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# GRAND ROUNDS.

EDITED BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

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# GRAND ROUNDS.

“The Devil’s Own.”

ADDRESS BY THE EDITOR.

A few years ago, I spent much time with the men of a fine, dashing regiment, who had adopted, as the *soubriquet* of their splendid corps, the words at the head of this page.

Now I am not going to say by what number or title this regiment is known in the “Army List,” for I should be very sorry to be the means of attaching publicly to the dear old —th, the terrible appellation which some of its own members had adopted; and before going into the special subject in hand, I must say a word or two concerning my personal experience of the brave and warm-hearted boys, whose remembrance I still cherish with all the affectionate friendship which their unvarying courtesy towards me was calculated to produce in my feelings for them. — Before becoming acquainted with them, I had heard them spoken of by persons *who did not know them*, as “the rough —th.” But as I was well aware that “Rumor, with her tongue and tongues,” does not always use *all* the truth and in telling the truth about our soldiers, I was in no way dismayed at the prospect of visiting this notable regiment.

I found them to be just what I expected,—grand, kindly fellows, to whom a lady is a sacred thing. My first visits were so well received, that I

sought and obtained permission from the Commanding Officer to organize a regimental Temperance Society, and from that time, as long as I remained within reach of them, we had a meeting in the recreation-room of their barracks every Tue-day evening. Many of their names are in my private pledge-book, and most certainly, notwithstanding what they called themselves, I never had the slightest reason to consider them as sinners above all the Galileans.”

As I willingly agreed to attend their Temperance-meeting at any hour they thought most suitable, they decided on assembling immediately after tattoo; the temperance men very wisely reasoning that, as the Colonel allowed all who wished full liberty to be present, many a careless comrade who would not sacrifice his earlier hours for such an object, and who thought nothing of religion or temperance, yet might gladly come to the well lighted recreation-room, after lights were out in the barrack-rooms, and when he was not entitled to pass for the town.

These anticipations were fully realized; for, in addition to the numerous steady members of the Society, we obtained the presence of many who began by coming solely “to pass an hour,” but who ended by joining us entirely.

The cream of the regiment were usually found among my audience on

those happy Tuesday evenings; and besides these, there came trooping in pretty well all the defaulters and "wild ones" of the corps. But once in that room, no fault could be found with the conduct of a single one. Quiet attention while I spoke, respectful greetings afterwards, were given by all; and my thoughts often travel back to the hearty hand-grasps, cordial welcomes, and chivalrous protection accorded me by my dear old friends of that particular regiment.

And now to speak of that fearful name, whose lurid shadow they had drawn over them. I am not quite sure as to the cause of their adopting it.

More than one story was told of their reckless bravery against our country's foes as being the special occasion of the dread appellation. But the account which I remember most distinctly was, that once, on the field of battle, when the fortune of the day appeared doubtful, an officer of the —th, exclaimed to his men:

"Forward, boys! and at them like the devil's own."

The soldiers responded to the call, without a moment's hesitation, and added another to the many magnificent charges for which their regiment was celebrated.

Their furious dash at the enemy decided the battle for their flag, and from that day they accepted the words of their officer, that officer so true and brave for England, but alas, so careless of the honor of his Eternal Sovereign!

Now what has made me write on this subject is, that much in it contains a lesson for all of us, which ought to humble every one of us before God.

Truth will out; and although we often try to persuade our neighbors and ourselves that we are "good Christians," or, "no worse than others," yet in some way the fact is sure to come to light, often even by our own confession, expressed or tacit, that we are by nature what God says we are,—lost and utterly ruined sinners.

Probably the most reckless and

irreligious of those who took pride in calling themselves the Devil's Own, would have felt deeply insulted, had any one solemnly told them personally, in the words which our Saviour addressed to the Pharisees:

"Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do."

And yet they gloried in saying that very thing themselves in other words and in a different manner.

One of the most deadly errors taught and believed, in the present age, is the denial of the natural depravity of the human heart. Now Holy Scripture repeatedly and emphatically teaches us that the heart of man is utterly unclean, and that its natural tendency is to evil. People pride themselves on being too refined for their own part, and too charitable towards their neighbors, to believe in the universal corruption of the human race.

What error can be more fatal? For even as no man will seek the assistance of a physician for his body, until he feels conscious of illness, just so no sinner can seek the healing of the Great Physician of souls, Jesus Christ, until he becomes conscious of his state and acknowledges his need of an aid far beyond the "recuperative energies" of his own spoiled nature.

Can anything be plainer than God's own words respecting our native sinfulness?—

"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help." Hosea xiii. 9.

"From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head there is no soundness in it. Is. i. 6.

"But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as an leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." Is. lxiv. 6.

"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Jer. xvii. 9.

"There is none that doeth good."  
"They are all gone aside; they are

altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no not one." Ps. xiii. 1, 3.

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. iii. 23.

"Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Rom. v. 12.

Thus we see that what a few daring lads irreverently called themselves, we all are by our natural condition:—

#### "THE DEVIL'S OWN."

If that were all; if I could tell you nothing better than this, dear readers; if there were no remedy for the disease, no release from the bondage, I would not have written so far; or if the matter were but one of slight importance, I would not have troubled you with it at all. But it is of *vital* importance. Is slavery a condition with which to be satisfied? Is disgrace a thing in which to rejoice? Surely, not; "the captive exile hasteth to be loosed"!

Will you, brave men who pride yourselves on your truth and honor, *can* you acknowledge such an owner as "the father of lies", the greatest sneak who has a name? For although he has helped many to misery, did he ever yet help one to joy? Does not the devil suggest that indulgence in sin will bring you all sorts of delight? *Does* it?

Gentlemen, who drink deeply of the sparkling wine late into the gay hours of nightly revelry, does your owner pay you well for your service?

Merchants, to whom your owner has oft-n promised wealth, what has he given you when you have taken his way to get it? A tarnished name, a ruined business, a broken heart for your wife, disgrace for your children, the drunkard's refuge for you.

Dear soldier and sailor friends, you who are the nearest to me in earthly interest and friendship, out of my deep anxiety and love for your souls, let me remind some of you that the Devil has sometimes pushed you as prisoners into

cells or guardroom, but he never got you honorably out of either.

And what will be the future sum-total of your owner's gifts to you? "The worm that never dieth, and the fire that never can be quenched!"

But there is yet another OWNER who seeks your allegiance. We do truly belong to the Devil; God tells us so when He calls us "*lawful captives*." See Is. xlix. 24. And therefore the Lord had to pay a price for us before we could be delivered; and that price was the precious blood of His dear Son, Jesus Christ. Paul says to those of the Corinthians, who, through grace, had changed owners:

"For ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price, wherefore glorify God in your body and in your spirits, which are God's." 1. Cor. vi. 20, and vii. 23.

Those who claim to be their own, to be naturally good, must surely be included among those of whom Peter says that "they denied the Lord who bought them." 2 Peter ii. 1.

So you see, in any case, we do not belong to ourselves. We have sold ourselves under sin, and are therefore in our original state,

#### "The Devil's Own."

But the Saviour has laid down the redemption-price, that whosoever will, may come; that the weary and heavy-laden in Satan's service may be rescued, as "prey taken from the mighty"; and that by accepting that precious ransom of His blood, we may change owners.

Pray then, dear readers, for the influence of God's Holy Spirit, that you may be made "willing in the day of His power," and that thus "your covenant with death may be disannulled, and your agreement with hell may not stand," so that, ceasing to be

#### "The Devil's Own,"

you may, by God's mercy, re-enlist into that glorious spiritual regime which wears Christ's uniform of life living, and which is, for time and for eternity.

#### "THE KING'S OWN"

## Our Serial Story.

### The Mocking-Bird.

By MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

"I'm dreaming now of Ally.  
While the mocking-bird is singing on the tree;  
But she sleeps in the valley,  
While the mocking-bird is singing on the tree."

The day had been cold and gusty. The wind cut round the street corners with incisive keenness, and the clouds were massed in black-grey piles, which completely curtained off out of sight the blue of the sky. An English steamer had, an hour earlier, discharged her passengers at the landing place; and now, in a comfortable American hotel, a numerous company were assembled. As the guests gathered around the supper-table at six o'clock, (for the hotel was not a fashionable one, and the hours were early,) an observer might have been much interested in noticing the various characters thus brought, for a while, into connection with each other. There was a young French couple, evidently but recently married; the girl's shy blushes witnessing to her late emancipation from the state of conventual seclusion in which the daughters of France are kept, previous to their marriage, which, to them, is synonymous with their liberty. With the grace of her people, she bore her unaccustomed matronly honors; and although unable to speak a word of English, managed to get through the meal with a *nonchalance* and quiet *savoir faire* in vain emulated by several of the other guests.

Next to the young French couple, sat the two most distinguished-looking persons in the company,—a venerable man, with snowy beard and moustache, stately of port, yet with a high-bred willingness of manner, which exists only where good birth and gentle training are united to a noble heart. He might have been an officer in some army which had fought for threatened homes

or endangered liberties. You could fancy that firm hand grasping the sword on behalf of the oppressed; and imagine that low, manly voice raised to thunder forth the trumpet-call to, "Charge!" on some dastardly foe.

By his side, sat a slight young girl, in the first bloom of womanhood; like him in feature and air, but softened into a model of the most feminine delicacy and grace. The relationship between them was evidently very close. There were the same large, liquid grey eyes, darkening to almost black, or flashing fiery red, as the emotions changed; there was the same broad, intellectual brow, the same firm, resolute lips, contradicting, almost, the sweet tenderness of the eyes, with their soft shadows of long, dark lashes.

The two travellers held no communications with the other guests, beyond the mere courtesies of the table, until the young lady was roused to interest by hearing the French couple consulting together as to the possibility of making the landlord understand that they wished accommodation for the night. She turned then to the old gentleman by her side, and inquired:

"Grandpapa, shall I volunteer my services as interpreter? Here is a case of distress for want of the power to speak English."

"Yes, Margaret, do so by all means," was the reply; and the next moment, Margaret's voice was sounding its music in the native language of the strangers. They appeared to belong to the better class of French mechanics, and were profuse in their expressions of gratitude for the lady's assistance in making the landlord acquainted with their wishes. Her voluntarily assumed duties as interpreter accomplished, Margaret withdrew with her grandfather to the ladies' parlor, where, for some time, they remained alone.

"O! I am so weary, grandpapa!" exclaimed Margaret, laying her head on the old gentleman's shoulder; "so weary, and so glad once more to be on *terra firma*, I think I shall like Ameri

ca, though ; only I want to get away from the cities, out into those beautiful, Western forests, of which I have read so much. I want to see America in the wild glory of her native beauty, untouched by the hand of man !”

“ You shall see the West, my darling, replied her grandfather ; “ but, for the present, you know, we *must* remain in the cities. I have to win a living for you, my Pearl ; and we can do it better here, than in the lonely, beautiful West.”

“ But you won't do it all by yourself, grandpapa,” exclaimed Margaret, with a proud movement of her queenly head. “ I can help you ! I will be more a help than a burden to you.”

“ My Pearl, you are that already ! But for you, I should have no object in this world to claim my love or interest. My children are gone ! Your father, my last, my dearest, slain for the cause for which I, too, was ready to give up my life ! My fortune gone, lost irretrievably ; and the country for which I fought, poor, bleeding Denmark, prostrate at the feet of a relentless foe. You are all that is left me, Margaret, my priceless treasure ; and I thank God that you live to cheer my age ; and my heart's constant prayer is, that my strength may be spared to me, until I can place you beyond fear of want.”

“ I shall never want, dear grandpapa,” murmured Margaret ; “ don't you remember ; ‘ *There is no want to them that fear Him* ! ‘ *They that fear the Lord, shall not want any good thing* ! ‘ And if the cause for which you fought, has failed, I am only the more proud to know that I am a soldier's daughter, — that my father died for the liberty of an oppressed country ; and that you, my own dear grandpapa, still love the ruined cause. I feel more pride in being the grand-daughter of General Winton, the Danish partisan, than I could feel in being related to an Emperor” !

