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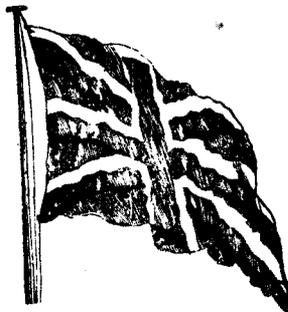
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VOL. 3.

NO. 2

THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

December, 1868.



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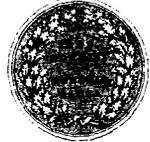
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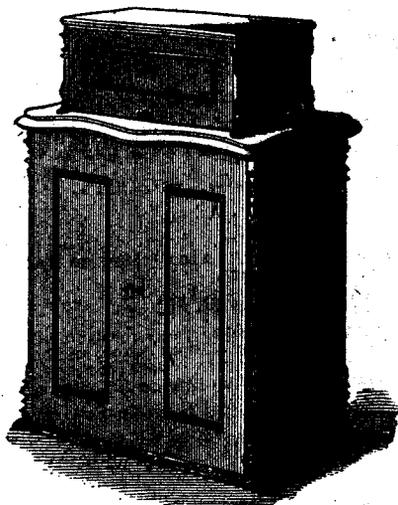
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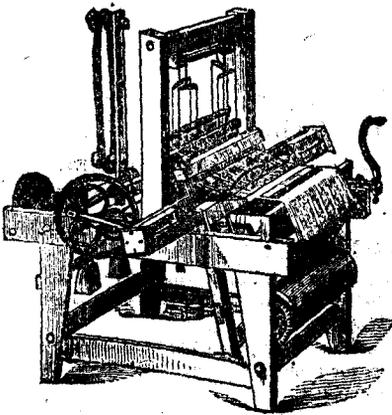
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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

DECEMBER, 1888.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Mrs. Delaney's Plum-Pudding..... <i>Original.</i> 129	MUSIC.
Peace on Earth (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i> 135	A Christmas Carol of the Olden Time.... 174
A True Tale of Retribution..... <i>Original.</i> 136	A Song of the Sea..... <i>Original.</i> 176
Cradle Song (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i> 141	Santa-Claus 178
Sketches on Service..... <i>Original.</i> 142	YOUNG FOLKS.
There's a Land of Flood and Fountains (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i> 146	Sharing our Christmas..... 180
The Crucible..... <i>Original.</i> 147	Jack Frost (Poetry)..... 181
Early Scenes in Canadian Life..... <i>Original.</i> 154	Georgie Hunt's Lesson..... 181
Eoline (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i> 160	Holidays..... 183
Sketches of Ceylon..... <i>Original.</i> 161	Andrew's Repentance..... 184
The Great Fire of Montreal..... <i>Original.</i> 165	The Honest Little Musician..... 186
What Christmas Is, As We Grow Older.... 167	DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
Wasting Capital..... 169	Hints for Marketing..... 188
Foreign Signboards..... 170	Sayings and Doings..... 189
On a Pair of Spectacles..... 171	Punctuality in Meals..... 190
Before the Doctor Comes..... 172	Selected Recipes..... 190
Card-Money used in Canada Prior to the Conquest in 1780 (with Cut)..... 172	EDITORIAL AND CORRESPONDENCE.
	Our Prospects..... 192
	Doreas (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i> 192

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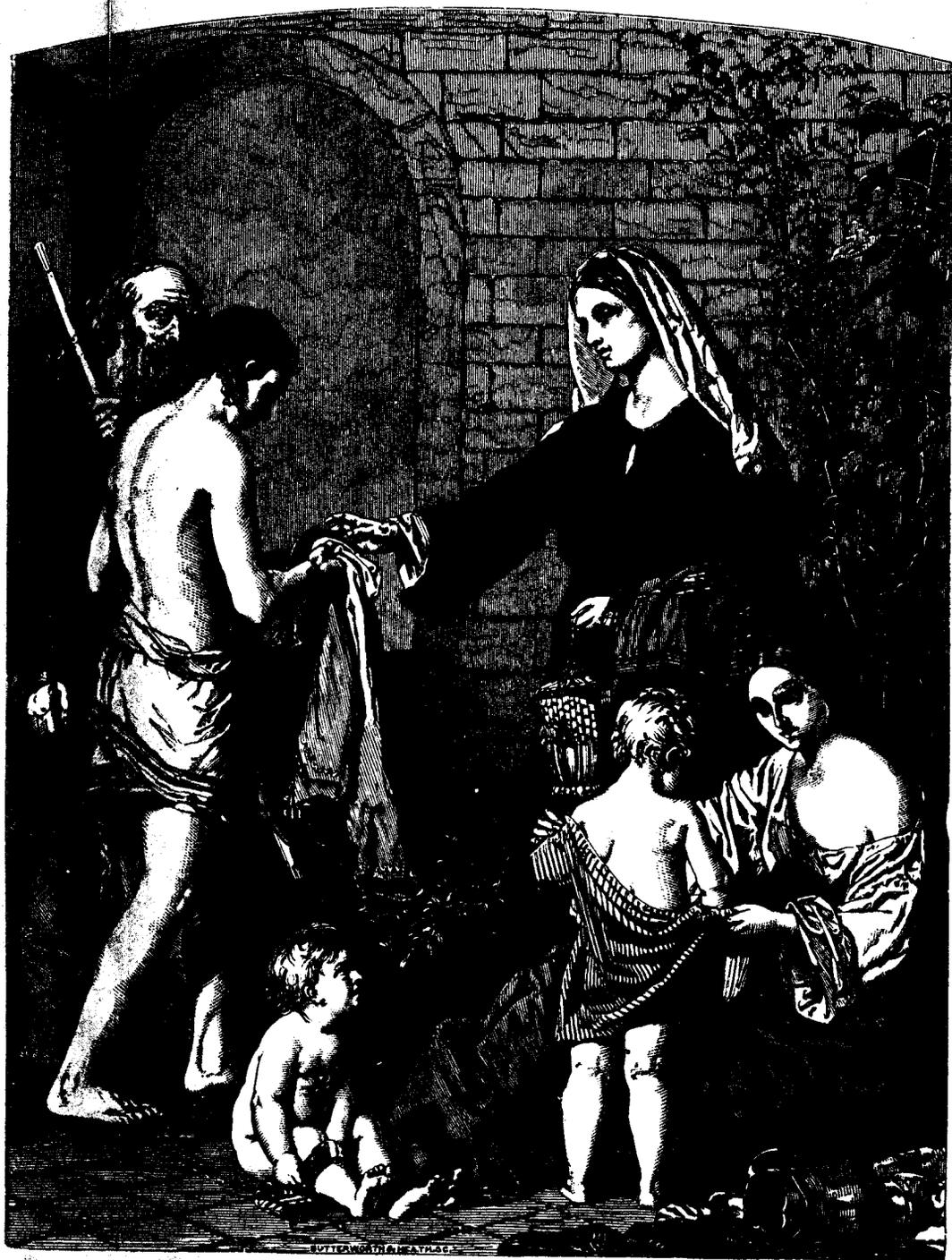
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9th Oct., 1888.

J. D. & S.



DORCAS.

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1868.

No. 3.

Original.

MRS. DELANEY'S PLUM-PUDDING.

A TRUE STORY.

BY COUSIN SANDY.

At the time of the railway mania in England, there was such a demand for bricklayers, and other mechanics connected with the building department, that any likely man who could stand at a given distance, and throw a brick within half a foot of its final resting-place was sure to find employment. Thus was Michael Delaney, who was formerly a bricklayer's laborer, by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel, metamorphosed into a bricklayer, and his weekly wages raised from eighteen to thirty shillings. Now Michael, being elevated in the social scale, determined to surprise the natives of Mud Court, Shore-ditch, that bustling suburb of London, in which is the grand terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, where formerly ran the ditch in which Jane Shore, the mistress of one of the English kings, perished soon after she had outlived her Royal master's liking. At the sign of the "Goose and Gridiron Tavern," in the High Street of the aforesaid locality, and in a prominent part of the bar-room window, was placed what was meant to represent the figure of a plethoric goose, in the foreground of a rude picture of bacchanalian jollity, and in the background were all the et ceteras of good cheer pertaining to an English Christmas, while in the middle distance loomed out a gigantic plum-pudding, surrounded with holly and happy faces. Of course there was no perspective to the picture, and, perhaps, considering the purpose for which it was exhibited, the perspective was better omitted. It was a bait to catch the flat fish, and Michael floundered in to take a

glass of gin, and join the club. To those who are unacquainted with "the short and simple annals of the poor" in the gigantic metropolis of our common fatherland, the term Goose Club may be what a down-east Yankee would call, "considerable of an enigma." Well, then, for the better unfolding of our tale, permit me to observe, by way of explanation, that Timothy Tredwell, of the "Goose and Gridiron," undertook to supply a good goose weighing over twelve pounds, value ten shillings, with a bottle of gin, value two shillings, on Christmas eve, by each member paying sixpence (a York shilling) per week, for twenty weeks previously. This, Tredwell alleged, was for the accommodation of the indigent and improvident, that they might enjoy themselves at that festive season without appearing to pay for it, the weekly instalments being so small. This secured the custom for the time of the members, while Tredwell was enabled to trade with borrowed capital, without having to pay interest for it; obtaining at the same time credit from his thoughtless dupes for disinterested benevolence. Thus was the club to Tredwell a lucrative and thriving concern, while the gracious smile of Mrs. T., and a nod of recognition from the Misses Tredwell, of doubtful accomplishments and vulgar adornments, prompted the misdirected zeal of Michael to waste its powers in increasing the numerical strength of the institution. Saturday nights, when the mechanics and laborers received their wages, were the appointed nights for the hebdomadal deposits; and, as a matter

of course, the great majority of the members got jolly—not at the expense of the landlord,—and Michael was usually led or carried home by some good-natured friend, who had not imbibed so extensively, or could swallow a larger allowance. Of course, when Michael had recovered sufficiently to be able to find fault, his wife, Bridget, or Biddy, as was his wont to call her, came in for what Paddy gave the drum; for no other reason than that Biddy, without either credit or pecuniary means, had failed to provide a hot supper for her lord and master, or because some one had offended him at the club, or that he was inclined to enjoy a cheap luxury, for which no one would call him to account. Michael used to extenuate his delinquencies by urging that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and Biddy, kind soul, worthy of a better fate, argued that, if she did not complain, no one else ought to interfere, urging by way of palliation, that “a hard-working man and a good tradesman might be a very good sort uv a husband if he only made a baste uv himself onest a wake.” Michael and Bridget had but one pledge of mutual affection—a blooming, blushing, modest maiden, named Kathleen, which Michael used to call “Katty, the darling” (an Irish abbreviation); for, to do Mike justice, he was not wanting in affection for mother and daughter, but at times he had rather a Milesian way of showing it. Kathleen was hired out in the capacity of servant in a neighboring tradesman’s family, where the foreman of the establishment, William Stedman, an active member of the temperance body, whose eyes had often “whispered secrets” to Kathleen, had at last declared his passion. This was confidentially communicated to her mother, with a strict injunction “not to tell father,” and a promise exacted to that effect, which promise Biddy kept till she had an opportunity of breaking it, by telling Mike, with accompanying remarks, which resulted in the “darling” and Stedman being invited to dine on Christmas Day with the “old

folks.” Of course, Michael was admonished by the faithful Bridget to put his best foot foremost upon the occasion, which admonition the fond father was willing to obey, if he only knew which was the best, for Mike was no adept in metaphorical expression; moreover, his left foot was studded with corns, which was to him much against the grain, and the right was crippled with a painful *bunion*, which made his peregrinations very much resemble a *pilgrim’s progress*. However, Mike was relieved from his perplexity by Biddy informing him, if he would consent not to make a baste of himself till the children had taken their departure, she would undertake to put the right side out upon the occasion. Christmas Eve came, and with it came the goose, the bottle of gin, and a small bottle of cordial—a present from Mrs. Tredwell, by way of compensation for Mr. Delaney’s enthusiasm in the cause of the club, and a salve for Bridget’s sores, resulting from her husband’s brutality after his periodical returns from the “Goose and Gridiron.” Mrs. Delaney was delighted at the prospect. Michael had resisted the temptation to inebriety, had purchased the *Temperance Record*, and she thought he had at last turned over a new leaf, and was resolved to take a few lessons on the blessings of sobriety.

Their best and only room, with the exception of the underground kitchen, which opened into the yard at the back, was ornamented with what Englishmen call a Scotch carpet (a sanded floor); the maimed crockery placed in the cupboard, with the whole parts exposed to view; the fractured glasses placed so as to hide the defects; the tea-kettle, and other culinary utensils polished to mirror-like transparency; the old knives and forks replaced by new ones from Biddy’s furtive savings; the ceiling was whitewashed; the wainscot cleaned by Mrs. Delaney herself, and a set of wood engravings, framed and glazed, of Hogarth’s “Rake’s Progress,” a present from the “darling,” ornamented the walls of the hitherto dingy and neglected apartment.

Michael was so delighted with his renovated domicile, and the prospect of his "swate burd," as he sometimes called his lovely daughter, becoming Mrs. Stedman, that he rushed out in a fit of unwonted extravagance, and invested four shillings in the purchase of a new cap, trimmed with red and green ribbons, to make Biddy look decent; made her put it on to see how it would become her complexion, insisting on having one kiss of her "swate mouth," and desiring that he might be afflicted with bad manners if Stedman would be able to tell which was the handsomest, the mother or the daughter. That night Michael snored and talked in his sleep to Stedman and Kathleen, giving them fatherly advice to avoid bad company; but there was no sleep for Biddy. Morning rose, and so did Biddy, and Mike after breakfast dressed himself in his antiquated sky-blue coat with bright buttons, a brimstone colored vest, and a pair of whity-brown trowsers, that had been drab in their first owner's time, and sallied out for a walk. Bridget, after having watched him admiringly till he was out of sight, commenced preparing for the great event.

Now, Biddy, not being of English growth, was not initiated in the mysterious mixing of plums and dough, she therefore borrowed a cookery book from Mrs. Mahoney, who lived in the front kitchen, containing directions about making a plum-pudding. Then Biddy discovered for the first time that brandy would improve the flavor, but then she had no brandy, and it being Christmas morning, the public-houses were all closed. Her woman's ingenuity was now taxed to its extremest point to find a substitute. She had it; there was a bottle of gin in the house—Mike might take too much, and expose himself. Moreover, it was not decent to drink gin in the company of a temperance advocate. If brandy would improve it much, gin would improve it a little, and if it was not so strong, she would put more into it—she would empty the bottle. Biddy executed her design, and commenced boiling the pudding. All the

morning Bridget had, like Desdemona, "a divided duty"—roasting the goose and boiling the pudding. When at the hour of noon, Mike's approach was heralded by the bold anthem of "Erin-go-bragh," the awful sounds fell on Bridget's ears like a death-knell to her fond hopes—Mike had been drinking!

On her husband entering the kitchen, her worst fears were realized. He was "nae fu', but just had plenty." How could it be otherwise? He went out with a firm resolution, but meeting some of his club-mates, they commenced talking of the relative merits of their geese, and he treated his resolution. One glass roused the cravings; "one good turn deserves another." Another, Mike persuaded himself, would not hurt; then Mike must reveal his secret pride at his daughter's prospects; then he must stand treat that they might drink the health of his incipient son-in-law. Mike could not be shabby—another glass, and Mike was not tight, but half-seas-over, to return to his loving and forgiving Biddy. He knew what he had done, but still he thought he was all right, and somehow, though he could not account for it, that Biddy was all wrong. Biddy was grieved and disappointed, and she was not sufficiently artful to "assume a virtue," if she had it not, and she could not smile when grief sat heavy at her heart; and if the tear did moisten her eye-lashes, it came there unbidden, and Mike knew he had caused it. Then she did not look so blooming as she did over night, when she fitted on the new cap. It never occurred to him that the cup that some men sing "cheers the soul" had interposed between him and his conjugal affections, and he assumed a tone of injured innocence, because he felt that Biddy censured him, although she said nothing. Meanwhile, Bridget proceeded with her work, and only reproved him with an occasional tear; perhaps he inwardly reproved himself, but he was now "pot valiant," and would not own it. He was silent; so was Biddy. She went to work, perhaps thinking least said is soonest mended, but in taking out the pud-

ding, the disappointment depicted in her astonished countenance would have softened the heart of a slave-hunter. Her eyes glared as if she had seen a ghost or something worse, when she beheld the bag which contained the pudding, and with it all her fond hopes, instead of being plump and round like a baby's head, elongated, and compressed in the middle like a sand-glass. She dropped it into the dish, and staggered back into a chair, ejaculating in bitter disappointment, "Ochone! Ochone!" Michael, instead of commiseration, grinned with a sort of Satanic chuckle, as she mechanically removed the pot in which it was boiled into the back-yard, while she looked to her only remaining comfort—the goose. Meanwhile, the dirty, ragged boys of Mud Court and Wild Alley, who had all heard of Mike's pudding, for its fame had spread through the neighborhood, rushed like a special train suffering from spasmodic combustion to taste the liquor in which the pudding was boiled. They commenced probing it by inserting their fingers in the water, and afterwards sucking them, when, upon finding the liquor sweet and agreeable, they telegraphed to their companions, who came prepared with broken spoons, maimed teacups, superannuated tin-mugs, and other cast-away articles of domestic use, to partake of the feast of unreason, and the flow of pudding liquor unwittingly prepared for them by the unintentional generosity of Mrs. Delaney. Some were shouting with joy as they partook of the agreeable stimulant; some were imitating a war-dance that they had seen performed at a penny theatre in the neighborhood, better known as the "Penny Gaff"; some were fighting; some were trying to stand on their heads; some were standing on their feet, and others could not stand at all. Some were taking equestrian exercise on the backs of their fellows, who, for the nonce, were walking on all fours—perhaps the easiest mode of locomotion under the circumstances. Some were singing "Pop Goes the Weasel," the then fashionable air at improvised concerts. The

great benefactor who has since given the world that inimitable poem, "Champagne Charley," had not then appeared on the scene, or if he had, must have existed in a state of infantile imbecility. While poor Mrs. Delaney's boiler, drained of its contents, was turned into a kettle-drum, on which they beat time to the discordant yells of the tatterdemalion horde of unwashed, unkempt, untrained, rabblement of precocious rascaldom.

The truth must be told. The gin, when it got hot, in exhaling from the pudding, forced the fruit all to one end, leaving all the dough in the other, while the spirits mixed with the water, so that the remains of the pudding were literally boiled in *gin* and *water*. Michael at last went upstairs to cut a piece of the pudding, for Biddy, fearing serious consequences from the motley assemblage, had removed it there for safety. Biddy followed with fear and trembling to explain the mistake, when her husband, who had cut the fruitless end of the pudding, dashed it in her face. This was too much for even Biddy's patience. Disappointment had done its work: she seized the plums from the fruitful end, and fired again. He retaliated, and the fire was kept up till not a remnant was left, when Mike, finding himself short of ammunition, struck Biddy a heavy blow with his clenched fist on the eye, which caused discoloration to ensue. Mike had no sooner dealt the cowardly blow, than he, too late, saw and felt his mistake, and was making howling lamentations for his unmanly conduct, when a gentle and timid knock at the door announced the arrival of his gentle Kathleen and Mr. Stedman. The humble and abject father received them with a distorted grin, meant for a smile, which, by no means fitted his countenance, while the mother, to avoid observation, stepped into an empty clothes-chest, and let down the lid. Mr. Delaney, in his confusion, seizing on the first word that naturally presented itself in his dilemma, invited Stedman to go to the tavern over the way, for it was now past one, to have a toothful of brandy to

settle their dinner—forgetting that this meal was yet in abeyance—when he was reminded of his double mistake by his guest telling him that he never partook of the beverages sold at such establishments. Kathleen, gentle soul, well posted in the sad history of domestic strife, seeing, by the patches of dough and plums that adorned the walls and pictures, that she was standing on the battle-field, sunk dejected on the large trunk in which her mother was boxed up. Her deep dejection, and intense mortification, at length found vent in silent tears, which were not unobserved by Stedman, and fain would he have pressed her to his bosom, and have kissed them off, and cheered her with kind words and true tears; but he knew that if she were aware of his observing them, it would add a fresh pang to her already too much wounded spirit. At length, Kathleen summoned courage to enquire where her mother had gone to, when a smothered sound of her mother's voice, issued from the chest, exclaiming,

“I'm dead, darlint, already, and if you don't got off the chest, I'll be after being kilt over again wid suffocation.”

Kathleen shrieked and fainted in the arms of her lover. She had only caught the first part of the sentence, and had jumped to the conclusion that her mother was murdered by her father, and her spirit had returned to charge him with the commission of the crime. Michael ran to the chest, raised the lid, and found poor Biddy wheezing and panting like a pair of asthmatic bellows, and black in the face from suspended respiration. By her daughter sitting on the chest, she had pressed down the lid so close that her only ventilation was through the key-hole. When consciousness had returned to Kathleen, she rushed into her mother's arms, exclaiming,

“I hope he has not hurt you.”

“Hurt her, hear that now!” said the father. “I wouldn't kill a fly upon her shoulder, for fear it would make her nervous. As the poor ould darling was

bringing up the pudding from the kitchen, her foot slipped, when she fell, and spilt the contents, broke the dish, and grazed her eye, and as the neighbors, (sorrow take their ignorance!) think black eyes can only come from fighting, we were afraid if any of them came in we should lose our characters, so I put the lady in her own box, as they say at the thayatre.”

“Oh, then,” said the forgiving Biddy, “Mike's a grate schamer, but he can't mend the pudding, Mr. Stedman; but we have a fine goose. We haven't had such a fine burd for many a day. Go and fetch it, Michael; Mr. Stedman will be hungry.”

Mike hopped off with the alacrity of a special train to obey his wife's orders, while she and the “darlint” laid the table. Mike soon returned, empty-handed, to announce that the bird had flown. He went to the window as if to see the direction in which his dinner had taken flight, and great was his mortification to see one of the wild tribes of London partaking of a rude banquet, without knives or forks, or even plates, at his expense—tearing it to pieces with their fingers, and drinking his health out of a tablespoon, minus the handle, the liquor being the cordial supplied from Mrs. Tredwell's present to Mrs. Delaney—while their host had nothing wherewith to satisfy his hunger.

Mr. Stedman said he was sorry for the loss of the goose on Mr. and Mrs. Delaney's account; but he did not believe one word about the pudding and the slip on the stairs. How could he with such evidence before him? He felt it would be ungenerous and unmanly to think less of Kathleen for the sins or shortcomings of her parents; in fact, it gave him a more exalted idea of her virtues than ever he had before. He wondered how such a delicate and sensitive flower could have bloomed and blossomed in such an uncongenial soil, and how intrinsically pure it must be to resist the contaminations of surrounding circumstances. He believed, as was true, that the boys had stolen the goose while they were fighting. He was glad they had purloined the cordial

Furthermore, he believed Delaney had been an affectionate father and a fond husband before intemperance had marked him for its prey, and he thought if he could induce him to sign the pledge, he might again be a credit to his family, and a good member of society. He suggested an early tea, and invited Mr. Delaney to accompany him to a temperance festival to be held in the school-room of Ebenezer Chapel, where he had promised to attend and propose a sentiment. Kathleen would stay and cheer the drooping spirits of her disconsolate mother till their return. Michael accepted the invitation. Mr. Stedman made one of these plain, sensible, telling speeches, without the fustian or buffoonery that too often mars modern effort in that direction, showing that the victim of intemperance, be he ever so degraded, has the impress of his Maker, and however his visage may be marred and scarred by the traces of inebriety, he is a brother, and the best are no more. He invited all who had suffered from intemperate habits to make up their minds at once to abstain; to forthwith sign the pledge, and change their mode of life. He drew so graphic a picture of the happiness resulting from a life of sobriety, that when finished, it made such an impression on Mike's effervescent nature, that he burst out in an exclamation that he had no idea that he had all along been such a villain to his poor Biddy and her darling cherub; and, forgetting for the time that he was surrounded by strangers, bawled out in his enthusiasm, "Musha, good luck to ye Mither Stedman; may you never die, but live all the rest uv your days; you'll be a jewel of a husband to my darling Katty, anyhow;" and, wiping his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and then looking for an instant at the moisture that had exuded from them, he, in broken accents, requested the Secretary to bring him the pledge, exclaiming, "I'll sign it, and, what's more, I'll never taste the d——" (he was going to swear, but he had taken the first upward step, and the oath was arrested ere it had passed his lips.) When they returned,

Bridget was dressed in her best, and wore her new cap, which so pleased Michael that he rushed into her arms, called her his "good ould darlint," and kissed her on both sides of the face, and in the middle too, with such a loud smack that it might have awoke the echoes of the adjoining court (if there had been any left) and penetrated to the next street, declaring that he had "surrenthered" himself into the charge of Mr. Stedman, who had brought her home a new husband, and she was not to think anything more about the other ould black-guard at all, at all; vowing that her new "swateheart" would keep company with her, and her only, for the remainder of his days.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Michael joined a building society, where, by paying a small or large instalment per week, as circumstances permitted, the members were entitled, when there were sufficient funds in hand, to draw for the prize. The money was then advanced to the successful competitor, to be expended in a house, or houses, according to the amount advanced, without interest; then mortgaged to the society; and by the fortunate owner paying the same annual rental to the institution that he would, under other circumstances, have paid to the landlord, in the course of a few years the property became his own. Michael went on at this rate, sometimes buying the chances of others who felt inclined to sell, till he had by economy, sobriety, and perseverance, accumulated considerable property, which enabled him eventually to retire from the active and laborious avocation he had followed. He could procure what poultry he required "on the goose question," without having recourse to the expensive and demoralizing routine of the Club; and his houses, being small ones, were let to working people, who were not afraid of losing caste by being seen to enter a small dwelling, and who pay their rents weekly as they received their wages. Michael was his own collector, and his previous experience enabled him to attend to the repairs without having to call

in a tradesman. Mr. Stedman has for a long time been admitted a partner in the firm he served so well and so faithfully. Mrs. Stedman (Kathleen) begins to wear a matronly appearance: is fat, fair, and forty, with a handsome and happy family. They live some five miles from London, near the station of the Eastern Counties Railway, on Epping Forest, by which means Mr. Stedman goes and returns from town every night and morning. Michael, their eldest born, has lately been transferred from the high school in the neighborhood to a high stool in his father's office, which so pleased Mrs. D. that she was heard to say, with some reservation, that she could die in peace, now that she had seen her own flesh and blood attain such an elevated position. The old lady spends most of her time with her daughter, while Michael is looking after his rents, and when Kathleen or Mr. Stedman rallies her—which they often do—on her successful experience in the pudding line, she replies in a pleasing Irish accent, toned down to a shrill *soprano* by advancing age, that things had gone well with her ever since she felt the pressure on her chest.

