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HIRAM POWERS, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1873.

PRIMITIVE EDUCATION IN ONTARIO.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

Nearly one century has passed since the actual settlement of the Province of Ontario began, by the hegira of the Loyalists from the rebellious colonies. During this time the wilderness and solitary places have given way to cultivated farms and haunts of civilized industry, and the descendants of those who struggled to overcome the many obstacles that disputed their right now live in the undisturbed possession of social and literary comforts of a high order. It would have been a difficult matter for our ancestors, when they landed upon the wild shores of Canada in 1784, to conceive a future of such remarkable transitions, and that, too, within such a limited period. Many of them had barely gained a comfortable home in the rebel colonies, before the angry wave of discontent rolled across the country, and left them aliens and destitute. Another effort was made, and under most adverse circumstances, which compelled them to use all kinds of self-denial in order to succeed in the discouraging contest. They were, for the most part, deficient in literary tastes, and the condition they found themselves in, after escaping from persecution, was not calculated to improve them much in this respect. It has been related, also, that some objection was urged against the general introduction of schools by the early settlers, on the ground that the encouragement of such tastes would tend to disqualify for the rough life of a pioneer, which was an imperative necessity at that time. We have no authority for this statement, and shall treat it as a libel, especially so in view of the praiseworthy ambition so soon shown by the settlers for improving their own and their children's education.

It is probable that the French, during the time they occupied the country, had schools for instruction at the different posts, and particularly at Cataraqui, which was their principal rendezvous west of Montreal. In the absence of facts we are unable to speak upon this point with any certainty, but it does not seem reasonable that so intelligent and enterprising a race would be content to remain in comparative ignorance for so long a period. Many of them must have spent the greater part of their lives in Canada, and no doubt were educated by those hardy, energetic Recollects, who accompanied and encouraged every enterprise, and who manifested so much zeal for the triumph of French dominion in the New World. As usual with Roman Catholic policy, religious and secular education were inseparably connected, and at that time more necessarily so than at the present time.

Immediately after the Revolutionary struggle, we find mention made of schools being established in the Province, and efforts made for the promotion of educational privileges among the settlers. The first schools were, in fact, organized about the domestic hearth of the pioneer during the long winter evenings. Here the family would gather after the day's toil was over, and attentively listen to exciting tales of

former experience, related by the elder members, which included much of historical interest, and served an excellent purpose in the perpetuation of a sound political and national faith. Like the Spartan mothers of old, they inculcated lessons of instruction which *compelled* their children to be victorious, and which branded with eternal disgrace all who shrank from duty. When sufficient means could be collected, a teacher was employed, and the rudiments of necessary branches were taught in some unoccupied part of a log house, or a hastily-constructed room intended for the purpose. The persons usually selected for exercising the prerogative of the school-room were not very well qualified for the responsible task imposed upon them, being, with few exceptions, discharged soldiers, who had become infirm and unfit for further active service. It may also be remarked here that the majority of these primitive pedagogues were of Irish nationality, for reasons we are unable to define. The Irish peasants must have enjoyed superior privileges at home for acquiring an education, or else they were more unfortunate in meeting with the casualties and accidents of a military life. The first supposition is doubtless correct, and this fact, so generally acknowledged, is a credit to the Celtic race, which, we are happy to affirm, they honorably maintain. But, it must also be admitted that this practice of engaging as teachers old, infirm and unqualified military incapables, had an injurious effect upon subsequent efforts for the improvement of our Public School System. Such persons were always willing to give their services for a nominal pittance, so long as their living was secured; and there were many corporations willing to favor them for similar reasons. Really competent teachers could not compete successfully with the dilapidated specimens of "Mike Cavanaugh" who thronged the country; and as a consequence the standard of education was at a low ebb for many years after better things might be reasonably expected. It is but comparatively a short time since the last lingering remains of this intellectual status gave way before the advantages of an improved system. But with all their faults these primitive teachers were often the means of benefiting the pioneer settlers to a great extent, and as they were sincere in their humble calling, due credit should be given them for the results accomplished.

Among the early applicants for the honor of teaching the Canadian youth were many who came from the United States, and who were, like those above referred to, physically incapable of performing ordinary manual labor. This latter class were instrumental in bringing into the country a number of American text-books, and also introducing a peculiarity of pronunciation which has not yet been entirely eradicated. So prevalent did this habit become that in 1846 a strong feeling was excited against it, particularly in the vicinity of Kingston, which was then regarded as the centre of civilization in the Province. A writer in the Kingston *Herald* of that date, who signed himself "Harris," made a determined attack upon what he regarded as "a glaring corruption of the English language," and pointed out a number of the most prominent vulgarities. A prejudice gradually arose which ultimately drove the American customs out of the Common Schools, and hence completely checked the tendency towards vulgarizing our national brogue. With regard to American text-books, the same objections were urged, yet in some instances they were a necessity that could not well be dispensed with, owing to our inability to supply their places with better. But their influence upon the minds of the rising generation was prejudicial to a sound national feeling, and the prominence given to American characters and American institutions did not tend to promote a proper respect for the claims of their native and adopted country.

Garrison schools seem to have been the means of furnishing some of the early settlers with the rudiments of a common education. These were generally established at military posts, and conducted by discharged soldiers, possessing the required ability, or the chaplains of the forces. As might be expected, from circumstances usually attending such uncertain dependencies, these schools were not of a very efficient character, nor did they furnish the usual facilities for those who availed themselves of the advantages offered. Col.

Clarke, of Dalhousie, who gives much interesting matter relating to the early history of our country, says, when speaking of these military schools: "The first rudiments of my humble education I acquired at a garrison school, at old Fort Niagara. When we came to the British side of the river I went to various schools." He also speaks of similar schools at Kingston, where the results seem to have been quite successful. One Donevan taught in this capacity for some time; and at Niagara Cockerell was a favorite with those who patronized the garrison schools. We have the names of Meyers, Blaney, and Michael also as garrison teachers, but can not locate the scenes of their operations. It is probable, however, that they were lesser lights, contemporary with Messrs. Donevan and Cockerell, for subsequent to 1800 we do not hear of any such schools being in favor. A better class of instructors began to arrive among the settlers, and more encouragement was given to their labors. Rochefoucalt, speaking of Kingston and vicinity in 1795, remarks: "In this district are some schools, but they are few in number. The children are instructed in reading and writing, and pay each a dollar a month. One of the masters, superior to the rest in point of knowledge, taught Latin, but he has left the school without being succeeded by another instructor of the same learning."

Playter, in his "History of Methodism," tells us that "in 1789, a pious young man, called Lyons, an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church, came to Canada and engaged in teaching school in the township of Adolphustown, on the shores of Hay Bay." He was probably one of the first, if not the first, regular teacher that penetrated so far westward. But a Mr. Clarke is spoken of as teaching in Fredericksburgh and Ernesttown during 1786, and two subsequent years. He was well qualified and his services very popular with the people; but superior inducements caused him to leave the Bay of Quinté and go to Dundas, where a farm was purchased for him by Captain Frazier, and other preparations made to ensure his success and contentment.

Ex-Sheriff Ruttan, a native of Adolphustown, which for years occupied a prominent position in the embryo colony, relates many pleasing reminiscences of his school days. When seven years of age, he was one of those who patronized Mrs. Cranaham, "who opened a sylvan seminary for the young idea in the above township, and from which he graduated to the school of Jonathan Clarke." After describing the accommodations furnished at these seats of learning, he continues: "You may suppose these gradations to Parnassus were carried into effect because a large amount of knowledge could be obtained. Not so: for Dilworth's Spelling Book and the New Testament were the only books possessed by these academies. About five miles distant was another teacher, whose name I forget. After his day's work was done in the bush, but particularly in the winter, he was ready to receive pupils. This evening school was especially for those in search of knowledge." He also admits that some attended for other purposes than the acquirement of rudimentary education, for "exciting occasions sometimes happened by moonlight, when the girls joined the cavalcade;" and besides the contents of the above-mentioned books they made it an object to "study the girls' looks." Mr. Ruttan concludes:—"These primeval days I remember with great pleasure. At fourteen my education was finished." We have only to add that his subsequent life demonstrated the value of this backwoods education, as he made it serve him to good advantage and by its use he rose to an honorable position in his native country. The same testimony may be borne to the record of others who were school-mates of Mr. Ruttan, and most of them natives of Adolphustown. This township is one of the smallest in the province—if consolidated it would not be more than three miles and a half square—but it can boast of a worthy representation in all the leading professions of our people. No less than fifteen members of the Local and Dominion Parliament are claimed as having spent their juvenile years and received their first training in the common schools of Adolphustown. Among this number we may mention the following as having more or less distinguished themselves: — Christopher and Daniel Hagerman, Henry Ruttan, Da-

vid Roblin, John P. Roblin and Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. The last mentioned, though not born in the township, spent a large portion of his early years there and attended the schools. We should naturally conclude, therefore, that the system of instruction pursued by those primitive teachers was not altogether void of merit; or else there was more than an average degree of ability found among their pupils.

It was about the beginning of the present century that teachers found their way so far up the Bay of Quinté as the "sixth" and "seventh" townships. In 1803 a school was opened on the "High Shore," in Sophiasburgh, which is said to have been the first in the County of Prince Edward. Another soon followed, taught by John James, who chose a neighborhood further down the Bay, near Grassy Point. Rev. Wm. Wright, a Presbyterian Minister, was the pioneer teacher at the mouth of Meyer's Creek, where Belleville now stands. He began sometime in 1805, but soon discontinued the work, which did not prove sufficiently remunerative. Shortly after this attempt another missionary in the noble profession reported himself to the benighted denizens of the little village, and received sufficient encouragement to enable him to open a school, which was tolerably successful. The name of this teacher was Leslie, and he is remembered by those still living as a kind, conscientious instructor. Mrs. Perry, a venerable lady of Ernesttown, also gives reminiscences of her first school experience, which, upon the whole, differ but little from the preceding narratives. Her teacher was one Smith, who came from "the old country," and who possessed extraordinary qualifications for the times. He taught in the second concession, and established such a reputation as to bring numbers from a distance, which gave his school great *éclat* in that and adjacent neighborhoods. Some of the "first families," who were a favored aristocracy in the estimation of the rough pioneers, even condescended to patronize Mr. Smith, and from this source he derived a good share of his income. But each succeeding year brought an improvement in the financial prospects of the settlers, and this enabled them to increase their liberality in the cause of education. When the war of 1812 began, there were a number of good schools, not only at Kingston, but scattered at intervals along the Bay shore, and in some instances at a considerable distance inland. The general interruption which all kinds of business suffered during the continuance of hostilities had its effect upon the schools also, but they soon revived after peace was declared.

A sketch of this nature would be incomplete without a reference to one of the most prominent and successful workers in the extensive field of educational labor which was opened in the new provinces. Rev. John Stuart was the first regular missionary sent to Upper Canada. It was intended that his labors should be principally among the Mohawk Indians, and for this purpose he was chosen by the Church of England, in 1784, and immediately despatched to Cataraqui, where he arrived in the following year. He was born at Harrisburgh, Penn., in 1730, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania. His father was a Presbyterian minister, and educated his son with a view of preparing him for that Church; but after taking his degree young Stuart seems to have formed strong Episcopalian sympathies, and ultimately joined the society of his choice. This led to an estrangement between father and son, but the former soon perceived the error of his opposition, and gave his consent to the projects in contemplation. Holy orders were conferred upon the young missionary in 1770, at a University in England, whither he had gone for this purpose, and the responsible duties of his mission were soon after entered upon with becoming zeal. Immediately after his arrival in Canada a plan for educating and Christianizing the natives entrusted to his care was submitted to the Legislature, and assistance from that body solicited. This request was liberally responded to, and provisions were made whereby an improved system of instruction was inaugurated. But Mr. Stuart did not confine his superior abilities to the Indian Mission; he was induced to open a school in Kingston, being encouraged by the patronage of all the leading residents. In his capacity, while at the same time the

natives were carefully looked after, he was eminently successful, his school continuing to improve in efficiency and usefulness. In 1799, when he had labored successfully in Canada for fourteen years, his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of "D.D.," the first degree received by a resident of the country, so far as known. This recognition of his services was well deserved, as no man had contributed more, in his civil capacity, towards the promotion of religious and secular education, and the general improvement of the people. His reputation was held in the highest esteem by all classes of the community, and his influence in the direction of all public questions was of the most beneficial kind. Not only at Kingston, but throughout the whole bay settlement, his services were sought in the formation and improvement of every good and needful enterprise, and cheerfully were they rendered on all occasions. The memory of this amiable minister and teacher is still reverenced by those who were so much benefited by him, and also by their descendants, who are conscious of the debt of gratitude they owe for blessings at present enjoyed.

We have before us a document which furnishes some information as regards education in Hallowell, County of Prince Edward, and how the settlers of that hamlet regarded the services of those willing and able to assume the responsibilities of the school-room. It is dated Oct. 28th, 1819, and purports to be "Articles of agreement between R—— L—— of the one part, and we the undersigned of the other part." Its provision are, "that the said R—— L—— doth agree to keep a regular school for the term of seven months, from the 1st day of Nov. next, at the rate of two pounds ten shillings per month; and he further doth agree to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic; to keep regular hours; keep good order in school as far as his abilities will allow; and see that the children go orderly from school to their respective homes." The undersigned agreed to pay R—— L—— the sum above named, and also "to find a comfortable house for the school, supply it with wood fitted for the fire, wash, mend, lodge and victual him for the time of keeping said school." Then came the bold, manly signatures of the trustees making this agreement, viz:—William Clarke, Peter Leavens, Daniel Leavens. At the bottom of this document there is a quaint addition, indited by the said R—— L——, which conveys an uncertainty as to the satisfactory performance of stipulated duties. He says:—"It is to be understood that the said R—— L—— has performed his duties rightly till he is discharged."

We have before mentioned the absence of literary comforts among the first settlers of the Province of Ontario. This condition of affairs is not surprising, especially in view of the circumstances under which they migrated thither. Many of them were proscribed by the Republican Government, and all their possessions were confiscated, while others were forced by pressing inconveniences to abandon much that they would fain have brought with them to the asylum they sought in Canada. Books, especially, were cumbrous, of less vital interest in the prospects before them, and by some regarded as mere luxuries. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, that so few of these helps in the work of civilization were to be found, and that the want was so perceptible in subsequent events. But, though deficient in this respect, few, very few, neglected the paramount duty of preserving and studying the Bible, which, in many instances, was the only volume found in their humble abodes. There are numerous copies of this blessed Book, brought by the Loyalists from their former homes in the rebellious States, still in existence, carefully and lovingly preserved as an inestimable treasure, a kind of sacred heir-loom, which binds together in one hallowed family circle the several members whose names have from time to time been added to the long record it contains. From the inspired passages words of consolation and hope have been gathered, and sweet faith in the Divine promise have revived the drooping heart, when bowed beneath the burdensome trials of a pioneer's experience. The oft-conned pages are worn and discolored, the covers warped and eaten by the tooth of time, but every precious injunction remains, and the memory of the past intensifies the veneration with which they are regarded. Some are printed in the German language, having

been brought by those refugees who belonged to that nationality. It would be difficult to induce the descendants of those loyal ancestors to part with the "Family Bible," which has been a companion of the household for a century and more, and which serves to connect the present with the past by means of so many loving memories.

No sooner had the first grand obstacles been removed, and the settlers been permitted to indulge a wish so long repressed, than preparations were begun to carry out a design which seemed to be imperative. Schools, as we have shown, were opened, and qualified teachers engaged to give the required instruction. But more than this was necessary, and efforts were soon made to supply the want. Those who had spent their early years in the wilderness, and were unable to attend school, needed means for self-improvement. This induced them to consider the propriety of establishing "Social Libraries," as these literary facilities were very appropriately named, where all classes might meet for reading and social intercourse. Such a library was collected at Kingston in 1813, and was highly prized by the inhabitants, and continued in existence for a number of years. It would appear that Bath had also about this time made a similar movement, for Gourley, speaking of that place in 1811, says: "Books are procured in considerable numbers, and 'social libraries' are introduced in various places." The Legislative Council, in 1816, caught the prevailing inspiration, and an Act was introduced and passed which provided for the appropriation of a sum of money for the purpose of forming a library for the use of that body and the Legislative Assembly. A liberal grant of £800 was made for this purpose, and suitable books and maps were soon after procured. This provision was doubtless a very judicious one, as the members who then gathered at the Capital from remote sections of the country, could not boast of a collegiate training. The majority were hardy pioneers of the wilderness, and left the axe and plow to attend to their legislative duties. But they were loyally devoted to the cause that engaged their attention, and it is presumed the first Parliament that convened in a tent, upon the picturesque banks of the Niagara, in 1792, was, in most respects, quite as decorous as those of later date. An instance is recorded, however, in which an egotistical and illiterate M. P. P. appeared to decided disadvantage, and possibly blasted his prospects for future political honors. His orations in the Legislative debates had called forth a sarcastic but humorous criticism, which appeared in the *Kingston Gazette*. This the M. P. P. replied to by copying, *verbatim*, the greater part of Sir Wm. Draper's letter to Junius, in defence of his friend, Lord Granby, and boldly attached his own signature to the communication. The plagiarism was exposed by a young lawyer, and the result was—a political demise.

Governor Simcoe, immediately upon assuming the functions in 1792, interested himself in the cause of education, and took measures for the establishment of a more advanced system. Then, and for several years afterwards, Rev. Mr. Stuart, before mentioned, was the only teacher who imparted anything like a solid education, and his arduous duties connected with mission work precluded the extension of such benefits. Impressed with the necessity for prompt action in this respect, and actively alive to the public weal, Governor Simcoe resolved upon founding a College in connection with a State Church. For this purpose he caused negotiations to be opened with prominent educationalists in Great Britain, with a view to obtaining a suitable person to place at the head of the proposed College. The celebrated Dr. Chalmers was first approached, but owing to prospective preferment at home, though he had not yet attained his renown, he felt justified in declining the offer. He, however, mentioned his friend Strachan, just then fresh from academical triumphs, and strongly recommended his selection. Acting upon the advice of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Strachan was requested to take charge of the Canadian College, which, after some hesitation, he accepted. He arrived at Kingston on the last day of the year 1799, and found that the scheme which induced him to come out had been temporarily suspended, through the removal of Governor Simcoe, and the inaug-

uration of other projects. But influential parties, prominent among whom was Hon. R. Cartwright, decided to go on with the High School arrangement, and with this view set to work organizing a beginning. In a short time sufficient aid was procured, and Mr. Strachan entered upon the duties he had chosen when accepting Governor Simcoe's offer. He continued teaching in Kingston for three years with signal success, and then removed his school to Cornwall. Thither most of his pupils followed him, so strongly were they attached to him personally, and conscious of his worth as an instructor. That his system of training the youths submitted to his care was of the highest order, we have only to refer to the subsequent careers that marked most of their lives. Among those who entered his school at Kingston, and who followed him to Cornwall, were such well-known names as the late Chief Justice Robinson, Chief Justice Macaulay, Hon. George Markland, Bishop Bethune, who was destined to succeed his teacher in a more responsible capacity, Rev. Wm. Macaulay, of Picton, Captain England, of the Royal Engineers, Justice McLean, Col. John Clarke, the two sons of Hamilton, James and Samuel, and the four sons of Cartwright. All of these men rose to honorable positions in the country, and all of them attributed the secret of their success to the wholesome instruction received from Mr. Strachan. After laboring at Cornwall for nine years, his talents and success were generally recognized throughout the country, and the Government promised him assistance in the furtherance of his educational schemes. He was induced to relinquish his charge at Cornwall, and engage in an extended sphere at York (Toronto), which was then the capital, and gave promise of the commercial and educational pre-eminence that now distinguishes it. Ever a zealous adherent of the Established Church, and especially educated for its ministry, he soon rose to a commanding position, and used this influence in the promulgation of those principles he held sacred. Having become a member of the Legislative Assembly, and also of the Executive Council, he made good use of his abilities for securing the establishment of a State Church and preserving the Clergy Reserve Grants. In 1827 he succeeded in getting a charter for a University, which he named "King's College," and which was designed for the exclusive benefit of those willing to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. This institution, under the fostering care of Mr. Strachan, continued to prosper in connection with the Church of England for twenty years; but the spirit of the country was gradually becoming more liberal and less inclined to favor castes or denominational exclusion. In 1853, by action of the Legislature, King's College became a truly national institution, open alike to all classes, and subject no longer to the restrictions of any one sect or party. At this time Mr. Strachan was becoming advanced in years and bodily infirmities, and it was supposed he would not attempt to renew the struggle he had so determinedly waged against the voluntary principle which opposed his designs. But contrary to expectation, he resolutely set to work, and with characteristic zeal once more succeeded in the establishment of a purely denominational college. No better monument of his untiring energy and passionate attachment to exclusive principles is needed than the present successful institution known as "Trinity College," Toronto. We cannot conclude this reference to the labors of Dr. Strachan without a few comments upon his life. He was born at Aberdeen, Scotland, on the 12th of April, 1778, and after finishing his course at college began the study of theology, as a Presbyterian; but, like his predecessor in the Canadian mission labor, Rev. Dr. Stuart, he subsequently became a zealous Episcopalian. His success as a teacher, and the value of his influence upon national questions of dispute, cannot be properly gauged at this time. Intolerant though he was in many respects, and an uncompromising advocate of Church exclusion and the "Family Compact," he nevertheless proved himself on many occasions a champion of our political and social rights. In 1839 he was appointed first Bishop of Toronto, which important position he continued to dignify and honor until the active brain could work no longer, and the weary wheels of life stood still. He quietly passed away Nov. 1st, 1867, having reached the mature

age of nearly ninety years, sixty-seven of which were passed in Canada. A public funeral was accorded him, and he was buried amid the universal respect of all classes of the community.

During the first years of the Upper Canadian settlement, the village of Bath, which is situated on the Bay of Quinté, a few miles west of Kingston, promised to be a place of much importance, and for a time actually rivalled the latter in many respects. In 1811 educational matters began to occupy particular attention, and it was finally concluded to establish an academy, no doubt in a spirit of opposition to the popular school taught by Dr. Strachan, at Cornwall. The project was successful, and the gentleman chosen as principal was the noted Barnabas Bidwell, who had, a few years previously, come to Canada from the State of Massachusetts, where he had held the position of Attorney-General. Hostilities with the United States began the following year, and Bath, from her favorable shipping privileges, suffered more than most other places in this section of the country. The school became demoralized, and though Mr. Bidwell gave his constant attention to the work, it did not sufficiently improve after the war to justify its continuance. Bidwell removed to Kingston in 1819, with his son, Marshal S., who was destined to become a prominent figure in Canadian politics. The elder Bidwell remained in Kingston, teaching till his death in 1833, his son going to Toronto, and from thence to New York, where he died last year.

In 1836 a female academy was opened at Picton, County of Prince Edward, by a Mrs. Crombie and her sister, Miss Bradshaw. This school, under different management, continued to flourish for a number of years, or until superseded by the present Common and Grammar School appointments. A male department was added by Rev. D. McMullen, which is spoken of at the present day as a highly successful and satisfactory arrangement.

It was, we believe, in 1830 that the Wesleyan Methodist Conference met upon the shores of the Bay of Quinté, and adopted unanimously the following resolution: 'That a Committee of nine be chosen by ballot, consisting of three from each district, to fix the location of the Seminary, according to some general instructions to be given them by the Conference." Cobourg was selected by this Committee as the site of the proposed Seminary, and in the Conference address of 1835 it is said: "We are happy to be able to say that the buildings for the 'Upper Canada Academy' are nearly completed. We hope the institution will soon be open for the reception of pupils." In 1842 this institution, which had received a very liberal patronage, not only from the denomination under whose management it was conducted, but equally so from other church societies, became merged into 'Victoria College,' with the usual University powers. Since then its record has been most brilliant, and at the present time it occupies a foremost rank among the higher educational establishments of the country.

Some time during the latter part of the year 1841, or early in 1842, an English gentleman, John Joseph Gurney, belonging to the Society of Friends, was travelling through Canada, and was interested in the condition of Quakers generally. He found that, though the number of this society was considerable, they possessed but slight educational privileges, aside from the general provisions made by the Government. This he conceived to be a deficiency which militated against the expected expansion of their faith, and generously offered to contribute the sum of £500, on condition that an equal amount be raised by the Society. This money was to be expended in the purchase of a suitable site and buildings for opening a school under the control of the Friends. The offer was readily accepted, and the money soon raised by voluntary contributions. The committee chosen for the purpose of carrying out Mr. Gurney's proposal selected a lot of land with a large, new brick building thereon, which was offered for sale in the picturesque village of Bloomfield, about four miles from Picton. Here, in due course of time, the arrangements were completed, and a very efficient Seminary, supplying a thorough English and classical course for both sexes, was conducted for a number of years. We believe Mr. Gurney, the patron of this school, was

a brother of the well-known Elizabeth Fry, whose name has become a household word among all lovers of charitable philanthropy.

Queen's College, at Kingston, one of the foremost of its class, was incorporated in 1842, and received the powers of a University. We are not aware of the endowments conferred by the Government, but presume they were similar to those granted to the University of Toronto and Upper Canada College. The former when founded was endowed by 225,000 acres of Crown lands, and £1,000 annually for sixteen years. The Royal Grammar School was merged into Upper Canada College in 1829, and some time afterwards it also received liberal grants of land and £1,000 for the same period as the University. It is needless to make any further reference to the establishment of a higher education in the Province of Ontario, as the above include all, or nearly all, actually coming under this head. Subsequent efforts have been highly successful, and flourishing institutions at London, Toronto, Ottawa, Belleville, &c., attest the interest the public feels in this wise provision.

In conclusion, it is only just that a few words be said regarding the present admirable system of Common and Grammar School instruction, which forms such a commendable criterion of the whole fabric of provincial government, and general intelligence of our people. The Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., must be credited with the chief honor in the construction and organization of this comprehensive and liberal arrangement. The introduction took place as early as 1841, but then the machinery was disorganized and the system, upon the whole, of a crude nature. Dr. Ryerson being appointed Chief Superintendent, with instruction to proceed in the construction of an educational system adapted to the wants of a rapidly accumulating population, lost no time in beginning the work. He visited and carefully examined the school machinery of the several New England and Middle States, and adopted such features as his judgment approved. He also went to Europe on a similar mission, where many valuable suggestions were received and the best principles intelligently analyzed and copied. Especially in Germany he found much that was commendable, and from the very thorough system there in vogue he borrowed the leading points that now so eminently distinguish our Normal School training. Improvements were necessarily made in conformity with the more liberal tendencies that prevail on this side the Atlantic; and in this way a system was built up which is universally acknowledged superior in most respects to that of any other country. The venerable doctor still lives and devotes his talents to the cause so long under his care, and which, perhaps, no other person in the province is equally conversant with. His recompense must be of an agreeable nature, as the development of past efforts bring him daily witnesses of the good he has been instrumental in accomplishing. Perhaps nowhere else can a more intelligent people be found than in this favored province. There are very few native Canadians unable to read and write, while the great majority even of the sons of toil possess a liberal education. Immigrants, if previously placed at a disadvantage, need remain so no longer after settling upon the broad plains that invite their attention. The principle of free schools, which now prevails throughout the whole province, aided by Municipal and Legislative grants, places the blessings of education within the reach of all, even the most indigent. A neglect on the part of any parent or guardian to improve the advantages offered is nothing short of criminal indifference; and a compulsory clause has lately been adopted which is calculated to attend to such cases. This concludes our remarks. We submit that the inhabitants of Ontario have abundant reasons to boast of their record, educational and otherwise, and can refer with none but honest feelings to the worthy example of an honored ancestry.