“ Not an American idea—that of the Emperor” ! remarked General Winton,

smiling. “ But I am tired, love ; there is the piano open ;—play to me,—not the elaborate harmonies of the grand old masters, but some of the simple home-melodies we used to have in England.”

Margaret rose immediately, and went to the piano. The long sea-voyage had exhausted her, and at first she touched the keys languidly ; but as one after another, she played over the sweet, simple strains, which in England and America, are heard alike in the mansion and in the cottage, in the concert-room and in the cold street, her touch gradually grew firmer, as fatigue was forgotten, and time passed unheeded ; all around was unnoticed, while her soul poured itself out in the music. Her fingers glided from one melody to another ; then, softly, and dreamily, the notes of the beautiful “ Mocking-Bird ” song trembled on the air.

Scarcely had she played a few bars of the plaintive music, when, close at her side, the tones of an exquisitely modulated violin glided into harmony with the piano. So perfectly did the instruments accord, and so skilful was the master-hand which drew the soul of harmony from the Cremona, that Margaret, instead of being startled, scarcely even turned to notice the accompanist, but felt, as she played on, that from the higher regions of the music-world, some kindred spirit spoke through the chords to hers.

Softly, plaintively, now in tones of lonely despair, now in sobs of meeker submission, the piano moaned forth the lover's wail over the grave of his lost Ally ; while the violin, taking up the echo, thrilled tremblingly the answering quiver of the mocking-bird. Again and again was the strain repeated by the two spell-bound musicians, strangers to each other, yet linked together in the most refined communion by the electric chains of their own music. Deeper, more tenderly, more absently, came the magic wail of the piano ; while ever, more softly,

more perfect echo of piercing sweetness, trilled out, in wild trembling, the answer of the mocking-bird. At length, the waves of stirred feeling rose too high. Margaret suddenly stopped. The mocking-bird quivered yet a little longer, and then wailed away into silence. There was a hushed pause in the room; then, as Margaret raised her face from her hands, where she had bowed it in the sudden rush of suppressed feeling, she started to observe that the room had filled with persons attracted by the music; and standing at her side, by the piano, was a man of lofty presence, holding the violin which had thrilled her soul so deeply. Embarrassed by the unexpected throng now perceived for the first time, her face crimsoned painfully; she hesitated a moment in doubtful shyness, and glanced towards the door, as if wishing to make her escape; when, with an air of one used to courts, the stranger offered his arm with a look of reverent anxiety, and leading her from the room, remarked:

"You are tired, Madame, and need rest. I will find one of the attendants to show you to your room."

Just then, a servant approached, and Margaret's escort gave the necessary order, committing her to the care of the chamber-maid; then retired with a slight bow of distant and respectful grace, before she could recover herself sufficiently to thank him for his kind attention. She had scarcely noticed his appearance, save that on rising from the piano, she had met the grave, searching look of two dark eyes.

In her dreams that night, the notes of the mocking-bird mingled with the musical voice of the dark-eyed stranger; and those eyes haunted her as some weird vision; but with morning, she rose, determined to shake off the witchery that bound her, and to forget the unknown, whom she would, probably, never meet again; or whom she ought she should not recognize, if she did, unless he should again play

that strange, wild accompaniment to the "Mocking-Bird."

But resolutely as Margaret tried to banish all remembrance of the past evening, it was in vain. She was too genuine a musician to forget readily the charm of such an hour; and besides that, apart from the conventionalities of social life, a soul had spoken to her own, out of the mystic world-depths of music, where, untrammelled, in their native dignity, the spirits of men stand in the glory of the Divine Fount of heavenly harmony.

## CHAPTER II.

### *Glances Backwards.*

"The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast.  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

"O! fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is,  
To suffer and be strong."

—LONGFELLOW.

We must now retrograde a little in our narrative in order to explain some of the occurrences of the past chapter.

General Winton was the younger son of a proud old English family; and although, by inheriting his mother's fortune, he was placed beyond the necessity of choosing a profession, yet being one of those daring, high-spirited natures, which seem formed for the battle-field, he entered the British army at a very early age. His own adventurous gallantry and thorough efficiency, added to the powerful influence of his noble relatives, soon secured to him a position of considerable eminence. Born a soldier, with all a true soldier's tenderness of feeling towards the weak, united to the coolest bravery when engaged in conflict with the strong, and the utmost consideration for the comfort of those under his command, he quickly became the idol of his men; while in the social circle, he was sought, as much for his personal qualities, as for the advantages conferred on him by Fortune. The haughtiest families in England would have gladly secured his

alliance ; but, true to the chivalry of his noble heart, he passed by, unnoticed, the brilliant belles and rich heiresses who were coveting his favor, and laid his loving worship at the feet of a portionless girl, whose only endowments were a character of the loftiest type of pure womanly beauty, with a family descent as proud and unobscured as his own.

Five years of happiness winged away their flight ; and then the Angel of Death stayed his icy footstep at the door of the gallant husband, who was a lover still ; and he was left a widower, with three lovely boys.

As far as was possible, he made himself the constant companion of his children ; so that from their earliest years, they imbibed the influence of his feelings and opinions. Too young to realize, of themselves, the loss they had sustained in the death of their gentle mother, they yet knew and loved her, as the angel-memory which filled their father's heart ; and from hearing him continually speak to them of her, the boys grew up, scarcely motherless in their affections ; for to them, the dead mother of their infancy was no shadowy stranger, but a real, living love of the recent past.

As they advanced to manhood, the two elder sons became Christian Missionaries ; one devoting himself to the Indians of North America, the other, with his young bride, winning the martyr's crown amid the terrible scenes of the East Indian mutiny.

Edward, the youngest, entered on his father's profession, and by his side, fought many a battle, in which the loved banner of his country waved triumphantly in the face of conquered foes. He had early married one well worthy the son of such parents as his, but his wife died soon after the birth of little Margaret, or "Pearl," as she was usually called by her father and grandfather. Like his father, Edward Winton was the husband of but *one* love ; and henceforth the lives of both these brave and tender-hearted soldiers

were wrapped up in that of the baby Pearl.

Before this, the Crimean war had called them into actions which covered them with glory, and advanced them still higher in their country's honor.

Then came the Indian mutiny, with its scenes of horror ; there fell one missionary Winton, where the soldiers fought in vain to save him and thousands of other martyred victims.

At the close of the war, Edward and his father, leaving the sacred dust of their loved dead in that distant land, came home to England, where, with their darling Pearl, they enjoyed the comforts of a happy home, rich in the joy of the present, only subdued by the golden shadows of the charmed Past.

They had returned to their country glittering with many a decoration won in deadly fight, and scarred deep with wounds.

Margaret, while instructed in all feminine accomplishments by an efficient governess, a lady of the highest character and refinement, yet found her greatest luxury in the hours of study devoted to her by the two splendid minds, whose stores of intellect and experience were lavished for her improvement.

From such a training was developed a character of the rarest beauty. Inheriting the haughty bravery of her race, the natural daring of her disposition was tempered with the witching charm of womanly gentleness. As she grew old enough to understand the affairs of nations around her, she felt her young heart throb with the passionate wish that she could have stood by her father's side, even in the front of the battle ; and the surface softness of her manner, was but as a velvet scabbard, sheathing the hard, unflinching steel. Beneath the fascinating tenderness of the woman, was a power for stern duty and noble action, which would not have disgraced the proudest hero of her line.

On the outbreak of the war between



Germany and Denmark, the Wintons, actuated by that grand spirit of chivalry which ever espouses the cause of the weaker, sold their commissions in the British army, and with a self-forgetfulness, which their friends considered to be only mad quixotry, devoted life and fortune to the struggle on the Danish side.

Not a slight reason for their taking this course, might be found in the fact that during the Indian mutiny, when Howard Winton fell a victim to the murderous rage of the rebel Sepoys, a young Dane, who had, for some time, labored as his colleague in the mission-field, suffered the utmost indignities at the hands of the rebels, in the oft-repeated attempt to save his friend; and when, all his efforts proving futile, he was compelled to witness the death of Howard and the fair young bride who was sacrificed along with him, he at once contrived to escape; and, worn and bleeding, bore the tidings to General Winton, at the cost of his own life; for, exhausted by wounds and weariness, he had only just enough strength left to tell the anxious father that his sainted ones were safe from further suffering, when the life-blood rushed in torrents from his gasping lips; then, whispering the words: "Faithful unto death," his spirit passed away to join those of his martyred friends.

It was afterwards discovered that, before the marriage of Mrs. Howard Winton, the young Dane had sought her hand, and had been refused; when, with a heroism inspired by the loftiest Christian principle, he became the devoted friend of the man who was his successful rival, striving at all times to shield Howard from toil and danger, even at the greatest personal sacrifice. No more conclusive testimony could be given to the worth of any woman, than her power to secure, from reverence for herself, such a friend for her chosen husband.

Howard's father and brother ever cherished sentiments of grateful affec-

tion towards the memory of the young Dane; and his noble conduct had much to do with their devotion to his suffering country. At first they fought as volunteers in a subordinate position in the Danish army; but in a very short time, the elder Winton was offered the rank of General, while Edward became Colonel of a regiment.

On the eve of a decisive battle, the General received tidings of the death of his other son, Arthur, who was reported to have been murdered by a hostile tribe of Indians, in the Western wilds of America; and scarcely had he entered the fight, when he saw his last child, his gallant Edward, shot down by the advancing enemy.

Margaret had been doing the work of a true "Sister of Mercy" among the wounded soldiers. Young as she was, her father had yielded to her earnest entreaty to be allowed to accompany him and her grandfather to the Danish camp; and many a sick or wounded man whispered words of blessing, as the fair young English lady hovered about the hospital-tents, giving her sisterly care and attention to the brave, true wrestlers for a nation's honor.

The wounded were being carried to the rear in constant succession, and Margaret was hastening from one to another with such comforts as she could procure, when the news reached her that her father had fallen. For a moment, the sudden agony paralysed her; then, as the wounded were still being carried by, she suddenly roused herself with the passionate cry:

"I am fatherless! But *those* have loving daughters; I must save *those* for their children! My father, I will live, and if need be, *die* for others, as thou hast done!"

But a little while, and Denmark was crushed. The gallant self-devotion of Colonel Winton had only secured to him an honored grave.

After a stay of a few months in England, the old General, gathering together the wreck of his shattered

fortune, embarked with Margaret for America, followed by the prayers and blessings of many hearts which they had comforted in sorrow, and whose dangers and privations, even the delicate English girl had shared.

General Winton had, from a difference of political principles, become, to a certain degree, estranged from his English relatives; he wished also to visit America, in order to seek any possible information concerning his son Arthur, his second martyred one.

Margaret preferred poverty with the grandfather she so tenderly loved, to affluence in the society of those unable to share his feelings, or appreciate his principles of action.

Thus it came to pass that the aged soldier, and the young, frail girl, sought a new home in the land of the setting-sun; and with all the aristocratic tendencies of their noble English birth, toned down by a passionate love of liberty, innate in their own individual being, chose as their resting-place the mighty Republic of the West.

We have seen how our travellers fared during the first hours of their stay on American soil; as the story unfolds itself, we shall learn how these natives of Old England sped further under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

#### CHAPTER III.

#### *In the City.*

“Un mot sur les *Esprits* frappeurs.”

As the gong sounded the signal for breakfast, Margaret joined her grandfather in the parlor, and they went to the breakfast room together. No sign appeared of the presence of the violinist in the house; and though an unconfessed sentiment of curiosity pervaded Margaret's mind, yet some undefined feeling prevented her from questioning her grandfather; but after a short silence, he remarked suddenly:

“By the bye, Pearl, you gave me a musical treat last evening; and not to

me alone, I think. I was coming out after you when you left the room; but that very distinguished-looking violinist met me at the door, saying that you were only tired, and had gone to your own room, and that you were properly attended. I don't know who he can be; he evidently is a gentleman, and not a mere adventurer; he touched that violin, last night, with the hand of a master. I never before heard execution so perfect; he has the soul of music, and not merely an acquaintance with its technicalities as an art.”

