genius and morality united in a lawyer, they are distinguished by their singularity, and operate as exceptions." All know the old proverb, used to denote whatever is hard-hearted and unfeeling:

"As cold as charity in the heart of a lawyer." Many of us, doubtless, have seen that drawing which represents two countrymen struggling for the possession of a cow, one holding on by the head, the other by the caudal extremity, while a sharp-looking lawyer is coolly and profitably drawing away the milk. The remark of one Carey, who wrote a history of England, is to much the same effect. He writes: "If you go to law for a nut, the lawyers will crack it, give each of you half the shell, and chop the kernels themselves." Then again, that large-souled man, that prince of poets, the Bard of Avon, from whom we would have looked for better things, in that play in which he refers to the celebrated insurrection, when the motto emblazoned on the standards of the rebels was the words,

"When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

makes two of the leaders consult together as to their operations in these words:—

"DICK.—The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers.
"CADE.—Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an ancient lamb should be made parchment, that parchment being scribbled on should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say it is the beeswax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and was never my own man since."

But why need I take up any more time with these quotations, showing the unmerited scorn, obliquy, and reproach which has been rained down upon the devoted heads of the members of this profession? Scarce one is found who takes the poor lawyers' part, while nearly all thus violently assail them; verily

"Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues
We write in water."

From the dull and prosy parson, who divides each sermon into half-a-dozen heads, and dismisses his wearied hearers after well nigh an hour's discourse, delivered in a monotonous sing-song, whining voice, with "finally," "lastly," "in conclusion," and "one word before we part,"—yet complains of the slowness and wearisomeness of legal proceedings, of the verboseness and tautology of legal documents, of the dryness and stupidity of legal speeches; to the grocer who, while he mixes sand with his sugar, sells pieces of wood for spicy nutmegs, and waters his whiskey, yet proclaims aloud,

with indignant gestures and bitter tones, the dishonesty of some paltry, pettifogging attorney, and purse-milking law driver. From the learned and solemn-looking physician who charges for his bread-pills as if they were worth their weight in gold, and seems by his bill to consider *aqua pura* the most costly of earthly substances, yet grumbles about the enormous fees of lawyers, and the heavy expenses connected with the administration of justice; to the criminal standing at the bar to receive the just reward of his crimes, and who, although the evidence against him is as clear as the noonday sun, abuses his counsel for not getting him acquitted and set at liberty, to repeat his nefarious actions. These, one and all, forgetful of their own dullness and stupidity, of their own trickery and dishonesty, of their own exorbitant and excessive charges, or hoping that the huge clouds of dust which they raise about their neighbors will hide their own misdeeds—all publish abroad with stentorian voices, and herculean labor and perseverance, that attorneys and solicitors, advocates and doctors, barristers and counsel, are a generation of vipers, from whom every honest man should flee. In this tune every one screeches—on this string every one harps, considering that the noise he makes is as agreeable and fascinating to mankind at large, as were the enchanting sounds which the great Paganini drew from his single-chorded violin.

Yet, notwithstanding all that has been written and said against it, there is no pursuit in life which appears more captivating at a distance, than the law, if we may judge from the great number of young men, who enrol themselves as students thereof, hoping in time to become fully fledged, and earn stations in the temple of fame, as lofty as those occupied by Bacon or Erskine, Brougham or Scarlett. Some of the ignorant uninitiated possess the idea that to become a lawyer is a very easy thing, that nothing is required save a little tin in one's pocket and a good deal of brass in one's face, to eat some dinners and pay some fees. But the case is far otherwise. In the years of hard, hard study, gallons of midnight oil must be consumed; volume upon volume of books written in the most crabbed style, upon the driest of imaginable subjects, and

unrelieved by a single ray of wit, or burst of eloquence, must be perused, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested; quire after quire of foolscap must be covered with copies of pleadings and precedents, the simplest of which a layman can scarce comprehend; day after day, week after week, month after month must roll by around anxious waitings for long delaying clients, till the heart grows sick with hope deferred, ere one becomes worthy to bear the high and lofty name of lawyer. If one would attain to eminence in his profession, he must devote the greater portion of every twenty-four hours to the mastery of the mysteries of the science of law; he must make it his only object of pursuit, he must

“ Make law his study and delight,
Read it by day, and meditate by night;”

it requires the whole man, and must be his north-star by which he must direct his course through life. In the words of Lord Eldon, he must “live like a hermit and work like a horse.”

Although at first sight this profession dazzles the young spectator, still here as elsewhere “distance lends enchantment to the view;” the fancied loveliness diminishes and grows wonderfully less, as one begins to toil painfully and slowly up the hill of knowledge, knocking his shins against the hardest of rules, laws, and principles; oppressed with the load of digests, reports and text-books, and well-nigh suffocated with attempts to pronounce such words as not one in a hundred of ordinary men would venture to try. The keenness of the competition, which alone renders it the most hazardous of professions, and the intellectual drudgery that it involves, induce many to abandon this narrow path, disgusted and disappointed by the sacrifices that it exacts.

No profession offers such high prizes and rewards to successful candidates, as does the law. It is the great avenue to political influence and reputation; its honors are among the most splendid that can be obtained in a free state, and its emoluments and privileges are exhibited as prizes, to be contested freely by all its members. Its annals tell of many individuals who have risen from the lowest

ranks of the people, by fortunate coincidence or by patient labor, to wealth and station, and become the founders of honorable families. Lords Eldon and Stowell were sons of a small coal-dealer at Newcastle; Lord Tenterden, of a barber; Lord Gifford, was a poor clerk to a country solicitor; Lord Langdale, a half-starved surgeon; Sir John Williams, one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, son of a poor horse-dealer; Lord Truro, the son of a laborer, married a cousin of our sovereign lady Queen Victoria; Lord Campbell was for years a reporter; Lord St. Leonards, the son of a barber; Lord Kenyon, a boot-black; Lord Hardwicke, an errand boy; George Canning, the son of a poor strolling player; Lord Thurlow, the son of a poor curate. It was Thurlow who told the Duke of Grafton, who had insolently reproached the chancellor with his plebeian origin, that the noble duke could not look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, in the House of Lords, without seeing some noble peer, who owed his seat to his successful exertions in the profession of the law. He who has recently resigned the premiership of the British empire, was once but an attorney's clerk; and yet, Benjamin Disraeli, as first lord of the treasury, was the actual fountain of all honor; he bestowed the dignity of knighthood, coveted by smaller, and the ribbons deserved by higher followers; on his recommendation, the Queen made this man a baronet, and that man a peer; he selected the highest judges in the land, and was the keeper of the sovereign's conscience; he chose the ecclesiastical head of the Church; he appointed the viceroy of India, the ruler over 150,000,000 of Asiatics. There is not a crowned potentate on the face of the earth, who possesses such splendid and mighty patronage, as was dispensed by Benjamin Disraeli, the prime minister of England, the quondam journalist, novelist, attorney's clerk.

In England, especially, the wealth and the grandeur of the honors that generally attend success, are calculated to attract and dazzle, and the history of many a successful lawyer reads like a fairy tale; under the magic influences of their mighty minds, and eloquent tongues, everything around them turns to gold, as if touched by the hand of

Midas. The income of Lord Eldon, during the six years he was attorney-general, varied from \$50,000 to \$60,000 per annum; and this man, the son of a poor and unknown coal merchant, in the north of England, when first called to the Bar, made a bargain with his wife that, during the following year, all he should receive during the first eleven months, should be his, and whatever he got in the twelfth month should be hers. In the eleven months he got not a single shilling, in the twelfth, half-a-guinea, which he faithfully handed to his wife. Eldon in time became a perfect leviathan in wealth, and when he departed this life, he left to his descendants, the nice little sum of two millions-and-a-half of dollars; and Lord Stowell, his elder brother, left real estate which yielded a rental of \$60,000 per annum, while his personality was sworn under \$1,150,000. Lord Erskine, although the descendant of a long line of noble blood, was first a midshipman in the royal navy, then an ensign in the first regiment of foot, living with his wife on £96 per annum, and at the age of 28, laid aside the sword for the gown, and was called to the Bar. He soon was retained in the celebrated case of Captain Baillie, and that suit made his fortune. He entered Westminster Hall on the morning of that trial in extreme poverty, scarcely knowing where to get the next meal for his family. He left it with, it is said, no less than thirty retainers in his pocket; and from that day his business went on rapidly increasing, until he had an annual income of £12,000, and, finally, took his seat on the Woolsack, and presided over the House of Lords, the most august assembly in Christendom. Sir William Follet, after a few years' practice, left £200,000 behind him, when he "shuffled off this mortal coil." During the railway excitement in England, it is stated that the leader of the parliamentary Bar received 2000 guineas for a single speech; and Sir Charles Wetherell pocketed 7000 guineas, for opposing a bill at the bar of the House of Lords. The salary of the attorney-general is supposed to be £12,000, independent of private practice. In early days the judges, in England, were paid by fees, dues, and allowances, but now the lord chancellor has a certain salary of £10,000, and a retir-

ing pension of £4,000; while the chief-justices, have £8,000, and £7,000 respectively. The archbishop of Canterbury has £15,000.

In Ontario, unfortunately for themselves, but I suppose fortunately for the rest of mankind, lawyers are miserably paid, as compared with what they get in England. When, after toiling night and day for year after year, an aspirant after parliamentary honors arrives at the lofty position of minister of justice for the dominion of Canada, he can only pocket, as his lawful salary, the small sum of \$5,000; while the attorney-general of Ontario, has to be satisfied with the more pitiable sum of \$4,000. The English attorney-general gets four times as many pounds sterling, as our attorney-general gets dollars currency. Then our chancellor, and the chief-justices, receive \$5,000 each, and their travelling expenses while wandering up and down the country, dispensing justice without fear, favor, or affection; and the puisne judges, and vice-chancellors, have \$4,000. The county-court judges have, on a average, £550. Some few lawyers in this country, have made snug little fortunes—some few occasionally have got nice little fees, as for instance, the counsel for the defence in the late Fenian trials, and the celebrated Whalen case; but the great majority of the profession are sadly underpaid, considering that they devote themselves so entirely to the service of justice, and give up everything on her behalf—that they are the fly-wheel which regulates the whole machinery of society—that they are the moral sun, which keeps humanity revolving in its proper course, and without them all civilization would be destroyed, and men would become wild beasts, perpetually preying upon each other, like the gigantic and hideous monsters of primeval days.

Of lawyers, as well as of the members of all other learned professions, it may truly be said that "some are born to greatness, others achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them;" or, as a learned judge once said, some barristers succeed by great talents, some by high connections, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling.

But, mere money, sordid pelf, which is

however an extremely useful and necessary article in the present age of the world, is not the only object after which a lawyer strives. For centuries, the highest honors in every free and enlightened state, have been held by members of this profession; in every nation the helm of the ship of state has, oft-times, been held by the firm hand of a lawyer, and many a time they have safely guided her through shoals and quicksands, storms, and tempests, which threatened speedy destruction. Not to go back to ancient times in the sunny land of Greece, where Demosthenes, by his ability, was raised to the head of the Athenian state, and by his thundering eloquence, caused the king of Macedon to exceedingly quake and tremble; not to speak of Cicero, styled by grateful fellow-citizens, "the father of his country;" but to come to more modern days, and to our own Britain, there we find that for ages lawyers have been the real rulers of the realm,—the mere mention of the names of Bacon, Clarendon, Brougham, Canning, and Disraeli, sufficiently attest this fact. Then in France, the great leaders of that mighty revolution, which shook the world from one extremity to the other, and made every sovereign tremble on his throne, were many of them lawyers. On this continent, the man who, by his wisdom, led the American nation victoriously through that awful struggle, which threatened the utter destruction of that republic,—Abraham Lincoln,—left the practice of this profession in the Far West, for the uneasy and to him fatal White House; and in our own land, many a long day, gentlemen of the long robe, have ruled over us with a mild and genial sway.

By many, lawyers are supposed to have minds small, narrow, cramped, musty and dusty; minds incapable of travelling beyond the beaten track of red-tapeism, and precedents; but a moment's reflection will shew the utter absurdity of this idea. None have ascended so high into the realms of poesy, as have lawyers. None have dugged so deeply into the profundities of philosophy, as have lawyers. None have so successfully wooed the muses, or obtained such lofty stations in the groves of Parnassus. None have so entranced mankind by the magic influences of their eloquence. None have

so ably read the great book of nature, or so fully revealed her hidden mysteries.

In poetry, what names can be mentioned in the same breath with those of the immortal Shakespeare, and the heavenly Milton, two giants of old, whose mighty works have made thousands wiser, happier, and better; have consoled sorrows, assuaged pains, and brightened with gladness eyes grown dim with wakefulness and tears; and which will be read, and re-read, with ever new delight, when generations yet unborn will people this earth, and until the last of Anglo-Saxon blood shall have been gathered to his fathers, and laid in the silent tomb, amid a people as yet unknown. Shakespeare's plays abound with testimony that he was no stranger to the Inns of law, and the rich vein of legal lore and diction, that runs through his writings, has induced many judicious critics to believe that, at some early period of his career, he directed his mind to the study, if not to the practice, of the law. And the great, blind poet of England, passed the happiest days of his life in the Inns of Court. Then, following these two great ones, we have a noble array of poets of no mean renown, who have studied the secrets of this great profession. "The Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott, who, whether we estimate him by the enormous amount of literary work he accomplished, or by the splendor of the fame he achieved, must be reckoned, beyond question, the greatest writer this nineteenth century has yet produced, was a Scotch lawyer. Then we have Lord Macaulay, whose connexion with the legal profession is almost lost sight of in the brilliancy of his literary renown; Sir Thomas Talfourd, who wrote the tragedy of "Ion;" the poet Cowper, who sang so sweetly when'er the dark cloud, that hung so heavily on his mind, was raised by a merciful providence; the clever and witty author of "Rejected Addresses;" Bailey, who wrote the poem of "Festus;" Southey, and a host of minor stars,—a perfect galaxy of splendor, who all cast light, though in different degrees, upon the world of literature, and would all be considered worthy of glory and renown, were they not cast into the shade, by the greater brightness of those I have mentioned.

In philosophy, what name stands so high as that of Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, Lord High Chancellor of England? The fame of that name has been constantly and steadily increasing, ever since the day when he who bore it, died a martyr to science, and, we doubt not, he will be named with reverence to the latest ages, and in the remotest ends of the civilized world. Before him, Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, and all the sages of antiquity, must bow the knee. He first taught mankind to use philosophy for the amelioration of the race, and not as a mere mental arena in which mighty minds contend in vain and empty speculations. Henry Lord Brougham, who, like Bacon, by his learning, perseverance, and energy, raised himself to the Woolsack, was another great teacher of philosophy and science, and one whose labors among the hidden things of nature will long be remembered.

The lawyers who in other, and less exalted, departments of literature, have won for themselves high and lofty places, form a perfect legion. We have Shirley Brookes, the author of the "Gordian Knot," "Aspen Court," and the "Silver Cord;" the inimitable Charles Dickens, the first novelist of the day, supported by "Mr. Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," and his "Great Expectations." Side by side with Dickens, stands Thackeray and the "Book of Snobs;" Warren, who wrote "Ten Thousand a Year;" the late premier of England, the Hon. Benjamin Disraeli; Charles Reade, who came out in "Never Too Late to Mend;" Thomas Hughes whose "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and "Tom Brown at Oxford," delight the heart of every school-boy; Hepworth Dixon and his "Spiritual Wives,"—among the writers of fiction. Then, there is Sir Archibald Alison, and his eighteen volumes of a History of Europe; Thirwall, and his History of Greece; Lord Campbell, Roscoe, Macintosh and Hallam,—among historians.

Then, on this side of the Atlantic, we have, "Sam Slick the Clockmaker," the Blue-nose Chief Justice—who has delighted many with his adventures in disposing of his wooden wares, and enlightened them with his "wise saws;"

Washington Irving, a writer who charms by the poetic graces of his fancy, and the liquid music of his style; and Bryant, the poet. But time and space would fail me, were I to endeavor to recount all those members of the legal profession, who have carved their names high above their fellows in the temple of literature. Enough has been said to prove that there is no department of letters, in which the works of lawyers are not found; no field in which they have not labored; no heights which they have not scaled; no depths which they have not fathomed; nothing is too lofty for them; nothing too lowly; the pen in their hands, like the ponderous sword of Richard the lion-hearted, can cleave asunder the stern, hard facts of philosophy and science, while, like the finely-tempered sabre of Saladin, it can gracefully deal with the light and airy nothings of poesy and fiction.

Nature, ever a bountiful parent to the deserving, has oft-times endowed lawyers with the most powerful tongues, and many of the greatest orators have belonged to this despised but glorious race. In ancient times there were Demosthenes and Cicero; in modern days Edmund Burke occupies the foremost rank as a speaker, and he studied for, though he never practised at, the bar. None ever poured forth such a flood of thought, so many beautiful effusions of lofty and generous sentiment, such exuberant stores of illustration, ornament and apt allusion, all intermingled with the liveliest sallies of wit, and the boldest flights of a sublime imagination. As in the kaleidoscope the same object takes a thousand new shapes and colors under a change of position, so in his mind, and by his glowing words, the most hackneyed theme was, transformed and illuminated, clothed and beautified, with all the radiancy of genius. His speeches on the American question, and on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, electrified the Houses of Parliament, and sent a thrill through every nerve of the British nation, causing the passions of every man to rise, his pulse to quicken, his blood to boil.

Of Lord Chancellor Erskine, juries have declared that, they felt it impossible to remove their looks from him, when he had

rivetted, and as it were, fascinated them by his first glance, and enchained them by the eloquence of his address. So completely did Erskine on one occasion, bear away the minds of a jury by his speech, that they resolved to bring in a verdict for the defendant, his client, with heavy damages to be paid him by the plaintiff.

Curran was another who could turn his audience whither he would by his words; "he delighted a jury by his wit; he turned the court-room into a scene of the broadest farce, by his humor, mimicry or fun; he made it a place of tears, by a tenderness and pathos which subdued every heart; he poured out his invective like a stream of lava, which burnt and scorched and scathed all whom it touched, and inflamed the minds of his countrymen, almost to madness, by the recital of their wrongs."

Of the wit of lawyers I think there can be no doubt; we can scarce take up a newspaper, or glance at a work of light literature, without seeing numerous and laughter-exciting specimens of their puns, their jokes, their witticisms. It were vain to try to give any adequate illustrations, so I regretfully pass on.

Members of this peaceful profession have occasionally been animated by a warlike spirit, and have sought to serve Bellona as well as Justitia. Lord Eldon was one who laid aside the pen and gown for the sword and red-coat. He was one of the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers during the long war. Lord Ellenborough was another of the same corps. It happened, unfortunately for the military character of both of those learned men, that they were turned out of the "awkward squad" for awkwardness. Eldon thought Ellenborough the more awkward of the two, but impartial judges considered it difficult to determine which was the worst. Erskine was at one time colonel of a volunteer corps of lawyers, and performed his duties with credit to himself. But then Erskine was a universal genius, and was fond of boasting that he had been a sailor, soldier, parson (he preached twice to his regiment) and lawyer. He was not, however, much of a farmer, although he applied himself diligently in his latter days to agricultural pursuits. On one occasion, while riding with the Earl of Leicester, and

coming to a finely cultivated field of wheat, Erskine exclaimed in a delighted tone:—"What a beautiful piece of lavender?" Our own lamented Chief Justice Robinson, when the outbreak of war in 1812 summoned all good and loyal Canadians to take up arms for their country and their country's king, abandoned his studies and obtained a commission in the York militia, which he held until the close of the struggle. He commanded number two flank company at the celebrated battle of Queenston Heights. The late Chief Justice McLean was also engaged in that battle, and led on number one flank company. He saved the colors of his regiment in a most gallant manner in the fight at York; was taken prisoner at Lundy's Lane, and remained such until the close of the war. Sir William Grant, one of the most accomplished lawyers that ever presided in an Equity Court at Westminster, was, in early life, Attorney-General of Canada, and, while such, commanded a body of volunteers when Quebec was besieged by the American forces under General Montgomery. Dunning, while Solicitor-General, paid a visit to Prussia. Frederick, hearing of his arrival, and wishing to do honor to such a distinguished personage as the Solicitor-General of England, invited him to one of his reviews, and provided him with a charger for the grand display. When Dunning appeared on the field, the assembled battalions received him with a general salute, banners waving, drums beating, bands playing, and arms clashing and clanging. Dunning, long unused to ride, soon found that he had his master under him—his noble charger delighting in the trumpets and shouting of the soldiery, reared, plunged, pranced, and rushed everywhere with his unwilling rider; and it was not till after a day of terror, in which his cavalry exploits exposed him to frequent laughter, that the Solicitor-General escaped from the din of battles, and, rejoicing to find himself with unfractured bones, resolved never to play the general-officer again.

Lawyers' hearts are not hearts of oak, nor are they as hard as the nether mill-stone; but they are as hard and no harder, as soft and no softer, than those of other men; and oft-times these hearts have been

wounded by the sharp arrows of Cupid, and yielded to the bewitching enchantments of the powerful goddess of love. Like their brother mortals, many and many a time have gentlemen of this profession staked their happiness upon the voice of a single woman

"Whose love was writ in water,
Whose faith was traced on sand."

Some have succumbed to the artillery of the glances of the fair sex when as yet scarce out of their teens; while others have preserved their independence until old and grey-headed, and when just toppling into the grave have had the citadel of their hearts taken with guile by the allurements of some charming enchantress. Some have been blessed with wives who were true helpmeets to them; others have been cursed with those who have marred and blasted all their prospects in life.

"I would compare the multitude of women who are to be chosen for wives unto a bag full of snakes, having among them a single eel. Now, if a man should put his hand into this bag, he may chance to light on the eel, but it is a hundred to one he shall be stung by a snake." Thus wrote, and oft-times spoke, an honest and truthful judge, Sir John More. Sir John's famous son, Sir Thomas More, in his young days, was an extremely pious young man, and considered it a sin to think of love; "and with fasting and cruel discipline he would fain have killed the devil which agitated him whenever he passed a pretty girl in the street." But Venus and Cupid had marked this good young man for their prey, and ere he took a vow which would have prevented him for ever from looking in the face of a daughter of Adam with the softening feelings of love, he knelt to fair Jane Colt—and, rising, kissed her on the lips. Even when urged on by an implacable fate, he had resolved to offer up himself a willing sacrifice on the fiery altar of Hymen, he showed that he was not quite dead to all feelings of right, for he would not condescend to marry for love, but chose his wife in obedience to considerations of compassion and mercy. Loving Jane Colt's younger sister—whose good complexion, sweet conversation, and virtuous education

enticed him not a little—Sir Thomas, like Laban of old, thought it not right to take the younger before the first-born, and, shrinking from the injustice of putting the younger above the elder of the girls, paid his addresses to Miss Jane, and, out of compassion and mercy, married her, and left her fairer and younger sister to some one else. He had, however, his reward. Let young divines and doctors, merchants and tradesmen, who talk of the hardness and depravity of lawyers, ask themselves if they would have acted like this great, good, upright, and pious man.

