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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL,

1871.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

ISSUED FROM THE

"WITNESS" OFFICE.

I.

THE DAILY WITNESS.—Containing all the matter that afterwards appears in the semi-weekly, and a great deal more, together with daily telegrams, market reports and advertisements, \$2 per annum. This paper has usually 13 to 14 columns of fresh, choice, interesting and instructive reading matter, or about 4,000 columns per annum for \$3, not to mention as many more columns of advertisements, most of them fresh, and many of them very important.

II.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS.—Semi-weekly, containing all the matter of the WEEKLY and as much more, and bringing news and markets twice a week instead of once, \$2 per annum. This edition, which contains all that appears in the Daily, except local city matter, is the best, adapted for literary men in the country, and therefore it is selected as the one which will be supplied at half-price to the public instructors of the community—namely, ministers and school teachers. It will also be sent to Young Men's Christian Associations, and Colleges on the same terms, and to Hospitals and Asylums gratis. In all cases the application for the paper on these terms should be specific.

III.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS.—A religious, literary and commercial newspaper of 8 pages, with occasional supplements, \$1 per annum. This paper, considering the quantity and quality of the matter, is probably the cheapest on this continent except the DAILY WITNESS.

A remittance for the various editions of the WITNESS of \$3 at one time, will entitle the party remitting to the WEEKLY WITNESS for one year, if he claims it.

The postage on the various editions of the WITNESS is payable at the office of delivery quarterly in advance.

IV.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—An elegant magazine of 64 pages, filled with choice literature, original and selected, and one or more pictorial illustrations, besides a piece of music. Terms, \$1.50 per annum, or a club of five, (addressed separately), for \$5, postpaid by publishers. The only literary monthly in the Dominion, and more interesting as well as much cheaper than most of imported magazines.

V.

CANADIAN MESSENGER.—Semi-monthly, containing eight 4-column pages, devoted to temperance, science, agriculture, education, and choice stories for the young. (The prize tale, "Both Sides of the Street," appears serially). Terms, \$30. per annum; clubs, to one address, 3 copies, \$1; 7, \$2; 50, \$13; 100, \$25—all postpaid by publishers. In this last club each member will get in the year 24 MESSENGERS, containing 192 pages, or 768 columns of choice reading matter, for 25 cents. We commend this to the attention of Sabbath schools as very much better value than most of school books or papers.

VI.

MONTREAL TEMPERANCE TRACT SERIES.—Semi-monthly, 4 pages double columns, post-paid by publishers, 20 cents per annum; 20 to one address, \$1.50 per annum; parcels of 300 assorted, \$1.00. These are suitable for distribution by Temperance Societies, Sabbath schools and individuals. This is just the season for distributing Tracts.

COMBINATIONS.

THE DOMINION MONTHLY with WEEKLY WITNESS to one address, \$2, with SEMI-WEEKLY, \$3, with DAILY, \$4. The matter in DOMINION MONTHLY is entirely different from that in WITNESS.

WEEKLY WITNESS, DOMINION MONTHLY, and CANADIAN MESSENGER, each composed of entirely different matter from the others, for \$2.25 per annum. This combination will furnish a large supply of varied, interesting and instructive family reading.

It will be seen that the only premiums we offer are in the shape of cheap publications, and we cannot help thinking this a better way than charging fifty per cent. more, and offering premiums and commissions out of the extra charge.

Respecting the favor of the public for our publications, which are as good and cheap as we can make them, we ask all friends of our enterprise to aid us in extending our subscription lists at this season.

Besides the above periodicals, the following works have been published at the WITNESS Office:—

THE FAMILY DOCTOR; or, MRS. BARRY AND HER BOUQUON.—A Cheap Reprint of this thrilling Temperance Tale, in handsome Pamphlet Form. Now Ready. Price 25c. Free by mail.

THE FRUIT CULTURIST: A Series of Letters to a beginner in fruit culture, by JAMES DOUGALL, of Windsor Nurseries. Price 25 cents. Free by mail.

THE FENIAN RAID OF 1870—a handsome book of 73 pages, containing the Story of the Raid of 1870, by Reporters present at the Scenes. A third edition of this interesting work is now ready. Sent free by mail for thirty cents.

ADVERTISING.

As each edition of the WITNESS has a large circulation, extending over Ontario and Quebec, it offers an excellent advertising medium, and advertisements, not inconsistent with its character, will be inserted in any edition for one cent per word for first insertion and a half cent each subsequent insertion; or in all three, i. e., DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY, (having an aggregate circulation of over 20,000 copies) for double these rates. No advertisement will be reckoned as less than 50 words, and where any "displaying" is required, the space will be charged for as if filled. The rate in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, which is also an excellent advertising medium, will be the same as in the WITNESS, all payable in advance. The above does not refer to special classes of advertisements or large contracts in the city.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

January, 1871.

VOLUME II.

DOMINION CHORALIST.

The Second Volume of the Dominion Choralist, containing a number of the

NEWEST AND MOST POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY.

With Pianoforte accompaniments.

Now Ready—Price, Twenty-five Cents.

CONTENTS:

Come, oh, Come, my Brother.
Lady Moon,
More like Jesus,
Mother, Watch the Little Feet,
No Crown without the Cross,
Now I Lay me down to Sleep,
Out in the Cold,
Song of the Winter Winds,
Supplication,
The Bridge,
The German Fatherland,
The New Best Name,
The Passing Bell,
The Pater of the Rain,
The Wandering Refugee,
The Whip-Poor-Will's Song,
Welcome, Sweet Spring,
Who can Tell?



THE LATE MISS LYMAN.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1871.

CANADIAN MATERIALS FOR HISTORY, POETRY, AND ROMANCE.

BY J. G. HOURINOT, AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA," "WHAT HAPPENED AT BEAUVOIR ONE CHRISTMAS EVE," &C.

INTRODUCTION.

It is not necessary to go beyond our own country to find dramatic incidents which may give light and brilliancy to the pages of history, or evoke the genius of poetry and romance. Our history does not extend above two hundred years, and must, therefore, be wanting in many of those elements of absorbing interest which necessarily exist in the history of the communities of the Old World, where every foot of ground has its memorable associations—its record of human heroism and human suffering, to point many a moral and adorn many a tale. Where can we walk among the communities of ancient civilization without passing over the ruins of cities and fanes,—the innumerable relics of ages, of which historians and poets can never cease to speak, and the world will never weary to hear? Every ruined castle that rises by the Rhine recalls the mediæval times when every baron had his horde of retainers, and the masses groaned beneath a weight of oppression that was hard to bear. Those grand old cathedrals, like that which towers above quaint, ill-fated Strasbourg, which arose in those days when freedom, as we understand the term, was little known, testify to that spirit of devotion which was the sole redeeming trait of the middle ages. Wandering among the historic places of England, we come at last to a narrow strip of meadow on the banks of the Thames—apparently a tame, unpic-

turesque spot; and yet this is Runnymede, where was won the first great charter of England's liberties, and the first step was taken towards that free, parliamentary system which is the exemplar of the most stable government that men have devised. Every valley, every mountain, every ruin, has its tale of legendary lore. Nowhere can we walk but we recall memories of a remarkable past.

One half the soil has walked the rest
In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages.

In comparison with such a history, that of Canada must be necessarily tame. The waving pines, the mountains towering into the sky until they are lost in the purple of distance, the wide expanse of lakes as large as the greatest countries of Europe, the foaming rapids and mighty falls that bar the progress of the river to the sea,—all the sublime features of Canadian scenery may charm the eye and elevate the thoughts; but, after all, it is in the record of heroic endeavor and suffering, of the struggle between antagonistic principles and systems, of human passion, frailty, and virtue, that the essence of history, romance, and poetry really exists.

SOME SALIENT FEATURES OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

It is in the early part of our history—during that era when the memorable struggle between the French and English for the dominion in America was carried on—that we find features of the most dramatic

character. The historian can contrast the essentially different principles that obtained in the early government of the French and British Colonies on this continent, and show the radical strength or weakness of each. In the New England settlements, we see men brought together in the first instance by the absorbing desire to enjoy religious freedom separate and apart from the Old World despotism. It is true that these men did not always yield to those dictates of Christian charity and liberality which their own bitter experience should have taught them to practise. No sadder record can be found than the history of the persecutions of the Quakers; but, nevertheless, stern and unyielding though they were, the pioneers carried with them across the ocean a knowledge of government and a desire for popular freedom, which, combined with their adherence to the principles of Christianity, gave them strength and vitality, and well-fitted them to be the founders of empires. The humblest dweller in a New England community, provided he was industrious and a member of the Church, had a share in the administration of local affairs, and never failed to claim his privilege. Men thus educated in the principles of self-government, were not likely to submit tamely to any vexatious regulations or imposts which might be passed by a government across the ocean, which, unhappily for the empire, had not in those days a wise appreciation of the value of colonies, or a correct knowledge of the best mode of administering their affairs. Therefore it is, the history of New England is a history of remonstrance against the arbitrary dictation of the Mother Country, and of constant reversal of all regulations which they had power to set aside.

But in the history of New France, we see a very different state of things. Commerce and religion first went hand in hand to reclaim the wilderness on the coast of the Atlantic, or on the banks of the St. Lawrence. By and by the French Government awoke to the importance of the vast domain which they claimed by virtue of the discoveries of Verazzani, Cartier and Champlain. French statesmen, long indifferent to the region of frost and ice

beyond the seas, then dreamed of establishing a mighty empire, which would dwarf all the kingdoms of the Old World; and, in pursuance of this idea, they formed a chain of forts at different points—on the Atlantic coast, by the St. Lawrence and the rivers of the far West, as well as on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico—which were intended to overawe the British Colonies, and assist the French in their project of gathering under the folds of the *fleur de lis* the whole of this vast continent. The men who were to carry out this ambitious design were of undoubted courage and rare energy; and, if they failed at last in even preserving their country from the then hereditary foe of France, it was because they had to work against tremendous odds. The country, under such circumstances, was necessarily kept in a chronic condition of warfare, and had little opportunity for gathering strength. It was governed by the nominees of the French Government, which assisted or neglected it according to the whim or necessity of the hour; whilst the masses, unlike those of the British Colonies, had no share whatever in the administration of public affairs, though they were called on to give up their lives at the summons of the military chiefs of the colony. The result of such a system was necessarily a want of that unity and vitality that could alone give strength and stability to the political fabric in times of national difficulty. Yet, if the system of government was defective in many essentials, it gave birth to men whose zeal and courage, exhibited in the broader arena of European life, would have won for them a wider and more enduring fame than it was possible for them to attain amid the forests of America.

HISTORIC PLACES.

We, too, like the older communities of Europe, have our classic ground, on which the student may stand and recall a past rich in historic recollections. On the eastern shores of the Dominion, within sight of the Atlantic, we see the ruins of the American Dunkirk, which, for many years, formed so important a part of the grand scheme of French ambition in America. Grass now covers its ruined ramparts

which were levelled at the dictates of British policy; and the foundations of the massive churches and official residences of Louisbourg, are overgrown with weeds and wild flowers, while a few casemates stand out—grim objects in the expanse of green that conceals the site of the old town. When I last stood on this historic spot, not a sound disturbed the stillness that brooded over land and sea, except the cry of the sea-gull, and the only signs of active life were the fishing-boats, which were merrily dancing over the bosom of the noble harbor that spread out before my feet. Only a few grass-grown mounds now remained to tell of the ambitious projects of France, and of the days when the French soldier had talked with his comrade

“Of sallies and retiring, of trenches, tents,
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners, ransoms, of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of heady fight.”

Then, at the mention of the name of Quebec, what a troop of illustrious men come before us!—each memorable for the part he played in the history of this continent. Of some, the ashes lie beneath Canadian soil; of others, in Westminster Abbey, or in some quiet graveyard in old France. Time has touched the ancient town but lightly. Its quaint churches, its walls and gates, the picturesque aspect of its surroundings, render it unique among American cities. It has none of that newness so characteristic of towns on this side of the ocean. It looks like some fortified city which has played its part in the old world's history, and been suddenly transferred to that grand promontory overlooking the St. Lawrence. Here Cartier fraternized with Donnacona—the first of Europeans who had ever seen that grand panorama of land and river; here Champlain laid the foundations of the Chateau St. Louis, and of that town which so long held the fortunes of New France; here Frontenac beat off Phipps with his powerful fleet, and presided over the destinies of Canada with a force and energy which few administrators ever exhibited before or after; here Bigot and his creatures gambled and dissipated the wealth which they had amassed by corruption and speculation, while the poor *habi-*

tans and dwellers in the towns were actually famishing for bread; here Montcalm and Wolfe met in the last struggle which ended the career of France in America, where her hopes and aspirations once ran so high.

Or leave Quebec and visit the Lake which bears the name of the illustrious founder of Quebec. Here are the ruins of Ticonderoga or Carillon—so named from the music of the rapids in the vicinity—which, like the ruins of Louisbourg, are overgrown with weeds and grass, though less than a hundred years ago this was the site of one of the strongest fortresses in America. Here, too, we recall a list of illustrious men,—Abercrombie, Amherst, and Montcalm. Here floated in turn the *fleur de lis* of France, the Red Cross of England, and the flag of the Continental Congress. In Quebec we still see all the evidences of a warlike era in the massive walls and gates, and the citadel frowning down on the waters of the St. Lawrence; but at Ticonderoga we see only a green acclivity and some grass-covered mounds, in place of the ramparts and bastions, and a few curious tourists, instead of the soldiers who once manned the fortress.

CHARACTERISTIC MEN.

Among the elements of the population of New France, we find not a few striking types of character. Adventurous explorers, brave soldiers, *preux chevaliers*, would stand out prominent figures in that historic picture which would represent the principal actors in the first era of Canada and Acadia. The very nature of the system of government was calculated to bring out striking traits of character among the residents of the country. Under the feudal system, even “Commerce wore the sword, decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seignories and hordes of savage retainers.” In the most trying period of their country's history, these seigneurs exhibited an amount of manly fortitude and heroic daring that must attract the admiration of all who study the early annals of New France. In the long and hotly-contested conflict for the supremacy in America, the Canadian militia

displayed the most conspicuous bravery, which even won the encomiums of Montcalm and other officers of the regular troops, who were for some time by no means too favorably prepossessed in their favor. The trials and sufferings which the *habitans* so uncomplainingly endured during that trying crisis of their history, are on record; and we cannot but admire their constancy and fidelity to a government which never administered their affairs with too sagacious or loving a hand.

As we look down the vista of the past, we see one figure ever standing prominently in view. At the council board of his compatriots, at the camp-fire of the Indian, struggling through the depths of American forests where white man never passed before, daring in some frail canoe the perils of unknown waters, ready to encounter even death itself for the sake of his religion—we see the figure of the black-robed priest. The same indomitable spirit of religious enthusiasm that carried him with Cortez and Pizarro to Mexico and Peru, took him into the forests of North America, to become the friend and teacher of their savage denizens. Bancroft truly says that “religious enthusiasm not only colonized New England, but founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness on the upper lakes, and explored the Mississippi. The influence of Calvin can be traced in every New England village; in Canada, the monuments of feudalism and the Catholic religion stand side by side; and the names of Montmorenci and Bourbon, of Levi and Condé, are mingled with memorials of St. Athanasius and Augustine, of St. Francis of Assisi, and Ignatius Loyola.” History can tell of no more brilliant achievement than that performed by Marquette, who, in company with Joliet and some others, ventured into the depths of the illimitable West, and finally embarked on the Mississippi, which they traced to regions unvisited by white men since the days when De Soto, the Spaniard, had found a grave in the waters of the great river. A little stream still bears the name of that intrepid priest, for by its side he gently passed away, and a rude cross long marked the spot where the voyagers made his grave.

Then what life more active, more adventurous than that of the *coureurs de bois* of the days of which I am speaking. At one time acting as war-scouts of the Indians; at another, trading for peltry through the valley of the Saskatchewan, or on the banks of the dark, mysterious Saguenay. Even yet, in the great West, on the confines of civilization, we see the descendants of these adventurous, reckless spirits—a light-hearted cheery class. Still we can see them paddling their canoes on the waters of the Rainy Lake, or the Red River of the West, and merrily keeping time to the measure of those old tunes which, centuries ago, awoke the echoes of the woody banks of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa's tide.

THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

Nor can the story of the misfortunes of the Indian tribes of Canada fail to excite our liveliest sympathies, despite the many cruelties and enormities which they were too ready to commit in their long contests with the whites. It is inexpressibly mournful to read of the gradual decay and ruin of a proud race which reigned supreme in their forest fastnesses till the European came. The tribes that inhabited the banks of the St. Lawrence appear to have possessed many qualities that ought to have reserved them for a happier fate than that which has befallen them. When Cartier visited the site of the present city of Montreal, he found there an Indian village of a more pretentious character than was generally seen among the Indian tribes of the North. Hochelaga consisted of about fifty wooden buildings, each divided into several rooms, and all of them surrounded by palisades made of trunks of trees set in a triple row. Within were galleries for the defenders, ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of their assailants. In the centre of the village was a large square, where public demonstrations were usually made. The wars waged by Champlain and his successors proved the Indians to be possessed of considerable strategy and capacity for continuous warfare. The lives of Le Rat, Pontiac, Brandt, and Tecumseth, prove them to have possessed qualities which make successful generals and diplomatists

The great Huron chief, Le Rat, was called the "Demosthenes of the Woods," the "Machiavel of the Wilderness." "Never," says Garneau, "did any denizen of the American wilds evince greater genius, more valor, greater prudence, or a deeper knowledge of the human heart, than he did during his eventful career, in which his successes were constant, from the right adaptation of his means to effect any given end, and the inexhaustible resources of his mind in seasons of difficulty." The conflicts of the whites with this remarkable race—a race whose origin seems entirely lost in a cloudland of tradition and fable—form very exciting episodes in our early history, and afford abundant materials for romance.

GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS.

But it is in the career of those "gentlemen adventurers" who sought fame and fortune in this then unknown world, that we find the elements of the most absorbing interest; and among these pioneers of civilization in Canada and the Great West, no name appears more conspicuous than that of Robert Cavalier, *Sieur de la Salle*. Of a noble family, thoroughly educated, possessed of great firmness of character, imbued with deep enthusiasm, and yet, withal, of a practical cast of mind, *La Salle* was a type of the best class of "gentlemen adventurers," to whom Canada owes so much. The tourist who stood on the shores of *Lachine* in September last, when so many thousands assembled to witness the memorable aquatic struggle between the oarsmen of the Old World and of the New, must have recalled the very different scene that was presented just two hundred years ago, when that part of *Lake St. Louis* obtained the name by which it is now best known. Here, in his forest seigniory, by the shores of that lovely *Lake*—so calm and still in comparison with the furious rapids that fret and fume below—*La Salle* matured his plan for unravelling the secret of the great river of which his Indian visitors so often told him. Like all the explorers of those times, when geographical science was only in course of development, he had his dream of finding a shorter route to the riches of the Chinese seas;

and, when he heard of this mysterious river flowing through an unknown wilderness, his sanguine mind immediately conceived the idea that he was at last on the point of making a discovery which would give him enduring fame. He lost no time in venturing into these strange Western regions, and braved innumerable perils that his might be the glory of solving the problem which was perplexing the master minds of his age; but if he did not succeed in achieving the great object of his adventurous voyages—a shorter route to China and Japan—he performed a work which places him among the foremost explorers of the world, and justly entitles him to be called "The Father of Colonization in the Great Central Valley of the West." After years of countless privations and difficulties, which must ever beset the path of the explorer, and which were vastly increased in those times when science could do little to assist the adventurer in comparison with what it can in this age of progress, he came to that great river of which the Indians had told him so vaguely—

"Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the
Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift
Mississippi.

* * * * *

Day after day they glided down the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped
on its borders;
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
where plume-like
Cotton trees nodded their shadowy crests, they
swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery
sand-bars
Lay in the stream; and along the wimpling waves of
the margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded."

What a memorable day was that in the history of this continent when *La Salle* added a vast domain to the realms of France! With what awe must they have looked on that wide expanse of water, which stretched as far as the eye could see, and looked so still and lonely, in the misty, dreamy atmosphere of the tropics! There stood that little band of pioneers—the advance guard of that mighty army of civilization which, in later times, was to reclaim that wide wilderness of swamp, and sand, and waving grass. Not a sail

whitened the Gulf; their only companions were the Indians, who stood in quiet contemplation of the strange proceedings of these white invaders of their forest homes, who shouting, *Vive le Roi*, and singing the grand hymns of their Liturgy, raised crosses and columns in token of the sovereignty of the Grand Monarch at Versailles. Of all that vast domain, stretching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, from the Rio Grande to the remotest springs of Missouri, France no longer retains a single rood; the only evidences of her former supremacy are seen in the name of Louisiana, and in the remnant of people who, like the Acadian French, still cling to their language, their religion, and many of their old customs. From this momentous discovery, La Salle himself reaped no benefit; but in this respect he fared no worse than other explorers, even greater than he was,—for history has minutely described how he fell at the hands of the assassin amid the rank grass that covers the banks of the great river whose mysterious course he had unravelled. Among the many notable adventurers of whose exploits history tells us, no one surpasses him in courage and practical action. The story of his life, as it is told in the eloquent pages of the historian Parkman, surpasses in all the elements of interest the best conceived romance. “Never”—I quote from that historian—“under the impenetrable heart of paladin or crusader, beat a heart of more intrepid metal than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must follow him on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh, and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onwards towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; in this masculine figure cast in iron, she sees the heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage.”

Or review the career of Henri de Tonty of the Iron Hand, and what material exists for a romance as attractive as Quentin

Durward! In his early youth he became a soldier, and won for himself a high reputation in the Sicilian wars; next, we find him the associate of La Salle in his perilous adventures among the forests and rivers of the West, until he reached the Gulf of Mexico; entrusted with the defence of Fort St. Louis, perched above the Illinois like a feudal keep above the Rhine, he faithfully fulfilled his duty; and even when he learned the news of the death of the man he had loved so well and served so truly, he would have perfected the work which that astute and courageous master mind had planned; and if he failed to relieve the little colony which La Salle had left on the dreary shores of that lonely Texan Bay, or to form new settlements by the mouth of the Mississippi, it was not through a want of capacity or courageous resolution, but because there seemed to be an adverse destiny opposed to the plans of all the bold men who had been the associates of the illustrious discoverer of Louisiana.

Among the early inhabitants of Acadia was one very extraordinary specimen of the class of which we are speaking. One of the captains of the celebrated De Carignan Regiment—distinguished for its services in Hungary in the war with the Turks—which came to New France during 1665, was the Baron de St. Castin, a Bernese by birth. When the regiment was disbanded and its men received favorable terms to induce them to settle in Canada, he established himself on the Richelieu; but he soon tired of his inactive life, and leaving his Canadian home settled at Pentagoët (Penobscot) amid the forests. Here he fraternized with the Abenakis and led the life of a robber chieftain, and his name was long a terror to the New England colonists. He married the daughter of an Indian chief, and so influential was he that, at his summons, all the tribes on the frontier between Acadia and New England would lift the hatchet and proceed on the war-path. His life at Pentagoët, for years, was very active and adventurous, as the annals of New England show. In 1781, happily for the British Colonists, he succeeded to a fortune in France, and thenceforth disappeared from American history. His son

by his Abenaki baroness, then took command of his fort and savage retainers; in ferocity he far exceeded his father, and, after years of fierce contest with the New England colonists he was taken prisoner; but he escaped and returned to Europe, where he was just in time to succeed to his father's estate, the elder pirate having at last ended his eventful life. Young St. Castin did not long remain content in Europe, but sought once more the Acadian land, where he vanishes, sword in hand, out of history. What prolific materials for the novelist exist in the lives of the gentlemen adventurers of Acadia!

DISTINGUISHED FRENCH-CANADIANS.

In that era of which I am speaking—an era so full of dramatic interest—Canada gave birth to men whose names are memorable in the history of their country. Among the most famous was Lemoine d'Iberville, who was one of seven brothers, all of whom were men of note in their day. He belonged to the house of Longueuil—one of the oldest and most celebrated Canadian families—descended originally from a Count of Salagne en Biscaye and Margaret de Tremouille, daughter of the Count des Guines, who was also Grand Chambellan of France, and one of the noblest families in the kingdom. The services of Lemoine d'Iberville are eloquently summarized by Bancroft in these words:—

“Present, as a volunteer, in the midnight attack upon Schenectady, where he was chiefly remembered for an act of clemency; at Port Nelson, calm amidst the crash of icebergs, in which his vessels had become involved, and though exceedingly moved by the loss of his young brother in a skirmish with the English, yet, with marvellous firmness, preserving his countenance without a sign of disquiet—putting his whole trust in God—and, with tranquil daring, making a conquest of the fort which controls the vast Indian commerce of the wide regions of Nelson River; the captor of Pemaquid; the successful invader of the English possessions in Newfoundland; and again in 1697, in spite of icebergs and a shipwreck, victorious in naval contests on the gloomy waters of Hudson Bay, and recognized as the most skilful naval officer in the service of France.”

But Americans best remember him as the colonizer of that Louisiana which La Salle handed over to France. New Orleans was

founded by his brother, the Sieur de Bien-ville. Milwaukee and Galveston were both founded by Canadians. The first who crossed the continent was Franchère, a French-Canadian, and the founder of Astoria. Viscount de Lery, who was born at Quebec in the middle of the eighteenth century, was one of the most eminent military engineers of the day, and aided the first Napoleon most materially.

But the genius of Pitt at last prevailed, and the fall of Louisbourg, followed by that of Quebec, led to the acquisition of Canada by the British. Now a century and more has passed since the French of Canada came under the dominion of England, and time has removed national asperities, and intimately bound the Anglo-Saxon and Gallic elements together by ties of mutual interest and fraternal feeling. Englishmen cannot forget how largely the Norman-French element enters into the composition of their race. Perhaps it will be with us in the course of time, as it has been with England—

“As the varying tints unite
They'll form in heaven's light
One arch of peace.”

SINCE THE CONQUEST OF CANADA.

The war of 1812 brought out conspicuously the patriotic sentiments of the inhabitants of Canada, and it is not too much to say that had it not been for the energetic efforts of the Canadians in assisting the British troops to resist the approach of the invading army of the great republic on those borders, this country could never have been saved to England. Full justice has never yet been done to Canada for her loyalty and devotion during that trying crisis. The history of that war has as yet to be written from the Canadian point of view, and when that duty has been performed by some faithful hand, the record will be one of which not only the British speaking population will be proud, but the French-Canadians as well, for theirs is the memory of the memorable day at Chateauguay when De Salaberry and his compatriots gave an unequivocal response to those Americans who had been aspersing their loyalty. Since that time our history has been wanting in the elements

of dramatic interest; it has had no episodes of stirring import, except the fruitless rebellion from 1836-7 which after all was little more than a faction fight in some Irish county. Our history for the past half century has been the record of material progress: the forest has echoed to the axe, and where the tall dark-green pine and spruce stood less than fifty years ago, now towns and cities arise and speak more eloquently than mere words of the achievements of the people. The lives of the owners of this noble domain, so lately reclaimed from the forest, may be less adventurous than those of the pioneers and explorers of whose exploits I have told you, but the results are of no insignificant character, as we may see when we look over the face of this Dominion and recognize all the evidences of its wealth and prosperity, as well as intellectual progress. Of the material condition of Canada, it is beyond the purpose of this paper to speak; but here I may now consider what we have done in the way of availing ourselves of the materials we possess for the creation of a Canadian literature.