Original.

PEACE ON EARTH.

—
BY MADGE.
—

Silently in the cloudless sky,
The silvery stars their vigils kept,
While hill and mount and valley slept,
And solemnly the night swept by.

Then from the East an unknown gleam
Broke through the darkness from afar;
It was the bright, the Morning Star,
With life and hope in every beam.

The shepherds saw the glorious light,
But deemed not what its radiance meant,
Till from the Courts of Heaven was sent
An embassy of angels bright.

Through the hushed air, the anthem rolled,
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men:
A child is born in Bethlehem,
The Prince by prophets long foretold."

Peace, peace on earth, the angels sang;
The silent hills made no reply.
Man's yearning heart gave forth a cry,
That peace was what it wanted long.

With measured tramp and muffled drum,
The years have borne into the past
Age after age by man re-cast,
Moulding the form of years to come.

'Tis peace the heart of man still wants,
A quiet for this wild unrest,
A calm to fill the troubled breast,
For purer air his spirit pants.

Not to sit down with folded hands,
And scan the world with jaundiced eye,
And think we are but made to die,
A ripple on life's shifting sands.

Man speaks of man as though his faults
Were stepping-stones to mount up higher,
In words that scorch like raging fire,
Or chill like breath of noisome vaults.

Man speaks to man in words of scorn;
Friends meet and part as strangers cold:
Mistrust, deceit, the love of gold,
O'ercast life's sky like mists at morn.

'Tis thus this harp of thousand strings,
Sends upwards a discordant strain;
But when it is re-strung again,
In unison with Heaven it rings.

The sea may toss its waves on high,
And heave and surge with mighty roar;
But soon 'twill be, from shore to shore,
As smooth and calm as summer sky.

So this mysterious human sea
Moans for the pure, untroubled rest,
Which brooded o'er its untried breast
At Nature's dawn, from trouble free.

Peace with itself from shore to shore,
Peace with all things in every time,
Peace with mankind in every clime,
Peace with its God for evermore.

Original.

A TRUE TALE OF RETRIBUTION.

BY THOMAS WIDD (A DEAF MUTE.)

The sanguinary engagement at Waterloo, in 1815, between the British, under Wellington, and the French, under Napoleon I., had decided the fate of the nations of Europe in a universal peace. The disbanded remnants of the armies returned to their homes, and, by the beginning of winter, in that year, many of the survivors of that battle in the British army crossed the channel, and landed at Dover, amidst the most enthusiastic ovations.

Among those who thus returned from the scenes of war, was a young private in the Light Cavalry, named Harvey. He had seen much service in the Peninsula war, and had been twice taken prisoner by the French, and he was severely wounded at Waterloo. He was a well-formed young man, capable of great endurance.

When he reached London, he went to the cottage where his aunt lived, which he called home, but found she had been dead three years, and the cottage was tenanted by other people. Without making himself known, he went away, and wandered about the city for some time, seeking for work. His efforts were fruitless there, trade being then at a standstill—the return of the army, and the disbanding of some regiments, having overcrowded the labor market. Harvey left the city, and went into the agricultural districts of Surrey, where he found a farmer who wanted a waggoner, and was hired at once.

Harvey was of honest and industrious habits, and he soon gained the good opinion and confidence of his employer. He was enabled by his wages, and the small pension allowed him by the Government, to save a little money, whereby he furnished a cottage in the nearest village, and, two years after, married a young woman of poor but respectable parents who resided in the same village.

As time passed, the youthful mother

began to anticipate her infant's prattle. She thought the little boy backward in speaking, but the circumstance of his being *dumb* never occurred to her; and it was long before she could realize the fact. At length a second child was born, and in his smiles she tried to forget the grief she experienced by her first-born. A mother's apprehensions however, were soon aroused for him also; alas! he too, was deprived of the faculty of speech; and as succeeding years rolled on, and four other sons were added to the family, dumbness—universal dumbness—was the portion of all. Six deaf and dumb sons!

Words cannot describe the poor mother's grief at this calamity. She regarded it as a visitation from God, and her natural heart rebelled. Her husband had also lost all his former spirits. He went to his daily work, but with the step of a man oppressed with a burden too grievous to be borne.

The strange appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, united with the peculiar calamity in their family, determined the minister of the village to make their acquaintance. He had before endeavored to do so, but met with such discouragement, that he thought it prudent to wait for a more fitting opportunity.

Harvey was present at church with his speechless sons the first Sunday the kind minister preached in that village, and with dismay heard him pronounce the solemn text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment." The discourse of the minister was exceedingly impressive; he dwelt eloquently on the sin of our first parents, and the consequence—how we became subject to death, the penalty due to sin—and when he had done so, he hastened to exhibit the finished salvation wrought out for us by the Redeemer.

Thus bowed down with secret grief, Harvey pursued his daily labor, but he worked without pleasure. He thought of his wife, whom he sincerely loved, and then upon his afflicted children. His melancholy became such as to induce his former friends to shun him, and his wife thought he was deranged, and the dread of this, united with her

natural sorrows, made her one of the most miserable of women.

"If I could tell what ails him," she said one day to her father, "I should be better satisfied."

"Is he ill?" asked her father, who was on the verge of three score and ten years.

"Oh, no," said the unhappy wife. "Since we were married he never spent a shilling at the public house, and he has never complained of illness, nor is he out on Sundays roaming about like others."

"You know, Jane," said her father, "that he is a stranger in these parts, having come a long way off, and there is a tale to every life. William says he was at Waterloo, but that is all he tells us. Do you know anything of his past life?"

"Oh! father, I am often afraid of my own thoughts; who can tell what he did before he came to our master? But I cannot believe anything bad of him; he is so kind and good to me and the poor children, and when he looks upon them, he gives such a sigh as almost breaks my heart, for I am sure it seems to come from the bottom of his."

Jane's father recommended her to see the minister privately, and lay her burden before him, saying:

"He will advise you better than I can, and I am very sure it is the parson, not the doctor, that he wants."

In pursuance of this advice, Harvey's wife went to the minister of the parish, and found a willing listener. The minister rejoiced at a way being opened to become acquainted with the very man that had engaged his attention and interest from his first entry into the parish, and he promised to take an early opportunity to speak to her husband.

One day the minister went directly to Harvey, who appeared busily engaged at his work, and finding it quite useless to wait for an opening, at once commenced the attack by saying:

"My business here at this time is with you, Harvey, and the interest I feel in

you and your family makes me now address you."

The man raised himself, and gave him a look, but, oh! such a look of inward sorrow as penetrated the heart of the benevolent pastor. He said nothing but resumed his work.

"Do you not answer me, my friend," said the minister, kindly. "I am not come here with the curiosity of a prying, heartless individual, but with the sympathy a minister feels towards one whom he perceives bowed down with sorrow."

"Have you a wife?" interrupted the wretched man.

"You know I have," responded the minister, with surprise.

"And children?"

"One little boy."

"Can he speak? Has he ever called you father?—but I forgot," he added, bursting into a forced, unnatural laugh, "the time has not come. He is too young for you to know if he can or not; but by-and-by, if, instead of calling you by name, he only grunts, you will think of me, and be indeed a partaker of my sorrows."

"God forbid!" fervently exclaimed the young father, as the idea was thus realized to him.

"Well, then, master," said Harvey, "it is easy to preach, but it is hard to practice."

"True," replied the minister, "yours is indeed a severe trial, and from my heart I feel for you. I pity you as a parent, but, like every other affliction, it comes from the hand of God. Could we trace the decrees of His Providence, we should perceive in your case a reason for this visitation, and our hearts would acknowledge all to be right."

"Hold! hold!" cried out poor Harvey, "say no more, or I shall go mad. I know I have deserved it, and this it is that is killing me by inches. My six speechless boys are as six darts striking into my heart at once. I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" and the poor man threw himself upon the ground, and wept like a child.

The Pastor waited patiently until the

burst of anguish had subsided, and by kindness he thought he would induce him to tell his tale, for he was now convinced that some sin of former years preyed heavily on his conscience.

"Tell me your tale, my poor man," said the Pastor, kindly.

"Another time, another time, not now," said Harvey, suddenly arousing himself. "I believe you to be a good man, and that it is not idle curiosity that makes you stay here; but I did not think you were good when you preached your first sermon, and told the truth so plainly. I determined not to like you because it was not kind in you to find out all about me, and preach it from the pulpit," and the man fixed his dark eyes on the pastor with an expression that made him start.

"I do not understand you," said the Pastor.

"Not understand me!" said Harvey; "what then made you preach all about my past life, and mention things I had done years back, which I thought none knew but myself? You must have made yourself vastly busy with me and my concerns thus to find out all about me, and then to talk about it from the pulpit," and thus speaking, Harvey resumed his work, determined to say no more.

After a silence of some minutes the Pastor said:

"You accuse me wrongfully, my friend; until I came into this parish, I did not know of your existence. Your constant attendance at church, together with so many boys, all looking neat and respectable, first attracted my notice. I asked your name and residence, and then heard of the mournful visitation that so naturally afflicts yourself and your wife. I wished to become acquainted with you, that you might know you had my sympathy, but you repulsed my advances, and shunned me and every one besides. And as to publishing your past life from the pulpit, far be it from me to do anything of the kind. If what you heard caused former sins to arise up before you, to God be the praise; for I hope it will

prove a proof of His love and mercy kept in store for you forever."

Again Harvey looked up; softened tears chased each other down his cheeks.

"Forgive me, sir," he said, "I feel I have wronged you; but sometimes I hardly know what I say. I hope you will not think of my past rudeness, I am now sure you mean to be my friend."

"Indeed I do," was the Pastor's reply, "and will you prove that you regard me as such, by telling me your past history? It may be painful to you, but I think when I know all, I may be of use to you. I am taking up your time, it is true, but for that I will satisfy your employer."

"Oh! sir," returned Harvey, "my master is very good. He generally lets me have task work, and I work only according to my strength; for I feel I often am not able to do a proper day's work, and therefore I should only cheat my master if I was on the same terms as the rest."

"I am glad to hear this," said the Pastor, much pleased at the poor man's honesty.

"Now, sir," Harvey said, "as you seem bent upon hearing my story, and as I have now a liking for you, if you will be so good as to listen, I will tell you all; but, sir, promise me you will keep it a secret as long as I live."

"Well, my friend, I will promise," the Pastor replied, hesitatingly.

Harvey sat down on a log lying near, wiped away the perspiration from his face with his shirt sleeve, then commenced his tale:—

"I was born in a part of England far from this, for Herefordshire is my native county. My father was a small farmer, as honest and industrious a man as ever lived. There were several of us, and it was his and my mother's delight to bring us all up independent of the parish. We were taught to do something as soon as we could get about, for even when almost infants, we were made to weed, keep the birds off the corn, gather the fallen apples, and pull the hops. They also gave us some learn-

ing, for the Sunday School was kept by a clever elderly woman and superintended by the parson and his lady, who were good people, not only teaching the children to read, but making them understand at the same time. Every verse of the Bible, they told us the meaning of. But notwithstanding all the pains taken with me, I was a very bad boy, and I have often thought since how wicked children deceive those who wish to do them good. It was impossible for parents to do their duty better than mine did, and yet I was a very heathen in practice. Cruelty, *savage cruelty*, was my delight. Flies without legs and wings were found continually, and mangled worms and insects were sure to mark my path. Our kind pastor used to talk to me continually. He would take me by the hand, and show me the power of God, as seen in his creatures. He would point out the love of the Creator for His works, and that out of His immensity He provided for all. He would tell me that the power of life and death was not vested in me, and that I had no right to deprive the smallest insect of existence for my amusement, for that all live unto Him.

"Well, sir, for a time I would refrain from my wicked pranks—the life of the little creatures would, for a space, be safe. But then, soon again, I would forget my friend's advice, and become as bad as ever. But, as I grew older, I sought for larger prey, and, at length, after robbing bird's nests till I was tired, and destroying unfledged little ones till I was weary, scarcely leaving a hatch for miles around, I adopted the horrible plan for which I am now convinced I am so severely and justly visited. Having procured a bird-net, I used to go out at night, and catch the sparrows, finches, and all I could find. I used then to collect them in cages, and when the morning dawned, I arose before my father and mother, took my hapless prisoners one by one from their perch, and having cut out their *tongues*, let them fly! I thought none saw me, because I concealed my dreadful cruelty from man. I never heeded the

omniscient God. Oh! sir, those little *tongueless* birds have cried for vengeance on my guilty head, and they have had it. They were rendered unable to sing their songs of joy by my vile hands, and therefore I am only punished as I deserve in the dumbness of my children."

"And was this barbarity never discovered?" demanded the Parson, horrified.

"Not for a very long time, sir; it seemed as if I should be permitted to fill up the measure of my iniquities undisturbed. But when the time was come, I was found out in a curious way. A swallow had come down the chimney at the Rectory, and as it flew about, covered with soot, stunning itself against the window, the good clergyman came into the room. When he saw the panting bird, he hastened to catch it, that he might restore it to liberty. While in his hand the bird opened its beak, and something strange was observed by the good man in its throat. He examined it carefully, and found that the bird had no tongue! He thought it very odd, and spoke of it to his wife, who immediately told him she suspected me to be the cause. The Rector would not hear of this.

"'It is impossible,' he said, 'for such barbarity to reign in the heart of man; it is too fiendish—worse than the brutes.'"

"'Even so,' his lady replied, 'but is not this the character of the natural, unconverted, creature? Is not every unkindly principle, every savage feeling, every hateful passion, every cruel action, the consequence of sin that dwelleth in us—the nature we inherit from Adam? Oh! husband, young Harvey has been at his horrid work here, and I can trace his actions in the fowls of the air. But judge for yourself: try to catch some of these poor creatures, and see if their vocal organs are perfect, and if they are, so I will freely admit that I have wronged the boy.'

"From that time the pastor was as diligently occupied as myself in catching birds, but from a far different motive. And alas! the result was bad for me. Ten out of every dozen of these harmless creatures were

deprived of their tongues, and it was remarked by many how strange it was that the birds had ceased to sing! With great distress upon his countenance, the minister sent for me one morning. He had a cage full of birds in his hand, and when I approached him, without speaking, he took them out one by one, opened their beaks, and let them fly.

"Poor boy!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'is your heart as hard as a nether millstone? Will nothing make you feel?'

"I fell on my knees, and cried for mercy and pardon. 'Ask it of God!' he exclaimed, 'whose creatures you have injured, and whom you have defied,' and he turned from me, leaving me in a perfect agony.

"I felt ashamed at being found out, and I was sorry at the thought that people would hate me, and I could no longer play the hypocrite. I was miserable, and my father became very angry at me, and my mother would not trust me. If I was sent to a farmer's with a message, they watched me off the ground lest I might injure the fowls, or throw at the pigs or lambs. I was accused of crimes committed by others, and at last I determined to leave the neighborhood, and travel to a distance, and seek employment with farmers and hop-growers. I ran away accordingly, and was soon pressed into the army. After the battle of Waterloo I was again in England seeking employment, and hearing that farmer W—— wanted a waggoner, I offered myself, and was accepted. After living with him two years, I married Jane, and a good wife she has made me as ever a man had—tidy and industrious she is, always minding her own business, and caring for her family. Poor thing! she has had a sore trial, for she has had to bear with me as well as the children, and sometimes she seems broken-hearted.

"Now, sir, I have told you my tale. I see the finger of God—it is RETRIBUTION. Sir, the Creator has indeed avenged His innocent creatures, and my punishment is

always before me!" So saying, the poor man rose from his seat, and resumed his work.

The good Pastor felt deeply for him, and considered the best method of endeavoring to comfort him. He said:

"Your tale is safe with me."

Harvey made no reply, but resumed his labor, and the minister took his departure. Next day the Pastor visited the place where he saw Harvey the preceding day, but found him absent. On going up to his cottage, two of the dumb boys met him, and he inquired for their father by gestures and signs, and was answered with incoherent sounds. Mrs. Harvey, however, soon appeared, and told him that her husband was ill in bed, and as they entered the cottage, the doctor arrived, who found that poor Harvey was ill of a low fever, brought on by distress of mind. By the constant attention of his wife and the care of the physician, the fever abated in a few days, and the Pastor became his constant attendant.

When the unhappy Harvey came to consciousness, his first words were:

"I have thought much, sir; I am sorry that you wrung from me the secret I had determined to carry with me to the grave. I can hardly fancy I so betrayed myself."

"Your secret is safe with me, Harvey," replied the Pastor. "I hope you will never repent having told me. It was not from idle curiosity I endeavored to become your confidant, but that as a minister of Christ I might be of use in guiding you into the way of peace."

"But, sir, I feel I have been guilty of great and unpardonable crimes. What must I do in the sight of a holy, merciful God!" and the poor man buried his face in the bed-clothes and wept.

The benevolent Pastor proceeded to unfold the mission of Christ in this world, and His power to forgive to the uttermost, and so worked upon the wretched man, who was eager to clutch at the faintest possibility of escaping from his misery, that he became calmer and calmer as he listened to his Pastor; and when he got strong

a marked difference was observed in his conduct, and the gloomy, desponding countenance he had before totally disappeared. He talked freely and hopefully to his neighbors of Christ, and the mercies of God to him, which seemed strange in a man who had before been the very picture of wretchedness. One day he met the Pastor on the road, and extending his hand, warmly shook that of the minister, saying :

“ Oh ! sir, what a blessing it could be if we could get our poor children to read and write and know the Saviour ! ”

“ Indeed it would,” replied the Pastor, “ I was coming to talk to you on the very subject. They must go to a school for the deaf and dumb.”

“ Where, where ? ” interrupted Harvey, impatient to know where such a place might exist.

“ In London,—Old Kent Road, London,” continued the minister.

“ I never heard of one of the kind before. Oh ! I thought my children were the only dumb ones in the country ! ”

Harvey lived to see his three younger sons well educated, and put to trades in London. He became a regular attendant at the village church and resumed a cheerful, happy countenance, as if the burden of his sorrows was taken off his mind.

One day, however, while driving his waggon, reading his Testament (which he carried in his pocket now when going on long journeys with his waggon), the horses took fright, and dashed off at a furious pace, and all Harvey's efforts to check them failed. They dashed madly on until they came to a narrow curve where the road crossed a bridge, against the corner of which the wheels of the waggon struck with fearful violence, wrenching one of the wheels off, and overturning the vehicle, which rolled over the bridge, and the horses, thus disengaged, galloped away. The body of Harvey was found in the water under the bridge, fearfully mangled.

Thus was the wretched career of William Harvey brought to a close. He perished on Christmas Eve, A.D. 1829.

Original.

CRADLE SONG.

Little rosy buds of lips
Pouting upwards for the kiss,
Whence the happy mother sips
Sweetest draughts of purest bliss ;
Little eyes of tender blue
Glancing archly at me now
Golden hair of palest hue
Curling o'er the snow-white brow.

Now the sunlight in the West
Sinks to its accustomed rest.

Lullaby ! oh, lullaby ;
Bye, my baby, bye !

Hush, my darling one ! the breeze,
Courtng slumbers calm and deep,
Cradled in the highest trees,
Rocks itself awhile to sleep ;
Hush my baby ! in the dove,
In its leaf-encircled nest
Fills the air with sounds of love,
Cooling its twin-young to rest ;
Mosses o'er the violet's head
Coverings of velvet spread.

Lullaby ! oh, lullaby ;
Bye, my baby, bye !

Hush, my little one ! the brook
Murmurs softly of repose ;
Birds in every sheltered nook
Now their heavy eyelids close ;
In the clear, unclouded sky
Twinkling stars peep faint and coy, —
All the heavens seem to lie

In a trance of quiet joy ;
Over all untiring love
Watches from the Throne above.

Lullaby ! oh, lullaby ;
Bye, my baby, bye !

Lullaby, oh, lullaby,
Higher love than mine is near ;
He who for thee deigned to die,
Guards the sleeping of my dear ;
Lo ! the quiet smile that steals
O'er the dreaming baby face,
In its heavenly calm reveals
Who hath thee in close embrace.

Father ! from all sin and ill
Clasp my baby closer still !

Lullaby ! oh, lullaby ;
Bye, my baby, bye !

Original.

SKETCHES ON SERVICE—A NIGHT
IN THE TRENCHES.

BY A RETIRED OFFICER.

“For the trenches to-night, Sir,” said the Orderly Sergeant, introducing a moist and bearded visage through the opening in my tent. “I don’t think you can read the orders, they are so wet, Sir; but the detail is one Captain, four subalterns, and a hundred and fifty men. Parade at four and a half. Beg pardon, Sir, but I fear your tent will be down directly, the peg-ropes are stretched to the utmost, and now all the pegs are drawing, while the storm is worse than ever.” “Very well, Davis, let it arrive,” was my reply, “and when the house is down, send a fatigue party to draw me out.”

Such, reader, was my introduction to daily life, one dampish morning on the plateau before Sebastopol. Sitting now in the old easy-chair, with a bright fire burning cheerily at my feet, Corah and Pet sleeping quietly on the hearth-rug, and the wintry wind howling fiercely without in vain and frantic efforts to penetrate my snuggerly,—I can afford to laugh at much that was, perhaps, then received in no such genial mood, and live over scenes again in which it is my greatest pride and pleasure to have mingled.

Our camp was pitched on a decline, a bed of rock, with a covering of perhaps six inches of earth, admitting but a shallow trench round each one’s canvass dwelling. I had caused mine to be dug out and the trench strengthened to resist and carry off, if possible, the mass of water that poured down the hill whenever we were favored by a Black Sea tempest. How far I had succeeded in my warfare with the elements you may discover by living over again with me the night in question.

Inky clouds had been slowly banking the horizon of that vile Euxine Sea all the evening, and ere I turned in for the night, the storm had burst upon us in all its fury.

My first care was to loosen to their utmost limit all the cords, and then to make arrangements for the dark hours. No trench could resist that downfall of rain, and in less time than I write it the waters were madly careering three inches deep, through my temporary palace. Oh, how I revelled then in my only piece of furniture, the lower half of an empty rum barrel! Like Diogenes in his tub, I was dry and happy. Sitting on the edge I fished up, from the floating debris, my worldly effects, and soon, like myself, they were safely encased in its capacious maw. Now for the sleeping arrangements. Dragging my cot to the lower side, I propped it against the stream, by means of the rock and a bullock trunk; and though the current was strong, and ran against its frail legs, like snags in the Mississippi; it however held out bravely. And now I drew my blanket snugly over me, and thoughts of slumber mingled with earnest wishes that the oak pole of my mansion might prove true to the fame of its ancestors. How the storm revels around! The very fiends incarnate are out upon a holiday; while the shouts of men, and the noise of rushing waters, tell of many a tent laid low and many a head unsheltered from the driving gale. Yet, hark! above all, comes ever and anon the boom of heavy guns to warn us that the elements alone are not engaged in strife.