However, many of the most illustrious lawyers whose names live among those of the honorable of the earth, have been most singularly successful in drawing a snake when they tried their luck in the matrimonial lottery. Sir Edward Coke (famed for his work on Littleton) and Lord Bacon were at one time both in love with the same young damsel—a fair cousin of Bacon's. She, for some reason incomprehensible to every man, preferred the ungracious, peevish, middle-aged widower, Coke, to her cousin, whose comeliness spoke to every eye, and whose wit was extolled by every tongue. Sir Edward many a day deeply regretted his victory over his younger rival. His wife would not even assume his name, but retained that of her first husband; and gave masques and balls in her superb palace, while her husband lived in his chambers, working at cases and writing those books which are still carefully studied by every man who wishes to make himself master of the law. Here, however, we have an example of good arising out of evil. If Sir Edward's wife had been as sweet tempered as she was beautiful, and as kind and gentle as she was wealthy, the learned Chief Justice would, in all probability, have spent more time in pleasure and basking in the sunshine of her company, and fewer hours at his desk—so that suitors in his court would have had less careful decisions, and posterity would have been favored with fewer reports.

Serjeant Hill married a rich old maid, a certain Miss Medlycott. The Serjeant was rather eccentric and very fond of work. When the day arrived which was to see him united to the object of his affections,

(although ladies may be surprised at the fact) he had actually forgotten all about it; and when a band of devoted friends came to look for him, they found him receiving his clients as usual, while his expectant bride had been waiting at the church-door a whole hour. After the nuptial knot was tied, Hill hurried back to his chambers to finish his work. His fair bride obtained a special Act of Parliament to allow her to retain her maiden name, and many a good, jolly row her worthy husband had with her for her persistency in using it. Curiously neat and orderly, Mrs. Hill, or, as she called herself, Mrs. Medlycott, took great pride in the faultlessness of her domestic arrangements, so far as cleanliness and precise order were concerned. To maintain the whiteness of the pipe-clayed steps before the front door of her Bedford Square mansion, was the chief object of her existence; and to gratify her old maidish fancies in this particular, Serjeant Hill used daily to leave his premises by the kitchen steps.

Lord Eldon was more fortunate in his selection, although he was foolish enough to run off with his bride when he was but twenty and she only eighteen. Lady Eldon was extremely beautiful, and so devoted to her husband that she would sit up with him during his midnight studies, watching him with silent affection, and moving about on tip-toe, that she might not disturb the connection of his thoughts. At first this young couple had hard work to make both ends meet, and John Scott doubtless oft repeated to himself the lines of the poet:—

“ Love in itself is very good,
 But 'tis by no means solid food;
 And ere our honeymoon was o'er
 I found we wanted something more.
 This was the cause of all our trouble,
 My income would not carry double.
 We thought, as other fools have done,
 That Hymen's laws had made us one,
 But had forgot that nature, true
 To her own purpose, made us two.
 There were two mouths that daily cried
 At morn and eve to be supplied;
 Though by one vow we were betroth'd
 There were two bodies to be clothed.”

But, however fascinating and agreeable the subject of lawyers' wives may be, I must forbear, and will conclude my feeble attempt to say a few things in defence of this much-

abused race with the words of a quaint old writer, who says, with admirable truth, that an honest lawyer is the "life-guard of our fortunes; the best collateral security for our estate; a trusty pilot to steer one through the dangerous (and oftentimes inevitable) ocean of contention; a true priest of justice, that neither sacrifices to fraud nor covetousness; and in this outdoes those of higher function, that he can make people honest that are sermon-proof. He is one that practises law, so as not to forget the gospel; but always wears a conscience as well as a gown. Though he knows all the criticisms of his faculty, and the niceties of practice, yet he never useth them, unless in a defensive way, to countertermine the plots of knavery, for he affects not the devilish skill of out-baffling right, nor aims at the shameful glory of making a bad cause good; but disdains to grow great by crimes, or build himself a fortune on the spoils of the oppressed, or the ruin of the widow and orphan. He never

studies delays, to the ruin of a family, for the lucre of ten groats, nor by drilling quirks, spins out a suit more lasting than a whole revolution of Saturn, and entailed on the third and fourth generation. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely, casting him into a swoon with frights of a judgment, and then reviving him again with a cordial of writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the wrangle alive as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. In a word, whilst he lives he is the delight of the court, the ornament of the bar, the glory of his profession, the patron of innocency, the upholder of right, the scourge of oppression, the terror of deceit, and the oracle of his country; and when death calls him to the bar of heaven by a *habeas corpus cum causis*, he finds his judge his advocate, non-suits the devil, obtains a release from all his infirmities, and continues still one of the long robe in glory."

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY AILEEN.

Over the splendour of tropical vales
Millions of glittering things,
Glancing, dancing, fluttering,
Flash diamond light from their wings.

Poised at the cup of some regal flower,
A dainty wooer behold,
Wings all trembling with joy as he dives
In its cup of purple and gold.

And now o'er the lily he casts his spell,
And he lulls her to deep repose
With the musical hum of his quivering wings,
And he snatches a kiss as he goes.

From flower to flower the livelong day
See the winged jewel dart,

A delicate, exquisite sense of life
Thrilling his tiny heart.

Thou dainty marvel, I pray thee tell,
Whence and what thou art,
Art thou the rainbow-spirit's form?
Or didst thou spring from the heart

Of a poet, a bright and beautiful thought,
Dipped in his fancy's hues,
To live, like his dreams, amid sunlit flowers,
And to feast on their scented dews?

Sunshine embodied thou seem'st to me,
Lend me thy wings, I pray,
I would be a bright, free thing like thee,
For a day, for a single day.

NEWPORT.

It was on a beautiful morning of the second week of July, that we landed in Newport from the floating palace which had conveyed us thither from New York. Newport harbor is a fine bay, well defended by a strong fort on each side of its narrow entrance, but there was no shipping of any account at its wharves, and no vessels apparently either coming or going, except the lines of steamers from New York and Providence. From this fact, and from the antiquated, quiet, and finished appearance of the business part of the city, we judged that it had long ceased to be a commercial mart. One or two factories indeed we saw, but they were as nothing compared with the magnificent factories of Fall River, a few miles distant. The narrow streets of Newport have as little that is worthy of notice about them as any quiet country town we have seen in the old or new world; and it is not till you reach the upper part of the city, with its park and hotels, that any indications of its importance appear. Being situated on the neck of a sort of pear-shaped peninsula, the distance is short from the bay which forms the harbor to a narrow bay on the other side of the neck, which is the great bathing place of Newport. There is a ridge between the two bays, and on this ridge, for a distance of two or three miles, the villas of wealthy merchants of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities, are built, surrounded by pleasure grounds and gardens tastefully laid out and well kept.

Though Newport has lost its character as a mart of commerce, it has acquired a far greater celebrity as a mart of fashion, flirtation, matrimony, and extravagance; and, a beautiful road about ten miles in length, round the little peninsula, is crowded almost every afternoon of July or August, with perhaps the most brilliant assemblage of company, in stylish vehicles, and with magnificently got-up coachmen

and footmen, that can be seen on this side of the Atlantic. This road is for the greater part of its distance close to the seashore, and fully exposed to the sea breezes, which, in hot weather, are found so refreshing and invigorating; but, unfortunately, it is, like the roads of Montreal, macadamized with limestone, which is half pulverized by friction, so that in dry weather fine dust is lying an inch deep, to be raised in a cloud by each vehicle that passes. When the carriages are so thick that they can scarcely move, and the dust so dense that their occupants can scarcely breathe, or see, the drive is pronounced "delightful." But this exposed beach, which is so delightful for pleasure parties, is not very pleasant for vessels in a storm, for we saw two small ones which had been wrecked on the rocks a week or two previous to our visit. On this fine road one of the conspicuous objects is George Francis Train's house, or round tower, or pagoda,—we do not know how he describes it, as the form is as unique as himself. Together with the lot, however, which is a desirable one, we were told it must have cost him nearly \$100,000, so he must have made money somehow, if not out of the British Government. Another object of interest upon it, is a henery, devoted to the raising of chickens for the breakfast-tables of Newport during its gay season.

Wherever a little sandy bay or inlet is formed on the coast, there are bathing-houses for the convenience of such as wish to enjoy the waves that, even in the calmest weather, roll in from the Atlantic upon this exposed coast. The great bathing-place, however, is, as we have intimated, the bay behind the city, the end of which is admirably adapted for the purpose, being a fine sandy beach, with a continual succession of waves rolling in upon it. There are along this beach scores of bathing-houses, from which the company issue in all sorts of

bathing costumes to plunge about, or swim among the rollers; but for two hours in the middle of the day, it is left to the sole possession of men, who are not, during those hours, required to appear in costume. At the close of this open time for men, a flag is hoisted, and carriages of all sorts begin to arrive with ladies, families, and mixed parties, to enjoy the luxury of the salt water. Bathing here is not, however, free from danger, the undertow, or back water, of the waves being very strong. It is not, therefore, considered safe, for such as cannot swim, to go deeper than the waist; and not very long ago, we were told, two ladies who had ventured farther were drawn outwards into deep water and drowned.

The rocks around this coast are deeply fissured by the action of the waves, and the caves and *canyons* thus made, have received fancy names. One, for instance, is called "Purgatory," probably from the restless boiling and moaning of the waters in it; another is the "Spouting Rock," and so on.

It is, however, in the harbor that the object of greatest interest at the present time is to be seen, at a distance of half a mile or so from the wharf. This is a very small, rocky island called Lime Rock, on which a small plain house is built, with a lantern upon it to serve as a lighthouse. In this house dwells the family of Ida Lewis, consisting of her father, mother, herself, and a younger sister. The father, who is the lighthouse keeper, is very infirm, and the duties of the lighthouse are discharged chiefly by his family. Taking one of the beautiful and tidy little sloops which ply for hire in the harbor, at the reasonable rate of a dollar an hour, (in one of which a party of twenty may enjoy a whole day's sailing or fishing for eight dollars in greenbacks), we reached the rock in a few minutes, ascended a ladder, and in a few steps reached the house. We were welcomed most cordially by the father, mother, and younger sister, but Ida had gone to Providence to sit again for her portrait, which was in such demand that the photographers could not supply enough of copies—a statement, by the way, which we knew to be true, for we had searched for it all through the book and periodical

stores of Newport (three or four in number) without success. On being told that we were from Canada, and had come to pay our respects to Miss Lewis, on account of her services to humanity, the family appeared to be much pleased, and spoke as if among all her very numerous visitors we were the first from that far off land. We were shown all the gifts and testimonials which had been presented to her, and great regret was expressed that she was not at home herself to receive us. The tide having fallen when we were there, and our little sloop being no longer able to reach the landing, the younger sister tripped lightly along the rocks to lower the celebrated black boat to row us out to it, and before going we inspected a fine new white boat, which had been presented to her by the City of Newport.

But why, it may be asked, was it that a modest, unpretending girl in humble life should be visited by so many persons from far and near? Why was she loaded with presents and testimonials! Why could the photographers not supply her portrait in sufficient numbers for the demand? And why do pictorial weeklies give portraits of herself, her home, her family and her boat? Simply because she has rendered very valuable services to humanity in heroically and successfully risking her own life to save the lives of others. Having spent much of her time in her boat, she is a most expert oars-woman, and on that quiet rock she could hear any cry of distress from a long distance. She had thus been privileged, within a few years, to save the lives of several drowning men, but the exploit which brought her most prominently into notice occurred not long ago. This was the saving of two soldiers who were drowning on a rough night in the bay. How she drew one man, let alone two, into her slight boat, without upsetting it, is a problem that only an expert boatman could solve; but certain it is, she, single-handed, saved them both, and thus justly earned for herself the name of the "American Grace Darling." Judging from her photographs, and from her sister, whom she resembles, she possesses no remarkable strength, but is just a quiet, respectable, neatly dressed,

and rather slightly made girl of youthful and prepossessing appearance.

Does it not say something for humanity when such acts as those of Ida Lewis raise an obscure individual to a height of fame, which not one in a million can ever hope to attain in any way?

The only great curiosity about Newport is the remains of a queer, ivy-covered tower, called the "Old Mill," which stands in the Green or Park, near the top of the ridge described. This building, which is a circular tower supported upon graceful arches, has a Moorish appearance, and would excite admiration even were its origin known; but the mystery in which that is enveloped gives it a very special interest. It is said that there is no history or tradition to account for its being there at all; and when it was built, or for what purpose are alike involved in impenetrable obscurity. The only conjecture concerning it is that it was built by the Norsemen who are believed to have visited New England, not only long before the English settled in it, but long before the discovery of America by Columbus. Of course a mystery is invaluable to a watering-place, and it would be a sorrowful day for Newport, if any one were to make a similar explanation concerning the Old Mill to that of Eadie Ochiltree in the "Antiquary," concerning "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle."

The trains between Newport and Boston are very comfortable, as are the steamers between Newport and New York, which are owned and very well managed by James Fisk, junior, of "Erie" celebrity, and which as we have already mentioned are palatial, and in the height of the season are all crowded. This lasts for six or seven weeks; during which the hearts lost, and hands won in that great matrimonial mart, are popularly supposed to be very numerous.

Since writing the above, we find in a leading New York weekly an article on "Newport, Past and Present," from which we make the following extracts concerning this most fashionable of American resorts:—

"Historically, this watering place is one

of deep interest. It is a quaint old town, having had its origin early, and up to nearly the close of the last century was the commercial city of the Union. For many years New York received most of its European and West India goods through this port, and at that time it was the seat of elegance and opulence. Newport was also the resort of fashionable people in summer, during the last century, long before Saratoga was heard of. People from the South, especially from the Carolinas, came to Newport during the summer months, before the Northern people dreamed of it as a watering place.

"Among the quiet, shaded streets, and more populous parts of Newport, many stately old mansions may be seen, the homes of elegant hospitality and eminent worth during the Revolution. The French and British fleets lay off this city for months, and their accomplished officers formed friendships, and even alliances, which made Newport memorable abroad as well as on this side of the Atlantic. The old churchyards, especially Trinity, are full of monuments to eminent men, native and foreign, as it was the birth-place of many distinguished in social, professional, and public life. There are old but spacious mansions now here, where men, illustrious in life, have lived and died, and their memories are most sacredly cherished. Alston, the eminent painter, and Dr. Channing, the great Unitarian preacher, were born here, and Commodore Perry, also a native, has an imposing bronze statue erected to his memory, in the public square.

"Early, many Jews, fleeing from persecution in Spain and elsewhere, made Newport their home. They brought wealth and cultivation, but in process of time, as business decreased, and trade centred elsewhere these people retired, and now, it is said, scarcely a Jew remains in Newport. The synagogue erected through the liberality of Judah Touro of New Orleans, is kept in perfect repair by his legacy, but it is rarely opened for public worship. Near by, projecting into the busy street that retains his name, may be seen an imposing stone entrance to a small but beautiful cemetery, where himself and a few of his

race are buried, but otherwise the Jews have no abiding place here.

‘ The colored people also form nearly a fourth of the population of Newport. When the slave trade was at its fulness at Newport and Bristol, great numbers of the best of this class of unfortunates were retained as

servants in the old families. They and their descendants remain, forming not merely a numerous, but a most respectable class of people in Rhode Island. Many of them are mulattoes, and on Sunday their nice appearance and demeanor in the streets excite the remarks of strangers.”

INSANE FOR A NIGHT.

BY WIZZEY.

There is, probably, no view of human nature more melancholy than that which is exhibited by insanity. The mere contemplation of a fellow-creature bereft of reason is mournful, and inevitably creates in the breasts of all who have a proper appreciation of the heavenly gifts with which man is endowed, not only sympathy for the unfortunate being thus deprived, but a feeling of gratitude for their own happier lot. How sad the spectacle to see what in its perfection is the greatest specimen of nature's handiwork,—the image of its Creator—reduced to the level of the brute in point of intellect, alike incapable of reasoning, and enjoying those blessings created for its especial benefit. Insanity is classified under two heads,—hereditary and temporary. The first is in the faculties governing the mind,—frequently, if not in fact generally, the result of passions and vices engendered in the parental stock, and transmitted to the offspring; the second arises from other causes, in the power of man himself to prevent and destroy. Unrestrained passions and indulgence of vices in a hundred ways, with their concomitant remorse, tend to the latter by the gradual weakening of the brain and intellect, and the ultimate loss of mental power. How strange and unaccountable that, with this knowledge, man should be so often found deliberately pursuing a course so favorable to that end which

he cannot think of but with abhorrence. Yet, such is the fact; the daily chronicle of passing events gives abundant evidence of its truth. How often do we shudder at the instances thus brought before us of the appalling crime of self-destruction, committed in a state of temporary insanity? But, alas! how often is this but a charitable appellation of what is the legitimate effect of a course of sin against every law regulating mental and physical capability. Much might be written on this subject, but this brief reference to it will be sufficient for my purpose in describing my experience of being insane for a night.

It was while yet a youth that, in common with almost all the members of the legal profession of London, of which I was an articulated student, I was looking forward to the “long” vacation,—that delicious period when the law is idle and its learned expositors enjoying, each in his own way, either invigorating recreation or calm repose. The severe work of a busy term and the confinement of city life had already begun to make me feel the necessity of a change; and I was anticipating no small degree of pleasure from my intended visit home at Slough, and the enjoyment of country sports. On the appointed evening I was accompanied to the station by two friends, and finding it yet wanted almost half-an-hour of nine, at which time the train was

to start, we occupied the interval in the refreshment rooms. After a while the time was up and I jumped into the train. Before bidding adieu to my friends I was aware of a peculiar sensation coming over me, which the motion of the train very soon developed into ungovernable impulse, and I had thus become, for the first time in my life, an unfortunate victim of insanity. Although perfectly unable to control myself, I was yet conscious of all that transpired and remember vividly to this day the sad spectacle I made. At one moment I shocked my fellow-passengers with a maniacal laugh out of the window, at the sight of a figure which arrested my attention; at another by a ridiculous gesture, and, once, by putting on the spectacles of an old gentleman who sat near me and then making grimaces of the most provoking kind. This, however, while shockingly offensive was not dangerous, but my movements assumed a more serious aspect when on snatching up a child, and after petting it, I pretended, to the horror of its mother, to throw it out of the window,—a circumstance which was just as likely to happen as not considering my uncontrollable state. My arm was suddenly grasped, and the child taken from me by one of the party, who exclaimed: "Sir! are you mad?" Mad though I really was to all practical purposes, my jollity was by no means disturbed by the remark. Suddenly the appearance of a clergyman who was quietly reading a newspaper struck me as peculiar, and I could not refrain from addressing him as "Old Candlestick," and asking the news; an outrage which, in my proper senses, I should have blushed to contemplate. He eyed me with a look more of pity than contempt as he replied,—"I can make allowance Mr. Smith, (I confess to borrowing a name, for I am ashamed to associate my own with so painful a fact,) for your unfortunate state and heartily pity you." I was unable to see the justice of his remark, and continued to indulge in conduct which, to say the least, was a disgusting outrage of all propriety. Slough was soon reached and my

father was waiting for me at the station. He rushed to meet me with an affectionate greeting, but I observed a change come over his countenance, and his smile gave way to a look of alarm as he beheld the state under which I suffered. He silently led me to the dog-cart in waiting and we drove away. His presence, however, although usually sufficient to produce the most rigid circumspection, failed to keep me quiet now, and as we passed through the streets what with shouting to one and grimacing to another, and finally saluting the figure of a Highlander which served as a sign to a tobacconist's shop, he became perfectly horrified and begged me to keep quiet. On our arrival home I experienced the same sudden change in my mother and sisters, their expression of delight at seeing me being immediately superseded by looks of anguish and disappointment. In my inability to reason I attributed this to an absence of welcome, and almost immediately went to my room full of harsh thoughts of those, whose feelings towards me were in reality those of love. I bitterly reproached them for what I considered an improper reception, and resolved on the morrow to leave what I was satisfied was no longer a home for me, and full of these unnatural and unjust thoughts, I got into bed and fell asleep.

I awoke early the next morning, and though considerably better mentally, yet, physically, I was in a wretched state. My head ached, my tongue was parched, my eyes were bloodshot, my face haggard; I began to reflect on all that had passed since I left London, and then set in a feeling of bitter remorse.

And now, gentle reader, it is time to enlighten you as to the cause of my insanity. It is with shame, therefore, that I confess that, while waiting for the train, I yielded to the solicitations of my friends (?) and for the first and last time I had been drunk, yes, beastly drunk!

Will it be wondered that, from that day to this, not a drop of spirituous liquor has crossed my lips?

SONGS OF LIFE:

A COLLECTION OF POEMS BY EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

BY J. A. HUME. LACOLLE, P. Q.

It is an undoubted fact that writers of all kinds whose fortune, or rather misfortune, it is to be placed on this side of the broad Atlantic, are in many instances regarded with contempt by those whom chance has left on the other; and we think that this feeling is not confined to the old country, but even here a Canadian poet is a subject of scorn and pity; and the works of some of our talented writers, whose genius is freely acknowledged in the neighbouring republic, and whose writings have been admired in the mother country, are shamefully neglected by the mass of Canadian readers. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." We have among us a few in whom the poetic flame burns brightly, and yet who are comparatively but little known. "An age's glory is often hid from itself," says Channing. So were neglected the poets and teachers in all ages, and so must they expect to be neglected. It is the poet's birthright.

Though we resent as slanderous such statements as lately appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," yet we must confess there are some grounds for the supposed inferiority of Canadian writers. This is a new country, and though we have the honors and glories of our fathers' land to look back on with admiration and pride, yet we have the future of our own land to look to. No resting on our laurels for us—our glories are all to win. Who among us can afford to lead the secluded life so sweet to the poetic soul? There is work, ample work, for all, and no room for idlers.

