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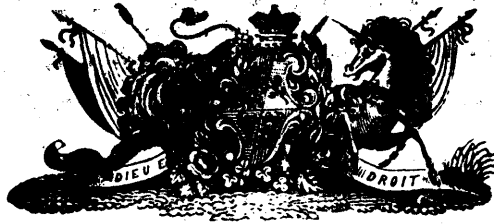
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New Dominion Monthly.

APRIL, 1877.

MADAUARA.

BY G. MARTIN, MONTREAL.

Like a white blossom in a shady place,
Upon her couch the pure Madaura lay,
Lovely in death ; and on her comely face,
So soon to make acquaintance with the clay,
Fell faint the languid light of evening gray,
Flecked with the pea-blooms at the window case.

Deep sobbings echoed in the outer hall,
And all things in the chamber seemed to mourn ;
The pictures, which she loved, along the wall,
The cherubs on the frescoed ceiling, lorn,
Looked downward on the face so wan and worn,
And sad each wavy curtain's foamy fall.

Born with the last, the long, laborious sigh,
Her soul, expanding upward, wondrous fair,
Lingered regretful, loath to seek the sky,
Loath to forsake its sister-semblance there ;
And hovering in the chamber's dusky air,
Gazed on its blank abode with piteous eye.

There too, glad-winged, impatient to depart,
Betwixt the fragrant window and the maid,
The Angel-Guardian of her gentle heart,
And now the escort of her trembling shade,
Pointed to where the day-beams never fade,
Pointed their path on the celestial chart.

Then spoke Madaura's Soul : " My comely shell,
Bleached with a silent grief which we alone,
Which only you and I have known too well,
In cities and in solitudes have known,
Poor pallid tenement ! no more my own,
I grieve, and yet rejoice to say farewell !

“ Rejoice that all thine agony is past,
 That never more on thee, my blown-down tent,
 Will beat wild sorrow's suffocating blast,
 And grieve that thou with whom some years I've spent,
 Albeit in latter days with discontent,
 Must now into the nether night be cast.

“ Once thou wert happy ; singing nights and days
 Chasing each other o'er a flowery plain,
 Like fairy lovers ; all thy modest ways
 Fell on fond hearts as falls the summer rain
 On heat-rived earth, on thirsty fields of grain,
 And thine the golden harvest of their praise.

“ Half woman grown, half lost in reverie,
 Love's marvel came, and I, thine inner life,
 Was calm and tempest-tossed alternately,
 For though my fluttering heart with joy was rife,
 Some premonition of impending strife
 Flitted betwixt us and futurity.

“ The woods our secret knew ; their quivering lips
 Uttered it audibly ; the conscious flowers
 Blushed as we passed them to their throbbing tips,
 And all the blissful warblers of green bowers
 Told it each morning to the waking hours ;
 Old ocean knew it, and the sailing ships.

“ O dream of dreams, too exquisite to stay !
 In which I sailed as in a rosy-cloud
 That floats around the heavens a summer's day,
 And when at eve the drowsy woods are bowed,
 Responsive to the Wind that calls aloud,
 Is rent in fragments and dissolves away.

“ So fled my dream when fled the vital spark
 Of loved Lysander ; O his peerless eyes
 Held all the light that piloted my bark,
 All the warm sunshine of entrancing skies ;
 ‘ Cold on the battle-field the hero lies,’
 So sang the bards, and all the world grew dark ! ”

At this her tender yearnings, all unplumed,
 Faltered and fluttered into silent awe,
 And gasping pause ; two orby drops illumed
 Her incorporeal features, and the thaw
 Of frozen love-throbs, true to mercy's law,
 Gave solace, and her heart-tale she resumed :

“ A foreign despot dared invade his coast,
 And brave Lysander sped to meet his foe ;

His was the voice that led the patriot host,
 And his the arm that laid the tyrant low ;
 Thine own fond lips, Madaura, bade him go,
 For love of country was thy girlish boast.

“ With triumph crowned my gallant warrior fell !
 And other suitors sought to win thy hand,
 And kindred strove to break the evil spell,
 And deemed that travel in a distant land,
 The Orient’s classic vales and mountains grand,
 Might calm my secret sorrow’s turbid swell.

“ In vain the Alps arose, in vain we gazed
 Up the sheer heights where climbed Napoleon’s host,
 And saw the towering peaks where crashed and blazed
 The war of storms that pleased Childe Harold most,
 Where now with Jura sits his gloomy ghost,
 Above the world he loathed sublimely raised.

“ Nor Como’s lovely lake, nor Arno’s stream,
 Nor wonders of the Adriatic shore,
 Nor those immortal cities which redeem
 From time and death a venerated lore,
 Whose spell the world confesses evermore,
 Could shake the winter torpor of my dream,

“ O how my supplications even and morn,
 Wrestled for him ! how frantic my appeal !
 And when he was not, I, a thing forlorn !
 Waylaid and robbed of hope, did cease to kneel,
 For Heaven no balsam had my hurt to heal,
 And oft I wished that thou hadst ne’er been born.”

The Spirit ceased, her humid eyes still bent
 On the prone form to which she fain would cleave ;
 Then thus the Angel : “ Weak is thy lament !
 The joys of earth but sparkle to deceive,
 And know you not that he for whom you grieve
 Awaits our coming in the firmament ?

“ Dear to the people dwelling in the skies
 Is he who for his country copes with death,
 And, vanquished or victorious, nobly dies ;
 The air that gives and takes his latest breath
 Is thence inhaled by souls of feeble faith,
 And freedom flashes from their lifted eyes.

“ Come ! dear Madaura, while the waning light
 Burns on the lakes and on the mountain tops ;
 My arm shall aid thee in thy upward flight :
 Soon shall we pass beyond those shining drops,
 Where utmost telescopic vision stops,
 The limit of a Herschel’s baffled sight.

“ See! chaste Andromeda unbinds her hair
 For us to tread upon; we need not fear
 Proud Leo wakeful in his azure lair,
 Nor Taurus’ rampart horns and brow severe,
 Nor all the glittering terrors that appear
 In Ursa’s stormy mouth and hungry glare.

“ Come! every star now beckons us to come,
 O timid sister, spread thy budded wings;
 Dost thou not hear the sanctifying hum
 Of airy voices? precious whisperings?
 List! on the verge of heaven a seraph sings:
 ‘Come home, come hither, weary wanderers, come!’ ”

No more she spoke, but tremulous, amazed,
 With hands upon her panting bosom crost,
 Far, far away abstractedly she gazed,
 As if in beatific vision lost,—
 As one just freed from earth’s sepulchral frost,
 And suddenly to ’wilderer glories raised.

Only an instant thus, for now her Ward
 Became transfigured, robed in awful light;
 Too beautiful for mortal man’s regard;
 And swift through cloudy rifts, with moonbeams bright,
 These two immortals winged their starry flight,
 Their home revealed, the golden gates unbarred.



THOUGHTS ON KEATS.

BY ROBERT S. WEIR.



John Keats

Oh, weep for Adonais ! He is dead.—SHELLEY.

THE subject of the following thoughts was one who cannot but impress deeply with mingled feelings, some of which are too deep for utterance—every thoughtful student of his life. Nor are there many the study of whom can be of greater benefit or interest. Although surrounded by many illustrious compeers, Keats differs from them all. He stands alone; and looking at the record of his life and actions, we find it difficult to conceive of him in his true position. He seems a spirit from another world, whose stay was brief and whose experience sad.

His position in literary history must also be regarded as important. He marked the close of one literary epoch and the commencement of another. Shelley, Byron, Scott, Southey and other notable ones preceded him; Fe-

licia Hemans, L. E. L., the Brownings, and Tennyson were his successors. He came into a world filled with the strange, vague and indistinct ideas of certain of his predecessors; uttered thoughts that were coldly and even harshly received, and struggled to attain a height which Death did not permit him to reach.

Posthumous fame is the only reward which great pioneers, literary or otherwise, can expect to obtain. To follow in a beaten track, in the road where masters and admiring followers have trod, is, we should judge, comparatively easy. To go with the multitude, and utter its cry and chase its phantom is

also a simple matter. But to turn that multitude into another road; to give it a new word which it will utter, and to present it with some high and lofty image in which it may discern beauty and truth, is a task which can be performed only by the selected in earth of Heaven; is a task which has made "years all winters;" and often, often is the leader who makes such an attempt, borne backward, and trampled to earth, or hustled out of the way as an intruder and innovator, for whom this world has neither love nor room.

We are able to form a pretty just conception of the causes which led to the coldness and indifference with which Keats' works were received, when we examine, first, the characteristics of those poets who preceded him, and, second, those respects in which he differed from them. Amongst his prede-

cessors Wordsworth, Scott, Byron and Shelley were the most influential. Each of these had distinctive characteristics and yet certain resemblances. Keats succeeded them, but their influence on him is scarcely noticeable. He marked the *close* of that poetic movement to which the French Revolution had given origin and impetus, and of which many traces are discernible in Wordsworth, Shelley and the Don Juan of Byron. He discovered a new path in literature, or rather went back to an old one which led to a glorious, delightful past. He thus encountered the great difficulties with which literary pioneers must contend, and although his efforts were crowned with success, he did not live to see it.

A glance at some of his predecessors and the peculiarities of their genius will, we think, enable us to comprehend, to some extent, the difficulties just alluded to, and the reasons for the somewhat tardy reception accorded to his genius.

It has been said that "Scott introduced a new style of poetry and was successful;" and this fact has been produced in demonstration of wonderful genius. But the truth is that instead of departing from the spirit of the age and leading it to something different, Scott was entirely in accordance with it, and drew the minds of men into a path for which they had been long and eagerly looking. Scott was not a leader in the strict sense. He did not snatch prejudices from the nation's heart and present in their stead his own ideals. He did not *turn* the multitude in their impetuous march. No, he went with them, was in entire sympathy with them, and gave life to an imaginary vision of excellence which dwelt in their hearts. Tired of Wordsworth's idolization of Nature; unable to comprehend the metaphysical mazes in which Coleridge wandered; full of distaste for the fantastical though gorgeous visions of Southey, they looked like the Athenians

of old for something new; and amongst the poems and novels of the "Wizard of the North" they revelled with shouts of delight. Suddenly Byron appeared, flashed like a meteor and was gone. His works were enduring, however; and between him and Scott great resemblances, although in many respects they differed widely from each other, are to be noticed.

True, Byron has much of the peculiarity of Pope; the Spenserian influence is also discernible. But the immense and immediate popularity of his writings prove that he was much in sympathy with his age. The causes which made him "famous" were the same that led to the success of Scott. Each departed from the moralizing tone which pervaded the works of their predecessors, and avoided that excessively minute description and adulation of nature to the exclusion or at least diminution of *man*, which characterize them. Each, while not neglecting the beauties of Nature, and while able to delight in her harmonies, did so with moderation; but man was the grand subject which employed their genius. The beauties of nature they used subordinately as minor means by which to surround, embellish and not to overwhelm the central figure of earth. They both avoid the error of Wordsworth's youth (an error which clung to that great poet all through life), in which he gloated over the comparatively microscopic; in which he attempted to educe interest from the simplest objects of life; to "find an epic in a nest, and a tragedy in a tattered cloak," but until later years to pass by the divinity which shines through humanity, and the grandeur of a noble life. As he says of himself:

"Man was in my affections and regards subordinate to her (*Nature*), her visible forms and viewless agencies; a passion she, a rapture often, and immediate love ever at hand; *he (man) only a delight occasional, an accidental grace.*"

In Scott and Byron, we repeat, man

stands preëminent, and is something more than "an accidental grace." Roderick Dhu, Marmion and Fitz-Blount, Childe Harold, the Giaour, Manfred and Don Juan are *men*; and although in the one poet all is sketched with the ease which content inspires, and in the other we meet with a personality which is thrust upon us with an obstinate power and compels our regard, yet the underlying principles in each case the same.

Scott led his readers to the land of the mountain and the flood, and bade them look there for what they never saw before. Byron pointed to the East, showed his followers the never-fading halo which hovers Greece, and the beauty of her daughters. Scott depicted regal splendors, sylvan sports and border feuds, and the pathos which may be seen in humble life; Byron showed the struggles of a heart for some aspiration which it never reached, but for which it agonized until it ceased to beat; sang of the misery of disappointed hope, and the sadness of a wasting life.

The strong human preëminence which characterized their writings, again drew forth the sympathies, the unquenchable sympathies, which man has for his fellow, directed him to almost forgotten forms of human existence, and created an enduring monument in the literature of England.

Shelley is the next great poet of English Literature. The tendency of his poetry was to revive the discussion of those great human questions which are to be traced in the writings of Cowper, Crabbe, Southey, Coleridge and others, and to which the French Revolution gave origin and impetus. In this endeavor Shelley was only partially successful. The hold which Scott and Byron had upon the literary tastes of the people was too firm to be easily displaced. Had Shelley lived a few years before his age, his influence would have been immense. Shelley

was the last poet of that period who attempted to revive the discussion of those questions concerning the future of mankind, and the mystery which surrounds him, which have stirred so many noble hearts.

We must now turn to Keats. Although Keats and Shelley were warm friends and mutual admirers, still for those things which so affected Shelley, Keats cared nothing. But the same obstacle obstructed the progress of both. Men had not yet forgotten the delightful sway of Scott, or the melancholy pleasure which Byron inspired. Keats, therefore, unable to find in the workings of his own age, fit subjects for his muse, went back to the fountains of literature—to Greece. Slowly and silently did this beautiful star, lustrous with a mild and melancholy radiance, arise in the intellectual firmament, and although during the many meteor-flashings and coruscations of that time, the eyes of only a few beheld and admired the luminary which had arisen; yet when those temporary flashings had vanished and nothing intervened between this earth and the blue ether beyond, but that which was destined to remain, a new light which is now loved and admired by much of what amongst us is great and good, was seen to shine.

The events in the life of Keats are few. His was a short journey, during which, however, many true and sincere friendships were formed. Besides these his life is the record of one profound and passionate attachment which never saw its earthly close. It was as if Keats had found the visible and incarnate representative of that beauty which he so passionately loved and revered, and for which in the realms of fancy, flying from flower to flower and soaring from summit to summit, he had so eagerly sought. But it was not permitted him to appropriate what he had found. The cold hand of Death was already upon him.

Of his boyhood a few interesting and

characteristic incidents are preserved. On one occasion when his mother was ill, young Keats stood for hours resolutely determined to drive away molesting monsters; and when his mother died (he was then fifteen) was passionately inconsolable. He is said to have been singularly beautiful as a child, having bright blue eyes, a feminine face, around which curled wavy, auburn hair.

We have heard it advanced that a poetical temperament is the result of a peculiar combination of the physical and mental—a sort of physical ecstasy which inspires the mental. Be this as it may, it is certainly curious that large numbers of our poets, chiefly those in whom the sensuous, nervous and imaginative is predominant, were celebrated for the beauty of their persons and their physical prowess. Shelley we know was strikingly beautiful. Lord Byron sent all his generation to the looking-glass to catch the peculiar, scornful turn of the lip and the scowl on his handsome brow. We also read of his swimming of the Hellespont—no mean feat in any age. Edgar Allan Poe is thus described:—His forehead was grand and pale; his face fine and thoughtful, with lineaments of delicacy such as belong only to genius or high blood. Sir Walter Scott says of Burns, whom he saw in his youth: His eye strikingly indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling and interest. His person was robust and gave one the idea that he possessed considerable bodily vigor." Edgar Allan Poe also made himself famous by swimming several miles up the Hudson River. Of Professor Wilson (Christopher North) it used to be said that often the singular sight might be witnessed of a Scotch professor of philosophy thrashing some bully in the streets of Glasgow, for some deed which offended the professor's sense of recti-

tude. Keats, on one occasion distinguished himself very similarly. We hear of him thrashing, to the immense delight of bystanders, a bully of a butcher, the offence which moved the poet's wrath being the oppression of a small boy.

Keats, it appears, had not the privilege of a thoroughly classical education. In Latin he was tolerably proficient, but of Greek he knew little or nothing. The mythology which he so beautifully utilized he obtained from Tooke and Lemprière. It is doubtful whether this deficiency is to be so much regretted as some would hold, or whether had this lack in scholarship been remedied, the world would have seen work of greater originality and power; for the vigorous imagination of Keats so associated itself with the legendary lore of Greece that the result is a most delightful freedom from the flavor of any school or the restraint of anything arbitrary. He wanders unretarded by rule, and "in the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome he found his highest joy." Yet on the whole we think that it is to be regretted that Keats lost so much of that inspiration which "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" breathes upon devout disciples.

He stood by the great name of Homer as one who is blind might stand in Valhalla, darkness hiding unspeakable splendor. "A great dumb name" was Homer to him. He stood by it

As one who sits ashore, and longs perchance
To visit dolphin coral in blue seas.

Here is a sonnet, however, which speaks for him:

TO HOMER.

Standing aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore, and longs perchance
To visit dolphin coral in blue seas—
So thou wast blind! but then the veil was rent
For Jove uncurtained Heaven to let thee in,
And Neptune wove for thee a spermy tent,
And Pan made hum for thee the forest hive.
Aye! on the shores of darkness there is light,

And precipices show untrodden green ;
There is a budding morrow in midnight,
There is a triple sight in blindness keen.

It was his good fortune to procure through Mr. Cowden Clarke, one of his admiring friends, Chapman's Homer ; and here he found a world of wealth which his greedy imagination devoured. From this fine interpretation, he drew much that was of benefit to him, and we read of him poring over it all night long, and giving vent to his delight in loud shouts.

We quote one of the noblest of his sonnets written on "Looking into Chapman's Homer :"

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold ;
Of't of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;
But never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Gazed at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

From Mr. Clark also, he obtained, when only seventeen, "Spenser's Fairy Queen ;" and it is strong proof of the early development of poetical faculty in Keats, that at so early an age, he was able to understand, and even to find unusual delight in that work which many read after a fashion which is called "wading." Here again were new treasures unfolded to him. For a long time he could speak of nothing else. His eye fairly glowed with the feeling with which it inspired him. We find traces even in his later works of this study of Spenser—In "St. Agnes Eve," "The Pot of Basil," and "Lines in imitation of Spenser" (one of his earliest productions), there is a luxurious sensuousness, an exquisite polish, and a dreamylike daintiness which is enchanting, and which while plainly indicating the Spenserian influence, yet preserve an amount of originality which

render them unique—poems which stand alone ; which are often imitated, but which are, in truth, inimitable.

In the year 1817 Keats published "Endymion," together with some minor poems. Their reception while cordial enough from a few, was on the part of the public cold. Endymion, however, was a work in which did meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet,

and is now one of the English classics. It contains every indication of a great poet, and at the same time, tokens of inexperience and undeveloped power. Among the reviews "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly" received the publication with unaccountable bitterness. The articles were, however, decidedly scurrilous, and indicate on the part of their writers, an unmistakable deficiency in poetical taste or critical power and would no doubt have excited the disgust and silent contempt which they richly deserved had it not been for the fact that many of Keats' friends considered the effect on Keats' mind very serious. This was owing, no doubt, to the rapid decline into which Keats fell, shortly after the publication of "Endymion" and the peculiarly painful circumstances of his death. These obtained for him a large amount of sympathy, which affects his reputation nevertheless, in a manner which, if he be aware of it, can be far from rendering him thankful ; for although there is no doubt that these criticisms had their effects on the sensitive nature of Keats these certainly have been much exaggerated.

Instead of repining and sinking under the attack, he treated it with contempt, and his confidence in his poetical ability remained unshaken. Anything like wounded vanity or disappointed hope had never the slightest connection with the illness which shortly prostrated him ; for instead of deluding his mind with imaginary glory

and becoming feverish with a longing for popularity, he had treated these with indifference. "I would jump down Ætna for a public good," he writes, "but I hate a mawkish popularity." In his preface to "Endymion," moreover, he clearly shows that he understood his own defects far better than his critics—a fact which conclusively proves that knowing already those defects which his critics had been at such pains to remind him of, albeit so bitterly, he could not have been affected by their remarks to such an extent as his friends have set forth. The following extract is also remarkable:—

"Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works . . . When I feel that I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow, as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine."

It is surely a great injustice to the memory of this great poet to attribute, in the face of the above, such causes to his early decease; to speak of him as having been "snuffed out by an article;" sent to a premature grave, "killed by the stab of the critic's pen," overcome by that which almost every great poet in our literature has had to endure. It robs him of every vestige of manliness, and makes him a craven and a coward; Keats was neither. Would such a man say, "I would jump down Ætna for a public good?" On another occasion he wrote, "I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public or to anything in existence except the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty and the memory of great men. Is there anything here, we ask, to justify the estimation of Keats as a flower, beautiful indeed, but without sufficient elasticity to recover its uprightness when the storm which has bent it for a time, has passed away? He who says that there is, need never, we think, claim the slightest atom of that humility to the

memory of great men above alluded to.

Keats died in 1820, at the early age of twenty-six. "Thank God, it has come!" were his last words, indicating how much of bodily pain he had suffered; how much too, he had endured of mental agony; and yet in his utterance of the Divine name, something of hopefulness for the future. He lies near Shelley in the Protestant cemetery of Rome, and few that ponder over his grave can think of his melancholy life, without being conscious of a feeling of grief stealing over the spirit, a feeling of something too that is more than grief, a feeling for which there is no name.

HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS
WRIT IN WATER.

is written on the simple stone above his head; but the devout heart of him who reveres the memory of great men, feels that of Keats it cannot be true.

A very few words on the writings of Keats, their poetical character and influence, will suffice to conclude this paper. The most striking peculiarities of his poems consist in the melody, the abundance of rich and harmonious language, and the intense love of beauty which breathes from every page. The latter quality indeed comprises the others. It is the fountain from which flows all his excellence. It is undoubtedly proof of great genius to be able to present to us in a pleasing and acceptable way the common things of life—

To apparel in celestial light
The earth and every common sight;

yet are our thanks due in no less a degree to the bard who brings to the present beauty and glory from the past, and makes the future bright by the lustre of genius. Such has been the gift of Keats to his race. At a time when the thoughts of men were unsettled; when all Europe was in turmoil and quaking beneath the tread of a conqueror, when

the future seemed about to overwhelm them in a flood of terrible realities, Keats arose, dispelled the gloomy clouds that threatened ominously, directed them to the eternal principle of Beauty, and from a dark and lowering future turned them to a bright and glorious past.

Keats has been accused of a "maudlin sentimentalism;" of being destitute of energy, and incapable of earnest work. To these we must reply that while a partial view of his character may seem to reveal such, and to fill the beholder with some degree of fear as to their truth, yet a full view and acquaintance with his character dispels many of them. Still it must be confessed that the aim of Keats is somewhat shadowy and unsatisfactory—*Beauty* is an all-absorbing passion in him, not *Truth*. He willingly accepts truth if in his searching after beauty he find it; but it is not his highest aim. We see no struggles after it?—no Pythian pantings. The mystery of existence has little awfulness for him, and with Death he has been manytimes "half in love." We also notice that although a healthy moral tone is present in every line, there is no high religious feeling. He looks up into the sky and, seeing a star, he says:

Bright star, would I were steadfast just as
thou art—

Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night

And watching with eternal lids apart

Like nature's patient, sleepless eremite

The moving waters at their priest-like task

Of pure ablution round earth's human
shores;

Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask

Of snow upon the mountains and the
moors,—

No, still steadfast, still unchangeable,

Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening
breast,

To feel forever its soft rise and swell,

Awake forever in a sweet unrest.

Carlyle looked also at the stars one night and said, "Ah," 'tis a sad sight!" What a depth of difference!

Much is there, nevertheless, in the writings of Keats to elevate and purify

the thoughts of the human soul. Let no impure imagination peruse his pages for gratification! All is spotless as the robes of angels! Let no mad misanthrope expect to hear from him the sad wailings of a kindred spirit! The music of their melodies will startle him and make his misery greater! But on the other hand, let him whose brain is weary with mental toil, who longs to escape from the turmoil of the world, and who pines for the bliss of dreams, drink there and quite forget,

The weariness, the fever and the fret,
Here where men sit and hear each other groan

And surely he who has thus, like Keats, enabled his fellows to console their griefs and to make easy a heavy burden; who has brightened the eye that has failed with wakefulness, and raised the hopes that were drooping low, is entitled to that homage which beauty should receive, and that reverence which genius can command. Proudly, too, must beat the devout heart of the reverences of genius, when he beholds the once flickering light merge into a brightness, beautiful as that which darkness brings, and hopeful must he be when he beholds the beauty of its beaming. For he sees that genius, though long hidden in obscurity, *shall* rise and shine as the stars for ever and ever; that it will steadfastly abide in the calmness of infinitude,—not a tantalizing delusion or a mark for the ridicule of envy; "not a grimly glaring treble brandished scourge," but a light to guide the wanderer on his way, to dispel the mysteries that becloud the fair face of Truth, to banish the shadows that enwrap this world and to show the path to one beyond.

Undoubtedly Keats was a true poet, divinely given and divinely inspired. A passion for poesy was at all times burning and bursting within him,—thrilling him in every fibre of his being; and he saw the large, white plumes of

chivalry and romance forever dancing before his eyes, and gorgeous visions of unutterable beauty were forever fluttering before him. The genius of Keats has wrought for us tracery of unsurpassed richness and beauty; fairy colonnades and noble palaces, which glance in the light of a land of magical loveliness; oftentimes, too, we find the thought crystallized like the diamond flashing in wondrously-hued brilliancy. His works resemble the wild luxuriance of tropical vegetation; there is a superabundance of fertility, thought is piled on thought, and image upon image, until we are bewildered as well as deluged. Then his works are also destined to remain with us—they are things too glorious for decay; and while those majestic luminaries—the

Homers, the Miltons and the Shakespeares, continue to rain upon us the glory of their light, compelling the reverence of all beholders, *this* star, throbbing in the same wide firmament, will also attract the worship and love of the devout, who will often and earnestly gaze upon it with tears!

Still we love Keats; we admire him; we weep o'er his early grave, over which Italian breezes softly sigh, mourning for the glory that hath gone, and we fain would say of him, as did one of Claribel:

Where Claribel low lieth
 The breezes pause and die,
 Letting the rose-leaves fall;
 But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
 Thick-leaved ambrosial,
 With an ancient melody
 Of an inward agony,
 Where Claribel low lieth.



MY YOUNG MASTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CASTING THE LOT."

Tim took himself off and left me with a new subject for perplexing thought.

Why was he altering and improving the baby-house? Why was he doing it secretly? There was nothing to prevent him having it done at any time. I walked on to the far green, and sure enough there was a door on the baby-house and a shuttered window, quite neatly done, for Tim was a handy fellow. Both were fastened securely. I came away thinking that, though he was fond of mystery, he always had a motive for what he did. Now what was the motive?

I knew all about it soon enough. Some days afterwards Mrs. Russell sent me to Belfast on business connected with the works. I had finished my business and was starting for home, when I saw Mr. Edward coming towards me down the street. Thinking he might want me I waited, with my hand on the bridle rein (for I had come in on horse-back) till he came up.

"Are you ready to start?" he asked.

"Quite ready, Mr. Edward," I said.

"Well you need not start just yet," he said, "I want you to attend to a small matter for me. Put up the horse again, and come down to the Donegal Arms with me."

I did as he bade me, and then went with him to the hotel.

I had an anxious, foreboding feeling that something was going to happen, but I did not guess or suspect what it was.

He took me to a private parlor and ordered wine. When it came he poured out a glass for me and filled his own.

"I am glad to see you looking better and stronger," said he kindly; "we will drink to your health, friend and brother." I remember distinctly how he looked at that moment, his handsome face lit up with the old smile.

What does he want me to do? I thought with a little bitterness. The old love and the old pain came back to me when he put on the old winning smile. How easily when it suited him, he could slide back into the free, loving, confiding manner of our old Robinson Crusoe days! There was always some of the old love loyal service wanted when he brought out the old manner.

"Why don't you drink?" said Mr. Edward, taking up his own glass.

"I do not feel much interested in my own health," I said, "and I don't care for wine; drinking it is a kind of punishment to me." This was so. I had never learned to care for wine,—indeed drink of any kind was no temptation to me.

"Not drinking wine would be a punishment to me, so here's your health, and to the memory of the blythe days of lang syne," said Edward.

He emptied his glass and set it down, and I waited to see what would come next. Well I knew that I was not brought there simply to have my health drunk and talk of old times.

"I suppose you would not drink my health," he said, looking at the untasted glass before me.

"No pledge is needed from me to you, Mr. Edward," I answered. "You know that all along I have loved

you better than any one else in the world."

"Except your lady love," said he laughing; "always except her."

"As I have no lady love, we will make no exceptions," said I.

He took no notice of what I said,—he was nervous, I saw that. Taking the decanter he poured out another glass, drank it off at once, and refilled the glass.

Wondering what was coming, as he said nothing, I said: "You have not told me what business you want me to do for you."

"I want you to drink a health, my trusty *frère*. A health with all the honors. Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips."

A cold pulse or a spirit supine—All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips.

To commingle its flow with the wine! "Now, sir, take up your glass. To Mrs. Edward Russell!"

"To Mrs. Edward Russell that is to be," said I, with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"No, sir, to Mrs. Edward Russell that is."

I laid down the wine untasted and stared at him in blank astonishment.

"Married! Mr. Edward," I said at last. "When? Where? To Miss Courtenay? (that was the young lady of fortune, Dr. Powerscourt's niece). Does your mother know?"

"What a shower of questions! Drink her health first. Mrs. Edward Russell with all the honors."

I drank the toast and set down the glass.

"Do answer me now, Mr. Edward," I said.

"Which question first? Do not stare at me in that solemn way. What is there wonderful about being married? You know what Janet says: 'Gosh me, man! marriage and death's what we're a' comin' tae.' It travels slowly to Janet."

"Well, Master Edward, go on."

"Oh, yes. When was I married?"

"When you were ill at Ballinderry."

"Where was I married?"

"In bonnie Scotland."

"To whom was I married?"

"To lovely Maymie Bell, the princess of the world, as Tim says."

"Does my mother know?"

"My mother does not know and will not for some time to come,—not till I am of age, if I can help it."

"Married, Mr. Edward! positively married, and you only nineteen. I can scarcely believe it."

"Well its true, at all events, believe it or not. And I am, moreover, more than nineteen. My twentieth birthday is as you know, the fourth of next month."

"Well, Mr. Edward, as you are married there is only one honorable course open to you. I am only a servant, yet you must excuse me if I speak my mind. I've loved you all my life, you know. It would have been better for you, and better, oh, so much better, for the young lady, if you had waited till you were of age, told your mother your intentions, and then married the girl you loved in the face of the world. All you can do now is to go and tell your mother at once."

"Now, Willie, don't preach at a fellow! We finished playing Mentor and Tele-machus years ago. It is entirely your fault that I am married. I could not forget those abominable proverbs of yours, and worse, I believed them. 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.' That saved me from the danger of delay. And again, 'What's done cannot be undone.' Remembering that, I did like the friend of Bruce, 'I made sicker,' and so I am married. Nothing can undo that."