“Is he staying in this house?” inquired Margaret, with a slight hesitation of manner.

“I really don't know,” replied General Winton; “he remained with me for an hour after you had retired; and we had a very pleasant conversation on topics of general interest; but he seemed studiously to avoid any personal reference; and at last withdrew quietly, while my attention was claimed by another gentleman. But now, my child, it is time for us to move, if we would not lose the cars.”

When Margaret reached her room, she found waiting at her door, the young Frenchwoman, who turned, on observing her approach and with the graceful volubility of her nation, began an eager statement of her present wishes.

Would Mademoiselle have the goodness to descend, for she spoke the French so well, and was so good as to understand what she, (the Frenchwoman), said; and had translated so charmingly last night, for that the landlord should know what to do.

“And now,” proceeded the little wife, “I and my husband, we have money, the English money; for we sailed from England in the same steamer as Mademoiselle; but the English money, we cannot use it here; and O! would Mademoiselle graciously descend, and pray the landlord that he will change the English money for us, and give us what it is of value in the American dollars?”

"Mademoiselle" willingly complied; and after much consultation and consideration on the part of the landlord, as to the state of the money-market, the requisite arrangements were made, and Margaret parted from her friends, who were intending to leave later in the day for Canada.

Before the door of the hotel, a porter was stowing General Winton's luggage in a rough cart, preparatory to taking it to the *depot*. As Margaret and her grandfather made their appearance on the steps, the man looked up, and remarked that "time was pretty near up, and the young hoby would have to step round pretty smart: he guessed she had just as well ride as not; there was plenty o' room for all on 'em."

"O! let me ride, grandpapa!" exclaimed Margaret. "It will be quite a new adventure to have a ride in a genuine Yankee luggage-cart!"

The good-natured Yankee, with an amused smile on his hard face, carefully helped the lady to reach the high seat in front of the wagon, where, being established, her little feet hung over the edge in close proximity to the tail of the obstinate-looking quadruped which was responsible for their safe arrival at the *depot*.

As General Winton seated himself by her side, she whispered, mischievously:

"Grandpapa, I can't reach to put my feet anywhere at all! Isn't it like the nursery story of the poor little goose that was carried off on the fox's shoulder, with its legs hanging dangling down—O!"

"Get along!" cried the driver to his animal: and they went down the quiet little street at an easy, jog-trot sort of pace, the horse requiring the frequent stimulants of sundry admonitions from its proprietor;—admonitions, wholly unintelligible to any but the parties chiefly concerned therein.

After a short journey in this interesting manner, our travellers reached the *depot*, and were soon comfortably settled in the cars for New York.

Margaret, ever disposed to extract from life all its enjoyment, was much interested in watching all that went on, and in quietly scrutinizing the countenances of her fellow-travellers, whenever she could do so unobserved. She missed, at first, the quiet privacy of the "first-class" European carriage, but felt this in a great measure compensated for, by the superior opportunities afforded by the American system, of studying human nature in all its varieties, or rather, in *many* of its varieties; for how can *all* be represented, even in the wide capacity of an American railway car? Since the phases of even one human heart are so numerous, that a prince among English novelists has put in the mouth of one of his characters the remark:

"For five thousand years, I have ransacked the mysteries of creation, but I have not yet discovered all the wonders in the heart of the simplest boor!"

Margaret was much interested in psychological studies, and spent the first hours of the journey in trying to read the characters and dispositions of the strangers around her.

One individual, especially fixed her attention for some time. He was seated by the stove at the far end of the car;—a tall, fine figure for an old man, with a very slight stoop when standing. His snowy hair was worn rather long, and his heavy white moustache and flowing beard, gave a venerable appearance to the entire person. He chatted, in a sunshiny, cheery sort of way, to whoever happened to be near him, making pleasant observations on the state of the weather to every fresh-comer who entered from the various stopping-places on the *route*. To the ladies he was particularly attentive, and Margaret noticed that no other traveller was equally ready to give up his seat in order to make room for a stranger. But after a little while she observed that he never offered his place to a lady, without first looking round to see if he could secure one equally

comfortable for himself elsewhere. In his whole appearance was an air of sensual comfort which much detracted from the dignity of his age, in Margaret's opinion. As, from time to time, she caught a full view of his face, she looked in vain for any tokens of life's battles fought and won. The lines traced there, were only lines of natural age; there were none of the careworn furrows so beautiful on an old man's brow, telling of the long years' struggle bravely borne, holy scars worn by God's life-warriors. And the cheery light upon his countenance came so plainly, not from within, but just shone, a cold reflection from the mere physical comforts of existence; it was altogether different from the calm happiness arising from the memory of sorrows past, the fair maturity reached under faithful trust in the wise Controller.

She tried to look away; but in spite of herself, her glance was strangely fascinated back to the aged stranger. She mentally compared him to the astrologer, Alasco, in "Kenilworth"; then suddenly the remembrance of Lytton's wild, weird romance, so truly "A Strange Story," rushed upon her mind, and she fancied she could see an type of what Grayle would have been, if his had been the beauty of old age satanized, instead of that of youth.

The old man had now moved nearer, by several seats, and was engaged in conversation with an intellectual-looking gentleman, who seemed not well pleased with his interlocutor. The latter, Margaret could now hear distinctly, was advocating views subversive of all moral law and order. Divorce, ought to be made easy, he said, for unsuitably-matched pairs; "Womans' Rights," so called, he championized to the farthest extreme of absurdity; the Bible was an amusing old book of tales, which no sensible person would believe, in these days of improved thought and science.

"Then, Sir, I can lay no claim to being regarded by you as a sensible person," rejoined the gentleman placid-

ly, "for I certainly believe the Bible, the book to which America is indebted for all that is good and noble in her souls. It was my father's book!"

"Ah! of course you naturally feel the power of association; the prejudices of education cling to you still! But when you are as old as I am, my dear Sir, you will have got over all those little fancies. I felt, for a long time, the influence of early training; my parents were both very religious people, and I was brought up to read the Bible; but I have grown wiser, I am glad to say."

And the cheerful old face darkened, as in sudden hate, then cleared off into a smile that had something diabolical in its chilling brightness.

"Grandpapa," said Margaret softly, "did you ever fancy you could see the real Mephistopheles?"

"I think so just at this moment," replied General Winton emphatically, "but listen!—That gentleman who is answering him, is in good earnest."

"Sir," exclaimed the gentleman in question, addressing the aged sceptic, "I have to thank God for the blessings of a pious ancestry, among whom I can count one of the earliest 'Pilgrim Fathers,' who have rendered the soil of New England sacred ground to their descendants! And am I to believe these men of iron mould and honored fame, to have been either children or fools? No, Sir; the God of the Bible which you despise, is my God; He was my fathers' God; and I pray God the land I love may be preserved from denying the truth for which our fathers fought and suffered."

The old man was somewhat taken atack by his opponent's vehemence, and soon appeared to weary of the conversation. A few minutes, and another move brought him to the seat next to General Winton and Margaret, where he was soon engaged in an argument with a lady, on spiritualism; which, by some very strange freak of depraved human nature, seems always most ex-

travagantly believed in by those who believe nothing else.

Margaret could not now help hearing the whole of the conversation; and, not without a shuddering feeling of repulsion, carried on her study of this human mind. He was evidently a man who had not read very extensively; one who had thought a great deal over the surface of ideas, but had never gone far down; his forte was argument; well versed in the wiles of sophistic reasoning, he was a dangerous man, for his involuted sentences carried the *accents* of wisdom to an untrained listener, and this was made more impressive by his venerable presence; but he gave no instruction, imparted no information; he could bewilder, but never enlighten, even on the commonest topics.

At length he addressed General Winton:

"You are English, are you not, Sir? There has been a great deal of talk in your country about these subjects. Did you ever attend any of Mr. Home's *sermons*?"

"I am English, Sir," replied General Winton, with that peculiar air of freezing courtesy, with which an Englishman repels the advances of an inferior, or one whom he deems an unsuitable acquaintance.

There was a slight pause, and the old man repeated his question respecting Mr. Home.

"I preferred other studies than trapezological ones," replied General Winton coolly, and with a slight sarcasm in his voice.

The other was about to make some further attempts at acquaintance, when conversation was checked by the arrival of the train at Boston, and all was bustle and animation among the passengers. The Wintons found that it would be two or three hours before their cars would start for New York; and they determined to spend the interval in seeing something of the celebrated old city of Boston.

## CHAPTER IV.

—New York.

"There seems, in your city's motion,  
Yet a mightier truth for me;  
'Tis the sound of life's great ocean,  
'Tis the tides of the human sea."

—BONAR.

The November morning was dawning cold and grey, when the cars stopped in New York. Margaret and her grandfather drove at once to an hotel, and as soon as they had refreshed themselves after the journey, sat down to lay their plans more decidedly for the future. The two had been so accustomed to consult together on all matters, that General Winton never thought of making any arrangements in which Margaret was concerned, without listening to her wishes first; and this system had, in a great measure, been the means of ripening the young girl's judgment beyond what is usual at her age.

"We cannot remain here, after to-day," said the General; "this is quite too expensive a place for my means. When you have rested a little, Pearl, we will go out to make inquiries concerning a more suitable lodging. I hope, my darling, you will not long have to economize as we must do at present. A little courage, a little patience, and I trust to give you something like our old home."

"Never trouble about me, grand-papa," replied Margaret, brightly; "I can easily play the Spartan with regard to luxury. As long as I have little refinements round me, the rest can be dispensed with. To do without books and music *would* be a trial, but anything else may go."

"But, my darling," said the General, regretfully, "you will have to do without music to a certain extent; that is, I cannot afford you a piano in your own room. You will be obliged to content yourself with using the instrument in the general sitting-room, where, I fear the society will not at all times, or indeed, at any time, be what you can enjoy. And I shall be unwilling

for you to become a familiarized member of such a circle as will be found in any boarding-house to which I can take you just yet."

"Well," said Pearl, with a little sigh, smothered resolutely, "I will try to do without much music; and we shall be very happy together, dear grandpapa. Now, if you are rested, I will put on my hat again, and we will make our search after a boarding-house."

It was late in the day before they were suited. Several very cheap houses were dismissed from their minds as soon as seen; others, which looked promising, had too high prices for General Winton's purse; but at last, when both were heartily tired, they lighted on a quiet establishment in a side street. Besides the public boarding-house, there was conducted by the same proprietors, a sort of convalescent institution, or home for persons in generally delicate health.

"I think this will do," remarked the General, as he read the inscription on the door-plate; "I almost fear the terms may be too high; but if possible, we will come for a few weeks; we are not likely to be better suited. Come into the office, Pearl, I will make further inquiries."

One of the proprietors, a stern, practical-looking man, was seated in the office, and in answer to the General's questions, replied:

"The terms depend on what sort of rooms you want. The lowest are three dollars a day for each room, including, of course, board at the public table. We have much better rooms at a higher figure. Meals in rooms, and fires there, count as extras."

"Thank you. We will take two of the rooms at three dollars," replied the General. "We will take possession as soon as we can get the luggage from our hotel."

"I don't think that man ever found out the way to tell a lie," remarked Pearl, as they left the house.

"My dear, what a singular remark," said the General. "Are you going to

read truth or falsehood infallibly on every face you see?"

"No, certainly, I shall lay no claim to the infallibility," replied Margaret, laughing; "I feel no inclination to become a second female Pope. But I could not help thinking what a remarkably straight-forward, manly countenance he had. I am glad we are going there. His wife must be a sensible woman, I am sure."

"Well, Pearl," said General Winton, looking much amused; "you must be a clever physiognomist, if you can discover by a man's countenance the amount of sense possessed by his wife, whom you have not seen! Pray tell me the grounds of your conclusion."