Well, never mind, my boy, it will be your turn to-morrow—so now for sleep—when crash, with a noise that freezes my very marrow bones, goes my only hope, my friend, my tent pole! To jump out in the icy water and strike a light is the work of a moment, and at the same time I hear the cheery voice of the officer on duty, “I say, old fellow, you are rather out of the perpendicular; shall I bear a hand? Seventeen-tents down in the Regiment, and we promise well before morning to be an amphibious brigade.” The fracture was not a bad one, and was in a good place, if any flaw under such circumstances could be considered a subject for rejoicing. So now for a splice. I have no cord; but I take the

leather laces from my boots, and our work is scientifically accomplished. A second time I seek the shades, and now with success, nor were my slumbers broken until the warning call for duty before alluded to.

The storm had slightly abated, but not enough to dispense with my faithful barrel, so I dressed and breakfasted in my tub. And now for a visit to my men. Every third tent is level with the ground; and nothing can be done at present to replace them. But merry voices proceed from their crowded neighbors, and all are at work, for it is their night too for the trenches—some cleaning their rifles; others carefully examining their ammunition; one man sharpening his bayonet with an old razor stone; each and all preparing for the deadly fray; and yet some, perhaps many, among those careless hearts, will never again return to their canvas homes—their last sun has risen, and before the morrow all that remains of those gallant spirits will be mingling with the dust of thousands upon thousands of their countrymen.

About mid-day the rain ceased, and the unbroken roar of the tempest was succeeded by a sudden calm. But then sounds the warning bugle, and I must away. Reader, will you join me whilst I get into harness? First, I sling over my shoulder a canvas haversack, containing bodily comforts for twenty-four hours—peep in if you like—not so bad is it? though some fastidious epicure might possibly prefer an *omelette des fines herbes*; that brown-looking thing with the skin on is a Bologna sausage, while wrapped in the advertising sheet of the *Times* are some rare slices of cold pork—salt, it is true, but savory to a fault, when done *very brown* about daylight to-morrow morning.

But here come my subs. That nice looking boy with curly hair is but just sixteen, and his friends have sent him out here to finish his education. "Ha, Chico, my lad; what, going with me again?" "Why, yes," said the youth; "you see, last night, Norman was hit in the fetlock and that throws the roster out and me in—a

bore, too, for I was to dine with Peel, and he has a rare Irish stew and pancakes."

"Fall in, gentlemen," says the Adjutant, crossing from where he had inspected the duties. Five minutes more and we are plodding through the tenacious clay to the rendezvous.

Ours, reader, is the "right attack," and the force we furnish to-day, 3,000 men. We take our places by regiments, and await the General Officer of the attack. During the halt, walk down the banks with me. There is little to remind you of gay "field days" in England; those dark bronzed faces tell of toil and exposure, and those keen sharp eyes are familiar with death and suffering. Nor is there much of uniformity in their dress; all are clad alike in the grey great-coat patched with many colors, while peeping beneath them are black trowsers and white, the brick-dust of the French, and the blue pilot of our naval friends. But all look like service. The clean bright rifles, the heavily filled pouches, the water keg on every shoulder. Yes, these are the men who until to-morrow night will carry on this memorable siege.

But here comes the Major of Brigade—a fine fellow and good officer. He has done his work like a man, since the day when ground was first broken before the fortress, and knows every stone in the advances as well as he does every unhealthy station in the British Colonies. You don't know him, perhaps, and address him as "Major"; he smiles as he replies: "My dear fellow, I am no Major; they only gave me a company three weeks ago, and I am doing this duty while C—is sick at Scutari."

There to the right move the French. Their works are more extended than ours, their force double. You see now 5,000 men entering the ravine. Mark the gallant Zouaves leading at a swing trot—those fellows are good at everything, and can make you a dish of soup that would astonish old Soyer.

Two notes on the bugle, and we stand to our arms and our General at the same moment. Not the least is he like that mass

of gold lace and feathers, you saw in the Phoenix Park on your last visit to Dublin. Look at those long untanned boots, that plain blue coat, and very seedy forage cap. Still he looks in the right place, and what is more to the purpose *he is*, and has proved it on more than one occasion during the past twelve months.

The Brigade Major hurries down the column with his slips of orders. "Fours Right," and we are off. I glance at mine, "Advance trench fifth parallel." Warm quarters, and no mistake,—the men loosen their files and march at ease, and down we plunge into the ravine.

Topping the hill to our left, and moving in that indiscriminate manner which characterizes all the proceedings of "Master Jack," hurry on the relief of the Naval Brigade. Loud is the chaff in jokes and small talk that passes between these worthies and their grey-coated brethren, and merry the laugh that echoes again and again from those seared and craggy rocks.

But here we are at the 21 Gun Battery. "Silence, lads, and move in single file." It is a long line and a weary way, and those crafty Russians, knowing the hour of our passing, are shelling us like fury. But onward we plod, when a shell bursts over us, and three of my best men are numbered with the past. The Artillery at a battery hard by promise to put them in the earth, and we march on without further casualties.

And now behold our old quarters, "The Advance." The old guard pass out as we enter and take up the fire along the whole line.

It is now six o'clock, and day is failing fast. We, with the Regiments told off to this duty, have now occupied the entire works.

"Where is the Field Officer of the trench?" I asked, looking about in the thickening gloom. "You see him here, Sir," drawled a lisping voice, as I touched my cap and asked his orders. "None at present," said the lisp, putting a glass to his eye to read my Regiment. I knew him well, this dashing young Guardsman, for

we were now in the same Division, although he had entered the service long after I was a Captain, and he was probably in charge of sweet "Mary Anne" while I was mounting guard in the West Indies.

I send off to the rear for two kegs of cartridges, and having seen all right sit down to supper. It must be a brief repast, for there is much to look to. Chico is there waiting for me; for, you must see, he is a bit of a favorite. By the way, his name is not Chico, but he answers to it kindly, and it is appropriate. The boy has emptied his haversack, and proudly displays on the top of a biscuit two very questionable-looking pancakes. "Here's a rare feed," said the lad, "I could not dine with Harry, so he sent me my share of the luxuries." So we set to. He talks all the time, generally unintelligibly with his mouth full, and only looks up now and then as a round shot whistles overhead, or a shell bursts unpleasantly near. He is chatting now of his father's place in "Merrie England," and his brother Bob, who, though two years older, has not yet got a commission. "Poor fellow," he says, "to think of his losing all this fun, with nothing better to do than shooting rabbits!"

"The Colonel wants you, Sir," says an orderly, and I spring to my feet. "Oh, Capt. —, it is only to say one of your men fires very slowly. I have stood by him for ten minutes, and he only discharged his rifle once." I hurry to the spot; the man is writhing in cholera! Sending the poor fellow off on a stretcher, once more we are quiet. Reader, perhaps you never met with a stretcher? At all events let me hope you never used one. Attached to every guard that entered the works were a certain proportion of drummers, who had charge of these gory but useful implements—simple in their construction, their services were often the last put into requisition. A mere piece of strong canvas nailed on two stout poles. When you fell, wounded or dead, you were placed on them and carried to the rear. At first they were new and cleanly, soon, alas! to be stained with the life-blood

of their numerous occupants;—and thus, crimson in their coloring and loathsome in their appearance, they followed each party that left the camp.

But while I am talking to you, I have wandered down the line, with a word to the men here and there to fire briskly. The famed Redan, but ninety yards in front, is our mark, and not a small one you will perhaps allow;—our object is to keep down the fire of their heavy guns, and prevent the repair of all damages caused by our batteries.

The night is dark as Erebus, and the heavy clouds fall low, and settle o'er us like a funeral pall. It is a stirring sight—this fierce attack—in all its savage grandeur. Stand at my side, and you command a more extended view. Looking right and left, as far as the eye can see, is one long belt of never-ceasing flame, while, drowning in their mighty thunder the ringing sound of small arms, peal forth in deeper notes the boom of heavy ordnance. Mark, too, the rockets with their fiery plunge, and whistling shells, dotting the gloom around, as they sweep swiftly by on their errands of destruction.

The din is awful—'tis a strife of fiends; and our own artillery on the heights hurl their dread missiles, but to clear our heads. And this is *nightly*; for weeks and months no change has taken place, and the veil of darkness ever finds these warrior bands fighting their ceaseless battle.

I now look at my watch—the index marks eleven. Up to this time the heavy guns of the Redan had been dispensing their kind attentions almost entirely among the batteries above us. Few round shots and no shells had courted our acquaintance, and the casualties have consequently been few: a man here and there shot through the head as he leaned over the parapet to give his fire.

But now, in a moment, all seemed changed. The solid iron came hurling violently against our wall of earth. Shells with slender fuses dropped in the trench, as if they lived there, and grenades, or “happy

families,” burst rudely amid our privacy. “Coming events cast their shadows before.” I looked for Chico. Boys have sharp eyes, and mine had been used in Her Majesty's service long enough to render them aught than the brightest. Touching him on the shoulder, with a sign to follow, I jumped quickly into the new sap, a work just commenced, which was to advance us nearer our foe. In it were generally a strong working gang, but notwithstanding it was slow in progress, and on this occasion only occupied by a sergeant's party, who were ordered to hold it quietly and retain their fire.

Pressing down this we reached the end, and taking up a position strained every effort to penetrate the darkness. I had told Chico where to look, “down away there in the ravine to the right.” Ten minutes had perhaps passed when he touches me on the shoulder. “I see the beggars,” he said. “They are forming in the break of the hill—*there*, don't you see that dark mass? A pretty tidy heap of them, I believe.” I looked in vain, but my predictions are fulfilled. A strong *sortie* is to be made under cover of this tremendous fire. Almost at the same moment, in jumped two of the outlying sentries. “Coming on in force, sir,” said the foremost, “will you warn the Colonel?”

We had brief time for preparation. “Off to the General, Chico, I said, and tell him how it is,” and doubling my pace I seek my senior officer. “Close up, men, close up,” I say, quietly; and the lads move quickly in, and know well what is coming. In five minutes we had two strong divisions standing loaded and ready in the trench.

I lean over the parapet, with the Colonel; we can see them *now*, marching right down on our position. A strong deep body in their heavy coats, as they move on with the silence of death.

“What a pot shot we shall have,” whispers my companion, touching my arm. The drawl and lisp are all gone—and he sees better without his eyeglass, than with all the lenses in Regent street. All these

trifles are forgotten in the excitement of the moment, and he stands before you a calm brave young soldier that any father would be proud of.

I take one division, he the other, and we move the front rank up to the parapet. "Steady men," I whisper, as I pass along; "wait for the word, and fire low—and then for your bayonets, for they will pour over like shot from a shovel."

And now they are within ten yards, too late to retire if they see us. "Fire," sounds from our lips at the same instant, and a deadly volley pours on their devoted ranks. The effect is terrible. The leading men are swept clean away, and many fall of the second line. But there is only a momentary pause, for those in rear press on the foremost, and with one wild yell, they pour their forces over the embankment. Dreadful is the slaughter. All the first over are received on the bayonets, and still they swarm in.

And now begins a hand to hand fight—man to man—Saxon against Muscovite—the struggle is tremendous; the arena so circumscribed, that, though we battle shoulder to shoulder and vigorously dispute every inch of earth, their numbers greatly preponderate,—and we are losing ground.

When, hark! through the darkness behind us, loud, clear, and commanding, rises, above the deadly strife, the voice of our General. "Down on the ground, every man of you," and as we fall, the roar of three hundred rifles peals above us. "Charge men; forward," again rises the same welcome sound,—and, like a mighty wave, bearing all before it, down come the supports to our assistance.

It is short work now. The tables are turned—and ten minutes afterwards we are shaking hands over the repulsed attack.

But where is my boy—my little friend—the trusty messenger who hurried down our deliverers?

Alas! I too soon learn to my heartfelt sorrow. Four men bearing a body on their shoulders are carefully passing in as I turn to seek him,—while the voice of young

G——, of the "Royals," at once arrests all my attention. "I fear this is a bad business; little Chico led a party of my men far into the open in pursuit of the fugitives, and while in the act of returning was struck down by a shell. He is hit badly, poor fellow, and has not spoken since."

They place him gently down, and I kneel by his side, and place my hand on his cold little face, already moist with the damp of death.

He is breathing feebly, and lowly muttered sounds are passing slowly from his dying lips. I bend to listen, but it is too late; one only reaches me—his last on earth—distinct and plain it sinks into my heart. That word is "FORWARD."

Original.

THERE'S A LAND OF FLOOD AND
FOUNTAINS.

BY COUSIN SANDY.

There's a land of flood and fountains,

Where the pine and maple grow;

And o'er its snow-clad mountains,

The rude Nor'-westers blow.

She's progressive, bold, and active,

Not lingering in the rear,

Although winter holds her captive

For more than half the year.

And she looks across the ocean, she looks across
the sea,

With kindred claims on England, the birth-
place of the free.

Although ermin'd lords renounce her

Within their tinsell'd walls,

And renegades denounce her

In Sheffield's banquet halls;

While the wise and good uphold her,

She scorns the carping crew;

Though some would fain have sold her,

She's loyal still and true;

And she pledges Merry England, though billows
intervene,

And she prays with leal devotion for England's
widow'd Queen.

She is no mere pet, complaining,

Or pining 'bout neglect;

But she's stalwart, self-sustaining,

Maintaining self-respect.

From the swamp and fen she's rising,
 By labor's brawny arm;
 And shall men so enterprising
 Not shield their homes from harm ?
 She has sturdy men in training; her border to
 defend,
 And to Fenian invasion she'll neither bow nor
 bend.

In science and art and letters
 She holds her honor'd place
 With those esteem'd her betters
 In elegance and grace.
 And as free as air and water,
 United she must stand—
 Like a loyal, loving daughter—
 To her own dear native land;
 And she looks across the ocean, she looks across
 the sea,
 With kindred claims on England, the birth-
 place of the free.

Original.—(Copyright reserved.)

THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

"Time flies; it is his melancholy task
 To bring and bear away delusive hopes,
 And reproduce the trouble he destroys;
 But, while his blindness is thus occupied,
 Discerning mortal! do thou serve the will
 Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace
 Which the world wants shall be for thee con-
 firmed."—*Wordsworth.*

And now we must leave our friends in
 L—, and see how the bridegroom *in pros-
 pectu* is proceeding on his journey. He had
 left all in St. John in readiness for his
 bride, and, in his impatience, he fancied
 that never had steamer moved so slowly as
 that which bore him to Portland. Instead
 of proceeding directly to L—, he took the
 train to Buffalo, and from thence to B—,
 having promised Jessie to bring Lionel with
 him, for she feared that unless Charlie
 actually insisted on her brother's accom-
 panying him he would fancy he could not
 leave his business.

Some delay was occasioned when Charlie
 had arrived within fifty miles of B—, by
 his being obliged to drive a distance of

twenty miles to a farmer's, named Ridley,
 to whom Mr. George Clifford had charged
 him with a commission on some business
 matter.

Having, with some difficulty, procured a
 horse in the little town where he had
 stopped, and obtained what directions he
 could as to the whereabouts of Mr. Ridley's,
 Charlie set out on his voyage of discovery.
 It was early in December, but the roads
 were still bare, hard, and rough with the
 frost; but the air was clear and bracing,
 and Charlie really enjoyed the drive. His
 horse was a high-spirited creature, and
 demanded all his master's attention, but
 Charlie had been accustomed to horses
 since a boy, and managed him without
 difficulty.

Charlie found Mr. Ridley to be a well-to-
 do farmer, who treated him with so much
 hospitality and kindness, that it was four
 o'clock when he again started off. He then
 found his horse, as well as himself, had been
 well treated, for he was evidently feeling
 the effects of a good meal of oats.

Our traveller now saw how foolish he had
 been in delaying his departure until such a
 late hour. On a strange road, the shadows
 of evening creeping slowly but surely on,
 with a horse far from being to depend upon.
 Charlie really began to wish he was safely
 in town, but there was no help for it, and
 he must make the best of his rather perilous
 situation. Drawing the reins tightly, he
 urged on his horse, and they were soon
 flying along the road at a rate which was
 rather astonishing, even to Charlie. Alas!
 he found to his sorrow that such a pace
 could not easily be checked. He had
 neared the brow of a steep hill, and at a
 glance Charlie saw the danger there would
 be in descending it. The road was rough
 and narrow; a deep ditch lining it on either
 side, with nothing to prevent the carriage
 from rolling in, which catastrophe it seemed
 almost impossible to avoid. Charlie drew
 the reins still tighter, and setting his feet
 firmly against the dash-board, prepared
 himself for the worst. They had proceeded
 about half the way down the hill, and

Charlie was hoping its descent might yet be made in safety, when there was a snap—the right rein had broken. What happened afterwards Charlie never knew. He was conscious of a sharp, whirring sound,—a feeling as if being swung through the air,—and that was all.

About an hour afterwards, two men were walking slowly along the road, their axes swung over their shoulders. Rough-looking fellows they were, and from their appearance had evidently been spending the day in the forest felling timber. The bright winter moon had just risen, and was casting her pale silvery light on their path.

The stouter, and evidently the elder, of the two brothers (for such they were), was trudging along, whistling merrily, while his companion followed more leisurely. The attention of the foremost of the two was evidently soon arrested by some object of interest, for suddenly stopping, he uttered an expressive “whew!” and shouted out:

“I say, Ike, here’s a pretty business! Some poor fellow been pitched out coming down this plaguy hill. I guess he’s dead, or nigh unto it, by his looks, for he looks awful like. I say, what’s goin’ to be done? Full half a mile from home, and not a doctor within fifteen miles. Anyhow we’ll just have to take him home. Maybe the old woman can do something for him. It’s a bad business anyhow, but come along; lend a hand, and don’t be standing there gaping like a born fool.”

The individual named “Ike” came slowly forward, and after some difficulty in lifting Charlie (for it was he) out of the deep ditch, the men tenderly raised the unconscious burden in their arms, and moved slowly on. They had some trouble in walking after leaving the main road, stumbling over logs and the rough frozen ground. At length they reached what the backwoodsman calls his “shanty”—a rough cabin built of logs, the interstices between which were filled with chips of pine. The rude abode contained but one apartment, into which the men bore Charlie, and the elder, addressing an old woman, who was stand-

ing frying some bacon before a huge fire of blazing logs, called out,

“I say, mother, here’s a poor feller we found on the road yonder—been pitched out on the big hill. I guess he’s terrible badly hurt, and is dying, or near it. Just smooth the bed, will you?”

The old woman did as directed, and drew back the upper coverings from a rough log-bed standing in one corner of the room, from which it was partly hid by an old quilt hanging on the rafters above.

“Oh, dear! the poor young critter!” exclaimed the old dame, looking sorrowfully on Charlie’s insensible form, as her sons laid him on the rude bed. “Well,” she said, “the first thing to be done is to try and bring him to, then we can find out something about him or his folks. You’ll find a jar of whiskey behind that air curtain, Seth; you just hand it here.”

Pouring a little of the contents of the jar Seth held out to her into a cup, the old woman endeavored, with a spoon, to force some of the liquid between Charlie’s lips. After several efforts, she at length succeeded, and was soon relieved to see the eyes of the poor sufferer open. He gazed wildly around him, but closed his eyes with a moan. After some moments, during which silence reigned in the room, he said feebly,

“Where am I—where is the horse?”

“You poor critter!” said the old woman, leaning over him, “what is it you’re talking about?”

“Why, but don’t he look awful?” said Ike.

“Be quiet, Ike, can’t you?” said his mother. “What is it you want?” she said, stooping over Charlie in order to hear his reply.

“Was I thrown out? did the horse run away?” said Charlie, in a low, faint voice.

“Aye, aye; my boys found you lying at the side of the big hill yonder. I reckon your beast pitched you out there, and then ran off, for the boys didn’t see him nowhere round. If we knew where your folks live, I guess Seth would tell ’em about ye.”

Charlie remained silent for some time, and then said,

"I am afraid I am very much hurt. I ought to have a doctor immediately. I don't know what is to be done," he added, wearily.

"If your folks are anyways round here, you might write," suggested Seth.

"Yes, I might do that," replied Charlie. "Have you any paper and ink?"

Nothing in the way of paper could be procured, save a fly-leaf from the old Bible. This, with a short piece of lead-pencil, was all in the way of writing materials which the house afforded. When poor Charlie tried to lift himself up he groaned so piteously that the old woman begged him to lie down.

"But I must write," he moaned, "even if it does pain me to move."

Refusing to use the leaf from the Bible, he told the old woman to look in his coat pockets, and after searching she found an old envelope. This she turned inside out, according to Charlie's directions; then, leaning over as best he could, and using the Bible for a desk, by the dim light of a tallow "dip," which Seth held, Charlie wrote his strange epistle. He told Ernest of his condition in as few words as possible, begging him to come to him, and bring a physician with him, but he did not close his note without giving Ernest a message for Jessie, in case he should not live until Ernest's arrival. Having finished the scarcely intelligible scrawl, he got the old woman to fold it for him, and then said,

"I suppose this cannot possibly go to-night."

"Indeed, I'll take it for you this very night, if I can reach the town anyhow," answered the kind-hearted Seth. "But what shall I do with it when I get to the town?"

"Indeed, I don't know," replied Charlie, wearily passing his hand over his brow, as if to try and collect his scattered thoughts.

"But, stay," he said, suddenly; "do you know where the railway station is?"

"No, I don't," answered Seth; "but I

reckon it wouldn't be hard to find out. I guess you mean the place where the cars stop to, don't you?"

"Yes. If I give you the money, could you go on to B——? You have heard of it, haven't you?"

"Wall, yes, I guess I have. A terrible large place—ain't it?"

"Yes," said Charlie. "Well, if you will go there, and find out Mr. Ernest Leighton, and give him this, I will reward you handsomely, and pay your expenses."

"I don't want no reward; I guess as how I can do a kind turn for a feller without being paid for it," replied Seth, in an aggrieved tone.

"You are very kind, I am sure," said poor Charlie, faintly. "You must go into the business part of the town, where you see the shops and offices, you know, and then inquire for Mr. Leighton. Can you remember the name?"

"I guess my memory ain't failed just yet," said Seth. "I say, mother, just you sew up that hole in my best coat, will ye? I'm nowadays fit to be seen in a big city anyhow, and it's a plaguey bad night," he added, in a lower tone. "The wind's ris, and it's snowin' and blowin' tremendous. Mother, you just ask the poor feller about the money. I wouldn't say nothin' about it, but we ain't had a bill round these parts for many a day, and I reckon a fellow can't travel without cash."

But there was no need to ask, for while Seth was speaking, Charlie motioned the old woman to him, and told her to look in his vest pockets.

"It hurts me to move," he said feebly.

The woman did as Charlie directed her, and drew out a pocket-book.

"Take out eight dollars, that will pay your son's expenses. I suppose he is your son?" said Charlie.

"Indeed he is, and as good a son as mother ever had," answered the proud mother, looking up at Seth. "But now, boy, it is time you were off. Are you going to take the old mare?"

"Wall, I guess there ain't nothing else

I can take, for Jake's off in the woods, and I reckon it's rather a bad night to foot it. I say, you lazy lubber," said Seth, turning to his brother, "just you buckle to, and put the saddle on the mare."

Ike moved slowly out, muttering as he went.

"Come, mother, that'll do first-rate," said Seth, seizing the garment his mother had been working at. "It ain't no kind o' matter so long as there are no particular bad rents to show. Wall now, I guess as how I'll be startin'."

Charlie looked sadly after him, but seemed too weak to speak. The old woman stood at the door watching Seth off, forgetful that the cold wind was blowing directly on Charlie. Such a night as Charlie passed—the wind howled in the tall pines surrounding the shanty, and blew in at innumerable cracks and crevices between the logs forming the walls of the rough dwelling. Often would the sleet be driven in the face of the poor sufferer.

A strange, rude abode the shanty was! The ceiling of slabs of wood, now lit up by the dancing flames from the blazing logs on the rough hearth; the chimney but a square hole in the roof. A pair of snowshoes hung from the rafters, with some spiral augers, and a bundle of dried deer sinews.

Charlie lay the live-long night moaning in pain, wishing for the morning, which seemed so long in coming—thinking of Jessie, and whether he would ever see her again—feeling almost willing to die, could he but see her sweet face bending over him, and hear her soft words of love and pity.

The old woman sat all night close to the fire, which now burned dimly, casting weird-like shadows in the low cabin. Ike had disappeared in a bundle of blankets in one corner of the room, and that the thought of the poor sufferer did not keep him awake was soon evident by his loud, heavy breathing. His mother, however, never closed her eyes through the dreary watches of that dreadful night, often going to Charlie

to inquire if she could do anything for him, or to push back the old curtain, which she had stuffed between the logs above Charlie's bed, that the wind was constantly driving in. Thus passed that dreary night, and the next day Charlie refused all offers of food, lying without speaking, and only moaning when some motion caused him excessive pain, or when the thought of his Jessie waiting for him who would now never claim her as his bride, would fill his heart with very anguish.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Man's uncertain life
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough,
Amongst the thousand of its sparkling kindred,
The remnant of some passing thunder-shower,
Which have their moments, dropping one by one,
And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold
We cannot guess."—*Joanna Baillie.*

In a back room of a large building, situated in one of the principal streets of B—, Ernest Leighton was sitting busily writing, from time to time referring to a letter which lay before him. Having signed his name with business-like flourishes, he encased his epistle in a yellow envelope, and, addressing it, threw it on the top of a pile of letters lying near. He had stuck his pen behind his ear, and was sitting leaning his elbows on the table, humming to himself a low tune, when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," said Ernest.