He got up now and paced up and down the room, and I sat silent and looked at him. My handsome young Master, married and not yet fairly out of his teens! He was so tall, and being

accustomed to be obeyed all his life, he looked more manly than his age to those who did not know him well. Those who did, could see that unlimited indulgence and the absence of all care and responsibility had left him a boy in mind, and that he was likely to remain a boy for some time to come.

By and by, he came and sat down, and laid his hand on my shoulder, and said "Be serious, (as if I was not), and reasonable, Willie, and give me help instead of advice. Now you know my mother, not as well as I do, but well enough to know how terribly in earnest she can be. She has always had her own way. Even my father gave way to her. She is awfully proud and ambitious, and has set her mind on my marrying Miss Courtenay some time. I determined to make the thing impossible by taking my own will once for all."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"Oh, keep the matter secret until I am of age; that will not be long."

"And you think you can keep your marriage a secret?"

"Of course I can, with your help. I never failed in anything if you helped me. I have managed well so far. Neither Mr. Bell nor my mother suspect anything. Mother can amuse herself laying plans about Miss Courtenay, and it will keep her employed and do no harm. Maymie and I will enjoy our romance all to ourselves, as Captain Ross says, till I am of age, and then I will surprise them. I can count on your help, Willie," he went on, looking at me with the smiling eyes that had conquered me so often; "you will not desert me if you love me as you've often said you did."

"I show my love when I urge you to tell your mother at once. Be persuaded, Mr. Edward. Do not try to keep it secret; nothing but evil can come of it," I urged.

"Say no more, Willie, on that subject. The marriage must be kept secret

for a time—not for long—that is a settled matter."

I felt my own helplessness. I had no power with him that would avail anything, and I was silent. I could not help understanding that, as well as dread of his mother, his boyish love of romance and mystery would prevent him from confessing his marriage.

I thought of her. Poor Maymie! The blossom of beauty, as Tim called her. Poor Maymie! so beautiful, so good, so talented, and, alas! such a mere child, giving her earthly happiness into the keeping of this romantic, self-willed and self-loving boy! A boy that might never grow into self-reliant, honorable manhood—determined enough where his own pleasure was concerned, but a coward where another's happiness and honor were at stake.

"What are you so gloomy about?" he said, looking at my face. "One would think I had murdered Maymie, instead of marrying her."

"The news I have heard, Mr. Edward, and your determination, are enough to make me sober. Did you tell any of the men?"

"I told McClure, James Ray, and Tim. Tim was delighted at the triumph of thru love. James Ray started at me as if he saw a vision, and McClure got eloquent, and lectured me in pure County Doon. 'My certy,' said he, 'Maister Edward, this news will mak' a fearfu' rippet at the big hoose. Ye'll better tell it. I beleeve nae guid and a hantle ill may come o' tryin' to keep it hidden, an' it just canna be dune. Ad, Maister Edward, I'd ne'er hae a soun sleep or a meenits rest wi' the weicht o' sic a secret. It would be leevin on the tap o' Etna.'"

Edward mimicked the donce good living man, and laughed in his boyish way.

"What an eruption there will be when our secret bursts up!" he said.

I could not laugh with him, for I

knew that if the eruption would amuse him, which was doubtful, it would scarcely amuse his young wife.

"The men will all stand by me and keep my secret, even if they all knew it," he went on. "I would not trust any of the house servants; they are too much under my mother's eye. They could not, or might not, keep their knowledge to themselves. If there is to be an explosion, and I suppose there will, we must use some caution lest it come too soon. I must see her sometimes during these waiting months, so I got Tim Grady to fix up the baby-house a little; in fact, he has been improving it furiously, and I have bought a few things to make it comfortable for our trysting place. I want you to take them with you. I have had them packed and delivered at Tate's, and he will lend you a cart. Let it be after night when you come to what McClure calls '*kernel grund*.' I will be at the baby-house waiting for you, and we will fit up the cage for my bonnie birdie."

I got the cart from Mr. Tate without any difficulty. I had, I found, quite a load of furniture, hampers, and packages. Mr. Edward came to superintend the loading, and show me the packages which were to be handled carefully.

"There is a regular plenishing here, Mr. Edward," I said. "This looks more like living in the baby-house than holding tryste in it."

"I go in for comfort, and even elegance, when fitting up my lady's bower, Willie, for

"She is the pink of womankind, and blooms without a peer."

The fairest and the best is my own dear May."

There's a free rendering of Burns for you."

"Still the bower will be a cage," I said,

"Quit croaking, Willie," he exclaimed. When we meet by stealth in that fairy bower we will feel that we are

"Where not a pulse shall beat but ours,
And we can love and live alone,

Far from the cruel and the cold,
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Shall come around us to behold
A Paradise so pure and lonely.
This will be world enough for me.'"

My load was corded on, Edward took his laughing face away and left me with a dazed feeling, to ponder over the foolish business I was art and part in.

I tried to get comfort out of the thought that, boyish and selfish as he was, he was a Russell, one of an honorable race; and they were married. He was young, and might get over some of his faults. He was very kind-hearted and lovable, and I hoped that after the storm—and I knew there would be such a storm as would be likely to sober my young Master—they might settle down into as happy a couple as ever wore the name.

CHAPTER VI.

"He may falter, so do many;
She may suffer, so must all;
Both may yet, world-disappointed,
This last hour of love recall.
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be."

ANON.

It was past midnight when I got my load to the baby-house. I found Mr. Edward, James Ray and Tim waiting for me to help unpack the load and arrange the things. Hangings of bright colored chintz soon completely hid the rocky walls, pretty fastenings allowed of looping them back at door and window. The floor was covered with a carpet. A stove, the first I ever saw, put up. It had a grate front, and Tim made a fire to enable us to admire the chimney, which was his handiwork. When the lamps were lit in their pretty brackets, and the furniture arranged—everything needed for a lady's bower was there, even a small book-case, a work table, a few pictures and ornamental trifles which Edward must arrange with his own hands,—it did look like a

bower for the fairy queen. He was in high spirits, working the hardest of any of us, laughing, talking, singing, like the glad-hearted, self-willed boy he was.

Before daylight all was finished. Mr. Edward, with the key in his pocket, was in his own room at the big house. Every vestige of our night's work was removed from outside the baby-house. Black Bess was in her stall. Tim, in high spirits at the triumph of true love, went home to Mary and the children humming

"Sixteen and twenty for aich wor meant."

and James Ray, and I, sober and foreboding, laid ourselves down for an hour's rest.

I looked in vain to see my dear young Master grow more manly after his marriage. He did act with caution for a while. He walked with his young wife as he used to do, when his mother was away from home, and they met at the baby-house in the gloaming when it was possible for him to get away from the house, for Mrs. Russell saw a great deal of company that fall. Among the guests Miss Courtenay came oftenest and stayed longest. We men got quite accustomed to seeing her tall figure, her long curls, her long neck, and shallow black eyes appearing under Mr. Edward's escort at the works.

We all felt Mr. Edward's secret a burden to us, and looked in one another's faces when we met, for news that the discovery we dreaded had taken place. The first to discover it was Janet, the sharp, watchful Janet. I was glad, and indeed I had expected it. Then Maymie had a trusty guardian to come with her to the baby-house, and see her home if Edward did not come. It was easy to see that if the secret was a burden to us, it was a heavier burden to the beautiful Maymie, whose all of "love's young dream" was at stake. She had a key of her own to the baby-house, and often came there when Edward could not meet her.

Sometimes, as I passed, I heard her singing softly to herself, sad Scottish ballads with a wail in them. Oh, she was a singer! I never heard a singer like her! It went to my heart to hear sadness creep into the voice that used to be glad and joyous like a bird's.

The autumn was passing, and Edward's caution was passing with it. I have seen him on fine evenings sitting in the open door of the baby-house, with his young wife beside him, playing her favorite tunes, or blowing up wild clan's gathering, and marches, in the most unguarded manner. It is true none but the workmen usually passed that way, but there was nothing to prevent Mrs. Russell or some of her visitors from passing at any time.

One day about the end of September, I think, Tim told me that talk about Mr. Edward and the schoolmaster's daughter was rife in the village. I only wondered they had not got hold of the subject before; I saw that the end could not be far off.

I went out to the far green that day to look after the linen, hoping to meet Mr. Edward. Tim said he had gone in that direction a little while before. I wanted to urge him once more to confess all to his mother! When I came in sight of the baby-house, what was my surprise to see in the open door Edward, his young wife and Mr. Bell in earnest conversation. When they saw me they came out, Edward locking the door after them, and then all three came towards me.

Edward looked more serious than usual, Mr. Bell's face had a sorely troubled look, and Maymie's eyes showed she had been weeping.

"Willie," said Edward to me, when they came near, "did I ever tell you in confidence who this young lady is?"

"Yes, Mr. Edward," I answered, "I have known all summer that she is your wife. God bless you both."

Edward's voice had a more manly ring than I ever noticed in it before.

“Does any one on the place but yourself know this?” he went on.

“Every man at the works knows,—indeed it is pretty generally known, and I hope all the world will know it soon,” I answered.

Neither Mr. Bell nor his daughter spoke a word. The three turned away together and went down our old path through the plantation.

I had finished the work that was my ostensible errand to the green, and was going home when Mr. Edward came back and called me. He went to the baby-house and I followed him. When we got in he threw himself on the sofa, in his boyish way, light and laughing, but I could see very much annoyed.

“Well, Willie,” he said, “that scene is over. If mother knew, all the world might know now. I got a fine surprise when I came to the baby-house this evening, and found Maymie and her father both there. You see I gave Maymie our marriage certificate to take care of, partly to please her and because it was her right to have it. I told her to keep it in her writing desk here; I do not know what possessed her to take it home and put it in her desk there—a desk she is not even in the habit of keeping locked. It seems her father had, a good while ago, given her a miniature of her mother, an old fashioned thing painted on ivory, which she kept in the same desk. It appears that some Scottish faculty, second sight or something, has made him feel uneasy about Maymie lately. She has seemed sad—I do wish she had more strength of character, and then she has been here a good deal, and the old gentleman missed her. Lonely, foreboding, thinking of her future, then I suppose of his own past, he got up, went rummaging to the old desk after the miniature and found the marriage certificate. He raised more of a scene than I thought him capable of doing. He is just as proud as my mother, but in a different way. It was all Maymie and

old Janet could do to keep him from going up to the house to see my mother and me together. He would not have seen me, as I was not at home. He would have got the worst of it if he had gone.”

“Mr. Edward,” I said, “let me implore you to go and tell your mother yourself at once. Do be persuaded; you are a man and a gentleman, and you should consider that the young lady whom you have made your wife has the burden of a secret that sets her good name at every gossip’s mercy. Make an end of it by acknowledging her before the world; you are a Russell, and honor and manliness belong to the race.”

“Nothing you can say, Willie, but has been urged by Mr. Bell, much more strongly; and to it all there is just the one answer, No. I grant all you say has a good deal of force from your standpoint, which is Maymie only. Still I must wait until I am of age to enter the lists with my mother, and it is only a few months now. It will be no slight thing to put an end to my mother’s hopes and intentions about Miss Courtenay, to let her know that I have successfully deceived her for so long. Why, mamma thinks I am only a boy yet, and that I have never, as she boasts, kept anything from her in my life. I will need to be of age and have some means secured to me, before I encounter my mother’s anger and disappointment. I am married, if secretly, as honorably and truly as any Russell of our race. It is silly of Maymie fretting and looking pale; she ought to have some sympathy for my difficulties. Whether Mr. Bell and you, my old friend, can or not, she might have patience for a few months. Mr. Bell can see for himself that all the men know of my marriage,—that I am not, as he feared, ashamed of my wife. All will be well if they only have patience.”

“Well, Mr. Edward,” I said, “you may be sure that you cannot keep this secret long now,—too many know of it; and if

your mother hear it from others she will feel worse than if you told her yourself."

"I cannot do it now,—I must wait till I am of age. Mamma is so frightfully in earnest and determined when she is roused. •I cannot imagine what she will say or do. I almost hope some lucky accident will reveal the matter, or some hint prepare her mind a little. Even with the advantage of being of age, I am afraid I will shrink from the scene there will be."

"Your mother might be proud of such a daughter-in-law. Has she ever seen her? Of course she knows there is such a person!"

"I expect she does. I never heard her speak of her, or indeed of any one in the village; she never visits any there, you know. It is possible she may have seen her at church, and looked beyond her (how well I remembered that look!); she may never have noticed her more than another. She has not as much interest in pretty faces as you and I have. Few would dare to gossip to her; and her own beauty and importance, and the elevation of her only son in the social scale, are the subjects of most interest to her."

He got up as he spoke, and getting back to his usual careless manner, said,

"I do not regret my marriage,—it has been the happiest time of my life. In spite of stolen interviews, romance and mystery, there has been honey enough to sweeten the moonshine. She is lovely and loving and good,—worthy that a man should be willing to bear a little trouble for her sake."

Oh my princess! What would not I have done or borne to save her a moment's uneasiness! I thought to myself.

"Yes, Mr. Edward," I said aloud, "she is lovely and good—worthy that her husband should bear trouble to save her from knowing what trouble means. Such women are worthy of the devotion of a life. It has been written that for

such women men have girded themselves to die."

I spoke warmly. Edward turned and looked at me with a quick glance. I was afraid that my unguarded words had led him to suspect my secret, but the look died away and he said lightly, "My wife little knows what a champion she has."

I looked back at him steadily. "Mr. Edward," I said, "I have loved you long enough and been faithful enough to you to have earned the right to speak freely."

"You have it and exercise it too, Willie, but I know and value your friendship, believe me," he said earnestly.

We left the baby-house and walked down to the works together, where we parted.

I looked after him as he went up to the house and thought how surely when he was with me and chose to do so, he could bring back the old devoted love that I felt for him when we were boys together. It was only when he was away and his influence over me withdrawn, that I thought him very selfish and unmanly, and saw that he was acting a despicable part towards his young wife.

The next day Mr. Edward went away from home and was absent for some days. Mrs. Russell was also away at Doctor Powerscourt's, but returned before him. Tim told me that the secret was spreading somehow; the house servants knew it, and if Mrs. Russell suspected nothing it was little short of a miracle.

I think she had heard something that made her uneasy, but she said nothing to any one. I heard Rolston say "she is in a sweet temper these few days." I said to myself, she would have known all about it before now only the servants are so much afraid of the consequences of telling her; but she will not long remain in ignorance,—some bird of the air will tell her.

Edward returned home before the late dinner at the house. He had been

nearly a week away. I noticed that morning that Maymie passed to the baby-house a little after breakfast; I knew that she had gone there to wait for him.

Mr. Edward brought his mother a present of a grand shawl, of a kind newly come into fashion. I see none like them nowadays except on very old ladies, but they were all the rage for a while. This was the first of the kind that came to our part of the country.

Mrs. Russell was delighted with her present, and mother and son seemed, to the watchful eyes of the servants, to be on the same affectionate terms as usual.

After dinner Mrs. Russell, in pass-

ing through the hall, noticed Mr. Edward's top coat hanging carelessly on the hat tree, with a parcel in the pocket. She must have heard something, or she never would have done as she did. She went to his pocket, looked at the parcel, picked a hole in the paper and saw a shawl exactly like her own.

She replaced the parcel, and went on to her own room. By and by Mr. Edward came into the hall, took the parcel out of his pocket and came down by the works on his way to the baby-house.

He passed me with a smile and a nod, and went on humming a tune. I looked after him, thinking how glad the waiting wife would be to see him.

(To be continued.)



ACROSS THE BIDDASSOA.

BY T. M. A. B.

It is just four years since, and the force of contrast recalls it most vividly to my mind to-day. Here in April the tardy spring has made no sign, and I look out of my window to see stretches of bare woods, carpeted with snow, and a river not yet free from ice. There it was perfect spring—balmy winds, soft showers succeeded by radiant sunshine.

In the hedges we had already found an abundance of the exquisite little deep blue gentian, and on the turf down, among patches of gorse, the pink daphne had greeted us with its fragrance.

We had been spending the winter months at Biarritz, and had thoroughly familiarized ourselves with that unpretending yet charming spot and its surroundings. We had watched the Bay of Biscay lashing itself into fury and rushing thundering into the hollow caves of that fretted shore. We had seen it in its hours of repose "calm as that tempest could not be," with scarcely a ripple upon its shining waters. We had looked across it with longing eyes to that wonderful mountain outline, which for exquisite variety of form can scarcely be surpassed, the end of the mighty barrier between France and Spain. We had hoped to have seen them not only at a distance, but to have passed through and beyond them, as far as Madrid; and, not only from a philanthropic, but from a very selfish point of view did we grieve over the intestine troubles of that fair land, for it became of course out of the question for two ladies to travel there with convenience or even safety to themselves. Certainly we had the comfort (if it be

so to have companions in misfortune) of not being singular in our disappointment, for nearly all the American and English visitors at Biarritz had come there with the intention of proceeding for a shorter or longer distance into Spain, at least as far as San Sebastian. Being so near the border, rumors, more or less vague, were constantly reaching us of the state of affairs. The Carlists were here, there and everywhere; the towns in the north were either prepared to receive them with open arms, or were fortifying themselves against their advance. As may be imagined, the events in Spain formed one of the chief topics of conversation in Biarritz circles. While elders discussed their political bearings, the young ladies in particular bemoaned the hard fate which kept them from visiting that land of romance. The more sanguine hoped for a better state of things later in the spring, and in the meantime contented themselves with the pleasant walks and drives about Biarritz. The *Subaltern*, with its natural and unvarnished account of Wellington's campaign, lay on every table and served as a guide-book to the neighborhood, which was thus doubly interesting. The ancient and renowned city of Bayonne, with its fine cathedral and historical associations, was a great point of interest; but still those majestic and beautiful mountains were the chief attraction, seeming to beckon us onward into their shadowy recesses and light-crowned heights, distance lending them double enchantment. The time for our return to England drew near; matters were getting worse instead of better in Spain—but must we really

turn our backs upon those mountains without having set foot on Spanish ground? Could we not at least go to Fontarabia? at least cross the Biddassoa? Surely a party of harmless sight-seers could not run much risk even from the most fiery Carlists or the most distrustful supporters of the new government. Our landlady shrugged her French shoulders when we asked her opinion. "*Enfin Mesdames could try*"—she had been told that passports were necessary (with these we were unprovided) but "*pour des dames*" perhaps it did not signify. She had a cousin in the *douane* (the custom house) at Hendaye, the last town this side the border, who might get us across to Fontarabia, and she gave us his address, though evidently lacking sympathy with our sight-seeing proclivities.

Having, therefore, consulted with some like-minded friends, we arranged an excursion to Fontarabia; and I have little doubt that everyone of the party, although now widely scattered, some in Europe, some in America, probably "in the flesh" to meet no more, will meet in memory on the anniversary of that sweet spring day and recall its pleasant hours and fortunately not serious adventures.

We had ordered an omnibus, as being a sociable, though not the most dignified mode of conveyance, which would contain the whole party, and was provided with seats at the top for those who preferred an unimpeded view and were not inclined to dizziness, for the elevation of the diligence was considerable, and steep hills lay between us and our destination. The vehicle, drawn by four stout horses, with a somewhat uncouth-looking Basque driver, drew up betimes in front of our apartment on the little place Eugénie—the principal one of the town, named after its patroness the ex-Empress—and our party having assembled and bestowed themselves inside and out, we started, in the usual demonstrative manner affected

by French drivers, and had soon left Biarritz behind us.

The morning was delightful. Veiled in a faint, silvery mist the distant views looked more charming than ever; the air was pure and balmy, and the slight spice of adventure added zest to our enjoyment. About two miles from Biarritz, at the *Négresse* station, you turn into the magnificent highroad leading to Madrid, and which sweeps away grandly over hill after hill, full of suggestiveness to us of the land, beloved of the sun, into which it penetrates. We left the little village of Bidart, nestling down by the sea, between its hills, to the right; then another village, with some ancient walls, whose name I have forgotten, and, ever nearing the hills, reached St. Jean de Luz, a quaint and curious town, strongly colored by its vicinity to Spain, celebrated historically as the place where the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., met his espoused bride, and where, if I mistake not, their nuptials were celebrated. On the walls of an old house in the market place is an inscription, commemorative of the monarch's visit. Here we halted and, after the manner of Anglo-Saxons, invaded some of the shops in quest of the curious, embroidered slippers and excellent gloves, for which St. Jean de Luz is famous. Having made our purchases and paid a visit to the church, the interior of which is peculiar and impressive, we proceeded upon our journey, and soon found ourselves at the base of the nearer mountains. La Rhune and Quatre Cones had lost the purple tints of distance, had shifted their position, and we could see verdure or barren rocks upon their sides where we had only before seen light and shadow. Beautiful and ever varying were the views as the road wound further and further on into the mountain region. Meanwhile, we began to calculate that we ought to be approaching Hendaye, and enquired of our driver what the dis-

tance was. Fortunately for us, a peasant with his yoke of oxen was passing at the moment, and our charioteer, who was evidently in a state of uncertainty, instead of replying to our question, addressed one in the Basque language to the countryman, and the latter volubly explained that the highroad from this point would take us considerably out of our way, and that we must return to a lane which we had passed some half hour previously, and which was the direct way to the town. We turned about, therefore, and having reached the lane, which we discovered to be one of the roughest and most uneven over which unfortunate travellers were ever jolted, but which gave us glimpses of the sea, of the river we were approaching, and of Fontarabia itself, on the opposite shore, we arrived in about an hour's time at the small and somewhat unsightly town of Hendaye, celebrated for nothing of which I am aware, except a very delicious liqueur, which bears the name of its birth-place, and for standing on the brink of the dividing stream—the Biddassoa. We clattered through the stony streets, making enquiries as we went for the officer of the douane, whom, however, we found to be absent for the day, and finally descended the very steep street leading to the river, and entered the gates of the Hotel Royale. Glad to extricate ourselves from our omnibus, of which we had become tolerably weary, we followed the smiling and pretty landlady of the Royale into a little saloon with windows opening upon a flagged terrace, surrounded by a balustrade and overlooking the river. From that terrace you have a view which appeared to me the most perfectly beautiful and suggestive that I had ever seen. Beneath us lay the Biddassoa, narrowed to a silver line (it is a tidal river, and the tide was out), with a wide margin of moist sand and ooze; exactly fronting us lay Fontarabia, with its background of soaring mountains with its wondrous pile of hoary ruin

mixed with green, its ancient church, its castle of far higher antiquity, and its surrounding walls. So exquisitely balanced is the picture, so symmetrically grouped the different piles of masonry, so grand the background, and the whole so saturated, as it were, with romance, that no lover of the beautiful or student of the past could stand unmoved before it. It was Spain that lay before us, historic Spain, with only that silver river between us and it. The words of the German poet which I have endeavored to render into English flashed upon my mind:

“On the Bidassoa bridge there
Is a wondrous vision seen,—
What to one is deepest shadow
Is to other golden sheen,”—

though the bridge of which he speaks was not there. To the traveller returning to his native country the shore of the river beckoned, full of promise, but to the exile the land of the stranger was covered with darkness. And while our party stood almost silent from admiration, one voice recited these beautiful lines:

“Oh! for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
Which to King Charles did tell
How Roland brave and Oliver
And many a paladin and peer
By Roncesvalles fell.”

But the question was, How were we to cross the Biddassoa and set our feet on Spanish ground? I was deputed spokeswoman, and made anxious enquiries of the hostess as to the hour when the tide would be in, whether boats and boatmen could be found to convey us across, and whether, having reached the opposite shore, we should be permitted to land? Did she think there would be any difficulty?

Ah! quant à cela Madame peut être tranquille—there would be no objection made to our landing—And the Carlists? Oh, and she laughed the most pleasant little French laugh possible,—“*Les Carlists n'y sont pas encore!*” The tide, however, would not be in for full two

hours—there were boats belonging to the hotel, and boatmen always to be had—*ienes*, and she pointed to a row of amphibious-looking creatures sitting sociably on the stone steps leading to the shelving beach, and eating their dinner of bread and garlic.

But two hours waiting for the tide would make it too late to return to Biarritz that night, which we had faithfully promised our anxious friends there, who had the fear of Carlists before their eyes, to do, and our countenance fell. Two hours? Well, we might cross in *one* hour, but in that case we must be carried to the boats, for ladies or even gentlemen could not wade through the ooze. The boatmen could drag the boats out to the water, and we could land easily one after the other. This arrangement being agreed upon—for the strangeness of the transit must not stand in the way of our wishes—we ordered lunch, and found it a very agreeable means of passing the intermediate time, for an early and hasty breakfast and mountain air are sharpeners of the appetite. Then at Madame's summons we provided ourselves with shawls and followed a servant out of the courtyard and down along flight of unequal steps to the beach. The scene which followed was to me a novel and most amusing one. A large boat had been dragged out to the water, which had widened considerably, through the soft mud and lay awaiting us; half a dozen stalwart, bare-legged fishermen, with brown, bearded faces, stood at the foot of the steps and commenced in a most business-like manner carrying us one by one across the ooze. Being the first deposited in the boat, which I found chained to a strong stake, I was at leisure to watch my companions, as they were brought to join me, and to enjoy the comic sight which they presented. The ladies, half-frightened, half convulsed with laughter, borne aloft in the brawny arms of those sons of Neptune, looked funny enough; but more so still

Colonel L.—, a man of great height and size, carried by two of the strongest fishermen, after the fashion of the eastern monarch who was borne into the presence of Alexander the Great.

Ten minutes' swift rowing brought us to the opposite shore of the river, and we stepped upon the pebbly beach which was Spain. We passed up by the grey walls and through a half ruined archway into the town, and found ourselves at the head of a street so beautiful in its antique solemnity that the impression it made will never be effaced from my mind. The houses on either side were stately edifices, built of dark stone, rich in carving, with massive balconies and deep, arched entrances. From end to end there was not a figure moving at the moment; but a clinking sound as of hammers upon stone proved that at least some of the denizens of Fontarabia were not asleep, and turning a corner we perceived a dozen or so of men engaged in the erection of a small redoubt in an open space commanding the approach from the opposite side. It seemed a very baby-like piece of fortification, and the men employed upon it appeared rather to be quietly amusing themselves than engaged upon anything of importance. They varied their occupation by chatting familiarly with a group of young women, some with babies in their arms, who were watching proceedings in the shadow of a wall hard by. When, however, one of our party who spoke Spanish ventured to enquire the purpose of the erection, we were informed with a certain haughty gravity that it was for the purpose of repulsing the Carlists, who were expected to attack the city. We received this intelligence with deferential interest, the more so that a score or two of handsome faces, whose black eyes had a certain stealthy fierceness, were turned in our direction. Then we loitered to and fro, admiring the picturesqueness of everything; the whole place looked like a bit out of the

middle ages, and the few inhabitants whom we saw suited it exactly. Gliding here and there we saw a female dressed, like all the women above the peasant class, in black, with the graceful mantilla half veiling the face and draped upon the shoulders. Half way down that ancient street I have mentioned stood the church which had helped to form so beautiful a picture from the French side of the Biddassoa, and we followed one of those gliding figures into it. The ponderous door yielded slowly to our pressure, and closed heavily behind us when we had entered. So dim was the light that it was at first only just possible to discern the outlines of the rich architecture. You were only conscious of clustered pillars soaring to the vaulted roof, of rich gilding glimmering through the dusk of solemn tints, where the day feebly struggled through painted glass, or of the perpetual lamp, burning before a shrine. Then you saw that in spite of the intense stillness there were many worshippers kneeling here and there throughout the building, mostly women, all in black, all in attitudes of deep devotion. What studies for a painter were among them! As I stepped softly past the shrine of some saint whose meek, agonizing face looked out from the dark background touched by the light of the lamp swinging before it, I was struck by a solitary figure kneeling before it—it was a woman, no longer young, but (an unusual thing with Spanish women past their prime) of remarkable beauty. Her black dress hung about her in folds which would have been the delight of an artist; the hands crossed upon the bosom, the upturned gaze, the features set like marble in the self-forgetfulness of adoration, formed a picture which the name of Fontarabia will ever recall to my memory. We lingered as long as possible in the shadows of the church, then visited the ruins of the castle eloquent of a past

still more remote, and gathered some of the sweet-scented wall flowers growing in every crevice of the time-worn stones. Some of our "younger members" insisted on a more practical remembrance of our visit, in the shape of Spanish chocolate and almond cakes, for which we visited several dusky little shops where we were obliged to muster any Spanish which we possessed, as the people seemed to have no knowledge of French whatever. In fact the whole place was as thoroughly Spanish in character, and as unlike France, as if a hundred leagues instead of the Biddassoa had lain between. But time was stealing on, the shadows were lengthening, and unwillingly we brought our visit to Espana to a close. Our boat and boatmen awaited us. By this time the river, full and deep, lapped either bank, and we were soon retracing our way across it to Hendaye, itself looking most picturesque from the river. But it was on Fontarabia, beautiful as its name, that our eyes dwelt as every oar-stroke bore us further from it.

Our little visit had been so easily accomplished; our apprehensions with respect to Carlists or coast-guards had been, as it proved, so groundless, that in spite of our gratification I think we had some little feeling too of having been disappointed of an adventure. But our day was not over yet, and we were not to return to Biarritz without a small adventure to relate, though it came in a different shape from any which we anticipated. Our diligence was awaiting us, as we had ordered, in the courtyard of the hotel, and once more we bestowed ourselves inside and upon the top. Myself, with two American ladies, the colonel and his daughter, had the outside seats. The pretty hostess smiled her adieux as we passed through the gates and began to ascend the very steep and ill-paved street. But alas, our Basque driver had been solacing himself in our absence with "vin ordinaire" or "Hendaye," and when half

way up the street, through his mismanagement, the horses became restless and then commenced backing down the formidable hill, pushing the unwieldy conveyance behind them. We sitting on the top had the full benefit of the position, and were in momentary expectation of being flung from our elevation upon the pavement. The horses swerved about horribly; the omnibus swayed first to one side, then to another, and we clung mutely to the rail of our seats. At the doors of the houses stood men and women, vociferating at the pitch of their voices, but not one rushed forward to endeavor to stop the horses. Then, most providentially, there was a "cul de sac," or blind alley, opening from the street, and into this the horses

by some side movement forced themselves; the pole smashed, the omnibus toppled against a house; Colonel L. was down in a moment and at the horses' heads, and we were rescued from our unpleasant position by the bystanders, who now that there was no possible risk to themselves, were eager to assist. Luckily there was a night-train from the station, about a mile distant to that, a couple of miles from Biarritz, so our little misadventure had no more serious result than a few hours' wait at the Royale and a little anxiety on the part of our waiting friends.— "Ah, Mesdames," said the landlady, "you never screamed! Had you been French ladies they would have heard you over at Fontarabia!"



THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

(Continued.)

MARION'S STORY.

SHIP "LYRA," PACIFIC OCEAN.
April 6th, 1870.