OUR INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

So far British America has not produced very many men of great eminence in the pursuit of literature whose reputation has extended beyond the limits of the Dominion itself. In comparatively new countries like the Provinces, the men of action have chiefly been called into requisition. Forests must be cut down, cities must be built, the land and sea must pay their tribute to industry, before men have the leisure or ability to give attention to letters and the arts. Our life is so busy that few of us can give much time and contemplation to subjects of a purely literary character; and then the rewards which men can receive from commercial and industrial pursuits are so great and manifold in a country like this, only yet in the early stage of its development, that the class of professed men of letters, leaving out of the question the conductors of the periodical press, is necessarily very limited, and confined to persons of the learned professions. It is only when communities are rich and prosperous, when they have attained a certain age, that they

can expect to have a literature, in the extended sense of the term. When we look around us, and see the evidences of material and intellectual progress throughout Canada, we cannot but feel encouraged to believe that the time is fast approaching when our people will stimulate the genius of their own country, and we shall have a class of professed men of letters in the Dominion. British Americans have been engaged for the past hundred years in building up their country. They have raised the framework of a noble edifice, and now they should add a column here and a column there, and otherwise complete it, so that it will be pleasing to the eye and creditable to the builders. A man who settles in the midst of the forest is quite content for a while with the hut which he has hastily constructed out of the materials around him; but when years have passed by, and he has amassed wealth, when he has thousands of acres of rich corn-fields to show as the results of his energy and industry, his ambition is stimulated, and he builds a new residence and furnishes it in a style commensurate with his improved circumstances. So it should be with us in British America. We have surmounted our early difficulties, and built up for ourselves a country of whose wealth and vitality we have every reason to be proud; and now the time has come when we should improve our surroundings and cultivate the arts that refine and adorn.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A century ago the people of the United States, like ourselves, were without a literature of their own. Then they had as much as they could do to build up houses for themselves and future generations. Years passed by, the United States became a mighty nation; men of wealth and leisure increased in number, and the country gradually had a literature of its own. Cooper devoted his brilliant pen to a description of the struggles and difficulties of the early pioneers in the American wilderness, and gave to the world romances which have been read wherever the English language is spoken. Washington Irving wrote volumes which proved how deeply he had drunk from "the well of English

undefiled," and entitled him to be called the American Addison. Hawthorne unearthed the mysteries of New England life; at his command the stern old Puritans awoke to life and persecuted the Quakers and all who differed from them with infinite zest. Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley stand in the foremost rank of modern historians. Wheaton's work on International Law is a leading authority among all nations, and has even been translated into Chinese. Longfellow has written many exquisite poems, and is preferred by many to Tennyson. Bryant has culled choice flowers of poesy from the forests and the scenery of his native land. Whittier, the Quaker poet, has written poems which are remarkable for their exquisite simplicity. James Russell Lowell and Wendell Holmes are the foremost wits of their day. The names of Power, Hosmer, Church, and Bierstadt, show the love of the people for the highest class of art. So we see, when a people are imbued with national aspirations, when they have achieved national greatness, when they have attained wealth and affluence, they will have a literature of their own.

CANADIAN LITERARY EFFORTS.

I have already, in the previous part of my remarks, shown you that abundant materials exist in the history of the Provinces for the production of history, poetry, and romance. The struggles of the colonial pioneers, their contests with the forest tribes, their indomitable courage amid what seemed at times unsurmountable obstacles, the fierce contests between the French and British for the supremacy in British America, the various steps in the progress of the provinces—all these form fruitful subjects for a vigorous pen. Longfellow has shown us in his "Evangeline" what rich materials there are around us for the man or woman imbued with the poetic and imaginative faculty. Street's poem of "Frontenac" is less widely known; but it is, nevertheless, a purely Canadian poem, replete with a fine poetic flow, redolent of forest life, and showing a perfect appreciation of our rich scenery. Parkman, in his series of histories, from which I have quoted more than

once, shows that a Canadian history need not be a dry collection of facts, or a dreary political treatise. British America, however, has not produced many historians whose works are calculated to attract the general reader, who finds pleasure in the pages of Macaulay, Froude, or Motley. The best history is, undoubtedly, that of the late M. Garneau; but it is wanting in spirit, and does not give that insight into the inner life of the Canadians that we would wish to have in a work of this character. Scattered throughout the poems of Sangster, Reade, Ryan, Sulte and others, are several pieces of undoubted merit; but their works are hardly known beyond Ontario and Quebec. Among our public men, too, many of whom have won high distinction in the press, Mr. Howe has written several poems and delivered several addresses which are of no ordinary merit, and cause us to regret that he has not given more time to literary pursuits.

The late Major Richardson, a native of Ontario, has written several entertaining romances connected with Canadian history, which were very generally read in their day, but are now almost forgotten. "Sam Slick" has given us a series of sketches, which, although at times descending into gross caricature, abound in touches of veritable humor, which even the Yankees and Nova Scotians, against whom it is so often directed, are the first to appreciate. Mr. Heavysage, of Montreal, is the author of a dramatic production entitled "Saul," which has been styled by British critics "one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain." Mr. Heavysage's genius appears more adapted to the drama and poetry than to romance, judging from a novel named "The Advocate," which was published during 1865, and has fallen almost stillborn from the press. Professor de Mille, of Halifax, has published several novels of a decidedly sensational character,—indeed, in the "Cryptogram" and "Cord and Creese," published by Harper Brothers, incident follows incident with such startling rapidity that even that joint stock production of Bourcicault and Reade's, "Foul Play," sinks into insignificance; but Mr. de Mille hardly does himself justice in

throwing off these ephemeral novels; for in his two first works, "Helena's Household—A Tale of Rome in the First Century," and "The Dodge Club in Italy," he gave many fine touches of wit and pathos, which are entirely wanting in his latest productions. M. Lemoine, of Quebec, in his "Maple Leaves," gives us many pleasing illustrations of Canadian scenery and character, and is aptly styled the "Old Mortality" of the section of country where he resides. A great Canadian novel, however, has not yet appeared—that is to say, one which has its readers outside of the Dominion, although no one can doubt that there are abundant materials in the past history, as well as in the social characteristics of the several communities of British America, for romances full of originality and interest. In the department of Biography, Mr. Fennings Taylor, has published "Sketches of British Americans," and the "Three Last Bishops Appointed by the Crown in Canada," written in a stately, polished style which has many admirers. Mr. Alpheus Todd has given us a work on Constitutional Government which entitles him to rank only below Hallam and May. Mr. John Foster Kirk, a native of Fredericton, formerly the Secretary of Prescott, is the author of a History of Charles the Bold of Hungary, which, although not equal to the works of his great prototype, shows that he wields a vigorous pen, and is likely to occupy a prominent position among the eminent historians of these times. In the department of science, British America has produced several eminent names; and foremost among these stands Dr. Dawson, a native of Nova Scotia, who has contributed a volume on the Geology of Acadia, besides many treatises on his favorite study, which entitle him to a conspicuous place among the *savans* of the century. Dr. Daniel Wilson, one of the adopted sons of Canada, has written a work on Pre-historic Man, and a Life of Chatterton, which prove him to be a writer of much thought and research. Sir William Logan has contributed much valuable information respecting the geological attributes of Canada. Besides these, there are several others who have contributed to the periodical literature of

the day, and have written works of no mean order of merit; but I pass them by and content myself with referring you to that very interesting compilation by Mr. Morgan, the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, which will give the reader a very accurate idea of our literary progress. But I must not forget to speak of the highly creditable efforts of the French-speaking portion of our population to create a national literature. In history, poetry, and romance, they make a very fair exhibit, and our English writers would do well to study their literary productions, and imitate their spirit and the love of everything Canadian they show throughout. Theirs is a noble history, and it would be strange, indeed, if they did not avail themselves of the rich materials they possess for a French-Canadian literature.

THE CANADIAN PRESS, AND ITS DUTIES.

Towards the creation of a literary taste in the Dominion, the press can do a great deal. No fact, indeed, gives a better evidence of our intellectual progress than the rapid stride that has been taken of late years by the press in all the essentials of excellence. Many of the most eminent public men of Canada have been connected with the press there, and so it must be necessarily in a country like this, enjoying free representative institutions, where public journals necessarily wield a large influence. It is clear that the press of the Provinces must steadily advance with the material and intellectual progress of the country, and gradually exhibit the characteristics of its best English contemporaries. At present, the newspaper forms the chief reading of our busy people. There are about four hundred public journals published in the Dominion, and of these at least thirty-two appear six times a week. If we look at the Post Office statistics we find that last year, at least (in round numbers) twenty-four millions of newspapers passed through the post-offices of the Provinces, or six papers for every man, woman, and child in the Dominion, and these figures, it will be remembered, do not take into the account the many papers sold in book and periodical stores. Of this large number, we may estimate that about two-thirds are domestic, and

the remainder American and British. These facts show forcibly how important is the influence that the press exercises in the Provinces. The editor has a very responsible work to do in British America, and when he performs it with a full consciousness of the power and responsibility of his calling, he richly merits the thanks of his fellow-citizens.

NECESSITY OF ACCUMULATING LITERARY MATERIAL.

In all the Provinces a great deal of matter connected with their history is scattered about and at present inaccessible to the student, and it is time steps were taken to preserve these valuable materials to posterity. In the United States a great deal has been done to collect and compile all the documents referring to the early history of the different States of the Union. In Canada, something has been attempted in the same direction, but a great deal yet remains to be done in this respect. In Nova Scotia, a commission, some years ago, collected and bound up in volumes a great quantity of valuable archives which were moulding in the cellars of the Provincial Building, and very recently Mr. Akins, the gentleman entrusted with the work, has issued, at the expense of the Province, a volume containing the most important and interesting documents. Windsor College, the oldest collegiate seat of learning in the Dominion, has offered prizes, during some years, for the best history of each county in the Province, and in this way a great many facts within the memory of the oldest inhabitants are collated in a convenient form. A very useful work has also been performed, in the course of years, by the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, who have preserved many important documents from oblivion, and very materially lightened the labor of the writer on Canadian topics.

MENTAL SELF-RELIANCE ONE OF THE CONDITIONS OF POLITICAL UNION.

We are now entering on a new era in the history of British America. The first era ended with the cession of Canada to Great Britain, in the latter part of the eighteenth century; the second with the union of the Provinces, in 1867. Hitherto

in these Provinces there has not been a very strong love of country. It is true their people take a commendable pride in the history of the parent state; they feel that, as citizens of the British Empire, they are associated with the honors which its eminent sons have won for it in the past and are winning for it in the present. British Americans cherish as fondly the achievements of the great men of England—her warriors, her statesmen, her writers—as the people in pleasant Kent or Devon. Whilst it is but right and natural that they should entertain these sentiments with respect to the parent state, yet they should not forget, at the same time, that they have a country of their own with which they are immediately connected, and which has a history of its own. It is a commendable trait of the people of the United States that even in their very educational system—in the text-books of their schools and colleges—all that the pen can do is done to stimulate the patriotism of the youth of the country. In British America, however, little or nothing has yet been done to excite similar feelings for the country with which we are immediately identified. The history of the several countries constituting British America has been very little read by our people. No doubt the isolated state of the different colonies has had a great deal to do with the absence of patriotic feeling; but we must see a change in the course of time when the Dominion is firmly established, and its people have forgotten their sectional prejudices, and commenced to feel that they are citizens of one great community, possessed of a history replete with the evidences of true heroism—with associations of the most romantic and dramatic character. With a free and enlightened press, with colleges and schools of a high order in every section, with a generous, high-spirited, and patriotic people, proud of their origin and confident of their future, British America enters on her new era under most hopeful auspices. None of us, however, must forget that, without a high condition of intellectual culture, no community can ever become truly great. "Regarding the Dominion as an incipient nation," said Mr. McGee, who did so much in his time towards fostering a native litera-

ture, removing sectional animosities and laying the foundations of a new northern empire; "I consider that our mental self-reliance is an essential condition of our political independence. I do not mean a state of public mind puffed up in small things—an exaggerated opinion of ourselves and a barbarian depreciation of foreigners—a controversial state of mind, or a merely imitative, apish civilization. I mean a mental condition, thoughtful and true; national in its preferences, but catholic in its sympathies; gravitating onward, not outward; ready to learn from every other people, on one sole condition—that the lesson when learned has been worth acquiring. In short, we should desire to see our new national character distinguished by a manly modesty as much as by mental independence; by the conscientious exercise of the critical faculties as well as by the zeal of the enquirer."

"Knowledge is power," is an oft-quoted aphorism which cannot be too deeply studied by the young men of the Dominion just starting into vigorous life. True intellect must always rule, and leave its impress upon all ages and peoples. The works of Homer, of Virgil, of Dante, of Milton, of Cervantes, have delighted generations in the past as they must continue to delight the world in the future. A few years ago, the world witnessed a spectacle such as it had never seen before. On the borders of the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes, in the cities of the American Republic, on the

banks of the St. John, on the island continent of Australasia, throughout Great Britain and her vast Empire, wherever the English language is spoken, men assembled to pay the tribute of their homage to a man who, while he lived, was poor and obscure. He had not added an inch of land to his country; he was only a poor Scottish laborer; at times a weak and erring man; but he gave to Scotland some poems of such exquisite pathos and genial humor that the world has always recognized in them the inspirations of true genius. At a later time, and in the same countries, men again held "high festival" in honor of another son of genius, who, like the Scottish ploughman, was of humble origin. In his day he was only a play-actor, but he left, as a heritage to England, some dramas which, for their knowledge of human nature, for their humor and pathos, for their sagacious maxims, for their delineation of passion, have never been equalled by any writer of ancient or modern times. Such is the tribute that the world is certain, sooner or later, to pay to its true benefactors and sons of genius. The great men of whom Shakespeare wrote, nearly three hundred years ago, are best remembered now by the dramas where he portrays their follies, their weaknesses, and their crimes. The kings and chieftains of the native land of Burns are almost forgotten, while deep in the hearts of his countrymen, all the world over, are imprinted the poems of that poor Scottish peasant.

CHARITAS EXCELSIOR!

BY REV. A. STEWART DES BRISAY.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."—1 Cor. xiii. 1.

Ye glorious powers of human speech,
Whose fame around the earth doth reach;
My lips your mighty magic teach;

And I will sing what poets sung,
When the world's ages yet were young—
The enchantment of the glowing tongue,

The nameless witchery of the hour,
The thrill transfixing the heart's core,
When language doth her treasures pour.

But hark! from yon bright heavenly sphere,
Falling in music on my ear,
Accents more silvery do I hear.

It is the voice of angel song,
Strains which the rapt seraphic throng,
Around the throne of God prolong.

And yet, ye wizard tongues of men,
Swift as the ready writer's pen,
A mightier power than you I ken.

And yet, ye angel voices high,
Rolling your music through the sky,
A sweeter note than yours know I.

Without it, all your notes were vain,
It is of Love Divine the strain,
Struck on this sinful earth again!

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SOLITARY CANOEMAN—OBSERVATION
AND REFLECTION—A SAW-MILL ERECTED
AT DELAWARE—RAFTING TO DETROIT
—OLD SAMSON—A GRIST-MILL—PRICE
OF LUMBER—SUCCESSFUL—REMOVAL—
BUILDS MILLS AGAIN—PROSPERITY—
DEATH—AN OLD ACCOUNT-BOOK—MAN-
NER OF DOING BUSINESS A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.

Mr. Woodhull's son Benjamin, then a young man, was frequently the family messenger in these voyages to and from Detroit. While guiding his canoe down the tortuous river, with only its windings or obstructions and the deep forest on either side to direct the eye or attract the attention, he had abundant opportunity to reflect upon the isolation of the settlement, the scantiness of its exports &c., and the necessity of devising some method to increase the means required for the purchase of such articles as they were obliged to procure from abroad.

His solitary musings might probably have been long in leading to any satisfactory solution of the difficult question of ways and means, if one characteristic of the forests through which he was passing had not obtruded itself upon his attention, and furnished him a clew. The absence of pine timber from that section of Canada, and from the vicinity of Detroit, suggested to him the idea of turning the pine timber of Delaware to good account by cutting it into lumber, and rafting it by the water facilities of which he was then availing himself, to Detroit.

Slight consideration convinced both him and his family of the feasibility of the plan, and it was determined to put it into execution as early as practicable.

A saw-mill was accordingly erected,

with such help as could be procured. The giant pines that crowned the heights at Delaware were prostrated, converted into lumber, and floated away to market.

Mr. Woodhull's method of shipping his lumber was this: Long, narrow rafts were prepared in the river near the mill, and floated down a short distance to deep water. Two or more of these were then fastened together. On this structure an arrangement was made for keeping a horse and a small shanty erected for shelter for the men. A supply of provisions for man and beast during the voyage was stowed away as safely as possible. The horse was secured in the place prepared for him, there to await his coming task. The hands being in their places—a helmsman and a sufficient number of men to manage the raft, each provided with a long pole with which to keep it from coming in contact with the banks of the river, or the fallen trees lying in the stream—the raft was unmoored and glided down the river to Lake St. Clair.

Then, no longer aided in their progress by the friendly current of the river, the water being shoal and still for quite a number of miles, the services of the horse were brought into requisition. He was securely attached to the forward part of the raft and compelled to draw it, assisted by the men with their poles, from the mouth of the River Thames till they approached the entrance to the Detroit River.

Poor Samson!—the name given to the horse, probably in acknowledgment of his herculean labors—his was a hard time, frequently pulling against stiff head-winds with the swells dashing over him at almost every step; obliged to swim across the mouths of the streams emptying into the lake; or suddenly plunging into deep holes, where the poor animal was com-

pletely submerged and sometimes almost strangled.

The human sharers of his toil, it may be presumed, made generous provision for the rest and refreshment of the faithful animal when the favoring current enabled them to relieve him from his labors and to return him to his old quarters on the raft.

Having arrived at Detroit the lumber was disposed of; the required purchases made, and the men returned either by the route they had come, in canoes, or on foot up the Indian trail to Delaware.

In this hazardous and laborious business young Woodhull heartily engaged—thus launching his bark on the tide, which, with him, “flowed on to fortune.” The profits arising from the sale of his lumber soon enabled him, with his father’s assistance, to build a grist-mill.

By this means his neighbors were relieved from some of the serious disadvantages under which they had previously labored. The long milling expeditions were no longer necessary, and, through the kindness of obliging raftsmen, they could now and then obtain a few groceries or other needful articles from Detroit without being obliged to journey thither themselves.

The bitterness of feeling engendered by the Revolutionary War had then somewhat abated, or, at least, it exerted but little influence in business transactions. Yankee money and goods were as acceptable to Canadians as British lumber, &c., were to builders or speculators in the United States.

It must not, however, be supposed that lumber brought anything like the price in those days that it does now. The best pine inch boards, and even clear siding, often sold for three or four dollars the thousand feet, and sometimes for even less than the smaller amount named. But if the price of lumber was low, so was the price of labor. The very best quality of pine timber was abundant in the vicinity, and for a long time it supplied the means of a lucrative trade.

Several years afterward the Woodhulls removed a few miles up the river to a place now known as Killworth. Here again they built mills; and continued to reside till life closed.

Mr. Woodhull, the younger, for a long series of years carried on a successful business, and accumulated a large property, which he bequeathed to his numerous posterity. Having served his generation he died at a good old age, beloved by his children and his children’s children, and respected by his neighbors.

In the possession of his son, Mr. Benjamin Woodhull, of Killworth, there is now a somewhat interesting memento of those early times. It is an old day-book which originally belonged to the grandfather of its present possessor. How much more than a hundred years old it is, cannot be now definitely determined. The antiquated volume bears evidence of the vicissitudes through which it has passed; the “tooth of time” having destroyed a considerable portion of its first pages, and on others, the ink has so faded that the dates cannot be distinguished.

The first entry that is legible bears date June 28th, 1765. The price of wheat is not given in any entry that could be made out; but corn is set down at 40 cents per bushel. The wages paid for work was, for a man, fifty cents a day; for a child, twenty-five cents a day. The charge for boarding a man was eighteen cents a day. The price of rum* was one dollar and twenty-five cents per gallon.

From the record it appears that, scanty as were their wages, men then as now would “spend their money for that which is not bread; and their labor for that which satisfieth not”—for that which “at the last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

In this same venerable book are a number of promissory notes, given at different times. The first note that can be deciphered is dated in 1784. None of the notes were to bear interest until after they became due, and then only at six per cent till paid. What appears to us a rather peculiar feature in their method of doing business in that olden time, is, that when a note was discharged, it was merely marked “paid,” and the party was credited on the book for having paid his note as

* This entry is found in the pages which are occupied with transactions that occurred while the family were still resident in the old colonies.

described; but the note itself remained in the book.

There is something deeply interesting in looking over such old records of the transactions of past generations. We get glimpses of their manner of life, and of the state of society, and learn much of their honesty and economy.

The educational advantages of many of the early settlers of Canada had certainly been rather limited, some of them having had comparatively no knowledge of letters. But their diligent cultivation of their powers of observation and memory somewhat compensated in the then state of affairs for that deficiency, and their remarkable courage and perseverance eminently qualified them to grapple with the difficulties of their situation and to overcome them.

CHAPTER XLII.

SETTLEMENT OF LONDON—EARLIEST SETTLER—FIRST WHITE WOMAN RESIDENT BETWEEN THE TWO BRANCHES OF THE THAMES—SECOND FAMILY.

Although settlements were made in Westminster and Dorchester simultaneously with, or soon after the location of Allen at Delaware,* the lands lying on the opposite side of the Thames were allowed to remain for many years in their native wildness. Governor Simcoe's idea of establishing the seat of government at the Forks of the Thames having been abandoned, the adjacent lands seem to have attracted no further attention with a view to their settlement till some time after the war of 1812.

A family named Montague settled soon after the war on the north side of the river—a short distance below its Forks—and they are believed to have been the first settlers in the Township of London; but it was not till the year 1818 that the settlement of the township may be said to have fairly commenced; the Montagues appear to have been the only settlers prior to that date.

The portion of the Township of London lying between the north and east branches

of the River Thames, comprises the city of London, the Gore of London and the south-eastern part of the township proper.

The first family settled in that now populous section of the township, was that of Mr. Arthur Thompson, who, with his family, and an unmarried brother, Mr. Richard Thompson, settled there in the autumn of 1818.

The Thompsons were industrious, thrifty and upright men, ever ready to exchange the kind offices neighbors were so often dependent upon each other for in the backwoods. Mrs. Thompson was a more than usually active, energetic and sagacious woman, possessing in a large degree what the New England people call "faculty," and right nobly did she discharge the duties and bestow the hospitalities of the pioneer woman of the settlement.

Her situation during those first dreary months of her abode in the wilderness, must have been anything but agreeable to a person of her social disposition, utterly cut off as she was from the companionship of her own sex. From the time that she left the last settlement behind, on her way into the woods in the fall, till the ensuing March, she never saw a white woman. Her surprise and satisfaction may therefore be readily imagined, when one cold night in that proverbially blustering month, a white man, accompanied by his wife and children, came to claim the shelter of her shanty—a claim that Mrs. Thompson was nothing loath to recognize, and, by pleasant words and kindly deeds, she soon succeeded in making the weary travellers feel themselves welcome and comfortable.

The advent of visitors from the outside world was an exciting and agreeable event in their monotonous and secluded lives; and their gratification was yet further increased on learning that the new comers purposed settling within a few miles. To Mrs. Thompson, after the isolation of the past months, it seemed that to have a civilized woman within reach, with whom she could take counsel, and to whose womanly kindness she could look for sympathy and assistance in time of illness or

* In a previous chapter, by some mistake, 1803 has been substituted for 1793, as the date of Allen's settlement at Delaware. The latter is the correct date.

difficulty, would be so delightful a change that all the other discomforts inseparable from backwoods life sank into insignificance.

Fatigue, exposure to the inclemency of the weather, home-sickness, and gloomy forebodings had almost exhausted the strength and spirits of the mother of the tired and sleepy little travellers; but the ready assistance, cheerful conversation, and cordial kindness of her hostess revived her drooping spirits, and, congratulating herself at having found such a neighbor in the dreary solitude that was henceforth to be her home, she silently raised her heart in thanksgiving to Him who had so prepared her way. These two were the first white women who dwelt between the two rivers; and the friendship which commenced that night between them cheered many a tedious hour of illness or loneliness—endured through the joys and sorrows of long years of usefulness—and was interrupted only by death.

Robert Webster, the newly-arrived settler, immediately set about preparations for making his family as comfortable as circumstances would admit of in a home of their own. But as he was one whose moral influence was long felt in the neighborhood, perhaps, before sketching his Canadian life, a glance at his antecedents may not be inappropriate.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MR. WEBSTER'S FAMILY—GOING TO IRELAND—RETROSPECTIVE—CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES—PROTESTANTISM FOUNDED WITH ENGLISH POLICY TOWARDS THE IRISH—HENCE HATRED OF PROTESTANTS—1798—TRIUMPH OF AFFECTION OVER NATIONAL ANIMOSITY IN A FAITHFUL IRISH SERVANT—HIS DEATH—A YOUNG SOLDIER—DEATH OF THE FATHER—NEW ALARMS—WEARIED OF CONTENTION, R. WEBSTER RESOLVES TO EMIGRATE—EMBARKATION—FEARS OF IMPRESSMENT—WEEKS AT SEA WITHOUT SEEING A SAIL—HENCE HOPE OF ESCAPE—A MAN-OF-WAR IN SIGHT—A CHASE.

The family to which Mr. Webster belonged had for many years been resident

in Ireland—their ancestor having gone thither from England in the army of Cromwell, and having remained there, as did many of his fellow-soldiers, after the Irish were supposed to be subdued. Though we are as far from attributing to the Great Protector the full measure of the hypocrisy and tyranny for which he has been denounced by one class of historians, as from exactly according to him the saintliness and patriotism of character for which he has been so lauded by the other; yet, candor compels the admission that he and the government of his day dealt very severely with the native Irish.

All history proves that the perpetration of acts of injustice and oppression is the sowing of seed that yields bitter harvest, and in no country has this been more fully verified than in Ireland. Resentment at the confiscations and restrictions to which they were subjected by the Commonwealth, and the memory of their various spoliations, from Strongbow downward, rankled in the sensitive Irish heart, and intensified their hatred of the English and their religion. Thus did the Celts and the Anglo-Hibernians occupy for generations the same island, yet each feeling the other to be of a distinct nationality, and more antagonistic than if broad seas had rolled between them—the former seizing every opportunity that to their sanguine natures seemed favorable to rear the standard of revolt, and, because unable to reach the dominant government, pouring out their wrath, without mixture of mercy, upon the aliens to their blood and faith who were established upon their soil.

“English” and “heretic” with them were synonymous terms; hence bigotry, and the persecuting spirit which glories in uprooting a different creed, mingled with, if they did not tower above, the sentiment of nationality. When their fury broke forth, however kind and conciliatory their neighbors who had adhered to the Reformed faith had been as individuals, they were held to a terrible account for all the wrongs, real and imaginary, of centuries.

The Websters, being staunch Protestants, suffered much from these repeated outbreaks, particularly from that of 1798.