But, amid the din and bustle, we are occasionally called to stop and admire some work of more than usual merit, by a Canadian poet. Thus, we have admired the works of Heavysege, of Sangster, of

LeMoine, and of Reade; and thus are we now called to admire the works of the Rev. Edward Hartley Dewart.

Mr. Dewart has already contributed to the literature of Canada. Besides his "Canadian Poets," he is the author of several religious pamphlets, and also a welcome contributor to the Poet's Corner of some of our most prominent newspapers, so that he has more than a Pickwickian celebrity. "Mr. Snodgrass," says the talented author of "Pickwick Papers," "being occasionally abstracted and melancholy, is to this day reputed a great poet among his friends, although we do not find that he has written anything to encourage that belief." "There are," adds the caustic author, "many characters, literary, philosophical, and otherwise, who hold a high reputation on a similar tenure." Although Mr. Dewart is reported to be absent-minded and somewhat eccentric, yet we think he has given stronger proofs than these of uncommon genius. Still, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment on reading, for the first time, the book before us—carelessly read, it is true—but we were then struck with the absence of any prominent piece, or even passage, that might show the evidence of a master mind. It is, thought we, another addition to the countless array of inferior, unread books.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book altho' there's nothing in't."

But reading it over more carefully, we felt convinced that our first judgment was much too severe. Though no piece or poem of a very superior class could be found, yet the whole book was free from the ordinary blemishes or imperfections. If there were none which justice could place in the fore-

most rank, neither were there any very inferior grade.

In the preface of his work, Mr. Dewart says:—"Much poetry that is highly lauded by critics, and which unquestionably reveals power and subtlety of thought, can never be apprehended by a great mass of readers who know no standard of excellence but the degree in which the sentiments of a writer come home to their hearts as beautiful and true.

* * * * *

"Like planets that reflect the light of the sun with a subdued lustre, minor bards may be allowed to stand as interpreters to the many of kingly minds who dwell in the inaccessible eyries of thought."

We cannot endorse this sentiment. The greatest poets have, in all ages, been those whose burning words have come from the heart straight to the heart; and the greatest writers are the simplest, and need no interpreters.

Dr. Samuel Johnson is upheld by critics as the most profound of writers. Daniel Defoe is placed on the opposite pinnacle as the most simple; yet "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," lies neglected on the shelf, few men attempting the tiresome job of wading through it, and those who do are wearied by the pomposity of its style, and disgusted by its gloomy attempts to inculcate impossible virtues. "Robinson Crusoe" is found on every table, a household treasure indeed. Its beautiful lessons of persevering trust, and modest self-reliance, sink deep in the mind, never to be forgotten in the after struggles and difficulties of life. The one requires an interpreter—the other speaks to the heart. Which, we would ask Mr. Dewart, has the best claim to be classed among the "kingly minds?" But even were it so, we cannot admit of Mr. Dewart's claim to the office of interpreter. We think that in some cases the original

would have been as well understood. Let the reader compare the poem "A Noble Man's Grave," with "Gray's Elegy." We subjoin one verse as an example:—

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear—
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.
—GRAY

His life was earnest, manly, and sincere,
In death no faithless fears his soul betrayed;
Warm, honest hearts, with many a gushing tear,
In this lone spot his mortal relics laid.
—DEWART.

Mr. Dewart's poems throughout exhibit a strong religious fervor, and though they lack the deep, spiritual earnestness of Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Trust," or the gracefulness of thought that characterizes the hymns of Keble, yet some of them are noted for an earnest thoughtfulness, such as the one which we copy, entitled, "Lead Thou Me On":—

Lead Thou me on, my path is steep,
Beset with foes I cannot see—
Father, Thy child in safety keep.
My strength is all from Thee.

When clouds and darkness round me close,
And fierce temptations sorely press,
Hold Thou my hand; repel my foes;
With calm endurance bless.

Forgive my weak, distrustful fears;
Let thankful love my portion be,
Till safe from conflicts, doubts, and tears,
I rest above with Thee.

It is unnecessary to give any further extracts from the work before us. We cordially invite all our readers to judge for themselves. The book is well bound, and well worth reading, and, more than that, well worth keeping. Mr. Dewart partly promises another work at some future time. We hope he will be enabled to carry out this intention, and we wish him every success in it.

IN THE LADIES' GALLERY.

BY I. V. GREEN.

However often we may hear of places or things,—however many historical associations we may have connected with them, our conceptions of them, so long as we know them by hearsay only, remain vague and visionary. They are no more than ideas. Even pictures have no very distinct impression. Once seen, however, a thing becomes a reality, always to be mentally referred to as such in after life. This is the great advantage of travelling. It is a good plan, I think, before going to see a place for the first time, to call up our preconceived ideas, vague though they may be, and find out exactly what our impressions and expectations are, for it will be interesting afterwards to compare them with the reality, and it is impossible then to remember what we expected unless our ideas were distinct beforehand. My impressions of the British House of Commons were derived chiefly from our own Canadian Parliament, corrected in many points, of course, by information picked up in various quarters, but still in some things different from what I found to be the reality.

"Big Ben" was tolling six o'clock when, in an evening of May last, we reached Westminster Hall, so rich in historic associations. Passing up the steps at the farther end, and turning to the left, we enter St. Stephen's Hall, built on the site of the ancient St. Stephen's Chapel, which was occupied for centuries by the House of Commons. Through the lofty Central Hall and the Commons corridor, we reach that celebrated place, the "Lobby." Who has not heard of the Lobby of the House of Commons, and the business that is transacted there? Truly it is a very busy place. We cross the door leading into the House on the opposite side, and send in for the member who is to admit us. No letter or message of any kind is allowed, only the visitor's

card with the member's name written upon it. This the door-keeper takes in, bidding us stand away from the doorway; so we fall back into line with others who are waiting like ourselves.

We have now plenty of time to look about us. The Lobby is a square room about forty-five feet each way, with a door in each side. The floor is laid with tiles, some of them bearing the letters, V. R. Bands of black marble, crossing from side to side, enclose the inscriptions: "Fear God, Honor the Queen;" "In the multitude of Counsellors is Safety," and "Without Counsel the People Fall." But it is not easy to make them out for the many feet that are continually passing over them. On each side of the door leading into the House is a row of strangers, extending half-way across the Lobby. These are all waiting, each one watching the door for the member he wishes to see. If one, too impatient, takes a step in front of the line, a policeman at once orders him into his place again. Beyond these are groups of members and their friends, whose tongues are very busy on one subject or another. Here, a member explaining to an anxious constituent, presumably, some clause of a bill in which he is interested; there, two or three members laughing and joking with each other; and in another place, a very young member with a red rose in his buttonhole talking to a friend. Now and then a party of ladies pass through on their way to the gallery. The doors are continually swinging with members going in and out of the House, tantalizing exceedingly those who are waiting. Now appears one of the people's representatives with a strong-box in his hand. Then a gentleman in wig and gown hurries through with a bunch of papers. Then one comes out with a card in his hand and asks the

door-keeper to point out the owner thereof. The door-keeper looks round, and, if he does not see the applicant, or has forgotten who it was, he calls, "Who wants Mr. So-and-So?" Immediately two or three policemen in different parts of the Lobby repeat the call, "Who wants Mr. So-and-So?" and the lucky man who answers the summons is envied by all his fellow waiters.

The clocks—there are several in the lobby—point to twenty minutes to seven, before our member makes his appearance. Following his lead through one of the side doors, we walk along a corridor half-way round the house, and ascending a stair, find ourselves after many turnings, in the Ladies' Gallery. The approach to it is indicated by placards posted at short intervals, inscribed "Silence is Requested." The gallery is divided into several parts. That into which we are ushered is above the Speaker on the left hand side, and may seat eight ladies in the front row, the space behind being worth nothing as far as seeing or hearing is concerned, unless the opposite gallery be an attraction. Here we must be left alone. Happy those ladies who have friends among the members to come and give them information concerning the various speakers, for members are privileged to go in and out as they please. Those who are so unfortunate as to be without such acquaintance, must glean scanty knowledge from the conversation of others, which goes on in low tones in spite of the warning notice on the wall.

We are very badly placed here for both seeing and hearing, being away up near the ceiling, behind a close lattice. Just in front, but on a much lower level, are the reporters, each in a little stall by himself. There are a good many of them, but they are not very busy to-night. On the same level, a narrow gallery runs along both sides for the accommodation of members when the House is full, for there are not nearly seats enough on the floor. At the other end is the Special Gallery, above it the Speaker's, and still higher, the Strangers' Gallery; all these, however, on a lower level than the lattice-work, through which we can dimly see light dresses and gay bonnets, whose owners are peeping on sufferance like ourselves at the great show. Not much of a

show to-night, however. The House is in Committee on the Bankruptcy Bill, a very important measure, but one which becomes tiresome to outsiders when clause after clause is taken up, and every detail and technicality discussed in succession. There was a very thin attendance of members when we came in, and it grows still thinner as one by one they drop out to dinner. The House will not begin to fill again till half-past nine, and as nothing of any interest is going on, we have plenty of time to look about us.

The great House of Commons is rather a dingy-looking place. Carved oak is grand, but it is not cheerful. The Speaker's chair is just under the Reporters' Gallery, and cannot be seen from where we are. It is empty just now, however, and the Chairman of Committee sits at the table. We can just see his head when he rises to put a question, or bends forward to register an amendment. The table stands just in front of the dais, and is one of the most untidy tables to be seen anywhere. A row of books standing at the end, appear to be in tolerable order; but the rest of the space is covered with despatch-boxes, papers, and books, in utter confusion. The question naturally arises, where do they find room for the resolutions which they so often propose to "lay on the table?" The sides of the room are lined with benches raised one above another to the back, and cushioned with dark leather. Half-way down to the hall is a narrow cross-passage. This is the "Gangway." At the end there are four seats on each side of the Bar, facing the Speaker, in one of which sits the Sergeant-at-Arms; and beyond there are several extra benches under the gallery. Inserted in the backs of many of the seats are the cards of members; for if a member is in his place at prayers, he has a right to reserve his seat for the evening, by placing his card in the place prepared for it. Here and there, scattered over the benches, the members are sitting, with hats on or off, as the case may be. There is a depressing monotony in the hats in this part of the world. They have no individuality about them. Looking down from such a height on the crowns of black silk hats, how can we tell what sort of heads are beneath them? One, and only

one, white hat is to be seen, and even that dares not deviate from the prevailing fashion in form. The hat, however, is subject to rigid regulation. It may only be worn by a member while seated. If he rises, though it be but to move from one seat to another, he must uncover his head. It is singular to see gentlemen take off their hats when they get up, and put them on again as soon as they sit down. Every now and then the door-keeper enters with a card for a member, and now we can discover the reason why we were kept so long waiting. "The floor" is sacred to members. None other may set foot there while the House is in session. So the bearer of the message has to stand patiently outside the Bar, till he can catch the eye of the member he wants and beckon him out; and as said member is very likely to be deeply engaged in conversation or reading, he may have to wait a long time.

Suddenly, while we are noting all these things, the room seems to be filled with bright sunshine, and looking up we see that the light comes from above the roof, softened and diffused by passing through the ground and stained glass, which fills the spaces between the beams. There are also pendant lights, but they are so shaded as to be quite invisible from below, and do not look as if they were of much use, though they may be presumed to add to the brilliancy of the effect.

About half-past nine there is a recess of a quarter of an hour, and afterwards members begin to come in from dinner, and the House becomes more animated. At the right hand of the Speaker, on the Treasury bench, is a figure you cannot fail to notice. He has been there almost the whole evening, reclining with his feet stretched out in front, and his head uncovered, resting on the back of the seat. He looks most of the time as if he were asleep, but now and then turns his head to make some remark to his neighbor. We need no one to tell us that this is Gladstone. Near to him sits John Bright, but he inconsiderately keeps his hat on, so that we cannot see him well. The Solicitor-General who has charge of the bill in hand, is on the same bench, but is called to his feet every now and then, for every clause undergoes a thorough sifting,

and amendment after amendment is proposed, discussed, accepted or refused by Government, and voted upon, until outsiders get utterly confused, and have no idea what is decided by the frequent votes that are taken, and very few of the members take the trouble to vote at all. The Opposition benches are very thin. It is not a party question, and all the speakers, except one or two, appear to be on the Liberal side. The front seat on the left hand is, during the early part of the evening, altogether vacant. Later, however, a solitary individual comes in by the door beside the Speaker, and slowly takes his seat. He is bare-headed, and the top of his head is almost bald. He sits perfectly still, with his head bent, taking no apparent interest in anybody or anything. Some one rises to speak behind him. He turns his head to look, and we catch a glimpse of his face and know it for Disraeli's. He looks worn out, and no wonder Mr. Gladstone looks fagged too, but he has the triumph of victory to support him. Disraeli has fought equally hard, and lost. It must have been a wearing struggle, and both sides may be glad that it is over. Disraeli, however, never looks as if he took any interest in what was going on until he rises to speak, and then he proves that he has not missed a word. He speaks to-night, just a few sentences, however. There is no opportunity for oratorical display anywhere. The longest speech of the evening barely occupies five minutes; yet there are some little pleasantries, giving spice to the dull subject. No debate, however uninteresting, is without its jokes, generally too trivial to bear reporting, but which serve to raise a laugh and relieve the tedium of discussion.

The Bankruptcy Bill was very tedious, however, and we left early. The House adjourned at one. Had our patience held out for an hour and a half longer, we should have witnessed a division. Would it have been worth waiting for, had we known it was coming? We hardly thought so, as we got out into the fresh night-air among the scores of brilliant lamps, which light up the court yard of the Palace of Westminster, while "Big Ben," behind the illuminated clock, struck the hour of eleven.

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.

The least acquisitive of people begin, before they have finished a European tour, to show some symptoms of the disposition of a "collector." And there is good reason for it. Recollections are a large part of the pleasure to which foreign travel gives rise; and recollections are perpetuated and revived by the possession and use of the articles which the traveller collects. Long purses and big trunks may have no embarrassment here; but moderate means may be helped out by a little reflection on the nature of souvenirs.

It is a mistake to suppose that the excellence of a souvenir has any direct relation to its intrinsic value. A very costly article, which is to be rarely used, is not so good a memento as something which is to be often in sight. It is not the intrinsic value, but the associations the thing awakens in the mind that afford the pleasure; and these associations are multiplied by the frequency of use.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband shortly before leaving Paris, "before we go I wish you would go out and get me a button-hook—a little one, to button my gloves with. You can get it across the street."

"We can do better than that," he replied. "It will be just the errand we shall want in the next town we stop at. So, if you don't want it this morning, we will reserve that for Dijon."

At Dijon, therefore, after visiting the regular lions of the town, it became necessary to explore the town for a button-hook. This exploration involved a charming ramble on the walls, and the discovery of a new "lion" in the form of a medieval church newly restored, and with a perfect blaze of color and gold lining the whole interior, (decorations that had just been completed, and had not yet found mention in the guide-books); and last of all, the party found a little cutler's shop. As they approached it across the square, they were informed by an inscription on a black marble tablet that in this house Bossuet was born. The little shop was all as bright and shining as a new knife-blade. A pretty French girl showed the wares, and gossiped in their chatty style during the momentous process of selecting a button-hook in Bossuet's house. I doubt if that lady ever uses her button-hook without a delicious dream of foreign scenes stealing over her mind; first comes the vision of the pretty cutlery shop in Dijon, then the memory of the great preacher, then his tomb previously seen in Paris, then the resplendent church in Dijon again, the vision fading away into a sunny memory of the walk upon the old walls overlooking vineyards and the ancient moat, and curiously mixing itself with the sunset glories

of another evening upon the old walls of the English Chester.

An old and experienced traveller, who understood well the secret of pleasant associations, once said that his principal preparation for going abroad consisted in using up and giving away his "American things," so that he might begin to supply himself anew as he travelled on the other side. When he came home it was with a sole-leather trunk that reminded him of Liverpool, an umbrella that spread the brilliant panorama of Regent Street, a hat that always made him think of the Boulevard des Italiennes when he looked into it as he put it on, a pencil-case which had a sort of Palais Royal feeling, a watch that spoke of Switzerland at every tick, a cane that he had cut perhaps in the Tyrol, a pocket-book of Russia leather from Vienna, and a pair of spectacles from Berlin.

Everybody collects something; one gets photographs, another flowers. A young lady to whom finding herself in a country where nice kid gloves can be had for half a dollar a pair is the most lively sensation of the trip, buys a new pair in every town she visits, and could rehearse the journey by recalling the gradations of style and color in that article. It would be very amusing to peep into the pockets and bags of a dozen parties of tourists, thrown together by chance in one boat, returning from the Continent across the English Channel, and compare their acquisitions. Here is a little girl who has her Paris doll—a charming lady; her Swiss doll—Bernese costume with white sleeves, velvet bodice, and silver chains; her Florence doll—a Sister of Charity with white sun-bonnet; her German doll—a fat, rosy-cheeked Gretchen; and half a dozen others; besides a Nice hat, a Spezia hat, a Bavarian head-dress, and other local costumes, on the doll scale. The little girl's father has his pocket-book crammed with his complete collection of hotel bills, which he is fond of comparing with other gentlemen interested in that subject. Another tourist has collected all the guide-books in the English language, and has a map of every city he has been in. This lady has a flower or a leaf from every place which bears bright or tender associations. Here is a young man who has picked up a copy of all the caricatures and grotesque prints he has seen between the *quais* of Paris and the curiosity shops of Rome. This young lady commemorated every city with a new brooch and ear-rings. Another has Byron's "Childe Harold" and Rogers's "Italy," with views of every place described, which she has gathered in suitable size to be bound in when she reaches home. This young girl has a collection of *carte de visite* pictures of places or of costumes. Another has a complete collection of the coins of every principality he has entered. That gentle-

man has, besides his Alpenstock, between twenty and thirty canes, each purchased for a separate walk, and brought home "to remember it by." That energetic young man, who has destructiveness large, as the saying is, and is not over-reverent though he is a theological student, has a piece of wood, stone, metal, or brick, which he has cut, knocked, or wrenched off, of every sacred place he could lay his hands on. You cannot help being interested in a little written prayer with a thread through the paper, which he shows you, saying that the way they pray in Langres is, to tie a paper like that to the iron grating of the Lady Chapel in the Cathedral, and go away and leave it for the Holy Virgin to read; he took it off when the sacristan was not looking. You say nothing to his bits of marble, slyly kicked up from the mosaic floor of the Pantheon, over the tomb of Raffaele; but when, after describing to you the consternation of the verger in Luther's old church in Nuremberg when he rushed up into the pulpit and struck up Old Hundred, he whispers to you, in confidence, that he has "got a leaf out of the Bible Luther used to read from," you are tempted to collar him, and give him in charge to the first policeman.

Many persons regret, as they draw near the close of their tour, that they have not preserved more mementoes of the scenes through which they have passed. This is often the case with those who travel rapidly, and find their impressions becoming confused and inexact. Photographs of the places seen rectify and perpetuate our recollections; and one could not have a more valuable souvenir of a glimpse of Europe than a port-folio of large photographs. The traveller can supply this, in some degree at least, in Paris or New York, on his return; but half the value of the picture is dependent on the recollection that you bought it on the spot, or picked it out as the best, from among Alessandri's or Macpherson's treasures at Rome, or Carlo Ponti's under the arcades in Venice. Large photographs can be conveniently bought *unmounted*. They can then be rolled, and a large number can be carried in a small space; and at home, any good photographic artist can mount them at a trifling expense.

Many who visit Venice now bring away one of Carlo Ponti's "Megaethoscopes"—a sort of gigantic stereoscope which magnifies large photographs, and gives a semblance of reality to the view. Views purchased for this instrument should not be more than about 9½ inches by 13½ in the plate. Smaller views may be used in it.

Stereoscopic pictures may be found every where. For young people nothing is better than the little photographs of *carte de visite* size. If you require a young girl to choose

these for herself, and to write with her own hand, on the back of each, the name of its subject, and the place and date of purchasing it, she will make a charming itinerary without the trouble of "journalizing." She will look them over constantly, to while away tedious hours in railway cars and describe them to companions she meets, and will bring home far more vivid recollections than unaided memory could retain. Not only scenery and cities are illustrated in this way, but copies of the finest works of art, pictures of the picturesque local costumes, and portraits of noted men and women, may be obtained in the same form. Nothing could be a more instructive amusement than to collect, in this way notable ideals in the art, history and topography of the countries visited.

Those who have leisure and inclination for much writing, either send long letters to friends at home or keep a journal. The wise man does not always keep a journal but he often carries upon his travels a little pocket-book in which he jots down each day the name of the place he is in, and of the things which seem to him of most interest, the addresses of the acquaintances he finds, and the places and things on his route which fellow-travellers recommend him to seek.

One who keeps a journal will find it easy to add much interest to it by inserting pictures of the places visited. All through England and Scotland pretty views upon note-paper of the places frequented by tourists can be bought at the stations. Small photographs can also be used for embellishing a journal. Let them lie in a basin of water for half an hour, and the thin proof will peel off the card, and when dry it may be gummed into the book. The writer has seen several illustrated journals kept in this way by different persons, and the families of their possessors prize such records beyond measure. One little girl who was learning to write about the time the family she was with landed in England, was provided with a neat scrap-book, and encouraged to fill it with pictures of English scenes, writing, or at first printing, in her rude way, her own account of what she saw. Were it possible to present a fac-simile of one of her pages it would be more entertaining than any of these paragraphs.

Those who do not wish to write at all, will find it amusing to keep a scrap-book. Put in a bill of fare from the steamer table; the programme of the great musical festival you attended; the cards of friends who called on you in London; the pictures of the hotels you stopped at, cut from the top of their bills; that little sample of silk that you saw woven with your own eyes in Lyons; the card that admitted you to the ambassador's ball; the certificate of perpetual indulgence which you bought,

for the joke of the thing, in Italy; the passport you carried; and the unfortunately useless duplicate of your bill of exchange. These, and a thousand other things, have each their own story, and many of them you will wish to refer to. When you have stuck them into a volume, and put in, for a frontispiece, a piece of a map cut out of an old Bradshaw, and marked your route plainly on it with a colored pencil, you have made a history of your voyage without writing a word.

