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KING JOHN AND THE POPE'S LEGATE.

# New Dominion Monthly.

MAY, 1877.

## ROME'S SECOND STEP.

### POPE INNOCENT III.



POPE INNOCENT III.

ing further the inroads which, under his direction, priestly ambition had already made on princely power. The year 1198, however, saw the election of Lothario Conti to the Papal throne, under the name of Innocent III., and then the strange apathy which, for more than a century, seemed to have fallen upon the successors of the great Hildebrand, was all at once shaken off, and the Papal See once more with skill, determination and never-ceasing industry, began its encroachments upon the civil domain. Innocent shared completely the opinions of his greater predecessor, Gregory, and considered it the mission of the Pope to be the ruler of the earth, the king of kings. Hildebrand had come to the throne an old man,—with vast

ONE hundred and thirteen years had elapsed since Gregory VII., a fugitive and an exile, had laid his weary head to rest, amidst the ruins of Salerno. In the interval, nineteen successive prelates had assumed the tiara of St. Peter; but none had so far been found capable of carrying on the vast enterprise he so boldly had begun, and push-

experience, it is true, but still weighted down to a certain extent by the number of his years. Conti assumed the tiara at seven and thirty, in the prime of his life and the hey-day of his energies. Hildebrand had been the pioneer; he was the first with infinite trouble to mark out the tortuous route. Conti had this advantage, that

at all events his usurpations would not startle the world as unheard-of acts of audacity. Hildebrand had had to deal with William the Conqueror; Conti met with a less formidable opponent in John the Poltroon. Hildebrand had found himself face to face with Henry the Great of Germany; Conti proved Otho IV. much more easy to deal with, and Frederick II. he had trained from infancy to be his tool. And above all, Conti was not harassed by the constant fear of Robert Guiscard and his godless free-booters. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that Innocent accomplished more than Gregory had, though it may well be doubted whether their positions being changed, he could have done as much.

The field over which Innocent spread his exertions and extended his encroachments was unusually wide. Not satisfied with humiliating princes he subjected prelates; not content with directing crusades and making war, he devoted himself to theology, and instituted dogmas. To the councils directed by him the world owes transubstantiation, that most marvellous of all doctrines, which transfers to a piece of unleavened bread the adoration due the Saviour; and as a pendent and consequence, the establishment of confession as an essential part of the practice of religion, obligatory at least once a year. These boons doubtless were great, and sufficient to prevent his name from ever falling into oblivion; but when to that is added, that first of all the distinguished band who preceded him, he saw the advantage of, and instituted the Inquisition, one is lost in wonder that he should not long since have been made a saint.

When Innocent III. mounted the Papal throne, Richard *Cœur de Lion* was king of England, Philip Augustus was king of France, and in the eighteenth year of his reign; the throne of Germany was vacant, and the contest between Philip of Suabia and Otho of

Brunswick just about to commence; the celebrated Henry Dandolo was Doge of Venice, and Alexius III. on the Byzantine throne,—Spain was cut up into four different kingdoms, in one of which the Moors held sway.

Hardly had the young Pontiff dried the tears which bedewed his cheeks—for when apprised that he was unanimously elected, an event which the great influence of his father's and mother's families, the Conti and Scotti combined, had made almost an absolute certainty, he wept plentifully and begged to be excused on account of his unworthiness and his youth (his supplications, unfortunately for Europe, were not heeded and he became pope)—when he sent commissioners into the Languedoc to report upon the practices and beliefs of the Albigenses, and then for the first time instituted the Inquisition. This sect, which took its name from Albiga, one of the chief cities in the Languedoc, had sprung up some half century before and spread itself gradually throughout the province. The Albigenses were accused of sharing the errors of the Manicheans, communicated to them through the Paulicians; but there does not seem to be any very strong ground for such a belief. The distinctive characteristic of the Manichean heresy was the belief in two deities, one of evil the other of good, and the refusal to believe in the presence of the real body either in the sacrament or on the cross. The Manichean sect, however, had long before died out, Manes, the founder, having been burnt alive at the latter end of the third century (A.D. 274). The Albigenses doubtless agreed with the Paulicians in this much that they refused to worship the Virgin, they rejected the real presence at the Lord's supper and the adoration of the cross, and last, not least, questioned the authority of the pope of Rome and his councils. In so far, the sects resembled each other. Manichæism, however, had for centuries been

the bug-bear held up by the Church when anxious to call down the wrath of the over-zealous, the credulous and the superstitious upon any sect refusing blind obedience and submission to her innovations and encroachments. The unfortunate Albigenses were, therefore, declared guilty of Manicheism and a crusade proclaimed against them. The persecution thus commenced lasted with more or less fury through the whole pontificate of Innocent III. These simple people, who inhabited the smiling plains of the Languedoc, formed a sort of Independent State, though owing allegiance to France, and were at that time under the dominion of Raymond, Count of Toulouse. Protestant writers have taken much trouble in tracing the chief characteristics of their belief, and have succeeded in establishing the fact that their faith closely resembled that of the Vaudois or Waldenses, and had in all probability reached them from those hardy mountaineers, from whom they were separated only by the Alpine ridge. If such be the case, a purer, more simple, more sincere, more beautiful form of Christian worship has never been seen elsewhere. From these hardy inhabitants of Cisalpine Italy came the pure form of faith and energetic protest against Romish innovations and popish superstitions which, in time, was to develop itself into the glorious Reformation.

Of the Albigenses themselves, it is difficult now to obtain any very correct information,—no traces are left of them; they have completely disappeared before the hot blaze of persecution, as April snows beneath the rays of the sun. Some were drowned, some beheaded, many hanged, most put to the sword, not a few burned. Simon De Montfort, a bigot and a hypocrite, was put in charge of the crusade, and he acquitted himself of his trust in a way which must have won for him the regard of his employer. At Minerba he burnt alive one hundred and fifty of these heretics; at La Vaur

he hanged the governor, drowned his wife, beheaded most of the leading citizens, and murdered a large number of women. To show the spirit in which this crusade, as it is called, was conducted, at the massacre of Bezieres, Arnold, the pope's legate, on being asked how the heretics were to be distinguished from the orthodox, replied:—"Slay all, God will find His own." And, on his order and that of De Montfort, friends and foes were put to the sword alike, and the whole population slaughtered without discrimination. The few who escaped of this unfortunate sect, found refuge among the Vaudois, among whom they were gradually merged and lost to sight. In speaking of them Hume says:—"He (Innocent III.) published a crusade against the Albigenses, a species of enthusiasts in the south of France, whom he denominated heretics, because, like other enthusiasts, they neglected the rites of the Church, and opposed the power and influence of the clergy. The people from all parts of Europe, moved by their superstition and their passion for wars and adventures, flocked to his standard. Simon De Montfort, the general of the crusade, acquired to himself a sovereignty in these provinces. The Count of Toulouse, who protected, or perhaps only tolerated the Albigenses, was stripped of his dominions; and these sectaries themselves, though the most innocent and inoffensive of mankind, were exterminated with all the circumstances of extreme violence and barbarity."

Referring to the same subject, Hallam, with some bitterness but great truth, remarks:—"Languedoc, a country, for that age, flourishing and civilized, was laid waste by these desolators, her cities burned, her inhabitants swept away by fire and sword; and this to punish a fanaticism ten thousand times more innocent than their own, and errors which, according to the worst imputations, left the laws

of humanity and the peace of social life unimpaired."

This crusade, therefore, led by a man who has come down to us through the pages of history with a character for great courage, boundless ambition and marked hypocrisy, proved a success. As much can scarcely be said of the first of these mad expeditions set on foot by Innocent. The pope resolved to make his reign noteworthy, among other things, by the conquest of Palestine. For this purpose he gave instructions to preach a crusade all over Europe. Numbers flocked to the sacred standard, all the restless and ambitious, the impecunious and ruined, those who had nothing to lose and all to gain, the restless spirits tired of inactivity and burning for excitement, to which may be added a small mixture of *bona fide* bigots, who really believed they were accomplishing a duty and devoting themselves to a good and pious work. The crusaders assembled at Venice, the greatest maritime power of the day, and when assembled, discovered they had not sufficient money to pay for their transport. In this dilemma old Henry Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, one of the most able men of the day, equal to Innocent as a statesman, and of firmer character and greater determination, proposed that the republic should defer the claim, and allow the fleet to depart immediately, on condition that the crusaders should aid the Venetians in reducing the city of Zara, which had lately rebelled and admitted a Hungarian garrison. The proposition was joyfully accepted, and the first exploit of the first crusade was to plunder a Christian city, defended by a crusading king, Andrew of Hungary. The pope stormed and threatened, but to no purpose; Dandolo laughed his menaces to scorn, and pointed out that he was actuated in all he did and said by motives of self-interest. While at Zara, the Emperor Philip sent to the chiefs of the expedition ambassadors, soliciting their

assistance to replace on the throne of Constantinople Isaac II., who had been driven from it by Alexius III. The crusaders, who for the most part were needy men in search of spoil, and cared not much from whence it came, made a treaty binding themselves to place Isaac II. and his son on the throne, in return for which services they were to receive 200,000 marks of silver, and provisions for the whole expedition for one year—and last, not least, the Byzantine empire was to acknowledge the pope's supremacy. Even in those days the pope felt more sympathy for a complete infidel than for a schismatic Catholic; that it has continued to do so, is clearly shown by the leaning of the Vatican in the present Turkish difficulties. The result was that the expedition meant to conquer Palestine captured, sacked and burnt Constantinople, and destroyed the Byzantine empire—a result which so gratified Innocent that he cheerfully forgave them the act of disobedience which had marked the outset of the expedition. The promises made by Alexius, however, fell through, and to this day the pope has no control, and in all likelihood never will have, over the Queen City of the East.

Besides inaugurating crusades which, when not marked by hellish cruelty, were generally noted by utter futility, the pope had his sway to extend over the various reigning sovereigns of Europe. "As the sun and moon," he proclaimed, "are placed in the firmament, the greater as the light of day, the lesser as the light of night, thus are there two powers in the Church—the pontifical, which has the charge of souls, is the greater; and the royal, which is the less, and to which the bodies of men only are entrusted." His object was to raise the pope in his sacred character above all kings; that was the motive which dictated his well-known declaration to the kings of France and England:—"Though I cannot judge

of the right of a fief, yet it is my province to judge where a sin is committed, and my duty to prevent all public scandals."

Anything that he chose could be converted into a public scandal,—a contested succession, a difference between two Christian princes, likely to lead to war, a question of consanguinity between a king and his wife,—anything and everything, under this very convenient rule, was reason and authority sufficient for the Roman pontiff to intervene whenever and wherever his interest or his fancy pointed. He excommunicated Swero for usurping the throne of Norway. One of his legates having been detained on his way through Hungary, he wrote to the king informing him that he might perhaps find himself forced to prevent the accession of his son to the throne. He put the kingdom of Leon under an interdict, because the king had married his cousin, a princess of Castile; and, in spite of the entreaties of the clergy, who represented that not only could they collect no tithes, but that heretical preachers were fast gaining the confidence of the people, refused to remove it until at last the king gave way and sent back his wife. The same rule, however, was not doomed always to work in the same way. Philip Augustus of France, one of the proudest monarchs that country can boast of, a brave and successful general, a man of great firmness and ability, undertook to send back his wife, Ingelburge of Denmark, because she was connected with him within the prohibited degrees, and married Agnes de Méranie. The conduct of the king cannot of course be excused, any more than the conduct of the pope in forcing Alfonso of Leon to repudiate his wife; however, Innocent deemed that done without his sanction an outrage, which perpetrated by his orders would have been a virtue. France was placed under an interdict. For eight months the kingdom remained under the ban,

and at the end of that time, Philip submitted,—took back his first wife and sent away the second; then the interdict was raised. Within a year Agnes de Méranie died of a broken heart. These strict rules seem to have been somewhat relaxed since. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* The price for marrying one's aunt in Canada now, is only four hundred dollars, and doubtless by paying enough, a man might obtain a dispensation to marry his grandmother. The reason of the change probably is, that the pope is not so powerful now as he was, and—more in need of money.

Peter II. of Aragon had the glory of going further than any other sovereign in doing obeisance before the pride and ambition of the Roman pontiff. Of his own free will, without being forced to such a course in any apparent way, that prince transferred his kingdom to the pope, and received it again to be held under tribute, making himself a vassal of the Apostolic See. He also received both his crown and the order of knighthood from Innocent III.

One year before Innocent ascended the papal throne the emperor Henry VI. died, leaving his son, an infant, as his successor. Henry, foreseeing the trouble likely to arise from the rule of a regent, and the advantages offered by the sway of one so young to the schemes of the ambitious, the restless and the dissatisfied, had taken all the precautions he possibly could to secure a peaceful succession by having his son crowned one year before his own demise. His efforts, however, as he probably foresaw himself, were doomed to prove ineffectual. No sooner was he consigned to the grave, than two candidates sprang up for the imperial crown, his own brother, Philip of Swabia, and Otho of Brunswick. Philip was proclaimed emperor, and bore the title until his assassination in 1208; but civil war raged almost the whole time. Under the circumstances, the

emperor, as may be readily understood, had neither the leisure nor power to look after his Italian possessions, and Innocent III. improved the occasion by shaking off the imperial yoke. To color his usurpations he produced a pretended will of Henry VI.'s, said to have been found among the baggage of one Manquard, a German soldier and a favorite of the late king, whom he had presented with one of the Italian fiefs. Rome has ever been remarkable for discovering unauthenticated wills, and recalling gifts which never were made. Constantine, Charlemagne, Countess Matilda and now Henry VI. are all examples of the skill with which pious intentions have been attributed to individuals, either during their lives or after their deaths. In consequence of this forged document, the pope seized upon all the contested inheritance of Countess Matilda, and feeling he was not powerful enough to hold them himself, transferred the Duchy of Spoleto and March of Ancona, in fief, to the Marquis of Este. The prefect of Rome, the representative of imperial authority in the city, was next forced to swear allegiance to the pope, and, an irresistible proof and consequence of the triumph of priestly dominion, the liberties of the citizens were considerably reduced and their privileges abridged. Innocent had obtained from the mother the guardianship of her young son and baby king, and, though he gave himself but little trouble in looking after his education, he nevertheless succeeded in moulding him to his views, and at all events well knew when the time came how to turn to advantage the custody of his person. Had the pope been able to foresee the trouble his pupil was destined to give the Holy See in the course of his eventful career,—the number of excommunications to be fruitlessly hurled against him, and his insolent answers to the holy missives idly declaring him deposed, his son crowned by the hands of a reluctant pope-king

of the Romans, and finally his holiness himself with ruthless violence driven from the sacred city,—then is it probable that Frederick, the son of Henry VI., would have met with much the same kindness at the hands of his guardian, Innocent, as Arthur, son of Geoffrey of Brittany, about the same time, met at the hands of his uncle John. Meanwhile Philip having been murdered, Innocent proceeded to proclaim Otho emperor, having first secured from him a promise that he would renounce all claim to the disputed succession of Matilda. This bequest, left to Hildebrand, the saint, by his concubine Matilda, the countess, for his enjoyment during his lifetime, seems to have brought with it to the Roman See all the trouble and misery which deservedly accompanies possession obtained by such ignoble means. These estates were exceedingly valuable, and of part she certainly could not dispose. The fiefs of Mantua, Modena and Tuscany were imperial fiefs. To the duchy of Spoleto and the March of Ancona she laid claim as having inherited them from her husband, whose father, Godfrey of Lorraine, had freed them from any subjection to the empire. During his life they may have been, and no doubt were so freed *de facto*; but there is no record of their having been so freed *de jure*, by a formal renunciation of suzerainty. Under the circumstances, it would seem that the right had only been held in abeyance, and revived with the power to enforce it. Another question also presents itself, when examining into the validity of the title she could give the Roman See. Granting, as is claimed by the popish advocates, that these two domains were her alodial or patrimonial property, could she, being herself a subject of the empire, transfer her alodial estates from its sovereignty? Her right so to do would seem exceedingly doubtful. Be that as it may, one fact is certain, the validity of his title, except in so far



as it might affect his chance of retaining the property, gave but little anxiety to the pope of Rome. A church which can to this day claim the sovereignty of Italy on an imaginary verbal donation from the emperor Constantine, is not very likely to have given itself much trouble about the rights of the Countess Matilda bounteously to remunerate Gregory VII. Otho promised as required, and was crowned Emperor at Rome, in 1209. He immediately with a good faith that fairly matched the pope's, claimed Sicily and withheld the other lands; as a natural consequence he was excommunicated. Then suddenly, Innocent remembered the rights of his ward. Europe was in consequence called upon to help in protecting the rights of the orphan, Otho, branded by the very pope who had just crowned him, as a usurper and a murderer, and the wrath of heaven and vengeance of hell called down upon the emperor who had refused to dismember the empire to satisfy the greed of the Pope of Rome. The war lasted six years, at the end of which time Frederick triumphed by the powerful assistance of the King of France, and was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in 1215, one year before the death of his guardian. These facts have gone far to show how great was the power, and how exorbitant the pretensions of the Papal See, while held by Innocent. A greater triumph however, remains to be told; the history of a prince more abjectly crushed, and a whole nation, proud and powerful, brought under the yoke. The page about to be turned is the most humiliating in the annals of England, and coming side by side with the glorious meeting at Runnymede, seems almost beyond belief. Innocent III. had scarcely mounted the steps of the papal throne, when Richard the Lion-hearted fell at the siege of Chalus. He was succeeded by his brother John, who may be said to have stepped to the throne

over the body of Arthur, his murdered nephew and ward. John is the James II. of olden English history. By nature cruel and cowardly, he combined, with wonderful perfection, the ferocity of a tyrant with the weakness and indecision of a poltroon. They both, however, indirectly and without intending it, have turned out of immense advantage to the British people. The insolent exactions, licentious conduct, and unbearable despotism of John, forced the barons at last, with arms in their hands, to extort from him the Magna Charta, the foundation-stone of all our liberties; while the bigotry and jesuitical scheming of James compelled the people to drive him from the throne, and by that means to secure permanently and forever a Protestant succession and our present constitutional and responsible form of government, combining as it does all the freedom of a democracy with the stability of a monarchy. In his quarrel with the pope, however, it must be admitted John was more sinned against than sinning. The primate having died in 1205, some of the junior monks of Christ Church proceeded to elect an archbishop, without obtaining the *congé d'élire* from the king, installed him at midnight, and next morning started him for Rome to obtain from the pope the confirmation of his election. Through the indiscretion of the prelate chosen, Reginald the sub-prior, this proceeding became known sooner than it was intended. The king was justly offended, so were the suffragan bishops, who considered the proceeding grossly wanting in respect to them and the senior monks of Christ Church, who had not been consulted in the election. A proper election, with all due ceremony and form, was thereupon held, and John Gray, Bishop of Norwich, elected. Twelve monks from Christ Church were then deputed to Rome, to support the election before the Papal Tribunal. The opportunity was tempting, and the pope availed himself of it with great

skill; he declared neither Reginald nor Gray properly elected, and commanded the twelve monks, under pain of excommunication, to elect Cardinal Langton, an Englishman by birth, but educated in France, and entirely devoted to the interests of the Roman See. The election of course, being held without the issue of a writ from the king, was irregular and void; the monks all felt this, but, except one, had not the courage to resist. Elias de Brantefield alone withstood the threats of the pope and refused to sanction the nomination. Sensible of the gross usurpation of which he had been guilty, and anxious if possible to conciliate him, the pope sent John a mollifying letter with a present of four rings set in precious stones, at the same time, with childish earnestness, begging him to consider their form, matter, number and color. In form, being endless, they represented eternity; being of gold, the most precious of metals, they represented wisdom, the most valuable of accomplishments; their number, four, represented a square, or steadfastness of mind based on the four cardinal virtues; in color, the sapphire represented faith, the emerald hope, the ruby charity, and the topaz good works. John, in a fury, drove the monks of Christ Church from their monastery; not those who had made the election, but those who had remained at home. In consequence he was excommunicated, and the kingdom placed under an interdict. The consequences of this sentence are thus described by Hume: "The execution of it was calculated to strike the senses in the highest degree, and to operate with irresistible force on the superstitious minds of the people. The nation was of a sudden deprived of all exterior exercise of its religion; the altars were despoiled of their ornaments; the crosses, the relics, the images, the statues of saints, were laid on the ground; and as if the air itself were profaned, and might pollute them by its contact,

the priests carefully covered them up, even from their own approach and veneration. The use of bells entirely ceased in all the churches; the bells themselves were removed from the steeples, and laid on the ground with the other sacred utensils. Mass was celebrated with shut doors, and none but the priests were admitted to that holy institution. The laity partook of no religious rite, except baptism to new-born infants, and the communion to the dying. The dead were not interred in consecrated ground; they were thrown into ditches, or buried in common fields, and their obsequies were not attended with prayers or any hal-lowed ceremony. Marriage was celebrated in the churchyards; and that every action in life might bear the marks of this dreadful situation, the people were prohibited the use of meat, as in Lent, or times of the highest penance; were debarred from all pleasures and entertainments; and were forbidden even to salute each other, or so much as to shave their beards, and give any decent attention to their person and apparel." John's answer to the interdict was not a bad one. In order more forcibly to bring to the notice of the people the irregularities and misconduct of the clergy, and at the same time cover them with ridicule, he threw all their concubines into prison and demanded large fines as the price of their liberty. This quarrel lasted during six years, the kingdom during the whole of that period remaining under the interdict. At the end of that time the pope determined to depose John, and offered Philip Augustus of France, whom he chose to head the expedition against the obdurate English monarch, not only the remission of all his sins and spiritual advantages innumerable, but, with that generosity which ever has distinguished Rome when doing away with what does not belong to her, the possession of the Kingdom of England as a reward for his trouble. Had John

had any hold upon the affections of his subjects, he might have laughed the pope and the King of France to scorn as our Elizabeth did, not quite four centuries later, when Sixtus V. undertook to preach a crusade against her. The tyrannical rule of the king had, however, thoroughly alienated the affections, more especially of the barons, and he could place no reliance upon the support of men, who had been driven by himself to consider any rule better than his own. Under the circumstances, John submitted. He was made to go down upon his knees before Randolf, the pope's legate, place his hands within those of his master, do obeisance with all feudal ceremonies, deliver over his Kingdom of England and Ireland to the Pope Innocent, and his successors in the apostolic chair forever and hold it as feudatory to the Church and subject to the payment of a yearly tribute of one thousand marks.\* Having lowered himself and his kingdom as much as it was in the power of man to do, John received pardon, and the sentence of excommunication was gradually cancelled.

Philip Augustus, who at an outlay of sixty thousand pounds had prepared an invading expedition, was notified to desist nor to dare lift an unrighteous hand against the pope's kingdom. The French king persisted; but his fleet was attacked by the Earl of Salisbury and completely destroyed, which put an effectual end to the project. Meanwhile John refreshed himself, after his fashion, from the bitter humiliation he had undergone. An unfortunate hermit, Peter of Pomfret, had predicted that he would that year lose his crown, and had been in consequence cast into prison. The man was now by the king's orders tried as an impostor. He pleaded, with much truth, that his prophecy had been fulfilled since the English crown had been given to the pope.

Such insolence was deemed an aggravation of the offence, and the man, after being dragged at horses' tails, was finally hanged, and his son with him. The stipulated annual payment was never made regularly, but it certainly was remitted occasionally, when the services of the pope were required for some particular purpose. It was demanded in the fortieth of Edward III. (1366), when parliament unanimously declared that John had no right to subject the kingdom to a superior without their consent. It never was asked afterwards.

Such are the principal events which mark the history of the reign of Innocent III. During the eighteen years he was upon the throne, he succeeded in humiliating all the leading sovereigns at one time or another, and in firmly establishing the authority of the Papal See over all the thrones of Europe. Above all, was he anxious firmly to establish control over the election of the German emperor, by that means reversing the ancient order of things which had made the consent of the emperor essential to the election of the pope. On this subject he addressed a decretal epistle to the Duke of Zähringen, the object of which is to direct him to transfer his allegiance from Philip to the other competitor, in which, "after stating the mode in which a regular election ought to be made, he declares the pope's immediate authority to examine, confirm, anoint, crown, and consecrate the elect emperor, provided he shall be worthy; or to reject him if rendered unfit by any great crimes, such as sacrilege, heresy, perjury, or persecution of the Church; in default of election to supply the vacancy; or, in the event of equal suffrages, to bestow the empire upon any person at his discretion." This was a considerable advance upon the pretensions even of Gregory VII.; but no man understood better than Innocent the wisdom of aiming at the eagle with the hopes of

\*See Frontispiece.

killing the sparrow. His pretensions always were considerably in advance of the gains he expected to secure. The influence this pope has exercised upon the fate of the Church can be feadily imagined, when the fact is called to mind that most of his decretals were embodied in the canon law published as fixed rules by Raymond de Pennafort under the superintendence and by the orders of Gregory IX., eighteen years after Innocent's death. The monarchs, however, were not alone doomed to bewail the aggressive spirit of the by-no means gay Lothario Conti. Having terrified and subdued the kings, he turned his attention to the princes of the Church and the wealthy monks, whom he also brought to a more modest bearing in their relations with Rome. His first aggression upon the hierarchy dates from the first year of his reign, and it was an exceedingly bold one, being nothing less than an attack upon their purses, the sorest point in which a true churchman can be reached. In 1199 Innocent imposed upon the whole Church a tribute of one fortieth of movable estate, to be paid to his collectors, and to be by him employed in furthering one of his crusades, the crusade which commenced by despoiling one of the crusading kings and concluded by the taking of Constantinople. This example was followed, and improved upon, by several of his successors, especially Gregory IX., who in a few years extorted from the Kingdom of England, levying on priest and layman alike 950,000 marks, a sum equivalent at present to about fifteen millions sterling. The case of Archbishop Langton, which led to the unfortunate troubles of our worthless John, also showed clearly the drift Innocent sought to give in matters appertaining to benefices. The popes after him, and in imitation of his example, claimed the right to name to any see the election to which had been

irregular, and at the same time constituted themselves the sole judges of the regularity of such elections. By incorporating into the canon law rules and constitutions innumerable, the observance of which was very difficult if not almost impracticable, the popes found it easy, whenever they chose, to annul what had been done by the chapters, and confer the see upon a favorite and devoted servant. In this way, gradually, the Roman See absorbed all other sees, and became the supreme and unquestioned ruler of the whole Church.

This pope also held numerous councils of the Lateran, at which he presided, and where very important articles of faith were at his dictation decided. Of him Gibbon says:—"Innocent may boast of the two most signal triumphs over sense and humanity, the establishment of transubstantiation and the origin of the Inquisition." Speaking of the same pope, Bolingbroke sums up the principal events of his reign in the following words, a not unfitting conclusion to this notice:—

"What Hildebrand defined, his successors maintained; and Innocent the Third, who was a pope of the same spirit, procured a most solemn confirmation of it in the numerous councils of the Lateran, which he held at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and in which so many other things were done to advance his own tyranny, and the superiority of the religious over the civil society. The folly of the Holy War was renewed, books of decretals were published and authorized, auricular confession was introduced, the cup was taken from the laity; in short, ecclesiastical pride and policy being now come to their height, the whole system of religion became more than ever a system of usurpation; and ambition improved to her purposes all that superstition and ignorance could be made to adopt.

“HE COMETH NOT,” SHE SAID.

By Festina Lente, author of “Hic Jacet,” &c., &c.

John is not come home !  
The kine lie midst the sedges on the shore,  
Or moan and wander to the dairy door,  
Or restless o'er the dewy moorlands roam.

Not come home !  
Such simple words, to mean so much to me,  
To keep me weeping, watching by the sea,—  
The cruel sea, whose waves for ever foam.

So long ago, ah, me !  
The length'ning shadows fell upon the beck,  
And on the moorlands to the rocky neck  
Of Ulla, lying broken in the sea.

So long ago, that morn !  
The sunrise made our home a golden home,  
The foam upon the sea waves golden foam  
The thorn tree on the hill a golden thorn.

So long ago, those hours.  
“Methinks,” said John, “the world a golden world,  
And you, a golden ship with flags unfurl'd ;  
The flow'rs upon the moorlands, golden flow'rs.”

So long ago, my love !  
He took a leaf, and laid it in his breast,  
“Oh, golden leaf !” said he, and pointed to the West.  
Thence upward to the golden light above.

So long ago, the shock !  
The sun had set, and o'er the shadow'd lea,  
The wind with fury drove the foaming sea,  
And wreck'd the vessels on the sunken rock.

John is not come home !  
Yet often in the sunrise' golden shine,  
Upon the purple moorlands lie the kine,  
Or tow'rds the golden sea impatient roam.

Not come home, You jest !  
Oh, sea, give up thy dead ! Deep calls to deep ;  
Awake from slumber those who lie asleep !  
Whose smiling lips thy song has lull'd to rest.

“ HE COMETH NOT,” SHE SAID.

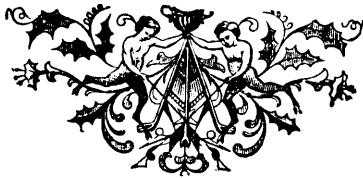
“ All shall sleep ! ”

The tir'd and heavy laden ones shall lie  
At rest, and peace shall close the weary eye  
In sleep, and spread his wings upon the deep.

Oh, John, I grow so old !  
And shadows linger long upon the beck,  
And heavy gloom lies brooding o'er the wreck,  
And phantom-like, creeps farther o'er the wold.

John is not come home !  
Then lay me gently on the shadow'd lea,  
That as I die my eyes may watch the sea—  
The wind-toss'd sea, whose spray breaks into foam.

He doeth all things well !  
Have patience, tender heart ! The scourging's past,  
The suff'rings cease, and joy will come at last,  
Oh, life and death, whose mysteries no tongue can tell.



## MY YOUNG MASTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CASTING THE LOT."

(Continued.)

As I turned I saw Mrs. Russell following him. I knew she was in a terrible passion at a glance. I saw it in the proud light of her handsome eyes, and the resolute face that was pale to the tightly closed lips. I looked after her, and I would have given something for the power to warn Mr. Edward, that he might turn and face her before he reached the baby house. James Ray came along just then, and he said, in his dry way:

"We have done with the linen on the far green. Tim is such a lingerer, he is there yet. He will see something, I expect. Did you see the mistress pass?"

"I did," I answered. "Did you meet her?"

"I did, and there's a devil in her this evening, as big as Black Bess."

When Tim came along he was in a great state of excitement.

"You must go to the baby house at once, Willie," he said to me.

"Scarcely, unless they sent for me," I answered.

"They didn't then; but you ought to go, for there's an awful ruction there."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Sure, James there knows as well as me. We wor up there, an' we knew the poor pale darlint was in it. Didn't we hear her singin' mournfully to herself, like the chirpin' ov a wounded burd! I was glad when the young master kem wid his bright face an' springin' step, an' wint in, stoppin' the mournful song. Just then I heard a step rustlin' over the laves, an' I turned roun', an' mille

*murther!* if there wasn't the ould mistress, wid her eyes like two coals ov fire, comin' up forninst the baby house, white as the ghost of herself. By this an' by that, I couldn't help goin' a bit nearer, for I knew the ruction was coming. Musha then, it's little caution is in Mr. Edward, any way. If he had shut the door I med for him, it would have puzzled the ould bird to get into the nest widout sayin' by yer lave. But there, right forninst the open door, was the young master putting a bran new illigant shawl round his wife. An' thin whin her beautiful face turned to him, why he kissed her, as he should. An' right behind him, wirra!—was the ould mistress, with her wild eyes, watching thim like a tiger. An' like a tiger she sprung and catched houl't of the illigant shawl, an' tore it into ribbons in a jiffy. Oh, by the powers she was clane an' clear out of herself! She flew at the young wife; sorra bit of me knows if she struck her or pushed her, but I saw her fall. I heard the ould mistress, or I would not believe it—I heard her wid my own ears, sayin' what I couldn't think such a gran' lady would come over for fear of durtyin' her purty lips. Mr. Edward had a houl't of his mother when I kem away. An', Willie, you're more like a friend than a servant boy here, brought up wid them as you wor, an' you ought to interfare. Aither go there yourself, or go for the darlint's father. She's hurt in the scrimmage, or frightened into a fit, may be, an' it's the grass quilt that will cover her for want ov a friend to take her part."

Tim's speech was cut short by the appearance of Mrs. Russell passing home along the upper path. She did look out of herself, as Tim said, carrying her bonnet in her hand, and walking swiftly towards home. I could not think that a proud lady like Mrs. Russell would lose all command over herself as Tim said, and I told him so.

"Don't stop there *raisonin'*, Willie," said he, "but run and see if you are wanted! Human crathers are purty much alike whin the divil takes possession ov thim and raises the murderin' rage in thim."