Their houses were pillaged at different times, and finally burned with their out-buildings—a few valuables only having been preserved, which had been previously secreted by a faithful servant-man, who had been long in their employment, and who, though himself a Romanist, continued to the last constant in his attachment to the family, and in his efforts to protect them and their property from the attacks of his own friends and co-religionists. Poor fellow! while returning one night, after having buried some of the family effects, he was discovered and pursued by a band of insurgents, who were incensed against him because of his fidelity to a Protestant family. He fled and had almost reached the house when they fired upon him, and he fell within a few feet of his master's door. Some of his pursuers, determined to make sure work of it, pressed forward and piked him where he lay.

After the enactment of this tragedy, Mr. Webster and his married son removed the women and children of their families as speedily as possible to the comparative security of a garrison town; and he and his sons, one of them, his son Robert, being a lad of only twelve years, took up arms in defence of their own lives and the lives of their kindred and neighbors.

The fatigue, suffering and exposure to which he was necessarily exposed during the contest, undermined Mr. Webster's constitution, and he died soon after the suppression of the rebellion.

Scarcely had people whose property had been devastated reared new homes on the ashes of their old ones, and indications of returning prosperity become apparent, when they were again alarmed by the attempt of Emmet and his coadjutors in 1803. There had not been time for the revolting details of the soul-sickening enormities of "the '98" to lose any of their horrible distinctness, and those in whom perverted patriotism or bigoted fanaticism had not deadened moral perception or benumbed human sympathies, shuddered in anticipation of the repetition of such deeds.

Therefore, when that rising had been put down, hundreds of the peace-loving

portion of the people, of both parties, despairing of any long continuance of peace, hastened to quit the unhappy island that seemed destined to become "a place of skulls."

The emigration which followed was chiefly directed to the United States, and through the encouraging letters sent back by the emigrants, many of their friends and relatives were induced to follow them. Among these were three young men who had married daughters of the deceased Mr. Webster. Their representations prevailed upon Mr. Robert Webster and the husband of another of the sisters to join them in the New World. The widowed mother, seeing that her family ties were likely to be stronger there than in the land of her birth, determined with her youngest son, still unmarried, to be of the party.

In May 1811, they embarked at Dublin for New York, and the vessel being loosed from her moorings, soon began to glide seaward. A voyage across the Atlantic was not then the holiday excursion that it has now become. The great majority of those who nerved themselves to brave its dangers, as they held in that last fond clinging clasp the hands of the friends they were leaving, and looked with soulful eyes into their loved faces, felt that they should see them no more on earth.

If it were possible to photograph thought and feeling, what a study would be presented by a faithful representation of the reflections and emotions that elated with bright anticipation or high resolves—that depressed with dark forebodings or bitter disappointments—that convulsed with anguish, or overwhelmed with fond and tender memories the hearts of such an outgoing throng, as they gazed their last upon the rapidly-receding shores of the "Green Isle" that held upon its bosom their living and dead beloved—till lowly cots and lordly halls, frowning turrets and heavenward-pointing spires, fertile fields and sunny slopes, rugged crags and mountain peaks, had disappeared from their sight forever!

After clearing the Irish coast, the vessel experienced a long period of rough weather, which protracted the voyage and caused the passengers alarming apprehensions.

It will be remembered that it was at this time that the great struggle was going on between Great Britain and the first Napoleon. The vast naval operations in which Great Britain was constantly engaged, continually requiring fresh supplies of seamen, and in greater numbers than could be obtained by less exceptionable methods, vessels were boarded on the high seas, and men impressed into the service. The fear of being seen and overhauled by one of the cruisers engaged in this business was a constant source of anxiety to the passengers, which increased to intensity while they were being tossed hither and thither by the adverse winds.

Some weeks passed without any other vessel being seen. The passengers had generally recovered from sea-sickness, and the weather having become such as admitted of their taking air and exercise on deck, their spirits had revived, and they had begun to think that they had escaped the dreaded cruisers.

Their fancied security was, however, destined to receive a sudden shock. One morning the cry was heard, "A sail! a sail!"

The captain hastened to scrutinize the unwelcome visitant through his glass. Those who were able to do so hurried on deck. All eyes were bent in the direction indicated—at first to perceive nothing, then to discern a tiny speck on the distant edge of the horizon.

The moments seemed hours to the painfully excited people, while the captain silently surveyed the strange sail.

"What is it, captain?" cried some.

"Surely it is not a man-of-war!" exclaimed others.

When the captain spoke, it was to issue an order to make more sail; then, in reply to the anxious questionings of his passengers, he said, "The vessel is a man-of-war, and is sailing in this direction; but we are so much smaller than she is, that it is possible she may not yet have seen us."

His order had already caused his auditors to suspect this; yet the announcement of its certainty filled their hearts with dismay. Brave men, who would have fearlessly met an enemy on the battle-field, now paled at the thought of being torn from their wives and little ones, who were about to be strangers in a strange land. Wives clung to their husbands, mothers to their sons, daughters to their fathers, and sisters to their brothers—some in silent agony, others with loud outbursts of sorrow.

"My friends," said the captain, "this will not do. The deck must be left to the crew. Go below all of you, and we will do the best we can for you."

While they reluctantly withdrew their eyes from the object of their terror, and retired from the deck, every inch of canvass that the ship could bear was spread to the breeze, and she went scudding over the waters, as if sympathizing with the distress of the unhappy beings whom she carried, and eager to bear them out of the reach of the approaching danger.

The captain again raised his glass to observe the movements of the stranger, and was not long in discovering that she was not only giving chase, but rapidly gaining upon him.

(*To be continued.*)

A FATHER'S TRIBUTE.

An English laborer, whose child was suddenly killed by a falling beam, wrote the following lines suggested by the melancholy event. They are touchingly beautiful:—

Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But O! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow:

Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly, slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall;
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on!

AN ADVENTURE IN THE APENNINES.

BY A CANADIAN.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

This was not a very agreeable communication, and at first I could not regard it as truth. The woman perceived this, and asked me sharply—

“Then for what purpose do you think they brought you here, at risk and trouble to themselves? Could they not have left you where they found and robbed you?”

I saw the reasonableness of her argument and feared the more.

“How long have I been here?” I asked.

“Not two days yet, fortunately for you.”

“I cannot understand—I do not feel as if my wound was severe; and yet I have only just now recovered consciousness.”

“Your wound was trifling—only enough to stun you for a time—but they drugged you, according to their custom, that they might the more easily carry you off. And I have repeated the dose since you came here, hoping that they might leave you and go away on some other dark business, and thus afford you an opportunity of escape. But hush! I hear them climbing the rock! We are in the mountains, far away from help.”

“What would you have me say?”

“Nothing. If they find you are capable of speaking, you are lost.”

“Then must I feign insensibility?”

“Ah!” she said, in a derisive tone, “they cannot be so easily deceived, though I have so far duped them. But, if you trust me, take this; it is an opiate and will act quickly—’tis such as I have before given you—we in this house know its value, though I believe it never before was used by any here for merciful ends. Take it! they approach! a few minutes and they will be up, and nothing more left for me to do on your behalf.”

I took the little vessel from her hand and drained it, lay still and was soon

unconscious of everything but a strange rushing sound in my head. How long I lay so, I cannot tell; but as my senses returned, I became aware that some figure passed away from my bedside; and presently voices reached my ears. At first they seemed as if they came from a distance, and the words sounded indistinctly; but gradually everything became clearer to my mind, and my senses resumed their full powers. Then I perceived that there were three men seated in the room, and that they were speaking together in a growling, discontented tone, occasionally addressing the woman, who seemed occupied at the farther end of the dark hovel.

“You must have given him a double dose,” said one, “or he would never sleep so long. ’Tis strange it did not end his life altogether.”

“I care little,” was the reply, “unless it prove that his worthless breath can secure some gold to us.”

“Well, ’tis not likely that he’ll use it for a while, as far as talking goes. He’s without sense—perhaps dying. I shook him enough to rouse him if he had any feeling; but he snored away. I tell you I think you’ve finished him.”

“I’ve a mind to make it sure,” said a brutal-looking wretch, whose scowling brow and gross mouth and chin told of a ferocious nature. “And,” he added, “what better does he deserve, if it turn out that waiting on him has spoiled another and a better job for us? We should have been at the pass hours ago, and likely enough we’ve lost a good chance by dawdling here. I tell you we’re fools for our pains, and if you’d left me to myself, I’d have settled it long ago; but I’ll not be put off again. Come, Maria, hurry with the supper. I have a sharp appetite, so let us have plenty. It will go hard with me if we don’t bring back what will keep us going for a while. And bring us wine; I’m

just in the humor to drink it, and it will help me to wind it up yonder." (Here the ruffian pointed to my miserable self.) "I say again 'tis the only safe way of ending it," adding, "we'll lose our chance if we delay any longer; and if we leave him here he may escape, and make a business of it that will end badly for us."

The others listened; but, after taking a look in the corner, they said, "'tist not worth while; he'll only want a grave."

"Aye, and I can manage that," said the woman. "I know the way to the chasm which tells no tales."

One of the men—I fancied him her husband—turned fiercely on her with some awful threats of vengeance if she should dare to play them false.

The unhappy creature burst into a wild laugh, and, springing up, began to rave and rush about like a maniac. The other men then interfered, and persuaded their companion to leave her to herself.

"We cannot well do without her," they said. "We must have some one in the hut, and, after bearing it so long, 'tis not likely she'll do anything to draw down our vengeance on her now. Speak a word to quiet her;" but a growl was the only reply, as the burly savage flung himself on the ground.

"'Tis time for supper, Maria," remarked one of the others in a soothing tone. "Let us have some of your good omelets, and some wine before we set out. Our journey begins to-night." Gradually the woman's frantic movements subsided, and, after a short time, she busied herself again in preparing supper, astonishing me by her expertness and the feast which she so quickly spread before the hungry men.

"This is good," said one of them with a laugh. "'Tis a wonder the savory smell of such a supper does not bring yonder wretch to his senses. However, 'tis as well for him not to smell what he'd never taste. Now, Maria, for your best in the way of drink. Your feast has been famous."

Maria, as she brushed past my bed, looked warningly at me with her finger on her lips, and disappeared through a door close to my head, returning presently with a large pitcher of wine.

"Why, Maria, you treat us like princes," was the remark of one of the party. "You are not always so forgiving." A frightful grimace and violent gesture on the woman's part made them desist, and for an hour or so there was little said. Some mumblings might be heard occasionally as the three put their heads close together, as if to exclude Maria from their secret; but at length they stood up, and, pointing significantly at me, one of them hissed to Maria,

"See that you're true, or you'll find the bottom of the chasm yourself," and, with a fearful imprecation, he joined the others without.

Maria stood long at the door in perfect silence. It seemed an age to me till she turned into the house, and then the unhappy creature, flinging herself to the floor, abandoned herself to the most distressing expressions of anguish, writhing and plucking the hair from her head, but shedding no tears.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in sharp, piteous accents, "if I had but courage to try, I surely should find more peace at the bottom of the deadly hole than they leave me here." When quieted or rather exhausted, the unhappy woman arose, and, seizing the pitcher, drained the little left into a cup.

"Now," she said, coming towards me, "you may have, I dare say, three or four days to make your last struggle for life. Use them well, or you are lost."

"And what of you, my poor friend?" I said, deeply touched by her misery as well as her kindness to myself.

"What of me? what of me?" she repeated in wailing tones. "What but that, after a life of shame and agony, I shall have a death of hopeless horror. Oh! is it not this that I have been regarding day and night for years! is it not what must be?"

"No, no, put away such dreadful thoughts; and, when I can move, come with me. Every effort I make shall be for you as for myself; but I am famishing now—let me have food or wine. I feel faint and yet I do not feel as if I had been severely wounded."

"No, as I have already told you, your wounds were trifling, only enough to stun you; but they dosed you nearly to death with drugs, which would keep you quiet

enough for their purposes. Seeing your full purse they thought they could easily force you to obtain a large sum for your freedom; but the dose took more effect than they intended; and when I knew what they meant to do, I gave you more of it, as the only chance of helping you. 'Tis not often I have had the opportunity of helping any one out of this murderous den; but, here, let me prop you up, and take this 'tis nourishing."

She had beaten some eggs up in the wine and held it to my mouth. I swallowed it gladly and soon felt refreshed.

"Now," she said, "you must take a plunge in the pool you will find at the back of the house, and when you come in I will rub your limbs until they smart, and then your strength will soon return."

I arose and tottered dizzily to the open air, but she continued to urge me so earnestly to take the bath that I promised to comply, and, although shrinkingly enough, crept towards a clear bright pool, or pond, formed by the arrested waters of a little mountain stream; then, ashamed at my reluctance, I undressed and leaped in, and almost instantly found the benefit of the shock.

CHAPTER IV.

On my return to the house, poor Marie seated herself on the floor at my side, and begun to rub my legs and feet more vigorously than one could suppose possible for such emaciated arms as hers. I desired to spare her this trouble, but she would not be deterred.

"No," she sighed, "let me have at least one comfort before I die, one remembrance that may console me when I look closely on death."

So she continued rubbing till my limbs really smarted, and then she arose, saying,

"Now, some more food and rest, and then you must fly for your life."

"Nay, Marie, you too must endeavor to escape. I go not alone, to leave you to suffer on my account."

"Suffer," she repeated; "suffer! What has life been to me for the last ten years, but one long, deep suffering? It must end

soon, I cannot endure it longer; but I will leave them to deal the blow. I cannot enter God's presence with the vilest of crimes on my wretched head. I will not take my own life."

As the poor, despairing creature spoke, she rocked herself to and fro, wailing out from time to time between her sentences short exclamations of wild prayer, calling on the Virgin and Saints to take pity on her—but suddenly, as if recollecting herself, she said,

"Oh, you are English—you are a heretic—you cannot feel for me."

"Ah yes, I do with all my heart; and all that is in my power I am anxious to do for you. Where was your early home? could you not return to it?"

"Oh!" she shrieked, tossing her arms over her head. "My home! my parents! I must know them no more; I disgraced them, I forsook them, and for what? Alas, alas, who so wretched as I!"

I succeeded after a while in calming her and then asked: "Is there no place in which you could seek for rest, far away from this?"

She buried her face in her hands, and remained for a considerable time, as it were, lost in thought; but arousing herself, she looked at me with a soft, sad expression over her wasted features, and told me in a scarcely audible voice:—

"I have been at home. I have seen them all. My father with his snow-white head, blanched by his child's cruelty; my mother bent and sightless from the tears she shed over my villainess. Ah! I have hurried them on to the gates of death. I have robbed them of all comfort, and still you speak of my going home. No, no; go you and tell them I have repented—in the midst of such anguish such torment, as few on earth ever feel; tell them I came to my senses after a long delirium, and then the old love for them returned, and my soul dwelt with them, and for their sakes my hands refused to be polluted with the gold which had once tempted me, and my heart loathed the deeds which secured the luxuries I once so insanely craved—and I would have none of them. Heaven knows that in the midst of wealth I have been poor. With dainties

wasting around me, I have contented myself with such fare as the very dogs would turn from; and, considering the chastisement which my sins deserved, I have suffered in silence such cruelty, such torment, as it was a wonder my frame did not sink under. But my chief punishment was to live on, to think on. My mind has sometimes failed, and I believe, from what I have heard, that then no tigris was ever more fierce, more unmanageable. At such seasons they left me to myself, and for days would never enter the hut. When the fit had passed they would find me all but dead, and could not understand how I had lived so long, racked as I was by torture of mind and body, and without food; for, although it generally lay around in quantities, I never touched it, as they had every reason to know."

"And why did you not fly from such misery?"

"Alas! why mock me by such a question? Whither could I fly? From whom could I ask shelter? Is not the stamp of evil deeply imprinted on me? Who ever saw such a form as mine, and shrank not from it? Who could suffer this hand to touch them, or those eyes to rest on them? The very savages amongst whom I live often recoil from me, and say I am possessed. 'Tis strange they have suffered me to live; but I believe it is superstition alone which has hindered them from destroying me. Sometimes I have tested this by denouncing horrid judgments against them, unless they would comply with some demand, and such threats never failed to effect my purpose."

"Then why did you not command them to abstain from ill-treating you?"

"Ah, that was not for me to do. My trials were sent, and they were the messengers, and I knew I deserved all, so I bore it in silence. It was only when I wished to turn their hands from deeds of violence towards others, or to see some unfortunate set free, that I resorted to such means; but latterly I was losing even this influence over them, at least over him for whom I had forfeited all—the man whom I had once thought it my greatest bliss to call husband, now my greatest tyrant, and less moved by my threats or entreaties, my

madness or my silent patience, than any of the others.

We continued to talk much in the same way during the night. Occasionally I begged of her to seek some rest, but a woe-begone shake of her head was her quiet but firm refusal.

As day dawned she appeared restless that I should set out; but I assured her that nothing would induce me to leave her to the fury of the merciless ruffian, who, on smaller provocation than my escape, was capable of any violence towards her. She smiled in a strange, absent way, and kept drawing one hand from beneath the other, while her upturned eyes gleamed wildly. I spoke again several times before she appeared to notice me, and I became momentarily more distressed and alarmed. What if one of the frantic fits she had described should come on now? Could I leave her in so terrible a condition? Or how was it possible I could carry her with me? My thoughts grew intensely painful, and I know not what conclusion I should have come to, had she not suddenly recovered her consciousness of things present, and spoken calmly to me.

"There is one word more I would say to you," she sighed. She then turned aside, and, taking up a knife, she severed one of the long silvery locks which hung loosely over her shoulders. "Take this," she said, softly, "and shew it to them. They once loved to look upon my head rich with its raven curls; and many a time their hands lay caressingly on my brow, as they gazed, oh! so fondly, into my eyes; but now they'll know as they gaze on these whitened hairs, that as I have sinned, so have I sorrowed."

"But," I said, "they will like better to see you returning to tell them of your penitence. They will surely not reject their child—their only one. Think, were you a mother yourself, could you do so?" She suddenly turned her back on me and leant her forehead against the wall. I fancied her yielding, and went on, "Yes, just try to conceive yourself appealed to by a beloved, only child. Fancy you see the bitter tears of repentance and hear the cry for pardon—that you are listening to the touching appeals, to the deep natural love which

ever dwells in a mother's heart, could you turn away unmoved? No; would you not rather run to embrace the lost one, found at last. Why, consider how much alive a mother is even to her infant's cry?—how willing to sacrifice herself in every way for its welfare?"

"Stop! stop! or I shall go mad!" burst from the heart-broken woman, as she suddenly faced me with outstretched arms and dilated eyes. "I am a mother! I have heard the cries of my babe, and yet I forsook her. They would have let me keep my babe. They never told me to give it up; but I could not, I dared not, rear it amid scenes of horror, such as I knew would be my lot, so I sent it from me. At the risk of my own life, I carried it far hence, and left it amongst those I believed good and kind. They did not recognize me, I had changed so much in the time I had been from my parents; but their hearts were tender, and when I told them that the child was perishing for want of food, they took it from my arms and prepared to feed it, telling me to rest and eat; but I watched my opportunity and fled."

"And have you never seen it since?"

"Yes, once, when my darling was three years old. Again I stole down to the valley in which she lived, and looked on her lovely face. She seemed to me like an angel; and oh! how I longed to live or die with her—but I would not disgrace her. I could not blight her young life. No; I wrenched myself away without even once embracing my beautiful child."

"And was this visit to the valley ever discovered by your husband?"

"Yes; and he almost killed me, and vowed that if I ever again dared to risk the discovery of their haunts, and their dark deeds, he would fling her headless body at my feet. I never suffered my feet to turn towards her again; but she has dwelt in my inmost heart continually—the sweet, smiling face of my darling is there; and, at the worst, when I look on it, my soul is calmed. 'Tis only when my brain breaks from the restraint of reason, under their cruel taunts or brutal usage, that I lose sight of her, and then all is fierce ungoverned rage—so terrible that it awes even those savage men, as they have more than once con-

fessed; but such outbreaks leave me a miserable sufferer, and must in the end destroy me should I not fall under the hands of my tormentors."

"But why not fly from such trouble? why not seek peace far away from this wretched place?"

"Have I not answered you? Have I not told you of my broken-hearted parents?—of my forsaken child?"

"Yes, but I would have you return to them. I believe, if they still live, they will receive and comfort you. They may easily see how you have suffered. Were you their only one?"

"Alas! yes; and a dearly loved one. No shadow ever fell between us till I met Clement Bernardi and listened to his tempting words—till I learned from him to prize gold and its gifts beyond all besides; then I became restless, and astonished my parents by complaining of wants which they had never dreamt of, and scornfully rejecting comforts which had before fully satisfied me. Oh! how often the look of grief with which they met my heartless words returns and scorches my very soul! That was the beginning of anguish to them—of perdition to me. I soon left them, notwithstanding all their affectionate efforts to meet my wishes, and their entreaties that I should have compassion on their old age and stay to comfort them—all their commands that I should turn away from my tempter, and their warnings of my danger; but I had gone farther than they thought, and I believed there was nothing left for me but to fly. I made one condition with my betrayer—he must marry me, or I would hide from all in the deep waters of the river which rushed close by our little orchard. We were standing on its border at the moment, and, provoked by his sneering reply, I threw myself headlong into the dangerous rapids. I knew nothing more till I found myself lying beneath some trees, Bernardi kneeling beside me.

"Little fool," he said, "how rash you have been! I only laughed at the senseless value you place on a *form*. However, as I see you are so much in earnest about it, I will indulge you; my friend has already

gone to arrange matters;" and that night we were married in a village not far from my home. How the difficulties which I had anticipated were got over, I never knew; but I was happy then. I loved the man with all my heart, and fancied he loved me, but I soon discovered my terrible mistake. My beauty and shrewdness had caught his taste for the time, and he was pleased to be told that he had carried off the fairest bride in the country; but he had too long indulged in habits ruinous to all rightmindedness, to leave any trace of pure love behind; and when I found it so, I did not try to disguise my disgust and anger. This led to constant trouble, and at last I found that my only peace was during his absences, which became more frequent, and often of considerable length. My babe was born whilst he was away—I knew not where; but as I held her in my arms, all my love for her father returned, and I longed to see him, and hear him praise my darling. He came, and for a few hours appeared pleased, but told me we must soon move away higher up in the mountains; this I dreaded, and pleaded against, which completely overturned his good humor, and before night closed in, he had given way to most violent temper, and so terrified me that I grew quite ill, and incapable of taking proper care of my poor infant; consequently, she became restless and fretful, and this still further irritated him. To my horror I saw him grasp the tender babe and rush with it from the house. I sprang to my feet, ill as I was, and followed him; but before I had got near him he had placed the child on the moss under a tree, and was returning with some words of indignation. I passed him, and threw myself down beside my poor babe, unequal to the least further effort. He took no notice, but left me to myself for an hour or two, shuddering and sobbing as the clear moonlight fell on the infant's face; then in my desolation I vowed that the little being he had so thrust forth should never grow up beneath his roof. So when I had recovered strength enough to carry it, I took advantage of his absence to seek out one in the valley of whose kindness I had seen much when a child myself; and you know the rest.

CHAPTER V.

"From this time we seldom remained more than a few weeks in one place, but were generally well supplied with provisions of all kinds, and many luxuries even found their way to our store-room; but how they were obtained, I was never told; yet I was not without suspicion of wicked means being used, and the thought made me miserable. Often I sat down hungry and weak, with a loathing for the food which I believed had been secured by plunder, and many a time I provoked my husband and his fierce companions by refusing to partake of their ill-gotten gains."

"How is it possible," I asked again, "that you could resist returning and throwing yourself on your parents' compassion?"

"For a long time after I had given up my baby, my heart prompted me to try this; but occasionally I gleaned some tidings of the friends I had deserted, through one of the men who frequented our house, and all he told me of them discouraged me from making any attempt at reconciliation; but since then I have thought that all this was a plan to prevent me from going back to my father's roof. I was a good cook, and they prized my abilities in this respect. Then they employed me constantly in mending and making their clothing, and in fact in attending to all their wants, and they did not choose to lose me. At length my husband was carried home in a frightfully injured state. He had received several wounds, and the balls still remained in his frame. His sufferings were terrible, and they softened me. I nursed him faithfully, and sometimes had a little hope of drawing forth some tenderness in return; but the irritation of his wounds made him fiercer than ever, and the want that he occasionally felt of those luxuries which he so greatly prized, added to his ill-temper—so that it was a wretched time for me. Long before he was in anything like a healthy state, some of his companions paid us a hasty visit, and stated that if we valued our lives we must fly, as our present haunt was discovered, and a large band of the angry

people had assembled to come and seize and bring us to justice. I then understood fully that my husband and his associates were nothing less than desperate banditti, and subject at any time to be brought to the most shameful end. Oh! how glad I was then that I had shielded my child from disgrace by parting from her, though the separation had agonized me. This thought reconciled me in a great measure to the privation, and I no longer mourned over it; but my heart grew harder, and I cared not how matters went. When I was told to prepare hastily for a removal to the rugged mountain top, I submitted sullenly, and toiled up the rocky acclivities for a night and day with bleeding feet and stolid indifference. When we arrived here, I sunk into a kind of stupor from which they told me they found it hard to rouse me, and ever since I have borne more than words could describe of hardship and misery in every form; and now you ask me to go forth once more into the world. Alas! what interests are left for me in life? My very child would disown me, my parents would hide away from the sight of the fallen one. No, no; a little, a very little more, will bring the death I look for. 'Tis not in human nature to bear much more, and to go to my grave is the only thing left for me now."

"You said, I think, that you had sometimes helped your husband's prisoners to escape. Why did they not aid you?"

"I would have nothing from them. I risked my life to give them a chance of theirs; but they never knew that I cared to change my mode of living, and only promised, in acknowledgment of my services, that they would not betray us."

"And why do you compassionate me?" I asked.

"Were you not, without my assistance, utterly helpless? They might have promised to restore you to your friends on their demands for gold being answered, but you would never have lived to describe the place or people connected with your captivity. They never run such risks. Now go; to you alone I have told the tale of my wrongs and my wretchedness, of my

sin and my penitence. I know not how it has come to me to do so; perhaps death is at hand, and I seek for some relief at last. My untold grief has grown too much for me. Go! go!" she said, excitedly; "leave me to my fate. You have lost already but too much time. You cannot venture to go to the West, though your friends may be there, your foes also are in that direction; and 'tis a long weary journey to the Eastern coast—but 'tis the only path open to you."

Then I said, "I will never tread it alone. I know nothing of the road, and would be sure to wander astray and die in the wilds. I have heard of the gloomy sterility of these heights in the Apennines, and do not care to venture. If you refuse to accompany me, I stay here."

Her head sunk on her knees, and her long lean arms were thrown over it with her bony fingers interlaced, and pressed hard amongst her wild, gray hair. After a few minutes of unbroken silence, her frame begun to shake and shudder, and such groans broke forth as made my heart ache. I was inexpressibly distressed, and could not remain without making some attempt to console her, though I knew not what to say or do.

At length I laid my hand on her shoulder, and started at its sharpness, "Come," I entreated, "come with me, else you cut me off from life. I have friends very dear to me, who will mourn terribly if they lose me. Come! think not of yourself, but have pity on me. If you must die, let it be with the remembrance of a generous act of self-denial. I can understand your repugnance to change now; but for my sake, for holy charity's sake, come and be my guide and many a heart will bless you!"

