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Tales and Sketches.

RACHEL NOBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER XIX.

FANNY and I were in the habit of going frequently to New Broom. We never staid long at a time, as we preferred going together, and it did not suit very well for us to be away for a lengthened period; had we gone separately, we might have made longer visits. It was a long while before I noticed, but at last I did notice, that some kind of change had come over John and Mary; they had grown very grave and solemn, and even melancholy, I thought. I laughingly remarked this to them, and they both said, "Indeed, they were not aware."

"Well," I said, still laughing, you often look as if you had committed a murder, and hid the body in the garden, and expected any chance person to make the discovery."

"That's tremendous," said John; "really, Rachel, to be the practical person you pass yourself off for, you have a very lively, or rather deadly imagination."

"Well," I said, "look at Mary now, and tell me if I only *imagine* that she looks solemn and preoccupied?"

"So I am," said Mary, both solemn and preoccupied, I was just thinking how I could make a leg of lamb keep fresh for some days longer in this weather."

"Certainly," I said, "that's enough to make anyone look solemn, but you should not infect the children—they are growing quite soft and sentimental; you'd better let them go with us to L——, and we'll get over the little Myses; their sentimental vein is not unduly cultivated, I assure you, and they will brace them up, otherwise you'll be having them too good for this world, as people say."

And really there was often a rush of tenderness in Mary's voice and manner towards her children, the pathos of which struck me; it always seemed as if she were deprecating some calamity that might be hanging over them.

On this occasion, we staid over the Sunday. John was to preach. When Mary came down to breakfast on Sunday morning she told us that her husband had been very unwell, that she had done all she could to persuade him not to preach, but he was determined to do it, as no substitute could at that hour be had.

"But Mary," I said, "it is no duty to preach if he is so unable—I'll go up and see how he is, and try to advise him."

"Don't go," she said in a tone almost of entreaty, "It will make no difference, and he won't care to be interrupted at present, when he is preparing."

Of course I did not insist on visiting him, so that I did not see him till he was going up the pulpit stairs. I understood that a violent headache was what he chiefly complained of; he frequently put his hand to his forehead, during the service, while his eyes—as I have seen in persons suffering from bilious headache—looked brighter than usual, and his face was slightly flushed. I was sorry that he should have thought it necessary to preach, and Mary looked positively agitated about him. She watched him most intently, and I saw her fingers working nervously in her closed hand. He got on tolerably well, except that he seemed to forget sometimes what he was saying, and had to go back a few sentences, and he had a little difficulty in enunciating distinctly; he was near the end of his discourse, and was not speaking of anything—judging from my own feelings—to cause it, when he suddenly appeared quite overcome, sat down, and burst into tears, no one moved, not even Mary; there was a dead hush. In a few minutes he rose again, said that he had not felt well, that he would not have been in the pulpit, if he could have secured the services of a brother minister, and that he would make no apology for taking his manuscript and reading to the end. He did so, and closed the services. Mary hurried from the pew and went with him to the house.

As Fanny and I, in coming out of the church, were passing the foot of the stair that led to the gallery above, I saw a man looking intently at us, —he was near the head of the stair—a middle-aged, disreputable-looking man; I was certain I had seen him before—that he was the person who had escaped drowning at Leericlaw. He was looking at us, as if he was not wholly ignorant as to who we were. I thought—"Can this man have stumbled into that church by accident, or has he some such hold on John Morgan as he has on his sister, and was it his presence that agitated him to such a degree?" I almost hoped it for a very painful impression would occur to me—I could not avoid the idea that the forgetfulness, the indistinct utterance, the unaccountable loss of self-control, were symptoms of incipient brain disease.

I almost forgot the man whose appearance had again roused my curiosity, and hurried to the house. I met one of the servants in the lobby, and found that John and Mary had gone to their own room. I said to the servant, "Jane, has your master any attack like this before?"

"Yes ma'am," she said, "once or twice, since I came, but never on a sabbath day afore."

The girl, I knew had only been six months in the house; my fears were confirmed—if John and Mary took this view of the case, no wonder that they looked grave sometimes—but why had they not spoken of it, why, above all, had they not had medical advice?

Mary came down to dinner, looking pale, but quite cheerful comparatively; she said, "John was much better but meant to keep his own room for the rest of the day; she had no doubt that to-morrow he would be quite well." Fanny grew cheerful too on this intelligence.

"But Mary," I said, "I find this is not the first attack of the kind he has had?"

"How do you know?" she said.

"Oh, Jane told me; I asked her, and I think you have been wrong in not speaking of it, and getting a doctor's advice at once."

"You might have done better than ask Jane questions of the sort; servants always exaggerate anything of the kind,—violent headache and occasional mental depression only take a day or two to wear off."

I did not say more, for I did not wish to alarm her, it might be unnecessarily, but I resolved to talk the matter over with John.

Next morning I saw him from my window at work in the garden, transplanting stock gilly-flowers. He had the finest flowers of all kinds; it was worth the journey from L—— to see the succession of flower-beds; indeed he made pets of his vegetables too, having cabbages of some peculiarly delicate kind, ready to cut before the cabbages of other people had made up their minds to grow. So I hied me into the garden fragrant with the rich breath of the summer morning, and congratulated him upon being able to be at work. He said, "Two hours work in the garden he always found to be better than any medicine."

"For all that," I said, you should not allow a turn or illness like yesterday's to pass unnoticed—you should have medical advice—prevention is ten times easier and better than cure."

"There can't be two opinions about that," he said and he went on busily digging a hole with his trowel.

"Well," I said, if you are afraid of alarming Mary—although I don't think concealment of any kind good—you might consult a doctor quietly; probably relaxation, change, a few weeks on the Continent just at present might do you a world of good, and would not be very bitter medicine."

"Not at all; only I don't require it, and prefer being at home—if my disease is curable it will cure at home as well as elsewhere—I can be my own doctor," and he dibbled a gilly-flower into its hole.

I said, "John don't trifle; I shall be very unhappy if I think you are neglecting the means of health."

"I should be very sorry to make you unhappy, Rachel, but really, I have no need of advice from doctors—I am in perfect health."

"You did not look very like it yesterday—by the by," I said, "did you notice a man, a stranger, in the gallery, a man I have seen somewhere before? I saw him coming down the stairs—I wondered if you knew him, or what brought him there."

"I didn't notice any one in particular, but at this season there are often strangers present."

We gathered some flowers for the breakfast-table, and went in. It was a wonderfully pleasant retreat on a summer day, the manse of New Broom. The dining room, in which we breakfasted had a large bow-window looking into the garden, which on this summer morning was dressed in its best; the window was open, and the blackbird and the mavis gave us music for our meal. Presently the children ran in with radiant faces and well brushed curls, to say good morning and give a kiss all round. In a little while they subsided on stools to enjoy the tops of the eggs, which they claimed as their perquisites. They were very fine children, a boy and a girl, and having a sense of property in them made them all the dearer to me, although I dont think I was less fond of Lizzie's two little girls.

Fanny and I had to return to L——, that day, and we had to leave early in the forenoon, for which we were very sorry. I earnestly requested both John and Mary, if he had such another attack of illness to have a doctor, and I comforted myself by considering that I could speak of the matter to Dr. England. We had just said good-bye and driven away, when I saw the man, the stranger of yesterday, come round the garden wall towards the manse. I touched Fanny's arm, "Do you know that man," I said, "who has just come in view?"

"How should I? I know very few people here."

"He does not belong to New Broom, he is sometimes in L——."

I would have given something to know whether he was going to call at the manse, but before he got the length of the gate we were whisked round a corner and out of sight.

As we travelled, Fanny said, "I am always very sorry to leave New Broom; I dont know a more delightful place, there seems so little about it to hurt or destroy. Do you know, Miss Noble, I haven't been able to prevent myself thinking of our poor old servant, Sarah Wilson. I much doubt she learned to drink in our house; I know she made a practice of drinking all that was left in the glasses."

"I know she did; I once spoke to her about it.' I never had courage to do that; besides what good was speaking to do? She was not going to be convinced that it was a bad thing for her when almost every body in the house took it, and we lived by the sale of it."

"That's quite true," I said; "but let us hope that things are not so bad with Sarah yet, 'We'll go and call upon her soon, and try what we can do to get her and her husband to become abstainers.'

"I wonder every one is not that; but I needn't wonder when I see my own father. Do you know the horrors connected with drinking have bee 1 like a millstone about my neck ever since I could think? Ministers going about amongst their people must see the terrible evils of it; one would think they would rise as one man to put it down, but they don't. Mary says there's not a total abstainer in their presbytery, they all drink, and some of them not a little; she says she would most gladly abstain, and keep house on the same principle, but she does not think, in the circumstances, it would do."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, "that is something new—Mary come to that point. I had no idea of it; I have given up speaking about it to them; and is John of the same opinion?"

"Well, she didn't say so, and I didn't speak to him of it. It is very pleasant isn't it to see how much he is loved by his people, so many of them inquiring for him both last night and to-day; there has been quite a ferment about him. I saw one of his elders this morning while you were in the garden; such a fine old man, but stern-looking too. I could have fancied him at Bothwell Bridge with a scythe in his hand—he was quite moved about the minister's illness."

"I hope all cause of anxiety will pass away, but it is very gratifying to see it."

We were not long at home again when our doctor called, and I seized an opportunity of telling him of John's illness and detailing, so far as I knew them, its symptoms, and hinting at what I conceived they pointed.

"Well, but didn't he say he was, in perfect health?"

"Yes, he said."

"Then, why be uneasy—why not believe it?"

"He may feel so, and yet be in danger."

"So, we are all in danger. I don't think he has any disease but what he may doctor himself, as he says, but I'll go and see him; I'll make arrangements, and spend a week with him; I may be able to give him a good advice."

"You are very very kind."

"Kind to myself—where could I go for a week's play that I could be better? and he is an old friend of mine; I have known him since he was a boy."

"You relieve my mind entirely; I hope you will advise him to take care."

"I shall," he said emphatically. "That's all the advice he needs, and if he acts on it he is safe—brain disease, indeed! You must lose that trick of interpreting symptoms, Miss Noble; ladies are encroaching on our profession, I believe, but I don't approve of it altogether."

"Do you know, doctor, I think John is turning a teetotaler?"

"Eh, what! he is not making a parade of teetotalism is he? I should consider that a very bad symptom indeed," and he actually looked grave.

"There, doctor—there's prejudice for you; if a man's a total abstainer why shouldn't he let it be known. I suppose you call that making a parade?"

"*Does* he let it be known that he is a teetotaler asked the doctor."

"No—I didn't hear him speak of it, but Fanny tells me that Mary wishes to become a total abstainer, and keep house on the principle—"

"Ah!" interrupted the doctor, "that's it—is it? that's a different thing."

"But she never would have harboured such a bold notion unless John had promoted it."

"You admire that style of matrimony, Miss Noble—you think that's all as it should be?"

"I admire Mary—I am not apt to admire a degree of virtue that's out of my own reach."

The doctor laughed and went away. When he returned from New Broom he reported John in perfect health, but said that as he promised he had positively dosed him with a good advice. "I perfectly understand the nature of his attacks, and told him how to avoid them for the future. He has it in his own hands; care is all that is needed." I was very grateful to have my anxiety removed.

To be continued

A GUARD'S DREAM.

AYE, my lads! I've been a railway guard in my time, and was reckoned, too, as lissome a fellow as ever did a fly-shunt down three roads. And well I might be, for I ran with some rare good men in my time, and got part of my training under poor George Barnes, and everybody knows he was the best goods guard that ever ran between London and Leicester. But I was only an under-guard; at least, I left just when I had passed a head one. Aye, and I liked the job, and meant to do well at it. "Then why did you leave it?" some will say. Why, because the company asked me to; which means, in plain language, I got the sack!

I will tell you how it happened. It was when I was stationed at Cookeford, just after I was married. I had just been "passed," but had not yet taken charge of a train myself.

One night I came in from a journey, and asked the foreman what train I was booked for on the following day.

"The 12:30 p. m. pick-up to Botley," said old Bob.

"All right," replied I, "but, dash it, Bob! that's rather hard on me." For I had been with this train three days already, and it was a well-known hard one.

"Can't help it," said the imperturbable Bob: "I've got no other under-guard to go with it."

With that I went off home, and after having had my supper retired to my "downy."

I don't know whether or not my supper was extra heavy that night, but I dreamt most furiously, and this was my dream:—I thought I had just come home with the Botley pick-up, and was walking along the train, when I found to my horror thn engine wts drenched with blood. I ran back to my break-van, and everything seemed covered in blood wherever I went. I got to the van and called my mate, and found him lying all his length on the floor, and all my efforts to rouse him were futile. In fact, the attempt woke me, and I found myself trembling violently. I got up, and, when the time came, went on duty, and inquired who was to be my mate. I was told Jimmy Stokes was going in charge of the train, and I was rather surprised at the name, as he was the very man I had dreamt about the night before. My surprise, however, was considerably heightened, when, a few minutes after, Jimmy himself came up and exclaimed, "Hullo Jack!" Are you going with me? what a rum thing. Why I dreamt about you like blazes last night." Ae then related his dream, which was, that he was lying senseless in the break when I woke him, to tell him that the train was covered with blood. I must confess I looked upon this as an omen, and was very much afraid something out of the way was going to happen.

However, we started our train, and arrived at Botley in due course. As we were not due to leave until 5:30 p. m., Jimmy asked me to stay on the spot, whilst he went to get a glass of something warm. So as it was a fearfully cold winter's night, and dark as pitch, I took my coffee into the pointsman's box and warmed it up, and made myself comfortable for an hour.

But the time passed on, and no Jimmy came and just as it was time to start home, and the signals were right for our departure, some men came down to the station bearing something heavy, which upon examination, proved to be Jimmy in a most helpless drunken state. The men said he had come into the public house, and some gents had stood treat, and had made the poor beggar as drunk as a fiddle.

What on earth was I to do? After a few minutes hesitation I resolved to save him from disgrace, as I hoisted him into the break and giving driver a wave of my lamp, and right a-head Bill," I set to take charge of the train myself.

It was a hard job, but I was well up to the mark, and by sheer hard work and good luck, we ran into Cookeford yard about 9 o'clock, an hour late.

I went and got on the engine to have a chat with the driver, "Well," said he, "I reckon we did that pretty well! My eyes, what a jump my engine gave just this side of Bilton. I thought for sure we had gone off."

I then got off the engine, and for something or other, I walked round to the front of it. I happened to turn my lamp towards it, and almost staggered back with fright, for all the front part of it was splashed with blood and pieces of human flesh. My dream flashed upon me in a moment. Almost sick at the sight, I yelled to the driver and the men who were about the yard, who all came round and stared with horror.