The door opened, and a tall man, dressed in coarse gray cloth, entered. He called out in a stentorian voice,

"Good day."

To this salutation Ernest responded, and telling him to sit down, asked what business he had come on.

"I guess as how I've come on a purty bad business," said Seth, for he it was; and, leaning back to the imminent risk of breaking the chair, merely supported on two legs, he began fumbling in his vest pockets, and at last produced the tossed, dirty-look-

ing envelope. Leaning over, he handed it to Ernest, saying,

"I guess you'll hardly tell the handwriting, though I reckon you're a terrible great scholar. The poor feller as wrote it is awful bad, and can't move a peg without groanin'."

Ernest perused the odd-looking epistle with a troubled face, then rising, said,

"You just wait here, my good fellow. I'll be back in a moment. Let me see," he said, looking at his watch. "The train going East leaves at twelve, and it's eleven now—not much time to spare, however; just wait, or—stay, you had better come with me, I think."

Seizing his hat, Ernest hurried out, and after a few words of conversation with his clerk in the outer office, he walked quickly into the street, followed by his rough-looking companion.

Having arrived at the Bank, Ernest told Seth to wait for him, and entered. He found Lionel in, and handed him Charlie's note without a word. After reading it, Lionel's first exclamation was,

"Poor Jessie! but perhaps Clifford is not so badly hurt as he thinks," he added, musingly.

"Come, come," said Ernest; "we have no time to spare. You will come with me?"

"Certainly. I had made arrangements to leave to-morrow, at any rate, so it cannot make any difference; but I must go to my lodgings first."

"So must I, for that matter," replied Ernest; "but luckily Dr. Crofts is on our way. The fellow who brought the message is waiting. Come, let us go."

The two started off, and finding Seth waiting for them, they proceeded at once to the doctor's. They, fortunately, found the worthy man at home, and after a little hesitation, he agreed to meet them at the station.

Their visit to their lodgings was quickly accomplished, but when they arrived at the depot, they found the train (which had come in earlier than usual) just on the point

of starting, and the doctor anxiously looking out of one of the car windows. They had just time to spring on board, and were soon whirled on at a rapid rate—past fields and houses, forests and plains. Arriving at the little town of C——, their first effort was to obtain a light spring-waggon, in which to bring poor Charlie to town.

They found, on conversing with the ostler, that it was from the very stables they had first inquired at that Charlie had hired his horse the previous day. The animal had come home, the harness and buggy, of course, smashed to pieces, but on searching the road that morning, no signs of the "young gentleman" could be seen; and they did not know where to make inquiries about him, except from Mr. Ridley, to whom they had intended going that afternoon. Ernest, assuring them that it was now unnecessary, paid the man what Charlie owed him, and for the damages caused by the accident.

Having succeeded in procuring a waggon, their next difficulty was in regard to a horse, there not being one in the stables at the time, except the one Charlie had used, and the doctor would not hear of their taking that. As they were standing consulting as to what was to be done, Seth suggested the propriety of taking his old mare, which he had left in town. This was pronounced to be the very thing, and all at last being settled to their liking, the four started for Seth's shanty.

It was after six before they reached the rough cabin, but the bright winter moon having just risen, it was not as dark as it would otherwise have been. They found poor Charlie in great pain. He raised his eyes when the door opened, and seeing Ernest, he said, feebly,

"Oh, Leighton! is that you? I was so afraid you would not get here to-night, and I don't believe I could live another hour here. There's Wyndgate, too. How kind of him to come! Who is that with Lionel?"

"That is Dr. Croft," replied Ernest; "and now we will see what he can do for you."

After a lengthened examination, which was performed as well as possible by the light of the dim tallow "dip," the Doctor pronounced Charlie's injuries very severe. He said the spine was much injured, and he feared also that a hip-bone was broken, but the swelling was now so great it was impossible to ascertain to what extent it was fractured. The Doctor, shaking his head ominously, told Ernest that he feared the internal injuries were even worse than the external, and indeed there was little hope of Charlie's recovery. The best thing was to get him off as quickly as possible, yet he very much feared he would never live to reach home, as the motion of the cars would be very trying. Ernest would, of course, be obliged to insure a special train to take him through to L— without stoppages, and make everything as comfortable as possible. They at once began preparing to depart, and having arranged the mattress and blankets, which they had brought with them, they proceeded to lift Charlie into the waggon; but every motion gave him such pain that Ernest began already to fear that he would never be able to take him home alive.

Charlie insisted on the old woman receiving some remuneration for her kindness, but it was some time before she could be induced to take it.

"It will lie in the old stocking, for I'll never touch a cent of it," she said. "Maybe it will do the boys a good turn some day."

"I hope it may," said Charlie, feebly. "I thank you for all your kindness."

"Did ye ever hear the like!" exclaimed the old woman. "Why, but he's cruel kind! always a thinking of others. I never see his like."

She stood watching the melancholy procession move off with tearful eyes, and murmured words of blessing. Seth insisted on accompanying them to town.

"You might be after wanting a helping hand, you see," he said, "and I am terrible strong, and could lift that poor critter like a feather."

Lionel and Ernest took turns in walking,

there not being room for both in the waggon, but Seth could never be induced to drive, even for a short distance.

"No, no; I'm used to walking, and I'll just keep ahead a bit. There might be some big stones on the road," was his answer.

Thus they moved on in the cold moonlight, in almost unbroken silence. Charlie never spoke, only moaning when the jarring of the waggon would cause him greater pain.

On arriving at the town, considerable delay was occasioned by their having great difficulty in procuring a special car. During the interval, Lionel wrote to his sister, Margaret, telling her of the sad accident, and begging her to prepare poor Jessie for receiving Charlie either dead or dying. Ernest, at the same time, despatched a letter to Mr. Clifford, informing him of Charlie's sad condition, but assuring him it would be useless for him to come to his son, as all was being done for him that was possible. They mailed their letters, knowing that they would arrive in L— some time before they did, as their progress would be necessarily slow.

It was six in the morning before they bade adieu to Seth and the Doctor, and were actually on their homeward way.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Oh, Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

When joy no longer soothes and cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too.

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wings of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom—
Our peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."—*Moore.*

Margaret Wyndgate was returning from a visit to Edna, whom she had been consulting with regard to some of the preparation

attendant on Jessie's approaching marriage, and as she was passing the Post-Office, she ran in, hoping to find a letter from Lionel. She was not disappointed, and as her way home led through a retired part of the city, she tore open the envelope, and began reading the welcome epistle. Her cheeks grew white as she read, and she involuntarily exclaimed,

"Poor Jessie! oh, my poor, poor sister!"

We know too well what was the purport of Lionel's letter, and without stopping to read it, we will follow Margaret to the Rectory.

Her one thought was, how should she tell her unsuspecting sister the terrible news. With a prayer for strength and guidance, she sought Jessie's room, hoping to find her there. When she opened the door and looked in, her heart failed her. She felt it would be fearful in one moment to shatter the bright hopes which even now shone in Jessie's eyes. She was standing looking with admiring eyes on her wedding dress, which had just been sent home. When she saw her sister, she bounded forward, exclaiming,

"Oh! Maggie, do come and look at my dress; it is so pretty, and fits me beautifully. I ran down to show it to papa, and he thinks it quite charming, and says I shall be a bonnie bride, Maggie. Do come and see it. But you have got letters. Is there one for me?" she said, eagerly, holding her hand out.

"No, dear. This is from Lionel," said Margaret, with forced calmness, but one look at Jessie completely unnerved her; and, sitting down, she buried her face in her hands.

"Why, Maggie, darling, what is the matter? Is Lionel ill? Oh, do tell me what is the matter," exclaimed Jessie, hurrying to her sister's side.

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie!" sobbed Margaret, "I have such terrible news for you. How can I tell you?"

"What is it?" said Jessie, gently disengaging herself from her sister's embrace, who, in her sorrow, had clasped her closely

to her. "Oh, is it about Charlie?" she said, suddenly, every particle of color leaving her face. "Oh, is it about him?—is he ill?—is he dead? Oh, Margaret, Margaret, tell me quickly," cried poor Jessie, lifting her anguish-stricken face to her sister.

Margaret gave her Lionel's letter, saying, "That is all I know, Jessie."

Jessie read the letter in silence.

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie!" she said, when she had finished it, throwing her arms round her sister's neck, "how can I bear it! My noble, kind, Charlie! and there is my wedding-dress, and I will never, never be his bride—perhaps never see him, my darling, again, or only to see him die. I cannot realize it—I cannot believe it. Are you sure it is true, Margaret?"

"It must be," said Margaret, sadly. She could not say what she longed to be true, and yet knew too surely could not be. "You see, dear, that it is Lionel's writing, and he was with Charlie when he wrote the letter."

"Yes, yes, it must be so; but, oh, Maggie! do you think he will live to reach me? Oh, if I could only hear him speak to me once more! even that would be a comfort, Maggie."

"I trust you may have that comfort, darling Jessie. Be sure that all things will be ordered wisely for you by our loving Father."

"Yes; I know,—I am sure they will, Margaret. But, oh, this is so terrible!"

Poor Jessie hid her face in her hands, and her whole frame shook with the violence of her weeping. Margaret did not attempt to restrain her, for she knew it would be a relief to weep. At length, she looked up, and taking Margaret's hands in hers, she said,

"Now, Maggie darling, go and tell papa and mamma; and, oh, Margaret! take that dress with you: I cannot bear to look at it. Margaret, you will not think me unkind if I ask to be left alone for a little while. You comfort me, my darling sister, but I would like to be left to myself a little, until

I can think this all over, and prepare myself to meet him."

"Indeed, my poor darling, who could think you unkind," said Margaret; "but you will promise to call me if you want anything?"

"Yes, I will; but I cannot come downstairs," answered Jessie, looking imploringly in her sister's face.

Margaret took up the dress, and went out of the room. She met her mother in the hall, and, drawing her into her own room, told her all. Together they went to Mr. Wyndgate, and, without a word, Margaret handed him Lionel's letter. When he had read it, he raised his eyes, exclaiming,

"God help my poor child! Does she know of this?" he added, turning to his daughter.

"Yes, papa; I told her all. I knew it was better she should know the worst."

"It is a terrible blow for her, poor lamb. How does she bear it?"

"Wonderfully," replied Margaret. "But she hardly realizes her loss yet. Poor child, I found her looking so happy over her wedding-dress; it nearly broke my heart to tell her."

"My poor, poor child!" murmured the Rector, burying his face in his hands.

"But come, Martha," he said, after a few moments, addressing his wife, who was quietly wiping away the tears fast gathering in her motherly eyes; "come, and we will try and comfort our poor Jessie."

"She begged to be left alone," interrupted Margaret; "and hoped we would not think her unkind. Do you not think it better that no one should go to her yet?"

"Yes, dear, I suppose it is, if she wished it. When do you expect Lionel? You said young Leighton was coming also, did you not?"

"Yes, papa, but I suppose it is uncertain when they may arrive. Lionel's letter was written yesterday, so I don't think they will be here till to-morrow."

"Perhaps not," replied Mrs. Wyndgate; "at all events, we must be in readiness."

Contrary to all their expectations, Jessie came down to her father's study at dusk, and, calling her mother into the room, she begged that her father would pray for her. Mr. Wyndgate repeated part of the beautiful prayer at the close of the Litany, commencing—"O God, merciful Father," &c., and then, from the fulness of his overflowing heart, he poured forth his earnest petitions for his sorrowing child and for him now suffering in pain and sadness. When they rose from their knees, Jessie threw her arms round her mother's neck, and gave way to her tears, then, kissing her and her father fondly, she went quietly back to her own room.

(To be continued.)

Original.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. T. WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IX.

PLAN FOR THE SEARCH—PRICE, THE OLD HUNTER, DISSENTS—THE LINE FORMED—THE HUNTER'S PREDICTION VERIFIED.

To those "who watch for the morning" with the ardent longing which consumed those anxious parents, it seemed to tarry long, yet the earnestly looked for morning dawned at last. And men were still coming in with dogs, guns, and horns to join the company collected during the night. All now was active preparation. Every one had a scheme of his own, to propose as the best, in order to secure success. This produced much discussion, and "darkening of counsel with a multitude of words," without at all advancing the enterprise.

At length it was agreed that a leader should be chosen, and that his directions should be implicitly obeyed. A captain having been selected, he mounted a log, and addressing the men briefly, he gave specific directions for a careful search. In order to prevent the possibility of any part of the marsh escaping thorough exploration, he directed the men to form a line and

march up the edge of the marsh, each man to keep at a given distance from his neighbor, until the whole line was arranged. Then, upon a certain signal being given, they were to face the marsh, and every man to march straight forward, until all had crossed the marsh. Decided orders were also given that no unusual noise was to be made, no horn blown, nor gun discharged at any object whatever unless the lost children were found. If one child was found, one gun was to be fired; if two children, then two guns; if all three were found then three guns were to be discharged—when the whole company was to be called in by the sounding of horns and the general firing of guns. By this time, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the people, and nearly every man was impatient to take to the woods, anxious to hasten the rescue, if still living, of the stray lambs; if dead to verify the worst.

Among the gathered and excited throng, was an old hunter, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians during the American Revolution. He had been accustomed to the woods from his boyhood, and, after he had been restored to liberty, he had acted as Government interpreter for many years; his name was Price; he had listened very attentively to the orders of the captain, for he too felt deeply interested in the issue of the day's proceedings. He now dissented from a portion of the Captain's orders, and requested that he might be allowed, without offence to any one, to take his own way, and search for the lost children as circumstances might dictate;—promising to strictly obey the last part of the order, namely, not to make any avoidable noise or discharge his rifle except as directed in the orders just given by the Captain. He contended that marching in a line was all very well in theory, but that it could not be put into successful practice in the marsh. "The men," said he, "cannot go straight forward. The swamp is too thick. The bushes are so interlaced with vines that the men cannot penetrate them. They will be obliged to go round the thickets, and thus will lose

their bearings, and soon begin to cross each other's paths; and in a very short time all will become disorder and confusion. Such a plan would do very well in an open country, and might possibly be successful in an ordinary forest, but in such dense thickets as abound in this marsh it is altogether impracticable."

All present were well aware of Price's thorough acquaintance with all the mysteries of wood-craft; they also had unbounded confidence in his anxious desire in the present emergency to serve the afflicted family to the utmost extent of his ability. Therefore, by general consent, the old hunter was permitted to take his own course, and conduct the search according to his own notions. It was decided, however, that the Captain's orders should be scrupulously obeyed by all the rest of the company. They formed into line as directed, and in a few minutes all were out of sight, and silence reigned around the little log-house, broken only by the sighs of the bereaved mother, or the attempts made to comfort her by the kind-hearted women who remained with her in her hour of bitter trial.

To poor Mrs. Farr, with her vivid perception of the imminent peril of her children, the time occupied with the preliminaries appeared interminable.

Now that the men had departed, she tried to persuade herself into a hopeful spirit. "Oh, my poor boys!" she exclaimed, "can they have survived the rigors of last night alone in that howling wilderness so poorly prepared with their light clothing against the rain and frost, and destitute of food? Oh, how the dear little fellows must have suffered all through that fearful night without a kind voice to soothe or hand to relieve them! Can it be that they are yet alive? Shall I ever again hear their loved voices, fold them in my arms, and press them to my almost broken heart?"

Then, unable any longer to impose upon herself the fiction of hope, she cried out despairingly, "Oh, no, if they are not already devoured by the wolves and wild cats they

will wander about till they starve to death; and if they are ever found it will be only their dismembered bodies torn to pieces by the ferocious beasts which inhabit the marsh."

After these outbursts, she would sink into comparative calmness. Finding the torturing suspense unendurable in inactivity, she and her female friends would sally forth into the woods in the vain hope that possibly the little ones had not got into the marsh and might be wandering near the clearance. Here, instead of finding alleviation for her distress, it was greatly enhanced by learning that the men having been unable to keep the line, as Price had predicted, the company had become disorganized, and the men were now wandering about in the swamp in utter confusion. With this death-blow to her faint hopes, the despairing mother returned to the house to wait and watch through long hours for the arrival of further intelligence. Amid such harrowing circumstances time drags slowly along: minutes become hours, measured as the aching heart measures them, by the agonies it endures.

CHAPTER X.

PRICE SETS OUT WITH HIS DOG—FINDS THE TRAIL—THE DOG FOLLOWS IT—THE CHILDREN VISITED IN THE NIGHT BY A WILD BEAST—CARE OF THE ELDER BOYS FOR THE LITTLE ONE.

Soon as the company had expressed their assent to his independent action, Price, having provided himself with a day's provisions, girt his blanket-coat about him, and, taking his trusty rifle upon his shoulder, called his well-trained dog, as he deliberately moved off towards the spot where traces of the children had been supposed to have been discovered the night before. If there had been any then, they were not to be found now. The storm had spread the forest with a thick carpet of bright-hued leaves, which, aided by the rain, had completely obliterated any traces that the wanderers might have

left. The experienced hunter had been too often before upon a "blind trail" to be disheartened now. He had been trained to careful observation of every thing about his path till the slightest unusual appearance of anything in the woods would at once attract his attention. He had been accustomed to search patiently for a trail, till he had found it, where few other men would have been able to find the least indication of any person or thing having passed.

Now he moved silently and cautiously along the border of the marsh, attentively scrutinizing every object, but long without any satisfactory result.

At length he discovered slight "signs" among some decayed weeds of something having recently passed through. Pressing forward in the direction indicated by the inclination of the weeds, he after a time discovered in a muddy place some nearly effaced tracks. Upon examining them, he ascertained to his satisfaction that they were the prints of three pairs of tiny human feet, though they presented so little resemblance to such a thing, that a less experienced eye would have passed them by unobserved.

The poor little wanderers had unquestionably passed that place before the rain had fallen the previous evening. Price called his dog, and, pointing out to him the tracks, said, "Find them, Bose; find them, boy."

The sagacious animal came bounding forward, evidently understanding what his master expected of him. Applying his nose eagerly to the spot, he smelt about for a few seconds, then the alacrity of his manner subsided, and, dropping his tail between his legs as he glanced up in his master's face with a look of almost human deprecation, he slunk off into the cover of the bushes. The scent had been washed away by the rain. The old hunter was still obliged to depend upon himself. But, seeming to pity the discomfiture of his canine ally, he called out encouragingly, "Never mind, Bose, old fellow, better luck next time."

Then, under the impression that the forlorn little creatures must have passed the night in that vicinity—if, indeed, they had lived through it; other and fresher tracks, which had not escaped his eye, causing even the stout-hearted hunter to shudder, he made a careful reconnoitre of the adjacent thickets, but, finding no fresh signs, he returned to the “tracks,” and thence took his course, an occasional broken twig, or tuft of marsh-grass bending forward, assuring him that he was still on the “trail.”

The sun had passed the meridian. Many of the men engaged in the search had become weary, and were sauntering about, hoping to come on the lost children without making much effort. Others, who felt confident that *they at least* were keeping straight on across the marsh, were astonished to find themselves meeting persons coming from the opposite direction; or that they were following in the wake of some one or more who had preceded them; or, when emerging from the marsh, to find that they were but a short distance from the point at which they had entered it. The majority of them, in clusters of threes or fours, were still endeavoring to cross the marsh; but, without being aware of it, they were in reality travelling in circles, instead of going forward.

Not so, however, with the old hunter. He kept steadily to his purpose, doubling and winding about as the trail led him, until he came the second time upon tracks, but this time much fresher than before. The dog was again called, and the tracks pointed out with the old injunction, “Find them, Bose; find them, boy.” The dog had now no difficulty in finding the scent, and he bounded forward on the trail, followed more slowly by the old man.

The tracks were now more frequently met with, showing always that the children kept together, with the little brother invariably walking between the other two. The nimble dog soon left the weary old hunter far behind; and, while he is watchful to keep the “direction,” and wondering whether the stray lambs are still far distant, and

whether they will be dead or alive when found, we will return to them.

We left them sleeping the sleep of innocence in the heart of the great marsh. During the night, Richard, the second eldest of the boys, says that he was suddenly awakened from his deep sleep by some animal thrusting its nose against his cheek. In a moment, their dreadful position flashed across his mind, and thinking that it was a wolf, or some other fierce beast, just about to devour them, he commenced to scream with all the power of his little lungs. The intruder, probably fearing that he had started a strange kind of game, an encounter with which might prove dangerous, snuffed and hastened away. The all-merciful helper of the helpless unquestionably had spread his almighty arms beneath and around the desolate little beings as they slept, beset with deadly dangers on every side, and preserved them alive when there was no human helper.

They had been thoroughly roused by their fright and their continued terror added to the pangs of hunger, and the suffering endured from the wounds which the “cut grass” had inflicted upon their tender flesh while forcing their terrified march through the swamp, all combined, prevented the return of sleep.

The hope that their father would come and find them seemed to have been extinguished by the darkness which enveloped them, and, in momentary dread of the return of the monster, they could only in this climax of their distress cling to each other, weeping piteously till the day dawned upon their misery. When it did, it revealed to each two bedraggled, ragged, blood-stained little creatures, whose very appearance twenty-four hours before would have frightened him, but whom he now knew by painful experience to be his own dear brothers. Of course their thoughts did not thus take form. They were only additionally alarmed and distressed, they did not exactly know why, as they looked in each other's faces in the early morning light.

CHAPTER XI.

TERROR AND SUFFERING OF THE CHILDREN—
BEAUTIFUL FRATERNAL LOVE—THE DOG
FINDS THEM—THE SIGNAL—ENTHUSIASTIC
DEMONSTRATIONS—THE RETURN.

As soon as it was daylight, they again, despite the pain of their stiffened and bleeding limbs, renewed their wearying hopeless search for the home which was becoming more distant with every effort they made to reach it. The elder brothers, still maintaining their heroic determination "to take care of little brother," with a chivalric devotion beyond their years, and which elicits our warmest admiration, have kept baby-guard over him, between themselves, all through the dark and terrible night; and now resume their painful march, each holding a hand of his, and helping him along as best they can. Wherever their tracks were found in all their devious winding through the marsh, the tiny foot-prints were seen with the larger on either side, evidencing that, even in the culmination of their terrors, they never ceased to care for *the little one*.

Now weakened by fatigue and hunger, and benumbed with wet and cold, they cannot make their way among the entangling growths of the swamp, even so well as they did the evening before. They seemed to be now continually wading among the long and coarse grass, until they were cut in a most fearful manner. Still they pushed onward resolutely, as fast as their torn and bleeding limbs would bear them, from early dawn till past noon and yet the distance grew between themselves and the home they sought.

Ready to faint from the exhaustion produced by long fasting, weariness, and weeping, they are startled at hearing sounds in the bushes behind them. Looking back, they become aware that they are being pursued by some animal. No longer able to run, terror fascinates them to the spot; but, from the depths of their despair, what hope and joy thrill the hearts of the elder

boys, as they recognize in their pursuer the well-known dog of the old hunter!

The delighted animal bounds in among them, fawns upon them, and licks their bleeding hands and faces with every possible demonstration of canine joy. In his presence there is protection and companionship, and he will guide them back to their lost home. But, in the midst of their gratulations, he manifests a disposition to depart. In mortal fear of this fresh calamity, they petted and coaxed him, and tried by every infantile artifice in their power to detain him, but in vain; he broke from their caressing arms and away. Unable to follow him, and thinking that with him their only hope had fled, they sat down and wept with the abandonment of utter desolation.

Price had continued to follow the trail of his dog, and for some time had begun to feel misgivings at his long continued absence, when he heard him returning. No sooner did he come up than he fell at his master's feet, then leaped up to his face, running back upon his tracks for a little distance and again returning; thus exhibiting by the dumb show, so well understood by his gratified master, that he had found what they sought, and wished him to accompany him. But the old man's steady progress not according with the excited dog's impetuosity, he soon dashed off again, and again returned. The third time, Price was not long behind the dog in coming up with the object of his anxious search. There, sitting on the grass under a bush covered with vines, he beheld the three little sufferers. The baby brother still placed between the puny guardians, who, throughout all their dangers, had so faithfully interposed their own tiny persons as shields between him and harm. Men have been lauded and honored in the great world, and distinguished by royal favors for deeds possessing less of the elements of genuine heroism than was manifested in the conduct of those brave little true-hearted brothers.