"Bless me!" she said suddenly, and springing to her feet, "bless me! Oh! holy words; but how can I believe them? A blessing for me is too much to hope for, and yet the thought is sweet."

"Yes, and I will help you to find your child, wherever it may be. Come! happiness may lie before us; but, if you refuse, what but a death of horror awaits us! Will you sacrifice me?"

AN EPISODE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND WINTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY FLORA.

“Well, sir, as you wish to hear my story, I shall give it you as well as I can; but I could never describe to you the fearful time I passed all that long, cold winter.” Thus spoke Mr. S— to the clergyman of M—, to whose parish he had come, and who had often heard his story from others, but wished to have it from his own lips. But we shall give it in his own words:—

“About the middle of December, 1867, Captain T— came to St. John’s, Newfoundland, and, as I was a fisherman, he thought that I knew something about navigation, and begged me to assist him in his unhappy search for his son, who had not been heard of for some time, and for whom the miserable father had been and still was searching.

“As I had nothing to do in the winter, and the money offered was a great consideration to me, I agreed, and, as I have before said, we started about the middle of December.

“The voyage was pretty fair for some time; but still the captain had heard nothing of his son. When we reached the southern part of Newfoundland, a dreadful gale came on, and, after a fearful night, we were driven on the sands and the ship struck. I shall never forget the horrors of that fearful night! There we were, without any hope of rescue, only a very few of us to work the ship, and the waves dashing over us and making us cold and weak. We were there for several days, and at last the captain was taken sick. We had tried to reach the shore, but had not been able. At last we succeeded in making a raft that would carry us, and myself and three others reached the land. There the scene was very desolate and unpromising, and, after trying for some time to discover signs of habitations without success, we were

obliged to return to the ship without any news for the captain, whom we found dangerously ill. He had become weak from exposure to the cold and wet. Soon after the other three sickened and died one by one, and were buried by me in the snow, or I should rather say covered, for I was too weak myself to do much.

“I could not tell how long I should survive them; and, as I buried the last of my friends, my feelings were anything but happy. There were the poor fellows who, like myself, had left home full of life and spirits, and who now lay dead before me! What right had I to expect more than they? How soon might not I be called to meet my God, unless He, in His infinite goodness, should think proper to spare me for some wise purpose of His own?”

“There was nobody alive near me now, for the poor captain was at the point of death. When I returned to the ship, he was lying on the miserable deck. I did all I could to soothe and comfort him; but I was so weak myself that I could hardly crawl—for we had had hardly anything to eat since we were wrecked.

“About noon the captain died, and I was left quite, quite alone. The poor man’s last words were calling for his son, for whose sake he had undertaken this disastrous voyage. I tried to get him to shore to bury him; but my weak limbs refused to do my bidding, and I was forced to give it up. I thought, as I gazed upon him, of his lonely, unhappy death. It seemed more so to me than any of the others; for he had gone out in hopes of finding his dear son, and, besides the disappointment, he reproached himself as having been the cause of the death of the others, and his death had been the most lingering and painful.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, MISSIONARY TO THE MICMACS.

GLOOSCAP AND HIS FOUR VISITORS.

"As I could do nothing else, I tried to make my way down to the hold. At last I succeeded, and found something to eat, and discovered that the barrels of flour, of which it was full, were giving out a great heat, because the flour had got damp and was in a state of fermentation.

"The warmth and comparative comfort helped to make me fall into a deep sleep. I cannot tell how long I slept; but when I awoke it was day. I felt much stronger than I had done for some time, and I found my way to the deck. There the sight that met my eyes froze my very blood; for there lay the body of the poor captain. Oh! it makes me shudder to think of it! All the face and neck eaten by the rats!

"How I passed the long following months seems a miracle to me now; but that I did it you may be sure, as I am here myself to tell my own story, as I never then thought I should be. I lived on shore without once having a fire all the time. I was there from December to March, eating what I could find in the ship, which I visited from time to time; and to keep myself warm—all through that long, dull winter—all I could do was to walk, and that I did all the time, except when I was sleeping. Fancy, if you can, a man walking and walking all the winter!

"At last in March, to my unspeakable joy and gratitude, I saw a ship; but my feelings were divided between joy and fear—joy at seeing a sail, and fear that it would pass and leave me to perish; after lingering through the winter. But no; she sails straight to the bay, as if she knew that I was there.

"And thus, through God's providence, I was saved, with only the loss of my toes, and restored to my home and family in St. John's."

Here ends the short but true story of a real live hero. How he passed the winter is, indeed, a miracle, without once having a fire to warm him. Both his feet were frozen, and he lost all his toes. A fishing-boat came in March to the bay where he was to catch seals, and this is how he was saved, after three months spent upon that dreary shore.

Many years after Glooscap* left the Indians, four men agreed to go in search of him. Each one had a request to proffer—a burden which he wished to have removed. These men did not know where he was, nor which way to go, but they knew that while his dwelling place had been among the Indians he could always be found by those who diligently sought him, and that he was never very far away, and that he can still be found. This encouraged them to commence and to continue to search for many months, and their diligence was at length crowned with success.

They started on the expedition in the spring of the year, and travelled on till winter. Nor did the snows and storms of winter prevent them from continuing their search. They lived on the game they killed as they travelled. Spring came and summer, and found them still journeying onward in their long and wearisome search. It was mid-summer—*aktaniph*—when they found him for whom they were searching.

The first indications of success were faint and dim. They discovered in the forest a small blind path, and they followed it. It became broader and plainer as they went on. It brought them out to the banks of a beautiful river, and the path wound along the bank of that river, and led them to where it spread out into a broad lovely lake.

Here they found the road marked by blazed trees, and they knew by the mark on the tree in which direction the wigwam lay to which it led, as the trees were marked on the side opposite the wigwam; (a precaution taken by an Indian, so that a stranger coming upon the path always knows which way to go: facing the blaze on the tree, he faces the village or wigwam to which the direction leads.)

As the four travellers went on they came to where a point of road extended far out into the lake. Looking down on this from an eminence they discovered smoke rising up through the trees. They soon come up to a large well-constructed wigwam. Entering the door they see a man apparently about forty years old, seated in the master's place (on the right hand side as you enter), and on the other side, near the door, sat an aged woman, wrinkled and bowed down, as though about one hundred years old. There was evidently a third party who was absent, as his mat was there unoccupied.

The visitors were welcomed in and received with a smile of cordiality, and in-

* Glooscap is the *Hiawatha* of Longfellow, whose stories are wonderfully like the Micmac *Ahtookwo-kun*.

vited to a seat. The usual questions, such as "tahme wegeen?" (*where are you from?*) and "tahme aleen?" (*where are you going?*) were not put. But "the man of the house" was courteous and affable, and evidently delighted to see them.

After a while they hear the splash of an approaching canoe, and soon after the footsteps of some one coming. He throws something down at the door, comes in, and turning to the old woman he calls her mother, "keejoo," and tells her he has brought some game. She now rises with great difficulty, and, weak and tottering, makes her way out and brings in three or four beavers. These she begins to skin, but is so weak that she makes sorry work of it. The older man now addresses the younger as "my brother" (*uchkeen*.) and tells him to take the work out of his mother's hands. He does so, and soon has a goodly portion roasted and prepared for the hungry guests. These do ample justice to the repast.

This hunter—the third party in the wigwam—is a young man of fine form and features. He is the servant in the family, is active, clever, affable and kind. The four strangers remain and share the hospitality of the lodge for about a week.

Time and travel had made sad work with their wardrobes. Their clothes are torn to tatters by the bushes, and their skin is peeping out in all directions. They need to rest and recruit after their long and wearisome travel, and are allowed to do so. They wonder where they are, and who and what their host is!

One morning after they have been there about a week, their host begins to let them know who he is and what he can do. Calling his brother, he directs him to wash their mother's face. They infer from this expression that the old woman is the mother of the other too. The young man brings a dish of water and commences operations, when lo! the wrinkles vanish, and her face appears young and fair. He next proceeds to comb and braid her white tresses, and lo! these become black and glossy under his magic touch. He next proceeds to change her dress, when, being arrayed in new, clean, and brilliant attire, she straightens up and rises a brisk active woman, apparently about fifty years old. The men look on in utter amazement at the transformation. They do not know who their host is, but they see that he is possessed of supernatural power on a large scale.

He now invites them to walk out with him and examine his premises and grounds. So they walk out round the point of land where his habitation is situated. It is indeed a delightful place. Tall, spreading trees, covered with a luxuriant foliage, and blooming with large and fragrant blossoms, stand in straight rows wide apart, and near

the ground, free from limbs and underbrush, and enabling them to see through the vistas to a long distance in all directions. The air is balmy and sweet, and everything wears the aspect of health, repose, and happiness.

Having surveyed and admired the grounds to their hearts' content, they return to the lodge. They are now asked by their host the object of their journey, and they tell him that they are "looking for Glooscap." "I am Glooscap," he replies. "What do you wish me to do for you?" Each one immediately proffers his request. The first says, "I am a wicked man, and have an uncontrollable temper. I want to become good; to be meek and mild, and happy and to do good to others." "All right," says Glooscap, "so be it. I can help you, and I will."

Number two says: "I am a poor man, and find it hard to obtain the supply of my wants. Bad luck often attends me hunting, &c., and I suffer from want. I wish to be rich—to have an abundance of all good things." "Very well," says Glooscap, "so be it. I will grant your request."

"And I," says number three, "am despised and spurned by my companions, and the inhabitants of the village generally. I wish to be respected, honored, and looked up to by others." "It shall be so," says Glooscap.

Number four's case was a hard one. Glooscap shook his head. The poor fellow wanted to get his life insured. He wished to live a long time. "I am not sure about that," said Glooscap, but we'll try and see what we can do for you."

Next day a festival is prepared, and all are sumptuously entertained. Then Glooscap takes them all four up to the top of a high hill, which is rugged and difficult of access, and the ground in all directions so rough and rocky that no one would dream of making a garden of it, or of pitching his tent there. On the very apex of this hill—the *keeneeskwokulk*—they halt, and Glooscap takes the one who had desired long life, clasping him around the loins with his two hands, and lifting him up, places him again gently down on his feet. His feet instantly strike into the earth and become the roots of a tree; and Glooscap moving his clasped hands up over the fellow's head, and giving him a twist or two, as his hands slide upwards, turns him into a cedar tree—scrubby, gnarled and twisted, and having rough ugly limbs growing out on all sides from the ground upwards. "There," says he, addressing the cedar tree, "I can't say how long you will live. The Great Spirit above alone can tell that. But I think you will be likely to stand a long time, as you are fit for no earthly purpose, and will not be likely to be disturbed by mortal hands. I think you'll live a good while."

The three companions were horror-struck. They were sad at the loss and the fate of their comrade, and were terrified lest a similar fate should befall themselves. But their fears were soon dissipated. Returning with them to the lodge, he brings out for each a new and splendid suit of apparel, in which they array themselves, first removing their old tattered and filthy garments. Then from his *upsaykumoo*—a “medicine bag”—he takes out three small boxes, and gives one to each, with directions how the contents are to be used: but with a charge not to open them until they reach their own country and village.

He now inquired of them about their home and how far off it is, and when they wish to return. They tell him all. “They live a very long distance away, are utterly ignorant of the road, but they wish to return immediately.” He informs them that he knows the way to their country well as he has often travelled it, and if they choose he will go with them as a guide. They thankfully agree to the proposal, and arrange their affairs to start next morning. Bright and early next morning they are ready to be off. Glooscap girds on his belt and leads the way.

By the middle of the forenoon, they come to the top of a very high mountain. From the top of this mountain they see the blue dim outlines of another mountain away in the distance. They think it will take them a week at least to reach it. But on they go, and by the middle of the afternoon they have reached the top of this second high mountain. From this place they can see their native village, and all the hills, rocks, rivers, lakes, &c., around are familiar to them. Having shown them all this, Glooscap tells them that they can now work their way without him; and immediately takes leave of them, they going on, and he returning to his own “fair home in the West.” They hasten on, and before sunset reach their native village.

But so changed are they every way, and especially in their new robes and ornaments, that no one knows them. They have to tell who they are. Away in all directions spreads the news: old and young gather around, and listen with open eyes and mouths to the marvellous adventures related.

The three boxes are now examined. Each box contains a powerful unguent. They rub this upon their persons, and wonderful are the effects it produces. The one who has been formerly despised and shunned, is now pressed upon by an eager multitude, all anxious to touch him, for the celestial unguent with which he has been anointed exhales such a delicious perfume that it draws all parties towards him, and enchains them as if by magic. His company and favor are eagerly sought,

and his influence is boundless. Nor are the other two disappointed. He who has hitherto been poor and dependent, is now blessed with abundance. He comes always in successful from the chase, and his lodge is the abode of plenty,—and, best of all, he who sought moral beauty, moral influence, and moral wealth—even durable riches and righteousness—*sabaywoodee*—has obtained the blessing sought. He has become meek and lowly, kind, benevolent, good, and happy. He has received an “anointing” which satisfies all the longings of his heart both for this world and the next.

Such is the “Indian Tale,” as I wrote it down from the mouth of an intelligent, trustworthy Indian. I cannot tell, and he cannot tell, who coined it. He learned this and many more, he tells me, from his aged grandfather, an Indian Chief, who died at an advanced age many years ago, and also from his step-grandmother, the wife of this aged Chief. The two have been dead a good many years. My impression of the story is, as I have already stated, that it is a parable, and coined originally perhaps many hundreds of years ago, and in an age of enlightenment, for the purpose of conveying moral and religious instruction. The lessons it contains are so obvious that they scarcely need to be pointed out. But we may notice them briefly. One could preach quite a sermon from it easily enough.

1. All religions teach that the Deity must be earnestly sought, if men would obtain His favor and aid. Where the veriest scintillation of divine truth obtains, it is understood that He must be sought diligently and perseveringly, and despite all opposing circumstances. Our four heroes continue their search through storm and sunshine, summer and winter, and far into wild and unknown regions.

Here was a lesson of patience and perseverance.

2. The discovery of truth is usually gradual. The inquirer after true wisdom is first led to a dim path, narrow and difficult to follow. But let him persevere, and it will grow broader and plainer, and will lead out to pleasant rivers, well defined pathways, broad lakes and shady groves; to flowers and perfumes, happiness, repose and peace. “Seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”

3. The Divine Being is often much nearer to us than we imagine. He often manifests himself to us, before we discover who he is, and what he is. We share his goodness and grace, and then learn who it is that blesses us,—as our heroes resided some days with their divine friend before they learned that it was really he. This is also true of celestial messengers, and divinely appointed teachers and guides.

4. It were easy to extract a lesson of hea-

then mythology, or even of Jewish theology, from the fact that Glooscap had a brother younger than he, and subordinate to him, and that they had power to renovate their own "mother," and restore her to the freshness and beauty of youth. We are only to suppose that "nature" or the "earth" was conceived to be the parents of "gods and men," or "angels and men," and that "gods and men" have power over "earth" and "nature" to renew the face and fertility of the ground, as the seasons roll; and the parable is complete. [Glooscap was not God, but simply clothed with *divine authority and power*.]

5. But how clearly we have the leading objects of men's pursuits in all ages—Religion, Riches, Honor, and Long Life. And those who diligently pursue either of these, as a general rule, succeed. And how the multitude crowd around the man who has risen to place and power, as rats are drawn by the ratcatcher's box of perfume!

6. But alas for unreasonable demands! We may receive according to the letter of our petitions, but miss the *spirit*: we may obtain the object of our unnatural, unreasonable wish, but it may prove a curse and not a blessing—like the poor fellow who desired "long life" and got himself turned into a gnarled and useless cedar tree.

I may remind the reader that for these "doctrines," as taught by the Indian tale here related, I alone am responsible. The tale itself is a *real legend*.

ABOUT CORAL.

There are few substances in nature that suggest a wider range of thought or appeal more forcibly to the imagination than coral. We take up a string of coral beads and where do they lead us? To the surf breaking over reefs in far tropical seas; to the blue waters that lave the shores of sunny Sicily; to ancient times when all that was beautiful or extraordinary in nature was supposed to be gifted with wonder-working powers. The toils and dangers of mariners; the speculations of sages; the disputations of men of science; the marvels of the animal kingdom; all these things present themselves to the mind in writing the simple word coral.

The Greeks named coral "the daughter of the sea;" and Theophrastus reckons it amongst the precious stones. Pliny tells us that coral was no less esteemed in India than were pearls in Rome, "it being the prevailing taste in each nation respectively that constitutes the value of things," he observes. "Solimus informs us," so he continues, "that Zoroaster attributed certain mysterious properties to coral; hence

it is that they equally value it as an ornament and as an object of devotion."

In Persia, China, and Japan, coral was prized almost as much as gold. The Gauls in ancient times were accustomed to ornament their armor with this lovely product of the Gallic and Italian seas; but finding the value of it as an article of exportation, it soon became comparatively rare in the countries where it at first abounded.

Pliny describes coral as a marine plant bearing crimson berries; nor can we wonder that he should have been led into this mistake when we find the error repeated almost down to our own times. In Johnson's Dictionary is the following definition: "Coral—a plant of as great hardness and stony nature while growing in the water as it is after long exposure to the air."

Coming down to the mediæval age, the first mention we have of coral is in the inventory of Alianore de Bohun, where a paternoster of coral with gilded quader, and three branches of coral, are amongst the list of valuables. Quite as many superstitious beliefs were then attached to this supposed submarine plant as in a more remote period. Reginald Scot in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft" tells us that "the coral preserveth such as wear it from fascinating or bewitching, and in this respect they are hanged about children's necks." Plat in his "Jewish House of Nature" repeats the same story, adding that it preserves from the falling sickness, "it hath also some special sympathy with nature," he continues, "for the best coral being worn about the neck will turn pale and wan if the party that wears it be sick, and comes to its former color again as they recover health."

In 1700 Tournefort described coral as a plant; and Réaumur declared it as his opinion, but slightly differing from former naturalists, that it was the stony product of marine plants. The Count di Marsigli went a step further, and not only asserted the vegetable nature of coral but declared that he had seen its flowers! In his work "La Physique de la Mer" he gives a representation of these sea-blossoms, thus setting the question at rest for ever, as he supposed. Others, however, were not quite so well satisfied; and in 1723 Jean André de Peyssonel, a student of medicine and natural history, was deputed by the French Academie des Sciences to make further observations in elucidation of this interesting subject. He began his examinations first in the neighborhood of Marseilles, and continued them on the north coast of Africa. At last, after long, exact, and delicate observation, he came to the conclusion that the Count di Marsigli's flowers were animals, and demonstrated

that the coral was no plant but the product of a colony of polypi. Let him describe his experiment in his own words.

"I put the flower of the coral in vases full of sea-water, and I saw that what had been taken for the flower of this pretended plant was, in truth, only an insect like a little sea-nettle or polype. I had the pleasure of seeing move the claws or feet of the creature; and having put the vase full of water which contained the coral in a gentle heat over the fire, all the small insects seemed to expand. The polype extended his feet, and formed what M. de Marsigli and I had taken for the petals of a flower. The calyx of this pretended flower, in short, was the animal which advanced and issued out of its shell."

But after all Peyssonel's labors, he received neither reward nor thanks for his discovery; it was ridiculed by Réaumur and Bernard de Jussieu, as something quite unworthy of credit; and poor Peyssonel, meeting with nothing but scepticism and neglect—for his papers were not even printed—in return for his laborious investigations, abandoned the subject in disgust, and departed for the Antilles in the capacity of naval surgeon. Peyssonel was allowed to continue in the obscurity to which he had retired; but many years had not passed before both Réaumur and De Jussieu were obliged to retract their former opinion, and to acknowledge that, after all, Peyssonel's theory was correct.

Since that time full light has been thrown upon this wonder-working zoophite by successive naturalists. But before describing the actual manner in which coral is formed, let us, by the help Schleiden gives us in his interesting and valuable work "Das Meer," take a glance at the haunts of the fabled mermaid, "where the rocks of coral grow." In the basin of the Mediterranean Sea are forests of coral, wondrous as the enchanted gardens of fairy land. Crimson leafless shrubs, bearing apparently delicate star-like white flowers; madrepores and sea-fans with their exquisite perforated tracery, form the mimic trees; flustræ and escharæ adhere like parti-colored lichens to the stems, and yellow, green, and purple limpets cling to the branches. Living flowers, gorgeous as beds of variegated ranunculus, brilliant as cactus blossoms, spread their tentaculæ from the rocks or sparkling sands. Myriad little fishes, brilliant with metallic hues, gold and green, or silvery white, sport amongst the coral stems; and strange creatures, the gleaming bandfish, and diaphanous, mysterious cuttlefish, glide through the thickets in search of prey. At night these submarine forests are lighted up by millions of microscopic medusæ, and crustaceans,

and pale greenish phosphorescent sea-pens. A world of wonder and beauty for ever hidden, save to the eye of the adventurous diver; but even into this "ocean-world," man's rapaciousness and daring have plunged to extract treasures for his use and adornment.

Figuier describes the branch of living coral as "an aggregate of animals derived from a first being by budding. They are united amongst themselves by a common tissue, each polype seeming to enjoy a life of its own, though participating in a common object. The branch seems to originate in an egg, which produces a young animal, which attaches itself soon after its birth. From this is derived the new beings which, by their united labors, produce the branch of coral. The branch is composed of two distinct parts: the one central of a hard, brittle, strong nature, the coral of commerce; the other, altogether external, like the bark of a tree, soft, fleshy, and easily impressed with the nail. This is essentially the bed of the living colony. The first is called the polypier, the second is the colony of polypes."

It would seem that islands and reefs of coral have been formed by subsidence and upheaval; as the living polype is seldom found at less than five fathoms in depth, or more than a hundred and fifty. Humboldt says that the so-called coral rocks that rise above the water are only brescia, or aggregates of fragments of madrepore cemented by carbonate of lime, broken shells and sand. When the colony of polypi becomes extinct, its habitation gradually falls into decay, the branches are snapped off, and fall to pieces. They then become cemented and form rocks as above described; upon these new colonies are founded, and fresh coral forests spring into being to go through the same process and to serve in their turn as foundation for a new race of tiny architects. These builders are all submarine, no living coral branch appears above the surface of the sea, so that there must be other powers of nature at work before islands arise to afford nourishment to the palm, or a footing place for man.

The coral fishing is carried on almost entirely by sailors from Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples. It is a laborious business, so much so that it is a common saying in Italy that only thieves or assassins should go to the coral fishery. The boats employed are from six to fifteen tons; they are manned by a captain or padrone, and eight or ten sailors. The machine employed is of wood, something resembling a heavy cart wheel without rim and with few spokes. A large stone is attached to the centre to assist its descent as well as to break the coral. To this machine are fastened nets to receive the fragments of rock and coral that are broken off. The whole

is attached to a capstan by strong ropes. When the coral bed is reached, the machine is thrown overboard and the speed of the vessel slackened. Six or eight men labor at the capstan, while the others are left free to guide the boat. The heavy wooden machine bumping and tearing at the uneven rocks below, causes the boat to reel and jerk every moment, and the fatigue of drawing up the laden nets is enormous. Sometimes large fragments of rock are brought up to which coral is attached. While the crew are employed in breaking off and gathering together the coral, the machine is hung at the side of the boat ready for a fresh venture. Finally, when the fishing is completed, the coral branches are cleansed from the shells and parasites that adhere to them, and the boat sails for Messina, Naples, Genoa, or other port where the manufacturers of coral ornaments purchase their cargo.

The pure rose-colored coral is the rarest and most expensive; the more ordinary crimson coral is separated into four qualities. The first, the largest and richest in hue, is sold for from thirty shillings to two pounds per pound. The second, smaller in size but still of a good color and free from holes, brings in from eight to ten shillings per pound. The third quality is dead coral that has fallen from its stem and become blanched, or "*sbianchito*" as the Italians call it. This is always perforated and is of comparatively little value. The fourth is that which has been washed up by the sea, "*terraglio*" it is called; this is half decomposed, colorless, and of very little value.

Schleiden states that the produce of the coral fishery of Bona and La Calle alone, in the year 1853 amounted to £85,920. There are manufactories of coral ornaments at Naples, and various other towns on the coast of Italy, and also at Casis near Marseilles. The coral when intended for beads is first cut into segments with a fine circular saw, and then turned in a lathe. This manufacture gives employment to women as well as men. Lamartine's description of Graziella, where she goes to the balcony to shake the crimson dust out of her hair, will be remembered.

Amongst articles of coral produced at Naples, are the amulets, generally in the form of a small hand, preservative against the influence of the "evil eye." It would be difficult to credit that such a belief as that of the evil eye can linger in modern times were not the fact asserted on good authority. Count Arrivabene relates an anecdote of Ferdinand II. of Naples, who it seems was a firm believer in this superstition. The king once gave a ball at the Caserta, or summer palace, to which all the nobility were invited but one prince. On the master of the ceremonies venturing to

inquire the cause of this omission, the king replied that the prince was a "jettature," and he would not admit him. His majesty's objection was however overruled, and the prince was invited. When he made his appearance in the ballroom all the guests shrank from him, and the king perceiving this, good-naturedly took him by the arm, and to draw his attention away from the slight received, pointed out to him a large chandelier, remarkable for its beauty. No sooner however had the prince glanced at it, than it fell with a tremendous crash, severely injuring several of the guests. It is needless to say that the unfortunate nobleman was never again invited to the palace.

Coral, when introduced with taste, forms an elegant addition to precious stones. A parure of diamonds and pink coral was one of the most admired articles of jewelry displayed in the great Exhibition of 1854. It is occasionally cut in cameo, though the specimens are rare; and more rare still is its introduction into architectural ornament. In the church of San Roc at Lisbon is an altar of Carrara marble decorated with carved foliage of crimson coral in high relief. This exquisite work of art cost an almost fabulous sum.

Coral is also applied with great effect to the ornamenting of caskets, cups, and various articles of *verru*.

Though we no longer fear the malevolence of witches, or require amulets to guard us from imaginary evils, we still delight in the beautiful stones; and surely the marvels that science has revealed are as great as those of the superstitions we have discarded. Few greater wonders in nature are there than the work of those countless myriads of little polypi known as coral.—*Argosy*.

ROAST GOOSE AND APPLE-SAUCE.

"Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workman to my father one day when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said my father; "how was it?"

"Well, sir, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to his dinner."

"What's for dinner?" said the man.

"Roast goose," replied his wife.

"Is there apple-sauce?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Well, go and make some; *I won't eat goose without apple-sauce.*"

"What apple-sauce is," said the narrator of this anecdote, "I don't know; but I suppose it's something good they eat with goose."

When the woman had left the room to

A TRIAL BY JURY.

BY REV. WILLIAM LAMSON D. D.

prepare this wonderful delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed, that for the first time in his life he began to think, and his eyes were opened so that he was enabled to see clearly what a fool he had been.

"Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner off *roast goose without apple-sauce*, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have even that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? Mine, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone, It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine on roast goose again at my expense." So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public-house never to enter it again.

This happened many years ago, but the same thing is now going on in thousands of public houses all over the country—the landlord and his wife and children feasting on the best of everything, and the tipsy fools who pay for it having scarcely enough to keep themselves from starving.

Every poor wretch who sits drinking away his earnings in the public house, sees this going on before his eyes, but he is too stupefied with drink to apply the lesson to himself, as that poor mason was enabled to do.