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA OF THE MIDDLE AGES:

MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

(*Concluded.*)

A better idea of the general character of this Mediæval Drama will be obtained from a brief outline and a few extracts, than from a lengthened description. The subject is best known to Canadian readers from the short yet characteristic Miracle Play in Longfellow's poem, the "Golden Legend." The admirers of that noble poem will, doubtless, like to know more of the sources from which it is, in part, derived.* From the entire dramatic series, which was generally enacted at Whitsuntide, and sometimes extended to forty different plays,† a tolerably correct idea of the Scripture narrative would be gathered; tinged, of course, with the superstitions and errors of the times.

There is frequently among the characters an "Expositor" or "Doctor," who comments upon the passing events, and inculcates the moral to be derived therefrom; somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus, or rather the coryptiams. In the following extracts, which must, of course, be very brief and fragmentary, I shall modernize as far as possible the uncouth spelling.

The first play, The Fall of Lucifer, begins thus:

GOD.—I am Alpha and O!
I am the First and Last also,
It is, it was, it shall be thus:
I am the great God, gracious,
Which never had beginning. . . .

Here follows the creation of the nine orders of Angels. The pride and ambition of Lucifer are strikingly exhibited. He exclaims:

Above great God I will me guide,
And set myself here as I ween;
I am peerless and prince of pride,
For God himself shines not so sheen.

The revolt and punishment of the archangel, and the mutual recriminations of the fallen fiends are conceived in a quite Miltonic spirit.

Next follow the Creation and the Fall of Man, Adam's prophetic vision as he looks down the vista of the future and beholds the heritage of woe he has bequeathed to his posterity, is exceedingly impressive. This scene is also the basis of one of the finest episodes in Milton. Eve's yearning affection for her "sweete children, darlings deare," and her agonized grief on the death of Abel, are expressed with strong human sympathy. The earth refuses to cover the body of the first victim of murder, and rejects it from the grave. Upon the death of Adam, Seth returns to paradise for a branch of the tree of life to plant on his father's grave. From this, in the course of time, was derived the wood of the cross. According to another legend, this was the aspen tree, which ever since has shuddered with horror at the woeful deed of which it was the instrument.

A good deal of humor is introduced into the account of the flood, by the contumacy of Noah's wife, who refuses to obey her liege lord's commands.

NOAH.—Wife, come in: why standest thou there?
Thou art ever forward I dare well swear;
Come in, in God's name! full time it were,
For fear lest that we drown.

WIFE.—Yea, sir, set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail,
For, withouten fail
I will not out of this town;
But I have my gossips everyone
One foot further I will not gone:
They shall not drown, by Saint John!

* His recently published Divine Tragedy exhibits traces of this influence.

† See Collections of Coventry, Chester, and Townly Mysteries, published by the Shakespeare and Surtees Societies, in the library of Toronto University. From these the following extracts are taken.

An I may save their life.
But thou let them into thy chest,
Else row now where thou wist,
And get thee a new wife.

The story of the offering up of Isaac is skilfully told. Isaac piteously entreats:

If I have trespassed in any degree,
With a rod you may beat me;
Put up your sword if your will be,
For I am but a child.

ABRAHAM.—Ho! my heart will break in three,
To hear thy words I have pitie;
As thou wilt Lord, it must be,
To thy will I must yield.

ISAAC.—Would my mother were here with me!
She would kneel down upon her knee,
Praying you, father, if it may be,
For to save my life.

He meekly asks, "Is it God's will I should be slain?" and then quietly submits. He begs pardon for all his faults, and craves his father's blessing, sends his love to his mother, and asks to be slain with as few strokes as possible. Abraham kisses him, binds his eyes, and is about to slay him, when the angel arrests his hand. The sacrifice of Iphigenia cannot be compared for pathos with this. The "Doctor" expounds the scene as having reference to the perfect obedience, even unto death, of Jesus Christ. A messenger interrupts his lengthy exposition by exclaiming,

Make room, lordings, and give us way,
And let Balek come in and play.

Balaam and his speaking ass are a source of great merriment. Balek, desiring to be avenged on those "false tosel Jews," swears horribly at the prophet when they are thrice blessed.

There are also plays about Joseph, Moses, David, and other leading characters of the Old Testament; but the chief interest of the drama gathers about the life of Christ. The gospel narrative is largely supplemented by legendary lore, or embellished by the fancy of the poet—frequently with intense humanness; but sometimes its beauty is marred by coarseness or frivolity. The "Emperoure Octavian" and the Sibyl both prophesy of Christ's advent; and on his birth the gods of Rome fall down, as, also, do those of Egypt when he goes thither. Joseph complains that he is only a poor carpenter, who has his meat by his hammer and plane, and so can ill afford to pay the newly levied tax. He and the Virgin Mary arrive, weary and wayworn, at Bethlehem, at the approach of night, and take refuge in a cave used as a stable, and there, between an ox and an ass, that night the Holy Child is born. Joseph is very tender in his bearing toward the Virgin mother, addressing her with such fond, caressing words as "Loe! Marye sweete, my darlinge deare;" "My deare hearte root," and other loving phrases. A signal judgment punishes those who dare to doubt her maiden purity. The humanizing influence of these affecting scenes, and of this worship of holiness and meekness—of the Divine Child and stainless mother—upon our uncouth ancestry, must have been of incalculable benefit. It did much in a rude and stormy age to invest with a tender reverence all womankind; and inspired the iron chivalry of the time with a religious enthusiasm for the succor of human weakness and frailty.

The play of the Shepherds abounds in a good deal of coarse humor and rude mirth. It gives a minute picture of Mediæval country life. In some versions a wrestling bout occurs; in others a sheep-stealing plot is discovered. On the whole the shepherds are a rather disreputable set, although one of them self-assertingly boasts that there is

A better shepherd on no side
From comely Conway unto Clyde.

They lunch on Lancaster jack-cakes and Hatton ale. Their names, too, Harvey, Tudde, Tibbs, and Trowle, have a remarkably English sound. They wrestle and engage in rude horse-play till the voices of the heavenly choir are heard singing "*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*" The shepherds were evidently unacquainted with Latin, and offer some very absurd interpretations of the unknown words. When the star appears they sing a doggerel chorus, and proceed to offer their rustic gifts to the infant Christ. One gives him a spoon to sup his pottage, one a cap, and one a pair of mitts—very useful on an English wold at Christmas, but not quite so necessary in Palestine.

In the meantime the three gipsy kings have seen the Star in the East, and bring

more seasonable offerings. They arrive at Herod's palace inquiring,

> Can ye aught say what place or where
> A childe is born that crown shall bear,
> And be of Jews the King?

SERVANT.—Hold your peace, sirs, I you pray!
For if King Herod hear you so say,
He would go mad, by my fay,
And fly out of his skin.

Herod is at any rate very angry when he hears of the inquiry, and exclaims,

> I am the greatest above degree,
> That is, that was, that ever shall be;
> The sun it dare not shine on me,
> If I bid him go down. . . .
> A boy, a groom of low degree
> To rise against my royalty!
> Sir Doctor, that are chiefest of clergy
> Look up at thy books of prophecy,
> And what thou seest tell thou me.

The "Doctor" quotes Jacob's prophecy concerning the Shiloh, when Herod bursts out,

> That's false, by Mahound, full of might,
> That old vylarde Jacob doted for age,
> What presumption should move that peevish page,
> Or any elfish godling to take from me my crown.

He rages horribly, and orders the slaughter of the children.

> Have done and fill the wine high,
> Fill fast and let the cups fly,
> I die, but I have drink.

In the meantime the kings present their gifts to the baby sovereign of the world. The first gives gold

> For it seemeth by this place
> That little treasure his mother has.

The next offered incense, and the third thirty pieces of money—"gift pennies," they are called. These "pennies," according to the veracious legend, were the identical coins with which Abraham bought the Cave of Machpehlah, for which Joseph was sold by his brethren, and for which Judas afterward betrayed his Master. Of few things else, save the Holy Grail, and the stone on which the English sovereigns are crowned—which last, it is well known, was the very stone that Jacob used as a pillow—can the history be so marvelously traced. Our Ladye Marie left most of the presents, with the child's swaddling clothes, in the cave, when she fled into Egypt; and there they remained till discovered by the pious Empress Helena! During the flight into Egypt the Holy Family are attacked by robbers. One of these relents, beholding their poverty; but the other is exceedingly fierce. The infant Christ foretells that they shall both be crucified with him; but that he who had mercy shall find pardon in his hour of doom.

It is in the play of the Slaughter of the Innocents that the King of Jewry fairly out-Herods Herod in his violence and cruelty. He summons all his barons, burgesses, and baronets—Sir Lancler, Sir Grimbald and the rest—to destroy the children. There are some rather course passages of wit between the soldiers and the women, and one cowardly officer is driven off. But the slaughter is completed, and the soldiers toss the dead babes upon their spear points. Then is heard the voice of lamentation:

> Out and out! and wellaway!
> That ever I did see this day;
> Out and out! and woe is me!
> Thief, thou shalt hanged be!

In the confusion Herod's own son is slain, and the wretched father, smitten with despair, cries out,

> Alas! my days now are done;
> I wot I must die soon:
> Bootless is it to make moan,
> For damned I must be.

He falls down, writhing with pain and eaten with worms; hell opens, and devils drag him within its horid jaws. No more tragic and awful poetical justice is there in any drama of ancient or modern times.

There is a striking incident in the play of the Presentation at the Temple. Old Simeon had been reading the prophecy that Christ should be born of a virgin, which seemed so incredible that he obliterated the expression, but found that it reappeared in red letters; and having again obliterated it, he was convinced of its divine inspiration by its appearing in letters of gold.

In Christ's twelfth year, the doctors in the temple observing his attention, one of them remarked:

> Methinks this child would learn our law,
> He taketh great heed to our talking;

to whom our Lord replies,

> You clerks that be of great cunning,
> Unto *my* talking take good heed.

Great dramatic vivacity is thrown into the account of the raising of Lazarus. The "prelates," however, think "that larden Lazarre should be slayne." The merchants whom our Lord drove out of the temple complain to Bishop Caiaphas, who with the priests seek to arrest Christ; but fearing to do so, they offer money to him who will betray him. Judas accepts the bribe, and arranges the time and place.

The awful scenes of the Passion are delineated with a coarse and rugged strength, and with a painfully realistic power. But amid the rudeness of the ruffian soldiery, and the ribaldry of the mocking multitude, is heard the gentle falling of woman's tears:

Alas! alas! and woe is me!
A doleful sight is this to see;
So many sick saved has he,
And goeth now this way.

The soldiers disrobe the Divine Sufferer with many a wanton jibe and jeer.

"Be thou wroth, or be thou fain,
I will be thy chamberlain.
This coat shall be mine,
For it is good and fine."
"Nay, fellow, by this day,
At the dice we will play;
This coat withouten seam
To break it were a shame."

The anguish of the Virgin Mother is exceedingly pathetic,

Alas! my love, my life, my dear,
Alas! now mourning, woe is me!
Alas! thieves, why do ye so?
Slay ye me, let my son go.

The Harrowing of Hell is a very popular Mediæval legend, according to which Christ descends into the regions of the dead, vanquishes Satan, and delivers the patriarchs, prophets, and ancient worthies, who have been waiting for his coming. They greet him with rapture, and he leads them in triumph; while in lofty strophe and antistrophe the angels chant a psalm of victory. Our Lord's greeting to his disciples after the resurrection is very tender and gracious:

Peace among you, brethren fair,
My sweet brethren lief and dear.

Their surprise, fear, doubt, and joyful recognition of the Saviour, are admirably described. The Ascension, also, is finely conceived. After giving them their commission, our Lord parts from his disciples with the words, "I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God;" and as he ascends in mid-air, in sublime antiphonies the angels sing his triumph over death and hell, and everlasting exaltation at the right hand of God.

The twelve, while awaiting the descent of the Holy Ghost, compose the Apostles creed, each one contributing a clause to that first formulated confession of faith. Then follow the unfolding of the prophecies of the Apocalypse, the downfall of Antichrist, and the day of final doom. The terrors of the last judgment are strongly limned, and must have produced a deep impression on the unsophisticated spectators. The finally saved chant lofty strains of laud and honor to Almighty God, for that their sins have all been burned away in the purifying fires of purgatory; while the condemned lift up their voices in everlasting wailing and despair. Popes, emperors, kings, queens, justices and merchants in turn confess their guilt, and the justness of the eternal fall which is their doom. A condemned pope exclaims:

Now bootless is it to ask mercie
For, living, highest in earth was I.
Also silver and simony
Made me a pope unworthy.

A wicked queen piteously cries out:

Where is my beauty that was so bright?
Where is the baron, where is the knight,
Where in the world is any wight,
That for my fairness now will fight?

The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains and the mighty men, all wail because of the coming of the Judge; for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand? Christ sitting on a cloud with the instruments of his passion—the cross, the crown of thorns, the nail, the spear—exhibits his body more marred and wounded by the sins of men than by the tortures of his Jewish murderers,* and pronounces sentence of final doom. To the saved he sweetly says:

* Especial reference is made to the Mediæval habit of profane swearing by the different members of the body of Christ.

Come hither to me, my darlings deare,
While I was on the earth here
Ye gave me meat in good manere . . .
Yes, forsooth, my friendes dear,
Such as poor and naked were
Ye clad and fed them both in fear
And harboured them alsoe. . . .

And turning to the wicked, he severely says:

Nay, when ye saw the least of mine
That on earth suffered pine;
To help them ye did naught incline,
Therefore go to the fire.
And though my sweet mother deare,
And all the saints that ever were,
Prayed for you right now here,
Alas! it were too late!

[Thus ends this remarkable series of religious dramas. Their language may often be uncouth, and their treatment of these lofty themes inadequate and unworthy, sometimes coarse and repulsive, shocking our feelings of reverence and sense of propriety; but assuredly the drama of no age ever addressed itself to a nobler task, and we doubt if, on the whole, any drama ever better accomplished its purpose. Its object was not merely to amuse, but to instruct—to instruct in the most important of all knowledge, the great truths of religion. Its exhibition of these truths may have been imperfect, and mixed with much of error; but its influence, in the absence of purer teaching, must have been most salutary. No man, no woman, no matter how unlettered and rude, could but be awed and solemnized by the contemplation of the sublime subjects which it presented; and doubtless many may have been led thereby to apprehend the saving truths of the Gospel, to forsake sin, and live godly lives. If this hasty incursion into one of the more obscure regions of English literature should stimulate curiosity to a further exploration of its hidden treasures, it shall have accomplished its purpose.]

IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Lord Jesus, I am sad and lone,
Scarce have strength to make my moan;
Like a sick babe, here I lie,
Only love can hear my cry,
Only love have might to bear
The wayward purpose of my prayer
For strength, for life, for rest above:
But then I know that Thou art Love;
I know not what I want or would,
But this I know—that Thou art good.
Lord, my life has struck its tent,
Its days mid Elim's palms are spent;
The desert stretches parched and bare,
Dead bones of pilgrims whiten there;
The very sun seems not the same,
Its golden glow has waxed to flame:

But yet upon the burning sand,
I read the writing of Thy hand,
"Fear not to come—this path I trod,—
The soul is safe which follows God."
O Lord, I fear, but still I come!
The way is hard,—the end is home.
I do not pray Thee make it fair,
I only pray Thee, bring me there;
Thy staves must break, then let them be
Thy rods to chide me nearer Thee!
My limbs must fail, my sandals slack,
I care not, so I go not back!
Heed not whate'er I cry in pain,
But help me on to walk again;
Only when all the road is o'er
Come out, and meet me at Thy door!

BRITISH CANADA IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY JOHN READE.

(*Concluded.*)

It may be inferred, then, that the wealthier classes of Canada in those days had much the same advantages of culture as their friends in England. Intercourse with the mother country was much more general and frequent than might on first thought be imagined, and, no doubt, many young gentlemen, after a preliminary training at a colonial academy, were sent home to enter some of the English public schools or universities. From the higher ranks downwards education varied till it reached the "masses," with whom its index was a cipher. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the population of Canada, taken as a whole, was less cultivated during the last forty years of the 18th century than that of any European nation during the same period. From the consideration of education, one naturally passes to that of crime. Thefts were frequent and sometimes committed on a large scale. The punishment was whipping at a cart-tail through the streets of the city—the culprits themselves being whipped and whipsters in turn. Assault, stealing in private houses, and highway robbery were punished with death. The expiation for manslaughter was being branded in the hand which did the deed. Desertion was very frequent, especially among the Hessians and Brunswickers then stationed in Canada. In some cases they were promised pardon if they returned to their regiments, but woe to them if they returned against their will! Towards the end of the year 1783 "Gustavus Leight, a German doctor, confined for felony, "broke out of His Majesty's gaol at Quebec." He was "25 years of age, about 5 feet high." We are not told whether or not he was captured, as the advertisement is continued to the end of the year, but if he did not change his dress he could not have succeeded in baffling very long the keen eye of a detective, for "he had on, when he made his escape, a brown coat, red plush waistcoat, white stockings and a cock'd hat." If such a gentleman made his appearance in the streets of any Canadian city, to-day, he would certainly be requested to "move on" or asked to "explain his motives." One thing is certain, that prisoners for felony in the year 1783 had not to submit to any arbitrary sumptuary arrangement—at least in the Quebec *goal* (as it is always spelled in the *Gazette:* perhaps because it is the goal of evil-doers.)

There is mention of a *goal* at Montreal also, and a reward offered for the apprehension of some evil-disposed persons who had destroyed the gallows there erected, which reminds us of the similar treatment of the squire's pet new stocks in Bulwer's (Lord Lytton's,) "My Novel." The *goal*, however, must have been a temporary construction or else greatly dilapidated, as an advertisement of a lottery, instituted "pursuant to an ordinance of the Governor and Legislative Council" for building a new one, meets the eye on almost every page of the *Gazette* for 1783. The price of one of the 13,000 tickets to be disposed of was 46s. 8d., and the prizes ranged from £850 to £4. The net proceeds were calculated at upwards of £25,000.

The general state of society in Montreal, as well as in Three Rivers, St. Johns, L'Assomption, Terrebonne, Sorel, and the other towns and villages in existence at the period which we are considering was, in all probability, very like that of Quebec—the last mentioned place having, of course, a certain prestige as the capital.

It would be futile to attempt to give an accurate picture of the appearance of Mont-

real or Quebec at that distant date, and a description pretending to accuracy would not be possible without the collation of more ancient records than are easily obtainable by one person. The names of some of the streets, as Notre-Dame, St. Paul and St. Antoine in Montreal, and St. John's, Fabrique, St. Peter and others in Quebec, are still unchanged. Villages near those towns, such as Ste. Foye, Beauport, Charlesbourg, Sault aux Recollets, St. Denis, Ste. Thérèse, etc., are also frequently mentioned in the old *Gazettes*. Detroit and Niagara were places of considerable importance, and St. Johns, Chambly, Berthier, L'Assomption, L'Acadie and several other places were much more influential communities in comparison with the population of the country than they are to-day. The authorities at Quebec and Montreal were not wanting in endeavors to keep these cities clean, to judge, at least, by the published "regulations for the police." Every householder was obliged to put the Scotch proverb in force, and keep clean and "free from filth, mud, dirt, rubbish, straw or hay" one half of the street opposite his own house. The "cleanings" were to be deposited on the beach, as they still are in the portions of Montreal and Quebec which border on the river. Treasure-trove in the shape of stray hogs could be kept by the finder twenty-four hours after the event, if no claim had been made in the meantime; and if the owner declared himself in person or through the bellman, he had to pay 10s. before he could have his pork restored. Five shillings was the penalty for a stray horse. The regulations for vehicles, slaughter houses, side-walks, markets, etc., are equally strict. Among other duties the carters had to keep the markets clean. The keepers of taverns, inns and coffee-houses had to light the streets. Every one entering the town in a sleigh had to carry a shovel with him for the purpose of levelling *cahots* which interrupted his progress, "at any distance within three leagues of the town." The rates of cabs and ferry-boats are fixed with much precision. No carter was allowed to plead a prior engagement, but was to go "with the person who first demanded him, under a penalty of twenty shillings." The rate of speed was also regulated and boys were not allowed to drive.

Constant reference is made to the walls and gates of Montreal as well as Quebec, and there is reason to believe the smaller towns were similarly fortified. Beyond the walls, however, there was a considerable population and many of the military officers, government officials and merchants had villas without the city. The area in Montreal which lies between Craig, St. Antoine and Sherbrooke streets was studded with country-houses with large gardens and orchards attached. The seigneurs and other gentry had also fine, capacious stone-built residences which much enhanced the charm of the rural scenery. Some of the estates of those days were of almost immense extent. The kings of France thought nothing of granting a whole province, and, even in British times, there were gentlemen whose acres would have superimposed an English county. The extraordinary donation by James I. of a large portion of North America to Sir William Alexander was not long since brought before the public by the claims of his descendants. Large tracts of land were given away by Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and other French kings; by Oliver Cromwell and the Stuarts; and the same extravagant system of entailing unmanageable wealth on companies and individuals was continued after the conquest.

It would be interesting to know what was the kind of literary fare on which the intellect of Canada subsisted in those days. It cannot be supposed that the people spent all their time in business and social pleasure. There must have been readers as well as cariolers and dancers, and the literature of England and France was by no means scanty. Great writers on every subject have flourished since that time, but some of the greatest that ever lived, some of those whose productions are still read with the highest pleasure, were the offspring of the two centuries which preceded the conquest. No one will be surprised to find, then, that in the year 1783, a circulating library at Quebec numbered nearly 2000 volumes. Nor is the enquirer left in the dark as to its probable contents. In the Quebec *Gazette* of the 4th of December, a list of books is given which "remained unsold at M.

Jacques Perrault's, very elegantly bound"—and books were bound substantially as well as elegantly in those days. In this list are found "Johnson's Dictionary," then regarded as one of the wonders of the literary world; "Chesterfield's Letters," long the *vade-mecum* of every young gentleman beginning life, and which, even in our own days (and perhaps still), were frequently bound along with spelling and reading-books; the "Pilgrim's Progress," which it is not necessary to characterize; Young's "Night Thoughts;" the "Spectator" and "Guardian;" Rapin's "English History;" "Cook's Voyages;" Rousseau's "Eloise;" "Telemaque;" "Histoire Chinoise;" "Esprit des Croissades;" "Lettres de Fernand Cortes;" "Histoire Ancienne" par Rollin; "Grammaire Anglaise et Francaise;" "Dictionnaire par l'Academie;" "Dictionnaire de Commerce;" "Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences;" "Smith's Housewife;" "The Devil on Sticks;" "Voltaire's Essay on Universal History;" "Dictionnaire de Cuisines" and several others on various subjects; "Œuvres de Rabelais;" "American Gazetteer," etc. These, it will be remembered, had remained unsold, but among the sold there must have been copies of the same.

It is according to our notions of to-day, a meagre collection, but, no doubt, many families possessed good libraries brought with them from over the sea, and the bookseller may not have kept a large stock at one time. It was the custom for merchants to sell off all their over-lying goods before they went or sent to Europe for a re-inforcement.

The following books were advertised as "missing:" Langhorn's Plutarch, 1st vol.; Thomson's Works, 4th vol.; Gordon's "Universal Accountant," 1st vol; and Gray's Hudibras, 2nd vol. For each one of them there is offered a reward of *two dollars!* Reading was expensive recreation in those times.

The reader, perhaps, has seen, or, it may be, possesses one of those old libraries, of which the general public occasionally have a glimpse at auction rooms, composed of standard authors and beautifully and solidly bound, which had adorned the studies of the fathers of our country. They contain all that was best in the French and English literature of the last century—history, poetry, divinity, *belles lettres*, science and art. From these may be best gathered what were the tastes, the culture and the thought of the Canadians of the last century.

Music and painting were cultivated—the former being, as now, a necessary part of female education. Of a festival given by the young ladies of a place called *La Côte*, near Quebec, in 1764, it is promised in the programme that "the orchestra and symphony will be composed of instruments of all kinds." It may interest some ladies to know that among the dances at the same entertainment are mentioned "l'Harlequinade," "La Chinoise," and "La Matelote Hollandaise"—some relation perhaps to the "Sailor's Hornpipe."

The settlement in Canada of the United Empire Loyalists after the peace of September, 1783, by which the independence of the revolted colonies was recognized, must have had a considerable influence on Canadian society, and more than atoned for sufferings inflicted on the colony during the progress of the war. Repeated efforts had been made by the Americans to engage the affections of the Canadians. Among those whom Congress had appointed commissioners to treat with the Canadian people on this subject was the renowned Dr. Benjamin Franklin, whose visit to this country was not the most successful portion of his career. Although in some instances there was a manifestation of disaffection to the British Government, the great bulk of the population remained unmistakably loyal. In the Quebec *Gazette* of Oct. 23rd, 1783, is found the act of Parliament passed in favor of the Loyalists, in which the 25th day of March, 1784, is fixed as the limit of the period during which claims for relief or compensation for the loss of property should be received. How many availed themselves of the provisions of this act, it is not easy to say, but the whole number of persons dispossessed of their estates and forced to seek another home in consequence of their continued allegiance, is set down at from 25,000 to 30,000. Of these the great majority took up their abodes in the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia,

while a few went to the West Indies, and others returned to England. The biographies of some of these Loyalist settlers in British North America would be full of interest and instruction. But records of family movements and vicissitudes are very rarely kept — most rarely in those cases in which adventures are most frequent and the course of events most changeful. I have, however, seen accounts of early settlements in the Eastern Townships, P. Q., and in different portions of Ontario, which were full of the romance of faith, of courage, and of perseverance.