DEAR GUSSIE,—Our ship is speeding toward the Hawaiian islands, but she bears a third less of me than she did when we came to the shores of California. The missing third remains in that blissful country, and never did it cause me such a wrench of my feelings to leave any place. Leaving home was nothing to it, for then, "the world was all before me, where to choose," and the prospect of seeing it sustained me; but I sailed from San Francisco with a settled conviction that never more in heathen or Christian lands should I be likely to have such a good time as I had there.

The day before we sailed, the "Lyra" left the wharf and anchored a little way down the harbor, where we had to go out to her in a row-boat. That dear boy, Jim, went with us to enliven me up to the last possible moment. He and his brother Robert spent the night on board, making, with Mr. Curran, the officers, Arthur, Amy and myself, quite an array at the tea-table, and we were not a funereal party, although I am sure that to more than half of our number an often recurring thought of the next morning's sailing came somewhat like the shadow of the guillotine upon the merry-making of the prisoners who tried to forget what their morrow would surely bring. Everyone was so kind to us in San Francisco that it was hard to say good-bye, knowing that we are not likely to

see any of them again for years, if ever; and as you have heard me long for a brother just a few years younger than myself, you can understand my regret when, having found Jim Wilding the exact pattern after which I should cut one out if it were possible, I had to see him borne from me by a cruel steam tug, which carried out of our sight about thirty esteemed friends. They came off in the tug, these cordial souls, to do us honor and enjoy a sail down the harbor, as the tug went ahead about forty feet, drawing the ship after her by a long cable, and we stood in the bows to be as near them as possible. The sky became overcast, and the water so rough that it was not easy for us to stand where we did, heartlessly laughing at the suffering of the passengers on the little tug, which had begun to toss about like a shuttle-cock. I didn't feel merry, but that sight was too much for me. A dozen ladies were kneeling in a row by the rail, gazing intently with pallid countenances upon the cold grey waves, and the anguish of their expressions made me sure they were saying to their inmost souls, "Oh! why did this wretched 'Lyra' ever come to San Francisco to bring us into such misery?" And they were on a pleasure party! I was justly rewarded for laughing at them, for soon the steam-tug drew in her rope from us and turned back, the gentlemen giving shouts of farewell, and some of the ladies, who were not wholly incapacitated, feebly waving their handkerchiefs; and before I had watched them quite out of sight I began to feel "kind of funny," as our

stewardess says when she is mildly sea-sick, and sought my stateroom, only stopping a moment to speak a few words of cheer to our new passenger, who was sitting on the hatch-way with the dejected expression of one who is in the iron grip of homesickness. I don't mean Mr. Curran; didn't you know we had *two* new passengers? The second one is Jim's yellow cat, the darling of his heart, which he insisted on giving me as a parting gift, or "legacy," he said, to help me always to remember him. I realized the preciousness of the gift, and couldn't bear to deprive the boy of his "Yaller," as he euphoniously calls her, and only consented to take her when I saw two bright hazel eyes grow dim at my refusal. With her natural charms embellished by a lavender neck-ribbon, Yaller became one of the "Lyra's" passengers, but whether she has gone down into the hold to indulge in silent melancholy, or has become a victim to Neptune, I can't find out, for ever since our first day out, when she seemed terrified at the heaving of the cabin floor, we have seen no trace of her but her blonde hairs scattered over the green sofa cushions.

On that first day I sought my berth, and lay there until evening, less affected by sea-sickness than by low spirits, and a weariness quite natural after six weeks of sight-seeing, company, and late hours. Before tea I aroused from my lethargy, and went to inquire Amy's condition. She was "*in medias res*," her misery being such that even I could do her no greater favor than to let her alone, and I despondently went upon deck, half dreading to see the dull gray ocean that was just separating me from the land of my affection.

Hearty welcomes greeted me from the captain and Mr. Duncan. "Where have you been all this time, little girl?" said the former; "not seasick, surely?"

"Suffering from *mal de la terre*, if there is such a thing, much more than *mal de mer*," I answered, listlessly. "The

sea doesn't seem as beautiful to me now as it did six months ago. How dark and dreary it is!"

"You are looking in the wrong quarter, Miss Marion," said Mr. Duncan. "Turn around to the west." There I saw a broad band of orange sky and waves tinged with a bronze light; a bracing wind blew my hat off, and my dolefulness went with it. How much good it does to look in the right direction when we have the blues! (A moral reflection that you will do well to remember, Gussie). After all, I had as much to be thankful for as ever; the same pleasant company as on our last voyage, with the additions of an intelligent young lawyer and a yellow cat from San Francisco, and what *was* I moping about?

A strain of music from the fore-castle made us aware that one of our new sailors possesses a concertina, and knows how to play on it very nicely. "Love among the roses" was the air he gave us then, and Mr. Curran felt some secret chord thrilled by the familiar strain, I think, for he went to the taffrail and leaned upon it, gazing in the direction of land. It was my duty to try if I could cheer him a little, I suppose, but I was rather afraid of him; perhaps because he treated me as if he considered me very young, and a scatter-brained individual into the bargain. It is depressing to know that anyone has a bad opinion of you, and for a while I was nearly as stiff with him as in the hour of our introduction.

The next day was dark, and the vessel rolled and creaked her timbers in a way that made me feel vicious. Amy was in her state-room, from which all my persuasions were of no avail to bring her out, and after fairly tipping over in a low easy chair when a prolonged roll dislodged all movable things, I climbed into my berth, as the only secure place, and sat curled up there like a kitten in a hay-loft. The window of my state-room is on a level

with the berth, and when sitting close to it, as I was then, every word of mine could be overheard by those on the starboard side of the deck, but I didn't take that into consideration as I opened "Paradise Lost," and began to commit to memory a part of Satan's address to Beelzebub, for a few broken fragments of it had been wandering in the dusty corners of my brain, and I knew the only way to drive them out was to learn the lines connectedly. Therefore, just imagine the absurdity of my exclaiming in our revered preceptor's own manner, "If thou be'est he! But oh, how fallen, how changed!" and "Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering," etc., and of hearing, when I paused, the voice of Mr. Curran saying in a low tone: "What can she be talking about, Fordyce? Lamenting a change in some friend it appears. Has she left her heart in San Francisco, I wonder?"

Indignation made me as stony as if I had had a vision of the Gorgon's head with snaky locks, and my book dropped from my hand over the side of the berth, hearing which the young men had the manners to move off and finish their remarks at a safe distance.

At dinner I made some mischievous allusion to the ease with which conversation on deck could be heard in the state-rooms, and had the gratification of seeing Mr. Curran change countenance and regard me with an inquiring look, as if seeking an explanation, which we had afterward with a good deal of fun, and we soon found ourselves on a more sociable footing.

Amy gave us her ever welcome presence before night, for sea-sickness had fled, leaving her weak and pale, but even more than usually bright, and she checkmated our passenger in a deep game of chess during the evening, while I sat by them with my attention riveted upon the board. After this mental combat they felt the need of refreshment, and we opened a great box

of candy, a gift from Robert Wilding, and took it into the forward cabin to treat the officers. There must have been six pounds of the choicest candy in that box, but there isn't a crumb left now, after about ten conferences held over it by us all since it was opened. Every night we have placed the box in the centre of the dining-room table and all knelt around it on the settees, discussing the merits of its contents, and each one fixing an eye upon the pieces of candy he or she desired—then five hands made a sudden grab, and the Captain bore off the precious box to its locker, proclaiming the candy conference adjourned till the next night.

There has been a good deal of unpleasant weather since we sailed, and the idea of arriving so soon at Honolulu makes us feel quite unsettled, as if it was not worth while to start on any of our old routines of reading and study. On damp evenings very good concerts have been held in the "Lyra's" cabin, for Mr. Curran is a fine performer upon the flute, and plays duets with Arthur, or else he gives us a flute solo with an organ accompaniment by Amy, and when clear skies make it pleasant for us to be on deck, we have vocal music there with the guitar. We shall be sorry on this account to leave Mr. Curran at Honolulu, and he has really been an agreeable addition to our party during the short time we have sailed together. I don't know how well he would wear on a long voyage. To anyone who wants to choose a friend—as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife chose her wedding gown—"for qualities that wear well," I can recommend our first mate, and one is always sure of finding him just the same, never brilliant and never dull.

There has been only one moonlight evening thus far on our passage, and that was so beautiful that all the sailors as well as the passengers were out till past midnight enjoying themselves. It is comical to see what grown men will

do to amuse themselves on a ship! Finding Mr. Curran's talk on civil and common law too prosaic for such an evening, I wandered away from the group on the house, and looked down on the main deck to see how the sailors were passing the time, for a clattering of something on a tin pan and frequent bursts of laughter aroused my curiosity. One of the men had a wooden Jim Crow, whose movable joints were fastened by rivets made out of our hair-pins, as I was informed afterwards, and he was dancing it on a pan for the general entertainment.

In two days these feet of mine, that have trodden the paths of learning in your company hundreds of times, will press Hawaiian soil! I shall recline under the spreading palms, eating "poi" with my forefinger from a cocoa-nut shell like a native Kanaka, and bananas will be so plenty that I shall think no more of them than if they were corn cobs. Imagine my bliss then, if you can!

I think I will stop writing, for, on looking over these pages, I see there is neither wisdom or profit in them, and being doubtful if I am likely to improve just now, my narrative shall be cut short, to be continued when I reach the shores of Asia. Ever yours,

MARION.

AMY'S STORY.

PACIFIC OCEAN, }
May 2nd, 1870. }

This letter was to have been made especially interesting to you, dear Gus-sie, by a full description of what we enjoyed in Honolulu, and as Marion and I didn't go there after all, I fear you will read it with disappointment almost as great as that experienced by us, when the bright visions upon which we had been living for a fortnight proved hardly more substantial than a fading mirage.

Ah, well! it was one of the slips "twixt the cup and the lip" so common to all, and after the great mercies

that have attended us we do not want to be ungrateful enough to complain if one pleasure is withheld. Perhaps you will find some interest in an account of how we *didn't* visit Honolulu.

On the 9th, of April we drew near to the Hawaiian group, seeing Molokai first of all in the distance; then we had a near view of Oahu, whose aspect was most forbidding and suggestive of volcanic fires, and our ideas of tropical beauty received a shock as we looked at it; but, rounding the corner of the island, there came in sight a landscape of surpassing loveliness. The town of Honolulu, with its white church spires, and houses shaded by rich foliage, is in a recess formed by the mountains, which curve around it almost to the water's edge. Many of them are extinct volcanoes, curiously shaped, and relieved from barrenness by a soft blending of green, brown, yellow, and crimson hues. The soil in some places is so red that we thought the color was caused by fields of brilliant flowers, and with the beach of dazzling sand, the rows of cocoa-nut palms beyond it, and the translucent blue sea breaking upon it in a white fringe of foam, there were enough elements of beauty to form a rare picture.

The Captain gave orders that the anchor should be dropped, and prepared to go on shore, with Mr. Curran, telling us if he found there that he could obtain enough cargo for China to justify a few days detention, he would come back for us, and let us spend every moment of the time in Honolulu. There was a slight shade of doubt cast upon us by Arthur's proviso, soon removed, however, for the pilot who boarded the vessel told him some commercial facts that made him turn back as he was going down the gangway to call out that we must be all ready to go ashore after dinner. Mr. Curran said he would be on the beach to welcome us, and went off, not even deeming it necessary to say farewell, leaving us to

pass several hours in a state of joyous expectancy, while we surveyed the picturesque town before us with the marine glass, by help of which equestrians on the beach could be plainly seen; and we planned a horse-back ride for ourselves at sunrise the next day.

With the afternoon came a gathering cloud of misgivings. The wind had risen, and there were two miles of rough water between the "Lyra's" girls and the land they longed to visit. A coral reef, over which the waves were tossing up foam, must be passed in a little boat, and we anxiously watched one that was pushed off from the beach and rowed toward us, for it danced about in a way that made me tremble at the thought of returning in it.

"Why! Arthur isn't there," Marion cried at last. "There is only a crew of half-clothed heathen."

"The Sandwich Islanders are not heathen;" I suggested, but when the boat was near I hoped that the real heathen would not appear more outlandish than the dark-skinned men who rowed it. They brought a note from Arthur.

"DEAR GIRLS—No cargo worth waiting for. It would be dishonorable to the owners should I detain the ship for our own gratification, so we sail to-night at ten. This boat will bring back Mr. Curran's luggage, and if the sea grows smoother by three o'clock, you may come on shore and spend a few hours. I would have sent Mr. Fordyce to the ship as an escort for you if I could have spared him from my business here; but you needn't fear the natives, they are not as wild as they look."

With the blankest disappointment we looked at each other—at the boat heavily weighted with trunks, and noticed several inches of water in it—at the sea, which had grown rougher since Arthur wrote his letter—and we pondered. Mr. Duncan could not leave the ship in her captain's absence, and I

hope the Kanakas will pardon me if I do them injustice in saying that, to my unaccustomed eyes, they appeared almost uncivilized enough to have killed and eaten us on the way to their island. Moreover, as Marion said, "We should be wetter than two mermaids by the time the boat touched the beach, and where would be the fun of stalking about the streets of Honolulu for a few hours in a dripping condition?"

It was with many a pang that we let the boat return without us, and sat on deck watching the increased loveliness of Oahu, as a golden glow touched the mountains, and the sea grew purple with reflected sunset clouds.

Before dark, Arthur came back, and brought with him one of the missionaries, who stayed to tea, and told us that unknown friends in Honolulu were disappointed in not welcoming us to their homes, for a visit of two young ladies from Massachusetts would have been an unusual pleasure to them. One gentleman had his carriage and horses waiting on the beach, meaning to give us a drive the moment we should land, so that we could have seen a good deal of town and country, even in two or three hours, but as we could not have arrived there with dry clothing, his carriage cushions would have been ruined by salt water, and that thought tended to alleviate our feelings of regret for what we had lost. The missionary brought us some flowers—spider-lilies, he called them, with long, slender petals of purest white, and a strange, delicious odor. The land breezes that came to us had much of the same perfume, and the next day when I went on deck, soon after sunrise, a breath of sweet wind seemed to be following us from the depths of cool, rain-sprinkled forests.

I ventured to ask our guest if the only specimens of Sandwich Islanders we had seen might be taken as fair samples of the native population, and he replied with a smile that some of the boatmen were rather hard characters,

and to judge of all their countrymen by some of this class would lead us to doubt if missionary labors had improved them, outwardly at least. Then he told us about the work of missions in this group of islands, and though we were familiar with the well-known fact that a more wonderful change has been wrought here within fifty years than can be accounted for merely by the labors of a little band of men and women without a mighty power which we believe worked with them, I never quite realized before how great it was.

Before he left us, we gathered around the organ and sang the hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

and then, with messages from us to all the mission circle, whom we loved without seeing, he went away.

On deck, where the moonlight gave us a clear view of the peaceful town and its protecting mountains, I stood after he had bidden us farewell till the splash of his oars became inaudible, and tried to imagine Oahu as it was of old, the scenes of slaughter there and fiery offerings to idol gods, but it was not easy to do so while I saw the moonbeams glistening on the roofs of Christian homes, and the white spire of a house of prayer plainly visible above the dark palms.

My musings were broken up by the noisy confusion preparatory to the heaving of the anchor, and the rattling of the chain, with a loud tramping of feet and calls to the men, sent me down into the cabin, after one farewell look of lingering regret at Honolulu.

Since that night we have had the true poetry of sailing. Day after day the Pacific is smooth as a lake, and from early morning until late in the evening we are on deck enjoying ourselves, and drawing comparisons between this ocean and the Atlantic that are unfavorable to the latter. I wonder if any one ever had four consecutive weeks of such weather as this on the ocean that washes our native shores.

The afternoons are especially beautiful, for then we sail into a wide golden path of sunlight, and the sails keep off all glare from the deck, where we read aloud to each other, play chess, study, and write with no fear of the ink upsetting, and feast on oranges and bananas, mementos of the Sandwich Islands, of which Arthur laid in a generous stock. It seems to us that we have never eaten real oranges before—the juice runs out of these in streams, and nearly half of it is lost, yet more remains than I ever saw in oranges purchased at home.

Who should appear the day after Mr. Curran left us but passenger No. 2, Marion's yellow cat, as gaunt as a famished wolf; but she didn't appear to be very hungry, and after eating and drinking, she wandered around the ship in great uneasiness of body or mind, uttering mournful cries. It made Marion feel badly to see her Jim's favorite in such a state; and I was glad when the creature vanished again, for there was really something ghostly about her.

To-day we are becalmed. The sea is like pale blue satin, unbroken by the little waves that generally splash up out of the level surface as if excited by a sudden impulse of joy. The sun is scorching, and we are all so thirsty that frequent visits are made to the pantry for the purpose of concocting such mild beverages as water and citric acid, or lime-juice, or syrups of various kinds—all bad, to my taste, but an improvement on plain warm water flavored by the cask that has held it for a month. Compassion for the man at the wheel moved me this afternoon to offer him a glass of imitation lemonade, for he looked ready to melt under the hot sun, and while waiting for him to hand me back the glass, I saw two sharks following in our wake. I notified the second mate of their appearance. Harpoons were made ready and hurled at the stealthily gliding monsters, missing their aim and only frightening them away, for which I was not sorry, as it takes them so

long to die that my courage might have failed me at the sight of one of them squirming on deck, showing his cruel teeth.

May 10th.—Yesterday we passed the Bashee Islands, and were impressed with the resemblance of one of them to a great stone image. It is a tall, narrow rock, standing quite alone, and the dark spots and crustations of shell near its summit led us to imagine a face. We called it an idol guarding the entrance to the China sea. As we sailed by it we bade farewell to the dear Pacific, where we had passed such happy days, and felt we were drawing near to heathendom.

In the evening Mr. Duncan asked us if we would like to go "for'ard" into the bows, and see the reflection of the moon on the sea ahead of the vessel. Marion, reposing on the skylight, with no better pillow for her head than a wooden box, said she was too happy to move, and Arthur was sleepy, but I went with Mr. Duncan past the fore-castle and groups of respectful sailors, climbed the ladder to the "top-gallant-forecastle," and sat where I could see the spray flying up to wash the feet of the nymph with a lyre in her arms—our figure head—whose calm, white face looks steadily onward with the same undaunted gaze over wild billows or shining ripples. The golden track in

which the ship had been sailing all the afternoon was changed to a sheet of pure silver, and my eyes followed it far away toward the great empire where a few more days' sailing will bring us. I seemed to be looking into the future, as I lost consciousness of myself and my companion in a reverie on what was before us,—experiences and acquaintances, perhaps, that will have a lasting influence upon my life and Marion's. Mr. Duncan's request that I would sing brought me out of my dream, and he went to the cabin for my guitar. Marion came back with him, and assisted me in making melody that rang through the ship. Song after song was called for, when Arthur and Mr. For-dyce were added to our audience, and the proximity of the musical nymph must have inspired us, for you know our voices are not naturally powerful, and we sang that night as if possessed with the spirit of Euterpe. Our programme ended with Arthur's favorite "Gondolier," and I think the evening's entertainment was appreciated by all on board the "Lyra."

To-morrow we must begin to get ready for port, by packing sea garments away, and bring out every thin dress we own in preparation for intense heat, and if the present fair wind continues, the Captain says we shall see China in two days.

(To be continued.)



AN APRIL PLEASURE SAIL.

BY ASHLEY ARNE.

"You shall go and see." This was the remark uniformly set before me and found efficacious in my early childhood to induce me to cease from crying, and "be a good boy."

"See!" What? Anything, no matter what. The old beach-tree blown down in the back pasture; the bossy calf brought home last night; the brood of chickens newly hatched; whatever was worth talking about, was worth seeing, and no word painting ever sufficed to give me a satisfying conception of anything.

I have known the promise to tell the story of the "Forty Thieves," or the "Babes in the Woods," soothe many a crying child, but these things had no power over me. To threaten me with "raw head and bloody bones" would not have awed me into submission; but a reliable promise that I should go and see that terrible myth, would have induced me, without a shudder, to take a dose of castor oil, or any of the other messes that poison the happiness of suffering innocence.

This desire to "go and see" grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; and at very early manhood, I was in a position to gratify my ruling passion.

By the death of my parents I was left at eighteen, my own master, and in the possession of a small capital, sufficient, if judiciously invested, to afford me a moderate maintenance.

When the edge of my affliction had lost its first poignancy, I made a safe disposition of my little property, so that without trenching on the capital, I might draw quarterly what would supply my moderate wants.

A life of pleasure, I said, shall not enslave me, a life of idleness shall not disgrace me. I can work, and I will work—but not yet. First I will go and see.

Not the great cities only. New York, Boston, New Orleans, even Paris and London, did not comprehend my whole plan. I would also go and see how the squaw lodged in her wigwam, and the brave sheltered himself in his camp. In pursuance of this part of my plan, I made a tour under the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company, among the trappers and Indians of that far wilderness, and became an expert canoe-man. The experience I there acquired led to the incident I am about to relate.

Chief Factor Colin McDougall had taken a fancy to me, and having learned that, before sailing for Europe, I intended to spend the winter months in Canada, he offered to give me a letter to his sister, then residing in Montreal.

"She is a widow," said he, "and very shy of admitting strangers into her house, but if I write, may relax her rigor in favor of a staid old codger like you (I was barely twenty)! and if you can get in there, you will find yourself much more comfortable than in any lodging house; in fact as well off as we are here." (We were each wrapped in his blanket, and lying on a bed of hemlock boughs.)

On parting from the old gentleman, I availed myself of his offer.

I found Mrs. Hutchison all that he had described her, and her only daughter, Mamie, the most bewitching little sylph I have ever met—a compound of contraries, grave as a judge, frolicsome as a monkey, reserved as a nun, frank as a hoyden.

The household consisted of these two ladies and a gentleman, Hugh Ogilvie, lately admitted to the bar; and I learned that in the course of a month his cousin Charles Ogilvie was expected also to become an inmate.

Charles was a clerk in a large forwarding establishment, and then stationed at Lachine, but his promotion to headquarters in Montreal had been announced, and when it took place, he was to be admitted as room-mate with his cousin Hugh.

My first impressions with respect to Hugh were that he would make a good "Chamber Counsel," but no great figure at the bar as a speaker; but one night, after the ladies had retired, Mamie formed the subject of our chat over our "roosting pipes" in the kitchen, and I found he could be eloquent enough when the theme interested him.

I soon perceived that under his usually quiet demeanor he nursed a passionate love for that little witch, and my observation soon revealed to me that my little nun was not all ice, but that in all maiden modesty, she only awaited his declaration in order to become his affianced. All my mental prognostications, however, were changed within a month after the arrival of Charles Ogilvie.

Charley was a vastly more showy personage than his cousin, and made love to Mamie most energetically. Alas, poor Hugh!

It was easy to see the ground was slipping away under his feet.

The winter wore away as that season of festivity does in Canada—sleigh rides, snow-shoe tramps, country balls, and domestic dancing parties, diversified by occasional frost-bitten ears, made up one of the happiest winters I can recall.

I had become quite domesticated, and the Christian name alone was used amongst us in our ordinary intercourse. I had even been forbidden to speak of "Miss Hutchison."

April was far advanced, and the period of my proposed departure for Europe seemed to me unpleasantly near. Meanwhile, poor Hugh had been quite eclipsed by the brilliant Charles.

Canada is generally spoken of as a region of "thick-ribbed ice" where "the parching air"

"Burns prone, and cold performs the effect of fire."

Well, it is sometimes rather cold. After admitting the frost-bitten ears, I cannot deny it; but, on the other hand, I affirm that not even in sunny France is the air more balmy than that I have inhaled with rapture in Montreal. These days may be few, but they are exquisite. After one of these Elysian days near the end of April, we had been discussing the character of the hero of an incident in the far West, who had by almost superhuman endurance retrieved his life from the savages. Hugh had applauded him very highly, Charley had been inclined to sneer at him.

"I can see nothing very *heroic* in his endeavors to avoid that greatest of evils—death," was his concluding remark.

"I do not think you put it fairly," said Hugh. "It appears to me that his object was not to avoid death, but to save his life."

"Ha! ha! A lawyer's subtle distinction—a distinction without a difference!" burst in Charley.

Mamie had in the discussion played the part of a good listener, but not otherwise participated; here she observed—

"I think Hugh is (as usual) correct. I make no claim to subtlety, but would wish to be accurate, and in my mind the distinction is very broad. The fear of death is base, dastardly, disgraceful, but life may be highly prized without dishonor, both for its own sake, as being good in itself (sometimes), and also for its value to others. For instance, I know that my life is of priceless value to my mother, and for her sake, I would endure—well, I have

not been tried, so I will not boast; but I think to preserve it, I would endure far more than life itself is worth. Apart from its value to others, life is only good so long as it may be retained with honor—redeemed at that price, it can only be a burden.”

I had never heard so long a speech before from Mamie. Hugh was silent, though his swarthy cheek glowed. Charles was voluble, but the discussion flagged for want of opposition. Mamie had given the cue, and Charley was now fully of Hugh's opinion, only more so.

Charles had brought with him from Lachine a gem of a bark canoe, and at about ten o'clock, proposed we should try it on the river, now partially clear of ice.

The cousins earnestly entreated Mrs. Hutchison to allow Mamie to accompany us. She at length reluctantly consented, and approaching me, said,

“Mr. Arne, I commit Mamie to your care. I cannot trust those boys,” (I was the youngest of the three) “but my brother Colin has told me that you may be always safely trusted; only remember” she said, and a tear dimmed her eye as she said it, “remember, she is all I have this side the grave. Do you accept the charge?”

I did not like the responsibility, but the little witch stood before me with her pleading eyes, and I undertook the charge.

Charley had boasted of his skill, but I had not proved it; and besides, these cockle-shells, though as safe as a line-of-battle ship in the hands of an expert, are but ticklish craft in the hands of lubbers and greenhorns, and it is as easy to upset them as to drop a stone from your hand. Moreover, the little egg-shell, honestly made to carry two, would be rather overloaded with four; so I could not be quite at my ease.

However, I was committed to the enterprise, and we set off, Charley carrying his canoe, I laden with the broad

light paddles, and a coil of stout fish line, attached to a fancy grapnel with flukes on prongs of strong steel wire, as sharp as the barb of a fish-hook, and Hugh had on his arm a warm, thick, shepherd's plaid shawl, at which we laughed not a little, for the air was as warm as midsummer.

We had enjoyed ourselves till near midnight, and the sky had begun to be overcast, and a rather keen breeze to spring up, when Hugh's forethought was appreciated, and the plaid, hitherto lying in the bottom of the canoe, was carefully wrapped around Mamie's shoulders.

Here I must interrupt the thread of my narrative to describe the scene of the incident of the night. Those who choose to skip my description will find my story either incomprehensible, or incredible. It is nevertheless true.

Such of my readers as have only known Montreal within the last twenty years, have seen it embellished with cut stone wharves, the finest on the continent, and the boast of the city, but it presented a far different aspect at the time I refer to. That which is now called the “Island wharf” then veritably was an island, and where the still expanse of the “Queen's Basin” now lies placid as a lake, the water then rushed by with the velocity of a mill-race.

Properly speaking, the river never freezes over at Montreal, and the ice-bridge upon which travellers used to cross the St. Lawrence is thus formed. During the months of November and December, large quantities of ice are formed on the various affluents of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, and are by numberless causes being constantly detached, and float down the river. Now and then they meet with a “narrow,” fill it up, and form a “jam.” The increasing hold of the water from time to time breaks up these “jams,” and hurries them on tumultuously, only to form anew, in accu-

mulated bulk, at some other "narrow" lower down, piling themselves up, one on another, to an enormous thickness. This process keeps on repeating itself generally until about Christmas or New Year's day, by which time, the river is usually full of those floating fields of ice, and a thorough jam taking place at the current St. Mary, a night of sharp frost binds it all together, and the ice bridge is formed. The breaking up of this bridge in the spring presents some of the grandest phenomena (with the exception of Niagara) that nature offers on this continent. The ice is piled up on certain spots to an enormous height; on the island I have spoken of, the spring I allude to, it reached an altitude of at least sixty feet, and I was assured this was by no means an unusual height. When we went out, the channel around the island was clear water, and this ice towered up like an iceberg.

To resume my narrative. When Hugh had wrapped the shawl around Mamie, we resolved to return home, and as the current is very rapid just outside the island, requiring our best exertions to surmount it, we moored the canoe alongside the ice at the lower end of the island to rest ourselves before entering on the task.

While here a large portion of ice at the upper end of the island became detached, and fell into the water. Instantly it flashed through my mind how extremely perilous our position was, lying under a perpendicular wall of ice, liable to fall over at any moment. I may here observe that Charley had learned his canoe craft of the same teachers that had instructed me, viz: Indians and French Canadians, and that all the terms of command used were French.

Charley had not overrated his skill—he was a first rate hand. Simultaneously with my perception of our peril, the word of command burst from me in energetic tones, "*Au large!*" This obedience was prompt as thought, and

two rapid sweeps of our paddles brought us at right angles to our former position. "*A force!*" was as urgent in its emphasis, and thirty seconds had removed us at least a hundred yards from our cause of dread.

Not one second too soon! not a yard too far! The huge mass under which in foolhardy security we had been lying, toppled over, and plunged sullenly in the rushing stream, and such was the swell occasioned, that had our canoe not been at right angles to their roll, it would not have been possible to avoid being swamped, which indeed we barely escaped. The poor widow demanding of me the precious treasure committed to my charge rose before my mind's eye. "Remember! she is all I have on this side the grave" rung in my ears, and turned me sick.

"Home" was the next word of command, but it came out in fainter tones, and was much more easily ordered than carried into effect.

The keen west wind blew down the stream, the space erewhile so clear of ice was now rapidly filling, the "opens" were becoming narrower and more intricate, and if, in the increasing darkness, we failed to discern one that enabled us to make progress in the desired direction, the rapidity of the current carried us fearfully in the wrong direction. There was no standstill.

To add to my anxiety, the sweep of Charley's paddle became less regular and energetic, and in reply to my remonstrances he complained of cold and fatigue, and requested Hugh to take his place. Hugh instantly complied, and Charley cowered at the bottom of the canoe near Mamie's feet. His nerveless stroke, his shivering frame and chattering teeth, impressed me more as being the effects of terror than of cold. Not one word had been spoken by any one of the party referring to our escape from the awful catastrophe that had so nearly overwhelmed us, but a full consciousness of

it, and also of our present danger, could not but be present with us.

Hugh, though far less skilful than Charley, put his heart in the work, and after repeatedly just escaping being crushed between two closing floes, I began to hope for the eventual delivery of the whole party.

We were now in an open, which was closing upon us—before us was a point of the fixed shore ice called *bordage*—could we reach that before we were hemmed in, all would be well. I pointed this out to Hugh, and gave him instructions how to proceed on nearing the spot. There seemed to me no other possible escape for us—above was ruin, the crushing, grinding ice tearing down upon us; below was destruction, the tumultuous surging mass of broken ice—death in either alternative. The point *must* be reached, and at length, by toil such as I have never endured on any other occasion, we neared the spot. Hugh had the coil of fish-line and grapnel at his feet, and as I was about to give him orders to step ashore with it, which would have ensured our safety, Charley, who had changed his recumbent position to that known as squatting, sprang off the canoe, and the recoil sent us out of reach of our (apparently) only chance.