The driver was the first to speak. "We have run over some one," said he, and then called our attention to the jump the engine gave at Bilton.

So we sent Jimmy home on the quiet, and then steamed towards Bilton to search.

We soon, by the aid of our lamps, found the mangled remains of a poor labourer, who had evidently been returning from work. His body was nearly all in pieces, and it was with difficulty we collected the different parts of him.

The next day there was a coroner's inquest, and to save Jimmy's character we primed him up with a story as well as we could. But somehow or other the inquest was adjourned for a week, and then we were all summoned to give evidence. Jimmy was called, in the course of the inquiry, and was so frightened by what had happened, and anxiety on his own account, that he made a terrible mess of it. The coroner was a sharp little man, and ferreted about so curiously that, by some means or other, the whole business came out—Jimmy's drunkenness and all.

Though the accident was no fault of ours, yet we all got reprimanded strongly. About a week after we were both summoned before the "Gaffer" at Cookeford, and told that the directors had ordered our immediate dismissal from the service—Jimmy for getting drunk on duty, and me for culpably concealing the fact.

So I got the "sack" from the Midland; but I got so good a character from the station-master at Cooketord (who, by-the-bye, in some things is the best little man that ever wore the "griffin"), that I soon got a job, and am now doing well.

Some of you won't believe about the dream, but I can assure you I have told you facts from the first to the last.—*Railway Service Gazette.*

A TEXAN tells this story of lost opportunities "Now, you see," said he, "land was cheap enough at one time in Texas. 'I have seen the day when I could have bought a square league of land, covered with fine grass and timber, for a pair of boots.' "And why didn't you buy it?" asked his companion. 'Didn't have the boots," said the Texan.

MY HUSBAND JACK.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I DON'T know what was the matter with me that summer; I had not felt well for several weeks; had a pain through my temples and down my back, and was low-spirited, and—I might as well tell the whole truth, I was cross, and scolded, and found fault, and was everything but an agreeable wife and mother.

We lived on a farm, but my husband always did the milking, and fed the pigs, and carried water, and made my work so light that I had no cause to complain about being overworked.

When I scolded he said nothing in reply, but was calm and quiet. I thought I was the most unhappy woman in the world. I envied Mrs. Baldwin, who rode in her beautiful carriage behind two prancing bays, while I had to ride in a low, old-fashioned buggy without springs, a dingy, stained thing, drawn by two broad-backed, steady farm horses, one white and the other sorrel, with a white nose and white hind feet. Our turn-out looked sorry enough along side of the Baldwins', and I was silly enough to take that matter to heart, and almost daily dwell upon it.

I envied Dr. Blakelee's wife the natural curls that beautified her pretty face and shoulders, and Mrs. Carter her long silken coil of glossy brown hair, fully as thick as my wrist, that wound round and round her head, more superbly royal than any cornet of jewels. My own hair was thin, and, spread it out as I would, the fleshy color of my bare head would show through, raw, and pinky, and repulsive.

I did so much admire hazel eyes, large, and melting, and winsome—soft Italian eyes, that would make me dream of the balmy airs and the sunny skies of Italy. The Widow Webster, she who lived in the little cottage among the elms—sweet, graceful, little lady-bird of a woman she was—she had that kind of eyes; and because she had them, and I had not, I didn't like her. My eyes were gray—just common gray, like almost any man or woman chances to have—and I did think that sometimes they were more green than gray, especially if I did not feel very well, and was in an unusually complaining, fretful mood.

I couldn't dress my baby pretty like other women did, because he was so poor and scrawny that there was no beauty in his bare neck and thin, blue arms. There seemed to be muscles along the sides of his neck that reached up to the corners of his mouth, and they were always stretched, and gave him the appearance of having slipped the hangman's knot. Poor little dear, when he cried he gave demonstrations with his ears, and down both sides of his neck, while the tip end of his nose turned right up. I imagined that other women's babies looked prettier when they cried than mine did when he was laughing or looking his sweetest.

My cup was all bitterness to me, and though there was sweetness mixed in it I neither saw nor tasted it.

One day when Jack, my husband—his name was John, but I thought Jack was so much the shorter name, and more easily spoken, that I always called him Jack, or Jacky, or Jackling, just as the mood was upon me—one day he was going up to Mansfield to buy himself a suit of new clothes, and when he kissed me good-bye and smoothed my hair back off my forehead, and looked kindly into my eyes, he said: "Now if there's any little thing you want, say so, and I'll get it for you. Maybe you want a new book to read—don't you want 'Gates Ajar,' or something of the kind?"

"Oh, no; I've no time to read, you know, with this cross little red head always clinging to my skirts with his cavernous mouth wide open, and the work to tend to, and the house to keep in order—no, don't spend your money in books."

"Don't you want a new dress, then?" said he, and his eyes looked sadly into mine.

"No; and if I did, I couldn't trust you to select one, you'd get green, or purple, or lilac, or some color that would make me look hideous enough. I never saw a man yet who could tell what color would suit his wife's complexion, and none of you are sharp enough to select a good piece of material that would wear well. Don't get me anything—buy yourself a suit of clothes; dear knows you need 'em badly enough," and I looked down at his rusty suit of gray, threadbare, and shrunken, and shabby, the waistband button gone from his pantaloons, and not one left on his vest—both of which he had awkwardly replaced with pins, with the points sticking out where the heads should have been. "When I get to feeling well, if ever I do, then I want a broche shawl like Cousin Mary's, with a crimson centre and edge, and those large overlapping tropical leaves forming the ground-work. Oh, my! but that's a pretty shawl, and it is so large that it would quite cover me all over;" and I forgot and laughed in anticipation, and sparkled my eyes, just for an instant, however, then I settled back to my old self again and bade him good-bye," and told him if he was late getting home he would have to eat a cold lunch, which he would find in the cupboard somewhere.

He started, and just reached the depot as the train whizzed into it.

The baby was cross that evening, and had an unusual crying spell; and I grew angry and whipped him, and then because he would not hush crying I cuffed his ears soundly, and commanded him to keep still. He put both of his thin little hands, spread out their widest, over his mouth, to try and keep the noise in. In his efforts he bent his head forward to stop the cry, and shifted the hands so as to make them cover his belligerent mouth the closest, and then he wailed out a sad calling cry of "Oh, my papa!"

I never loved children; caring for them I always thought a drudgery, and when my baby was first laid into my arms my heart was not warmed towards it. I had not desired it, and had no warm welcome to give it. But to-night I was amused to see him try to stifle his cries, and after I had watched him awhile, I said: "Now if Herby will be a good boy and behave himself and go to sleep he can come to mother's arms and be rocked."

He looked up at me in a pitiful, beseeching way, with the tears still running down his cheeks, and the two little spread-out hands covered over his mouth tightly, as he ran to me and buried his face in my bosom.

"Now, if I rock, you must hush right up," said I.

"Mamma, sing 'bout a little mouse," he gasped, brokenly, knowing that if I sang, his stifled cries would be unheard.

"No, I don't feel like singing," I replied, sternly. "You cried, and made mamma's head ache worse, and she can't sing to-night."

"Please, mamma, sing 'bout a little mouse," he plained out in a quivering voice, all broken with sobs.

"No, not to-night; Herbert was a bad boy, and mamma don't love him—when he sleeps and gets good, then she'll love him and sing all about two, three, four little mice."

"Oh my, mamma!" he broke out, plaintively, but I shook him, and scolded him, and rocked the harder, and at last the swaying of the rocker soothed him gently, and he fell asleep with his hands up to his mouth.

I moved them softly and crossed them on his bosom. His face was wet with tears, and the pearly drops were on his long sweeping lashes, and every few breats a sob would come that shook his whole frame. His lips were as red as coral, and his cheeks were purple, and a flush like that of fever lighted up his white forehead, while the veins in his forehead were knotted and full, and the fine tracery that was barely visible in good health, like a delicate blue pencilling, now seemed like tensioned cords stretched to their utmost.

"I think the child's not well," I said to myself, as I slipped his little form off my arm and laid his head on the cool pillows. Late in the night, when my husband came home, he found me unhappy enough. The baby was tossing in delirium, and I was alone.

The doctor was called in and he pronounced it an attack of brain fever, brought on by some sudden revulsion, or fright, or excitement, and said he would be subject to such attacks until he became physically stronger. He staid with us until morning. Poor baby—how his cries did pierce my heart! He would shriek out, and then, as if suddenly remembering, he would spread his hot, little hands over his mouth to still the noise. Then he would reach up, as though to touch my face, and say, brokenly, "Oh, peese mamma, sing 'bout a little mouse!" then again he would uplift his arms and wail out, "Oh, my papa!" in such a pitiful cry, as though it came from afar, and travelled over mountains and across valleys.

Oh, what a stern discipline was mine in those long days and nights in which my poor baby lay in the balance between life and death!

At last he was pronounced out of danger, and worn and wearied, but hopeful and patient, I gathered the little sufferer to my bosom and cried over him, repentant tears. He put both hands up to my face and feebly patted my cheeks and laughed in a dreamy, soul-sick way, just as though he did it to cheer me. No coral hue tinted his lips now, but the palest rose-leaf tinge, his eyes were sunken deeply, and the long lashes lay wearily over them.

One of the first things he asked me, was to sing about the little mouse—it appeared that those days seemed to him just one night, and that he remembered, as on the evening before, of asking for his favorite song. I sang it to him cheerily, and when I finished it he kissed me and said, "My good mamma."

He slowly recovered—the thin reddish hair all came out, and instead came a beautiful crop of golden hair, that lay in clusters and rings and curls all over his head.

One evening when Herbert was first able to be lifted out of bed and to lie in his father's arms, I said: "Oh, Jack, I did forget all about your new clothes—where did you put your satchel that night—let me look at them."

"You will find it flung back under the closet stairs, if no one has moved it," said he.

I took the lamp and peeped in and brought it forth. It was as full as it could hold.

I forgot myself, and said: "That's a real man's trick! don't you know, Jackling, that these nice new clothes of yours will be as wrinkled as old Granny Dogbury's face? now see if they're not Jackey."

"Papa don't care for all the wrinkles in the world, so his darling gets well again; that's all he cares for," and Jack gathered the baby close up in his strong arms, until the thin little figure was almost lost in the heavy beard about his face. The bony, baby hands caught and buried themselves in the brown beard, and they both laughed, and played bo-peep, and were enjoying themselves, while my face was turned away. I drew out a brown paper parcel and opened it, and out fell a pair of common gray jeans pantaloons. I opened my eyes quite wide enough to display all the white that was in them, but I only felt of the pantaloons, to make sure they were common jeans, and simply said: "Oh, Jackling, Jackling!" I tipped up the satchel and another parcel fell out and burst open, and there was a coat of the same kind of material, good, common jeans, worth seventy or eighty cents a yard.

I stood and looked at him, my husband, one of those looks that measures a man and estimates him. I know it was an unkind look, but he glanced back at me, his face hidden behind the baby's head so that only his eyes peeped over, and the expression said something like, "how could you put such an estimate as that on me!"

"Why did you get a best suit of this cheap, cotton stuff, John," I said, deliberately pointing to the garments on the floor with one foot; "what did you mean?"

"I thought I couldn't afford anything better," said he, in a wounded manner, and he compressed his fine lips together.

"You said you had money enough to get a good suit—one that would do you for years. Oh, well! it corresponds with our buggy, and our match team, etc., etc., good enough for poor folks, but really I wish you'd gotten something a little better," and I drew my mouth down at the corners, and I'll warrant I looked ugly enough to turn any man's love away from me, even a good true husband's.

"Well, whenever you're ready to give the satchel another shake, do so," said he, quietly, and he commenced singing and rocking Herbert, who lay restfully in his arms.

"Oh! I didn't know there was anything else in it, but I suppose the vest comes next—likely one made of yellow canton flannel," and I laughed bitterly. I tipped the satchel over and shook out another paper, not a coarse brown one this time, it was soft and white, and the contents had not the wiry feel of jeans or any kind of goods with which I was familiar.

I untied the fine thread slowly, and unrolled the parcel, and there with tints of gold, and crimson, and creamy white, and the plushiest of rich, mossy, green-blended silk and worsted that was crisp to the touch of my astonished fingers, lay, unrolling itself in my lap, like a loving thing of life—the coveted, admired broche shawl!

I took one look at it—one greedy, hungry, but satisfied look, and my eyes filled with tears until they brimmed over, and I ran and buried my ashamed face in Jack's bosom, and cried out: "Oh, you poor 'bused good fellow! There you went and put off your dear old self with a common shabby suit of jeans, just so you could buy me that nice shawl! Why, Jacky, you're an angel of goodness! How can I bear to wear it when I know what it cost you, the best and most patient of husbands! Oh, Jackling, you old dear, I would have been served just right if, instead of getting that shawl, you'd gone and got a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper. I'm not half good enough for you, old darling of a blessing, you! Why I never expected such a gift in my life! And here I've been complaining, and fretting, and scolding all summer, and haven't done one good thing for you, or tried to make you happy!" And here I bawled right out into a hearty cry of honest sorrow and shame.

I looked on the serene-faced nobleman before me; he was always the same, not up in the blue heavens one day, almost floating on ecstatic wings, and the next day wading in the mire and soiling his garments and wiping away the tears of earth.

"Oh, don't cry, dear," he said, "and make yourself out to be such a good-for-nothing wife, while you exalt me to the heavens! I know that sometimes you have been fretful and low-spirited, but I was sorry for you all the time. I knew with a cross baby and the pain in your head, that you could not be cheerful always; so don't underrate yourself; remember that you were my choice of all the women in the world; and I shall be real proud to wear my new suit of Kentucky jeans so that your long-time wish could be granted, and you could possess the beautiful shawl;" and he looked into my face so tenderly that I only cried the harder.

"Maybe the shawl won't fit you, who knows?" said he, and he sat Herby down in the rocking chair and opened it fold after fold, the fine rich colors blending and contrasting together beautifully. Then he laid it over my shoulders gracefully, and it fell even down to the floor.

The overlapping, dark, tropical looking leaves were there, and the crimson centre, and the exquisitely wrought border, and the crisp fringe, and the very hearts of the royalest purple red roses—a shawl magnificent enough to have been worn by the old queens of long, long ago.

"My little princess!" said Jack, and he bowed before me, and then kissed my hand, and my forehead, and cheeks, and lips, and the dimple in my chin.

I felt ashamed of myself, and almost hung my head as I folded the shawl and laid it away reverently.

So, alone and in tears, I made good honest resolves; I built a wall of them all up around me; I should have made myself immaculate if I could, in my poor, human, blundering, blind way.