The time is past when kings and courts and wars and ministerial changes were considered to be the only subjects which were consistent with the "dignity of history"—"that vile phrase," as Macaulay indignantly termed it. History, properly so called, has sympathies which are universal, and for these sympathies there is ample scope in the gradual rise, first into distinct colonies and subsequently into one consolidated Dominion, of the various settlements which from time to time reclaimed our wilderness and made it "blossom like the rose." And here I would venture to make a suggestion as to the accumulation of materials for a comprehensive history of our country, similar to one which I made on another occasion with regard to our natural history. There ought to be in every city and large town an Historical Society with branches in the smaller towns and villages, and all these societies should have a parliament or representative society, which should be a kind of Historical Bureau for the whole Dominion. This Bureau might have a yearly convention, at which any member of any society might be present, in which past work might be reviewed and future work considered. In the intervals between the conventions it would be the duty of the central society to receive communications, to examine, collate and condense manuscripts, and occasionally to publish monographs on subjects of especial value. There are already in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, and, no doubt, also in the Maritime Provinces, associations whose aims are such as are here characterized. The Canadian Institute of Toronto has contributed important papers on local history. The Historical Society of Quebec has in its list of membership names of men who have rendered invaluable historical service to their country; and the Historical Society of Montreal (though unhappily little known to the English-speaking portion of the community) is able to give a very satisfactory account of its work. All that is wanted is union—solidarity. There are in existence, scattered over the length and breadth of the land, documents from which could be gathered an almost complete history of Canada for more than three centuries. Even a list of these documents would be very valuable—especially of such of them as tend to show the state of society at their respective dates. But while the historical associations remain distinct, pursuing apart a work which is of common interest, how can these documents avail? Again there is the matter of topography. How many changes take place in a city—say Montreal—in the course of ten years! A generation has arisen since the Parliament House was burned. How many young Montrealers can tell where it stood? The site of the old English Cathedral, of the Recollet Church, bye and bye of the Bonsecours Church, and the ancient Government House may be equally unknown. Yet the fixing of such sites may be very important to the future historiographer or antiquarian. In the old Government House (late the Jacques Cartier Normal School), Notre Dame St., Montreal, Benjamin Franklin and his brother commissioners, Carroll and Chase, were received when they came to solicit the alliance of Canada to the thirteen revolted States. It does not make much difference, perhaps, whether they were entertained there or elsewhere, but it is worth remembering. We are proud to know the spots where Wolfe died, where Brock fell.

I hope the reader will pardon this rather long digression.

I would like very much to say something about the state of the settlements in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick at this early period in the history of British Canada, but I fear that this paper has already transgressed the limits of a magazine article. Besides, from the *data* to whose consideration it was my primary intention to con-

fine myself, I can learn little or nothing concerning any of the provinces except Quebec. It is worth mentioning, however, that between the Maritime Provinces and the sister colonies of the interior there existed a friendly, if not a frequent, intercourse. In 1765 the people of Halifax raised contributions in money for the relief of those who had suffered by fire in Montreal. After the war of 1812, the Legislature of Nova Scotia also granted $10,000 to the Canadian sufferers.

In its progress to its present prosperous condition the ancient territory of L'Acadie was subject to the same fluctuations and vicissitudes which distinguished the province of Quebec. During the latter half of the last century the composition of its population underwent considerable change, by military settlements, by immigration from England after the peace of 1763, by the accession of American Loyalists, and by the return of banished Acadians. It was not till 1784-5 that New Brunswick became a separate province; in the same year Cape Breton was made a separate government. (The latter was re-united to Nova Scotia in 1820). St. John, or Prince Edward Island, had been separated in 1770, and the original constitution of that little province is now (1873) just a century old—which makes a very good point of time for a "new departure."

For a pleasant and not altogether fictitious account of the state of society among the colonists of Nova Scotia during the closing years of the 18th and the first quarter of the present century the reader is respectfully referred to "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony," of Judge Haliburton. Allowance being made for certain Tory prejudices, it may be regarded as a very fair picture of life in its various phases in a country which the author had good reason to know well. By Nova Scotians it is considered a standard work.

In 1769 the first Nova Scotian newspaper, the *Weekly Gazette*, was founded at Halifax. Six years later a line of monthly packets was established between that city and England, and in 1787 Nova Scotia was erected into an Episcopal See. The people had enjoyed the privileges of a representative Assembly as early as 1758, and later in the century the constitution underwent several modifications of a popular character. A good deal of attention was early given to education, and in 1788 Windsor Academy, now King's College, was founded by Royal charter.

In 1793 Dr. Jacob Mountain was appointed first Bishop of Quebec, which diocese at that time was coextensive with the two Canadas. As was before stated, the Province of Upper Canada was formed by the Constitutional Act of 1791. The English criminal law and trial by jury were introduced in the following year. The first newspaper established in the new province, as has been already said, was the *Upper Canada Gazette*, which was also called the *American Oracle*. It made its first appearance at Newark (now Niagara) in April, 1793, and was printed by Louis Roy, probably one of the staff of the Quebec or Montreal *Gazette*. In 1800 it was moved to the new capital, York, now the city of Toronto. On its removal, its place was supplied at Niagara by a new sheet called the *Canada Constellation*. From the pages of the latter it would seem that a good deal of rivalry existed in those early days between the old garrison town of Newark and the upstart "Little York." In a paper started in the former place in 1801, the *Niagara Herald*, it is announced that the *Constellation*, "after existing one year, expired some months since of starvation, the publishers departing too much from its constitution (advance pay)." The printer of the *Herald* was Sylvester Tiffany, formerly the chief proprietor of the *Constellation*. He did not succeed much better in his second than in his first enterprise, for the publication of the *Herald* was suspended in little more than two years. None of these papers contained much original matter and the word "Editor" is very seldom used. For local news the managers seem to have depended a good deal on voluntary contributions, as, in the first number of the *Gazette and Oracle*, the proprietor says that "he will be very happy in being favored with such communications as may contribute to the information of the public, from those who shall be disposed to assist him, and, in particular, shall be highly flattered in becoming

the vehicle of intelligence in this growing province of whatever may tend to its internal benefit and common advantage." In the same number the public are informed that a brewery is about to be established at which good barley will be purchased at a dollar a bushel. In the number for May 30th, 1793, a reward of 10 guineas is offered for the discovery and prosecution of the thief or thieves of a grindstone stolen from the King's wharf at Navy Yard. No information is given as to how the Government axes were ground pending the search. In the number for June 6th in the same year it is stated that, "on Tuesday last, being the anniversary of His Majesty's birthday, His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor had a levee at Navy Hall. At one o'clock the troops in garrison and at Queenston fired three vollies; the field-pieces above Navy Hall, under the direction of the Royal Artillery, and the guns of the garrison, fired a Royal salute. His Majesty's schooner, the 'Onondaga,' at anchor in the river, likewise fired a Royal salute. In the evening His Excellency gave a ball and elegant supper at the council chamber, which was numerously attended." The first opposition paper in Upper Canada was the *Upper Canada Guardian*, which began in 1807 and ended in 1812.

I obtain this information as to the early journalism of Ontario from a very interesting "digression" in the series of papers on Canadian local history, published by the author, the Rev. Dr. Scadding, in the "*Canadian Journal of Science, Literature and History.*" The account of the early Upper Canada press there given is very valuable, but with that subject, except as a mark of the progress of the country in the last century, I have nothing to do. I take the liberty of quoting the following words of the reverend compiler, as they apply equally to the early numbers of the Quebec and Montreal *Gazettes*: "It would have been gratifying to posterity had the printers of the *Gazette and Oracle* endeavored to furnish a connected record of 'the short and simple annals' of their own immediate neighborhood. But these, unfortunately, were deemed undeserving of much notice. We have announcements of meetings and projects and subscriptions for particular purposes, unfollowed up by any account of what was subsequently said, done and effected, and, when a local incident is mentioned, the detail is generally very meagre."

The following patriotic communication, addressed to the Montreal *Gazette* in French, gives a fair notion of the state of Canada in the year 1789:

"All Europe is at war; fire, carnage and death are there making ravages which cannot be described; Great Britain, that great and magnanimous nation, has alone been able, up to the present, to arrest with glory the progress of the ambitious nation which desires to swallow up everything; Great Britain, I say, the arm, the strength and the hope of oppressed nations, receives, without distinction, the unfortunate fugitives which find an asylum only in her heart, which burns with the noblest humanity.

"All the Provinces of the empire have taxed themselves to aid her in sustaining the heavy burden imposed on her by this cruel war; Canada alone has done nothing for that country which has done everything for her; Canada, which, in the shade of the laurels of her generous protectress, enjoys her own laws, her own customs, her own usages and the most profound and happy peace; *her agriculture prospers* and is not interrupted by bodies of militia which a war would require her to raise; *her commerce is carried on with advantages not enjoyed by the other provinces of the mother country.*

"Finally, all classes, tranquil at their own firesides, have not as yet shared, in any manner, in the losses and afflictions which result from the horrors of war.

"Thus reflecting, and inspired by the sentiment of duty and gratitude due to this beneficent Government, I, humbly and without waiting for the beginning of a generous subscription, respectfully take the liberty of praying His Excellency the Governor General, to be pleased to accept, in the name and for the service of, His Majesty, the small tribute of 10 dollars which I have placed in the hands of Mr. Edwards,

printer of this *Gazette*, to be paid by him according to the orders he may receive.

"L. F. J. P. C."

Here we have evidence of progress, loyalty and contentment, and here I think I have found a fitting point at which to close this imperfect sketch of "British Canada in the last century."

NOTE.—I may say that what I have written is little more than a designation of the uses which might be made of old newspapers and magazines. I took the opportunity of stopping at a point where I found Canada quiet and prosperous by testimony which has fair claims to be admitted, not because I had exhausted my materials, but because I had condensed them, as far as many temptations to digression and enlargement allowed me to do, according to a certain plan and within a certain space. Beside, *my data*, though tolerably good, as far as they go, are obviously incomplete; and, even if I had all that is complementary to them, to continue my researches would be to write a book, which was not my intention.

AN INVALID FOR LIFE.

Destined for life to pain,
I suffering lie and see the years go by;
No voice of sympathy, no loved ones nigh
To bring me hope again.

It was not always so:
There was a time when friends were ever near;
I felt through sorrow that with love so dear,
My lot was blest below.

But on one dreadful day
There came the shadow of a grief so near,
So great, so terrible in deadly fear,
I trembling shrank away.

For tortured nerves could bear
No more the sound of e'en love's tender tone,
Although through suffering's hour each friend hath grown
To me more doubly dear.

In anguish then I cried,
"Not this, my Father. Take all else below,
Spare but one friend to cheer me as I go."
Alas! no voice replied.

But earth had darker grown;
And one by one I saw my friends depart,
Each taking portions of my bleeding heart,
Till I was left alone.

My prayer had been in vain;
At night I wet my pillow with my tears,
And mourned for friends who through the coming years
I ne'er might see again.

Until one blessed night
There came a form so fair, so sad to see;
Reproachfully it raised its hands to me.
"Hast thou forgotten quite

"When this I did for thee?
Behold my hands, behold my bleeding feet;
Thou ask'st one friend—was ever love replete
With such a sympathy?"

Blest thought! my prayer was heard;
I gazed entranced and saw the clouds depart
Till every nerve was thrilled, and in my heart
The fountain-depths were stirred.

No longer now alone:
Bright visions come to cheer me on the way,
And love's ecstatic bliss turns night to day.
My Friend, my only one.

— *Watchman and Reflector.*

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

SHADOWS AND SORROWS.

I am a heavy stone
Rolled up a hill by a weak child, I move
A little up and tumble back again.

Sad changes have taken place in Mr. Russel's worldly affairs since last we saw him. His wife's extravagance had plunged him deeply in debt; never having been bred to carefulness or thoughtfulness in money matters, his efforts to extricate himself, not properly directed, only plunged him deeper. Seeking to find relief from the unhappiness of home, he plunged deeply into speculations. He was unsuccessful. Graigse Lea was sold to pay his debts. His house in the Royal Circus was given up; the furniture, around which so many memories clung, was sold. He scorned to seek relief from his father, having received from him a letter bitterly reflecting on his wife's dissipation and extravagance. He sought and obtained a situation as clerk, and removed his family to a flat in ——— St. Nora, with something of the old spirit which had made her in very deed a helpmeet, advertised that she was prepared to give lessons in the painting and modelling of fruits and flowers. Her talents in these departments had already been famous beyond the circle in which she moved, and many of her former peers were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to emulate her skill. Perhaps there was mingled in some cases a less laudable motive, the desire to see how she bore her fall; but if any went from curiosity or any desire to exult over her, her quiet dignity and sweet self-possession was reproof sufficient. A guinea a lesson she charged, and frequently several carriages would be at her door in one day. Had the reformation she began been complete, their happiest days might yet have been before them; but, unhappily, the fact that the indulgence of her depraved taste now cost her husband nothing, seemed to make her more reckless, while the fact that, spite of her apparent unconsciousness, she felt most acutely the slights consequent on her change of position, was an excuse to herself to continue her indulgence. Her husband's open remonstrances now might produce promises of amendment and attempts to conceal her failing, but nothing more. They seemed ineffectual to rescue her.

Graham had passed at the bar, and, at Mr. Russel's earnest request, continued to make his home with them. To him the afflicted husband could talk freely, as he knew all the circumstances of the case. It was a relief to him, however painful, to unburden his mind and receive sympathy. The unhappy woman who, when she was sober, did her utmost to efface the impressions of her neglect of duty, by a strange anomaly of our nature, grew jealous, with that quick watchful jealousy we so frequently see in the insane, of her husband and cousin. She seemed to think that whenever engaged in confidential chats it must necessarily be about her. This had given great annoyance to both and they labored to disabuse her mind of it. This, however, was not so easy, and whenever she had taken sufficient whiskey (she did not confine herself to wine now), it was pitiful, if you had not known the injustice of her suspicions, to hear her plaints in reference to her wrongs. Her husband employed every means he could devise to prevent her from getting whiskey, and how she got it was frequently a mystery to him. Being necessarily absent all day, he could exercise no personal supervision. The servant knew it was as much as her place was worth if she ventured to bring it, and she had had as yet sufficient regard for her children to prevent her from asking them. Allison, though he had faithfully promised Mr. Russel never knowingly to sell her any,

supplied her, secure in his pay, for the money she received from her pupils, with which her husband did not interfere, went mostly to pay her bill with him. But this could not last when her pupils came time after time and found her unable to attend to them from a severe headache, the cause of which was generally understood. When she had made her appearance several times with a loud, *prononcé* manner, which disgusted her highborn learners, knowing as they did from whence it sprung, her popularity declined, her pupils went to come no more. She had another resource. Unknown to her husband she parted with several masterpieces of artistic skill, her own work, to Allison, who chuckled over the liberal terms he was making for himself, though to all outward appearance nothing but regret at the necessity which made her part with such treasures was visible. This was one of the secrets of the influence he obtained over Mrs. Russel. In her palmiest days, she was never treated with more respect by the crafty wine-merchant than now. Never by word or look or action did he allude to her failing, her shame, and as he did not obtrude his knowledge, she was satisfied. When her husband discovered the means by which she procured the indulgence of her appetite, he was mortified beyond measure. Sternly he remonstrated with her again, more sternly than ever he had done before, and, as usual, she listened to him, weeping bitterly, beseeching him at the close to forgive her this once and he should never have cause to blush for her again; and, also, as before, the husband was only too happy to take again a repentant wife to his bosom and believe her promises for the future. And as so often before, the finale was but another fall. So is it always if we try in our own strength to resist temptation. We shall but find how weak we are. The tempter after each success grows bolder; our appetite after each indulgence grows stronger. What can be more expressive of this than Crabbe's simile,

"Still there was virtue: but a rolling stone:
On a hill's brow is not more quickly given
The slightest motion; ceasing from our care,
A moment's absence, when we're not aware,
When down it rolls and at the bottom lies,
Sunk, lost, degraded, never more to rise;
Far off the glorious heights from whence it fell
With all things base and infamous to dwell."

It is a sad thing always to trace the downward progress of any of God's creatures, but when we have to do so in the case of one who seemed peculiarly made to glorify Him and exercise a noble influence on a sin-tempted, suffering world, we shrink with almost horror from the task.

Under various pretexts, mostly for some household necessity, Nora continued to receive money from her husband, and thus found means to feed the hellish fire of appetite which was daily growing stronger. Too often did her husband, pale and weary, return from the close confinement of his desk, which was the harder on him as neither habit nor inclination fitted him for it, hoping in the peace of home to refresh himself, and yet dreading to find his worst fears realized: his wife intoxicated; his children unwashed, uncared for; no supper ready for him; the fragments of the last meal still ungathered from the table. With a bitterness he could not repress, would he prepare his evening meal, undress his children—save his oldest boy—and put them to bed, take him by the hand, and wander out in the streets trying to forget his misery and efface from his boy's mind the degrading example of home.

Then would come brighter seasons. For weeks, aye, sometimes even for months, Nora's good angel would lure her to the right path, and her unceasing care and watchfulness, tenderness and love for her husband and children, at such seasons, rendered the contrast all the more painful, by showing what a paradise her love could make of their home, humble though it was, if the tempter were only excluded for aye.

It was at this period Grahame left them. An old lawyer whom increasing years had rendered incapable of the more fatiguing duties of his profession had long had his eye on the young barrister, as one who would inevitably succeed. When this idea once gets ahead of man or woman they are sure to find plenty able and willing to give them a helping hand. It is the poor and struggling, to whom any assistance, even that of a kind, encouraging word would be a positive blessing, who always find the

world too busy or too something else to attend to or notice them.

Grahame, however, was offered by this lawyer a sort of partnership, which he gladly accepted, affording opportunities as it did for the perfecting himself in the theory and practice of his profession.

How largely Grahame's success was owing to his strict adherence to the temperance principles which as a boy he had adopted, we cannot tell. Certain it is that not among the least of the motives which influenced James Coombe, W.S., in his choice of an assistant, and probable successor, was the unblemished reputation Grahame had maintained in his collegiate career. He was distinguished for his noble firmness, his high principles, no less than for his acumen and learning. There were others whose reputation in these latter qualities stood higher than his, but then in the former they could claim no equality, so Grahame Drummond stepped over their heads and many, most of his rivals, remained third-rate pleaders, astonishing it may be the petty courts by their acuteness and sharp practice, but never rising into the higher mysteries of their profession.

Mr. Russel himself now urged Grahame to leave them. He knew it was not for his advantage to be associated in any way with his degradation. Grahame would have resisted, for he knew how great a comfort he was to Mr. Russel, who regarded him with all the affection of a brother, and now he was able pecuniarily to repay some of the expense he had entailed on his kind cousins, but Arthur was inexorable. He took chambers in —— St., and when, longing for a relief from the painful associations of his own home, Mr. Russel always found a quiet, pleasant retreat in Grahame's chambers.

We have heard the question argued whether its affects are more fearful in domestic life when the victim of alcohol is the father or mother of a family, the wife or husband.

Most decidedly we would answer that the effects are doubly fearful when woman, the sister, mother, wife, is fallen.

While woman remains true to her position, her place, her vows, her God, to herself, no matter if her husband be degraded, lost, no matter if poverty with its cold, icy-freezing grasp, lay its hand on the family and take away all the comforts, even necessities of life—the home, however humble, however tearful, may still preserve its integrity. She is the centre of it, and while loving words flow from her lips, glances of affection beam from her eyes, the thousand unmentionable charities of daily life are performed by her hand, poverty and despair have no power to shoot their last envenomed shafts. In the atmosphere of love and duty, faith and charity, hope and prayer, she can build up around her, she may even forget her sorrows entirely at seasons, and can never feel the bitterness of those who have drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs. Her children may arise up and call her blessed, carrying the memory of her gentle words, and loving, earnest prayers, her sorrows meekly borne, her faith never suffered to go out, through a long and chequered life; and it may win them from worldliness and sin, be a talisman to guide their feet up the thorny, narrow path to the home which she forever kept in view.

But the husband sick of the world's deceit and hypocrisy, its heartlessness and hardness, ah! where shall he turn if the home angel has become a demon to him; if the holy charities that cluster round the domestic hearth have turned ino gall and wormwood? God help him, and keep him from cursing the bitterness of a life whose amenities have became its bitterest scourge. We may be told that it is rarely that woman thus forgets her womanhood. We thank God if it is so.

Were there as many drunken wives as husbands, more fearful still would be the long black catalogue of sins and sorrows, shame and misery for which these cursed usages of society are answerable.

* * * * *

A year! how swiftly it glides by to the happy and prosperous. Each day differs so little from the last in its pleasures and enjoyments that they make no count of it. It is but a dream, which is only continued in making a tale bright and pleasant that has been told. But to the unhappy, the sorrow-stricken, how heavily move the minutes, the days, the hours. There is so much reality in every feeling, such intensity in

every pang, that they shrink from the future, and yet would fain forget the past.

Very slowly did the year pass to Arthur Russel. His children had grown wan and pale and hollow-eyed, uncared, neglected-looking. Of Nora herself, only the sweet, plaintive voice remained of the beautiful girl who had stood, many years before, a happy, blushing bride in the church at Thornton.

She had grown careless and slatternly in her attire. She still loved her husband, but it was with nervous, spasmodic manifestations that were painful. She would weep by the hour at times, at the ruin she had wrought, as she noted his pallid cheek, his joyless, sunken eye, her children's neglected looks, her own degradation. Most sincere was she at these times in her resolutions of amendment, as rapturously she kissed her children and strained them to her bosom. Even in intoxication it was pitiable to see her maudlin sentimentalities about her "darlings." The mother's heart was still warm within her, though the instinct which should have guided it aright was gone.

In one of her fits of repentance she begged her husband to let her go to the country, in the hope that the fields and hedges, the flowers and woods, the associations of which were all so beautiful and happy, would restore to her some of the pure feelings, the upward, onward longings of girlhood; afford her rest and time and opportunity to struggle with her master.

An old servant of her father's (have we mentioned that father and mother both died in hearing of their daughter's degradation, and that whatever fortune they had left her (the estate was entailed) had gone with Arthur's in the speculations which had proved so disastrous?) had married a toll-keeper in Perthshire. Thither Nora begged leave to go, and her husband, in whom hope was almost dead, granted her request, resolved to trust her but this once more. She went, taking the two youngest children —there were six now—with her; puny, licate things they were, with none of the healthful vigor of body and elasticity of mind which had characterized the others. Whether this were owing to their mother's dissipation we shall not judge. Medical authorities have shown that the intemperance of the parents most materially affects the mental and physical health of the children born in such intemperance.

It seemed for a time that this last resort was to be successful. The spot where Nora had sought and found refuge was one of the loveliest in the many lovely spots in the midland county. The little toll-bar, its white walls covered with the climbing rose, the sweet-scented honeysuckle, nestled at the foot of a thickly wooded hill, or craig, as it was called. It was at the junction of three roads, but the thickly interlacing branches of the trees that grew by the side of the roads gave them the gloom and solemnity of dim cathedral aisles and had the effect of shutting in the little tenement from the world. Such was the feeling you had at least. The choicest and rarest plants flourished in the little garden attached. They came from the garden of the lord of the manor, whose magnificent ancestral home, with its mossy lawns and parks, studded by groups of trees, was at no great distance. A village was but a quarter of a mile off, and yet so perfect was the seclusion of the little hermitage that the wild deer might frequently be seen even at its door. With her keen sensibilities not utterly blunted, her appreciation of the beautiful not utterly lost, Nora experienced a quiet ecstasy in the beauty around her, in which art had been a handmaid to nature, removing whatever was unpleasing to the eye and placing in their most favorable light loveliness which might else pass unnoticed. There was everything to wean her from debasing appetite in the atmosphere of the place, where even the winds came breathing of praise and thankfulness. Her hostess was a quiet, undemonstrative, true-hearted woman, whose piety was as true, her faith as firm, as the foundations of her native hills. Her husband might have sat for the never-to-be-forgotten patriarch in the "Cottar's Saturday night." They had been both well advanced in years ere they had been married. From their childhood they had known, I might almost say loved, each other; but they were very poor and prudent, and would not risk the evils of pinching poverty with their eyes open; so

Janet had gone south to service, and Duncan had hired as ploughman with a neighboring farmer; and without correspondence, save an occasional message, they had remained true to each other; and when Duncan was offered the toll-bar by the factor of the wealthy marquis already alluded to, he managed to write—though the effort it cost him the educated cannot understand—a few lines, deficient in grammar and spelling, but sufficiently expressive of constancy and respect, to his early love, asking her to share his unexpected prosperity. It must have been a strange, bewildering day to Janet McNeil, the staid, matronly housekeeper of Kenmore Lodge, when she received this letter. The romance which she had kept bright and green and fresh down in the recesses of her heart thus to become a reality! But there are joys as well as sorrows too sacred for curious eyes. They were married. No children had been given to them, but they were contented; that is a better word than happiness to express the quiet, boundless satisfaction of their life.

Tears filled the old domestic's eyes when Miss Nora, whom she had last seen a beautiful, gentle, loving girl, came to her a faded, jaded woman. She had ever seemed to her as if she were but half human, so *spirituelle* had been her beauty. Now she was degraded beyond even the level of her ordinary associates. Gently as a mother did she welcome the unhappy woman, tenderly did she nurse her through a severe mental and physical prostration, which followed her arrival, the result of breaking off of habits which had become so powerful over her. Three months after she could write to her husband:

"Thank God with me, Arthur. Even I now hope that I am saved. I do not know what fearful madness I have been yielding to so gradually; at first I did not notice its progress until it had chained every faculty of my soul. Can you forgive me? I feel as if I never could forgive myself. A life time of devotion can never now make amends for the pain and sorrow and shame I have caused you. Though I do not feel now as if temptation would have any more power over me, I feel afraid to return to old scenes and associations lest with them old habits should again gain a mastery over me. Listen to my plan: The Gordons of——, who have been in this neighborhood for a few weeks, are in want of a governess. They are strictly temperance people, and are famed for their benevolence and philanthropy. All the surroundings there would elevate and strengthen me in my new resolutions. Will you let me apply? Janet has kindly offered to take charge of the children for a season, and it will do them a great deal of good. You could take chambers adjoining Grahame's, and keep Allison with you for company. The separation from you will be the greatest trial, I so long to show my sincerity by my works; but if by means of it I may be made stronger, my resolutions have time to develop under restraint, neither of us will regret it. I feel also that I have impoverished you, and that it will be long ere we recover from the heavy pressure. I want to aid in relieving it, subject to your will—I merely suggest the plan. I wish you could come here for a few weeks. The Sabbath-like quiet and peace which everything breathes would reinvigorate you, but I am afraid it is useless wishing at present. Should you approve of my plan, we can both come, at the expiration of six months, and reclaim our children—bring them again to the atmosphere of a pure home."