“Thank God, I am safe,” was his cry. I thought I heard Hugh say,

“Just like him.”

Poor Mamie gave vent to her feelings in one only word, “A coward!” but what a world of emphatic scorn was in that word.

The call on me for action was so urgent, that I could not even anathematise him, but my internal comment on Mamie’s cry was, “Well, my lad, you have saved your worthless life, but lost your honor and your love.”

Women do often cherish the misplaced love that they have lavished on worthless objects under almost every shade of circumstances. They continue to love the drunkard, pity him, and try

to hide his fault. Against hope they continue to hope for the reformation of the gambler. The most licentious profligate is welcomed back upon the fiftieth time repeated promise of future fidelity. But once unmistakably affix to a man the stigma of cowardice, and the brand is ineffaceable. Men despise a coward, but women loathe him.

The perfidious desertion of Charley, though all but fatal to the party, was, however, not an unmixed evil. Lightened of his weight, the canoe was much more manageable, and perhaps the indignation that nerved both Hugh and myself threw into our strokes redoubled power; certain it is that we made better way than we had previously done, and after several times escaping instant destruction by just slipping out of an opening as, with a thundering crash, the floes closed together, we once more reached the desired point, and Hugh, lightly stepping ashore with the grapnel in his hand, made the canoe steady, while I assisted Mamie to disembark. I proceeded at once to coil up the line with the grapnel, when I heard a cry from Mamie, and turning round, saw her lying at full length on the ice, and Hugh struggling in the water. In drawing the canoe ashore he had lost his footing and fallen in. Uttering her cry to alarm me, Mamie at the same time adopted the only plan of averting for an instant his destruction by throwing herself flat on the ice, and grasping him by the hair as he rose. Such was the violence of the stream, that she could not have held him for one minute; both would have been drawn off and sucked under the ice, but the few seconds afforded by her cry sufficed.

I was perhaps six or eight yards distant. Before I could have reached them they would have disappeared, but swift as thought, I threw over him the grapnel providentially in my hand, and the sharp fish-hook prongs caught in his clothes. I fortunately had a good foothold, and Hugh readily drew himself ashore.

Was there to be no end to our perils? Once landed, I thought we were all safe, but now, though the peril of drowning seemed passed by, the new one of Hugh's freezing to death was imminent. He was drenched to the skin in ice-water, and the west wind had become cutting in the extreme. With level surface beneath his feet, Hugh could, by running, have evaded this danger, but although the distance we had to go before we could reach shelter was not more than a quarter of a mile, progress over the rough chaotic mass of broken ice must be laborious and very slow. I urged him to make his utmost exertions to reach cover, and to proceed alone. Mamie had torn from her shoulders the shawl he had wrapped around her, and had thrown it over his head, for his cap had been lost in the water.

Hugh, for a moment, resisted both my exhortations and her self-devotion, but was overcome by a very few words from Mamie.

"Dear Hugh! as a proof that you forgive me all the past, I entreat you, go!"

Hugh departed, and I set about assisting Mamie. I do not think a woman, unaided, could have succeeded, by clambering along, in reaching the shore, but guided by a light in a house on the high bank above us, we at last reached the haven in safety. It proved to be an inn frequented by farmers going to the market.

We entered the bar-room and saw, seated by the large Canadian stove—Charley!

"Well, here you are at last," he exclaimed.

I will not record my reply. I confess it was profane in a high degree. I forgot both my early training, and the presence of a lady, and I fear rather disgraced myself.

To what length this might have proceeded I know not, but Hugh just at this moment entered, clad in a bor-

rowed suit. Putting his hand on my shoulder, and planting himself full before me, he said:

"Ashley, Mrs. Hutchison must never know the incidents of this night, and they cannot be kept from her if this proceeds."

The force of this remark struck me dumb, and Mamie, pursuing the advantage, said:

"Mr. Arne, as you are a gentleman, I command you to be silent; Mr. Ogilvie, if you utter another angry word, I will never speak to you as long as I live."

Hugh immediately engaged a farmer (whose opportune presence had occasioned the house to be open) to drive us all to town.

Sullenly and in silence we made our way, and having the night-key with us, entered the house quietly, and slipped off to bed.

"Night brings counsel," says the proverb. I suppose it did to the whole party—it certainly brought no sleep to me. I was tortured the whole night with self-reproach for my intemperate violence, and it was with unmeasured pleasure that in the morning I perceived the whole party re-assemble as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Three weeks elapsed, my passage had been engaged, and the ship was expected to sail in about ten days. I was sitting in the parlor sorting some manuscripts when Mamie entered, walked past me, and stood at the window looking into the street. It has been said that a woman never receives a declaration of love but that she has a premonition of what is coming before a word has been spoken.

Reasoning synthetically, I have come to the conclusion, I was born to receive confidences, for I have an instinct that never fails to warn me when I am about to be made the recipient of the secrets of others.

Mamie had no sooner taken her post than I said to myself: "Here it comes

again!" But I remained silent. After a while Mamie gave a heavy sigh, and then said, as if in soliloquy:

"How I wish my Uncle Colin were here."

"There! the first parallel is opened," was my reflection, but I remained on my defensive silence.

After another pause:

"I have no brother, and my father is dead." "Parallel number two" said I to myself, "and a very affectionate one. I can never stand this, and may as well yield gracefully."

"Miss Hutchison," said I, "if there is any service that a man can render, you may command me as freely as if I had the honor to be your father or brother."

"Ah, Ashley, I am so wretched! I have behaved so badly! Now I know not what to do, and I have no one of whom to ask counsel!"

I ventured submissively to suggest:

"Your mother?"

The filial respect of Mamie was remarkable and uniform, and the contempt with which she repeated my words must have been for the suggestion and not for the person:

"My mother!"

I retreated once more within my lines of defensive silence, and looking me in the face and seeing me dumb, she renewed the attack.

"My mother knows nothing of the circumstances and is therefore not qualified to advise me."

"My dear girl, is it not evident that no one can advise you until you make them aware of the circumstances, and cannot you do this with your mother?"

"No, I have for the first time in my life used concealment with her, and cannot now divulge the events of that night. No, Mr. Arne, I know you must think it indecorous, if not immodest of me, to speak to you, but if you knew how unutterably wretched I am, you would not be surprised at my de-

sire to make you my confidant and obtain your advice."

"No one, Miss Hutchison, but yourself would dare to couple your name with the words indecorum or immodesty in my presence, and I am *not* surprised at your honoring me with your confidences. Such confidences have been vouchsafed to me too often, any longer to surprise me when they do come; but I cannot conceive why they do come to me."

"I can tell you why. It is not the 'old head on young shoulders' which my mother ascribes to you, but, in the first place, the utter absence in you of that intrusive curiosity that pries into all domestic secrets, however sedulously guarded, and in the next place, and especially, on account of that transparently faithful honesty, which gives an assurance, as my uncle said, that you may always be trusted."

I made a bow.

"Miss Hutchison, be pleased to state your difficulty."

"Oh, Ashley, I so deeply regret my conduct in the past; I am so ashamed of it, I would give the world to make amends for it, and I cannot. I have this day received an offer of marriage both from Mr. Charles Ogilvie, and also from Hugh."

"And your difficulty is as to your choice between them?"

This I said in good faith, and was startled by the reproachful indignation with which she replied:

"I did not think this of you, Ashley. How *can* you be so unkind? You cannot think so meanly of me as to suppose I could for a moment think of marriage with that man—a coward!"

The scornful irony that emphasized the word "man" would have been a study for Siddons or Rachel.

"My dear Mamie," I replied, "not for the world would I willingly wound your feelings, and certainly he who fails to perform the part of true comrade in a boating frolic, does not promise well

to prove faithful partner in the serious voyage of life. But what is your objection to Hugh?"

"Oh, I have treated him infamously! I would give the world to make him amends! He must so utterly despise me! Long ago he lavished his love upon me. He never told me so, but I knew it, and when you first came here, you must have observed that I allowed him to think it was returned. But when that counterfeit came here, I accepted his tinsel and threw away Hugh's gold. Now, how can I take advantage of his offer, and dare to present in return for his true love my paltry, fickle heart? It would be an aggravation of my offence."

Poor Mamie's tears began to flow, and I interrupted:

"Miss Hutchison, your logic is admirable, and your conclusions are inevitable. Hugh Ogilvie *must* despise you, his conduct proves it. A man never offers marriage to a woman unless he utterly despises her. And next, you have used him shamefully, and it would be a mere aggravation of the offence to make him happy for life. Permit me, however, to state the case as it appears to my unaided common sense. Hugh Ogilvie loved you—loved you passionately, but never told his love—consequently any preference that you might happen to feel for him you were at liberty to continue or withdraw. His brilliant cousin came here and out-

shone him; not in your eyes only, his superiority was recognized by all who frequent the house. He imposed upon me, and your mother still thinks him a paragon. Three weeks ago, you and I saw the veil lifted. At length Hugh speaks. To make him amends for fancied wrongs, you would give the whole world. I don't believe he wants the *whole world*, and it is not yours to give. But that portion which he does covet is yours to give. Why not give it? Perhaps, my dear child, you do not know it, but I know, you not only respect Hugh (as every one must who knows him) but *you love him*. Listen to the counsels of plain common sense, and discard the suggestions of your ecstatic logic—"Supremely happy in the awakened power of giving joy."

"You will fill your cup of happiness by crowning him with bliss. What is the alternative if you refuse him? It would be absurd to talk of a life of celibacy, and where shall we look for a nobler fellow than Hugh Ogilvie?"

I ceased. Mamie's lips quivered, and her fingers worked nervously for a while. She then took both my hands in hers, and looking me steadily in the face, with confiding frankness, said:

"True friend, always safely to be trusted, what do I not owe you? How shall I ever repay you?"

I bent my head slowly towards her, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, merely saying, "By being happy."



Young Folks.

THE PRISONER IN THE IRON MASK.*

BY FANNY FRENCH.

At intervals, on the pages of history, we meet with well authenticated accounts of individuals, who are best described as "mysteries." Their names, origin, birthplaces, and the motives for the extraordinary secrecy are alike covered with a veil, which defies all efforts to lift it. At length they die, and the secret is buried with them.

Learned men take the matter in hand, sift evidence, write big books, advance this or that theory, and leave the mystery just where it was.

The most remarkable of these mysterious persons was the Prisoner in the Iron Mask.

In 1661, a man, young, tall, of noble appearance, and great beauty of person, was sent to the state prison on the Isle Ste. Marguerite, on the southern coast of France. He wore when travelling a mask so contrived with steel springs that he could take his food without uncovering his face.

The Minister Lanvois once paid him a visit, and while in company with him remained standing, and showed the greatest attention and respect. On one occasion during his sojourn at Ste. Marguerite, he scratched some words on a plate with a knife, and threw it out of the window of his apartment. The plate was picked up by a fisherman, who carried it to the governor of the fort.

The man was sternly asked "if he had read the words on the plate;" the answer was, "that he could not read." Enquiry showed he had spoken the truth and he was dismissed with the remark

"that he was lucky in his ignorance."

This would seem to have been the only attempt recorded, made by this unfortunate man to communicate with the world beyond his prison walls.

This incident also affords a glimpse of the manners of the days when earthenware was almost unknown, the table furniture of the poor being wood or horn, while pewter was used by the wealthy, and on state occasions, silver, and even gold.

In 1693, Mons. de St. Mars, the Governor of Ste. Marguerite, was appointed to the same office in the Bastille. The Prisoner in the Iron Mask was removed to the Bastille also, and was there treated with much respect, and allowed many luxuries and indulgencies. He was fond of music, and liked to wear a great deal of lace and the finest linen. His face was never seen, not even by the physician of the prison. He was exceedingly patient, never making a complaint, nor did he attempt even by a hint to make himself known.

He died in 1703, and was buried like all persons who died in the Bastille, in the neighboring churchyard of St. Paul's, under the name of Marchiali.

Care was taken to destroy his clothes and the contents of his apartment, probably with a view to destroy any record he might have left of his identity. A story so extraordinary naturally excited much attention at the time, and many attempts were made then and since to unveil the mystery.

A French gentleman, Mons. Delort,

*See Frontispiece.

represented the prisoner to be a person named Matthioli, a Minister of the Duke of Mantua, who had incurred the resentment of Louis the Fourteenth, by some act of treachery, and who being inveigled into the French territory, was there seized and committed to the charge of Mons. de St. Mars, in whose custody he remained until his death. But the evidence has breaks in it, and Matthioli did not appear to be a person of sufficient consequence, either socially or politically, to have such an extraordinary amount of trouble taken to conceal his identity.

Another theory (stated to be based on admissions of Mons. de St. Mars) was that the prisoner was a twin brother of Louis the Fourteenth, kept in durance to prevent a contest for the crown of France. He was placed in infancy in the charge of St. Mars, but was not placed under constraint, until he, at the age of sixteen, in some way discovered the secret of his birth. St. Mars always professed a great attachment to his charge, for his amiable disposition and the patient manner in which he submitted to his hard fate.

The strongest evidence of the truth of this story, was the apparent importance of the prisoner, but at the same time there are some very improbable circumstances connected with it.

If the prisoner were really the twin brother of Louis the Fourteenth, he must have been born in 1638, and been sixty-five at his death in 1703, and by that time his guardian from *infancy*, St. Mars, must have been at least ninety, for the care of an infant under such peculiar circumstances would never have been given to any one who had not advanced to full manhood, and given proof that he could be depended on. He, St. Mars, must have been eighty, or more, when appointed to the command of the Bastille, and although St. Mars might have *lived* to the verge of a hundred, it is extremely unlikely he would retain mental vigor sufficient

to fit him to fill such an important office; neither does there seem any really trustworthy evidence that such an infant ever existed.

Altogether, we must be content with the certainty that such a mysterious person as the Prisoner in the Iron Mask once lived; and his secret is buried in his grave.

It would perhaps be too much for the mind of any one, even were such a thing possible, to take in at once the amount of wrong, sorrow, and despair which, in the lapse of centuries, had been contained within the walls of the Bastille.

The power possessed by the French kings previous to the Revolution, of immuring prisoners there without trial, and secretly, of necessity caused much oppression and injustice. Irresponsible power is a most fearful temptation, and we may be thankful that God permits only *very* few to be assailed by it; that it is often abused ought to excite less surprise than that it is ever used wisely and unselfishly.

One of the first acts of the Revolutionary mob was to pull to the ground and utterly demolish the Bastille. The Governor and other officers were taken to the Hotel de Ville, and soon afterwards guillotined. If all the acts of the mob had been as blameless as the pulling down of this hoary den of iniquity, the Reign of Righteous Retribution would have been a better name than the Reign of Terror to bestow upon this period in the history of France.

A relative of the writer, a lady, from the Townships, spent some time quite lately in the South of France. Among other interesting places, she visited Isle Ste. Marguerite, and was shown the apartment of the Iron Mask.

The rocky island on which the prison is built is at the entrance of a small bay, about two miles, more or less, from the town of Cannes. The room of the Iron Mask was rather small, very plain

and bare, with nothing interesting about it but the memories connected with it.

A vivid modern interest now attaches

itself to the Chateau Ste. Marguerite, from its being the scene of Marshal Bazaine's imprisonment, and romantic escape in August, 1874.

LITTLE MARY'S THEFT.

BY ELECTRA.

I am going to tell you a true story of a little girl who stole. S-t-o-l-e stole, that is an ugly word, is it not? and those who steal are called by a very ugly name, which I hope none of you, my little readers, will ever deserve—but I must tell you about this little girl. Her name was Mary—Mary White. She was a pretty little, chubby, merry child, with bright dark eyes, and the rosy cheeks which so many English children have, for Mary lived in England, in a little old village, that was quite old when the first white man's house was built in Canada. Her mother and father died when she was a little bit of a baby, so she lived with her kind aunt, and her grandfather, who was a pious, good old man, and tried to bring Mary up in such a way that she would grow up a good woman, but as he was rather stern in his manner, the little maid was sometimes afraid of him, especially if she had been naughty.

I have heard her say (for Mary is a grown woman now, and told me the story herself), that before she was six years old, she learned by heart all the second chapter of St. Luke, and said it to her grandfather on Christmas Day, and that she could say all the Commandments without a mistake, when she was only five.

Well, one bright April morning

brought Mary her sixth birthday, and she was to have a holiday. No lessons; no patchwork to sew—nothing but play all day long; so after breakfast she began her day's search for fun.

After a few little hops and skips, she landed herself by their next door neighbor's gate, and peeping through the bars, she spied something in the yard, which made her eyes open wider, and shine brighter than ever. What did she see? Why, her playmate, little Millie Gardner's playhouse all fixed over since Mary had played there last, and oh! such a beautiful cupboard was there, built of broken bricks and bits of board; and on one of the shelves, in company with acorn cups and saucers, and glass-ware that was in smaller pieces than it had been once upon a time, was a lovely china saucer, almost whole, not more than a quarter of it broken off!

Ah! they do not make such pretty china dishes now as they did then. This one was large patterned, all pink and "gold," and the "gold" was so thick on it that it had quite a brassy look.

Where *did* Millie get the treasure? She, Mary, had been keeping house nearly a month, but she had nothing amongst all her precious things to compare with it in beauty. She looked at it and admired it, until she felt as if she

could not be happy without that saucer, or one like it. What had she amongst her household stores that Millie would take for it? She would have tried to make a bargain there and then, but Millie was in school, and would not be at home until four o'clock, so after many wishful looks at the lovely thing, Mary trotted slowly home and told her aunt all about it.

The child did not half enjoy her holiday for wishing four o'clock would come, and thinking about Millie's treasure. To be sure she forgot all about it for a little while, when eating her birthday dinner, but after dinner she began to wish for four o'clock again. She went out and arranged her playhouse all over again; she set every dish and ornament in her cupboard so that they would show to the best advantage, but one thing was lacking after all,—the pretty china dish, and once more, Mary wished it was hers.

Now to wish for something which belongs to another is to break one of God's Commandments, and is the first step towards stealing, but Mary didn't think about that.

"Aunt Mary, please what time is it?" was Mary's question at least a dozen times during the afternoon, but at last the lazy hands of the lazy clock did manage to show that it was four o'clock. Millie would soon be at home now; so off Mary started to watch and wait for her playmate's return. At last she came. Very soon the little ones were together in Millie's playhouse, and Mary began her work of bargain-making. But it was no use; Millie would not part with her treasure. The more Mary seemed to want it, the more Millie felt how valuable it was, and at last she gave Mistress Mary to understand that she would not part with it to her for all she (Mary) owned.

Then the last-named lady got angry, and with great dignity, considering she was only six, and small for her age, walked home, and told her aunt her

opinion of Mistress Millie, and her "stinginess."

Mary's grandfather came home from work rather earlier than usual that evening, and after tea, he took her on his knee, kissed her and called her Polly, which he very seldom did, and to do honor to her birthday, got her to repeat to him all the hymns and Scripture texts that she knew. When she had said them all, he asked her to repeat the Commandments for him, which she did without a mistake. Then he preached her a nice easy little sermon upon them, and before he had finished, Mary was pretty near asleep, for you know it is apt to make people sleepy to listen to sermons.

Haven't you, my little readers, often seen people dozing and sleeping in church, who are always wide awake enough when you see them at other times, and in other places?

Mary was roused up for evening worship, but all the time her grandfather was reading the Bible, and praying, she was thinking about Millie's saucer. After worship, came going to bed—"Going up Wooden Lane to Blanket Fair," as aunt Mary called it, but after she was in bed, instead of going to sleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow, as she generally did, she lay quite wide awake, thinking of nothing but that wonderful dish. She thought, and thought to find out some way by which it might become hers, but could think of none, and was just giving herself up to despair, and sleep, when she heard a voice, a very hateful voice, whisper something in her ear, which made her start up in bed, feeling very naughty indeed.

Would you like to know what the voice said. I will tell you. This was it.

"Wait until your aunt and grandfather are asleep, then put on your frock, steal quietly out through the back door; you can unfasten it without making any noise, and if there is no light in Mr. Gardner's, go into Millie's

playhouse (you know it is bright moonlight, so you will not be afraid), take the dish, and bring it home with you, hide it away in some safe place, and when Millie is in school and your aunt has heard you say your lesson, you can play with it as much as you like, and no person will know anything about it."

Then a beautiful voice called conscience spoke to the little girl, and said:

"To do as the voice which has just spoke bid you to do, would be stealing. Do you want to be a thief? Have you forgotten the Commandments, and all your grandfather has said to you about trying to keep them?"

Then the wicked voice spoke again, but it would tire you to tell you all the voice said. Although Mary was a very little girl, she heard and understood all that the voice of conscience said to her, but as she listened most to the voice that was tempting her to sin, conscience spoke lower and lower, and at last became silent altogether. Then Mary did as the tempter had advised her to do, and in a short time, without being seen by any person, was back in bed, with the stolen treasure in her hand; but somehow, although she could see the "gold" shining in the moonlight, it did not seem half so precious as when it was in Millie's playhouse. And oh! how naughty she felt, for conscience spoke so loudly now that she could not help hearing it.

Never in all her little life had she felt

so miserable and guilty. Before ten minutes passed, she wished it back where it belonged. She laid it on the pillow beside her, but she dared not leave it there, for she might go to sleep, and not waken in the morning before her aunt came into the room, and found out what she had done; then she got up and hid it, first in one place and then in another, but no place seemed safe enough, so she took it back to bed with her, and just as she lay down, the thought came to her mind that she, Mary White, was a *thief*, for she had stolen. For a minute she covered her head with the bedclothes, as if to hide from that Great Eye, from whose sight nothing can be hid, then getting out of bed, she kneeled down, and in the fullness of her child's faith, made a sobbing little prayer, that He who alone knew how wicked she was would forgive her and make her a better child for Christ's sake.

Then taking the now hateful dish in her hand, she made another trip to Millie's playhouse, put it exactly where she had found it, crept quietly back again to bed, without being seen by anyone, and happy as only a happy little child can be, in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Mary says she learned a lesson on coveting which she has never forgotten, and if ever she finds herself wishing for what is not her own, she thinks of the "Broken China Saucer," and covets no longer.



PROUD LITTLE DODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR THREE BOYS."

(American Tract Society.)

CHAPTER VIII.

DODY LISTENS.

Dody went down stairs hugging the baby doll, and when the breakfast bell rang and no Tom made his appearance mamma let her go up and knock on his door.

Knock, knock, knock, and no answer came from within. Tom was fond of giving surprises, and after he had kept perfectly still long enough to make Dody sure that he was sound asleep, he jerked the door open and jumped out on her.

"Hallo!" said Tom. "Is that you?"

"Yes," said Dody, as soon as she got breath after the shock he had given her. "I came to wake you up. Breakfast is ready; and, O Tom, how did you know it was a baby doll I wanted? And, O Tom, what a good boy you are to give it to me after all."

"I thought you might as well have it as to throw it away, you know, since I'd got it on my hands."

"But do you believe? Do you believe all the same?" asked Dody.

"Believe what?"

"That it's you I love, whether you give me things or not?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Tom. "I told you I'd take you at your word. But if you want to give me proofs, why we'll see how well you'll learn my lessons on woman. Do you know what a debate is, Do?"

"No," said Dody.

"Well, you take sides on a question, half the fellows in your society against the other half; and the two sides have it out. We had a first-class debate on woman, led by Hawley and Jones, two

of our best men. I've got the substance of it all in my head, and I'll give it to you sometime."

"Thank you, Tom," said Dody.

"What'll we do to-day, Tom?" asked Dody after breakfast.

"The first thing I propose to do is to get out of these blue rags and put on some decent clothes," said Tom. "You don't catch me sailing around in regimentals that get the whole town staring at you. Looks as if a fellow wanted to be stared at. Then I propose to ask father to take me to Munson & Foote's and get me measured for a decent citizen's suit. Then I propose to hunt up some of the fellows and have some fun. There's my programme. I'm bound for the garret now. You can come along if you won't bother."

Tom, after examining a number of his cast-off garments, finally found some pantaloons and a jacket that would do. The sleeves of the jacket and legs of the pantaloons came so far short of reaching his hands and feet that they called the attention of all to his new inches.

He looked very funny, Dody thought, when he came out of his room in "citizen's clothes." There was a beggar-boy look about him that didn't go well at all with airs, and of course would take the airs out of him. But to her surprise his military step was not put away with his military clothes. Neither were his straightness and dignity laid aside to wait for the new suit from the tailor's. That seemed to Dody funnier than ever—for a boy to be airy in pantaloons and jacket sleeves that were too short for him; and she giggled in a manner most disagreeable to Tom.

"Te he, he, he, he. Ke-e-e-e," said Tom. "What is there on the surface of the globe so unbearable as a small specimen of giggling girl!"

"How you do look, Tom!" said Dody.

"What do you s'pose I care how I look?" said Tom. "I leave that for things like girls. Oh, wait till I get you trained!"

"Tom, Tom," Dody called as he went off, "what are you and the rest of the boys going to do for fun? Won't you please have some fun with me the first day you're at home?"

"You'd squeal," said Tom; "or come out with that aggravating titter of yours."

"No," said Dody, "truly I'd be just as sober, Tom; and not squeal either."

"I don't care if you come for a row, if you'll agree to sit still," said Tom. "You won't take up much room, I s'pose. I think I'll get Hal Sprague to go down the river. You can ask mother; and if you're at the gate when I come back this way I'll take you."

Dody had hardly asked her mamma when she said No; Dody could not go on the river with any one but papa.

"O Mamma Powers!" said Dody: not in a pleasant tone, nor even in a tone that was only grieved and disappointed; but in a tone that no little girl should ever use to her mamma. It was loud and angry, and ready to carry her through a long naughty sentence.

But why didn't Dody finish her sentence? What made the tone fall suddenly at the end of three words; and the angry flush grow pale in her cheeks; and the flashes go out in her eyes, as little flames go out under water in a second?

It was like the Bible story, when the great strong wind came, then the earthquake, then the fire; and God was not in them. Then the still small voice; and God was in that.

God was not in the storm that raged in Dody's breast, nor in the fire that flashed out in her cheeks and eyes. But he was in the still, small voice that spoke to her. He remembered the

prayers she had been offering for many mornings. God never forgets little girls' prayers. He had sent the voice for which Dody asked to stay in her heart; and now he made it speak, softly, but so distinctly that she heard it plainly above the tumult of her anger. Not that it really spoke words. She could not have told what it said; but she knew that it reminded her, and coaxed her so gently that she was willing to obey it.

She ran out of the room, to be alone until she should have recovered from her disappointment. Then she came back to mamma, quite ready to be rewarded by her praise.

"Here's my own little girl again," said mamma.

"The voice spoke this time," said Dody; "so I'm doing your way."

"And God's way," said mamma. "I found some verses the other day, Dody, that I thought you would like; one of the proofs that mamma's way is God's way. Do you want to learn them?"

"Yes, mamma."

Dody came up in her lap, and this is what mamma taught her:

"Keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee."

"That's very nice," said Dody, after she had learned it. "I'll do just exactly what it says, mamma."

It was time for her morning walk, and Susan came to get her. After they had walked a little way Dody happened to remember something she had wished to do on the first opportunity.

"O Susan," she said, "there's something I've got to attend to. Take me 'round to Emmie Miller's, won't you please? I'll have to ask her something."

"Did your ma say so?" asked Susan.

"No," said Dody. "But she'd like to have me, I know."

"Mebbe you know it better'n I do," said Susan. "Mebbe you think I'll take you to all sorts o' houses without orders."

"But, Susan," began Dody.

"Don't be but Susaning me," said Susan. "I know my duty, I should hope so, by my age."

"Susan," said Dody, rather sternly, "what would you think if I told you all about it? What would you think then, ma'am?"

"Tell and try," said Susan.

"I don't care," said Dody, "I will. But first you'll have to guess what a thing I did the other day, Susan. Guess the meanest thing you know."

"Sly pinch to somebody's baby," said Susan, making her black eyes snap. "Let go my hand. I don't want no baby-pinchers touching me."

"I never pinched a baby, thank you miss!" said Dody, jerking her hand from Susan's, and flirting away and turning up her nose.

But down dropped the little nose very quickly; and back came Dody, all humility.

"It was just as mean, though," she said; "maybe meaner. I wouldn't speak to a sweet little good girl in a horrid old dress; and when she wanted to shake hands I put mine right behind me."

"No one could a made me believe it," said Susan.

"And Emmie Miller knows her, and I want to ask her where she lives, so's I can shake her hand and say, 'How d'ye do, Addie Brown?'"

"Addie Brown!" said Susan. "I and her ma's acquainted; and I'll take you to the spot; and do you finish it up nice, Dody, and Susy'll think as well of you as ever."

It was a long walk there, down to the poor part of the city. But at last they reached the small, unpainted house and knocked at Addie's door.

Addie herself, who was just coming out, all ready to carry home a book that Emmie had lent her, opened the door. There stood the proud little girl in the pretty white dress. Addie was not glad to see her again, for she

had been cruelly hurt by her pride.

But to-day the little girl's nose was not up in the air, her head had not a scornful toss, nor her upper lip an ugly curl. To-day the little girl smiled at Addie as if she wanted to be friends; her eyes looked gentle; and she seemed to have no such thought as that her pretty clothes made her any better than a little girl in faded calico.

"How d'ye do, Addie Brown?" said Dody, putting out her hand.

"How d'ye do?" said Addie.

She looked puzzled and bashful. She did not know what to make of Dody. She could not understand why a little girl who had been so rude should be so pleasant.

Dody solved her puzzles by one of her impulses. An affectionate spasm seized her, and she settled Addie's difficulties in the way most natural to her, by throwing her arms around her neck. With her arms around Addie's neck she said in her soft tones:

"Look-a here, Addie! S'pose you got mad at Tom, and all of a sudden met a nice little girl and wouldn't speak to her, 'cause Tom had got you too mad to speak even to a king with the prettiest clothes you ever saw—and it didn't make any difference if the little girl didn't have pretty clothes, 'cause you never cared for such foolish little things as clothes, only you were mad at Tom."

"Oh, yes!" said Addie.

"I never was that kind of proud; was I, Susan?" said Dody.

"That she wasn't; the best little heart in the world for the poor!" said Susan. "You may believe it, Addie. It was madness at Mr. Tom, and not that she cared for good clothes or bad clothes. That's the way she is—mad at one, takes it out on another. But the loveliest heart, and best-meaning of little creatures."

"Yes," said Addie. "Thank you, sissy. I'll forget it."

"That's a dear," said Dody; "and good by till I come again, or till you come. Won't you come and see me, Addie? I'll show you my new baby doll that Tom brought."

"Yes, please," said Addie.
And so Dody had that matter settled.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

It was the afternoon of the next day when Dody remembered to keep her promise to mamma, and do just exactly what the verse told her. She had promised to bind the law of her mother on her heart and tie it about her neck; and God had promised that when she should do that it might begin to lead her wherever she went, keep her when she slept, and talk with her when she awoke.

"How could I forget so long?" thought Dody. "I must hurry and keep my promise, so God can keep His."