I moved away, and left Tim talking, going at once to the baby house. Edward's wife was on the sofa in a deep swoon. There was a slight wound on her temple, and blood was slowly dropping from it. Edward was on his knees beside her stanching the blood with his handkerchief. He turned when he heard my step. "I thought you would come," he said. "I have spilled the Cologne, run for some water."

He was as pale as Maymie, but I saw by the set lips and the light in his eyes that the spirit of his lady mother was roused in him. The spring was not far away, I was soon back again with the water.

Edward bathed her face tenderly, calling her by every endearing name, but it did seem a long time before she recovered consciousness and made a faint effort to sit up.

"Lie still, darling," he said. "Willie, look in the dressing-case for a bit of court-plaster."

The dressing-case, a costly one, a gift from Mr. Edward, (I brought it to the baby-house that eventful night with the rest of the furniture), lay open, its contents tumbled about in wild disorder, a silver topped bottle of Eau de Cologne lying on its side, the crimson table-cover saturated with its contents. I found the bit of plaster for him, and he dress-

ed the wound on her temple, speaking tender words to her all the time.

"We have no secret to keep now, Maymie, my beautiful!" he said. "All is over and past that troubled you; you are mine to care for before all the world, beloved one!"

I thought they would be better alone, now. I did not care to listen to these loving words, so I turned quietly to the door.

Mr. Edward's quick eye noticed me, and he said, "Willie go up to the house and tell Rolston to bring the phaeton here to take my wife to Mr. Bell's." How manly his voice rung out!

"Will I speak to Mrs. Russell, first?" I asked.

"No, take my orders to Rolston. If he does not obey them at once, come back and tell me."

I left without another word, leaving him sitting beside his young wife on the sofa, supporting her head on his shoulder. When I came in sight of the big house, I saw the phaeton at the door, and Mrs. Russell just stepping into it. As far as I could see there were no traces remaining of the excitement she had gone through. She noticed me as I came up, and beckoned to me. When I went up to her, she calmly issued some orders about the business, then Rolston, having put up the steps, sprung to his seat and drove away.

It was plain that I could not deliver my message to Rolston, so I went on my own responsibility and put a horse in the jaunting car, and brought it to the baby-house.

"What now?" said Edward, when the noise of the car brought him to the door. "Where is the phaeton and Rolston?"

"Mrs. Russell was just leaving home in the phaeton," I answered.

Mr. Edward studied a moment, and then told me to bring the car close to the door. When I had done so he brought his wife out and helped her on the car. She was deathly pale, and



trembled a good deal, but was very still and quiet. He then locked the door of the baby-house and got on the car beside her, while I sat on the other side. Then he said,

"Drive home to Mr. Bell's."

Many a wondering look was directed to us as we drove past the works and through the village. Janet met us at the door, and took poor Maymie in her strong arms, brushing aside Mr. Edward as if he had been a fly.

"What hae ye been doing on my bairn?" she demanded, and without waiting for a reply she carried her into the house, into her own little room, and laid her on the bed.

I left Mr. Edward to defend himself to Janet as he could, to explain matters as he liked, and brought the car home. The secret was no secret any longer, and I was thankful for it; Maymie was known now as Mrs. Edward Russell.

Well, the barriers of silence and secrecy were down sure enough, and what a deluge of talk spread all over the country round The Hazels.

"The truth is told with the variations," said James Ray. The secret marriage, the trysting place at the baby house, and the lavish expense which Mr. Edward had thought necessary to fit it for a lady's bower, was talked of everywhere with so much exaggeration that the wonders of Aladdin's cave were as nothing to the wonders hid in the baby-house at The Hazels.

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## CHAP. VII.

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"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears  
My dreams have boded all too right.  
We part, for ever part."

MOORE.

The more people have to talk about the more they hunger for news, so when all that was known about Mr. Edward's marriage was discussed, there still remained more than one unanswered question to perplex the minds

of the gossips in the vicinity of The Hazels.

Where had Mrs. Russell gone, was a question often asked, but no one knew or was likely to know till she chose to tell.

Would she forgive Mr. Edward, and become reconciled to his wife? Many a time that question was addressed to me, because nobody was afraid to question me; but I had the business to attend to, and it was, as I told them, sufficiently perplexing to me without having all the gossip in the country to settle besides.

Mr. Edward appeared at the works oftener than he used to do, and also took more interest in the business. From him I learned that his wife was not very well since she got such a fright. We all looked with anxiety for Mrs. Russell's return, and what it would bring.

It seemed a long time, though it was less than a fortnight, till she reappeared, calm, stately, and self-contained as ever.

Of course I heard of her arrival almost as soon as it occurred, and so did Mr. Edward and his wife.

I was at the works, where I was to be found most of the time, when Rolston came down to tell me that Mrs. Russell wished to see me at the house.

Rolston had been at The Hazels before my time, in fact had been there before Mr. Russell was married, and was always looked upon as a fixture in the family, so I did not mind asking him the question which was puzzling everybody.

"Where have you been all this time Rolston?"

"We were all the way to Dublin, at Lawyer Montgomery's." (He was Mrs. Russell's brother.)

"I never heard of her being at her brother's since I came to The Hazels," I said, "although of course she might have been there and I know nothing about it."

"She has not been there since she

was married; they quarrelled about that time, and neither would give in or forgive. They are a stiff, haughty, purse-proud race, these Montgomery's, fierce haters all of them. They have made up friends now because she wants help and advice about this foolish scrape Mr. Edward has got into. They have some plot made up between them. She sent me for him, and he refused to come without his wife, so then she sent me down for you."

"She is not likely to ask my advice," I said, "but if she did I would advise her to accept the situation and acknowledge her daughter-in-law. She will never get one lovelier or better."

"She wont ask your advice; she wont give you a chance of offering it; you will not be likely to find out what she wishes or intends to do; but find out if you can."

It was with some trepidation that I went up to the house to this interview. I found Mrs. Russell in a little sitting-room that used to be school room in Miss Lamphier's time, but had afterwards been fitted up for her own private use. In it she had been accustomed to see people on business since Mr. Russell's death.

She was sitting by the fire; a little table stood convenient to her hand, on which lay her desk, open. I cannot forget how she looked that day, the last time I ever looked on her with pleasure and admiration. She was charmingly dressed in heavy grey silk, trimmed with black lace of the costliest; her lovely white hand with its sparkling rings resting on the table beside her. The same handsome, haughty, stately lady that had been my ideal queen from childhood. She received me, as usual, with kind condescension; asked after my health, hoped it was completely re-established; then asked some questions about the works; highly approved of some things which we had been compelled to do on our own responsibility. I answered her quietly, waiting for her

to explain what her real business with me was. At last she said,

"I expect, Willie, from the fact of your having been my son's companion and confidant all your life, that you were in his confidence when he made this most wretched mistake."

She did not look at me when she spoke, but sat with her eyes on the fire in a thoughtful, concentrated way, as if she were prepared to weigh over every word of my answer.

"No, Mrs. Russell," said I, looking at her as steadily as she looked away from me. "If it is to Mr. Edward's marriage you allude, I was not in his confidence; I was not aware of it at all until after it had taken place, when he told me of it, and I then urged him to tell you at once."

When I spoke of Mr. Edward's marriage, I saw by the contraction of her brow how the word pained her. She did not answer, but sat looking into the fire, her long white fingers beating time softly on the edge of the table. After a while she looked up and said,

"Where did the"—she hesitated a little as if unwilling to repeat the word marriage—"where did the event take place?"

"Mr. Edward told me he was married in Scotland. He gave me no particulars, and I know nothing about it but what he told me himself. I urged him to tell you," I went on, hastily, determined on venturing a word in Maymie's favor, "because the young lady is very beautiful, and has the reputation of being noble-minded, talented and good, and of gentle Scotch blood. Her father is evidently a gentleman, though reduced, and I hoped that when you knew her you might, for her sake, forgive Mr. Edward's rashness."

She turned on me with a look in her eyes that I never forgot. I thought it was well for me that the queen of the Hazels was not an absolute sovereign.

The look was but for a moment, then

she turned her eyes to the fire again, and said quietly :

"I heard you had an admiration for the young lady. I would have had no right to find fault with your choice had you been the person in question, but it is my son."

She considered a little longer, and then said : "I sent for you to ask you to go down to this schoolmaster's, where my son chooses to stay at present, and ask him to come up to see me,—his mother—until we see what can be done about this lamentable affair."

"I will go if you wish, but I am afraid you have chosen an unlucky messenger."

"I sent for him before by Rolston," she said, "but he refuses to come unless I comply with his conditions and receive as his wife this person whom he has picked up, which cannot be done without consideration and conditions. It is best, you will acknowledge, to keep our family differences as much as possible among ourselves, to avoid as far as can be done, giving rise to any more scandal than what he has already occasioned. I am willing to meet with him,—himself alone, you understand,—to try what can be done about the matter. I have sent for you when he did not come at my first summons, because you are in a sense a member of the family, and therefore will be willing to give your help to put an end to this unnatural state of things."

"I am willing, Mrs. Russell," I answered "to do anything in my power. I can, as I said before, go as a messenger, but I beg you to consider that I am utterly unable to influence Mr. Edward in any way past his own pleasure."

"Influence him to come home alone,—that is all I ask of you. Tell him that he will find his mother willing to meet him in any plan that will put an end to our separation."

I went out from Mrs. Russell's presence with a feeling of having failed signally in making any impression in

Maymie's favor. I certainly was not the one to make peace between this proud mother and her son. Yet as I went along I thought of things I might have said, and reasons I might have urged upon her if I had only thought of them and found her willing to listen.

I thought of what Rolston had said about Lawyer Montgomery and Mrs. Russell having made some plan together against Mr. Edward and his wife. I did not of course think there was any plan, and if there was I had not found it out, but I thought the one most concerned in it, Mr. Edward himself, was the most likely to find out what she purposed doing, and it was fittest he should plead his own cause.

Accordingly I went down to Mr. Bell's. It was during school hours, so Mr. Bell was absent as he had been the day I drove Mr. Edward and his wife home from the baby-house. I had not been at the cottage since that day. Janet opened the door and brought me into the little kitchen. She was very sad and subdued, and sitting down, began to lament bitterly the day her darling came to Ireland or saw Mr. Edward. I tried to cheer her up, telling her that all would end well yet.

"I just canna tak comfort out o' my airt," she said, weeping, for Janet had a very ready command of her tears.

"I hae awsome dreams aboot my dear bairn, aye seein her wadin in deep water. An' she hasna been weel sin the day ye brocht her hame. She's sweet an' patient, but she's just dwinin awa ; she hasna power to get abune the fricht an' trouble she has gotten."

"Is Mr. Edward in?" said I, wanting to get my errand done, wanting also to get away from Janet's lamentations.

"He's just that," said Janet, "he's ben i' the parlor with my bairn. She's lying on the sofy, an' he's wi her as he shud be."

"Tell him, Janet, that I want to see him."

"What for div ye want him ? Did that

auld deevil—that I should say sic a word—the mither o’ him, sen’ after him again?”

“Yes, Janet, it is even so. I have a message for him from his mother.”

“Weel, div ye think that she has rued o’ her ongaun that day when she maist killed my bonnie lamb wi’ her even doon wickedness. No guid eneuch for her son? My certy! her forbears held land and lordships in Scotland no that lang syne. But what am I talking about?”

She broke off suddenly, and went to tell Mr. Edward that I had a message for him.

He came down into the kitchen, and I delivered my message. He studied a little, and then said,

“You have delivered your message correctly, Willie—just what my mother said, no more and no less?”

“As correctly as possible for me, Mr. Edward.”

“If my mother wants to put an end to this unnatural state of things she may acknowledge Maymie as her daughter, and that will end the matter at once.”

“You expect too much, Mr. Edward. You forget that you have done wrong. Remember it is a great trial for a proud lady like your mother to give up all her plans for her only son. Go to your mother, Mr. Edward, and obey her in everything you can, except about Mrs. Edward.”

“Well,” said Edward, “suppose I take your advice, will you be answerable for the consequences? Well, I must meet my mother sometime; as well now as again, I suppose.”

He returned to the little parlor to speak to Maymie, and staid for some time, and then we went up together to the house.

We parted on the same spot on which we parted that day long ago when we first met Mr. Bell and Maymie in the baby-house. He ran up the steps as he did on that day, and I went round by the kitchen door to the works.

Next day I went up for some orders, and judge of my astonishment when I heard that Mr. Edward and his mother had left very early in the morning in the phaeton, driven by Rolston. Mrs. Gibson said that neither Mr. Edward nor his mother had gone to bed all night. They had spent it in the little room where she had received me the day before. The servants were curious and eager to know what was transpiring, and I am afraid there was some listening at door and window, but they really knew nothing. Little as people knew, or could possibly find out, they knew and surmised enough to keep them talking.

One of the maids had seen a pocket-pistol in Mrs. Russell’s room, and many and wild were the conjectures that gathered round that fact. It was strange to see that no one round The Hazels seemed to have the least sympathy with Mrs. Russell. It was surely a great trouble and disappointment to her to have her only son marry secretly, and, as she thought, unworthily, but no one felt for her, because she had lived apart from all neighborly feeling with any one of those who dwelt around her. She had during all her married life persistently ignored all below a certain rank. She would only know the people on the place as workers, giving them, since she came into power, justly their due, but refusing, after the manner of the proud Duchess of Buckingham, to recognize anything in common between her and her dependents. Mr. Edward, on the contrary, was nearly as popular as his father had been, and was likely to be so altogether as soon as he took hold of the business for himself and showed that he inherited his father’s care for the people. Maymie was popular with every one because of the charm of her beauty, which charm is very powerful with common people, and also because of her graceful sympathetic kindness so often and in so many forms manifested to every

one as she had opportunity. It was therefore as partisans of Mrs. Edward's that they discussed his prolonged absence.

Tim, poor fellow, was as anxious and troubled as if Maymie were his own daughter.

"You see," he would reason to hide an undercurrent of uneasiness, "the master's but a boy after all—thoughtless, fond of mystery, fond of a lark and all that; but he's honorable, he is, an' she's his own true wedded wife anyway."

"He might have owned her long ago," said James Ray. "It seems to me that it has been just cowardice all along. I would not be in her shoes for all the Russells own and County Antrim to boot."

When Rolston returned with the phaeton he brought no word, letter or message for Edward's wife, nor any mention of when Mrs. Russell or Mr. Edward would return. There were written orders for me about the business, nothing more; and so the gossip of the people about The Hazels went on and increased.

Mrs. Edward was heartsick with waiting and watching. When I went over to the cottage and saw her with wistful, pathetic eyes mutely watching me for tidings when I had none to give, it almost broke my heart.

Rolston was of opinion that they were agreeing about a division of the property, to give to the erring Mr. Edward, like the prodigal son, the portion of goods that fell to him. I could not agree with Rolston; my fears would not settle down on any such peaceable end to the difficulty. Mrs. Edward often came to the baby-house, the pale shadow of herself, always alone, as if she could not bear company—always sad and spiritless. Her father often came after her and brought her home after school hours. He was tender of her as if she were a baby, waiting on her in a silent, hopeless, helpless

way that was inexpressibly touching.

A little sunshine came to the cottage at this time. A lawsuit in which Mr. Bell had been involved in some way, terminated in his favor. There was some restitution of disputed rights, which left Mr. Bell, though not rich, yet in such a position as no longer to be obliged to keep school for the means of subsistence. Janet gave me to understand that Mr. Bell would only teach to the end of the term in which he was engaged. No word of Mr. Edward or his mother as day after day slipped past.

I went up to the cottage one evening with a strange feeling that Mr. Edward had returned. As I came up to the door Janet and Doctor Canning came the other way and went in. I felt terrified, and fearing I knew not what I turned into the kitchen. Janet came in after me and put the *Ulster Times* in my hand saying,

"See noo what na man yer maister is!"

"What is it, Janet?" said I.

"Look for yersel, man," said Janet, weeping. "My bairn has just gotten her death."

I looked at the paper and read the following paragraph:—

"A singular story is going the rounds of the press about the only son and heir of the late Arthur Russell, Esq., of the Hazels. This young gentleman, a minor under the guardianship of his mother, who is sole executrix to the estate, has been inveigled into an irregular marriage with another minor, solemnized by special license, without the knowledge or consent of his guardian. A suit is instituted in the Ecclesiastical Court to annul this marriage, with the full consent and approval of the victimized young gentleman. The marriage will, of course, be declared null and void from the beginning."

Here was an explanation with a vengeance of the absence of Mrs. Russell and Mr. Edward. My first thought was, "If this is true, how did she get his consent, by force or fraud?" Poor Maymie!

"How does Mrs. Edward bear this dreadful news, Janet?" I asked.

"She is oot o' ane fent intil anither,"

said Janet, hurrying out of the kitchen as she spoke.

It was thought, for a good many anxious days and nights by more than Janet that Maymie had got her death-stroke. One little tender life went out into the hidden beyond; and Maymie struggled back from the valley of shadow, to be the old Maymie never, never more.

A notice came from Lawyer Montgomery of the institution of the suit for annulling the marriage; and afterwards, while poor Maymie was unconsciously hovering between life and death, notice came that the Ecclesiastical Court had annulled the marriage as absolutely void from the beginning, being the marriage of minors by license without the consent of the parents or guardians. A letter from Lawyer Montgomery accompanied the notice, informing Maymie that it was Mr. Edward himself who, having come to a sense of his culpable folly, had instituted the proceedings which had terminated in his favor; that the marriage was so absolutely null from the beginning, that the annulment was a mere matter of form.

It was a cruel letter,—cruel in a studied manner, meant to hurt as much as possible. The wound had been given already when she heard that Edward was willing to give her up; earth had no more bitterness for her.

Doctor Canning and some other friends of Mr. Bell urged him to dispute the decision of the Ecclesiastical Court, as the marriage was solemnized in Scotland and should be tried by Scottish law as to its legality. But while Maymie was unconscious and her recovery doubtful, their arguments and suggestions fell on deaf ears.

But Maymie was not to die, much as she desired it. She had in her sorrow resolutely turned her face to the wall; but her time was not come, and she slowly recovered.

Maymie's sorrow was my sorrow also. She was the one girl in all the world to me, though we were separated forever.

Besides it was a sorrow to me to take down forever, from the niche he occupied in my mind, the young master who had been my hero for so many years. It had cost me pain enough to see that my humble friendship ceased to be of value in his eyes; but it was worse to believe him utterly unworthy, whom I had once loved so well. Unworthy and contemptible as I thought him, I still believed with Doctor Canning and others that it was Mr. Bell's duty to dispute the decision of the Ecclesiastical Court for Maymie's sake. While I thought over this, I was, one evening after work, passing the long-deserted baby-house, and was startled to see the door open and lamplight streaming out. At the moment of noticing this I thought, surely Edward has returned; then I saw Janet at the door, and she seeing me called me in. I went over and was surprised to see Maymie there, pale and thin, but to my eyes more beautiful than ever. She seemed to have grown taller since her illness, and to have acquired something of the elder Mrs. Russell's haughty stateliness.

"Did you wish to see me, Mrs. Russell?" I said with some hesitation, but with as much deference and respect as if she were a princess.

"Yes, I wish to see you; I am glad to see you, to thank you for all your kindness to us."

"I never was able to be as kind as I wished to be, Mrs. Russell," I answered.

"Do not call me Mrs. Russell," she said calmly; "you know it has been decided that I have no right to the name."

"I hope Mr. Bell will be advised by his friends and dispute that decision; I am assured by some who ought to know that it can be done with almost the surety of success."

"We will not speak of it, Willie," she said. "The decision might be reversed, but no power on earth could bring back what I have lost, or make amends for what I have suffered."

Enough of that. We have been putting this place to rights; it was rather disorderly, and I want you to see that it was left all right. All the presents your master gave me, when I thought he had a right to make me presents, are here in their places; jewels,—everything. I am taking a few things.”

She spoke with perfect calmness as one who had done with feeling. As she spoke she showed me her wedding-ring, saying sadly, “I thought I had a right to wear it when it was put on first.” She then showed me her marriage certificate and a bundle of letters tied up with a bit of ribbon, saying: “This is all.” I saw that everything was arranged in the baby-house; even the pieces of the torn shawl were folded together, lying on the sofa.

“I want you to be able to bear witness,” she went on, “in case of this place being intruded on, that I left everything, took away nothing but what you see.”

Janet was weeping bitterly, but Maymie had shed all her tears. She gave a look round the baby-house, came out, locked it and gave the key to me. We went down through the plantation on the old path associated in her mind and mine with foregone pleasure and present pain. She was silent, so was I; there was no comfort on earth, I thought, for sorrow such as hers. When we came to the high-road she put out her hand, and said, “Good-bye, Willie, God bless you,” and she turned away. I had not a word to say, but stood there stupidly silent. What would I not have given afterwards, when looking back on that moment, that I had been able to say one word of sympathy or farewell!

#### CHAPTER VIII.

“It is good to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new.”

—*Old Song.*

After she left me, I turned and walked slowly up to the big house. A little

before this Mrs. Russell had insisted on my occupying a room there, and becoming to all intents and purposes one of the family; formerly I had roomed down at the works. When I reached my own room I shut myself in with a heart full of regret and bitterness. Why should Edward Russell obtain so easily, and fling away so lightly, the pearl I would have prized more than life? I sat there, full of rebellion against my lot, full of impotent wrath against my young master. I do not know how long I had sat thinking, when I was roused by one of the maids, who brought me some letters that had come for me through the day. One letter was from Mrs. Russell herself; I laid it aside until I had examined the rest,—I felt a dislike to touch it or look at it. When I did open it I found it highly characteristic of the writer.

“She took it for granted,” she said, “that I would rejoice with her at the happy termination of Mr. Edward’s boyish error. “I would, she felt assured, with my usual sagacity and foresight, see how highly improper it would be for that young person or her father to linger near a family to which they had been the means of bringing such trouble and disgrace. She hoped I would see them, in the interest of the family, on this subject. Also that I would give to the young woman from her, the enclosed sum, which they would find useful in removing; also it would assist them in settling down elsewhere.”

The letter contained a check for five hundred pounds. I cannot tell you how angry I felt when I read that letter; it seemed to bring me to the limit of human endurance. I knew that Mrs. Russell thought she had acted in a grandly munificent manner towards “that young person,” and was congratulating herself on the happy termination of the affair. I was naturally steady, slow-going and quiet; brought up a retainer of the Russell family, taught how to obey, to consider my superiors

always in the right,—therefore to act decidedly, against the wishes and without the sanction of my employers, required the stirring up of my whole nature. I determined to go to Mr. Bell, and to urge him by all the arguments that were boiling and seething in my brain, to use every effort, to risk all his means, to upset the decision of the court about the marriage of my young master. Till now, I had had a slight feeling of sympathy for the cheated and disappointed mother mingling with the grief and rage I felt for poor Maymie; but this cruel letter utterly destroyed every vestige of it. I felt as if I would gladly risk all I had saved to reverse the decision and sustain the marriage. Mrs. Russell's cool assurance that I would feel as she did, almost maddened me.

I put the letter and check into my pocket, and took up my hat to return to the cottage. I looked at my watch; it was later than I thought, too late to intrude on Mr. Bell. The time had passed swiftly while I was thinking of these things. I laid down my hat again, determined to go over before school-time next morning.

Accordingly I set out in the morning, and was walking rapidly towards the cottage when I overtook Doctor Canning going in the same direction. After some talk on indifferent subjects to which the good doctor saw I was but a poor listener, he said abruptly,

“What a mean, dishonorable, base young scoundrel Arthur Russell's son has turned out to be! eh?”

“It is a sad affair,” I answered.

“To think of the young rascal,” he went on, “getting that beautiful young creature,—a mere child too,—to consent to a secret marriage, and then in a few months forsaking her! Well, it is too bad!”

“It is a dreadful injustice,” I said.

“Injustice! it is worse than murder,” he answered. “Who would have

thought him capable of it! His father was an honorable, upright man.”

“Could anything be done, do you think?” I asked.

“I don't know, but I am provoked at Bell that he does not show fight. There is ground to dispute the decision, I think.”

“Why?” I asked him.

“It was a Scottish marriage, and Scottish law differs from English law widely.”

“If there was the least chance of success,” I said, “I would fight for my daughter's name and fame to the last penny, to the last drop of my blood, if I were Mr. Bell.”

“Well,” returned the doctor, “I have serious doubts as to the legality of that decision, though of course I am not well versed in law. I know Lawyer Montgomery pretty well though; he has managed this case. I think a great deal of his success with the cases he undertakes—and he is very successful—is owing to his high-handed way of proceeding. He is not consciously unscrupulous, but he can convince himself of anything he wishes to believe; and what he believes, he has the art of making others believe also. He's not sneaking, you know; he's a bully of the pistol and horsewhip kind; is incapable of seeing any side but his own, and carries others along with him with a rush that is surprising.”

“But, doctor, he had not the decision of the case.”

“True, but he conducted it, and he is by nature a partisan; he has been unfairly, unjustly successful. What puzzles me is the fact of Edward Russell being a consenting party.”

“I think Mr. Edward has been in some way forced into it, I do not know how,—he was self-willed enough; I do not know why,—he was devotedly fond of her, and no wonder.”

“Bah! don't tell me such stuff; he could not have been, or he would have died first, before he consented to this.”



"Well, it is done, however," said I. "I am not so sure about that," returned the doctor, "I am going down to see Bell and have a final talk with him about the matter. Doctors, you know, can take liberties. He is what I call a helpless gentleman; there is not much go in him, but he has come into some means lately, and I do not think they can be better spent than in the prosecution of this quarrel."

"I started on the same errand, but I did not know how to begin to advise a gentleman so shy on personal or family matters as Mr. Bell. I would like you to mention to him, if you could do so without giving offence, that I have some money for which I have no use, and I would gladly give it to help in the struggle for Mrs. Edward's rights."

As we talked we came up to the cottage and found to our surprise that it was shut up and deserted. They were gone—all of them—vanished as if they had never been, and left no trace behind.

How I regretted now that I had deferred coming over to this morning, when it was too late!

That was my last farewell to Maymie, that good-bye on the road the night before, little as I suspected it then. After that night neither The Hazels nor Ireland beheld her any more.

I wrote to Mrs. Russell the next day, telling her in short order that Mr. Bell and his daughter had disappeared out of the place altogether, leaving no address nor any clue to where they had gone. I returned her the check, and the matter was not referred to between us again for many a day and year.

In a few days after this Rolston received orders to meet Mrs. Russell with the phaeton at Cavan.

Her brother, Lawyer Montgomery, had lately acquired a property near that town—they were great people to acquire wealth and accumulate property, those Montgomerys. She was to come down with him as far as the new place,

where she intended staying a few days, and from thence to return to The Hazels in her own phaeton. Accordingly she came home and resumed her sway as if nothing had happened.

Lawyer Montgomery came some time afterwards, and staid a week, examining everything, looking into our affairs generally. He was a large, heavy-built man with a big head, keen eyes that looked out from under bushy grey eyebrows, and a heavy under lip. He looked like a calculating, remorseless old wolf, but I looked at him with prejudiced eyes. I never heard that Mrs. Russell made any enquiries about Maymie or her father of any one, or troubled herself about them in any way. Mr. Edward was abroad travelling in Germany.

I managed the business under Mrs. Russell, for McClure was laid aside by sickness about this time. As I silently went about my work, everything prospering greatly with us, and the wronged Maymie gone and forgotten, my impatient heart cried out, "How long, Lord, how long!"

The fourth of August came round, the great day when Mr. Edward became twenty-one. There had always been expectations of great rejoicings in which all the work people would share when this long-looked-for day arrived; but it passed off like another day. August passed, so did September, and still Mr. Edward remained away."

"He's ashamed to luk us in the face," said Tim, "an' it's no wonder he is, the spalpeen!"

In September McClure died, and I was appointed manager permanently. Mrs. Russell was very kind to me, kinder than I wanted her to be, annoyingly kind considering the feelings with which I regarded her.

In October Mr. Edward was to return home, and there was to be a great ball then. It was given out that this ball was in honor of his coming of age; but, as I said before, his birthday was

on the fourth of August, and on that day he was twenty-one.

The ball was a grand affair, and I was invited by Mrs. Russell in such a way that I could not well decline, though it could be little pleasure to me to meet Mr. Edward. For all that, I went to the ball, coerced by circumstances as I have often been before and since.

Mrs. Russell received me as one whom she delighted to honor. I escaped from her as soon as possible and got into a corner, where, half sheltered by the window curtain, I watched for Mr. Edward with a beating heart; although, as I said before, I was sure I did not want to see him. He was late, only arrived the night of the ball, and the rooms were well filled before he made his appearance. When he came in I was startled to see the change a few months had made in him. He had grown coarser, and looked as if he drank a good deal. He was boisterously gay, but certainly did not look like a happy man. Doctor Powerscourt was there, devotedly attentive to the still handsome Mrs. Russell. He also sought out and made himself agreeable and complimentary to me. Miss Courtenay was there, pensively kind and sympathetic to Mr. Edward. After seeing Mr. Edward at a distance, I sought an opportunity of slipping away unobserved. I had had more than enough of Doctor Powerscourt's oily civilities. He had even followed me into my corner, graciously enquired if I danced, and hoped with infinite condescension that I would dance with his niece, whom he would bring and introduce to me, as soon as the dance was over in which she was engaged with my young employer, and, as he was informed, the friend and companion of my early days.

When the too polite doctor left me I thought seriously of making my escape. The scene of gayety was bitter to me. Many a fair face and fine figure had flitted past me that night. I only thought of the face of the repudiated

wife, so gloriously beautiful, so sweetly tender and true, with the wealth of brown hair that turned to gold in the sun,

"And eyes like the skies of dear Erin, our mother,  
Where sunshine and shadow seemed chasing  
each other."

I slipped behind the window curtain (it was a French window opening on the lawn), managed to undo the fastening, and stepped out, softly closing it after me. I went down a few steps and made for the shrubbery, anywhere away from the lights—from the dancers—from the possibility of having to speak to Mr. Edward. I was out under the calm glory of the bright moon, walking with my head down, when I heard a step and looked up. Mr. Edward and I were face to face.

"I was looking for you, Willie," said he, holding out his hand to me.

I did not give him my hand, I did not speak, only looked at him; our eyes met, and he looked down. Though there were no words, the curse that was alas! in my heart—for then I had not learned of Christ that vengeance belongs to the Lord and to Him only,—the loathing of him, the abhorrence of him, must have looked out of my eyes. He turned pale; I turned suddenly on my heel and left him. From that night it was three years before I saw him again. Rolston told me he went to bed quite drunk, had some words with his mother, and left in a huff the next morning.

I wondered if Mrs. Russell knew that we had met, but it was never referred to between us. As the time passed she leaned on me and trusted me, as if she was beginning to tire of absolute monarchy, and to regret her son's continued absence.

Mrs. Russell was a wealthy woman when her husband died, and the business had not gone back under her management, but we were beginning to seriously feel the constant drain of Mr. Edward's expenses.

Doctor Powerscourt and his niece were abroad part of the time Mr. Edward was away, and we heard of them travelling in company. When he at length returned it was known that he was the accepted lover of Miss Courtenay. They were to be married soon, and in view of this event, Mrs. Russell wished every vestige of the former foolish marriage to be swept from the baby-house; to this Edward would not consent. They had a quarrel on the subject, and the baby-house remained locked up and was left untouched.

They were married in Antrim, a bishop officiating. Doctor Powerscourt gave away the bride; there were many great and noble guests, all who could be secured for the occasion by the utmost exercise of polite engineering. An account appeared in the *Ulster Times* announcing with quite a flourish of trumpets this marriage in "high life," giving the names of the distinguished guests, describing the dresses of the ladies; but no one could say that among all the spectators even one said, "God bless them."

The new married couple went on a bridal trip to the English lakes. Mrs. Russell expected that when he returned and settled down his wife's fortune would not only relieve us from the slight temporary embarrassment caused by Mr. Edward's reckless expenditure while abroad, but, rightly managed, enable us to extend our business. He brought home his bride amid great rejoicings, and his mother's ambition,—what she had desired and planned for so long,—was at last gratified.

Mrs. Edward was to be as Ruth was to Naomi to Mrs. Russell; she was to be ruler in supremacy as of old, and all was to be "as merry as a marriage bell." That was how it was to be; this

is how it was: Mr. Edward and his wife were not long married when it was discovered that the fortune of Mrs. Edward, late Miss Courtenay—never half, no, never one fourth as large as it had been represented—had been entirely lost years before, partly by Doctor Powerscourt in speculation, partly by a bank failure.

In fact Miss Courtenay's heiress-ship had been an extensive swindle. Mr. Edward had married a wife for her fortune who was poorer than Maymie, for she brought sundry debts to her husband, and she brought no love and found none; but she brought luxurious and expensive habits, and a temper—well, I hope for the honor of woman-kind that there never was such another. The discovery of her entire want of fortune, also that her connection by consanguinity with titled families was a myth, caused a good deal of disappointment to the elder Mrs. Russell. I dare say there was a good deal of unpleasantness. I know that Mr. Edward was not married to her as long as his married life with his first wife had lasted when the two Mrs. Russells, who had been measuring their relative strength in constant bickerings almost from the first, had a fearful quarrel.