Very reluctantly, though pride was now almost dead in Arthur's breast, he gave his consent to this plan because of the future happiness it promised him. Nora engaged as governess to Miss Archie and Miss Constance Gordon, young ladies of thirteen and fifteen.

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(*Continued.*)

JULY 1st, Dominion Day.—I attended and spoke at the Fifth Anniversary of the Y. M. C. A. noon prayer-meeting. It was remarkably interesting. The hall was packed. D. L. Moody in the chair. Several ladies as well as gentlemen spoke, and among others Miss Macpherson and Messrs. Russell, Williams, Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, &c. The meeting continued two hours. In this hall the first £100 was subscribed for Miss Macpherson. Here John Milton lived; the Earl of Shaftesbury occupied Shaftesbury Hall opposite, and John Wesley was converted near by. Mention was made of Moody's revivals in the city, and of Russell's successful street encounter and discussion with a monk yesterday.

In the afternoon I took the 'bus to Regent's Park, where K. had gone in the morning. The park is very large, and affords a very pleasant retreat to thousands of Londoners. The ground when I entered was thickly dotted with cricketing and picnic parties, and scores of children, this part of the park being free. In the Zoological Gardens, which are probably the finest and best stocked in the world, I spent the rest of the day, looking at the live collection of birds and animals, varying in size from the humming-bird to the emeus, a bird larger than the ostrich, and from the guinea pig to the rhinoceros and elephant. The best thing I noticed among the birds for peculiarity was the flamingo or stork, which, with a body not more than seven or eight inches long, yet by means of its red legs and white neck could tower above my head. A sea-lioness caused a great deal of amusement to crowds of people by crawling up (for it is built just like a seal) where the people stood round the railing, and then, spreading its flippers, falling back into the water with a great splash, frequently giving the crowd all around a good ducking. Finally, having patted the Llamas, stroked the deer, pulled the lip of the rhinoceros, and left the cobras and rattlesnakes alone, and seen the elephant generally, I returned to the hotel; and on

TUESDAY, July 2nd, K. and I went by train to the Sydenham Crystal Palace—a beautiful building, but not so well furnished as I had expected. We saw the last English crew's racing-boat here, and a variety of mouldings of monuments from Westminster Abbey, and elsewhere; also rooms and halls fitted and finished as in ancient Rome and Egypt, and numerous groups of men of all nations; statues, fountains, flowers, show-rooms of manufactures, &c., and we ascended the North Tower, commanding a magnificent view, which rewarded us for climbing the 403 steps.

WEDNESDAY, July 3.—We visited the ancient and far-famed Oxford University on the Isis, some distance from London. It was to me like dream-land to wander slowly up the streets of the old country town, thinking of the ancient fights, Town *vs.* Gown, and of the almost countless numbers of Britain's greatest statesmen and warriors who walked here in the old-fashioned paved streets, probably the same then as now. Roaming through the various students' apartments, gardens, cloisters, halls and shady walks of the colleges was to me very pleasant and interesting; and as I looked at the ancient buildings with their fine carving of olden time now gradually and slowly, but surely, wearing away, and bearing in many places marks of the ruthless hands of the Puritans, &c., whose halls still, by their oil-paintings in life-size, bring you face to face with their great and noble *alumni* or graduates, and strolled leisurely along "Addison's" Walk, and thought of the immense power that has been wielded

in the cause of truth, education and progress by means of instruction given here, feelings almost of veneration for those old walls arose; and the founders and benefactors of the University, from Alfred the Great to Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey, rose in my estimation as the benefactors of the human race. The finest looking of the colleges are Christ's College, founded by Wolsey's liberality; New College and Magdalen College. The students were away for the long vacation. In the evening we went to a concert at the celebrated Albert Hall, Hyde Park, the largest hall without pillars in the world. The performers, numbering several hundreds, were conducted by Sir Michael Costa. The concert was the rendering of Handel's celebrated piece "Judas Maccabeus," which was beautifully done. One or two of the ladies and gentlemen had fine powerful voices, and whether in solos or choruses it was quite easy to catch the words from any part of the hall. Miles 3.716.

THURSDAY, July 4th, 1872.—Walking along the strand I saw several American flags flying, in honor of the Fourth. I went to the War Office to obtain a pass into the Woolwich Arsenal, which was readily granted me. The War Offices are a perfect maize, and it would be impossible for a stranger to find his way in them without a guide. Having a couple of hours to spare, I rambled round and into some of the large public buildings all round this part of the city (Pall Mall); the Oxford and Cambridge Club, the Carlton Club, Admiralty, Horse Guards; William Penn's former residence, Downing street; the office of the Foreign Secretary of State (Earl Granville), a magnificent pile, entered through a heavy and highly ornamented archway into a court in the centre of the offices, surrounded by carved work and figures of all kinds. At half-past one I took the train at Charing Cross for Woolwich, where I spent the afternoon watching the manufacture of cannon, balls and shell. Everything is done on a grand scale. Holes were bored in cannon about as easily, apparently, as auger-holes in wood. The heaviest, 35 tons, are manufactured here to carry 700 lb. shot. I saw one being bored out and rifled, though in these large cannons a smaller hole is bored first. The works employ thousands of men, and cover several hundred acres of ground. In one place are gathered all the cannon that have burst, with the maker's name, date of bursting, and number of rounds fired, running from half-a-dozen to over three hundred. Unlimited and almost uncounted cannon are spread all over the ground, and piles of shot of all kinds, and shells.

JULY 5th.—We spent the morning making preparations to leave London for the north. I attended the noon-day prayer-meeting at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, where I learned that Moody was coming back to London from Dublin. At 2.45 p.m. we left for York by express, doing the first 92 miles in less than an hour and a half; some parts of the way going at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour. It was fast travelling;—faster than I would care for on the Grand Trunk. The country, like the rest of England, is very green and well cultivated. We reached York a little before half-past seven, had tea and strolled round the city, over one of the bridges and round its principal church, York Minster, of which I will have more to say again, when we see it. The city is very old. My guide-book says it was founded when David was King of Judah! We saw part of a very old Roman wall, and walked round the ramparts of the present wall, built A.D. 1660. Walking along the ramparts we were arrested by hearing an animated discussion in a sort of Irish-Yorkshire dialect, about some shirts. We could not understand much of what was said, but the amount of talking was for two women something fearful. Their tongues seemed driven by a 70-mile-an-hour steam engine, and both talked at once. We went our way, having seen a peculiar sight, rendered the more so that neither party seemed to get angry. I fancy they would soon have to stop or suffocate for want of breath. Miles 3.927.

YORK, Saturday, July 6th, 1872.—After breakfast K. and I started to *do* the ancient City of York, whose fabulous history, I am told, dates as far back as when David was King of Israel, when it was founded under the name of Cær-Ebrauc. Its real history,

under the name Eboracum, begins A.D. 79, which goes quite far enough back to test my credible faculties. However, we, as I have already said, set forth to see this ancient city, and began at the castle, which we were only allowed to see partially, this being a holiday. We saw the Clifford Tower, the only really ancient part of the castle, of which, however, there was little to be seen. The next place of interest was the Guildhall, once a Roman Catholic edifice, now used for purposes similar to our City Hall. A garrulous old woman took delight in telling us its past history, and in so doing took us to a small hall or court-room at the back of the main hall, touched a spring in the wall, and a secret panel, quite undistinguishable before, flew open, disclosing in the thick wall a very narrow spiral stone staircase running up and down, the first really startling thing of the kind I have seen. The staircase leading up, she said, merely compassed the building, and went up to the roof. The down staircase branched two ways. One passage led underneath Clifford Tower, about half-a-mile off, in one direction, while the other led under the Cathedral or York Minster, hereafter described. These passages were, however, now walled up at each end, as a strong stench used to be emmitted from them. I expressed my pleasure in having at last seen a really serviceable and *very* secret passage, whereupon our conductress went to another part of the room and touching another spring, another panel, equally well disguised, flew open, disclosing another up and down similar passage, but guarded by an iron door, which was locked. This passage was still open, but our conductress told us that though she had lived here twenty-three years, she had never been allowed into it, nor told where it led to. This was all the information we could get. The secret springs were no larger than peas, and were painted like and even with the wall.

From the Guildhall, which is built on the water's edge, we turned to the Cathedral, or York Minster, about a quarter of a mile distant, and the most magnificent edifice of the kind we have seen. Whether looked at without or within, it has the same appearance of massive grandeur and exquisite finish, and the effect on one's mind after looking closely at it for a length of time is almost astounding. It seems to be the work of superhuman hands. One defect, however, continually meets the eye—the want of heads to all the statues in the niches. These have been knocked off by Puritan vandalism. The same fate attended a sculptured holy water basin, built in the wall of the Minster, the rim of which had been knocked off. A gallery runs all round the upper part of the Minster, built in the thickness of the walls; but looking into it, which we were not allowed to see, but which, we were told, used to be occupied by nuns; and from what I observed, I imagine the whole building is thickly threaded with passages in its walls and pillars. The glass in the large windows is the oldest and finest in existence, having been placed there more than 500 years ago. We were shewn many fine old monuments, and in the crypt curious and extremely ancient Saxon and Roman remains of walls and pillars, and a well fifteen yards deep, but now dry, owing to the city drainage. (I have my doubts about the use of that well after seeing the Guildhall.)

We finished our stay in York at the Museum, and among the remains of the Roman wall and rectangular tower, and the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, St. Leonard's Hospital, and the Hospitium, all very interesting.

We took the train at 3.15 p.m. for Edinburgh, over a road rougher than the Grand Trunk; passed Durham with its celebrated Cathedral, very similar to York Minster; the dirty old City of Newcastle-on-the-Tyne, and Berwick-on-Tweed (the line between England and Scotland), three quarters of an hour behind time, where the road for several miles runs along the sea-side, the salt air of which was pleasant and refreshing. The crops about here were very much behind those of the south of England, and not as far advanced in point of cultivation.

The change crossing the Scottish border was very noticeable; the sea-shore, which had been very low and flat, became rocky and abrupt, the country very hilly and even picturesque. The air was cooler, and the everlasting English brick gave way to stone

houses. Even the haystacks presented a different appearance, those in Scotland all having thatched roofs shaped over them; and what to us was as pleasant as anything else, the road became much smoother, much of it being cut through solid rock; and our speed redoubled. As the train neared Edinburgh we witnessed the grandest sunset I ever saw, and that is saying a great deal. The sun, like a large ball of melted gold, was just hiding behind the Fife hills, coloring and causing to sparkle with golden hues the waters of the Frith of Forth that lay stretched along between us in almost perfect calm, while the many broken clouds, light and heavy, and richly lined, reflecting seemingly half the colors of the rainbow, covered the sky and overhung the dark, deep, crimson hill of Fife. My mind revelled in luxurious delight, as for upwards of half-an-hour the scene spread out before us; and several times I thought how much would I give to have that sunset immortalized on canvas. We had scarcely lost sight of the sunset scene when our attention was drawn to the gigantic lion of Scotland, lazily stretching his forepaws on the heights of Arthur's Seat. The likeness was striking, and can only be seen from this point. Our luggage was set down in Addison's Alma Hotel at a quarter past nine o'clock. Weather cool. Miles covered 4,136. After a light supper, for which I presume we will pay heavy enough, we retired for the night.

SUNDAY, July 7th, 1872.—On opening my eyes, the first thing I did was to make for the window and admire the scene. Directly opposite, high perched on a precipitous rock, is Edinburgh Castle. Between us runs a beautiful valley enriched by grassy swards and large old trees. At the extreme left we can distinguish Sir Walter Scott's Monument, and several public buildings; the Museum, National Gallery, Bank of Scotland, &c., and the view on the right is bounded by the Fountain bridge district, and one or two churches. We could scarcely be better situated.

In the morning we attended St. George's (Free) Church, in the hope, alas! of hearing Dr. Candlish. The building is large, fine-looking, and very comfortable. The text, in Gen. iv., extended from the 9th verse to the end of the chapter. The sermon, an hour long, was rambling, unconnected, unintelligible, and tiring. In less than five minutes I had closed my note-book, not being able to note a single good point; and heartily pitied a school of young ladies, of whom I had a good broadside view, and who were evidently doing their utmost to write down something that would read coherently; feeling, as I did, how impossible were their efforts. I do not know who preached, and do not, for his sake, care to enquire.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we attended the Tron Church (Kirk)—a small, plain, old-fashioned building in the old town. Dr. MacGregor preached to a good audience, from Acts xiii., 36. Sermon about 45 minutes. Owing to the rapid speaking, I could not take as much down, nor as correctly, as I would have liked. After dinner, K. and I went to see Dr. Candlish's Sunday-school. Owing to the rain the attendance was small, but the school numbers 200 or 300. The room is the most pleasant we have seen. The scholars have an annual social meeting, an annual summer excursion to the country, and picture-papers are beginning to be distributed. They have a children's morning Sunday service monthly, and the district is thoroughly visited after summer vacation. Each class has a missionary box. The amount of collection of each class is read once a month. Last month one class contributed two shillings and fourpence. Very few of the children of the congregation attend the Sunday-school connected with this Church.

MONDAY, July 8th, 1872.—We spent the greater part of the day in the Scottish National Picture Gallery. Among the finest paintings were five magnificent ones by William Etty, R.A., the subject of three of them being the Deliverance of Bethulia by Judith, from the Apocrypha; and two peculiar lovely paintings by Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.R., representing the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, and their reconciliation. Subject taken from the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(*To be continued.*)

GLEN FARM.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

(Concluded.)

Dr. Bell interrupted the conversation by poking his head in at the door, with a cheery, "Good morning."

"Roxy has almost cured me, Doctor."

"So I see. Roxy and I, you mean. All you want now is a three months' visit, with an easy mind. I am going up to Mapleville to visit my sister, and I've a great mind to take you along, whether Josiah Lee is willing or not."

"That's the most capital idea," chimed in Roxy. "Mapleville is only ten miles from our house, and that is the best place I know for her to go to."

So it was settled, after a good many scoldings from Dr. Bell, and a quiet persistence from Roxy, and a great many demurs by the kind husband who didn't see how he could spare Bessy so long, especially as it would cost near fifty dollars, he supposed, to send her away off there.

"Give her a hundred, you stingy soul," said the blunt Dr. Bell; "and thank your stars that you get off so cheap."

Max said a few words in private to his father, and there was no more opposition; for Max had a way of managing the crooked stick.

Roxy took Mrs. Lee's place as housekeeper, and for the next three months things went on swimmingly in that house. Roxy had a sturdy will of her own, and Nancy had more; so for once in his life Josiah Lee was more than matched.

He was in a continual stew, but nobody seemed to care; and the burden of his thoughts was, "If Bessy would only come home!"

Mrs. Lee took Johnny with her, and Roxy attended to it that Dick and Fred went regularly to school; so, as Josiah dolefully remarked: "The women folks had the house all to themselves."

The poor man would have summoned his wife home, but, to use his own words, he "never was no hand to write," and every letter from the girls told her they were doing splendidly—she could stay as long as she pleased.

"Max, is Ralph sick?" said Roxy, one evening, as they sat on the verandah.

"No; why do you think so?" with a quick, frightened look at her. But she was looking placidly at the far-off trees, as she replied,

"I thought he was not looking quite well lately."

He laid his hand on her arm.

"Roxy, I wonder if you know."

"Yes, Max, I know;" she said, as their eyes met.

"He has been going on like this," said Max, "for more than a year; only getting worse, all the time of course. For a week he has not gone to bed one night sober."

"I judge your father does not know of it."

"No, he would turn him out if he did. I think father is to blame for a good deal of this," he said, bitterly. "He always kept a low class of men, because they could be had cheaper than others. I am five years older than Ralph, you know, and I saw the effect it was having on him, and told father. But he always said a boy would follow his bent. If he was inclined to go wrong, nothing would stop him. Even then, if home had been made pleasant, he might have been saved. But if we wanted to read in the evening, we were ordered to bed, so as to be up early at work again. Nothing seems to move Ralph but his fear of father. That is almost a mania. He gets perfectly frantic if he thinks father will find him out."

"I have wondered, again and again,

Max, what saved you, and made you the man you are."

"Mrs. Wiltsie, under God, saved me, Roxy. When I was a little boy I took a fancy to her, and she encouraged me to come to her house, and taught me principles we were never taught at home. I have tried to influence Ralph and Katie, but they always meet me with, "If father is one of your Christians, I don't want anything to do with it."

"I have heard Katie say that, and it shocked me terribly. At home, religion is the moving principle with the whole family. The hour for prayer, the sweetest of the day, and the Sabbath always welcome."

"I saw that when I was there. This money-grasping has grown upon father, until I fear it is the ruling principle of his life."

"Can anything be done for Ralph?"

"Certainly nothing here. He is never easy under father's eye, and gets away from him as soon as possible; and once at the village, there are plenty to entice him to drink."

Meanwhile Mrs. Lee was drinking in health with every inspiration. The perfect rest—the orderly household, where there was no bustle and no hurry—the cheerful companionship, were an entirely new experience to her.

Mrs. Richard Lee remembered when Bessy Maxwell's rosy cheeks and bright eyes were the envy of half the girls in their native village. She remembered, too, when they sang together in the choir; and when they knelt, side by side, in the house of prayer, and believed they were both travelling heavenward. Now, how changed she was! The pale, thin cheeks—the languid step—but, worse than all, the crippled mind, and almost total indifference to things sacred, had made of her quite another person. She had allowed herself to be bound, hand and foot, while she hated the chains that held her. To her husband, there was a great pleasure in heaping up riches. To her there was not. She had made a slave of herself, at first through fear of her husband, finally from habit; which, in some people, is stronger than nature.

At last, the spirit of earnest Christianity breathed by this family, won its way down to the long untouched chords of her nature. Old echoes were wakened in the chambers of her heart. She looked back through the years to her simple, but fervent, prayer, said at her mother's knee—to the vows spoken when she connected herself with God's people—to the promises made when her children were consecrated in baptism. Oh! how her heart ached at that. She had unconsciously taught them to bow down to the god of this world. With bitter tears, and much self-censure, she told all this to her friend and sister, Mrs. Richard Lee. Told her, too, of Ralph's bad habits; for his conduct was not unknown to her.

"And now," said she, "if my life is spared, I will try to undo some of my work. I think Max is trying to live a Christian life; and, thank God! this little fellow is too young to have taken the evil impressions;" and she hugged Johnny more closely to her.

Before she went home, it was arranged that Ralph should be offered a situation as his uncle's book-keeper. His mother hoped much from the breaking up of old associations, and the influence of a Christian home; and daily fervent prayers went up to heaven for all her children, but especially for this wanderer.

The long, dreamy, summer days went swiftly away, and when the maples began to whisper of coming frosts, Roxy was very gladly welcomed home; and Mrs. Lee took her place again at the head of her household not so strong, physically, as she had once been—she would never be that again—but a thousand-fold stronger in determination to do her duty. There had sometimes been, away down in her heart, faint resolutions to break the chains that bound her so firmly to the world; but hitherto they had died without expression. Now she realized her need, and her weakness, and went to the fountain-head for strength.

* * * * *

The years rolled on until four new ones had come and vanished. Changes had come with them to the family at Glen Farm.

Ralph went to his uncle, and in less than a year was killed by an accident in the coal mine. Max and Roxy, cousins though they were, had joined hands, and made a

home of their own. Dick had run away and gone to sea.

This brought sadness to Mrs. Lee's heart, but she still kept on, in her own quiet, consistent course. Whether Josiah Lee saw where he had erred, or not, it was hard to tell. Probably not. His lips had grown into a habit of closing themselves almost too firmly, his hair showed the frost, and long lines of care were stretching themselves in his forehead. But whether it was the care his property gave him, or whether he gave sometimes a thought to his truant son, no one knew. He never mentioned his name.

The beauty of Christianity, as exhibited in her mother, appealed strongly to Katie. She began to feel a great longing for something strong to lean upon. She had before her eyes a daily proof of the emptiness of things earthly. Her naturally fine mind craved something above and beyond what she had ever known. Very reticent always, she spoke to no one; but sometimes half the night was spent over that wonderful old book—the Bible—where her mind and soul found food. Then great, heart breaking cries went up to the Father for help; and He who has said, "Ask and ye shall receive," made good the promise, and rest and peace came down into Katie Lee's tired heart. She wanted to share her new-found joy with Max and Roxy; so she went to them.

One Sabbath morning she went alone to a quaint little stone church near her brother's, there being no service in the church they usually attended. The air had a dewy freshness as it came in at the open windows, and fanned the reverent worshippers as they silently took their places. A sweet sense of peace stole over her heart, and she was forgetting her surroundings, when a rustle in the congregation roused her, and she saw that the clergyman was standing in the desk. She had only time to notice that he was tall and slight, with a broad, white forehead and clear hazel eyes, when he began reading the hymn in a voice with a ringing music in it, such as she had never heard before. There was no organ in the little church; but when a full and well-trained choir, assisted by nearly the whole congregation, sang, Katie forgot that she was a stranger—forgot everything but that it was an anthem of praise to God, in which she could join with her whole heart, so she sang too. Then followed a prayer which was not what has been called "an oration to the Lord;" but a simple, childlike asking for needed blessings, and asking in such a way that the bowed listeners felt sure the petitions would be granted. The sermon was an appeal to their gratitude to God for His great mercies, accompanied by an exhortation to evince that gratitude, not so much by words as by deeds of holy living. It was simple, but it went home with a wonderful power to the hearts of those who heard it. Katie Lee never forgot that sermon; but it was always associated in her mind with the breath of the clover fields, and the rich, melodious tones of the speaker.

One day the following week, as she came in from a walk, Roxy met her at the door saying,

"My cousin, Guy Forrester, is in the parlor, Katie. Come and see him; I am sure you will like him."

One glance told Katie that he was the Sabbath preacher. She watched him narrowly, to see if his conversation would give the lie to his sermon; but with all her vigilance, she saw no fault. There was no attempt at superior sanctity; his manner was free and social, but it seemed the most natural thing to glide at any moment to sacred subjects. She realized all the time that the man's nature was in tune with his God.

That visit was followed by many another. There were long walks with Katie in search of wild flowers, of which occupation they were both very fond; and an occasional row on the river, in which, though little was said, heart answered to heart, and speech was unnecessary. Guy Forrester's love was all the more precious to Katie, that nearly all her life her heart had been starved. There might have been danger to her, of worshipping the creature instead of the Creator, but that the love of God had proved so very precious to her in her loneliness. It had taken such a deep hold of her heart that nothing could supplant it; and she accepted this new love as a gift from God, for which she was very thankful.

The summer days shortened, and the autumn came, noiselessly,—almost imperceptibly—until the chill October winds warned Katie that she must return to Glen Farm.

Guy Forrester was very lonely without the brown-eyed little woman who had come like a sunbeam across his life, and he soon followed her to Glen Farm. There a cruel blow awaited him. Josiah Lee, with his customary thoughtfulness for the happiness and well-being of his child, positively refused his consent to the marriage. The reason he gave was, that Mr. Forrester belonged to another communion; and no child of his should leave the church of her fathers, and go off with a stranger *he* knew nothing about. He told Katie that in two years—when she would be of age—she could marry this man if she was willing to forget that Josiah Lee was her father; but he would never see her face again, nor should she have a cent of his property. To Katie this made little difference. She was accustomed to her father's opposition in almost everything. He had never been a kind and loving father, and the breaking the between them would not cost her a pang. To the property she never gave a thought. But it was a keen cut to Guy Forrester. He did not consider that in making Katie his wife he was lowering her, and it galled him to be obliged to take her in opposition to her father's wishes; but take her he would. She was "a' the world" to him, and he did not for a moment think of giving her up. He was used to overcoming difficulties. Why might this not be overcome?

Katie gave it as her opinion that there was nothing to be done but wait the two years, and then brave his anger and leave Glen Farm forever.

"Katie, will you stand true to me for two long years?" asked Mr. Forrester.

"For a life-time, if it is necessary."

"I can trust you," he said, with a look in the deep hazel eyes that went straight to her heart. "In two years from that June morning, I will come for you."

"Please God," added Katie, reverently.

"Yes, please God; and I think it cannot be His pleasure to withhold from me a gift so good."

When he was gone, this brave little woman did not proceed to fret and fume herself to death, because her father had unreasonably forbidden her to see her lover. Not she! With a light heart and a sunny smile, she tripped to and fro all day long, doing her best to make sunshine in the old house grown gloomy from the shadows of sin and suffering thrown over it. For one whole year she was the joy of her mother's life. Even the stern, grasping father sometimes thought the glint of her brown hair more pleasant than the glitter of gold. But those seasons were rare, and never lasted long when he reflected that she looked delicate—never was able to do a good day's work—in fact, couldn't earn her salt. Whose was the fault that this was so?

Josiah Lee often said, "Girls nowadays are no good. Just see how strong they were when I was young. If girls would 'rough it' more, they would be healthier, I know."

You have made a great many mistakes in your life, Josiah Lee; and this is one of them.

Katie Lee had healthy parents, so why should she not be healthy? Why not indeed! The child of a mother whose youth was spent in drudgery; whose best energies were expended in the ceaseless strain of money-getting, instead of attending to her children's health, physical or moral. The child of a father whose every tone struck terror to her heart. Possessed of a delicate nervous organization, the constant fear in which her childhood was spent, finished the work which her mother's neglect had begun. So Katie Lee's physical health was ruined. It was well her moral faculties did not share in the ruin. They were very near it; but a merciful Providence interposed and saved her. Not so, however, with poor Dick. He had, it is true, a sound body—in him the ruin was wrought in his soul.

* * * * *

One evening in November the Storm King seemed holding high carnival among the elements. The wind roared and shouted, sending the rain in sheets against the old house at Glen Farm. The shutters rattled, and now and then a blast came

down the chimney, sending a thrill of horror through every fibre of Katie's frame; as, curled up in a corner of the sofa, she held her hands against her temples to quiet the throbbing pain. Mrs. Lee was knitting, for she kept up her old habits of industry. Josiah Lee dozed in his chair; starting up occasionally when a blast, louder than usual, swept around the house, shaking it to its foundation.

"What's that?" he said, springing to his feet.

"Nothing but the wind, I think," said Mrs. Lee, quietly. "It is a wild night."

"Ay, that it is. I guess I shall go to bed." He stopped with his coat half off at the sound of a furious knocking and kicking at the door.

"There! I knew it wasn't the wind; but women always think they know best," he said, angrily.

"Here, open the door, can't you? and let a poor devil in," said a voice outside.

Katie started up in terror; but Mrs. Lee's mother heart had recognized the voice, and before a word could be said, she had unfastened the door and admitted Dick in a half-drowned, half-drunken condition. His father looked at him in dumb anger; but the frown had no power to alarm Dick, in his present condition.

"Look here, old man," he said, sinking into a chair, "you just hand me over some stamps; I'm deuced hard up."