She ran up to the nursery, and found among her possessions a lead-pencil and piece of paper. Then she sat down in a quiet corner, where she would not be disturbed, until she had prepared the law of her mother to bind on her heart and tie about her neck.

She was not a rapid printer, for it was only a short time since she had taken her very first lesson; but she did not care to ask either Tom or Susan to help her, and mamma had gone out for an afternoon of calls. So she worked long and patiently, bearing on very hard to make nice black marks. She had sore finger-ends and an ache in the back of her neck when she finished; and it had taken her so long that Tom missed her, and was searching.

"Do, Do! Scrap, Scrap!" she heard him calling.

She wouldn't have had Tom find her for the world, for she didn't want him to make fun. But his steps were coming toward the nursery. She spread out her hands over the paper. There were spaces between her fingers; but if her face had not told that she was hiding something, perhaps Tom would never have noticed the paper through them. As it was, his first words were,

"What are you hiding?"

"Never mind," said Dody.

"Little girls must not have secrets from their big brothers," said Tom.
"There's no end of consequences if they do. Lift up your hands."

"I won't for you," said Dody.

It was an easy matter for Tom to lift them for himself; and as he held them high, he saw printed in great black letters—and in such faulty letters that it took him some time to make them out—"The Law of Dody's Mother."

"Law of Dody's Mother," Tom read aloud. "What's all this?"

Dody was angry enough to have quarrelled with Tom; but she was determined not to give him a chance to make fun, so she wisely kept cool and only answered,

"My writing."

"A writing-lesson, is it?" said Tom.
"Why don't you write sense while you're about it? You needn't have been afraid to show it to me. It does very well for a Scrap."

"Tom," said Dody, remembering a question she had always meant to ask him, "what makes you call me that?"

"Because you are one," said Tom, "only a scrap of a girl. They ought to plant you in the ground, like flowers and trees, and let you shoot up fast."

"Do they ever?" said Dody.

"Do they ever!" answered Tom; "Why not children as well as flowers and trees, I'd like to know? Look at that Sam Bennett, a mere speck of fatness; the next time you see him coming round the corner—stretched out long and thin."

"Not the very next time," said Dody.
"It took him six weeks. I heard his aunt say so."

"Aunts," said Tom, "will exaggerate. Look at dozens of boys and girls you know—griefs to their parents on account of size. What so natural to parents as to plant them? See how, in a few minutes, they hop up tall like a Jack on a spring when you open the box. How else do you s'pose it is done but by planting?"

"Could I?" said Dody.

"Get in a hole and try it, and you'll find out whether you could or not."

"I never, never heard of such a thing," said Dody.

"I suppose not," said Tom. "You've never heard of most of the remarkable things in this world. You haven't had time, the little while you've lived in it."

"But I should think I'd heard of that," said Dody; "a queer thing like that that happens to people I know."

"Well, between you and me, it's a thing that isn't generally talked of—never mentioned publicly, in fact, by parents or children."

"I can hardly believe you," said Dody.

"I suppose you'd like a living proof," said Tom. "Well, I don't mind telling you. Look at me! Look at those jacket sleeves! Look at those pantaloons' legs!"

"Do you get all under the ground?"

"Oh, no. You can have your head up, like flowers and trees."

"Tom, if it was done to you, please tell me all, all about it," said Dody.

"Not another word! Not another syllable on that subject must ever pass my lips; and you, do you keep my secret!" said Tom, laying his finger on his lips in a thrilling way, and leaning forward to look at her with his big eyes full of the terrible secret.

"Tom—"

"Don't speak of it again. Not a word more, Scrap!"

"I'm *not* a scrap," said Dody. "You ought to heard the grocer-man say, 'Oh my, how she brings 'em down!' when I got on his weighing-machine."

"That was to get on the soft side of you," said Tom. "You musn't believe all people say, Dody. You musn't get to thinking that you're anything but a small child, and a girl at that."

"If I'm a girl at that, you're a boy at that, and we're even—there so!" said Dody.

"Not at all even," said Tom, in a tone meant to settle everything. "I don't know but I've got time to give you another lesson."

He sat down before her and looked her in the eye in that way that always made her look back at him just as long as he wanted her attention.

"Woman," said he, "is the weaker vessel. Woman is dependent on man for food, for clothes, for spending money. Man is gifted with muscle, and when there are battles to fight he fights them. He protects her from foes, brute and human. Beasts might devour her, foes might trample her down—but man prevents. Woman, then, should look upwards to her supporter and protector; and never, never in his presence take on airs, and let him see her with a look of pride upon her countenance."

"Don't care for all you say one speck," said Dody. "If boys and men do things women and girls can't, then women and girls do things boys and men can't."

"I can do anything you can do," said Tom.

"Then I can do anything you can do," said Dody.

"We'll try each other," said Tom. "We'll have this thing settled by proofs. I've got to go down to Munson's a minute to see about my coat, and when I come back we'll have some tests."

As soon as he had gone Dody made a hole in the paper on which she had printed "The Law of Dody's Mother," put a string through it, tied it around her neck and tucked it out of sight under her dress.

"I guess I won't need to bind one on my heart, too," she said. "I guess it means to bind one on your heart or tie it around your neck, whichever you please, and I choose to tie it round my neck. Now it will begin this minute to lead me where I go, and keep me when I sleep, and talk with me when I awake."

She planned her first test for Tom, and then ran to meet him. She wished as they walked together that the tailor had finished his suit, for he did look so funny, and he never seemed to think that there was anything the matter with him. They passed some little girls, one of whom was Emmie Miller. As Tom lifted his hat in a stern manner—remembering the little account he had to settle—she smiled and wink-

ed at Dody; only to let her know that she was glad she and Tom were so friendly; but Dody did not understand.

"What ails her?" said Tom. "A girl can't live without just so much tittering."

ed that Dody understood her friend well enough to know what her laugh meant.

"Come right in the parlor," said Dody. She sat down at the piano and played with one hand a little tune her



"COME DOWN, LITTLE SQUIRREL, AND YOU TEACH ME HOW TO CLIMB."

"She's laughing at your horrid clothes," said Dody. "She thinks you look like a beggar-boy with your sleeves so far from your hands and your pantaloons so far off from your feet."

"Oh!" said Tom, adding that to Emmie's account. He took for grant-

mamma had taught her.

"Now do that," she said to Tom. "You little goose," said Tom, "it isn't because I'm a boy I can't do it. It's only because I haven't learned. I'll learn it. Now come down to the grove with me."

There was a grove back of the house which belonged to their father. When they got there Tom went up a tree. It was wonderful to see him. He threw his arms around the trunk and went up the smooth bark as if he was only going upstairs; then he climbed branch over branch, and made nothing of standing on one—almost as straight as he stood on the ground—and folding his arms across his breast.

"Could you do that?" said he. "Do you know a girl that could do it?"

"Pooh!" said Dody "it's only 'cause I haven't learned. I'll learn."

"Why don't you own up that you can't learn?" said Tom. "It would be much more to your credit when you know you can't."

"Can, too," said Dody.

"Well, your pride'll have a good fall

this time," said Tom. "I haven't taught you much to-day. You're a hard subject. But I'll give you every chance. Go and learn, and the day I play your tune you come out and try it again. Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

"You can't scare me," said Dody.

Tom had gone up so fast that she could not learn much from him; but at the garden gate she saw a squirrel in a tree.

"Come down, little squirrel," said Dody, beckoning to him, "and you teach me how to climb."

He ran all over the branches, and by-and-by did come down and go up again. But he went a great deal faster, and in a much more wonderful manner, than Tom; and Dody saw that she could learn nothing of him either.

(*To be continued.*)

FAYETTE'S RIDE.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

"Hello, girls! I say, hello!"

"This polite salutation was addressed to two young girls who were standing at the parsonage gate in the little village of Valery's Corners. The taller of the two colored with vexation, and looked back to the house as though she hoped no one had seen or heard.

The second answered in a clear, rather peculiar voice, "How do you do, Carlos?"

"I say," returned Carlos, "I was up to your place, and seen your folks to-day."

"I hope they were all well," said the girl who had spoken before, while the other took no notice of Carlos whatever.

"Well, no, they wasn't, jest. I thought I'd tell you—"

"Oh, what is it?" cried Fayette Locey, running out to the wagon, while

her companion followed more slowly, looking rather annoyed than anxious.

"O, it ain't nothing to be scared at, only Mr. Ford and Dick ain't to home. They've gone over to the cattle sale at Elmira, and young Mis' Ford she's there alone, with only your aunt, and the hired man, and the baby.

"Is the baby sick?" asked Fayette, troubled.

"No, not the baby."

"Will you be good enough to tell us at once what is the matter?" said Helen Ford, speaking for the first time with a sort of cold irritation and a certain dignity which Carlos, though it rather awed him, resented as "stuck up."

"You see," said Carlos, letting the reins hang loose over the backs of the old farm horses, "I was a-going past your house this morning, and I knew

you was down here, and I thought your folks might have something to send."

"You were very kind," said Fayette; but Helen made no sign.

"I see young Mis' Ford, and she said the old lady was kind of ailin', and the men folks being away, and no one but Hiram, she felt kind of lonesome."

"Did she send you for us?" asked Helen.

"No, not jest. She said the old lady might be going to have one of her bad spells, and as I was coming down to the corners I might tell you, and you could act your judgment, though she didn't want to disappoint you of your visit. I could see she was consid'able anxious."

"Are you going back soon?" asked Fayette.

"Bout half an hour or so. Tell ye what. I'll call when I've done my arrands, and then you'll have your minds made up."

"O, thank you, Carlos," said Fayette, gratefully. "I wish you would."

Helen said nothing; but as they walked back to the house, she looked perplexed and annoyed. "So provoking of Sue," she broke out at last. "If there was anything really the matter, why couldn't she send a note? But she is so nervous and fanciful."

"Sue's not very strong, and you know Hiram is no one to depend upon. I hope Mrs. Allison and Eleanor will be back before we go."

"So you are going?" said Helen, as if the idea vexed her.

"Why, Helen, I think one of us should go. If aunt had such an attack as she had in the winter, what could Sue do?"

"I daresay it is only her fancy," said Helen. "But you are as ready to fancy things as she is, Fayette. If there were any reason for anxiety," she continued in the even tones which had contributed to establish Helen Ford's character as a "superior girl,"—"If there were any reason for anxiety, don't you suppose I should be as anxious about my mother as you can be, who never saw her till you came to live with us three months ago?"

There was a covert sting in these words which Fayette felt and resented, but she held her tongue.

"Then I don't want to miss this lecture," Helen resumed. "It is the last of the set, and I feel it my duty to improve every opportunity that is offered me."

Fayette slightly raised her black eyebrows. She knew her cousin's way of squaring her duty with her inclination.

"I presume, too, that the boy has quite exaggerated the case. Persons of that class always like to make a sensation, and I daresay Sue only meant that mother had a little cold. She has such a habit of talking to all sorts of people as if they were her equals."

"Yes, I think Sue does rather look upon human beings as if they were her fellow-creatures," said Fayette.

"I don't profess to understand sarcasm," said Helen, setting her rather thin lips very straight. "Papa and Dick will be at home to-morrow, and one night can make no very great difference to Sue. It would be a serious disadvantage to me to lose this lecture, I have the notes of the whole set, and this is the last, and I should never be satisfied to leave them in that unfinished state."

"And suppose you were not satisfied?" What then?" said Fayette.

For a moment Helen had an odd sensation, as though some one had suddenly lifted a curtain and given her a glimpse of an unsuspectedly near and unpleasing region; but the feeling passed, and left behind it a sense of vexation with her cousin.

"Persons who do not care for intellectual pleasures can never understand what they are to others," said Helen, with a superior and pitying smile, which provoked Fayette. "As the professor said last night, it is the first duty of every one to develop his or her nature to its highest capacities, and to seize every opportunity for mental enlargement."

"Fiddlesticks!" thought the irrev-erent Fayette; but she did not say it, and that at least was something.

"Then it would not be polite to the

Allisons to go off in this way, and when company is coming to tea, too. Mr. Allison is gone, and the ladies won't be home till nearly tea time. How it would look to go off!"

"We could leave a message; and, Helen, if Sue were nervous and fanciful, —and I don't think she is,—it would only be one more reason for not leaving her alone. I shall go," concluded Fayette, with sudden decision.

"You will do as you please, of course," said Helen, coldly, but secretly not ill-pleased. "But it will look very strange."

"I can't help it. You can tell them all how it was;" and Fayette ran up stairs to pack up her things.

She had hardly done so when Carlos came back. "I wish you joy of your companion," said Helen to her cousin with something very like a sneer.

"I might easily have a worse one," said Fayette, who liked the big, simple young fellow. "One of us is enough to go, and it may as well be I as you. I hope you'll enjoy the evening. Remember me to Miss Fenton and the others."

It was with a little pang that Fayette spoke. She had been quite as much interested in the lectures as her cousin, and she had found herself very much at home with the Misses Fenton, the granddaughters of Mrs. Lyndon at the Hickories.

"Well, of course one is enough, and more than enough," said Helen; "but I suppose now you have alarmed yourself so, you will not be satisfied to stay here. I shall come home with Mr. Allison on Sunday. Good-bye."

Helen went back to the house, and laid out her dress for the evening.

The party from the Hickories, and the stray professor, who had given four lectures on geology in Valery's Corners, were coming to tea at the Parsonage.

Helen had met the professor before, and had been complimented on the interest she displayed in science, and she felt, as she said, that she could not be satisfied without putting down the notes of the last lecture.

Helen was an intellectual girl—so

said her teachers, and so she believed. She liked to acquire facts, and rules and classifications, and dates, and range them all nicely away in her mind, as she put her cuffs, and collars, and laces, and ribbons in her boxes; as she saved odds and ends of silk and linen, and put them into labelled bags.

As it pleased her to look over her drawers, and count up her possessions, so she liked to review her stock of knowledge gained from text-books, and say, "All this is *mine*."

She told Mrs. Allison that her sister-in-law had sent a message by Carlos, and that Fayette had gone home.

"Sue is a little nervous, sometimes," said Helen in her most superior manner.

Helen's evening was very successful. She was invited to the Hickories by Mrs. Lyndon. She talked to the professor. She took her notes, but some way, even when she had neatly copied out the names of all the saurians, she did not feel as well "satisfied" as she had expected.

It was not till between seven and eight that evening that Carlos set Fayette down at her uncle's gate.

The roads were rough, and they had been a long time coming the nine miles. Carlos lived at Scrub Hollow, a very forlorn hamlet, three miles further away.

It was a wild March night, with a loud-sounding wind rushing through the upper air. Fayette, as she stood at the gate a moment, and looked out over the confused mass of rounded, rolling hills that formed the dim landscape, felt lonely and half frightened.

Everything was so dim and gray, and seemed so full of mysterious sound! The low roar of increasing streams, the multiplied whisper and rustle of the woods, made the world seem something different from the ordinary daylight earth.

She shook off the fancies that crowded upon her, and walked quickly up to the house, which stood at some distance from the road—a pile of gray buildings, with sharp, many-angled roofs rising against the sky.

A light shone from the "living-room" window.

Fayette opened the door, and was greeted by a cry of joy from young Mrs. Ford.

"O, Fayette! I'm so glad it's you!" and there was an emphasis, as if the speaker were rather glad it was not some one else.

"I thought I'd come," said Fayette, kissing her. "How's aunt?"

"I think she is pretty sick," said Sue, lowering her voice. "She's gone to bed."

"Have you sent Hiram for the doctor?"

"Hiram has gone. I'm all alone. Word came over from Springville, just after Carlos was here, that his father had broken his leg, and he had to go, of course."

"But why didn't you tell him to send Dr. Ward over?"

"Mother wouldn't let me. You know how she hates to send for a doctor, and she thought she'd be better."

A voice from the next room called to know who was there, and Fayette went in.

Mrs. Ford was in bed, her face drawn and pinched. A look of pain crossed her features as her niece entered. There was disappointment in her voice as she said,—

"Is that you, Fayette?"

"Yes, aunt. I thought I'd come."

There are women who, in Mrs. Ford's place, would have been angry with the girl for doing what one dearer had left undone; but Mrs. Ford, if she had such a feeling, was too just to visit it upon Fayette.

"You are a good child," she said, with uncommon softness, but with a sigh. "Don't be troubled. I shall get over it by and by."

But Mrs. Ford did not get over it. The trouble was furious and intense neuralgia; not such as young ladies have when they suffer "awfully" in the morning, and go to a party at night, but blinding, burning pain, reducing the life power every minute, and threatening the heart.

Sue and Fayette tried in vain every

remedy in their power. Even Mrs. Ford's favorite panacea of seven different herbs, steeped in spirits with pepper and spice, utterly failed.

The patient grew worse and worse, and at midnight it was evident that, unless help came speedily, her hours were numbered.

The farm was not on the high road, and their nearest neighbors were two old maiden ladies, a mile away, neither of whom could have been of the least use.

Scrub Hollow lay three miles to the south. A nurse might have been found there, but no physician. Springville, where Dr. Ward lived, was a little further off in the opposite direction.

The road to Springville was rough and lonely, and lay over wind-swept hill and through dark valley, by woods and swamps; for this portion of the southern frontier is even now but thinly settled.

"What shall we do?" said poor Sue, wringing her hands. "What shall we do?"

"There's only one thing to do," said Fayette, desperately. "I shall go for the doctor."

"O, Fayette! Walk all that way alone!"

"I shall ride Phœbe. I can saddle her myself. Father taught me how. I must go, Sue. I can't let aunt lie here and die, and never try to save her. It's hard to leave you alone, but it won't take long. Baby hasn't waked up once. What a mercy! Don't say a word, Sue: I must go."

"O, Fayette!" cried Sue, helplessly; but she made no further objection, and Mrs. Ford had not heard the hurried consultation.

Fayette would give herself no time to think. She was a nervous little thing, and she dreaded the long ride through the windy night more than she had ever feared anything in her life.

She was not a very daring rider, though at the little frontier post where she had passed two years with her parents, her father had taught her to manage a horse with reasonable skill, and she had ridden many a mile with him over the prairie.

"O, if father were here now!" she said, a sob suddenly rising.

Then she was doubtful about her own power to manage Phœbe, the great chestnut mare, the pride of her uncle's heart, strong, swift, spirited creature that she was.

For two years Phœbe had borne away the prize at state and county fairs, and the horse-racing world had tempted her owner in vain. Fayette had mounted her more than once, and ridden around the yard, and up and down the road, but always with some secret fears. She had never dared even to try a canter; and now to mount at "mirk midnight," and go as fast as might be, off into the darkness alone on Phœbe's back, seemed an awful thing to poor Fayette.

She knew that the mare was gentle, and she had often petted her, and led her to water. She did not much doubt but that Phœbe would submit to be saddled and bridled by her hand, but still it was with many a misgiving that she put on her hat and jacket. She did not take time to find her habit, and, lighting the lantern, went out to the barn.

Phœbe was not lying down. Disturbed, perhaps, by the loud-blowing wind, she was wide awake; and as Fayette entered with the light, she turned her head with a low whinny, as though glad to see a friend.

Fayette went into the stall in fear and trembling; but she loosened the halter, and led Phœbe out unresisting.

The mare was so tall, and Fayette so short, that she was obliged to stand up on a box to slip on the bridle; to which Phœbe submitted, turning her soft, intelligent eyes on the girl with mild, wondering enquiry. The saddle was harder to manage, but Fayette strained at the girth till her wrists ached, and hoped all was right.

Some faint encouragement came to her, as she saw how gently the mare behaved. "O, Phœbe, darling," said Fayette, "you will be good—I know you will. You are the only one that can help us now."

Petted Phœbe, used to caresses as a

house cat, rubbed her dainty head on Fayette's shoulder, as if to reassure her.

Poor Fayette put up one brief, wordless prayer for help and courage, and then she led Phœbe out of the stable, mounted her by the aid of the horse-block, and rode away into the night.

Sue, watching forlorn, heard the mare's hoofs beating fainter down the road; and relieved that at least Fayette had got off without accident, listened till the last sound died away on the wind.

CHAPTER II.

It was a wild March night. The wind blew loud and cold, though there was in the air a faint breath of Spring, and the brooks were coming down with fuller currents every hour to swell the Susquehanna. There had been heavy rains for the last few days, and the roads were deeply gullied, and somewhat dangerous by night.

The wild, white moon, nearly at the full, was plunging swiftly through heavy masses of gray cloud, that at times quite obscured her light, and the solid shapes of hill and wood, and the sweeping, changing shadows were so mingled that it was hard to distinguish what was real earth and what was but the effect of cloud and wind-blown moonshine. All the twilight world seemed sound and motion.

Phœbe, as well as her rider, perhaps, felt some of the influences of the time; for she snorted and turned her head homeward, as if minded to return to her warm stable; but she gave way to Fayette's voice and hand, and, striking into a steady pace, picked her way down the steep and deeply-furrowed road as soberly as an old cart-horse.

The Ford farm-house lay half way up the side of a high hill, and the farm extended into the valley below in pasture and meadow land. Here, for a space, was a hard gravel road; and Fayette, yielding to the spur of the moment, let Phœbe canter, which she

was only too willing to do, and was relieved to find how easily she kept her seat, and how gentle was the motion.

In a few minutes the bounds of the farm were passed, and Fayette's heart sank low as they drew near the roaring, sounding woods through which the road lay. The trees stood up like a black wall, with one blacker archway, into which the path ran, and was lost in the darkness beyond.

People who have never been allowed to hear the word "ghost," who know nothing of popular superstitions, who are strangers to ballad lore and to Walter Scott, will, nevertheless, be often awed and sometimes panic-struck by night, and darkness, and wind, and that power of the unseen which laughs Mr. Gradgrind himself to scorn.

Fayette, however, had not been properly brought up, according to Mr. Gradgrind's system. She had read all sorts of wild tales, and listened to them from the lips of a Scotch nurse. She knew many a ballad, and many a bit of folk lore, and old paganism,—pleasant enough puppets for imagination to play with under the sunshine, but which now rose up in a grim life-likeness quite too real.

The owls began to call from the shadows, and once and again came a long, wild scream, which, in the darkness and wind, had an awful sound.

Fayette knew perfectly well that it was only a loon calling, but for all that it frightened her. There came over her that horrible feeling which most people have experienced once in their lives at least—the sense that some unseen pursuer is coming up behind. In a sudden spasm of terror, she very nearly gave way to the impulse that urged her to rush blindly on anywhere to escape the dread follower. Nerves and imagination were running wild; but Fayette, from her earliest years, had been trained to self-control and duty. She checked the panic that urged her to cry and scream for help. She used her reason, and forced herself to look back and assure her senses that, so far as she could see the dim

track, she and Phœbe were the only living creatures there.

"I am doing what is right," she said to herself. "God is here as much as in my room at home. It is folly to fear things that are not real, and as for living beings, not even a wolf could catch me on Phœbe."

Resolutely rousing her will, she grew more used to her situation, and, more able to control her terrors, she sternly refused to give rein to her frightened fancy. She drew a long breath, however, when once the wood was passed and the road began to climb the opposing hill, behind which, and across the creek, lay Springville. She thought of William of Deloraine and his ride to Melrose, and smiled at the remembrance of that matter-of-fact hero.

"It's a good thing, Phœbe, dear, that you and I have no deadly feud with any one," she said; and then she patted the mare and praised her, and Phœbe quickening her pace, broke into a gallop, and took the hill road with long, sweeping strides that soon brought them to the summit.

Fayette began to enjoy the swift motion and a sense of independence and safety in Phœbe's gentle compliance with her will; but at the hill-top she checked the pace, fearing a stumble down the deeply gullied hill, which was still sending rivulets to the creek. The amiable Phœbe chose to obey, and picked her way, careful both for herself and her rider.

Now rose a new voice on the wind. It was the sound of angry waters, a long roar rising louder from time to time.

"How high the creek must be!" thought Fayette; and as the roar increased, she began to have a sort of fear of the bridge, which she knew must be crossed; but she classed the feeling with her ghostly terrors, and soon found herself drawing near the bridge, the noise of the water almost drowning that of the wind.

As she came to the bank, a heavy cloud came over the moon, involving the whole landscape in sudden and

dense blackness; and at that instant Phœbe planted her feet like a rock, and refused to stir an inch.

In vain Fayette coaxed and urged, for she dared not strike, even if she had had a whip. Phœbe was immovable as a horse of bronze; but at last she began to pull at the bridle, as though she meant to turn homeward.

to God, and she confessed humbly enough to Phœbe that she had known best; and Phœbe, looking over her shoulder, said, "I told you so," as plainly as a horse could.

Fayette was at a loss. A mile further up the stream was another and much better bridge than the rickety old plank structure that was missing; but



Just then the moon came out, and Fayette looking eagerly forward, saw, to her horror, that the bridge was gone. A post and rail only remained, and beyond was a chasm where the furious waters had not even left a wreck behind.

Had Phœbe's senses not been more acute than her own, two steps more would have plunged horse and rider into the flood.

Fayette turned sick, and felt as if she should fall from the saddle. She rallied, however, for she knew she must. Her senses came back in thankfulness

to reach it she must turn back and make a long detour, that would nearly double her journey, while every minute lessened the chances of the sufferer at home.

She knew that just below the bridge was a ford easily passable in summer; and she remembered her uncle saying that once, when the bridge was down, he had crossed this ford on horseback. It might be that even now she and Phœbe could make their way across.

A wagon track led down to the water's edge, and Phœbe did not refuse to follow this path to the stream's

edge, where Fayette checked her, afraid to face the passage.

The creek was coming down ruffled before the wind into waves "crested with tawny foam," and the "wan water" looked eerie and threatening.

Fayette refused to think of the water kelpie, who just then obtruded himself on her mind. She bent from the saddle and scanned the road.

Judging from the traces on the gravel, she thought that a wagon must have passed not many hours before. Her courage rose, and she set her will to the task before her.

"If Phœbe thinks it safe, I'll try it," she said; and as the rein hung loose, Phœbe stepped cautiously in. She seemed doubtful at first, but she went on, and the water rose and rose.

The moon cast an uncertain, wavering light on the dancing stream; the roar filled Fayette's ears like a threatening voice; the waves, as they plunged toward her, seemed hands raised to pull her down; and still Phœbe stepped steadily on, and the stream came higher and higher. Fayette drew up her feet as far as she could, and glanced back to the shore, half minded to turn; but it was now as far to one bank as to the other. The water touched her feet; it flowed over them.

The next instant she scarcely checked the shriek that rose to her lips, for she felt that the mare no longer touched bottom, but was swimming for her life and her rider's.

At the real danger her ghostly terrors fled. With a sense of wonder she felt her mind grow calm, her courage rise, her senses wake to their work.

To her relief she saw that Phœbe had not lost her wits, but was keeping straight across the creek. She let the mare take her own way, only helping her as far as she could by keeping her head in the way she wished to go. She thought of nothing but the minute's need; and of all the possibilities before her, the only fear that shaped itself in her mind was one for her horse.

The current was strong, but so was Phœbe, and her blood was up. She snorted freely, as if angry with the

force that crossed her will, and putting out her strength, she breasted the storm gallantly.

It was but a minute, though it seemed an hour to Fayette, before she touched bottom.

The water sank rapidly, and she reached the shore but a little below the usual landing. The bank came down to the stream with a somewhat steep incline; but mountain-bred Phœbe planted her fore feet firmly, scrambled cat-like up the incline, shook the clinging water from hide and mane, and with a joyous whinny, rushed like an arrow on the track.

The way was plain before her, and in a minute or two more Fayette, with some trouble, checked Phœbe's gallop at Dr. Ward's gate. A light was burning over the office door.

Fayette slipped from the saddle, but before she turned to the house, she put her arms round Phœbe's neck, and kissed the white star on her forehead. As she ran up the walk, she felt, for the first time, that she was wet nearly to her knees, and the wind made her shiver.

She rang the bell sharply, and to her relief the door was opened by Dr. Ward himself, who had just come in.

Hurriedly, but clearly, Fayette told her story.

"Yes, I understand," said Dr. Ward. "But, dear me," he added, as the light fell on her more clearly, "where have you been to get so wet?"

"In the water," said Fayette, "The creek is so high, and the bridge is down."

"Child! You did not ride that ford to-night?"

"Not all the way, sir. Phœbe swam."

"Phœbe, indeed. A pretty pair are you and Phœbe to race round the country at midnight. Go to Mrs. Ward, and get some dry clothes, while my man gets out the gig."

"O, sir, please be quick."

"Yes, yes; only get off those wet things. Let Phœbe stay here till tomorrow, for my old gig can't swim the creek, whatever you and the mare can

do. We must go by the upper bridge."

Mrs. Ward, called out of bed, supplied Fayette with dry things, and Phœbe was consigned to the doctor's admiring colored man, to be well cared for before she took possession of her bed in the warm stable.

The doctor kept a trotter for emergencies, and in an hour and a half from the time she left home Fayette came back.

Sue came to meet them, white and scared; and as she came, Fayette heard a cry of anguish, which she knew that nothing but the direst extremity could have wrung from her strong, self-controlled aunt.

The doctor took out his ether flask and sponge, and hurried to the bedside.

Before long the ministering spirit did its good office. The tortured nerves relaxed, and the patient slept.

Fayette put on her wrapper, and curled herself up on the sofa, leaving Sue and the doctor watching by the fire.

When she awoke it was broad daylight. All seemed quiet about the house. She stole across the floor, and looked into her aunt's room. Mrs. Ford was awake, and held out her hand.

"Is the pain gone, aunt?" asked Fayette, kissing her, and feeling a new love rising in her heart.

"Yes, child; but I am very weak."

"It was the ether saved your life, I really think," said Fayette, to whom the past night seemed like a dream.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Ford.

"It was you."—*Wide Awake.*



ENIGMAS.

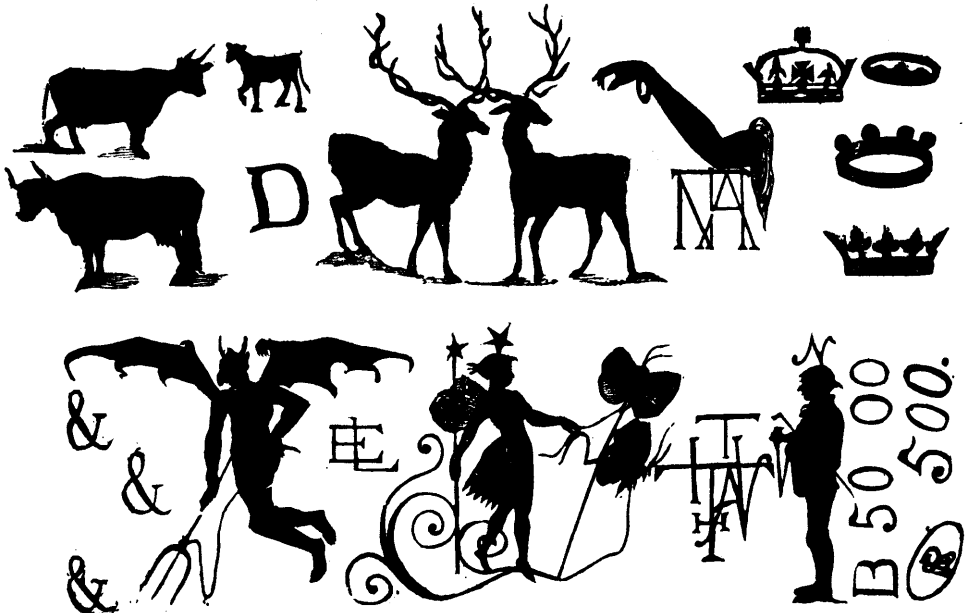
My first descends
 From Heaven and tends
 To make the gems of nature grow;
 My second bends
 And swiftly sends
 Destruction to a distant foe;
 My *whole* attends
 Where wrath impends
 God's covenant of peace to show;
 And beauty blends,
 And witness lends
 Of God's good-will to all below.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN MARCH
 NUMBER.