There was then fierce open war between the two. Mrs. Edward, being the most wicked and regardless, conquered, and Mrs. Russell had to leave the house. The withdrawal of Mrs. Russell's means from the business seriously crippled it.

Mrs. Edward was determined to be Queen of The Hazels in her turn, and to rule absolutely; so she carried matters with a high hand. She resolved to get rid of all the old servants and replace them with new ones, who would know no mistress but herself.

(To be continued.)

# T H A T T W A N K A Y .

## A SKETCH OF CANADIAN LIFE.

(By a Canadian.)

Everybody, for miles around, wondered how old Mr. Fitchett could afford to sell good twankay tea at three shillings and nine pence per pound, when all the other country storekeepers were selling the same for five shillings. It was somewhere about the year 1831, as nearly as I remember, that Mr. Fitchett sold that extraordinarily good tea at so low a figure, and made a handsome profit on it too.

But I must preface my sketch by giving the reader a little insight as well as I am able into the feelings at that day existing between the descendants of the Loyalists who had lost everything in the war of American Independence, and who had made homes for themselves in the wilds of Canada and the United States. Many of them seemed to lose sight altogether of the "custom or tribute" due to the land of their adoption, and only thought of getting all they could from the country that had swallowed up their inheritance. Consequently, every pound of tea, or every bale of goods which could be smuggled, was considered as so much of the old debt paid off. Very questionable proceedings these, no doubt; but I simply relate the facts, as I partly recollect them, and as I had them from my mother afterwards. Indeed it would scarcely answer for me to sit in judgment on these old worthies, when the Loyalist blood runs in my veins, and I am proud of it too—when my ancestors lost a handsome property during the struggle, and were fain to content themselves afterwards with wild lands

in Canada which the British authorities kindly granted them as indemnification.

The great difficulty in regard to smuggling was to find men sufficiently daring, I might almost say reckless enough to engage in it. Many a fine span of horses, with good sleigh and harnesses, were seized and sold by the officers for a few pounds of tea or tobacco, or it might be a dozen or two of yards of cotton secreted amongst the wrappings; so it is no wonder that old Mr. Fitchett, who lived some forty miles from the Province Line, was obliged to look long before he found a man willing to risk so much, even though he was to receive a very high price for the job of bringing in a large supply of tea for the store.

At length he fixed on Solomon Gates, who had an interest in the distillery near our place. I have reason to believe that the whiskey trade had been the means of bringing Mr. Fitchett and Gates together; for Fitchett sold liquors as well as dry goods, groceries, hardware and other commodities. This store was the best filled of any country store in all our part of the Province. He gave liberal bargains, and his terms were easy; that is—as regards the terms—a person could run bills to the amount of the property he possessed, and not be troubled for payment, provided in the end, he made over to Fitchett whatever he was worth. I have seen more than one man stripped of all his possessions before he suspected where he stood, by Fitchett's "easy terms." It was astonishing how

the trader managed to know precisely the situation of everybody's property who dealt with him; and many, many a one was persuaded into purchasing goods beyond his means, and which he had never intended buying on coming to the store, by Fitchett's free manner of "treating" his customers, as it was called, to whatever liquor was most to their taste. It was no unusual sight to see a person walking out from Fitchett's store with a parcel containing some ten or twelve dollars worth of goods more than he had designed to purchase on entering; and I may as well say it, for it is the truth, the step was not always quite as steady as on going in, though the eye might be a trifle brighter, and the articulation the least bit thickened. But I must not be too severe on Fitchett, for those were whiskey-drinking days in our section of the country. The person who refused liquor altogether, was simply an oddity—a singular being, ten times more pointed at than the confirmed drunkard.

But to return to the "twankay," from which I have wandered a little. Fitchett was the son of a Loyalist, of the class of which I have spoken before, and he wished to have a little of the *old debt* paid off. Gates was also the descendant of one who had spent his all on the losing side in the war of American Independence, and was no way loth to assist Fitchett in the scheme. Of course there was much greater risk in the undertaking than if Fitchett had resided nearer the line, as the goods might be seized when almost at their destination. Gates, however, was just the man for an adventure, a man of powerful frame and fiery spirit, one, in short, to whom the word "danger" had a peculiar charm, and whose daring was almost beyond anything I have ever known.

Some of Gates & Co's. whiskey was sold in a thriving village not far from the line, and he had many acquaintances living on the frontier. Indeed,

I am not sure but he traded in this commodity with some merchants on the other side. Sometimes when Gates carried away barrels of whiskey he returned loaded with grain for the distillery—grain which our poor needed sadly before the year came around; for the country had its poor, its thriftless, its dependents, and our section was certainly not free. And in the potato-digging time it was not unusual for the distillery teams to take loads and loads from the farmers' fields to make into strong drink, thus raising the prices until it was next to impossible for the destitute to obtain their necessary supplies.

Now, in my later life, as I look over the past, and think of all the misery that one small distillery made—and it is not likely that I am acquainted with a tenth part of it all—I do not wonder there is no trace of it left, or that the property made in the manufacture and sale of whiskey should so soon have been dissipated. Neither Gates nor his partners prospered. The young men of their families became drunkards, and in a very few years there was nothing left to tell of the thriving business they had once been engaged in.

I fear I have grown a little enthusiastic on this subject, and have only one apology to offer: I saw so much drunkenness in my youth, traceable to that one distillery—for the people about never could have brought so much strong drink from distant villages—that I invariably speak or write feelingly whenever this is my theme.

It was on one of those occasions when Gates had been to the frontier with whiskey, that he was commissioned to bring a load of good "twankay" for Fitchett's store on his return. How to do this, and avoid the sharp eyes of the custom-house officers and their emissaries, took all the cunning of which Gates was master—and that was not a little. Somewhere about thirty chests of tea were emptied out

and their contents put up in strong bags, the bags holding two bushels each. These bags were so loaded as to resemble one of Gates' usual loads of grain which he was wont to be seen carrying about the country. The next thing was to get safely over the line without detection. The load was a short, very high load for the length. It was so made, and well staked at the back to prevent the "runners"—if any should be out in the direction he designed to take—jumping on from behind, a very common way among them. Once on the load it was usually but the work of an instant to obtain possession of the reins, when the game was all in their own hands. But it did not enter into Gates' mind, though he took these precautions, that he could be easily overtaken, or easily overcome, as he was more than a match for any ordinary man, and his team about the best that travelled our roads in those days. Nor was he overtaken. The officer was very likely to be on the watch at a certain point where the main road branched, within two miles of the Province Line, so Gates was sure to take a by-way which struck the highway leading into Canada some five or six miles farther on; and while the officer and his men were suffering intensely with the cold on that bitter January night while passing up and down, watching for Gates, and others who had been seen to go over, Gates would be far on towards his own house, which was a little more than midway between Fitchett's store and the line. Gates never slackened, but kept on and on, the fine horses doing their very best, distancing every team on the road. Gates was not a man likely to forget any little matter that would tend to make this load more observable than his ordinary ones; consequently his bells rang out as clear on the frosty air, and his own voice was as cheery as ever when he spoke to the horses, or nodded to a friend as he neared the parts

where he was well known. Somewhere on his own premises there was a retired spot where this *load of oats* could rest undisturbed through all the next day, and just about sunset on the following evening it was taken out and Gates started for Fitchett's store. His plan was to arrive there just after the village would be quiet for the night, when he knew Fitchett would be waiting for him. It would not answer to get in earlier, for the store was at this time the lounging-place of all the idlers of the village, and of some industrious men whose homes were not over pleasant; and of some few who were good workers enough, but who had a great liking for the "treats" sure to be free at Fitchett's.

I remember as well as if it were but yesterday, how Gates' horses danced over the beautifully smooth roads the next evening after he brought the "twankay" to his own place. It was just coming a little dusk when he passed our house, and—I don't know how it came about—our people seemed to know all about the business, and little as I was, I noticed sundry nods and whispers as the load went skimming along. Of course I knew Gates, and wondered that he was going from home at that hour. But at this time I *only* wondered. It was a good number of years before I understood the whole affair, and knew *why* Mr. Gates had taken that night ride the wrong way.

About eleven o'clock he arrived at Fitchett's, where he found the old man and his sons on the alert, and ready to receive his load at a back entrance. The village slept quietly, and the Fitchetts worked quietly. The tea was stored away in different boxes and all made "ship-shape" before morning. And this is how it came about that all the remainder of that winter Mr. Fitchett sold extra good "twankay" at three shillings and nine pence per pound, when other dealers sold for five shillings and even higher.

## SAPPHO'S FAREWELL.

[FROM LAMARTINE].

Thou who dost usher in my final day,  
Last dawn that I shall witness, fare-thee-well!  
To-morrow from the bosom of the waves  
Thou shalt arise again in all thy pride,  
But I—I go to darkness and to death.  
Farewell, my father's fields! sweet home, farewell!  
Dear Lesbos, sacred isle of Love's own queen,  
Bright shore where first I saw the light of heaven,  
Temple august, beneath whose holy dome  
My mother at my birth, devoted me  
To the immortals, with a trembling hand  
To wait, an innocent child, on Venus' shrine,  
And sacred grove, where in my tender years,  
The Muses, wisest daughters of the sky,  
Fed me with song, the honey of their lips,  
A long farewell!  
Alas! how worse than vain  
Were all their gifts, though envied by the crowd,  
For, prey to cruel love, to ruthless fate,  
I, Sappho, am most wretched of my kind,  
A life of tears and ended ere its noon!  
A flower withered in its beauty's prime!  
A lamb predestined for the sacrifice,  
Premature, pitiless, on the altar steps,  
At which I served, of unrelenting love!  
O happy maids of Lesbos, when the shade  
Of death has dimmed these, fail not to tell  
The cruel, the adored one, for whose sake  
I do this deed, that, with my parting breath  
I named his name.

JOHN READE.

## THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

(Continued.)

### MARION'S STORY.

HONG KONG HARBOR, }  
May 18th. }

I am so full of longing to begin at once to tell you about this wonderful China, that going back a few days to connect this chronicle with what Amy last wrote requires some self denial, though I am determined it shall not be my fault if you lose one of our experiences that may be of interest to you. Therefore you must know that last Thursday morning the row of islands between Hong Kong and the ocean came in sight, and our Captain committed the daring act (as it seemed to us) of going through the Kap-Sing Moon-Pass, instead of entering the harbor by the Tat Moon Pass, according to the general custom of navigators. These passes are rather narrow channels that separate the islands, and as the winds baffled his attempts to go through the Tat Moon, Arthur announced his determination to try the other, although it has a dangerous name; a hidden rock lies in the middle of it, they say, and he went aloft with his glass to see if destruction was ahead as the "Lyra" slowly sailed through Kap-Sing-Moon into safe waters.

I was not the only one on board who drew a long breath as we looked back and saw how narrow the channel was, and how easily a sudden gust of wind might have met and turned us back upon the rocks.

Soon two pilot-boats bore down upon us. They were Chinese sampans where families reside, knowing no other home than the little craft where

they cook, eat, sleep, and worship their household gods as composedly as if four square feet of room for each person was an ample allotment. They were racing with each other, these two pilots, and the one who reached his goal first climbed up to our deck like a squirrel, and made fast his floating habitation to the ship's stern, where two American girls leaned over with curious looks to gain their first idea of boat life in China. A woman sat near the rudder of the boat, and a baby hung at her back with a head that bobbed and rolled in a manner that threatened dislocation of the neck whenever his mother worked the skull oar, as she did from time to time until her spouse had made a negotiation with Capt. Roslyn, and threw down a rope for her to attach to the sampan.

Early that morning my dear "Yaller" emerged from parts unknown after an absence of three or four weeks, more grievously afflicted than ever, it appeared, for incessant were her cries, and her exceeding leanness convinced us that she had not come from a region of plenty. Cousin Arthur, the most patient and forbearing of men, lost all patience with that unreasonable cat, and after mews in the saddest minor key had rung for hours in his ears, and he with the rest of us, had wasted food and caresses upon the melancholy beast, his wrath broke forth.

"Girls! I don't know how long *you* can stand this sort of thing, but I am sure that Jim's cat and I have been shipmates long enough. Shall I give her to the pilot, Marion?"

"Why, yes," I replied, with a pang



at the idea of Jim's favorite becoming a stew possibly for a Chinese family. "If 'Yaller' refuses to stop this noise, which is chronic now, I'm afraid, she had better entertain those children in the sampan with it; but won't they eat her?"

"I pity them if they do," said the captain, emphatically. "Here, John! You wanthee cat?" (holding up my pet by the neck). John nodded, and pointed to his children as if to say that such a gift would be acceptable to them.

"Don't eat her, then," was the captain's warning as he tied a rope to the cat and lowered her into the sampan, where two little boys and a girl held out their arms to receive their visitor. A grimace passed over the yellow visage of pilot John at the thought of the extremities to which his family must be reduced ere they should seek to appease the cravings of hunger by the bony frame of "Yaller," and he shook his head so vehemently that I was reassured. The cat settled herself on a coil of rope as her young admirers surrounded her, and astonishment made her silent for a time. Such deeply seated grief as hers was not to be appeased by sudden change of circumstances, however, and late in the night I heard those piteous lamentations coming up from the darkness that enveloped the sampan.

The city lights were visible from our anchorage at one end of the harbor, where we stayed until daylight, then moved up among a fleet of vessels and took a position directly opposite the city of Victoria.

Hong Kong Island consists of a chain of mountains. The highest of them, Victoria Peak, rises to an almost perpendicular height of 1800 feet above the settlement which bears the same name, and the houses are built in regular terraces from the water's edge half way up the mountain, where they are scattered, and low roofed bungalows nestle under the steep cliff.

This harbor seems entirely shut in by hills like a beautiful lake, for from our station we cannot see the pass by which we entered it, and I can hardly believe we are not landlocked by these curious hills. Those in the direction of the mainland abound in sand and decayed granite, and when the sunlight falls clearly upon them they have as many tints as a painter's palette. There are few trees to be seen anywhere, yet the mountains behind the city are saved from ruggedness by a soft, grassy covering, and they are deeply indented, as if a great hand had stroked them from their summits downward, leaving finger-marks.

On the sparkling green waters of the harbor are vessels of every size and nationality. Tall masted clipper ships, English, French, and German steamers, men-of-war, clumsy junks with bamboo sails, row-boats, with passengers from some vessel to the city, or visitors from the city, several of whom favored the "Lyra" at an early hour after her anchor had been dropped. Amy and I agreed that there could not be a brighter, gayer scene than that of Hong Kong harbor on the morning of our arrival there, and in the bewilderment of having so many strange objects to look at we saw everything confusedly, as if Aladdin's lamp had suddenly raised up a vision of enchantment, of which every point must be taken in by eye and mind at once, before it should fade as suddenly as it appeared.

Several gentlemen came on board to pay their respects, and one of them brought us a kind of Chinese fruit, the lai-chee, which he tried to persuade me was eminently refreshing; but I, after taking one of them, (about the size of a horse chestnut), breaking off the thin reddish shell and tasting it, was much inclined to throw it overboard. I have some lingering sense of propriety however, if my friends do not credit me with it, and I stayed my hand.

"You don't like it!" said our visitor, in astonishment.

"I didn't say so."

"There was no need to say more than your face expressed," he laughed. "In time you will prefer the lai-chee to one of your American pears."

"I can never compare it to anything but a very sweet onion," I answered, and Amy, though always more courteous than I in making known her opinions, could not help showing that in this case they coincided with mine:

"To-morrow I will send you some mangos," said the gentleman, "and I want you each to eat a whole one before you condemn them, for these eastern fruits are unsurpassed by any in the world, and only require an educated taste to be highly appreciated."

"I am afraid to promise you that I will eat a whole one if they are very large," said I, wishing our acquaintance would keep his foreign fruits for himself if his taste is educated to appreciate them.

The appearance of Chinamen with large boxes saved me from making any more uncivil remarks. They opened them on the deck, and displayed sandal-wood fans, brooches and ear-rings of delicately carved ivory, rice-paper pictures, bamboo watch-chains, lacquered boxes, and a dozen other things.

"How can we speak to them?" I enquired of Mr. Day, the gentleman who bestowed the lai-chees upon us.

"You must talk pigeon-English, or in other words talk as silly nurse-maids do to little children; put an "ee" on the end of half your words, and leave out all your articles and prepositions. I will trade for you, and show you how to beat down a Chinaman. It is quite an art."

"Please ask him then how much that little carved box is worth."

"How muchee pricee?" demanded our interpreter, pointing to it.

"One dollar quart (\$1.15)."

"One dollar quart! No can do, John. That b'long too muchee pricee. Me give you fifty cents."

"How can you"—(have the impudence to beat him down to less than half of what he asks, was the unspoken part of my sentence, and as usual it was written on my face.)

"Oh! you must learn to beat down these traders. A Chinaman always asks at least half as much again as he knows an article is worth, and doesn't expect to get his price unless he has a green customer. He really wouldn't respect you if you gave him what he demanded at first. "Fifty cents," he repeated with emphasis."

"One dollar," said the Chinaman, coming down a little. "Fifty cents!" "Seventy-five cents?" said the trader pathetically, but a stern repetition of "Fifty cents" reduced him to submission. "All right! You takee," was his concession, and I felt as if I had robbed him when he handed the box to Mr. Day, who put it in my hand.

"You need not be troubled," he said. "No Chinaman would ever lose by a bargain of this kind, and as he let you have it for fifty cents, you may be sure he makes a profit on it."

"I don't see how I can ever bring myself to 'grind the faces' of the heathen in that manner," was my rejoinder.

"You will be cheated out of a great deal of cash if you don't," said Mr. Day, evidently considering me the most obstinate and intractable of young women.

The Captain and mates joined the group around the box of "curios," (everything that a foreigner in China would be likely to buy for presentation to friends at home is called "curio"), and Mr. Fordyce, with his usual recklessness, seemed inclined to buy half the man's stock and to lavish it upon Amy and me, reserving some trinkets to take home to his sisters; but with the sternness of a judicious parent I

bade him save his money for sensible purchases, and refused to accept anything but a tiny charm for my watch-chain.

The noontide heat made us realize that we were indeed in China, and sent Amy down into the cool cabin, while I stayed on deck to enjoy it. The great wall of mountains seemed to reflect the absorbed heat of months upon the harbor, and Victoria Peak, where the grass grows scantily near its summit, and a ledge of rock shines with moisture from some little rill, resembled a giant with perspiring forehead.

All sorts of characters came on board that day; shoemakers, tailors, washerwomen, merchants or clerks from the great business houses; captains from neighboring vessels, and we had no chance to go ashore even if we had been allowed to do so. "You shall see enough of Hong Kong," our Captain promised us, "but I do not want you to go about in the city before you are somewhat accustomed to Asiatic heat which, even here, with the harbor breeze, makes Amy look like a wilted white petunia. To-morrow you shall ride to church in a sedan-chair." With this novel prospect we retired on that Saturday night when our last caller had departed. He was a middle-aged captain, and discoursed to Arthur of jib-booms and studding sails while I lost consciousness of him in a bamboo reclining chair, and mortified my cousins by two startling snores.

Sunday morning was bright and hot, and every vessel had on its gayest attire of flags. A Bethel flag floated from the "Lyra's" mast-head as a notice to our neighbors that religious services were to be held on board, and the captain and second mate of the barque "Hazelton" were added to our usual audience. At ten, we girls with Arthur and Mr. Fordyce, were rowed ashore to attend church. On one of the many stone landings that are built upon the

Praya (a wide street by the waterside) we encountered a crowd of coolies with bare legs and great hats, and their sedan-chairs ready to receive us. Imagine a cane seat in a box, shaded by a canopy; two long poles, of which the ends rest upon the shoulders of a Chinaman (after the occupant has walked into it backward as a horse goes into the carriage-shafts), and you know what a sedan-chair is; but the delights of a ride in one can never be approached by the imagination. Two pigeon-English commands must be employed for this mode of travel. If your bearers are pattering along at too lively a pace you call "Man-man!" and they slacken their speed; if you want them to go faster you say "Chop-chop!" If your desire is to stop, you pound on the side of the chair that is nearest the place where they shall halt, and repeat "Man-man" in a tone of decision.

Well, we wended our way up, up, up, to Dr. Legge's beautiful chapel on one of the higher terraces, passing through narrow streets, where the noise of business went on as though there were no such day as Sunday, and when seated in the marble-paved building through whose stone arches the song of birds and the rustle of leaves stole in, a quiet accompaniment to the minister's voice, I heard also a far-off hum of heathen life from the toiling world below.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." That psalm was read from the pulpit, and never before had the words impressed me with such solemnity, and at the same time as such a cause for rejoicing.

After church we found our coolies in attendance with the chairs, and they carried us down from the peaceful chapel under the mountain's shadow to the boat landing, whence our "Skim-

mee," propelled by its crew of boys, shot over the half mile of water to the "Lyra's" anchorage.

In the afternoon Arthur invited me to attend the Chinese service with him in the same church, Union Chapel it is called, and we made the voyage to the city in a sampan for the sake of novelty. Arthur hailed one that was floating near us, and asked the proprietor how many he had on board, meaning the number of oarsmen.

"Seven piecee man" was the prompt rejoinder, and we thought that so many pairs of arms would take us ashore in good time, but found when we were seated in the cabin (a square hole in the deck sheltered by a bamboo awning) that "seven piecee man" included the mother of the family, with her infant slung around her neck, a girl of about eighteen years, and two small boys, beside the man himself and his elder sons. Our progress was not rapid, and when a heavy yellow sail was hoisted the sampan lay over so far that I felt sliding off my seat, and the water splashed up on the deck. Novelty atones for many inconveniences sometimes, and I was interested in watching the Chinese family, especially the girl, who sat near me rowing with bare muscular arms that looked as if their owner was used to doing the work of at least "one piecee man." She was so miserable and neglected, this poor girl, with her soiled, ragged dress, rough, uncovered head, and a face expressive of nothing but a heavy discontent, that I longed to say a kind word to her, but of course I could not, and I tried to show my interest in her by a friendly smile when she looked at me. She observed me with astonishment, and her hard face softened a little as she moved her oar with renewed vigor.

Ten cents for each passenger is the usual sampan fare, and Arthur gave the man twenty-five cents when we landed, yet his avaricious soul was not satisfied, and he loudly clamored for more, no

doubt thinking that we, having lately arrived at Hong Kong, might be easily cheated. We left him grumbling on the wharf, and, waving off numerous chair-coolies, who were importunate as hackmen in a *dépôt*, bent our steps toward the chapel.

There were so many things to observe during our walk that I hardly realized how very hot I was. Groups of men sat in shady places on the street corners playing some kind of game with small stones or coins. From their deep absorption in it we judged them to be gambling.

Little girls played about with heavy babies fastened on their backs, and my wonder was aroused by the proper behaviour of these Chinese infants, who never seemed to mind if their heads did swing like pendulums during the progress of their sisters' pastime, but blinked their narrow black eyes in resignation to the ills of life, as if sustained under them by the wisdom of Confucius. I didn't pity them, after all, but my heart and back ached in sympathy with the poor little maidens, who, at the age of eight, begin to learn a Chinese woman's hard lot of servitude, and have to carry burdens even at their play.

Women stood in the door-ways enjoying their afternoon gossip, but no white ladies were taking their walks abroad, and the stares I encountered led us to conclude that it is not the custom here for them to do so.

About fifty Chinese were assembled in the cool, quiet chapel to hear a sermon in their own language, which failed to edify me, though it gave me pleasure to observe their faces while they listened to better things than the crowds below have knowledge of, and the earnest, intelligent look of many made me sure that the truth was making light within them—only a glimmering light in some hearts, perhaps, yet even a spark makes a great change where utter darkness once reigned. "Rock of Ages" was sung in closing the services,

and I couldn't help joining in softly with our English words, knowing their meaning to be the same as that expressed in the strange tongue of my Chinese brothers and sisters.

As they passed out kindly greetings seemed to be exchanged, and I noticed one woman tenderly helping another, whose tiny, pinched feet made walking down the steep hill both dangerous and painful to her. A "little flock," truly, were these compared with the thousands of idolaters in the city, nevertheless to them belongs the promise of "the kingdom."

On Monday morning a basket of mangoes came with Mr. Day's compliments. They are large, oval fruit, with bright yellow skins, flat stones, and a peculiar flavor, reminding me so much of a paint-shop that I was glad I had not promised to eat a whole one. Amy took a fancy to them, and not discerning any flavor of turpentine, accused me of having too much imagination, but I have heard the same idea expressed by other people who are not fond of them.

Traders flocked on board all the morning, and we should have been well cheated if Mr. Duncan had not come to the rescue, preventing us from buying ornaments of common bone, which we had been earnestly assured were made of the finest ivory, and putting us on our guard against the wily arts of the heathen.

After dinner callers came, and I was pleasantly engaged in conversation with one of them, a native of "the Hub," when a flash of brass buttons suddenly illumined our cabin as three officers from the man-of-war "Ariadne" walked in. One of them was dark, slender, romantic-looking, like the heroes of a certain class of novels, whose aim in life is to elope with blondes, and run their swords through the bodies of their rivals. (My simile is drawn from unprofitable perusals of very light literature in the days of early youth). One

had a pleasant, boyish face, and the third was stout, good-natured, and not far from the meridian of life. They gave us a cordial welcome to the harbor of Hong Kong, and declared themselves refreshed by the sight of two new young ladies, as for months their vessel has been lying in these waters, and every sight that the city affords lost its novelty to them long ago, they said; and when Amy told them that neither her cousin or herself had ever set foot on the deck of a man-of-war, delight was expressed in their countenances. I am sure they thought what rare entertainment was provided for them in the chance of showing off the naval department to the uninitiated. Poor things! they were certainly in a condition to be "tickled by a straw," if we could thus be the humble means of raising their spirits, and we, glad to be useful in the world, even to navy officers, received with friendliness their promises to be very neighborly, and accepted, with our captain's approval, their offer to come on the following afternoon and take us on board the "Ariadne" in style.

When callers had left us to our own devices, we went ashore to see the city more satisfactorily than the sedan rides to church had shown it to us on Sunday. The usual "scrimmage" with chair coolies was undergone upon the landing-steps, and as it was impossible for each of us to occupy more than one chair, only six Chinamen were made happy and many discomfited as we proceeded along the Praya into a square where stands the City Hall, a handsome edifice, and near it is a space enclosed for a cricket ground; then past the barracks, up a shady, hilly road to the mountains. We saw a brook running along at the base of one of them, where much of the city laundry-work is done, and the hill-side was white with the clothes laid out to dry there.

Going through a great gate, and leaving our conveyances outside, we

mounted wide stone steps, and found ourselves in the Public Garden, where on Thursday afternoons the English band plays and the residents of Hong Kong promenade. There I got into one of my ecstasies over the harbor view which lay below us, and sat down to indulge in it, but I was hurried off to my chair to be borne higher yet through roads that twist and turn about under those towering green heights. The houses of the aristocracy are there; cool stone buildings, in the arches of whose wide verandahs birds twitter, and plants wave their great leaves, and one looks out over bamboos that half hide the city roofs, sees the fleet in the harbor of the far-away hills of China, and thinks how very good ought to be the people who live amid such loveliness. Thus it was with me yesterday when we took tiffin at one of these very houses. The hostess was an English lady, kindly disposed toward the brown-faced sailor-girls, but exceedingly quiet and reserved, and I felt as if I were walking about in an immense Chinese workbox, (the house smelt like one) and was not at my ease all the afternoon. Polished floors, tall vases, lacquer-work were everywhere, a punkah fanned us at table, butter was passed in a bottle and taken out with a spoon, Chinamen, clad in pure white, served us noiselessly, rice and curried chicken were the chief substantials, and lai-chees the ornamentals, and I, common-place Marion Gilmer, from Boston, felt in a vague way out of place among such foreign surroundings, feared to open my lips lest some sea phrase or Yankee inaccuracy of speech should grate upon the ears of the English lady, and yearned for the "Lyra's" cabin and a solid dinner of "lob-scouse" and beans.

Amy enjoyed everything (except the melted butter), and fitted in with her surroundings in a ladylike manner. The elegancies of life never fluster her, and they couldn't do it if she should

return to them after years of uncivilized life on prairies or ocean.

On the afternoon appointed for our visit to the "Ariadne," a large, cushioned boat, manned by ten oarsmen, was in attendance at the gangway, and accompanied, of course, by Arthur; we went to fulfil our engagement with the officers. The novel hero, Lieut. Neufville, came for us, and the others received us on board the man-of-war, which is not an imposing vessel, but all her appointments were new to us and very interesting.

The men went through some of their exercises at the gun, and after watching them, and walking up and down the beautifully clean decks, we were taken down into the dark mess-room where the sailors live, and through the engine-room, bringing up finally at the ward-room, and there we sat down to be entertained by the officers with things belonging especially to their own domain. Albums and large collections of foreign views were looked over, but they were nothing at all in comparison with a sketch-book of Lieut. Neufville's, which displayed an artistic and sarcastic talent truly remarkable. One could have wished the sarcasm to have been omitted in some instances, as in a picture of a pretty girl riding in a sedan-chair which was entitled "The Young Missionary and the Benighted Heathen." Now I could see no reason why those who came out to China to do the heathen good should not have their strength saved by occasional rides, especially as they pay for them, and the honest calling of the chair-coolie is rendered no more degrading by the carrying of missionaries than of officers or merchants, but that picture implied a hint on the part of the sketcher of inconsistency on the part of missionaries, and it called forth a remark from me which led us into a deep argument on the responsibility of the heathen, and whether the work of missions is entirely useless and unprofitable. I need not

tell you that this position was not mine. To the best of my ability I withstood it; but in truth, dear friend, I never thought much about the heat till I came here, and although I didn't believe one of my opponents's words, I couldn't answer them with the wisdom of one who had considered the matter, and I was growing hotter in that wardrobe than a burning sun could have made me, both from indignation at the Lieutenant's sophistries and my own inability to say the right thing, when relief came in the form of ice-cream. While we partook of that luxury, a waiter-boy stood behind my chair and helped on the cooling process with a large palm-leaf fan, and my equanimity was restored in less than fifteen minutes, yet I could not dismiss the grave subject from my mind, and as we were rowed back to the "Lyra" I told myself that to gain a clear understanding of what the Bible reveals to us with regard to our duties towards God and man, is more important than to learn to follow the windings of a skeptical reasoning which has no more substance than a puff of smoke, when one tries to grasp and hold it.

The question uppermost with us at present concerns a visit to Canton. We certainly *must* see a purely Chinese city before we sail for the Phillipine Islands, and Hong Kong, where the English element is strong, will not give us all the ideas we wish to gain of the Celestial Empire.

A kind letter came recently from one of the Canton missionaries, Mr. Worthington, who had heard of us through friends of his in New York whom we know well, and he invites us to visit him, so it is decided that a week must be devoted to Canton, and we shall go there in a day or two. Arthur does not care to leave the ship for a whole week, but he will send Mr. Duncan with us, and come himself a few days later.

This letter is finished just in time for the Pacific Mail steamer, which comes

in about the fourth of every month, and leaves near the twelfth. The "America" was the one that came in this month, and we went on board of her to take breakfast. Such a steamer I never saw before, or even thought of seeing! A grand hotel floating on the water, she might almost be compared to, and it made my patriotism rise to a high degree when I watched her steaming through Ly-Moon Pass. She brought us a dear, long letter from you, which we haven't finished reading yet, though every word of it will soon be as familiar as "The House that Jack Built." Arthur calls for selections from it when he wants to be entertained, and then laughs as much as if he understood every one of the standard jokes that are only appreciated by a school-girl's intellect.

Farewell till next mail. But it will be Amy's turn to write, then, won't it? and I shall have other letters to send, so I may write next from Manilla or Iloilo, or whatever outlandish place the "Lyra" is ordered to, and until then, farewell.

MARION.

HONG KONG HARBOR,

June 4th, 1870.

A week in Canton has given me materials for a volume, which, even if not of much interest to the public, would be perused without weariness, I believe, by the partial eye of friendship. I will content myself with something short of a volume, however, and try to write this letter to you, my dear girl, within the proper limits.

You must follow in spirit your two friends, as with Mr. Duncan, on the morning of May 25th, they were quietly steaming up the Canton River in a drizzling rain. From the windows of the pilot-house we looked out upon the yellow stream, the fresh green of rice-fields along the banks, the darker, shining foliage of the trees, and a tall pa-

goda rising up here and there. We passed the village of Whampoa, whose neighboring hills are covered with rows of Chinese tombs, and in the middle of the afternoon arrived at Canton, where we saw the heathen world in full force on the landing, and crowds of boats.