"Why it is just this, grandpapa: she is not a woman to be won by pretty speeches, for he couldn't make them. She didn't marry him for money, or she would now fail to make such a man happy; for he is one who requires kindness in a wife, or that rugged face would easily wear a sour expression; and as it does not, I conclude that the wife is a sensible woman."

"Well done, Pearl! For myself, I must confess I felt too tired and anxious to do anything but arrange business."

"Bystanders see most of the play," laughed Margaret; "while you were bargaining, I was making observations."

In another hour they were established in their new domicile.

"Now, Pearl," said the General, "we cannot afford a private sitting-room,"—

"There aint no private settin' rooms," put in the Irish-American servant who had shown the rooms. "If you want to have private settin' rooms, I guess you'll have to tell James to make a fire in the bedrooms; and you'll have to set there, if the parlors won't do."

"My good girl, you forget yourself," said the General, with a stately glance, that would have annihilated an English servant. "I beg you will not interrupt me again, when I am speaking to Miss Winton."

The offended handmaiden flounced out of the room, with the air of an injured and irate turkey-cock; and the unruffled General proceeded:

"So, you see, Pearl, we must make my bedroom our sitting-room. I will order a fire to be made at once."

"But, grandpapa, you have hurt the feelings of our friend the chambermaid," said Margaret, half-vexed, half-laughing. "You know everybody claims a right to put in a word, in the land where 'all men are born free and equal.'"

The old General looked innocently astonished:

"But, my dear, I am sorry if I have hurt the girl's feelings; but really I cannot brook impertinent interruption from a domestic."

"Nevertheless, grandpapa, you will have to brook it! Why, don't you know, my dear General, that you are not at the head of your regiment, with half-a-dozen orderlies, standing meekly 'at attention,' until it shall please your Generalship to speak!" And Margaret's merry laugh rolled out musically, as she regarded her grandfather's air of perplexed wonder.

"You know, grandpapa," she continued mischievously, "if *Miss Winton's* poverty forbids her the luxury of a piano all to herself, *General Winton's* ditto prevents his having an orderly, or a footman, or even a darkey, to stand obsequiously behind his chair."

"You are right, my dear," replied the General, with a comical tone of mournful resignation; "we cannot expect trained servants unless we can afford to pay for them. I will bear it in mind!"

"And now," said Margaret, "I had better propitiate this offended presiding genius, and coax her to find for me the 'James' who is to make the fire."

There was no bell in either room, and she had to go off on an exploring expedition. After going through several passages, she espied the recreant chambermaid, standing at a door opening on to a balcony, and made her request about the fire so pleasantly, that the

ruffled plumes began to smoothe, and all was evidently at peace again.

As they went into the parlors after supper, they found a large number of guests assembled. There were several Americans, a little Welsh lady, and her husband, a tall Canadian merchant, several public lecturers, and in the centre of a group of ladies, was the Mephistopheles of their journey in the cars.

Two or three gentlemen rose instantly to offer Miss Winton a seat, and in a few moments, "Mephistopheles," caught sight of the two English strangers, and crossed the room to renew the previous acquaintance.

"Ah! I am very glad to meet old friends so soon," he exclaimed, as the rest of the circle made room for him.

"Scarcely 'old friends,' I fancy! Our first meeting dates but yesterday," said General Winton with distant politeness. He did not want this man of no conscience to express his ultra-liberal opinions in Pearl's presence again, and tried to check his advances; but "Mephistopheles," persevered, and with the garrulousness of old age, chatted away irrepressibly, soon bringing his favorite subject, spiritualism, on the *tapis*. Different opinions were expressed by the company, and he turned at length to Pearl:

"And what do you think of our progress in thought, Madame, on this side of the water?"

"I have only been in America two days," replied Margaret with gentle dignity, "and, of course, have had small opportunity of forming any opinions. But since you refer to me, allow me to say that I believe neither in table-rapping, nor in 'Woman's Rights.'"

"But that last subject is advancing in your country," said the old man exultingly.

"I am sorry that it is so," replied Margaret; adding with a spice of girlish audacity, "nonsense is pretty sure to advance among the majority anywhere."

"Rather a cynical sentence for so young a lady, but too near the truth,

unhappily" observed a gentleman who stood near.

"I fancy, when you are married," said "Mephistopheles," with playful freedom, "you will be more ready to advocate woman's rights, Madame. If you had a husband, you wouldn't like to acknowledge him to be your *master*, would you?"

"You are personal, Sir," replied Margaret, haughtily, and flushing crimson, "but certainly I would never stoop to accept the hand of any man whom I thought *not* capable of being my master! A true woman can only give love when her *respect* has first been won."

"I think you mistake there," said the Welsh lady; "I am sure I know several true, noble women who devotedly love their husbands; but who, it is not possible, can feel much respect for them, as the men are so entirely other than what *could* win respect."

"But I by no means yield my position," rejoined Margaret, "although I fully agree with you, nevertheless. I too, have known such women as you describe; but if they would speak, if it were proper that they should discuss a subject so personal to themselves, they would tell you that they *did* once respect these men, *before* they loved them; but having, too late, found base metal where they thought all was true gold, they yet love on as true hearts must, bearing their burden in God's strength; for 'God is love.'"

"Very good," remarked a thoughtful looking gentleman. "Your observations do honor to both head and heart, Madame."

"Mephistopheles," began again to renew his flippant strain of conversation, but one of the other guests, noticing the annoyed look on Margaret's face, called from the other side of the room:—

"Mr. Wilson, have you seen this new number of the 'Galaxy'? There is a clever article here, that you would like."

Thus opportunely rid of the objectionable party, the Wintous enjoyed

so a agreeable conversation with several of the most intellectual among the guests, and then retired.

(To be continued.)

## Our Historical Sketch.

DISPUTED IDENTITY.

By Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

The story of Princess Charlotte of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel, is one of the most remarkable cases of disputed identity which has ever puzzled historians, or delighted the lovers of romance.

In the year 1711, Peter the Great, notoriously German in his tastes and sympathies, looking critically round among sixteen marriageable princesses of that nation, for a wife for his very contumacious and disagreeable son, Alexis Petrowitz, condescended to fix on Charlotte Christina Sophia, youngest daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel, as the lady most pleasing to himself in the relation of daughter-in-law. Duke Ludwig graciously accepted Czar Peter's proposal, and no doubt rubbed his hands in ecstasy at having already given one daughter as Empress to Austria, and at now betrothing another to the heir of all the Russias. The young people were not consulted, as, of course, their elders knew best what to do for them. Peter, at least, was accustomed to get his own way pretty freely, and always thought it better than anybody else's. On this occasion he wanted a sensible, high-born wife for his troublesome heir. Duke Ludwig wanted another imperial crown in his family, and so the affair was settled.

On the 25th of October, the poor young princess truly

"Gave away her maiden gladness,  
For a name and for a ring."

Refined, affectionate, high-spirited, she went, a victim of state policy, to the barbarous Russian court, presided over by a half-civilized Czar, and by an uneducated, peasant-born Czarina.



Peter could choose a wife for his son, but he could not make that son a good husband, the narrow-minded, ferocious Czarowitz, inheriting all the worst qualities of his mother, the divorced Eudoxia. Peter's first wife hated the enlightened, polished lady who had been given to her son, and soon made her lot so exquisitely wretched, that even the society of the coarse-mannered Czarina became to the agonized princess a positive solace. The Czarowitz was a passionate adherent to all the customs of "Old Russia," detesting his father's reforms, and abominating everything foreign or novel; while his chosen companions were of the lowest class, both in mind and morals. He several times attempted to poison his wife, in the hope, as was supposed, of espousing his slave-mistress, Afrosina, for whose sake his amiable and virtuous princess was publicly neglected.

At length, in the absence of the Czar, the hatred of Alexis towards his unhappy consort reached a climax. She had already presented him with the much-desired heir (afterwards Peter II), and was about again to become a mother, when, in a transport of fury at some remark which did not quite accord with his pleasure, he brutally struck her to the ground, kicked her, and immediately went to his country-house at some distance. Shortly after, a funeral took place, and the European courts went into mourning for the murdered princess, for whose death her husband was openly blamed.

So far, historians are agreed; but here begins the disputed identity. Some maintain that it was the princess who was buried; others declare that *only a log of wood filled the coffin*, and that the real state of the case was as follows:—When the Czarowitz quitted his wife, two faithful attendants bore her to a secluded part of the palace, and knowing that her husband had resolved on her death, reported it to him as an accomplished fact; whereupon the mock funeral ensued. Meanwhile,

these attendants tenderly nursed the suffering lady through the dangerous illness which was the consequence of the brutal treatment undergone by her; and as soon as her strength was sufficiently restored, one of them, an old man, accompanied her as her supposed father, under an assumed name, to L'Orient, where the two took passage in a German emigrant vessel, for Louisiana, then being rapidly colonized by the French and German settlers. Here she was shortly afterwards recognized by the Chevalier d'Auban, who had formerly seen her at her father's court. When European newspapers, forwarded to New Orleans, assured her of the death of the Czarowitz, the princess, preferring the faithful love of an honorable man to a life of dignified royalty *incognito*, became the wife of the chivalrous and devoted d'Auban.

Years of wedded happiness compensated for past misery; and in the beautiful Louisiana, Madame d'Auban was far more content than the Princess Charlotte had ever been amid the gaudy splendors of the German and Russian courts. At length the delicate state of d'Auban's health induced them to return to Europe; and during their stay at Paris, the Princess was recognized by Count Maurice de Saxe, who communicated his discovery to the King of France. Louis XV. immediately wrote to the Queen of Hungary, Charlotte's niece, informing her of the unexpected rencontre. Her Majesty acknowledged the courtesy of the King, with whom she was then at war, and wrote to her aunt, offering her a home befitting her birth, on condition of her resigning d'Auban, who, not being of royal birth, could not be received as the husband of a princess. Charlotte, however, was true to her womanly honor, choosing to maintain her wisely truth, rather than her royal state, and clinging to love rather than rank. For several years she resided as a private individual with her husband and their daughter in the island of Bourbon;

and when she was at last left a childless widow, removed to Brussels, where she remained during the rest of her life, supported by an annual allowance of sixty thousand florins, provided for her by the House of Brunswick. The name of Madame d'Auban was long held in loving remembrance by the poor of Brussels, among whom three-fourths of her income were distributed.

M. Bossu, a French officer and experienced traveler in Louisiana, is one authority for this version of the strange tale; Lord Dover supports it in an article published in 1833. Cox's History of Russia, as well as l'Eveque, the French historian, contradict the account of Madame d'Auban, and Voltaire affirms the *soi disant* Princess to be an English adventuress, although, as he acknowledges her receiving money from the House of Brunswick, he scarcely proves his position. The Russian Government, too, certainly thought the story of sufficient importance to require some notice on their part, and published an Imperial manifesto declaring the invalidity of the lady's claims.

It seems scarcely probable that the Count Maurice de Saxe, the personal friend of the Princess, and the son of her faithful *confidante*, the Countess of Konigsmark, could have been mistaken in his recognition of the missing Princess in Madame d'Auban. This, however, must remain among those many things which are, and will be "matters of opinion," and the story of Charlotte of Woltentbuttel must still be a case of disputed identity.

"The crown is at the end of the race; there also standeth the loving Fore-runner, even Jesus, who hath prepared heavenly provision to make thy soul welcome, and He will give it thee with a willing heart than ever thou canst desire it of Him."—*Bunyan*.

"They are not worthy of Jesus who will not take a blow for their Master's sake."—*Rutherford*.

## More Thoughts on Sentry.

—  
BY A PRIVATE OF THE 87TH.

### *On the Hospital Guard.*

In a small village in the County of Kent, about a mile and-a-half from the sea-port town of Folkestone, stands an old-fashioned Castle, in a state of utter ruin; and I fancy I can see its ivy-grown walls, where many a bird built its tiny nest, and on the outside, runs a small brook, whose sandy bottom showed clearly through the sparkling waves in the sun-light of a beautiful day in summer; and I think of the small bridge close under the old round tower of the Castle, where I used to stand with my elbows on its stone-wall, gazing vacantly into the little stream, or watching with childlike mirth, the ducks and their young swimming there.