It would be difficult to imagine three children presenting a more deplorable

appearance than these little wanderers did when Mr. Price discovered them. Their clothing torn almost to shreds, their hands, faces, feet, and legs terribly lacerated by the "cut grass," with white channels down each piteous little face where their tears had washed away the blood and dust which had accumulated elsewhere.

As he approached the children, he spoke pleasantly to them, asking if they knew him. The two elder boys replied, "Yes, sir; you are Mr Price;" adding that they knew the old dog when he first found them. The kind old man, remembering their famished condition, immediately supplied each of them with a piece of bread from his own stock of provisions. While the hungry children were giving clear demonstration of their full appreciation of the much-needed nutriment, he prepared to give the preconcerted signal, having first, with more delicate consideration than would have been expected from the hardy old hunter, guarded against the children becoming alarmed, by informing them of what he was about to do.

Never had the old man drawn his piece to sight on bear or panther with more satisfaction than he now raised it to send forth, not a messenger of death, but a sound to bring joy and gladness to the sorrowful of heart. The welcome sound reached many a listening ear. Every man who heard the report stopped short, listening with bated breath for another. One child had been found—was it only one? Again, the sharp crack of the rifle resounded through the marsh, and those who heard breathed more freely. Soon the iron throat gave forth, for the third time, the joy-inspiring sound, and exultant shouts went up from the swamp. Every heart was thrilled with delight and some with thankfulness. Guns were fired all along the swamp in quick succession, trumpets blown, and the men shouted to each other in tumultuous gratulation. But in the midst of their exuberant rejoicing the painful question would intrude, "Are they alive?"

Price now commenced to return with his

precious prize, carrying the youngest child upon his back, and closely followed by the larger lads. Soon group after group of the men, making their way out of the marsh, fell in with the successful hunter. Now being relieved of all fears respecting the lives of the children, their delight was unbounded, and burst forth in fresh demonstrations—discharging guns, blowing trumpets, and shouting in the fulness of their glad hearts, as when an army hath taken a city.

This answered a threefold purpose, firstly: to relieve their own overwrought feelings; secondly, to call in any of the men who might still be straggling in the marsh; and, lastly, that the noisy rejoicings of the hilarious throng might reach the house, and intimate to the sorrowing heart of the mother the joyful tidings, sooner than it was possible for the fleetest-footed among them, to pass the space that intervened.

When the sound of the guns first reached the anxiously listening ears at the house, the sympathizing friends who had come to weep with her who wept, began to rejoice with her in the assurance that the lost were found. But even as the first sweet thrill of joy ran through the sorely-trying heart of the mother, came the bitter thought, how have they been found? Are my precious children to be restored to me alive, or am I doomed now to realize my horrible forebodings?

The distant shoutings of the men are borne upon the breeze. "Those are sounds of rejoicing," said her kind comforters, "not thus, but in silence would they approach a mother, if bearing the dead bodies of her children." She felt that they spoke the truth, and joy sprang up in her heart.

The men are seen approaching, and soon the welkin rings with the glad announcement, "They are all alive."

As their prolonged cheers and exultant plaudits rend the air, the kind old hunter, like a victor returning in triumph from a successful campaign, emerges from his attendant and admiring throng, and deli-

vers the rescued children to their grateful mother.

With joy too big for utterance, she presses her recovered treasures to her heart, as if she could never again allow them to leave her sheltering arms; then weeps as she sees, in their scarred and bloody faces and limbs, the evidence of what their tender flesh has suffered from the thorny shrubs and cut grass of the marsh. But these are ills that time and motherly care will soon cure; she reminds herself of the greater ills that might have befallen them, as, with a heart overflowing with joyful thanksgiving, she addresses herself to the delightful task of ministering to their comfort.

The noble old hunter is overwhelmed with thanks from the parents, the little ones themselves, neighbors, all; but he desired no other reward than the happy consciousness of having done his duty to fellow-creatures in distress.

Those kind neighbors who came to the aid and comfort of the Farris on that memorable occasion, have nearly all passed away, but the descendants of many of them are still to be found in the Niagara country. Mrs. Farr is yet alive, a very aged and much esteemed woman, her friends Mr. and Mrs. Burger and her son Richard—the second eldest of the lost boys—also survive, and are highly respectable members of society. His companions in that terrible adventure have both gone the way of all the earth.

Original.

EOLINE.

BY A. J.

Deep beneath the arching wood,
Where the hoary hemlock* stands,
And the aged oaks shake hands,
Like brave men who've stood together
In rude war and rougher weather;
And the flowers,
In summer hours,

* It may be unnecessary to mention to English readers that "hemlock" is the name by which that magnificent forest tree, the *Abies Canadensis*, is commonly known in America.

Nod and whisper to each other
In a playful, loving mood;
And the sailless lake lies sleeping,
And the rich, luxuriant vine,
Trailing from the sombre pine,
Soft ambrosial tears is weeping
O'er the shadow of its brother
Looking from the wave below;
Making music as they go!—
There the child of Nature dwelleth,
Where the wailing night-bird telleth,
To the moon her tale of woe.
There one morn, when rainbow hues
Danced along the diamond dews,
Dawned on me this light of mine,
Love-inspiring Eoline.

I must gather tints from Nature,
Wherewithal to paint each feature;
Touch with symbols light the grace
Which aught ruder would deface;
Dip my brush in summer skies,
Joyous as her own blue eyes,
Lighting all they rest above
With their overflowing love.
Every blossom smilleth on her;
And the mossy mounds by night
Gather phosphorescent light,
Gratefully to shine upon her;
And the downy moths that fly
In the starlight, softly woo her,
Fanning spicy airs unto her,
Fragrant as her gentle sigh;
And the forests round her feet
Spread a carpet ever sweet,
Where her rustling footsteps sink
Downwards to her ankles airy,
Light enough for nymph or fairy;
And the stars above her wink
With long gazing. Her soft tresses,
Every wanton wind caresses,
And the envious boughs entwine
Their arms round this love of mine,
All unconscious Eoline!

Hast thou seen the mountain crest
Where the crystal snow-wreaths rest,
Smitten by the parting ray
Of the blushing god of day,
Ere he sinks his hues to lave
In the cool, refreshing wave?
Such the tints that never slumber,
Lights and shadows without number,—

Summer glintings born to shize
 On the cheek, almost divine,
 Of my love, my Eoline!
 But her brow is pure and white
 As the mountain by moonlight,
 And her pulses lightly flow,
 Like the streams which bounding go
 To the sleeping lake below;
 'Tis a pure and holy shrine,
 That dear little soul of thine,
 Loved and loving Eoline!

Let me look into thine eyes,
 Laughing little Eoline;
 Sparkles like the firefly's
 Dance between from thine to mine.
 Closer yet—
 Our lips have met!
 Naughty little Eoline!

What is this?—thy cheeks are wet,
 And thine eyes in tears have set,
 And thy lips are like twin roses
 In whose folds the dew reposes;
 And thy breath is hard to get,
 Though 'tis sweet as mignonette;
 Say what foolish fears alarm thee;
 Thinkest thou that I could harm thee,
 Doubting little Eoline?

Look again—ah, now 'tis brighter,
 Yet thy brow is scarcely whiter
 Than the flowery eglantine!
 Here upon my breast recline;
 Thou art altogether mine,
 Mine forever, Eoline!

Original.

SKETCHES OF CEYLON.

BY A YOUNG OFFICER OF THE 59TH REGIMENT
 (A NATIVE OF MONTREAL), NOW STATIONED
 AT CEYLON.

No traveller, fresh from Europe, will ever part with the impression left by his first gaze on tropical scenery, as it is displayed in the exquisite bay of Point de Galle, and the wooded hills that encircle it; for, although Galle may be surpassed both in grandeur and beauty by places afterwards seen in the island, still the feeling of admiration and wonder called forth by its loveliness remains vivid and unimpaired. The other day I went out before daylight

in the magnificent yacht of the Government Agent here, so as to get a view of Galle at daybreak. It was unequalled. The view recalls, but in an intensified degree, the emotions excited in childhood by the slow rising of the curtain in a darkened theatre to disclose some magical triumph of the painter's fancy, in all the luxury of coloring, and all the glory of light. The sea—blue as sapphire—breaks on the fortified rocks which form the entrance to the harbor; the headlands are bright with verdure; and the yellow strand is shaded with palm-trees, that incline towards the sea, and bend their crowns above the water. The shore is gemmed with flowers; the hills behind are draped with forests of perennial green; and far in the distance rises the zone of purple hills, above which towers the sacred mountain of Adam's Peak, with its summit enveloped in clouds.

But the interest of the place is not confined to the charms of its scenery. Point de Galle is by far the most venerable emporium of foreign trade now existing in the universe. It was the resort of merchant ships at the earliest dawn of commerce, and it is destined to be the centre to which will hereafter converge all the rays of navigation intersecting the Indian Ocean, and connecting the races of Europe and Asia. In modern times Galle was the mart of Portugal, and afterwards of Holland; and long before the flags of either nation had appeared on its waters, it was one of the *entrepôts* whence the Moorish traders of Malabar drew the productions of the remoter East, with which they supplied the Genoese and Venetians, who distributed them over the countries of the West. Galle was the place at which the Arabians, in the reign of Haroun Alraschid, met the ships of the Chinese, and brought back gums, silks, and spices from Ceylon to Bassora. The Sabians, of whom Herodotus speaks centuries before, included Ceylon in the rich trade which they prosecuted with India; and Galle was probably the furthest point eastward ever reached by the Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians.

Every object that meets the eye on entering the bay is new and strange. Amongst the vessels at anchor, lie the dows of the Arabs, the patamars of Malabar, the dhoneys of Coromandel, and the grotesque sea-boats of the Maldivé and Lacadive Islanders. But the most remarkable of all are the boats of the Singhalese, usually called "double-canoes," though one portion of them consists of a heavy balance-log. These dart with surprising velocity amongst the shipping, managed by half-clad natives, who offer for sale beautiful but unfamiliar fruits, and fishes of extraordinary colors and fantastic forms. These canoes are dissimilar in build; some consisting of two trees lashed together: but the most common and by far the most graceful are hollowed out of a single stem, from 18 to 30 feet long, and about two feet in depth, exclusive of the wash-board, which adds about a foot to the height. This is sewed to the gunwale by cocoa-nut fibre, so that no iron or any other metal enters the construction of a canoe. But their characteristic peculiarity is the balance-log, of very buoyant wood, upwards of 20 feet in length, carried at the extremity of two elastic outriggers, each 18 feet long. By this arrangement, not only is the boat steadied, but mast, yard, and sail are bound securely together.

These peculiar craft venture on long coasting voyages. They sail upwards of ten miles an hour, and nothing can be more picturesque than the sight at day-break of the numerous fleets of fishing-boats which cruise along the coast while the morning is still misty and cool, and which hasten to the shore after sunrise with their captures. These consist not only of ordinary fish whose scales are flaked with silver, or "bedropped with gold," but also include those of unusual shapes, displaying the brightest colors of the rainbow.

The groups collected about the landing-place, and lounging in the streets and bazaars of Galle exhibit the most picturesque combinations of costumes and races—Europeans in their white morning undress,

shaded by Japanned umbrellas; Moors, Malabars, Malays, Chinese, Caffres, Parsees, and Chetties from the Coromandel coast; the latter with their singular head-dresses and prodigious ear-rings. Bhuddist priests in yellow robes, Modhars, Mohundirams, and other native chiefs, in their rich official uniforms, with jewelled buttons, embroidered belts, and swords of ceremony. One peculiar custom of the Singhalese in this district not only attracts the eye of every stranger by its singularity, but presents a most remarkable instance of the unchanging habits of the Eastern race. Two thousand and two hundred years ago, the Grecian historian, Herodotus (one of the class-books at every school), speaking of the inhabitants of "Taprobane," as the ancients called Ceylon, alluded to the length of their hair, and describes with minuteness their mode of dressing it. The men of Ceylon, he says, allow their hair an unlimited growth, and bind it on the crown of their heads after the manner of women. He had doubtless been told of the custom by some Grecian seamen returning from Galle, for this fashion of dressing the hair is confined to the southwest coast of the island, and does not prevail, I am told, in the interior. So closely do the low country Singhalese follow the manners of women in their toilet, that their back hair is first rolled into a coil. This is fixed at the top of the head by a large tortoise-shell comb, whilst the hair is drawn back from the forehead *à l'impératrice*, and secured by a circular one. With their delicate features and slender limbs, their frequent want of beards, their use of ear-rings, and their practice of wearing a cloth round the waist, called a "comboy," which has all the appearance of a petticoat, the men have an air of effeminacy, very striking to a stranger.

The Singhalese women dress with less grace than simplicity; their principal garment being a white muslin jacket, which loosely covers the figure, and a comboy or waist-cloth, similar to that worn by the men. Their chief aim is the display of

jewellery, necklaces, bangles, and rings, the gems of which are often of great value, though defective both in cutting and mounting. The children are beautiful, their hair wavy and shiny; and, as they wear no covering of any kind till four or five years old, a group of little creatures at play suggests the idea of living bronze statues.

Tortoise-shell is an article in which the workmen of Galle have employed themselves since the time of the Romans, I believe, and of which they still make chains, bracelets, hair-pins, combs, etc., and ornaments of great taste and beauty. But the principal handicraftsmen are cabinetmakers, carpenters, and carvers in Calamander wood, ebony, and ivory. Their skill in this work is quite remarkable, considering the simplicity of their instruments and tools; but, owing to their deficiency in design and the want of proper models, their productions are by no means in accordance with European tastes.

With the exception of the old church built by the Dutch, the town of Galle contains no remarkable buildings. The houses are spacious, but seldom higher than a single story, and each has, along the entire line of the front, a deep verandah supported on pillars, to create shade for the rooms within. At the close of the day a walk or drive through the native town, which extends beyond the walls of the fort, and thence through some native villages along the margin of the bay, is delightful in the extreme, the road being one continuous avenue of cocoa-nut trees. The cool shade of the palm groves, the fresh verdure of the grass, the bright tints of the flowers that twine over every tree, the music of the birds, the rich copper hue of the soil, and the occasional glimpse of the sea through the openings in the dense wood—all combine to form a landscape unsurpassed in novelty and beauty.

The suburbs consist chiefly of native huts, interspersed here and there with the decaying villas of the old Dutch burghers, distinguished by quaint door-ways and fantastic entrances to the gardens. The latter

contain abundance of fruit-trees, oranges, limes, papoyas, breadfruit, plantains, and a plentiful undergrowth of pine-apples, yams, and sweet-potatoes. Of the trees, by far the most remarkable is the iak, with broad glossy leaves and enormous yellow fruit, not growing on the branches, but supported by powerful stalks from the trunk of the tree.

Two or three days ago, I went with the Assistant Government Agent on a short expedition, around the southern coast from Galle, to a place called Hambangtotte. It is one of the most interesting and remarkable portions of Ceylon. Its inhabitants, my friend told me, are the most purely Singhalese portion of the population.—Being so far removed from the north, they have had neither intercourse nor commixture with the Malabars. Their temples were asylums for the studious and the learned, and to the present day some of their priests are accomplished scholars in Sanscrit and Pali, and possess rich collections of Bhuddist manuscripts and books.

The scenery of the coast as far as Dondera, the limit of our excursion, is singularly lovely; the currents having scooped out the line of the shore into coves and bays of exquisite beauty, separated by precipitous headlands covered with forests and crowned by groves of cocoa-nut palms. Close by a place called Belligam, the road passes a rock, a niche in which contains the statue of an Indian prince, in whose honor it was erected, because, according to the legend, he was the first to teach the Singhalese the culture of the cocoa-nut.

Every building throughout this favorite district is a memorial of the Dutch. The rest-houses on the roadside, the villas in the suburbs, and the fortifications of the towns, were erected by them; and Matura, with its little star-fort of granite, remains as perfect at the present day as when it was a seat of the spice trade, and a sanitary retreat for the garrison of Galle.

Dondera Head, the southern extremity of the island, is covered with the ruins of a temple, which was once one of the most cele-

brated in Ceylon. I spent a whole day in examining it. They say that in its palmy days this temple was so vast that, from the sea, it had the appearance of a city. It was raised on vaulted arches, richly decorated, and roofed with plates of gilded copper. It was encompassed by a quadrangular cloister, opening under verandahs, upon a terrace, and gardens with odoriferous shrubs and trees, whose flowers were gathered by the priests for processions. The Dutch, when they entered the place, tore down the statues, which were more than a thousand in number. The temple and its buildings were overthrown, its arches and its colonnades were demolished, and its gates and towers levelled with the ground. The plunder was immense—in ivory, gems, jewels, sandal-wood, and ornaments of gold. The last indignity that could be offered to the sacred place was the slaughter of cows in the courts, and the cars of the idol, with other combustible materials, being fired, the shrine was reduced to ashes. A stone door-way, exquisitely carved, and a small building, whose extraordinary strength resisted the violence of the destroyers, are all that now remain standing; but the ground for a considerable distance is strewn with ruins, conspicuous among which are numbers of finely-cut columns of granite. The Dagoba, which stood on the crown of the hill, is a mound of shapeless *débris*.

In its peculiar style of beauty, nothing in the world can exceed in loveliness the road from Point de Galle to Colombo. It is literally an avenue of palm-trees, nearly 70 miles long, with a rich undergrowth of tropical trees, many of them crimson with flowers, and overrun with climbing-plants, whose tendrils descend in luxurious festoons. Birds of gaudy plumage dart amidst the branches; gay butterflies hover over the shady foliage, and insects of golden and silver lustre glitter on the leaves. Where the view of the landscape can be caught through an opening in the thick woods, it is equally grand and impressive on every side. On one hand is seen the range of purple hills that stretch as far as the eye

can reach, till they are crowned by the mysterious summit of Adam's Peak. To the left glitters the blue sea, studded with rocky islets, over which, even during sunny calms, the swell from the Indian Ocean rolls volumes of snowy foam. The beach is carpeted with verdure down the line of the yellow sand; and occasionally the level sweeps of the coast are diversified by bold headlands, which advance abruptly till they overhang the waves, and form sheltering bays for the boats of the fishermen, which all day long are in motion within sight of the shore. Arborescent in the shade of these luxuriant groves, nestle the white cottages of the natives,—each with its garden of cocoa-nuts and plantains; and in the suburbs of the numerous villages some of the more ambitious dwellings, built on the model of the old Dutch villas, are situated in tiny compounds, enclosed by dwarf walls and lines of areca trees.

A short distance from Galle, there is a promontory running into the sea, called the "Lover's Leap," with which a story of touching interest is connected: The daughter of a gentleman of rank in the Civil Service of Holland was betrothed to an officer, who repudiated the engagement; and, his period of foreign service having expired, he embarked for Europe. But, as the ship passed the precipice, the forsaken girl flung herself from the rock into the sea. A pillar, with an inscription in Latin, recalls the fate of this Eastern Sappho, and records the date of the catastrophe.

As I write, I see the fleet of the Maldivian Islanders sailing gracefully out of the harbor, where it has been for the last week. Once in each year, at the end of March, a fleet of small vessels arrives at Galle from the Maldivian Islands, the commander of which is invested, for the time being, with the dignity of ambassador. He is the bearer of presents and a letter from the Sultan to the Governor of Ceylon, soliciting the continued protection of England, and giving assurances, in return, of his Highness' anxiety to afford every succor to vessels in the event of shipwreck. This custom has

continued from time immemorial. The Maldive ambassador is received by the Governor with every mark of respect. He is preceded by a guard of honor, and introduced with his interpreters. His presents are accepted, and reciprocated by suitable equivalents (one of which is a piece of scarlet cloth for the Sultan); and, on the conclusion of the ceremony, he re-embarks with his little fleet, and proceeds on his voyage to the Coromandel coast. Some of the largest and finest turtles in the world are brought to the Galle market (or bazaar, as it is called) by these islanders. Turtles are sold piecemeal whilst still alive, and are hacked and cut in the most repulsive manner. The creatures are to be seen in the market-place undergoing this frightful mutilation, and I wonder very much that the authorities do not put a stop to it. A broad knife, from 12 to 18 inches long, is first inserted in the left side, and the women (who are generally the operators) introduce one hand to scoop out the blood, which oozes slowly. The blade is next passed round till the lower shell is detached, and placed on one side, and the internal organs exposed in full action. Each customer, as he applies, is served with any part selected, which is cut off as ordered, and sold by weight. Each of the fins is thus successively removed, with portions of the fat and flesh, the turtle showing by its contortions that each act of severance is productive of intolerable agony. In this state it lies for hours writhing in the sun; the heart and head being usually the last pieces selected, and till the latter is cut off the snapping of the mouth and the opening and closing of the eyes show that life is still inherent, even when the shell has been nearly divested of its contents. The flesh of the turtle of Ceylon is delicious. We very frequently have turtle outlets for our breakfast at mess, and turtle-soup at dinner. A magnificent turtle, weighing 40 or 50 pounds, can be bought for a few shillings.

There is a plentiful variety of very good fish to be found in the markets here at a

very cheap rate. The *sear-fish* of Ceylon is not inferior in taste to the salmon. The poultry is also good, but the beef and mutton are very bad and very dear. There are scarcely any grazing lands in the island, and the cattle are so much annoyed by heat, vermin, and insects, that they do not fatten.

The water, as a rule, is also very bad. It is filled with animalculæ, and requires filtering. The water that we drink in the Fort of Galle is brought from a distance of twelve miles in carts, is boiled, then carefully filtered, and when cooled with ice is drinkable. The natives suffer from a loathsome disease, called "Elephantiasis," produced by drinking bad water. The lower extremities swell to a prodigious size, and the unfortunate sufferer lingers in pain for three or four years, and then dies.

This climate would be unbearable if we had no ice. Everything is lukewarm without it. We get it at a very cheap rate here, at about five shillings *per mensem*. An American company has the contract for supplying Ceylon, India, and China with ice, which all comes from Boston in splendid clipper-built ships. The ice-fleet of 150 ships sail every year on the 1st of January from Boston, with a year's supply. It is a great proof of Yankee enterprise.

THE GREAT FIRE OF MONTREAL, 18TH MAY, 1765.

BY J. C. P.

Montreal in this year (1765) contained about 7,000 inhabitants, and was, in many respects, what it has ever since continued to be, on an increasing scale, the most important city in Canada. It had suffered much during the late tedious wars. The inhabitants had endured the afflictions of famine, the interruption of their trade, and the suspension of their paper-money. They had dreaded the hard rule of their British conquerors, but were agreeably surprised at the mildness of their government so far, and the prospect, generally, seemed brighten-

ing, until a new and unexpected calamity fell upon them; for scarcely was the sword well sheathed and the widows' tears dried up, when a conflagration, more destructive than sword, pestilence, or famine had proved to them, swept over their city, and, in the space of three hours, left the best part of it a mass of blackened ruins. It was shortly after mid-day, on the 18th of May, that this fire broke out, in St. François street, and so rapidly did it spread, that by sundown one-fourth part of the city was consumed. The fire originated in the garret of the house of a Mr. Levingston (who is spoken of as a person of reputation) and was caused by some hot ashes, which a servant had taken there for the purpose of making soap. The flames burst out through the roof, and, communicating with the neighboring houses on both sides of the street, the whole were soon one mass of flame. The roofs of white cedar shingles, or of boards, were as fuel to the flame; while the difficulty of procuring water, and the want of fire-engines, rendered it impossible successfully to combat the destroying element.

The confusion and distress of the inhabitants were very great. Many of them were out of town, and of those who were on the spot, few had time to save any part of their merchandise or household goods. Many lost all, even to their books, papers, plate, and money. This misfortune fell upon the wealthiest and most respectable portion of the trading community; numbers who had risen that morning well-to-do, being left at nightfall with only their actual wearing apparel. The fire having occurred during the day-time, happily, but few lives were lost. It was at length stopped by unroofing the house of Mr. Landrieve, and one end of the hospital of Les Sœurs de l'Hôpital, in St. Paul street. Two small houses between M. St. Germain's and the corner opposite, M. Reaume's, were also unroofed, and by this means, as well as through the united efforts of the townspeople and the soldiers, the rest of the city was saved. 110 of the principal houses were destroyed, and a number seriously damaged. When the

people of Quebec learned the misfortune which had befallen their brethren, they sent about £400 sterling, which was laid out in provisions and clothes for the immediate relief of the sufferers. The remaining inhabitants of Montreal, also, who had been so fortunate as to escape this ordeal of fire, were prompt in rendering all the assistance in their power for the relief of their fellow citizens.