A week or two after the occurrence here related, I was invited to a quilting party at one of my neighbors. All the women of my acquaintance were there, old and young, grave and gay, giddy and sensible—just such an assemblage as one would gather together in a country neighborhood. We had very pleasant times and cheery talks, but in the afternoon Herbert grew restless, and one of the girls of the household told me to take him into the little bed-room off the porch and put him to sleep. To gratify him, I lay down on the bed beside him. Just at our feet was an open window, the sash taken out, over which a scarlet flowering bean grew luxuriantly, and covered the whole window with a tangle of quivering leaves and clusters of dazzling red flowers.

The pleasant hum of voices in the adjoining room, and on the porch just outside of the window, made a lulling sound that soothed the child into slumber.

The familiar tones of two of my old neighbors sitting on a bench under the window fell upon my ear distinctly. I did not hear what they said, neither did I listen, until the name of Jack was mentioned several times. There was no Jack in the whole township except my Jack, my good, kind Jackling, and I turned over away from Herby's breathing and laid my head upon the window-sill, and heard what the two old cronies were so glibly discussing.

"Oh, it's a sore pity that he'd not married Jenny Hargrave instead of the one he did. He'd been thousands better off to-day. Jenny was better looking and smarter every way, and then she was so good natured."

"Oh, yes," said the other, "she's so whimsical, always an ache or a pain to mess and fret over; and then, even if she's well, it's just scold, scold from morning till night; and no matter what he does for her he gets scolded in return. She growls if the weather is hot, and growls if it's cold, growls if it's wet and growls if it's dry. My man says if he was in Jack's place it wouldn't be many evenings that he'd spend at home; he'd go to the tavern, or the store or grocery, or some place where he wouldn't hear the noise of her tongue,"

"Poor Jack, anybody would know by his meek, abused look, that he was henpecked," said the other; "and if there's anything in the world touches my heart, it is a mean-looking, cringing, henpecked husband. I always feel like giving him a clean shirt and a good piece of bread and butter, and wiping the tears out of his eyes, and saying: God pity and bless you, my poor fellow!'"

"Yes," said her companion; "and then she feels so important. If it wasn't for poor Jack's sake, I'd never set my foot inside her door. But then she was terribly wrought upon when her baby lay so low with that spell o' fever. Tom says he wouldn't wonder if it would do her good."

"Well, it is to be hoped so, for there's plenty of room for improvement," was the reply; "but, see here, would you sew his gusset right next to the band, or how?" and the muslin rustled in their hands and the conversation turned to "gusset and seam and band; band and gusset and seam."

I lay there with the cold drops of perspiration standing on my forehead, and my tongue and lips were dry and parched, while a great cry rolled up in my heart, as though it would break forth long and loud, But I sat up and clasped my hands, and thought: "Now, Dolly Norton, child, you know every word of all you have heard is true as Gospel. You have not been a good wife, you poor dear; and now you've seen yourself in a glass. You know what your honest neighbors think of you. It hurts, don't it? It's a bad tasting medicine to take; but right down with it, like a dear; good girl, and dont be angry; just go to work in earnest, and build all over anew. You will make a good, and true, and loving wife. You are not hurt at all—your selfish pride is wounded only, and that will do you good. The woman will become strong and brave, and will yet be an honor to her husband and a blessing to her baby."

And with this resolution I rose and stood beside the bed, and looked at my poor baby and thought of my dear Jack at home, and I resolved, really and positively, that, God helping me, I would be a noble woman yet, and worthy the esteem of my neighbors.

This was the first step I took in which I did not slip backward.

That was years ago.

How well I have succeeded, my good neighbors can tell, and my husband and my fine blooming children.

They—husband and children and neighbors—are all that my heart could desire, and I am very happy and content with my lot.

Jacky's hair is streaked with gray, and the silvery threads lie thickly sown in the wealth of brown hair that is smoothly parted on my placid brow.

Jacky often whispers low in my ears the sweet words that have grown familiar to me now: "I thank God for the good gift of you, my darling, darling wife; not a day passes in which I do not thank Him."

LAUGHING IN MEETING.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

(Christian Union.)

WE were in disgrace, we boys, and the reason was this: we had laughed out in meeting time! To be sure the occasion was a trying one, even to more disciplined nerves. Parson Lothrop had exchanged pulpits with Parson Summeral, of North Wearem. Now Parson Summeral was a man in the very outset likely to provoke the risibles of unspiritualized juveniles. He was a thin, wiry, friskey little man, in a powdered white wig, black tights, and silk stockings, with bright knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, with, round dark, snapping eyes, and a curious, high, cracked, squeaking voice, the very first tones of which made all the children stare and giggle. The news that Parson Summeral was going to preach in our village spread among us as a prelude to something funny. It had a flavor like the charm of circus acting; and on the Sunday morning of our story we went to the house of God in a very hilarious state, all ready to set off in a laugh on the slightest provocation.

The occasion was not long wanting. Parson Lothrop had a favourite dog yclept Trip, whose behaviour in meeting was notoriously far from that edifying pattern which befits a minister's dog on Sundays. Trip was a nervous dog, and a dog that never could be taught to conceal his emotions or to respect conventionalities. If anything about the performance in the singers' seat did not please him, he was apt to express himself in a lugubrious howl. If the sermon was longer than suited him, he would gape with such a loud creak of his jaws as would arouse everybody's attention. If the flies disturbed his afternoon's nap he would give sudden snarls or snaps; or, if anything troubled his dreams, he would bark out in his sleep in a manner not only to dispel his own slumbers, but those of certain worthy deacons and old ladies, whose sanctuary repose was thereby sorely broken and troubled. For all these reasons, Madam Lothrop had been forced, as a general thing, to deny Trip the usual sanctuary privileges of good family dogs in that age, and shut him up on Sundays to private meditation. Trip, of course, was only the more set on attendance, and would hide behind doors, jump out of windows, sneak through by-ways and alleys, and lie hid till the second bell had done tolling, when suddenly he would appear in the broad aisle, innocent and happy, and take his seat as composedly as any member of the congregation.

Imagine us youngsters on the *qui vive* with excitement at seeing Parson Summeral frisk up into the pulpit with *all* the vivacity of a black grasshopper. We looked at each other and giggled very cautiously, with due respect to Aunt Lois' sharp observation.

At first there was only a mild, quiet simmering of giggle, compressed decorously within the bounds of propriety, and we pursed our muscles up with stringent resolution whenever we caught the apprehensive eye of our elders.

But when directly after the closing notes of the tolling second bell, Master Trip walked gravely up the front aisle, and seating himself squarely in front of the pulpit raised his nose with a critical air toward the scene of the forthcoming performance, it was too much for us—the repression was almost convulsive. Trip wore an alert, attentive air, befitting a sound, orthodox dog, who smells a possible heresy, and deems it his duty to watch the performances narrowly.

Evidently he felt called upon to see who and what were to occupy that pulpit in his master's absence.

Up rose Parson Summeral, and up went Trip's nose, vibrating with intense attention.

The Parson began in his high-cracked voice to intone the hymn:

"Sing to the Lord aloud,"

when Trip broke into a dismal howl.

The Parson went on to give directions to the Deacon, in the same voice in which he had been reading, so that the whole effect of the performance was somewhat as follows:

"'Sing to the Lord aloud.'
"(Please to turn out that dog)—
"'And make a joyful noise.'"

The dog was turned out, and the choir did their best to make a joyful noise, but we boys were upset for the rest of the day, delivered over to the temptations of Satan, and plunged in waves and billows of hysterical giggle, from which neither winks nor frowns from Aunt Lois, nor the awful fear of the tithing-man, nor the comforting bits of fennel and orange peel, passed us by grandmother could recover us.

Everybody felt, to be sure, that here was a trial that called for some indulgence. Hard faces, even among the stoniest saints, betrayed a transient quiver of the risible muscles, old ladies put up their fans, youths and maidens, in the singers' seat laughed outright, and for the moment a general snicker among the children was pardoned. But I was one of that luckless kind whose nerves, once set in vibration, could not be composed. When the reign of gravity and decorum had returned, Harry and I sat by each other, shaking with suppressed laughter. Everything in the subsequent exercise took a funny turn, and in the long prayer, when everybody else was still and decorous, the whole scene came over me with such overpowering force that I exploded with laughter and had to be taken out of meeting and marched home by Aunt Lois, as a convicted criminal. What specially moved her indignation was that the more she rebuked and upbraided, the more I laughed, till the tears rolled down my cheeks, which Aunt Lois construed into willful disrespect to her authority, and resented accordingly.

By Sunday evening as we gathered around the fire, the reaction from undue gaiety to sobriety had taken place, and we were in a pensive and penitent state. Grandmother was gracious and forgiving, but Aunt Lois still preserved that frosty air of reprobation which she held to be a salutary means of quickening our consciences for the future. It was, therefore, with unusual delight that we saw our old friend Sam come in and sit himself quietly down on the block in the chimney corner. With Sam we felt assured of indulgence and patronage, for though always rigidly moral and instructive in his turn of mind, he had that fellow-feeling for transgressors which is characteristic of the loose-jointed, easy-going style of his individuality.

"Lordy massy, boys—yis," said Sam virtuously in view of some of Aunt Lois' thrusts, "ye ought never to laugh nor cut up in meetin', that ar's so, but then there is times when the best on us gets took down. We gets took unawares, ye see—even ministers does. Yis, natur' will get the upper hand afore they know it."

"Why Sam, *ministers* don't ever laugh in meetin', do they?"

We put the question with wide eyes. Such a supposition bordered on profanity, we thought;

it was approaching the sin of Uzzah, who unwarily touched the ark of the Lord.

"Laws yes. Why, haven't you never heard how there was a council held to try Parson Morrel for laughing out in prayer-time!"

"Laughing in prayer-time!" we both repeated, with uplifted hands and eyes.

My grandfather's mild face became luminous with a suppressed smile which brightened it as the moon does a cloud, but he said nothing.

"Yes, yes," said my grandmother, "that affair did make a dreadful scandal in the time on't. But Parson Morrel was a good man, and I'm glad the counsel wasn't hard on him.

"Wall," said Sam Lawson, "after all, it was more Ike Babbit's fault than 'twas anybody's. Ye see Ike he was allers for gettin' what he could out o' the town, and he would feed his sheep on the meetin' house green. Somehow or other, Ike's fences allers contrived to give out, come Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive 'em back, Sunday, and so there they was. He was talked to enough about it, 'cause ye see, to have sheep and lambs a ba-a-in' and a blatin' all prayer and sermon time wa'n't the thing. 'Member that are old meetin'-house up to the north end, down under Blueberry Hill, the land sort o' sloped down, so as a body hed to come into the meetin'-house steppin down instead o' up.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Family Circle.

(For "Pure Gold.")

PERSEVERANCE.

BY EXCELSIOR.

Though barriers seem to stop the way,
Push bravely on, and you will find
That near inspection shows them clay,
And only weakness lurks behind.

A man undaunted, can pursue,
With mind determined, life's rough way,
Which, traversed well but by a few,
For those is lit with joy's bright ray.

When such their bounden duty do,
And keep a firm, undaunted breast,
They feel a joy which, felt by few,
Yields lasting pleasure, lasting rest.

Then strive to keep, though rocks oppose,
The even tenor of your way;
And, though beset by many foes,
Push bravely on without delay.

Ere long the prize will greet your sight
And banish every anxious thought,
And fill you with a sweet delight
That 'tis with perseverance bought.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

HERE is a little story which illustrates the great power of love. A kind Christian lady, in one of her visits of charity, found a poor, destitute little orphan girl, and brought her to her own house. The little stranger at first would take no comfort, but sat down weeping in the hall. The children of the house endeavored to make friends with her and draw her into the parlor, but they could not; and so they said to their mother: "She will not come and play with us. She will not leave the hall."

"There is a secret," said the lady, "by which you can bring her where you like. It is a secret in four letters. Try if you can find it out."

The eldest sister took the lead, searching eagerly among all her prettiest playthings. "I know what it is," cried she; "it is d-o-ll." So she brought her best doll, and offered to give it to the child if she would come into the parlor. No; it was a failure.

The next in age said to herself, "*Muff* is spelt with four letters"; and brought her a fine muff—a Christmas present; but she would not touch the muff, nor even look at it.

Grace, the youngest, could think of nothing worth offering after this, but stood looking on in sorrow, until at length, following an instinct of her own, she sat down beside the little stranger and cried too, Then presently, she took her by the hand, and encircling her neck with her own tiny arm, she drew the weeping head softly nearer and nearer, and imprinted a gentle kiss upon her cheek. This decided the battle. There was nothing said, but Grace soon led the way into the parlor, holding her captive by the hand.

"Well, girls," said the mother, "Grace has found out the secret, and the four letters are L-O-V-E. Love is the strongest rope in the world—even God will follow when you draw with that."

Ah! yes, love is a great power. It draws all things to itself. It drew the Son of God down to earth to die for us, and led him back to Heaven to intercede for us; and is able to draw him down again, any day and every day, to dwell with us in our hearts. It will draw down answers to all our prayers.—*Kind Words.*

"WHAT are you digging there for?" asked a loiterer of three men who were digging a trench in the street. "Money zur," the answer came. The man watched the operation untill the joke got through the roots of his hair, and then moved on.

An English writer advises young ladies to look favorably upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits, giving as a reason that their mother Eve married a gardener. He fogot to add, however, that the gardener lost his situation in consequence of the match.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has been visiting Carlyle's study, says an "earthquake might turn it upside down, but could not add to its disarrangement."

FIVE CENTS' WORTH.

MAY and Allan Clay had each five cents, a small sum many children would think, but in all their lives these children had never owned so much money, and no wonder that May thought by day and dreamed by night about the nice things she should buy with her money.

"What will you do with yours, Allan?" she asked her brother.

"First, I am going down to the grocer-shop to get the man to change it to pennies. Two cents I'm going to save to buy Easter eggs, a red and blue one. One cent I'm going to spend for an apple, for I haven't had one for so long that I most forget how they taste. The other two cents I'm going to spend for a knife. Jim Smith said he would sell his; it's got one bully blade. The back is a little loose, but I can fix that.

May gave a sigh as Allan told his plans.

"I don't know the first thing to get with mine," she said. "I don't want a knife, or Easter eggs; and if I had an apple, I would give it to mother, it might taste good to her."

"But this money is to spend for ourselves; the man said so," said Allan. "He said we were to get just what we pleased with it."

"Yes, I know," replied May; and then, with a feeling that Allan and she would not be apt to think alike on the subject, she went into the sick room where her mother was.

"Is it you, May?"

"Yes, mother; can't you eat any breakfast this morning? Why, you haven't touched a thing!"