Reader, are you one of the number? Thank God, if you are not; but if you are, the next time you visit the public-house notice the nice, hot, savory meal that is prepared for the landlord and his family, and then contrast it with the wretched food that is being prepared in your poverty-stricken home.

Suppose you were to be told that a family were coming to live in one of the most comfortable houses in the village, and that every workingman was expected to give a large portion of his earnings toward the support of these people. Why, the whole village would be up in arms to resist such tyranny. Fancy the commotion there would be! Can you not hear the people saying: "We have scarcely enough bread for our little ones, and are we to be taxed to keep a parcel of lazy, idle vagabonds?" Yet you know perfectly well that all this time you and your companions are supporting two or three such families in your village, aye, and pinching you: selves, too, that they may have all the comforts and luxuries you can give them.

God grant that your eyes may be opened before it is too late to the folly and misery of your present course, which is leading you on by sure and certain steps in the path to destruction. The way of the transgressor is hard, and harder you will find it the longer you continue in your evil course.
—*Home Magazine.*

We boast of this. We rejoice in the fact that no man can be convicted of a crime, under our laws, till twelve men, having listened to and weighed the evidence, unite in pronouncing him guilty. And with all the drawbacks and defects in the working of the system, it is unquestionably the best that ever has been devised for protecting the liberty and life of the accused. Each of these twelve solemnly swears that he will, without prejudice or favor, judge and decide according to the evidence. Now, when twelve men, intelligent, conscientious, under the solemnity of an oath, have united in a verdict, it is reasonable to suppose that verdict is true—it seems hardly possible that twelve minds could weigh the facts and all come to the same decision, if it were not the right decision. And if each of these men, having ordinary intelligence, came to his decision independently of the influence of others, the probability that it is right would amount almost to certainty. But I suspect, though I have never been in a jury room, that in such rooms, among the twelve, are generally one or two strong minds, whose decision controls that of the rest. Early in the trial their influence is felt, and, if the trial be a protracted one, before it closes that influence is controlling, and this may be without any design. It is the natural result where strong and positive minds come in contact with those of less strength and less decision. It is therefore probable that a majority of the verdicts united in by twelve men are really the verdicts of one or two of the number, acquiesced in by the remaining number. It is said of that great and successful lawyer, Rufus Choate, that at the very opening of a case he began the study of the twelve, and that before he came to his plea he knew whose were the controlling minds, and directed his whole argument to control and sway them—often making his strongest statement and appeal to a single juror.

It is now many years, nearly thirty, since an incident came under my observation, which showed how lightly the oath and responsibility of jurors sometimes rest on those who have assumed them. My home was then in Thomaston, Me. I was on my way thither from Boston, and was obliged to pass a night in Wiscasset, having reached there Friday evening. The court had just closed its term, and I met the lawyers and jurymen at the tea-table. During tea, one of the lawyers, speaking to a man who had been on a jury, said,—

"How came you to bring in Uncle Bess guilty? You must have known he was not."

"Well," said the juryman, "I didn't think he was, myself. But some of the rest made up their minds that he was, and if we didn't agree on a verdict to-night I should have to stay over to-morrow, and then over Sunday, and my farm is suffering, and so I gave in." This ended the conversation.

The next morning I took the stage for Thomaston, and on our way out of town, we rode up to the jail to take in Uncle Bess and carry him to the State prison. He was an old man, with snow-white locks, and with a mild, benevolent countenance. Feeling an interest in him on account of what I had heard at the table, I began a conversation with him.

"So you are going to the State prison, Uncle Bess?"

"Yes."

"What is your crime?"

"Counterfeiting money."

"Are you guilty?"

"No more than you are. I'll tell you how it was. Twenty years ago, I was put into jail for debt. While there a man who was in jail with me showed me how to make quarters of a dollar out of a composition of metals. And last fall I made four or five, as medals for my grandchildren. A tin-peddler came along and wanted to buy them. I told him what they were made of, and sold them to him for ten cents apiece. I thought I had a right to sell them, if I told what they were. But it seems I had not the right—O dear!"

"How long is your sentence?"

"For life. The Judge said it must be that."

When about half way to Thomaston he put his head out of the window at a cross of the roads, and looking all round, said, "She is not here. My wife was to be here to see me, but she thought I should not be taken to Thomaston till Monday, and now I sha'n't see her here." And then he burst into tears, sobbing for some time.

Before we reached Thomaston I had become intensely interested in the old man, and my sympathies were deeply moved, and when I parted with him at the gate of the prison, I promised to visit him on Monday. Accordingly on Monday I went to see him, and found the humane warden had given him the liberty of the yard, and that he was as comfortable as any man could be in prison. I then told the warden, with whom I was well acquainted, the conversation that I had overheard at the tea-table, and the old man's story in the stage. The warden was deeply interested, as I had been, in the case. The facts were communicated to the Governor of the State and his Council, and in three months I had the pleasure of knowing that Uncle Bess was pardoned.

Now I do not know that, but for the accident, or rather the providence of my having heard the question and answer at the tea-table, Uncle Bess would have been compelled to end his days in prison for a crime of which I am confident he was not guilty. The safety of a trial by jury depends on the intelligence and conscientiousness of the jurymen.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE ORIGIN OF "HURRAH!"

The discussion in some of the German papers in regard to the origin of the cry "Hurrah!" still continues. The cry "Hurrah!" was proved by a German writer to have been received by the Germans from the people coming from the East at the time of the "Volkerwanderung." It was then "Harra!"; subsequently changed in the wars with the Slaves, Huns, and Avars, to "Wara!" A writer in the Vossian *Zeitung*, who has lived several years in India, gives still further explanation on the origin of these cries: "The word Harra! really Harri! was got by the old Germans in the first place from the people who wandered into Europe from Central Asia. The word Harra (Harri) is used to this day among the Hindoos of Eastern India as a designation for God, being one of their names for the God Vishnu. When the Hindoos have anything difficult to accomplish, they cry Harri! Harri! This cry is very frequently used by the Hindoo boatmen, when their boat happens to get stuck on a sandbank in the Ganges. Putting all their strength together, they call out Harri! Harri! and exert their utmost power until they bring it afloat. When the boatmen are towing a boat up the stream, and come to a strong current, where they wish to go quickly and securely over difficult and dangerous parts, the same cry is used. It is probable that the Hindoo soldiers use the cry Harri! in war. In short, the word Harri! is used by the Hindoo whenever he is conscious of his own weakness, and feels the necessity of divine help. The word Harri! therefore, which our fathers got from the people emigrating to Europe from Asia, and from which the cry of "Hurrah!" is derived, signifies "God help us!" and in the mouth of a Christian soldier has the beautiful signification: "God help us, and stand by us, since we have a difficult mission to accomplish, to conquer the enemy, and are in great danger of losing our lives." The discussion has, at least, thrown some interesting light upon the origin of this cry, which is now used among us with a totally different signification.

Young Folks.



GIRLS IN THE NORTH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

Which of you children has a big atlas? Just open it to the Map of Europe, please, and look out Norway and Sweden. There they are, those long, pink strips, right on top of Germany and Denmark, with the Atlantic one side of them, and the two great gulfs on the other. Higher still is Lapland, where the reindeer live. They are cold countries, with long winters, and hot, short summers, into which the flowers and fruits, birds and bees, hurry at a double quick, as if to make up for lost time. The people who live there love their land with a passionate affection. They are simple, earnest folk, and some little girls have been born there who grew up into remarkable women, and did brave, capital things, which I think you will like to hear about.

The first of whom I shall tell you, was born in the Province of Finland, about seventy years ago. The name they gave her was Fredrika.

Finland is that large, greenish patch which hangs to the west side of northern Russia. In fact, it is a part of Russia, though only the narrow Gulf of Bothnia divides it from Sweden.

That is all the geography there is going to be in my story, darlings, so don't be frightened at these long names.

Well, as I said, Fredrika was born, and when about three years old, her father left Finland to live in Stockholm. I suppose they just went on board a boat, and sailed across the Gulf of Bothnia. It looks pretty easy on the map, where the gulf is only two fingers wide; but I guess if we went there we should find it a great, rough sea, on which our poor little girl had a chance to be very sick before she got to the other side.

Before long, the father bought a place in the country called Arsta, and from that time they always lived there a part of the year. It was a very old house, with big rooms floored with wood or stone, and the ceilings ever so high. All the top story was unfurnished, except for spiders and creaks, and the children and servants were afraid to go there on account of ghosts.

There was a most beautiful garden, full of trees and old-fashioned plants, and the little ones, who in Stockholm were never allowed to go out doors, rejoiced in it as the pleasantest play place in the world. There were quite a number of them—big Charlotte, the eldest, Hedda and Agatha, who were babies, and Claes and August, the brothers. Fredrika was the second—a queer, lonely child, with all sorts of odd ways and fancies. When she was very little, one of her greatest pleasures was to burn things in the fire. "It was so delightful to see the flames," she said, when scolded; and so, when other combustibles failed, she would throw in a handkerchief, or a pair of stockings. Cutting, too, was her passion. They were afraid to trust her with a pair of scissors. If they did, she would lock herself in the parlor, and be found snipping holes in the silk chairs, or round and square pieces out of the front of her frock. Besides this, she was possessed with a desire to know what would break and what wouldn't; and she tried so many experiments, that, one by one, most of the glass and china, and all the playthings in the nursery, were demolished. But the little witch was an affectionate child, for all that, and felt dreadfully when lectured and punished, as of course she was, a great deal of the time.

Her mamma was a very strict woman indeed. One of her notions was that children should have but little to eat, that they might grow up slender and graceful. So the poor little things were always hungry. Their supper was a bit of cracker and one tiny cup of milk, and breakfast was exactly like it; so you can fancy how starved they were by two o'clock, dinner time. In fact, quite often they were tempted to steal food from the table when it was set for papa's lunch, and felt like thieves afterward. Once they were playing in the dining-room, where some one had been having breakfast, and hungry Fredrika proposed that, by way of a game, all the rest should sit in a row with their eyes shut, while she did something—she did not say what. They kept their eyes shut as long as they could, and then they peeped, and all cried out "Oh!" at the same time; for there was Fredrika at the table, devouring, as fast as she could, what was left on the plates! For my part, I don't blame her much. It is dreadful to be

hungry, especially when you are only six years old.

Once a year they had as much as they wanted, and that was at Christmas, when every child had what was called a "Yule Heap" of buns, biscuits, and cakes, with plates full of raisins, almonds, and candy, and a tall candlestick with three candles to light it up. And while they were stuffing themselves with these good things, the door would open, and in would come a queer figure with a mask on, and horns on his head. He was known as the "Yule Buck," and brought all the Christmas presents, which he threw into the room, tied up in paper and marked with names. The children ran races to pick them up, and had great sport in opening them; but it doesn't seem to me half as nice a way as ours. Dear old Santa Claus with his pack, filling the stockings, is worth half-a-dozen "Yule Bucks." Don't you think so?

On birthdays, too, they had a feast. Once Charlotte proposed to Hedda and Agatha, that they should save a part of all the candy they had given them for a whole year, to make a grand celebration for Fredrika, who was very fond of it. The little ones agreed, but it was pretty hard work to keep them to it; and when they saw the bag they were apt to tease, so that Charlotte had to dole out a comfit or so apiece, to satisfy them. When at last the great day came, and the bag was emptied out, there was such a quantity that it filled four dishes! Fredrika was delighted; but, alas! from long keeping, the sugar plums had grown so hard that it was necessary to pound most of them in a mortar to make them eatable. The children didn't mind it, however, and thought them full as good as if fresh from the confectioner's.

As she grew older, Fredrika began to be distressed about her nose, the shape of which did not please her. She tried wearing hair pins in bed, and all sorts of things, but they only made it redder and larger. Then she fancied her forehead was too low, and cut the hair off; and when it grew again, she got a pair of pincers and dragged it out by the roots. The consequence was a forehead that seems to have run away up to where bald spots usually line, and couldn't have been half as nice as the one God meant she should have! Depend upon it, dears, our faces never do so well as when we let them alone, and just take pains to keep them as sweet and clean and good humored as possible.

Life was pretty quiet at Arsta. The boys had a tutor, and there was a governess for the girls, who taught them all that women were expected to learn in those days—music and French, and a little arithmetic and geography. In the winter they took dancing lessons. These branches, and cooking, were all that were thought proper for a

young lady. They never went anywhere, nor played with other children, nor even attended church, although they longed to do so. Sometimes Fredrika and Charlotte would steal out and sit under the church window, where they could hear the sermon, but they dared not tell their mother. And once, poor Fredrika was so fired with the idea of going into the army, that she ran away. There was a great deal of fighting in those days, and the little Swedes were as fierce and patriotic as we were a while ago. So Fredrika took it into her head that, if she once made her escape, she could put on boy's clothes and enlist as a drummer, or something; and the prospect was so charming, that she took her little blanket shawl and set out, hoping that a carriage or cart would come by to take her to the capital. But nothing came along, "not even a cat," as she told her sister, and she had to come back again and study more French and geography.

The tutor seems to have been a very kind man, on whom she was fond of playing tricks. Once she got a very heavy pincushion, with a lead bottom, and dropped it in his little pocket, as he stood with his back to her. He pretended to take no notice, but pretty soon went out of the room, and when he came back, the coat was straight again, and there were no signs of the pincushion. Fredrika was dreadfully frightened, for the cushion was her mother's, and she didn't want to be found out; so, after a day or two, she ventured to ask, very timidly, if Mr. R. had not "seen a pincushion somewhere?"

"A pincushion?" he said. "What pincushion?"

Then she had to confess; and after teasing her a little, the good man went and brought it from its hiding-place.

Another time she pinned a ball of yarn to his coat, as he was walking to and fro. It was quite amusing to watch it roll after him, but by and by she found he was marching round her in a circle, tangling the yarn about her feet. He had discovered the trick, and took this good-humored way of punishing her for it.

"Nothing ever happened at Arsta." As the girls grew older, they found it dreadfully dull, and were at their wits' end to think of subjects to talk about in the evenings, when they were expected to sit with their parents and make themselves agreeable. Once some cows ran away, and pranced and kicked across the lawn; and this was such a surprising event, that each one saved it up in her private mind as a subject of conversation. So, first Charlotte told the story, and then Hedda and Agatha, and last of all, poor Fredrika, who had just come in, began:

"Papa, the cows"—

Mr. Bremer, who, I suppose, could stand it no longer, cut her short with, "Ah! well, that is the fourth time I heard all that. Now there really must be an end to it."

So there was no chance for the story again.

This papa of theirs was rather a hard man to live with. Sometimes he was kind, but more often, and especially when he was sick and had the gout, he would be cross and savage, and make his family very uncomfortable. The daughters took turns in playing chess with him. Charlotte managed very well, and though she always beat once or twice, that he might not suspect her of carelessness, was sure to let him win the last game, which left him in good humor. But poor Fredrika could not bear to be beaten, and what with one thing and another, and being well scolded, she generally left the table in tears.

Once in a great while something amusing happened. The peasant girls came to Arsta to have their hair dressed for their weddings. It was an old custom that they should do so, and a great business to get it fixed properly. First it was braided tight, and then raveled out into a crimped mass, and powdered all over with pounded glass, spangles, and bits of gold leaf. They must have had fine times brushing them out next day! On top of all went the marriage crown, which was made of silver, gilt, and very heavy; and, perched above that rose, three tall ostrich feathers—one red, one white, and one blue. The wedding dress was always black silk, and ribbons hung from the belt, to which were attached the bridegroom's presents—pocket handkerchiefs, cravats, and gloves. When all was done, the bride was led to a large looking-glass to admire herself. One poor girl who came to be beautified, with a face as dark as an Indian's, said she couldn't think why it should be so, for she had taken *such* pains, rubbed it all over with soap and lard down in the sun on the bleaching ground to turn white, as the linen did! The Arsta sisters could hardly help laughing, though they felt very sorry for her; but it was too late to remedy the evil. These weddings were very entertaining affairs, but, unluckily, they didn't happen every day.

As Fredrika grew to be a young woman, she found her life at home hard to bear. I don't know that I can make you understand exactly why this was. Let me see if I can. You know, in our country, when a girl "comes of age," as it is called, the law allows her, if her home is not a happy one, to change it; to enter into some sort of business, if she likes, or marry, without asking anyone's consent. Happily most homes are so pleasant that there is no such need; but if the contrary were the case, you can easily see what a comfort this

right would give. But in Sweden, at that time, there was no such thing as "coming of age" for a woman. Unless she married, she was looked upon, as long as her parents lived, as a child. Even if she were fifty years old, and her father a drunkard, or a miser, and made her life miserable, there was no remedy. She could not change her home, marry, nor pursue any sort of trade, without his express permission. And having their daughters thus completely in their power, Swedish fathers were apt to be pretty severe.

Fredrika's father was not a bad man, but he had all the old feeling about his girls, and whichever way she wanted to turn, she found the door barred. She longed to study, and was forbidden. She saw poverty and ignorance all around, and wanted to go and do some useful work, such as teaching the poor or nursing in a hospital; that, too, was forbidden. When she applied for leave to go out oftener, she was told to hold on to the back of a chair and jump up and down, by way of exercise. She might go to balls now and then, if she wanted to, and write verses and practice accomplishments that would make a show in society; but that was all. The things for which she was best fitted, and which she was most anxious to be at, were all prohibited.

So it is no wonder that Fredrika sometimes was unhappy and bitter. She herself tells us that her constant wish was to die! But her strong, brave nature seemed bound to grow in spite of all obstacles. She worked hard at her books and writing, she made and gave away great quantities of medicine to the poor, and saved every penny she could, that she might have to spare for them. Once, by mistake, she presented a poor, old woman with a bottle of tooth-wash for her sore eyes, and had a great fright in consequence; but the woman sent back the bottle and begged for more. It was "powerful good," she said.

So, with a great many unhappy hours and some discouragements, she got to be twenty-eight years old, and then she published a book, which almost at once made her well known throughout Sweden. It was a simple thing, just little, easy sketches of people and country life, but it was so fresh and natural that everybody liked it. Success did not spoil her. She remained just as modest and diligent as before; but she kept on writing, and as her stories came out one by one, the fame of them spread to other countries, as well as her own. They were translated, and the quiet, little girl of Arsta found herself a celebrated woman wherever in the world English was read and spoken.

By this time the stern papa was dead, and she could do what she chose with her time and her money, for she was growing

rich as well as famous. And she found plenty to do. The good six-dollars that flowed in as payment for her work, never stayed long in her purse, but flowed out again to pay for firewood in houses where the stove was empty; to fill the mouths of the sick with delicate fare; to comfort poor widows; provide orphan children with clothes; and carry ease and plenty into desolate homes. Surely that was blessed money.

By and by Fredrika crossed the sea, and made us a visit here in the United States. Hosts of friends, made so by her books, were ready to receive her, and their welcome was so cordial and hearty, that she never forgot it.

One of her stories, written late in life, was of a family of sisters, living at home, and having their whole lives made wretched by a tyrannical father. It raised a great storm when it first came out. People were angry with Miss Bremer, and thought she had no right to say such things. But after a time, changes took place. The book set men to thinking, and the first fruits of their thought was the proclamation of a law making their twenty-fifth year the legal time at which women should come of age, and be considered fit to take care of themselves. Think what a boon that was to all the women in the country! Next, there was built a great seminary, in which girls could be taught thoroughly and well all they wanted to know. And such a rush of happy students as crowded it immediately, was never seen before or since. Miss Bremer, of course, was first and foremost in all the arrangements. It was her hand that hung the pictures on the walls, and placed on their pedestals the beautiful statues which adorned the rooms; and hardly a day passed without her visiting it. To her all those eager, grateful girls turned, as to a friend. "Tante Fredrika," many of them called her, (which means "Aunty Fredrika,") and her love and goodness to them were unailing. As she grew old, she surrounded herself more and more with the young. Her mother was dead, two of her sisters had gone, and both her brothers, but she was neither lonely nor alone in the world. All the good and wise were her friends, and the poor she counted as children.

It would be impossible to tell of half the beautiful things she did—their name was legion. From the bag she always carried full of sugar plums for babies, to the evenings she spent consulting with the teachers of her beloved seminary, every part of herself and her time was made in some way useful to others.

Six hundred little children were left destitute by the cholera, which carried off their parents. Tante Fredrika made an

appeal for them, and was one of a number of ladies who stood at the doors of all the churches to receive money in their behalf. The result was a most generous subscription, enough to provide for every child until of age to take care of itself.

The asylum for the deaf and dumb—or "Silent School," as it is called—needed money. Miss Bremer wrote a letter "To the talking children of Sweden from the children of the Silent School;" and at once funds enough poured in to set them at ease. She was the originator of the charity known as the "Pauvres Honteuses," where ladies reduced to poverty, and too proud to beg, were sheltered and fed.

Her Christmas trees were full of good things for those whose holiday would have been vacant except for her; and under her roof was always some one sheltered, some girl struggling for an education, or some poor soul without a home elsewhere.

And so, full of good works and sweet days spent in benevolence, the quiet life, began in Finland, ran its course, and ended about five years ago, at the age of sixty-three. She died at Arsta, where so much of her youth was passed, and was buried not far from there in the family burial place, great numbers of people joining in the procession and heaping the coffin with flowers. Among the flowers was a beautiful wreath of white camellias, sent by the scholars of "The Silent School," in mute evidence of love and sorrow.

Upon the marble cross which marks Tante Fredrika's resting place, is carved, by her own request, that beautiful verse from the Bible, "When I cried unto the Lord, He delivered me out of all my trouble." I think she chose it because it reminded her of the happy years which followed a childhood that once seemed melancholy and unpromising, and crowned her with all good things.

Next time if you care to listen, I will tell you about Miss Bremer's friend "Lotten," who, though she was not in the least a celebrated woman, deserved to be so by reason of her bright usefulness.—*Little Corporal.*

MOTH AND RUST :

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

RICHARD'S DOOM.

"There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun: riches kept for the owners thereof unto their hurt."

Stella had asked her uncle to procure a Christian teacher for the position she was leaving, one who would take the Sunday-school in hand, would engineer the tem-

perance society, whereof Frank was now secretary, and would open school with worship.

Uncle Ralph had made reply, with that indifference he could not now conceal when practical piety was the theme, that such a teacher would meet his ideas exactly; but he had doubts whether one so efficient could be obtained. "You are an exception to general rules, Stella. You are not bashful; you are self-reliant; you have command of language. Some one else might have just as good a will, but not attain to such a way of expressing it. I'm a case in point, myself. I *cannot* teach in Sunday-school, lead in prayer-meeting, or even hold family worship, like other people. I would like to, but it embarrasses me. I never could do it."

As Ralph said this self-complacently and self-justifyingly, up spoke poor, long-repressed and despised conscience, "That's because you never had any heart in it."

The new teacher was not even a professor of religion: but she was a well-disposed piece of stupidity (with a third-class certificate); and she obeyed grandma about opening the school with reading from the Bible, and the Lord's Prayer said in concert, though under her administration it became a disorderly custom. She took a class in the Sunday-school, for this institution was managed by grandma and Aunt Stacey; and Master Peter Perkins, now an overgrown lad, ran the temperance society, much to the satisfaction of all the boys but Frank and Freddy, with whom there was some jarring.

With Stella went away the best work and happiness of Dodson's. It was a slow, dull place when she was gone. Every one missed her, as none but a warm, practical Christian is ever missed.

Perhaps Stacey was in some measure consoled for the departure of her young lady, by the unexpected re-appearance of her long-lost tin cup, which arrived from a lone corner behind the well, but in such a forlorn condition as to make its future usefulness a matter of question. Having ascertained that an attempt to brighten this article would be fruitless, and only reveal its broken and leaky estate, Stacey hung it on a convenient peg, as a memento of the carelessness of the children and the vanity of earthly treasures. The tin cup became to Stacey a synonyme for all transitory wealth; and, when Ralph gave new evidence of greed for gain, Stacey would briefly remark that "he was a settin' his heart on a tin cup." Secular business on Sabbath was now considered as "forsakin' Scriptor for a tin cup;" "overwork was destroyin' a body's own-self for a tin-cup;" and Stacey's phraseology soon became current in the family, very much to Ralph's delight undoubtedly.

Stacey, wary soul, was very careful of saying any thing condemnatory to or of Ralph before his young children. She kept her criticisms for his private ear, as a general thing; though she sometimes uttered them to Mrs. Morley or the old lady.

There came a certain morning when Ralph was going to make a very early start for a long day's ride. No matter how early Ralph must be off, old Stacey was ready with his breakfast: she would have got up at midnight rather than have him go away without a hot meal. On this morning, Ralph sat down to the table, where all was neat, well-cooked, and in order, save that, instead of the usual china cup and saucer, Stacey's worn-out, rusty tin cup stood by his plate. Ralph knew well Stacey meant something by this arrangement, and his first impulse was to take no notice of it. On second thoughts, he called Stacey, and indifferently told her to take that old cup away, and bring one suitable to the occasion.

Stacey took her cup, saying quietly, "'Scuse me, Mr. Ralph: I thought you liked dat kind."

At night, there was the tin cup again, and again it was removed with the same remark; and Ralph thought he might as well face the matter out with his old mentor.

"I don't see what you meant, Stacey, by giving me that cup," he said, entering the kitchen where Stacey was washing the dishes.

"That were a parabol, Mr. Ralph," replied Stacey, 'sententiously.

"You'll have to explain it, then, for I don't understand it."

"Well, Mr. Ralph," quoth Stacey, wringing out her dish-cloth, "if you don't tink dat ar rusty cup good 'nuff for you to drink out ob, do you 'spose de Lord gwine to have any patience keepin' grace in a soul dat's 'lowed to rust clean and clar through? Dere's vessels ob de kingdom fine and common, for honor and for dishonor; and one ought to be satisfied to be ob de kingdom at all. It's a mighty privilege; but, if a vessel gets clar rusted out, 'tain't no use, and ain't ob de kingdom no how. It's a mighty bad ting you're doin', spilin' yourse'f for de Lord's use; and ef you'd come round bettah, here's one ole woman would die contented; and mebbey dar's anudder."

Stacey wiped her eyes, wiped her dishes and her table, and sat down on the doorstep, while Ralph walked out and about the yard, whistling, but really not as undisturbed as he pretended.

Up came Freddy to the old woman at the door, "Aunt Stacey, weren't you named Eustacia?"

"I dunno," said Stacey.

"Well, I know you were; and Eustacia is prettier than Stacey; and I wouldn't let any body nickname me."

"Bress your little heart," said Stacey. "I don't care; it makes precious little difference to me. Why, chile, I'm getting to be an ole woman, and 'fore long I'll die. Don't matter what I'm called in dis yere yarth; but, boy, up in hebben I'm gwine to hab a new name, nobody'll know 'cept de Lord an' me!"

Ralph heard this with a desperate longing for Stacey's calm assurance. Like all the rest of his better impulse, this speedily passed away.

Still dripped the mill-wheel, its bucket rising and falling in the river; still through the logs the saws went grating and tearing; and as the tons of sawdust gathered, and the piles of lumber grew, and were taken away, and grew again, Ralph Morley increased in riches. The mill was only one of his adventures. He had money invested here and there; his toiling brain was busy over gains and risks far apart; and, while others slept, his money-mad heart was waking still.