Mr. Worthington met us, and took us in a sampan to his house, a dreary, blackish edifice on the edge of the canal. Passing through a ground-floor that was very cellar-like, we ascended a flight of stairs into cheerful rooms, and there stood the missionary family with warm greetings for the visitors from their own far-off land.

Mr. Worthington is a scholarly-looking man, whose careworn face shows the traces of many toiling years, and is rather stern in its gravity; but when one of his little daughters clasps his hand with a loving, upward glance, or when he turns to one of us to say some kind word, a beaming smile irradiates every feature. His wife is just what one would suppose a missionary's wife ought to be, a true lady, with genial tact and quiet self-possession; and the children, though perfectly unaffected in their manners, had such a way of assuming their responsibility in our entertainment as family guests, that I regarded them with pleased surprise, and decided that there must be something in the influence around the children of missionaries that gives them a thoughtfulness and maturity beyond their years.

But the eldest daughter! How can I describe her? Faith Worthington is much younger than I am, a year or two younger than Marion, and no more like any other girl of seventeen whom I have known than a broad, deep river is like a noisy, shallow brook. There seems to be an unfathomable depth in Faith—in those blue eyes of hers, in the calm, fair face, that to me ever expresses one Bible verse: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." That peace is

unruffled by weariness or the din of heathendom outside the windows.

"How can you study Chinese with such a noise always in your ears?" I asked, and they acknowledged the difficulty.

"But," said little Agnes, "you know it is never going to stop except at night, and the studying must be done, for though we have talked Chinese from our cradles we have to work hard to learn the written language." I could not doubt it, recalling the mysterious characters on tea chests and packages of fire-crackers.

In the evening the weekly prayer-meeting of the missionaries was held at Mr. Worthington's, and about ten ladies and gentlemen came in with as little formality as if they were all members of one family. They are, in fact, united by a tie even stronger than that of kindred,—the same deep interest in their Master's work which has led them to give up houses and brethren and lands for His sake and the gospel's. We were welcomed by them most warmly, as if they considered us representatives of the Christian friends whose prayers in behalf of foreign missions ascend from the churches of America.

I have been to some missionary prayer-meetings at home that were rather dull, it must be confessed. The pastor would call on "Brother G." to "give us some information with regard to the Mahratta mission," but the brother had not received his "Missionary Herald" in time to prepare for the meeting, and there was a general lack of information that was depressing. In the prayers for the conversion of the heathen there was not always apparent an intense realization of their need, and I recalled those by-gone Sunday-evenings as we knelt with that devoted little company of laborers, and heard the earnest outpouring of their requests as those who felt their feebleness, yet were strong in the promise "Lo I am



with you alway." So much was expressed of the comfort they felt in knowing that many in America were praying for them, that I said to myself, "When I go home I will tell everyone I know to pray more for missionaries than they ever did before."

The return of daylight was a relief after a night disturbed by heat, mosquitos, the cries of watchmen who walk the streets, making at intervals a fearful din (to warn evil-doers of their approach, and kindly allow them time for escape), and the squeals of quadrupeds in the next building, a pig-market.

I went into the verandah to watch Canton life swimming on the sidewalk which separates the house from the muddy canal, and found yet greater interest in the sampans wedged side by side in a long row. Their children frolicked and were disciplined by the parental hand. Wooden bottles hung at the waists of some of them to increase their chances of escape from drowning when they tumble overboard.

"There must be a wedding in the sampan that lies nearest the landing steps," said Agnes.

"What makes you think so?"

"There seems to be something going on there, and I heard a girl's voice wailing for a long time in the night. That is what they always do on the night before they are married."

"Because they are going to have such a hard time," added Mattie the youngest Worthington.

"Do they have a wedding ceremony?"

"These boat people do not go through so many forms as those of a higher class," Faith told us, "For three days their friends visit them, and a pig is generally roasted (that means about the same as wedding cake), and at some time during the three days the young couple do obeisance before the ancestral tablets; but first the bride leaves her father's boat and goes to a new home to scrub and row harder

than ever in her girlhood. Don't you want to pay this bride a visit?"

"Will she like it?"

"Oh yes! it will be considered an honor," said Mrs. Worthington, and six of us went down to the canal, leaving Mr. Duncan to survey the scene from the verandah, as Marion vetoed his accompanying us for the reason that he would take up more room than three people of moderate size, and might upset the bridal sampan. I wonder now that we could all have packed ourselves into that little boat, but we did, and sat in Turkish attitudes to take up less space, while the bride, clad in flaming red, with chenille flowers towering above her shining black hair, came forward at her mother-in-law's bidding and saluted us with reverential courtesies, then handed a tray of refreshments—little squares of cake, and tea without milk or sugar, in what looked like doll's cups. The cake was abominable in the extreme, and I ate it with a spirit of politeness at great personal sacrifice, and partook of the tea. Mrs. Worthington suggested afterward that it was probably made with the muddy canal water, and I was grateful to her for not putting the idea into my head before. All the politeness requisite to such an occasion we left to the ladies and children who spoke Chinese, and contented ourselves with smiling graciously at the bride and her mother.

A group of men collected on the sidewalk to see us go up the landing steps and enter the house, and a general excitement seemed to prevail in the vicinity of the sampan which had been so honored.

An English clergyman, Archdeacon Gray, called to see us, and kindly offered his services as a guide about the city, for he is well known and popular among the Chinese, and has access to some places that few foreigners are privileged to enter.

We set out in chairs that afternoon,

Mr. Duncan, Marion, and I, our reverend guide leading the procession through the narrow streets, most of them about six feet in width, and full of people. Our first halt was at the house of one of the Chinese aristocracy, whose owner had given the Archdeacon permission to show strangers over his mansion during his absence at the Imperial Court. There were lofty halls ornamented with gilding and carving, the greenness of conservatories appeared through high latticed windows, and after walking through many rooms we came to a court, on the other side of which were the lady's apartments, and a group of female slaves there, smiling and staring at us. Mr. Gray told us to go into the boudoir while he waited with Mr. Duncan on the other side of the court, and we did so. After a little hesitation at what seemed like the coolest kind of impudence, and passing the great lady herself, we surveyed her rooms, while she surveyed us with timid interest, and did not look at all affronted by our bold proceedings.

The next stopping-place was at an "opium divan," a dark room like a tomb, furnished with settees, where were extended several poor wretches in different stages of stupefaction.

There were so many things to arrest our attention that we did not resume our chairs at once, but walked along the dark alleys with about thirty Chinese at our heels, who stopped whenever we did and stared at us without ceremony, yet not rudely. A China shop was visited, and wonders in the way of painted vases and dishes were shown us; then we looked in at a flour-mill, where the grinding was performed in the most primitive manner by buffaloes walking in a circle and dragging one great stone upon another.

"Do you see that sign?" asked the Archdeacon, stopping before what appeared to be a butcher's shop, and pointing to a gilt lettered board. I

will translate it for you—"Black cats always for sale here." Over this stall is a cat and dog refreshment saloon. Will you come up, young ladies?"

We turned our astonished gaze from the counter on which a man was chopping up a dog's tail in delicate slices as if it were a Bologna sausage, and went upstairs to see people eating hot stews that had a peculiar, though not unsavory smell.

"What are you eating?" enquired the Archdeacon, taking up one man's saucer. "Black cat," was the answer, translated to us. Another man on being similarly questioned replied "Dog," with a grin that I thought implied that he knew such fare was not common even among his countrymen in polite circles. "I wished you to be able to tell your friends in America that you have actually witnessed this thing," said the Archdeacon as we gladly followed him down the winding stairs.

Then began a tour among the temples. First to the Temple of Letters, where the effigies of the authors of letters and of the printing art are enthroned in state; next, to the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, a great building, where one wanders through a labyrinth of galleries, courts and rooms. We sat in the visitors' hall, and were served with clear tea and dried fruit while the rain poured down into a courtyard upon which the hall opened, washing the leaves of tropical plants growing there. After a little rest, one of the monks showed us the five hundred wooden figures who sit in a ghostly row around a large, dark room. They are the images of those who were devoted to the service of Buddha while on earth, and in a great case was the gilded figure of the god himself.

As I stood in that gloomy room and heard deep tones of thunder echoing through the building, it seemed to me like the voice of God expressing His

displeasure at all idol worship, and I thanked Him there with all my heart that He had led me to know Him, the only true God, as a Father and a Saviour.

In another room was a tall pagoda looming up through the darkness with an image of some deity sitting in every storey. It rained so heavily that we waited in one of the courts, where the monks treated us with great politeness, and gave us more tea, a refreshment that I, for one, could have dispensed with, my throat and tongue having been well scalded before, for hot tea, minus milk, to one unused to it, is very fiery in its effects. Our little parasols caused much amusement to the monks, who, on being allowed to examine them, burst into peals of wondering laughter. One of them pointed to Mr. Gray's umbrella, and said, "*That* I can understand, but is this really an umbrella?"

"It is of no use to wait for the rain to cease," said the Archdeacon finally, and we took our chairs again and went on to the Temple of Longevity. There we were received by another party of monks in a room of which one whole side opened on a pond surrounded by green bushes and nearly covered with floating lotus leaves. More tea was given us (hotter, if possible, than that partaken of in the other temples), also preserved lai-chees and ginger. A venerable monk was seized with curiosity concerning Marion's dress, a white picqué, and stole quietly up to lay an examining finger upon it, but meeting an expression of reproof in the Archdeacon's face he drew back, and contented himself with asking some questions about us, which met with a grave response. We then visited the God of Longevity in another room, and returned to Mr. Worthington's through gathering darkness and descending showers. Once, when the rest of our party, preceding me, had disappeared around a corner, a feeling of loneliness took strong hold of me, and a fear that

I might be carried off by my coolies, but it was suddenly put to flight by a remembrance of the psalm that describes the idols of the heathen "the work of men's hands;" then exhort Israel to "trust in the Lord;" so peace came to me in the gloomy street as I went on thinking, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," and soon we reached the hospitable dwelling by the canal, where Faith was watching for us at the door.

For the next day a visit at another missionary home was planned, and we walked through the city to a pleasant house near the river, where we dined after visiting the mission hospital across the way. The wife of the physician who has the charge of it showed us over the building and took us into a neat little chapel, where those needing medical advice are induced by that motive to listen to a native teacher as he leads them to consider their soul's health while waiting for Dr. Kerr to attend to their poor ailing bodies.

Our kind conductor of the previous afternoon had promised to call for us at four o'clock to show us a few more temples, and after a very social dinner, we went out into the heat and glare to increase our stock of Chinese information. One place we were warned against by some of our lady friends. "Don't go into the 'Chamber of Horrors' if you can help it," they said, and the caution only made Marion determined to see a place whose title and associations were so grim. I have not a taste for horrors myself, but thought we might safely trust the Archdeacon to show us no unprofitable sights, and forgot all about the matter in a visit to the Examination Hall.

Passing through a building that was much like a temple, we found beyond it a grassy court with long rows of what look like horse-sheds, but they are really cells for 17,000 men who come here every three years to be examined for the degrees of A.M. and B.A. Sub-

jects for essays are appointed by judges, and each competitor is shut up in a cell with pen and paper to try for an honor whose glory will be reflected upon his posterity if he succeeds in gaining it. Sometimes a man is found dead in his cell from the effects of a long mental strain.

It was a very quiet place that afternoon, and I wandered over the soft green sward and in and out of the cells, looking up at the floating clouds, and dreamily imagining the eager ambition, the bitter disappointment in the hearts of thousands who in past years came to this arena for mental combat; thinking of the exultant pride with which many had departed bearing the coveted honor, the reward of their toil, and then had left it inscribed on marble tablets, for their sons to glory in, while in spiritual darkness their souls passed away from earthly scenes. Ah, how hard we work in this world to gain a little, and how soon we have to give it up when gained! The Chinese whose ambition led them here know nothing

of "a better and an enduring substance," but in lands where people do know of it so many spend their lives in ignoring that knowledge and striving painfully after what they must lose; that seems the saddest thing.

Thus musing, I strolled on, almost forgetting the rest of my party, and came face to face with a being so hideous that I started back half believing it to be the embodied spirit of the hatred and despair that reign in this place every three years, but it was only an old woman who wanted "cash," the smallest of coins, and held out her skinny hand with a leer that fairly made me cold.

"Miss Amy!" called Mr. Duncan, and came to find me. "Has this old lady fastened you here by a spell?"

"Something like it," said I, taking his arm with a sudden sense of relief, and walking back to the "Judges' Hall" with him. "Did you ever see such faces as these old Chinese women have? Yet many of the young ones are really pleasing."

*(To be continued).*



## THE AVERAGE MAN OF GENERAL INFORMATION.

BY CHARLES AUGUSTUS.

The average Man of General Information is somewhat peculiar, and is found in various quantities in every community. We meet him on the cars, and find one or two of him in every hotel. You can seldom tell him by his appearance, but if he speak, you recognize him at once by his style of conversation. The moment you speak to him about anything, he commences to give you information. You can't stop him, nor refer to any subject upon which he is not thoroughly convinced he is well posted.

The average Man of General Information has read the Bible some time in the course of his life, and has generally studied "Tom Paine." He has read the lives of a few celebrated statesmen, and quotes them frequently; he has also on hand a quantity of couplets, which he introduces upon the slightest provocation; and he takes a paper.

He seems to be passionately fond of asking you how you would prove that we exist, or that we are not all insane, and if you acknowledge your inability to oblige him, he darkly insinuates that there are serious doubts entertained by some philosophers in regard to the existence of the human race, and that it is believed by some, that if mankind does actually exist, it is quite probable that the entire race is insane.

In conversation with him, if you refer to religion in any manner, he at once asks you with an air of conscious superiority, "Who was Cain's wife?" You are of course unable to give him the desired information, and he proceeds to inform you that "Cain went into the land of Nod, &c." When he feels that

you are sufficiently impressed with his information upon this point, he asks you in a yet more lofty manner, "How do you reconcile the Mosaic account of creation with geology?" and, before you have time to reply, informs you that, in his opinion, the six days of creation were long geological periods. Then he drifts, perhaps, into spiritualism, and parades a vast amount of information upon that subject. He tells you that the rappings, and table moving and answering of questions in sealed envelopes, is no mystery to him; he can satisfactorily account for every spiritualistic manifestation. All these phenomena are caused by the exertion of a certain attribute of mind in a high state of development, the germ of which is possessed by every one.

If you undertake to ventilate any pet theory of your own, he breaks in upon you in such a manner that you are subdued at once, and gives you the information you were about to show him you were possessed of; and does it in a way which leaves no room for doubt that he believes he is imparting knowledge which is new to you.

If you converse with him upon political matters you are promptly made to feel that in his opinion you are sadly ignorant, and that you are morally bound to appear grateful to him for the vast amount of valuable information he imparts. If you agree with him upon any public question, and undertake to give reasons for your belief, he comes down upon you like an avalanche with "Well, yes, that's true enough, but the main point is so and so," or the fact that Julius Cæsar or somebody else

did or said this or that, or the result of something he finds in history is the convincing and important argument that should be used.

If you disagree with him and presume to justify your position, he will enquire, sardonically, if you ever read Whangdoodle on Majorities, or Frizzlefrow on Political Economy. If you have not, he smilingly assures you that if you had you would be of a different opinion.

Possibly you refer to some prominent politician as an able orator, but you are sure to repent of doing so, for he shrugs his shoulders, and you feel instinctively that he pities you for harboring such an absurd idea, "You should listen" he tells you, "to the Hon. Somebody from somewhere." For himself, he considers your able orator, but a third or fourth class speaker at best.

Or it may be that you cite the opinion of some prominent man as authority, but you soon discover that, in his estimation, you have made yourself ridiculous. Your authority, you are informed, is no authority, his opinion, in fact, has no weight whatever with thinking men, and he is astonished to hear him quoted.

He frequently has a theory in regard to ballooning, and firmly believes that flying machines will ultimately supercede railroads and steamboats. He can expatiate for hours upon air currents, and can show conclusively that aërial navigation is practicable, or prove that it is absolutely impossible. If you suggest difficulties he at once remarks that they are trifles, that the real difficulties are something else, the something else being in all cases those difficulties you had not considered of sufficient importance to mention. If you remark that under certain circumstances the trans-Atlantic voyage, might, perhaps, be made, you are promptly informed that those very circumstances are those above all others calculated to insure failure.

The present financial depression is a golden opportunity for the average man of general information. He honestly believes that he thoroughly understands everything connected with it. He can talk about bulls and bears and corners with the greatest fluency. The vocabulary of Wall street seems perfectly familiar to him, and although you may have an idea that he mixes things up generally, unless you happen to be of the few who are really conversant with broker's slang, you dare not venture to dispute with him.

He sometimes perpetrates what he imagines to be poetry, and if his effusion is published in some village journal, his earthly happiness is assured.

His soul overflows with felicity when he has an opportunity of denouncing the composition fiend, or the diabolical proof reader. With blissful indignation he will refer to the havoc they made with a poem of his. He had written :

"For I fancied thee an angel when I loved thee long ago."

and it was printed—

"For I fancied thee an angle worm I fished with long ago."

He is, he says, devoting but little time to literature. He is disgusted with that sort of thing. The magazines as a rule mutilate what they print—and then they pay so poorly, it don't pay to write. Poetry is not appreciated.

He breaks out every now and then in our city newspapers, in the form of "Letters from our readers." His letters are unquestionably interesting—to himself; and very instructive, and eloquently written in the estimation of his wife and family.

Whenever two average men of general information meet at the table, they manage instinctively to sit opposite each other, and converse upon some subject in a loud tone, and with an air which seems to say,—we are now conversing upon an important matter, and

our observations are of great consequence. Listen to us, therefore, wonder at our knowledge, and profit by what we say.

It is the same thing when they meet in any public place, in the sitting-room, in the cars, and everywhere. They talk at each other, and make themselves so prominent that every one else remains comparatively silent.

The average man of general information evidently considers himself of importance to society, and feels that he

is regarded as high authority upon all matters. He regards everybody else as indifferently informed, and firmly believes that the information he is ever anxious to give is considered valuable by those upon whom it is inflicted.

It has never occurred to him that there is a great deal he has not learned; and he looks upon any one who seriously differs from him upon any matter, as a sort of natural curiosity, and no doubt pities him, and mourns over his deplorable and invincible ignorance.



# Young Folks.

W E E R O B I N .

BY HILIER LORETTA.

Robin Armstrong, or Wee Robin, as his grandfather called him, was the son of David Armstrong, the smithey who lived and wrought in the little village of M——, on the borders of Scotland. His mother died the day he was born, and his father was drowned in the Sol-way before he was three years old.

It had been well for the bairn if he had gone, too, the old wives said, for Andrew and Jeannie Armstrong were old folk, and no fit to take charge of a wean like Robin; however, God, who knows what is good for us all, had a wise purpose in sparing little Robin.

As soon as his father's funeral was over, a kind neighbor named Wattie Johnson undertook to convey Robin to his grandfather, who lived about thirty miles from M——. Poor little Robin fretted for a few minutes after he parted from "Mamma Kirsty," as he called his Aunt Christina, but he was too young to think much about anything; for him there were no regrets in the past, and no fears for the future. He was going to see grandpa and grandma, he said, and the big dog Rover of which his father had often told him. He was only going to stay a little while, and when he came back he would bring a pipe for papa and lots of goodies for mamma Kirsty. He repeated many times what he had been told that his father had gone up to heaven; but his infant mind was unable to fathom the mysteries of our nature, and Wattie Johnson listened with awe and wonder to the innocent babble, which only ceased

when he fell asleep. He did not attempt to explain anything to the child, but contented himself by saying, "It'll all come to him soon enough, puir bairn."

The journey was a long one for a little boy like Robin, for you must know that when he was a child there were no such things as railways, and Wattie Johnson had no better conveyance than the rough waggon which he used on market days. Wattie, however, was very kind to his little charge, and when they stopped at an inn to change horses, he took him out to play with the landlady's children, as he was tired of sitting still so long.

It was nearly dark when they stopped in front of old Andy Armstrong's cabin. It was only a cabin, for Andy was what they call in Scotland a clogger. He earned his living by making wooden clogs for the country people,—not a very money-making business. Jeannie stood at the door, and her heart beat fast as she listened to the prattling of poor David's child. She had never seen him before, for sad as it is to relate, she had been displeased at her son's marriage, and had never seen him after the death of his wife. To be sure she had offered to take Robin when he was a baby, but his father had refused to give him up, saying that his wife, when dying, had left the child to her sister's care. When, however, poor David's melancholy death became known to her, Jeannie again offered to take Robin, and his aunt, who was then



going to be married, was willing to part with him.

Poor Jeannie! what a sad, proud feeling she had, as she took the little orphan in her arms and carried him into the house, where she set him on Andrew's knee. The old man wiped away his tears with the sleeve of his coat, and looking at his wife said:

"Jean, my woman, it's our David's bairn. I would have kenned him ony where."

"Aye," said Jeannie, "he's a bonnie laddie, but no sae bonnie as our David." Then, remembering that she had not spoken to Wattie Johnson, she went to the door to apologize for her want of hospitality, and gave the invitation to "come ben." Wattie followed her into the house, and leaning his hands upon the back of the chair which she had placed for him, stood for some minutes contemplating the trio; Andrew's trembling hand resting on Robin's fair curly head; and Jeannie with her motherly instinct, untying the little boots for fear that the wean's feet might be cramped.

Kirsty Macnabb 'll be awful lonesome without him," said Wattie, after a long pause. "I doubt she will," was Andrew's somewhat unsympathetic reply. There was another pause, and Wattie, finding it difficult to commence a conversation, sank into a chair, and remained silent, until Jeannie turned her tearful eyes upon him, saying, "It's a sair thing about our David. Andy and me would fain ha' gone doon to the grave afore him, but the Lord's will maun be dune."

Then Wattie told the sad particulars of David's death, diverging from the subject every now and then to express his own feelings for the friend that he had lost.

With characteristic self-control, Jeannie, meanwhile, busied herself in preparing a meal for her visitor. "Ye'll bide wi' us the night, Maister Johnson," she said, "and your beasts can stay in

the pasture. Andy's no able to leave his chair, the now, or he'd be seeing to them afore this."

Wattie excused himself, saying that he always put up at Big Ben's when he came to the town, for Big Ben was his wife's cousin and expected to entertain him; then, having partaken of their frugal repast, he wished the old people good-bye, and patting Robin on the head, told him that he must never forget Wattie Johnson.

Robin, thinking that his visit was over, slipped down from his grandfather's knee, and certified his intention of going back with Wattie, but Jeannie soon found new attractions for him, and having amused him for half an hour, he fell asleep, and was put to bed in the rough little cot which Andrew had made that afternoon, and covered with the faded patch-work quilt under which his poor father had slept some thirty years before.

It was long after midnight when Andrew and Jeannie sought rest, for it seemed as if the current of their lives had suddenly changed, and in a few short hours had drifted them back to early days of wedded life, and notwithstanding Andy's crippled limbs, and the dimness of Jeannie's sight, their hearts swelled up anew with that indefinable joy which the sight of their first-born had created. In Robin's rosy face they saw their only son, as if but a few days had intervened, and the little one, as he smiled in his sleep, dispelled the gloom from their hearts.

The next morning Jeannie rose with a sense of responsibility that the mother of twelve rarely feels, and while she busied herself with a score of new duties, Andrew's eyes followed her with the proud, loving glances he was wont to bestow upon her forty years before.

What a revolution a little child can make when suddenly introduced among grown up people,—and Robin was a stirring bairn. One moment he was climbing upon Rover's back, to the

great discomfort of that infirm quadruped; at another, he was forcibly dragging the old grey cat from her quiet retreat in the chimney corner, riding on the broom, making music on a tin pan, or converting his grandfather's hat into a cart, and ever and anon giving vent to certain violent screams supposed to represent the roaring of a lion or a wild bull, or a robber, all of which were objects of terror to Robin, although his ideas of their personality were rather mystified. How he would laugh when his grandfather feigned to be frightened, and when tired of his riotous games, he would climb upon the old man's knee and play with his snuff-box or the large silver watch which Andrew continued to wear, though the mainspring had been broken for over ten years. Once or twice he asked for papa and mamma Kirsby, but in less than a week he was quite reconciled to his new home, while his loving little ways made him a favorite with all the neighbors, and Jeannie's eyes sparkled with delight as she listened to the praises that were bestowed upon him.

Although she could not afford to buy Robin any new clothes, Jeannie managed to keep her little charge neatly dressed, for she often dived into the capacious trunk which stood by her bed, and brought out one of the faded garments, which until now had been regarded as precious relics of her long lost children. Then, too, the ladies at the Manse were kind to little Robin, and clothes which the minister's children had out-grown often found their way to Jeannie's cabin, so Robin was little or no expense to the old people, and as the children of the poor soon learn to be useful, he often went on messages for his grandfather when he was only four years old. He was a clever boy too, and Andrew took pleasure in teaching him his letters. When he was five years old he went to the parish school, to be taught by the same master who had taught his

father when he was a little boy, but while Robin was growing in strength and knowledge, old Andrew was steadily declining. The rheumatism which had troubled him for so many years became chronic, and he was no longer able to work at his humble trade. Jeannie's age and increasing infirmities, too, prevented her from working for their support. Her little garden, however, which Andrew had cultivated in days gone by, was still a source of remuneration, and many were the bunches of carrots, onions, and sweet herbs which Robin carried round to the rich peoples' houses, receiving a few pence in return. The little barefooted boy would look as happy as a king when he poured his earnings into her lap, receiving sometimes a ha'penny for himself.

"It's wee Robin that supports us baith," Andrew would say; "me and Jeannie have to depend on the wean for our daily bread."

Mr. Gray, the minister, often urged Andrew to accept relief from the parish, but the old man's pride rebelled.

"We are no that sort," he would say. "We have ay eaten the bread of honest labor."

At last, however, stern necessity forced him to yield, and he accepted a shilling a week from the parish; this was sufficient to buy oat-meal, a staple article of food among the Scotch, which was rendered more palatable by the addition of a little milk, which Mrs. Grey supplied night and morning. It was a long walk from Andrew's cabin to the Manse, but Robin was always off bright and early with his little can, and back again in time for their seven o'clock breakfast. Often, too, he brought back fragments of good white bread and cold meat, which Marion Douglas, the maid-of-all-work, had put aside for him.

Robin was a generous child, and in his little cot at night he dreamed of doing great things for his poor old

grandfather and grandmother, of bringing home lots of shining silver pieces that he had earned himself; but day by day, experience taught him how hard it is for a little boy to earn money.

One evening, as he was leaving the Manse, his eye caught sight of something shining in the grass, and stooping down to pick it up he discovered that it was a sixpenny piece. Now Robin, although he was only seven years old, had a high sense of honor, and his first impulse was to run back and give it to Marion; but as he turned it over in his hand it looked so precious that he could not make up his mind to part with it just then. As he walked towards home he began to think that most likely a stranger had dropped it inside Mr. Gray's gate, and in that case, if an owner could not be found, it would belong to him. What a mine of wealth that silver sixpence seemed to the little boy who had never owned more than a ha'penny in his life, and rarely even that.

My little readers whose kind parents often give them pocket-money can never realize what a sore temptation this sixpence was to little Robin.

Twice he set his pail down on the ground, that he might examine his treasure more closely, and assure himself that it was no counterfeit coin. Then, as he came to the little corner shop, kept by Nelly Elliot, and saw her taking in her stock for the night, his eyes rested longingly on a white muslin cap, the very thing for his grandmother; already he seemed to see her silvery hair shaded by its ample border, and putting his pail down on the step he walked in, with an air of importance, to enquire the price of the "mutch," as he called it. "Twa shillings" was Nelly's answer. His heart sank, and he turned to the door, where, alas! another disappointment awaited him; for Rover, who had gone with him to the Manse, had upset the pail of milk in his efforts to follow him

into the shop. At another time Robin would have cried about the loss of the milk, but now as he clasped the sixpence tighter in his hand, he reflected that it would cover a far greater loss than he had sustained, and he crossed the road to where Tommy Byrnes kept his little store of pipes and tobacco. Once or twice, in more prosperous days, he had been sent by his grandfather to buy three-penny-worth of tobacco; but with the pride of honest worth, Andrew had bought no tobacco since he had been on the parish. Robin walked into the shop, and asked to see some clay pipes, which he examined with the air of a connoisseur, and telling Tommy that he would most likely come back in the morning and buy two or three, wished him good evening. When he got outside Robin paused, and read, for at least the twentieth time, the sign over the door which purported that Thomas Byrnes was also licensed to sell tea. Robin had only tasted tea once in his life, and did not care much for it then: but he had heard his grandmother and many of the old wives in the neighborhood talk of it as if it were a specific for all ills, so he turned back to enquire the price, and finding that it was five pence an ounce, declined to buy any, reasoning like a philosopher that the tea would only last a day or two, while for five pence he could buy a present that would last his grandmother for years; but what that present should be required much consideration, and anyone who watched Robin's face as he pursued the rest of his way, would have been amused at the serious expression which it assumed.

"You're late o' coming hame, my bairn," said Jeannie, as she took the pail from Robin's hand; then discovering that it was empty, she waited for an explanation; but Robin's thoughts were wandering and he did not answer immediately. "What's wrang wi' you, laddie?—you're no yoursel'," said Jean-

nie. Then Robin explained that Rover had upset the pail, and after gently reproving him for his carelessness, they sat down to their porridge that night without milk.

Bedtime soon came, and Robin put the sixpence under his pillow; but the thought of his secret treasure prevented him from sleeping. He turned uneasily in his little bed, till Jeannie putting her hand on him in the dark, said, gently, "Dinna fash yoursel about the milk, Robin; I would na ha' said onything about it, but I dinna want you to grow up a heedless laddie." Then he tried to lie still, and soon fell asleep, and dreamed about seeing money lying on the road, lots of silver pieces scattered about; but every time he tried to pick one up it vanished as soon as he touched it. It was long before daylight when he woke, but he sat up and felt under his pillow to make sure that his sixpence was still there. Yes, there it was, a tangible sixpence; he pressed it tightly in his hand, and felt the grooved edge with his nail. But was it his? He had tried to settle that question a great many times, but had not succeeded. A still small voice kept whispering in his ear, "Thou shalt not steal." But was it stealing? Not exactly, Robin thought; then he remembered how the minister had said that what was not exactly right, **must** be wrong, and he determined, as soon as it was light, that he would take it back to the Manse.

"It's no time to be stirring yet, Robin," said Andrew, as he heard him getting up. "The lassie won't gang to the byre afore it's five o'clock."

Robin went back to bed, and waited patiently until the old clock on the dresser pointed to five; then jumping up he dressed himself hastily, and was off to the Manse, full an hour earlier than usual.

"There's something wrang wi' the laddie," said Andrew, "he's no sae restless ither days."

"He's naething but a wean," replied Jeannie, "and it's nae doubt the cuddy (donkey) that he's aff to see, for the minister tauld me his bairns had a cuddy that cam frae his faither's."

Robin waited a long time in the yard before he saw Marion going with her pail to the byre. He had turned the sixpence over many times, and though, as you know, he was not a greedy child, he could not help hoping that she would tell him to keep it.

"Here's a sixpence that I found," he said, holding out his hand a little nervously, and looking on the ground while he spoke. "It's maybe the minister's."

"Where did you find it?" enquired Marion.

"On the grass near the gate."

"It's no the minister's then, but it's mine," she said, "an you're a smart boy, Robin; I looked for that sixpence till I was tired. I minded that I had it when I was talking to Robbie Todd aneinst the little gate. I had just ta'en it out o' my pouch to gi'e the man for the fish, and I said naething about it to the mistress, but gi'ed her the full change." Then she turned to the cupboard, and cutting Robin a large slice of cake, said, "Here's for being sic an honest laddie."

Robin was disappointed,—he would rather have had that sixpence than all the cake in the minister's house; still he knew it was a sin to covet, and he was much happier than if he had yielded to temptation, and kept the money. The more he thought about it, the more ashamed he felt that he should ever have contemplated keeping it, and as he walked home eating his cake, he felt sure that Marion would not have called him an honest laddie if she had known that he took the money home. Some day he thought he would tell her all about it; but not now,—he had not courage to confess it now. Then, as he saw Tommy Byrnes standing at his door, he crossed the common to avoid

him, for he feared that Tommy might ask him why he had not come to buy the pipes as he intended.

Robin never found any more money; but a few weeks after the incident which I have related, he was playing on the road with two little boys younger than himself when a gentleman called him, and asked if he would hold his horse. Robin had never performed such a service before, but he was not afraid of anything; so climbing upon the fence, that he might be nearer to the horse's head, he held the reins in one hand, while with the other he patted the neck of the noble animal, looking into his eyes, and speaking kindly, as he did to every living creature.