On the banks of the stream, stands an old farm-house, where an old school-mate of mine lived; and right opposite, resided my uncle, at whose place I used to spend my mid-summer holidays; and I remember how I used to vex my kind uncle and aunt, and often get a good sound thrashing for what I often deserved. Sometimes, when my uncle bought me a pair of new boots, directly I got them on, I used to go to the river, and see if they were water-proof; but when I went in-doors, my socks and boots were taken off, and I was sent to bed without tea or supper.

At another time I and my school-mate took a ramble over the hills in search of wild flowers, and birds' nests; often trespassing on ground where we had no business, and having a sharp run from the old farmer, who might be in his fields at the time, and on whose grounds we had done mischief.

But there was a very particular hill we used to ramble up, and then take great delight in rolling to the bottom. The name we boys gave the hill was, "Sugar-loaf," for it had a great resemblance to that most sweet and useful article of household use. From its summit was the most delightful view of

the surrounding country, and of the sea. There you could see "Cæsar's Hill," where that most popular man encamped his army during the wars of the old English times. Here and there you could see some farm-houses dotted over the vast tract of farm-land, with its golden harvest of corn, as it used to wave to and fro in the gentle summer breeze.

But there was one particular farm-house I must not forget to mention; its name was Walton Farm; it stood on the left of the road that led into Canterbury, and its tall elm trees, that almost hid it from view, shaded its white-washed walls. As you looked round you would see the sea, and many large and small vessels, with their snow-white sails, each and all bound to some distant port; and close by the sea, near Sandgate, you might discern Shorncliff-camp in the distance, where the soldiers of various regiments were stationed.

Sometimes these men came into the town, with the band playing; and as I stood at the door of my old home and watched them go past, I could see, as I glanced through their ranks, some smart young men, with here and there some old soldier, his medals on his breast, telling of many a hard-fought battle; and I thought it would be splendid to be a soldier.

Five years afterwards, I found myself in the very position in which I wished to be.

Often now, while walking up and down, armed with this world's armor, and ready at any time, if duty called me, to stand in the defence of Old England, I think of that land whose shores I have left, not knowing whether I shall ever set foot on my native soil again; but there is ONE who knows all things, even the great unknown future, and in Whose service I am enlisted, Whose sword I carry,—the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. I know that He will never leave me nor forsake me, if I only put my trust in Him. Now I am in Halifax, and

everything is changed; many alterations have taken place in my native town; old friends are gone away, and are scattered in different parts of the world, and here am I, a living monument of God's mercy, in the world, but not of the world, for I am bought with a price, the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners.

"He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. Dan. iv. 35.

### Lost Opportunities.

BY ANOTHER RIFLEMAN.

It has often occurred to me to write a few lines to my comrades, and at last I have plucked up courage, and here they are.

It was in the year 1870 that I first thought of entering Her Majesty's army. I enlisted, and was sent to a regiment then joining duty at Aldershot. For a time, all went smoothly. I must tell you I was very fond of company, and might have been found any night in the week, when not for duty, singing for the amusement of my comrades; and, alas, for me, too well!

I had enlisted but a few months, when we received orders to go to Colchester. We went. Then commenced my downward course. I soon found a jovial set of fellows, who did not appear to care about anything but drink, and I soon copied their ways and became one of them. I have now been six years in the service, six years of folly, and all wasted, and for what?

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe my feelings, on the occasion of my being first made a prisoner. And after all what had I done to deserve this position. This. I had done all in my power to amuse my comrades, and they offered me glass after glass, the contents of which I thoughtlessly drank. And as I went on, day after day, month after month, oftener in the guard-room than out of it, never for a moment did I reflect on the danger into which my soul was fast

sinking, or the insults I was offering my Maker, He who gave His last drop of blood upon the cross, that I might be free from the stain of sin.

I could not say I did not know these things; but I would not see my faults in their proper light, but continued in the old path of vice and intemperance, until, a few short months ago, I was again marched before my Commanding Officer, a prisoner for being drunk.

After going through the usual routine, he looked at me, and said, as if uttering his thoughts aloud:

"It's a question whether you're worth keeping in the service"!

My comrades, may it never be your misfortune to stand in a similar position. Had a keen-edged sword passed through my heart, I should have not felt so deeply wounded, as by those words.

"Have I then fallen so low? Do I deserve this"?

And the answer came from my heart: "Yes, you do"!

I was to be tried by a District Court Martial, and while in the guard-room, awaiting trial, I offered up prayers to God, asking His help. I thought of His words so full of love:

"Ask, and ye shall receive."

I did ask, and I received; for I was not tried by Court Martial, and please God, I never will again be in danger of it. But while there is life in my body, I shall remember those words:

"It's a question whether you're worth keeping in the service."

And you, my comrades, who are just entering upon your military career, think of those words yourselves, and they may be the means, with God's help, of saving you from years of sorrow and pain.

The present is ours, the future God's; now is your time.

["To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."—ED ]

"Weak folks' prayers at some time help strong folks cries."—*Bunyan*.

## Our Bible Class.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN MARCH NO.

I. Samson. Judges xiii. 2, 24. The five "men of valor" who led the way as spies to the valley by Beth-rehob, where a city was afterwards built, now named after their Tribe.

II. 445 B. C. The daughters of Shallum, "the ruler of the half-part of Jerusalem." Neh. iii. 12.

III. To the "good hand of God" upon them. Ezra vii. 6, 9; Neh. ii. 8, 18.

IV. Philip, Andrew, and Peter. John i. 44; xii. 21.

V. Four times. See Matt. xxi. 19-22, and Mark xi. 12-14, 20-24; Matt. xxiv. 32, and Mark xiii. 28-29, and Luke xxi. 29-31; Luke xiii. 6-9; John i. 48-50.

VI. The subject of the Nation's being guilty of the blood of Jesus Christ. Acts v. 28-30; vii. 51-54.

VII. In Ps. xiv. 1, 3; Gen. vi. 5, viii. 21; Job xv. 14, 16; Ps. li. 5; Jer. xvii. 9; Matt. xv. 18, 19; Rom. iii. 9, 23; Gal. iii. 22.

VIII. By the grace of God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Acts xvi. 31; John iii. 16, 17; Rom. v. 1; Eph. ii. 5, 8, 9; Acts xv. 11.

IX. The signs of Christian life are very clearly set forth, in Eph. iv. 21-32; v. 1-5, 11, 16-33; vi. 1-18; 2 Pet. i. 5-8. And our Saviour Himself sums up a life of holy self-denial in Luke xiv. 26, 27, 33. In these days of almost universal *profession*, each one will do well, solemnly and prayerfully to test himself by these verses, that he may know whether he is in the faith.

X. No. Matt. vi. 24; Luke xvi. 13; Josh. xxiv. 15; Ezek. xx. 39; 1 Kings, xviii. 21.

### QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

1. How often was it necessary that Jesus Christ should be offered as a sacrifice for sin?

II. Did He offer Himself, or was He offered by another person?

III. Ought Christians to select their intimate friends from among persons of the world?

IV. Where is a signet spoken of as an emblem of worth or preciousness?

V. Of what materials are idols spoken of in the Bible as being made?

VI. Mention some noted persons belonging to the Tribe of Benjamin?

VII. When did the men of Tyre tempt the Jews to sin?

VIII. Upon what people was a curse pronounced, not on account of absolute wrong-doing, but because they refrained from good?

IX. What prophets spoke of Greece?

X. Name four occasions on which trumpets were used in Old Testament History?

### Stocking-mending, versus Canvassing.

BY THE EDITOR.

There was once — an old lady. Like many other ladies, old and young, she meant well, but failed to accomplish exactly what she meant. She had been told that this world is “a vale of tears,” (I am sure *that* was true); and that it is also a waste, howling wilderness (and I can witness to the correctness of *this*, having seen the waste, heard the howls over the “bad times,” and being myself very often “in the wilderness,” as to what *is* the next thing to be done out of the many crowding upon me).

But the old lady of my story made one great mistake. It did not occur to her, that she might make the “vale” one of fewer “tears”; or that she might do something to hush the howls, or check the waste. Rather did she adopt the rule of our homœopathic friends, that “like cures like,” (not being a *medica*, myself, I forget the scientific expression), and therefore thought it her duty to express a few

more tears from a weeping world, and to cause a few more dismal howls to be uttered, by way of homœopathizing world and wilderness into a more cheerful state.

One daughter was so unhappy as to belong to this matron of stern heart; and day after day did the mother devise means, whereby she might “prepare her child for the trials of life.” Many were the preparatory “trials” to which the unwilling maiden was subjected by her well-intentioned, but most mistaken parent, whose whole aim seemed to be, to make her life as uncomfortable as possible, in order that she might thus be disciplined into feeling no uncomfortableness.

One well-tried means, and which the old lady considered a most efficacious one, was to gather together a huge assortment of “father’s” stockings, with which she established herself on one side of the fire, while her victim was on the other, (with her back turned on all temptations to gaze from the window); and while the damsel darned, mother *cut more holes* in father’s stockings. And so, whatever may be the case in general, *that* young “woman’s work was never done”; for the more she mended, the more holes were made for her to mend, until at length

Over those stockings she fell asleep,  
And darned them on in a dream.

However weary she might be, the remedy was—more stockings. However diligently she might darn, in hope of reward, her recompense was—more stockings; but the mother’s end was gained in one respect,—the girl grew up fully endorsing the parent’s assertion that “this is a vale of tears.”

All this happened long ago. If the old lady were living now, and wished for a recipe for stern discipline, I should advise her to stop cutting holes in her husband’s stockings, and instead, to send her disciplined daughter out to canvass for a magazine of the young lady’s own editing; a magazine, too, in the interests of some benevolent enterprize very near her heart.

Mending stockings is bad enough, but the other occupation is worse. I know, having tried both, as well as various other usual and unusual performances. And all the time, in addition to doing the things, I have been "takin' notes."—Here they are.

Ever since engaging in the work which fills up my existence, I have made it my object to *give* all, and *do* all, and *save* all I possibly could, for my enterprise; so that my word to others is not: "There is a good work *go* and do it;" but, "Here is a good work, will you *come* and help me?"

Carrying out this principle, I have been canvassing for "Grand Rounds," and the result of my attempts in this direction, is, much success, certainly, and a great deal of comfort when I do succeed; but O! the other part of it!

If you want your patience exercised, canvass for a magazine.

If your natural disposition tends to "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," canvass for a magazine, and mortify those vices.

If you need to be disciplined into humility, canvass for a magazine.

If you do not know how to assert yourself, canvass for a magazine, and learn.

If you want to learn gratitude for small favors, canvass for a magazine; and after receiving two or three vinegar refusals to take it, you will feel positively thankful to the small boy who is gentleman enough to pick up the pencil you have dropped in your agitation of mind.

If you want to enjoy success in life with a keen relish, work hard; and to do this, canvass for a magazine.

If you want to see life, canvass for a magazine.

In pursuing this work, you will meet with a great many very nice people who will take your merchandize, and a great many quite the contrary who *won't*.

One good man told me one day that he was "too poor," in much the same tone as certain excellent individuals

use, when they call themselves "unworthy dust;" and I was wicked enough to reply, sympathizingly, that "I hoped he would excuse my having troubled him on such an errand."

It is rather trying to one's patience to show your magazine, and watch the examiner turn it over slowly, slowly, and then, after a small age of waiting, to have it handed back with the remark:

"Guess we won't take it to-day."

Still more freezing is the polite denial of the polished *savant*, who looks up coolly from his desk, with a little bow, (accorded to the sex of the canvasser), and the extinguishing remark:

"Thank you, but I feel no interest whatever."

Then doesn't it make one envious, when "Miss Kilmansegg" comes up with "a noisy dint," and, "really cannot afford to do anything in that line; papa laid out such an immense sum last week on 'the golden leg,' that really, in these hard times, more outlay is *quite* impossible!"