"There is," said Solomon, "a sore evil which I have seen under the sun: riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt;" and undeniably riches were the bane of Ralph Morley's life. Unpossessed, they tortured him to continued covetousness; gained, they increased his greed, and filled him with an agony of apprehension lest they should be lost; and lost, they evolved the hidden demon within him and destroyed him. All this not because of any evil in the riches themselves, but because of his greedy, absorbing love of them.

Richard came home for the summer holidays, swaggering, full of petty importance, despising Dodson's, loftily contemptuous of his brothers and sister, and bringing reports of lessons and conduct far from satisfactory. Richard had excuses enough for his short-comings at school: "he had been alone in class so long that he did not know how to study like other boys. The next term it would be different. He did not understand the rules and practices of school at first: he knew them now, and should not get into trouble." These excuses were accepted as sufficient by Richard's father and mother. Ralph was too busy to search very deeply the records of his son's life, and Mrs. Morley never troubled herself particularly about anything more than her flowers and her pies. I have no patience with such inane mothers as Mrs. Ralph Morley. They are a curse to the community; and they are never shaken out of their little-ness and indifference until their share of the population is damaged beyond repair.

Young Richard sometimes deigned to dazzle Frank with tales of school-life that

made Frank restless: beside the fun and daring and tricks and rollicking at boarding-school, life at Dodson's seemed so tame and poor! Frank was wild to go to school, and his longings he made known to Richard.

"Make yourself a torment at home," said this crafty elder brother, "and then you'll be sent away. Tell 'em the teacher can't learn you any thing," continued Richard, with a royal disregard of proprieties in his own conversation. "I'll drop up there some day, and hint to you where she's amiss; but, mind, you're not to plump it to the governor all at once, or he'll know yo 1've been primed. Give him the dose by degrees, and it will work well."

After this witty and wise advice, Richard the magnificent performed the feat of "dropping-~~up~~" to the log schoolhouse; and, when the session was over, he took a by-path home with Frank, and benevolently pointed out to him his teacher's failings.

"She reads through her nose," quoth Richard the wise: "she'll never make a reader of you in the world. And then she can't teach you to speak; and, when you go to other schools, the boys will make fun of you. She looks on the book at spelling-class all the time, and don't know whether you're right or wrong, unless she looks. She writes like a namby-pamby, and is only fit to teach girls."

Frank went home greatly edified by his brother's conversation; and, as a token of his gratitude, blacked Richard's royal boots.

After Richard returned to school, Frank set himself, according to his brother's instructions, to worry the family into sending him to school with Richard. He complained of the teacher, and exhibited to his father a thousand faults in her system of instruction. He kept the school in such a ferment, that complaints were entered against him continually. He bullied and fought the boys at the mill; he irritated Stacey, and reviled Dodson's, and importuned his mother, until at Christmas time he had borne down all opposition, and was sent to join Richard. The teachers did not receive Frank with enthusiasm: they thought if he was like his brother, their market would be rather over-stocked with that style of boy.

That winter, Luke Rogers spent several weeks preaching at the town where the boarding-school was situated. And when the boys filed into the church-gallery, a teacher gallantly leading the advance, and another teacher skilfully bringing up the rear, Luke's keen eyes singled out from the throng his two acquaintances of Dodson's Mill. Despite their faults, there was a great deal that was pleasant in these lads; and Luke felt a friendship for them. A few hints that drifted to him suggested that

the brothers were not doing themselves much credit. So he renewed his former intercourse with them, visited them, and had them come and take tea with him.

Richard, shrewd lad of sixteen, with his ambition yet fixed on idleness, a pair of gray ponies, and wine suppers, told his thirteen-year-old brother and disciple, "that the parson needn't come any of his games over them, doing the polite, and petting them up, and then striking in to preach the first fair chance." Frank thought he felt as Richard did; and he puffed himself up, and wagged his head, and responded, "No, indeed." Nevertheless, when Luke did begin to preach,—if preaching it was to set brightly before these boys life's highest aim; to show the shortness and bitterness of life wasted, and the beauty of virtue,—then Frank was moved, and believed what was said, and seriously meant to practise upon it. Very likely he might have done so, if he had had example or encouragement in well-doing from Richard. But Richard boldly declared that "that all sounded very well; but he didn't believe it. What was the use of admitting all that, and then not living up to it, and being a whining hypocrite all your days?"

"No one wants you to be a hypocrite. Believe it, and then practise it."

"Nobody does that," said Richard. "I never saw one."

Oh! if this friend could have said, "Look at your father and your mother: their faith and their lives agree. But, of course, he could not; so he said, "Do you call me a hypocrite? Don't I practise what I preach?"

"O there now!" said Richard. "I don't see you all the time; and, besides, you're a preacher, and you have to live it."

"There's Aunt Stacey," suggested Luke.

"Pooh!" replied Richard airily, "she's only a nigger."

Luke looked indignation at this disrespectful mention of the faithful nurse and friend, but continued,—

"Well, there are your grandmother and your Cousin Stella: do they not by their lives recommend their religion?"

"Oh!" sneered Richard, "they are only women: they don't know anything else. But I'm going to have a good time. You needn't try to tie me up with such stuff. Father don't care any thing for it. He used to say he did; but he's let it drop. I'm going to have money, and I'm going to spend it."

Richard's professions and practices agreed closely,—so closely that his father was rendered nearly frantic by news that Richard had smashed a hired buggy, lamed a hired horse, run in debt for a twenty-five dollar supper, and drunk so much champagne as to be in a state to swear at his

teacher. This report was accompanied by a bill of costs, and hints of expulsion from school if these transgressions were repeated. One would suppose this present outbreak added to a long course of insubordination, would have obtained for Richard ignominious dismissal from the school; but the master (like all others!) was made of patience; and judgment tarried.

With little profit to himself, much anxiety to his parents, and vexation to his teachers, Richard passed two years longer at his school. At eighteen, his instructors said he was ready for the sophomore class, if he chose to go to college. But this boy, about whose liberal education his deluded father had said so much, did not choose to go to college. He hated study; could not see the use of education; loved fast horses and wine suppers; was an idle, drinking dandy, unfit for any useful occupation. While laying up money for Richard, Ralph Morley had succeeded in making his son unworthy of a fortune, and incapable of managing one.

Richard roundly declared that he would not live at Dodson's and help his father in the lumber business; he meant to live in town. Ralph saw that the lad was not to be trusted in a town alone, and began to think the time had come for him to leave Dodson's, and establish himself where his sons could and would stay.

Frank, rashly making Richard his model, was growing very like him. His father meant to keep him at school two or three years longer,—if any school could be found to put up with his pranks for that space of time.

Mrs. Morley wanted much to move. She was very weary of Dodson's Mill. Her idol, Helen, was nine years old; and the mother wanted a good school, and the company of other girls, for her. Freddy was twelve; and his mother, warned by past experience, did not want him sent to boarding-school.

In all these years Ralph had sent great rafts of lumber down the Alleghany and Ohio Rivers, finding safe journeys, good sales, and quick returns. Men said he had "wonderful luck." Besides the lumber business, Ralph had other ways of making money: he speculated in real estate, and was perfectly willing to take usury. He always had ready money, and for enormous interest was kind enough to accommodate unhappy friends and brothers who were in difficulty. Up rolled the fortune; and, devoted to accumulation, how reluctant was Ralph, even for the sake of his family, to leave Dodson's Mill, that place of profit and loss!

Frank was in school. Richard came home after his father had settled great debts and many for him; but, incapable of reformation or gratitude, Richard felt that

he conferred a favor by coming home at all, and vowed he would not stay long. He shocked Helen, grieved his mother, and almost broke his grandmother's heart, by proclaiming himself an *infidel*,—foolish lad! He seemed to regard this as a display of keenness, and an evidence of manliness!

In all these years, Stella had become an adept in her art; and happy in taking care of herself, and having something to do in the world, she was amply maintaining herself, and looking forward to a day when she would have a home of her own providing, to which to bring her grandmother. To Stella's art, the two years at Dodson's had not been lost. Into her pictures crept queer faces and fantastic attitudes caught in her log schoolhouse. Rare bits of woodland light and shade, chill winter scenes, and depths of summer forest, mills and cabins, and piles of logs and lumber, were reminiscences of that home far up among the wooded hills.

Ralph, hesitating and delaying, and divided in his mind whether or not he should sell his mill and move to accommodate his family, was in the winter helped to a decision by a serious illness. Hitherto almost unbroken health had been the portion of the family at Dodson's Mill. Ralph was seized with pneumonia,—he was supposed to have inherited consumptive tendencies from his father,—and his terror about himself was only equalled by the uneasiness of his family for him. There was no good doctor near Dodson's Mill; there was no drug-store within fifteen miles. Physicians and medicine must come from far; and when young Peter Perkins, full of zeal, went to bring these requisities in the teeth of a furious storm, the storm blocked the roads and prevented travel; and this man lay at death's door, delivered over to mental distress, the despair of his wife, and the trembling ministrations of his mother and Stacey. Dark days were those; and in them Ralph was so excited by his danger, so eager to get well, so wild for the physician's coming, that he did not realize the fearful unpreparedness of his soul for its last change, his cold and hard and hopeless heart.

The doctor got to Dodson's at last; and, after days of doubt, Ralph began to amend, Mercy, that the man might be without excuse, granted him another lease of life; but he entered upon it without a thought of making good use of it in getting ready to die.

In these days of trouble, Richard had come out brightly, and atoned for the past. He had charge of the business, and comforted the family; and his mother fondly declared that her son was just right, and only needed a chance to develop himself

into all that they desired for him. Ralph, softened into new tenderness towards all who had shown such affection for him declared that Richard should have a chance, and they would move from Dodson's. Ralph had a stronger motive than Richard, however; for he was resolved not to run a second risk of dying without a doctor to help or hinder the matter. He saw, at last, what a dismal place Dodson's was to be sick in; and the idea of dying and being buried in that lone spot was unendurable. In March, Ralph went about the house, well wrapped up, and leaning on a cane; in April he sold the mill—at a good bargain, of course; for when did Ralph Morley ever make a poor bargain, except in that matter when he exchanged heaven for earth and eternity for time?

The first of May saw the Morley family moving. They had bought a fine house and grounds at Alden, a river-town, and, selling to the new mill-owner most of the worn furniture and household goods that had done six years' service at Dodson's, they departed for their new abode, Mrs. Morley now seeing at hand that magnificence which her husband had so long promised her. The new home was a large, stylish house, with a good garden and fruit-orchard. It was re-papered and painted, and richly furnished. This was called a very eligible situation. The church was near at hand; there was a flourishing academy for Freddie and Helen; and there were plenty of rich families in the neighborhood, who, without doubt, would be the "very best society." The Dodson's venture had been heavy payment for this flourish at Alden, but Ralph Morley and his wife thought it was worth it.

The Morley family were received with enthusiasm by "good society" at Alden. They had a carriage and a pair of grays; their furniture was of the best; Richard bragged preposterously; Ralph held his head high, and paced the street with the air of one who felt his pecuniary responsibilities; and Mistress Rumor liberally quadrupled their fortune in her very first bulletin.

The first three months in Alden were devoted to getting settled in the new home and in business. Frank came for vacation, and was kept home, being sent to the academy with Fred and Helen; at which he grumbled, considering it an invasion of his rights and privileges.

At length Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morley concluded that it was eminently proper to send to Fenton for their letters of church-membership, hand them in at the adjacent church, and buy a pew. Going to church was a novelty with the Morleys at first, and therefore popular. By degrees, the fervor of their attendance cooled; and grandma

and Helen in the family pew, and Stacey in the gallery, were the only representatives of the Morleys who might be relied on at all times. Ralph and his wife made a business of going to church Sunday mornings, unless it stormed. They never went to church in the evening. Ralph had had pneumonia once, you know, and that hindered him from going out on Sunday evenings; other evenings, the pneumonia made no difference. Mrs. Ralph was constitutionally tired evenings, and never went out, unless to a party or concert, by way of getting rested.

The three boys seldom went to church. They did not like to go, and that was reason enough for staying at home. They did not like to get up early mornings, but their parents did not fail to make them do it (on week-days); but they had scruples about levelling parental authority at the church-question. They did not like to force religion on their children. They were afraid it would disgust them with piety. Joshua, the old-fashioned captain of the Lord's host, believed he had a right to speak for himself and his house in the matter of serving the Lord. Ralph Morley did not agree with Joshua, and had scruples about prejudicing his sons and daughter in favor of holiness. He supposed they would catch it some day from somebody, as they had the measles. There was no danger of their catching it from him, for his piety was not of a contagious type.

Much business success and the flatteries of his acquaintances had made Ralph Morley self-sufficient and vain. He began to esteem it impossible for him to be mistaken. He felt that he was set forever above adversity, and like Petra said in his heart, "Who shall bring me down to the ground?"

Ralph had been tried by prosperity, and had shown himself unequal to the test. He was now to be tried by adversity,—by a double adversity.

For the first year at Alden, Ralph sported his wealth and honors bravely. He set himself up as a money-king of the place. He was polite, he was lofty, he was magnificent. He really believed himself as great a man as he pretended to be. In his family, Ralph had a trouble, a fretting, daily care; and that was Richard. Richard was like the lilies, in that he toiled not, neither would he spin, and was arrayed more brilliantly than Solomon in all his glory. Richard was a very expensive boy to his parents, wasting like a spendthrift what he had never earned. He was an expensive boy to himself, in that he wasted his strength and health, and made drafts on his constitution beyond his credit,—drafts which were openly dishonored,—and Richard before he was twenty was an utter

bankrupt in health. Plain living, industrious habits, and strict temperance had in Ralph conquered a pre-disposition to consumption; but Richard, the indolent, the reveller, and the wine-drinker, tempted the return of the hereditary enemy. Richard's face blanched and grew hollow, his hands were white and thin, his eyes sunken and bright; he had no vigor, no appetite; he was low-spirited, and worried with a hacking cough. The doctor was applied to, and gave some medicines; and he also told Richard that the only way to amend his health was to amend his habits. He must leave his wine and his roistering, and his late hours. Richard paid no attention to this advice. He took his medicine, and any amount of patent nostrums, and washed down cod-liver oil with many pints of Bourbon whisky,—“and nothing grew better, but rather grew worse.”

Ralph was disappointed that his son was not a better man at making money. He believed morality was indispensable to the accumulation of wealth. He was likewise pained that Richard's health was bad; but how bad it was he did not dream.

To be a millionaire was now Ralph's ambition. How petty was a fortune that did not count a million! A million was necessary to his comfort, to his children, to indulgence in the expensive luxury of liberality. Slow accumulation was now impossible to this greedy man. He had tested the delights of successful speculation. The highest joy he knew was to make money by some bold move; to hold thousands at night, which the previous morning had been all unpossessed. There were sharper men than Ralph Morley, though this Ralph did not understand. These sharp ones got the would-be millionaire, the eager speculator, into their hands. A dazzling scheme was held out before him. Ralph rushed off to New York to stay a few weeks, make the million, and buy a palace on Fifth Avenue, and another palace on the Hudson. He hastened away, leaving his wife slowly waking up to the miserable realization of Richard's danger; leaving Richard taking long, daily strides graveward; and Frank and Freddy, altogether beyond their mother's control, following in Richard's course, and growing up to meet Richard's fate. But what of all this? The money-mad husband and father had gone to make—a million!

At New York, Ralph was too busy and too absorbed to search out his niece, Stella. Besides, she was only an engraver and designer; very well in her way, but a nobody after all, not able to help him, and would give no aid towards getting the million.

Days passed, in a wild fever of excitement and magnificent prospect of success

to Ralph,—in anxiety and danger in the rich man's home at Alden. The day came, the hour when he was to have achieved a million, and he achieved—ruin! The day came when he was to have gained all his desire,—and lo, instead he lost his all. From a lofty pinnacle of a hope so strong that it had been certainty, Ralph was plunged into complete despair; and the speculators who had won by his loss were not to be found to succor his extremity. The morning papers detailed how Mr. Ralph Morley, a wealthy gentleman from Alden, who had been largely engaged in certain speculations, had been suddenly reduced to ruin, and was lying very ill at the Astor House, having been seized with fits induced by grief and excitement.

This pitiful story met the eyes of Stella, in the pretty upper room where she pursued her beloved art; and she laid aside her tools, and hastened to the Astor House, to take care of her uncle. She had just received a letter from her grandmother, telling that her Cousin Richard was very ill, not expected to live but a few weeks, and that her Uncle Ralph was in New York. Stella had felt angry that her uncle had not visited her; but, as she read that sad story in the newspaper, she forgave him promptly, and flew to the rescue.

Lying in his darkened room, tenderly nursed by his niece, Ralph, coming back to consciousness, considered whether he had better yield the battle, and die defeated and despairing, abandoning his family to the ruin he had achieved for them; or whether he should return to life and the toil for money, face the triumph of his enemies and the pity of his friends, and strive by some future speculation to retrieve his loss.

He debated the point during weary hours of night and day, and concluded he should strive to get well, to recover health and money.

Stella sitting by his chair in his days of convalescence, working quietly and faithfully at her chosen occupation, soon knew exactly how her uncle stood with the world. He had a few hundreds to settle his bills and take him home. He had his furniture, and his house; but there was a mortgage on that. Besides this he had nothing. His own property and his mother's little fortune were gone to the last penny.

And now that his idol had been smitten, had proved so transient and so easily destroyed, was not Ralph led to value it less, and more nearly at its real worth? No; infatuated, insane, he loved money more and more, now that he had lost it. It seemed the only real thing worth living for,—dearer than wife or children, dearer than life or his own soul, a prize he must win, if he perish in that winning. Stella saw this. The sick and disappointed man's

eyes would blaze and his cheek glow, as he schemed and craved and hoped. No labor was too arduous, no humiliation too great, if by it he might once again become rich Ralph Morley.

Stella had written to the family at Alden of her uncle's failure, and his illness; and the reports that came back of Richard were so discouraging that she cautiously unfolded them to her uncle. She might have been less careful, for her uncle had received a blow compared to which all others were light. His heart was benumbed: once he could have wept over his son; but now he was overwhelmed by an agony too great for tears, and the peril of his child was small in comparison. He might lose his eldest boy; but oh, he had lost his money! Death might invade his family; but financial ruin, a blacker shadow, had entered first! There might be an empty chair, a vacant room, and a voice forever lost and still; but more, aye, ten-fold more, there was an empty bank-book, and a safe all vacant of its treasures, and a fortune lost! This was the heart of Ralph Morley, who had said he labored for his children, and learned to esteem his wealth more than the children for whom he ostensibly gathered it.

Stella took her uncle home to Alden. He was morose, despairing, sick. They found a household in tears, and death delaying at the door. Death determined to enter, and not to go out alone. Death, almost ever unwelcome, was present here in his most repulsive shape. Here lay a young man, cut down in his early youth, who had made the world no better or happier for his having lived in it, and who was all unprepared to meet the fate he could not escape. Death uncheered, hopeless, fiercely battled, and vainly dreaded, was the doom of Richard Morley,—a doom tempted, incurred for him, by his now beggared father, who had laid up money for Richard to Richard's hurt, and was now bereft at once of his fortune and his son.

People pitied the Morleys,—“they were such a nice family, and misfortunes had fallen so heavily upon them.” The world is not so cold and selfish as some would make it. The Morleys were not despised and deserted because they had suddenly become poor; but almost everybody was ready to hold out two helping and comforting hands to them, and to wish that the two were a dozen. The neighbors were very kind during the short remainder of Richard's illness. They wept with the family over the young man's death, and came in crowds to his funeral, pretending to a respect for the dead which they did not feel, and looking a sympathy which was abundantly in their hearts.

Stella, the keen-eyed, soon saw that the

greatest favor she could confer on her uncle's family was to relieve them of grandma. Mrs. Morley said she meant to reduce the number of her servants, and take boarders. She was resolved by some means to hold the house and furniture until Ralph had made another fortune, which would enable them to live in the place comfortably.

A cemetery had been laid out at Alden, but was not yet ready for burials. Ralph had no money to expend for a costly lot and monument. He said he should have by and by, when the cemetery was in readiness; and so for the time being they buried Richard in the garden, in a corner under an evergreen, and mosses and a few ferns and lilies of the valley, things which love the shade, kept ward over his grave.

Grandma easily forgave her son for losing all her money; she was also so glad to be with Stella that she forgave Ralph and his family for parting with her so easily. But of the family we must except Helen and Aunt Stacey, who wept bitterly at losing grandma. Stella knew that to go to New York would be a remove too great for the old lady, and would also put her entirely among strangers. She therefore hired a furnished part of a little house in the suburbs of Pittsburg, arranged to pursue her work there, and thither she went with grandma, resolving to be better to the good woman than ten sons.

Nerving himself to a renewal of the long strife of wealth, Ralph Morley entered the world, after his double loss, an altered man.

The trial by adversity had signally failed. The crucible had revealed neither the silver nor the gold, but a lump of dross. Ralph might have forgiven the Lord for taking his son, but he could not forgive Him for taking his money. In the first bitterness of loss, without any one to counsel him to evil, he had been ready to curse God and die. We presume he was a descendant in a direct line from Job's wife. On second thoughts, Ralph resolved to live and be rich in spite of Providence. He did not put his resolve thus plainly either to himself or others; but that was what it meant, and what many men mean. Ralph had no idea of throwing off that cloak of religious profession—a garment very useful in hiding some men's deformities. He went to church Sunday morning; listened to the remarks of pious ministers and

friends with a silence which was mistaken for courage and resignation; and thus Ralph Morley, retaining his church-membership, sold out to the Devil to win the world.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE PET.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

I'm just a wee bit lassie, with a lassie's winsome ways
And worth my weight in solid gold, my Uncle Johnny says.

My curly little noddle holds a thimbleful of sense;
Not quite as much as Solomon's—but his was so immense!

I know that sugar-plums are sweet; that "no, my love," means yes;
That when I'm big I'll always wear my pretty Sunday dress.

And I can count—seven, six, nine, five—and say my A B C.

Now have you any taffy, dear, that you could give to me?

I'm Bridget's "Torment of her life, that makes her brain run wild,"

And mamma's "Darling little Elf," and gran'ma's "Blessed Child;"

And Uncle Johnny's "Touch me not," and papa's "Gyptian Queen;"

I make *them* stand about, you see; that must be what they mean.

For opening hard, old stony hearts, I have two precious keys,

And one is, O, I thank you, sir; the other's If you please;

And if these do not answer, I know another trick;
I squeeze two mighty tear-drops out—that melts 'em pretty quick.

I'm sweet as any lily-bed, and sweeter, too, I s'pose;
But that's no reason why I shouldn't rumple up my clothes.

O I wouldbe an angel, if an angel never cries,
Nor soils its pretty pinafore a makin' nice dirt-pies!

I'm but a little lassie, with a thimbleful of sense;
And as to being very wise, I best make no pretence;

But when I am a woman grown, now don't you think I'll do

If only just about as good as dear mamma and you?

PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED.

Words by DEXTER SMITH.

Music by C. A. WHITE.

Con espressione.

1. Oh!
2. Oh!
3. Dear

bir - die, I am tir - ed now, I do not care to hear you
sis - ter, what did mother say, When she was call'd to heav'n a
sis - ter, come and hear my pray'r, Now ere I lay me down to

sing; way? sleep, You've told With - in your hap - py songs all me al - ways to be my Heav'nly Father's day, good, care, Now And While

Put Me in My Little Bed.

put your head beneath your wing; I'm sleep - y too as I can
nev - er, nev - er go a - stray; I can't for - get the day she
an - gels bright their vig - ils keep; And let me ask of Him a -

be, died, And, sis - ter, when my pray'r is said, I
bove, She placed her hand up - on my head, She
To keep my soul in paths of right. Oh!

want to lay me down to rest, So put me in my lit - tle bed,
whisper'd soft - ly, "keep my child," And then they told me she was dead.
let me thank Him for His love, Ere I shall say my last "good-night."

Put Me in My Little Bed,

CHORUS.

fz *rit.*

fz Come, sis-ter, come, Kiss me good-night, For I my evening pray'r have

ALTO.

fz *rit.*

fz Come, sis-ter, come, Kiss me good-night, For I my evening pray'r have

TENOR.

fz *rit.*

fz Come, sis-ter, come, Kiss me good-night, For I my evening pray'r have

BASS.

fz *rit.*

tempo.

said; I'm tir - ed now and sleepy, too, Come, put me in my little bed.

tempo.

said; I'm tir - ed now and sleepy, too, Come, put me in my little bed.

tempo.

said; I'm tir - ed now and sleepy, too, Come, put me in my little bed.

tempo.

The Home.

THE BURKES AND THE FARRINGTONS.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

Mrs. Mary Farrington was sitting, silent and alone, in her pretty little parlor; and, where everything was neat and in good keeping, she was the neatest and the prettiest object. If her husband could have seen her just then, he would have thought so—and yet, to quote Charles Kingsley with a various reading:

“Men must toil, and women must pout.”

You deny it, madam? And pray what are you doing now? A frown is certainly first-cousin to a pout, and can you truly say that you never, no never, let your face be clouded? Some women never are discontented, you say. Perhaps that is so; but we fear that such women are not very energetic. The “moral force of indignation” is certainly a power in the world; and discontent is a good incentive to exertion. But even a locomotive rests sometimes; and the spur may be spared when we have reached a proper pause in a journey.

Mary Farrington, as we have said, had a nice little parlor. But the being forced to confess that it was little, destroyed, this morning, all its attractiveness in her eyes. For Mrs. Jane Burke's parlors (in the plural) were three times as large. Mary Farrington had a sweet-toned piano, with quite enough of the forte for her small house. And upon it lay her husband's flute, which had accompanied her in the days of courtship, not so very long ago, and still came in service upon occasion—though the occasions were not nearly so frequent as they should have been. Why is it that ladies, after having spent no end of time and money on their music, let all their proficiency be forgotten after marriage? Mary's was a perfect little jewel of an instrument—but, Jane Burke had a *grand* piano!

Mary Farrington's carpet was, when she bought it, a miracle of fitness, neatness, beauty and economy, for it would “turn,” look almost as well on the reverse as on the right side, and last so much longer. Jane Burke's carpet would not “turn,” but it was splendid, and its heavy pile had made Mary's feet so tender that morning that her own carpet seemed actually to bruise them.

The unhappy frame of mind in which Mrs. Farrington bemoaned herself, was produced by a call which she had just made upon her old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Jane Burke. Mary could not understand why they two, who began life together, should find their ways so very divergent. Jane was rolling through the world like a queen in a nursery tale; while she was creeping through it in such a mean way, like a woman in a nursery fact. “Men must toil,” and poor Mr. Farrington was, all this time hard at work at his clerk's desk down town—laboring, in the contentedness of his heart, to keep up the family comforts which his wife viewed so contemptuously.

Even the thought that Farrington was so industrious and diligent did not console his wife. Her husband was such a plodder! And Mr. Burke, like his wife's carpet and furniture, was splendid! A fine-looking fellow, generous, enterprising, dashing and liberal; while Mr. Farrington was—well, Mary was not quite so far in possession of the demon of envy as utterly to disparage her husband. But she did wish, notwithstanding, that upon his sterling qualities there could be added a little of Mr. Burke's polish, generosity and ambition to keep pace with the march of progress.