The gentleman went into one of the large houses where Robin sold vegetables, and it was a long time before he came out; but Robin was not tired. He was proud of being employed by a stranger, of being asked to do something that he could do. He wondered if the gentleman would give him any money. Once he had seen a boy get sixpence for holding a horse, but he was a big boy; perhaps the gentleman would give him a penny, or two pence, — that would be splendid, and he thought how fast he would run home with it to his grandmother. But if he should not give him anything? Robin's heart sank a little as he made this suggestion. If he should only say "thank you;" then he would raise his bonnet and say, "You are welcome," for he wished to be polite; besides, people ought not to expect to be paid for everything, and he remembered how his grandmother had said that, as we all had to ask favors occasionally, we ought to feel it a privilege to confer them. Then he tried to believe that he would be quite pleased if the gentleman only said "Thank you." It would be pleasant to feel that, young as he was, he had it in his power to oblige a great man. He had just arrived at this happy conclusion when the gentleman appeared.

"I have kept you waiting a long time, my little man," he said, as he pulled out his purse, and after turning over the contents, handed Robin a shilling. "There, you can buy some cakes for your little brother."

Robin was overpowered and stood looking at the shilling as if he could not believe his own senses; but just as the gentleman was riding off he called after him, "I have no little brother."

"Well, you have a little sister, I suppose," he said, amused at the child's simplicity.

"No, but I have grandfather and grandmother," said Robin.

"Then, buy something for your grandfather and grandmother, my boy, and he rode off."

The sun which shone on Robin's shilling sent a ray of light into his little heart, and as he turned home he called at Tommy Byrnes's and bought pipes and tobacco for his grandfather; then he went to Nelly Elliot's, and after seeing everything in her shop, took a 'kerchief for his grandmother; still he had a penny left, which he took home in his pocket.

How pleased the old people were! and how for years the pipes and 'kerchief were cherished as mementoes of that happy day! Soon, everybody began to discover that Robin was really a steady lad, who could be trusted to post letters, carry parcels and make himself useful in many ways, and as he was always pleasant and obliging he could get plenty of work to do, and was able to support his grandfather and grandmother.

When he was twelve years old his grandfather died, but his grandmother lived for many years; and it was a beautiful sight to see the old woman on her way to the kirk, leaning upon Robin's arm.

"It was a blessed day for us when the wean came hame," she would say. "I little thought that a' the comfort o'

my life was to be in David's bairn. Me and though she was na the lassie I that was so hard on the mither; but would ha' chosen, I could e'en bless God sends us blessings in His ain way, her now for her bairn's sake."

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PROUD LITTLE DODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR THREE BOYS."

(American Tract Society.)

(Continued).

CHAPTER X.

DODY PLANTED.

Her principal trouble in climbing would be to first get into the tree. If she could really grow a little, every inch would help. She could choose a tree that had branches near the ground, and perhaps, with the addition of a few inches to her height, be able to touch the lowest branches and pull herself up. It would be such an advantage to her in every way—especially in winning Tom's respect—to grow a little.

It seemed very absurd to think that she could grow by being planted. But then she knew the world was large and full of wisdom, that she was only beginning to get bit by bit. She knew that Tom had been to a wonderful school, and learned wonderful things. She was sometimes ashamed to see how knowledge, that seemed very common to other people, astonished her. Many things that she once could not have thought possible, had turned out to be simple facts well known to every one but herself. Everything was stranger than she once thought; and there was much, much to learn.

It seemed silly in her to believe what Tom had told her; but perhaps it was sillier not to believe. She remembered the little, short, round girls among

her acquaintances, who suddenly became long and thin, growing, as their mammas said, like weeds. Perhaps that meant that they grew from the ground like weeds; and the growing pains she had heard them complain of might come from the dampness of the evening dews; for she supposed that the planting must always take place after dark to be kept a secret.

Dody was very sleepy, as she sat thinking on the front piazza. It was eight o'clock, after her bedtime. She was waiting for Susan, who had been sent on an errand and had not yet returned.

If her brain had not been so heavy with sleep that her thoughts were almost as wild as dreams, perhaps she would not have agreed with Tom in his strange statement; and if she had not had a remarkably good opportunity to try them, perhaps nothing more would have come of it.

But it happened that they were building a new garden fence, and that they had got no farther than digging some holes for posts on that side of the garden nearest the grove. It seemed to Dody one of the most mysterious parts of this great mystery, that the holes should happen to be all prepared for her planting, and that she should have happened to notice them on her way home from the grove that afternoon.

She got out of her chair to walk about on the piazza, and when no one was noticing ran into the house, then down stairs and out the back door—escaping the eyes of the cook—and down the garden-path.

It was dark and lonesome at that end of the garden, and Dody didn't like the looks of the deep holes; but she sat down on the edge of one and put in her feet. It was not her way to think much of consequences, so she jumped to the bottom without considering whether it would be as easy a matter to get out as to get in.

She had not thought it was so deep. She dropped farther than she expected, and her feet came down with such force on the muddy bottom of the hole, that she could feel her slippers stick fast. The greatest surprise of all was that her head was under ground. She could not see as far up as the grass. The air she had to breathe down there smelt of the ground, damp and disagreeable. But never mind, she would grow right out of it. She expected every minute to have her eyes start up within sight of grass and vegetables.

But she waited so long that she had to begin counting to keep herself patient. She counted two hundred, and a doubt of Tom came into her mind. She was counting towards three hundred when she heard a little noise, and looking up saw a toad come with a hop and sit down on the edge of the hole to look at her.

She turned cold. She could feel the little hands she clasped together in horror, getting like ice. She seemed hardly to be able to breathe, and her heart made such a racket that she hoped its thumping might frighten the toad away.

What if he should jump? What if he had a home in that hole, and was angry at her for coming there? What if he meant to punish her impertinence by jumping upon her.

She remembered what Tom had said about men being the protectors of women against wild beasts, and could agree with Tom then that it was indeed a grand thing to be a boy, of whom such

beasts as this stood in awe, and whom they would never dare touch. She wished she had Tom there to protect her.

Where would the toad land? Would he choose her arms, her neck, or perhaps her cheek? She covered the cheeks with her hands. He should not touch those any way.

She watched him every second, and it was dreadful to see how thoughtful and still he sat, taking his time to plan his wickedness.

Dody did not scream, for fear that might hasten his jump. She did not dare try to climb out, for the same reason. Any motion of hers she feared might make him move sooner. What could she do, then? What was left for her but to stand there, still, cold, and faint—expecting!

If there was a verse on any subject that she had learned she was almost sure to remember it at the right time; and now as a certain verse came into her head she thought of protection beside Tom's which she could look to.

"Don't let that soft, green thing come on me, please," said Dody, closing her eyes and clasping her hands as when she knelt to pray. Then she opened them wide, feeling very bold. She waved her hand at the toad.

"Go away," she said. "You can't touch me now; and you might just as well go."

He seemed to consider her words a moment, and then acted upon them by hopping off backwards.

"There!" thought Dody. "I got that easily enough. It's lucky I remembered: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'"

She began to count again; and when she got up to five hundred her doubts of Tom were greater than all the faith she had ever had in him.

It was getting darker fast; and she decided to come out of the hole as quickly as she had decided to go in. She put her hands up and tried to draw herself out; but the edges were soft and crumbled as she touched them and she could not find any climbing places for her feet.

"Oh, I'm buried for good!" she said. "Oh, that wicked, wicked Tom!"

She called loudly for help; but no one came; and then she remembered again the Help that is always near, ready and strong.

"You wouldn't leave me to stay in the ground all night, would you, dear Jesus?" said Dody. "You'll send somebody to find me, won't you?"

Susan's feet were already out on a hunt for Dody; but whether they would have turned suddenly down the garden paths, toward the edge of the grove, without Dody's prayer, I do not know. But I know that Dody's prayer was the kind that God likes to hear and answer, for it had not a doubt in it. She remembered her verse, and knew God told the truth, and why should she doubt? She had no sooner said her prayer than she began to listen for the footsteps of the person who was coming.

Susan had searched the house, and although Dody did not often go to the garden after dusk Susan thought she would search the garden. But even before she had stepped out of the kitchen-door, the shower that the damp air had been threatening began to fall from the clouds.

Dody was listening for the footsteps when down came a drop upon her nose, and another on her cheek; and then a flock of them spattered her face all over. Why it was raining, raining to make her grow! And after all perhaps that was what had been wanting. Rain might be as necessary for her growth as for the growth of flowers and trees. So Tom had not deceived her.

She held up her face and bare arms to let the rain pelt her as much as it pleased; and she was not at all troubled because it pelted her clothes too. She had often looked from the window in a storm and envied the flowers and bushes that could stay out in it; and now she was having as good a time as they.

She thought it was great fun; and a beautiful way to grow. But after the rain had quite soaked her she was no nearer being able to see the grass than

before. Then she had to believe that Tom really had deceived her.

But she laughed gaily; for it was great fun to feel the drops plash and spatter on her face, and then go trickling down in little rivers, tickling her ears and neck. She was not afraid of its lasting long enough to be unpleasant, for the person that God was sending must be there soon.

"She can't be out here," thought Susan, peering down the dark garden walks. "She would run for home fast enough in this rain."

Dody heard the steps coming. They were too light for Tom or papa; so she called:

"Susan!"

"I hear her voice, her voice!" screamed Susan. "My baby out in the dark rain! Where are you? Where are you?"

"I am down in a post-hole, Susan. Come right along till you get to the gate to the grove, and then go two post-holes and you'll find me," said Dody calmly. "Don't get scared. I knew you'd be here soon."

"'Twas my heart led me," said Susan. "I could no more have helped coming than if I'd been pulled by two hands."

"Course you couldn't," said Dody. "It was God pulling you, Susy; I asked him to send somebody, and I might know he'd send dear you."

She had her arms around Susan's neck now, and was being drawn out. Her slippers were left behind in the mud; but the rest of her Susan gathered safely in her arms and carried in. She did not stop to ask for any explanations; but, heavy as she was with the weight of the water beside all her own pounds, ran swiftly with her in her arms to mamma's room, where she knew there was a bottle of warming cordial. She put Dody down on the rug and made her drink some of it; then she took a little flannel wrapper out of a drawer in the closet.

"Here's the shoulder ripped open," she said. "That's what comes o' them chain-stitch machines." She snatched needle and thread. "I'll just catch



this up, Dody; and wrap you in it after a good rubbing, and maybe there won't be no cold taken. Be unfastening your clothes, so's to get it all done as quick as possible."

Susan's anger toward Tom had cooled a little, she was able to assure Dody that all he had said was very foolish and untrue.

Dody did not omit Tom's opinion of



"DODY LOOKED UP FROM THE RUG AT SUSAN."

But Dody looked up from the rug at Susan, shaking herself like a little dog who had had a wetting, and said she didn't mind waiting; she was only a flower that had been planted out to grow, and water never hurt flowers.

After so much of a beginning she told Susan the whole story. When

women, and Susan was indignant enough to satisfy her. But she knew it was her duty to discourage Dody's plans for learning how to climb.

"It's not nice for a little lady," said Susan; "and you're all the better than a rough boy like Mr. Tom for not knowing how."

But Dody could not think as Susan

did, and she coaxed her until she promised to put an old dress on her the next morning and take a walk to the grove, just to look about and see if there were any nice low trees for little girls to climb, in case any little girl should ever want to climb them.

After an extra number of good-night kisses, Susan left her rolled in the flannel wrapper, and tucked-in under a blanket, to sleep off the effects of her planting.

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## CHAPTER XI.

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### TOM HUMBLED.

Susan met Tom in the lower hall, and could not resist the temptation when she passed him, of saying in a low tone, as if she were talking to herself and did not see him.

"Ah, poor little thing! She's such a dear one for it to have happened to."

"What's happened?" said Tom.

"O Master Tom!" said Susan starting, "is that you? I was only saying, poor Dody; poor little dear!"

"What's the matter with her?" said Tom.

"Many a time has she got lost and found since my nursing of her; but never lost before in such a blackness and deepness as that!"

"What are you talking about, Susan?" said Tom. "Is she lost?"

"Yes, and found, safe at last," said Susan; "but overhead in mud and dirt, and like to have spent the night there, with the bugs and worms and toads, and rain pouring on her."

"Did she tumble in a ditch?"

"She walked into a post-hole deliberately, to get planted for to grow," said Susan. "There she stood, white dress, white stockings—openwork—sash-ribbon (two dollars a yard), new blue boots; face and hands washed since dinner; mud and dirt around her; rain pouring; head below ground; and a toad sitting by, that might a hopped on her any minute; and she no help for it. Scared? Yes, indeed! scared don't tell it! I've heard of a scare like that

striking to the brain in twenty minutes. Might a been there now but for my happening in the garden. It's all accident, Mr. Tom, that she's safe in her little bed above, instead o' planted underground for the night, and may-be dead with the rain and the scare in the morning."

"Couldn't she have climbed out?" said Tom, trying to appear cool.

"Not by no miracle," said Susan.

"What have you given her? Has she taken cold?"

"I hope I know my duty," said Susan. "With the good warming drink and well wrapped in flannel, she might escape the croup."

Susan watched him going up the stairs, three steps at a time, and thoroughly enjoyed the fright she had given him.

Dody was lying awake, thinking about the piece of paper tied around her neck. It had come through the trials almost a wreck; but she had not allowed Susan to take what was left of it off. Neither had she consented to tell her what it was, and why she wore it.

She was wondering about the meaning of the verse she had learned; how the law of her mother was going to keep her while she slept. She found out by-and-by that it was the *keeping* of the law that kept her; that to keep her mother's law gave her a calm, satisfied feeling, as she lay down at night, which kept her in peace while she slept.

She could not understand what difference the wearing it around her neck should make with her night's rest; so she did not succeed in understanding the verse at all, then.

Dody heard the nursery door open, and there stood Tom. The gas was turned low, and he could not see away over by the door that her eyes were open; so she thought she would pretend to be asleep. Only leaving room enough to peep out at him, she dropped her eyelids.

He came over and leaned down to look at her. She breathed regularly, as if she were settled for a night's sleep

He tiptoed away, and then she had to giggle.

"Oh, fooling!" he said. "You're not too dead for that."

"I'm not dead any," said Dody.

"I thought you were pretty near it, from Susan's accounts. But if you've got life enough left to deceive, I won't get scared."

He took a seat on the side of the bed, for there was more to say before he should leave the room, and no reason why he shouldn't take his time to say it. He did not like to be hurried in his business.

"Deceive!" said Dody. "Don't say deceive to me!" tossing her head as well as she could with it lying so low, and turning her face to the wall.

"Object to the word?" enquired Tom.

"You're one," said Dody.

"A gay deceiver, the falsest of his sex," said Tom.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord," said Dody.

"Always have a text on hand, don't you?" said Tom. "Where do you get so much memory anyway, Scrap? I can't remember a dozen Bible verses—let alone arithmetic rules and Greek and Latin idiocy and history dates. Ask me what year Adam was born in. I'll bet I could'n't tell you."

"You better learn that verse and remember it," said Dody.

"Oh, what a cross-grained, disagreeable, conceited little thing you are!" said Tom. "Now you're preaching; and when a woman takes to preaching she's got about as far down as she can. With all your Bible verses did you ever learn that one that forbids it?"

"Don't believe it's there," said Dody.

"I'll show you to-morrow," said Tom. "But look here, Miss Stuck-up, what do you suppose I came for?"

"Don't know, don't care," said Dody.

"I came to humble myself to you. Think of that once! What sweet encouragement you give a fellow! What an inviting way you have about you! 'Most as inviting as a darning-needle with the point out."

"I didn't know you came for that," said Dody, meekly.

"Yes, a vision of you in the post-hole, head underground, drowning in rain, smothering in mud, a toad winking his left eye at you—and you unprotected by one of my sex—almost melted me to tears."

"If I'd only growed!" said Dody.

"That was all a joke, you know."

"You said it in earnest. You said Sam Bennett did, and you did."

"No, I didn't say it out and out," said Tom. "I only made you think so."

"It was just as bad," said Dody.

"Worse," said Tom. "It's always meaner to lie by giving an impression than by coming square out with it. You can make a man prove his words, you know, when he says a thing's so. If you ever lie, lie out square, Do, and give people a chance to prove it on you."

"But that's awfully wicked," said Dody.

"Of course," said Tom; "but not as sneaking as the other way. You see I told a sneaking, creeping, crawling sort of lie to you; and brought you to grief. It was mean about that toad. Are you sure you haven't taken cold?"

"I guess not," said Dody.

"Well, by-by, baby. Don't you want to hit me one before I go?"

"No, Tom dear," said Dody. "You didn't mean any harm, I guess."

"I'll make it up to you, you know," said Tom, "if you'll only point out the way. 'I'll tell you what! I'll let you kiss me.'"

He could think of nothing that was a greater bore to him, or seemed to be a greater delight to Dody.

"Well," said Dody, appreciating the offer, "come down."

Tom couldn't help a sigh as she wrenched his neck; but he went away with the feeling of having done his duty like a man.

Dody fell asleep; but by-and-by she awoke. She felt restless and uncomfortable, and Susan did not answer her when she spoke. She looked over and saw that the reason for that was her being in the kitchen. Her bed was not disturbed, and it could not be her bedtime yet.

She did not like being alone ; and as she tossed and tried to fall asleep, and could not, and wanted company, the little paper around her neck rustled and seemed to speak. "When thou sleepest

law is God's law, and her way is God's way."

The words were so comfortable and soothing that they put Dody to sleep; but her body was ill, and the law, al-



"SHE STOOD CRYING AT THE CLOSET DOOR."

it shall keep thee ; and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee," it said.

"Talk to me now," said Dody.

So it said, "Dody, you are trying to be a better little girl lately. You are trying to be something like the children whom Christ blessed. You are trying to do your mamma's way and obey her law. You must keep trying ; for her

though it helped her, could not keep her mind in perfect peace to-night.

She dreamed that there was a mouse in a cupboard, and that she went to the cupboard for cookies, and that the mouse guarded the cooky-jar, and that when she would have run out a toad guarded the hall. She could not go in nor out, and she stood crying at the

closet door and calling to Tom to come and defend her from wild beasts.

It was not only in her dreams that she cried. She awoke sobbing, and saw Susan standing over her.

"What's the matter, darling?" she said.

"I don't know," said Dody. "My throat chokes me."

Susan knew well enough that the croup had come. She had heard Dody breathe that way before, and lost no time in bringing mamma.

Tom got up; papa got up; and they walked the hall in their stockings, listening at the keyhole every time they passed Dody's door; for mamma and Susan were the only ones needed and allowed within.

Papa in his anxiety did not dream that Tom could be more anxious than he; and that besides anxiety, regret and shame tormented him. He paced the hall, still soldierly in stocking feet, and half undress; still straight, though his soul was bowed and his heart wounded.

What a mean, mean little trick that had been of his! How the falseness of his words had come back to punish him!

And what was that he had called her afterwards? Cross-grained, disagreeable, conceited. He had heard of fellows' little sisters dying with the croup. And if anything like that should happen, he had done it, that was all.

"Don't worry, Tom," said his father, as he caught a glimpse of his face under the gaslight. "She's had it before, and your mother knows just how to manage it."

"Yes, sir," said Tom; "but you know I've got it all on my shoulders if anything should happen."

"Why, what's the matter, boy?" for Tom's firm mouth was quivering in curves that Dody would have liked to see.

"It was all some nonsense about getting planted. I told her she could grow that way, and she took it in earnest and went out and jumped in one of the holes they've been digging for posts, and she couldn't get out, and was caught in the rain."

"Oh!" said his father. "You musn't tease her quite so much, Tom. She's nothing but a baby."

No, nothing but a baby, Tom thought, as he paced again—only six, and he twelve; twice as old. Yet he had felt called upon to lord it over the little thing—tormenting her about inferiority, and "teaching her her place." He would have been in better business finding his own place, he thought. It would be a good idea for him to try that after to-night, if—

"She is better," said mamma's voice in the hall.

Tom put his head down on the banisters, for it was giddy with the relief the words brought. There was a rushing through his brain of plans for Dody's benefit. He would make it up to her to-morrow, and on other to-morrows.

"Tell her I send her a kiss," he said.

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## CHAPTER XII.

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### DODY REIGNS.

Tom had had his reign. Now it was Dody's turn to be queen. She slept most of the day after the croup. But the morning after that Tom came in with the softest of steps and meekest of faces, to submit himself to her rule. He asked so many times if she wanted anything, that she became rather tired of the question, though to be sure she never hesitated to answer "Yes," to it.

Yes, she said, he might take off his boots and put on slippers. Never a boy hated slippers as Tom did. They always made him think of velvet cat-paws creeping after rats, slyly seeking something to be devoured. But he found a pair in his closet that mamma had embroidered for him last Christmas, and put them on.

After that she wanted the cologne, she wanted a fan, she wanted a book in the parlor. Then she wanted another book in the library, then one in mamma's room. Then she thought she would like her slate and pencil; then she thought

she would rather have a sheet of paper and a lead-pencil. Then she didn't want to make pictures at all, but would like to play dolls, and Tom might get her dolls.

Then she grew tired of dolls, and there was a Child's Paper on the little stand in the corner, with short stories in it, which Tom might read if he chose. So Tom crept over the floor in his soft slippers, and brought the paper; found a story, and lowered his rather gruff voice almost to a whisper while he read. But occasionally it would break forth in a little squeak, when Dody pulled the sheet over her head to laugh.

She did not want to hurt his feelings by laughing where he could see her, for she thought he was altogether too nice a boy to-day to have his feelings hurt. Her illness had improved him very much, and she wondered if it could have been sent just to do him good.

She was delighted to have a chance to order him around. But she was pleased and touched by his meekness, if she did take advantage of it to make him run on a great many errands in those still slippers.

"How good and dear you are to-day, Tom," she said.

"Am I? That's all right, then. You tell me if I get to acting differently."

"Well," said Dody, quite willing to oblige him if necessary.

They had beautiful times together all day. Tom got rather tired of errands to be sure; but he did not complain, and Dody had nothing to complain of. The morning came to an end; the afternoon went on and on, and that came to an end, without a quarrel, without even one unpleasant word. It was a day long to be remembered—that day without a discord, spent entirely in each other's company.

Dody went to sleep at night feeling that it was more delightful than a dream. She could hope for nothing better in the dreamland where she was going, than a long peaceful day with dear Tom. He had never once told her how grand it was to be a boy, and how mean to be a girl; never tried to

give her a lesson on her sphere, nor teach her her place.

Oh, no; she could dream of nothing lovelier than that day. She wondered if there would ever be another like it; if her illness had made a change in Tom below the surface; if it could be possible that he was different as far down as his heart, and would be meek and kind to her to-morrow, and next week, and next month, even.

There might perhaps have been other days like that if it had all depended on Tom. But Dody had a talk with Susan the next morning that made mischief. Susan had not forgiven Tom yet for the fright and sickness and danger of death he had brought Dody, and when Dody began to praise him she had something different to say.

"He'd better be coming round you," said Susan. "It becomes him to be stepping down from those stilts o' his, and dropping some o' his big airs. He got pretty well scared, I guess, when he thought he'd killed you. Time he began to behave himself. Guess your pa scolded him, too, and made him shake in his boots a little. Guess he'd better behave now, if he knows what's good for him. Guess he'd catch it if he tried it again."

"Susan," said Dody, "you think that's why he's so good to me, 'cause he's afraid of papa? You think he's afraid what papa'll do to him if he puts on airs now?"

"Yes," that's my opinion of his softness," said Susan.

"Oh!" said Dody. There was a great deal in the little word. It told much disappointment; much loss of faith; much sorrow for such a loss. "I couldn't have believed that of Tom. My lovely, lovely day is all spoiled, Susy."

Her tones were very sad. Her head drooped on her hands; and Susan ought to have said something to cheer her. Perhaps if Dody hadn't looked so pale and weak she might have forgiven Tom enough to tell her that she had hopes of him; but she could not glance at her paleness without getting a fresh supply of anger.

"A lying to you as he did!" said Susan. "You might know you couldn't trust him after that. Oh, how awful lying is! I never could!"

"Nor I!" said Dody. "I wouldn't tell a lie."

"Nor I!" said Susan. "It's the wickedest o' sins."

"Oh, no!" said Dody, "I wouldn't stoop!"

She looked quite healthy as she spoke. Rearing her head, lifting her nose and curling her lip in the old manner seemed to bring back a shade of color and give her an appearance of strength.

How easy it was for her to feel proud again; how hard to keep humble! How naturally she thought well of Dody Powers, and set her above others!

Tom was disappointed and surprised by the change in her manner. He, too, had been thinking what a pleasant day that day of peace was. He could see no reason why they should not have others like it, for he was still inclined to be tender of the little sister who might have died through his fault.

But when Dody behaved in her old way he found that he felt the old way towards her, and that he wanted to snub her as much as ever. He longed to give her one more brief lesson on woman's sphere every time she broke off in the midst of a pleasant talk to stick up her nose at him, as if she suddenly remembered something. He did not know what to make of it; for it was not like Dody to treasure up anything she had against a person. She might be very angry at first; but she always forgave quickly and forgot when she forgave.

Dody longed for peace and friendliness that day. But it hurt her sorely whenever she remembered that Tom was only good to her because he had to be. Besides, she thought that a little girl who never told a lie should not be on quite equal terms with a boy who had told a big one. It seemed only proper that she should take notice of the great difference between their characters by occasionally lifting the end of her nose.

It was a warm bright morning, and mamma said Dody might have her things on and go and sit in the sunshine. Then Dody wanted to see her dear friend Emmie Miller; for Emmie had lovely, petting ways with sick people. So Susan went to bring her; and as Emmie had company she brought her company too.

"There's that hateful Nell Sawyer with her," said Dody, as she saw them coming.

She went to meet them, and they all came back and sat in the side door, with Emmie in the middle.

"I'm so sorry you've been sick," said Emmie. "Addie Brown has, too. Dody dear, she told me how you went to see her. It was real sweet of you."

"She said she'd come and see me," said Dody.

"She's been sick a long while," said Emmie; "and can't go out-doors yet. You better go see her again. Don't you want to go with me some day?"

"Yes, very much," said Dody.

This was the first good chance that Tom had had to settle up those little matters of his with the Miller child; so he hovered about the hall, seeing but not seen, watching his opportunity. This was the first chance, too, that Dody had had to tell Emmie how her advice about Tom succeeded. So she pulled her head down and whispered:

"It turned out lovely."

"What did she say to you, Em?" demanded Nell, loudly.

"Oh, nothing much, dear," said Emmie, feeling that a cloud had arisen.

She had just been thinking how lovely it was on Dody's doorstep, sitting in the sunshine, with the birds in the trees, the flowers not far off, and the grass such a beautiful green.

Now her peace, she feared, was broken. It was such a pity that two little girls who were very nice apart must be disagreeable as soon as they came together. Dody and Nell each seemed to bring out the worst points in the other. Emmie wished she could change her seat; for there was nothing she hated like being in the middle when two little girls couldn't agree. Many

a time had her heart been grieved by Nell's confessing to her of Dody, and Dody's confessing to her of Nell: "She's my enemy."

The enemies looked at each other across their friend.

"Keep your secret," said Nell.

"I intend to, miss," said Dody.

And no sooner had she said it than she would have liked to take it back; for she had felt the honor of being a pale-cheeked invalid, and had meant to be rather soft and languid and lady-like in manner to-day. She was provoked with herself for having spoken just like a little common girl who had not had the croup and frightened all the family.

Dody pouted. She was going to have such a sweet time with Emmie, and that hateful Nell had to come where she wasn't wanted. She leaned her heavy head on her weak hands—for her head was heavier, and her hands were weaker, than a well child's—and thought what should she do? Turn and speak in a better way to Nell? Even her anxiety to be a proper and interesting invalid could not make her tongue do that. A gentler influence was necessary to subdue that proud "little member."

She remembered suddenly—I think the voice must have reminded her—that there was a paper tied about her neck, and that on it was the law of Dody's mother. She knew that law told her to be always lady-like, gentle in her manners and pleasant in her speech, whether she were ill or well; and she thought she had better do what it bade her. So the law about Dody's neck led her as she walked that morning.

"Forgive your enemies," said a verse she knew. "Love them that hate you."

She looked across her friend to her enemy again.

"I just as soon tell you, Nell," she said. "It's only that Emmie told me to do something, and she wanted to know how it turned out; so I whispered 'Lovely.'"

"That isn't anything," said Nell, "You ought to tell me what Emmie told you to do."

"Well," said Dody, "she told me to be pleasant to Tom."

"She did, did she?" said Tom, appearing behind them. "Even if he was an airy fellow?"

His remark did not make the sensation he expected. He stepped over Dody and faced the little girls.

"How d'ye do, children?" he said.

"Pretty well," said Emmie.

"Pretty well," said Nell.

"Don't you know it's bad manners—not to mention morals—to talk about people behind their backs?" said Tom, speaking to Dody, but looking Emmie in the eye. Emmie looked him back innocently.

"Deep little things," thought Tom.

"These quiet ones always are. You can't get ahead of a sly girl."

He thought he had better come right to the point with her.

"So I look like a beggar, Miss Miller," he said, "and you think I'm an airy fellow, do you?"

Emmie opened her eyes wide in wonder; and then it dawned upon her that Tom had something against her, and that that was the reason he hadn't sent over for her to come and play with Dody, as he used to in the other vacations. She had missed the good times she used to have with Tom and Dody, but had only thought it was because Tom forgot her, not because he disliked her, that he didn't ask her to come and play any more.

Emmie began to cry. She seemed to have a greater supply of tears to shed than most little girls. Her brothers objected to her frequent tears almost as much as Tom objected to Dody's pride. They thought she was a dear little thing, but a dreadful cry-baby.

"She's a soft-hearted little morsel," thought Tom. "Wish I could work on Do as easily."

If Dody had known how much tears could do with Tom, perhaps she would have tried to shed more. He couldn't bear them at all. "Never mind, never mind, chicken," he said. "I'm sure I did look like a beggar in those clothes; and you've a good right to think I'm airy."



"I didn't. I don't," sobbed Emmie.  
"It's Dody, her own self."

"Ah, indeed!" said Tom.

"Emmie, Emmie, Emmie!" said Dody, wildly throwing her arms about her, "I didn't mean—I thought you thought—and I don't know—"

"If you said I said it, when you said it, that wasn't true-oo," blubbered Emmie.

"But I thought you thought it; yes, I did!" cried Dody.

"But you know I told you not to mi-nd," said Emmie.

"Yes, she did," said Dody. "Dear little thing! and this is all she gets for

it. She coaxed me to go home and be pleasant to you, Tom; and she stood straight up for you when I runned you down. There, now. There, now, it's out."

"Guess I must go home now," said Emmie, getting up.

"Kiss me first, oh, please!" said Dody.

Emmie gave her a forgiving kiss.

"Mad at me, chicken?" said Tom.

"No," said Emmie, running.

"Dody," said Tom, "there's a verse I'd like to have you learn and remember: 'Lying lips are abomination to the Lord.'"

*(To be continued.)*

## A P U Z Z L E S T O R Y .

BY G. L. V.

A good mother had two little daughters; the age of the elder was that of the little girl mentioned in Luke viii., 42. Her name was the same with that of a woman who was a convert under the preaching of St. Paul. You will find it in Acts xvi., 14. Her appearance is described in Esther i., 11 last clause of the verse. I wish that her heart had been the same, but that may be more fully described in Proverbs xxi., 4, second clause, and also by the two adjectives which are the first words of the twenty-fourth verse of the same chapter. Psalm lv., 4, first clause, describes the feelings of the mother when she thought of the pride and self-will of her little girl.

The little incident I am about to relate will show how true are the words of Solomon in Proverbs xiv., 3, first clause, and in Proverbs<sup>x</sup>xxii., 15, first clause.

A gentleman who was the same relation to this little girl that Abraham was

to Lot, Genesis xii., 5, gave her what a woman is described in Luke xv., 8, as lighting a candle to find. He told her she might spend it as she liked best.

Now, there was nothing she liked so much as the articles named in Exodus xi., 2, last clause, particularly the kind referred to in Isaiah iii., 19, the first two there named, and also the first spoken of in verse twenty-one of the same chapter.

Unfortunately for her she could not purchase these and she was obliged to wait until she should find something less costly.

Meantime she went out with her mother to purchase an article named in Exodus xi., 2, last clause, particularly the kind referred to in Isaiah iii., 20, the first named, although it was not probably of the kind worn by the Jewish maidens.

This self-willed little girl wanted it trimmed with either one of the two articles mentioned in Job xxxix., 13

Because her mother objected she felt as Jonah did, Jonah iv., 1, and she also did what Jacob is said to have done after kissing Rachel, Genesis xxix., 11. Her mother reprimanded her in the words used to Jonah, Jonah ix., 9, and she replied in very much the same words which the prophet used on that occasion. This made her mother realize more than ever that the ornaments which this little girl needed were those referred to in 1 Peter iii., 3, 4, and lest her heart should become like that of the king spoken of in Exodus viii., 15, she took her by the hand and led her where St. Paul recommends that children should first show piety, 1 Timothy v., 4.