Mrs. Lee's face grew white at the look that came into her husband's eyes; but she kept silence.

"The briny deep didn't agree with my constitution," he continued, with a coarse laugh; "so I steered for land. And now I haven't a red; so plank the tin, can't you?" He got angry at the silence. "What a devilish friendly crew you are! Been gone two years, and you haven't a word to say to me when I come back."

Josiah Lee walked towards the door, saying,

"You can leave as soon as you like, young man; you are no son of mine any longer."

Dick was not too drunk to feel the full force of these words, and the anger they roused sobered him. He put his back against the door.

"You canting old hypocrite! You dare say that to me, do you? I know I'm no saint; but I'd rather be what I am than what you are. I've listened to your long prayers more times than I wanted to. I'll go, oh yes! Don't be alarmed. I wish I could get hold of your money bags first, that's all! May be I shall pay you a visit some dark night and lighten your cares for you. I know the ways of the house, you know," and, with a laugh that was almost fiendish, he went out into the night and the storm.

Only seventeen! He was young to have graduated in the school of vice.

For weeks he stayed in the village, occasionally showing himself about the old home; but never coming near enough to be spoken to. Josiah Lee suffered considerably during those weeks,—not from conscience; that was quieted long ago, but from fear of that boy. His face haunted him constantly; and, try as he would, he could not shake off the thought that his precious treasures of silver and gold were in danger from him.

One morning, Mrs. Lee went into her husband's room, when breakfast was ready, wondering that he had not made his appearance. In a moment, she came back, with a strange pallor in her face.

"Katie, go for Mrs. Wiltsie; and Fred, run for Dr. Bell, as quick as you can. There's something wrong with your father."

The "something" that had come to Josiah Lee was Death. In the dead stillness of the night his soul had gone out to meet its God.

A month later, we find Mrs. Lee, Katie, and Johnny, at home with Max. Fred, who was very clever, was sent to his uncle Richard, that he might be near a good school. Josiah Lee left no will, and when Dick received his portion of the property, he went away at once—no one knew where. Notwithstanding the removal of the barrier, it was Katie's wish that her marriage should not take place until she became of age.

Glen Farm was sold. There were none of those pleasant associations which usually gather about a homestead, to attach the family to it. Their life there had been hard, and cold, and bare; and they were glad to leave it. Mrs. Lee bought a home

for them near Max, and devoted her life to the two boys she had left her, sending many an anxious thought after the wanderer. Once he wrote to his mother, asking her forgiveness for the trouble he had caused her, and saying he hoped some day to come home to her a better man. So she lives on, praying and hoping for the prodigal's return.

Midsummer came again. The air was heavy with the perfume of roses, and a gentle breeze brought into the little stone church the breath of the clover-fields, as it had done that Sabbath morning two years ago. A small sea of eager, expectant faces turned towards the door, as Guy Forreste entered with Katie Lee on his arm, scarcely less white than the dress she wore.

The mystic words were spoken which bound two lives together, and they who entered the church, youth and maiden, left it man and wife.

God grant that these two may walk, through life together, cherishing only kind and loving thoughts of each other, bearing each other's burdens, sharing each other's sorrows—until they reach the sunset of life together, more closely united in heart and soul than they are on this their marriage day.

JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

PLOWING DEEPER.

When a voyage is taken there is always an immense amount of bustle and excitement about the start. "To get off" is the great endeavor, and apparently the only aim; but when once out on the blue water, there is time for everyone to think of the end to be reached by this voyage, the word "Why?" coming after the thought "I'm afloat." So it was with me; and therefore with good reason I suppose it to be so with others—for we are all made of the same material, however various may be the mould—and to know one's self well, is to know others nearly as well.

I had seen men, and I see them yet, who merely live that they may work—reversing the Divine order, to work that we may live; but I have always found that such men pay a high penalty for their gains. I remember standing by the tomb-stone of such a man, a long while ago, and moralizing. The setting sun was peeping under the branches of the glossy-leaved black oak overhead, and a thrush was swaying on the topmost bough of a neighboring tree; while a tree-toad, somewhere concealed, was piping in shrillest tones his most attenuated notes. It was an hour for moralizing, and I have found that after a course of years such moralizings are as securely retained by memory, and occupy just as much room as actual incidents and occurrences. And I thought of "the poor inhabitant below" in this wise: Here sleeps one who lived for sixty or seventy years in the world. He had fair abilities, a good education, and a good character (which every man has till he himself makes it bad) for a "capital" to begin with. He cleared up, with his own hands, a hundred-acre farm. He saved up besides eight thousand dollars, which he kept invested in well-paying

mortgages, and he——no, he did nothing else; this is his life-record! He *might* have given, during the latter part of his life, in which I knew him, the full half of his time to God and humanity, greatly to the benefit of society around him and greatly to his own happiness; he *might* have given five-hundred dollars a year to religion and charity, without even touching his capital; but after he paid for his pew-rent, five dollars a year would cover all his charities. Nature asked him to be a man, and Providence cleared the way for him; but he chose to be a mere beast of burden, and lived and died as such.

And I don't know that farming is worse in this respect than other employments. "Business" is quite as absorbing. And between an animated dung-fork and a walking yard-stick, there is not much to choose. Seeing, therefore, that though bread must be won, we ought to be careful at the same time that our souls were not kneaded up in the process, I determined to "hasten slowly' towards wealth, and to read and think a good deal on the way. I found there was many a half-day in stormy weather that instead of gossiping with a neighbor or smoking a pipe, I could well employ in reading. I got a few books, mostly in cheap editions, at George Barnes's in Hamilton; and two or three that I could not get there, I found at Lesslie's in Dundas —among the rest Coleridge; though the clerk thought the "Ancient Mariner" a "very *stchupid* thing!" At noon, while the team were feeding, I always found nearly an hour for reading; though in later years I found it well to take a twenty-minutes nap, and then spend the rest of the hour in *thinking*. And it soon began to strike me that my neighbors would be the better of a little more reading too; and, having enlisted a young friend or two in the project, I got a paper started, and obtained subscriptions toward a village library in Skendle. A hundred and twenty dollars, carefully laid out, furnished us with a goodly number of standard works of permanent value. Some of the boys of that place and day, whom I can trace in various responsible and honorable positions in the Dominion, got their first impulse to "plow deeper" in the mental and moral field. from that village library.

I will not say that I had not trials, and sometimes had to fight against discontent, on my little farm. Self-conceit whispered that I was "intended for something better than a farmer." But in my better moments I would corner conceit up, by demanding an answer to the question, "*Where* could I, as a matter of absolute certainty, be happier or more useful?" And the answer never came straight! or when coming in very tired—every bone and sinew conscious of a hard day's work—I would be tempted to think, "None but great fellows, each as strong as a bullock, should be farmers," the thought would come, "You must make your brain work more, to save your hands; this is a call for more skill in the method of doing your farm work." And when the Californian and Australian "gold-fever" began, I acknowledge it took a great deal of self-control to beat down the wild weeds of "found wealth" and easy gain that grew so rank in the mind before I was aware any of the wild seed had been sown—I suppose the evil seed was there naturally, and only wanted a scratch and a little sunshine to sprout. Some of my young friends, married and unmarried, *did* go off. Some never came back—would be but wrecks if they did come back. Some returned none the better in fortune; and some with a little gold, but with the loss of much else. Running about the world to get rich is a poor occupation. It does not deserve to succeed, and seldom succeeds above its deserts.

So discontent cured itself, and life began year by year to shape itself in worthier channels; and if I was not *very* happy I was much happier on the whole than I deserved to be, and happier by far, I know, than many of my neighbors. It was always to me a great pleasure (which any young farmer could have on easy terms) to have a warm fireside for young lads and girls of my acquaintance. It does seem to me that if ever a fair balance is struck between me and the world, and anything at all found to be in my favor, it will be in the line of helping and counselling young friends. It is very pleasant being a teacher, when your pupils seek you; and as it is in

a large measure just reading over the proof-sheets of your own life, there is always the opportunity of putting in the dropped words, and correcting the defective spelling, and painting up the blurred letters. A gain for the time to come.

Montgomery Crow got into the habit of frequenting my house in the evenings. Crow's place was a mile away; and when Montgomery was not too tired, it was like getting a lesson on a book, only much pleasanter, to come over and *talk* about books. To no one else did he give his confidences about himself and about his father. He was still very anxious on his father's account. John had really been nearer complete ruin than I thought. John used to say, "It's hard clipping a sheep on the run," and sometimes, "It's hard jibbing your sail when your boom's broke;" and no doubt he found it very hard, with the little spirit or stamina left him, to make headway against his besetments. He had fallen several times since he had been farming. Not at home; not in the presence of his family, but when out at some one of the villages around. And more than once it would be two or three days before he would make his appearance at home, and then—such a forlorn and miserable creature as he was! It could not be in anyone's nature to chide him. He was his own accuser, and that readily enough. Montgomery was his sheet anchor. As long as the boy stuck to him, he felt there was some hope left yet, and would try again.

A lesson John Crow ought to have learnt long ago, he only began to comprehend now; and that was, that we cannot change our life without changing our companions. I have seen many mistakes made since then, in the same way. John's old companions were just as friendly as ever, and seemed well-pleased to think he was getting on a little in the world. Sometimes one or another of them would come to his place; but Jenny's reception of them was not encouraging. With a woman's tact, she seemed to comprehend the philosophy of the thing instinctively; and as "they never did John any good" before, she judged "they wouldn't do him much good" now! Yet his general health was better. He slept better, and lost that wild expression in his eye, and that suspicious paleness about the lips that Dr. Marks used to shake his head at. And though his vessel had sometimes been driven off her course, and even been apprehensive of foundering, still she was now clear of the breakers where she had been thumping and bumping, in momentary danger of going to pieces. As John formed better acquaintances, he gradually dropped the old pot-house friends, and thus avoided a great cause of danger to himself. His farming, while it might be said to thrive, had nothing very bright about it. His girls had greatly improved; so had his wife, so had his home. He was keeping out of debt, and paying his rent, and hoping in a year or two to venture on the purchase of the place; and, take it altogether, "Crow's Nest" was not unlike other rough farms in the neighborhood.

As to inward matters, John did not seem to get on; and I sympathized with him there. The fact is, he had made the mistake of learning all he knew about religion—not from the Bible—but from religious people, so called; and, whether intentionally or not, they had taught him that religion consisted in works, not in faith,—and as he never could honestly believe that his works merited salvation ("Was he not a drunkard," he said, "and all else that a drunkard *was*?") so he nearly despaired of ever being saved. I had myself fully shared this feeling, till about this time; now, however, I began to waver in it. Montgomery was my teacher here. *My* difficulty was, my faith (or belief) was just as miserable a thing as my works! How could any act of my mind, any more than any work of my hands, be accepted as a satisfaction of my soul's sinfulness? Was it not, after all, something of *mine* I was presenting? and was not everything about me tainted and impure? Montgomery's way of putting it was, "I don't look at my *faith*, as I go on, any more than I look at my shadow. I forget everything about myself. Christ has obeyed the law in my name, and he has suffered for sin in my name, and has been accepted for me, and I am safe!"

"But, on those terms," my wife replied, "all the world would be saved; and as all the world is *not* saved, surely there is something defective here."

"Well, Annie," he replied, "if all the world should honestly say that, every man for himself, all the world *would* be saved! 'According to *your* faith, be it unto you,' is the rule, you know"

"But I have still another trouble," I said, "Suppose I say Christ is my substitute' It seems to me I had nothing to do in making him my substitute. I had no choice in the matter. I did not choose him as my substitute. And unless he had some natural and special *right*, inherent in the nature of things, to become my Saviour and substitute, independent of my choosing him *as such*, there would seem to be a link wanting in this chain of reasoning."

"Christ's *right* to become my substitute," said Montgomery, "is this: he *made* me, and therefore had a right to die for me if he pleased! I was his creature; he was my creator; and as his right over me, to do with me as he pleased, was perfect—he exercised so much of that right as to die in my stead; and offered me salvation on the simple terms of believing that great fact!"

There was a long pause; and I think that we both—Annie and I—saw the matter clearer than ever we did before. Just as the tide comes in—one little wave after another, a little farther and a little farther, which do not wholly go back—so that, while you cannot tell the moment your feet were covered, yet you soon find yourself "wading deep;" or like the daylight that came in this morning—one wave of light after another, each a little clearer than the one before, till the day was perfect—and yet you could not tell the moment when night ceased and day began, yet there it was—so it seemed with me. The limit between despair and hope—unbelief and faith—was passed without a note; but the important thing was that it *was* passed! I need scarcely say that my former conceit of showing the world a specimen of Christianity without a flaw, had now lost much of its original color. I now wanted to be as good a Christian as possible; but I did not want the world to judge of it (or of the Master) by me.

Thus I learned to "plough deeper," and I could not see that it made me less efficient in the necessary duties and labors of life. And it really seemed "giving to receive again" to have young Montgomery Crow for my teacher in religious truth, who had been my pupil for years in every other line of knowledge.

Montgomery sometimes got three months at school in the winter, when he was thus a half-grown lad; and it was astonishing how much good it seemed to do him. Three months at fifteen is worth a year at an earlier period. His teacher was an original character, who probably would not be tolerated at all now, under the head martinet and all the little martinets of the modern school-system. But he produced scholars who *thought*. He would ask the scholars on Monday whether they liked the sermon the day before, and why? He taught a left-handed boy, who had already learned to write with his right hand, to write with his left also; telling him about Lord Nelson and his left-hand writing, when the hand that was *left* was the *left* hand. And he taught two little boys to read by leading them straight up to words and phrases at the first, without giving them the alphabet at all. And they got on just as fast as the others. And with the little fellows of five years old, who were sent to school by their mothers "just to get them out of the way" (alas for such degenerate motherhood!) he merely played with them—gave them a little lesson twice a day, and made them live out of doors al the rest of the time—and often dried the eyes of some little down-hearted specimen among them by giving him a copper, as a reward for building a play-house with sticks and bark in a fence-corner. And he promoted Saturday forenoon rambles in the summer (only every second Saturday was a holiday then), to botanize and geologize—the girls went in for flowers and the boys for fossils. And in the course of the next week an account of the expedition was called for from the historian and secretary of the adventure. And on the last afternoon of the week he gave them drawing on the blackboard, which they imitated on their slates. And would often call for silence in the middle of a busy afternoon, and "have a song" with the children. Under such a teacher, Montgomery learned a great deal not set down "in the books;"

for he learned to think. But he learned a great deal out of the books too.

One afternoon Captain Seagram came in, and the teacher put some of his classes through their exercises. His "first grammar class" was represented that day by only Montgomery Crow and Kitty Seagram; and the teacher, with the utmost impartiality, told Mr. Seagram that "these two were his very best scholars!" The captain seemed to flout a little at the thought of John Crow's son and his daughter being associated in this way. And it was perhaps Kitty's observing such a feeling on the part of her father that made her —not so much from any feeling of undutifulness as from a love of mischief—take more notice of Montgomery henceforth. I never was a match-maker; I would as soon be a billiard-marker, or a stake-holder at a scrub-race; but I did speculate a little on the possibility of an alliance between a patrician and plebian family; and as to which side would be under obligations to the other. And I came to the general conclusion that a young man who has not injured his character by evil associations or conduct, is to be allowed to take his place in society just as high as his mental and other acquirements warrant; and that society is not rightly constituted when there are any hindrances to this being freely done.

With regard to my own improvement and progress, I found that farming was not so hostile to literary pleasure and even literary success as it is supposed to be. It is true one cannot get so much time to read and write, nor half so many opportunities of mingling in society, or of "seeing the world;" but there is far more time to *think*, and very many opportunities for observation. It was more of an oddity than it should have been for a farmer to be literary; and with a certain class in the neighborhood I got more credit than I deserved; and with another class was rather disparagingly thought and spoken of, as one "who had too many irons in the fire." One thing I am sorry I did not think of in time. It was to devote more time and attention to some one or two specialties, and try to excel in these. I note it now for the benefit of those who are younger. And one thing I am glad I did. I resolved *not* to aim at wit. There is probably no delusion so wide-spread in the world, as that of people imagining themselves naturally witty. I made myself very ridiculous on a few occasions, when aiming at wit, and took warning for the future. Not that I was, or that the majority of men are, wholly destitute of a sense of humor; for we must have a certain appreciation of humor, if it were only to inform us when we appear in some ridiculous light. But I discovered that the few really bright wits to be found, after toiling hard to gain appreciation and applause, only obtained a reputation that no man would deliberately choose for himself—a reputation consisting in an inferior kind of admiration, but without a particle of honor in its composition. Honest dulness was more honored than the keenest wit. Perhaps that is the reason why women have never devoted themselves to humorous writing, either in prose or verse. I was astonished to find that I could not lay my hand on a single humorous poem of any merit, written by a lady; nor have I been able to do so since.

It is well too, as I have found, for a young farmer to keep up constantly his acquaintance with books, and his practice of putting his thoughts down with the pen. If there is some long hiatus, the acquaintanceship is broken. Money takes the place of knowledge, and idle gossip comes in instead of improving discussions. Many a young fellow has deliberately dwarfed his mind, by resolving to lay aside books and knowledge, thought and study, for "just a few years, till he makes himself comfortable;" and when the "few years" are past, he finds he has no more a relish for anything higher than the mere gratification of sense, or the hoarding up of miserable wealth. I avoided this; and I am glad I did. And two or three tree copies of papers and magazines that came to the house, in acknowledgment of an occasional contribution, gave me more real pleasure than an extra hundred bushels of wheat, raised at the expense of an emaciated mind.

NILE LETTERS.

(*Continued.*)

"DAHABEEH 'TITANIA,'

"On the Nile, March 23, 1873.

"Dear W.—We left Luxor last Monday night, and dropping down two or three miles hauled up to the opposite bank, whence on Tuesday morning we took donkeys for the tombs of the Kings—Bab, or Biban-el-Molook. Passing through the cultivated land which on this side does not extend very far from the river, we rode along the edge of the desert by piles of rubbish, evidence of disentombed mummies, and then turned off into a valley between the hills. In an hour and a quarter we reached the tombs, and dismounting we first entered that of Belzoni and afterwards Bruce's and two others. It is quite impossible from one hurried visit to remember enough of these to describe them, I won't say adequately, but at all. They are all approached through doorways cut in the rock, and by steps and inclined planes downwards. They are divided into, or rather consist of, many chambers, some large and some small. The walls are covered with paintings and hieroglyphics. We returned to our boat and proceeded on our downward voyage.

"Next day we stopped to visit the Temple of Dendera, the interior of which has been cleared of rubbish, and can therefore be well seen. The ceiling of the portico, or a portion of it, represents the signs of the zodiac. A prodigious antiquity was for a time attributed to this, but it has been shown to date within our era. So far as I have been able to learn, there is no monument in Egypt to which an antiquity beyond the Mosaic record can fairly be assigned. The Pyramids are the oldest. On one of the walls at Dendera is a representation of Cleopatra—*the* Cleopatra. The features can be traced, though they have been much disfigured. I was unfortunate again in going to Dendera.

"On Friday we stopped at Belianeh, and set off for Abydus. From the river to the desert we rode seven or eight miles through fields of wheat—no fence, no hedge, so far as we could see, nothing but wheat, some of it beginning to color. Palm trees fringed the river and the desert, and a few were scattered among the corn. There are two ruins at Abydus, the larger one apparently a palace, but palaces in those days were built very much like temples. It was worth the ride to see either the wheat or the ruins. As we saw both we felt well repaid for the effort.

"The temperature for the last fortnight or more, until within two or three days, has been very delightful. Now it is too hot even for the flies. We have still a good many, but they have not tormented us as they did when the temperature was 70 deg. to 80 deg. Yesterday it was 83 deg. in our saloon, and to-day it has been 92 deg.; yet it is not so oppressive as the same temperature would be in England. The buffaloes go into the river and lie down—sometimes putting even their heads under the water. No other animals do this; but the buffaloes will remain a long time almost covered. Would not you like to be a buffalo if you were here and the temperature 92 deg., which means about 123 deg. to 125 deg. in the sun? I have not room in my trunk for a pyramid or even for a temple. But even if I had, your precincts would not hold one, and I do not consider it my duty to ornament Hyde Park.—Farewell!"

"CAIRO, April 12, 1873.

"During this week we have revisited many places which we saw in January,

and which I have already mentioned to you. With a little more knowledge than I had then, I feel more interest in everything that I see. Every day I feel more and more impressed with the truth of the remark made by Dr. Johnson, that if a traveller would fetch much knowledge back he must take a good deal away with him. Hereafter I will endeavor to impress this truth upon any of my friends who desire to travel, and if they take my advice I am sure that they will thank me for it.

"On Monday last, after taking an affectionate leave of our reis and crew, who had spent eighty-three days in our service, we left the dahabeeh and drove to the Mosk of Tooloon, where a crowd of mendicants, who live in the precincts, were receiving the alms of the Viceroy. This Mosk seems to be used especially as a home for the poor, though any Moslem may—if we may judge from what we see—make free use of any mosk. It is quite common to see men sleeping on the floors. In the great modern Mosk of Mohammed Ali, on the citadel, we were reminded of the sparrows finding a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, near the tabernacle in Jerusalem, for the birds were chirping all over the building, which is evidently their home. Of course it would not be easy to get them out, unless the Duke of Wellington's methods of solving the same problem with regard to the Exhibition buildings of 1851 were adopted. He suggested sparrow hawks, but I do not remember whether they were really employed. I do not always agree with the critics, but I am quite disposed to concur in the opinion that the Mosk of Hassan, which is in an almost ruinous condition, is the finest structure in Cairo. It is 490 feet in length, but it is divided into several large halls, so that the great size is not manifest from the interior. At the back of what we should call the chancel is a large chapel containing the tomb, reminding one of the Medici Chapel in Florence, in design only —certainly not in its decoration.

"Most of the mosks are easily accessible, but some require a special order, and in such case a 'cawass,' or military policeman, accompanies the visitor for his protection. Of such is the Mosk of El Azhae, a sort of college, where the Koran is the chief object of study, but where the sciences are also taught. There are said to be nearly ten thousand students, who come, I suppose, from every Mahomedan country. We only visited two large rectangular courts, surrounded by colonnades. The students were seated on the stone floors in groups of three, four, or five, and many appeared to be studying very diligently. There were many hundred present, but the great bulk had gone to a kind of fair, held annually at Tanta, in the Delta. Traders were here, too, and the place seemed open to any Moslem who chose to enter. The Mosk of the Sitteh Zeynet, grand-daughter of the prophet, seems to be especially sacred, and here we found that our armed attendant was by no means superfluous. One man took great umbrage at our presence soon after we entered, and manifested his displeasure by a peculiar shout which he continued for some time. His expression was malignant in the extreme, and I do not doubt that he would have done violence if he had dared. Two or three men laid hold of him and led him away towards a corner where he still shouted, though he could not see us. A screen of lattice work across the mosk leaves a passage of about ten feet wide, from which several apartments open. In the first was a man who affected to be dreadfully overcome by the sight of our party. He shouted, and was apparently about to faint when the door between us was closed. His shouts seemed to me very hypocritical. I do not doubt that he recovered as soon as the door was closed and he was alone. At the two grated windows of another apartment we saw a crowd of women with veiled faces. Here, too, the shutters were immediately closed in order to conceal them from our view. Into that apartment women only are admitted.

"Some men in this mosk smiled at the stupid bigotry and fanaticism which we witnessed; but most, I daresay, wondered what they and their religion were coming to that their sanctuary should be thus profaned by the presence of unbelievers. It would clearly have been unsafe to have entered that mosk without the evidence of official protection. The visits, however, of Europeans must have a great effect on public opinion here. Indeed, the fact of our

entering a mosk at all is evidence of progress. A very few years ago no mosk could be entered by an unbeliever without the authority of the Government, and it is not long since a Christian or Jew was forbidden to enter the street in which certain mosks are situated. Most of the mosks may now be visited in company with an Arab servant. One has to put on huge slippers or to wrap the feet in some covering, to be sure; but even that is not likely to last long, for we have entered one or two without having been required to do so. There is a vast deal of hypocrisy among the Mahomedans. The educated or travelled people have no faith in their religion. The Viceroy is said to be an infidel of the French school, but he dares not altogether repudiate the customs of the Moslems. The railway which is now stretching southwards, and will in time extend the whole length of Egypt, will work wonders in the minds of the people in the country.

"One morning we visited Miss Whateley's schools, and were fortunate enough to see Miss Whateley herself, who accompanied us through the different apartments of the large school building. The boys, of whom there are upwards of one hundred and fifty, are taught on the ground floor, and the girls, numbering about one hundred and ten, meet in several class rooms on the floor above. They are taught to read first in Arabic; then in English. The Bible is the chief text-book. We heard both boys and girls translate freely from one language into the other. Arithmetic, algebra, grammar, and geography are also taught, and Miss Whateley has found it necessary to teach the older boys French, as her scholars are so much sought for as clerks, &c., that it is expedient to give them all the requisite knowledge for such occupations. Miss Whateley is also taking some girls into her house to train as pupil-teachers. The buildings are new, large, airy, and well adapted for their purposes. The site was furnished by the Viceroy at the request of the Prince of Wales, who, with the Princess, visited the schools, then in another part of the town, during their visit here three or four years ago. The ground is worth £2,000, and must increase in value. Miss Whateley receives contributions from visitors and friends, and makes up all deficiencies out of her own means. Here is surely a noble life. We have not been able to visit the American schools and Mission here, but we have reason to believe that they are very prosperous. The scholars are mostly Copts, but there are some Moslems. It seems to be considered advisable to let the latter alone just now, and to influence them by raising the Copts. A second visit to the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities proved much more interesting than the former. There is a bust of the 'Pharaoh who knew not Joseph,' and who was drowned in the Red Sea. There is another of Tirhakah, mentioned in II. Kings, xix. 9. The former was found at Tanis, the Zoan mentioned in Psalms lxxviii., 12 and 43. There is a statue of wood, the oldest statue in existence, I believe. It is carved with wonderful spirit. Few artists of the present day could equal it. And there are many other objects to interest even the unlearned traveller."

"EGYPT—THE NILE—SYRA.

"SYRA, 21st April, 1873.