The prettiest books of this sort are the albums of pressed flowers which some ladies bring home with them. Two little pieces of board, or of very stiff pasteboard, as large as a pocket-book, with a few dozen pieces of blotting-paper between them, and a stout cord to wind about them, constitute a flower-press that can be carried in the pocket. It assists in preserving the colors to change the papers after a few hours' pressure. Flowers thus gathered from the gardens, the palaces, the cottages, and the graves visited, form a beautiful memorial of cherished associations. When arranged upon the white pages of a suitable scrap-book, they present the story of a pilgrimage to a hundred shrines. Here is a daisy from the fields that Burns plowed; here, a wild weed that grew on the mossy mantle-piece of the now roofless chamber in which Mary Queen of Scots was born; here is ivy from Kenilworth; and here, Alpine flowers from the Valley of Chamouni. Of course there is much scope for fancy in the arrangement of such leaflets. The writer recently saw such a volume in which a few feathers, dropped by the famous pigeons in the square of St. Mark at Venice, had been ingeniously arranged in the similitude of a black gondola. In another, Dryburgh Abbey was pictured with leaves and mosses. Another similar volume had the word "*Malmaison*" the home of the unhappy Josephine, spelled out on the page in tiny trefoil gathered in the garden of that charming, melancholy villa. Another volume contained a photograph in the centre of each page, bordered with leaves and flowers.

Some persons prefer to do this work of arrangement while on the journey; others to bring home their treasures in a compacter way, and arrange them afterward. Newspaper will serve for packing the flowers, but blotting-paper is much better for pressing them in the first instance, and better still is a whitey-brown paper sold for the purpose in Europe. As for mucilage, powdered gum carried in a little vial, and mixed, a few grains at a time with a few drops of water, as wanted, is the most convenient. Gum-tragacanth is better than gum-arabic for fastening pressed flowers. Scrap-books are plentiful in England, but hard to find on the Continent. Even in

Paris they must be made to order, if wanted.

In all this we have hardly spoken of the regular souvenirs, "the specialties of the place:" articles de Paris, Swiss carvings, Italian paintings, laces of Brussels, mosaics and statuettes of Florence, coral of Naples, gold and silver filigree of Genoa. These have an intrinsic value that distinguishes them from souvenirs whose whole interest is in the significance of association. But after all the trifles often give as great a pleasure. The button-hook of Dijon, the Burns daisy, the sprig of living ivy brought from Stratford-on-Avon and fairly rooted on the garden-wall at home, have their own peculiar value, though they cost nothing. — *Harper's Magazine*.

IN MEMORY OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Say not the Poet dies!
 Though in the dust he lies,
 He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
 Unsphered by envious death!
 Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;
 Their fate he cannot share,
 Who, in the enchanted air,
 Sweet with the lingering strains that echo stole,
 Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!

We o'er his turf may raise
 Our notes of feeble praise,
 And carve with pious care for after eyes
 The stone with "Here he lies;"
 He for himself has built a nobler shrine,
 Whose walls of stately rhyme
 Roll back the tides of time,
 While o'er their gates the gleaming tablets
 shine,
 That wear his name inwrought with many a golden
 line!

Call not our Poet dead,
 Though on his turf we tread!
 Green is the wreath their brows so long have worn—
 The minstrels of the morn,
 Who, while the orient burned with new-born flame,
 Caught that celestial fire,
 And struck a Nation's lyre!
 These taught the western winds the poet's
 name;
 Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden flowers of
 fame!

Count not our Poet dead!
 The stars shall watch his bed,
 The rose of June its fragrant life renew,
 His blushing mound to strew,
 And all the tuneful throats of summer swell
 With trills as crystal-clear
 As when he wooed the ear
 Of the young muse that haunts each wooded
 dell
 With songs of that "rough land" he loved so long
 and well!

He sleeps; he cannot die!
 As evening's long-drawn sigh,
 Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful mound,
 Spreads all their sweets around,
 So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
 From where the rustling sedge
 Frets our rude ocean's edge
 To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow,
 His soul the air enshrines and leaves the dust
 below!

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

Electricity is a wizard's power. With it and little mechanical skill a man may turn his house into a magician's castle. The late ingenious Mr. Appold,—of centrifugal pump notoriety,—indeed, did this without it: his room-doors opened as you approached them and shut behind you; his stable-gates did the same; upon touching a spring, the window-shutters closed, and the gas was turned on; his apartments maintained themselves at a uniform temperature and at a proper hygrometric state, by regulating thermometers and atmospheric damping apparatus; in short, his house was full of surprising devices, created and worked out by his wonderful inventive and executive skill. Had he pressed the subtle fluid into his service, there is no saying into what a palace of enchantment his dwelling would have been transformed. But what he did not do has been done by the famous Robert Houdin, who has made electricity do the work of a retinue of servants and a watchman to boot. The ex-conjurer lives at a country-seat called the Priory, near to his native town of Blois, and there it is that these wonderful applications have been effected. A visitor presenting himself at the portal finds the name of "Robert Houdin" upon a door-plate, above which is a little knocker; operating upon the latter, a great bell sounds within the house.

In a few moments the lock is thrown back, and the name on the plate changes, like a pantomime trick, to "Entrez." The visitor obeys, and the door automatically closes behind him. If more than one person enters, the invisible and inanimate "concierge" makes known the fact by tinkling a small bell, which keeps up its tintinnabulum so long as the door is held open. The carriage-gates some distance off, announce themselves open or shut in the hall, where an inscription exhibits the words, "The gates are open," or "The gates are shut," as the case may be. The letter-box on the gate tells in the house how many letters have been put into it, and, by an arrangement with the postman, which are letters and which book-parcels or newspapers; and if postman is wanted at the house to carry the correspondence to the village, he is apprised of the fact by a bell, of the ringing of which he knows the meaning. The horse, in a stable more than forty yards from the house, is fed at regular intervals by electrical intervention. At stated times a clock sends a current, which opens the orifice of a shoot or hopper, and allows the due proportion of provender to fall into the manger. This same clock is charged with the transmission of time to two large external dials and to several smaller ones about the domicile, all of which go together in sympathy, so

that Father Time has here a company of subalterns that march step by step with irrefragable order. Then it rings bells at the proper times for meals and other regular household duties, calls up the servants by alarms in the morning, and at night puts a galvanic current in connection with a wire that communicates with all the doors and windows, so that, if any of these are attempted by burglars, an alarm is instantly given. Lastly, the greenhouse telegraphs its temperature to the conjurer's study; if the gardener allows the thermometer to rise above or fall below certain limits, his master is apprised of the irregularity, and he is called to account next morning. The poor man knows when he has been at fault, but does not know who or what tells the tale, and he thinks he has a sorcerer to serve; and so, in the only sense in which we can nowadays regard the word, he has.

Such are a few of the domestic functions of the most ubiquitous slave that science has entrapped for man. Of its public services we need hardly speak; telegraphs have become too familiar to be longer regarded as curiosities, even those that send the message in fac-simile of the hand in which it is written, or reproduce a drawing a hundred miles away. Electric lights, too, have ceased to be surprising, though they are far from having been used to their full powers. There have been difficulties in the way of getting a good and cheap source of electricity, which have barred the way to their extensive introduction; but some of these are removed, and we may entertain better hopes for the future. One of the great doctrines, perhaps the greatest, of the present era of science, is that of the convertibility of forces, one into another. Heat is turned into mechanical force, and mechanical force into heat; mechanical force is turned into electricity, and *vice versa*, and heat and electricity are similarly inter-converted. A celebrated London photographer has erected a magneto-electric machine for conducting some of his operations which require an intensely bright illumination, and has thus apparently become independent of the sun; in reality, he is using the solar rays which came to our planet thousands of years ago, for what is coal but "bottled sunshine"? A Birmingham electro-plating firm also set up a similar machine for depositing their precious metals, and a sugar refinery another for generating ozone to bleach sugar. But the principal use of such an apparatus is for light-house illumination. A French company bought the patent for France to this end and the light was to be tried at Cape Grisnez. It was not only to illuminate the Channel "a giorno," but to shed a mild twilight over our own southern counties. We have not heard of the trial,—perhaps it has yet to come off.

From lighthouses, the transition to buoys and beacons is easy. These an ingenious inventor has proposed to illuminate by electricity. Those who attend scientific lectures, or look into instrument-makers' shops, will have come to know something of coils called "induction coils," for producing in effect a very powerful current of electricity from a very weak one, and of certain glass tubes and globes for exhibiting the passage of the electric spark through a partial vacuum. Well, the inventor aforesaid proposes to place a battery and a coil in the hollow body of a buoy, and to lead the current to one or more of these vacuum tubes inclosed in a lantern on the top. A steady light glimmering like a glow-worm on the sea, would thus be secured, and neither wind nor wave could readily extinguish it. Some one else invented a lamp for miners on the same principle: a knapsack was to hold the battery and coil, and wires were to lead to a lamp composed of a vacuum tube carried in the hand. There could be no doubt of the safety of this light,—in this respect it would rival the immortal Davy's invention; but portability is a rather necessary feature in any tool a pitman has to use, and the knapsack and entangling wires might prove rather worse than an inconvenience to him, especially when as happens occasionally he has to pick and wriggle his way, worm fashion, through a one-foot seam.

Perhaps, after all, the most curious application of the electric light was that attempted lately at one of the Paris theatres. The actors were decked with glittering crowns, and, to add to their brilliancy, they were so made that a chaplet of electric sparks encircled the wearer's head; the necessary current being supplied and led to the coronet from a concealed battery. But the "sensation," pleasing enough doubtless to spectators, painfully verified the truth of the Shakespearian maxim touching the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown, for one of the performers was grievously injured by the passage of the current through his or her head, instead of through the star-spangled ornament. Not quite so striking, but still curious, are the electrical jewels made by MM. Trouvé and Cadet-Picard. These consist chiefly of scarf-pins and brooches, representing heads of men and animals, which roll their eyes and work their jaws. Some are in the shape of tiny soldiers which beat drums, rabbits that play on tambours, and birds that flap their wings and fan their tails. They are worked by tiny electromagnets concealed within them, and connected by fine wires with little batteries carried in the pocket or elsewhere about the dress. Fashionable Paris was charmed with these trifles for a season; doubtless they are forgotten by this time. Electricity

is an agent peculiarly suited to French ideas, and has been turned to more droll uses by that people than by all the rest of the nations of the world put together. When rifles were the talk of the governments of Europe a few months ago, the Emperor was shown one to be fired by electricity; the stock of the gun enclosed a battery, from whence wires passed to the breech and into connection with a platinum wire passing through the cartridge. The pull of the trigger closed the electric circuit, and in an instant the platinum wire became red-hot and ignited the powder. The cartridge carried no fulminate, so it was a very safe one. The Emperor, it was said, greatly admired the gun; he preferred to adopt the Chassepot, however.

From killing to curing. While one man is using his ingenuity to throw bullets into his fellow-man, another is devising schemes to take them out. Probing the body for these missiles is a tedious and painful operation, and its difficulty chiefly lies in discovering the bullet amongst the fragments of shattered bone by which it may be surrounded. Electricity affords the means of doing this. The probe is made with two points, from each of which a wire passes; and in the circuit is placed a battery and a signal bell. So long as the two points are not metallically connected, no current passes and the bell is silent; but, when they are joined by any piece of metal, it rings. When, then, the surgeon thrusts the probe against bone or muscle, there is no effect, but when the points come against the metal bullet, the bell announces the fact: the forceps for extracting the lead behave in the same manner.

That electricity exercises an exciting influence over sluggish nerves is a fact insisted upon by medical galvanists, but it likewise appears to possess a deadening power over such as are excited, for a dentist in Bordeaux has applied it to dull the pain of tooth extraction. Report has spoken well of the application, but details of the *modus operandi* are wanting. For this one painful operation, at all events, chloroform has possibly been superseded by electricity; but the latter has joined issue with the former in another way, for two French electricians have very recently announced, as the result of experiments tried upon animals, that a powerful shock or strong galvanic current will restore animation in cases of over-stupefaction by the sedative.

These actions are inscrutable enough, but some recently announced influences of the fluid upon vegetable organisms are more puzzling still. In the beginning of the century a learned Abbé wrote a treatise on the applicability of atmospheric electricity to the curing of diseases in plants and encouraging their development, and he

described his means of drawing currents from the clouds and air, and distributing them among his cabbages and lettuces. Very surprising effects were produced, but little notice seems to have been taken of them; probably, because there is a natural tendency to ignore phenomena of the rationale of which no clear ideas can be formed. But quite recently M. Blondeau brought before the French Academy of Sciences the results of some experiments quite as startling as those of the worthy Abbé. He says that the current ripens fruits; of this he has assured himself by electrifying some apples, pears and peaches, all of which ripened under the influence of the fluid, whilst the other fruit on the same trees remained far from ripe. Then he electrified seeds and grains, by steeping them in water and submitting them to the action of a powerful current. Peas, beans, and wheat were so treated and sown in good soil. By the side of them were sown similar seeds not electrified. The former sprouted sooner than the latter; the development of the young plants was more rapid, and the stems and leaves were more vigorous than those not subjected to electrical influence. But, most mysterious of all, some beans that had been electrified grew upside down, with the roots in the air and the cotyledons in the soil.

For the mechanical and engineering arts, electricity has done much already; but it promises to do more. We have had an electric loom to dispense with the complications of the Jacquard cards; and some of our great iron-clads have been furnished with electrical call-boys for enabling the captain on the bridge to communicate his orders to the engineer below, and to the steersman at the wheel. Now the engineer has the prospect of relief from his bugbear, —boiler-incrustation. It is asserted that the placing of a bundle of metallic spikes in the path of the steam as it issues from a boiler, has the effect of generating a stream of electricity, and that if this be led to the metal of the boiler, it sets up an action at the surface which prevents the deposit of saline matter. The question is a disputed one at present. The phenomenon is unexplained, and therefore, in some quarters, discredited; and as yet, sufficiently crucial tests have not been applied to settle it indisputably as a matter of fact. So we pass on to another, and, perhaps, better established, application of the twin elements, electricity and magnetism. We allude to their use in the manufacturing and testing of iron. This metal, in its crude state, is full of impurities, such as carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, and silicious bodies. These are electro-negative in relation to iron, which is electro-positive. When, then, a powerful current is directed through the fluid metal in the melting

furnace, the foreign matters are expelled with some boiling and commotion, and a very pure metal is produced and drawn off to the casting moulds. This method of purification has been tested at Sheffield with remarkable success, and it foreshadows improvements in the manufacture of iron second only to those that have followed from the revolution effected by Bessemer in the making of steel. The author of the process in its present form is Mr. Robinson, of London; but a somewhat similar plan was suggested and tried five-and-twenty years ago, to the proof of the adage that there is nothing new, "except," as cynics say, "that which has been forgotten and re-discovered." The testing of iron castings and forgings by magnetism is an ingenious idea, the credit of which belongs to Mr. Saxby, R. N., one of our dockyard naval instructors. When a bar of iron is placed at a certain inclination to the vertical, it becomes temporarily a magnet, and behaves as such to a compass-needle brought into its vicinity. If the bar be perfectly sound, free from cracks or cavities, the compass-needle, when passed around it, goes through methodical evolutions, always directing its north point to particular regions of the bar, and otherwise behaving in an orderly manner. But if the iron be cracked or flawed internally, there will be breaks in the continuity of its magnetism corresponding with the mechanical interruptions, and these the compass-needle will point out by behaving vagariously when it passes over them. This is the principle of Mr. Saxby's tests; he has tried them practically at the Chatham and Sheerness Dockyards, and with a success that gives great hopes of removing one of the greatest difficulties engineers have to cope with.

We have known an instance in which a large and valuable forging, the paddle-shaft of one of our great steamships, was discovered to be defective only when, after weeks of labor, a cutting-tool revealed the hitherto invisible flaw. The loss involved amounted to several thousand pounds, of which a part, at least, might have been spared had some effective means been known for testing the soundness of the mass of metal.

The latest novelty is an electric organ. One of the most important and valuable properties of the galvanic current is that of transmitting power without motion. If we want to ring a bell at a distance, we must move the whole length of an intervening wire, and this motion takes strength and time. Similarly, to open the valve of an organ-pipe by touching a clavier requires the intervention of complicated rods and levers. Strength is necessary to press down the key to work these levers, and time to communicate the motion to the pipe's orifice. Electricity requires neither; it

instantly transmits force enough to open the valves without demanding more than a gentle pressure upon the clavier. Another advantage is, that the keyboards may be at any distance from the organ-pipes. We heard this application suggested long ago; the credit of working it out now belongs to an English organ-builder residing in Paris, who has made several instruments on the plan. One has already been erected at the Crystal Palace. Blown by steam,—played by electricity,—what is the king of instruments coming to?—*English Magazine.*

" I T . "

By the Author of "Little Lou's Sayings and Doings."

"Isn't it lonely lying here all day with nothing going on?"

"O no, ma'am! So many things have happened to me, you can't think. If it isn't too bold for a poor girl like me to tell it over to a lady like you, I could begin to tell it now. You would like to hear all about it?"

"Well, the first thing that happened to me was mother's giving me the baby to hold. I was just turned of four, and my sister Jenny was going on two, and the baby was just a baby, not any years old.

"Lizzy," says mother, "you're a great big girl now. You're four years old; and I'm going to trust the baby to you."

"It was the first thing that happened to me. It made me feel grown up. I thought I was a woman, sure.

"After that I nursed the baby and kept him from putting things into his mouth, and hushed him when he cried, and got him to sleep. He kept growing and growing, and, when he was down on the floor, crawling into everything, another one came. And mother trusted me more than ever, and I washed and dressed both of them.

"Did I ever get time to play about?"

"O no, ma'am. For as fast as one baby got to crawling around, another kept coming; and mother said I was the oldest, and play was for little children and little dogs and cats, but not for big girls like me. When I was ten years old, we had six of them besides me.

"Six little dogs and cats?"

"O no, ma'am; six little children that had been babies.

"And then the next thing happened. One day, when I was carrying Jim up-stairs—he'd been crying to be took out-doors, and I'd been taking him out, and he'd seen a monkey with a little red cap on: well, my two legs just slipped out from under me, and I tumbled right into the room and bumped his forehead, dreadful.

"You bad child," says mother, and took him away, and put water on his forehead and kissed him.

"I lay there on the floor; if you would be pleased to look, ma'am, you'd see the very place.

"And says I, 'I couldn't help it, mother. It was my two legs as went right out, and I can't get up.'

"Mother she looked scared like, but one of the neighbors was there, and says she,—

"Let her be; she's only shamming. I know these girls!"

"So mother let me be, and I lay flat on the floor, as still as a mouse, till father came home and nearly tumbled over me.

"Hallo!" says he; 'whatever is the matter now?'

"She's been a-laying there doing nothing these two hours," says mother, 'and Mrs. Jones she says she's making it.'

"Mrs. Jones," says father, 'there's the door; and I rather think it's wide enough for you to get out at, but the next time you want to get in you'll find it's grown narrow.'

"So Mrs. Jones she went away very red in the face, and father he picked me up on end.

"Now, little woman, whatever is it ails you?" says he.

"I don't know, father. It's been coming on ever so long. My legs have got so shaky that it seemed as if there wasn't any bones in 'em. And the pains in my back have took me bad between times.'

"Father didn't say another word, and he didn't eat any supper, and after he'd lighted his pipe he just sat thinking. Mother didn't say anything either. She undressed me and put me to bed; and then such a thing happened! I don't want to talk much about it. It chokes me in the throat if I do. You wouldn't hardly believe it, ma'am, I'd been a big girl so long, but she reached over where I lay close to the wall to make room for the rest, and she kissed me! O, how I hoped my two legs would get well, so that she needn't have a sick child to take care of! But they didn't, and I got weaker every day, till I felt like a great long piece of thread dangling about. So father took me in his arms to the doctor's.

"I felt so ashamed when the neighbors all came out and looked at me, and saw Mrs. Jones a-laughing quite hard!

"But the doctor did not laugh at all when father carried me in and showed him my legs.

"Yes, they're a couple of pipe-stems, and no more," says he. And then he began to punch me all up and down the spine of my back, and in some places hurt me dreadful.

"Well, my little woman," says he, 'what have you been doing all your life, now?'

"Nursing the children, sir," says I.

"I thought so," says he. 'Eating bad

food, breathing bad air, and doing the work of a grown person. Have you any friends in the country you could send her to, my man?"

"No, sir," says father; "not one."

"There's little else to be done for her," says the doctor. "Plenty of good air, good food, and entire rest, might arrest the progress of disease."

"What kind of food, sir?" says father.

"Beef and mutton, beef and mutton," says the doctor.

"Father shut his teeth together hard.

"I'll put you in the way of getting what the child needs in that line," says the doctor, and he wrote something on a piece of paper.

"There, take that to the street and number I have written here, show it to some of the people there, and you'll get beef tea, and other things of the sort. Keep up her strength and spirits, and she may come round yet."

"I believe it was a big kitchen father was to go to, where nice things are cooked for poor people when they're sick.

"But as we were coming away the doctor says, 'Mind, my man, green fields and fresh milk, in the country, are worth all the beef teas in the world, for a case like this.'

"When we got home, and mother asked what the doctor said, father wouldn't answer at first. At last says he,—'He wants her to swallow down some fine lady's diamond necklace.'

"'Mercy on us!' says mother, and she dropped into a chair, with the dish-cloth in her hand.

"Father went away to his work, and mother kept groaning about the diamond necklace.

"'How's it to be got,'" says she 'and how could swallowing it down bring the bones into your legs, I should like to know?'

"The doctor says it ain't my legs as ails me," says I. 'It's the spine of my back.'

"Them doctors, they thinks they know everything," says mother. "Didn't you say as it was your two legs as went out from under you? And them diamonds, they do worry me so!"

"I lay still, and thought, and thought. When the spine of your back aches the worst, you get so sharp!"

"And says I at last,—'I know what father meant. The doctor wanted me to be took off into the country, to drink milk and smell the green grass; and that would cost money, ever and ever so much money. For it's too far for father to carry me and I should have to ride in something.'

"'But it's the diamonds as worries me,'" says mother; and I couldn't get 'em out of her head, and the children they all plagued her, and I wasn't there to help, and she looked ready to drop. I got away down into the bed and cried to think how drove she was.