On opening her purse this little girl found that she had in her experience reversed the statement in Luke xv., 32, last clause, and that she had brought it home in the same state that Naomi returned to Bethlehem-judah, Ruth i, 21.

This good mother had another little daughter whose name was the same as that of the aged prophetess mentioned in Luke ii., 36. The description of her may be found in Song of Solomon i., 15, and her character is shown in Proverbs xxxi., 26.

The same relative who had given her sister a present gave her one of equal value. She obtained permission from her mother to spend it in the following manner.

Near her lived a boy who was afflicted in the same way as the son of Jonathan, mentioned in 2 Samuel ix., 3. His name was that of the apostle last mentioned in John i., 44. As he belonged to the class referred to in Deuteronomy xv., 11, he was very much in need of the articles named in the last three words of Amos ii., 6. These she wished to give him, as she had already provided for him a garment such as that which Paul says he forgot when he left Troas, 2 Timothy iv., 13, and an article which now bears a name the same as that found in the last word of Isaiah iii., 19.

The reason she gave her mother for the interest she felt in this boy was the

same given by Lot for choosing the city of Zoar, Genesis xix., 20.

Her mother was so pleased that this little girl should be found among those mentioned in Psalms xli., 1, that she assisted her by adding to the gifts something to carry with her to the parents of the boy, because they were what David calls himself in Psalm lxx., 5, first clause.

Accordingly she took an article named in Exodus xxix., 3, and filled it with something mentioned in Ruth i., 6; Acts xxviii., 36, the fruit mentioned in Song of Solomon ii., 5, in Numbers xiii., 24, and two of the list of things given by Abigail to David, 1 Samuel xxv., 18. The reason she gave for sending the article mentioned in Ruth i., 6, was that she had heard that all they had of it in the house was like that described in Joshua ix., 5, last clause. The kind mother also added a little money to pay the rent of what the sparrow is said to have found on the Lord's altar in Psalm lxxxiv., 3.

The little girl and her mother carried these things to the house. They did what David said he did in the first three words of Psalm xl., until they heard a voice asking the two questions found in Joshua ix., 8. Then was done for them what was done for St. Peter in Acts xii., 16, and when they entered the room they found what is asserted in the first line of John xi., 1, in regard to a man who lived in Bethany. Beside the bed were as many children as had the patriarch named in Genesis ix., 19, and speaking of the sick man they said of him what is said of Abraham in Rom. iv., 16, last clause. When they asked for the mother of the family the father spoke to the eldest child in the words used in 2 Kings iv., 15. The mother spoke of the sick father in the words describing Saul in 1 Samuel xxviii., 20, last clause, and then they did what the wise men of the East did with their treasures, Matthew ii., 11.

The whole family were what we are told to be in Colossians iii., 15, last clause, and when their generous friends rose to go the sick man obeyed the command in Psalm cvii., 1, for the

reasons given in the fifth and sixth verses of the same Psalm, and he spoke to them in the words of 1 Samuel xxv., 6.

When in the course of the evening the two sisters began to compare the day's experience, and the elder told of

her disappointment in not having what the Israelites borrowed of the Egyptians, Exodus xii., 35, she was obliged to admit the truth expressed in Proverbs iii., 13, 14, 15 and 17, for her sister had already proved them so by her quiet happiness.—*Christian Union.*

WORK FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

THE APPLE SEED BRACELET.

An Ottawa lady has sent us directions how to make an apple-seed bracelet, and we give these, with the cuts, as some of our little readers may like to try the experiment of making one:

One hundred and twelve seeds are required for one bracelet, but it is better to collect more than are wanted, as they vary in size and length. Have two fine needles threaded with silk, and a bunch of steel beads, glass or gilt; run a thread first through the

strung both ends of the pips, draw the thread which passes through the points

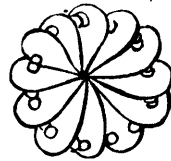


FIG. 2

closely together and tie in a knot, cutting off the ends; then do the same with the beaded thread, and touch the points with glue to secure the tie from breaking. Be-

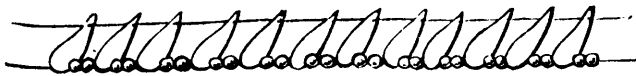


FIG. 1

point of the seeds and then pierce the large seeds as seen in diagram fig. 1, adding two beads between each pip. Twelve pips and twenty-four beads are

tween each circlet thread two beads, as seen in diagram 3. Form a loop of twelve beads at one end, and add a small steel or glass button at the other.

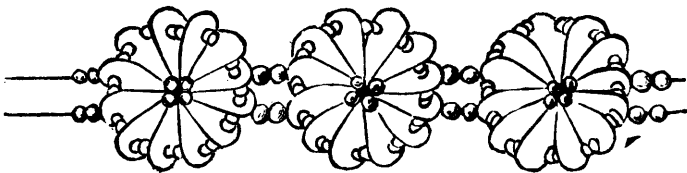
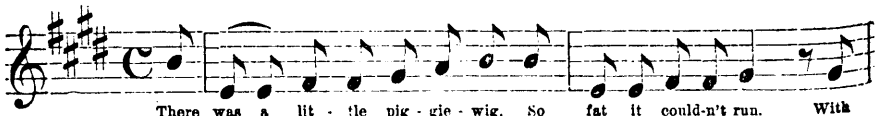


FIG. 3

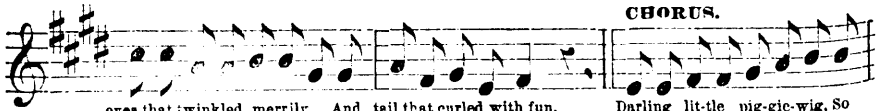
required to form one circlet, and nine circles for one bracelet. Having

Should the seeds be hard and dry, soak in warm water before using.

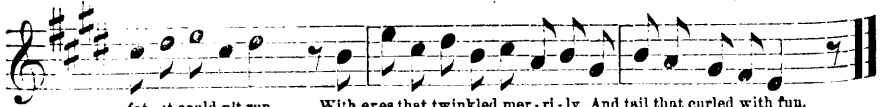
# LITTLE PIGGIE-WIG.



There was a lit - tle pig - gie - wig, So fat it could-n't run. With



eyes that twinkled merrily, And tail that curled with fun. Darling lit-tle pig-gie-wig, So



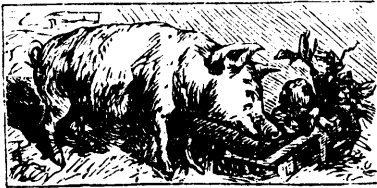
fat it could-n't run, With eyes that twinkled mer - ri - ly, And tail that curled with fun.



This piggie was a cleanly pig,  
With skin as white as snow,  
And every day it had a bath,  
Which fatter made it grow.  
Funny little piggie-wig, &c.



With sleeping and with eating,  
The piggie grew so fat,  
That at last it couldn't walk or run,  
So on its haunches sat.  
Lazy little piggie-wig, &c.



This piggie had a little trough,  
Which was always filled with food  
Bran and broth, and turnips too,  
And every thing that's good.  
Lucky little piggie-wig, &c.



At length it grew so *very* fat,  
It really couldn't see,  
But the fatter, still the jollier,  
And so it laughed "He! he!"  
Happy little piggie-wig, &c.



Its little bed was made at night  
Of lovely meadow hay,  
There, covered up all but the nose,  
It snored till break of day.  
Cosy little piggie-wig, &c.



At last one day a strange man came,  
Alas for piggie then,  
For all at once he disappeared,  
And was never seen again.  
Poor little piggie-wig, &c.

## AN OLD ENIGMA REPUBLISHED

The following is a Scriptural Enigma which has puzzled many. As many of our readers may not have seen it yet, we copy it that they may have the pleasure of studying it out. We do not know who the author is.

Come and commiserate  
One who is blind,  
Helpless, and desolate,  
Void of a mind,  
Guileless, deceiving,  
Though unbelieving  
Free from all sin.  
By mortals adored,  
Still I ignored  
The world I was in.  
King Ptolemy's Cæsar's,  
And Tiglath-pileser's  
Birthdays are known—  
Wisemen, astrologers,  
All are acknowledgers—  
Mine is unknown.  
I ne'er had a father  
Or mother—or rather  
If I had either  
Then they were neither  
Alive at my birth.  
Lodged in a palace—  
Hunted by malice—  
I did not inherit  
By lineage or merit  
A spot on the earth.  
Nursed among pagans—  
No one baptized me ;  
A sponsor I had  
Who ne'er catechised me ;  
She gave me a name  
To her heart that was dearest—  
She gave me a place  
To her bosom was nearest,  
But one look of kindness  
She cast on me never,  
Not a word on my blindness  
I heard from her ever.

Compassed by dangers,  
Nothing could harm me ;  
By foemen and strangers,  
Naught could alarm me.  
I saved—I destroyed—  
I blessed—I alloyed,  
Kept a crown for a Prince,  
But had none of my own,  
Filled the place of a king,  
But ne'er had a throne.  
Rescued a warrior,  
Baffled a plot,  
Was what I seemed not,  
Seemed what I was not.  
Devoted to slaughter—  
A price on my head,  
A king's lovely daughter  
Watched by my bed.  
Tho' gently she dressed me,  
Fainting with fear,  
She never caressed me,  
Nor wiped off a tear ;  
Ne'er moistened my lips  
Tho' fainting and dry,  
What marvel a blight  
Should pursue till she die ?  
'Twas royalty nursed me—  
Wretched and poor ;  
'Twas royalty cursed me  
In secret—I'm sure.  
I live not, I died not,  
But tell you I must  
That ages have passed  
Since I turned into dust.  
This paradox, whence ?  
This squalor—this splendor ?  
Say—was I a king,  
Or a silly pretender ?  
Fathom this mystery,  
Deep in my history.  
Am I a man ?  
An angel supernal ?  
A demon infernal ?  
Solve it—who can ?

P U Z Z L E S .

CHARADE.

My *First* is used in our attire,  
Although 'twere valueless alone ;  
The high-born lady and the Squire ;  
As well as we its need must own,  
When by an honest tradesman's care  
'Tis fashioned for our use and wear.

My *Next* we dread in friend or foe,  
But in a despot most of all.  
When fired by this we cannot know  
On whom the sudden blow will fall.

My *Whole* the ancients deemed a friend,  
Clad in a loathsome creature's guise ;  
Yet nothing but itself it seems,  
When viewed-with more enlightened eyes.

E. H. N.

—: o :—

D O U B L E A C R O S T I C .

1. A kind of bird.
2. A blockhead.
3. Enchantment.
4. One of the United States.
5. A part of speech.
6. One of the United States.
7. Disclosed.
8. A girl's name.

My *initial* and *finals* show a fine country.

DICK SHUNARY

—: o :—

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—Rainbow.

REBUS :—

“ Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

# The Home.

## MARION JONES' STORY.

(By FESTINA LENTE, Author of "The Story of Ruth," etc., etc.)

At play under the maples, well in sight of home. The sun shining on my father's face, as he stands gloomily on the threshold of our hut—stands watching three or four rough men hew down the grand forest trees to make a clearing round our hut.

Certainly these are my first recollections of my childhood. Sometimes I feel that I must be forgetful, for surely I should be able to remember something that came before this. But no! first of all, the maples and the crimson, falling leaves, and the sunshine and my father.

Indoors, old Sarah made our home perfectly neat and clean. She was a grim and silent woman, except on occasions. She was Welsh and followed the fortunes of our family in the old feudal spirit. She had nursed my father when he was a baby, and would have considered it no hardship to have died for her nursing. When she talked to me, it was of my great and noble grandsires, dilating on the fact that royal blood coursed through my veins. She filled my young life with ambitious desires, and I grew up believing myself to be equal to a princess. My father was a stern man who never outwardly showed any affection for me; apparently much more fond of his secret, abstruse studies than of me. Still he forced himself to feel an interest in my development, and educated me with laborious care. Thus I grew up to womanhood, by turns playing like a wild creature in the forest, study-

ing my lessons under the eaves of our hut, and drawing from Sarah stories of the greatness of my ancestors.

I was fifteen years old when an accident to the vehicle they were driving in, threw a gentleman and wife and child upon our hospitality for a few hours.

I received the visitors with the dignity born of my belief that my blood was not of the same common source as that of others.

"What a lovely child!" exclaimed the lady.

"A forest flower!" said her husband.

"What a dress!" sneered the daughter.

You will see from these remarks that the three good people had certainly received no education in good manners.

I found it very hard to be polite to them; finding that every word I uttered called from them exclamations of amazement and amusement.

My father saw all, and said nothing, except, indeed, to interfere when questions were asked that he did not choose I should answer. But when our visitors were gone, I saw that he looked perplexed, and he watched me as I passed backwards and forwards doing my work, with newly awakened interest.

"Father," said I, stopping before him, at last, "you know the world and have mixed in the best society; tell me, am I like a strange, wild animal? Why do I not look and act like the girl that came here to-day?"

"There is nothing anomalous about

you, Marion," he said, "you are a very ordinary girl, who has had the advantage of a healthy physical and moral existence for fifteen years."

"I am too fat, I am afraid," I replied wistfully. "Miss Saunders is not half so big as I am, and she is older."

"Again your ignorance leads you to make a mistake. You are not fat, but your bones are comfortably covered with flesh. Your style of dress no doubt deludes your mind into the belief that you are fat."

I went away without another word, hating the style of dress which made me appear unlike other girls, and making up my mind to alter it as soon as possible. But my father and old Sarah permitted no sort of change, and after a week or two I relapsed again into contentment with my lot.

With my experience of the present mode of dress we call Reform, I am inclined to call the style I then wore, which was jointly contrived by my father and Sarah, very tiresome. Everything was made clumsily loose, and buttoned or tied to some other garment. Sarah had a great dislike to goring, and fashioned all my dresses after her own ideas. It had one great advantage, it was loose; I breathed with freedom, and my lungs expanded to their full extent. In my forest life I enjoyed great freedom; I ran swiftly, I climbed trees like a squirrel, I learned to use my limbs with ease; and my father encouraged me in every out-door amusement that I could find.

"Father," said I one day, "I am sixteen years old."

He turned gravely towards me, and said. "You are growing up."

A few weeks after this, he came to me, and said:

"Prepare for a journey. I am going to take you to England."

"To England, father?"

"Yes."

He turned away from me, and went out. I ran after him.

"Father," I cried.

"I do not want you, Marion."

"Father."

He heard the entreaty in my voice, and he stood still.

"Father, I will not go to England, unless you will promise to stay there with me."

"You *will not*," he said, coldly. "I do not understand such words."

"Tell me, then, father, that you are going to stay there with me. I know you intend me to go to school. Father, I will not go to school if you come back here without me. I will follow you like a dog."

"Go into the house, Marion," he said, sternly.

"I'll be a sailor," I cried. "Or a woodcutter, or something else to get back here. You think you won't miss me, but you will, father. You will hate this place without me. You like me, father, much better than you think you do."

"What a queer thing is woman's nature," he remarked, coldly. "Here are you, a woman, weakly trying to get your will by an attack on my heart. And here am I, obliged to give you your will, because I recognize the fact that when governed by your affections, you are quite ungovernable by me." So saying he strode away, and I ran to tell Sarah of my boldness, and received a blessing and a scolding almost in the same breath.

When my father came into the house again, he told Sarah that she was to prepare to accompany us.

We packed up our most valuable things, and my father sent to town for boxes in which to deposit his costly books. Only the plain furniture was left in the hut.

Then one bright morning we locked the door, and hid the key under the eaves, and then drove away through the forest. I sat ready to weep with the pain of the farewell my heart was saying to the trees and shrubs I had loved



so long. Sarah grimly rejoiced that she was going *home*. My father brooded, as it seemed to me, painfully.

For the first time in my life I travelled by rail. At first I was much amused by the varied nature of the scenery, but after some hours I grew very tired, and slept for the remainder of the journey. When I awoke it was night; the train had stopped, and my father was engaged in the effort of making Sarah understand that she must wake up. But, after all, the journey from the backwoods to New York, and hence to England, was so much like a dream to me that I cannot distinctly describe anything that happened while it lasted. I would rather begin again at that moment, when an old gentleman thrust his head into our carriage at Paddington, and on seeing my father, remarked:

"I am glad to be the first to welcome you home, Griffith."

Then my father sprang out on to the platform, and a quick interchange of questions and answers, with hearty shaking of hands, occupied their attention for some moments.

"That is your uncle, Lord Owen," observed Sarah, in a flutter of joy which quite made her tremble.

Just then the gentlemen came back, and Lord Owen gave Sarah a kindly greeting; while she, apparently, would have knelt at his feet in her devotion to the head of the family.

"And are you well," she cried, "and how are you," etc., etc., raising her voice to a high squeak, and after a moment falling into the Welsh tongue.

My uncle replied in Welsh, and then gently waving her on one side, bent over me and looked keenly into my face. "You are my niece, Marion," said he.

"And you are Lord Owen, the head of our house," I replied with gravity.

My father laughed heartily, and my uncle seemed surprised, then he said:

"Sarah has indoctrinated you with her views, I see." Then we left the

platform, and drove away in a barouche with a coronet painted on the panels.

My next strange experience was entering the beautiful house where my uncle lived, and being there and then introduced to my aunt, Lady Owen. I think now that it was a mistake on my father's part not to prepare me for the meeting with my relatives. It was certainly very hard for me to know what I was expected to do. My father, however, felt as much interested in my mode of action as I was, for, as he has often told me since, he wanted to know how much would come to me by intuition.

Lady Owen put on her glasses, and while she talked to me, critically surveyed my appearance. "Apparently she has come out of the ark," said she, turning to my father.

"Then I consider the ark to be a healthful place," said Lord Owen.

"Marion has perfect health," said my father. "I have taken care that her dress should be healthfully arranged, and that she should live an out-door life as much as possible."

"I will take her to Madame de Vaux, to-morrow," said Lady Owen, with a glance at my dress. "She must not appear in society like a figure of fun."

"Madam Grundy ought to welcome such a healthy little girl, even though her dress were *outré*," said Lord Owen.

"But it will not," said Lady Owen, decidedly. Then the dressing-bell rang; I looked at my watch. My father called me to his side.

"Put on your finest clothes, my child, and return to this room in half an hour," he said, in a tone that only I could hear.

Upstairs I found that Sarah had arranged my dress upon the bed, and was waiting to array me in it.

"I am going to be your maid, Miss Marion. Do not let that woman come near you," and in the door-way I saw a French waiting-woman, smiling and curtseying.

Sarah took great pains to make me presentable, and when I was dressed I took a long look at myself in the cheval glass. I saw a tall, well-proportioned girl, whose cheeks bloomed with robust health. The black silk dress was loosely made, but as all my dresses were the same, I was in happy ignorance of its being so ill-fitting.

"Aunt Owen will think me well dressed now," said I to myself as I entered the drawing-room. I found myself the first there, and shortly after my entrance my father came in to the room. He came up to me and gave me a look of approbation, and then talked kindly to me about matters which interested us both, until Lady Owen came in.

When we were at dinner, Lady Owen asked my father to what school he intended to send me.

"I shall make enquiries," said my father. "I shall send Marion to school in order that she may gain some knowledge of other girls."

"Do you not want her to make up the defects in her education," said Lady Owen, looking sharply at me.

"Certainly," said my father. "I should like her to improve herself as much as she can, but for the more solid part of her education she is already provided. She is a good linguist and a good mathematician. Music she knows nothing of, as she inherits my distaste for it, and I do not wish her to waste her time in studying it."

When dinner was over, and Lady Owen went away, I saw by my father's eye that I was to follow her, but I turned round and asked Lord Owen if a large oil painting of a castle on the wall opposite me was Castle Owen.

"I will take you to see it next summer," said my father. "It is not the grand place it looks to be."

I went into the drawing-room with my head full of wild stories of the glories of an ancestral castle. I fancied I stood upon the Welsh hills, and felt

the wild wind in my face. Instead of this I was sitting by my Aunt Owen, hearing for the first time in my life that it was every woman's duty to make herself as handsome as she could, and that not even a fine face and carriage could carry off such an extraordinary style of dress as the one I affected. When my father came in she attacked him on the subject, and dilated so much on the injustice of sending me to school dressed as I was, that he shrugged his shoulders, and told her that he would leave my wardrobe in her care. The next day I was carried off to Madame de Vaux.

"Such a dress, such a figure, such a waist!" exclaimed Madame. Then she took out her tape measure, and solemnly measured my waist. My aunt breathlessly awaited the result.

"Twenty-six inches!" gasped Madame.

"Twenty-six inches!" groaned my aunt; and then both paused and looked from me to each other.

"What is the difference of a few inches more or less," said I, smiling at my own boldness, but I received no answer.

"Compressing will do much," put in Madame, with a return of hope in her voice.

"It will never make more than three inches difference," groaned my aunt. "And a girl of seventeen with a waist of twenty three inches!! When I was your age, Marion, you could have spanned my waist with your fingers."

I looked at my aunt, and thought that perhaps I could do it now; she was slight and spare, and had a figure more like a Dutch doll than anything I had ever seen.

But what I thought and what I said, made no impression on my hearers. I was soon told to be silent. Careful measurements were taken of my height and breadth, and beautiful stuffs were brought to me to see if their color suited my hair and complexion. A

French artist rolled my hair tortuously over hot and heavy frizettes; my feet were cased in high heeled boots as tight as I could wear them, and my hands were screwed up in gloves too small to be comfortable. Madam expeditiously finished a simple evening dress for me, and that evening I dressed for dinner, and when I entered the drawing-room saw that at first sight neither my uncle nor my father knew me.

"You look very hot," observed my father, as I began fanning myself. Then he added, "Marion, I particularly desire that you do not wear your hair in that style. I consider frizettes and bunches on the head, hideous distortions. Braid your hair as you used to do."

"Thank you, father," I said, meekly, wishing from my heart that he would notice my compressed waist, and order me to discard those instruments of torture which were causing me so much discomfort. I heard Lord Owen say to his wife:

"You have done wonders; she is a very fine girl. What a difference dress *à la mode*, makes in a young woman."

"I wish you had to wear it," I groaned to myself. Then at dinner time I wondered how he would feel under the tight compression of steel and whalebone. I wondered whether he would feel irritable as I did, and whether he would have as good an appetite for his dinner as he had to-day.

"Marion," said my father, a day or two after this, "I have found a school for you, and as soon as your wardrobe is complete, your aunt will take you there. I have talked with the Principal, and I like her very much. She will be kind to you, I am sure."

"Where are *you* going, father," I said, taking his two hands in mine.

"I am going to see some friends on the continent. I shall return to England in three months' time, when I

shall come to school and carry you off to Wales with me."

I was so much pleased with the kindly way this promise was made, that I squeezed my father's hands with fervor. We were closer friends than we had ever been since we had come to London.

My father went to his friends on the continent. Next week, Lady Owen left me at school.

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## CHAPTER II.

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Lady Owen left me at school, and in the evening purposely made the hour so late that all the school-girls were gone to bed when we arrived there.

The lady principal, Miss Major, was very stout; her countenance was refined, and her expression very kindly. I felt that my father had chosen well in leaving me to the care of this lady.

"Marion particularly needs the polish afforded only by contact with well bred society," said my aunt; "her manners are brusque, and her deportment requires great attention. She has been most shamefully neglected for a girl of her high birth and expectations. Her father has done her a great wrong in bringing her up in the backwoods."

"She has gained in many ways by the mode of life, I have no doubt," said Miss Major, pressing my hand gently, as a hint to check the indignant speeches I wanted to make. When my aunt was gone, she put her arm round my shoulders, and said,

"You must excuse much in Lady Owen; she is a worldly woman, who has had an entirely worldly life. She has narrowed herself to the routine of fashionable life; and I can quite understand why your father preferred the solitudes of the backwoods for you in comparison with the bringing up she would have given you."

Then as we went upstairs, she said:

"Your father especially desired you should have a room to yourself. I thought at first I could not manage this, but it so happens that I have been able to do so. He imagined that the noisy, busy world here would try you very much, and wanted you to feel you could escape from it sometimes."

I felt too much touched by this great thoughtfulness on my father's part to answer. We passed on up the vast staircase to an upper storey, where a very small room was given up to my sole proprietorship. It was a room for which I hardly knew how to be grateful enough.

"At six to-morrow morning the dressing bell will ring. You must be in the large school-room by half past," said Miss Major. Then after giving me a few directions as to where to find this large schoolroom, Miss Major bade me a kind good night and left me.

I fell asleep very quickly, and was dreaming happy dreams of my old home, when a loud clanging bell rang in a frantic manner, and the silence which had rested on the house was dispelled. Above and all around me I could hear the stirring of many feet, bursts of laughter came from the rooms, and scraps of conversation floated on the air. Very soon I heard my own name repeated with variations of extreme disgust.

"Jones, Marion Jones, Jones, Jones!!! Are you sure you do not mean Johns? Jones at school with a Fitzgerald!!"—

I heard no more, but felt extremely annoyed, and as it was then time to descend, I found my way into the schoolroom, and entered with all the dignity I felt a Jones of Castle Owen descended from the Welsh princes should have.

The room I entered was like a large hall; it was evidently used for more than one class at the same time. At the desks sat a number of young ladies, who, as I entered, stared rudely

at me, and beyond that took no notice of me.

"Hear me recite," said one girl to another. She held out a book and began at once,

"Fair Daffodils, we weep to see  
Thee haste away so soon."

"Really, Lucy Milard," said the other girl, "you shall not recite to me, unless you try and remember the accent Dr. Fitz laid on the words."

The other girls in a gentle murmur, spoke contemptuously of Lucy Milard's powers of memory. There was a suppressed laugh, and just then Miss Major came into the room. She introduced me to the girls generally, and then said, in an undertone, she would decide which class I was to join after prayers. She then read prayers, and the girls sang a hymn, their sweet voices blending harmoniously. I had never seen so many girls together before, and it was an entrancing sight to me. Such highly-bred heads and faces, such quiet dignity of manner, in fact such an inborn sense of *noblesse oblige*. After prayers they were sent to run in the garden, for it was a bright April morning, and I heard their merry laughing and saw their light dresses flash past the window. Then Miss Major examined me until the breakfast bell rang, and then announced to the first class that I was to join their ranks, and confided me to the head girl, Miriam Selwyn. After breakfast, there was half an hour's leisure, and this I spent in watching my fellow creatures. I looked upon them with dread as I heard the caustic fire of their tongues, and then became too much bewildered in so much confusion of sound to listen at all. My eyes rested critically on the faces and figures of the young ladies. The first thing I noticed was the beautiful simplicity with which they were dressed, for each little aristocrat wore a print morning dress very plainly made. Beyond a plain brooch, no jewellery was worn, with

one exception—one girl had a gold chain and locket clasped round her neck, which Miss Major reproved her for wearing, and sent her away to take off.

"She is an American girl," said Miriam Selwyn, seating herself beside me, "and she has boxes full of jewelry. Miss Major insists on her not wearing it in the mornings. When she came here first, I have seen her with heavy gold bracelets on first thing in the morning."

"So excessively vulgar," said Mary Sanut, with disdain. "Until we are presented, mamma will not permit us to dress except on especial occasions, otherwise than as children. I am seventeen, and last Christmas I went into the drawing-room in the evening in a white dress, and the only ornament I was allowed to wear was a tiny gold necklet."

"The *nouveaux riches* do not know how to dress," said Miriam. "Kate Claxton, the American, you know, has trunks crammed with the oddest things, silk dresses, velvets and lace; none of 'us' dress like it."

The girls got up and left me to think of the intense pride of that "us," and to glance at my own print dress, and to sigh with relief that it also was a model of simplicity. But if the style of dress was the perfection of simplicity, the hair wholly lacked that virtue. Every head was more or less distorted by frizettes and pads; and after a critical look at the many figures before me, I came to the conclusion that there was a great want of grace in their movements. At this moment I moved, and moved stiffly I know, for the compressing machine I wore made me feel as if I could not bend any way, and I began to wonder if I alone of the whole school was suffering from this cause. I looked at the various waists, and marvelled at their small sizes; there were none there so large as my own. Every dress fitted closely to the figure,

and leather belts varying from eighteen to twenty-two inches clasped the waists. I began to think more respectfully of the "compressing machine," and to wonder if perseverance in its use would enable me to clasp my belt an inch smaller.

"There is an hour for preparation for masters," said a teacher, coming to my side. Then she appointed me my desk, and showed me what tasks I had to prepare, and then went away. She returned, speedily followed by Miss Major and a servant carrying sticks, which were distributed to the girls.

"Lady Owen made it an especial request that your deportment should be attended to," said Miss Major, "but you hold yourself remarkably well."

"My father never has permitted me to sit badly," I said; "he is very particular. He has always insisted on my standing, walking, and sitting in an erect manner."

"Then I think we shall not need to pinion you," smiled Miss Major.

I then looked round me, and saw that each girl was studying her lesson with a stick pushed between her arms, so as to develop the chest and keep the back quite flat. I had no time to wonder at this rule, as I had to learn my lesson, but as I got interested, forgot all about it. Presently Miss Major touched me on the shoulder. She carried the stick in her hand.

"You are sitting with one shoulder higher than the other, Marion," she said; "you must submit to be pinioned."

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, and then I felt sure that it was true. I found that I gained a little respite from my "compressor" by sitting a little on one side. I submitted to the stick, but before the hour was over, felt perfectly faint with the painfulness of the attitude. But when the sticks were taken away again, I saw that there was abundant need for their use amongst my school fellows, for they all sat in the

most careless and lounging style. Not one sat upright. All leaned to one side or the other, or leaned their elbows on the table in a crouching manner.

"What a strong back you must have," said Miriam Selwyn to me; "you never lie about, or seem to feel bound to rest it."

"I have a bone in it," I said, laughing, and it is quite strong enough to support the weight of my head."

"My back has always been weak," said she. "The Doctor does not approve of my sitting at a desk at all."

"Oh!" said I, with much concern. "Then why do you do it?"

"There are many reasons. In the first place, papa is in Parliament, and he wants his daughters to take an intelligent interest in modern history, and to be well educated women. The women of our house have always been superior, you know, and I found that the only way for me to gain the discipline for my mind that it required was to come to school, so here I am."

"Cannot one gain as much knowledge by private study?" I asked.

"As much knowledge, yes! Discipline, no. Private study is apt to become desultory. Besides which, I find that I learn much that is beneficial to my future career in studying the varied characters of the school-girls."

The master for German had arrived, and we formed in class. As a stranger, I was placed at the foot of the class. Miriam was the head girl. We were to read and translate "Undine." When it came to my turn I read on, utterly absorbed in the beautiful story, and when the master made me translate, I cried out,

"Oh! what a pity to spoil it!"

There was dead silence, and the titter of the girls made my cheeks flame. I began to translate eagerly. When I had finished, the master said calmly:

"You will take your place next to Miss Selwyn."

He then addressed the class in German, endeavoring to draw forth answers

to his questions. Turning to me, he asked me how I gained such a knowledge of the language, and I told him I had studied it with my father. How gratefully I thought now of the careful training my father had given me. I had cause indeed to appreciate it. I found that it was the same in French, and Italian; my well-grounded knowledge carried me to the front.

"Miss Jones has great facility in learning languages," said the Professor of Latin to Miss Major.

"Yes," I replied with pride. "I am Welsh."

There was a general laugh, and I was vexed to hear some very disparaging remarks about my kinsmen of Wales.

I worked very hard, and kept side by side with Miriam Selwyn. There was a great respect for learning in this school, and study was enjoyed rather than considered a task. This was due to the very good influence of the carefully chosen teachers, and to the clever generalship of Miss Major. The girls worked well, but nothing they did was sufficient to injure their health, it is rather a stimulus to health than otherwise, a judicious amount of mental work. Yet one day, Miriam remarked to me. "You are getting to look like the rest of us, pale and overworked."

"That cannot be. I have not overworked myself even in the smallest degree," I rejoined.

"You look very different from your former self," she said.

"I suppose it is the difference in dress which affects me," I said, with a long-drawn sigh. "I am not used to wearing things so tight as Madame de Vaux makes them."

"Oh! that is a mere trifle, not likely to affect your health. I am sure you are working too hard. I wish your father would take you away from school."

A few days after this, she called me into her room, and showed me the martyrdom she daily wore without a murmur.

She made me lift a heavy iron casing, which she called her "instrument." It had two crutches of iron to support the shoulders, and iron bands to fasten round the waist.

"I had a fall when I was a child," she said, "and mamma has taken me to a very famous doctor, who ordered me this terrible instrument. It has done my back a great deal of good. My one shoulder was perceptibly higher than the other. But the weight of it is so bad for me. The day I am twenty-one, I shall take off that instrument for ever. I am convinced it makes me weak."

"How *can* you bear it?" I cried.