As soon as the tidings reached England, a committee was formed of some of the leading bankers and merchants of London, for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions in aid of the sufferers. They had their headquarters at the New York Coffee House, Sweeting's Alley, near the Royal Exchange. On the list we find, among others, the names of James and Thomas Coutts, Messrs. Vere, Glyn, and Halifax, Sir George Colbrook & Co., Robert Child & Co., Sir Joseph Hawkey, Andrew Drummond & Co., Sir Charles Asgill & Co., &c. The committee published an appeal, very exhaustive in its way, in which the propriety of subscribing to this most charitable object is quaintly, yet eloquently enforced. They also published a detailed account of the particulars of the calamity, of which the following is an abstract:—

The loss sustained by the dreadful fire on Saturday, the 18th May, 1765, at Montreal, attested by His Excellency the Hon. James Murray, His Majesty's Governor of the Province of Quebec, in which Montreal is situated, by J. Goldfrap, Deputy-Secretary, and J. Potts, Deputy-Clerk of the Council of the said Province; the account whereof distinguishes the names of each person, and in what the loss of each consisted.

In St. François St. were burnt out	54 families.
In St. Paul's Street	“ “ 87 “
In the Market Place	“ “ 26 “
Hospital Street	“ “ 1 “
St. Louis Street	“ “ 15 “
St. Eloi Street	“ “ 6 “
St. Sacrement Street	“ “ 6 “
St. Nicholas Street	“ “ 1 “
St. Ann Street	“ “ 1 “
St. Ann Suburbs	“ “ 10 “
Suburbs, Grey Sisters' Hospital	8 “

In all 215 families, of whom much the greater part were Canadians, newly become subjects.

The total value of the loss, according to this account, was estimated thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Value in buildings.....	31,980	0	0
In merchandise.....	54,718	5	9
In furniture and apparel.....	25,261	12	6
In cash, plate, and bills.....	4,814	0	3
Currency.....	\$116,773	18	6
Sterling.....	£87,580	8	10

We do not know the exact result of the labors of the committee, as we have only seen the list of the first instalment of subscribers, who had subscribed before the publication of the pamphlet above alluded to. The amount of the first instalment was £2,000 sterling, His Majesty King George III. giving £500. The names of the Marquis of Rockingham, Lady Elizabeth Germain, Jones Hanway, the Right Hon. Secretary Conway, Edward Coke, Esq., of Canterbury, the Earl of Dartmouth, Solomon da Costa, Esq., Hon. George Talbot, Dr. Fothergill, and Sir Samuel Fludger, appear among others on this subscription list.

In an appendix to their pamphlet, the committee undertake to instruct the Canadians in an improved method of roofing their houses with tiles instead of shingles. They also recommended iron plates painted, or tinned over, as being in the end the cheapest mode of roofing, and wind up with the hope that "every expedient which reason and experience can suggest will hereafter be brought into use, now that they have such able instructors as ourselves." We imagine that the gift of two fire-engines which were sent out by the committee during the ensuing summer, was more beneficial to the good people of Montreal than this well-intended advice.

All this occurred in the days when George III. was a very young man, and George IV. but a baby two years old; Wellington and Napoleon were yet unborn; our neighbors in the United States were peaceful colonists of Great Britain, and this Dominion a newly acquired and unprofitable territory, instead of being, as it now is, the most important British possession in the New World.

[The conflagration above described doubt-

less accounts for the extraordinary precautions against fire which constituted the most remarkable characteristic of Montreal, half a century ago; then nearly all the stores, and many of the dwelling-houses, were vaulted, and nearly all the roofs in the city were tin. Iron doors and shutters were universal, also on all buildings of any value—so that the city proper had a sort of prison-like appearance.—ED. N. D. M.]

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS, AS WE GROW OLDER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[The *London News* says of the following that it is one of the tenderest and most pathetic fancies Dickens has ever given forth:—

Time was, with most of us, when Christmas Day, encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes complete.

Time came, perhaps, all too soon! when our thoughts overleaped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fulness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well) at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat; and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmases which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow. That was the time for the beatified enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since have been stronger.

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families, previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters-in-law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes? Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honor to our

late rival, present in the company, there exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story, which subsisted until death? Has that same rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become usurious? Above all, do we really know now that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that *that* Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable mile-stone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion, that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear reader, on Christmas Day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness, and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth?

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your places underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness.

Before this boy there stretches out a future, brighter than we ever looked on in our romantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily as when there was no scythe

within the reach of time to shear away the curls of our first love. Upon another girl's face near it—placider, but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see home fairly written.

Shining from the word, as rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young, other hearts than ours are moved; how other waves are smoothed; how other happiness blooms, ripens, and decays—no, not decays, for other homes and other bands of children not yet in being nor for ages yet to be, arise and bloom and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, everything! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow do we see, obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure or accuse him.

On this day we shut out nothing!

"Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing? Think!"

"On Christmas Day we will shut out from our fireside Nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast City where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas Day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us.

Yes. We can look upon these children angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away.

Among the celestial figures there is one, a poor mis-shapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand she leads him.

There was a gallant boy who fell, far away upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun,

and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Therefore we commit his body to the deep!" and so consigned him to the lonely ocean and sailed on. Or there was another who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests; and, on earth, awoke no more. Oh, shall they not, from sand and sea and forest, be brought home at such a time!

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent City. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness? Oh, look upon her now! Oh, look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, "Arise for ever!"

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shrut out nothing.

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hillside beyond the shapelessly-diffused town, and the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village-steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth.

In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the household gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement. They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances, and of the history that reunited even upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

WASTING CAPITAL.

BY JAMES PARTON.

No great career without great health. No great health without virtuous habits.

The capital of a house of business is not its money and effects, but the brain, the knowledge, the intelligent force which it wields. Its money is one of the tools with which it works; its business talent is that which make it and keeps it great.

There is a rumor afloat in the world of business that the present heads of the house of Rothschild are not men of much ability; but there is stored away in the invisible coffers of that great house a prodigious capital stock of knowledge, traditions, rules, habits, and customs—the accumulation of a hundred years—the rich inheritance of the house from its able founders. There is so much in the concern of this precious kind of capital that men of only ordinary abilities can carry on the business for a long period of time with apparent success. Nevertheless, if the brains *are* out, the business will die. It may be a hundred years in dying—such vigorous life was infused into it by the founder—but it will die at last.

How often do we see here in New York illustrations of this truth. The brains are withdrawn from a well-established concern, and, in some mysterious way it declines, and finally collapses. People say, "the OLD MAN took out too much capital," meaning that he withdrew a certain sum of money. In fact, he withdrew *all* the capital, for he took away *all* the brains. And when I say brains, I do not mean merely the thinking faculty, but such qualities as patience and self-control, which the man of great and sound brains possesses.

One of the giants of business in America is Cornelius Vanderbilt. His talents of this kind are wonderful, and his business principles are correct and wise. Every man connected with him intimately knows well, and acts upon the knowledge, that that sound brain of his is the great fact of his position—not the fifty or sixty millions of dollars which execute the colossal schemes which that brain engenders. Take that away, and double his millions, and you will have to search long before you can find a man capable of so much as holding his business together.

Your brain, then, and what your brain holds, will constitute your capital as men of business. Do not waste that capital.

It is a curious fact, that all the vices impair the brain most of all; nothing hurts it like a vice. If you fly into a passion the whole system suffers, but it is the brain which suffers most. If you sit up too late, if you read inflaming novels, if you over-work, if you under-work, if you breathe poisoned air, if you eat improper food, if you drink improper drinks, whatever you do that is wrong or excessive, while it lowers the efficiency of the whole system, its final and lasting effect is to coarsen or enfeeble the brain. We have all committed wickedness enough in our lives to know this; and every one does know it who is accustomed to watch the working of his own system.

The impression used to be general that it is a good thing, a sign of spirit and courage, for a young man to abandon himself for awhile to vice and dissipation. This was called, "sowing his wild oats." What wild oats are, or whether there are any, or why people should sow them, I have never been informed. The impression appears to be as senseless as the meaning is senseless which it conveys. It is *not* a sign of spirit or courage for a young man to be dissipated. It is a sign of want of spirit and want of courage. It is also a sign of mental inferiority.

There are a few instances in history of brilliant and gifted young men abandoning themselves for a time to the vices of their day; but it is clear, even in their case, that the vices of their youth lamed all their subsequent career, and prevented them from attaining the excellence and influence which nature had originally placed within their power. Charles James Fox and Lord Bolingbroke were striking examples of this truth—both of whom had great opportunities and great abilities, but both of whom showed, at critical moments, a certain lack of judgment and force, indicative of a brain impaired by excess.

On the other hand, if you look into the early years of truly *helpful* men, those who make life easier or nobler to those that come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived purely in the days of their youth. In early life, the brain, though abounding in vigor, is sensitive and very susceptible to injury—and this to such a degree, that a comparatively brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures appears to lower the tone and impair both the delicacy and efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching, boys—it is a simple truth of science.

There are fifty young men in the same store or shop. The foremen and partners

are more advanced in life than they; and, according to the course of nature, their places must ere long be filled by some of these young men who are now serving in humble capacities. Which of them shall it be? It will be those who do not waste their brains. It will be those who live purely, and expend their intellect in acquiring the knowledge and self-command which the head of an establishment must possess.

A *sifting* process is continually going on in the world, and in all places of business, by which the men fitted to be masters are selected from the mass, and put in their proper places. Those who cannot govern themselves seldom get a chance to govern others, and if they get such a chance they do not keep it long. On the other hand, it may be laid down as an almost invariable rule, that in this country every person who is truly fit and able to play a leading part in business, to direct wisely the labor or the minds of others, does at length attain the position for which he is fitted. A young man may keep himself down; he may waste the power of his brain and the vigor of his health by vice; he may neglect his opportunity to gain a mastery over the details of his occupation; he may squander the priceless days of his youth; he may keep *himself* down; but the right man can seldom be kept down by others.

Mark this, lads! Your chance will come if you deserve it. You may have to wait long for it, but it will come! Make the most and the best of the place you now have, and it will conduct you to a better one by and by.—*Packard's Monthly.*

FOREIGN SIGNBOARDS.

We must go abroad if we wish to see the old sign in its glory. Countries that have not moved forward as fast as we have keep to their old customs. Even in Paris many trades and professions still *make* their whereabouts known by signs. In Holland there is a perfect harvest of quaint signs still remaining; but for the truly picturesque signs we must go to the Tyrol. The hotels there are invariably decorated with some picture of a saint, but the favourite sign is generally a gigantic St. Christopher, painted, or rather frescoed on the wall. After a long ride in this mountainous country there is something charmingly pleasant in coming suddenly upon a solitary inn, and seeing the saint, perhaps 30 feet high, bearing the infant Christ upon his shoulder while he is fording a river. St. Christopher is the patron saint of the poor man, hence the reason for his picture as a

sign. St. George slaying the Dragon is a common sign in that country, and often, in addition to these signs, there will be pictures of the virgin, or of Christ bearing his cross. The innkeeper in these valleys is by no means such a coarse specimen of humanity as we often meet with in country places in England; he evidently is a lover of art, for we often see in the most remote villages excellent copies of well-known pictures by the old masters, which they have adopted as their signs. In Styria signs are for a purpose which is anything but assuring to the nervous traveller. Journeying along one of the steep dfiles in this country a few years ago with a very timid lady, our attention was drawn to a custom they have in this superstitious country of marking the site of every accident by flood or mountain path with a picture depicting the nature of the casualty. Here, where the road overhangs the river, a lady will be seen precipitated into the flood; at the next sharp turn a carriage will be seen overturned, with gashed travellers writhing beneath; or an astounding avalanche will be shown swallowing up the eilwagen and all its passengers. Near the picture will generally be seen a box, in which you are requested to place a contribution in order that the priest may say a mass for the repose of their souls. We suppose that the priests are the artists of these gentle reminders of our mortality, and use them as advertisements to draw alms.—*Once a Week.*

ON A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

After years of study, prayer, and experiment,—just as his own sight is growing dim and poor,—Spina produces the first pair of spectacles ever seen in this world.

Spina's invention was regarded as a veritable godsend. It was described and commended in the pulpit. It removed one of the greatest terrors of old age. It opened many a sadly closed book, and set many an idle pen in motion. It put needles into old, willing hands, and therewith happiness into old hearts.

It hardly seems possible, and yet it is undoubtedly the fact, that mankind had to do without spectacles till near the end of the thirteenth century. How Paul would have prized a pair of spectacles! How did Methuselah get along without glasses during the last two or three hundred years of his life? Eve herself, in her old age, must have felt the want of spectacles. De Quincey somewhere says that the ancients

went to bed early, because their mother earth could not afford to give them candles. I dare say the young folks of antiquity would have appreciated "long sixes." But to the elderly people whose sight was poor they would have been a cruel aggravation. The old gentleman could not have read his book, nor the old lady have plied her needle, by the candle's "mild light." No candles! no novels! no newspapers! no spectacles! Ah, that antique world of which poets fable so finely may have been a glorious world, but

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!"

Spectacles were a new thing in Chaucer's day, and I love to believe that the old poet used them when writing the "Canterbury Tales." Shakespeare could have said, with his own Benedick, "I can see yet without spectacles." But if he had lived to a ripe old age, he would probably have written new Hamlets and Macbeths by their help. Good old Bishop Hall wore glasses, and wrote a pious meditation on them. Swift foolishly vowed never to use spectacles. Rough old Johnson, though he did not wear them, mentioned the name of their inventor with reverence as one of the greatest benefactors to society. Burke rarely appeared in public without glasses. In Gillray's caricatures, you see this mighty rhetorician with spectacles on nose, and arms uplifted, hurling a thunderbolt of eloquence at the members of the opposition. If Spina, or somebody else, had not invented spectacles, Disraeli could not have written "The Curiosities of Literature!" Wordsworth, in his later years was greatly beholden to glasses. When Emerson saw him, in 1833, he was disfigured with green goggles. It was through a pair of spectacles that Thackeray looked upon life, and saw and noted the sins and sorrows of "Vanity Fair." Franklin's spectacles, as some biographer or other has remarked, were the spectacles of a philosopher. They were not such spectacles as were sold by the opticians of London and Paris, but were made expressly for him, according to a theory of his own. In travelling, he carried two pairs of glasses; "one for reading, the other for surveying distant objects." Franklin could have written eloquently and appreciatively of spectacles. They were the best and most trusted friends of his vigorous and beautiful old age. He evidently took pride in them, and loved to appear in the gay salons of Paris with "the spectacles of wisdom on his nose."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

In case of any sudden attack of disease it is well to know what to do, or avoid doing, to the sufferer during those anxious moments before the doctor comes. Specific directions can be given for particular cases, but there is this general rule applicable to all: *Don't go to the medicine chest*, if you have the misfortune to possess one. More maladies are to be found in it than remedies, and it is an axiom that in those houses where most drugs are used the greatest number of diseases prevail.

There are, however, certain things which can be done by unprofessional persons even, for the relief of most diseases, provided that they will take the trouble to inform themselves of what is proper to do. This information, indeed, it is the duty of every one to acquire, for upon its completeness and proper application may depend the lives of thousands. There are few diseases, if any, which require active interference, and the main thing to learn is how to abstain judiciously from it. There is an almost irresistible tendency to force some disagreeable stuff or other down the throat of a sick person. No drug of any kind, unless its action is thoroughly understood, and the occasion for its use perfectly apparent, should ever be given by other than the doctor. It is a mistake to suppose that medicines are essentially beneficent in their operation, or, if not positively beneficial, are innocent. If drugs do no good they are sure to do a good deal of harm, and physicians of the widest experience are the most distrustful of them. As a general rule, then, in case of a sudden attack of disease, whatever it may be, don't look to the medicine chest for relief.

The main object of a non-professional person should be, as in fact it must be of the professional, to facilitate the satisfaction of the apparent wants of the sufferer from disease. If there is evident thirst, give him drink; if a gasping for air, let him have it; if there is a sensation of heat, apply cold; and if of cold, supply warmth. It is always more prudent to act in accordance with the instinctive desires of the patient than the acquired opinions of the attendant. Nature is a surer guide than art.

There is no greater mistake than the prevalent idea that when we have a sick person we must always be doing. A great deal of mischief arises from this benevolent but harmful diligence. A person falls down in a swoon, and we forsooth, in our well-intentioned but fatal ignorance, murder him by

putting and keeping him on his legs. Another lies prostrate from exhaustion, and while a provident nature strives to restore him with repose, we torture him to death by an affectionate but worrying solicitude.

In case of any sudden attack of disease, the first thing to do is, of course, to remove any apparent cause of it. The next is to place the patient under those circumstances known to be favorable to the comfort, convenience, and health of all people, well or ill. Unloose every tightened garment, lay the sufferer upon a bed or sofa where the limbs can be stretched at perfect ease, and after supplying the immediate and apparent want, whether of air, water, heat, or cold, let him alone until the doctor comes.

CARD MONEY USED IN CANADA
PRIOR TO THE CONQUEST IN 1760.

FROM THE "COINS AND TOKENS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA," NOW IN PRESS.

About the year 1700, the trade of Canada was in a very languishing condition, which was to a great extent caused by the frequent alterations which took place in the medium of Exchange. The Company of the West Indies (to whom the French Islands had been conceded) was permitted there to circulate small coin to the amount of 100,000 francs, but the use of this coin was prohibited in any other country. Owing to the want of specie in Canada, a decree was published, allowing this, and all other French coins, to be used, on augmentation of the value one-fourth. At this period, the Intendant of Canada experienced great trouble, not only in the payment of troops, but other expenses. On the 1st of January, it was necessary to pay the officers and soldiers, and the funds remitted for that purpose, from France, generally arrived too late. To obviate this most urgent difficulty, the Intendant, with the sanction of the Council, issued notes instead of money, always observing the increase in value of the coin. A *procès-verbal* was passed, and, by virtue of an ordinance of the Governor-General and Intendant, there was stamped on each piece of this paper-money (which was a card) its value, the signature of the Treasurer, an impression of the Arms of France, and (on sealing-wax) those of the Governor and Intendant. These were afterwards imprinted in France, with the same impressions as the current money of the Kingdom, and it was decreed that before

the arrival in Canada of the vessels from France, a particular mark should be added, to prevent the introduction of counterfeits.

This species of money did not long remain in circulation, and new cards were issued, on which new impressions were engraved. Those under the value of four livres were distinguished by a particular mark made by the Intendant, who signed those of four livres upward to six livres; and all above that amount had, in addition, the signature of the Governor-General. In the beginning of autumn, all these cards were brought to the Treasurer, who gave their value in Bills of Exchange on the Treasurer-General of the Marine, or his deputy at Rochefort. Such cards as were worn, or spoiled, were not used again, but were burnt agreeably to an Act for that purpose.

While these Bills of Exchange were faithfully paid, the cards were preferred to coin, but when that punctuality was discontinued, they were no longer presented to the Treasurer, and the Intendant (M. de Champigny)

had much fruitless labor in trying to recall those which he had issued, and his successors were obliged to issue new cards every year, until they became so multiplied that their value was annihilated, and nobody would receive them.

In 1713, the inhabitants offered to lose one-half, if the Government would pay the other in specie. This offer was accepted, but was not carried into effect until 1717. But, undeterred by past experience, the colony again commenced the issue of paper or card money, and in 1754 the amount was so large that the Government was "compelled to remit to some future time" the payment of it; and, in 1759, payment in Bills of Exchange given for this money was wholly suspended. When the colony came into the hands of Britain, that Government paid to the Canadians an indemnity of £112,000 in bonds, and £24,000 sterling in specie, which was at the rate of 55 per cent. upon Bills of Exchange, and 34 per cent. on account of their paper money.

The accompanying cut is a *fac-simile* of the Card-Money—
 "GOOD FOR THE SUM OF TWELVE LIVRES"—and is signed by Governor Beauharnois, Intendant Hocquart, and Comptroller (or Treasurer) Varin. The original formed part of the collection belonging to A. J. Boucher, Esq., first President of the Montreal Numismatic Society, and was sold in the year 1866.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"GOD REST YE, MERRY CHRISTIANS."

TRIBLE.

ALTO. God rest ye, merry Chris-tians, let nothing you dis - may; Re-

TENOR.

BASS. God rest ye, merry Chris-tians, let nothing you dis - may; Re-

ACCOMPANIMENT.

member Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day, To save poor souls from

member Christ, our Sa-viour, was born on Christmas day, To save poor souls from

Satan's power, which long have gone astray, And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Satan's power, which long have gone astray, And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father the blessed angels
came,
Unto some certain shepherds with tidings of the
same,
That there was born in Bethlehem the Son of
God by name,
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

"Go, fear not," said God's angel; "let nothing
you affright,
For there's one born in Bethlehem, of a pure
Virgin bright,
One able to advance you, and throw down Sa-
tan quite."
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at these tidings rejoiced much in
mind,
And left their flocks a feeding in tempest
storms of wind;
And straight they came to Bethlehem the Son
of God to find.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

Now, when they came to Bethlehem, where our
sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger, where oxen fed
on hay;
They blessed the Virgin, kneeling down, and to
the Lord did pray.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

With sudden joy and gladness the shepherds
were beguil'd,
To see the babe of Israel before his mother
mild;
O, then, with joy and cheerfulness, rejoice each
mother's child.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.

God bless the ruler of this house, and send him
long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas may live to see
again,
Among your friends and kindred that live both
far and near.
And it's tidings of comfort and joy.



Original.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

By G. S. WILSON.

Oh, give me a home by the sea,
At morn, when the sun from the east
At eve, when the moon in her pride

Where wild waves are crested with
Comes man-tled in crim-son and
Rides queen of the soft sum-mer

foam ;
gold,
night,

Where shrill winds are carolling free,
Whose hues on the billows are east,
And gleams on the murmuring tide,

As o'er the blue waters they
Which sparkle with splendor un-
With floods of her sil-ver-y

come! For I'd list to the o-cean's loud roar, And
told. Oh, then by the shore would I stray, And
light- Oh, earth has no beau-ty so rare, No

joy in its storm-1-est glee, Nor ask, in this wide world, for
room as the hal - cy - on free, From en - vy and care far a -
place that is dear - er to me; Then give me, so free and so

more, Than a home by the deep heav-ing sea.
way, At my home by the deep heav-ing sea.
fair, A home by the deep heav-ing sea.

SANTA-CLAUS

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. Gray.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F31, G31, A31, 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CHORUS.

Oh, Santa-Claus is a clever old sprite, He comes to the dear little people by night; And

never was king, with his throne and crown, As merry as he when the sun goes down.

At midnight, when childhood in slumber seems
To gather sweet flowers from the land of dreams,
Then on to the roof of the house he'll hop,
And slyly descend from the chimney-top.
Oh, Santa-Claus, &c.

On tip-toe he stands on the peaceful spot,
Where childhood reposes in crib or cot;
He fills up the stocking, he crams the sock,
With candies and toys for the household flock.
Oh, Santa-Claus, &c.

His favors all scattered, he hastens back,
The way he came,—up the sooty track;

And never his mission of love shall stop,
While there is a home with a chimney-top.
Oh, Santa-Claus, &c.

Now busy as bees in their honied hives,
The little folks gather when morn arrives;
The merry eye sparkles, the sweet voice rings,
As stockings are searched for the wondrous things.
Oh, Santa-Claus, &c.

They wonder, when bringing his dainty freight,
He never comes in by the door or gate;
And hope he will never be forced to stop,
And die in the smoke of the chimney-top.
Oh, Santa-Claus, &c.

Young Folks.

SHARING OUR CHRISTMAS.

Little Carrie had been sitting quite still for full ten minutes, curled up in a corner of the sofa, with her cheek resting upon her hand, and her eyes fixed upon the floor, as if she were in deep thought. At last she sighed, and her mother, who was sitting near her, spoke :

"What are you thinking of so busily, my darling?"

"I was wondering," answered Carrie, "how much six Christmas presents would cost—real splendid ones, I mean; and I was wishing I had a purse full of money, so that I might buy them."

"And what does my little daughter wish to do with six Christmas presents?"

"I'll tell you, mother. We girls were talking at recess to-day about Christmas, and wondering what we should have in our stockings, when I saw little Maggie Flynn standing near.

"Well, Maggie," said I, "what do you think Santa Claus will bring you?"

"Oh, nothing," said she, shaking her head; "the little man always passes by our house without stopping."

"What! didn't you ever have a Christmas present?" said I.

"No, never," said she; and there were actually tears in her eyes.

"I have been thinking ever since, mother, how nice it would be if I could give every one of those little Flyns a present. But there are six of them, and how in the world could I ever buy six presents with what little money I have?"

"I will tell you, dear," said the mother, "what you can do. Go to your treasury, look over your books and toys, and perhaps you can find some things that you will be willing to give away. Whatever you have would be new to them, you know; and though I have no money to spare just now, I may be able to add something to your gifts."

"Yes," said Carrie, jumping down from the sofa and clapping her hands, "that will be splendid, and I will go this minute and look."

Carrie's "treasury" was a kind of book-case with two doors that opened in the middle. It was once the top of an old-fashioned bureau. She had named it her "treasury" after reading one of the Lucy

Books, written by Mr. Abbott, that prince among story-tellers.