"And then I brightened up, and called the children to me, and told them stories, out of my head, about things father had told me of. I put in green meadows, and nice quiet church-yards, where ivy grew all the year round, and there were pretty little graves for the good children to go to sleep in. And I says, 'Let's make believe that, some day, a lady, with a gold ring on her finger and a gold watch hanging round her neck, will come and take us all into the country and give us strawberries to eat.'

"Mother, how does strawberries grow?" says I.

"Why, on bushes, child!" says she. 'How else should they grow?'

"When father came home he laughed at that, and asked her if she supposed potatoes grew on trees?"

"Why shouldn't they?" says she. 'And, anyhow, how should I know? Was I ever out of London in my life?'

"It kept the children quiet to hear me talk, ma'am, only the little ones believed every word, and they're always looking for the lady to come and fetch them away.

"The next thing that happened was father's bringing home to me a picture of the country, all green and blue; splendid. You can see it nailed up there right opposite my bed.

"But you don't seem surprised, ma'am. Doesn't it look like the country? Did you say you wanted to take it down and put up a better one? O please, ma'am, I love it so dearly!"

"It took me a good while to get over having such a splendid present. I lay and looked at it all day, and when it was dark and I shut my eyes, I could see it just the same. And it made me tell the children more stories, and then they didn't hang on to mother so.

"I wondered what poor little children did who had something the matter with the spine of their backs, but never had anything happen to pass away the time. And I wished I could lend them my picture a week at a time, turn about and turn about.

"I hadn't got used to having it, and was lying so peaceful and happy thinking about it, when father came in one night as mother was just a-going to undress me, and he got a sight of my back when she was rubbing it.

"He bursted right out crying, loud, and then mother bursted out, and all the children cried, and I bit my lips and held my hands together, and at last I bursted out, too. For I knew then that my father and mother had got a hunchback for their oldest child. At last father stopped short off. And then mother and the children stopped, and I hushed up pretty quick.

"'Peggy,' says father, 'go and tell that woman Jones to come here.'

"'I'm afraid to, father,' says Peggy. 'She

says we set ourselves up above the common, and she laughs at us.'

"Do as I bid you,' says father; and Peggy had to go.

"Mrs. Jones came quick.

"Look here,' says father; 'look at this child's back, and put it alongside of the day you said she was making believe sick. Well, have you seen it? Maybe the day'll come when you'd like to eat them words of yours.'

"Mrs. Jones she felt bad, and I felt bad, and I called her to me, and says I,—'Don't lay it up against father, and I'll give you my beautiful new picture, full of green trees, and blue sky, and cows and sheep.'

"What, that little flared-up thing on the wall?" says she; 'thank you, I rather think you can keep it, and welcome, for all me.'

"You see there was always something going on that passed away the time.

"Father used to talk to us about his young sister Rose, who was at service in a gentleman's family, ten miles from London.

"She got a holiday soon after this, and came to see us. She told me more about what the country was like than ever father had, and all about the young ladies she took care of, and their toys and books.

"You couldn't believe, ma'am, how it passed away the time to hear her talk.

"And then she asked me if I liked to read, and what books I had got.

"Then I had to tell her that I had never been to school, and didn't know how to read.

"Poor little soul!" says she, and put on her bonnet and went and bought a book, out of her own savings, and wrote my name in it, and taught me great A, and little a, that very day. And she took me in her arms and hugged me and said,—'O that I could carry this poor lamb home with me, and give her what my young ladies waste every day of their lives!'

"Please, ma'am, did anybody ever hug you and say such nice things?

"After that, my father taught me all my letters, and, all of a sudden, I could read!

"It was a big book that my aunt gave me. She said she got it because it would last me so long, and amuse me till I got another. It was called the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and was full of beautiful stories and pictures. I could tell it all to you if it wouldn't tire you ma'am.

"O, you've got one, too? How nice! Have you got any other books? But mother looked in just now, and coughed twice. She thinks I am talking too much.

"You're not tired, ma'am?

"I read my book, and read it, and as soon as I got to the end I began it again; and I showed the pictures to the children, and, Sundays, I read out of it to father and mother. Father is tender like, and the tears would keep rolling down his cheeks

when I read the prettiest parts, and one day he said,—'I'll tell you what it is, Lizzy; I've a good mind to go on a pilgrimage myself.'

"I felt awful bad when he said that, for I wanted to go, too; but how could I, with the bones gone out of my two legs?

"Father sat quiet, thinking. At last he got up all of a spring like, and put on his hat and went out.

"Where's father gone to now?" says mother. 'Not to any of them gin-shops, I hope.'

"No!" says I, 'he's gone on a pilgrimage, I do expect.'

"Mother laughed, and said that wasn't so bad as them gin-shops, any way.

"But I felt bad and lonesome, and as if he'd gone and left me behind. And I couldn't get to sleep for thinking about it, till I heard his step on the stairs. He wouldn't tell where he'd been to, and we all went to sleep. But the next day he said he'd been to hear the preaching at a big church.

"I was lifted away up to the third heaven,' says he, 'and I sang hymns, too.'

"That's a lie, Joe,' says mother; 'for hymns you don't know how to sing. Better own it and done with it. You was a-singing songs at the gin-shops.'

"That I wasn't, then,' says father; 'I was at Westminster Abbey, where they bury the grand folks, and the hymns hung all round the walls, printed in letters as big as the top of my thumb. Come, if you don't believe it, go with me next Sunday night and see for yourself.'

"Indeed I won't, then! says mother. 'Westminster Abbey, indeed! with a bonnet and shawl like mine!'

"The preaching's for poor folks, and poor folks goes to hear it,' says father.

"And ain't you a-going on a pilgrimage, after all?" says I.

"Yes, my lass, I am,' says he. 'I'll learn all about it at the preaching, you see.'

"After he'd gone off to his work, mother says,—'I'll go with him next time, you may depend. Something's come over him.'

"The day but one after that father came home all eager like, and, says he,—'Lizzy, child, mightn't it amuse you if you had a flower a-growing in the window there? For the men talked at their work to-day about a 'Society for the Promotion of Window Gardening among the Poor,' and they say there's just been a flower-show, and prizes given to them as raised the handsomest ones. Wray's girl, Betsy, got a prize of six shillings for hers.'

"You don't say so!" says mother.

"Yes,' says father; 'and what's more, I've got a beautiful, rare plant for Lizzy here: poor soul, it will be company for her these long days!'

"What makes you says "poor soul,"

father?" says I, 'when I've got a picture, and a "Pilgrim's Progress," and a plant a-growing?'

"'Pshaw!" says father, 'whatever ails my eyes to water so easy? See, here's the little wee thing.'

"I almost screamed when I saw it, I was so glad. It was a-setting out in a little flower-pot, and its leaves was all green.

"'Which of you two is the biggest fool, I wonder?' says mother. 'There! now you've slopped water all over the bed-clothes and everything!'

"'I was only giving my plant a little drink,' says I.

"I called watering it giving it a drink, I was so silly.

"'Of course, I'm the biggest fool,' says father, and he laughed real pleased like.

"'Everything runs to societies, nowadays,' says mother. 'I-wish they'd offer prizes to them as has the most children and the handsomest ones. I'd go on it for it, that I would! It ain't gentlemen's children as gets all the good looks.'

"'No, nor the sense, either,' says father.

"'There ain't many young ones as sets alone the day they're four months old,' says mother. 'See here! This one beats all our babies. And what did I pay for him at the shops? La, nothing at all, bless you; and so he ain't fit to fetch a prize.'

"'I didn't pay anything for Lizzy's plant, if that's what vexes you,' says father. 'Hicks gave it to me. He said he got it from his wife's second cousin, whose half-brother was nephew to one of the gardeners at Osborne, and that it's something costly and precious.'

"'Next news you'll say you dug it up in Paradise,' says mother.

"'May be,' says father. 'See, Lizzy, spell out the name that's wrote on this paper; or, no, you can't read writing. Perhaps I can.'

"'So, after a deal of time, and spelling of it over, and scratching his head, he read it out, so:—

"'Calendula officinalis.'

"'That sounds splendid!' says I, and was sorry when it grew dark, because I could not watch it and see it grow. Father said the next exhibition would be on June the nineteenth, 1868, and he was sure it would be a big, strong plant by that time, thick with leaves and flowers.

"'And if you'll believe it, ma'am, after a while it did have a little mite of a leaf, and it grew up tall and leaned one side, and then grew some more and leaned the other side.

"'O, it was such company for me, and I loved it so! Even mother, with all she had to do, got to watching it.

"'So it went on all winter long, and in the spring a little bud came, and it took father and me a week to get over that. By

and by, you could see little streaks of orange color in the bud, and we talked about that, and were afraid the flower wouldn't bloom out for the right day, and then we were afraid it would bloom too soon. Somebody told father to cut a little ring out of stiff paper and put it on to keep it back; he said they always did so with choice flowers. Then I laughed and said I was a choice flower too, for something had kept me back from growing into a big girl.

"'Then father said it was good to hear me laugh, and that I was a choice flower, ring or no ring. That's just father's way, please, ma'am.

"'O, how pretty my flower looked the day before the show! I was sure it would get the prize, for there couldn't possibly be a flower so beautiful as mine. Father carried it on his way to his work, and promised to bring it back, prize and all, at night.

"'But I can't tell the rest now, ma'am. Something's a squeezing and a crowding at my heart, and I feel faint-like. It's nothing to be scared about. I'm often took so.

"'There! it's all gone now. But you say I mustn't talk any more? You say that you'll come again to hear the rest? Thank you, ma'am."

"'I'm sorry I frightened you so, ma'am. I wasn't scared myself. It was only one of my turns. Mother says she expects I'll go off in one of 'em, sometime, but we don't tell father that. And I hope I shall live to go on a pilgrimage, first.

"'Did my flower take the prize?

"'I'll tell you about it, ma'am. After father went away with it in the morning, I thought what a long day it would be before he would bring it back at night. But I told stories to the children, and that kept them out from under mother's feet, and I read my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and had a good time; but I was glad when I heard father's step on the stairs, and to see my dear, good little flower, safe and sound.

"'Don't take on, my lass,' says father, 'but the handsome flowers elbowed yours away off into a corner, and it's my belief that nobody so much as looked at it.'

"'That must be the reason it did not get the prize,' says I. 'I'm glad it ought to have got it, anyhow.'

"'And then I said it was late, and time to go to sleep, and I lay down and cried under the quilt; but not loud; that would have plagued father. My poor little flower! Nobody had looked at it! Nobody had told it how pretty it was! And it was such a good little thing, to grow here in our crowded room, when other plants were having such a nice time out o' doors!

"'But after I had cried a pretty long time about it, I fell asleep, and dreamed a beautiful dream. I thought I was as well and strong as ever, and that I carried my

flower to the Exhibition myself, and stood a little way back, to see what the people would say to it. There was a great crowd, and somebody said there were lords and ladies mixed all up among us poor folks. But all I looked at was my flower. There it stood, up in a corner, all by itself; but nobody noticed it, nobody said a word about it, except Mrs. Jones; and I heard her laugh, and say, 'Do look at that mean, scraggling little atom of a marigold of Lizzy Gray's! The idea of bringing it here, among all these splendid flowers!'

"She passed on, and a gentleman and a lady stopped to look at it.

"O, look at this poor little, half-starved marigold!" said the lady. "What a pathetic story of its own it tells. Fancy how the child's heart will ache, when it goes home and tells her it has not won a prize after all! Tuck something down into the pot, dear; she will find it to-morrow; and what a surprise, and what a joy, that will be to her!"

"She was such a lovely lady to look at, with a face that went right down into your heart! And her husband said,—'Yes, darling, I have.'

"Then all the people who had brought plants, had tea and bread and butter, in a tent, and there was a band that played sweet music; and the children tumbled about in the green grass. But I did not want any tea, or any bread and butter, and I had heard that sweet lady's voice, and it was music that nobody else heard. So I took my little flower-pot in my arms, and went home with it; and it kept growing heavier, just as Jim used to the last days I nursed him, and I could hardly get up the stairs; and when I did, my two legs went from under me, and I fell right into the room.

"The fright woke me up, and then I knew it was all a dream, for it wasn't bed-time, and mother sat at work by the light of the candle, and father sat by her, cutting a bit of stick. So there wasn't any sweet lady, there wasn't any kind gentleman, after all! The tears began to come again, and I could hardly help crying out loud. But I heard mother say,—

"She didn't take it much to heart, after all, poor thing. She dropped off to sleep like a lamb as soon as you got home.

"I hope she did," says father. "For I never had my heart so broke but once before."

"And when was that?" says mother.

"It was the night I got a look at her poor back," says father. "You'd better let me know it when it was coming on, and not let me find it out all of a sudden. Why, when, I went to my work next day, the streets, and the houses, and the people were there just the same, and the carriages rattling along just as usual; and yet they weren't the same streets, nor the same

houses, nor the same people. Everything was altered to my eyes, and altered to my ears. My trouble had struck in, and there wasn't no cure for it. Sometimes I think it's your fault, with letting the poor thing carry the children about; and sometimes I think it's a judgment upon us for living like two heathens, as we always have.'

"As to that," says mother, 'I did the best I could by the child. Bringing up a family of young ones is a trade, and I never learnt it. I was a slip of a girl, and was set to the business with nobody to show me how to go to work, and without any tools. I wasn't brought up myself; I footed it up: and how should I know our Lizzy was getting beat out? She never said she was tired, and never said her back ached; and I was so drove from morning till night, that I did not notice how pale she was getting. I tell you what it is, Joe. A man has his day's work, and there's the end of it. He can go to beer-shops and gin-shops, and sit and warm the inside of him every evening, and then lie down to sleep all night, and wake up strong and hearty. But his woman's work goes on, and she's up and down of nights, and she lays and thinks what's to feed them all next day, and her head isn't empty enough to sleep on.'

"Wife," says father, 'don't mention beer-shops and gin-shops in the room where that angel of ours lays asleep.'

"You see, ma'am, he didn't mean anything by that. I hope you'll not take offence at father's calling a poor girl like me an angel.

"I thought, though, I ought not to let them believe I was asleep, and I tried to speak, but I couldn't for the tears. Did you ever have a lovely dream, ma'am, and wake up and find it was a dream?"

"I suppose I may mention the places where my husband goes and spends his time, and wastes his money," says mother, a little short.

"My trouble's struck in, I tell you," says father, 'And it's got in so deep that even the drop of drink can't reach it. I've done drinking, wife.'

"Then have you took the pledge?" says mother.

"My pledge is laying there on that bed," says father. "I never drank to hurt me, nor to hurt you nor the young ones. I've always been a decent, sober, hard-working man."

"So you have, says mother. 'And you're no heathens, either. You needn't call yourself names, Joe.'

"Maybe you've forgot it," says father, slowly; 'but I haven't, for I was brought up to know better; we pawned the Good Book out of our house, and that's why I said we were heathens.'

"I rose right up when I heard that. For

I remembered what a big book it was, and how much reading it had in it.

"Why, Lizzy, have you woke up?" says mother. "There, lie down and go to sleep again. It's nigh upon ten o'clock."

"But you were talking about a book," I said.

"Yes, yes; we pawned it after father's hurt to his leg, when he couldn't go to his work; dear me, I'd forgot all about it. I've got the ticket now."

"Please God we'll have it back again," says father, "and Lizzy there, shall read to us out of it, every night."

"Then they blew out the candle, and I lay and thought about my pretty lady in my dream, and the room seemed almost light. And the next thing I knew it was morning, and everybody was getting up."

"That night when father came home, he brought the man with him that gave him my plant. The man kept his hat on, and when he looked at me, he said, 'Halloo!' and no more."

"Then father reached him the flower-pot, and when he saw that, he took it in one hand, and held it off as far as he could, and burst out a laughing; and he laughed so hard that he fell back into a chair, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He kept trying to say something, but every time he tried, he laughed harder than ever. Father looked bewildered at first, but then he began to laugh too, and then mother and all the rest of us set in, till we made the room shake. O, how tired I was; but couldn't stop."

"At last he got out what he had to say, and it was just this, and no more;—

"Why, it's nothing but a marigold," and then he went off again.

"At last he sobered down, and says he, 'If I don't pitch into Bob Higgins, my name isn't Hicks. He told me it was such a rare and costly plant, with such a high and mighty name of its own, that I thought your lass there was sure to win the prize. Never mind, my girl! we'll do better by you next year, and now let me tell you how to manage this plant. You've let it run up too tall, and it looks like a sickly girl that's got no life in her. When this blossom falls off, pinch it here, so; and pinch it there, so, and it will throw out more leaves, and bear more flowers in the end; and if it don't get prizes, it will help pass away the time, won't it?'"

"I said 'O yes,' and thanked him, and he went away; and I was holding the flower-pot while father showed him out, and one of the children brought me a little stick, and said I was to put it away down into the earth, and tie my plant to it, because it kept falling over, and looking as if it would faint away. It was the stick father had been working at the night before, and it wouldn't go down into the earth; but when I pushed it hard, it broke short off.

"There's a stone in the way,' says father, coming up to the bed, 'and you must dig it up.'

"And it's the truth I'm telling, and I wouldn't tell a lie for all the world; I dug up the stone, and it wasn't a stone; but it was something bright, and shiny, and yellow."

"And says I, 'O, my pretty lady did it! My pretty lady!' and then I turned faint-like, and father threw water in my face, and mother fanned me with her apron; and when that didn't bring me to, they slapped my hands hard. The children thought they slapped me because I was naughty, and they came and stared at me; glad some, and sorry some."

"At last I got over it."

"So somebody had loved my poor little flower, and thought it was pretty, and told it so as well as she could. And my flower had come and told me, and I don't know which of us was the gladdest."

"And I told my dream to father and mother, and the children, and father said I had seen a vision, and that it was no man or woman who had sent It to me."

"After I had done telling them all about it, and every one had handled my yellow thing, and at last given It to me to hold, I felt as if there must be Somebody else to tell how happy I was, or I should burst. Did you ever feel so, ma'am?"

"Whenever I woke up in the night, I felt under the pillow to see if It was safe; and then I wanted to show It once more, but it was all dark and still, and I couldn't think who the Somebody was."

"The next day was Sunday, and father dressed himself in his clean clothes; and after dinner, made mother put on hers, and the children's, and says he,—'Now, Lizzy shall read to us all;' and he whipped out a book from under his coat, and it was the pawned book come home again. There was a mark in it, and he said,—'Read there, Lizzy. My old mother read there, every Sunday.'

"And I read the twenty-third Psalm; father holding the book, it was so heavy."

"It sounded beautiful."

"Father," says I, "who wrote the Bible?"

"I don't know," says he; "I suppose God did."

"Mr. John Bunyan wrote my 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" says I. "It says so on the first page. Maybe he wrote the Bible, too. I don't much believe God did."

"Why not?" says father.

"Why, God wouldn't say 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'" I should think that it was a man said that. Or else some poor, sick girl."

"I looked at the Psalm again, and it said, over the top,—'A Psalm of David.'

"I read it out loud."

"Who was David, father?"

"He was a—he was a—well, it's all mixed up in my head together; he was a man that got into a den of lions, or else he was a man that didn't; I don't quite remember," says he.

"Maybe it will tell, somewhere in the Bible," says I. "Do shepherds love their sheep, father?"

"Of course they do. Folks always loves the things they take care of."

"Does God?"

"Well now, the questions you put upon one, child. I oughter be a parson, to answer the half of 'em."

"He was going to put the Bible away, but I had just caught sight of a verse, and read these words,—'God so loved the world, that He gave'—I hadn't time to see what He gave, but I knew it was something out of the common. 'O, father, just let me see what it was God gave because He loved us so."

"Loved the world, you mean."

"Isn't that us?"

"How *should* He love us, I want to know," says father, quite put out like. "Though, to be sure, He may love you, poor child. I dare say He does."

"Then, would He like me to show It to Him?" says I.

"Father didn't hear me, I suppose, for he got up and went out."

"And I said to myself, 'I know now who the Somebody was that I wanted to show It to.'

"And I held It out on my hand, where He could see It plain; and I said, softly,—'Please! This is mine! Are you glad?'"

"And I thought I heard Him say,—'Yes, I am.'

"But when I asked mother if she heard anything, she said she didn't."

"And then I thought it wasn't likely He'd say anything to a poor girl, like me."

"But the room seemed brimful of Him."

"O, I did wish the Bible wasn't so big and heavy, so that I could hold it myself, and read it all-day long!"

"Did you say, ma'am, that I should have a little Bible that wasn't big and heavy? Two Bibles in one house? That wouldn't be right. Perhaps father will give his to Mrs. Jones, and get good friends with her again."

"In the evening father said he was going to the preaching, and mother must put the children to bed, and go too. She never said a word about her old bonnet and shawl, but put them all to bed, except the baby, and took him with her."

"I was wide awake when they got home, and father told me a little about the preaching. He said it was all about Jesus, who loved poor folks so, that He came down from heaven, and lived right in amongst 'em; and that they loved Him so,

that they would hardly give Him time to eat, but went everywhere He went; and He fed the hungry ones, and cured the sick ones, and was just like their Brother; and if they did bad things, He forgave them four hundred and ninety times!"

"Then, father, you'll forgive Mrs. Jones just one time, won't you?" says I.

"Tell her about the hymns," says mother.

"I can't," says father. "Next Sunday night, as I'm a living man, I'll wrap her up in your shawl, and take her to hear for herself. It'll be next best to getting to heaven."

"Then *your* back'll be broke next," says mother. "Ain't it enough that you have to go two miles out of your way every time you go for her beef-tea and things? Must you go and kill yourself a Sundays?"

"I didn't say a word."

"I'd got so used to having things happen to me, that if two angels had come in and said,—'You can't go on a pilgrimage, and so we've come to carry you,' I shouldn't have been surprised. So I held It tight in my hand, and went fast asleep."

"When Sunday came round, father began again about the preaching. If I'd a-known how far off it was, I never would have let him carry me. It's a wonder it didn't kill him."

"How good the air felt, blowing in my face, when we got out into the street! And when I looked up into the dark night, all the stars looked down at me, and I thought they winked, and whispered to each other, and said,—

"See that poor girl going to the preaching. When she was well, she hadn't time to go; but now she's nothing else to do. She couldn't go when the bones was in her legs; and now they're gone, she can. And she's got It in her hand!"

"When we first got into that grand place, I was scared, and thought they would drive us poor folks out. But when I looked round, most everybody was poor, too."