So she sat and pondered, looking evil things even at the neat card-case and portmanteau combined, which she held in her hand. Only last Christmas, she considered it such a beautiful and appropriate present from her husband. To be sure it was but morocco, while Jane Burke's, she could not help noticing, was mother-of-pearl, inlaid with jewelled clasps. Everything in the apartment underwent a like depreciation in her mind, even to the few choice prints, the one oil painting, and the Roger's group, which she and her husband often admired together before they had ventured to buy, and had often studied since. All the articles of ornament in the room had the same kind of associations which Charles Lamb has made familiar in his delightful essays: the very missionaries of sublunary consolation to moderate people of good taste. Everything around her had its history; the story of a struggle between love for the beautiful, and the necessity of “prudence in affairs.” Every addition to the home luxuries had been a triumph, but in Mrs. Farrington's discontented heart there was triumph no longer. She not only reviewed with disgust the homely history of all she

saw, but, predisposed to sadness, she was made really unhappy by the life-like photograph of her first-born, whom she had been called upon to resign to Him who gave. And Jane Burke, she murmured, has all her children.

But Mary Farrington was not childless. Just then her second child, little Totty, came skirmishing in, her face all smiles and treacle, and her hands—O dear! Mary Farrington's reverie was cut short by the jump she was forced to make to save her only fashionable calling costume from a double sign manual, which would have ruined it forever.

"Keep away, Totty—do!" screamed the mother, while the child chased her with a hilarious laugh. Even to Mary, in her present mood, it was contagious. Nevertheless, she could not help saying to herself—"Jane Burke has a child's-nurse, and is spared all this trouble." And as she folded away her well-saved finery, she added—"And if she does spoil one dress, it makes no matter, when she has dozens."

Mary must lay aside the fine lady and descend to the kitchen, to oversee the dinner, and add to the dishes the finish and garnish which could not be expected from one not very efficient maid-of-all-work. Jane Burke, she thought, has cook, and chambermaid, and waiter, and her husband is thinking of a pair of horses, which will introduce coachmen and footmen before poor I can escape from answering, myself, the door-bell!

Mr. Farrington came in to dinner with a look of concern which alarmed his wife, and kept her silent—rather adding to the gloom which was already upon her face. Her husband glanced with sad inquiry at her, and said, at length—"Perhaps you have heard already the painful news I have to tell?"

Mrs. Farrington, seriously alarmed, looked, rather than said, that she had heard nothing.

"Mr. Burke's youngest child—a charming little girl, as you know, was this morning run over by a dray and killed."

Mary sank into a chair and waited for further particulars. Her heart smote her now, and she trembled, pallid with agitation. Her husband proceeded—

"The nurse had her in charge, but, attracted by something else, neglected her. The woman was recalled too late to her duty, by the screams of the by-standers. The child had ventured on a crossing—an unmanageable horse struck the poor little thing down; and it was my awful duty to take the disfigured body home to the frantic mother."

The burden of Jane Burke's conversation that morning had been her treasures of servants, and the fidelity and excellent qualities of this woman in particular. "She

had really," Mrs. Burke said, "taken the child's affections from her mother, and it saved her a world of trouble." But trouble saved by the neglect of duty brings worse woe and care at the last.

The dinner was eaten in silence, and Mrs. Farrington, without care for fashion or display, without card-case in hand, or panier on her back, went around to see—she did not hope to comfort—her friend. She even took little Totty with her, leaving the child at her sister's house as she passed, for she began now to see that one servant cannot fairly be left in charge of house, and work, and child, at once. Yesterday she might have felt it a great annoyance that she must always be fastened to the little girl. To-day she had no such ungrateful thoughts, but shuddered with the reflection that her previous neglect might have brought upon her as terrible a calamity as had befallen her friends.

It was a sad interview. Mary had prepared herself, by the way, to comfort the mother whom she expected to find full of self-reproaches. But she found her, instead, full of self-justification. The great grief and rebellion of Mrs. Burke's heart was against her husband. "Burke blames me!" she said. "He is wickedly unreasonable. He will not come near me, or suffer me to go to him. He says he hates the sight of me, and can only try to forgive me, as if I was all to blame."

Mary Farrington, as she walked home, thought of her days of grief, when the Master called for her first-born, now in Heaven. How tenderly her husband had comforted her, and striven to conquer his own crushing sorrow, that he might soothe her affliction.

But evil thoughts are not cured in a day. It is strange, but Mary Farrington could not help contrasting the magnificence of woe in the Burke obsequies with the simple and unostentatious manner in which her own child had been committed to the ground—earth to earth and dust to dust.

And then, Mrs. Burke's mourning costume was so becoming. The two families worshipped in the same church, and Mrs. Farrington's critical eyes could see that there were no temporary expedients in the make-up of the attire of the "family in affliction." The last modes from the "mourning emporium" were conspicuous in the dress of the mother and surviving children; and Mr. Burke, albeit not like Mr. Farrington, a constant worshipper, looked so distinguished as he performed the public and exceptional duty due to society, himself, the fashion and his wife. We do not know how far Mrs. Farrington's thoughts might have gone in the wrong direction, as she glanced from Burke, stately and fashionable even in his grief, to her own unassuming husband. But she

was recalled by the words of petition for deliverance "from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness;" and heartily did she join in the response.

If her thoughts wandered during the rest of the service, it was in penitence and self-accusation. She was not busy with others, but with herself. And as she passed from the church, she clung to her husband's arm with an earnestness which it was well for him and for her that he could not interpret. It was the humiliation of affection that she had dared, even in her silent thoughts, to disparage him. And she kept the secret that she had dared to rebel, even in thought, against what her conscience now told her was the goodness of God in her behalf.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Farrington was kind to her husband, and sadly cheerful, at dinner. Even the enormities of little Totty, and the Sunday mischiefs which the child had done, were pleasantly overlooked; for the loss which her friends had met reminded her by how slight a tenure we hold every joy that we feel in living friends. It seemed almost that her first marriage comfort had returned, and she saw everything in her pleasant house in the "light of other days." She thought that the world must have changed; that her husband must have improved, so far did his virtues and excellence overtop his infirmities. And even those imperfections she was ready to admit "leaned to virtue's side." If Mr. Burke had looked her ideal in church to-day, she could not forget his wife's disclosure of his cruel conduct at the time of their deepest sorrow. But there really was no change in Mary's house or her husband. It was all in herself.

Wives sometimes complain that their liege lords are not cordial and communicative. Perhaps it is the woman's fault. If a man is apprehensive that whatever he shall say will be met with cold depreciation, he is careful how he exposes himself. Men watch women's moods. If the husband perceives that his wife is disposed to receive his communication in a captious spirit, he will reserve whatever he has to say until the lady comes round to the right humor.

Now, Mr. Farrington had been waiting to say something to Mary for several days. Though he had made no comment on the fact, he had seen that an unpleasant spirit was on her. To-day the cloud was off. He ventured.

"Mary, I think we are ready to buy a house. And I have three in view from which to choose."

Mary was delighted, and showed her

pleasure by coming and sitting down close to her husband. There was a little, just the least, of the spirit of contradiction in her. She could not help fearing that her husband's habitual prudence would restrain him from such a purchase as, in her heart, she desired—a decided improvement on their present residence. But she reserved her objections, and waited to hear.

"First," continued Mr. Farrington. "Burke has quietly given me the refusal of his."

Mary almost started from her chair, and was ready to nail the bargain on the instant. But she feared her husband was not quite equal to the proper furnishing of such an establishment. So she repressed her raptures, and only asked, "What is the price?"

"It will require all my available funds. And as much more will remain on mortgage as will make our annual payment of interest just what our rent is at present. Still, as you have always admired that house, I am ready to oblige you."

"But hesitated Mary 'the furnishing?'"

"It required five years, or thereabouts, to become fixed here," said Farrington. "With what furniture we have already, I suppose we can make the proper additions in the new house in about the same time."

Mary pondered. She thought of Mrs. Burke calling upon her after the change was effected. A new carpet she *must* have, that was certain. New curtains would be absolutely necessary. But she knew her husband too well to believe that he would consent to any such full outfit at one purchase as would conceal from Mrs. Burke the incongruity of the furniture of her present modest house when transferred to the more pretentious premises. Her husband studied her face. If he read her thoughts truly, as we suspect, he said nothing. After a few moments Mrs. Farrington asked, "Why do the Burkes sell?"

"Perhaps he wants money in his business; or perhaps, he wishes to escape the unpleasant associations of the house."

"And we shall be moving directly among those unpleasant associations," said Mary. She was glad of an objection on this ground; because she did not like to tell all her thoughts, "We will lay that proposition on the table, and take up the next," she said.

"The next is one quite as good as Burke's" but not in a street as eligible. It is, indeed, a better house. And we can pay in full for it, and be under no other rent than taxes and repairs."

"But the furnishing?"

"Will be quite as expensive as if we took the Burkes' house. I might leave part of the money upon a mortgage, and pay for the interest of the cost of our furniture at the same rate that we now pay rent.

Then servants' wages would be a heavier item than at present."

Mary Farrington was tempted. She saw that she could take either of these desirable residences. Half as much of an opening for what most women consider a rise in the world would have delighted her a few days before—whatever trouble it cost her husband. "You are very kind," she said nestling up to him.

Little Totty had fallen asleep on the sofa. It was the housemaid's evening out. The blinds were drawn. The fire in the grate was bright, and the little parlor was very quiet and cosy. I was not present, of course, and did not see it; but am inclined to think that Mary actually kissed her husband. Dreams of new housekeeping satisfaction danced before her. But, oh! what a perplexity, she thought, to remove and re-arrange all these things, which, in her now happy mood, were as dear to her as ever. Mr. Farrington calmly and somewhat waggishly smiled, as he looked over his wife's head into the grate, and felt her nestling closer and closer to him.

"I think," she said at length, "we will not take Burke's house, but the other—that is, if we like it upon examination. You have not told me yet the third chance."

"I can buy this house; have henceforth no rent to meet, and invest somewhere else a sum large enough to yield us the full half of our present modest expenses."

"You are a jewel of a wise, old-fashioned thing of a husband, and as kind as you are wise," said Mary Farrington.

So that matter was settled. Mary Farrington's affection for her husband was comforted with the thought that every year the need of his exertions would grow less; and her pride, moreover, was satisfied that he was quite ready to buy the house which the Burkes were ready to sell. But her prudence prevented him. It was harmless that she could thus congratulate herself on her wisdom; and if she deceived herself into self-complacency, nobody suffered for it.

The purchase was made. And Mr. Farrington did not at once tell his wife that the money he had saved by the wise conclusion she made to remain where they were, he loaned to Burke on a bond and mortgage. Mrs. Burke had to know it, of course, and fully expected that Mary Farrington would put on some slight appearance of equality—not to say elation. But she did not, of course; for she had no knowledge of the pretext which the transaction would have afforded her. Nor, we think, if she had known, would she have been so very small as to have indulged herself in any such poor triumph. At last Mrs. Burke, having talked enigmas to her, explained the riddle by making her aware of the negotiation.

"Why did you not tell me?" Mary asked of her husband, more than half offended.

"Because I wished to leave you at ease with your friend. Now, she herself has told you, and that is just what I desired."

"But I shall look so small—as if you never trusted me!"

"Not in Mrs. Burke's eye; for her husband never does trust her, and she takes half confidences as a matter of course. I never conceal anything from you—and should have told you all about this, if I had not been sure that it was a secret that would soon betray itself. Was I not right?"

"You always are; and that is the provoking part of it," said Mary Farrington, laughing.

We do not say that she is never discontented; but she has learned to strive against the spirit of envy. And Mrs. Burke has found that the friendship of the Farringtons is worth cultivating; and her husband has insensibly learned wisdom at the same time from the gentleman. Early married life is a condition of severe trial; but if the parties have common sense, all things come right at the last.—*Home Magazine.*

THE VALUE OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

In the active struggle for competence and wealth, men of affairs are very apt to underrate the real value of those attainments which are styled accomplishments. Accustomed to rate men according to their working power and pursuits, according to the money-return they bring, these persons look down upon those things which seem to have little practical value, because their office is to throw light on many of the dark places in life's journey, and to make the overburdened forget for a time their oppressing cares. A life that is all labor or one continued round of pleasure, becomes monotonous; the true mean is healthful labor for a good part of each day, with sensible relaxation and harmless amusements when the day's work is done, and we gather with the dear ones who nestle about the family hearth. A laboring man may be proud of his capability to accomplish great tasks day after day for a long period, but his working force would be in no way lessened had he some accomplishment with which to beguile his hours of ease. As a general thing, however, we find that the workers each day make use of all their powers until they are compelled to seek rest in sleep from sheer exhaustion, while the butterflies and crickets flit and chirp in the sunshine without many serious thoughts about anything save how they may best enjoy themselves.

It is no easy matter to know exactly how to combine work and play, labor and recreation, and we Americans have not yet solved the problem. Our German brethren seem to understand the matter better. They are frugal and industrious, and yet seem never to lose an opportunity of enjoying themselves, always including their families with them in their merry-making. We would not, however, advocate an increased number of lager-beer saloons, and other German institutions, but we would see more music in the family circle, and more of an effort on the part of each member to contribute to the happiness of every other one. We may be assured that those homes to which grown-up children look back with fondest remembrance, are those where music and mirth most abounded, and not those where the old Puritanic spirit held sway, and where a good hearty laugh was unknown. Whittier, in *Snow Bound*, draws a delightful picture of a New England family, fine characters all, yet if we were compelled to choose one as a companion for a solitary journey, or with whom to while away a weary evening, would it not surely be the school-master, with his many-sided character and varied accomplishments? At this winter season the possessors of accomplishments are most welcome visitors. The strains of the homely fiddle, indifferently played, sound all the more charming when the wind outside is moaning a weird accompaniment.

A home without some musical instrument, and somebody to play on it, is a dull place indeed. Even though the performer be no great artist, and the tunes none of the liveliest, the music is still acceptable. If the instrument be mute all the week and only is heard on Sunday evening, as an accompaniment to well-known psalms and hymns, it is of great value. The children may not thoroughly appreciate it at the time, but many a sad moment in after life will be cheered by the humming of some of these familiar airs, and even in old age we may take pleasure in crooning over the tunes learned in childhood.

Music is one of the most common accomplishments, and what has been said of it will serve to illustrate the entire class. Whatever will make those about us happier and better, is worth cultivating if only for the sake of the pleasure it gives. In an ordinary gathering of educated men, it is an easy matter to select a number of persons who can and will make speeches on a large variety of subjects, but the number who can entertain the rest by narrating some humorous incident, or by vocal or instrumental music, is comparatively small. Yet these are just the men who ought to be able to contribute somewhat to the pleasure of others, and would

be able to do so were it not for a false idea about the worthlessness of mere accomplishments, imbibed in early youth. It is desirable that men should be workers, but not dull, heavy plodders—mere cart-horses. Martial music and warlike sports make soldiers fight better; and a due regard for pleasing accomplishments, will not detract in the least from the working force or ultimate success of the most eager aspirant after wealth, honor, or influence.—*Hearth and Home.*

CARE IN SELECTING A HOUSE.

Choosing a house, or tenement, is one of the cares that often devolves upon the wife, which demands great skill, good judgment, and sound common sense, because there are so many things to be taken into consideration. We have been favored with a book published in London, entitled *The Best of Everything*. We have not yet so thoroughly examined its contents as to be able to judge if it warrants that title; but have been much pleased with some "Hints on Choosing, Buying, or Building a House," and think our readers will be better pleased with some extracts from that chapter than with anything we could furnish:—

"Select a cheerful, healthy locality, and be sure the rent, including taxes, &c., does not exceed one-sixth of your income. Do not choose a neighborhood merely because it is fashionable; and carefully avoid occupying a dwelling in a neighborhood of doubtful reputation.

"Be sure that the house is dry, with convenient sewerage and plenty of water. A southern or western aspect is to be preferred. Should the house be infested with vermin, avoid it. See that windows and doors are well secured, that there are proper means of ventilation, and that the chimneys do not smoke.

"Let all needful repairs be made by the landlord before the completion of your agreement, otherwise you will probably be required to execute them at your own expense. Do not deal with a landlord commonly reputed to be disobliging, greedy, or litigious. In every case have a lease properly drawn out and stamped.

"Avoid the neighborhood of a sluggish stream, a mill-dam, or fresh-water lake. The penalties are rheumatism, ague, impaired eyesight, loss of appetite, asthma, and many other ailments. Choose a house away from the vicinity of tan-yards, and tallow, soap, and chemical works, or old and crowded burying-grounds, or slaughter-houses. A low situation is perilous, especially during the prevalence of epidemics.

"Never lease a house in a narrow street if you can help it, unless the back premises

are open and extensive. Houses built with sea-sand will in the winter months discharge moisture, and be unhealthy. A house with two entrances is more healthy than with only one. Before closing your bargain, try to learn something of the house from a former occupant.

"If you wish to purchase instead of leasing, do not trust to appearances, or rely on your own judgment; but when you have found a house likely to suit your family, and your purse, employ a surveyor to inspect every portion of it. He will examine the foundations, the state of the sewerage, and the character of the materials which form the walls, the joists, floorings, and other wood-work. He will be able to detect if soft bricks have been used, by finding traces of dampness at the bottom of the walls. Let a lawyer examine all papers necessary to secure a full possession.

"Beware of rashly purchasing fixtures, such as window-blinds or curtains, hall carpets or kitchen furniture; new articles may be found in the end more economical.

"Make an effort to pay the whole of the purchase money. A bond on your house may endanger your credit, and affect your comfort.

"If, instead of buying a house, you wish to build, select your locality; but before completing the arrangements ascertain the precise nature of the soil. In a gravelly soil you will readily secure good foundations; but if you find clay, or moist earth, be cautious. You may, indeed, procure an artificial foundation by laying a bed of concrete; but this will be attended with considerable expense. Consult an architect; he will make a plan for your approval, and prepare working plans and a specification. If the house is to be built of brick, be careful to examine the quality of the bricks, and also of the mortar. Personally inspect the plumber's work, which, if inferior, will expose you to endless expense afterwards.

"Do not allow zinc to be used either as gutters or water-pipes; it wastes under exposure.

"When a new house passes out of the hands of the carpenters, the painter and paper-hangers take their place. In selecting your paper-hangings, keep in view these considerations: If the ceiling is low, oak paper, or any dark paper, will make it, apparently, lower still; or if a room be defectively lighted, a dark shade aggravates the evil. Papers of large designs are unsuited for a small room, making it look smaller; and, generally, papers with a variety of colors and showy patterns are inconsistent with elegance. Striped papers are better adapted for rooms with low ceilings. When you have pictures to hang on the walls, floral devices in the paper are particularly unsuitable. Paper of a uniform color, such as light or dark green, is admirable adapt-

ed for pictures. The paint of doors and windows should harmonize with the paper-hangings."—*Christian Union*.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

"From six till half-past eleven."

These were the terms of an invitation which we saw last week. It was sent to forty children, between the ages of ten and sixteen.

"Will you allow your children to stay at this party until half-past eleven?" we said to a mother whose children were invited. "What can I do?" she replied. "If I send the carriage for them at half-past ten, the chances are that they will not be allowed to come away. It is impossible to break up a set. And as for that matter, half past ten is two hours and a half past their bed-time; they might as well stay an hour longer. I wish nobody would ever ask my children to a party. I cannot keep them at home, if they are asked. Of course, I *might*; but I have not the moral courage to see them so unhappy. All the other children go; and what can I do?"

This is a tender, loving mother, whose sweet, gentle, natural methods with her children have made them sweet, gentle, natural little girls, whom it is a delight to know. But "what can she do?" The question is by no means one which can be readily answered. It is very easy for 'off-hand severity, sweeping condemnation to say "Do! Why, nothing is plainer. Keep her children away from such places. Never let them go to any parties which last later than nine o'clock." This is the same thing as saying, "Never let them go to parties at all." There are no parties which break up at nine o'clock; that is, there are not in our cities. We hope there are such parties still in country towns and villages—such parties as we remember to this day with a vividness which no social enjoyments since then have dimmed; Saturday afternoon parties—*matinées* they would have been called if the village people had known enough; parties which began at three in the afternoon and ended in the early dusk, while little ones could see their way home; parties at which "mottos" in sugar horns were the luxurious novelty, caraway cookies the staple, and lemonade the only drink besides pure water. Fancy lemonade and a caraway cookie offered to the creature called child in cities to-day, and a few pink sugar horns and some walnuts and raisins to carry home in its pocket! One blushes at thought of the scornful contempt with which such similes would be received—we mean rejected!

From the party whose invitation we have quoted above the little girls came home at midnight, radiant, flushed, joyous—looking

in their floating, white muslin dresses like fairies, their hands loaded with bouquets of hot-house flowers. At eleven they had had for supper all the unwholesome abominations which are set out and eaten in American evening entertainments.

Next morning there were no languid eyes, pale cheeks. Each little face was eager, bright, rosy, though the excited brain had had only five or six hours' sleep.

"If they would only feel tired the next day, that would be something of an argument to bring up with them," said the poor mother. "But they always declare that they feel better than ever."

And so they do. But the "better" is only a deceitful sham, kept up by excited and overwrought nerves—the same thing that we see over and over and over again in all lives which are temporarily kindled and stimulated by excitement of any kind.

This is the worst thing, this is the most fatal thing in all our mismanagements and perversions of the physical life of our children. Their beautiful elasticity and strength rebound instantly to an apparently uninjured fullness and so we go on, undermining, undermining at point after point, until suddenly some day there comes a tragedy, a catastrophe, for which we are as unprepared as if we had been working to avert, instead of to hasten it. Who shall say when our boys die at eighteen, twenty, twenty-two, our girls either in their girlhood or in the first strain of their womanhood—who shall say that they might not have passed safely through the dangers, had no vital force been unnecessarily wasted in their childhood, their infancy.

Every hour that a child sleeps is just so much investment of physical capital for years to come. Every hour after dark that a child is awake is just so much capital withdrawn. Every hour that a child lives a quiet, tranquil, joyous life of such sort as kittens live on hearths, squirrels in sunshine, is just so much investment in strength and steadiness and growth of the nervous system. Every hour that a child lives a life of excited brainworking, either in a schoolroom or in a ballroom, is just so much taken away from the reserved force which enables nerves to triumph through the sorrows, through the labors, through the diseases of later life. Every mouthful of wholesome food that a child eats, at reasonable hours, may be said to tell on every moment of his whole life, no matter how long it may be. Victor Hugo, the benevolent exile, has found out that to be well fed once in seven days for one meal has been enough to transform the apparent health of all the poor children in Guernsey. Who shall say that to take once in seven days, or even once in thirty days, an unwholesome supper, may not leave as lasting effects on the constitution of a child?

If Nature would only "execute" her "sentences against evil works" more "speedily," evil works would not so thrive. The law of continuity is the hardest one for average men and women to comprehend—or, at any rate, to obey. Seedtime and harvest in gardens and fields they have learned to understand and profit by. When we learn, also, that in the precious lives of these little ones we cannot reap what we do not sow, and we must reap all which we do sow, and that the emptiness or the richness of the harvest is not so much for us as for them, one of the first among the many things which we shall reform will be "children's parties."—*N. Y. Independent.*

WINTER SHOES.

In the sloshy weather of winter, when the roads and streets are covered with mud or half-melted snow, India rubber shoes are a perfect protection; but to wear them longer than an hour or two, especially if the person is not in continuous exercise, has the certain effect to make the feet cold and clammy, thus preparing the system for colds, croups, and inflammation of the lungs.

Workmen and business men must be on their feet more or less all day; and to have the feet dry and warm is essential to health and comfort, and even to life itself.

The soles of shoes can be made impervious to dampness if they alone are soaked for twenty-four hours in kerosene oil, and are then allowed to dry thoroughly. Let the sole be deep enough in the oil to cover the top of it, so that the oil may sink in among the stitches, and fill in the seams of the sole and upper leather; then the upper leather may be polished with blacking, but it could not be made to shine as well if soaked in oil, nor is it desirable to have the upper leather impervious, for then it would be no better than India rubber.

All persons should have cork soles in their shoes, the cork being covered on the side next the foot with Canton flannel; but it would be well to take them out every night, and place them where they will be well aired and dried. Another benefit of cork soles is, they save about ninety per cent. of darning. Nine shoemakers out of ten fail to rasp off the pegs and nails on the inside of the sole, the result being in many cases that holes are worn in the stockings in twenty-four hours after their first wearing. But even if the wooden pegs are ever so well rasped, or the iron pegs clinched, still wood and iron are harder than leather, have no yield, and wear holes in the best stockings in a short time; and as a large portion of the time of our industrious wives at the close of the week, and especially on

Saturday nights, is spent in darning stockings, any suggestion that saves them work is worth consideration.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

POISON-PITCHERS.

In the multiplication of conveniences for household use, there is need for especial caution to protect us against what may damage the health. The prolonged, stated use of anything deleterious tends often to consequences as formidable as from large single doses. Besides this the mischief is carried through whole families, who are made miserable both from actual suffering and from apprehension, while the real cause remains unsuspected, doing its fell work. Metals are largely used about a house; most of them are readily corroded by articles which are put in vessels made of them, and most of them are poisonous. Lead-pipes have heretofore received much attention, and people should by this time have learned their danger. The purest water passing through them is sometimes the most dangerous, and it would amaze those who have not looked into the matter to know how surely a pipe is eaten away to pass into the daily food of a family. We have seen a pipe, with one year's usage, so honey-combed with pin-holes that water could no longer be drawn by the pump. Such discoveries are often made by plumbers who have not the conscience to reveal a secret which would damage the trade. Tin fruit-cans have more recently received a share of attention by reason of the solder, which contains lead. There being two metals present, together with an acid fluid, the conditions are complete for galvanic action and the surer corrosion. Now we have a new trouble brought to light. Dr. Hayes, of Massachusetts, shows that the metallic ice-pitchers, which are met with everywhere, are so constantly corroded on the inside that workmen are employed their whole time in repairing them. He says that his professional experience has shown him cases of lead-poisoning which could be traced to no other source. Less than one-tenth of a grain of lead to the gallon has proved deleterious to health; but in the case of ice-pitchers he has obtained, by chemical analysis, two and eight-tenth grains from water which had stood four hours! Lead is bad enough by itself, but when other metals are present in contact with it, the result is aggravated; a person is then drinking the contents of a galvanic battery! If people will not learn to fear lead, they certainly must recoil from a battery. Let no ice-pitcher enter a sane man's house which has anything in the shape of a metal lining.—*Christian Union.*

WILL NOT GO OUT TO SERVICE.

It is the standing complaint of housekeepers that no respectable American girls will go out to service. "They think too much of themselves to live out"—"they are too proud to do housework," are common remarks, and many poor girls are severely censured for hesitating, when the remuneration would be a matter of great importance to them.

Now I am well convinced that this reluctance springs from the manner in which girls are usually treated. They are not made comfortable; no interest is felt in their welfare, the only object being to grind out the greatest possible amount of work from their muscles for the smallest returns.

I know a lady in moderate circumstances who follows a very different plan. Whenever a new girl enters her house, she is made to feel that she is at home; that her mistress is her friend; one who feels her loneliness away among strangers, and one who will endeavor to make her position pleasant, asking only faithful service in return. Without any undue familiarity, she shows a girl that she has an interest in her welfare, quietly advising and kindly counselling, where it is needful. Life is not one ceaseless round of drudgery in her house. Dispatch about the morning work, is the price at which a quiet hour or two for sewing is secured in the afternoon. The mistress aids and encourages the girl to make her own clothing, often giving her important help on the sewing machine, and usually teaching her to use it herself. This lady has rarely any but an American girl of the better class in her house. Girls are attached to her personally, and would do anything in their power to please her. As a rule, she is well served. More than this, the girls she has thus trained are scattered all over the land in homes of their own, where they are living over again the principles, and acting out the habits acquired in her household. Who can compute the good done in this quiet, unassuming way, by a kind, noble, Christian woman?