And doesn't one feel uncharitable, when somebody tells you:

"We gave so much yesterday to buy pocket handkerchiefs for the natives of Borrioboola, that we couldn't *think* of doing anything for your mission."

Perhaps you attempt a feeble protest that you are "not begging for your mission;" you simply "want to trade," as the Indians say; but this only makes matters worse—for your feelings;—as you will then be probably informed that,

"We take so many magazines *from the States* that we cannot possibly find means to purchase another."

Some most happy people will not take the book, because they "have already more reading than they can get through." And don't I envy *them*? They are in a state of intellectual repletion to which I never yet have been so favored as to attain!

But after all the disagreeables are

counted up, and endured, there remains a large percentage of delightful amends for all the troubles.

What comfortable old ladies, what grandfatherly old gentlemen, receive you with genial smiles and kind encouragement! What excellently practical men of business pay down their subscription in advance, beaming pleasantly all the while, and wishing you good success in a tone of hearty respect that sends you on your way with new spirit! O the "kindly Scots, (I charge at every door that has a *Mur* on the plate), and the gallant Irish; the generous Welsh, and the sturdy Bluesnoses; and those good-natured, grumbling, well-meaning, gruff countrymen of my own, called Englishmen, all of whom have immortalized themselves by purchasing, or as some of them graciously expressed it "patronizing" my "Grand Rounds."

One kindly subscriber said he "was glad I had started a magazine, for Halifax wanted stirring up with a pointed stick." So now I have done it; and if any of my readers feel "stirred up" to help me in my much-needed work, either by gifts to the "Home," or by aiding to circulate this Magazine, the "pointed stick" will not have been used in vain.

I have thus told you, dear public, some of the joys and sorrows of this month's work, hoping you will increase the joys, and put away the sorrows.

I have written lightly, taking the amusing side of things; but there is a graver aspect, which I beg you to regard.

I came a stranger to your city of Halifax, purposely to engage in Christian work; unsent, save by God; unpaid, save by His mercy in granting me success and blessing.

I thank my helpers, true and generous as they have been; and to those who have *not* helped, or who have done so but coldly, I plead: Can you let a stranger toil on almost alone; can you not spare *one* thought, *one* kindness for the uniforms whose wearers protect

your commerce, and by their gifts aid our poor? Can you give no help when I plead for your own merchant-seamen, for whom I wish to provide? O surely, when you know my aims among you, you will join the noble few, who already have cheered me often when I was weary.

## Faugh a Bollagh!

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

Once, upon a field of battle,  
England tried her strength with France,  
And the gallant hosts of Erin  
Bodily led the brave advance;  
Long they fought, but long 'twas doubtful  
Whose the fortune of the day,  
When a voice rose o'er the tumult:  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

Forward, lads! and take their eagles!  
Scale high Victory's frowning crag!  
Count to-day among your honors—  
Write "Barossa" on your flag,  
Flash the shamrock red with glory,  
Show your Irish pluck to-day;  
Forward, boys! Charge on and break them,  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

Thrilled each Irish heart, and quivered,  
Answering to the Chieftain's call;  
On they rushed, with fiery pantings,  
Stayed by neither steel nor ball.  
Friends fell wounded, foes fought madly,  
But through all the tangled fray;  
Ever rose the cry, in chorus;  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

So they fought, that warery sounding,  
In the vanquished foeman's cars;  
So they won!—Our Eighty-seventh,  
Royal Irish Fusiliers!  
Still they wear Barossa's eagle;  
And, in memory of that day,  
Still in peace and war they thunder:  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

Soldiers, other foes surround you,  
Watching for your fall, perchance,  
Foes of deadlier, darker spirit  
Than the chivalry of France;—  
Foes of hate, that fain would snatch you  
From the Saviour's kingly sway;  
Let them hear your ready warery:  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

Seems at times life dark and gloomy,  
Trials gathering thickly round?  
O! let not Barossa's victors  
Wertless of their name be found!

Face the clouds, and crush the troubles;  
Down with hindrance and delay!  
Menlike, claim your manly motto:  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

Christian, are temptations pressing,  
Hardly, cruelly on your soul?  
Follow closely Christ your Leader,  
He can guide you to the goal;  
Though the hosts of hell oppose you,  
He can make you win the day;  
In His strength send forth your warcry:  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

Yonder gleams the home celestial,  
Jesus holds a victor-crown,  
Wreathed for "him that overcometh"  
Foes that fain would bear him down.  
Not your strength can reach that city,  
Not your hand can grasp the bay,  
But His grace can bear you onwards:—  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

Is your vow of full allegiance:—  
"Saviour, God, I trust in Thee!"  
Longs your heart for yonder glory,  
Land of home, *CSHUA MA CHREE!*  
Jesus' love, as strength in weakness,  
Safe shall bear you through life's fray,  
Flinging off each weight, and crying:  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!

Ah! I cannot pause or tarry,  
I am bound for home and love;  
Earth is passing, I am hasting  
To the City built above:  
Yonder waits my King to crown me;  
I must win, oppose who may;  
Friend nor foe must stay my progress,  
"Faugh a bollagh"! Clear the way!"

### The Wise Men of Gotham.

—  
BY MRS HUNT-MORGAN.

"Three wise men of Gotham  
Went to sew in a bowl;  
If the bowl had been stronger,  
My tale had been longer."

These immortal lines, reposing in all the dignity of black letter in the deep recesses of the British Museum, have preserved to us the worthy memory of the illustrious individuals who here are made the subject of song, and have aroused the curiosity and stimulated the researches of persons blessed with inquiring minds.

Who these men of wisdom were; what was the site of their native town; on what sea they sailed; why they ventured forth on so strange and in-

convenient a craft; or what was their final fate, are all matters of conjecture and dispute.

The song seems to imply that somebody came to grief, since the bowl is mentioned as being deficient in strength; but whether the wise men smashed the bowl after taking one cruise therein, or whether the bowl was the ruin of its proprietors, dependent saith not.

As to the site of the town of Gotham, the various opinions put forth on this head are so conflicting, that I cannot presume on an attempt to settle their respective claims to credence; for, "who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" I therefore lay the matter before my readers, promising that I have no personal interest in their verdict, not being related to the sages in question, and consequently feeling no solicitude concerning their birth-place.

I. Gotham is said by some to be the capital of the Goths, of whom Roderic, renowned "in fight and story," was the last king.

II. Another account states, that the word is a corruption of *Gotho*, at whose university so many wise men, etc., are constantly assembled.

III. A third statement declares it to mean *Gottinon*, where there is also a university; where, says an old writer; "the professors actually venture on the study of animal magnetism, phrenology, and other such dangerous sciences."

IV. The fourth story mentions that Gotham was a small town in Northamptonshire, in "Merrie England"; which, being visited by King John, whom an old-fashioned school-book has politely termed, "Foolish John Lackland," was fixed on by him as the site of a royal residence. But the inhabitants, dreading the expense and inconvenience of having a king in their midst more than they appreciated the honor intended them, did most feloniously and disloyally feign themselves other than they were, even as did David before Achish, king of Gath; so that their sovereign and his mes-



sengers, finding the men of Gotham ever engaged in some pursuit which did clearly show them to be of unsound mind, changed the purpose respecting the king's dwelling among them; whereat they were very glad, and willingly accepted the title of "the Wise Men of Gotham," which was now bestowed on them, in lieu of that of "the King's Liegemen," which they had thus proved themselves unworthy to bear.

V. A fifth rumor informs us that this Gotham was a certain rotten borough in that aforesaid county of Northampton; and that although it possessed not a single inhabitant, yet returned three members to parliament; "who," says the chronicler, "are generally called the Three Wise Men of Gotham," because they instinctively vote with the ministry, agreeably to the instructions of their constituents." In the time of William the Conqueror, this place was remarkable for goats, we are told by the same writer, and that the people used to ride them instead of horses, which caused them to be called "Wise," or, "Mad Men of Gotham." The historian must, surely, be himself one of the illustrious race, for he informed us a little before that there were *no* inhabitants—how then could they ride on goats?

VI. Sixthly, Gotham is said by many to be a small village of Nottinghamshire, and that the name is a corruption of "God's home," from the number of goats kept there.

VII. "Seventhly, lastly, and in conclusion;" an American author, who wrote when New York was New Amsterdam, feelingly remarks on the arrogance of the English nation in attempting to claim Gotham as being situated within the circumscribed limits of their little island. He does not claim the town for his own country exclusively; but with a soul "above butt ns," or "*h-p-m-u-in*," generously declares it to be the common possession of the world at large. Certainly Gotham was no American town, since

the philosophers of the States are less addicted to nautical than to aeronautical trips, preferring to leave diving into the depths for less soaring minds, while they themselves go up aloft, as becometh men who have the "Stars" on their banner. Had the "Wise Men of Gotham" been Yankees, the song would have run thus:

"Three wise men of Gotham  
Tried to make a balloon;  
If the balloon had been stronger  
My tale had been longer?"

Whoever the men of Gotham were they had evidently studied the ancient Greeks, and were well acquainted with the story of Nephelokokkygia, the city built in the clouds by cuckoos; for hearing a cuckoo sing one day, but not seeing it, they hedged round the bush whence the sound proceeded in order to prevent the feathered vocalist from returning to his distant home. Their heads were decidedly "in the clouds," whatever might be said of the native city of their captive. A bush called "the Cuckoo-Bush" is still shown in Nottingham, in memory of this story.

In the time of Henry VIII. a book called "Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham," was much cried up, according to Hearne. Walpole says this book was the production of a Flemish painter, Lucas de Heere, who settled in England some years later. Wood says its author was Andrew Borde, or, as he termed himself, Andreas Perforatus, a travelling quack, from whose name and practices the title of "Merry Andrew" is said to be derived.

There certainly is at the present time a small town in England called Gotham, in the diocese of York. The living is in the gift of the Duke of Portland, Earl Howe, and another alternately. Whether these three gentlemen are descendants of the "ancient mariners" of whom we have been discoursing, I am not prepared to say.

At the present time, the term, "Wise Men of Gotham," is applied to any persons guilty of absurd Protestantisms, so that it would appear that the vaunted

"wise men" were, "not to put too fine a point upon it," *fools*.

Are we, then, to conclude that wisdom and madness are so nearly allied, that one must be accompanied by the other? Is it true that "genius is but a splendid insanity"? And are we reduced to the alternative of laying claim, either to *same* stupidity, or to *insane* sapience?

Beware, O ye who aspire to be regarded by your fellow-men as giants in intellect; while you avoid Scylla, you rush on Charybdis; and perhaps, (did you but know it), the very persons whose homage you covet, are saying, with a pitying shake of the head:

"Ah! poor man! So clever! Too much brain to be quite the thing, you know! Pity it is so rarely that we see a man both wise and sane,—almost as rarely as we see one both honest and agreeable, as somebody has said!"

I cannot close this article without mentioning a circumstance which took place in a certain small city in which I lived, some years ago.

A few old maiden ladies, some of them characterized by deep and genuine religious feeling and conduct, met together in a monthly class for the study of the Bible. The lady who assumed the leadership of the class was by no means the one possessed of the deepest piety, but her attainments in Hebrew and Greek, which she took care to parade, overawed the others, and Miss G—— was looked up to almost as a Pope. A friend of hers living at a distance usually sent her a list of questions to be studied in our class; and one evening when the new list was produced by our lady president, one of the questions was: "Who were the Wise Men of Gotham?" Nobody knew; but all said it "sounded Scriptural!" I was very young at the time, and could not set them right; however, I soon found out the story, and kept it wickedly to myself for some weeks; while Miss G——, the learned student of the dead languages, ransacked her Hebrew Lexicon, and read "Matthew

Henry" and "Adam Clarke," borrowing commentaries and concordances right and left, in all directions, in the vain hope of discovering some tidings of the men of Gotham. Finally, it was resolved that it must mean the wise men of the East, spoken of in the second chapter of Matthew. This was too much for my gravity, and I confessed what I knew of the wondrous three, which had the effect of convincing our spinster friend that Hebrew and Greek were not *everything*; and the other old ladies got a chance after that of occasionally being allowed to express an opinion, and as their remarks were usually worth hearing, the Wise Men of Gotham did not live in vain.