"At last, I saw some of them get down on their knees, and some shut their eyes, and some took off their hats and held them over their faces. Father couldn't, because he had me in his arms; and so I took it off, and held it for him."

"What's it for?" says I.

"Hush!" says father, "the parson's praying."

"When I showed It to God, the room seemed full of Him. But then it's a small room. The church is a million and a billion times as big, isn't it, ma'am? But when the minister prayed, that big church seemed just as full as it could hold. Then, all of a sudden, they burst out a singing. Father showed me the card, with the large letters on it, and says he,—'Sing, Lizzy, sing.'

"And so I did. It was the first time in my life. The hymn said,—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

and I whispered to father.—'Is Jesus God?'

"Yes, yes," says he. 'Sing, Lizzy, sing.'

"But I couldn't."

"The hymn made me forget all about my picture of the country, and my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and It, and set me upon thinking that my father and mother had got a hunchback for their oldest child, that had lost the bones out of her legs, and got 'em a-growing out in a lump between her shoulders; and how it broke father's heart, and how it made mother work so hard; and I pitied them so, and I pitied myself so, and the people sang out strong and hearty,—

'Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me?'

but I could only whisper it out, and maybe God didn't hear it, the rest sang so loud.

"You say you are sure He did? Then I am sure a lady like you ought to know, and so I'll think so, too."

"After the praying and the singing, came the preaching. I heard every word. And you did, too, ma'am, so I needn't tell about that. You say you want to hear how much I remember? O, I remember it all! It was a beautiful story. It told how sorry Jesus was for us when we did wrong, bad things, and how glad He was when we were good and happy. It said we must tell Him all our troubles and all our joys, and feel sure that He knew just how to pity us, because He had been a poor man three and thirty years, on purpose to see how it seemed.

"And it said we might go and tell him everything. I was so glad then that I had showed It to Him!

"And when it was time to go home, and I was beginning to feel awful about poor father's carrying me all that long, long way, you came and spoke to us, ma'am, and said you would take us in your carriage! To think of your letting a girl, with such a looking back, get into your carriage like a lady!

"But it has always been so! Something happening always!

"I was so tired after mother put me to bed that night, that I couldn't get to sleep for a good while. So, I lay, and said over all the hymns, and all the prayers, and all the preaching. I did not know what prayers were, before. But I know now that it's saying things to God. And I thought I would say something to Him; and I said,—'Please, did You see me sitting alongside of a real lady in a carriage, with It in my hand? Did you hear her say she would often take me to hear the preaching? And, O, please have You looked at my back, and felt sorry for father and mother, that they've got such a child?'

"My praying did not sound like the minister's praying; but then a poor girl ought not to set herself up to talk to God like a parson.

"And now you say, ma'am, that you had a little Lizzy once, that lives in heaven now, and that you love all sick Lizzies, for her sake? And that you are going to give me some of her books, and all the nourishing food she would eat, if she lived down here! Then father won't have to go two miles for my beef-tea, and I shall grow stronger; and maybe the bones in my two legs will come back again (though the doctor does say it's not my legs), and I can get so as to help mother once more.

"But I hope there won't anything else happen to me, for my head is quite turned now, and I can't think what makes me have such good times, when there are so many other people lying sick and sorrowful, and wishing the days and the nights wasn't so long. I'm sorry I've made you cry, ma'am, off and on; and I suppose it's because my name it is Lizzy, and I'll be more careful next time; and, please ma'am, don't give me all the things you said you would, but find some other poor girl, that hasn't got any 'Pilgrim's Progress,' nor any pictures, and that never saw two folks a-crying over her marigold, and giving It to her, and that never heard any singing, and praying, and preaching, and that nobody ever told she might dare to tell things to God. Father says there's plenty of them, up and down, lonesome, and tired, and hungry, and maybe it will keep you so busy looking after them, and speaking such sweet words as you've spoke to me, that the next thing you'll know, the time will all be slipped away, and you'll see the shining ones coming to take you where your little Lizzy is.

"Being a poor girl, and ignorant, I can't quite make it out how some folks gets to heaven one way, and some another. The way it tells, in my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' is to go on a great long journey, till you come to a river; and when you've got across that, you're right at the door of the city, and all your troubles is over. But cripples, like me, can't go on a pilgrimage, and I spoke to God about that; says I,—'Please, how is a girl like me to get there?' And it came into my mind,—'Why, Lizzy, little babies, as die when they're babies, don't go on a pilgrimage, but they get to heaven all the same. Angels comes down and fetches them, maybe.'

"And maybe they fetches up the lame girls, or helps them along. I should like to have one show me the way, if he didn't mind; and another go behind me, and cover my back with his wings; and I'd go in on tiptoe, and sit away up against the wall, where nobody could see me; and I'd sing, softly, with the rest.

"You say you think they'll come for me,

before long? Thank you, ma'am. But don't tell father. And if you ever come here and find I've gone, tell him, please, that I'll be sitting near the door, watching for him; he'll know me from all the rest, because they'll be walking about.

"And now I humbly ask your pardon for talking so much, ma'am, and won't speak another word."—*Riverside Magazine*.

THE TEACHER IS THE BOOK.

That the teacher is the school, we find to be true in more than one sense; of course not in the full sense of the word, there being, besides the teacher, some more constituents necessary for the full reality of a school—as, for instance, the pupils, the building, the school system, and its administration. But that the teacher ought to be the text-book, is true in the proper sense of the word. The best school is that which makes the least use of text-books, the teacher filling their place.

The term text-book does not here apply to reading-books of whatever kind; no school can do away with these. But it applies to all other kinds of books which are commonly used in schools. Of these we hold that they ought to be replaced by oral teaching, and recitations by oral repetitions. It is no new theory which we here proclaim; it is the Pestalozzian system, as spread all over Germany and Switzerland, and tried and proved in half a century's practice of the reformed schools there.

On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon system of teaching as practised in Great Britain and the United States, is book-teaching. Whenever any of the Sciences is to be taught in school, the teacher singles out a chapter of the text-book introduced for learning by heart. The better class of teachers will, on this occasion, explain the contents of the chapter, or they will do the same thing after recitation—which is worse yet. The pupil has to recite his task, and a new chapter is committed to memory; and so on till the book is gone through. If there are practical examples given in the book, as for instance in all books of arithmetic, the pupil has to solve them, as well as he can, with, or without the aid of the teacher—in a few cases in school, but on the whole at home. It strikes us that the teacher plays here a very subordinate part, and a machine might be invented to supplant him, in most cases; for hearing a recitation, and pronouncing a judgment on its perfection or imperfections, might generally be just as well performed by the better pupils of the class. The text-book here is almost everything, the teacher almost nothing or nobody. The pupil is passive and merely receptive; he is not guided to reproducing the matter to be

mastered out of himself, to becoming active and independent. The matter is not developed in his mind, nor his mind developed through, and with the matter. It is only the best talent, a very small percentage of boys and girls, who will in this way become tolerably proficient in the science to be acquired; because only a very few have the mental capacity which is self-instructive, which digests mental food in whatsoever sauce served up. The balance of the pupils will, after the lapse of a few months, have forgotten every particle of the truths received, but not assimilated. At least this is our experience.

In that system which makes a text-book of the teacher, the latter is, of course, required to be master of the science to be taught, to have it at his fingers' ends, thoroughly understood, and ready for communication. When he begins his instruction, it must be well prepared, and all he says on the subject must be calculated to inspire the learners with love for the science to be mastered, and its objects. Wherever it is possible to illustrate the subject by presenting it to ocular inspection, he will do it; each of his lessons is more or less an object-lesson. Whatever he can forego teaching himself, by eliciting it from the class through adroit questions, and by rendering thus the pupil self-active, he will make them see, and, in general examine with their own senses, what is to be seen or examined in the objects presented, and lead them to express their observations, when correct and complete, in proper language. The less he speaks himself, making the pupils speak instead, the better.

If he succeeds, in this way, in making them discover for themselves the principles and laws underlying the phenomena, he may depend on their never forgetting the chapter of science thus presented and illustrated. Thus he sharpens their perceptive powers, quickens their wits, their reflection, presence of mind, and attention,—he interests them in the objects presented to such a degree, that they acquire knowledge almost imperceptibly and without severe efforts. Learning becomes pleasure, and is accompanied with the same intense satisfaction which accompanies every kind of growth and perfect assimilation. Such a teacher is sure to attract and advance every single pupil of his class; and although learning in such a thorough manner must needs be slow and gradual from the outset, a great deal of time is gained in the end by the rapid mental growth of the pupils, and by their self-activity. Beginning slowly, he may make rapid strides in the end, because his pupils meet him halfway with keen mental appetites and ready assimilating powers. There is, of course, in every science a number of facts which are not mastered by simple reflection, but

must, at the same time, be impressed upon the memory for immediate practical use. The teacher will further this work of memory either by dictating, at the end of a lesson, a short paragraph containing those facts, and by repeating the same with the class properly; or he will set the pupils themselves, when far enough advanced, to commit these facts to writing, and have the contents properly repeated; or he will, if a reading-book is at hand containing the facts, refer the class to their book, and repeat them from it. Thus the pupils will, in time, become living text-books, like the teacher, and what they have acquired will be their imperishable property, ready for any application in practical life. The science appropriated in this way will be alive in the scholars, and shed light on all cognate subjects. This is the Pestalozzian system of instruction, as compared with the Anglo-Saxon.

Now it will be easily seen that the system in which the teacher *is* the text-book, has great advantages over the other system, in which the teacher *has* a text-book, and the text-book is the real teacher. How superior soever be the text-books you may devise, they are dead teachers, and cannot engender life in the majority of the pupils. Besides, the pupils, if they advance materially by the aid of their books, will be grateful for this result, not to their teacher, but to their books. And if they do not advance, they will blame for this result not the book but the teacher. Thus the Anglo-Saxon system loosens, if it does not indeed destroy, the moral connection between the teacher and his pupils. The Pestalozzian teacher, on the contrary is very potent for good; there is a boundless confidence in his pupils, in him, and his office. They feel that they owe their rapid mental growth to him exclusively, and he is implicitly believed and obeyed. He sways their whole being as with a magic wand; he exerts over them an enormous moral influence for all educational purposes. He is to them the impersonation of truth, dignity, and moral worth; and he must have very little moral character if he does not feel exalted by their appreciation of him, and stimulated to work out his own moral bearing into a model for them.

Now it may be pleaded in excuse for the Anglo-Saxon system, that there is in a country with a rapidly increasing population a great lack of competent teachers, and that, therefore, good text-books are to make up for this want, at least to some degree. Grant this is so, it is an evil to be overcome. Incompetent teachers lessen the respect due to science and education, thus doing almost more harm than good. The sooner you get rid of them the better. The radical reform is also, in this respect, the cheapest and most practicable of all.

Besides that the text-books are, with scanty exceptions, faulty enough, and it is infinitely more difficult to prepare perfect text-books (nay, it is impossible, because the understanding and the wants of every individual learner are different) than to raise a generation of true and good teachers, who know how to accommodate themselves to the individual wants of every pupil. Finally, the text-books need revision almost from year to year, science is now progressing in such a way as to revolutionize many old established truths, and it is opening new views in an unprecedented manner. But a live teacher may always control his science according to the latest discoveries, and conform his teachings to the modern improvements in knowledge and philosophy. He will be up to the times, text-books never are.
—*Am. Ed. Monthly.*

A WONDER.

BY ALICE CARY.

Still *always* growth in me the great wonder,
When the fields are blushing like the dawn,
And only one poor little flower ploughed under,
That I can see no flowers, that one being
gone:
No flower of all, because of one being gone.

Ay, ever in me growth the great wonder,
When all the hills are shining, white and red,
And only one poor little flower ploughed under,
That it were all as one if all were dead:
Ay, all as one if all the flowers were dead.

I cannot feel the beauty of the roses;
Their soft leaves seem to me but layers of
dust;
Out of my opening hand each blessing closes;
Nothing is left me but my hope and trust:
Nothing but heavenly hope and heavenly trust.

I get no sweetness of the sweetest places;
My house, my friends no longer comfort me;
Strange, somehow, grow the old, familiar faces;
For I can nothing have, not having thee:
All my possessions I possessed through thee.

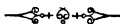
Having I have them not—strange contradiction!
Heaven needs must cast its shadow on our
earth;
Yea, drown us in the waters of affliction,
Breast high, to make us know our treasure's
worth,
To make us know how much our love is worth.

And while I mourn, the anguish of my story
Breaks, as the wave breaks on the hindering
bar:
Thou art but hidden in the depths of glory,
Even as the sunshine hides the lessening star,
And with true love I love thee from afar.

I know Our Father must be good, not evil,
And murmur not for faith's sake, at my ill;
Nor at the mystery of the working cavil,
That somehow bindeth all things in His will,
And though He slay me, makes me trust
Him still.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Young Folks.



DYSIE'S DAY.

BY MATHILDE.

It was very early in the morning, long before you were up, but the sun was up, nevertheless, and shining on the old gray house and the green trees, and flecking with little bits of sunshine and shade the ground under the bushes and the straw-filled box where Dysie lay. The sunbeams wanted a play-mate, and one little one came and tapped her ear, another poked about the little paws, and lastly one, more enterprising than the others, crept gently under the closed lids, and Dysie awoke.

All four little paws stretched out, then the mouth opened so prodigiously that the sunbeams were frightened, and drew back; then the nose was rubbed industriously, the eyes opened fully, and Dysie was wide awake. She put out her paws to catch the sunbeams, but they were too quick for her, and, after trying this game for a second, Dysie gave it up, and she determined to get up and see what kind of a day it was. No sooner thought than done; no chilling waiting till dressed; Dysie's robe of silky-black, which fitted her exactly, was already on, her scarlet ribbon was natively pulled to one side, (which she considered the place for it, though her mistress did not) and so out she jumped at once and looked up.

The sky was blue, oh so blue! there were two little fleecy clouds far away to the west, and to the east there was the bright sun shining and smiling into Dysie's dazzled eyes. As she turned away from the charming sight with blinking eyes, her first feeling was one of astonishment, for she distinctly remembered that the last time she had surveyed her little world (the night before) all had been dark and miser-

able, and very wet, and now it was so very beautiful. For a second, Dysie cogitated gravely on this, and then a fly passed her nose, and she gave chase, leaving a subject that was manifestly too deep for her. After the unsuspecting fly went Dysie, a wild chase ensued, but at last the snowy paws raised high in air, brought down the trembling little fly into the open mouth, and in a minute the short existence was ended. Bright but short it was indeed a minute ago, light with life, winging its way through the fragrant summer air, and now all that was left of it, was a fraction of the tinted wing sticking in Dysie's throat. Poor little fly! Not that these were Dysie's thoughts, for all her ideas were condensed in a deep study as to how breakfast was to be obtained. Bread and milk Dysie knew only grew at eight o'clock, and her sober little face showed that she was perfectly aware that it was only six. A thought occurred to the active mind, and the agile form emerged from the shade of the turn-coat poplars and lilac bushes into the broad sunshine of the gravel walk. Patter, patter, went the little feet, till they reached the grass-plot where the dew-drops and cobwebs had it all their own way. There the paws stopped, and in a moment, the little ears appeared listening to the grasshoppers, whose whirr and hum was beginning to be heard, even at that early hour; for though they had been hopping all yesterday, which might be supposed to fatigue one, yet neither the sun nor Dysie were more lively in the grass-plot that morning. Cautiously did the soft paws advance. Talk of an Indian's wariness, of his stealing

unawares on his foes! Never did Algonquin or Iroquois carry on a war among his native forests with more stealthy advances, sudden attacks, and fearful effects than did Dysie, amid the grass blades, and their inhabitants. One pounce, one application of the shining teeth, and the mangled corpses of the grasshoppers lay on the dewy grass, and were discussed at leisure. How she crunched the bones! With what enjoyment did the little tail quiver as victim after victim disappeared into that cavernous mouth! At last her appetite was sated, and she turned from the grasshoppers to see if they were thinking of breakfast at the old gray house yet. But a sudden thrilling sense of the beauty of life on such a morning, when the sky was all blue and fleecy white, the earth all fresh and sunshine-flecked, and the air all song, came over her, and in a minute she was whirling round the gravel walk, frisking on the diamond-studded plot, chasing her own tail, in fact doing all she could to show the solemn old house and the dignified trees that she was a kitten, mad with delight. O, Dysie! Dysie! and what about those grasshoppers, who, but for you, might—light with life and the joy of it—have been now adding their note of praise to the great hymn raised round you! It was no thought of them that made Dysie stop in her tumultuous dance, but the rattle of a Venetian blind just above, and the appearance at it of a wee figure draped in white, a pair of sleepy blue eyes, a round face that broke all over into smiles and dimples as it beheld Dysie; and a sweet child-voice said, "O, Miranda, run down and bring Dysie up to me."

The command was obeyed, and Dysie, softly purring, was lifted up by the rough but kindly hand of "Miss Maidie's girl," and conveyed into the child's keeping; and in the airy nursery, during the operation of Maidie's dressing, Dysie played, and purred, and yawned, and washed her face in such an interesting manner as greatly to retard the progress of her little mistress' toilet, and to try Miranda's temper.

But at last the snowy frock was put on, and down into the open cool dining-room looking out on the waving tree tops, and

the sapphire sea, already dimpling and curling with the breeze, journeyed Dysie and Maidie. Of all the rooms in the great house this was the pleasantest to Dysie, and she knew as well as did Maidie that in a few minutes breakfast would be up, and her share of it would not be wanting; so she looked out and enjoyed the sight of the beauty, and the fresh air lifted her soft fur, and she sighed with the content of her heart. Then the ladies and gentlemen came in, in their coolest apparel, There was a great clatter of knives and forks, and busy tongues, and Dysie lay quietly in Maidie's lap until her turn came, and then she nibbled and sipped her cream in a manner rather different from that in which she had devoured the grasshoppers. But then Dysie knew that one must have two sets of manners—one for the grass-plot, and another for the dining-room. The meal being satisfactorily ended, Dysie slipped out.

The day was very hot. The little breeze that had danced with the green leaves an hour ago, with the promise of a cool day, had found the task too great for it, and had languidly died away, and even the peonies looked as if one might have too much of a good thing, and as if there was more sun than even they liked. Dysie looked round. The blue-bottle flies darted here and there; gaily-striped caterpillars moved steadily along; and the humming-birds' employment seemed in no wise disturbed by the state of the atmosphere; but everything else seemed listless and drowsy. But Dysie scorned to be outdone by either flies or humming-birds, and for a while she frisked about, playing with leaves, flowers, anything that she could find, and planned clever ambuscades on defenceless bits of strings, which would not fly when she pounced on them from some unexpected quarter. But this game, in which she was obliged to play the double part of attacked and attacking, was very fatiguing, and as she was wandering about in search of further adventures, she caught sight of her little bed of straw there in the cool shade, arched by the green and silver poplar trees, and the lower foliage of the lilac bushes, through which one caught little

glimpses of the blue sky that, on a morning like this, one might well imagine to be heaven. It was very enticing, and Dysie was warm and tired, so the little paws turned that way, and in a minute the little head was laid on the soft paw, and the wise little brain was occupied with vague dreams of chasing improbable mice over impossible barns, and Dysie was lulled to rest by the hum of the multitudinous insect life around her, and the songs of birds that, in the shady boughs above her, were still trilling their admiration of such weather before commencing the business of the day. She slept on while the sun rose higher and higher, and then slowly inclined again,—while all distinct sounds died away into a deep whirring boom, and all nature seemed in her noon-day sleep.

And then a little bird poured a gush of song out over her head, and roused the other birdies around her, and the leaves swayed a little, and an adventurous little wave on the blue expanse, curled its head, and the grass-tops waved in approbation, and all nature seemed reviving from her languor. And with nature, Dysie awoke, and found the sunbeams creeping quietly into her resting-place—not dancing and darting as they had done in the morning, but stealing along to see what had become of their little playmate, and when they found her they lay down at her feet and slept. No wonder they were weary, those poor little sunbeams, they had had a long day's work, and had been abused by many and praised by a few, and had travelled over dusty roads and panting fields, and glassy lakes and breathless woods, rejoicing the humming birds and chagrining the owls. They had peeped into sombre forests, dived into fathomless lakes, squeezed themselves into rocky apertures, and glared into hot work-rooms, and now they were very weary, and to Dysie's nook they came to rest. The bright eyes gazed at them curiously, but they were so fatigued that she didn't pursue them, so she rose and left her hiding place, and started briskly on the way to the house to see if she was too late for luncheon. There was a little stir in the old building now, which had been so

still all day. The people who had been lounging and sleeping, only stirring in vain endeavors to get a taste of coolness, or place themselves more perfectly at rest all the afternoon, were raising drowsy heads and remarking to each other how oppressively warm it had been. And now a light foot which had been resting on the white coverlet of the little bed in the cool nursery during the hottest hours, was again tripping over the marble-floored hall, and when Dysie reached it, two little hands caught her, and with many exclamations of sorrow at her dinnerless state, she was triumphantly carried off to the luncheon table to see if there were any spoils to be found. Some chicken was found and devoured with intense relish by Dysie, who was, however, slightly incommoded by Maidie's desire to keep her on her lap while she ate, and her own inclination to get down on the floor. But Dysie was too well bred, and (must I say it) too politic to insist; so on Maidie's lap she lunched, and then the child and Dysie wandered out into all that flood of beauty and sweetness, when the delicate flowers were raising their heads to see what time it was, and the tall trees were shaking themselves after their long nap, and the birds greeted them to the sweetest songs, to pretend that they had been awake all the time. The shadows seemed chasing each other to see how much longer they could get, one than the other,—and the sun inclined lower and lower, slowly and majestically, a little sorry, no doubt, to leave the place where he had ruled all day so absolutely, and pass on to other climes where, perhaps, his sway was more limited; and a pale golden look came to the horizon, where a few faint clouds were rising, to robe the Eastern Monarch in his parting glory; and the child and the kitten gazed at the deep blue sky, and the lake which seemed to have taken its reflection from those heavens, only with a more liquid sapphire, till their hearts were filled with beauty and peace. The ladies poured out on the broad terrace and betook themselves to croquet and archery until the great dinner bell sounded, and all, even little Maidie, left Dysie alone.