CRIMEA.

A Crime.
 Me, }
 Care, }
 Air. }
 Mace, rie, rice.
 Ace.
 Arm, ear.
 Ai, mare.

REBUS.



The Home.

PLAYING INTO KNOWLEDGE.

BY G. H. F.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.—MILTON.

FROM Germany has come not only the most natural, imaginative and poetical system of education, but also the



FRÖBEL.

name by which it is universally known—a name full of poetry and pregnant with poetical associations. Kindergarten—the garden of little children; children as plants to be tended to from the most delicate shoots just peeping

above the earth till they become strong and well able to bear the flowers which make them the object of pleasurable observation; children, as the tender, trailing, clinging vines, or the tree in miniature, which must be trained, straightened, pruned, trimmed and guided so as to become not only pleasing ornaments, but well worth all their care and attention, and the space they occupy, because of the good fruit they bear. Poetical this is indeed, but a kind of poetry deep founded on truth, and the general knowledge of this fact must result in the accomplishment of much good.

The idea of educating a baby unable to crawl, hardly able to notice, will seem laughable to many, but that it is possible, and furthermore advisable, to begin education just then is none the less true. See the infant grasping a piece of paper, crumbling it up in his hands, tearing it in pieces, and then throwing it away. Does that mean anything? Assuredly, and just this, that the natural instinct of the child to destroy is being encouraged, to the detriment of that more natural and more proper instinct, God-given, to create. He is learning by experience, and soon, if you watch him, you will discover that of his own accord he will learn many other things in the same manner. Now he is feeling his fingers; hair, ears, nose and eyes in turn come under his observation, and now he endeavors to put his toes into his mouth. As a blind man learns

the shapes of objects by feeling, he seems to be learning of himself by feeling and by taste. Though he may live as long as Methusaleh, nearly every definite, profitable idea he may receive will come to him in the same manner—by experimenting.

Robinson Crusoe is the children's hero of all nations, not only because his adventures were amusing, but also because in his long dreary life upon his island he had to begin anew and learn as his juvenile readers learn, by experience; and who will say that he was not much better able to take care of himself, having thus learned, than if he had been "crammed" with theoretical knowledge, and, in addition, had been shown how every act was to have been done. His theoretical knowledge would have been very little better than his gold which he found no use for, and did not even care to protect, and no amount of "showing" could replace that experience-taught knowledge which put into his hands means to overcome all difficulties. Everybody remembers the unfortunate man of talent, who, having to enter for the first time into "society," took lessons from a dancing-master well versed in the theory of how to "appear well in society;" but in coming to position three in his bow, he unfortunately stepped on a lady's dress, and all his composure fled, carrying away at the same time all memory of his lessons. But around him there were many without half his ordinary composure, nor half his ability to overcome difficulties, who were able to laugh at him. Why? They had been brought up to such scenes, which had become to them a second nature.

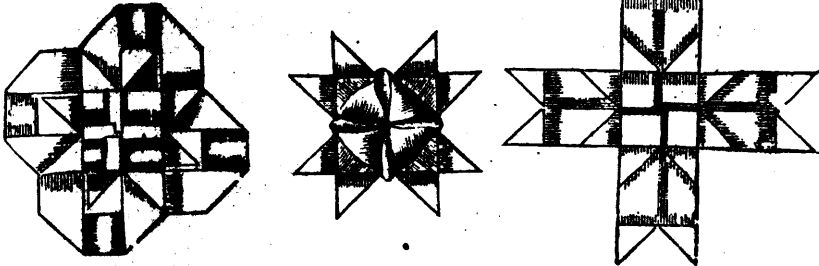
The true theory of education is that which makes labor a second nature; and labor by which man was cursed will thus be turned into a blessing, one which will make his life useful and his end a happy one. Why is it that so many consider labor beneath their dignity? They are not the wisest people,

not the most useful, respectable, or influential, nor, as a rule, even the most wealthy. Their whole lives are unproductive. Were the same amount of energy devoted to labor that they spend in the search for pleasure, their lives would be far different, more pleasurable and more useful, and that labor which they consider menial and a disgrace would be to them a blessing. To the man well fitted to his work, this work is not oppressive; to him it is not merely a search after bread, and it never degenerates into a matter of routine. It becomes incorporated into his life as a part of his very existence, a pleasure. If it were possible that every man were a worker, and the work of the world evenly distributed, this would be a much better realization of the communist's ideal of perfect happiness, than if the world's possessions were equally divided between its inhabitants. To elevate work into this condition, and through it and play, to lead children to knowledge which will make their lives of moment was Froebel's dream, which he put into practical shape in the Kindergarten.

Frederick Froebel was born in Obenveisbach in 1782. He was brought up without a mother's care, and was neglected by his father, a clergyman whose life was bound up in his pastoral duties. He was lonely, and spent many of his hours in a garden, where he found delight in teaching the flowers and plants as he afterwards taught his pupils. He was considered a backward child, and made no prominent position for himself in his university career; but he was a thinker, not brilliant but deep. Like many other eminent men, he did not at first find the position for which he was best fitted, but having inherited a small fortune, he became a student of architecture in Frankfort, taught by teachers who had been pupils of the enthusiastic teacher Pestolozzi. Amongst them, all having in some degree partaken of the enthusiasm of their

master, education and the best means of conveying it was the common theme of conversation. On one occasion when the matter was discussed in his presence at the residence of one Gruener, he gave his views, born from much study and thought, perhaps in his lonely garden, and explained them so freshly,

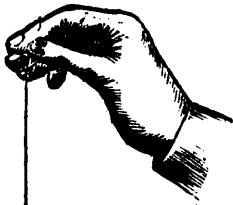
MONTHLY for February, several illustrations of the instrumentalities used in Fröbel's system are given. Two of these we repeat, the other cuts are taken from *Scribner's Monthly*. Fröbel's first gift is a box of soft balls and strings, of three primary and three secondary colors, with sticks and bars.



PAPER-INTERLACING.

forcibly, and with such originality, that the host smote him on the shoulder and cried out, "Fröbel you are meant for

They are round, soft, and easily clasped. Every mother and nurse knows how a child is pleased with the muttering of a monotonous rhyme while performing some simple action. When the infant has shown a tendency to grasp things around him, and to pick at, tear and crumple them, this "gift" may be used. The following are some of the directions for its use as given in one of the



THE FIRST GIFT.

nothing else but a teacher. Will you take a position in my school?" He accepted the offer, thus found his place in the world, and from thenceforth, to use his own expression, was "a bird in the air, a fish in the sea."

Education became his study, and he visited the best schools, ever gathering knowledge and experience, until the Kindergarten as a system was framed in his brain, and he adopted the motto, "Come, let us live for our children."

In an article in the *NEW DOMINION*



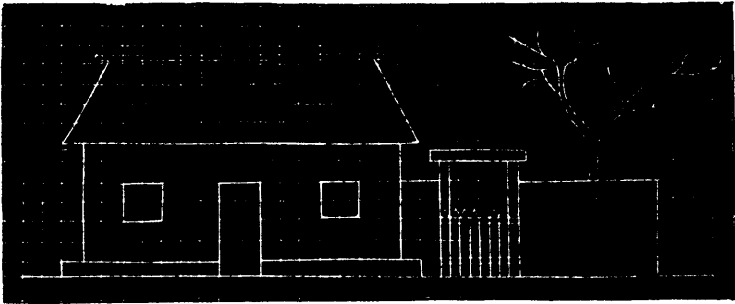
PAPER-CUTTING : SILHOUETTES.

Kindergarten tracts, which are distributed to increase the knowledge on this subject.

“Let mothers and nurses always remember that the little songs and movements given by Frœbel are but hints and suggestions, to be infinitely varied by their own ingenuity, and adapted to the wants and tastes of each child. The mother accompanies each movement with a little song clearly articulated, and the harmony of sound and motion pleases

(or adding a circular motion. “Here, there, and everywhere.”)

“To give the child a new impression, make this motion in connection with some other object; letting the ball pass and repass, singing, ‘Now on this side, now on that.’ ‘To the right, to the left.’ ‘Back and forth; backward, forward.’ ‘See saw, see saw.’



SLATE-PICTURE.

the child and quickens its life. This gift may be used from the time the child seeks to grasp things about him; or as soon as he begins to take notice. Let him lie upon his back in a position to follow easily with his eyes all the motions of the ball suspended before him; or hold him in arms, as the case may be.

“Or make this movement in relation to himself :

Here to me,
There, to thee.
Or ‘Near and far, near and far.’
Now it comes near
My baby dear;
Now it goes far,
To dear mamma.

Make vertical movements with the ball. Up and down. High and low. Above, beneath. Over, under. When the child begins to speak, it will amuse him to repeat these familiar words: Where now? ‘Above,’ or ‘below,’ &c.

High, low; high low;
See it come, see it go;
Now fly, up high;

Pretty ball, say ‘Good-bye,’
Little baby goes to rest,
Mamma’s arms his cozy nest.



PAPER-CUTTING : SILHOUETTES.

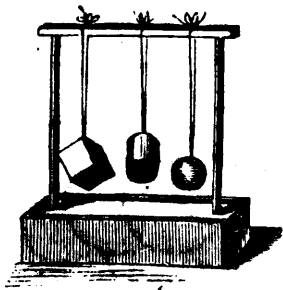
“The most simple movement is that of the pendulum,—the horizontal movement; during which the mother sings,—

Bim, baum, Bim, baum!
Tick, tack, tick, tack!
Ding, dong, ding, dong!
Here, there, here, there!

“Combine the motions; remembering always that accuracy and precision of movement rest and soothe the child:—

Gayly the blue ball swings and rocks.
Then hidden lies within the box.
Watch now, my child, the azure ball:
See, see it rise; now see it fall.

"Difference in time of movement
will also amuse.



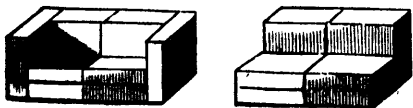
THE SECOND GIFT.

Gently, gently moves the ball,
Now it hardly moves at all:
Hop, lazy ball, hop.
Swiftly, swiftly now it flies,
In motion hiding from our eyes.
Stop, whirling ball, stop.

"Let the ball strike the same spot
on the table three times, singing on the
same note 'La, la, la,' or 'Tap, tap,
tap;' or in different places, 'Do, re,
me,' 'Tip, tap, top.' Let it fall upon
the table quickly from a height.
'Leap, little ball, leap.' Or lift it sud-
denly upon the box:

Hop, little ball, hop:
Hop over the box,
Hop into the box,
On to the box, hop;
Now hide in the box,
Run back of the box,
Then quiet lie on top."

These exercises might be continued
to almost any length, but an intelligent
mother is well able to adopt as good or
better of her own, with less trouble and

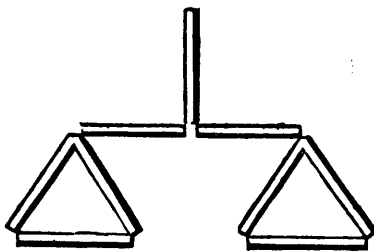
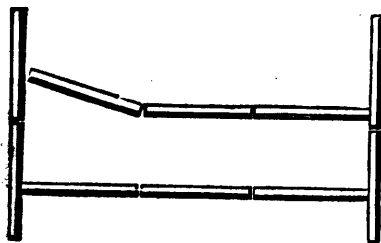


BLOCK-BUILDING: A SOFA AND A BENCH.

difficulty than they could be learned by
rote. The practical use of this training
is to educate the child's sense of color;

his grasping after and playing with the
balls will also aid in his physical devel-
opment, while the moral effect of play
with the mother, even at this early age,
is of no mean consequence.

The second gift, which may also be
introduced into the nursery, is the
sphere, cube and cylinder. These form
an endless source of amusement, and
contain quite an amount of information
for the budding intellect. The sphere
presents the same appearance on all
sides. The cube is next in simplicity,
but has a greater variety in lines, cor-
ners, and faces, though not in such a
degree as to puzzle the child's power of
comparison. He notices the variety of
forms which may be produced by sus-
pending the cube at different points
and turning it rapidly, and also perceives
the sound caused by a solid body in

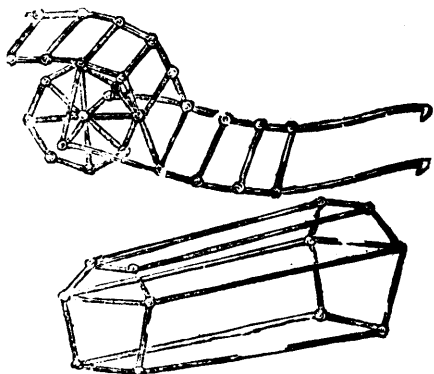


STICK-LAYING: BEDSTEAD & PAIR OF SCALES.

motion, on its coming in contact with
any other substance. The cylinder,
having some likeness to both the
sphere and the ball, enables him to
draw other distinctions, and to point
out finer differences.

The building blocks are next given
him, and his first impressions of dif-
ferences in measurement are by them

obtained, as well as a practical knowledge of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, the divided cube being one-eighth the undivided one. Blocks divided into different geometrical forms are the fourth, fifth and sixth



PEA-LINES—OUTLINES OF SOLIDS.

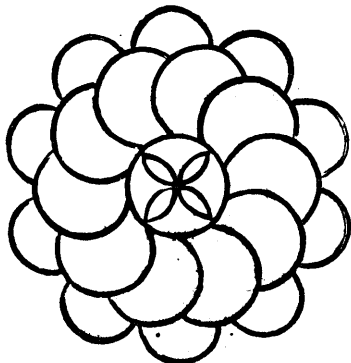
gifts, and give him a practical knowledge of the principles of geometry, which will in the future prevent him from learning Euclid's propositions by rote, and in the present affords him an endless source of amusement and instruction.

The next step is perhaps one of the greatest in the course of instruction. A series of tablets representing the faces of the solids are introduced, and instead of the concrete he is now dealing with the abstract. The square tablet is the side of the square, a diagonal line through it is the form of a triangle, and the transition is thus made easy to him.

Drawing pictures during school hours is an unpardonable offence in many well regulated schools, but the Kindergarten teaches its little ones to draw, their first materials being sticks, which may be laid so as to represent many familiar forms, and symmetrical figures. To these sticks may be added rings and half rings, thus giving him an idea of curved lines, out of which he may make such forms as the Rose win-

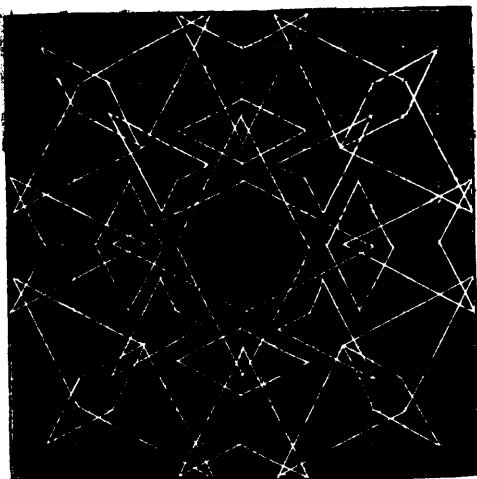
down, and any others which his imagination conjures up.

He will now have entered with spirit



THE ROSE WINDOW.

into his work, and modelling in clay will afford him scope for his creative ability. The love children have for digging in the earth, making mud pies, and "mills," and similar articles, is proverbial; but until Froebel's system



SLATE-DRAWING.

was introduced it was not turned to advantage in education. The juvenile modeller will first have his attention directed to simple forms, such as spheres, cubes, cylinders, and then ones more difficult, as flower pots,

birds, birds' nests, and baskets. Then if at a Kindergarten proper, they having been baked or dried, he is allowed to carry them home for admiration.

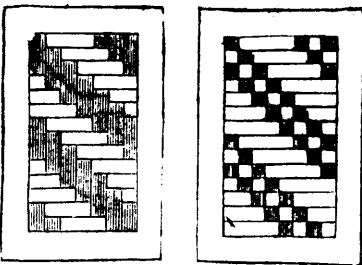
With a perforating needle set in a handle, he is taught to prick out patterns on pieces of paper, ever being encouraged to invent designs of his own.



PAPER-CUTTING : SILHOUETTE.

When his form is complete, the pupil may connect the points with a piece of silk or worsted, thus making lines out of points.

Now he is ready to draw on a slate grooved in squares so that he may "make something" on it. He has already moulded in clay, perforated in paper forms of objects, and now he is an artist, and draws them with exactness. From a straight line a square in length, he is led on step by step, until he is able to make such figures as are

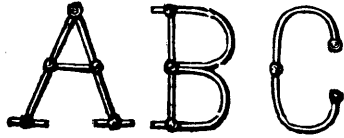


PAPER-WEAVING : SIMPLE FOLDS.

shown in the illustration, and others the inventions of his fancy.

Paper weaving and lacing is a de-

lightful occupation to the pupil, and many are the forms of mats and other

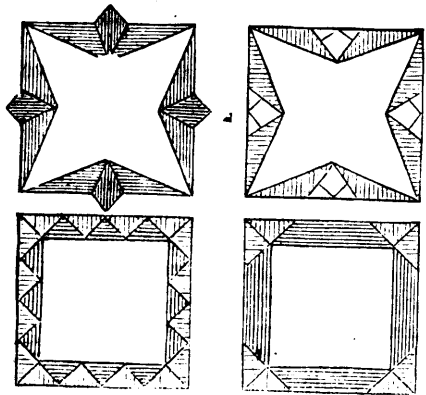


PEA-WORK : OUTLINES OF SOLIDS.

articles that he is enabled to carry home as trophies of his work.

One of the most instructive of all the occupations is that of paper folding, and in this connection we might quote from Kœhler's plates an example, which will illustrate the principle of this system of education as followed in more advanced classes.

"The children of the intermediate"

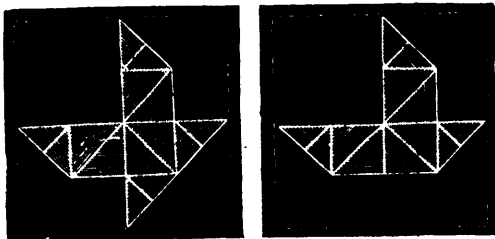


PAPER-FOLDING.

class have before them the piece of square white paper, that they have known in the Kindergarten as the 'folding leaf.'

"In the previous five lessons, the various sides, corners, angles and lines of the square have been examined, named and defined, by the children's answers to the teacher's well considered questions. In the sixth lesson, the teacher says: The measuring of the lower and upper sides, and of the right and left sides on each other, showed that they were equal to each other; it now remains to measure the right side

on the upper side, and the left side on the lower. Fold these sides upon each other and see if they are alike; then lay the corners precisely upon each other, and make a crease across the paper where it folds. Is this the same form as before? How many sides has it?



PAPER-FOLDING.

(Count them and point them out with your fingers). How many corners has this form? What is a form called which has three sides and three angles? Are the lines which make this triangle vertical, horizontal or oblique? (Point to each with your finger as you name it). In what direction does the line made by the crease run? Now compare the angles of this triangle with the angles of the square; are they the same?

What do you call the angle which has remained unchanged? How do the other two angles differ from the right angle? (They will answer—"They are half as large;" or "they are smaller and sharper than the right angle;" or "two of the right angles were divided into halves, each one making two equal angles.") What are angles smaller than right angles, and so making sharper corners, called? (They may say—or be told—*acute* angles, acute meaning sharp).

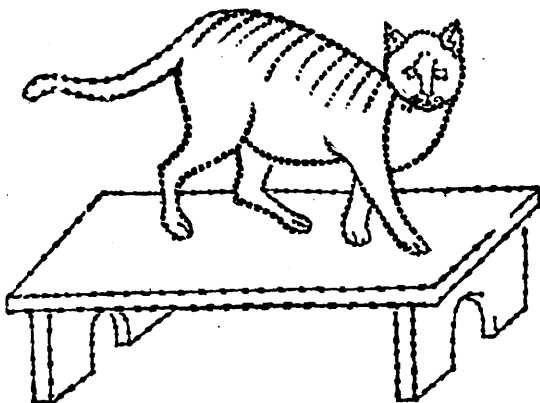
How many acute angles have we made out of each right angle? In folding the leaf you have made two large triangles. When you folded the leaf before, what did you

make? (They will say two oblongs or two rectangles). Which are the largest; the rectangles or the triangles. (If they answer that they are the same size, though different in form, ask them how they know. If they hesitate, or answer wrong, say: When you divided the square into triangles, and when you divided the square into rectangles, you divided it into halves, did you not, both times? Which then is the larger?)

"Now open the leaf and tell me what angles and what lines, and what forms you see. Count them, and point at them with your finger. How

many right angles have you made into acute angles? How many acute angles have you made into two right angles? What did you call the lines that made the right angles? What the lines that made the acute angles? Draw on your slate a right angle. Now divide it into two acute angles exactly equal to each other."

In this manner the teacher may develop all the geometrical principles of



PERFORATION AND NEEDLE-WORK.

the square, rectangle, triangle, &c. The pupils having their hands occupied and the objects visible before them, can come to a more correct idea of what they are endeavoring to learn, and with less

strain on their faculties than by any other means.

The exercise just given would be in advance of the pupil whose plays we have been describing, but those principles in it enunciated would have been firmly grounded on their minds by the occupation of paper folding. His next art is a curious one. Into softened peas he thrusts sharpened sticks or wires, so as to make skeleton forms, from which many lessons are drawn.

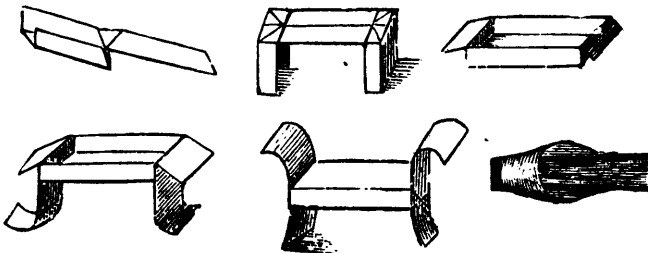
Paper-cutting and pasteboard work will now become easy to him, and afford him an infinitude of enjoyment.

In all this course of education he has cultivated the moral qualities of neatness, patience, perseverance, generosity; has learned the elements of geometry, and to ask the reason why, and try to find out the answer for himself. His hands are nimble, and he has acquired an exactitude of movement and a precision of speech impossible other-

above all, has not been "crammed" with knowledge which he can never use. He will also have been brought into the garden, and nature will have taught



PAPER-CUTTING : SYMMETRIC LIFE-FORMS.



PASTEBOARD WORK.

wise to have been obtained. He has been taught to think for himself, and to have confidence in his own observations, and,

him lessons of the great Creator of heaven and earth, and all that in them is, and though he may begin his school days proper, to outward appearances

behind his fellows in what he is to be taught there, a few years' experience will show that the many lessons received in the Kindergarten have given him a solid groundwork which will make all he learns tell. He

will not be building in sinking quicksands, and what he learns to-day will not squeeze clear out of sight or mem-

ory that learned with much labor and difficulty the week previous. He, having been taught by labor and play, will learn to respect these, and having found by experience that to work is pleasurable, and useful and profitable to himself and others, will not be likely to look upon it as a sign of servitude or bondage.

Perhaps many mothers, fathers, elder brothers and sisters will look upon this idea as an Utopian one, or one requiring too much machinery or special education to adopt in the family circle. They may be correct in the latter respect, but there is one thing they all may do.

The child is full of enquiries. Everything to him is a wonder. By answering his questions and guiding his thoughts this spirit of enquiry will be cultivated, and he will see in the world hundreds of things invisible to the great majority of his fellows. It costs time, trouble and very much care to follow this plan. But how he will improve under it. You will notice his mind gradually opening and unfolding as the growing flower, and if properly guided, there will be little danger of his falling from the course which will make him an honor to his parents and his country.



THIS IS THE WIFE FOR ME.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

A supporting cause, as we may call it, of the existing state of things is the ignorance of mankind concerning the cost of carrying on the family,—not the cost to themselves in money, but the cost to woman in endurance. Of its power to exhaust her vital forces they have not the remotest idea. Each of its little ten-minute duties seems so trifling that to call it work appears absurd. They do not reflect that often a dozen of these ten-minute duties must be crowded into an hour, which holds but just six ten-minutes; that her day is crowded with these crowded hours; that consequently she can never be free from hurry, and that constant hurry is a constant strain upon her in every way. They themselves, they think, could do up the work in half the time, and not feel it a bit. Scarcely a man of them but thinks the dishes might be just rinsed off under the faucet, and stood up to dry. Scarcely a man of them who, if this were tried, would not cast more than enquiring glances at his trencher; for it is always what is not done that a man sees. If one chair-round escapes dusting, it is that chair-round which he particularly notices. In his mind then are two ideas: one is of the whole long day, the other of that infinitesimal undone duty. The remark visible on his countenance is this: "The whole day, and no time to dust a chair-round!"

One mistake of man's is, that he does not look upon the tidy state of a room as a result, but as one into which, if left to itself, it would naturally fall and remain. We know, alas! too well, that every room not only has within itself possibilities of untidiness, but that its constant tendency is in that direction, which tendency can only be checked by as constant a vigilance. Again, husbands do not always seem to understand plain English. There are certain expressions in common use among women, which, if husbands did understand plain English, would make them sadder and wiser men. "I'm completely used up;" "I never know what 'tis to feel rested;" "I'm too tired to sleep;" "I'm as tired in the morning as when I go to bed;" "Every nerve in me throbs so that I can't go to sleep;" "The life has all gone out of me;"

"I am crazed with cares;" "The care is worse than the work;" "Nothing keeps that woman about the house but her ambition;" "It is the excitement of work that keeps her up." Now, how is it that a woman works on after she is completely used up? What is the substance, the capacity of this "ambition" on which alone she lives? A friend of mine, in answer to a suggestion that she should stop and take a few days' rest, said, "I don't dare to stop. If I let down, if I give way for ever so little while, I never could go on again." Think of living always in this state of tension! The dictionary definition of "tension" is "a peculiar, abnormal, constrained condition of the parts, arising from the action of antagonistic forces, in which they endeavor to return to their natural state." Exactly. There are thousands of women in just this condition, sustained there by the daily pressure and excitement of hurry, and by a stern, unyielding "must." In the treadmill of their household labor, breakfast, dinner, and supper revolve in ceaseless course, and they *must* step forward to meet them. And, when more of her vitality is expended daily than is daily renewed by food and rest, woman does, actually and without any figure of speech, use herself up. Yes, she burns herself for fuel, and goes down a wreck,—not always to death; often it is to a condition made wretched by suffering, sometimes to insanity.

I would not have believed this last had I not found it in print. In an English magazine occurs the following passage: "Some whose eyes follow these lines will recollect disagreeable seasons when their attention was distracted by conflicting cares and claims; when no one thing, however urgent, could be finished, owing to the intrusion of one or more inevitable distractions. A continued course of such inroads on the mind's serenity could be supported but by few intellects. Most pitiable is the mind's state after some hours of such distracting occupation, in which every business interferes with every other and none is satisfactorily accomplished. Where there is a tendency to insanity it is sure to be developed by such an undesirable state of things." This

is fitly supplemented by a statement made in an American magazine: "We are told that the woman's wards in the New England insane asylums are filled with middle-aged wives—mothers—driven there by overwork and anxiety."

Not long since, I heard Mr. Whittier tell the story of a woman who attempted suicide by throwing herself into the water. "Discouragement" was the reason she assigned for committing so dreadful a deed,—discouragement at the never-ending routine of household labor, and from feeling herself utterly unable to go on with it. This, with care, want of recreation, and long confinement in-doors, had probably caused temporary insanity.

The "never-endingness" of woman's work is something to be considered. A wide-awake writer, speaking of husbands and wives, says: "The out-door air, the stir, the change of ideas, the passing word for this man or that, unconsciously refresh, and lift him from the cankering care of work. . . His work may be heavier, but it wears him on one side only. He has his hours sacred to business to give to his brief, his sermon, his shop. There is no drain on the rest of his faculties. She has not a power of mind, a skill of body, which her daily life does not draw upon. She asks nothing better of fate than that whatever strength she has of body and mind shall be drained for her husband and children. Now, this spirit of martyrdom is a very good thing when it is necessary. For our part, we see no occasion for it here." This is the point exactly. The "martyrdom," too often, is for objects not of the highest importance. The lack of appreciation of woman's work, as shown by mankind in the newspapers, would be amusing, were it not saddening. Articles, dictating with solemn pomposity "what every married woman should be able to do," often appear in print, and these embodiments of (masculine) wisdom editors are eager to copy. "Every married woman should be able to cut and make her own, her husband's, and her children's clothes." The husband reads,—aloud of course, this time,—and nods approval. "To be sure, that would make a saving." The wife hears, and sighs, and perhaps blames herself that on account of her incapacity money is wasted. What the newspaper says must be true. Perhaps by sitting up later, by getting up earlier, by hurrying more, and by never setting her foot outside the door, she might follow this suggestion. "Every married woman" whose boys take to reading should

snip such newspaper articles into shreds, burn them up, and bury the ashes.

Another cause of the present state of things is the lowness of the standard which has been set up for woman to attain. We have glanced at some of the things which are expected of the woman who carries on the family. What is not expected is a point of no less significance. Neither husbands nor company claim the right to expect, in that smooth, agreeable surface mentioned at the beginning, the results of mental culture. They may be gratified at finding them; but so long as the woman is amiable, thrifty efficient, and provides three good meals every day, they feel bound not to complain. Here are the ten "Attributes of a Wife," as grouped by one of the world's famous writers: note what he allots to education: "Four to good temper, two to good sense, one to wit, one to beauty; the remaining two to be divided among other qualities, as fortune, connection, education or accomplishments, family, and so on. Divide these two parts as you please, these minor proportions must all be expressed by fractions. Not one among them is entitled to the dignity of an integer."