"I can't eat pork—there is no use to try. If I had a bit of beef-broth, I think I could eat it, but I've no money to spend for meat. What we have salted in the barrel will have to last us till I'm able to work on the machine again. But what money was that I heard Allan and you talking about?"

"There was a man stopped at the door a bit ago," said May. He had broken a strap about his horse, and Allan gave him one. Then I got him a drink, and he gave us each five cents. Allan is going to get a knife and Easter eggs, and an apple with his; but I don't know what I will get with mine."

"You have been a good girl to me," said her mother, "and you must get what you think you would like. You have had a poor Christmas this year, and this will help you to make up for it. If I could only get a little strength, and get to my sewing again"—and May saw tears in her mother's eyes as she turned her head on the pillow.

The little girl walked out to the kitchen. Allan was there; he had bought the knife, and was now trying to mend the back of it.

"Girls are so queer," said Allan, "they never know how to make up their minds."

"I have made up mine," said May, as she took a small baket from a nail on the wall; then putting on her hood and sack, she went out of the door.

May knew Mr. Jones the rosy-cheeked butcher, very well, though they had got but little meat of him this year. She often thought if it had not been for the pig they had raised, and then salted down she did not know what they would have done, for neither Allan nor she were yet able to earn anything, and her mother had been an invalid for many weeks.

Mr. Jones knew her when she entered the shop, and as soon as he got through with the customer he was waiting on, he came around to her side.

"Well, May-blossom, what can I do for you this morning?" he asked, in his usual lively tone.

"Is soup beef very dear, Mr. Jones? How much would it cost to get enough to make mother some broth?" asked May, her manner rather excited.

"I'll show you what I have; come round this way. So mother's sick, and you are the house-keeper! Now, there's a beef bone, with two good pounds of beef on it; I can let you have it for two cents, being it's you."

"Two cents!" exclaimed May. "Isn't that very cheap?"

"That's the price to you," putting it in her basket, "Now, here's some potatoes—how'd you like a cent's worth of them? Potherbs we throw in," tossing a bunch of celery, sweet marjoram, a couple of onions, and a pepper into the basket.

May's eyes fairly glistened. "Oh, thank you! thank you!" said she; "why, I'll have two cents to spend for myself, after all."

Of course May had to tell about the five cents, and that seemed to give Mr. Jones another wise thought.

"Now, here's a doll baby I'd like to sell you for a cent," taking one off a shelf done up in paper. "I got it for my Jennie, but she wanted black eyes and these are blue; no telling if the man would care to change; shopkeepers never do. But maybe you'd rather have black eyes, too."

"No, I wouldn't," said May; "mine are black, and I'd a *great deal* rather have blue. Oh, it's lovely, Mr. Jones!" and May gave a real squeal of delight, for she had never seen anything like it before.

"Now, you've got another cent yet to spend is that so?"

"I'll take that to Sunday-school," said May. "I have all I want now," hugging the dolly quite close to her; "and it's a good many Sundays since I've had a penny to put into the missionary box. Now, I must hurry home and put on my soup to boil," and again, with many thanks, May hurried home, leaving Mr. Jones to feel the reward a kind action always brings.—*Young Folk's Friend.*

A DRUNKEN lawyer was pleading, but the judge stopped him, saying, "No man can serve two bars at the same time."

HINTS ON HAYING.

Making hay "on paper" and making it on the farm are two very different things. In this case, as in so many others in agriculture, "to know is not to be able." A man may have a very accurate knowledge of the principles and practice of hay-making, he may understand all the changes that should and should not take place and yet make very inferior hay. There seems to be a kind of "knack" in making hay, that is hard to acquire, and still harder to communicate. We can not know too much about the science of hay-making, but it is still more important to have energy enough to apply our knowledge. And it must be the energy of the right kind. We all know men who seem to be remarkably active and industrious, and who yet never accomplish anything. Such men rarely make good hay, What is needed is a disciplined mind, that can lay plans wisely and take every detail into consideration. He must know that his mowing machine is in complete order, and that he has on hand duplicates of such parts as are most liable to break, He will not put off grinding the knives, tightening the bolts, and examining and cleaning the journals till the moment he wants to be in the field. He will not cut down the hay and then go for the tedder or rake and find a bolt out or a tooth broken. He will have everything ready in advance—mower, scythe, whetstone, tedder, rakes, forks, wagons, racks, unloading tackle—all will be ready, and just where he can lay his hands on them in a moment. He will not have to spend an hour or two cleaning out the barn or making a stack-bottom, some afternoon when the hay is overcured in the field and a threatening cloud in the western sky. The good hay-maker is a man who not only knows how hay should be cured, but he is possessed of the energy, forethought, and patience to prepare for and direct every detail of the operation,

And recollect that patience is the crowning virtue of the farmers life,—not the false patience which springs from indifference, indolence, and a sluggish mind, but that quality which produces a "masterly activity," that waits until the right moment, and then puts forth all the powers of mind and body to accomplish the purpose. Give such a farmer a good crop of grass and an ordinary season, and he will be sure to make it into good hay and get it safe into the barn.

We can not go into details, The main points to be observed in making timothy or meadow hay with little or no clover in it are:

1st. Cutting the grass when in flower and before any seeds are formed. If we cut too early we lose substance, if too late we lose quality. If the hay is for market or for horses we should let it stand longer than if it is to be fed on the farm to milch cows or sheep.

2d. Cut it so that if necessarily exposed, the dew shall fall on, while the grass is green rather than after it is partially cured. This is one of the most important practical points in hay-making. Dew or rain will not hurt fresh, green grass, provided it is got rid of before the grass begins to wilt. In heavy grass, therefore, that can not be cured in one day, we should start the mow etc., late in the afternoon, say four o'clock, and cut as long as we could see. Rain or dew will not hurt it any more than if it was standing uncut. The next morning the moment the dew is off, or a little earlier, start the tedding machine, *lively*, and *keep it going*, changing horses if necessary. The more frequently the grass is stirred, the more rapidly it will cure. If kept well stirred the hay will be ready to draw in immediately after dinner.

3d. When the grass is out in the morning, if a light crop and somewhat overripe, it may not unfrequently be drawn into the barn the same day. But with heavy green grass this can rarely be done. Keep stirring the hay until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then rake into windrows, and put into cock for the night. If exposed to wet or dew while spread out on the grass in this partially cured state, it will be very seriously damaged. The next morning turn over the cocks, or open them out if necessary, and draw in as soon as dry enough.

4th. When grass is cut and rain sets in immediately, while the grass is spread out on the land as left by the machine, or in swaths, nothing can be done. It is better not to touch it until there is a prospect of getting it sufficiently dry to put in cock. As long as it is green it will not hurt.

5th. When partially-cured grass is wet with a sudden shower while spread out, it can not be turned or shaken out too quickly after the rain is over. Do not wait for the ground to dry, better spread out lightly on the wet grass, so that the wind can get through it, then allow it to lie flat and sodden. It is necessary to be very careful to get such hay perfectly dry before drawing in. Spread two or three quarts of salt on each ton of this damaged hay when put in.

CLOVER HAY requires more time in curing than timothy and meadow hay. But the principles involved are essentially the same, except that after the clover is partially dry care must be to not shake off the leaves and blossoms. If cut only the tedder may be used to great advantage. A good plan is to cut the clover late in the afternoon, and the next morning as soon as the dew is off, shake it out with the tedder. Then, in an hour or two, rake it into small windrows five or six feet apart with a steel-toothed rake. Turn these windrows with a fork, say once before dinner, and then immediately after dinner. About three or four o'clock, rake into large windrows and cock up carefully for the night. If necessary, spread it out the next morning and turn it over in an hour or two. That which was opened first will probably be ready by half-past ten or eleven o'clock. There are many other methods, but, all things considered, we prefer the one we have briefly described. If we could be sure of the weather, we should cure the hay in the cock, and it is often convenient to adopt both plans.

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PEN PHOTOGRAPHS

By Dr. D. Clark, Princeton, Ont.

VIRGINIA AND ITS BATTLE FIELDS IN 1864.

DURING the Campaign of 1864, the principal armies of the North and South were in a life and death struggle between Washington and Richmond. The head and front of the Rebellion were there, and all knew, if it were crushed, the body must fall into decay. The army of the Potomac, and the army of Virginia, had been for three years watching each other, with lynx-eyes, like skilful pugilists, now and then giving a blow, in order to ascertain the weak, and strong points of one another. With the exception of the first battle of Bull's Run, the Southern army of Virginia had only one general, but not so with the army of the Potomac, it had been commanded by general after general, appointed primarily by the ill-advis ed importunities of the press, or the frenzied clamour of the mob, ior gnorant public opinion, unable to judge as to the capabilities of the army, on the one hand, and of the difficulties to contend with, in the face of a wily foe, on the other. The American people expected more from this army than any other in the field, yet, strange to say, it had ruined the reputation of nearly every general who commanded it, and who had been victorious everywhere else. It had fought the foe, on many a well contested field, and had thundered twice at the portals of Richmond, but the fall seemed as far off as ever. Braver men never lived, and died, as the graves behind them testify, yet a strange fatality dogged their footsteps, leaving on all sides a trail of blood. This army knew, and the whole world knew, that on it chiefly depended the success of the union cause. In the Spring of 1864, there was a final gathering of the soldiery for a determined march to Richmond, or rather to annihilate Lee's army, and scatter its remnants to the four winds of heaven. Meade had been partially successful at Gettysburg, and to him was entrusted the army of the Potomac proper, consisting of the 2nd, 5th, 6th and 9th corps; the 1st and 3rd being merged into the 2nd and 5th corps. On the 1st of May the 9th corps, commanded by Gen. Burnside, lay at Annapolis as if ready to embark for distant service, the remaining three were camped in front of Lee, between the Rapidan and Rappahannock. At this time there was concentration everywhere. Butler, who failed in the South, was re-called to occupy Bermuda-Hundred, at the confluence of the James and Appomattox rivers, in the rear of Richmond. Gen. Gillmore was recalled from before Charleston to harass the enemy, on the Peninsula, and at Suffolk. Gens. Crook, and Averell, and Sigel, were to occupy with a firm hand Western Virginia, while Sherman and Thomas were to harass the enemy in the south-west, assisted by Banks at Mobile. The plan was good, but was badly spoiled in the execution. Banks suddenly left Mobile intact, and went on a wild-goose chase, up Red River, and was badly beaten, leaving Sherman to meet a concentrated enemy single-handed. Sigel, who was expected to clear the Shenandoah Valley of the enemy, and knock at the western gates of Richmond, was himself sent pellmell down the *valley of humiliation* into Harper's Ferry, and such impetus had he gathered in his downward, and backward course, that Maryland had to receive in dismay his body guard, and the *disjecta membra* of his army. The failure of these armies loosed Lee's hands in the South and enabled him to concentrate in front of Washington. Breckenridge was recalled from the Shenandoah, Finnegan from Florida, Beauregard from Charleston, Pickett from North Carolina, and Buckner from Western Virginia. The destination of Burnside was a puzzle to all but those in high command. When he broke up his camp, some thought he was on the way to Washington—others that he would sail up the Rappahannock, or the James, or the York, to unite with the forces under Butler; but after the review of his troops by Lincoln,—especially the negro division of the 9th corps, who was going to certain victory, or to sure death, for after the cold-blooded butcheries of Fort Pillow, Plymouth, and Milliken's Bend, no quarters were asked, and none given—Burnside suddenly appeared with Meade on the Rapidan. At this time Gen. Grant was made commander-in-chief, and took direct command of the army of the Potomac. Speculation was rife as to what he would do, to dislodge Lee, from his entrenchment. Would he walk, like Pope, into the very jaws of the lion, and share the same fate? Would he move by his right toward the mountains of Blue Ridge, and force Lee to retreat, or give battle on the right of his fortifications? Or would he make a sudden dash on Fredericksburg, and cross the river there, bristling with guns, and swarming with men? None could tell, but all saw that the huge *belligerent* was drawing up slowly its mammoth legs for a move, and consequently every rumour was listened to, every *fama clamosa* had believers, and every man, in the teeming camp, was on the *qui vive*. The rebel army lay at Orange Court House, nearly west of the wilderness, with Clark Mountain in his rear,—a capital point for observation. At dawn, on the 3rd of May, all hypothesis were put at rest, and the first act in the bloody drama had commenced. On the flanks, the Ely, and Germania fords were crossed by Gregg's, and Wilson's cavalry, followed respectively by the 2nd, 5th, and 6th corps. The roads were dry, and clouds of dust obscured the light of the sun, that looked of a blood-red colour. Grant's intention was to slip suddenly round Lee's right, his stereotyped tactics, and already part of Grant's army had passed him. He had no wish to fight then, but Lee saw his opportunity, and putting his army in motion on the 4th, struck Grant's army about the centre. The time was critical, Grant's reserve artillery, and 8,500 supply waggons were partially exposed. Think of it: one hundred waggons with four mules reach a mile, that would make 85 miles of a train! His lines were necessarily attenuated but fight he must, for he was marching along one side of an isosceles triangle, and Lee along the other, and at the apex a collision of contending forces must take place. Were it not for his train Grant could have passed, the dangerous point, but now it was too late. He wheels his forces towards the West, and prepares for battle. Burnside was left at the Rappahannock to cover the Capital until such time as Lee was sufficiently employed, not to attempt a diversion toward Washington. On the evening of the 4th, however, he was on the march to join the army. The wilderness is not a barren, open waste, but is full of clumps of oaks, cedar, and stunted pines, interspersed at long intervals, by small farmsteads. Here the first blow was given. At the Wilderness tavern, on the Stevensburg plank road, the Northern army came in contact with Ewell's brigades, and soon Hill's, and Longstreet's corps joined in the issue. The woods, and streams and ravines prevented both armies from making simultaneous advances, but still there was continuous fighting of the most desperate character. The fusilade rattled along the front, as if a monster piano, sadly out of tune, was being played by unskilful hands, and in the interludes of piping bullets, roared and bellowed, the still more discordant cannon. In clumps of bushes, by the running brooks, in sequestered dales, the struggle went on intermittingly, and spasmodically. There were no general advances, in lines or by columns in battle's magnificent array, but a sort of indecisive attempt on either side, to gain time, and to feel each other's strength.