Her mother had also made her a "divan" like Lucy's to sit upon. Carrie's divan was a large cushion, covered with dark green cloth, with a red cord around it and a red tassel at each corner. So Carrie took her divan, went up into her room, and sat down before her treasury. It had four shelves, and upon them, in pretty good order, were arranged books, dolls, shells, tea-sets, pictures, boxes, and, in short, more things than I can stop to tell you about now.

For an hour Carrie sat there very busy and happy, examining her treasures and laying aside many articles for Christmas presents to the Flyns. Then her mother came into the room to see how her daughter was getting along. Carrie showed her what she had chosen, and her mother helped her as she sorted them into parcels, and wrapped them in papers.

Leaving her little girl to finish arranging her gifts, the mother went into her own room, and commenced searching in closets and drawers, bringing to light many little out-grown garments, some of them perfectly whole, and others needing only a few minutes' work to make them so.

"My child has taught me a lesson," said she, with moist eyes; "I, too, have wished for money in abundance that I might bless the poor at this sweet Christmas time, forgetting that there might be lying useless in my own house many things which would cheer and comfort one poor family, at least. No, Maggie, the 'little man' shall not quite pass you by this time."

It so happened that on the afternoon before Christmas, Mrs. Flynn came in to see about some work that she was to do for Carrie's mother. She was a very hard-working woman, and she looked tired and discouraged; but when Carrie told her about the surprise they had been planning for her children, you ought to have seen her face light up.

"God will bless ye," she said, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron; "and ye'll never be the poorer for it, I'm a thinkin'."

Then in her own way she told how sad she had felt that afternoon when she passed by the gay shop windows, thinking that she could not afford to buy anything to make a merry Christmas for the six little ones at

home. "Six," she added—"all about of a size, ma'am."

When the six little Flynns were fast asleep that night their mother hung up their stockings in a row by the fireplace, and filled them with the treasures she had brought home. She pinned to them the little garments that Carrie's mother had provided, and then she sat down by the fire, and looked at them, with the happiest heart she had known for many a day.

I do not know what any one who might have been passing Mrs. Flynn's house early the next morning would have thought on hearing such an uproar; but if he had looked in at the window he would have laughed, I know, to see the six little Flynns in their white night-gowns capering about the room, each grasping a well-filled stocking, and all laughing, crying, and shouting for joy, while above the tumult arose the shrill voice of Maggie:

"Ah, mother, mother! this time sure the 'little man' did not pass us by!"—*Children's Hour.*

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost is a wonderful artist indeed;
Builds castles with breath on the smooth-
faced glass;
Leaves flowers wherever his bright foot doth
tread,
And spreads a white carpet all over the grass.

He climbs to the top of the tall forest tree,
And crowns it with gems when the green
leaves are gone.
Poor lovers of beauty and wonder are we
If we prize not his work, so tastefully done.

He breathes on the wind-dimpled streamlet,
and lo!
A bright shield of silver gleams on its soft
breast!
Across the broad river his arms he doth throw,
And its fast-flowing waters are hushed into
rest.

Fantastic and strange are the pictures he draws,
With a pencil of beauty, wherever he goes.
Who'd seek in his works to find out any flaws,
Would try to improve the warm tint of the
rose.

The spots unadorned yet by Beauty divine,
His fingers so nimble, so skilful and free,
Move over, and quickly with jewels they shine,
And look fair, as we dream slin bowers to be.

I love him, although from a bow that's unseen
He lets loose his swift-winged arrows of sleet,
As I cross the wide heath—their sting, sharp
and keen,
But renders my cot, when I reach it, more
sweet.

He comes to my garden, where Robin sings
sweet
On the fence that is covered with roses in
spring,
And makes it a palace of crystal complete,
Where fairies might dance in a jewel-wove
ring.

His icicles fringing the bucket all worn,
That stands on the brink of the old woodland
well,
Look brighter than dew-drops upon a May
morn,
That gleam in the roses that grow in the dell.

Then come, O Jack Frost, from thy bleak
northern home,
Thou beautiful jewel-robed wandering sprite;
Show thy skill on the windows of my little
room,
And spread o'er the meadows thy carpet of
white.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

GEORGIE HUNT'S LESSON.

BY MRS. ABBIE K. MARDEN.

"Georgie, you must not let Bertie go down to the shop this afternoon," said Merwin Hunt, as he arose from the breakfast-table, and stood, hat in hand, preparatory to leaving for his day's work in the shop, but half a mile distant. "They have commenced digging a well on the right hand side of the road just below Levitt's. As I passed by there last night, Morton told me they should not work on it to-day, consequently it would be open, and he hoped there wouldn't anything fall into it. I thought of Bertie then, Georgie, and shuddered with perhaps an imaginary fear, lest he, on his way to pay me his accustomed visit at the shop, might stop to play upon its banks, and fall in and be drowned. You will not let him go down, will you, Georgie?"

"Oh, Merwin! certainly I will not. Dear little Bertie! what if he *should* get drowned!" and the fond mother clasped the form of her darling, only child—her four-year-old Bertie, in a loving embrace, and showered tender kisses on the little brown head nestled upon her bosom. "Mother will not let her darling go out of her sight to-day, Merwin."

One quick warm kiss upon the brow and cheek of mother and child, and Merwin Hunt passed out from that pleasant home, leaving his wife to busy herself with her household duties.

The morning quickly sped, and with the golden rays of the afternoon sun streaming in upon the carpet, and her little boy quietly playing with his ball and kitten, Georgie Hunt seated herself at her sewing-table, eager to finish braiding a crimson jacket for her darling Bertie. At last he grew weary of the stillness, and longed to be out in the open air and bright sunshine. "Mamma, do let me go out and play a little while," pleaded the soft voice of the child. "Bertie's so tired staying in the house all the time. Me wants to see the flowers and hear the birds sing. Say, mamma, mayn't I go?"

"You may go just out into the yard; but mind, Bertie, you must not go beyond it." "No, mamma, me won't," and away the merry child bounded to gather the bright yellow dandelions and nodding buttercups he loved so well.

An hour quickly passed, and Georgie Hunt was very busy with her sewing, and heeded not the flight of time. Presently a voice under the window called—"Mamma, come here."

"What for, Bertie?"

"Oh, me wants you; come out here just a minute, please. Do come, mamma."

"But I am busy, Bertie."

"Well, it won't take you but *just a minute*. Me's got the prettiest lot of flowers you ever *did* see. And me's made a house. and me's got a whole lot of dishes in, and me's having *such* a nice time. Please, mamma, come out just a minute."

"No, Bertie, I tell you I am busy. I can't stop to see your house now; but play away, and when I get your little jacket finished, I'll come out and you may try it on."

"Come now, mamma."

"Bertie, I can't stop."

"Oh, but, mamma," urged the little boy; "do come and see. Me's got the biggest, yellowest buttercup, and it's got ever so many leaves, and the wind is blowing it so *funny*. Do come out just one minute—just one *little minute*, mamma."

"Bertie, I told you I couldn't stop. I'm very busy, and you must stop teasing and bothering me; I can't work with you teasing so. I've got this braid on wrong, now. Go and gather some more flowers, if you want to, and by-and-by I will come out."

"Won't you come now?" pleaded the soft voice of her darling child in tones, the memory of which, in after days and years, sent a pang of sadness to the thoughtless mother's heart, but which *then* had no effect in calling her from her work to attend to

the wishes of her teasing boy. And she answered him sternly—

"No, Bertie, I will not; but if you don't go away and stop teasing me, I will come out and whip you."

"Mamma say, 'Hark! I say, don't bother me any more.' No, mamma, me won't." And the little voice ceased its useless pleading, and the mother sewed rapidly on.

Tick-tack, tick-tack, went the old clock in the corner; tick-tack, and still Georgie Hunt sewed on, heeding not the absence of her child, until the lengthened shadows on the wall reminded her of the setting sun, and she quickly laid aside her work to prepare the evening meal. "Bertie, Bertie!" she called, going to the window and looking out. "Bertie, Bertie!" she called from the open door; but no Bertie responded to her call. Quickly she seized her bonnet and ran across the street to her neighbors, thinking he might have crossed to play with the children there. But he had not. They had not seen him. Instantly the thought of the *well* flashed into her mind, and she hastened down the hill, over the bridge. Oh, on, she almost flew. Mrs. Levitt met her at the door.

"Have you seen anything of my Bertie, this afternoon?" eagerly asked Georgie Hunt.

"Yes; nearly two hours ago I met him just above here, with both little hands full of flowers, which he said he was going to carry down to his father, because his mother was so busy she couldn't stop to look at them, and he bothered her," said the kind-hearted neighbor. "No doubt but he's safe enough with his father. But come in, Georgie, you are pale as death."

"No—oh, no! I must find my Bertie; what if he *should* have fallen into the well;" and the two women hastened down to the brink and looked in. One wild cry—"Oh! God he is there!" and Georgie Hunt leaped from the bank down, and caught her boy in her arms. The water was only a few inches deep, but he was probably stunned by the fall, and his little round face was covered with water, and he was indeed drowned. Her little darling blue-eyed boy was dead, *dead—DEAD*. It took but a moment for the wretched mother to see that the limp form she held was cold and lifeless; that the pleading voice of her darling child was hushed forever in death. Friends gathered around and carried the forms of mother and child to their home—the home from which the light had gone out forever. The father came to meet the

body of his idol boy—a corpse. Oh, the agony of that father's heart, no tongue can tell, no pen portray. None, save those who have lost their dearest, heart's loved idol—who have seen the grave close over *all* they loved, can imagine the feelings of the bereaved parents, and not even *they* can tell—can know the remorse of Georgie Hunt, as she thought of the little silvery voice, which, had she listened to its pleading, and heeded—had she sought to share his childish joys and amuse him in his childish play, instead of turning with a deaf ear coldly from him, sending him off to play—and to death. Oh, it was a bitter, bitter thought. They buried their little boy, but the memory of her thoughtlessness and impatience could not be buried nor endured in their home, where he had been for four years the cherished idol; and they left it, and sought in a distant land to efface the dismal dark remembrance from their hearts. But it was all in vain. By day, by night, that little voice sounded in the mother's ears—“Mamma, do come just a minute!”—and her cruel answer—“If you don't go away and stop teasing me, I will come out and whip you;” each word written in letters of fire upon her heart. They wandered from place to place, seeking rest, but finding none. At last the feeble frame of Georgie Hunt could bear it no longer, and she sank beneath the hand of disease. For weeks, months, her life seemed hanging by a brittle thread, which hourly threatened to snap in sunder. But God was very good to the stricken one; and while upon that sick bed, Georgie Hunt was made a better, nobler woman. Deeply as she had sinned, she found forgiveness in her loving Saviour, and to Him she carried her burdened heart, and there found peace.

Six years have passed away since little Bertie died, and to-day Merwin and Georgie Hunt are living in the old home. Another little Bertie has come to cheer their lives and fill the place of the *lost* Bertie. And there cannot be found a home of purer joys, nor hearts truer and nobler than in the home of Merwin Hunt, and if ever a feeling of impatience arises in the bosom of Georgie, the memory of her lost Bertie, whose presence she feels constantly hovering over her, restrains the hasty words, and she feels that though the hand of God dealt severely with her, yet it dealt *wisely*. And though she suffered years of anguish and remorse for her hastiness and impatience, still it was a *wise* lesson—for it taught Georgie Hunt that the brightest jewel in a mother's casket is *Patience*.

HOLIDAYS.

BY MAY BRADFORD.

“Papa, can't we have a Christmas tree, with some pretty things hung on it for us children?” asked little Arthur Merry, about a week previous to Christmas.

“Nonsense, child! I guess you can get along well enough without any such foolishness.”

“But, father,” persisted the little pleader, “the Archers and Campbells and Grays are going to have one, and we want one very much.”

“I haven't got money to throw away for such trumpery, so be off to bed with you, and don't bother me any more,” said Mr. Merry, who, by the way, must have been named in direct contradiction to his temperament; for, although he was “Merry” every day by name, he was never known to be so by nature.

At the close of his father's sentence, Arthur withdrew to the other side of the room and joined the circle of disappointed brothers and sisters. Soon after, Mrs. Merry gave them a lighted candle, and they withdrew to their bed-chambers with no bright smiles on their faces, or cheerful “good-nights” on their lips.

After sitting awhile in silence, Mrs. Merry timidly said:

“James, I think we might let the children have a little treat on Christmas eve: they will enjoy it so much.”

“I don't believe in humoring every whim that happens to enter a child's head,” said Mr. Merry.

“If you choose to call it a whim, then I think it a very reasonable one,” said Mrs. Merry. “Nearly all the neighbors are to have a tree for the amusement of their children and relatives; our children hear their play-mates discussing their expected presents, and planning little surprises for each other, and I think it very natural and reasonable for them to desire similar amusement. I really wish you would gratify them.”

“I never had any thing of the kind when I was a child, and I guess I am as well off to-day as though I had!”

“You may be as well in health and the comforts of life, but, James, you know you are not rich in recollections of a happy, joyous childhood,” said Mrs. Merry, who had known something of the stern precision which had ruled all the heart-sunshine out of his father's household.

Mr. Merry, following his usual method of ending such family consultations, took his

hat and went to the store, leaving his wife to sigh over the mistaken management that was clouding the brows of her dearly loved children.

Some mother, upon reading this, exclaims, "I think if I wanted my children to have a Christmas tree, I shouldn't take the trouble to ask any one's consent." If Mrs. Merry answered at all she would say, somewhat sadly, "You do not know what you would do, were you in my situation. No one can judge accurately of another's sorrow."

Mr. Merry was a man who didn't believe in any kind of "woman's rights," excepting of course her right to obey her husband in unquestioning submission. He believed that a woman's place was to attend to the "making and baking," that she must never be entrusted with expending money, lest she "waste in extravagance all her husband's earnings." Consequently, the spending of Mrs. Merry's "pin money" was rigorously looked after, and, with her scanty allowance, she had never the means of giving her children a pleasant surprise in the way of a new book or toy.

Ah, what a change must come over the spirit of such men's dreams ere the Millennium will arrive, and what a long distance off that happy day must be!

Christmas came, but it brought no joy to the heart-stone of Mr. Merry. In gloomy silence the children partook of their evening meal, and, at an early hour, sought their beds and whispered of their discontent.

Years went by, and as soon as each child was old enough, he passed out from the cheerless home and sought for himself a brighter one; and when Old Age crept stealthily over the threshold and fastened itself upon Mr. Merry, as he sat alone by his cheerless fire, the old man found that he had only himself to blame,—that, far away from him, his children had sought and found happier homes.

The Christmas holidays are just at hand. There are many parents whose little ones have passed out forever from their loving earthly care, since one short year ago. To such wounded hearts may God send his sure consolation. To you who have them still clustering around your knees, I would say, Make their lives joyous and happy. Give them bright holidays to look back upon, when the cares of life shall have come upon them. Let them have a Christmas tree if they wish, and if your purse is small, let the gifts come within its reach; it does not depend so much upon the value of a gift as upon the endearing associations connected with its reception. Some article of cloth-

ing may be needed by your little girl,—buy it, and hang it on the tree; your little boy wants a sled,—make it for him, and see how the dear little fellow's eyes will sparkle when it is drawn forth from the green boughs. Money expended in a well selected book or paper is never thrown away in a family of children. In short, whatever you are able to do for your children, do it heartily and cheerfully, thus making glad the little hearts that full soon will meet enough of sorrow.

ANDREW'S REPENTANCE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was within a few days of Christmas, a time of delightful anticipation to every one, mingled with a little anxiety to the poor, who were beginning to count over their hoarded stores of money, quite trembling to see if there would be enough to spare for a Christmas dinner. Few people had to deny themselves more severely to allow this annual feast than the Flints,—the reason, perhaps, why they always enjoyed it so heartily. Jacob Flint lived in a small, old house, on the ridge above the Black Forest, across which he walked every day to his work at the mines.

For the last week or two, every penny he could spare had been dropped at night into the cracked mug on the mantel-shelf, and with a smile so bright that one would have known it was Christmas money. Dick, who worked for a pittance in the adjoining town, now and then added a mite; so did the mother; only Andrew, the youngest, laziest, most selfish of the household, added none. That he could have done so, however, was proved by a small blue bag that lay snugly in his pocket, containing a few pieces of silver, that had been placed there at long intervals, with which to buy at Christmas a Robinson Crusoe, a treasure he had long desired; but not more, perhaps, than his mother desired a new shawl, or Dick a new hat, but they did not dare think of an expenditure at Christmas that would profit self only, but threw in their earnings with hearty good will for the general happiness.

It had been raining heavily for several days; but Andrew, who had been standing at the window, watching the clouds, at last saw them gradually brighten, and the rain cease; then turning with a sigh of relief to his mother, he said: "Well, I can go now, I think, and carry the cross-bow I have made to Hendrick, and get the pay, so as to buy my book to-morrow." While he was speak-

ing, a quick knock fell upon the door, and his mother, rising to answer it, found before her a miner begrimed with the dusky marks of his trade, his shoes bearing evidence of a muddy walk. The workmen had all left the mine, he said, except Jacob, who remained to finish a piece of work, and would not return until dark, and would therefore reach the bridge over Black Creek alone; which bridge would probably be gone before he reached it, as the swollen waters were rapidly carrying off the timbers when they crossed. He had come by to tell her, that she might send Andrew to bring him around by the other road. Andrew, taking up the bow, said:

"I will leave this as I go by, mother, and get my money from Hendrick."

"Indeed, no, Andrew," replied his mother anxiously; "you will not more than have time now to tell your father before he starts;" and, so saying, left the room, while Andrew stood a moment, reasoning with himself.

"I will only stay a moment," he said, and taking up his bow again ran out.

His way lay along the edge of the ridges that rose steep and bleak out of the Black Forest. Down among its rocks he could hear the roaring of the torrents, that had been mere brooks in the morning, dashing their way among the pines; and he thought of one of them, whose heaving waters were pushing against its little bridge, and thought how fearful to step in the darkness on its tottering planks that would let one into the cold black waters.

He had reached Hendrick's gate, and, with the roar of the torrent still in his ears, ran in. Once comfortably established before his friend's fire, he forgot the growing darkness and the lonely miner on his way through the Forest. For Jacob, having done his work at last, braving the fierce wind and whistling a Christmas carol to cheer the lonely darkness, took his way to the creek; and, ignorant that all save a single timber or two were gone, stepped from the bank of shelving stones into the flood. Jacob Flint's was not the only cry of distress that night that reached the ears of the good wood-cutter on the other side, nor the only one that his stalwart arm brought across the stream, and after that his neighbors used to call him "St. Christopher." A sorrowful Christmas it was for the Flints—spent at Jacob's bedside, and it was not until the wood-hyacinths were again springing along the Forest, that he was enabled once more to take his way to the mines. It was a very hard year for them; nearly all the little they possessed went to pay necessary outlays, and when

Christmas was again approaching, there was no thought of merry-making. None thought of this so often as poor Andrew, who shed many bitter tears, although he knew his parents had forgiven his sin; for they had seen with thankful hearts the repentance that showed itself in acts of self-denial that were fast conquering self, and proving itself victorious over indolence.

Ever since winter set in, Andrew had been laboring to fill the little blue bag again, that had been emptied for so sad a reason; but the small pieces fell in at great intervals, and, for two weeks, rain, snow and storm had shut him in, and no coins dropped in the bag, or brought nearer the fulfilment of his desire to buy a Christmas dinner. He was lying awake the night before Christmas eve, when he overheard his father and mother talking together beside the fire.

"I do wish," Jacob said, "that we could have a merry Christmas and invite the wood-cutter and his family over, poor things! they know so little about pleasure, but—" he added with a sigh, that his wife echoed—"we can't think of it. If the wood-cutter was just able, as he used to be, to carry holly and misletoe to town with his wood, he could make something, for the storms have been so violent that none have been carried to town for Christmas decorations, and it is in great demand, I hear."

Andrew fell to thinking, and, at last, to sleep, though not so soundly but that he was awake next morning before a soul was astir, and wrapped in his old great-coat was off to the woods. He did not wonder that little of Christmas green had been gathered, for deep snow covered the earth, and the same cold burden weighed heavily on the tree branches; and as he struck boldly through the forest, shivering at the cold solitude around him, sudden gusts of wind would whirl the eddies of blinding snow into his face and almost make him falter; but he would keep on, and a few hours later saw him trudging back towards the city, bent under the weight of holly and misletoe; but few voices that day, beside his own, chanted the misletoe-seller's song along the streets, but right gleefully did he sing:

"Buy my berries! buy my berries! here is holly
red as cherries,
Rough and thorny as the season, hotter than all
trees that grow;
For, according to the story, prickly leaves, like
these before ye,
Round the Saviour's brow were circled, eighteen
hundred years ago.

Misletoe ! I too can sell you ; of its virtues need I tell you,
How of old the saintly Druids revered this humble tree?"

Just as the last was sold, Andrew met Dick, and showing him his blue bag, and feeling as if they were both bewitched, the two happy boys went into a shop that seemed a very Aladdin's palace in brightness, beauty, and odors, and there bought their long-wished-for famous goose, and mammoth plum-pudding. After this was taken home, the boys went for the wood-cutter's family, and came back all together, stopping in the soft grey of the Christmas eve twilight cut the Yule log, which lit as happy a fire as was ever sat round at Christmas eve. Nine of these happy poor ones also enjoyed Andrew's feast, none so happy as he, for to him truly there was a Star in the east, and a heart full of sweet thoughts that, like the Christmas angels of old, were crying: "peace and good will."—*Christian Observer*.

THE HONEST LITTLE MUSICIAN.

"A story, a story; a true story, please, Aunt Kate!" was the exclamation of a group of merry children, clustered around the school-room fire one dark winter's afternoon, when work and play were both over for the day. The request was too earnest and unanimous to be refused; and, indeed, long and frequent practice had made compliance with it very easy, so Aunt Kate took the arm-chair prepared for her and began:—

"My story shall be of a little boy in France."

"But is it really a true story?"

"Yes, really true."

"All right, then, Auntie; please go on."

"Just at the time that the terrible war between Charles I. and his people was raging in England, a young monarch reigned in France, widely known as the 'Grand Monarque,' though it is hard to understand why Louis XIV. should be called great, as surely there is nothing so utterly mean as selfishness and cruelty. At his gay court few were so powerful as the Duke of Guise; and few, if any, so beautiful, gay, and witty as his cousin, the Duchess of Montpensier, better known as Mademoiselle; and with both those grand personages my little boy's story is connected.

"Baptiste Lulli was born in Florence; his parents, poor but respectable, both died while he was yet young—his mother when

he was but a few months old. From her he inherited an intense love and a great talent for music. His father lived till the boy was six years old, and then died, leaving him as his only inheritance the remembrance of his true and loving words and good example. 'Be honest, be truthful,' were his last words. 'Be honest; trust in God, and He will take care of you.' And poor little Baptiste, in the midst of sorrow and poverty and temptation, was honest and truthful. Often his only lodging was on a door step. He was too young to work, yet he never stole. One thing besides his words and example had his father left him—an old violin; with this he earned his bread, though often it was but a dry crust or a handful of olives. On it he played from door to door, and the servants seldom turned him away without breakfast or supper. It was, besides, his loved companion, his comforter, and his sole possession.

"One evening, as he sat dreamily playing at the door of the principal inn in Florence, the sweet and plaintive tones attracted the attention of the Duke of Guise, who had stopped there for refreshments for an hour, on his return from Naples to Paris. He spoke to the child, was as much pleased by his frank and modest answers 'as by his music, and when called to supper, threw to him a louis d'or, the very first gold coin our boy had ever touched. 'It is gold! it will make me rich! I shall have a new coat, and not go to bed supperless for many a day,' were his first thoughts. 'It is a mistake; it must be. That great man could never mean to give me gold for that music. It is not mine, and I must give it back,' were the second.

"The temptation was strong—how strong we who were never friendless and hungry can hardly imagine; but he remembered his dying father's words, and resolved, 'I may be poor, but I will never be dishonest.'

"But how return it? In vain he begged of the Duke's servants to let him speak even for one moment to him; they only pushed him roughly aside. The carriage was at the door; another minute and the Duke had taken his seat in it; another and he would be gone. In desperation the child sprang on the door step, favored by the darkness, in the hope that when the carriage stopped, as surely it would stop, he should manage to return the gold to its rightful owner. Then only he remembered he had left his one friend, his loved violin behind him, and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks at his sad loss; but it was too late now to change his plans; besides any thing but dis-

honesty; and on and on they went,—Baptiste with difficulty keeping his place on the step, till at length, to his joy, a halt was called. Eagerly he watched, earnestly he begged for an interview; but again his efforts were useless: the carriage was again just on the move. Too tired to stand longer on the step, yet determined not to give up, he spied a basket slung under the carriage containing a favorite dog. He crept deftly into it; the dog seemed glad of company, and together they lay there, and slept and slept on till the sun was high in the heavens, when they awoke in all the bustle and noise of an arrival in the court-yard of the inn at Turin.