"Dear W.—The railway from Cairo to Suez describes something like a semi-circle convex towards the north. It passes through the land of Goshen, not so fertile as it was when the Israelites dwelt there; but it could be made fertile again if there were a population to cultivate and irrigate it. Yet a great portion of our journey was through waving cornfields, so that we had no difficulty in appreciating the former value to the world of the 'harvest of Egypt. The export of corn is still large. The railway strikes the Suez Canal at Ismailia, a very neatly built town with wide streets, for which the world is indebted to M. de Lesseps. It then runs southerly to Suez, which is quite an important town. On the morning after our arrival we embarked on a small boat, and for lack of wind we rowed and poled away for two hours until we reached a pier, upon which we landed. We then mounted donkeys, and rode for a mile over the desert, and nearly parallel to the sea shore, until we halted in a small grove of palms and tamarisks, which indicate from a distance the site of the Wells of Moses. This is supposed to be the site of

Marah, where the Israelites found only bitter water. The water now is somewhat brackish, but that of the well from which we tasted was quite drinkable. We tarried here for lunch, and then set out on our return. The wind not being favorable, we rode on our donkeys along the road by which the pilgrims travel to Mecca. The track is perhaps twenty or thirty feet wide, and is known only by the larger stones being removed from it, and laid on either side. In this way we came out on the entrance of the Canal just in time to see H. M. S. 'Frolic' pass out of it. Our boat met us here, and in half an hour we were back in Suez. The evening was not favorable to sightseeing, owing to a haze in the atmosphere, so we contented ourselves with the view from the roof of our hotel. We greatly enjoyed our sail in the morning. There was a beautiful rosy tint on the eastern hills, and the variety of light and shade on those on the western side was very striking indeed. Remember, there are no trees, no vegetation of any kind on these hills. Like those of the Nile, they are bare rocks of a yellowish color, shading off to dark brown. We regretted that we had not time to stay longer at Suez and Ismailia, but we were bound to be in Alexandria the next evening, and a tedious ride of twelve miles took us there.

"Our dragoman, from whom we had parted at Cairo, on no very cordial terms, did not come to meet us, whereat we were glad. He had made a point of making us pay as much as possible for everything. He had no scruple in underpaying the natives himself, and seemed to think that liberality on our part to them would spoil them for his purposes afterwards. Indeed, he said as much. Yet we could seldom buy anything cheap. We have no doubt that in most cases where we made purchases up the Nile, the greater part of the purchase money went to him. He never made the least effort to protect our interest in anything. It seemed almost impossible for him to speak truth. Many people say 'All dragomen (dragomans I suppose is the correct word, but it seems almost pedantic to use it) are alike;' but there are degrees of iniquity among them, and I have seen one who at any rate appeared to be honest, and careful of the interests of those who employed him, although he would not scruple to tell a lie when it served his purpose. Ours is considered one of the great dragomans, but I am sorry that I cannot recommend him, and were I coming again I certainly should not employ him. Travellers have good reason to complain of the conduct of those who have preceded them, and who have deceived them by the strong letters of recommendation given to men they have employed. Most people like to part on good terms with those who have served them for weeks or months, but that is no sufficient reason for giving them letters which cause them to think extravagantly of the value of their services, and which in fact turn their heads. The journey up the Nile from Cairo to the Second Cataract and back should not cost two persons more than £450 or £500, and very little more than £500 for four persons. The time occupied depends very much on the wind. It may be done in sixty or seventy days, but it would not be wise to calculate on less than eighty days. Our trip was one of great enjoyment. Not an hour hung heavily on our hands. The weather was delightful. We never had a drop of rain from the time we left Cairo in January, when we had two slight showers, until we reached Suez, when we had another sufficient to lay the dust. I do not know any trip so desirable as this for a man whose mind has been severely taxed, or whose anxious thoughts have been running too long in one groove.

"I once heard the railway through the Papal States described as a 'streak of the nineteenth century running into the fourteenth.' What shall we say of the railway in Egypt? It runs parallel with the Nile, and even now extends about 180 miles above Cairo. The electric telegraph wire is stretched many hundred miles beyond that,—how far, I do not know, but certainly more than eight hundred miles from Cairo. The railway and the telegraph will be the means of conveying into Upper Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia the changes already apparent in Alexandria and Cairo. They will destroy the religion of the Egyptian Moslems, though I fear they will not substitute anything better for it. We were

fortunate in finding an excellent steamer to convey us from Alexandria to Syra, an island of the Grecian Archipelago. The vessel is English built, very recently put on the line between Alexandria and Constantinople, Syra being the first stopping place on the voyage. The captain is a Greek; and the crew, I suppose, are chiefly Greeks also. We had a great crowd of passengers. The greater part of the deck over the saloon was canvassed off for women, so that saloon passengers had no promenade. The whole of the remainder of the deck, as far as the captain's chart-room near the bow, was literally crowded with a miscellaneous crowd of French, Italians, Turks, Greeks, Egyptians, and others, including many Hadjis (pilgrims returning from Mecca). A Grand Vizier, or some other official of the kind, with a retinue of servants from Sumatra, was my *vis-á-vis* at the table. He not only daily fronted me in some fresh splendor, but did so at every successive meal.

"A voyage of fifty hours brought us into the harbor of Syra at six o'clock p.m., on Saturday, 19th inst., just in time to meet the boat going out for Athens, so we must tarry at Syra a little while in spite of ourselves. The harbor is formed by an amphitheatre of lofty hills, and shelters a large amount of shipping. On one side rises the town of Hermonopolis, containing 26,000 inhabitants. It covers the faces of several hills, and rises to the different apices so abruptly as to be inaccessible to carriages, except close to the harbor. The houses are chiefly white, but there is a fair admixture of yellow and light blue. The level streets are paved with smooth stones. Those leading upwards are in many instances a succession of stone steps. The town is very clean, and the houses indicate an amount of wealth and comfort which I had not the least expectation of seeing. We can speak favorably, too, of the appearance of the inhabitants, both men and women. Of the latter we have seen some not only pretty but beautiful. The *valet de place* who has constituted himself our servant for the time, showed us his book containing recommendations of himself, but in some instances speaking very disparagingly of the place. Our impressions of the place are very pleasant indeed. Yesterday, being the Greek Easter Sunday, every ship in the harbor was decorated with flags, and a gayer scene one could hardly witness. The rejoicing of the people manifested itself in exploding gunpowder, so that from our landing on Saturday evening until last night—that is for twenty-four hours and more—there was a perpetual firing of pistols, guns, and small cannons, not discontinued at any time of the night. A Queen's birthday in England can give you no idea of this rattle of crackers and firearms. An American Fourth of July might come near it. The firing is over now, and the sense of relief is great, even to a man whose nerves are not remarkably sensitive.

"We could not leave for Athens last night, as we had hoped. The boat was crowded by one of Cook's parties, for whom it had been engaged ahead; so we remain until Wednesday morning, when we shall have the advantage of a day boat. In coming hither from Alexandria we first passed Cape Sidero, the most easterly point of Candia. Then we sailed close to the islands of Santorin and Nio, on our left, after which we passed between Paros and Naxos. The coast scenery of these islands is a little like that of North Devon, but more sterile. There are no sheep grazing on the hill-sides, but in many places we see terraces for vines. The hills are quite lofty. The classical scholar might rejoice that Delos lies in full view; but I am not a classical scholar. Delos, of course, suggests Apollo, but little more to me. Would it were otherwise! I know that I am deprived of much pleasure, but I fear I am now too old to remedy a defective education."

(*To be continued.*)

Young Folks.

CORNERING A GHOST.

BY GEO. J. VARNEY.

"I'm awful hungry!" exclaimed Frank, with more energy than elegance.

"So am I."

"And I too," echoed his companions.

It was near the close of a summer afternoon, and the boys were down at a lonely point of the pond, fishing from the shore.

"Let's go up to Old Googin's garden and get some raspberries," suggested Harry.

The older boys looked at each other a moment in a sort of timid surprise; but they soon assented. Now the fact was that neither of the boys would have entered that garden alone, even in the daytime, for all the berries that ever grew in it could they have loaded the old bushes all at once. At this moment the sun still shone from roof to foundation of the ancient dwelling beside the garden, lighting up the heavy, projecting eaves, gilding the vines which climbed thickly over one end and gleaming from the cobwebbed windows wherever a broken blind left the glass exposed.

This dwelling had been utterly deserted longer than these lads could remember; and there was a belief prevalent—among the younger portion of the community, at least—that the house was haunted. Therefore it was that raspberry and gooseberry bushes, with which the garden had run wild, were often left to drop their fruit upon the ground; while several kinds of roses, which still maintained a struggling existence among the grass and weeds, spread their uncultured blooms to the desert air, for the sole benefit of butterfly and bee, and the swift-going humming-bird.

No one had for years cultivated crop or gathered fruit from this farm, with the exception that a person belonging to another town came each autumn and took away whatever apples might remain unappropriated in the small decaying orchard. There was none to forbid the taking, or to suffer from the loss of the berries on the premises; yet the boys all the while found in their fare all the sweetness of forbidden fruit, from the fear that the ghost of some former inmate, in the form of a great dog or huge black cat, or other equally demonish creature, might at any moment rush out upon them.

When they had pacified their appetites with the luscious fruit, Harry reminded the others of a promise they had made to accompany him to the village at the outlet of the pond, where he had an errand to perform before returning.

"Let's hide our fish, so that the boys down there won't laugh at us because we haven't caught many, and such little ones."

"It's no use to carry the rods away down there and back, either," said another.

"We can hide them in the house here, and nobody will be sure not to go near them," said Harry at a venture, and with a confused mixture of negations.

"But what if we shouldn't come back before dark?" asked one.

"We shall. But who is afraid, if we don't? I am not," replied Harry. Yet if it had not been for making a display of courage, he would have taken back his proposal.

So in they went, one after another, the strangeness of the rooms, their musty smell and hollow sound not disposing the boys to linger; and they went no farther than the kitchen. The fish were laid in a cool corner of the old pantry, and the rods tucked out of sight on a high shelf; and the boys departed on their errand.

The sun was already throwing its halo around the tree tops on the western heights as they reached the lower village; but a new mill was being supplied with machinery, and the boys had now for the first time an opportunity of looking over the structure. There were many things to wonder at and to study out; and before they thought of it the sun had set. Then there was the errand to do, which took nearly half an hour longer.

It was quite dark when they turned homeward up the pond; and those weird creatures, the bats, were flitting over their heads, snapping up invisible insects.

Thus they thought little of the lateness of the hour when they set out; but soon recollecting their rods and fish in the haunted house, they felt rather doleful, and much regretted their various delays.

"But then," they said to themselves, "it isn't likely we will see anything to hurt us—any more than rats and mice, or some wandering dog or cat; and both of them would be good company."

Only the mischief of it was that in the dark any cat looks like a wildcat, and a

dog looks like a bear; and even if you find out in a few moments that you were mistaken, the fright is unpleasant; all which the boys felt, but did not express. It would not do to go home leaving the rods and fish, because they would have to tell the reason; when the old folks would call them foolish, and the boys would jeer at them and call them scarecrows. So they turned up the broad grassy lane that led to the house.

"Isn't there a light—?" began one of the boys. He would have said more, had he not tripped and fallen, which drew the attention of all; and when they looked again, whatever light had been there was gone.

"Perhaps it was the ray of a star reflected from the glass. I expect we'll see all sorts of things where there isn't anything," explained Frank, who understood that people might be frightened by their own imaginations merely.

All the doors of the dwelling had been fastened: but one in the rear of the ell, being much decayed, had been thrown down by the wind. It was by this they had entered in the afternoon, and they now sought the same entrance. It was very dark, and the outer room had a strange and different air. The floor creaked alarmingly, and distant parts of the building seemed to answer with heavier but still uncertain sounds. They caught hold of each other's jackets, on pretense of finding the way better, but really because it made them feel safer.

As they opened the kitchen door there was a distinct sound of rustling garments and the floor was nearly covered with strange spots of light, from each of which spots ascended what seemed to be a light smoke, as when a match is rubbed in the dark on a damp surface.

"Come on, boys; it's nothing but the stars," whispered Frank, who was the first to recover his courage. He stepped in, and the others followed, keeping a tight hold of the jackets; but before they reached the middle of the room, a sight met their eyes which paralyzed them with horror. At the opening of the passage leading from the kitchen to what had been the family rooms stood a figure in white, with a face that glowed dreadfully, and a fiery mouth!

The boys found their legs as soon as the first shock of surprise was over; and never boys ran faster than they, until a good quarter mile lay between them and that dreadful room. Then, after twisting their necks to look back over the road and fields, they ventured to abate their pace a little and take breath.

"Oh, my! what was that?" at last exclaimed one. He was the smallest and hindmost, and wouldn't have spoken, only he wanted to delay the others.

"I don't know. I never saw any such thing before," said another.

"It must be Satan," said Frank, drawing a long breath, and settling down to a walk.

"My! wouldn't he scorched us, if we hadn't run!"

"Do you s'pose he will meddle with our fishing-rods, Frank?"

"Guess not. But that fellow could cook the fish as he eat them. I saw fire coming out of his mouth as plainly as I can see old Sirius over there in the sky this minute."

"So did I."

"So did I. He looked all afire inside, and shining through."

Of course the three families where these stories were told were duly astonished, and the general verdict was that some one had played a trick on the boys. The next day Frank, accompanied by two or three men, went to search the haunted mansion and bring away the rods. Not greatly to their surprise the rods had vanished; and the party returned without having made any further discovery.

Frank felt the loss of the rods very much, for he had carried his cousin Tom's, a very fine one, having lent his own to one of his companions.

"What could a ghost want of fishing-tackle?" was the general question. It was suggested that some other party might have been before them and carried off the rods; yet how any except a ghost could have found the rods, so well hidden as they were, was a mystery.

The story of the affair soon spread over both villages, exciting very different opinions among the population. Other mysterious things which had been observed about this house were called to mind, and the sum of these, together with the experience of the boys, seemed to establish in the minds of many that the house was really the rendezvous of supernatural beings. Some of the more courageous, especially the members of the spiritualist associations, several times visited the house in small parties. None of these succeeded in getting a single glimpse of a ghost within the building; but three of them testified to having seen spirit faces appearing at various points in the avenue of evergreens, which finally disappeared in the wood where the avenue terminated. Then it came to be stated that the Googin woods were haunted; and so the terror spread.

Frank's father returned home near the last of August, after an absence of several weeks. With him came Cousin Tom, intending to try the trout with a fly, though never so many ghosts stood in the way; for he had already heard of the misadventure of Frank and of the loss of the fishing-rods.

After hearing a particular account of the adventure and of the subsequent visits of other parties, together with various mys-

terious things reported of the haunted house, Mr. Metcalf and Tom determined to visit the place that very night, before any intelligence of their purpose could spread through the village.

Taking with them Frank and several other boys, both older and younger, who lived near by, they repaired to the ghostly haunt. Both Mr. Metcalf and Tom had lanterns; Tom's being a dark or bull's-eye lantern, having on one side of the flame a reflector, and on the other, a thick, round piece of glass called the "bull's-eye," which threw a very brilliant light, but in one direction only, and without showing at all the person carrying it. By a simple arrangement, too, the light could be in an instant entirely shut off from the bull's eye, so as to leave the lantern in utter darkness, and could be as quickly turned on.

"Surely there must be a light within at those two windows," whispered Tom, as they turned up the lane leading to the old mansion. The company halted.

"There are no rays or flashes, but those windows are surely brighter than others. Perhaps it is the starlight from a rear window," replied Mr. Metcalf.

Tom advanced a few steps, and tripped lightly against something which felt like a cord or small vine. It broke, however, and they were unable to find the ends. But when they looked up to the two windows, they were dark.

"I tripped at just the same place when we went in after the rods," remarked one of the boys.

Mr. Metcalf, with a part of the boys, now separated from the others and secreted themselves in the evergreens which bounded the avenue leading from the house to the wood away in the rear. Tom's party, guided by Frank, went around to the broken-down door in the ell, by which the boys had previously entered. The lantern showed their way distinctly, and no noise had been made or sound heard, except some distant creakings, until they reached the kitchen. The "bull's eye" was now closed, and Frank threw open the door. There were the ghostly lights all over the floor, just as had been described by the boys. All started back, and even Tom stared at first; but he quickly recovered himself and stepped in. At the other angle of the room, in the entrance to the passage-way, stood the ghost! There was a flowing robe of ghastly white—the face, and the hands, which stuck straight down at the sides, equally white, but more shining. The eyes were sunken, dark, and glittering. The dark hair was almost vailed by a light smoke that came to a point, like a tongue of flame, a few inches above the head. But the most dreadful thing was the mouth, which grew more and more fiery, even breathing out sparks, as the figure retired noiselessly backward through the long, narrow passage. It entered a larger room, and suddenly the fiery mouth disappeared; the white robe rolled back and became invisible, and left nothing in its place. The ghastly head alone remained as if floating in the air, and for a moment there grouped about it similar faces, all different in expression, and all unconnected with body or wings, as far as the eye could discern.

The boys had followed in behind Tom, and had all seen the silent retreat and disappearance of the ghost, together with the clustering faces. They would instantly have run off, only they feared that ghosts would be thicker away from Tom than with him. Tom himself was so smitten with surprise and terror that for nearly a minute he did not think of his lantern; and when at last he turned on the light, the faces had all disappeared. The party then followed through the entry after the ghost. No visible thing was in the room when they entered. A small quantity of soot lay on the hearth, having fallen from the aperture left for a funnel; and this was the only place of egress to be found, the doors (with the exception of the one by which they had entered) being closed, and when examined, found to be locked. Frank and two other boys were left to hold possession of the room, if they could, while Tom with the others ascended by a staircase at the side of the passage to the second floor. They found their way to a room over the one they had just left; and Tom, as he entered, heard the sound as of the withdrawal of a key from the lock at the other side of the room. On trying the door it was found fast. Two boys were left here, while Tom alone found out the stairs to the garret; and another door which opened at the foot of these admitted him to a small hall at the head of the broad stairway.

There were distinct sounds of muffled but hasty footsteps in the hall below, and he was about to run down the stairs in pursuit, when, through an open door beside him, he caught sight of one of those ghastly-looking faces, and instantly turned his light upon it. The ghostly face had a very substantial figure beneath it; but figure and face in a moment disappeared behind a door. Tom rushed forward after it, but the door was already closed. He seized the knob, but it would not turn, being evidently held from the other side. On looking about, Tom concluded that the room into which the figure had retreated was only a dark closet, with no other entrance; and, seeing a key on the floor at his feet, he applied it to the door. It fitted the lock, and in another moment the ghost was a prisoner.

Running down the broad stairs, Tom searched through the rooms below. They

were empty; but he found an open door on the side of the house next the evergreen avenue, and just outside he met Mr. Metcalf and his party.

Mutual recitals followed of what had been seen. Mr. Metcalf had left the boys to guard the door, and was watching the lower windows on the front when an exclamation called him back. Ghostly faces were visible bounding down the avenue, and a flash from the lantern revealed a pair of long legs under each of them. Convinced now of the material character of the creatures, the boys started in pursuit, but lost sight of the mysterious fugitives in the thickets at the brook some rods from the house. The several parties now came together, and went to the chamber where Tom had cornered the ghost. Everything was as he had left it. Another door near that of the closet was locked, and one of the boys tried keys upon it until he found one that unlocked it. But Mr. Metcalf and Tom had now got into the closet, and the ghost was found cowering in one corner. On the floor were a large white sheet and several quilts; while on the shelves were several masks, together with bottles and plates containing substances of various appearance, large wool short-hose, stretched and torn, as though they had been drawn on over boots, a small mirror, a lamp, and—the three missing rods!

Mr. Metcalf had, by the aid of his lantern, studied out the "ghost," identifying him as a young fellow of the village. Under threats of prosecution if stubborn, and secrecy if compliant, the chap revealed the names of his accomplices. It seems that certain of the wilder young men of the two villages had formed a secret society for the purpose of having a late supper once in a while, from viands obtained, probably, in dark, discreditable ways, and of executing any other mischief which might attract them. I may properly add that one of the young men became religious and changed his course of life the following winter; and he has since stated that the club, succeeding in their projects, became constantly bolder and less regardful of proprieties and of moral restraint, and, when broken up, had already devised plans which, if carried out, would have been criminal.

The boys next explored the room which they had opened. On a huge old table in the midst of the floor were dirty plates, containing the bones of chickens, turkey, broiled fish, crackers, bottles of relishes, empty porter and ale bottles, and even a brandy bottle—the remnants of a recent feast.

A brief explanation of the mysterious appearances, as obtained from the operators, may be given as follows: The lights on the kitchen floor were caused by minute fragments of phosphorescent wood thrown over it; while the faces had been covered with a mixture of carbonate of lead in sweet-oil, with the addition of a little phosphorus to give it a glowing appearance; and a little oil with phosphor was rubbed into their hair. It is not a safe preparation, and I would not advise any one to try it. The fiery mouth, that looked so frightful in the dark, was simply a mass of cotton ignited at the centre and held in the mouth. Carefully managed, this can be caused to glow and to give out sparks, without burning the flesh. It is a trick performed by all conjurors, but it is a disagreeable and rather hazardous experiment. Warning of the approach of any person was given by a cord running from the house across the lane; and this it was at which both parties had tripped.

PHILIPPA.

CHAPTER X.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

—*Keble.*

It was winter again; and the winds blew harshly and wailingly around the Castle of Arundel. In the stateliest chamber of that Castle, where the hangings were of cramoisie paned with cloth of gold, the evening tapers were burning low, and a black-robed priest knelt beside the bed where an old man lay dying.

"I can think of nothing more, Father," faintly whispered the penitent. "I have confessed every sin that I have ever sinned, so far as my memory serveth; and many men have been worse sinners than I. I never robbed a church in all my wars. I have bequeathed rents and lands to the Priory of God and St. Pancras at Lewes, for two monks to celebrate day by day masses of our Lady and of the Holy Ghost,—two hundred pounds; and for matins and requiem masses in my chapel here, a thousand marks; and four hundred marks to purchase rent lands for the poor; and all my debts I have had a care to pay. Can I perform any other good work? Will that do, Father?"

"Thou canst do nought else, my son," answered the priest. "Thou hast right nobly purchased the favor of God, and thine own salvation. Thy soul shall pass, white and pure, through the flames of Purgatory, to be triumphantly acquitted at the bar of God."

And lifting his hands in blessing, he pronounced the unholy incantation,—"*Absolvo te!*"

"Thank the saints, and our dear Lady!"

feebly responded the dying man. "I am clean and sinless."

Before the morrow dawned on the Conversion of St. Paul, that old man knew, as he had never known on earth, whether he stood clean and sinless before God or not. There were no bands in that death. The river did not look dark to him; it did not feel cold as his feet touched it. But on the other side what angels met him? and what entrance was accorded, to that sin-defiled and uncleansed soul, into that Land wherein there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth?

And so Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, passed away.

Two months later,— by a scribe's letter, written in the name of her half-brother, the young, brave, joyous man upon whose head the old coronet had descended,—the news of the Earl's death reached Philippa Sergeaux at Kilquyt. Very differently it affected her from the manner in which she would have received it four years before. And very differently from the manner in which it was received by the daughters of Alianora, to whom (though they did not put it into audible words) the real thought of the heart was— "Is the old man really gone at last? Well, it was time he should. Now I shall receive the coronet he left to me, and the two, or three, thousand marks." For thus he had remembered Joan and Alesia; and thus they remembered him.

To Mary he left nothing; a sure sign of offence, but how incurred history remains silent. But to the eldest daughter, whose name was equally unnamed with hers— whose ears heard the news so far away— whose head had never known the fall of his hand in blessing— whose cheek had never been touched by loving lips of his— to Philippa Sergeaux the black serge for which she exchanged her damask robes was real mourning.

She did not say now, "I can never forgive my father." It is not when we are lying low in the dust before the feet of the Great King, oppressed with the intolerable burden of our ten thousand talents, that we feel disposed to rise and take our fellow-servant by the throat, with the pitiless, "Pay me that thou owest." The offensive "Stand by,—I am holier than thou!" falls only from unholy lips. When the woman that was a sinner went out, washed and forgiven, from that sinless Presence, with the shards of the broken alabaster box in her hand, she was less likely than at any previous time in her life to reproach the fellow-sinners whom she met on her journey home. So, when Philippa Sergeaux's eyes were opened, and she came to see how much God had forgiven her, the little that she had to forgive her father seemed less than nothing in comparison. She could distinguish now, as previously she could not—but as God does always—between the sin and the sinner; she was able to keep her hatred and loathing for the first, and to regard the second with the deepest pity.

And when she thought of the sleep into which she could have little doubt that his soul had been lulled,—of the black awakening "on the brink of the pit,"—there was no room in her heart for any feeling but that of unutterable anguish.

They had not sent for her to Arundel. Until she heard that the end was reached, she never knew he was near the end at all.

It is not Christianity, but Pharisaism, which would shut up the Kingdom of heaven against all but itself. To those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, it is something more than mere privilege to summon him that is athirst to come, "Necessity is upon them—yea, woe is unto them if they preach not the Gospel!" Though no Christian is a priest, every Christian must be a preacher. Aye, and that whether he will or not. He may impose silence upon his lips, but his life must be eloquent in spite of himself. And what a terrible thought is this, when we look on our poor, unworthy, miserable lives rendered unto the Lord, for all his benefits toward us! When the world sees us vacillating between right and wrong —questioning how near we may go to the edge of the precipice and yet be safe—can it realize that we believe that right and wrong to be a matter of life and death? Or when it hears us murmuring continually over trifling vexations, can it believe that we honestly think ourselves those to whom it is promised that all shall work for good—that all things are ours—that we are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ?

O Lord, pardon the iniquities of our holy things! Verily, without Thee we can do nothing.

On the morning that these news reached Kilquyt, an old man in the garb of the Dominican Order was slowly mounting the ascent which led from the Vale of Sempringham. The valley was just waking into spring life. In the trees above his head the thrushes and chaffinches were singing; and just before him, diminished to a mere speck in the boundless blue, a lark poured forth his "flood of delirious music." The Dominican paused and rested on his staff while he listened.

"Sing, happy birds!" he said, when at length the lark's song was over, and the bird had come down to earth again. "For you there are no vain regrets over yesterday, no woful anticipations of to-morrow. But what kind of song can *she* sing when she hath heard the news I bring her?"

"Father Guy!" said a voice beside him.

It was a child of ten years old who stood

in his path—a copy of Elaine four years before.

"Ah, maid, art thou there?" answered Guy. "Run on, Annora, and say to the Grey Lady that I will be at her cell in less than an hour. Thy feet are swifter than mine."

Annora ran blithely forward, Guy of Ashridge pursued his weary road, for he was manifestly very weary. At length he rather suddenly halted, and sat down on a bank where primroses grew by the way side,

"I can go no further without resting," said he. "Ten is one thing, and threescore and ten is another. If I could turn back and go no further!—Is the child here again already?"

"Father Guy," said Annora, running up and throwing herself down on the primrose bank, "I have been to the cell, but I have not given your message."

"Is the Lady not there?" asked Guy, a sudden feeling of relief coming over him.

"Oh yes, she is there," replied the child; "but she was kneeling at prayer, and I thought you would not have me disturb her."