Thus Thursday passed away. On Friday Lee felt he had before him a serious work, and he knew that Grant, by tactics not often resorted to in the face of an enemy, was attempting to make an advance by cutting loose his connections from Washington, and withdrawing corps after corps, from his right, and placing them on his left, thus making an advance *literally*. Lee attempted to spoil this game by making a formidable advance on Grant's right as this movement was *in transitu*. He fell, like a thunderbolt, upon Rickett's division of the 6th corps, and captured Gen. Seymour, and a portion of his brigade. The reverse however was only temporary, for the marching troops turned to the rescue of their comrades and drove back the enemy. All Friday, and Saturday mornings, the fighting was very severe; 260,000 men were struggling for the mastery. From morning dawn, to morning dawn, with the exception of a few hours at midnight, blood flowed like water. The outline of six miles of conflicting men could be seen from almost any elevation, by the dense clouds of gun-powder smoke, at one time settling down sulkily upon the tree tops, and at another driven up into the blue expanse by the passing breeze—and also from the cheers and counter-cheers heard now, far in advance, and anon very near, as the bloody tide ebbed and flowed, leaving behind it the usual *debris* of human misery, laceration, woe, and death. On Saturday morning five miles of wheeled ambulances wended along, a melancholy train, to Fredericksburg. About 11 o'clock, a.m., Lee began to retreat, and in so doing threw himself squarely in front of Grant, therefore, Grant had the disadvantage of being compelled to take circuitous marches, while Lee had a direct road. The one had to make arcs of circles in every advance, while the other retreated on the chords of these arcs. At Spottsylvania, Lee offered partial battle, on the banks of the Po, and the Ny. On Saturday, the 7th, Gen. Gregg, and Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee had met, and had a short, but sharp cavalry contest. On the 9th the 5th corps were in hot pursuit, when it was suddenly checked by Ewell, and Longstreet, and thrown back in considerable confusion on the 6th corps. It rallied however, and the two corps chagrined at this reverse, drove the enemy, with considerable loss, to his original position. Next morning Tuesday the 10th, Grant advanced determined to force the enemy from his strong position, and from morning to noon, the whole of both armies were engaged in mortal combat. The country is marshy and more open, and consequently, artillery was oftener brought into requisition. Here columns advancing to the attack with fixed bayonets, in open fields, or in treacherous morass, were unexpectedly met by grape, and canister; there dense bodies of men were nearly decimated by exploding shells, coming down in sixes, and sevens at a time, and hurtling solid, serrated fragments in perfect showers, whistling and singing and howling like fiends, a weird requiem song over the living and the dead. Still no ground was gained, by either arm. The rebel outer works were carried, by a division of the 6th corps, about 5 o'clock, p.m., but the place was made too hot for them in consequence of an enfilading fire by the rebels. There was very little fighting on the 11th, but on the 12th hostilities commenced, and just at the break of day, Birney's and Barlow's divisions, silently and stealthily like a beast of prey, bore down on the enemy, gathered up, as if it were a gossamer, the enemy's picket line, and on the run, plunged into the enemy's encampment, capturing Gens. Stewart and Johnstone at breakfast, three thousand men, twenty cannon, and ten standard. In a few minutes this *coup d'etat* was completed, amid cheers and defiant yells. This unexpected assault, was the prelude to a general battle. The 9th corps, advanced to profit by the capture. Longstreet was brought forward to recover lost ground. From these sections of the army the strife spread, until 9 o'clock a.m., the fighting was general, and for fifteen hours it continued without intermission. The pertinacity, obstinacy and valor of both sides, had no equal in any battle of the war. There were charges and counter charges, sudden assaults and ambuscades, a perpetual belching of hundreds of cannon, and an unceasing din of firearms, voices, shouts, shrieking, wailing, moaning, muttering delirium, curses the most bitter, and laconic imprecations more pointed than polite. This medley made, from day break to late in the evening, an uproar indescribable. The combatants heard it, and felt it, and despatches, the symbols of human sorrow, were sending out to the field of blood, to all the Republic every day, and messages, that were telling the widow, and the fatherless and the fair maiden, that a vast holocaust had numbered their loved ones among the victims of a bloody ablation. The flowers of the forest were a' wede away.

Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

PAPERS IN TEMPLES

In certain Temples and Divisions, difficulty is sometimes experienced to find suitable entertainment, "for the good of the order." To meet this want, what are known as "M. S. papers" have been adopted to advantage—One, two, or three members are chosen as "editors" and it is their duty, to present weekly to the meeting, a paper, chiefly made up of original articles, either by the editor or the members. These articles need not not exclusively be of a temperance character, though this feature should be kept prominently in view. We give our readers herewith the "editorial" of one of the "papers" lately read before the "Metropolitan" lodge, I. O. G. T. of this city believing that some may be interested to know how such things are generally managed:—

METROPOLITAN FRIEND.

EDITORIAL.

Toronto July 2nd, 1872.

Since it was my duty to present the last number of the *Friend* to the Temple, our city has been visited by the Representatives of our Order in Great Britain. It is not needful that anything should be said of their visit here, but may we not learn a few practical lessons for ourselves from it? We have personallybeen convinced that we arelack ing, as an Order, in the earnest and persevering effort which hasbeen the main strength of those across the ocean. When we think that the Order, there in numbers, influence and work, so far outstrips our success it is certainly high time to look into the matter. We are not taking upon ourselves the position of censor. We do not pretend to be a "Daniel come to judgment," yet the conviction forces itself almost painfully on our mind, that we are notdoing what we could. And we believe the reasonfor this is mainly to be found in the failureto appreciate as we ought the greatness of the work in which we are engaged. Do we fully believe the truth that neither genius, learning, position or strength is proof against the demon of strong drink? Is it really so, that "prophets, priests and kings," have become victims of intemperance; that the great evil, "like an undying worm, is gnawing at the vitals and corrupting the life-blood of the purest, ablest and best of earth." Or are these evils imaginary? And are these sentiments the product of a "diseased mind," or are these things true?

Do we appreciate, to the fullest, the magnitude of the obligation we have taken? We may break our obligation without drinking liquor. "In all honorable ways" we have by a pledge the most sol emn promised to wage an increasing warfare against the giant evil.

Is our mission really comprehended? We are reminded night after night, that "we aim to unite all moral and social elements of society" in this conflict between truth and error, in order that we may rescue the fallen, as well as to save the young, pure and virtuous from ever falling into the snares of the tempter." And yet what are we doing? The I. O. G. T. is not a mere society—our temples should never become the nurse-places for gossip or flirting. There are better ways of employing our evenings,—for some at least, than these. We have sometimes thought that there has been too much anxiety to increase the size of our temples, as if the whole success or failure our work should be thus gagued. We would that, in large golden letters, the inscription everywhere were found:—"The pledge is for life." Don't bring your friends around under false colors. We have taken our position let us stick to it. If you ask anyone to join us let it be understood that we have no room for "drones!" We want working men and women. None else. Better have five or six than sixty if the fifty four be half hearted. Numbers don't con our strength. The whole world was wrong and Galileo was right. O! brothers, we want more faith, greater earnestness, and more of a spirit of consecreation, if we are to do the work God has committed to us.

NOTES.

RENEWALS.

The renewals come pouring in and we are glad to see that at least 75 per. cent of them, are yearly. We are forwarding the photographs as fast as the artist can snpply them to us. Those receiving them will oblige by sending their opinion of the pictures, whether favorable or otherwise. Remember that sending two yearly renewals entitles the party sending them to a fine photograph of the first Ontario Parliament by NOTMAN.

UP TO TIME.

After this issue, "Pure Gold" will be in the hands of the Subscribers on Friday, as was customary before the "strike." As it was followed almost immediately by the Volunteer Camp at Niagara, our staff has been very weak until this week. We thank our Subscribers for the forbearance manifested by them during our troubles, and we promise to have the paper issued punctually in the future.

PORT HOPE.

A letter from Port Hope containing the amount of a yearly subscription was unfortunately misplaced before the subscriber's name was put on the list. The mailing clerk will be obliged if the gentleman from Port Hope who subscribed last week but has not received his paper, will communicate with the Comhany sendiug his name and address.

ANTIDRUNKENNESS

To meet the wants of the warmest well-wishers of the Temperance cause, we propose to all organizations to supply 1000 pages assorted tracts for one dollar and a quarter, and to any party ordering for circulation 4000 pages of any one tract, we will print thereon two lines of whatever special heading required, for twenty-five cents additional the name or designation of Society Division, Temple, or persons ordering. Any party remitting $5 naming two tracts and the words desired for the heading, will receive four thousand pages post paid by mail. There is no possible way that so effective Temperance work can be done for the same outlay.

(Concluded in our next.)

(For "Pure Gold.")

THE LONE STAR

BY WILL. HENRY GANE, INGERSOLL.

I looked, one night, to the cloudless sky,
And as by chance I saw afar,
Blazing out in the western bounds,
A poet's idyl,—a distant star.

I knew in a moment, the mighty God,
Who governs by fate as well as love,
Had placed that signal light for me
My star of fame—to wander above.

I said to the star: "lone wanderer, why
Art thou alone this glorious night?
Where are the myriad festal stars
That drown our world in magic light?

"Has the mighty mechanic of nature drawn
Thee, one by one, to form a bow
To encircle his head, when he descends
To purge by fire,—to reign below."

The lone star answered: "Man, for *thee*
I wander among the starless maze;
Thou knowest me; I am fate!
And fate illumines thy coming days.

"O man, thy name through earth shall ring
At morn, at noon,—early and late!
The giddy rabble shall envy thee,
Not knowing thou art guided by fate."

Sing, O poet, thy wond'rous song!
O'er thy path angels have trod;
The lonely star beckons thee on.—
Fate? Yes; the finger of God.

CORRESPONDENCE,

MOORLANDS LODGE, HEADINGLEY, LEEDS, YORKSHIRE.

(Continued.)

After embarking passengers and taking on board a Liverpool pilot, we steamed for our destination. The distance to Liverpool is 228 miles; about 24 hours sail across St. George's Channel, said to be a most difficult piece of navigation. The stoppage at Queenstown was a very agreeable change; and the weather being fine, and the water moderately calm I enjoyed this short break in our journey immensely. We are steaming within a mile of the shore; all on deck are full of expectation, and viewing the shores of Cork with peculiar interest. We have already passed Kinsale light-house: there is the spot where the ill-fated Albion was wrecked. The cliffs rise perpendicularly out of the water to a considerable hight, and look dangerous and inhospitable. In the far distance there looms the Youghal mountains which form a delightful back-ground to the picturesque verdure clad landscape, which slopes and undulates down to the bright, sparkling sea. I cast a long, lingering look as the beautiful panorama of Irish scenery faded from my view, and thought how much I should like to see the lakes of Killarney. To the left of us is Tuskar rock where the Cunard steamer Tripoli was wrecked, and the scene of many disasters. Yonder to the right is the Welsh coast, barren, rocky, and unpicturesque, save in the background, where there rises in the distance the Welsh mountains capped with snow, sun-lit and seeming to pierce the sky. This coast is very uninteresting compared with the Irish. Holyhead is very prominent, but void of beauty. Now we are passing the spot where the Royal Charter was lost: on the top of the cliff still stands her mast, planted there as a memorial of that most melancholy and heartrending scene of agony and despair.

The steamer was homeward bound from Australia, with nearly four hundred souls on board, full of joy at the idea of seeing friends not seen for many years. The captain, to satisfy the idle curiosity of his passengers, hugged the shore too closely, and a strong wind blowing prevented him from steaming out to sea, and thus the ship was dashed upon the rocks, freighted with human life.

The water all around us is studded with vessels outward and inward bound dancing on the waves, and intimating to us that we are near our long looked for haven. With pennants gaily streaming we approach the mouth of the Mersey river and anchor outside the sandy bar. A tender comes along, we are safely transhipped, bid farewell to the Italy, and are steaming at a rapid rate up the river. Thousands of lights glimmer on each side as far as the eye can see. This is Liverpool to the right and Birkenhead to the right. At half past 11, P.M., I plant my foot once again on dear old Albion's shore, thankful that I have arrived safe, and repeating to myself the words of Scotia's famous bard, "Breaths there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own—my antive land.'"

"Liverpool is a most wonderfully busy place. Here, along its splendid massive line of docks, are seen ships from every clime,—argosies of every size. How it makes us wonder for what purpose they are employed on ocean's highways, and seek their haven's here. But it is no longer a mystery when we consider that on the banks of this muddy, dirty river (the quality of the Mersey is not strained) there stands the largest seaport in the world,—Britain's great emporium. I stayed a few days here to see the lions. Lime St. is the principle, but I was not favourably impressed with its beauty. St. George's Hall, with massive stone lions on pedestals in front, is a noble, imposing, substantial, building; and, like all other public buildings on this side of the Atlantic, has a strong, John Bullish appearance, built with the idea of standing.

...against them; they do not retain their freshness so long as those under the influence of the bright sky of America. The Custom House and Post Office are of colossal proportions and much to be admired. The Sailors Home is one of the most interesting buildings, viewed in a philanthropic light. Its foundation stone was laid by Albert the good in 1846. As its name indicates, it is a refuge for those who brave the dangers of the boisterous seas. The first railway in the kingdom was opened here, in 1830, with great ceremony; but unfortunately, Mr. Huskisson, M.P., was killed the first trip. That was certainly a bad omen and, in that day, did not augur well for its success. I took great delight in the large museum, library, and reading-room, all free, and a credit to the donors [illegible]. Roscoe, the celebrated author of Leo X and Lorenzo de Medici, was born here. Leaving Liverpool by the great Lime street station, I find myself in fields. I must say that travelling by rail is far pleasanter here than in America. I am now in the largest and most important manufacturing districts in the world; and again am in glorious old Yorkshire which is full of historical interest, and whose name is associated with some of the greatest moral reforms, and religious enterprises of the century. Here began the great wave of feeling in favour of Negro freedom, which rolled on till Britain's greatness was no longer tarnished with the foul curse of slavery.

—Continued in our next.

THE SABBATH TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

To the Editor of "Pure Gold."

DEAR SIR,—I have just read the letter signed "James Thomson," in your last issue, on the subject of Sabbath Temperance Meetings, and am really at a loss to know what J. T. is driving at.

Are the temperance men of this city to understand from Mr. Thomson's reasoning, that the Jewish law, which condemned the old man to death for gathering a few sticks on the *Seventh* day of the week, is still in force, and to be applied to them as Christians, if they should attempt to reason with the drunkard on the *first* day of the week, point out to him his degraded condition, brought on by his evil habits, and, if possible, rekindle in his mind the expiring spark of manhood which his base appetite is gradually extinguishing. I read in the New Testament that Christ said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." I, therefore, conclude that if I follow Christ's command, endeavour to do all the good I can to the drunkard, by showing him his duty as a husband, a father, or as a citizen, on the day God has *made for me*, even should I fail to persuade him that he can only be made a man by believing as J. T. believes, I am helping on the "good time" when drunkenness shall not be known in the land, and when the "coffers of the Lord's treasury," as J. T. has it will be better filled.