AQUA AMMONIA FOR HOUSE-CLEANING.

A "housekeeper," in the *Michigan Farmer*, speaks highly of aqua ammonia, or essence of ammonia, for cleaning paint, silver, and glass dishes. She says: For washing paint, put a tablespoonful in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth, and with this merely wipe off the wood-work; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking grease-spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure, and then lay white blotting-paper

over the spot and iron it lightly. In washing laces, put 12 drops in warm suds. To clean silver, mix two teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot soap-suds, put in your silver and wash it, using an old nail-brush or tooth-brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair-brushes, etc., simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one teaspoonful of ammonia to one pint of hot water; when they are cleaned, rinse them in cold water and stand them in the wind or in a hot place to dry. For washing finger-marks from looking-glasses or windows, put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag and make quick work of it. If you wish your houseplants to flourish, put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful in a basin of cold water will add much to the refreshing effects of a bath; nothing is better than ammonia water for cleansing the hair. In every case, rinse off the ammonia with pure water. Aqua ammonia should be purchased by the pound or half-pound, as druggists ask an extortionate price per ounce.

POISON.

The instant a person is known to have swallowed poison, by design or accident, give water to drink, cold or warm, as fast as possible, a gallon or more at a time, and as fast as vomited drink more. Tepid water is best, as it opens the pores of the skin and promotes vomiting, and thus gives the speediest cure to the poisonous article. If pains begin to be felt in the bowels, it shows that part at least of the poison has passed downward; then large and repeated injections of tepid water should be given,—the object in both cases being to dilute the poison as quickly and as largely as possible. Do not wait for warm water—take that which is nearest at hand, cold or warm, for every second of time saved is of immense importance—at the same time send instantly for a physician, and as soon as he comes turn the case into his hands, telling him what you have done. This simple fact cannot be too widely published; it is not meant to say that drinking a gallon or two of simple water will cure every case of poisoning, but it will cure many, and benefit all by its rapidly-diluting quality.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

BRAN MUFFINS.—Two tea-cupfuls of unbolted flour, and one of white wheat flour, one pint of rich milk, two eggs, and a little salt. Beat all well together. Have the pans well greased, and pour in, baking fifteen or twenty minutes.

BREAD PUDDING.—One quart fine bread crumbs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, half pound suet chopped fine, one coffee-cup raisins, half a rind of preserved orange-peel or citron cut thin and fine, a very little nutmeg and cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one small teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Stir in milk enough to make it thick as pound cake; beating all thoroughly together; put it into a buttered pudding mould, and boil three hours. Be careful to keep the water boiling all the time.

SETTLING COFFEE.—The following is recommended as being a good way, not only to settle coffee, but to prevent the escape of its aroma. For one pound of coffee, take one egg and beat it well. When the coffee is nicely browned and cool enough not to cook the egg, pour the egg over it, stirring it until every kernel is coated with a varnish, and let it stand a few minutes in a warm place until it dries. This will prevent the escape of all aroma. It is not affected by moisture, and the egg helps the coffee when it is ground and steeped.

FRUIT-JELLY.—Clarify half a pound of sugar, strain, mix with it an ounce of clarified isinglass and the juice of two lemons. Stir into this the fruit of which the jelly is to be composed; pour into a mould quickly and put on the ice. The sugar and isinglass are merely lukewarm when mixed together. The fruit in this jelly was orange, cut into dice, every seed and particle of skin removed. To clarify isinglass, cut an ounce and a quarter into small pieces, wash several times in warm water, put into a preserving-pan with five gills of clear water, boil slowly one-fourth away. Remove the scum as it rises, and when done strain through a cloth and put away.

YEAST.—Into a sauce-pan put three quarts of water, a very large handful of hops tied into a bag; and when it boils add four pared potatoes. When the potatoes are done, take out and mash in a basin; add a cupful of sugar, one of salt, and three spoonfuls of flour; pour the hop-water over; mash all well and smoothly together. If it seems lumpy, strain through a colander; put back into the sauce-pan to boil, and as soon as it boils up once, remove from the fire. When cold, add about half a pint of lively yeast, and let it rise. If the yeast is not very lively, it will take more. When risen, put a little ginger and a small piece of alum dissolved in water to it. Put into bottles and cork up.

AN UNFAILING PREVENTIVE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—When washing the hands, or rather having washed them, while they

are still wet, rub on them a little honey, and then dry them, taking care to leave the honey on and not rinse it off before drying the hands. If the hands are sore and chapped, on the first and second application the honey will cause pain for about five minutes, but if used every time the hands are washed, the hands never chap. It is also a certain cure for irritation on the face caused by wind and cold weather.

PASTE.—Dissolve a tablespoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. Add flour sufficient to give it the consistency of thick cream, and stirred in smoothly, put in a thimbleful of powdered resin and a half a dozen cloves. Then pour this into a teacupful of boiling water, stirring well all the time, and let it remain over the fire till it is thick like mush, which will take but a few minutes. Put into an earthen dish, cover and set in a cool place. When needed for use, soften a portion of it with warm water.

HOW TO DESTROY RED ANTS.—Take a white china plate, and spread a thin covering of common lard over it, and place it on the floor or shelf infested by the troublesome insects, and you will be pleased with the result. Stirring it up every morning is all that is necessary to set the trap again.

A HOME-MADE WASH-STAND.—Two articles are necessary for a foundation, namely, a flour-barrel, new enough to be in no danger of immediate collapse, and a common pine box, not less than two feet long by twenty inches wide—height immaterial. Knock out one side of the box, and set the bottom and three remaining sides on the top of the barrel. Now comes the heaviest expense. Four or five yards of pretty striped chintz, or of pink or blue paper muslin, must be procured, unless it happens to be on hand, at an outlay of about seventy-five cents. More than this would be an unwarrantable extravagance, and a concession to the luxurious tendencies of the age. When you are ready with your chintz or paper muslin, tack a portion of it smoothly over the three upright sides of the box, and the remainder in plaits around the bottom of the box, so that it will hang "full" like a skirt over the barrel. Of course, it is necessary to cover only such parts of the wood as will be in sight when the wash-stand is finished and in position. If paper muslin is used, some white material like curtain lace, or even mosquito-netting, should be loosely tacked in folds over it. This done, your wash-stand is ready for use. Moderate ingenuity will suggest sundry additions, such as shelves, towel-racks, and so on. The

barrel itself can serve as a little closet, if an opening be cut in the front.

CRANBERRY-JUICE.—Pick over and wash the berries, put them in a porcelain-lined kettle, with sufficient water to nearly cover them. Put a lid over the kettle, and let the berries cook slowly till they are broken. Strain carefully through a sieve or fine colander, allowing none of the pulp to pass through. Repeat the straining, if necessary, till the juice is perfectly clear. Then add pound for pound, or pint for pint, of white sugar; stir till the white sugar is dissolved, and boil ten minutes over a slow fire, skimming carefully until it is perfectly clear. The pulp can be sweetened and used for sauce.

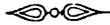
CALF'S-FOOT JELLY.—Boil a set of calf's feet in a gallon of water until reduced one-half. Then pour the liquor into a bowl and let it remain until it is cooled. Then skim off all the fat, put the liquor into a bell-metal kettle and let it stand over the fire till it is dissolved. Sweeten it to your taste. Add the juice of three lemons and a little mace, and some cinnamon with a few cloves. Beat the whites of three eggs together with the shells. These must all be put into a kettle together. Give them a boil up, take the kettle off the fire, run the mixture through a flannel bag two or three times till it becomes clear, and then pour it into glasses. Pigs' feet may be used instead of calves' feet and are just as nice.

TO IRON VELVET RIBBON.—Dampen the under-side slightly, and draw it backward and forward over a hot stove-pipe until the velvet is quite dry. A still better plan—though in winter it is not always as convenient—is to lay a wet piece of cotton-cloth on a hot flat-iron placed upside-down, and while the steam is rising from it, to draw the under-side of the velvet tightly backward and forward over the wet cloth.

TO BLEACH COTTON.—For five pounds of cotton, dissolve six ounces of chloride of lime in a quart of soft hot water; boil the cloth in soap-suds and rinse it; then strain the lime into sufficient water to immerse the cloth in, being careful not to let any of the lime pass through the strainer. Put in the cloth, let it remain from ten to twenty minutes, and rinse it through two or three waters.

TO CLEAN KNIVES.—Cut a good-sized solid, raw potato in two; dip the flat surface in powdered brick-dust, and rub the knife-blades. Stains and rust will disappear.

Literary Notices.



NOTES Critical and Explanatory on the Gospels. Designed for Sunday-school Teachers and Bible Classes. By Albert Barnes. Author of "Notes on the Psalms," "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," &c, &c. In two volumes.—**NOTES on the Acts of the Apostles.** One volume. New York: Harper Bros. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This revised edition of these well-known Notes, which contain so much information in small compass and convenient form, will no doubt be welcome to thousands. In the revision the essential character of the work has not been changed. It would, of course, have been easy to have enlarged it very greatly and to have made it much more learned, but the fact of its great popularity in its original form, showed that it met and satisfied a felt want, and the author justly considered that it would not be advisable to change the plan. Many improvements have, however, been made. Some portions have been abridged, and much new matter has been added, and the value of the work has been greatly enhanced by numerous illustrations from photographs and otherwise. The maps, chronological table, tables of weights, &c., and index, will be found very convenient for reference.

AD CLERUM: Advice to a Young Preacher.
By Joseph Parker, D.D. Author of "Ecce Deus." Boston: Roberts Bros. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The readers of "Ecce Deus" will expect great things in taking up another volume from the same pen, and we venture to predict that their expectations will not be disappointed in this series of critical letters. It is not only the originality of

the thought, but the beauty of the style which charms the reader. The writer often does not express his idea in so many words, but suggests it so skilfully that the reader in mastering it cannot fail to make it his own. Dr. Parker speaks from the heart. His earnestness is evident in every page; and though a rich vein of humor runs through the book, he never loses sight of the sacredness and heavy responsibility of the preacher's functions. We fancy there are few preachers, whether old or young, that would not learn something by a careful perusal of the hints on manner and delivery. Take, for instance, his advice with regard to the preparation of sermons. After speaking of the choice of a text, and the elaboration of the sermon, he says—"Having completed a full draft of all your divisions, begin at the beginning and strike out all the fine words, and all the super-fine expressions—let them go without murmuring. Particularly strike out all such words as 'Methinks I see,' 'Cherubim and Seraphim,' 'The glinting stars,' 'The stellar heavens,' 'The circumambient air,' 'The rustling wings,' 'The pearly gates,' 'The glistening dew,' 'The meandering rills,' and 'The crystal battlements of heaven.' I know how pretty they look to the young eye, and how sweetly they sound in the young ear; but let them go without a sigh. If you have spoken of God as the Deity, put your pen through the word 'Deity,' and write 'God' in its stead. If you should so far forget yourself as to write the word 'pandemonium,' put it out and write the monosyllable over its ruins; and if in a moment of delirium you should write "My beloved, come with me on the pinions of imagination," pause and consider soberly whether you had not, on the whole, better remain where you are."

Under the heading of "The Minister in the Pulpit," Dr. Parker remarks:—

"You have to go into the pulpit. You smile at this trite remark, perhaps; there are, however, two ways of going into a pulpit. To ascend the pulpit with a hurried step, or with any air of affectation, is indecorous, if not profane. Some ministers have an extraordinary way of *rolling* into the pulpit; others are severely perpendicular in their attitude; others are natural and solemn, without being either flippant or sanctimonious in their manner. Some ministers make their appearance at the vestry door with a bold and almost defiant look, others drop their eyes as if ashamed to hold up their heads; in both cases, perhaps, there is a little affectation; what you and I have to do is to be *natural, sincere and modest.*"

These specimens of Dr. Parker's style will give a good idea of the practical character of the book. Towards the close, however, the author indulges in a little speculation as to what might be. He says:—

"The time will come when Sunday services will be modelled upon a new and better basis. The minister will have to preach less and preach better. There will be one service in the day—beginning say at twelve o'clock, and continuing about two hours; in the evening parents will have time to teach their children; and those members of the household who could not go out in the morning will have opportunity of going to special services here and there in the evening, and it will be matter of surprise if any be present in the evening who attended service in the morning. It is better to have one well-prepared and well-appreciated service, than to drag through two services with the heaviness of indifference. Those who have been at service in the morning will be doing work in the evening. Their children will be instructed, and the poor and ignorant gathered together and taught the way of truth."

ROMAN IMPERIALISM; and Other Lectures and Essays. By J. R. Seeley, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. (Author of "Ecce Homo.") Boston: Roberts Bros. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Roman Imperialism is the subject of the first three essays in this volume. The first of these takes up "The Great Roman Revolution;" the second, "The Proximate Cause of the Fall of the Roman Empire;" and the third, "The Later Em-

pire." The questions arising out of these subjects are discussed with the ability which one would expect from an author of such recognized fame. "Milton's Political Opinions," and "Milton's Poetry" are the subjects of the next two essays. Then we have a discussion on the "Elementary Principles of Art," in which the writer takes a somewhat different ground from most critics. In the lecture entitled "Liberal Education in Universities," Professor Seeley attacks, with great vigor, certain points in the system of the old English Universities, particularly that of Cambridge, which he considers might be altered with great advantage, not only to these institutions, but also to all England and to the world. He argues that as education in England is what the Universities choose to make it, therefore it is very important that Oxford and Cambridge should disseminate just and profound views on education, and proceeds to compare them with the German Universities, showing how defective their system is in many points. For instance, he says:—

"In the German Universities the whole field of knowledge is elaborately divided, and assigned in lots to different lecturers. In a prospectus of Heidelberg University, I count about sixty, each lecturing on his own peculiar subject. At Cambridge, scarcely anything but classics and mathematics is lectured on in the colleges at all, and at every college the lectures are substantially the same.

"In Germany, every lecture room being open to the whole University, the size of a lecturer's class bears some proportion to its merits. At Cambridge, the best lecturer is no better attended than the worst, and not only his salary, but also his reputation, is hardly at all affected by the merit of his lectures. Again, not only do good lectures attract no more attention than bad ones, but neither good nor bad lectures attract any attention worth speaking of. The attendance in most cases is compulsory, and purely formal."

Besides this, he shows that the lecturers are not invariably the most competent men, being chosen on a faulty plan, and points out the evil effects produced upon the mind by making education a perpetual preparation for an examination, giving it as his opinion that it is the greatest misfortune in a University that success in an examination should be held up by the

teaching class in general as the principal object of study. The writer then suggests a number of reforms which would obviate these disadvantages, and concludes with the remark:—

“If in the present century we have fallen somewhat behind, and instead of overrunning the Continent with our ideas, as in the days of Locke, Newton and Bentley, have suffered in our own island the invasion of French and German philosophies, it is assuredly from no inherent weakness. We must seek for other causes, and among them we shall find this: that in the warfare of thought we have hoped to resist regular troops with volunteers.”

The essay entitled “English in Schools” should be read by every teacher who has charge of the arrangement of the plan of lessons in schools. It takes up a most important question, and Professor Seeley’s views, if adopted, would make school education a very different thing. The striking way in which the disadvantages of the classical system of education as practised in English schools, is put, makes the reader wonder that such obvious truths should not have been discovered long ago. He remarks:—

“It is surely not a necessity that persons in decent circumstances, in decent society—persons who have passed several years at school—should go through life without any intellectual tastes, without any sense of literary excellence, falling victims with barbarian simplicity to every tinsel allure-ment of style, entirely outside the influence of living genius, and scarcely aware, even as a historical fact, that they are the coun-trymen of Bacon, Shakespeare and Mil-ton.”

Yet this, he considers as the ordinary result of the present system. Again he says:

“A boy goes to school, and at fourteen he is taken away, having read a book and a half of Cæsar’s Commentaries, two or three epistles of Ovid, and a book of Xenophon. In his mird, at the end of this time, what images have been deposited? There are some chaotic conceptions of Cæsar exhorting his troops, and of Grecian soldiers marching indefinitely through Asia at the rate of so many parasangs a day. What happened when these soldiers reached their destination, it is likely enough he has never found out, because that is recorded in another part of the book.”

This is all that has been done to-wards cultivating his imagination and

taste, and enlarging his contemplations in the only years of his life that are redeemed from money-making. He proposes that Latin should not be com-menced until the age of fourteen, and that its place should be supplied by a careful training in English grammar and literature. In tak-ing this ground he is careful to state that it is not that he does not fully recognize the value of the arguments of the classicists with regard to the advantages of a thorough acquaintance with classic literature, but that as, in point of fact, it is impossible to teach all boys to read Cicero and Plato in the originals, it is worse than useless if the boys do not, after all, gain the treasure for them to spend several years in straining after it.

“That a country is prosperous and pleasant,” he says, “is a reason for going to it; but it is not a reason for going half-way to it. If you cannot get all the way to America, you had better surely go somewhere else. If you are a parent, and think that your son is not fit to go to Cam-bridge, you send him into the city or into the army. You do not send him part of the way to Cambridge; you do not send him to Royston or Bishop Stortford.”

The arguments by which Professor Seeley proves the superior advantages of the Eng-lish language as a means of education are equally unanswerable, and should be atten-tively considered by those who are engaged in the training of youth. He then partially elaborates a scheme for the systematic teaching of English; but, as a hasty ana-lysis could not do justice to it, we refer those who are interested in the subject to the essay itself.

In the essay entitled, “The Church as a Teacher of Morality,” the writer apparently ranks himself with the Broad Church party, showing little sympathy with either the High Church or the Evangelical party. The clergy of this section of the Church should, he thinks, lay themselves out to teach morality, both in political questions and in social science, and should give, as far as possible, examples and illustrations from modern history, instead of taking them from the Bible. Some of his opinions on these subjects are rather startling; but many of the thoughts are well worthy of consideration.

OUR GIRLS. By Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D., President of the Normal Institute for Physical Education, Author of "Weak Lungs and How to make them Strong," &c. New York: Harper Bros. Dawson Bros, Montreal.

This volume treats of the art of preserving health, and contains a great many good thoughts. It is written in a discursive, conversational style, and sensible notions are put in such an extreme way that they frequently appear rather absurd. However, the book is calculated to do good if only in its strong inculcation of the idea that perfect health is desirable for girls and the scorn with which it treats the too common impression that pallor and languor are beautiful and ladylike. One or two extracts will give an idea of his style:—

RULES FOR FINE WALKING.

There are certain prerequisites.

First, you must have low, wide heels, and broad soles, especially about the toes, affording a secure surface, upon which, in taking each step, you can push the body forward.

Second, the body about the waist must be perfectly at liberty. The corset is a deadly enemy to fine walking.

But given perfect freedom at the middle of the body, through which all the movements in walking must pass—given this freedom of the trunk, with good shoes, and you have the prerequisites on which this general exercise of the body depends.

Suppose, instead of a free body, that you press a corset into the pit of the stomach, so as to make a scoop-shovel dip in that part of the body, of course you draw the shoulders forward, and push the bowels down out of their natural place. Then you walk like a deformed person.

With liberty of feet and liberty of body, you are ready to take your first lesson.

I once read a book about walking. It was a French book, and, if I remember right, it contained about one hundred and twenty pages. In it the most elaborate directions were given. We were told how to hold our heels and toes, what part of the foot to bring down first, how, when the foot had been brought down, it was to be moved during the step, just what angle must be maintained between the two feet, the style of movement in the ankle itself, management of the knees, the hips, the shoulders, the head, the arms, the hands, the thumbs,—the position of the thumbs was the subject of several pages.

I have sometimes thought that I would write a book on walking. I am sure I can write a better one than that French book, and my book would contain only four words. Let us see, we must have two leaves, and each leaf must be as large as your thumb nail. We have four pages.

Now we will proceed to print this book. On the first page we will print one single word, "chin"; on the second a single word, "close"; on the third page, "to"; now we approach the end of the volume; turn over, and on the last page we print the word "neck."

The volume is complete. No explanatory notes need be given, not another word need be said. Whoever carries the chin close to neck is all right from top to toe, and will walk well. Strange to say, the chin is the pivot on which the whole body turns in walking.

"Miss Howard, please stand before us. Now push your chin forward after the manner of most girls in walking. There, girls, don't you see, her shoulders are wrong, hips wrong, wrong everywhere!

"Now, Miss Howard, draw your chin back close to your neck. See, she has brought her shoulders into the right position, hips right, every part is right. Now please walk? Don't you see? Although, in this first attempt, she seems a little stiff and awkward, she exhibits the elements of a fine, queenly bearing! If she were to keep it up a few weeks, and make it easy, wherever she might go, people would exclaim, 'Queenly! queenly!'"

Oh, it is pitiable to see fine American girls poke along the street with their chins away on in advance, hastening to inform the people that the girl is coming.

Come to this window with me, and look out a moment. There, there are two girls passing. Now look at their chins. If these girls would draw their chins back close to their necks, their whole appearance would be changed in an instant.

SUNSHINE.

Within a few days I sought an opportunity to speak with the parents about the management of their little son. It was painful to tell them that I thought they might have prevented the death of Charlie. But I said what I thought was true, and then advised a new policy in the case of the remaining child. I said to them: "Your son who has been taken from you was carefully screened from the sunshine. When he rode out in the baby-waggon, it was always under cover. And he slept always in that bedroom, into which the direct rays of the sun never come; that great tree makes it impossible. A child cannot live where a plant will not grow; and if you doubt what I am telling you,

try a pot of flowers in Charlie's bedroom. You will find that, in a single month, the leaves will fall, and the plant will die. Charlie spent three-quarters of his life in that bedroom."

The mother at length, when convinced, cried out in very anguish of soul, "What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Well," I said, "my dear friend, if you would save this child, and that is the only available sleeping-room for it, I advise that you have the trees which shade that part of the house cut down. Trees should never be allowed to shade human dwellings. They are very beautiful and noble objects, to my own fancy more beautiful and noble than any other productions of our planet, and I would have them multiplied, but would not have them near our houses."

The trees were cut down, the blessed sunshine came in to dry, sweeten and purify the bedroom. Its atmosphere was so changed that no one could fail to observe it. The child was kept much in the open air, and when taking his midday nap, he was occasionally laid naked upon a mattress, near a window, in the direct rays of the sun, his head protected, but the rest of the body exposed to the sunshine. The little fellow's health greatly improved. I believe he never had another attack of croup.

Our young folks should never sleep in bedrooms that have not the direct sunshine. They should never sleep in bedrooms the windows of which are shaded by a piazza or a tree; and if they would have the very best health, they must live as constantly as possible in the sunshine.

Notices.



THE LATE MISS LYMAN.

Miss Hannah Willard Lyman was a native of Northampton, Massachusetts, and, as might be inferred from that fact, was descended from one of the old Puritan families which originally settled that beautiful and fertile region. The Lyman family indeed, more than most others, has spread itself widely over the Continent, but its headquarters is close to Northampton, where a very extensive family gathering took place a few years ago. The Edwards, the Lymans, the Stoddards, the Strongs, and other old families in that region constituted a kind of aristocracy, not only of birth, but of piety and talent; and their influence has been felt for good, not only in Massachusetts, but throughout the United States and the world. The ramifications of the Lyman family are very extensive, intermingling by marriage

with Beechers, Trumbulls, Tappans, and many other names celebrated in various walks of public usefulness. An elder brother of Miss Lyman was the devoted missionary, Henry Lyman, who, with his colleague Munson, fell a victim to the savages of Sumatra; and Miss Lyman's biography of her beloved brother, published a few years ago under the title of the "Martyr of Sumatra," is a remarkably interesting work. Miss Lyman studied under some of the first educationists of the age, among whom were Mrs. Girardi, sister of Bancroft, the historian, and Miss Grant (afterwards Mrs. Bannister), principal of the celebrated Ipswich Seminary, in which the still more celebrated Mary Lyon was a co-laborer. Appreciating the immense importance of a refined intellectual and religious education for females, Miss Lyman early took up this as her life-work; and shortly after her coming to Montreal, in 1839, commenced a select

advanced class of a limited number of young ladies. This proved so successful that she was induced to extend her plan so as to embrace all the classes of a first-rate seminary, and this proved a great blessing to Montreal and to Canada, from all parts of which pupils came to receive that culture that was to fit them to be alike amiable and useful in after life.

Under the influence of her genial and hearty Christianity, many of Miss Lyman's pupils gave themselves to the Saviour, and, doubtless all, more or less, profited in a spiritual point of view. Though connected personally with the Congregational Church in Montreal during her long residence in this city—a connection which did not cease till her death—she was eminently liberal and catholic in her views, and appreciated and loved what was good in all denominations. Nor were her Christian efforts confined to her school; for a good while she met a large class of British soldiers, who came weekly to her parlor for Bible instruction, and who held her in the highest reverence. She was also deeply imbued with the missionary spirit, and was mainly instrumental in getting up a Ladies' Missionary Society, which has, for a number of years, been doing a good work.

When repeatedly called to take the place of first Lady Principal of Vassar College, she at length yielded to what she believed to be the call of God, broke up her flourishing establishment in Montreal and devoted the remainder of her life to that greatest and best endowed of female schools. In this extended sphere of usefulness, she was followed by the same blessing and the same success as before, notwithstanding the gradual wasting away of her life for the last two or three years. She died at Vassar College on the 21st February, enjoying the most tender and sympathizing attentions of the faculty and students, and of some of her nearest relations, who sedulously watched her dying-bed. She passed away calmly in the full enjoyment of that faith in a personal and present Saviour,

which had been her support through life; and the manifestations of respect which accompanied the departure of her remains for sepulture in Montreal, were of no ordinary kind. Rev. Dr. Raymond, Principal of Vassar College, and Mr. Vassar, nephew of the founder, and one of the trustees, accompanied the body to its last resting-place in the Mount Royal Cemetery,—one as representing the faculty, and the other the trustees of the College, and the coffin was beautifully decorated with floral wreath, cross, crown and anchor—the tributes of affection of all the classes of Vassar.

A numerous company attended the funeral services in Zion Church, which were conducted by her pastor and friend—the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, assisted by Rev. Dr. Raymond of Vassar, and Rev. Canon Bancroft of Trinity Church, Montreal. Dr. Wilkes told how faithful the deceased had been as a member of the Church of Christ, and how much she loved its ordinances, especially the communion of the Lord's Supper. He also adverted to her generosity in educating, without charge, a number of young ladies who could not otherwise have enjoyed the advantages of her classes; and in ministering secretly to the destitute and afflicted. Principal Raymond testified to the fidelity and ability of her administration in Vassar College, which had surpassed even the very high expectations of the trustees and faculty.

Soldiers in distant stations of the British army, whom she instructed in Bible classes; Missionaries in various parts of the world, to whose lonely fields of labor her kindly sympathies and generous aid found their way; pupils who remember with gratitude her instruction and her influence on their spiritual life, will hear of her death with sadness.

Her remains will rest in one of the most beautiful parts of the beautiful Mount Royal Cemetery; and doubtless some appropriate memorial will be reared over it, perhaps by her affectionate pupils scattered over Canada.

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