The sun was just about to sink behind that far line, and a great glow stole into the clouds. Purple, gold, crimson, deep blue, and silver-grey, and many other hues which have no name and only exist in heaven, came into the summer sky, reflecting themselves in the lake, and domes and steeples near. The great glory shone over the old stone house, clothing it in a rosy garment that quite belied its age, and Dysie sat alone on the terrace and gazed till the flood of crimson and gold found an answering glow in her heart. The people in the house all crowded to the window to look on the beautiful sunset; yes, they saw it, but Dysie felt it, surely, as she sat there! Those wondering eyes caught a glimpse of the land that is very far off, and felt one throb of the glory which that little heart might never see. A quiver of delight passed through her frame, as the sea or purple and gold swayed above her head, and the sun sank slowly below the rosy horizon, pillowed by many a soft cushion of splendor. Half of it is gone,—now all disappears from Dysie's wondering gaze, slowly growing fainter and fainter sail the clouds; a grey mantle spreads over all and deepens into an intense blue. Faint at first, but growing in a rivalry of lustre, many a star appears, and drawing a long breath, Dysie rises. She has seen a great miracle of splendor; she has seen the rise and fall of a mighty empire, no wonder she is grave. The silver moon ascends calmly to claim her power, tinting the waters, while the soft wavelets of the still blue lake kiss the bright pebbles with a murmured tale of the hot day and now and then a sob; while the wind sighs with relief at the coolness, and Dysie wets her little wandering feet in the shining dew, and finally decides that the day is done and 'tis time for a chase. Ah! gleaming eyes and shining teeth, little mercy will the mice find from you, I fear! The supple mind of the kitten had made one great rebound from wondering admiration to wild longing for excitement. But kitten, mine! good-night. The long Canadian day, under leafy Canadian trees and radiant Canadian sky, is done, and your day. Dysie is done too.

GOOD NIGHT.

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(By the Author of "Susie's Six Birthdays.")

PART II.—(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

Now that the weather was getting warm, Lou's curls troubled him, and he often asked his mamma to cut them off. But she could not make up her mind to do it. She liked to watch him from her window, with his bright hair flying in the wind, and she said if ever she cut it off, he would look like a great boy.

His papa said he would grow into a great boy, hair or no hair, and he thought he looked like a girl now.

Then mamma decided to cut off the curls, and one morning, before breakfast, she took her scissors, and clipped them off one by one. Lou was delighted; partly because he liked everything new, partly because he felt more comfortable. He expected to surprise his papa very much with the sight of his little cropped head. But papa ate his breakfast without saying a word, till at last Lou burst out with—

"Papa, why don't you be astonished to see my hair cut?"

Then papa looked at the little fellow, and laughed, and said he was very much astonished indeed.

"Papa, I am a great boy now, like other boys. I am almost three years old, I am almost old enough to wear trousers. Norman wears trousers."

"You call yourself a great boy, but you behave like a little boy," said his papa. "You cry when you are hurt, just as you did when you were a baby, and did not know how to talk. It is right for babies to cry when they are hurt, or are hungry, or are in pain. They cannot speak, and so they have to cry. But you can say anything you please and so you ought to stop screaming. But I am going to the Post-office now; do you want to go with me?"

"Oh yes, papa!"

As they walked along together, Lou asked,— "Where does the man at the Post-office get all his letters? Does he make them himself?"

"No; different people write them, and send them to him, and he looks on the outside of each letter to see whose name is on it, and then he gives it to the man or woman to whom it is written."

"Does he give them all to big men and women? Won't he give any to little boys?"

"If a letter comes for a little boy, he gives it to the little boy. Here we are! Now let us see what there is for us."

There were a good many letters for Lou's papa, and several for mamma, and there were some papers too. And last of

all, best of all, there was one very little letter to—

“MASTER LOUIS JAMES,
“Care of Prof. James,
“WILTON,
“Mass.”

“Why, here is a little letter for you, Lou!” said his papa.

The truth is, the letter had come the day before, and papa had left it in the office, so that Lou could have the pleasure of taking it out himself. Lou was delighted. What with having his hair cut and getting a letter, he felt about fifty years old.

CHAPTER III.

When Lou got home with his letter, he was going to put it away in a drawer with some of his best clothes. But his mamma said—

“Oh no, don't put it away till you have heard it read. It is from Aunt Fanny. I knew she would write you a little letter some time.”

She opened it, and Lou sat on his low chair, and looked earnestly in her face while she read—

“Dear little Lou,—I wish I knew just how you are, and how you do! I wish your darling little feet were trotting fast down aunty's street, or climbing softly up the stairs, to take your aunty unawares! What a great boy you're grown to be since I saw you, and you saw me!

“Now, Lou my dear, you must come here. I have no toys, or girls or boys, but you can play the livelong day upon the shore, where you have never been before; and pick up shells, dig little wells, and your mamma and your papa can bathe and splash, and dive and dash in ocean blue, and so can you. So pack your clothes, and follow your nose, and come right here, you darling dear, and as soon as you can, to your

“AUNTY FAN.”

“What is Aunt Fanny's ‘shore,’?” asked Lou. “Is it her garden, or her yard? And what is an ‘ocean blue’?”

“Oh, you'll see when we get there,” replied his mamma. “You will have the nicest time in the world at Aunt Fanny's. And so shall we all.”

“Well,” said Lou, in a pleased voice, “I'll go and get my hat, and my kitty, and my wheelbarrow, and my little hatchet, and then we'll go.”

His mamma laughed.

“We cannot start off in that style,” said she. “Vacation has not begun yet, and besides our trunks are not ready, and some of our frocks are in the wash.”

“But I want to go now. I must go now!”

“You cannot go now, and you must be patient.”

“I can't be patient. I want to dig wells, and pick shells. I want to follow my nose”——

“Wherever it goes!” said mamma. “Well, let it go out into the garden, then. And you can run after it and try to catch it.”

“Just as kitty chases her tail?” asked Lou, and away he ran. Kitty was out in the garden stepping softly over the flower-bed.

“I know something that you don't know, kitty,” said Lou. “Come here, and I'll tell you.”

But kitty made believe she didn't want to know.

“You'd better come, kitty. It's something real nice.” But kitty wouldn't come. So Lou ran and caught her up.

“You shall hear, you naughty kitten. We're all going to see our Aunt Fanny. You are going, and I am going. And we're going to see an ‘ocean blue,’ and ever so many things.”

Kitty rubbed her whiskers against his cheek, and purred, as much as to say—

“I am glad to hear it. I did not know I had any Aunt Fanny; but if I have, I shall like very well to go and see her. But I should like it better to have her come here. I like this house very well. I've been all over it and smelt everything in it, and have made up my mind that it is a very nice house. But I do not think it at all likely that I shall be as well pleased with my Aunt Fanny's house, nor with her ocean, even if it is blue.”

CHAPTER IV.

The next day Lou hoped their journey was to begin, but his mamma said again that he must wait in patience. So he went out to the wood-house to play. There was a good deal of wood piled up in high piles, and a great many chips lay scattered about. Lou chopped at them with a new little hatchet his papa had given him, and was busy a long time. He was astonished when he was called in to dinner, he had had such a happy morning. His hands and face needed washing before he could go to the table; and so he was a little late, and his papa had already asked a blessing, and begun to carve.

“Why, papa! you haven't said ‘for Jesus' sake!’” he cried out.

“I said that before you came to the table,” said his papa. “What have you been doing all the morning?”

“I've been hatching, papa.”

“Hatching? Hatching what?”

“Hatching wood with my new hatchet.”

His papa laughed; and Lou laughed too, though he did not know what he was laughing at. After dinner, he was playing

about the room, and his mamma went to the piano, and began to sing "The Mistle-toe Bough." Pretty soon Lou stopped playing, in order to listen, and when the song ceased, his mamma found him crying bitterly. She was sorry she had sung a song that made him cry. She thought he was too young to notice the words, which are very sad. She soon dried his tears by singing something amusing in two voices:—

First voice.

What nibbling noise is that I hear?
What little noise is that?

Second voice.

Why, don't you know it when you hear
The purring of your cat?

First voice.

I never knew my cat to go
And hide behind the wall;
Of course I know her purring sounds;
It is not that, at all.

Second voice.

To tell the truth, it's not the cat,
It's only little me,
Trembling within my hiding-place,
As hungry as can be.

First voice.

And who is "little me?" I pray,
And who is hungry here?
Come out, come out and show yourself;
There's no one here to fear.

Second voice.

I cannot come! I dare not come!
You'd drive me right away;
And yet I have not had to eat
A single scrap to-day.
No crumbs lie scattered on your floors,
You keep your house so neat;
Your cheese you lock within a box,
With all your dainties sweet.

First voice.

Ah! now I know just who you are!
Come out, sir, if you please!
You are the mouse that steals my cake,
And eats up all my cheese!

Second voice.

Oh do not scold me! do not frown
Till I've my story told!
I never stole a crumb from you.
I'm only nine days old.
My father was a soldier bold,
He perished in the wars—

First voice.

Aha! you mean he fought with cats,
And perished in their claws.

Second voice.

My mother hid her little nest
Just here behind the wall,
And nursed us every one herself,
And dearly loved us all.
But she has gone, we know not where,
And left her children here;
And my poor little sisters lie
Half dead with grief and fear.

First voice.

Come out, poor things, and let me see
If all you say is true;

I'm sure that we shall gladly spare
Some of our food for you.
Ah! here you come, you pretty things!
What little beads of eyes!
What tiny paws, what funny tails,
How bright you look—how wise!
Here; pick these crumbs of bread, and meat,
These little bits of cake!
I think my darling boy has left
His dinner for your sake.

*Chorus of mice.**

Thanks, lady, thanks; our dinner nice
We hungry, starving little mice,
Have found and eaten in a trice.
The bread was good, and so are you;
The cake was sweet, and you are too.

First voice.

To-morrow, after dinner, then,
You little things may come again;
And now, good-bye, until to-morrow!

Chorus.

Good-bye, dear lady, till to-morrow.

[The six little brown mice form a ring, and dance away to their hole, where they disappear.]

CHAPTER V.

"I like that," said Lou, when his mamma stopped singing. "But I wish I could see the little brown mice, and hear them talk. And I should like to see them dance, too."

"So should I," said his mamma, laughing. "And now you may run out into the garden and play, till the horse is harnessed."

"Am I going anywhere?"

"Yes, we are going up the mountain, a good way."

"That's nice."

So Lou ran out and played a while, near the door, and then went to the stable to see the horse harnessed. His papa was there, and he said to Lou,—

"Well, Lou, are you going up the mountain this afternoon?"

"Yes, papa. Do you want to hear a story? I know a story about six little brown mice."

"Yes, I should like to hear it. But not yet. I am too busy, now. Run in and tell mamma to get ready, and I will come in a few minutes."

Lou ran in. He found his mamma tying a string around a large book. The book was made of newspapers, bound together. On the table, near her, was a basket.

"What is that book for, mamma? Is there anything in the basket?"

"I am going to collect some ferns, and dry them between the leaves of the book. Then next winter, when the ground is covered with snow, I shall fill some vases with sand, and keep my ferns in the vases."

"I wish I could dry some ferns, too."

"Well, you may. I will carry another book for you. As for the basket, that is for mosses, and such things."

"May I take my little basket, and get mosses too?"

"You may take your basket, but I should think you would rather pick raspberries than collect mosses."

"Oh, so I should."

He ran to get his basket, and at last they all set off. Lou sat between his papa and mamma; he held his basket, and she held hers; under the seat there was a stone jar, with a piece of white linen in it, and another basket, and a large jug. Lou was going to ask what they were all for, but his papa told the old horse to "Get up!" and they rolled rapidly out of the yard, and down the village street.

"Now, Lou, let's hear your story," said papa.

Lou told the story wonderfully well, and his papa made believe he was much astonished and pleased to hear it. By the time it came to an end, they had left the smooth road, and were beginning to go slowly, and by a rough path, up the side of the mountain. Papa got out and walked, holding the reins in his hand.

"Papa, mayn't I hold the reins?" asked Lou.

"Oh no, don't give him the reins!" cried mamma: "I'm frightened enough now."

"There is no danger," said papa. "The road is pretty rough, to be sure, but this old horse knows every step of the way."

Mamma was very glad when it came time to get out, for all that. And Lou was glad to find himself in such a beautiful place. He did not find many berries, but he put all he did find into his basket, together with one red toadstool, and one yellow one; a twig from a dead tree that he thought was shaped like a dog; and a number of such odd things. They were in a lovely spot. Tall trees grew on each side of the path, and made it cool and shady; graceful ferns, and delicate vines, and all sorts of green foliage, filled the spaces beneath the trees, and nothing was heard but the hum of busy insects and the refreshing sound of a brook that ran cheerfully by. Mamma filled her book with ferns, and wished she had another book to fill also; Lou gathered what leaves he pleased, and filled his too, making mamma admire every one. Meanwhile papa, who could go with his thick boots where they could not, went higher up, and collected all sorts of mosses and lichens; green and gray and white, and pretty little red-caps. "It is time to go now," said he. "Come, my dear: come, Lou."

"Oh, do not let us go yet! It is so quiet and cool here!" said mamma.

"We must go; you know we have to stop on the way."

"Oh, I do wish college prayers were later!" said mamma. "We always have to hurry off just as the pleasant part of the day comes on. I should like to stay here all night!"

"Wouldn't the old bears catch us?" asked Lou, pushing closer to her side.

"There are no bears here now," said his papa. "If there were, I do not think they would hurt you."

On the outskirts of the village they stopped at a farm-house, and papa drew the stone jar from beneath the seat. The farmer's wife came out to see what they wanted. Lou stood up and saw that the cows were being milked.

"How do you do, Mrs. Thompson?" asked mamma. "Can you let us have a little more of your nice butter? And a few eggs? And if you can spare a little cream, I should be glad to have some."

Mrs. Thompson said she could. She carried the stone jar into the house, and brought it back, filled with butter and covered with the linen cloth. Then she took the basket and the bottle, and filled them. Lou watched everything with great interest.

"I put a pullet's egg into the basket for you, my little man," said Mrs. Thompson.

"What is a pullet's egg? Oh, let me take it in my hands," cried Lou.

His papa opened the basket, and took from it a very little egg.

"What a dear little egg!" cried Lou.

"Thank Mrs. Thompson," whispered mamma.

"I did," said Lou.

"If you did, she did not hear you, nor did I. Say 'thank you, Mrs. Thompson.'"

Lou was silent.

"Oh, never mind!" said Mrs. Thompson. "All the thanks I want is to see him pleased." And then she bade them good evening and went into the house.

Lou's papa drove away, and drove home, without another word. Mamma was grave and silent, too. Lou knew they were both displeased with him. But he played with his egg, and tried to have a good time.

"Oh, you pretty little egg! you darling little egg!" he kept saying. All at once it broke in his hand, and his face and hands and frock were covered with it. He felt sticky and uncomfortable and ashamed; and began to cry.

"You see what happens to little boys who disobey," said mamma. "If I had not been displeased with you, I should have carried your egg for you, and you could have had it for your breakfast."

(To be Continued.)

COALS OF FIRE.

Guy Morgan came in with rapid step and an impetuous manner. His mother looked up from her work. There was a round red spot in each cheek, and an ominous glitter in his eyes. She knew the signs. That naturally fierce temper of his had been stirred in some way to a heat that had kindled his whole nature. He threw down his cap, threw himself on an ottoman at her feet, and then he said, with a little of the heat of his temper in his tone, "Never say, after this, that I don't love you, mother."

"I think I never did say so," she answered, gently as she passed her hand over the tawny locks, and brushed them away from the flushed brow. "But what special thing have you done to prove your love for me just now?"

"Taken a blow without returning it."

She bent over and kissed him where he sat. He was fifteen years old, a great, tall fellow, with muscles like steel; but he had not grown above liking his mother's kisses. Then she said, softly, "Tell me all about it, Guy."

"O, it was Dick Osgood. You know what a mean, bullying fellow he is anyhow. He had been tormenting some of the younger boys,—nagging them till I couldn't stand it. They are every one afraid for their lives where he is. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and tried to make him leave off, till, after a while, I s'pose he got stirred up for he turned from them, and coming to me he struck me in the face. I believe the mark of his claws is there now;" and he turned toward her the other cheek, which he had kept carefully away from her up to this time. She saw the marks clearly, and she trembled herself with sympathy and secret indignation.

"Well," she said, "and you—what did you do?"

"I remembered what I had promised you for this year, and I took it,—think of it, mother,—took it and never touched him. I just looked into his eyes, and said, 'If I should strike you back I should lower myself to your level.' He laughed a great scornful horse-laugh and said he, 'You hear, boys, Morgan's turned preacher. You'd better wait, sir, before you lecture me on my behavior to the little ones, till you have pluck enough to defend them. I've heard about the last impudence I shall take from a coward like you.' The boys laughed, and some of them said, 'Good for Osgood!' and I came home. I had done it for the sake of my promise to you; for I'm stronger than he is any day; and you know, mother, whether there's a drop of coward blood in my veins. I thought you were the one to comfort me; though it isn't comfort I want so much either. I

just want you to release me from that promise, and let me go back and thrash him."

Mrs. Morgan's heart thrilled with silent thanksgiving. Her boy's temper had been her greatest grief. His father was dead, and she had brought him up alone, and sometimes she was afraid her too great tenderness had spoiled him. She had tried in vain to curb his passionate nature. It was a power which no bands could bind. She had concluded, at last, that the only hope was in enlisting his own powerful will, and making him resolve to conquer himself. Now, she thought, he had shown himself capable of self-control. In the midst of his rage he had remembered his pledge to her, and kept it. He would yet be his own master,—this brave boy of hers,—and the kingdom of his mind would be a godly sovereignty.

"Better heap coals of fire on his head," she said, quietly.

"Yes, he deserves a good scorching,"—pretending perversely to misunderstand her,—"but I should not have thought you would have been so vindictive."

"You know well enough what kind of coals I meant, and *who* it was that said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' I cannot release you from your promise until the year for which you made it is over. I think the Master who told us to render good for evil understood all the wants and passions of humanity better than any other teacher has ever understood them. I am sure that what he said must be wise, and right, and best. I want you to try his way first. If that fails, there will be time enough after this year to make a different experiment."

"Well, I promised you," he said, "and I'll show you that, at least, I'm strong enough to keep my word until you release me from it. I think, though, you don't quite know how tough it is."

Mrs. Morgan thought she did know just about how "tough" it was to boy-nature to be called a coward; but she knew, also, that the truest bravery on earth is the bravery of endurance.

"Look out for the coals of fire," she said, smilingly, as her boy started off for school the next morning. "Keep a good watch, and I'm pretty sure you'll find them before the summer is over."

But he came home that night depressed and a little gloomy. He felt as if his prestige were gone. There had always been a sort of rivalry between him and Dick Osgood, and now the boys seemed to have gone over to the stronger side, and he had that feeling of humiliation and disgrace which is as bitter to a boy as the sense of defeat ever is to a man.

The weeks went on, and the feeling wore away a little. Still that blow, unavenged

and unatoned, rankled in Guy's mind, and made him unsocial and ill at ease. His mother watched him with some anxiety, but she did not interfere. She had the true wisdom to leave him to learn some of the lessons of life alone.

At length came the last day of school, succeeded next day by a picnic, in which all the scholars were to join, superintended by their teachers. Guy Morgan hesitated a little, then concluded to go. The place selected was a lovely spot, known in all the neighborhood as "the old mill." It was on the banks of the Quassit River, where the stream ran fast, and the grass on its brink was green, and great trees with drooping boughs shut away the garish July sunlight.

Among the rest were Dick Osgood and his little sister Hetty,—the one human being whom he seemed really and tenderly to love. The teachers' eyes were on him for this one day, and he neither ventured to insult the older scholars or bully the little ones. He and Guy kept apart as much as they conveniently could; and Guy entered into the spirit of the day, and really enjoyed it more than he had enjoyed anything for the past two months.

Dinner was spread on the grass, and nothing taken at home on civilized black walnut, and from regulation dishes, was ever tasted with half the zest which went to the enjoyment of these viands, eaten with pewter spoons out of crockery of every hue, and kind. They had enjoyed themselves like boys and girls, and like nothing else; for that full, hearty capacity for enjoyment is one of the things which youth takes away when it goes "with flying feet," and "which never come again."

They made dinner last as long as they could, and then they scattered here and there,—some swinging in hammocks, some lounging on the grass, and a group standing on the bridge a few rods above the falls, and playing at fishing. Among these latter were Dick Osgood and his sister. Guy Morgan was at a little distance with one of the teachers, pulling to pieces a curious flower, and talking botany. Suddenly a wild, wild cry arose above the sultry stillness of the summer afternoon and the hum of quiet voices round,—Dick Osgood's cry: "She's in, boys! Hetty's in the river, and I can't swim, O, save her, save her!—will no one try?"

Before the words were out of his lips, they all saw Guy Morgan coming on with flying feet,—a race for life. He unbuttoned coat and vest as he ran, and cast them off as he neared the bridge. He kicked off his summer shoes, and threw himself over. They heard him strike the water. He went under, rose again, and then struck out toward the golden head which rose just then for the second time. Every one who stood

there lived moments which seemed like hours.

The boys and Mr. Sharpe, the teacher with whom Guy had been talking, got a strong rope, and, running down the stream, threw it out on the water just above the falls, where Guy could reach it if he could get so near the shore—*if*. The water was very very deep where Hetty had fallen in, and the river ran fast, fast. It was sweeping the poor child on, and Dick Osgood threw himself upon the bridge, and sobbed and screamed like one gone mad. When she rose the third time, she was near the falls. A moment more and she would go over, down on the jagged cruel rocks beneath. But that third time Guy Morgan caught her,—caught her by her long, glistening, golden hair. Mr. Sharp shouted to him. He saw the rope and swam towards it, his strong right arm beating the water back with hammer-strokes; his left motionless, holding his white burden.

"O God!" Mr. Sharp prayed, fervently. "keep him up, spare his strength a little longer,—a little longer!"

A moment more and he reached the rope, clung to it desperately, and boys and teacher drew the two in over the slippery edge, out of the horrible seething waters, and took them in their arms, both silent, both motionless. Mr. Sharp spoke Guy's name, but he did not answer. Would either of them ever answer again?

Teachers and scholars went to work alike for their restoration. It was well there was intelligent guidance, or their best endeavors might have failed. Guy, being the stronger, was the first to revive.

"Is Hetty safe?" was his anxious question.

"Only God knows," Mr. Sharp answered, solemnly. "We are doing our best."