Yours truly,
A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

TORONTO COLD WATER TEMPLE.—A Musical and Literary entertainment was held under the auspices of [illegible] in the Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening 2nd inst. The members numbering about 100, left their Lodge Room, Chestnut St, at 7.30 dressed in Regalia and marched down Yonge St in charge of the Superintendent, assisted by Sister Baker, and took their places on the raised platform prepared for the occasion. The programme consisted of Recitations, Dialogues and Singing, was well rendered by the children. The Singing was especially good under the able leadership of Bro. Spence, and Sister Marks of the St John's temple, whose zeal in training the children for the occasion was untiring.

The audience was very small one (owing we suppose to the oppressive state of the weather), not at all what it should have been in such a city as Toronto with so many professed temperance men and women. We think we can safely say that all present went home well satisfied with the entertainment, and those who were not there missed a treat.

Can nothing be done to increase the interest in this branch of our good work? Our duty in this matter is very plain if we want our efforts to tell upon the future generation of [illegible]

"Who are prepared to take the field?"

W. R. M.

Toronto, July 4th, 1872.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The report which we give below of the semi-annual meeting of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance is worth reading. And we are sure the friends of the temperance reform will rejoice with us, when we [illegible] condition [illegible] past three months has been 1357, and death has dealt tenderly with it; only [illegible] having occurred during that period.

THE social, under the auspices of the Crystal Fountain Division, given in the Temperance Hall, here, last Thursday evening, was a great success. The attendance was large. The chair was occupied by Mr. G. M. Rose, P. G. W. P., who, during the course of his remarks, gave a history of the Order of the Sons. He was followed by Mr Edward Carswell, P. G. W. A., who spoke for over half an hour, and, during that time, kept the audience in a roar. Then followed vocal and instrumental music by Miss Hubbard, the Misses Ames, the Misses Kennedy, Mr Christie, Mr. Fleming and others; and a recitation by Mr. David Millar, and a recitation by Mr. D. Duncan. We need scarcely add that the refreshments—strawberries, ice cream, and cake—were duly appreciated; and that the audience left highly delighted with the way in which the ladies of the Division had done their part in getting up the entertainment.

SEMI-ANNUAL SESSION.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Ontario held its semi-annual session at Uxbridge, on the 25th and 26th instant. The Rev. Joel Briggs, the G. W. P., presided, and there was a large attendance of representatives from all parts of the jurisdiction. Among the visitors were Bro. A. Stevenson, G. W. A., of Eastern New York, and Bro. Theodore Collins, of Pennsylvania, who were introduced to the Grand Division by Bro. Edward Carswell, and delivered appropriate addresses.

The business transacted at this meeting being chiefly of a routine nature, we will only allude to the reports of the chief officers.

The G. W. P., in his report, referred to the blessings the Sons enjoyed by being permitted, through a gracious providence, to meet in semi-annual session; congratulated the Grand Division on the interest and zeal manifested by the members, as well as on the progress of the Order generally, and the work done by the lecturers. He also congratulated the Grand Division on the harmony and good feeling which prevails in the jurisdiction. He suggested that the Sons should at once take a determined stand, and say, as far as possible, the present License Law shall be carried out; and that they should see it is done without fail; that they should, as an organization, avail themselves of the occasion of Public Holidays to hold public meetings of every description, such as parades, soirees, pic-nics, and to make the best possible impression upon the public, invite all Temperance Orders to be present, with regalias, mottoes, banners, and badges, and engage the first talent of the land as orators. He recommended to foster in the young members of the Order a taste for good Temperance music, songs, and literature. He also referred to the publication of the "Son of Temperance," and suggested it be published weekly. He also referred to the National Division question as follows:—"According to your directions, we united with several other Grand Divisions in the British Provinces, and prayed the National Division of North America to grant us a charter to organize a National Division for the Dominion of Canada; but, strange to say, New Brunswick Grand Division, almost at the last moment, withdrew from the application, declaring that all that said Grand Division had done was unconstitutional. The National Division which closed its sessions at Chicago, Illinois, June 23rd, declared in view of the want of unity among the Grand Divisions of the Dominion, it deemed it best to refer the whole matter back to the several Grand Divisions for their further action, pledging to take up the matter next June, in the city of New York. To which I, as one of your delegates, desired my name to be recorded as dissenting from this course. In my place I stated directly and positively that I had been delegated to urge, at least, that the petition be read before the National Division, which was not done, and also, the request was not granted. There being only one Delegate from Quebec (Bro. Hall) present, he voted with me; Bro. E. Carswell, being present, voted in favor of deferring, as did Bro. Wadman of P. E. Island. No delegates were present from Nova Scotia, or Newfoundland Divisions."

The Report then referred to the work of the past term; that he had visited the counties of Halton, Peel Wellington, Waterloo, York, Ontario, Durham, Northumberland, Prince Edward, and Hastings; the cordial reception he had met with; and congratulated the Grand Division on the encouraging state of the Order in those counties, and hoped that each representative, on returning home, would resolve to do his utmost to organize or resuscitate at least one new Division. He concluded his report by testifying to the energy and efficiency of the Grand Scribe, Bro. Thos. Webster.

The Grand Scribe, in his report, gives the work done since meeting in December last, and which is very encouraging:—

Number of Divisions January 1st, 1871, 174; number in operation, Dec. 31st, 1871, 214; members admitted during year, 4,645; reinstated, 279; withdrawn, 945; suspended, 755; expelled for violation of pledge, 407; expelled for other causes, 481; deaths, 19; violations of the pledge, 654; whole number of members, 6,693; number of lady visitors admitted, 376; whole number of lady visitors, 462; whole amount of receipts by subordinates, $4,878.78; paid for benefits by subordinates, $172.91; cash on hand and invested by subordinates, $7,718.83; per capita tax to G. D., $1,650.63; per capita tax to N. D., $334.65; number of representatives in G. D., 297; number in N. D., 26; number of public temperance meetings held, 354; number of temperance tracts distributed, 4,966.

The following is a synopsis of returns from one hundred and ninety Divisions for the quarter ending 31st March, 1872: Number of members admitted, 1,807; reinstated, 121; withdrawn, 378; suspended, 200; expelled for violation of pledge, 174; other causes, 270; deaths, 16; violated pledge, 256; whole number of members, 8,050; capitation 50 G. D., 524.51; lady visitors admitted, 37; whole number of lady visitors, 315; receipts of Divisions, $4,658.23; paid for benefits, $625.67; expenses exclusive of benefits, $1,136.31; cash on hand and invested by Divisions, $10,201.24; representatives to G. D., 261; public temperance meetings held, 166; temperance tracts distributed, 2,986. The report gives forty-four Divisions organized and resuscitated since the annual session of last December.

A couple of sections of Cadets and a Band of Hope have been organized in the same period. The Grand Scribe notes, in terms of sorrow, the deaths of Bros. B. R. Jaques, D. G. W. P., of Highland creek Division, No. 347; and Bro. G. Harwood, of Fidelity Division, No. 199. On account of the voluntary proposition fund, $73 had been collected.

The Lecture and Agency work has been well and faithfully attended to by Bros. Rev. A. E. Griffiths, G. W. A.; and W. H. Griffin, Prov. D. G. W. P.; and these gentlemen have devoted the whole of their time to the cause. The Rev. Bro. J. W. Manning, P. G. W. P. and Bro. J. W. Squelch, have devoted a portion of their time with good results. The Order is urged to "more active and zealous efforts" on behalf of the Lecture and Agency work.

From the large correspondence the Grand Scribe has with the Order, he is enabled to state that "our Order in this jurisdiction is now in a healthy and prosperous condition; we have few weak Divisions, and as far as we can learn, harmony, good-feeling, and a desire to disseminate our glorious principles prevail." Loyalty to the "old Parent Stem" is urged, and a blessing asked on the Order for the coming quarter. The claims of the "*Son of Temperance*," are urged upon the Order, and a just tribute paid to the retiring executive of the G. W. Patriarch, Rev. Joel Briggs.

The annual meeting will be held in London in December next.

On Wednesday evening, in connection with the session of the Grand Division, a public meeting was held in Uxbridge which was attended by the leading men of the Order. The Hall was crowded, and everything went off well.

PURE GOLD

THE Bayswater and Pine Grove Divisions arranged for a Demonstration and Pic-Nic at this place on Dominion Day. The Band of the Queen's Own was engaged for the occasion, but for some reason not explained they did not come, consequently the Procession did not take place. Not less than four hundred assembled in the Grove and partook of the repast provided by the Ladies, among whom we found Mrs. Burt and Clayton, who are ever found working hard to make every Temperance Party satisfactory and gratifying to those who attend. After the tables were cleared Mr. Thos. Caswell of Toronto ascended the platform erected for the day and took the Chair. Rev. Mr. Smith of Woodbridge, then delivered an address. The D. G. W. P. of the Division read an interesting annual report, showing the Division to be in a prosperous condition, having now over one hundred good members. Bro. G. M. Peebles then congratulated the Brethren and Sisters on their success, stating that both in attendance, recognized beauty and size of Chignons, the party was equal to last year. Mr. Goff of Prince Edward Island, spoke at some length on, Benefits of Total Abstainence. Bro. Luke Sharp of Toronto then addressed the meeting taking Alcohol as his text, showing how it was obtained, what effect it had on the nervous system. Calling special attention to the disease known as Delirium Tremens, which he claimed was the last stages and the most convincing reason that Alcoholic liquors originated in the Brain of his Satanic Majesty. The party then seperated to prepare for the evening Concert, which was a decided success, the hall being filled, and all satisfied with the evenings enjoyment.

The weather was intensely hot although a stiff breeze continued throughout the day. A Temple of the I O G T, was organized on Wednesday evening the 3rd inst, we wish to say to the good people who have built up that really good Division, do not consider the Templars opposition but work for the Division and both work together to save from the Intoxicating Cup and the Drunkard's grave your neighbours and friends.

Agitate Prohibition, secure it for your Township and Heaven will bless you. Success!

AN HONEST PUBLICAN'S ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS and neighbors, grateful fo the liberal encouragement received from you, and having supplied my drunkery with a new and ample stock of choice Wines, Spirits and Malt liquors. I thankfully inform you that I continue to make Drunkards, Paupers, and Beggars, for the sober industrious and respectable community to support. My liquors may excite you to riot, robbery, and blood, and will certainly diminish your comforts, augment your expenses, and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents, and distressing disease, and likely to render these incurable. They will agreeably deprive some of life, some of reason, many of character, and all of peace—will make fathers fiends, wives widows, mothers cruel, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to ignorance, dissipation, infidelity, lewdness, and every vice—corrupt the ministers of religion—obstruct the gospel—defile the Church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can.

I will thus "accomodate the public," it may be at the cost of my never-dying soul. I have a family to support—the trade pays—and the public encourage it. I have a character from my minister, and a license from the Magistrates; my traffic is lawful, christians countenance it, and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will. I know the bible says, "Thou shalt not kill," pronounces a "woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, and enjoins me not to put a stumbling block in a brothers way." I also read that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," and I cannot expect the drunkardmaker, without repentence, to share a better fate; but I wish a lazy living; and have deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity, and fatten on the ruin of my species. I shall therefore carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, and endanger the safety of the State. As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignorance and sensuality, I will do my utmost to prevent your intellectual elevation, moral purity, social happiness, and eternal welfare.

Should you doubt my ability, I refer you to the Pawn-shop, the Poor-House, the Police Office, the Hospital, the Gail, and the Gallows, where so many of my customers have gone, the sight of them will satisfy you that I do what I promise.

JUDAS HEARTLESS.

N. B.—I teach old and young to drink, and charge only for the materials; very few lessons will be sufficient.

VARIETIES.

A TOUCHING incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear, dead child." "Here it is," said the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich, let me make restitution. Here is twenty dollars for your little son." He gave the farmer a fifty-dollar bill, and received thirty dollars in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot-gun. The fifty-dollar bill was bad.

LUMPKINS and Boozle were on their way home one night from a convivial party, and their course was extremely zigzag and uncertain. As they staggered onward the bell of a neighbouring church started to peal the hour of midnight. Lumpkins stopped and caught firm hold of a lamp-post. "Hole on, ole feller, he said to his companion, "let's see what (hic) time tis." Boozle also embraced the lamp-post, and they both counted the strokes of the deep-toned bell "One—two—three—" At this point the clock of another church just down a diverging street, slightly behind the time of its neighbour, commenced to strike; and so nearly did its notes harmonise and time in with the other, that the obfusticated senses of our two adventurers did not catch the double strokes. They counted on, loudly, and in unison—"eleven—twelve"—and without break of time or rythm the belated clock kept on to finish its work, and the convivial knights kept on counting—"thirteen—fourteen—fifteen!" "Fifteen o'clock" cried Lumpkins, transferring his hold from the lamp-post to the shoulders of his companion. "I say, Boozle—I can remember (hic)—man an' boy, for (hic) nigh on forty year, but (hic) bless me if I ever before (hic) knew it to be so late as this!"

THE editor of the New Orleans *Republican* thinks it must have been the proof-reader who made him call the governor "our enterprising thief" when he meant to say "our enterprising chief."

Two men having arranged to fight a duel in Rhode Island, the governor issued a proclamation forbidding it, whereupon one of the parties sent him a note saying that one of them would stand in Connecticut and the other in Massahusetts, and shoot over his miserable little State.

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Temperance Directory.

Announcements in this column are charged Ten cents each insertion, or Four Dollars a year. Cash, in all cases, must accompany the order.

TORONTO DISTRICT DEGREE TEMPLE meets monthly. The next meeting will be held March 28th, in the hall of St John's Temple, on Sayer street, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Bro M Nasmith, Degree Templar; Bro Dinnis, Degree Secretary.

ENTERPRISE TEMPLE, No. 113, I.O.G.T., meets every Monday night at 7:30. Bro. W. J. Read W.C.T.; Bro. J. T. Moorhouse, W. Sec; Bro. Stark, T.D.

JESSE KETCHUM LODGE, No. 87, British Templars, meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Pro. A.E. Whinton, W.C.T.; Bro. Edward M. White, W. Sec.

ST. JOHN'S TEMPLE, No. 58, meets in Mission Church, corner of Agnes and Chesnut Streets, every Friday evening at 7:30. Richard Dinnis, W.C.T.; James L. Thorpe, W.S.; W.R. Morrison, T.D.

A COLD WATER TEMPLE meets in the above place on the same evening at 6.30. Superintendent, W. R. Morrison; assisted by Sister Baker and Bro. W. Metherill. Children under 14 years are eligible for membership.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, No. 600, meets in Good Templars' Hall every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Thos Nixon W. C. T.; Bro. Morton, W S; Luke Sharpe, T.D.

TORONTO STAR TEMPLE meets every Friday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets. W C T, H. B. Montreville; W S, E. M White; T D, C. Woodall.
Parties wishing to join this Lodge are required to pay the initiatory fee at the time of proposition.