"Right," answered the monk. "But lest she should leave the cell ere I reach it, go back, Annora, and keep watch. Tell her, if she come forth, that I must speak with her to-day."

Once more away fled the light-footed Annora, and Guy, rising, resumed his journey.

"If it must be, it may as well be now," he said to himself, with a sigh.

So, plodding and resting by turns, he at length arrived at the door of the cell. The door was closed, and the child sat on the step before it, singing softly to herself, and playing w th a lapful ot wild flowers—jnst as her sister had been doing when Philippa Sergeaux first made her acquaintance.

"Is she come forth yet?" asked Guy.

Annora shook her flaxen curls. Guy went to the litle window, and glanced within. The grey figure was plainly visible, kneeling in prayer, with the head bent low, and resting against a ledge of the rock which formed the walls of the little dwelling. The monk sat down on a piece of rock outside the cell, and soon so completely lost himself in thought that Annora grew weary of her amusement before he spoke again. She did not, however, leave him; but when she had thrown away her flowers, and had spent some minutes in a vain search for a four-leaved clover, fairly tired out, she came and stood before him.

"The shadow is nearly straight, Father Guy. Will she be much longer, do you think?"

Guy started suddenly when Annora spoke.

"There is something amiss," he replied, in a tone of apprehension, "never knew her so long before. Has she heard my news already?"

He looked in again. The grey veiled figure had not changed its position. After a moment's irresolution, Guy laid his hand upon the latch. The monk and the child entered together,—Guy with a face of resolute endurance, as though something which would cost him much pain must nevertheless be done; Annora with one of innocent wonder, not unmixed with awe.

Guy took one step forward, and stopped suddenly.

"O, Father Guy!" said Annora in a whisper, "the Grey Lady is not praying, she is asleep."

"Yes, she is asleep," replied Guy in a constrained voice. "'So He giveth His beloved sleep.' He knew how terribly the news would pain her; and He would let none tell it to her but Himself. 'I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth!'"

"But how strangely she sleeps!" cried Annora, still under her breath. "How white she is! and she looks so cold! Father Guy, won't you awake her? She is not having nice dreams, I am afraid."

"The angels must awake her," said Guy, solemnly. "Sweeter dreams than hers could no man have; for far above, in the Holy Land, she seeth the King's face. Child, this is not sleep—it is death."

Aye, in the attitude of prayer, her head pillowed in its last sleep on that ledge of the rock, knelt all that was mortal of Isabel LaDespenser. With her had been no priest to absolve—save the High Priest; no hand had smoothed her pathway to the grave but the Lord's own hand, who had carried her so tenderly through the valley of the shadow of death. Painlessly the dark river was forded, silently the pearl-gates were thrown open; and now she stood within the veil, in the innermost sanctuary of the Temple of God. The arras of her life, wrought with such hard labor and bitter tears, was complete now. All the strange chequerings of the pattern were made plain, the fair proportions no longer hidden; the perfected work shone out in its finished beauty, and she grudged neither the labor nor the tears now.

Guy of Ashridge could see this; but to Annora it was incomprehensible. She had been told by her mother that the Grey Lady had passed a life of much suffering before she came to Sempringham; for silent as she was concerning the details of that life, Isabel had never tried to conceal the fact that it had been one of suffering. And the child's childish idea was the old notion of poetical justice—of the good being rewarded, and the evil punished, openly and unmistakably, in this world: a state of affairs frequently to be found in novels, but only

now and then in reality. Had some splendid litter been borne to the door of the little cell, and had noblemen decked in velvet robes, shining with jewels, and riding on richly caparisoned horses, told her that they were come to make the Grey Lady a queen, Annora would have been fully satisfied. But here the heavenly chariot was invisible, and had come noiselesly; the white and glistening raiment of the angels had shone with no perceptible lustre, had swept by with no audible sound. The child wept bitterly.

"What troubleth thee, Annora?" said Guy of Ashridge, laying his hand gently upon her head.

"Oh!" sobbed Annora, "God hath given her nothing after all!"

"Hath He given her nothing?" responded Guy. "I would thou couldst ask her, and see what she would answer."

"But I thought," said the child, vainly endeavoring to stop crying, "I thought He had such beautiful things to give to people He loved. She used to say so. But He gave her nothing beautiful—only this cell and those grey garments. I thought He would have clad her in golden baudekyn,* and set gems in her hair, and given her a horse to ride,—like the Lady de Chartreux had when she came to the Convent last year to visit her daughter, Sister Egidia. Her fingers were all sparkling with rings, and her gown had beautiful strings of pearl down the front, with perry-work† at the wrists. Why did not God give the Grey Lady such fair things as these? Was she not quite as good as the Lady de Chartreux?"

"Because He loved her too well," said Guy softly. "He had better and fairer things than such poor gauds for her. The Lady de Chartreux must die one day, and leave all her pearls and perry-work behind her. But to the Lady Isabel that here lieth dead, He gave length of days for ever and ever; He gave her to drink of the Living Water, after which she never thirsteth any more."

"Oh, but I wish He would have given her something that I could see!" sobbed Annora again.

"Little maid," said Guy, his hand again falling lightly on the little flaxen head, "God grant that when thy few and evil days of this lower life be over, thou mayest both see and snare what He hath given her!"

And slowly he turned back to "her who lay so silent."

"Farewell, Isabel, Countess of Arundel!" he said almost tenderly. "For the corruptible coronet whereof man deprived thee, God hath given thee an incorruptible crown. For the golden baudekyn that was too mean to clothe thee,—the robes that are washed white, the pure bright stone * whereof the angels' robes are fashioned. For the stately barbs which were not worthy to bear thee,— a chariot and horses of fire. And for the delicate cates of royal tables, which were not sweet enough for thee,—the Bread of Life, which whosoever eateth shall never hunger, the Water of Life, which whosoever drinketh shall never thirst.

"'*O retributio! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;*
"'*O retributio! cælica mansio stat lue plenis.*'†

"How blessed an exchange, how grand a reward! I trust God, but thou seest Him. I believe He hath done well, with thee, as with me, but thou knowest it.

"'Jamays soyf n'auras
A l'eternite!'"

THE END.

* The richest variety of this rich silk, in which threads of gold were probably intermingled.

† Goldsmiths' work, often set with precious stones.

* In Rev. xv. 6, the most ancient MSS., instead of "pure and white linen," read "a pure bright stone."

† "O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!"
—*Neale's Translation.*

BOBBY AND HIS DOG.

"Bobby," said Aunt Peggy, "I do wish you'd stop tormenting that dog!"

Bobby Smith was sitting on the rug in front of the fire playing with little Scrubby, his terrier dog.

"Auntie, I'm not tormenting him," said Bobby, turning around and looking up in Aunt Peggy's face with looks full of surprise, "I'm playing with him."

"Go and get him a bone or a saucer of milk," said his aunt; "the poor fellow is hungry."

"By-and-by," said Bobby. "I can't be always running to wait on a dog."

"What a noise you are making!" said Aunt Peggy, impatiently. "What are you doing now? I do think a boy is the noisiest thing in creation."

Bobby wrinkled up his forehead, and drew down his lip.

"I can't do anything, Aunt Peggy!" he whined. "You scold if I play with Scrubby, and you scold if I hammer nails. I'm making a little wagon, and me and Bill Poole are going to fill it with big stones, and make Scrubby draw it up from the brook. Won't it be nice?"

"Nonsense," said Aunt Peggy. "A little dog like that to draw a wagon of stones! I shall not allow anything of the kind."

"Auntie, it don't hurt him," cried out Bobby eagerly. "Dogs aren't like boys!"

"I hope not," said Aunt Peggy shortly.

"No: but I mean things don't hurt 'em. They like it!" cried Bobby.

"Do they?" said Aunt Peggy. "I should like to have you changed into a dog for a day or two just to let you try the experiment. Now keep still and let me read."

Bobby put down his hammer and nails, for it was very plain that Aunt Peggy would not stand any further attacks on her good nature, and climbed up into his father's big armchair, with his cheek against the cushions, for a little nap before supper-time.

But he had not time to close his eyes—he was quite sure of that, for he was watching one little spiral shoot of blue blaze all the time—before Aunt Peggy seemed to disappear out of the low sewing chair opposite, and a strange little woman, with a crooked, shining wand, stood in her place.

It was not his grandmother or any of his grand aunts; and yet she seemed to think herself as perfectly at home as if she lived there.

"Well, Bobby?" said this little old lady, shaking her cap strings, "here I am!"

Bobby did not know what answer it would be proper for him to make, so he kept still.

"Do you know who I am?" asked she, walking into the middle of the rug, with her red-heeled boots making a curious tapping sound on the floor.

"No, ma'am," said Bobby, timidly.

"I am a fairy!"

"Oh!" said Bobby, and he thought within his own mind that fairies were not very nice to look at!

She advanced and drew a strange little circle on the carpet around him, in a line that shone and quivered as if it were worked in silver. Little Scrubby, the dog, whined uneasily, and came towards him—but the fairy touched him on the head with her wand, and, wonder of wonders! his silver collar became white linen, the buckle changed to a bow of black ribbon, and Bobby saw, instead of a black-and-tan terrier, a little boy, just the same as if he had been looking into a mirror.

He was about to cry out with delight at seeing Scrubby thus changed into a boy, when the sound of his own voice became like a bark, his hands seemed covered with short black hair, his nails grew long and sharp, and when he attempted to jump up, he jumped down instead, and on four legs in place of two.

Here was a pretty state of things. The fairy had turned him into a dog, and little Scrubby was a boy!

He attempted to remonstrate, but he only succeeded in barking very loud.

"Stop your noise," said Scrubby the boy, and hit him over the head with a stick.

"Don't hurt the poor dog," said a voice, which sounded like Aunt Peggy's.

"Oh, it don't hurt him," said the boy. "Dogs have no feelings."

To avoid another shower of blows, Scrubby, or Bobby—whichever the reader likes best—stole away under the sofa. He felt very hungry, and whined softly.

"Has the dog had his dinner?" asked Aunt Peggy's voice.

"Oh, I forgot all about it," said his boy-master. "I can't be bothered now."

How the poor puppy longed for a bone! How dry and parched his tongue was for a draught of water!

He came up to his master's side and scratched gently on his arm.

"Get out," cried the dog-boy, and gave the boy-dog a good hard kick.

The two-legged young animal, now on four legs, ran yelping out of the house into the garden.

Scrubby threw a big stone after him and hit him on the shoulder.

Bobby howled awfully, and limped away to hide himself among the bushes.

"Don't he squeal!" said Scrubby, roaring with laughter. "Aint it fun! To-morrow, I and Bill Poole will get the old tin watering pot and tie it to his tail. He'll run fast enough then, I'll warrant!"

"How can you be so cruel?" asked his mother.

"It's only a dog," said Scrubby. "Dogs don't mind. They haven't got feelings like us."

Bobby, hearing this conversation, very wisely crept away among the currant bushes in the garden; but as it grew chill and wearing towards night, his little body shook and shivered with the cold, and he ran to the door, uttering a short, sharp yelp.

"What's that?" said a little voice inside, and little Bobby, by standing on his hind legs, could just see the cheerful light shining out through the Turkey red window-curtains of the sitting room.

How he longed to bask on the rug in front of the warm fire!

"I s'pose it's Scrubby," answered the boy who sat reading in the corner, curled up like a crossed-legged Turk.

"Go and let him in, then."

"In a minute, papa."

"But the minute passed by, and five more of them—and then half an hour, and still nobody came to let the poor little shivering animal in. And Scrubby never once thought of him again until he was snug in bed, when the boy-dog's piteous whine reached his ears.

"Why, I declare I quite forgot him. He must lie on the mat outside and make himself as comfortable as he can."

So the dog-boy curled himself round in bed and went to sleep.

While the boy-dog, feeling as though he was a snowball, cowered down under the evergreens, and shook like a lump of jelly.

Suddenly, something that looked like a beam of very bright moonlight shot down through the branches, but it was only the wand of the fairy, who was putting aside the evergreen boughs to get a better look at him.

"Oh," said the fairy, "how do you like being a dog?"

"Oh, I don't like being a dog," pleaded our little hero. "Do, please, good fairy, turn me back into a boy again!"

"Do you think you deserve it?" severely asked the fairy.

"No, fairy, I don't," sobbed the disconsolate little animal.

"Nor I either," answered the fairy, sternly knitting her brows. "I have a great mind to keep you a dog a few days longer."

Bobby burst into a piteous whine, and all at once the evergreens, and the moonlight, and the fairy with her silver wand, all vanished, and he was sitting bolt upright in his father's easy-chair, while the whining was only little Scrubby pawing at his arm as if to ask for something.

Bobby jumped up, felt to see if the silver collar was round his neck, looked at his hands, to make sure that they were not covered with short, black hairs, and counted his legs—one, two, not four.

"Oh, I'm a boy again! I'm a boy again!" cried Bobby rapturously.

"I'm sure no one would ever take you for anything else as long as you make such a noise as that," said Aunt Peggy, rousing sleepily from her nap, while Bobby ran down stairs to ask the cook for a plate of bones for poor Scrubby.

Bobby's father said it was a dream, his Aunt Peggy said it was a lesson, his mother laughed, and said it was all nonsense; but Bobby himself firmly believes to this day that he saw a real fairy, and that he was a dog once.

At any rate, he was a better boy afterwards, and his dog fared better, and that's all about Bobby and Bobby's dog.—*Happy Hours.*

A DIGNIFIED PARLIAMENT.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

The observant traveller and pleasant writer, Dr. Hayes, tells us that in his opinion the most dignified legislative body in the world is the little Greenland Parliament, composed of twelve members, each representing one of the small Danish settlements on that cold and barren coast.

Their Parliament House is not an imposing edifice, being but one story in height, built of boards, lined on the inside and painted blue, while on the outside it is plastered over with pitch. In the centre of its one room, which is only about twenty feet in length by sixteen in breadth, stands a long table of plain pine boards, and along either side is one long bench of the same material. On each bench sit six parliamentarians dressed in seal-skin pantaloons and boots, and Guernsey frocks, with broad suspenders across their shoulders. But the most striking article of their dress is the official cap, which is of the brightest scarlet cloth, with a broad gilt band around it. The royal emblems of Denmark are emblazoned in front, and above there is a golden polar-bear, with a crown on his head, standing uncomfortable on his hind legs, to typify Greenland.

Notwithstanding that Greenland belongs to Denmark, by far the largest portion of its population of seven thousand souls are Esquimaux, and of course they send native members to their Parliament, who, in spite of their dusky color and apparent dislike to the frequent use of soap and water, seem to have very clear notions of business, and a conscientious desire to give every town and person their just deserts. Indeed the large amount of official dignity with which Dr. Hayes thought them invested, seems to have sprung from a proper sense of their responsibility. In fact the doctor says he fell to wondering whether "dignity would not be a good thing to introduce into Parliaments, Congresses, Assemblies, and such like things generally."

These Greenland Parliaments serve an excellent purpose. They take care of the poor; they render assistance to the unfortunate; they provide certain means of punishing the idle and the guilty; they reward the industrious; and when they have finished with their business they adjourn and go home to do their talking!

And yet these Esquimaux were once among the most ignorant and dishonest of savages. How then can we account for the facts of their present state of civilization and good conduct? In the first place, good, self-denying missionaries went from Denmark to tell them about our Saviour and teach them to love him. But that is no more than other good missionaries have done for other savages, without as good results. So that can only be the first reason. The other reason is that the Danish Government has never allowed intoxicating liquors to be sent to or sold in Greenland. Had they done so the evil consequences of the "fire-water" would have been just as great to the Esquimaux as they have been to our native Indian tribes, and as they are in fact to all men and women everywhere who allow themselves to use it; and the little Greenland Parliament would never have acquired its reputation for dignified honesty of purpose and success in maintaining a good government.

The Home.

TRIMMED DRESSES.

One morning, not many months ago, my niece, Mary Flamston, came to make her usual daily call, and brought, as was her custom, her two little children to receive kisses and sugar-plums from their affectionate auntie. I heard their voices the moment my hall door opened, and while their ruffles and bead trimmings rattled against the balusters as they ascended to my sitting-room, I concluded to speak to Mary at once on a subject which had long troubled my peace of mind. She and her sister Kate had, before their several marriages, lived in my house, and been educated and provided for as daughters; therefore they were assured of my affection, and whatever I might say to them was certain to be received in a spirit of kindness.

When my niece entered the room, however, she and her lovely children looking like exotics just picked in a forcing-house, I had not the heart to say at once what I intended, and our conversation fell into the ordinary channels.

"How is Fred?" said I at last, after a few moments of chitchat. "I met him yesterday going down to his business, and I can't say that he looks as flourishing as you do, Mary. The color that blooms perennially on your cheeks seems to have faded altogether from his. I wish he had as healthy a look as when he was a light-hearted young bachelor."

"I am sure I wish he had," said Mary, sobering down instantly; "but it's not my fault, aunt, that he hasn't. All day long working away in that gloomy old counting-house! it is enough to use up any man sooner or later. I wish to goodness he would take more care of himself!"

"What does he work so hard for?" said I, in reply. "When you married him, five years ago, you said you could manage on a much smaller income than he has now, and I am sure he never looked delicate then."

"Well, auntie, you know expenses increase so, and even now, though we live so plainly, and never entertain, Fred says he hardly puts by anything. You see, children are so very expensive."

"That is as they are brought up," said I, coming back to my original intention in this interview; "and I must say, Mary, that I think money spent in the adornment of children is altogether thrown away. You and Kate were brought up without fluted flounces, embroidered petticoats, or French nurses, and I never met more healthy, happy, or pretty children in my life."

Mary blushed a little, and surveyed with complacency her two little daughters, who, arrayed in spotless white from crown to heel, were monuments of the seamstress's and laundress's skill.

"Well, you know it is the fashion now; every body does it; and, besides, Fred likes us all to be well and becomingly dressed."

"So do I, my dear, but *over*dress is not becoming to any one; and if it is the fashion, that is no reason one should go beyond one's means to follow it."

"I don't go beyond our means, auntie," said Mary, looking a little hurt; "you know you never let us run in debt for anything; and Fred pays my bills whenever they are presented; and they are not half so big as Kate's, either," she added, with a sigh. "Now *she* dresses beautifully."

"Well, my dear, Kate has married a very rich man, who can afford to indulge her; but you married for love, and expected to economize. Now, begging your pardon, I think, for your income, you dress more than Kate—certainly more expensively."

"Oh, Aunt Sara! and Kate has just bought a thousand dollar camel's-hair, and my very handsomest did not cost more than two hundred and fifty!"

"No matter; it is fine enough for any lady to wear; and your husband denied himself his trip to the Adirondacks to purchase it. You ought to be perfectly contented."

"So I am, certainly; and I would'nt have Kate's husband in place of my Fred for all her India shawls, of course; but you see, it makes my things look so plain!"

I now took a survey of my niece's dress, and beheld a new gray poplin, trimmed with an immense number of folds, buttons, gimps, beads, and fringes. I counted out aloud five different kinds of adornment on the several parts of her walking suit. She is an amiable woman, and though she looked annoyed, she only laughed when I ended my scrutiny.

"Kate has no handsomer walking dress than this, I am certain; and I should be sorry to see her wear one more trimmed. The original fabric is hardly discernible."

"Well, trimming is everything to a dress nowadays; and as I got it of Kate's

dressmaker, I expect she will let me down easy as to the price. I am going to pay for it this morning."

"Then you may make up your mind to be mulcted a hundred dollars at least. Kate never gets off for less than that, she informed me, for a handsome, fully trimmed dress.

"It is a good deal to pay, auntie; but look at the fit of it; and, besides, it hangs like a real French dress behind. That is the beauty of Madame Plisse's cut. I had to have this one, whatever it might cost, and Fred said I was not to fret about the price."

"Exactly so; and he will only work the harder, and have a few more headaches to make up the difference between this and a dress made at home at one tenth of the price."

"I hate dresses made at home, they look so dowdy," said Mary, with a slight toss of her head; "we've got the money to enjoy ourselves, and why should I not have what I want?"

"Simply because this money is bought with the health and life of your husband. When he married you you had nothing of your own whatever, and you laughed at me when I told you that you would not be able to have a great many things you were accustomed to. You had made up your mind to every sacrifice for Fred's sake. But look at it now. Fred has succeeded wonderfully in his business, and is making a large yearly income; but he has no time for rest or recreation, and his health is evidently suffering. What if he *can* manage to pay for all those things! It is wearing him out, and making him an old man before his time. Are you willing to give this price for your luxury? Look, now, at Emma and Lulu's dresses," I continued, waxing eloquent; "they are embroidered, they are fluted and ruffled, at an immense expense of labor and trouble, which will have to be paid for by some one; their sashes alone cost five dollars apiece, I am sure; and what does it all amount to? Somebody says, 'How beautifully Mrs. Flamston dresses her children!" and that is the whole of it."

"You don't want the children to go like little beggars?" said Mary, looking tearfully at her befrilled darlings, who were inspecting their blue kid shoes with immense satisfaction.

"No; nor is that necessary. It is only against the luxury of dress that I am inveighing. It is not the love of the comfortable and substantial that ruins Americans; it is the insidious taste that is creeping over us for finery, for decoration, and useless adornment. The icing on our cake is a perfect wonder of sugar architecture, and it is only when we cut the eatable itself that we find it often made with bad eggs, unstoned raisins, and second-class flour. Pardon this homely simile; but women are no wiser or cleverer for trimmed dresses—only vainer and more eager for admiration."

"Every body don't dress," said Mary at last, after a silence of some minutes. "There is my neighbor Mrs. Brown; she wears her clothes for ever and ever, and people say she is stingy. I don't believe she ever had a flounce to a dress in her life."

"Then," said I, "she must be the one woman I saw out in my morning walk today who wore a plain skirt. I noticed, to my disgust, that even the girls carrying their work back to the sewing-machine shops had paltry attempts at that sort of finery, spending their hardly earned money in common gimps and fringes, so as to imitate the richer class. I admire Mrs. Brown, who has strength of mind enough to resist the universal tendency, and go on her way independent of criticism. I do not believe she is miserly; her husband is somewhat richer than Fred, to be sure, but see how well her children are educated! She has no French *bonnes*, I admit, at enormous wages, with a bad accent and worse morals, to ruin them before they are out of the nursery, but they are admirably taught and thoroughly cared for in every way. Then Mrs. Brown gives largely to charities; that you will admit to be impossible with rich dressing and a moderate income in this expensive city. I happen to know that she denies herself to a great extent, so that neither her husband nor her children nor her outside duties shall suffer by her. We belong to the same charitable society, and Mrs. Brown, *in a plain dress*, is always the first to head the list for any needed subscription."

Mary rose, evidently much impressed by what I had said, and stood a few moments reflecting.

"I believe you are right about those dirty French nurses," she said, with a sigh, "Sophie, whom I thought a miracle of fidelity, has turned out a regular thief. She has taken my gold thimble, and my initial note-paper; and she goes to-day, to the delight of the whole family."

"And do be more careful of Fred," I said as I kissed her for good-by; "I know you love him dearly, but spare him as much as you can. His youth is passed in toiling for you and the children; let him feel that he is getting ahead, and that his blood and brains are not exhausted to increase the hoards of Madame Plisse. I should like to go out as a missionary to proclaim against the wicked luxury of the age; but I can do little, though I begin with my nearest and dearest at home."

I saw nothing of Mary for some days, but I heard afterward from Kate that her bill

had been double what she expected, and this, with the unlooked-for character of my remarks, kept her away from my quiet habitation longer than any thing else had ever done, However, I did not regret what I had said. The pale, pleasant face of Fred Flamston met me so frequently in my dreams that it haunted my waking moments, and I longed to impress his wife with the forebodings that arose ever in my mind. It was to Kate that I told all my fears, but she was more giddy than her sister, and while kissing away some briny drops that fell below my spectacles, she laughed at me for a croaker, and said that my fears would never be realized.

"And Molly looks sweetly when she is well dressed," said the light-hearted young woman; "and who would not wish to see her so? Not I, surely."

"You ought not to wish her to dress any better than she can easily afford without strain on her husband's health. You, my dear Kate, would be doing a good action if you set her the example of simplicity, for it is your elegant wardrobe that is constantly a model for imitation in her eyes. Cannot you make that sacrifice to sisterly affection? This constant talk, too, about new trimmings, the discussion of other people's jewels and cashmeres, this comparing of laces, is a lowering of the tone of conversation, and perfectly disgusting to sensible people. You and Mary never indulged in such themes when you lived in this quiet little home with me."

"No, dear auntie; but everything is changed now. My husband is thirty years older than I, and we have no children. I dress to amuse myself and kill time."

"Yes, and kill other people's husbands, who are not as rich as your own! I think Fred needs a journey to Europe most cruelly. If Mary had been economical he would now be able to give up his business, at least until he recovered his usual health. If I were a young man entering life I would never marry any woman who was fond of dress, or who was incapable of practicing prudence or self-denial—no, not if she was as beautiful as Aphrodite herself."

"Fortunately for us, the men are not so wise," said Kate, laughing; "and as to Fred, we shall live to see him a fat old gentleman, with one of the largest bank accounts in the city!"

As if to prove the fallacy of this pleasant prophecy, a note was handed in from Mary, telling me that Mr. Flamston had been ill all night, and was so much worse this morning that my immediate presence was necessary.

Kate and I, shocked by the painful news, lost no time in hurrying to Mary's house, finding a mournful confirmation of my forebodings in the sight of two doctors' gigs at the door.

The family physician met me in the hall, and at my request turned back to give me his opinion of the case.

"It is a very sudden thing, certainly, to all outward appearance," he said; "but he has not been really well for more than a year. I met him only a month ago, and advised him to give up business, at least for some time, and try perfect rest; but he said it was impossible, he could not afford to be idle even for a day; and you see the consequences. His brain is overworked, and he may not now have strength to rally from the attack; but, humanly speaking, it might all have been averted."

"You think he may die, then?" said I, my heart sinking with the words that so truly echoed all my sad presentiments.

"I hope not, but his case is critical. It is a very hard blow to his wife, who is utterly unprepared. I never saw a more broken-hearted woman."

This was all the comfort I got. Fred became rapidly worse, and a few days more saw the end of that short life which he had spent in laboring for "the meat which perisheth," and the fading vanities of a faithless world.

Bitterly did my poor Mary lament her short-sightedness and folly; and although to society her husband's illness bore the name of a bilious fever, and the old family doctor called it a decided case of "typhus mitior," Mary and I are conscious that his death was the result of trimmed dresses. — *Selected.*

LITTLE CONCEALMENTS.