"I *must* bear it," she said, smiling. Besides, I do not want to be crooked; and I assure you I used to be much worse than I am now. But the weight of this instrument causes me great suffering. Often in class I am quite faint with pains."

And no wonder, for the instrument was terrible indeed, and even to my ignorant eyes more productive of evil than good.

Lady Owen called to see me, and expressed much pleasure at the improvement she pretended to see in me.

"Marion is not so well as I should like to see her," Miss Major said, quietly, in answer to my aunt's raptures. "She suffers so much from palpitation of the heart, and has had some violent fits of hysteria. How soon will her father return?"

"I expect him in about a month," said Lady Owen.

That evening Miss Major came and talked to me for a long time in her motherly way. She tried to discover if I was unhappy, for she said, "she would not let a forest bird pine away in her house if she could do anything to prevent it."

I answered truly that I felt at home and happy, and that I enjoyed my work with all my heart.

"Still," smiled Miss Major, "I shall counsel your father to remove you from school when next I see him."

Palpitations of the heart, hysteria, and side ache. The compressor was doing its fatal work, and my appetite was gone, and my vigorous health was following as swiftly as it could. *N'importe*, my waist was at least three inches smaller. Madame de Vaux had to fit me with a summer dress, and she rejoiced with honest joy that the experiment was succeeding so well.

Girls are foolish. That is a platitude. But nevertheless, it is a truism. Where one leads, others must needs follow. The beauty of the school took her position from the "data" that her hair was golden and curled naturally, and that her waist was a little less than eighteen inches. Other girls washed their hair with ammonia to bleach it, and drew in their waist to approach the size of hers as nearly as they could.

Miss Major had chosen a house in perfect sanitary order, and arranged all the tasks with due regard to the health of the inmates, yet there was no blooming vigorous health in the house. Even she erred on the side of tight-lacing, and probably had never given the matter a thought in her life. Any doctor, on being called in, would prescribe for the patient less mental exertion, and more rest.

My own experience is that girls will not injure themselves by too much application, and that if only they are healthfully dressed they can bear a long strain of mental work. But no one can disregard the laws of health without suffering for that disregard. I must say for us all that we were utterly unconscious of the harm we were doing ourselves.

(To be concluded next month.)

## THE STAFF OF LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

**YEAST (*Hop*).**—4 large potatoes, or six small, 2 quarts cold water, double-handful hops, tied in a coarse muslin bag, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 white sugar.

Peel the potatoes, and put them with the hop bag into a saucepan containing two quarts cold water. Cover and boil until the potatoes break and fall apart. Take these out with a perforated skimmer, leaving the water still boiling, mash them fine with a potato-beetle, and work in the flour and sugar. Moisten this gradually with the *boiling* hop tea, stirring it to a smooth paste. When all the tea has been mixed in, set it aside to cool. While still slightly warm, add four tablespoonfuls of lively yeast, and turn all into a large open vessel to "work." Keep this in a warm place until it ceases to bubble up, or until next day. In summer it will work well in a few hours. When quite light, put in earthen jars with small mouths, in which fit corks, or bottle it, and remove to ice-house or cellar. It will keep good for a fortnight—longer in winter.

When you wish to use it for baking, send a small vessel to the cellar for the desired quantity, and re-cork at once. A half-hour in a hot kitchen may spoil it.

**YEAST (*Self-working*).**—8 potatoes, 2 ounces hops, 4 quarts cold water, 1 lb. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. white sugar, 1 tablespoonful salt.

Tie the hops in a coarse muslin bag, and boil one hour in four quarts of water. Let it cool to lukewarmness before removing the bag. Wet with the tepid liquor—a little at a time—the flour, making to a smooth paste. Put in the sugar and salt, beat up the batter three minutes before adding the rest of the tea. Set it away for two days in an open bowl covered with a thin cloth, in a closet which is moderately and evenly warm.

On the third day, peel, boil, and mash the potatoes, and when entirely free from lumps and specks, stir in gradually the thickened hop-liquor. Let it stand twelve hours longer in the bowl, stirring often, and keeping it in the warm kitchen. Then bottle or put away in corked

jars, which must be perfectly sweet and freshly scalded. This will keep a month in a cool cellar. It is more troublesome to make it than other kinds of yeast, but it needs no other "rising" to excite fermentation, and remains good longer than that made in the usual way.

**YEAST (*Potato*).**—6 potatoes, 2 quarts cold water, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar.

Peel and boil the potatoes until they break. Leaving the water on the fire, take them out and mash fine with the flour and sugar, wetting gradually with the hot water until it is all used. When lukewarm, add a gill of good yeast, and set aside in an open vessel and warm place to ferment. When it ceases to effervesce, bottle and set in ice-house.

This yeast is very nice and white, and is preferred by many who dislike the bitter taste of hops. It is also convenient to make when hops cannot be obtained.

**YEAST CAKES.**—2 quarts water, cold; 1 quart pared and sliced potatoes, double-handful hops, tied in coarse muslin bag; flour to make stiff batter, 1 cup Indian meal.

Boil the potatoes and hop-bag in two quarts of water for three-quarters of an hour. Remove the hops, and while boiling hot, strain the potatoes and water through a cullender into a bowl. Stir into the scalding liquor enough flour to make a stiff batter. Beat all up well; add two tablespoonfuls lively yeast and set in a warm place to rise. When light, stir in a cup of Indian meal, roll into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick and cut into round cakes. Dry these in the hot sun or in a *very* moderate oven, taking care they do not heat to baking. It is best to put them in after the fire has gone down for the night, and leave them in until morning. When entirely dry and cold, hang them up in a bag, in a cool, dry place.

Use one cake three inches in diameter for a loaf of fair size; soak in tepid water until soft, and add a pinch of soda or saleratus, then mix.



These cakes will remain good a month in summer, two in winter.

**BREAD SPONGE (*Potato*).**—6 potatoes, boiled and mashed fine while hot, 6 tablespoonfuls baker's yeast, 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar; 2 tablespoonfuls lard, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 quart warm—*not* hot—water, 3 cups flour.

Mash the potatoes, and work in the lard and sugar. Stir to a cream, mixing in gradually a quart of the water in which the potatoes were boiled, which should have been poured out to cool down to blood warmth. Beat in the flour, already wet with a little potato water to prevent lumping, then the yeast, lastly the soda. Cover lightly if the weather is warm, more closely in winter, and set to rise over night in a warm place.

**BREAD SPONGE (*Plain*).**—1 quart warm water, 6 tablespoonfuls baker's yeast, 2 tablespoonfuls lard, 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar, 1 teaspoonful soda, flour to make a soft batter.

Melt the lard in the warm water, add the sugar, then the flour by degrees, stirring in smoothly. A quart and a pint of flour will usually be sufficient if the quality is good. Next comes the yeast, lastly the soda. Beat up hard for several minutes, and set to rise as above.

Bread mixed with potato-sponge is more nutritious, keeps fresh longer, and is sweeter than that made with the plainer sponge. But there are certain seasons of the year when good *old* potatoes cannot be procured, the new ones will not do for this purpose.

The potato-sponge is safer, because surer for beginners in the important art of bread-making. After using it for fifteen years, I regard it as almost infallible—given the conditions of good flour, yeast, kneading, and baking.

**FAMILY BREAD (*White*).**—Having set your sponge over night, or, if you bake late in the afternoon, early in the morning, sift dry flour into a deep bread-tray, and strew a few spoonfuls of fine salt over it. The question of the quantity of flour is a delicate one, requiring judgment and experience. Various brands of flour are so unequal with respect to the quantity of gluten they contain, that it is impossible to give any invariable rule on this subject. It will be safe, however, to sift two quarts and a pint if you have set the potato sponge; two quarts for the plain. This will make two good-sized loaves. Make a hole in the middle of the heap, pour in the risen sponge (which should be very light and seamed in many places on the top),

and work down the flour into it with your hands.

If too soft, add more flour. If you can mould it at all, it is not too soft. If stiff, rinse out the bowl in which the sponge was set with a little lukewarm water, and work this in. When you have it in manageable shape, begin to knead. Work the mass into a ball—your hands having been well floured from the first; detach it from the tray, and lift it in your left hand, while you sprinkle flour with the right thickly over the bottom and sides of the tray. Toss back the ball into this, and knead hard—always toward the centre of the mass, which should be repeatedly turned over and around, that every portion may be manipulated. Brisk and long kneading makes the pores fine and regular. Gaping holes of diverse sizes are an unerring tell-tale of a careless cook. Spend at least twenty-minutes—half an hour is better—in this kind of useful gymnastics. It is grand exercise for arms and chest. This done, work the dough into a shapely ball in the centre of the tray, sprinkle flour over the top; throw a cloth over all and leave it on the kitchen-table to rise, taking care it is not in a draught of cold air. In summer, it will rise in four or five hours—in winter, six are often necessary. It should come up steadily until it at least trebles its original bulk and the floured surface cracks all over. Knead again for ten or fifteen minutes. Then, divide it into as many parts as you wish loaves, and put these in well-greased pans for the final rising. In a large household baking, it is customary to mould the dough into oblong rolls, three or four, according to the number of loaves you desire, and to lay these close together in one large pan. The second kneading is done upon a floured board, and should be thorough as the first, the dough being continually shifted and turned. Set the pans in a warm place for an hour longer, with a cloth thrown over them to keep out the air and dust. Then bake, heeding the directions set down in the article upon bread in general. If your ovens are in good condition, one hour should bake the above quantity of bread. But here again experience must be your guide. Note carefully for yourself how long a time is required for your first successful baking, as also how much dry flour you have worked into your sponge, and let these data regulate future action. I have known a variation of two quarts in a large baking, over the usual measure of flour. I need not tell you that you had better shun a brand that requires such an excessive quantity

to bring the dough to the right consistency. It is neither nutritious nor economical. When you make out the loaves, prick the top with a fork.

Do not make your first baking too large. Practice is requisite to the management of an unwieldy mass of dough. Let your trial-loaf be with say half the quantity of sponge and flour I have set down, and increase these as skill and occasion require, carefully preserving the proportions. Seven or eight quarts of flour will be needed for the semi-weekly baking of a family of moderate size.

If I have seemed needlessly minute in the directions I have laid down, it is because I wish to be a guide, not a betrayer, and because I am deeply impressed with the worth of such advice as may tend to diminish the number of those who know not for themselves the comfort and delight of eating from day to day, and year to year, good family bread.

FAMILY BREAD (*Brown*).—I wish it were in my power, by much and earnest speaking and writing, to induce every housekeeper to make brown bread—that is, bread made of unbolted, usually called Graham flour—a staple article of diet in her family. I only repeat the declaration of a majority of our best chemists and physicians when I say that our American fondness for fine white bread is a serious injury to our health. We bolt and rebolt our flour until we extract from it three-quarters of its nutritive qualities, leaving little strength in it except what lies in gluten or starch, and consign that which makes bone and tissue, which regulates the digestive organs, and leaves the blood pure, the brain clear, to the lower animals. Growing children especially should eat brown bread daily. It supplies the needed phosphate to the tender teeth and bones. If properly made, it soon commends itself to their taste, and white becomes insipid in comparison. Dyspeptics have long been familiar with its dietetic virtues, and, were the use of it more general, we should have fewer wretches to mourn over the destroyed coats of their stomachs. It is wholesome, sweet, honest, and should be popular.

Prepare a sponge as for white bread, using potatoes or white flour. My rule is to take out a certain quantity of the risen sponge on baking day, and set aside for brown bread. Put into a tray two parts Graham flour, one-third white, and to every quart of this allow a handful of

Indian meal, with a tea-spoonful of salt. Wet this up with the sponge, and when it is mixed, add, for a loaf of fair size, half a teacupful of molasses. The dough should be *very* soft. If there is not enough of the sponge to reduce it to the desired consistency, add a little blood-warm water. Knead it diligently and long. It will not rise so rapidly as the white flour, having more “body” to carry. Let it take its time; make ino round, comfortable loaves, and set down again for the second rising, when you have again kneaded it. Bake steadily, taking care it does not burn, and do not cut while hot. The result will well repay you for your trouble. It will take a longer time to bake than white bread. Brown flour should not be sifted.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Set a sponge over night, with potatoes or white flour, in the following proportions:—

1 cup yeast, 6 potatoes mashed fine with 3 cups of flour, 1 quart warm water, 2 tablespoonfuls lard (or if you leave out the potatoes, one quart warm water to three pints of flour), 2 tablespoonfuls brown sugar.

Beat up well, and let it rise five or six hours. When light, sift into the bread-tray—

1 quart rye flour, 2 quarts Indian meal, 1 tablespoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful soda or saleratus.

Mix this up very soft with the risen sponge, adding warm water, if needed, and working in gradually.

Half a teacupful of molasses.

Knead well, and let it rise from six to seven hours. Then work over again, and divide into loaves, putting these in well-greased, round, deep pans. The second rising should last an hour, at the end of which time bake in a moderate oven about four hours. Rapid baking will ruin it. If put in late in the day, let it stay in the oven all night.

RYE BREAD.—Set a sponge, as above, but with half the quantity of water.

In the morning mix with this:

1 quart warm milk, 1 tablespoonful salt, 1 cup Indian meal, and enough rye flour to make it into pliable dough.

Proceed as with wheat bread, baking it a little longer.

It is a mistake to suppose that acidity, greater or less, is the normal state of rye bread. If you find your dough in the slightest degree sour,

correct by adding a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in warm water. It is safest to add this always in warm weather.

**MILK BREAD.**—1 quart of milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teacupful of yeast,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. butter, 1 tablespoonful white sugar.

Stir into the milk, which should be made blood-warm, a pint of flour, the sugar, lastly the yeast. Beat all together well, and let them rise five or six hours. Then melt the butter, and add with a little salt. Work in flour enough to make a stiff dough; let this rise four hours, and make into small loaves. Set near the fire for half an hour, and bake.

In warm weather, add a teaspoonful soda, dissolved in warm water, to the risen sponge, as all bread mixed with milk is apt to sour.

**BUTTERMILK BREAD.**—1 pint buttermilk heated to scalding.

Stir in, while it is hot, enough flour to make a tolerably thick batter. Add half a gill of yeast, and let it rise five or six hours. If you make it over night you need not add the yeast, but put in, instead, a tablespoonful white sugar. In the morning, stir into the sponge a teaspoon-

ful soda dissolved in hot water, a little salt, and two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Work in just flour enough to enable you to handle the dough comfortably; knead well, make into loaves, and let it rise until light.

This makes a very white and wholesome bread.

**RICE BREAD.**—Make a sponge of 1 quart warm water, 1 teacupful yeast, 1 tablespoonful white sugar, 2 tablespoonful lard, 1 quart wheat flour.

Beat well together, and when it has risen, which will be in about five hours, add three pints of warm milk and three teacupfuls rice-flour wet to a thin paste with cold milk, and boiled four minutes as you would starch. This should be a little more than blood-warm when it is stirred into the batter. If not thick enough to make out into dough, add a little wheat-flour. Knead thoroughly and treat as you would wheat bread in the matter of the two risings and baking.

This is nice and delicate for invalids, and keeps well. If you cannot procure the rice-flour, boil one cup of whole rice to a thin paste, mashing and beating it smooth.—From "*Common Sense in the Household.*"



## THE MOTHER'S NEED OF EDUCATION.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

As things are, woman cannot obtain culture because of being overburdened with work and care, and also because of her enfeebled condition physically. To what is this present state of things owing? Largely to the unworthy views of both men and women concerning the essentials of life, and concerning the requirements of woman's vocation. And these unworthy views of men and women, to what are they owing? In a very great measure to early impressions. Who, chiefly, are responsible for these? Mothers. They are also, as has been shown, responsible for the larger part of the prevailing invalidism of woman. Let us be sure to bear in mind that these evils, these hindrances to culture, can be traced directly back to the influence and the ignorance of mothers; for here is where the whole thing hinges. Here is a basis to build upon. Child-training is at the beginning. Child-training is woman's work. Everybody says so. The wise say so. The foolish say so. The "oak and vine" man says so. The "private way, dangerous passing" man says so. Very good. If this is woman's work, *educate her for her work*. If "educate" isn't the right word, instruct her, inform her, teach her, prepare her; name the process as you choose, so that it enables her to comprehend the nature of her business, and qualifies her to perform its duties. She requires not only general culture, but special preparation, a technical preparation if you will. Let this come in as the supplementary part of what is called her education. Many will pronounce this absurd; but why is it absurd? Say we have in our young woman's class at the "Institute," thirty or forty or fifty young women. Now, we know that almost every one of these, either as a mother or in some other capacity, will have the care of children. The "Institute" assumes to give these young women such knowledge as shall be useful to them in after life. If "Institutes" are not for this purpose, what are they for? One might naturally suppose, then, that the kind of knowledge which its pupils need for their special vocation would rank first in importance. And

what kind will they need? Step into the house round the corner, or down the street, and ask that young mother, looking with unutterable tenderness upon the little group around her, what knowledge she would most value. She will say, "I long more than words can express to know how to keep these children well. I want to make them good children, to so train them that they will be comforts to themselves and useful to others. But I am ignorant on every point. I don't know how to keep them well, and I don't know how to control them, how to guide them."

"It is said," you reply, "that every child brings love with it. Is not love all-powerful and all-sufficient?"

"Love does come with every child; but, alas! knowledge does not come with love. My love is so strong, and yet so blind, that it even does harm. I would almost give up a little of my love if knowledge could be got in exchange."

Here, perhaps, you enquire, somewhat sarcastically, if no instruction on these subjects was given at the "Institute." She opens wide her astonished eyes. "Oh, no! No, indeed, — surely not."

"What, then, were you taught there?"

"Well, many things,—Roman history, for one. We learned all about the Punic Wars, their causes, results, and the names of the famous generals on both sides." The young mother wants to know how to bring up her child, and she has been taught "how many Punic wars there were, their causes, results, and the names of the famous generals on both sides."

It may be asked here, in what way, or by what studies, shall the young woman's class at the "Institute" be taught the necessary knowledge? It would be presumption in one like me to attempt a complete answer to that question. But the professors, presidents, and stockholders of our "Institutes" are learned and wise. If these will let their light shine in this direction as they have let it shine in other directions, a way will be revealed. But, while learning and wisdom are getting ready to do this, mere common sense may offer a few sug-

gestions. Suppose the young woman's class were addressed somewhat in this way: "It is probable that all of you, in one capacity or another, will have the care of young children, and that for the majority it will be the chief duty of your lives. There is, then, nothing in the whole vast range of learning so important to you as knowledge on this subject." This for a general statement to begin with. As for the particular subjects and their order, common sense would ask, first, What does a young mother want to know first? First, she wants to know how to keep her child alive, how to make it strong to endure or defy disease. She needs to be taught, for instance, why a child should breathe pure air, and why it should not get its pure air in the form of draughts. She needs to know if it makes any difference what a child eats, or how often, and that a monotonous diet is injurious. She needs to know something of the nutritive qualities of different kinds of food, and why some are easy of digestion and others not, and in what way each kind builds up the system. She needs to understand the chemistry of cookery, in order to judge what kinds of food are calculated to make the best blood, bones, and muscles. She needs to have some general ideas in regard to ways of bringing back the system from an abnormal to a healthy state; as, for instance, equalizing the circulations. Learned professors, women physicians, will know how to deliver courses of lectures on all such subjects, and to tell what books have been written on them, and where these books may be found. And, as for the absurdity of teaching these things beforehand, compare that with the absurdity of rearing a race to hand over to physicians and undertakers, and choose between. And even apart from their practical bearing, why are not such items of knowledge as well worth learning, as simply items of knowledge, as the hundreds of others which, at present, no young woman's course can be without? There is no doubt that if mothers were given a knowledge of these matters beforehand, instead of being left to acquire it experimentally, the present frightful rate of infant mortality (nearly twenty-five per cent) would be reduced. Plenty of light has been thrown on this subject, but the community does not receive it. Here is some which was contributed to one of the Board of Health reports by a physician:

"The mother," he says, "requires something

more than her loving instincts, her ready sympathies. With all her good-will and conscientiousness, mistakes are made. The records of infant mortality offer a melancholy illustration of the necessity of the mother's previous preparation for the care of her children. The first-born die in infancy in much larger proportion than their successors in the family. The mother learns at the cost of her first child, and is better prepared for the care of the second, and still better for the third and fourth, whose chances of development into full life and strength are much greater than those of the oldest brothers and sisters."

Think of the mother learning "at the cost of her first child," and of the absurd young woman learning beforehand; and choose between. Also please compare the "previous preparation" here recommended with the mere bureau-drawer preparation, which is the only one at present deemed necessary. Another writer, an Englishman, speaking of the high rate of infant mortality, says "It arises from ignorance of the proper means to be employed in rearing children," which certainly is plain language. Such facts and opinions as these would make an excellent basis for a course of lectures at the "Institute," to be given by competent women physicians. The advertisements of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" would be remarkably suggestive in this connection. A mother of three little children said to me, "I give the baby her dose right after breakfast; and she goes to sleep, and sleeps all the forenoon. That's the way I get my work done." We all know why the baby sleeps after taking its dose. We do not know how many mothers adopt this means of getting their work done; but the fact that the proprietor of this narcotic gained his wealth by the sale of it enables us to form some idea.

The importance of educating nursery-girls for their calling, and the physical evils which may arise from leaving young children entirely to the care of nursery-girls, would be exceedingly suggestive as lecture subjects.

But, supposing a mother succeeds in keeping her child alive and well, what knowledge does she desire next? She desires to know next how to guide it, influence it, mould its character. She does all these, whether she tries to or not, whether she knows it or not, whether she wishes to or not. Says Horace Mann, "It ought to be understood and felt, that in regard to child-

ren all precept and example, all kindness and harshness, all rebuke and commendation, all forms, indeed, of direct or indirect education, affect mental growth, just as dew, and sun, and shower, or untimely frost, affect vegetable growth. Their influences are integrated and made one with the soul. They enter into spiritual combination with it, never afterward to be wholly decomposed. They are like the daily food eaten by wild game, so pungent in its nature that it flavors every fibre of their flesh, and colors every bone in their bodies. Indeed so pervading and enduring is the effect of education upon the youthful soul, that it may well be compared to a certain species of writing ink, whose color at first is scarcely perceptible, but which penetrates deeper and grows blacker by age, until, if you consume the scroll over a coal-fire, the character will still be legible in the cinders."

In regard to inherited bad traits, the question arises, if even these may not be changed for the better by skilful treatment given at a sufficiently early period. Children inheriting diseased bodies are sometimes so reared as to become healthy men and women. To do this requires watchfulness and wise management. How do we know that by watchfulness and wise management children born with inherited bad traits may not be trained to become good men

and women? But the majority of mothers do not watch for such traits. It seldom occurs to them that they should thus watch. Why not bring the subject to the consideration of young women "beforehand," when, being assembled in companies, they are easy of access? It is too late when they are scattered abroad, and burdened each with her pressing family duties. "Forewarned is forearmed."

Some are of the opinion that the badness which comes by inheritance cannot be changed. This is equivalent to believing that there is no help for the evil in the world. Unworthy and vicious parents are continually transmitting objectionable traits to their children, who in turn will transmit them to theirs, and so on to the end of time. Shall we fold our hands, and resign ourselves to the prospect, while our educators go on ignoring the whole matter, and leaving those who might affect a change ignorant that it is in their power to do so?

When we consider how much is at stake, it really seems as if learned and wise professors could not employ their learning and wisdom to better purpose than in devising ways of enlightening the "young woman's class" upon any and every point which has a bearing on the intellectual and moral training of children.—  
*From "A Domestic Problem."*



## Literary Notices.

THROUGH PERSIA BY CARAVAN. By Arthur Arnold, Author of "From the Levant," &c. New York, Harper Bros. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal.)

This is a very interesting account of a tour through Poland, Russia, and Persia, undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, in the summer of 1875—the party arriving at the Persian Gulf in February of the next year. We would like to make very extensive extracts from this work, but our space limits us to the following, which give but a scant idea of the merits of the book :

### TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

A Russian railway carriage resembles a gypsy wagon, in having a stove-pipe issuing from the roof, and a succession of these chimneys attracts the notice of any one who is for the first time traveling in the dominions of the Tsar. Fortunately the stoves were not lighted on the mild September evening in which we set out for St. Petersburg—I say fortunately, because the Russian notion of a fire is to enjoy its warmth without ventilation. Russian climate is the coldest, Russian rooms and railway carriages the hottest, in Europe. Our train staid a few minutes at Danaburg—time enough to eat one of the excellent veal-cutlets which are always hot and ready for travellers. But at day-break, when we took coffee at Luga, in the raw and foggy morning, the guard needed the warm gloves in which he took the tickets. One notices, as a sign of the severity of the climate, how kindly people take to gloves whose equals in England would be unable to do their work with their hands so covered. White sand, grey sand, the face of the country is covered with sand in the North of Russia; flat sand, hidden for the most part with scanty crops, and with wide forest patches of fir, the sombre hues of which are occasionally varied with the more tender green and the silvery bark of birch-trees.

There is nothing interesting or picturesque in the approach to the Russian capital. One looks out to see the golden domes and spires, and is not disappointed. There from afar shines the gilded cupola of St. Isaac's Church, and there, like golden needles, glitter the spires of the Admiralty, and of the old cathedral, in which all

the greatest of the House of Romanoff lay buried. Soon we are at the station, where the uninformed or incautious traveller, who rushes at the nearest droschky-driver to secure his carriage, will be disappointed. They manage these things otherwise in Russia. One must look out for the official on the steps of the station, whose hands are filled with numbered plates, and the only cab the traveller can engage is that of which the number is received from this person.

### OFF TO SIBERIA.

The usual quiet of this part of Nijni was broken, as we returned to the hotel, by the tramp of armed men. They were guarding a long procession of prisoners, who were making forced marches to Siberia. The soldiers slouched along, looking hardly less miserable, dusty, and travel-stained than the wretched people whom they watched with fixed bayonets and drawn swords. The prisoners marched, some four and others six abreast, between the files of soldiers. Some were chained in couples, others tramped alone, and all were apparently of the lower classes. There were three or four hundred convicts, as nearly as I could count. Very little talk was passing among them, and the soldiers, with sword or bayonet, rudely kept off any one who approached within their reach. All traffic was suspended while the long line passed. The prisoners were followed by twenty-seven wagons, loaded with the poor baggage of their families, upon which the women and children were uneasily mounted, among whom lay a few elderly or sick men. These women were the wives who were willing to accompany their condemned husbands, and to settle in Siberia at least for the term of their husbands' sentence, which in no case is less than four years. If the wives choose to go, they must take their children, and all submit to the degradation and rigors of surveillance and imprisonment. The pavements of Nijni are the worst imaginable; and as these springless vehicles (which were not really wagons, but simply four fir poles fastened at obtuse angles on wheels) jolted over the uneven boulders, the poor children were shaken high out of their wretched seat at nearly every yard of the journey. Soldiers with drawn swords walked beside these cartloads of weakness and childhood. It was very touching to see the old men and the sick painfully lift themselves whenever they passed a church, and with the sadness of eternal farewell, uncover their miserable heads and cross their breasts devoutly as they were borne along in their terrible journey to Siberia. For another

month or six weeks these wretched people, or such of them as survived, would be travelling to their dreaded settlement, which, however, I believe, is somewhat better than the Siberia with which our novelists and playwrights have made us familiar.

#### BEDS AND BEDROOMS.

"No sheets!" I hear the one English lady exclaim, as we are leaving the moorings at Kazan; and it does strike one as odd and uncomfortable, to see nothing but a bare couch provided for a five days' voyage—not a single article of bedding. *Prostenia*—i. e., bed-linen—is perhaps the Russian word which English travellers pronounce with most energy. Muscovite civilization has not yet attained to sheets; indeed, Russians are generally prepared to maintain that theirs is the better mode of sleeping. The Russians have in this, as in many other matters, the Oriental rather than the Occidental fashion. In Western Europe, it is the cleanly, wholesome custom to lay aside entirely the garments of the day. In Eastern Europe and in Asia, the opposite plan prevails; and, for the most part, people sleep in some, if not all, the clothes in which they have tilled the land or walked the street. In the house of a Persian, a man's bed is anywhere upon the carpets in any one of the rooms. There are always pillows lying about, on which to rest the arm or back by day, and the head by night. He takes his sleep by night as an Englishman does his nap after dinner, except that the Englishman is generally raised from the floor, and the Persian is not. Britons will humble themselves metaphorically to the dust, in asking a friend to "give them a bed." In Oriental lands, neither host nor guest would understand such a phrase; for every traveller, whether he be visitor or voyager, carries all that he requires for sleeping, except shelter from inclement weather; and a man's hospitality is not limited, as with us, to the confines of his "spare bed," nor is there any of that sense of indelicacy in sleeping in company with others, which is the natural consequence of the bedroom arrangements of Western Europe.

When people make their bed anywhere, and are in the habit of carrying all that they deem requisite in this way from place to place, they dispense with articles which would require frequent washing. It is otherwise when the bed becomes a fixed institution, as in England; and there can be no doubt that the more cleanly practice is that which brings as much as possible of the bedding most frequently to the wash-tub, and with regard to the person, that which suggests by most complete removal of garments of every-day life the most complete and thorough ablutions.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that Oriental peoples are the most cleanly because they observe the washings directed by the Koran. These are certainly performed, and not without good effect: but this is done in the perfunctory manner in which religious obligations are generally undertaken, and it is done while wearing clothes

which may not have been removed for weeks. The face is smeared with water before prayer and before eating, but there is no washing such as will remove the dust from eyes already menaced, as a consequence, with chronic ophthalmia; and if it were not the custom among Mohammedans to shave their heads, their matted hair would become a preserve for noxious vermin.

The worst of the Russian is that he has carried some of these customs rather too far north. He does not shave his head, nor clean it. His food of oily fish, or the most greasy preparation of meat, the demand of a cold climate, is not so cleanly as the rice saturated with meat gravy and the fruit of the Oriental. At six months after date, the clothes of the Russian are not so tolerable as those of the Oriental of the South. The climate being so much colder, the Russian sleeps in a less pure atmosphere, and indeed the air of Russian bedrooms, even of the higher class, is, in winter, often disgusting. Russians, whom English people meet in Italy during winter, are often heard to say that they have never experienced the miseries of cold until they came south of the Alps. On board the "Alexander II.," though there were yet more than three months remaining of the year, and though the weather was by no means what English people would call cold, the cabins were heated with hot-water pipes. Two Russian gentlemen complained of loss of appetite, from headache, and of sleeplessness. They were astonished when we asked how they could expect any other result after lying for hours in a small cabin, with the door and window closed, and with their pillows all but resting upon a huge pipe filled with boiling water. To their surprise, they were cured next day by changing their pillows to the opposite ends of their beds, and by leaving two inches of their window open. The day on which we left Kazan was such as in England would have been called and enjoyed as "a mild autumn day;" but being in Russia, the cabins were warmed to a stewy heat, and we noticed through the day that our cabin was the only one of which the window was open.

#### NEWSPAPERS.

The Russian Press is a sham, inasmuch as its existence leads the outside world to suppose that there is within the Empire a widely based expression of public opinion. I am not now alluding to the censorship which forbids the utterance of progressive sentiments, or the full expression of hope for a constitutional régime, but to the initial fact in the just comprehension of this important matter, that the productions of the Russian Press are not open to more than one in a hundred of the Tsar's subjects, because of their ignorance of the meaning of letters. Every reader of a newspaper in Russia, of the most loyal, and even servile, of the issues from the press, is, we may say, a marked man, because as a rule, journals can only be obtained by subscription through the post-office. Many visitors from our own country must have learned by irritating experience the truth of this statement, when they



have found their English newspapers sequestered, day after day, because they were not subscribed for in this manner. In 1870, including printing of every sort and kind, there was but one printing-press in Russia for every sixteen thousand of the population.

#### THE NEW MILITARY SYSTEM.

The new military system of Russia, which excepts neither creed nor race, which carries the youth of all, German, Polish, Mohammedan, as well as Russian, far away from home, to make all alike soldiers of the Tsar, is the severe but effectual school in which these distinctions are being most effaced. One can see this in the streets, in the comradeship of oblique-eyed Tartars with bright Armenians from the Caucasus, of golden-haired boys from Finland with native Russians from the South, all speaking, or trying to speak, the language in which they are drilled, and by the knowledge of which they can alone hope to win higher pay and improved position. In every branch of the military service there are some educational facilities and even requirements. To these the troops are led by self-interest, and in some cases by stern punishments. Every impulse in the direction of personal advantage suggests to them to make the Russian language their own, and to direct their spiritual ideas toward that truest index of national loyalty—the Russian Church. The Russian military system is probably accomplishing as great a social reformation as that which was achieved by the abolition of serfdom.