NASMITH TEMPLE meets every Wednesday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall. W C T, Bro Burgess; T D, Bro Marshall.

MAPLE LEAF TEMPLE meets every Tuesday evening, corner of Adelaide and Francis streets. W C T Bro G C Patterson; Sec, Bro Follet; T D, Bro H Fairclot.

RESCUE TEMPLE meets every Thursday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall. W C T, Bro Ross W S, Bro Hammond; T D, Bro W J Taylor.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN DIVISION OF THE Sons of Temperance meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the basement of the Temperance Hall, Temperance street. Bro, G. M. Rose, 88 King street, and Bro. Jas. Thompson, 358 Yonge street, will be happy to give any information with regard to this Divison.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

GOING EAST—TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto	7.30	12.30	6.00	
Whitby				6.0
Oshawa		4.50	7.15	7.00
Bowmanville		3.10	7.25	7.23
Port Hope	9.20	3.55	7.50	7.55
Cobourg { Arrive	10.05	5.35	8.45	8.50
Cobourg { Leave	10.00	6.05	9.00	9.10
Belleville (Arrive)	10.30		9.15	
Kingston	12.25a.m.	9.40	11.10	
Brockville	2.40	5.15	1.35p.m.	
Ottawa (Leave)	4.55	9.25	3.40	
	10.00p.m.	12.45p.m.	10.00p.m.	
	a m	a m	p m	a m
Prescott Junction	5.30	10.33	4.10	
Cornwall	7.35	2.15 p.m.	6.25	4.35
Montreal (Arrive)	10.30	7.50	9.30	10.00

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	a.m.	p m	p m
Montreal (Depart)	6.00	8.00	4.00	
Cornwall	1.10	11.00	7.40	11.05
	p.m	p.m		
Prescott	4.10			
Brockville	5.45	1.15	9.50	1.35
	a m	4.10	10.30	2.10
Kingston	6.00		a m	
Belleville	9.45	4.65	4.00	4.15
	p m	6.15		
Cobourg	1.45	8.25	6.05	8.25
Port Hope	1.55	8.50	6.42	8.47
Bowmanville	3.35	9.40	7.50	9.40
Oshawa	4.50	10.05	8.00	10.05
Whitby	5.10	10.15	8.30	10.1
Toronto (Arrive)	7.20	11.30	10.00	11.30

TORONTO TO SARNIA.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto	7.30	12.05	3.45	11.45	5.20
Guelph	9.50	2.00	6.00	1.55	8.30
Stratford	12.00 noon	3.55	7.42	3.45	
London (Arr)	2.10 p.m.		9.10p.m.		10.45a.m.
Sarnia	3.30	7.06		7.30	

SARNIA TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Sarnia	10.25			9.40	9.30
London (Dep)	11.25			2.45	7.30
	1 p.m.				
Stratford	1.50		3.15	6.50	11.04
Guelph	3.45	7.30		4.50	9.15
Toronto (Arr)	6.15	10.15	5.25	9.20	1.05

Trains run by Montreal time.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Suspension Bridge	7.00	12.40	4.40	9.50	1.20
St. Catharines	7.20	1.02	5.05	10.12	1.40
Hamilton	9.00	2.10	6.20	11.30	2.55
				a.m.	
Paris	10.25	3.23	7.37	12.55	4.00
Woodstock	11.15	4.10	8.27	1.35	4.40
Ingersoll	11.45	4.34	8.50	1.55	4.58
	a.m.	p.m.			
London	6.45	12.50	5.25	2.45	5.45
	p.m.				
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	5.05	8.00
Windsor (Arrive)	4.20	5.15	9.20	6.45	9.2

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Windsor		4.00	8.25	11.30	7.45
Chatham		6.05	9.55	1.10	9.10
London	6.00	8.40	12.35	3.55	11.25
Ingersoll	6.37	9.15	1.10	4.35	11.55
Paris	7.40	10.20	2.10	6.05	12.57
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	3.35	7.35	2.15
St. Catharines	10.25	12.31	4.38	8.55	3.27

TORONTO LINE—G. W. R. R.

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m	p.m
Toronto	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.00
Oakville	8.00	11.55	5.05	9.00
Hamilton (Arrive)	8.45	1.40	6.00	9.40

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m	p.m
Hamilton	9.10	11.30	3.85	
Oakville	9.57	12.14	4.23	8.17
Toronto (Arrive)	11.00	1.15	5.3	9.20

Trains run by Hamilton time.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

MOVING NORTH.

	a m	p m
Toronto	7.45	3.45
Newmarket	9.44	5.44
Barrie	11.25	7.25
Orillia (Arrive)		7.30
	p m	
Stayner	12.55	8.55
Collingwood (Arr)	1.20	9.20

MOVING SOUTH.

	a m	p m
Collingwood (Dep)	5.40	3.00
Stayner	6.08	3.28
Barrie		
Orillia (Depart)	7.55	4.55
		8.45
Newmarket	9.16	6.3
Toronto (Arr)	11.10	6.8

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

GOING NORTH.

Leave		
Toronto	[illegible]	[illegible]
Markham	[illegible]	[illegible]
Stouffville	9.40	5.40
Uxbridge	10.35	6.40
Cannington	11.55	7.55
Woodville	12.15	8.20
Arrive		
Midland Junction, 12.25		

GOING SOUTH.

Leave		
Midland Junction	[illegible]	
Woodville	6.25	
Cannington	6.45	
Uxbridge	[illegible]	
Stouffville	[illegible]	
Markham	6.45	3.40
Toronto	[illegible]	

Miscellaneous.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AS A TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

[*From the Evening Mail—Justin McCarthy.*]

I WAS present the other night at a meeting called to consider the possibility of making some beneficial alteration in our liquor-licensing laws, and during the proceedings the chairman called upon a distinguished clergyman present to give an account of the effect of drinking in the country parish over which he presides as pastor. When the name was called every one became attentive. There came to the front of the platform a tall, robust, muscular man, with a florid, handsome face, and a bearing so odd and uncouth that a kind of titter ran around the room. He rocked and swayed upon his legs, backward and forward, and from side to side, like a man trying to stand on the deck of a steamer during half a gale. He speaks in a powerful voice and with the soft, thick accents of the south of England; and what with the accent and what with the racking motion, he took the audience so much by surprise at first that I grieve to say a lady just behind me was heard to remark, half aloud, "why he is intoxicated!" Intoxicated, however, most certainly he was not as you will believe when I tell you his name; but if any comic actor were to move and gesticulate on the stage as this speaker did upon the platfom, the performance would be accepted as a capital imitation of drunkenness. The speaker now and then thrust both his hands down to the wrist in his trowsers' pockets, and in this attitude so swung to and fro, that I began to be afraid he would throw himfelf off the platform. At the end of any sentence whichwas meant to be specially effective, he jerked or rather flung back his head so far and so violently that it seemed as if it must fly off to the rear of the platform, and at the same moment he thrust forward at the audience his stomach in such a manner that his shape was as that of half a barge, with the convex side turned toward the meeting. When he had made himself emphatic in that way for a second or two, he as suddenly unbent himself, and immediately was rebent in the opposite direction. All the time that he was speaking he never ceased the display of these extraordinary and fantastic attitudes. Many of those present could not keep from laughing at each new stagger, jerk and gyration. Yet he commanded hearing, partly by his name and partly by the earnest feeling and manly good sense which characterized his speech. For this was Charles Kingsley, Cannon of Eversley, the poet, merchant, and scholar, the author of "Alton Lock," and "Apostle of Muscular Christianity." With the manner and gestures of a huge *polichinelle* and accents that reminded one of a country farmer noiselessly laying down the law at a harvest home festival late in the evening—with these astounding disadvantages, Mr. Kingsley did manage, somehow, to command the attention and admiration of his hearers. His speech seemed so spontaneous, so natural, so simple earnest, that you could not but like the man. His task was rather a delicate one, for he had to speak of the immoralities of that most odious den of bestiality, a low public-house in a country village, and the audience was made up of both sexes. The awkwardness of his manner and the grotesque mixture of blunder and good sense were peculiarly apparent here. Sometimes he would himself suddenly up and say, with a shudder of evident sincerity, "God forbid I should mention in this room what I have known to happen in those public-houses" and then having thus caught himself in time, he would turn away to some other topic, only for a moment, to return again to the horrors of the public-houses, and forgetting all his former protest, he would describe with a plainness of speech that was positively scriptural the temptations and the evils that the drink-shop holds out to the young. No one was offended by this outspoken simplicity. No woman in the audience felt, I am sure, anything but respect for the earnestness which carried the speaker away in spite of himself. Cannon Kingsley has often gone wrong on public questions; he's almost invariably wrong on politics; he's constantly making some blunder or other, as a man with so much exuberant energy and little thinking power is sure to do; but he has a manly spirit and a good heart. As for his gestures and deportment while delivering a speech, I can only say that the manner of the late Lord Brougham seems graceful and statuesque by comparison.

MARVELOUS CONJURERS.

SOME of the feats of the Japanese Jugglers are very remarkable. One will lie down on his back with a boy balanced on the end of the nose, the boy supporting an umbrella on the end of his own nose. Another will hold up his foot, upon the sole of which the boy plants his nose, and balances himself in the air. Some of these feats seem impossible, without the aid of some concealed machinery.

One juggler exhibited to the spectators a large open fan, which he held in his right hand, then threw it into the air, caught it by the handle in his left hand, squatted down, fanned himself, and then turning his head in profile, gave a long sigh, during which the image of a galloping horse issued from his mouth. Still fanning himself he shook from his right sleeve an army of little men, who presently bowing and dancing, vanished from sight. Then he bowed, closed the fan and held it in his two hands, during which time his own head disappeared, then became visible, but of colossal size, and finally appeared in its natural dimensions, but multiplied four or five times. They set a jar before him, and in a short time he issued from the neck, rose slowly into the air, and vanished in clouds along the ceiling.

But nothing in record, parallels the astonishing exhibitions of the Russian Pirnetti, styled the Wizzard of the North.

The Czar Alexander, having heard Pirnetti much spoken of, was desirous of seeing him; one day it was announced to the conjurer that he would have the honor of giving a representation of his magical powers at court, the hour fixed for him to make his appearance being seven o'clock. A brilliant and numerous assembly of ladies and courtiers, presided over by the Czar, had met, but the conjurer was absent. Surprised and displeased, the Czar pulled out his watch, which indicated five minutes after seven. Pirnetti had not only failed in being in waiting, but he had caused the court to wait, and Alexander was not more potent than Louis XIV. A quarter of an hour had passed, half an hour, and no Pirnetti! Messengers who had been sent in search of him returned unsuccessful. The anger of the Czar, with difficulty restrained, displayed itself in threatening exclamations. At length after the lapse of an hour, the door of the saloon opened, and the gentleman of the chamber announced Pirnetti, who presented himself with a calm front, and the serenity of one who has done nothing to reproach himself with. The Czar, however, was greatly displeased; but Pirnetti assumed an air of astonishment, and replied with the greatest coolness, "Did not your majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?"

"Just so!" exclaimed the Czar, at the height of exasperation.

"Well then," said Pirnetti, "let your majesty deign to look at your watch, and you will perceive that I am exact, and that it is just seven o'clock.

The Czar pulling out his watch violently, in order to confound what he considered a piece of downright insolence, was completely amazed. The watch marked seven o'clock! In turn all the courtiers drew out their watches, which were found as usual exactly regulated by that of the sovereign. Seven o'clock! indicated with a common accord all the watches and clocks in the place. The art of the magician was at once manifest in this strange retrogression in the march of time. To anger succeeded astonishment and admiration. Perceiving that the Czar smiled, Pirnetti thus addressed him.

"Your majesty will pardon me. It was by the performance of this trick that I was desirous of making my first appearance before you. But I know how precious truth is at court; it is at least necessary that your watch should tell it to you, sire. If you consult it now, you will find that it marks the real time."

The Czar again drew forth his watch—it pointed to a few minutes past eight; the same rectification had taken place in all the watches of those present, and in the clocks of the palace. The exploit was followed by others equally amusing and surprising. At the close of the performances the Czar, after having complimented Pernetti, brought back to his remembrance that in the course of the evening's amusements he had declared that such was the power of his art that he could penetrate everywhere.

"Yes, sire, everywhere!" replied the conjurer, with modest assurance.

"What!" exclaimed the Czar, "could you penetrate even into this place, were I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?"

"Into this palace, sire, or even into this apartment of your majesty, quite as easily as I should enter into my own house," said Pirnetti.

"Well, then," said the Czar, "at mid-day tomorrow I shall have ready in my closet the price of this evening's amusement—one thousand rubles. Come and get them. But I forwarn you that the doors will be closed and carefully guarded."

"To morrow at mid-day, I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your majesty," replied Pirnetti, who bowed and withdrew.

The gentlemen of the household followed the conjurer to make sure that he quitted the place, they accompanied him to his lodgings, and a number of police surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it. The palace was instantly closed, with positive orders not to suffer, under any pretext whatever, any one to enter, were they prince or valet, until the Czar himself should command the doors to be opened.

These orders were strictly enforced, confidential persons having watched their execution. The exterior openings to the palace were guarded by the soldiery. All the approaches to the imperial apartments were protected by high dignitaries, whom a simple professor of the art of legredemain possessed no means of bribing. In short, after greater security, all the keys had been carried into the imperial cabinet. A few moments previous to the hour fixed for Pirnetti's interview with the Czar, the chamberlain on service brought to his majesty a despatch which a messenger had handed him through an opening in the door. It was a report from the minister of police that Pirnetti had not left home.

"Aha! he found out the undertaking is impracticable, and he has abandoned it," observed the Czar, with a smile.

Twelve o'clock sounded. While the last stroke reverberated, the door which communicated from the bedroom of the Czar to the cabinet opened, and Pirnetti appeared. The Czar drew back a couple of paces, his brow darkened, and after a momentary silence, he said,

"Are you aware that you may become a very dangerous individual?"

"Yes, sire," he replied; "but I am only an humble conjurer, with no ambition save that of amusing your majesty."

"Here," said the Czar, "are a thousand rubles for last night, and a thousand for this day's visit."

Pirnetti, in offering his thanks, was interrupted by the Czar, who, with a thoughtful air, inquired of him, "Do you count on remaining some time in St. Petersburg?"

"Sire," he replied, I intend setting off this week, unless your majesty orders a prolongation of my sojourn."

"No," hastily observed the Czar; "it is not my intention to detain you; and, moreover," continued he with a smile, "I should vainly endeavor to keep you against your will. You know how to leave St. Petersburg as easily as you have found your way into this place."