It was almost half an hour more before pretty Hetty opened her blue eyes. Meantime Dick had been utterly frantic and helpless. He had sobbed, and groaned, and cried, and prayed even, in a wild, incomprehensible fashion of his own, which perhaps the pitying Father, who forgets no sparrow even, understood and answered. When he heard his sister's voice, he was like one beside himself with joy, until Mr. Sharp quieted him by a few low, firm words, which were audible to no one else.

Some of the larger girls arranged one of the wagons, and, getting into it, received Hetty in their arms.

Mr. Sharp drove Guy Morgan home. When they reached his mother's gate, Guy insisted on going in alone. He thought it might alarm her to see some one helping him; besides, he wanted her a few moments quiet to himself. So Mr. Sharp drove away, and Guy went in. His mother saw him coming, and opened the door.

"Where have you been?" she cried, seeing his wet, disordered plight.

"In Quassit River, mother, fishing out Hetty Osgood."

Then, while she was busying herself in preparations for his comfort, he quietly told his story. His mother's eyes were dim, and her heart throbbled chokingly.

"O, if you had been drowned, my boy, my darling!" she cried, hugging him close, wet as he was, as if she would hold him back from all dangers forever.

"If I had been there, Guy, I couldn't have let you do it."

"I went in after the coals of fire, mother."

Mrs. Morgan knew how to laugh with her boy, as well as how to cry over him. "I've heard of people smart enough to set the river on fire," she said, "but you are the first one I ever knew who went in there after the coals."

The next morning came a delegation of the boys, with Dick Osgood at their head. Every one was there who had seen the blow which Dick struck, and heard his taunts afterwards. They came into the sitting-room, and said their say to Guy before his mother. Dick was spokesman.

"I have come," he said, "to ask you to forgive me. I struck you a mean, unjustifiable blow. You received it with noble contempt. To provoke you into fighting, I called you a coward, meaning to bring you down by some means to my own level. You bore that, too, with a greatness I was not great enough to understand. I do understand it now. I have seen you—all we boys have seen you—face to face with Death, and seen that you weren't afraid of him. You fought with him and came off ahead; and we all are come to do honor to the bravest boy in town, and I to thank you for a life a great deal dearer and better worth saving than my own."

Dick broke down just there for the tears choked him.

Guy was as grand in his forgiveness as he had been in his forbearance.

Hetty and her father and mother came afterwards, and Guy found himself made a hero of before he knew it. But none of it all moved him as did his mother's few words, and the pride in her joyful eyes. He had kept, with honor and with patience,

his pledge to her and he had his reward. The Master's way of peace had not misled him.—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in "Our Young Folks."*

THE SINGING LESSON.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid her face from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to weep.
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep!

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed a dove,
"O nightingale! what's the use;
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight
Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl!"

"Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral I know
If you'll try to find it out!

—*Christian Standard.*





Allegretto. Music by F. SCOTT.

Musical notation for the instrumental introduction, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The piece begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

Words by LORD HOUGHTON.

First system of the vocal score. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "2. La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, 2. Ask me not this, lit - tle". Musical markings include *ritard.* and *a tempo.*

Second system of the vocal score. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "where are you ro - ving? Over the sea, over the sea. child, if you love me, You are too bold, you are too bold;". Musical markings include *rall.*

La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, whom are you loyng? All that love me,
I must o - bey my dear Fa - ther a - bove me, And do. as I'm told,

dim.

all that love me. Are you not tired with rolling and 'nev - er Resting to:
do as I'm told. La - dy Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving? Over the

mf

rall do.

sleep, rest - ing to sleep? Why look so pale and so sad, as for - ev - er
sea, o - ver the sea. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loyng?

col canto. *sf* *a temp.* *rall.*

Wishing to weep, wishing to weep? Why look so pale and so sad, as for -
All that love me, all that love me. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you

a tempo. *rall.* *a tempo.*

ev - er Wishing to weep, wishing to weep?
loving? All that love me, love me, all that love me.

ad lib. *sf* *dim.* *p* *f* *dim. p*

col canto. *a tempo.*

Domestic Economy.

A WELL-SET TABLE

The way in which the ordinary meals of a family are served may seem a small matter to many, and when young housekeepers find their cares increasing, and they look about them for some means of lightening their burdens, they begin oftentimes by slighting some of the very essentials of a well-kept home.

There are few of us who do not appreciate our meals more when neatly and tastefully served. Bright glass and silver, setting off clean table-linen, are certainly good appetizers.

There is true economy in a well-set table, though it might not appear so on first thought.

Suppose a "wash-day dinner" to consist of the remains of Sunday's roast, either cold or warmed over with the gravy, plain boiled potatoes, and bread and butter, with a cup of tea. There is nothing about such a meal to awaken one's enthusiasm certainly, and it can be made positively uninviting by being carelessly thrown, as it were, upon a table covered with a dirty cloth, which should have been in the wash-tub. Table-cloths, no matter how common, if starched and smoothly ironed, will keep clean a week in most families, provided a crumb-brush, or scraper is used, and the cloth neatly folded in its creases after every meal.

If any housekeeper, whose time is too much occupied to allow her personally to superintend the setting of the table, thinks it would be impossible to teach the generality of servant-girls to take such care of the table-linen, she is mistaken. By trying the experiment a few times, she can convince any hired girl that it is an actual saving of washing. The penalty of careless crumpling of the cloth, in removing it, should be its speedy dismissal to the wash, which proceeding no girl would care to have constantly repeated through her own heedlessness.

A few pretty dishes, which are not really expensive, will set off the plainest table.

For butter, there are those lovely green plates representing leaves: their effect, particularly in summer, is charming. And there are pretty red Bohemian, or its imitation, glasses for spoons, etc. Any one's taste can fill out a list of ornamental dishes within the reach of moderate means. But if any additional expenditure for dishes is not to be thought of, make the best of what is at hand.

Don't tolerate a dirty castor; wash and refill its bottles and polish the plated parts and you will be surprised to see the improvement it makes in the appearance of your table.

The salt-cellars should be freshly filled and carefully smoothed over with a knife, and the salt-spoons laid across the top.

It is not such a trouble as many seem to think to have bright, clean knives at every meal. A few rubs with a cork dipped in brick-dust will remove all stains. If it requires too much time and strength to thoroughly clean silver every week, it will show its gratitude for a generous bath of hot soap-suds, with a little ammonia added to the water.

Of course, all your dishes must be clean and bright to perfect your table arrangements, and it is necessary to place them tastefully.

It takes very little longer to set a table well than it does to do it carelessly, and the extra trouble finds ample compensation in the added charms. The next time it is necessary for you to have such a "wash-day dinner" as I have described, I pray you serve it with some of the embellishments I have named, and you will probably find that your hungry husband will forget to growl at the "abominable pot-luck" of the day, and pronounce your dinner "capital."—*Hearth and Home.*

HINTS ON FURNITURE.

Furniture nowadays is of such diverse styles and forms, we know not what to recommend. The richest of satins have superseded brocades for coverings; but these are hardly suitable for everyday use. Plush and reps of all prices are offered to us for furniture-coverings. Green and maroon are the most durable; the prettily-tinted blues and crimsons fade, and their beauty vanishes. The French chintz coverings are very tasteful, and wash and wear well; we find them striped in grays and crimson, or scarlet, or green, or blue—all pretty and desirable. Buff linens, bound with scarlet braid, are very pretty, but tumble and deface rapidly, so are not equal to chintz for common use. A box twenty inches by sixteen inches (which can be easily found at any shop) can be converted into a desirable piece of furniture with little trouble or expense. Nail on the cover for the bottom; saw off the top three inches

below the edge; attach strong iron hinges with screws; now nail carpeting like your carpet all around the sides; stuff the top with hay, or "excelsior," procured at the upholsterer's, or a piece of an old cotton comfortable; cover neatly with the carpet, hiding the nails with braid or gimp; nail a similar piece round the edge of the box where the cover joins it; paper it inside neatly with common brown paper or wall paper. It makes a nice seat for a child, and a most useful receptacle for the daily newspaper, so needful to the comfort of every fireside. Duplicates can be made, as store-places for sewing, stockings to be repaired, etc. They are of the greatest use and convenience, cost but little, and can be made quite ornamental. A piece of oilcloth nailed over the bottom makes them move easier over the carpet; and they are decidedly a "fireside decoration." French chintz or plush can be substituted for carpeting.

SELECTED RECIPES.

DRIED PEA SOUP.—Take one quart of split peas or lima beans, put them in three quarts of soft water, with three onions chopped up, pepper and salt; boil them two hours; mash them well and pass them through a sieve. Return the liquor to the pot, thicken it with a large piece of butter and flour; put in some slices of nice salt pork, and a large teaspoonful of celery seed pounded. Boil till the pork is done.

BEEF-BALLS.—Mince very finely a piece of tender beef, fat and lean; mince an onion, with some boiled parsley; add grated bread-crumbs, and season with pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, and lemon-peel; mix all together, and moisten it with an egg beaten; roll it into balls; flour, and fry them in boiling fresh dripping. Serve them with fried bread-crumbs, or with a thickened brown gravy.

BAKED BEANS.—The small white beans are the best for baking. Pick out the bad ones, wash and soak over night in lukewarm water. Early the next morning set them where they will boil, adding a teaspoonful of saleratus. When partially done, take them out of the water with a skimmer, and put them in a earthen jar or crock, salting them at the same time. Gash about a pound of pork in narrow strips; put it with the beans in such a way that all the rind will be covered. Turn in water until you can just see it at the top. Bake the beans from two to five hours in a moderate oven. The beans, when done, should be of a nice even brown over the top, the pork tender and the rind crisp.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Mix a quart of lukewarm milk with a quart of flour that has been sifted, a couple of spoonfuls of melted butter, just lukewarm, a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of home-brewed yeast, or a large, spoonful of distillery yeast, and keep it warm till risen. When light, work in flour to render it sufficiently stiff to mould up; let it remain till risen again, then roll it out, cut it into small pieces, and mould them into small rolls; lay them on buttered tins, and let them remain for a few minutes before baking. Bake them in a quick oven.

ROAST BEEF.—Put the beef into the pan, with a little water, then set it into a quick oven, but do not season it until it is about half-cooked; then take it out, salt, pepper, and flour it, return it to the oven and after this, while it is cooking, baste it frequently. It is more tender when seasoned thus than if done at first. The time for cooking depends upon the size of the piece, but an hour is sufficient for one weighing five or six pounds. If you wish it rare, three-quarters of an hour will be enough. It is best to use scorched flour for the gravy, to make it dark. If the meat be very fat, turn off the top from the gravy, leaving the remainder for that purpose. Stir in a little flour, and perhaps add a few spoonfuls of water. Tomato sauce should be served with the beef.

QUEEN CAKES.—Mix a pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar, and of washed clean currant. Wash a pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups, or saucers, and bake the batter in them, filling only half. Sift a little fine sugar over, just as you put it into the oven.

SEED CAKE.—Six cups of flour, three cups of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of dry cream-tartar, sifted together; warm one cup of milk, and one of butter together, add one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus; beat into the milk until it froths, three eggs well beaten, and half a cup of seeds. Mix this all together with the hands, roll it thin, and cut in rounds. Bake it fifteen minutes.

APPLE FLOAT.—Beat together, fifteen minutes, one pint of slightly stewed and well mashed apples; add to the apples the whites of three eggs, and four large spoonfuls of sugar, thoroughly beaten; then beat all together until stiff enough to stand alone. Fill a deep dish with rich cream or boiled custard, and pile the float on top. Very nice with other fruits.

AN ECONOMICAL DISH.—Steam or boil some mealy potatoes; mash them together, with some butter or cream; season them, and place a layer at the bottom of a pie-dish; upon this place a layer of finely chopped cold meat or fish of any kind, well seasoned; then add another layer of potatoes, and continue alternating these with more chopped meat until the dish is filled. Smooth down the top, strew bread crumbs upon it, and bake until it is well browned. A very small quantity of meat serves in this dish. A sprinkling of chopped pickles may be added if handy, and when fish is employed, it eats better if first beaten up with raw egg.

TO PRESERVE AUTUMN LEAVES.—A good authority gives the following as the best way of preserving autumn leaves: "If they are slightly withered when you reach home put them in water overnight and they will become smooth. Wipe them carefully with a soft towel, and lay between sheets of porous paper, thin manilla or the common printer's sort is best; only have three or four layers between the leaves. Press these with a moderately hot iron for about three minutes, then arrange the leaves on card-board, fastening them with a solution of gum-tragacanth, which is not so apt to crack as gum-arabic, and when dry brush them with white moss varnish."

Editorial.



ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D.,

BISHOP OF MONTREAL AND METROPOLITAN
OF CANADA.

Dr. Oxenden was born on the 28th September, 1808. He is a son of the late, and a brother of the present Baronet, Sir H. C. Oxenden. The Baronetage was created in 1678, but the family have been settled in Kent, England, ever since the time of Edward the Third, in whose reign Richard de Oxenden was Prior of Christ Church, Canterbury.

Ashton Oxenden was educated at Harrow, and afterwards at University College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1831. He also studied for the Church, and was ordained at Christmas, 1833. In 1848, the Archbishop of Canterbury appointed him Rector of Pluckley, in his Diocese. In 1858, he was a Proctor of the Clergy in Convocation, and, in 1864, he was made Honorary Canon of Canterbury. He married, in June, 1864, a daughter of the late Joseph Bradshaw, Esq.

In 1869, he was elected to his present Episcopal office, and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey. The University of Oxford also conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Oxenden has been an indefatigable worker ever since he entered the ministry, both in his parish and also as a writer of a large number of religious books. So beloved and esteemed was he by his parishioners that, when he left Pluckley, he was presented by them with an address and a purse of one hundred and thirty-four pounds sterling.

But Dr. Oxenden's popularity extended chiefly by means of his writings, far beyond his parish; and, when it was known that he was about to leave England, some of his admirers solicited subscriptions for a testimonial to him, and the sum of nine hundred and fifty pounds sterling has already been raised for that purpose.

Dr. Oxenden's works are numerous and singularly popular, as may be seen by the following statement of the extraordinary circulation of the principal ones:—

The Earnest Communicant.....	180,000.
The Pathway of Safety.....	170,000.
Family Prayers, (of this work Rev. } H. Ramsden is joint author)... }	15 Edns.
The Home Beyond.....	70,000.
The Labouring Man's Book.....	33,000.
Prayers for Private Use.....	35,000.
Words of Peace.....	33,000.
Portraits from the Bible	26,000.
Fervent Prayer.....	25,000.
The Parables of our Lord.....	7 Edns.
The Pastoral Office.....	3 Edns.

Among other works, several of which have enjoyed a large circulation, are—"Short lectures on the Gospel;" "The Pluckley Tracts;" "The Story of Ruth;" "Decision," &c.

The popularity of Dr. Oxenden's writings is not only great, but it is deserved. Dora Greenwell, in an essay on "Popular Religious Literature," (*North British Review*) says:—"In this department (that of tracts) we know nothing equal in usefulness to the tracts and small religious books of the Rev. Ashton Oxenden. They are clear, simple, and evangelic, holding out the great truths of salvation with a firm grasp, drawing the reader's heart towards them, as with a loving voice and hand. Mr. Oxenden has also the great merit of writing in short sentences: short, like the Lacedemonian swords, yet reaching the heart."

From this faithful description of his writings, it is easy to gather the character of the earnest servant of Christ, who is their author.

It is to be hoped and expected that should Divine Providence spare Dr. Oxenden many years to administer his office as Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, his usefulness in this country may equal or surpass that of his previous life.

GAMBLING.

An article in one of the magazines for this month gives an account of the gaming houses of Baden, and other fashionable resorts in Germany, at which gambling is carried on as a legitimate business. In these establishments, the Bank has usually one chance in thirty-two in its favor, out of which it provides sumptuous accommodations and refreshments, and pays the City and State a large sum annually. The fallacies which induce multitudes of gamblers to continue playing, are clearly explained by this article. One of these is the belief that if a person goes on doubling stakes long enough, he will certainly gain some-time; but in this case there are three drawbacks: First, the percentage in favor of the Bank; second, a rule of all these establishments that no one can stake beyond a certain amount; and, third, at the very best, a man, in this way, can only win back what he lost, unless, indeed, he happens to win at first and stops, which he rarely, if ever, does.

Another fallacy which is still more alluring is as follows:—If a person has lost many times on a color, (at *rouge et noir*) there is a great probability in favor of that color the next time, seeing that no color can always lose. But in reality each throw stands by itself; the chances being precisely equal for either color. There was, before beginning, a very great probability that the same color would not win, say three, four or five times in succession; but having won, that calculation is past and set aside, and the next throw is as precisely one of equal chances as the first throw, or as if there had been no previous throws at all.

The number of persons reduced to ruin and despair by these gambling establishments is great, and the descriptions given of them are fearfully interesting.

To Editors of NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

HEMISON, Sept. 6th.

GENTLEMEN,—The Magazine for September is, as usual, very interesting in Canadian reminiscences—the grand attraction to the publication. In the “Early Scenes of Canadian Life,” there is some ambiguity respecting Hutts’ Mills, there represented as having been erected “some time after this,” viz., 1804. Now I spent the months of August and September of 1804, in the Niagara District, and about a fortnight at a Yankee emigrant’s, Mr. Coolee’s, tavern, on what you call the Mountain in the Township of Barton. Coolee’s eldest daughter was married to Mr. Richard Hutt, then a Justice of the Peace, having extensive mills at Dundas, a short distance from Coolee’s. The younger Hutt was then a partner with his brother; and a very few years after, purchased a Seignior on the River Chambly. Both were rich men, and the establishment had all the appearance of several years erection. I was frequently at Mr. Hutt’s, and had every opportunity of visiting the works. I also visited Captain Brant’s house, at the end of the Beach. Him, I did not see, but his daughter, who wore her Indian dress, but in every thing else was a handsome and accomplished young lady. From Barton I crossed over the mountain range to Beaver Dam and the Falls, and thence to Niagara. About half-way was the celebrated Count du Puissay’s cottage. There was only one inn at Niagara, where it was my very good fortune to fall in with two very well educated persons, who, so inseparable as to take little notice of any one else, were, nevertheless, in every respect most dissimilar. The tall, gaunt, Yankee-farmer-looking, vinegar-faced Earl of Selkirk, contrasted with the plump, rosy, smiling, jovial face of little Tom Moore, who shortly after published his first volume of poems, under the name of “Thomas Little.” Lord Selkirk was then on his way to visit the unhappy Highlanders that he had located in the Marquette Swamp, near Lake St. Clair.

W. H.

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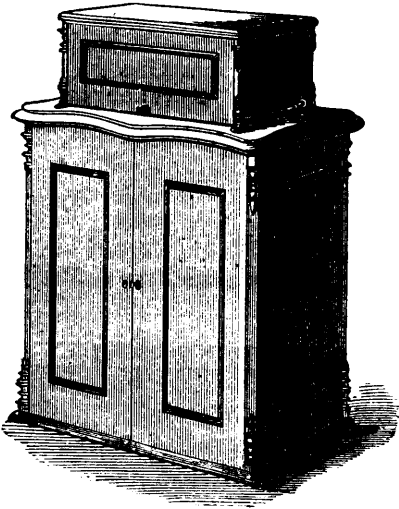
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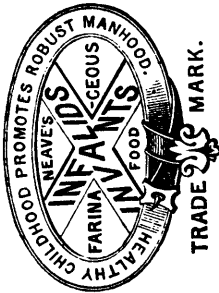
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"THE NEW PATENT NEEDLE.—We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our numerous readers to Messrs. Hayes, Crossley, and Bennet's patent double-pointed needles, of which we have received most favourable reports, particularly of the higher numbers. We have purposely delayed taking any notice of this invention, until we had the opinion of those actually using them. Now we cannot but say, that it appears to us to be one of those simple contrivances calculated to ease the labour of the workers."—*The Tailor*, December 1st, 1866.

"PATENT DOUBLE-POINTED EASY SEWING NEEDLES.—This clever invention, patented by Messrs. Hayes, Crossley, and Co., of Alcester has just been brought under our notice. These needles really possess all the qualities claimed for them, and the wonder is that a discovery so simple and important had not been made till these latter day."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, December 30th, 1865.

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AND

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

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THERE is often more difficulty about this seemingly simple operation than one would think. There may be a pen and paper to seek in order to write a letter, and then the ink-bottle may be dry; and, worst of all, paper money may not be procurable to enclose. Any one of these four articles wanting in a house, causes the renewal to be postponed to a more convenient season, and then it is forgot till the paper or magazine stops; and then the subscriber, perhaps, says: "Well, if they stop *my* paper, who have *always paid* and *always mean to pay*, they may just keep it." In answer to this we can only reiterate that sending papers for cash in advance is one business, and sending them on credit is another, and these businesses cannot be run into each other. The credit system necessitates collectors, delays, and a considerable proportion of bad debts; and the cash system absolutely requires discontinuing in all cases where the subscription is not renewed. In the latter way, a paper can be furnished at half the price of the former, and all who pay must see the advantage of getting their paper cheap. It is only those who do not pay at all, that profit by the credit system and dear papers.

With respect to the difficulty that is often experienced in a dwelling-house in finding all the materials for letter-writing, we would suggest that an envelope and a pencil are all that are needed. On the inside of the flap might be written:—

"One dollar from John Smith, Otranto P. O., for *Weekly Witness*."

And on the outside:—

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Montreal.

Such an envelope, thus addressed in pencil, with the dollar inside, paid and registered, would not only be as good as a letter of two pages, but a great deal better, for it takes time to wade through a long letter to find what its real business is; not but that we are always pleased to receive letters containing any information of importance, but they should be on a separate sheet or half sheet from the business part.

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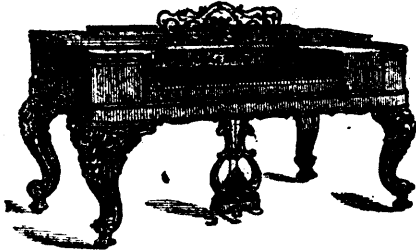
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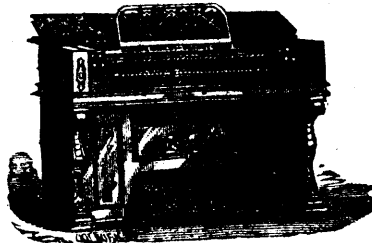
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