That grand measure, the main glory of the present reign, has not yet effected all the improvement of the Russian peasant and his tillage which the most sanguine of its advocates expected would immediately follow the operation of the great ukase of 1861, and the belligerent power of Russia is reduced because of the unimproving condition of agriculture. Primarily, this is due to the general ignorance and poverty of the peasantry; and, secondarily, to the land system and the onerous taxation of Russia. It was very absurd to expect that twenty-two millions of people would, at a stroke of the Tsar's pen, advance by a leap from the display of the characteristics of slavery to the exhibition of the virtues of people who have for ages sustained the ennobling cares and the responsibilities of personal freedom. It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the Russian peasantry will never be as the rural population of Germany or Switzerland, or even of less educated France, until they too are instructed, and until they, like those, are accustomed to the exercise of a substantial and duly responsible share in the government of the country. In many villages or communes of Russia, the peasant is disposed to say that the Emperor's benign policy has done him no good, inasmuch as it has resulted in giving him a harder master in the commune than he had in the proprietor. The advances which the Government has made to the peasantry for the enfranchisement of their lands, as well as the revenue resulting from taxation, are secured by making each commune equally with each indi-

vidual responsible for payment. In 1872, the State had advanced no less than eighty million pounds in respect of sixty-six million acres; and if the peasant fails to pay to the commune his due share of the interest and sinking fund upon the aggregate sum which stands against the name of the village and its local government in the books of the Empire, he is of course not unlikely to meet with severity from his fellows, who must make good any deficiency on the part of lazy or dissolute defaulters.

#### FIRE WORSHIP.

It is certainly very wonderful, upon a sandy plain, with not a tree nor a blade of grass in sight, to look upon a reservoir of liquid fuel thus drawn from this stony soil; yet to our thinking there was a spectacle much more curious, about twelve versts farther from Baku, when we came to one of the oldest altars in the world, erect and flaming with its natural burnt-offering to this day. Surakhani is an ancient seat of probably one of the most ancient forms of worship. For unnumbered ages, the gas which is generated by this subterranean store of oil, identical with that which caused the Regent's Park explosion, has escaped through long-established and inaccessible fissures in the limestone crag of which the hills in the neighborhood are composed, and the fire of this gas has lighted the prayers of generations of priests, as it blazed and flared away to the heavens.

For long, long ages, the worship of these flaming issues of petroleum gas at Surakhani has been maintained by delegations of priests from India, who have died and been buried upon the spot, to be succeeded by other devotees from the same country. It would, of course, be possible to extinguish the blaze, if one were to choke the fissures; and the people about the place say that sometimes, when the wind rises to a hurricane, the fire is actually put out. The gas, however, can then at once be relighted with a match. We saw this done, not, as of yore, with mysterious incantations, and the terrified awe of superstitious worshippers, but—to what base uses may gods come!—in order to burn lime for Baku, and to purify the oil raised from the natural reservoir in which the gas is generated. We thought that never, perhaps, had we seen a man more to be pitied than the "poor Indian," who is the successor of a long line of religiously appointed guardians of this once wholly sacred spot. There the light of this lamp of Nature's making flared on its formerly hallowed altar-place, maid of all work to half a dozen degenerate Persians, now subjects of the Christian Tsar, who thought of nothing but making lime, and of warming their messes of sour milk and unleavened bread. In another place the gas was conducted from the surface of the ground into a furnace, where it flamed beneath vats of petroleum, in the process of refining the native oil by distillation. Surely there never was such a pitiful *reductio ad absurdum*! Before us stood the priest of a very venerable religion, which has always seemed to me to be one of the most noble and natural for

a primitive people. There he stood, ready for half a ruble to perform the rites of his worn-out worship, and there also was the object of his life-long devotion set to work as economic firing. Such a rude encounter of the old and the new, of ideality and utility, of the practical and the visionary, was surely never seen elsewhere.

I suspect that, as a Yankee would say, the worship of *Le Feu Eternel* at Baku is almost played out. Of course, the enlightened Parsee worships God in the fire, and not the fire as God; his theory being, I believe, that the God of Nature cannot be truly adored unless the worshipper has his attention fixed upon one of the elements—fire, air, earth, or water. Failing fire, a Parsee may pray in open air, or beside a tree or stream. The "poor Indian" of Surakhani complains bitterly that he is robbed of everything by the Persian workmen, of whom probably not one now sees any mystery at all in these flames issuing from the earth. They are every day engaged with an inflammable material, and not a few have made perilous acquaintance with the explosive properties of the gas which is emitted from petroleum; yet but few accidents seem to occur.

#### MOHAMMEDANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

An English school leans to Islam because it is monotheistic; they touch gently on its faults for the sake of its assertion of the unity of God. Perhaps we should have fewer exhibitions of this sort if it were generally known that, while denying the Godhead of Christ, the Koran accepts his miraculous conception and birth; and, denying that he was crucified, holds to his miracles, and declares that those miracles were an exhibition of divine powers. We must recognize the fact that to write upon the history and influence of religions, one upon another, in a way to be of permanent value, something more is requisite than is displayed by any of the apologists of Mohammedanism whom we have met with. When one of these writes of an "elastic" Bible, and of "stretching" the Koran, toward what line is it that these sacred books are to be strained? Religion, it seems, is to be made to fit in with civilization.

If we want to understand whether there is anything in Islam opposed to this union with civilization, we must know what we mean by one and by the other. We have now seen something of the doctrines of Islam. What, then, is civilization? If it were merely buying iron-clads, laying down telegraph-wires; borrowing money upon worthless paper, building with glass and iron, or arming men with breech-loaders, I should say, "Islam has done all these things." But I take civilization to be, in its briefest meaning, the extension of civil rights—the co-existence of the supremacy of law with the liberty of individuals to develop and employ their faculties for their own utmost happiness and advantage.

The sum of success in this endeavor is ever increasing. We know more truly than we can know any other thing that

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs;"

and we have in this fact, in the increasing individuality of mankind, in what we call progress or civilization, a test by which to judge the doctrines of religion, whether they be transient or eternal. Of the facts which the history of the world has furnished, no one is more patent than the fact and the method of human progress, in which many religions have been, and will be, submerged. Mankind is outgrowing, or has outgrown, the practices of slavery and polygamy which are sanctioned by the Koran, and which did not seem hateful in the days of Christ. The experiences of life lead to the laws of life, which are necessarily more and more concerned with the rights of individuals. Of the Book of Mohammed, nothing is left, in the light of the present civilization, but the idea of God, supreme, omnipotent, impersonal. It is not so with the words of Christ. His standard—that of the brotherhood of mankind—is the banner of the time to come, and gives the largest prospect of progress which eyes can see upon the horizon of humanity.

In Mohammedan countries, where there is no interference by civilized powers, we have seen that a convert to Christianity forfeits his property upon application to the Sheik-ul-Islam by the next of kin. In the present year, an Armenian Christian of rank postponed his visit to a royal personage on account of wet weather. I asked him what connection the humidity of the atmosphere had with his intention, and he said that non-Mussulmans were not welcome; the tradition from the times when they were forbidden to walk the streets in wet weather—in order that Islam might avoid the superior power of contamination which their garments acquired by moisture—being not yet quite forgotten. It is not true that the non-Mussulman population has a monopoly of intemperance. I have never seen people drink ardent spirits in such large quantities as some Mohammedans of station whom I have met with in travel. A Moslem prince lately asked me why I drank wine. "It does not make you drunk. I take arrack," he added. English doctors in the East are frequently summoned to cases of *delirium tremens*, but

"Offense's gilded hand doth shove by justice."

The rich Moslem drinks privately, the non-Mussulman publicly. The Moslem drinks at night, the non-Mussulman at all times. Perhaps a majority of Mohammedans would refuse to drink intoxicating liquor; though in a troop of servants I have never seen more than a respectable minority of this mind; and it is possible—indeed it is probable—that of the poor, many believe the Koran to be as inexorable as our Good Templars. The belief is common throughout Europe that the use of intoxicating liquors is forbidden in the Koran. The author of "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" falls into this error. He says that Mohammed absolutely prohibited gambling and intoxicating liquors. The Prophet did nothing of the sort in the Koran. The words of the Moslem Bible are

these: "They will ask thee concerning wine and lots (*al meiser*). Answer, In both there is great sin, and also some things of use unto men; but their sinfulness is greater than their use."\* I should suppose that even Mr. Bass would go as far as this. It is, however, the belief of pious Moslems that when Omar demanded from the Prophet direction more definite, in order that a better condition might be maintained among the then encompassed army of Islam, Mohammed did in some terms forbid gambling and the drinking of intoxicating liquors; but this prohibition was never made part of the Koran. In Mohammed's paradise we find the apotheosis of Bacchus. Youths in perpetual bloom are to attend the happy "with goblets, and beakers, and cups of flowing wine; their heads shall not ache by drinking the same, neither shall their reason be disturbed." The "black-eyed damsels" are again introduced, and the promise is given to the men in paradise, "They shall not hear vain discourse, or charge of sin, but only the salutation, 'Peace! peace!'" As to gambling, Mohammedans play cards upon the sands of the desert, as well as upon the decks of ships, and on the carpets and mats of their homes.

But I have made ill use of the present opportunity if I have induced upon the mind of the reader an impression very favorable to the Christians of Turkey and Persia. For this much I am always prepared to contend: they do possess, and their masters do not possess, a religion which admits of progressive developments and interpretations. The progress of humanity may for all time be illumined by the morals of the Gospel of Christ. It is nothing to show that Mohammedanism is more successful in proselytizing Eastern peoples than the harshly dogmatic, un-Christian "Christianity" of some dogmatic preachers. We may develop and interpret Christ's teaching as universal, for all sorts and conditions of men, and without distinction of sex. The purest doctrines of liberty entered the world by the mouth of Christ. Mohammedanism is a democracy for men—and not for all men, but only for such as are not slaves; and with these last and lowest the whole sex of women is placed. The religion of Islam is incompatible with progress, and must decline with the advance of civilization.

#### HINDOO GRIEVANCES.

One of the most prominent and notable facts in Bombay is the increase and the character of the cotton manufacture. Familiar with that industry during my four years' residence in Lancashire as assistant commissioner, in the time of the Cotton Famine, I determined to look closely into the mode of conducting the manufacture without factory laws in Bombay; and, with that view, obtained permission to inspect one of the largest and best of the factories. I saw quite enough in one hour to convict the Government of India of culpable delay in regard to a subject which seems to me to call for immediate action.

A commission was appointed in 1875 to enquire into the application of the factory laws, as enforced in England, to India; and this commission reported in July of that year, the majority being hostile to any legislation. Yet the factory to which I am about to refer is, both in regard to the hours of infant labor and to construction, better than the average of those that must have come under the commissioners' notice. If gentlemen do not think that circumstances such as these betray neglect on the part of the Executive Government, it is not likely they will be converted by the under-secretary's promise of "further enquiries in Biromah and Surat." Judging from the conduct of these commissioners, and the tenor of this reply by Lord George Hamilton to a question put to him by Mr. Anderson in the House of Commons in February of the current year, the Indian Government appears to be playing into the hands of the party interested in opposing legislation, by adopting costly methods of delay and circumlocution.

The establishment I visited had about forty thousand spindles, and, together with the loomshed employed about eight hundred people, including men, women, and children. The building was in no important respect dissimilar from the Lancashire factories, and the machinery, of Lancashire make, was of the best quality and construction. The hands were leaving the mill for their meagre midday rest of half an hour (the only rest they have in the whole of the working day), just as I was entering the counting-house. I had a very good opportunity for observing their physique. The path by which they passed me was so narrow that with my sun-umbrella I could have touched any one of them. Never have I seen such a wretched crowd of working-people—the men pale and haggard, the women and children drooping, and gray with cotton dust. The men had been working continuously from a quarter past 6 a.m. to 1 p.m., the time of my arrival; the women and children from 7 a.m. The hours of work are—for men, from a quarter past 6 a.m. to a quarter past 6 p.m.; for women and children, from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. They have only one half hour for rest and food; and as I sat waiting for their return, the thirty minutes seemed very short.

At the door by my side, when they re-entered the mill, stood the superintendent, with a stick in his hand, "just," as he said, to give a tap to them as comes late, for you must be master of em." The time was half-past one; and the little children, some of them not more than seven years old—exhausted with the previous six hours of continuous labor—were again at work in the terrible atmosphere of a Bombay factory for another three and a half hours. But this cruelty, involving, of course, the utter abandonment of education—a cruelty from which the British child is protected by law—is not the worst to which these Hindoo children are subjected. During a period of seven weeks, this factory had been closed only for three days. There is no observance of any regular day of rest; and for forty-six out of the forty-nine days

\*Sale's "Al Koran."

preceding my visit, these children had toiled from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. at their unhealthy and exhausting labor.

It is hardly necessary to state that on every floor of the mill the hands were exposed to many and great dangers from unprotected bands and wheels, and from insufficiently fenced shafting; these are the invariable features of factory labor without any official regulations. On the whole, I cannot conceive a case more clear and simple; the Hindoo children are surely entitled to the same protection which the law has so long afforded to "young persons" in the United Kingdom.

With regard to the natives of India generally, I had of course, in a short stay at Kurachee and Bombay, no opportunity of looking widely or deeply into their condition. But it appears that there is a strong disposition in the minds of leading men in the Government of India toward fair treatment, and even liberality, in official dealings with natives. There are, however, two grievances, both wide-spread, and both of the highest importance, which are heard of in every part of India, and which appear to baffle the wisest and most conscientious legislators.

"True," says the native subject of the Empress of India, "you have given us good government. You are mercilessly punctual and exacting in your demands, and the unflinching regularity and uniformity of these charges are, some say, almost perhaps as painful as would be the varying leniency and rapacity of native rulers. But, under your rule, that which we have, we possess in safety; where we lose is in the fact that the expenditure of Government and of the governing body is not made in India, but in England." The complaint is, indeed, very much the same as that which comes with great force from Ireland. The crown of Great Britain, like a great absentee landlord, collects a vast rent-roll in India, which is expended in the savings of civil and military servants transmitted and retained in England—in their clothing, and in the many articles of food and luxury which are purchased in England. Even the trappings of state pageantry bear the mark of London. "In all this," say the natives, "we lose greatly. If we had native rulers, they not would be so invariably just, nor would peace and order be so secure; they perhaps would lavish money in fighting, and squander other sums in semi-barbaric display. But all their outlay would be with us, and among ourselves." It cannot be denied that there is very much which is, to say the least, plausible in this line of argument.

For the other grievance the means of remedy or alleviation are less difficult. This relates to the land, and to the property of the cultivators. They borrow small sums at high rates of interest; they are ignorant; they are sometimes unfortunate; their simple agriculture is peculiarly at the mercy of the seasons. Principal and interest are added and re-added; the money-lenders are perhaps dishonest, and obtain acknowledgment of a document the real nature of the contents of which is unknown to the poor ignorant peasant. At last the debt, or alleged

debt, with its quickly mounting interest, has become big enough to bear comparison with the value of the unhappy rayah's interest in the land, upon which the toil of his whole life has been bestowed. Then he is hurried by the money-lender before the English magistrate; the debt, or alleged debt, is proved. By what process this proof is accomplished the peasant is often profoundly ignorant. No account is taken of the circumstances; the inexorable logic of written evidence—the verdict of the British rule—is all against him; judgment is given, and in the end his little property is sold to the money-lender, who has from first to last made a very successful transaction. Meanwhile the peasant, with a heart full of bitterness, has gone to ruin, bearing with him, in his destitution, a miserable sense that he has been jostled out of his homestead with the sanction of an English judge.

The Englishman urges that, under native rule, things would be much the same. Men must pay their debts. "No," says the native, "it would not be so under native rule. Native justice is wilder, less terribly regular, less legal, but probably more equitable. The rayah, under native rule, would have a better chance against the money-lender." And in this conclusion the native objector is, no doubt, to some extent justified. Here, then, is one of the most difficult of legislative problems for the consideration of Indian legislators. Would it be judicious—we cannot deny that it is possible—to give tenure which should be free from responsibility for debt—to give the cultivator something which the money-lender could not claim? Every man would like to be, if even to some extent only, invulnerable, so that in which ever direction "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" might fly, these could not wound him irreparably. Every one would like to have security against being stripped naked by creditors, and turned, helpless and shivering upon the desert of utter and extreme poverty. Would not the end be, that the borrowing would continue with heightened rates of interest, and the rayah, under this coveted protection, would fall into poverty more extended and miserable than even he has yet known?

#### MOHAMMEDANISM IN EGYPT.

In Egypt, we see Mohammedanism through a veneer of Parisian civilization. The Khedive, a Mussulman in *gants de Paris*, is in fact the *entrepreneur* of the country, concerning which his highness deals with the financiers of Europe. His personality as a ruler never appears to rise out of the business of entertaining, concessionizing, and loan-mongering, in which, to the outside world, his highness seems always to be engaged. Mr. Cave had just left Egypt when we arrived in the country; and during our railway journey between the two capitals, Cairo and Alexandria, an incident occurred, which I give for what it is worth, but which seemed to me to be very truly illustrative of the Government of Egypt. Certainly it displayed what Egyptians think practicable and probable in the way of

government by ministers of the Khedive. A well-known banker of Alexandria, a European, was travelling in the same carriage with us, and on the way we had some conversation. At an unimportant station he was greeted by two men of the country, cultivators or corn-dealers of a superior class, Mohammedans, who at once engaged with him in earnest talk. On resuming the journey, I asked my fellow-traveller what had been the subject of discussion, so full, judging from the manner of those engaged, of interest and amusement.

"Oh!" he replied, "they were talking to me about Mr. Cave's report. They say that in anticipation of Mr. Cave's enquiry, the Khedive ordered the collection of a year and a half's taxes in one sum, and in advance, and that the amount was then set down as one year's payment, in order to deceive the British financier. And the worst of it is," he added, "the wretched fellahin expect that the tax-gatherers will come round all the same, and treat the payment, which was said to be for a year and a half, as an extraordinary affair—a sort of backshish for the Khedive."

In passing through Egypt, I looked with all the care I could command to find traces of that intelligent government which has been so often attributed in England to the Khedive. I compared what I observed with all that I have seen in Turkey and Persia; and though in this comparison there was a marked difference, with much advantage on the side of Egypt, I saw everywhere, in native hideousness, in the rural districts and in the towns, beneath the sham civilization of modern Egypt, the horrid features of slavery and its twin, polygamy, with the universal degradation which follows in the train of these institutions of Mohammedanism. The people of Egypt are far less civilized, less intelligent, incomparably more ignorant and cruel, than the most wretched of the Christian subjects

of the Porte; and Egypt differs notably from European Turkey in the fact that the overwhelming majority of the people are Musselmén. There are many in England who, in the devotion of their lives and language to horses, seem as much disposed to serve as to rule the four-footed animal; and that a horse can show itself superior to men is officially demonstrated at least once a year in Cairo, when the mounted Sheik-ul-Islam rides over the prostrate bodies of fanatics, or, as some say, of hirelings. The unwilling quadruped, shoved forward by the hands of modern Egyptians, its brute nature revolting from a cruelty to men, while they, the bipeds, affect to regard the animal as the instrument of a miracle, is a spectacle the human degradation of which is perhaps deepened by the presence of cultivated Europeans as interested spectators. My impression is, that a good many English *en voyage* (and the French and Germans are very often no better) are attracted, rather than repelled, by disgusting exhibitions; and that if only a spurious halo of propriety were thrown over the scene by the name of religion, they would throng to observe circumcision, or human sacrifice, or even the culinary operations of cannibals. Yet as to the last I am perhaps wrong, for in that there would be an element of personal danger. It is then they shrink—it is then they show a surprising keenness of apprehension. "See how they run" when cholera has invaded their hotel, or the waves their steamboat. But they will stand, in seeming approval, while the people of the foreign country in which they are sojourners degrade and deface humanity; they will smile at the performance of horrid cruelties of which the law would take cognizance at home; they will flock to witness the performance of exercises associated with gross, and to them patent, superstitions; they will do all this, without a sign of disgust or disapproval.



## LITERARY NOTES.

THE BAMPTON LECTURES for 1876 are nearly ready for publication. Their title is "The Witness of the Psalms to Christ and Christianity," and the lecturer was Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry.

PREPARATIONS are being made in England to celebrate in a becoming manner the four hundredth anniversary of the printing of the first book in England. It has been shown that the "Booke of ye Chesse," which is dated 1474, was printed in Belgium, when Caxton learned his trade. The first book he printed in England was the "Dietes and Sayings of the Philosophers," in 1477.

THE library of the late celebrated Professor Tischendorf has been purchased by the Free Church College, of Glasgow.

ANOTHER supplementary volume—vol. 8—of Watts' Dictionary of Chemistry will be published this year, bringing up the work to December, 1876.

THE Orientalists have not calmed down even yet after their lively squabble over the Queen's new title—Kaiser-i-Hind, or Empress of India. The title is taken directly from the Persian, which is the Court language of the East, and signifies, as the word Kaiser did when in common use in England, a King paramount, or King of kings. It has the same force in Germany now.

HERR JOACHIM has been made an honorary Mus. Doc. of Cambridge. Sir John Goss and Wm. Arthur Sullivan received their degrees last year. The examination for this degree is very severe at Cambridge. Mus. Docs. and Mus. Bacs. can only be made at Oxford, Cambridge, Durham and Dublin. Besides these universities, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone has the right of bestowing musical degrees. None of the Scotch or Continental universities have musical faculties.

WE have had all kinds of theories regarding the formation of petroleum. Prof. Mendelegiff propounds a new one. He finds that, in Pennsylvania, petroleum occurs in Silurian and Devonian rocks. He then jumps to the conclusion that there was not sufficient organic life at that

period to account for the formation of the hydrocarbon. He then assumes (upon Laplace's hypothesis of the formation of the earth) the existence of great masses of iron and of inorganic carbon in the interior of the earth. Water from the exterior crust, penetrating to the molten metal, would be decomposed. The oxygen, he supposes, went to the iron, which is natural enough, and the hydrogen to the carbon, which is not natural; but then the Professor supposes great pressure and heat. It is hard to say what anything would do if one could suppose heat and pressure enough. But after all, if one has to suppose the metallic iron, and the inorganic carbon and the heat and pressure, the supposing a few more things will not be of much consequence.

DR. BASTIEN, the great advocate of "spontaneous generation," has again failed. Pasteur and Joubert have gone over his experiments, and have come to conclusions contrary to his. Bastien had boldly asserted that spontaneous generation had occurred in a certain fluid from which air germs had been excluded. Pasteur asked for an investigation, which resulted as above stated.

THE recently established Chair of Celtic Languages at Oxford has been filled by the appointment of Mr. John Rhys, formerly Fellow of Merton, and late Inspector of Schools in Wales. He is an enthusiastic scholar of the Celtic tongues, and his appointment gives great satisfaction. The Celtic tongues are fast dying out, and yet their importance, as a leading group in the family of Aryan languages, cannot be overestimated from a philological point of view.

THE first edition of the cheap re-issue of Sale's Koran was taken up on the day of publication. The English people are evidently anxious to acquire information upon Eastern questions; they have set out to study the Koran, and they will find a good deal in it which will do them good if they lay it to heart. Perhaps it may check the trade in cheap "Brummage" idols.

FRANCIS PARKMAN'S new work, "Count Frontenac, and the American Wars of Louis XIV." is in press, but will not be published until the fall.

DR. SMITH has issued the first volume of another of his invaluable dictionaries—the “Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects and Doctrines, from the time of the Apostles to the age of Charlemagne.” It is to be completed in 3 vols. Such eminent writers as Lightfoot, Westcott, Swainson, Stubbs and Salmon, are contributors.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON has nearly ready a very important new book, “The Origin of the World according to Revelation and Science.” It covers the same ground as “Archaia,” published by him in 1860, but is essentially a new work. It has come (we know not how) to pass that there is a widespread belief in a hopeless antagonism between Revelation and Science. That certain traditional assumptions concerning the Bible have had to give way is undoubted, but that there is any such antagonism between what the Bible itself teaches and the facts of science, the learned Principal doubts—and with much reason. Science has not exploded the Bible, but it has exploded a number of theological notions about it.

DR. NICHOLSON, formerly of the University of Toronto, and now of St. Andrew's, has just published a work on paleontology for general readers, entitled “The Ancient Life History of the Earth.”

MR. RUSKIN is working upon a new edition of the “Stones of Venice,” which is now out of print, and very scarce. The new edition will be so much altered that it will scarcely affect the price of the former one.

“LESSONS IN MASSACRE” is the title of Mr. Gladstone's new pamphlet. It is based upon papers presented to Parliament, and must have an unassailable foundation in fact. It is an evidence of rare moral courage that Mr. Gladstone has dared to disturb the ingrained superstitions of the English people regarding Constantinople and the Turks.

THE NEW edition of Shakespeare, which is to appear under the patronage of Prince Leopold, will be in one volume—small 4to. It will contain an introduction by Dr. Furnivall, Director of the new Shakespeare Society, and the text is to be that of Prof. Delius, of Bonn. This edition will include “The Two Noble Kinsmen,” and “Edward III.”

CAPTAIN LAWSON, who published a Munchausen-like volume of “Travels in New Guinea,” has extended his field to Burmah. The *British*

*Resident*, in Burmah, has been exposing his fictions. It is very difficult for travellers, even when not commercial, to distinguish between subjective and objective truth.

COL. G. T. DENISON, of Toronto, is about to publish in London a History of Cavalry. It has been prepared to compete for a prize of £600 offered by the Russian Government. All the other competitors are Russians or Germans. We hope Col. Denison's pluck and diligence will be successful.

Mrs. FAWCETT, wife of the member of Parliament, is writing a pamphlet to be called “The Martyrs of Turkish Misrule.” It was a blessed thing for civilization when the Turks stopped paying interest on their bonds. Turkish misrule might otherwise have gone on to eternity under British protection.

MR. GLADSTONE is writing an introduction to a new edition of Miss Irby's work on the European Provinces of Turkey.

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD BELCHER, the Arctic voyager, is dead. He had charge of the last expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, in 1852. He was obliged to abandon his ships after two winters spent in the Arctic regions, but he brought the crews home in safety.

GENERAL DI CESNOLA's book on Cyprus will soon be published by Murray. It gives a detailed account of his ten years' research among the antiquities of that island. His collection has been purchased by some gentlemen in the United States.

MR. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE will soon publish a Life of Pius IX. His object seems to be to portray the Pope in his private rather than in his public character. As the Pope must in all human probability soon depart this life, it would seem premature to publish his biography.

THE next Arctic Expedition will no doubt be by way of Spitzbergen. Much attention is now being given to the navigation of the Arctic Sea on the North of Asia. Capt. Wiggins has just published in the *Geographical Magazine* an account of his voyage in the Siberian Sea and up the Yenesei River.

DR. PUSEY has written a letter to Dr. Liddon upon the clause *filioque* in the Nicene creed, *propos* of the recent attempt at Bonn to unite the Eastern and Anglican Churches. He is not disposed to concede the point of its interpolation. He considers it an “inadvertency” in

translation, which he somewhat inconsistently argues arose out of the spontaneous working of the Catholic mind of the West, which evidently concluded that if the clause was not in the Creed it should have been, and therefore inserted it. The distinction is a nice one, and we fear there are many minds which will not be "Catholic" enough to apprehend it.

THE first edition of the "Prince of Wales' Tour in India," by Dr. Russell, was exhausted on the first day of issue. It is a very beautiful book, and has cost the publishers much more than they had calculated on, so the second edition will be largely advanced in price.

OUR readers will learn with pleasure that the Eastern Question is to be settled by revelation. Mr. Edward Maitland has been the favored seer, and has embodied in a volume entitled, "England and Islam," the true solution as revealed to him by a spirit of a very superior order. This work, he says, is destined to be one of the world's Bibles. As the same work affords information upon a large variety of other subjects even more important, it will be very

convenient for anybody who may want to know anything.

THE NEW MAGAZINE, *The Nineteenth Century*, has appeared, and the first number contains the most brilliant array of writers we ever remember to have seen as contributors to one magazine. The second number is announced. Cardinal Manning continues his "True History of the Vatican Council." Dr. Carpenter contributes a paper on Crooke's Radiometer, and Sir James Fitzjames Stephen criticises Mr. Gladstone's paper on the "Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," which appeared in the first number. A new feature appears in this number—the "Symposium," where Sir James Stephen, Lord Selborne, Dr. Martineau, Mr. Frederick Harrison, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Duke of Argyle, and Prof. Clifford, have a discussion upon "The Influence of a Decline in Religious Belief upon Morality."

FOURTEEN THOUSAND copies of the first number of *The Nineteenth Century* have been sold—a very large number, considering the high price of the magazine.





# Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

## GAME NO 3.

Game played in the last telegraphic match between Montreal and Quebec. It will be remembered that this match took place two years ago, and consisted of four players on both sides, each playing three games. Result was boards A. B. C. D. Montreal won two games and lost one game each. Montreal players were, Howe, Hicks, Ascher, Von Bokum, against Quebecers—Sanderson, Champion, Andrews, Holt.

### BOARD C.

King's Knights opening.

WHITE.  
*Andrews.*

BLACK.  
*Ascher.*

- |                    |                      |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4.     | 1. P. to K. 4.       |
| 2. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3.   |
| 3. B. to K. B. 4.  | 3. P. to K. R. 3 (a) |

(a.) This is not an unusual defence, and somewhat parries any premeditated Evans.

- |                |                    |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 4. P. to Q. 4. | 4. P. takes P. (b) |
|----------------|--------------------|

(b.) Now the position has resolved itself into a phase of the Scotch gambit—

- |                    |                          |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 5. Castles.        | 5. B. to Q. B. 4.        |
| 6. P. to Q. B. 3.  | 6. P. to Q. 6.           |
| 7. P. to Q. Kt. 4. | 7. B. to Kt. 3.          |
| 8. P. to Q. R. 4.  | 8. P. to Q. R. 3.        |
| 9. Q. takes P.     | 9. Kt. to K. 2.          |
| 10. B. to Q. R. 3. | 10. Kt. to K. Kt. 3. (c) |

(c.) This K. Kt. is well established for future business.

11. K. B. to Kt. 3 (d)

(d.) White loses a great deal of valuable time in fussing about on his Queen's side.

- |                     |                         |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 12. Q. Kt. to Q. 2. | 11. P. to Q. 3.         |
| 13. Q. to B. 2.     | 12. K. Kt. to B. 5.     |
| 14. Q. R. to Q. sq. | 13. Q. to B. 3.         |
| 15. K. Kt. to R. 4. | 14. Q. to Kt. 3.        |
| 16. P. to K. Kt. 3. | 15. Q. to Kt. 5.        |
|                     | 16. P. to K. Kt. 4. (e) |

(e.) Black's game is now immeasurably superior to his opponents, and all owing to loss of time incurred by White in marshalling his Queen's pieces, when he should have looked to the security of his King.

WHITE.

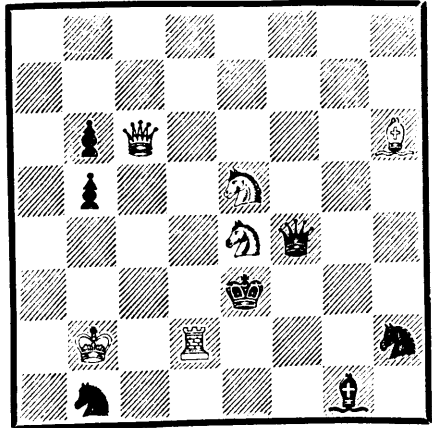
BLACK.

- |                        |                       |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 17. K. Kt. to B. 3.    | 17. P. to K. R. 4.    |
| 18. P. to Q. B. 4.     | 18. P. to K. R. 5.    |
| 19. P. to Q. B. 5. (f) | 19. K. R. P. takes P. |
- (f.) Quite useless. Black's attack is now irresistible.
- |                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 20. K. B. P. takes P. | 20. R. takes R. P. (g) |
| 21. Resigns.          |                        |
- (g.) This move was evidently quite unexpected by White.

### PROBLEM No. 6.

By C. Collender.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 5.

- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. B. to B. 8.       | 1. K. to B. 6. (a) |
| 2. Q. to K. 3. (ch.) | 2. K. moves.       |
| 3. Q. mates.         |                    |
- (a)
- |                    |
|--------------------|
| 1. K. takes P. (b) |
| 2. K. moves.       |
- (b)
- |                       |                |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| 2. Q. to Kt. 5. (ch.) | 1. K. to Q. 4. |
| 3. Q. mates.          | 2. K. to B. 3. |
- |                |
|----------------|
| 2. Q. to B. 4. |
| 3. Q. mates.   |



## FASHIONS FOR THE KITCHEN.

**COOK.**—"Lor', JANE, I WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH THEM 'TRAINS' EVERY DAY! I ONLY WEARS MINE ON SUNDAYS!"

**JANE.**—"THAT MAY DO FOR *YOU*, COOK; BUT FOR MY PART I LIKES TO BE A LADY WEEK-DAYS AS *WELL* AS SUNDAYS!"—*Punch.*