"I could do so, sire," said Pirnetti; "but far from wishing to quit St. Petersburg stealthily and mysteriously, I am desirous of quitting it in the most public manner possible, by giving to the inhabitants of your capital a striking example of my magical powers."

Pirnetti could not leave like an ordinary mortal; it was necessary that he should crown his success in the Russian capital by something surpassing his previous efforts; therefore, on the evening preceding the day fixed for his departure, he announced that he should leave St. Petersburg the following day at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he should quit by all the city gates at the same moment! Public curiosity was excited to the highest degree by this announcement. St. Petersburg at that time had fifteen gates, which were encompassed by a multitude eager to witness this marvellous departure.

The spectators at these various gates all declared that at ten o'clock, precisely, Pirnetti whom they all perfectly recognized, passed through. "He walked at a slow pace and with head erect, in order to bebetter seen," they said; "and he bade us adieu in a clear and audible voice." These unanimous testimonies were confirmed by the written declaratiom of the officers placed at every gate to inspect the passports of travellers. The inscription of Pirnetti's were inscribed in the fifteen registers. Where is the wizard, whether coming from the North to South, who could in these degenerate days perform so astonishing an exploit?

FORMATION OF A BED OF COAL.

WE can comprehend the formation of a bed of coal in the olden time. Let us suppose that a certain bed of coal has been completed by the growth of luxuriant plants over a low-laying track subject to inundations from the sea. Rising ground of granite or schistose rock in the distance defining the boundaries of a continent from which the sedimentary materials of the coal strata are derived. The growth of vegetation mark a period of rest; but now a low subsidence of the whole tract commences. The brackish waters of the estuary, and the salt waters from the ocean invaded the jungle, carrying dark mud in suspension, with floating stems of trees and fronds of ferns. Presently the mud subsides, and covers in one uniform sheet the accumulated vegetation of centuries. The process of subsidence goes on while the sea currents and rivers pour into the estuary fine sand and mud, in which branches and stems from the uplands are inclined.

This process continues until the sinking of the ocean bed altogether ceases, or is counter-balanced by the rapidity with which the sediment is deposited. The basin becomes gradually shallower, and plants begin to appear, commencing perhaps at the coast, and creeping sea-ward until the basin is again overspread by a forest of huge cryptogamic trees, arborescent ferns, and conifers, with a dense undergrowth of giant grasses. These, generation after generation, flourish and die, their leaves, branches and trunks are falling around, and gradually accumulating, till the pulpy mass attains a thickness of twenty, fifty, or a hundred feet. The process completed, the basin again commences to subside, the waters run and bury the mass of thousands of centuries, stratum after stratum accumulates till the vegatation pulp is subjected to the pressure of it, may be, thousands of feet of so lid matter.

Meanwhile, chemical as well mechanical changes ensue, and in process of time what was once a torrent is changed into a bed of coal. By repetition of this process with local variations we may conceive the formation of any number of coal seams, frequently amounting in some districts, to fifty or sixty, embracing within a vertical thickness of several thousand feet of shales and sandstone. Ages roll on, the strata are removed from their foundations; upheaved from the bottom, the breakers and currents sweep away a portion of the covering, and the coal is brought within the reach of mining industry.

BRAVE TRUTHS.

AT the anniversary of St. Francis Xavier's College in Cincinnatti, last week, Archbishop Purcell took occasion to make some very forcible remarks on Trades Unions. He said that "He agreed with a recent writer, who believed that the trades unions were detrimental to the laboring men and every person concerned. With reference to the eight hour movement, if eight hours were agreed upon to-day, six or four hours might be demanded to-morrow, for who should set a limit to such arrogance and dictation. If labor said to capital to-day it must have five dollars, to-morrow it might demand ten. No government could continue to exist under such a system. The next cry might be that to possess property was robbery, and a division be demanded. Thus every "loafer" and drunkard would require a new division each Saturday night until there should be nothing to subdivide. A remedy for these evils lay in a liberal education." These truths are timely, and coming from a man so eminent for purity of life, universal charity, conceded piety and great force of mind, cannot fail to make more than ephemeral impression on the public mind. The tyranny of the "Union" system when carried to its full extent, is the most wide-reaching and intolerable among men It was devised by the very classes of workmen the Archbishops refers to—viz, the incorrigibly idle, the loafers and drunkards for the purpose, not so much, at the first, for controlling capital as of compelling the industrious, sober, and able workmen to support them in their idleness. Conversing last week with the superintendent of one of the largest and most important public manufactures of the city, he related to us a single instance which, if there had never been another, would stamp the system as odious and intolerable. One of the hands was idle, insolent and in fact useless. For these reasons he was discharged. But he was a "Union Man." The next day the whole body of hands, numbering hundreds, notified their employers that unless this idle and impudent rascal were restored, they would have to strike. They despised the man, but their obligation as union men compelled them to the course threatened. The business was so great, and such possible evil as well as private loss, would have resulted from even a six hour stoppage that the insolent .ascal was put back. Can any business be carried on under such conditions; and might not employers as well exist with the sword of Damocles suspended over them, as with the constant dread of this secret and pervading power which, in a moment can defeat the best laid plans of business and bring ruin on the toil and efforts of a life?

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TO THE PUBLIC OF CANADA.

OFFICE OF THE JOSEPH HALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, OSHAWA, ONT., MARCH 8, 1872.

BEING desirous of testing the merits of the different water-wheels now offered for sale in Canada, as to their economical use of water, we, as manufacturers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE, make the following challenge to the manutacturers of ANY OTHER PATTERN, the wheels in all cases to be wholly manufactured by the competing parties:—

We will place in the hands of any responsible party six thou and dollars ($6,000), and the party accepting the challenge to do the same, the money to be held subject to the award of the judges. The wheels to be tested in a flour mill, driving the same runs of stone, grinding the same wheat, and having the same number of square inches of opening to receive the wate, the amount of water discharged to be the measure of the amount used by each wheel.

The judges to pe non-residents of Canada, and to be thoroughly well informed in the mode of testing the power of turbine wheels,—each party to choose one judge and the two to choose the third.

The owners of winning wheel to have their money refunded them, and the loser's money to go towadrs establishing a mechanical free library in any town in Canada named by the owner of the successful wheel.

The wheels to be tested at ¼, ½, ¾, ⅞, and full gate.

Each party to give good and sufficient bonds, to the amount of $4.000, that the loser shall pay the entire expenses of the test.

There are some wheels that give very good results with full head and full gateage which entirely fail under partial head and partial gateage. Such wheels in our climate, where the water-powers are affected by cold and drougth, are of no practical value.

We claim that we are the only makers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WHEEL in Canada, and that it is without a RIVAL in the WORLD IN PRACTICAL RESULTS.

More than 6,000 of these wheels are now in operation in Canada and the United States. The sales of no other wheel ever yet introduced on this continent exceed one-sixth this number,

Our wheel has been thoroughly tested in Great Britain, and has fully maintained the reputation it has gained in Canada and the United States, as the most economical water-wheel in practical operation ever yet introduced.

We are now publishing a new descriptive water-wheel pamphlet' containing 150 pages of valuable matters, which will be sent free to all applicants.

For further information address,

F. W. GLEN,
Oshawa Ont.

N. B.—We desire to call attention to the following certificate:—

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1863.

We take the pleasure of informing the public of Canada that we have sold and furnished MR. F. W. GLEN, of Oshawa, Ontario, Patterns, Formers, Drawings, Gaugues, and all other necessary information to build our celebrated Double Turbine Water-wheel, invented by James Leffel, and known as the "Leffel Wheel. We have also obligated ourselves to furnish the same facilities for manufacturing to no other parties in Canada. Without the information we have given to Mr. GLEN, no one can successfully build our wheels, and we advise parties in Canada to purchase our wheels of no other manufacturer. Mr. GLEN'S facilities are unsurpassed, and we feel sure that he will build a wheel hat will give perfect satisfaction. We therefore commen l m to the people of Canada with entire confidence, feelin ure he will manufacture a wheel in all respects equal to our own.

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Simeon Baggs had a good figure, and a handsome face; that its expression was acute, sly, stony was not visible to Amelia Harding, the daughter of a small Georgia planter, left at twenty, mistress of six slaves and a little money and land. Simeon Baggs applied for the vacant post of overseer on her place, improved and increased its crops, worked her negroes with proverbial Yankee cruelty, and made love to her between time. So she married him, spent twenty miserable years and died, leaving behind her six ill-behaved children.

Simeon was a "long headed" man, to use the phrase of his own people, and perceiving clouds on the horizon he thought best to find shelter before they gathered overhead: his plantation was sold and thrown in to the next one, he had money invested in Northern securities and he bethought himself of Hilldale, where before long he found himself and all his half-wild progeny settled in an old farm house, beyond Miss Moxon's some quarter of a mile, and up the grass-grown road of which we have spoken. But six untamed Georgia children the oldest a girl of eighteen, set down at once in the midst of frugal New England proprieties and cleanlinesses, make a little chaos of their own, of course. Confusion, dirt, squalor, and general quarrelling ensued; nobody would live there as "help," and matters generally became so unendurable, that Mr. Baggs after much inward meditation, decided to marry again, and began to look about him to that end. Now in his youth he had had a sort of mild flirtation with Miss Plumy Moxon, then a demure, pretty, still, young girl; and since he came back he had renewed the acquaintance so far as a neighborly call or two went, and she had been to see his daughter "Mely" and offer friendly help. The exquisite neatness of her dear little spinster's house, her gentle manner, her placid face, all recurred to the irritated soul of Simeon like a soothing psalm-tune, and his attentions became more and more devoted, he called so often, he talked so plausibly, his eyes were so penetrating, his smile so keenly tender. Ah! what shall I say for Miss Plumy? What but the most pathetic thing can I say—she was a lonely woman! All her life had drifted away in serene monotony, its springs slept under sands like the desert. If at last they leaped up and sparkled under human power, was it a wonder that bloom and perfume and verdure spread about them? You and I have chanced on the right word—verdure Miss Plumy was verdant, more so at forty-five, Matilda, than you were at ten; and she began to feel in an unspeakable way the power of a late, a last, affection. There are some plants that never blossom till after a long growth, but then to bear fruit to good old age. Such was poor Miss Plumy's nature; but habits and training were against her; the implanted virtues are stronger in age than the natural ones, and when Miss Plumy once became sure of Simeon Bagg's intention she withdrew herself into her shell to consider, to examine, to make quite sure that she should "better herself," as she phrased it, by accepting him. There were certainly circumstances against him; his children were rude almost to violence, his manner overbearing to all his inferiors, he himself bitterly unpopular in the village already, though he had money and was a church-member both indisputable passports to consideration in New England, peculiarly so when existing in combination. All These Miss Plumy's tender nature could have excused and overlooked in consideration of his deepening devotion to her and her own awakening human nature; but there was one mightily suspicious thing about him,—animals never liked him. His own dog, even while it fawned upon his hand looked upward askance, as if it feared a blow; his horse pricked suspicious ears and cast a wicked look about at the sound of his voice. He allowed the children to ravage birds' nests, to trap and torture squirrels, to beat the dog and over-drive the horse; but worst and last of all, coming into Miss Plumy's parlor one day in a fit of irritation, and finding Beauty in the rocking-chair with her kittens, (Miss Plumy having just shut to the south-door blinds to sweep the doorstep so he did not see her) with one sweep of his hand cat and kittens were suddenly landed on the floor, and when Beauty, furious at the indignity, flew at him and fastened her teeth in his leg, with a deep curse and a heavy kick he sent her spinning across the room right into her mistress's face, just as she opened the blind-door to interfere. Human nature was too much for Miss Plumy, broomstick in hand, with the spitting cat clasped in the other arm, she advanced upon Simeon white and speechless from pure anger, and the first words she could utter were simply—"Go away: go right away, Simeon Baggs! and don't you never come back, *never!*"

Mr Baggs took the advice directly the case was plain before him; and if Miss Plumy shed any hot tears as she swept down her castle in the air with a spiritual broom, finding it to be but cobwebs, nobody knew it. She did say to Beauty some months after, when Simeon Baggs had left town to avoid being tarred and feathered as a secessionist by the frantic patriots of Hilldale, and she sat placidly in the sunshine caressing her pet—

"I sha'n't forget it of you, Beauty! You done me good service; you was a kind of an angel,'nd kep me from havin' a real bad fall, I do declare. I'm dredful thankful to the Lord, I'm sure, but I'm proper glad you was the means, for you're all I've got now, Beauty, and I love you better'n ever I thought to!"

Beauty jumped down and shook her splendid coat at this speech. She did not understand sentiment; and it was a dry hot day, but what were those clear drops that flew from her gold and jet side as she lit on the floor? Cats do not like water.

Beauty still lives; old age has laid hold upon her, and she is stone deaf; but her eyes are still beautiful, her manners the height of elegance, her fur resplendent, her mind acute, and she still creates the great perplexity of dear Miss Plumy's life by presenting her not infrequently with a kitten or two that must be drowned. The poor lady had tried poison—at least so far as to buy a good deal and put it in the pie; she experimented with chloroform, but they would kick, "physicians were in vain." At last a bland-looking Irishman took a perpetual lease of the job, and now the kittens always go off in a pretty little cigar-box tied with red ribbon, and are seen no more. Need I say that Miss Plumy's faithful heart still clings to her cat so fervently and so constantly, that if you ever should contrive to get married, Matilda, I offer her to you as an example of fidelity and devotion, worthy of all imitation. "And what more can I say?" she said.

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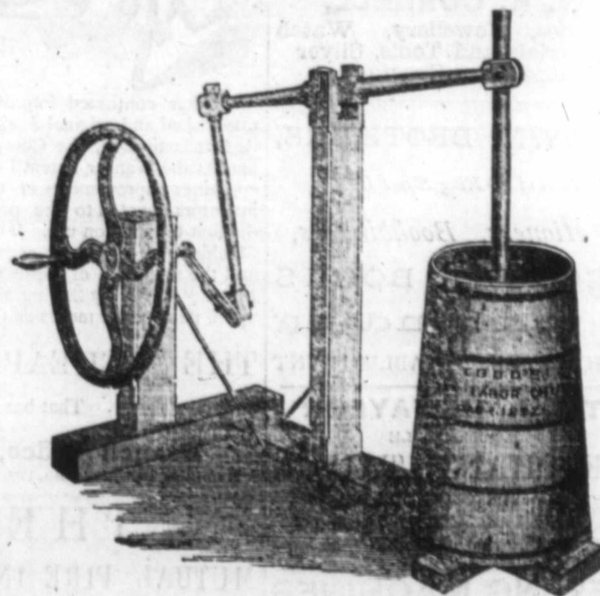

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