The prevalent belief that woman is in some degree subordinate to man, is rather taken for granted than expressly taught, as witness a certain kind of legend often told to young girls: "Once upon a time a young man, visiting a strange house, saw a damsel putting dough into pans, and saw that the dough which stuck to the platter was left sticking there; whereupon the young man said, 'This is not the wife for me.'" In another house he sees a damsel who leaves not the dough which sticks to the platter; and he says, "This is the wife for me." Another young man offers to successive maidens a skein of tangled silk to wind. The first says, "I can't"; the second tries, and gives up; the third makes a quick job of it with her scissors; the fourth spends hours in patiently untying, and is chosen. Now, what shows the state of public sentiment is the fact that in none of these legends is it intimated that the young man was fortunate in securing a thrifty or a patient wife. It was the thrifty or patient young woman who was fortunate in being selected by a young man,—by any young man; for the character of the youth is never stated. There is an inference, also, in the second one given, that the "hours" of a young woman can be employed to no better purpose than that of untying a skein of silk.

All this is throwing light on our problem, for so long as so much is expected of woman physically and so little in the way of mental acquirements ; so long as it is taken for granted that she is a subordinate being, that to contribute to the physical comfort and pleasure of man, and gain his approval, are the highest purposes of her existence,—it will not be considered essential that she should acquire culture. These aims are by no means unimportant ones, or unworthy ones ; but are they in all cases the highest a woman should possess ?

Having glanced at the present state of things, and at some of its causes, let us show reasons why it should be changed.

A sufficient reason is, because it dwarfs the intellect, ruins the health, and shortens the lives, of so many women. Another reason is, that whereas the husband may keep himself informed on matters of general interest in literature, art, science, and progress, while the wife must give her mind to domestic activities, there is danger of the two growing apart, which growing apart is destructive of that perfect sympathy so essential to the happiness of married life. A certain librarian remarked, "If a man wants a book for himself, I pick out a solid work ; if for his wife, a somewhat light and trifling one." Third, because human beings have so much in common, are so closely connected, that the good of all requires the good of each, and each of all. And here is where the shortsightedness of the aristocracy of wealth and the aristocracy of sex are strikingly apparent. They fail to see that the very inferiority of what are called the inferior classes re-acts on the superior classes. We all know how it is in the human body. An injury to one small bone in the foot may cause distress which shall be felt "all over," and shall disturb the operations of the lordly brain itself. So in the body social. The wealthy and refined, into whose luxurious dwellings enters no unsightly, no uncleanly object, may say to themselves, "Never mind those poor wretches down at the other end, huddled together in their filthy tenements. They are ignorant, they don't know how to get along ; but their condition doesn't concern us, so long as our houses are light, clean, and airy."

Those poor wretches, however, because they are ignorant, because they don't know how "to get along," because they live huddled together in filthy tenements, breathing foul air, starving on bad food, become a ready prey to infectious

diseases. The infectious diseases spread. Men of wealth, from the refined and cleanly quarters, encounter in their business walks representatives from the degraded and disgusting quarter, and take from them the seeds of those diseases ; or, on some fatal day, a miasma from the corruption of the degraded quarter is wafted in at the windows of the luxurious dwellings, and the idols of those dwellings are stricken down. So in the body politic. The wise and well-to-do enact laws, obedience to which is for the general good. The ignorant and poverty-stricken, because of their unenlightened condition, cannot see that obedience is for the good of all, and break those laws. Hence crimes, the effects of which the wise and well-to-do are made to feel, and for the punishment of which they are made to pay. It is the same with man and woman. Man says, "Let woman manage her domestic concerns, attend to her children, and gain the approbation of her husband. These are her chief duties, and for these little culture is needed." But woman becomes the mother of sons who become men ; and the character, condition, and destiny of those sons who become men are, as we have seen, determined largely by the condition, prenatal and post-natal, of the mothers. So that the ignorance in which woman is kept by man re-acts on man.

If the community knew its own interests, it would not merely permit women all possible means of culture, but would force all possible means of culture upon them. It would say, "We can't afford that you exhaust yourselves by labor, that you fritter yourselves away in vanities ; for by your deficiencies we all suffer, by your losses we all lose."

But mark how stupid the community is. It desires that all its members shall possess wisdom and integrity ; it declares that, in regard to character, a great deal depends on early training ; it declares that this early training is the duty of mothers ; and yet it does not take the next step, and say, *Therefore* mothers should be qualified for their duty, and have every facility for performing it satisfactorily. It asserts with great solemnity, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," then gives all its twigs into the hands of mothers, saying, "Here bend these : it makes a terrible difference how they are bent, but then it is not important that you have given any attention to the process." Or, to vary the statement, the community virtually addresses woman in this way : "A fearful responsibility

rests upon you. It is the responsibility of training these young, immortal souls. This is your mission, your high and holy calling. You will, however, get little time to attend to it ; and, as for any special preparation or knowledge of the subject, none is required. There's a great deal of delicate and complex machinery to superintend, and a mistake will tell fearfully in the result ; but, never mind, we'll trust luck." "Do we not," as Horace Mann once asked, "do we not need some single word where we can condense into one monosyllable the meaning of ten thousand

fools?" Some deny the power of early training. "Look!" they say, "there is a family of children brought up just alike, and see how differently they all turn out." But a family of children should not be brought up just alike. Different temperaments require different treatment. And this is exactly the point where knowledge is necessary, and a wisdom almost superhuman. That character is the result of "inherited traits," as well as of education, does not affect the case, since children "inherit" from mothers and the sons of mothers.—From "*A Domestic Problem*."

HOW TO COOK EGGS.

BY MRS. MARY F. HENDERSON.

POACHED EGGS.

Salt the water well ; when it is *simmering*, drop lightly each broken egg from a saucer into it. Cook one egg at a time, throwing carefully with a spoon the water from the side over the egg, to whiten the top. When cooked just enough (do not let it get too hard), take out the egg with a perforated ladle, trim off the ragged pieces, and slip it on a small, thin piece of hot buttered toast, cut neatly into squares. When all are cooked, and placed on their separate pieces of toast, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over each one.

Some put into the boiling water muffin-rings, in which the eggs are cooked, to give them an even shape ; they present a better appearance, however, cooked in the egg-poacher. Poached eggs are nice introduced into a beef soup—one egg for each person at table ; they are also nice served on thin, diamond-shaped slices of broiled ham instead of toast.

POACHED EGGS ON ANCHOVY TOAST.

This is a favorite dish abroad. It is generally a supper-dish, yet can be served at breakfast, lunch, and even as a course for dinner. The dish consists simply of thin pieces of toast, cut of equal size, buttered, and spread with a little anchovy paste, and a poached egg placed on each

piece. Anchovy paste can be purchased in little jars at all the larger groceries.

STUFFED EGGS (for Lunch).

Boil the eggs hard ; cut them in two lengthwise, and remove the yolks, which chop, adding to them some cooked chicken, lamb, veal or pickled tongue chopped fine ; season the mixture, and add enough gravy, or the raw yolk of egg, to bind them ; stuff the cavities, smooth them, and press the two halves together ; roll them in beaten egg and bread-crumbs twice. When just ready to serve, dip them in a wire-basket into boiling lard ; and when they have taken a delicate color, drain. Serve on a napkin, and garnish with parsley or any kind of leaves, or serve with a tomato-sauce.

STUFFED EGGS (French Cook).

Boil the eggs hard, and cut them in two ; take out carefully the yolks, which mash well, adding a little finely minced onion, chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Mash also double the quantity of bread, which has been soaked in milk ; mix bread, yolks, etc., together ; then bind them with a little raw yolk of egg ; taste to see if they are properly seasoned. Stuff the eggs with the mixture, so that each half has the appearance of containing a whole round yolk ; smooth the remainder of the mixture on the bottom of a pie-

pan ; arrange the halves symmetrically in this bed ; brown a little in the oven.

STUFFED EGGS, WITH CHEESE.

Ingredients : Six eggs, one ounce of cheese, two ounces of butter, one heaping tea-spoonful of flour, a little cayenne, one table-spoonful of vinegar, one and a half-cupfuls of milk.

Put the eggs on the fire in cold water, and when they come to a boil set them at the side of the fire to simmer seven minutes ; then put them into cold water. When cold, remove the shells ; cut them in half lengthwise with a sharp knife, taking care not to tear the whites ; mash the yolks, to which add the grated cheese, vinegar, cayenne. At the cooking-school was added also a tea-spoonful of olive oil. Make a *roux* by putting the butter into a little saucepan on the fire, and when it bubbles mix in the flour. In another small saucepan have a wine-glassful of milk-boiling, to which add enough of the *roux* to thicken it, and then add the yolks, and mix all together until quite hot. Now to the remaining *roux* add a cupful of milk, and stir until quite smooth for a sauce ; fill the cavities of the whites of the eggs with the yolk preparation, rounding the tops to represent whole yolks ; arrange them in a circle on a warm platter, and pour the white sauce in the centre.

OMELETS.

Nothing is more simple than to make an omelet, yet very few can make one. The eggs stick to the pan, or they are overdone, and tough.

Senator Riddle, of Delaware, a decided epicure, took much pleasure in his superior knowledge on this important subject. Once when breakfasting with Mrs. Crittenden, of Kentucky, a piece of omelet of doubtful appearance was presented to him. "Before we proceed with our breakfast," said he, "let me teach you a valuable accomplishment." They repaired at once to the kitchen range, where the senator demonstrated at once his qualifications as a first-class cook. My own first lesson was from Mr. Riddle, so of course I have the correct *modus operandi*; afterward in London, however, I heard a lecture upon omelets from a cooking professor, and was astonished at the multiplicity of dishes which could be made from this simple preparation ; not only breakfast dishes, but also the variety of sweet omelets for dessert.

PLAIN OMELET.

The fire should be quite hot. All cookery

books especially expatiate on the necessity of a pan to be used for omelets alone. Any clean, smooth iron spider, or *sauté* pan, is a good enough omelet-pan. Put the pan on the fire to become heated ; break the eggs into a kitchen basin ; sprinkle over them pepper and salt, and give them twelve vigorous beats with a spoon. This is enough to break all the yolks, and twelve beats was Mr. Riddle's rule. Now put butter the size of an egg (for five eggs) in the heated pan ; turn it around so that it will moisten all the bottom of the pan. When it is well melted, and *begins to boil*, pour in the eggs. Holding the handle of the omelet-pan in the left hand carefully and lightly, with a spoon draw up the whitened egg from the bottom, so that all the eggs may be equally cooked, or whitened to a soft, creamy substance. Now, still with the left hand, shake the pan forward and backward, which will disengage the eggs from the bottom ; then shaking again the omelet a little on one side, turn with a spoon half of one side over the other ; and allowing it to remain a moment to harden a little at the bottom, gently shaking it all the time, toss it over on to a warm platter held in the right hand. A little practice makes one quite dexterous in placing the omelet in the centre of the platter, and turning it over as it is tossed from the omelet-pan.

However, if one is unsuccessful in the tossing operation, which is the correct thing, according to the cooking professor, the omelet can be lifted to the platter with a pancake-turner. It should be creamy and light in the centre, and more firm on the outside.

I will specify several different omelets. A variety of others may be made in the same way, by adding boiled tongue cut into dice, sliced truffes, cooked and sliced kidneys with the gravy poured around, etc., etc.

OMELET WITH TOMATOES.

Make the plain omelet ; and just before turning one half over the other, place in the centre three or four whole tomatoes which have been boiled a few minutes previously and seasoned. When the omelet is turned, of course the tomatoes will be quite enveloped. Serve with tomato-sauce poured around it.

OMELET WITH GREEN PEASE

is managed as omelet with tomatoes, putting several spoonfuls of cooked green pease in the centre before the omelet is lapped, then serving with a neat row of pease (without juice) around it.

OMELET, WITH HAM.

Throw into the omelet-pan fine-cut shreds of tender ham, with the butter. When the ham has cooked a moment, throw in the eggs, and proceed as for plain omelet. A little chopped parsley beaten with the eggs will improve it. The dish may be garnished with thin diamonds of ham around the omelet.

OMELET, WITH FINE HERBS.

Before beating the eggs, add with the pepper and salt some chopped parsley and shives; cook a moment in the butter some thin shreds of onion, then pour in the eggs, and proceed as for plain omelet. The shives may be omitted.

OMELET, WITH OYSTERS.

Scald the oysters in their own liquor; when just about to boil, plump them by throwing them into cold water; then beard them; beat them into the eggs before they are cooked, leaving a few oysters for garnishing the plate.

OMELET, WITH CHEESE, OR FONDUE.

Brillat Savarin says: "Take the same number of eggs as guests at table. Take then a piece of good *fromage de gruyère*, weighing about one-third, and a piece of butter one-sixth this weight. Break up and beat your eggs well in a saucepan; then add your cheese and butter grated. Put your saucepan on the fire, and stir with a wooden spoon until the substance is thick and soft; put in a little salt, according to the age of the cheese, and a good sprinkling of pepper, which is one of the positive characteristics of this ancient dish. Serve up on a warm dish."

Gruyère cheese is considered superior to other cheeses in this omelet; yet any kind of American cheese, if highly flavored, is most delicious also, and, I think, quite as good as the Gruyère. I would use fresh cheese, and chop it fine, rather than grate it, and also would not add so much butter. We will say, then, to six eggs add three-quarters of a cupful, or two ounces, of cheese chopped fine, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, salt, and pepper. Proceed as for plain omelet.

OMELET, WITH CHEESE AND MACARONI.

Add to the above receipt about two or three cupfuls of macaroni which has been boiled in salted water and drained, and is still hot.

FRIED OMELET SOUFFLÉ (for Breakfast.)

Beat the whites and yolks of four eggs separately, and then, adding pepper and salt, put the whites over the yolks, and mix them together carefully. Put butter the size of a small egg in-

to an omelet-pan, and when it has covered the bottom of the pan and is bubbling, turn in the eggs; with a spoon lift them from the bottom until all is slightly cooked, or at least well heated; then gather up the sides to make it into omelet form; shake the pan to disengage the omelet, and at the same time to color it slightly at the bottom; turn this over into the centre of a warm platter, so that the colored part be on top.

SWEET OMELET (for Dessert).

Add a little sugar to the eggs, instead of pepper and salt; make it then as a plain omelet, inclosing in the centre any kind of preserves, marmalade, or jam; when it is turned on to the dish, sprinkle sugar over the top.

OMELET SOUFFLÉ.

Although it is a simple thing to make an omelet *soufflé*, and although in France there is not one cook in a score who can not make a delicious one for any and every occasion, I would not advise a careless cook to ever attempt it. The ingredients are: Six whites and three yolks of eggs, three ounces of pulverized sugar (three table-spoonfuls), and a flavoring of vanilla or lemon. First, beat the yolks and sugar to a light cream, and add a few drops of flavoring; then beat the whites to the stiffest possible froth. Have the yolks in a rather deep kitchen bowl; turn the whites over them, and with a spoon, giving it a rotary motion, cut the two, mixing them carefully together. Turn this on to a baking-dish, either of earthenware or tin, with sides two or three inches high and slightly buttered. Smooth over the top, sprinkle over sugar, and put it into a moderate oven. If it has to be turned or moved in the oven, do it as gently as possible. When it has risen well, and is of a fine yellow color, it is ready to be served. It should be served at once, or it will fall.

Omelet *soufflé* was especially nice at the Café Vienna in Paris. This is their cook's receipt: "For one portion," said he, "use the whites of three eggs; beat them well; add one table-spoonful of marmalade cut into fine pieces, or little pieces of fresh peaches; mix with powdered sugar. Bake it on a dish rubbed with butter in a rather quick oven." It seemed as if this was too simple a receipt to be so nice. In another place was a layer of marmalade on the bottom of the dish, with a *soufflé* according to the first receipt, flavored with vanilla, banked over it.—From "Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving."

Literary Notices.

THE BARTON EXPERIMENT. By the author of "Helen's Babies." Montreal, Dawson Bros.

Mr. Habberton's idea of the best method of ensuring success in the Temperance Reform, is that reformers must recognize the business principle that the pocket is the source of power, and this story has been written to illustrate that idea. Drunkards need assistance, or they will inevitably fail in all their efforts at reform. The "experiment" which was tried by some of the people of Barton was that of furnishing the needed assistance. Our extracts will show to some extent the drift of the story:—

IN NEED OF HELP.

Squire Tomple believed so fully in the advantages of the early bird over all others in search of sustenance, that his store was always opened at sunrise; yet George Doughty had just taken the third shutter from the front window, when a gentle tap on the shoulder caused him to drop the rather heavy board upon his toes. As he wrathfully turned himself, he beheld the approving countenance and extended congratulatory hand of the Reverend Wedgewell.

"George, my dear, my noble young friend," said he, as the irate youth squeezed his agonized toes, "you have performed a most noble and meritorious action—an action which you will never have cause to regret."

For a moment or two the young man's face said many things not seemingly to express in appropriate words to a clergyman; but he finally recovered his sense of politeness, and replied:

"I hope I shan't repent of it, but I don't know. It may be noble and meritorious to sign the pledge, but a fellow needs to have twenty times as much man in him to keep it."

"Now you don't mean to say, George, that you'll allow such a vile appetite to regain its ascendancy over you?" pleaded the preacher.

"'Tisn't a vile appetite," quickly replied the young man. "I need whiskey as much as I need bread and butter—yes, and a great deal more, too. I have to open the store at sunrise, and keep it open till nine o'clock and after, have

to make myself agreeable to anywhere from two to twenty people at a time, sell all I can, watch people who steal the minute your eye is off of them, not let anybody feel neglected, and see that I get cash from everybody who isn't good pay. When there isn't anybody here, I've got to keep the books, see that the stock don't run down in spots, and stir up people that are slow pay. The only way I can do it all is by taking something to help me. I *hate* whiskey—I'm going to try to leave it alone; but I tell you Dominie, it's going to be one of the biggest fights you ever knew a young man to go into."

The reverend listener was as easily depressed as he was exalted, and Doughty's short speech had the effect of greatly elongating the minister's countenance. Yet he had a great deal of that pertinacity which is as necessary to soldiers of the cross as it is to those of the bayonet; so he began manfully to search his mind for some weapon or means of defence which the clerk could use. Suddenly his countenance brightened, his benevolent eyes enlarged behind his glasses, and he exclaimed:

"Just the thing! My dear young friend, the hand of Providence is in this matter. Your worthy employer was the chairman of our meeting last night; certainly he will be glad to give you such assistance as shall lessen the amount of your labors. Here he comes now. Let me manage this affair; I really ask it as a favor."

"I'm much obliged, but I think—confound it!" ejaculated the young man, as his companion hastened out of earshot and buttonholed Squire Tomple. Half smiling and half frowning, Doughty retired from the door, but took up a new position, from which he could see the couple. To the eyes of the clerk, his employer seemed a rock in his unchanging pose, while the old preacher, rich in many a grace not peculiar to country storekeepers, yet utterly ignorant of business and such of its permutations as are called requirements, seemed a mere lamb—a fancy which was strengthened by the incessant gesturing and change of position in which he indulged when in conversation. The pair soon separated; the minister walked away, his step seeming not so exultant as when he approached the merchant; while the latter, appearing to his clerk to be broader, deeper, and more solid than ever, approached the store, lifted up his head, displayed the face he usually wore when he found he had made a bad debt, and said,

"George, I wish you wouldn't try to talk about business to ministers. Old Wedgewell has just pestered me nearly to death; says you

complain of having too much to do, and that you have to drink to keep up. It'll be just like him to tell somebody else, and a pretty story that'll be to go around about the chairman of a temperance meeting."

"I didn't mean to say anything to him," replied the clerk; "but he made me drop a shutter on my toes, and I guess that loosened my tongue a little. I didn't tell him anything but the truth, though, Squire. I signed the pledge, last night, hoping you'd help me through."

"What—what do you mean, George?" asked the merchant, in a tone which defined the word "conservative" more clearly than lexicographer ever did.

"I can't work so many hours a day without drinking sometimes," replied the clerk. "What I ask of you is to take a boy. If I could come in a couple of hours later every morning—and there's next to nothing done in the first two hours of the day—I could have a decent amount of rest, not have to hurry so much, and wouldn't break down so often, and have to go to whiskey to be helped up again."

"A boy would have to be paid," remarked the Squire in the tone he habitually used when making a penitential speech in class-meeting; "and here's summer-time coming; there isn't much business done in summer, you know."

"A boy won't cost more than a dollar a week the first year," replied the clerk, "and you'd make that out of the people who sometimes *have* to go somewhere else and trade on days when you're not here and I'm too busy to wait on them. There *isn't* so much money made in summer; but women come to the store then a good deal more than they do in the winter, and they take up an awful amount of time. Besides, the store has to be opened about two hours earlier every morning than it does in winter."

The merchant pinched his gloomy brow and effected. Doughty looked at him without much hopefulness. The Squire's heart might be all right, but his pocket-book was by far the more sensitive and controlling organ. At last the Squire said,

"Well, if it's for *your* good that you want the boy, you ought to be willing to pay his salary. Besides—"

"Excuse me, Squire Tomple," interrupted Doughty; "'tisn't for my good alone. Accursed be he who putteth the bottle to his brother's lips." I've heard you quote that to more than one man right in this store. That's what you're doing to me if you keep on. You sell half as much again as any other storekeeper in town, and why? Because I am smart enough to hold custom. I haven't cared to do anything else. I've given myself up to making and holding custom for you, and I took to whiskey to keep me up to my work."

"Well, haven't I paid you for all you've done?" demanded the proprietor.

"Yes; but now I ask you to pay a little more. I've told you why; and now the case stands just here: which do you care for most, the price of a boy or the soul of your faithful

clerk? You say a man's soul's in danger if he drinks."

"Well, I'll tell you, George," replied the Squire, "I'll think about it. I want to do what's right; but I—I don't like to have other people's sins fastened on me."

HELP WITHHELD.

George Doughty lay propped up in bed; standing beside him, and clasping his hand tightly, was his wife; near him were his two oldest children, seemingly as ignorant of what was transpiring as they were uncomfortable on account of the peculiar influence which pervaded the room. On the other side of the bed, and holding one of the dying man's hands, knelt Parson Wedgewell; beside him stood the doctor; while behind them both, near the door, and as nearly invisible as a man of his size could be, was Squire Tomple. The Squire's face and figure seemed embodiments of a trembling, abject apology; he occasionally looked toward the door, as if to question that inanimate object whether behind its broad front he, the Squire, might not be safe from his own fears. It was very evident that the Squire's conscience was making a coward of him; but it was also evident, and not for the first time in the world's history, that cowardice is mightily influential in holding a coward to the ground that he hates.

"How did it happen?" whispered Fred.

"Why," replied the Squire, "the doctor says it's a galloping consumption; I never knew a thing about it. Doctor says it's the quickest case he ever knew; he never imagined anything was the matter with George. If I'd known anything about it, I'd have had the doctor attending him long ago; but George isn't of the complaining kind. The idea of a fellow being at work for me, and dying right straight along. Why, it's awful! He says he never knew anything about it himself, so I don't see how I could. He was at the store up to four or five days ago; then his wife came around one morning and told me that he didn't feel fit to work that day, but she didn't say what the matter was. I've been thinking, for two or three weeks, about giving him some help in the store; but you know how business drives everything out of a man's head. First I thought I'd stay around the store myself evenings, and let George rest; but I've had to go to lodge meetings and prayer-meetings, and my wife's wanted me to go out with her, and so my time's been taken up. Then I thought I'd get a boy, and—well, I didn't know exactly which to do; but if I'd known—"

"But can't something be done to brace him up for a day or two?" interrupted Fred; "then I'll take him out driving every day, and perhaps he'll pick up."

The Squire looked twenty years older for a moment or two as he replied,

"The doctor says he hasn't any physique to rally upon; he's all gone, muscle, blood, and everything. It's the queerest thing I ever knew; he hasn't had anything to do, these past few

years, but just what I did when I was a young man."

The dying man turned his eyes enquiringly, and asked in a very thin voice, "Isn't Fred here?"

Fred started from the Squire's side; but the storekeeper arrested his progress with both hands, and fixing his eyes on Fred's necktie, whispered,

"You don't think I'm to blame, do you?"

"Why—no—I don't see how, exactly," said Fred, endeavoring to escape.

"Fred," whispered the Squire, tightening his hold on the lappels of Fred's coat, "tell *him* so, won't you? I'll be your best friend forever if you will; it's dreadful to think of a man going up to God with such an idea on his mind, even if it is a mistake. Of course, when he gets there he'll find out he's wrong, if he is, as——"

Fred broke away from the storekeeper, and wedged himself between the doctor and pastor. Doughty withdrew his wrist from the doctor's fingers, extended a thin hand, and smiled.

"Fred," said he, "we used to be chums when we were boys. I never took an advantage of you, did I?"

"Never," said Fred; "and we'll have lots of good times again, old fellow. I've just bought the best spring wagon in the State, and I'll drive you all over the country when you get well enough."

George's smile became slightly grim as he replied,

"I guess Barker's hearse is the only spring wagon I'll ever ride in again, my boy."

"Nonsense, George!" exclaimed Fred heartily. "How many times have I seen you almost dead, and then put yourself together again? Don't you remember the time when you gave out in the middle of the river, and then picked yourself up, and swam the rest of the way? Don't you remember the time we got snowed in on Raccoon Mountain, and we both gave up and got ready to die, and how you not only came to, but dragged me home besides? The idea of *you* ever dying! I wish you'd sent for me when you first took the silly notion into your head."

Doughty was silent for a moment; his eyes brightened a little and a faint flush came to his cheeks; he looked fondly at his wife, and then at his children; he tried to raise himself in his bed; but in a minute his smile departed, his pallor returned, and he said, in the thinnest of voices,

"It's no use, Fred; in those days there was something in me to call upon at a pinch; now there isn't a thing. I haven't any time to spare, Fred; what I want to ask is, keep an eye on my boys, for old acquaintance' sake. Their mother will be almost everything to them, but she can't be expected to know about their ways among men. I want somebody to care enough for them to see that they don't make the mistakes I've made."

A sudden rustle and a heavy step was heard, and Squire Tomple approached the bedside, exclaiming,

"I'll do that!"

"Thank you, Squire," said George feebly; "but you're not the right man to do it."

"George," said the Squire, raising his voice, and unconsciously raising his hand, "I'll give them the best business chances that can be had; I can do it, for I'm the richest man in this town."

"You gave *me* the best chance in town, Squire, and this is what has come of it," said Doughty.

The Squire precipitately fell back and against his old place by the wall. Doughty continued, "Fred, persuade them—tell them that I said so—that a business that makes them drink to keep up, isn't business at all—it's suicide. Tell them that their father, who was never drunk in his life, got whiskey to help him use more of himself, until there wasn't anything left to use. Tell them that drinking for strength means discounting the future, and that discounting the future always means getting ready for bankruptcy."

"I'll do it, old fellow," said Fred, who had been growing very solemn of visage.

"They shan't ask you for any money, Fred," explained Doughty, when the Squire's voice was again heard saying,

"And they shan't refuse it from me."

"Thank you, Squire," said George. "I do think you owe it to them, but I guess they've good enough stuff in them to refuse it."

"George," said the Squire, again approaching the bedside, "I'm going to continue your salary to your wife until your boys grow big enough to help her. You know I've got plenty of money—'twon't hurt me; for God's sake make her promise to take it."

"She won't need it," said Doughty. "My life's insured."

"Then what *can* I do for her—for them—for you?" asked the Squire. "George, you're holding your—sickness—against me, and I want to make it right. I can't say I believe I've done wrong by you, but you think I have, and that's enough to make me want to restore good feeling between us before—in case anything should happen. Anything that money *can* do, it *shall* do."

"Offer it to God Almighty, Squire, and buy my life back again," said Doughty. "If you can't do that, your money isn't good for anything in this house."

The doctor whispered to his patient that he must not exert himself so much; the Squire whispered to the doctor to know what else a man in his own position could do?

Fred Macdonald could think of no appropriate expression with which to break the silence that threatened. Suddenly Parson Wedgewell raised his head, and said,

"My dear young friend, this is a solemn moment. There are others who know and esteem you, beside those here present; have you no message to leave for them? What may I say?"

"Say," replied the sick man, with an earnestness which was almost terrible in its intensity; "say that whiskey was the best business friend

I ever found, and that when it began to abuse me, no one thought enough of me to step in between us. And tell them that this story is as true as it is ugly."

As Doughty spoke, he had raised himself upon one elbow; as he uttered his last word, he dropped upon his pillow, and passed into a land to which no one but his wife manifested any willingness to follow him.

A CHRISTIAN ACT.

On the Monday which followed the temperance meeting Tom Adams was nearly frantic with his old longing. The rest of Sunday had been a hindrance rather than a help to him, for he had already suffered several days from the effects of abstaining from his usual after-dinner and after-supper potatoes. The amount usually drank on these occasions had not been great, but the habit had for some years been so regular that his amazed and indignant physique protested against the change. Had he been capable of spiritually withdrawing himself from the world on the day of the Lord, he might have found help and strength; but he was as incapable of such a thing as were nine-tenths of the church-members in Barton. While he remained at home, his children were noisy enough to have hurried a rapt seer back to the realization of earthly things; when he went abroad he could not, as was his usual Sunday habit, step quietly into the back door of Bayne's liquor-store. He strolled down to the stable-yard of the Barton House, hoping to find some one with whom he could talk horse; but the hostler was not in sight, and the stable-boy, who had been heard to say he "didn't count much on them fellers that signed the pledge and went back on their friends," eyed him with evident disgust. In the street he met people going to and from church and Sunday-school, and they looked at him as if their eyes were asking, "Are you keeping your pledge?" Then, to crown all, his wife gave him such a beseeching and yet doubting look, every time he left the house and returned to it that he almost hated the good woman for her affectionate anxiety.

Tom was up bright and early Monday morning, and though he soon mounted his wagon and left his wife's eyes behind him, he found his longing for liquor as close to him as ever. Reaching the brick-yard, he was rather startled to find there Deacon Jones, his employer, and owner of a store as well as the kilns. The deacon looked at him as all the religious people had done on Sunday, and Tom inwardly cursed him.

"How are you, Tom?" enquired the deacon, and then, without waiting for a reply, remarked: "There's somethin' I've been a-wantin' to talk to you 'bout, Tom, an' I was sure o' catchin' you here, so I came over before breakfast. You signed the pledge t'other night."

This latter clause was delivered with an accompanying glance which caused Tom to put a great deal of anger into his reply, although his words were few.

"Yes, an' kep' it, too."

"I'm glad of it, Tom. There's been times when you didn't, you know. Well, what I want to say is this: Some folks say that some men drink because they have to work too hard, an' because they have trouble. Now, mebbe—I only say mebbe, mind—mebbe that's what upset you those other times. Now, if I was to give you work all the year round at seventy-five cents a day, a' not work you more'n ten hours a day, would it help you to keep straight?"

"Would it?" said Tom, scratching his head, wrinkling his brows, and eying the deacon incredulously. "Why, of course it would."

"Well, then, said the deacon, "I'll do it. As long as the brick business is good you can work at haulin' from seven to twelve, an' one to six. Don't you s'pose you could put two or three hundred more brick on a load without hurtin' the hosses? I don't want to lose any mor'n I can help, you know, by cuttin' down your time. Rainy days I'll keep you busy at the store some way; them's the days farmers can't do much on the farm, so they bring their butter and eggs to town, and there's a sight of measurin' an' weighin' to be done. An' after the brick season's over I'll find you somethin' to do at the store. You can put the pork-house an' warehouse to rights before the packin' season begins, an' you can weigh the corn an' wheat an' oats an' pork when they come in, and mend bags, and work in the pork-house three months out of the six. You wouldn't object to takin' night spells in the pork-house instead of day-spells, would you, when we have to work day and night? Night-wages costs us most, you know, an' you ought to help us make up what we lose on you when there's nothin' doin'."