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### A Soldier's Story.

BY MISS HUNT-MORGAN.

Never yet did believing prayer fail to obtain "an answer of peace," although often the "vision" has tarried until the pleader has passed from earth's outer court of intercession into heaven's Holy of Holies, where all the painful outreaching of imploring strain is changed for the full content of the child at home in the very arms of the Prayer-Hearer.

Many a Christian mother has, for long years, besought God's grace on behalf of some loved prodigal, and has entered her heavenly rest, leaving the dear one still unsaved. But has it not often been that the erring son who failed to gladden the heart of that interceding parent, while her living voice sounded in his ears, has turned to God, guided by the sweet whispers of the echoed past; and so the mother's prayers have lived, and received the Divine reply, long after the pale lips have ceased to move?

So it was in the case of Howard Harrington. His mother's life was passed in that bitter "loneliness of heart," which was the inevitable lot of a Christian wife whose husband, a

churlish, self-absorbed unbeliever, recognized no good but that pertaining to this life, no evil but what touched his earthly interests, no God but his own will. But, alone as she felt beside her ungodly husband, and among her young, thoughtless children, she found one employment which ever brought calm to her soul. In prayer for those who asked no blessing for themselves, the wearied heart found comfort.

Her youngest boy was a special object of her anxiety; and several of her pious acquaintances would frequently remark to each other, that surely some great blessing was in store for Howard Harrington, in answer to such devoted intercession.

The boy was of that frank, light-hearted disposition which is often imposed on by more crafty minds; and he was made very frequently the scape-goat for the sins of his brother John, who inherited more of their father's silent selfishness, and often led Howard into scrapes for his own amusement, taking care that when discovery took place, all the *onus of the boyish frolic* should rest with the less-guilty offender; while Howard's impulsive, generous nature easily forgot yesterday's experience, and was equally ready to rush into a fresh frolic and bear new blame for his brother to-day. Thus the lad who was really the more noble-hearted of the two, carried all his faults openly to the world, and caused sage heads to shake over his awful, juvenile depravity, while they did not pause to consider that in having shown the worst of himself, the young delinquent gave evidence of his freedom from a spirit of hypocrisy which ever renders all apparent reformation both uncertain and unsatisfactory. Great was the horror of his anxious mother, at her boy's irreverence, when, one Sunday, he was discovered in the corner of the family pew, tightly holding something with both hands clasped over the little pocket of his jacket, from the inside of which a pitious cooing proceeded, and

the tail of a pigeon protruding from the too limited hiding-place, betrayed the fact that Master Howard's Sunday morning had been spent in pigeon-chasing. His brother, who had suggested and shared the sport, and who had taken care to put the unhappy bird in Howard's pocket, not in his own, sat tranquilly by his side during the remainder of the service, wearing an expression of virtuous solemnity; and on their return home, saw him well whipped without any attempt to share the blame, which Howard's brave little heart would not allow him to shirk by betraying the principal offender.

For twelve years of Howard's life he had his mother's prayers and teachings; and then her saddened spirit wearied itself home to the everlasting rest, leaving her boy to the care, or the neglect rather, of a harsh, unprincipled father.

He grew to manhood, with his high spirit daily chafed into rebellion by the tyranny at home, and spent his evenings at the public house, not so much from any voluntary inclination for low society, as because his heartless father refused him the means of procuring respectable clothes, notwithstanding the fact that Howard had not only a child's claim on his parent, but also the right of a workman to expect pay from his employer, since he worked regularly under his father as a coach-builder.

At length the strain became too severe to be borne, and his filial submission was on the very point of expiring when a slight incident completed the mischief. On the following Sunday his married sister was expected on a visit from a distance, and Howard begged for the loan of a suit of his father's clothes, that he might be able to meet her at the *de pot*. His request was harshly refused, and Howard paid his usual visit to the public house that evening, in a state of mind which rendered him ready to engage in any desperate venture.

As he sat, recklessly laughing and

chatting in the bar-room, a recruiting sergeant strolled in, and joined the conversation, his professional eye attracted at once by the fine proportions and spirited expression of young Howard.

The two were soon on the best of terms, and the sergeant began to "chaff" Howard, telling him that he *dared* not "take the shilling," holding one towards him, at the same time.

Howard laughingly struck the sergeant's hand, intending to jerk the coin on to the floor, but as it fell, it touched his own hand.

The sergeant instantly clapped his shoulder with a gay laugh, declaring that he had "taken the shilling." A bystander said he was ready to swear to the truth of this assertion, and Howard, although at first, somewhat disconcerted at his unintentional enlistment, yet soon decided to make no objection, thinking that on the whole, a soldier's life would suit him better than his present way of going on.

The next day he met his sister, attired in a brilliant uniform which he had borrowed from a comrade.

Soon after, his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, and he left his native land, feeling that it was his country indeed, but that in quitting it, he missed no home.

All through that terrible Crimean winter he passed, gay and careless as ever, his buoyant spirits speedily rising above the remembrance of his bitter past. He entered into all the wild frolics, and bore all the hardships of a soldier's life with a hearty pluck and joviality which rendered him a great favorite, and his daring, gallantry soon secured him promotion.

Occasionally, the memory of his mother's prayers sobered him for an instant; and the brave, steady example of a Christian comrade, the "blue light" of the company, made a fleeting impression on his mind; but these graver thoughts were quickly supplanted by lighter feelings, and his careless laugh and ringing song were again

heard in the canteen; while he went through many a battle with the thoughtless smile on his lip, and the merry jest on his tongue.

But his mother's prayers had, though he then knew it not, enveloped him in a safer protection than armor of proof; they had drawn the shield of God's loving mercy between him and harm. So he came out from the fray, again and again un wounded; and when his letters reached old friends in England, causing them to sigh as they saw no intimation of care for his soul, one venerable disciple who had been his mother's friend, exclaimed:

"That boy will work for the Master yet! His mother's prayers are treasured up above!"

The war ended; and with his bravely-won medals on his breast, the young soldier returned to his native town. And there God met him, and revealed himself to the long estranged wanderer.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting."

Such was the subject of the sermon which shook many hearts in the little chapel where Howard sat one Sunday evening, little imagining that the message that night would be for him. But as the sermon proceeded, the carelessness passed away for ever, and the soldier of Victoria vowed an eternal allegiance as the soldier, henceforth, of Christ, Who, guiding his faith to the cross, bade him:

"IN THIS CONQUER!"

No indolent, half-hearted follower was he who now began to tread in the footsteps of Christ. Having purchased his discharge from the army, and established himself in business at his own trade, he devoted his leisure hours to village-preaching and ragged-school teaching; his bright, friendly countenance procuring him a warm welcome, and freedom to speak of Jesus in many a wretched abode from which other messengers of the gospel had been excluded.

Nor was his work in vain. God

owned the efforts of the loyal heart so fully consecrated to His service, and when, after much successful toil for souls, Howard gave his support to the "Ragged Mission," at Salisbury, our first encouragement in the work there, came through his means.

So were abundantly answered the prayers of his Christian mother. And still, for others of His pleading children, "The Lord waiteth to be gracious."

### Our Question Box.

"A soldier" asks: Were Lazarus and the Widow's Son of Naim, whom Jesus Christ raised from the dead, able to reveal anything concerning the Unseen World?

The Bible tells us nothing, and therefore we know nothing on this subject. "The secret things belong unto the Lord; but these things which are revealed belong unto us."

"A Rifleman" asks: Which is the last immediate Divine communication mentioned in the history of the patriarchs?

God's communication to Israel previous to his going down into Egypt. see Genesis xlv. 2-4.

Have we any reason to suppose that Daniel was acquainted with the writings of earlier prophets.

Yes; he appears to have discovered by the study of them how long the captivity of his people was to last. See Dan. ix. 2.

"Somebody" wishes to know "whether the Editor believes in Woman's Rights."

*Cela depend.* What are woman's rights? The Editor very decidedly believes in her personal right to live "a peaceable and sober life," which she could not do unless the stronger half of society kindly took care of political and other rough business for which she feels herself unfitted both as a woman and a lady. An article on this subject

will shortly appear in our pages. Meanwhile the Editor advises "Somebody" not to incur the danger of becoming "Nobody" by an attempt to subvert the Bible order of things, which is:

Man the King-regnant, woman the Queen-consort.

God has given very precious rights to woman: let her keep them, and not act like the foolish animal in the old fable, which dropped the substance to snap at the shadow, and soon lost both substance and shadow.

### French Lessons.

COMPILED BY THE EDITOR.

#### LESSON IV.

The possessive pronouns, *my, thy, etc.*, have, like the articles, different forms, according as they precede feminine, masculine, or plural nouns. Thus:

	Masculine.	Feminine.	Plural.
My	mon,	ma,	mes.
Thy	ton,	ta,	tes.
His	son,	sa,	ses.
Her			
Our	notre,	notre,	nos.
Your	votre,	votre,	vos.
Their	leur,	leur,	leurs.

#### VOCABULARY.

The watch,	Le montre.
The wood,	Le bois,
The forest,	La forêt.
The stocking,	Le bas.
The gold,	L'or.
The silver,	L'argent.
Golden, or, of gold,	D'or.
Silver, of silver,	D'argent.
You have,	Vous avez.
We have,	Nous avons.
They have,	Ils ont.
Where are?	Où sont?

#### EXERCISE 4.

1. Where is your mother?
2. She is in the house of my father.
3. Where are your brothers and (your) sisters?
4. They are in the house of their father.
5. Have you some wood?
6. I have

some wood in the house. 7. Have you a gold watch? 8. I have a silver watch. 9. Where are the potatoes and apples of my sister? 10. They are under the table. 11. Have we the stockings of your brother? 12. You have his stockings and his coats. 13. Where is your brother? 14. He is in my father's forest. 15. Will you give a silver watch to your sister. 16. I have just given a gold watch to my sister. 17. Where are your chairs?

LESSON V.

In English, two negatives are improper; but in French two negatives are required; one of these precedes the verb, the other follows it. Levizac's table of negatives is, we think the most simply defined of any we know; we give it here.

N. B. The  $\wedge$  shows the place of the verb between the two negatives.

<i>Not</i>	ne $\wedge$ pas.
<i>Not</i>	ne $\wedge$ point (more emphatic.)
<i>Never</i>	ne $\wedge$ jamais.
<i>Nothing</i>	ne $\wedge$ rien.
<i>Nobody</i>	ne $\wedge$ personne.
<i>Not a jot</i>	ne $\wedge$ goutte.
<i>No where</i>	ne $\wedge$ nulle part.

As examples, see the following sentences:

<i>I am not,</i>	<i>Je ne suis pas.</i>
<i>We have not,</i>	<i>Nous n'avons point.</i>
<i>He never plays,</i>	<i>Je ne joue jamais.</i>
<i>You say nothing,</i>	<i>Vous ne dites rien.</i>
<i>I see nobody,</i>	<i>Je ne vois personne.</i>
<i>I see not at all,</i>	<i>Je ne vois goutte.</i>
<i>I go no where,</i>	<i>Je ne vais nulle part.</i>

VOCABULARY.

The baker,	Le boulanger.
The shoemaker,	Le cordonnier.
The carpenter,	Le charpentier.
The physician,	Le médecin.
The meat,	La viande.
The cheese,	Le fromage.
The dog,	Le chien.
The cat,	Le chat.
The rabbit,	Le lapin.
He has,	Il a.
She has,	Elle a.

EXERCISE 5.