True happiness can never be fully realized in married life if the husband and wife begin by concealing little cares and anxieties—little plans and troubles—little mistakes and follies—any of the little things which, of necessity, fill up the hours of each day. We do not mean that every time they meet. they should, as it were, come to the *confessional*, and feel bound to repeat all trivial things that transpire in the few hours of separation between their meals; but we do mean, that nothing, however small, should be said or done, by husband or wife, which they would shrink from their companion's knowing. In every act take care that you are doing nothing that would give offence—weaken confidence—or waken the first emotion of doubt or jealousy, Let every act be so true and honest, that though it may not be deemed of sufficient importance to repeat, when together, yet it shall not in the least disturb you if it happens to be revealed; but on the contrary will increase your happiness to know that the smallest item of your life is shared by your other self. In business—in pleasure—in social life, be open and above board in every act. The wife more

often suffers from the husband's reticence. He, usually, has a more extended acquaintance, and little, *very little* acts—which to his thought are quite insignificant—are concealed: such as transpire in the haste or spurt of the moment, and which in his own heart he would quite as soon his wife should never know — nothing specially wrong—*only fun*, or temper. The moment either is at all conscious that they have done or said that which they would prefer to hide from the other, they may be very sure that they are taking at least one wrong step—planting one small seed that like the tiny mustard may spring up in a short time, to the dimensions of a vigorous tree—and the fruit, from such small beginning, may be more deadly than the Upas tree. Oh, how many wives there are, this day, who carry in their hearts a bitter, constant pain—a sore that is eating out all the sweetness and joy of home life; which pain they were too proud to reveal when it was a little thing, and as the minute items are accumulating every day, to the pride is added the first emotions of *doubt*, and they go to the grave perhaps, with the distress untold, and with the beauty of their faith and trust forever tarnished or destroyed—*loving*—yet *doubting*—because their nearest and dearest, from mere carelessness, it may be, concealed many small things, which came to the wife at *secondhand*. Ah! *that* was the bitterest drop of all. The awakening in the next world will reveal many things which had better have been first known in this. Lack of *entire* confidence between husband and wife, is the canker-worm that has destroyed the domestic peace of thousands. The discovery that there has been a secret, naturally excites suspicion and tends to weaken the affection on either side. Jealousy is a mean, miserable emotion, from which the trusty, loving and honest heart shrinks as from disgrace; and, even when so unfortunate as to be assured of ample cause, it is usually with the greatest reluctance that its presence is acknowledged. But it lies dormant in every heart—though with some it shoots into vigorous growth on very slight occasions—and every one plays a hazardous game, who thoughtlessly, from foolish reticence, or sport, ventures by the slightest act to rouse it from its slumbers.

Do not keep your troubles in your own heart, even from a wish to avoid giving pain. In what does the union between husband and wife differ from any other friendship, if they are not to share each other's sorrows and perplexities, as well as to participate in each other's joys? Let the wife reveal all her troubles—all her *follies*, even, to her husband—and if he is worthy of that sacred title, he will assist her out of them, or by sympathy help her to bear the trouble, or overcome and abstain from the folly. Why should she fear (for it is *fear* oftener than anything else, which tempts the wife to conceal), if she has the least confidence in his love? When their lives were united, both were equally certain that they had no right to look for perfection in each other. He is her *other self*, not her *judge* or *master*.

On the other hand, if a man confides in his wife, her penetration and quick wit will often see difficulties and their remedies, which would escape him. He is in the world, or over books, all day—his mind occupied by many details; but she, at home, often alone, or with only an infant companion, will think over what he has told her, and see it in every possible light, and thus be prepared to judge. She has often the time and quiet to ponder and reflect, which he needs, but in the rush and noise of business cannot secure. There can be no true union, when through pride, fear, or the consciousness of wrong doing, one party conceals from, or attempts to deceive, the other or hold back from any motive that which each have a right to share mutually. Of course we except professional men— lawyers, physicians and clergymen—in so far as they withhold the affairs of others, committed to their care, *professionally*—not a step farther. In all else, they who practice concealment, even in business matters, lose half the joy and blessedness that God designed marriage should bestow, besides defrauding their partner of a *just right*, and laying the foundation of mistrust and misery.

Wretched indeed are they who, having taken a companion "for better or for worse," find that, like a *sieve*, they are incapable of keeping that which is committed to their love and honor. But until all hope is vain, and you have been compelled to relinquish the last vestige of confidence, have no concealments. The very fact of one party having secrets, is very likely to engender deceit and concealment on the other side; and a companion naturally open and true, may by a sense of wrong and injustice, be transformed into a very unlovely and deceitful character, saying in excuse, like Shylock, "The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

Every day brings to light examples where married life is begun with every promise of harmony, but where the happiness of both parties has been utterly wrecked—the mischief begun by "*just one*" trifling concealment; this followed by another, and another, with shorter intervals, till, step by step, bickerings, heart-burnings and hatred fill the home where the light and purity of love once held undisputed sway.

After the novelty of marriage has worn off, concealment, and want of confidence

on the part of the husband is more frequently practiced from the foolish and mistaken idea that, by confiding truly in his wife, she will learn to *exact* it. So his pride takes the alarm, lest, trusting to his other and often better self, he may risk his boasted independence.

The wife is often tempted to concealment, and alas! too often to deceit and falsehood, through fear of her husband's anger, or worse, from dread of his ridicule. She may have erred in judgment, or done some weak, foolish, but not *wicked* thing—and having learned too soon that his tones are not always of the gentlest, feels, instead of guiding her to a clearer light, and higher life, he will probably sit in stern judgment on her mistake; or, that which is the the hardest for a loving heart to endure, will *ridicule*, her weakness. Rather than face either of these, she sins against her own conscience, and conceals her fault, though with an uneasy conscience. But successful in this, the next step is easier and less repugnant, or if conscience lifts a warning voice, she silences it by the plea that all the blame should rest with *him*, who, if he had been gentle, loving and confiding, she would so joyfully have accepted for her *guide and head.*—MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

BABIES.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"I have been trying," said a dear little woman the other day, holding a fretful infant with one hand and with the other turning the leaves of a huge volume, "to see what this authority"— mentioning an M. D. of considerable note—"has to say on the subject of babies; but I am disappointed, as usual, and have about made up my mind that everybody who has ever written on this topic has been either a bachelor or an idiot."

I examined the roughly-criticised book, and found—as may be imagined—not at all what she had led me to expect. It was a work for thoroughly drilled physiologists, well written, profound, and as scientific as a professed scientist could make it; but to this tired, perplexed young mother it was the veriest stuff. What more could have been expected? This wife and parent had, only two years before, gaduated from a first-class ladies' institute, with a diploma setting forth in the strongest terms the astonishing progress she had made in her studies. She could speak French with an accent truly Parisian, charm the lovers of music with the wonderful brilliance and expression of her pianoforte performances. She could dance well and sing well; in short, could the programme her parents and teachers marked out for her have been the route she was to take through her earthly pilgrimage, she would probably have kept, as at school, at the head of her class; but love, that arch disarranger of the best laid plans, that great general disturber of the peace, that great remaker and rectifier, stepped in, and the result was harmony and inharmony; the last, in this case, brought about entirely by an improper education.

Now, this mother wanted to know why her baby cried a large part of the night, and moaned and fretted the greater portion of the day. She wanted to know why the little creature was not able to properly digest its food; and she desired this information in plain simple terms, and in the work she had examined she had found neither information nor comfort. Now, I have had some experience with babies, and I could well sympathise with this exhausted woman, whose life was entirely given up to nursing this tiny bundle of flesh and blood. Trot, trot, trot, went the poor little baby on the poor tired little knee. "Hum, hum, sh, sh, there, there, hum, hum," up and down, back and forth, occasionally interpolating this jargon with a word or two to me. I had been invited to spend the day with my friend, and must confess I did not look forward with much pleasure to the visit.

"Why don't you let the nurse take him?" I ventured to inquire, after witnessing this distressing performance as long as my nerves would stand it.

"Nurse!" she repeated in a disgusted, impatient sort of way. "She wouldn't stir a limb or move a muscle if the baby screamed itself to death.'"

I thought, perhaps, that the nurse knew more than the mother, but scarcely dared make the suggestion just then.

"Does he cry like this *all* the time?" was my next query, hoping to lead the conversation into a channel where I could without appearing to be inquisitive, get at something like a history of the case.

"*Nearly* all the time," she replied. "I hav'n't known a decent night's rest since he was born, three months ago."

"Will you let me take him a moment?" I asked. "Perhaps, being fresh to the business, I may be able to do something for him; at least, I can rest your arms a little, if no more."

So Mr. Baby was transferred to me, and I immediately commenced a critical examination.

"You must have had a great deal of experience with babies," remarked my companion. "Do see if you can tell what ails this one."

There was nothing amiss with the child. It was as healthy a specimen of an American infant as I ever looked at—well pro-

portioned, strong and active as a young colt, with flesh unusually firm, and a pair of lungs that utterly defy my vocabulary. I couldn't say to that mother in plain terms: "There is nothing the matter with your baby; all this fuss and worry is directly traceable to mismanagement." The temptation to blurt out this truth was great; but I have found, after many mistakes, that if one desires to accomplish any real good in this world, we must go to work in all cases very gently. This infant was beautifully dressed in nansook and valenciennes, richly embroidered flannels, and all that sort of thing; and was as faultlessly tidy and sweet as loving hands could make it. Notwithstanding all these advantages of dress and social position, this ungrateful baby would cry. I lifted the little one's elaborately-trimmed skirts, and what should meet my eyes but a "pinning blanket" (an article of infant's wardrobe I had supposed entirely obsolete) so fastened and doubly fastened that the poor child could not get a leg out to save its life.

"What are you doing?" my companion inquired, in wonder.

"Unpinning this thing," I answered. "Just look here! you have pinned this blanket so short that your baby hasn't room to stretch its limbs,"

For a moment or more baby stopped crying, and kicked right and left with an evident relish for this description of leg liberty, and then commenced again.

"It isn't that," said my companion, with a sigh.

A cambric skirt covered the above mentioned relic of barbarism, and both these affairs were made with waists, or bands, and fastened with three pins. It seems as incomprehensible to me now as it did the day I made the discovery, that an ordinarily intelligent woman even should not know that an infant's apparel should always be loosely put on; and here was the child of an usually well informed and intellectual woman, actually gasping for breath on account of compression caused by tight bands. As I removed the pins the child gradually ceased screaming, and as I removed the last one such a grunt of relief as came from this baby's lips I never heard before or since. I rubbed his little back and sides, all creased with the wretched compressor, and the darling actually cooed with delight.

"There," said the mother; "that's just the way he acts when I give him his bath. I was telling his father this morning that I didn't believe he would ever cry if I could always keep him in the tub or undressed. Some way he seems to hate to be dressed, and he always screams to the top of his voice just as soon as I begin to put on his clothes."

Now it took me some time to make that mother understand that she did not give her child as much credit for instinct even as her husband gave his Newfoundland pup about the same age: that the baby knew that his liberty of the bath was all he was likely to get, and resisted naturally the idea of such terrible physical bondage. I kept on with the soothing manipulations, and was very soon rewarded by seeing the blue eyes close, and after an exceedingly short space of time my charge was asleep.

"If you don't move just so, you'll waken him," said the mother, in a whisper.

"Hum, hum, sh, sh, there, there," she commenced, coming close to my side.

I took no notice of her "hums" and "shs" and "theres," but laid him gently on the bed, and not a sound was heard from that quarter for three long hours.

"Now," said my friend, making sure that the baby was not likely to waken, "I must have my bowl of tea. Shall I order a cup for you?"

"Tea!" I repeated after her, wonderingly; "what for?"

"Oh!" she answered, "I couldn't nurse my baby without it. Tea braces me up and keeps me going. I shouldn't be good for anything without my bowl of tea three or four times a day."

"If you want to undermine your own health beyond all power of restoration," I couldn't help saying; "if you want to see your child grow up a brainless, fidgetty nobody, keep on swilling tea and you will surely accomplish your purpose."

"Why, for mercy's sake!" was all the astonished woman could gasp, and then continued timidly: "if I didn't drink something I shouldn't have food enough for my baby, and tea seems to give me strength. The nurse who was with me the first six weeks after baby was born used to *make* me drink it."

On this point again I found my friend entirely uninformed, with no more conception of the effect of tea upon the nervous system than her baby. I have had occasion a great many times to find fault with the work of certain monthly nurses; but I never felt so much like anathematizing the whole army of professionals as at this particular time. I found upon inquiry that this one had not only dosed her patient with tea, but had really laid the foundation for all the misery she was experiencing.

The proper person, possessing a proper knowledge of her business, arrived at by thorough education, could have so instructed this teachable and intelligent woman in the details of babydom that a mistake would have been next to impossible. This nurse has also insisted upon constantly holding the child, scarcely letting it out of her arms, asleep or awake; cuddling it close at night, and passing it over to the

mother every time it cried, taking it for granted that hunger was always the cause of its unrest. She it was—this ignorant woman, who never had had a child of her own—who taught this young mother how to dress her baby, or rather the best method of stopping the circulation of blood; in other words, the speediest manner of putting an end to the little one's life. The only weapon that child had was its voice, and this he made use of indefatigably. So the lungs were used, and made to resist the deadly strain upon them. This infant was an uncommonly strong one. In nine cases out of ten the child would have long before this got through trying to resist, and given it up for a hopeless job; but this baby was born well, inheriting a strong constitution from both sides of the house; so it was quite a difficult matter to kill it.

Well, the upshot of the business was, that after that baby awoke from its long and refreshing sleep, I carefully dressed it, substituting a flannel skirt for the obnoxious pinning blanket, making sure to give it plenty of room to stretch and turn round in. I drew a pair of worsted socks on the chubby pink feet, and the little fellow cooed and laughed during the whole performance. About six o'clock a suspicious-looking vial made its appearance.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Baby's *drops*," was the answer.

"Pitch them out of the window," said I.

"But," she sighed, "there won't be a particle of peace for any of us without them."

Then issued another bottle, and it took some time to convince her that this Spartan baby did not need paregoric, and anise and morphine, and whatever other stuff goes to make up these disgusting compounds; but I won, and am happy to say that not a drop of anything of the kind has since been presented to the little one's lips.

Oatmeal, Indianmeal, gruel and cocoa, or chocolate, are the beverages to be partaken of by women who nurse their babies. These insure quality as well as quantity, and made of good rich milk can be freely partaken of. There is no need of an ordinarily healthy woman growing thin because she is nursing. Then, again, infants should be held as little as possible, and trotted and rocked never. Use your baby at once to the bed, or crib, and insist, whatever your nurse may say to the contrary, upon its sleeping alone. Then feed your baby regularly, and disabuse your mind of the impression that it is hungry every time it makes a noise. No woman should nurse her infant oftener than twice in the night, and at six months this should be stopped entirely, in order to guard the mother against the exhaustation which follows inevitably upon the keeping up of this unnatural night drag. Once in two or three hours during the day is also quite often enough. Bear in mind also that your baby wants, and must have, cold water to drink daily. Begin first, and immediately, with a teaspoonful, allowing the child to be its own judge as to the quantity.

Give your babies room enough, and enough to eat of the right kind, good air to breathe and plenty of sunshine, and my word on it you will have no trouble; and mothers can only do this by taking proper care of themselves. The present system of bringing up children is an abomination; but what more can be expected with so little preparation for life and its duties on the part of our women?"—*Herald of Health.*

HOME HINTS.

Women will find it an excellent plan when they have a good deal of sewing to do to take a whole day and cut out a lot at a time. As each garment is cut roll it up by itself with the buttons, lining, thread and trimmings that belong to it, and lay it in a basket kept for that purpose.

One can accomplish a great deal more by following this plan and by keeping each garment separate.

A great deal of time is lost by careless housewives in rummaging around searching for mislaid patterns, a lost thimble or the very spool of thread most needed.

I have told you that a good housewife always carries her thimble in her pocket, and I believe she does. For my part, I always have to carry a small knife, too, and as to going without a bit of wrapping-yarn in my pocket—couldn't think of it! Hardly a day passes in which I do not need a bit unexpectedly to tie up a swinging trumpet-vine, a spreading althea, a vicious rose-bush, or a gadding little grape-vine.

If old sheets are burnt or stained or patched make ironing clothes of them, but take the well-worn, best ones for upstairs, dining-room or bed-room curtains. We have that kind in our kitchen this winter, and when they were let down at night they add the touch of coseyness that without them would be lacking.

Pies should be baked hard enough that they can be slipped off while warm upon a folded paper or fresh cloth; if they stand on the plates or tins until cool, they will generally be soggy in the undercrust. Pie-plates should not be used after they become old and the glazing becomes cracked, for they absorb grease and dish-water, and are hardly fit for the children's play-houses.

In sweeping carpet use tea-leaves sprinkled over it—it cleanses and prevents dust rising. If you haven't tea-leaves use damp saw-dust.

To clean zinc under the stove and keep it bright, scrub it with vinegar and salt, or grease a cloth in fresh lard and rub it well, and then wash all over with another cloth.

I have always found it a good plan to divide a new paper of pins into four parts and pin one up some place in sight in the sitting-room, another in the bedroom which is handiest, another in a conspicuous place in the kitchen, and another in full view in the pantry. One would be surprised to see how many steps will be saved, and how many moments of hurry and flurry and vexation. Of course when pins are picked up, the place for them will be in the nearest pin-paper.

SELECTED RECIPES.

To make Croquets.—A tender boiled tongue, cold, and parboiled; half a dozen sweet-breads (or a like quantity of tender veal) to one tongue; brown them with a little butter and lard, chop them with the tongue, and mix well together. A little parsley and one onion, pepper and salt if required. Break three eggs into the gravy the sweet-breads were browned in, and, if not enough, add a little other gravy to moisten this mince-meat. Let the gravy be cold before you add the eggs. Take three eggs more to roll them in, with bread crumbs, into the size and shape of a hen's egg. Make them out, and have the lard boiling over them like fritters, and take them up with a perforated ladle.

"Horse-Radish Sauce."—One tea-cup of grated horse-radish, one wine-glass of good cider-vinegar, into which dissolve a teaspoonful of loaf sugar, the same of mustard and salt, add the horse-radish.

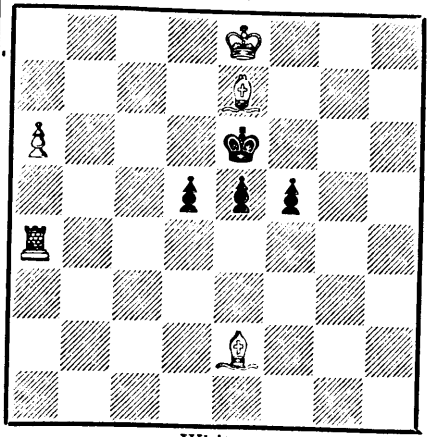
To Hash Fish.—Take any kind of cooked fish, mince it fine, season with pepper-take twice the quantity of white potatoes mashed fine, cut up four hard-boiled eggs, add a table-spoonful of butter, mix all together, and bake half an hour in a good oven. An excellent breakfast dish.

Quinces.—They may be prepared, if of a small size, whole, or in quarters, if of large size; pare and core them, and lay them as they are pared into cold water to prevent their becoming dark; when all are pared and cored, put the cores and parings into a preserving-kettle, and cover them with cold water; let them simmer four hours, keeping the quinces in the cold water during the time; then strain off the juice from the parings and cores, and into it put the quinces to cook; let the quinces simmer in it until they are perfectly tender, then remove them carefully and lay in a sieve to drain, and make the syrup as directed; when the syrup boils, lay in the quinces, and let them cook slowly for fifteen minutes and no more, or they will become hard and dark; then take them out of the syrup and lay them on dishes to cool; return the syrup to the fire and evaporate all the watery particles by a smart boil for ten minutes, when the quinces are quite cool, put them into small-sized jars, as, when large jars are used, the frequent openings to take out preserves injure the fruit; when the syrup is quite cold pour it on the quinces and fill the jars well up; cover with a cloth and cork up tightly; keep them in a cool place; then take the juice in which the fruit was cooked, and to every pint of juice add one pound of the best brown sugar; let it simmer slowly for thirty minutes, and it will become a nice jelly; is delightful with blanc-mange.

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 6.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4.

1. R. to Q. B. 6th. 1. K. moves.
2. Kt. to Q. Kt. 4th ch. 2. K. "
3. P. mates.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 5.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. to K. B. 2nd ch.	1. K. to R. 4th.
2. Q. to K. 5th.	2. Any move.
3. Q. takes one of the Rooks, mating.	

A.

1.	1. K. to R. 5th.
2. Q. to K. B. 3rd.	2. Any move.
3. Q. mates accordingly.	

Literary Notices.

TURNING POINTS IN LIFE. By the Rev. Fred. Arnold, B.A., Christ's Church, Oxford. New York: Harper Bros.

Mr. Arnold holds that in what men regard as mere chance-work there is often order and design—that "what we call a 'turning-point' is simply an occasion which sums up and brings to a result previous training." These occasions he classifies carefully and illustrates by a wide range of anecdotes. The following chapter will afford a fair specimen of his style:

The worst heresies are not those which are labelled heresy, as the worst poisons are not those which are labelled poison. Gin, rum, brandy, count hundreds of victims to every one who has fallen a sacrifice to prussic-acid or belladonna; and the various isms which in our books of theology are labelled heresy, are utterly unknown to scores and hundreds of men who are ruined by false doctrines of which the church is almost oblivious, or to which it is far too indifferent.

Of these unlabelled heresies, one of the most common is the doctrine of luck. A lucky man is the common explanation of success; an unfortunate man is our commonest interpretation of failure; and the very word "fortune" is itself a sign that our fundamental conception of the secret cause of prosperity is radically wrong. The book to which we are indebted, not only for the title, but also for the thoughts and illustrations of this article, is a singularly readable and a very successful assault on this popular notion.

It is indeed true that there are turning-points both in the history of the race and of the individual, and that life depends oft-times upon a single critical moment. History is full of illustrations of this fact, and in so far the popular idea is not only correct, but the truth which it embodies is an important one. Sometimes, circumstances which seem at the time to be purely fortuitous, have colored and influenced a whole lifetime. Justin records such a circumstance, one which determined his whole future life and character. One day he had been musing on the seashore, when he was accosted by an aged and benevolent stranger, who ventured to ask him the nature of his meditations. Justin explained to him how he was musing on the philosophers; but his new-found companion asked him whether he knew aught about the prophets. Then ensued the conversation which led to his conversion, and so determined his whole future life.

A similar event is narrated of Sir David Brewster. On the threshold of his great scientific researches, his sight began to fail him. He had every reason to fear that his eyes must go. Some one told him that for such cases, the great surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie, recommended a particular prescription. It was a very simple one, common snuff being the chief ingredient. He took it, and was completely cured. Years after Sir David met Sir Benjamin; but Sir Benjamin was surprised at the matter, and said the prescription was none of his.

In a like manner it was to what men call luck, that Charles Estlake, the great painter, owed his success. When Napoleon was caged in the Bellerophon, and the vessel lay in Plymouth Sound, off the English coast, young Estlake, then unknown, took boat day by day, and hovered about the vessel for every glimpse of the captive. Every evening, about six, Napoleon used to appear on the gangway and make his bow to the thousands who came out to see him. Charles Estlake studied his model, made a good portrait, and from it constructed a large painting of the Emperor, for which the gentlemen of Plymouth gave him a thousand pounds and sent him to Rome, and made the fortune of the future President of the Royal Academy.

These incidents abundantly prove the truth of Dean Alford's words, and the wisdom of his counsel, "There are moments that are worth more than years. We cannot help it; there is no proportion between spaces of time in importance nor in value. A stray, unthought-of five minutes may contain the event of a life. And this all-important moment, this moment disproportionate to all other moments, who can tell when it will be upon us?" But the lesson of this truth is, not to wait for "something to turn up," not to trust to a turn of the tide to carry us into the harbor, but "to have our resources for meeting this all-important moment available and at hand."

For in what men regard as mere chance-work there are order and design. What

we call a "turning-point" is simply an occasion which sums up and brings to a result previous training. Accidental circumstances are nothing except to men who have been trained to take advantage of them. Erskine made himself famous when the chance came to him of making a great forensic display; but unless he had trained himself for the chance, the chance would only have made him ridiculous. A young lady's horse runs away with her. It is in danger of leaping a cliff or rushing down the railroad track while the express rushes after it. Such an incident would be thrown away upon a hero who was not used to horses, and who had not acquired a steady eye and hand, and habits of coolness and courage. There is a noble house in London which traces back all its prosperous fortunes to the incident of a 'prentice lad plunging into the Thames to recover his fair young mistress. He married her and became partner in the business of his master. There must at least have been a useful habit of swimming before he could plunge into the river. And unless there were those good habits which the merchants of London so highly prize, he would not have gone into the business, or if he had gone, would have done nothing at it. The lawyer who rises to conduct a difficult case in his leader's absence, the surgeon or doctor that has a sudden chance presented to him, must have had a long preparatory training before he could skilfully avail himself of any sort of emergency.

Thus it appears that what men call "luck," is at best only an opportunity. Providence offers the opportunity, but only he whose previous habits have prepared him for the hour can avail himself of it. It is when the man and the hour meet, when the individual has prepared himself for the hour which God has prepared for him, that he enjoys what his less assiduous companions call "good luck." Often, in fact, his virtue or his wisdom prepares the occasion as well as makes him ready to seize it. An old lady, childless and friendless, died not long since and left a large property to the children of a chemist or greengrocer. Lucky man! No. She did it because at his shop she had always received great civility. There is the story told of some gentleman, who, on the battle field, happening to bow with much grace to some officer who addressed him, a cannon-ball just went through his hair, and took off the head of one behind him. The officer, when he saw the marvellous escape, justly observed that no man ever lost by politeness.

There is a man in Berkshire, England, who has a park with a walled frontage of seven miles, and he tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets and took them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waited to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural science and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the quality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed a profit of a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. His "luck" was observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them. The late Joseph Hume went out to India, and while he was still a young man he accumulated a considerable fortune. He applied himself to the hard work of mastering the native languages, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping together a large amount of the necessary materials, and manufactured it for the troops. When he returned to England he canvassed with so much ability and earnestness for a seat in the East India Directorate, that he might carry out his scheme of reform, that, though he failed to get the vote of a certain large proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart, and made a prosperous marriage. And marriage is, after all, the "luckiest bit of luck," when it is all it should be.

There is, then, in truth, no "luck." There are turning-points in life, moments, critical moments, that are worth more than years; nevertheless a great occasion is only worth to a man what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it, and our business in life is to prepare for these supreme moments, these hours when life depends on the decision of the instant. Whatever of truth is veiled under the popular idea of luck and chance is, rightly considered, an incentive to the busiest industry, not an excuse for folded hands and idle dreams.