“Perseverance is nearly sure to be rewarded; besides, ‘fortune favors the brave.’ So our little hero did gain admittance to the Duke’s presence, and told his little story, and laid the louis d’or on the table. Amused and surprised with the honesty, the courage, and the perseverance of the child, he spoke kindly to him, told him the money was his own, and offered to send him back to Florence, or take him with him to Paris. Baptiste had nothing to regret at Florence but his violin, and he had golden dreams of the glories of Paris and of making his fortune there; so he chose Paris, and the Duke desired he should have some place in his suite.

“Poor little fellow! troubles he little dreamed of were before him.

“The Duke did really intend to provide for the child; but great men have a great many things to do and to think of, and there were troubles in the kingdom. Moreover, the Duke had not learned the lesson so early taught to little Baptiste, never to break a promise; so he was first neglected and then forgotten. His place was in the kitchen among saucepans and stewpans, a servant of the servants, hard words and often hard blows his portion; and as to music, not even the soft sweet tones of his native tongue; at times the longing for it became almost intolerable, and then he would weep bitterly for his violin, his dearly-loved violin. But he was a brave little fellow, and quick withal, and not easily daunted. If he could not get a violin, at least he had saucepans. He had observed that these when struck gave a different tone according to their size and shape. To arrange them in right order, to find their tones by striking them was the work of time; at length he succeeded in producing music, wonderful and unique.

“The cook and other servants first were amused as they saw the boy thus employed

every spare minute—they were not many; then they thought surely he had gone mad. It became, however, a different matter when the saucepans were not to be found in their places when needed, and when, besides, sundry dints and bulges were the result of an unusually long practice. The cook’s anger was extreme; his abuse of poor Baptiste grew louder and fiercer; the climax, which proved also the crisis of his life came soon, and thus it came:

“A great party was given by the Duke of Guise; the entertainment provided for the guests was the wonderful violin-playing of Michael Lambert, the celebrated musician of the day. The guests had arrived, and were enjoying themselves up stairs, while in the kitchen great preparations were making for supper; when from those lower regions most strange sounds—music certainly, but unlike any heard before—interrupted by angry voices, reached the drawing-rooms. The sounds were so loud, so continued, that curiosity got the better of ceremony, and host and guests all rushed down to ascertain its cause. Strange was the sight that met theirs; a long row of saucepans of all shapes and sizes before them a boy—our old friend, jumping from side to side as he struck them with a long stick, and drew forth tones such as saucepans never breathed before or since. There, too, was the cook, frantic with rage, as he exclaimed, ‘Rascal! villain! my saucepans! how is this supper to be got? Not one hour more shall you spend in this house!’ while Michael Lambert, amazed and delighted; shouted, ‘Don’t stop him; turn out the cook. What melody! what time! what taste!’ Truly it did seem as if all had gone mad. When the Duke could make himself heard he put an end to the tumult. Not without shame was he put in mind, by the child’s answers to his questions, of the little orphan stranger he had brought with him to Paris only to forget. He desired Lulli to change his dress for a page’s and come to the drawing-room.

“There Lambert handed him his own violin and told him to play. The kind action, the sight of an instrument like that so dearly loved and bitterly sorrowed for, overcame him altogether; he burst into tears. Gentle words and bright encouraging looks soothed him, and he took the violin, and from it drew music that seemed to tell the story of his past sorrow as well as his present gratitude and joy. More than one fair face was wet with tears when he stopped. His fortune was made at last; no danger that he should be forgotten again;

and it was unwillingly that the Duke yielded to the urgent entreaties of Made-moiselle that he should give him to her care, but she would take no refusal. Lambert engaged to give him lessons; 'He will be a greater violinist than I am,' he said, 'and I will have the making of him; and he lived to see his pupil the first performer in Europe. So great was his fame that the King himself demanded him from Made-moiselle, and put him at the head of his own band, *Les Petits Violons*.

"He was a great composer as well as performer. The King gave him the Professorship of the Royal Academy of Music. His life henceforth had all that fame and riches could give. He died at the age of fifty-three; of that death we know nothing, but that as he lay on his dying bed he composed both the words and air of a hymn beginning, 'Sinner, thou must die.' His once powerful voice sung it faintly again and again, till the sweet tones were silent in death."—*Little Children's Hour*.

Domestic Economy.

HINTS FOR MARKETING.

The following excellent suggestions are from "The Royal Cookery Book," a French work which has been translated by the head pastry-cook to the Queen of England:—

Beef should be chosen of a bright red color, with light yellow fat, approaching the hue of fresh butter. If the beef should be hard and firm to the touch, with flaccid and little fat, of a brown and dull color, these are sure indications of inferior quality.

Veal should be chosen of a bright color, with very white and transparent fat. Avoid lean veal of a reddish tint, and the kidney of which is surrounded by red-looking fat.

Prime mutton is known by the same signs as good beef, viz., a bright red color, freedom from gristle, and very white and transparent fat. Inferior mutton is of a dull red color, with yellow and opaque fat.

POULTRY.

In the first place, poultry should be selected very tender. A tender chicken is known by the size of its feet and neck; a young fowl always has large feet and neck-joints; these characteristics disappear with age. A tough fowl has a thin neck and feet, and the flesh of the thigh has a slight violet tinge. After examining these external signs, the flesh of the pinion and breast should be tried: if tender in both these places, the chicken can be used with confidence. Never use an old fowl in cookery. Whichever way you dress it, it

will never be good. It is a great mistake to recommend, as in many cookery books, the putting of an old fowl in the stock-pot. Instead of improving the broth, it can do nothing but impart to it the unpleasant flavor of the hen-house.

A good turkey will be recognized by the whiteness of the flesh and fat. Beware of those with long hairs, and whose flesh on the legs and back is of a violet tinge.

To select a goose, try the flesh of the pinion, and break off the lower part of the beak, which should break easily; the fat should be light-colored and transparent. Ducks are chosen in the same way.

FISH.

A fresh fish is recognizable by the redness of the gills, the brightness of the eyes, and the firmness of the flesh.

It is not enough to be guided by the smell: it may have lain days on ice without acquiring any noticeable smell, but the flesh in such a case will be dull and flaccid, and care should be taken not to employ fish in that condition. It should be borne in mind that fish will lose in quality in the spawning season; this should regulate one's purchases.

GROCERIES, ETC.

As to all articles to be had from the Grocer's, the Oilman, and Dairyman, I would more than ever recommend that none but the best be bought; this is sure in the end to prove more satisfactory and economical. An inferior quality of oil, used in cookery, will spoil the sauce or whatever else it may be added to; the same with butter, which should always be selected of the freshest and best. A small

quantity of sweet butter will improve any preparation where it is required; whereas, with bad butter, the result will be exactly the reverse: the more you add of it the worse will your dish become. Never buy butter without carefully smelling and tasting it; these two tests are indispensable. If you have any doubts as to its freshness, do not on any account buy it, but try elsewhere; it is an invariable rule that "no good cookery is to be done with questionable butter."

Never use eggs without examining them carefully, not only when buying them, but also when they are broken. An egg may appear perfectly good, and still have an unpleasant damp-straw flavor, which is sufficient to spoil a whole dish. Eggs should be broken, one after the other, and none put into the basin until their freshness has been ascertained.

With respect to bacon, one should likewise be very particular in selecting none but what is very white, with the least gristle possible, and quite fresh, and free from rustiness. Fresh pork should be of a light brownish hue, and free from any inequalities of color.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

In these days, when so much is said, both justly and unjustly, in regard to the useless education and frivolous lives of many of our young women, the careful and judicious mother, in every station of life, will think seriously how she can best train her young daughters to a practical knowledge of those things which will most contribute to their future usefulness and happiness. Mental and moral education, knowledge of books, and accomplishments of household duties, and of the world at large, are to be combined in such proportions as circumstances render suitable and possible. A young girl may have a special taste or capacity which she should be encouraged to develop, but not to the exclusion of all other branches of education. And though, while under the mother's eye, perfectness may not be attained in any department, a wise training of the powers will tend toward a harmonious and happy development of character and abilities in after-life, as circumstances shall require. No mother, therefore, should excuse herself from giving her daughter suitable instruction in those household duties which so much affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she may occupy, the knowledge thus

gained, and the imperceptible influence on the character, not merely of the knowledge itself, but of the early impressions of its importance, are genuinely valuable. It is by no means necessary to keep your daughter in the kitchen half the time to accomplish these results; nor is it essential that she should be skilled on her marriage-day in every kind of cookery, and be able to get up a first-class dinner on short notice—this should not be expected any more than that she should go to the blackboard and unerringly demonstrate the 47th Proposition of Euclid three or four years after she has graduated at some excellent Seminary. If the elements of domestic knowledge are thoroughly mastered, and a suitable amount of practice given in important details, the intelligent girl will know how to order her household aright when the proper time comes, and to put her own hand to labor if there be occasion.

In regard to this matter, mothers who are themselves genuinely interested in the proper management of their own households will find but little trouble if they would avail themselves of the natural *imitativeness* of children. The little ones like to be useful if they see others about them useful; they like to follow the mother about the house under pretence of helping, though often hindering her; they enjoy using their little hands about something that older people do; they like, in general, to *work* until false notions are instilled into their minds. We know a little girl of six years—and there are many others in quiet homes all over the country who exhibit similar tastes—who already bids fair to be the nicest little housekeeper possible. Ever since she has been old enough to understand her *mission*—three years, at least!—she has been eager to do what she fancies is useful to others. She takes her tiny dust-pan and flourishes it over the chairs and sofa with positive results. After breakfast she demurely gathers up the tea-spoons from the table, and thinks it very nice to wipe them on the soft cloth after they are washed; nothing suits her better than to make some miniature pies, and have them actually put upon the dinner-table; with her little broom she forestalls the servant, and sweeps down the front door-steps before breakfast in the morning. She puts a particular room in order every day, and quite of her own accord has assumed so much the care of her father's wardrobe that her mother will gradually be supplanted in that duty. "Papa, you've put on the *wrong cravat*," she seriously says some morning; "*that's your best*

one." She reminds him to put on a clean collar and wristbands; says, "Why, Papa! you haven't brushed your coat," and herself seizes his beaver and plies the brush. She seems to consider herself responsible for his neat personal appearance. Almost all little girls delight to have some small household duty committed to their care; and if this disposition should be fostered, instead of being discouraged, as it often is, on the ground that they cannot do the thing so well as an older person, they would, with rare exceptions, grow up with sufficient knowledge of, and interest in, those home matters about which, nowadays, there is so much complaint that young ladies know little, and care less.

PUNCTUALITY IN MEALS.—It is always better to be in advance in the preparation of any meal rather than behind-hand. It is always easy to proceed slower when one finds one's self ready too soon; but when you are compelled to hurry things for want of time there is every probability of doing badly, and it is rare that some part of the meal does not suffer. It is a mistake to suppose that a well-dressed meal will be sufficient to cause its want of punctuality to be forgiven. How many times have we seen excellent dinners, both as regards choice and execution, badly received and fail on account of the time which the famished and impatient guests had been kept waiting, and who felt on that account aggrieved and indisposed to acknowledge its merits! An unpunctual cook will never be a true cook, to our mind.

SELECTED RECIPES.

PLUM-PUDDING.—The following is Soyer's receipt for Christmas plum-pudding:—

Pick and stone half a pound of Malaga raisins, wash and dry the same quantity of currants, chop—not too fine—three-quarters of a pound of beef-suet, put it in a convenient basin, with six ounces of sugar, two ounces of mixed candied peel sliced, three ounces of flour, three ounces of bread-crumbs, a little grated nutmeg, four eggs, a gill of water—or perhaps a little more to form a nice consistence; butter a mould, put a piece of white paper over the top and around the sides, tie it in a cloth, and boil for four hours in plenty of water. Serve with sweet sauce.

Another receipt for the same pudding is as follows:—Six ounces of bread-crumbs, eight ounces of flour, one pound of chopped suet, one pound of dried currants, and a quarter of a pound of candied citron, cut in small pieces, a couple of blades of mace pounded fine, one large cup of

milk, a grated nutmeg, eight eggs, and a pound of brown sugar; put all these ingredients in a pudding-cloth, leave a little room for it to swell, have your pot of water boiling; for all boiled puddings put your cloth in boiling water, take it out without wringing it, dust flour over it, put in your mixture, tie it, and let it boil six hours.

MACARONI PUDDING.—Take three-quarters of a pound of macaroni, boil it till quite soft; add half pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of currants, and juice of one lemon; bake till browned. A simple mode of cooking macaroni or tapioca is to sweeten and boil till soft; add the juice of a lemon, turn into a mould till cool. Serve with stewed strawberries, other small fruit, or French plums.

BOILED SUET-PUDDING.—Take a pint of milk, three eggs, and sifted flour enough to make a thick batter, a cup of suet chopped fine, and a spoonful of salt. Mix it all together, and boil four hours.

POTATO CRUST.—Parboil and mash twelve potatoes; add one teaspoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of butter, and half a cup of milk or cream. Stiffen with flour until you roll out.

APPLE-CAKE.—Boil one pound and a half of lump-sugar in a pint of water, until it becomes sugar again, then add two pounds of apples, pared and cored, with the juice, and a little of the peel of two small lemons. Boil this mixture till quite stiff, and put it into a mould. When cold, turn it out, and before sending it to table, pour a thick custard round it. This cake, if left in the mould, will keep several months.

CUP-CAKE.—One cup of butter and two cups of sugar beat together, four eggs well-beaten, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and five cups of flour. Flavor it with spices to taste. Add a cup of currants, and bake it half an hour.

GINGER SNAPS.—To one pint of molasses, with a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved and stirred in, add two table-spoonfuls of ground ginger, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and flour enough to make it roll very thin. Cut in round cakes, and bake quick.

GOOD BISCUIT.—To one quart of sour cream and milk add a teaspoonful of saleratus and one of salt; dissolve them well in the cream; rub a small teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar in the flour. Bake in a quick oven.

APPLE-CREAM.—Boil twelve apples in water till soft, take off the peel, and press the pulp through a hair-sieve upon half a pound of pounded sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish.

CHEESE-BISCUITS.—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, a little Cayenne, and salt. To be made into a thin paste, and rolled out very thin; then cut in pieces four inches long, and one inch broad; bake a very light brown, and send to table as hot as possible.

TO OPEN OYSTER CANS.—Place on the round tin on the top of a can a piece of red-hot stone coal, large enough to cover it, letting it remain a very short time, when the tin will be unsoldered, and easily removed, thus leaving the cover perfect, and ready fitted to solder again; the cans being as good as any in use for preserving peaches, pears, or anything not containing acid.

GREASE SPOTS.—Mix powdered French chalk with lavender water to the thickness of mustard. Put it on the stain, and rub it gently with the finger or palm of the hand. Put a sheet of clean blotting paper and brown paper over it, and smooth it with a warm iron. When dry, the chalk must be removed, and the silk gently dusted with a white handkerchief. If a faint mark still remains, a second application of French chalk and lavender water will generally remove it. If the wax has fallen thickly on the silk, it will be better to remove it first very carefully with a knife.

COLD ROAST FOWLS FRIED.—Beat the yolks of two eggs. Cut the fowls into pieces and dip them first in the egg, then in the crumbs. Fry the cut pieces in butter or nice lard. Grated cheese may be used to give a piquant flavor. The dish may be garnished with slices of fried potatoes.

GIBLET-PIE.—Wash and clean your giblets, put them in a stew-pan, season with pepper, salt, and a little butter rolled in flour; cover them with water, stew them till they are very tender. Line the sides of your pie-dish with paste, put in the giblets, and if the gravy is not quite thick enough, add a little more butter rolled in flour. Let it boil once, pour in the gravy, put on the top crust, leaving an opening in the center of it in the form of a square; ornament this with leaves of the paste. Set the pie in the oven, and when the crust is done take it out.

HASHED MUTTON AND FRIED EGGS.—Cut the cold mutton into neat slices, cutting off the brown outside and fat; warm the meat in the sauce, and add some tomato-sauce to the gravy; then put round the dish some sippets of bread and fried eggs.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Take two potatoes and two onions, with two turnips, one carrot, a little parsley chopped fine, salt to the taste. Cut the potatoes in quarters, slice the onions, cut the turnip in quarters, slice the carrots. Put all in a stew-pan, with three pints of water, and salt to the taste. Boil it down to one quart. About

fifteen minutes before it is done add the parsley. Strain it, and serve with light bread or toast. This is the recipe of a late eminent physician of Philadelphia.

AN EXCELLENT LEMON PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of four eggs; add four ounces of white sugar, the rind of a lemon being rubbed with some lumps of it to take the essence; then peel and beat it in a mortar with the juice of a lemon, and mix all with four or five ounces of butter warmed. Put a crust into a shallow dish, nick the edges, and put the above into it. When served, turn the pudding out of the dish.

TO WASH LACE CURTAINS.—A lady in writing about the best method of washing lace curtains, says she always soaks them two or three days in warm water, by which process they are so much cleansed that very little rubbing is needful. All attempts to iron lace stretches it entirely out of shape. The curtains should be spread smoothly upon the floor of a spare room—clean sheets having been laid down—and allowed to remain until dry.

TO CLEAN KNIVES.—I find that to take one-half of a raw potato and dip it in brick-dust and apply it to knives, has an excellent effect in brightening them.

OLD GARMENTS.—Never throw any article of dress aside, that is considered worn out, without examining it to see if some portion of it may not be used again. Backs of vests will often outlast two new fronts; and the padding and stiffening will do to go in a number of times—as, also, those of coats. Pockets, sometimes, will do to use again, after they are washed and ironed. Facings and sleeve linings can be cut over and ironed—if necessary, washed—to be used in repairs. Generally, a number of buttons may be saved for future use. And of the outside material, if an overcoat, a sack or a jacket may be cut; if a frock coat, perhaps a boy's vest, or small sack; if pants, a vest for a man. This should be all carefully ripped, the stitches and the lint that collects in the seams removed, the cloth brushed and sponged; if it is greatly faded, pressed on the right side, and when next used made up wrong side out; if not, still keep the same side out. In a large family this second-hand stock is very valuable; and if not wanted for your own use, there are always calls enough for it in the way of charity.

TO WASH NEW FLANNEL.—Cut the soap small, and boil it in a little water. Have two tubs with water as hot as the hands can bear, previously blue the water well, to keep the color of the flannel, and put some of the boiled soap into one tub to make a lather; then wash the flannel without squeezing it. Put it into the other tub, and wring it in a large towel. Shake it out then, and, after drying it, smooth it with a cool iron.

Editorial and Correspondence.



OUR PROSPECTS.

The readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY are aware that, large as was the circulation attained during the first year, a great increase was required to render the effort successful in a pecuniary point of view, and that we hoped for that increase in the second year. Instead of that, however, about Two Thousand of our subscribers for the first year have omitted to renew for the second year, and but few new subscribers have come in. This was doubtless to be expected, as many subscribers are unaccustomed to our cash system, and many with the intention of renewing would put off doing so until the thing was forgotten. A very large number in the country would be positively unable to remit, on account of the scarcity of bills. From what we learn of the opinion of the people in the country with regard to the Magazine, we are convinced that these circumstances will more than account for the above deficiency, and that we may expect a good deal of it to be made up before long, and perhaps to conclude this volume with a larger and more substantial subscription list than ever. To this end, we have authorised all Postmasters to receive silver from subscribers, and turn it into a Post Office Order, or paper-money, at our expense, and we hope that all the old and many new subscribers may remit in this way.

Some may have thought that their magazines should have been continued, and they would remit at their convenience; but credits of any kind are so utterly at variance with the cash system—necessitating, as they do, keeping accounts, employing

collecting agents, and a greater or less percentage of bad debts—that if they were permitted, our price would have to be \$2 instead of \$1.

We have, however, printed 2,000 copies over of the October, November, and December numbers, so that all who wish may have the second year complete.

Original.

D O R C A S . *

Who is this with patient labor,
Coats and garments deftly making,
Not herself with purple decking,
But for love she bears her neighbor ?

Who is this who glides around,
To every tale of grief to listen,
With patient ear and eyes that glisten,
Wherever want and woe are found ?

Is she come direct from heaven,
A faithful ministering angel,
Or preacher of the new Evangel,
Whose lessons are in alms-deeds given ?

In each marr'd visage hath she seen
The pleading of the Son of God ?
And in every gift bestowed
A tribute to the Nazarene ?

Dorcas, thy name shall aye stand forth
In letters brighter far than gold,
Where'er the Gospel tale is told,
From age to age through all the earth !

And see throughout all time since then
A gentle, lovely, loving throng
Still practising the angels' song,
Glory to God, good-will to men !

* See frontispiece.

J. G. PARKS,
PHOTOGRAPHER,

NEW ROOMS, 84 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

FIRST PRIZE 1868.

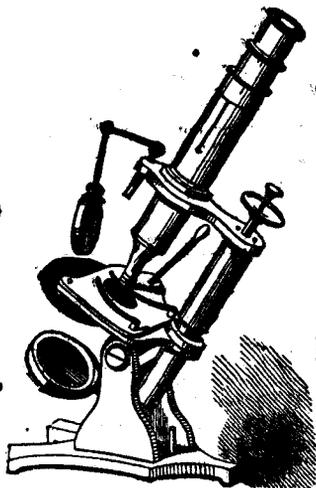
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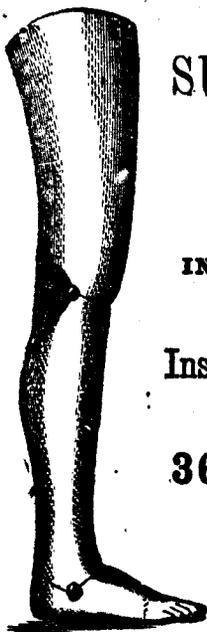
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F. Gross's Chest-Expanding Steel Shoulder Braces.

Manufactured at the Canada Truss Factory, 36 Victoria Square, Montreal. This is an entirely new and superior article for Ladies and Gentlemen who have acquired a habit of stooping. This Brace is certain to answer the purpose of keeping the Chest expanded and the body upright; the two Steels on the back running over the shoulder-blades, giving a gentle and even pressure, they will prove conducive to health and gracefulness; and being strong and well made, will last a long time and always feel comfortable. For Gentlemen, this Chest-Expander will enable them to do away with the common Suspenders (which are injurious to health) by simply cutting holes in the leather of the Belt around the waist, and thereby keeping up the pants.

CAUTION TO PARENTS.—Parents, look to your children! Gross's newly-invented Steel Shoulder-Braces are almost indispensable for children, as they are liable to contract the habit of stooping and shrugging their shoulders at school, causing them to grow narrow-chested, and laying the foundation for consumption and lung-diseases. Parents should bear this in mind, as wearing our Braces will counteract this bad habit.

I beg to call particular attention to the London Belt Truss. This Truss—for the cure and relief of every species of Hernia admitting of a reduction within its natural limits—will be found to afford to those laboring under this common bodily infirmity instantaneous relief, and is so simple a contrivance that it may be worn with ease in any posture of the body, during sleep, or when taking violent exercise, and, when properly fixed on, is not perceptible. The pressure obtained is gentle and continuous, and may be increased or diminished at pleasure.

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The Subscriber invites attention to his large and varied assortment of NOVELTIES, suitable for HOLIDAY GIFTS, comprising in part:—

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Building Blocks,	Picture Books,
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Dominoes,	Parlour Aunt Sally,
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Wax Dolls, dressed and undressed,	China do., assorted sizes,
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Bohemian Glass Vases,	Wax Lilies, under Glass Shades,
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Breakfast Shawls,	Children's Jackets,
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Children's Hoods,	Neck Ties,
Slipper Patterns in Beaded and Wool Work,	
Footstool do. do. do.	

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Berlin, Fleecy, Shetland, Fingering, Lady Betty, Andalusian, and Merino, in all the various shades; together with a variety of Articles too numerous to mention.

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MONTREAL, 18th March, 1888.

MR. J. TASKER,

Principal,

Montreal Business College.

We have much pleasure in expressing our approval of the system of instruction and training for business pursuits adopted and carried out at your College. We have lately received into our employment a young man as Book-keeper, one of your graduates, he having had no previous instructions of the kind, to our knowledge, and we have found him in every respect fully competent for the situation.

We remain,

Yours truly,

JAMES MAVOR & CO.,

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From Murray & Co., Wholesale and Retail Stationers, corner of Notre Dame and St. John streets.

STATIONERS' HALL, MONTREAL, March 28, 1888.

MR. J. TASKER,

Principal,

Montreal Business College.

DEAR SIR,—We have great pleasure in informing you that the young man you recommended to us as Book-keeper has given us entire satisfaction. He has undoubtedly received a thorough training in the principles of Book-keeping; and his general correctness and steadiness testify to the advantages of your system of study.

We are, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

MURRAY & CO.

Circulars containing full information in reference to terms, course of study, &c., may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to

J. TASKER, PRINCIPAL.