1. The baker has a rabbit on his table. 2. The cat has the meat. 3. The physician has not the cheese of the shoemaker. 4. The carpenter has not a dog. 5. Where are the meat, the cheese, and the bread of my sister. 6. They are on the table. 7. Where is your brother? 8. He is on his chair. 9. Have we some rabbits and cats? 10. We have not any dogs. 11. The carpenter has my dog. 12. The sister of the baker has my bread and your apples.

LESSON VI.

In the following forms of expression, it will be seen that the French use the verb *to have* with a *noun*, to express the idea, for which we should use the verb *to be*, with an *adverb*. Ex.

To be hungry,	avoir faim.
To be ashamed,	avoir honte.
To be right,	avoir raison.
To be wrong,	avoir tort.
To be sleepy,	avoir sommeil.
To be afraid,	avoir peur.
To be warm,	avoir chaud.
To be cold,	avoir froid.

VOCABULARY.

With,	Avec.
For,	Pour.
He has just,	Il vient de.
We have just,	Nous venons de.
You have just,	Vous venez de.
The room,	La chambre.
The kitchen,	La cuisine.
The paper,	Le papier.
Blotting-paper,	Papier brouillard.
Brown Paper,	Papier gris.

EXERCISE 6.

1. Have you my paper? 2. Your mother has just given me some paper. 3. I have not the blotting-paper. 4. You have just taken my brown paper. 5. I have nothing in my kitchen. 6. My mother has some cakes for you in her room. 7. Put the paper and the books with the brown paper in your sister's room (the room of your sister).

8. Give me some cheese. 9. I see nothing on the table. 10. You say nothing to my mother and to my brother. 11. I go nowhere with my father. 12. I have not the chairs in the room of my brother.

## LESSON VII.

In asking questions respecting a third person, the person is first simply mentioned in French, and then the question is added. Thus, instead of saying: Has my brother a dog? The French would say: My brother, has he a dog, *mon frère a-t-il un chien.* The letter *t* is put between *a* and *il* in interrogative sentences, to prevent the disagreeable sound which would be caused by the two vowels *a* and *i* coming so close to each other.

## VOCABULARY.

Seen,	Vu.
Done,	Fait.
Torn,	Déchiré.
Eaten,	Mangé.
Spoken,	Parlé.

## EXERCISE 7.

1. I have never spoken to your sister. 2. We have seen nobody in his house. 3. I have done nothing for my sister. 4. Has my sister seen your mother? 5. Have we spoken to his father? 6. Has your brother torn his coat? 7. Have we eaten your bread? 8. Has the carpenter seen my chairs and your tables? 9. Has the shoemaker spoken to his father? 10. Has the physician seen my sister? 11. Has your brother spoken to the baker? 12. Has the baker spoken to their fathers?

The Exercises given in these lessons are to be considered rather as models for extended private study, than as in themselves conclusive. By a diligent study of the vocabularies, the pupil may very successfully compose many Exercises in addition to those given here. By devoting a short time each day to this employment, much useful

and thorough knowledge may be acquired in the course of even one month. We would suggest that after translating into French the sentences of our Exercises, the student should make a point of composing, say, ten more sentences every day on the words given in the vocabularies.

Beginners may derive much assistance also from reading in French some book with whose English they are well acquainted, as the Bible, or the "Pilgrim's Progress"; they will thus acquire some facility in reading French before having gone through the grammar, and will become familiar with many forms of expression which they will find useful in general conversation.

In addition then to the actual study of these Lessons, we would suggest as an accompanying task for each day that our readers write ten English sentences composed of the words in our Vocabularies, and translate them carefully into French.

Read thoughtfully ten verses of the French Testament.

Copies of the New Testament in French may be obtained for a very small sum, and if any of my soldier or sailor friends in Halifax find difficulty in procuring them, I shall be happy to obtain copies to their order.

We have to acknowledge a very kind communication from the Editor of the "Halifax Reporter," expressive of his sympathy with our work, and hearty interest in our present literary enterprise.

"Though the holy walk of a Christian does not merit the favor of God; yet it recommends the religion of the Son of God in the world, and is an evidence that he is born of God. I John ii. 29."—*Mason.*

"If you can do nothing else, speak for Jesus, and you shall thereby be a witness against this declining age."—*Rutherford.*

### Financial Report

OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME,  
36 BRUNWICK STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.,  
FROM FEB. 1ST TO MARCH 20TH.

BY THE EDITOR.

#### Donations in Money.

Two Visitors to the Home.....	\$ 0 70
Miss Hunt, Dartmouth.....	1 00
Mrs. D. Thompson.....	1 00
Miss Burton.....	1 00
Mr. Hurley.....	0 25
Corporal Shrimpton and his comrades of the 1st 60th Kings Own Rifle Corps.....	27 60
Pte. Carroll 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers.....	1 00
Mrs. Morgan's Lecture in the Baptist Church, Granville St...	4 33
Mrs. Morgan's Lecture in the Presbyterian Ch., Dartmouth...	5 60
Total.....	\$42 48

#### Other gifts.

*A Christian Friend*, Sugar, tea, apples, tracts.

*Sergeant Browne, A. H. C.*, A set of pictures.

*Mrs. David Ellis*, Four Cakes.

*Mr. Charles Bridger, Salisbury, Eng.*, A box of Books and Tracts.

*The Religious Tract Society of England*, Five poundsworth of English and Foreign Tracts.

#### Expenses of the Home.

Rent.....	\$125 00
Coals.....	47 50
Papers.....	2 70
Carriage of books and tracts.....	5 25
Stationery.....	1 73
Attendance.....	4 25
Mending furniture.....	90
Total.....	\$147 33

The *Bridgetown Monitor* is now added to the papers sent us for our reading-room.

The Baptist Church, Granville St., and the Presbyterian Church, Dartmouth, were kindly lent for my Lectures.

It will be seen by this report, that the Lord calls on His people to come

forward to supply the needs of His work. We look only to Him, knowing that His are all hearts, and He can send supplies at His good pleasure by whom He will; but He entrusts His messages to those who love Him. Satan's army is always busy and strong; we are bidden to combat him for Christ's sake. God's workers fight on almost alone. Who will volunteer to bring help "in the King's Name?"

#### What they were to do.

When the late Frederic of Prussia proclaimed his new code of laws, it rendered lawyers unnecessary, and a very large body of those useful members of society met and signed a petition to his Majesty, praying his relief, and ending with a request to know what they were to do. Underneath, the King wrote this laconic answer:

"Such as are tall enough, may enlist for grenadiers, and the shortest will do for drummers or fifers."

#### An Oldfashioned Artilleryman.

[Colonel Elgee, R. A., has just sent us the following cutting from a very old paper, describing the Model Artilleryman of two hundred years ago.]

From the "*Gunner's Glass*," Anno Domini, 1646.

WHEREIN THE DILIGENT PRACTITIONER MAY SEE HIS DEFECT; AND MAY REFORM, AND AMEND ALL ERRORS, THAT ARE COMMONLY INCIDENT TO UNSKILFUL GUNNERS.

*Touching the quality, and condition of the Man that will be a Gunner.*

In my judgment he ought to be first, and principally a Man fearing God, with an upright heart, not given to much talking, or many words, no Quarreller, or Drunkard, or idle Gamester, or companion; but sober honest, and of good conversation, and chiefly hating pride, and boasting of his own worth; endued with knowledge, and



skill in the profession of the Mathematics, as Arithmetic, and Geometry; all these may do well if it may be, if not some of these, as to write and read; and such like things and qualities ought to be in a Man that will take upon him the profession of a Gunner: and so by good and diligent industry this Man may prove excellent in this Art.

*So you therefore, who wish well to military Exercises I do here address my Speech:*

Desiring you to consider the scope and meaning of this my labor, being done to the end that I might in some sort help the understanding of those men that are studious; and desire to approve themselves good gunners, and loyal and faithful to the Sovereign and State, and I do verily think that a Fort that is pestered and cloyed with unskillful and obstinate gunners, were as good be furnished with so many traitors, for there is no good to be expected from them in time of need, when their service shall be required. Neither do I expect any favorable notice or acceptance, from such men, (and some others that are very captious, and censorious of the works of other men, when themselves truly understand not the least part of what they find fault with) but to such I say as others have formerly done in the like case,

“Commend it—or else, Come and mend it.”

*By W. Eldred, Master Gunner, Dover Castle.*

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### Erin go Bragh.

The following story is too good not to be told over again, out of the old treasure of a book sent us with the foregoing cutting:

*“Irish Troops in the Spanish Service.”*

An illustration of the point of honor, occurred during the war between the French republicans and the Spaniards, in 1792. The city of Fonbarabia being

closely invested by the French army, and summoned to surrender, the Governor held a council-of-war, at which it was agreed to deliver up the city, as there were no hopes of relief. The garrison, consisting of 9000 men, were required to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners of war; but this was rejected with indignation by a regiment of the Irish brigade, who unanimously declared that they never would deliver up their arms to an enemy. This demur being intimated to the French General, he consented to permit the regiment to march out of the city with two pieces of cannon, their arms, drums beating, and colors flying, and to pass into the interior of Spain; but the remainder of the garrison became prisoners of war. The Queen of Spain was so delighted with this instance of a high rank of honor, that she presented a gold medal to each of the officers, with an inscription commemorative of the event, and a new suit of uniform to each of the privates.

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### Resignation.

A nephew of one of the most distinguished officers of the French Navy, being mortally wounded, was removed from the field of battle on the bier with a common soldier of the legion of Mirabeau, in a battle fought in 1794, who uttered the most piercing cries. The young nobleman, addressing himself to this soldier, in a tone full of sensibility and mildness, said to him, “Your God died on a cross, your King died on a scaffold, and you dare to complain of your fate!” and expired a few moments after.

The Great Duke of Marlboro’ was told that an officer whom he had broke for ill-behaviour would take some opportunity of privately doing him an injury; he replied, “I am in no apprehension on that head, because I know him to be a man of courage.” This was noble praise, and finely discriminates the nature of true courage.”

# WANTED,

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! for the purchase of the very suitable property now used for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, and for the enlargement of the building. Friends sending donations will please intimate whether they wish their gift to be funded for this object, or to be used for the current expenses of the establishment. Gifts of furniture, blankets, tablecloths, and household utensils of all kinds are much needed. Address MRS. HUNT-MORGAN, SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME, 36 BRUNSWICK ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

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Means are also required for the establishment of a "Sailors' Rest," for Merchant Seamen, and for the purchase of a Bethel Ship. Donations to be sent to Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

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All communications for the Editor must be sent in by the 15th of the month, to ensure their being acknowledged in the next No. of the Magazine. The Editor specially begs that her correspondents WILL NOT write "poetry," if their thoughts can by any possibility be expressed in prose.

Each subscriber may very materially assist the circulation of "Grand Rounds," and consequently aid our work, by commending the Magazine to friends, and by directing general attention to the notices on the cover.

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Mrs. Morgan is at home to visitors every Monday, between the hours of 2 and 6 P. M., when she will be happy to give information concerning the Lord's work in her hands, to any of His people whose love to the Master may prompt their interest in the matter.

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Information required concerning a Seaman, named GEO. WALTER CRANNEY, who served first in the "Prince George" of Liverpool, Captain Hawkins, till 1870. Afterwards in the "Dacia," Captain Dowell, laying "Telegraph Cable" round the West India Islands, 1870, '71, and '72. When last heard of, had been discharged from the Barque "Stag" of Halifax, N. S., Captain Wilson, at New York, 18th May 1872. His mother will be very thankful to any one who will kindly inform her of her son's welfare, and address: Mrs. Cranney, Woburn Road, Bedford, Beds. England, or information may be addressed to Mrs. Hunt-Morgan, Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, 36 Brunswick Street, Halifax, N. S.

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Mrs. Hunt-Morgan will be happy to address Drawing-room meetings in the private residences of any friends to her work, who might be disposed thus to afford their more intimate circle of acquaintances an opportunity of hearing the details of the undertaking in which she is engaged; at such assemblies, Mrs. Morgan would be willing, after giving a general account of her mission, to reply to such questions concerning it as the interest felt by the guests might suggest to them.