"Just as *you* say," replied Tom. He did not clasp the deacon in a grateful embrace, for the deacon had, in his thrifty way, prevented Tom from feeling especially grateful. The owner of the brick-yard had intimated that the new arrangement was for Tom's especial benefit, but his later remarks caused this feature of the arrangement to speedily disappear from view. But, although not doubting for an instant that the deacon meant to get his money back with usury, Tom felt his heart growing lighter every moment. At the same time he felt angry at the deacon's occasional suggestions that the arrangements were partly of the nature of charity, so he replied:

"Just as *you* say; but, deacon, I aint the feller that wants money for work I don't do, *you* know that. The arrangement suits me first-rate, but I'm goin' to work hard for my money; you can bet all your loose change on *that*."

"Thomas!" ejaculated the deacon sternly, "I am not in the habit of betting. It's a careless, foolish, wasteful, sinful way of using money."

"That's so," replied Tom reflectively; "unless," he continued, "you're one of the winnin' kind."

"It is a business I don't intend to go into, so the less said of it the better. So my offer suits you, does it?"

"I'll shake hands on it," replied Tom, extending his hand.

"Wait a moment," said the deacon, retiring his own right hand to a conservative position behind his back. "If it suits you," continued the deacon impressively, "you agree to stick to your pledge; no foolin' with whiskey again, mind."

"Nary drop," said Tom, with great emphasis. "Ten minutes ago I wouldn't have given a pewter dime for my chance of sticking it out through the day, but now I wouldn't give a cent for a barr'l ful of ten-year-old rye."

"All right, then—shake hands. And we begin to-day—or say to-morrow—there's lots of bricks wanted to-day—here's the orders. And may the Lord help you, Thomas—help you to hold out steadfast to the end. Now I reckon I'll get home to breakfast."

As the deacon walked off he soliloquized in this manner:

"There! I wonder if that'll suit Crupp an' Brother Wedgewell? What a queer team them two fellows make! Queer that Crupp should have bothered me two hours Saturday night, an' the preacher should have come out so strong about bein' our brothers' keepers the very next day. 'Twas a Christian act for me to do, too. 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways'—ah! blessed be the promises. An' I won't loose a cent by the operation—I can keep him busy enough. When folks know what I've done, an' what I've done it for, I guess they'll think I've got my good streaks after all. I declare, I ought to have told him I couldn't pay for days when he was sick; 'tain't too late yet, though—he won't back out on *that* account. Mebbe I can talk him into j'inin' the church, too—who knows, an' some day in 'xperience meetin' mebbe he'll tell how it all came about through me. He must bring his dinners with him when he's workin' about the store. I ought to have done that with my clerk before he took to lunchin' off the crackers and cheese busy days—these little things all cost. But it *does* make a man feel good to do kindnesses to his fellow-men."

HELPING OTHERS.

The superintendency of the Mississippi Valley Woollen Mills was a position which exactly suited Fred Macdonald, and it gave him occasion for the expenditure of whatever superfluous energy he found himself possessed of, yet it did not engross his entire attention. The faculty which the busiest of young men have for finding time in which to present themselves, well clothed and unbusiness-like, to at least one young woman, is as remarkable and admirable as it is inexplicable. The evenings which did not find Fred in Parson Wedgewell's parlor were few indeed, and if, when he was with Esther, he did not talk quite as sentimentally as he had done in the earlier days of his engagement, and if he talked business very frequently, the change did not seem distasteful to the lady herself. For the business of which he talked was, in the main, of a sort which loving women have for ages recognized as the inevitable, and to which they have subjected themselves

with a unanimity which deserves the gratitude of all humanity. Fred talked of a cottage which he might enter without first knocking at the door, and of a partnership which should be unlimited; if he learned, in the course of successive conversations, that even in partnerships of the most extreme order many compromises are absolutely necessary, the lesson was one which improved his character in the ratio in which it abased his pride. The cottage grew as rapidly as the mill, and on his returns from various trips for machinery there came with Fred's freight certain packages which prevented their owner from appearing so completely the absorbed business man which he flattered himself that he seemed. Then the partnership was formed one evening in Parson Wedgewell's own church, in the presence of a host of witnesses, Fred appearing as self-satisfied and radiant as the gainer in such transactions always does, while Esther's noble face and drooping eyes showed beyond doubt who it was that was the giver.

As the weeks succeeded each other after the wedding, however, no acquaintance of the couple could wonder whether the gainer or the giver was the happier. Fred improved rapidly, as the school-boy improves; but Esther's graces were already of mature growth, and rejoiced in their opportunity for development. Though she could not have explained how it happened, she could not but notice that maidens regarded her wonderingly, wives contemplated her wistfully, frowns departed, and smiles appeared when she approached people who were usually considered prosaic. Yet shadows sometimes stole over her face, when she looked at certain of her old acquaintances, and the cause thereof soon took a development which was anything but pleasing to her husband.

"Fred," said Esther one evening, "it makes me real unhappy sometimes to think of the good wives there are who are not as happy as I am. I think of Mrs. Moshier and Mrs. Crayne, and the only reason that I can see is, their husbands drink."

"I guess you're right, Ettie," said Fred. "They didn't begin their domestic tyranny in advance as *you* did—bless you for it."

"But why *don't* their husbands stop?" asked Esther, too deeply interested in her subject to notice her husband's compliment. "They must see what they're doing, and how cruel it all is."

"They're too far gone to stop; I suppose that's the reason," said Fred. "It hasn't been easy work for *me* to keep my promise, Ettie, and I'm a young man: Moshier and Crayne are middle-aged men, and liquor is simply necessary to them."

"That dreadful old Bunley wasn't too old to reform, it seems," said Esther. "Fred, I believe one reason is that no one has asked them to stop. See how good Harry Wainright has been since he found that so many people were interested in him that day!"

"Ye—es," drawled Fred, evidently with a suspicion of what was coming, and trying to change the subject by suddenly burying himself

in his memorandum book. But this ruse did not succeed, for Esther crossed the room to where Fred sat, placed her hands on his shoulders, and a kiss on his forehead, and exclaimed,

"Fred, *you're* the proper person to reform those two men!"

"Oh, Ettie," groaned Fred, "you're entirely mistaken. Why, they'd laugh right in my face, if they didn't get angry and knock me down. Reformers want to be older men, better men, men like your father, for instance, if people are to listen to them."

"Father says they need to be men who understand the nature of those they are talking to," replied Esther; "and you once told me that you understood Moshier and Crayme perfectly."

"But just think of what they are, Ettie," pleaded Fred. "Moshier is a contractor, and Crayme's a steamboat captain; *such* men never reform, though they always are good fellows. Why, if I were to speak to either of them on the subject, they'd laugh in my face or curse me. The only way I was able to make peace with them for stopping drinking myself was to say that I did it to please my wife."

"Did they accept that as sufficient excuse?" asked Esther.

"Yes," said Fred reluctantly, and biting his lips over this slip of his tongue.

"Then you've set them a good example, and I can't believe it's effect will be lost," said Esther.

"I sincerely hope it won't," said Fred, very willing to seem a reformer at heart; nobody would be gladder than I to see those fellows with wives as happy as mine seems to be."

"Then why don't you follow it up, Fred, dear, and make sure of your hopes being realized? You can't imagine how much happier I would be if I could meet those dear women without feeling that I had to hide the joy that's so hard to keep to myself."

The conversation continued with considerable strain to Fred's amiability; but his sophistry was no match for his wife's earnestness, and he was finally compelled to promise that he would make an appeal to Crayme, with whom he had a business engagement, on the arrival of Crayme's boat, the "Excellence."

Before the whistles of the steamer were next heard, however, Esther learned something of the sufferings of would-be reformers, and found cause to wonder who was to endure most that Mrs. Crayme should have a sober husband, for Fred was alternately cross, moody, abstracted, and inattentive, and even sullenly remarked at his breakfast-table one morning that he shouldn't be sorry if the "Excellence" were to blow up, and leave Mrs. Crayme to find her happiness in widowhood. But no such luck befell the lady; the whistle-signals of the "Excellence" were again heard in the river, and the nature of Fred's business with the captain made it inadvisable for Fred to make an excuse for leaving the boat unvisited.

It *did* seem to Fred Macdonald as if everything conspired to make his task as hard as it could possibly be. Crayme was already under the in-

fluence of more liquor than was necessary to his well-being, and the boat carried as passengers a couple of men, who, though professional gamblers, Crayme found very jolly company when they were not engaged in their business calling. Besides, Captain Crayme was running against time with an opposition boat which had just been put upon the river, and he appreciated the necessity of having the boat's bar well stocked and freely opened to whoever along the river was influential in making or marring the reputation of steamboats. Fred finally got the captain into his own room, however, and made a freight contract so absent-mindedly that the sagacious captain gained an immense advantage over him; then he acted so awkwardly, and looked so pale, that the captain suggested chills, and prescribed brandy. Fred smiled feebly, and replied,

"No, thank you, Sam; and brandy's at the bottom of the trouble. I"—here Fred made a tremendous attempt to rally himself—"I want you to swear off, Sam."

The astonishment of Captain Crayme was marked enough to be alarming at first; then the ludicrous feature of Fred's request struck him so forcibly that he burst into a laugh before whose greatness Fred trembled and shrank.

"Well, by thunder!" exclaimed the captain, when he recovered his breath; "if that isn't the best thing I ever heard yet! The idea of a steamboat captain swearing off his whiskey! Say, Fred, don't you want me to join the church? I forgot that you'd married a preacher's daughter, or I wouldn't have been so puzzled over your white face to-day. Sam Crayme brought down to cold water! Wouldn't the boys along the river get up a sweet lot of names for me—the 'Cold-water Captain,' 'Psalm-singing Sammy'; and then, when an editor or any other visitor came aboard, *wouldn't* I look the thing, hauling out glasses and a pitcher of water! Say, Fred, does your wife let you drink tea and coffee?"

"Sam!" exclaimed Fred, springing to his feet, "if you don't stop slanting at my wife, I'll knock you down."

"Good!" said the captain, without exhibiting any signs of trepidation. "Now you talk like yourself again. I beg your pardon, old fellow; you know I was only joking, but it is too funny. You'll have to take a trip or two with me again, though, and be reformed."

"Not any," said Fred, resuming his chair; "take your wife along, and reform yourself."

"Look here, now, young man," said the captain, "*you're* cracking on too much steam. Honestly, Fred, I've kept a sharp eye on you for two or three months, and I am right glad you can let whiskey alone. I've seen times when I wished I were in your boots; but steamboats can't be run without liquor, however it may be with woollen mills."

"That's all nonsense," said Fred. "You get trade because you run your boat on time, charge fair prices, and deliver your freight in good order. Who gives you business because you drink and treat?"

The captain, being unable to recall any shippe

of the class alluded to by Fred, changed his course.

"'Tisn't so much that," said he; "it's a question of reputation. How would I feel to go ashore at Pittsburg or Louisville or Cincinnati, and refuse to drink with anybody? Why, 'twould ruin me. It's different with you who don't have to meet anybody but religious old farmers. Besides, you've just been married."

"And you've been married for five years," said Fred, with a sudden sense of help at hand. "How do you suppose *your* wife feels?"

Captain Crayme's jollity subsided a little, but with only a little hesitation he replied,

"Oh! she's used to it; she doesn't mind it."

"You're the only person in town that thinks so, Sam," said Fred.

Captain Crayme got up and paced his little state-room two or three times, with a face full of uncertainty. At last he replied,

"Well, between old friends, Fred, I don't think so very strongly myself. Hang it! I wish I'd been brought up a preacher, or something of the kind, so I wouldn't have business ruining my chances of being the right sort of a family man. Emily *don't* like my drinking, and I've promised to look up some other business; but 'tisn't easy to get out of steamboating when you've got a good boat and a first-rate trade. Once she felt so awfully about it that I *did* swear off—don't tell anybody, for God's sake! but I did, I had to look out for my character along the river, though; so I swore off on the sly, and played sick. I'd give my orders to the mates and clerks from my bed in here, and then I'd lock myself in and read novels and the Bible to keep from thinking. 'Twas awful dry work all around; but 'whole hog or none' is *my* style, you know. There was fun in it, though, to think of doing something that no other captain on the river ever did. But thunder! by the time night came, I was so tired of loafing that I wrapped a blanket around my head and shoulders, like a Hoosier, sneaked out the outer door here, and walked the guards, between towns; but I was so frightened for fear some one would know me that the walk did me more harm than good. And blue! why a whole cargo of indigo would have looked like a snow-storm alongside of my feelings the second day; 'pon my word, Fred, I caught myself crying in the afternoon, just before dark, and I couldn't find out what for either. I tell *you*, I was scared, and things got worse as time spun along; the dreams I had that night made me howl, and I felt worse yet when daylight came along again. Toward the next night I was just afraid to go to sleep; so I made up my mind to get well, go on duty, and dodge everybody that it seemed I ought to drink with. Why, the Lord bless your soul! the first time we shoved off from a town, I walked up to the bar, just as I always did after leaving towns; the barkeeper set out my particular bottle naturally enough, knowing nothing about my little game; I poured my couple of fingers, and dropped it down as innocent as a lamb before I knew what I was doing. By George! my boy, 'twas like opening lock-gates; I was just

heavenly gay before morning. There was one good thing about it, though—I never told Emily I was going to swear off; I was going to surprise her, so I had the disappointment all to myself. Maybe she isn't as happy as your wife; but, whatever else I've done, or not done, I've never lied to her."

"It's a pity you hadn't promised *her* then, before you tried your experiment," said Fred.

The captain shook his head gravely and replied, "I guess not; why, I'd have either killed somebody or killed myself if I'd gone on a day or two longer. I s'pose I'd have got along better if I'd had anybody to keep me company, or reason with me like a schoolmaster; but I hadn't; I didn't know anybody that I dared trust with a secret like that."

"I hadn't reformed then, eh?" queried Fred.

"You, why you're one of the very fellows I dodged! Just as I got aboard the boat—I came down late, on purpose—I saw you out aft. I tell you, I was under my blankets, with a towel wrapped around my jaw, in about one minute, was just *a-praying* that you hadn't seen me come aboard."

Fred laughed, but his laughter soon made place for a look of tender solicitude. The unexpected turn that had been reached in the conversation he had so dreaded, and the sympathy which had been awakened in him by Crayme's confidence and openness, temporarily made of Fred Macdonald a man with whom Fred himself had never before been acquainted. A sudden idea struck him.

"Sam," said he, "try it over again, and I'll stay by you. I'll nurse you, crack jokes, fight off the blues for you, keep your friends away. I'll even break your neck for you, if you like, seeing it's you, if it'll keep you straight."

"Will you, though?" said the captain, with a look of admiration undisguised, except by wonder. "You're the first friend I ever had, then. By thunder! how marrying Ettie Wedgewell *did* improve you, Fred! But," and the captain's face lengthened again, "there's a fellow's reputation to be considered, and where'll mine be after it gets around that I've sworn off?"

"Reputation be hanged!" exclaimed Fred. "Lose it, for your wife's sake. Besides, you'll *make* reputation instead of lose it; you'll be as famous as the Red River Raft, or the Mammoth Cave—the only thing of the kind west of the Alleghanies. As for the boys, tell them I've bet you a hundred that you can't stay off your liquor for a year, and that you're not the man to take a dare."

"That sounds like business," exclaimed the captain, springing to his feet.

"Let me draw up a pledge," said Fred eagerly, drawing pen and ink toward him.

"No, you don't my boy," said the captain gently, pushing Fred out of the room and upon the guards. "Emily shall do that. Below there!—Perkins, I've got to go up town for an hour; see if you can't pick up freight to pay laying-up expenses somehow. Fred, you go home and get your traps; 'now's the accepted

time," as your father-in-law has dinged at me many a Sunday, from the pulpit."

TAPPELMINE.

"The idee of doin' anything for such!" exclaimed Father Baguss under his breath. "O Lord! you put me up to this here job—unless it was all Crupp's work; now see me through!" Then he said,

"How are you, neighbor?"

"Oh! off an' on, 'bout as usual," said Tappelmime, with a look which seemed to indicate that his usual condition was not one upon which he was particularly to be felicitated.

"How'd your crop turn out?" asked Father Baguss, well knowing that "crop" was a terribly sarcastic word to apply to the acre or two of badly cultivated corn which Tappelmime had planted, but yet feeling a frantic need of talking against time.

"Well, not over'n above good," said Tappelmime, as impervious to the innocent sarcasm as he would have been to anything but a bullet or a glass of whiskey. "I dunno what would have 'come of us ef I hadn't knocked over a couple of deer last week."

"You might have given a hint to your neighbors, if worst had come to worst," suggested Father Baguss, perceiving a gleam of light, but not so delighted over it as a moment or two before he had expected to be. Nobody'd have stood by an' seen you starve."

"Glad you told me," said Tappelmime, abruptly raising his axe, and starting two or three large chips in quick succession.

The light seemed suddenly to be departing, and Father Baguss made a frantic clutch at it.

"You needn't have waited to be told," said he. "You know well enough we're all human bein's about here."

"Well," said Tappelmime, leaning on his axe, and taking particular care not to look into his neighbor's eye, "I used to borry a little somethin'—corn, mebbe, or a piece of meat once in a while; but folks didn't seem over an' above glad to lend 'em, an' I'm one of the kind of fellows that can take a hint, I am."

"That was 'cause you never said a word 'bout payin' back—leastways, you didn't at our house."

Tappelmime did not reply, except by looking sullen, and Father Baguss continued:

"Besides, it's kinder discouragin' to lend to a feller that gets tight a good deal—gets tight sometimes, anyhow; it's hard enough to get paid by folks that always keep straight.

As Tappelmime could say nothing to controvert this proposition, he continued to look sullen, and Father Baguss, finding the silence insupportably annoying, said rather more than he had intended to say. There are natures which, while containing noble qualities, are most awkward expositors of themselves, and that of Baguss was one of this sort. Such people are given to action which is open to criticism on every side; yet, in spite of their awkwardness, they find in their weakness the source of whatever strength they discover themselves to be possessed of.

Father Baguss was one of this special division of humanity; but—perhaps for his own good—he was unconscious of his strength and painfully observant of his weakness. Yet he continued as follows:

"Look here, Tappelmime, I came over here on purpose to find out if I could do anything to help you get into better habits. You don't amount to a row of pins as things are now, and I don't like it; it's throwed up to me, because I'm your neighbor, and there's folks that stick to it that I'm to blame. I don't see how; but if there's any cross layin' around that fits my shoulders, I s'pose I ought to pick it up an' pack it along. Now, why in creaticn don't you give up drinkin', an' go to church, an' make a crop, an' do other things like decent folks do? You're bigger'n I am, an' stouter, an' your farm's as good as mine, if you'd only work it. Now why you don't do it, I don't see.

"Don't, eh?" snarled Tappelmime, dropping his axe, and leaning against the house with folded hands. "Well, 'cause I hain't got any plow, nor any harrow, nor but one hoss, nor rails enough to keep out cattle, nor seed-corn or wheat, nor money to buy it with, nor anything to live on until the crop's made, nor anything to prevent the crop when it's made from being grabbed by whoever I owe money to; that's why I don't make a crop. An' I don't go to church, 'cause I hain't got any clothes except these 'uns that I've got on, an' my wife's as bad off as I be. An' I don't give up drinkin', 'cause drinkin' makes me feel good, an' the only folks I know that care anything for me drink too. You fellers that only drink on the sly——"

"I never touched a drop in all my life!" roared Father Baguss.

"That's right," said Tappelmime; "stick to it; there's some that'll believe that yarn. But what I was goin' to say was, folks that drink on the sly know it's comfortin', an' I don't see what they go a-pokin' up fellers that does it fair an' square for."

Father Baguss groaned, and some influence—the old man in later days laid it upon the arch-enemy of souls—suggested to him the foolishness of having gone into so great an operation without first counting the cost; hadn't the great Founder of the old man's religious faith enjoined a counting of the cost of any enterprise before entering upon it? Father Baguss wished that chapter of Holy Writ might have met his eye that morning at the family altar; but it had not, and, worse yet, Tappelmime was becoming wide awake and excited. It was not what the drunkard had said about drinking or church-going that troubled this would-be reformer; Tappelmime's outline of his material condition was what annoyed Father Baguss; for, in spite of an occasional attempt to mentally allay his fears by falling back upon prayer, the incentive with which he had called upon Tappelmime had taken strong hold of his conscience, and persisted in making its influence felt. Plows and prayers, harrows and hopes, seed-corn and the seed sown by the wayside mixed themselves inextricably in his mind, as parallels often do

when men dream, or when they are confronted by an emergency beyond the control of their own intellects. The old man prayed silently and earnestly for relief, and his prayer was answered in a manner not entirely according to his liking, for he felt moved to say,

"I'll lend you seed, if you'll go to work an' put it right in, an' I'll lend you a plow and a team to break up the ground with—I mean, I'll hire 'em to you an' agree to buy your crop at rulin' price, an' pay you the difference in cash."

"That sounds somethin' like," remarked Tappelmine, thrusting his hands into his trousers' pockets, and making other preparations for a business talk; "but," he continued, "what am I to live on till harvest? 'Tain't even winter yet."

Father Baguss groaned, and asked, "What was you a-goin' to live on if I hadn't offered seed and tools, Tappelmine?"

"The Lord knows," answered the ne'er-do-well, with unimpeachable veracity.

"Then," said the old farmer, "I guess He knows what you'll do in t'other case. You can work, I reckon. I hain't got much to do, but you can do it, at whatever prices is goin', an' that'll help you get work of other folks; nobody can say I get stuck on the men I hire. So they're generally glad enough to hire 'em themselves."

Tappelmine did not seem overjoyed at his prospects, but he had the grace to say that they were better than he had expected. Father Baguss went home, feeling but little more comfortable than when he had started on his well-intended mission. Tappelmine sauntered into his own cabin, wondering how much of the promised seed-corn and wheat he could smuggle into town and trade for whiskey; but he was rather surprised to have his wife, a short, thin, sallow, uninteresting-looking woman, who had been listening at the broken window, approach him, throw her arms about his neck, and exclaim,

"Now, old man, we can be respectable, can't we? The chance has been a long time a-comin', but we've got it now."

The surprise was too great for Tappelmine, and he spent the remainder of the day in nursing his knee on the single hearthstone of his mansion. He was not undisturbed, however, and as men of his mental calibre hate persistent reason even worse than they do work, Mrs. Tappelmine not only coaxed her lord into resolving to be respectable, but allowed that gentleman to persuade himself that he had formed the resolution of his own accord.

RESULT OF A YEAR'S WORK.

The meeting was planned and widely advertised, and when, on the evening appointed, the attendants looked over the room, they found occasion for considerable attentive reflection.

Except that Major Ben Bailey, the gifted orator, was not present, the meeting presented the same attractions which had drawn such a crowd to its predecessor. The Barton Brass Band was there, and with some new airs learned during the year; the Crystal Spring Glee Club was there; there were the pastors of the four churches in Barton, and Squire Tomple was in

the chair as before. Besides, there were additional attractions: Crupp, a year before, the man who was lending to liquor selling an air of respectability, was upon the platform to the left and rear of Squire Tomple; old Bunley, who a year before had been responsible only as a container of alcohol, but now a respectable citizen and bookkeeper to Squire Tomple, occupied the secretary's chair; Tom Adams acted as usher in one of the side-aisles, and dragged all the heavy drinkers up to front seats; Harry Wainright was there, with a wife whose veil was not thick enough to hide her happiness; Fred Macdonald, who had spent the evening of the other meeting in the Barton House bar-room, was there; so was Tappelmine, appearing as ill at ease as a porker in a strange field, but still there; while in a side seat, close to the wall, sitting as much in the shadow of his wife as possible, so as to guard his professional reputation, was Sam Crayme, captain of the steamer *Excellence*. A number of "the boys" were there also, and yet the church was not only not crowded, but not even full. During the year temperance had been guided from the hearts to the pockets of a great many, and this radical treatment had been fatal to many an enthusiastic soul that had theretofore been blameless in its own eyes. Those who attended heard some music, however, which was not deficient in point of quality; they heard a short but live address from old Parson Fish on the moral beauty of a temperate life, and an earnest prayer from that one of the Barton pastors who had during the year done nothing which justified the mention of his name in this history, and then the audience saw Mr. Crupp advance to the front of the platform and unfold a large sheet of paper, which he crumpled in one hand as he spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Having been requested, by the chairman of the last meeting, to collect some statistics of the work accomplished in Barton, during the past year, in the cause of temperance, I invite your attention to the following figures:

"Population of township last year, three thousand two hundred and sixty-five. Signatures to pledge, at last meeting, six hundred and twenty-seven [applause]; signature of persons who were in the habit of drinking at time of signing, two hundred and thirty-one; number of persons who have broken the pledge since signing, one hundred and sixty [sighs and groans]; number of persons who have kept their pledges, seventy-one [applause]; number reclaimed by personal effort since meeting, forty-six [applause]; amount of money subscribed and applied strictly for the good of the cause, and without hope of pecuniary gain [a faint hiss or two], five thousand one hundred and ninety dollars and thirty-eight cents [tremendous applause]; amount which has been returned by the beneficiaries without solicitation, twenty-seven dollars [laughter, hisses, and groans]. Of the amount subscribed, *six-sevenths* came from *five* persons, who own less than *one-fiftieth* part of the taxable property of the township."

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. EDWARD MOSS, of the recent Arctic Expedition, is preparing a very beautiful and important work. It is to be in imperial folio, and will contain sixteen chromo-lithograph *fac-similes* of his sketches made in the Arctic regions.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the death of Spinoza took place on the 21st February, at the Hague. A subscription has been started to erect a monument to the great metaphysician.

THE question of international copyright between England and the United States is once more being argued over in England. Dr. Appleton, who recently made a tour in America, wrote an article in the *Fortnightly* for February, giving a history of the agitation in America. He draws no conclusions, but they lie on the surface. Whenever the Americans can make more under a copyright treaty than they do without it they will have one, not before.

PROFESSOR Huxley is to superintend the monthly review of scientific progress, which will be a leading feature in the *Nineteenth Century Review*.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's capital book on Russia is to appear shortly in New York at the low price of \$4.00. The publication has been delayed by some difficulty in the coloring of the maps.

DR. FERRIER'S recently published work on the "Functions of the Brain," seems destined to work a revolution in mental and cerebral science. He has, by a tediously careful series of experiments, located the various powers of the mind in a way which will destroy the whole theory of phrenology. By removing portion after portion of the brains of the lower animals, and stimulating the remainder by the galvanic current, he has been enabled to demonstrate his thesis that the brain is a sort of piano upon which consciousness plays by stimulating, or, as it were, touching the keys.

THE English school boards are beginning to stir in the matter of spelling reform. The practical men—the hard-headed men of business—do not see the reason of wasting so much time and ink in writing and spelling silent letters.

It must be a hardship that a Londoner should be compelled to write an "h" to horse. It is rank tyranny, so as life is short, by all means let us have "fonetik" spelling.

A BILL to provide for the preservation of ancient monuments is being carried through the English House of Commons. It is intended to put a stop to the selfish vandalism of the proprietors on whose land these monuments are situated. Some of them have been taking a delight in annoying antiquaries by destroying precious remains of Roman civilization.

CARDINAL MANNING publishes in No. 1 of the *Nineteenth Century*, the first of a series of papers entitled "The True History of the Vatican Council." Mr. Gladstone contributes a paper to the same number on the "Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," and Mr. Tennyson prefaces the enterprise with a poem.

MR. MICKLE, of Guelph, has contributed a long communication to the *Athenaeum*, vindicating for his ancestor, William Julius Mickle, the authorship of the well-known song "There's nae Luck about the House." Miss Sarah Tytler, in *Good Words*, and in her book the "Songstresses of Scotland," has been claiming it for a woman, Jean Adam. Mr. Mickle makes his case very clear.

MR. GLADSTONE has been dealing with so many different subjects, that his head seems to have got somewhat "mixed." The following excellent example of a mixed metaphor, taken from a recent article in the *Church Quarterly*, is going the rounds of the English press:—"His balloon, even after *careering wildly* through the *fields of air*, always managed, when alighting on the earth, to *find its way home*."

POGGENDORF, the learned editor of the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, has recently died in Germany at the advanced age of 81 years.

COMMANDER CAMERON'S book, "Across Africa," is already in a second edition. The English press is loud in its praise. It is a most fascinating narrative, "clear, coherent and graphic." It is not often a great traveller succeeds so well in the literary part of his labors.

AT last China is becoming civilized. The literary examinations, which formerly were free from the least suspicion of corruption, are now reported by a writer in the *Pekin Gazette* to be affected by monetary influences. Soon, no doubt, Chinese degrees will be competing in the money market with degrees granted by modern colleges. Either the Chinese are becoming civilized, or we are becoming barbarians.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS has in press a *brochure* upon the recent revelations in the money market. It is to be called the "Autobiography of a City Company." His new novel, "Lechmere and Dliboo," is nearly ready. It is founded upon his experiences as a commissioner to enquire into the Coolie question.

A new weekly journal, called *Cotton*, will shortly appear in London, devoted to the interests of cotton and woolen manufactures.

"HELEN'S BABIES" have carried England by storm, even as they did their much enduring uncle. Three publishing houses have brought out editions, and an enormous number of copies have been sold. The Press generally approves of them; only one curmudgeon sneering at the foolish fondness of Americans for their children, and insinuating that American children are spoiled. He might as well have said that American women are spoiled!

DR. DANIEL WILSON'S "Prehistoric Man" has reached a third edition, and is very highly spoken of by the English reviewers. We wonder how many copies of the valuable work have been sold in the land of his adoption. If it were only a commentary on the "Big Push" or "Pacific Scandal," or some such subject, instead of a valuable contribution to Anthropology, there might be a chance for it in this Canada of ours.

LOVERS of Madame de Sévigné will be glad to know that a great "find" of some three hundred letters, hitherto unknown, has been made by M. Capmas, and published by Hachette of Paris, in 2 vols. They were contained in six 4to volumes, and were discovered in an old furniture shop at Dijon.

MR. W. C. CARTRIGHT, who wrote an admirable little work upon Papal Conclaves, has recently published a work upon the Jesuits, which for full knowledge and absolute impartiality surpasses any previous work in English, upon the subject.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, late Lieut.-Governor

of Bengal, has written a "Handy Book on the Eastern Question," in which he shows that England has nothing to fear from the action of the Mohammedans of India in case she should decide on leaving Turkey to fight alone against Russia.

CAPT. NARES' official Report to the Admiralty of his expedition to the North Pole, has been published by Murray.

CAPT. WARREN, who had charge of the British Engineer Survey of Jerusalem, has published another work, "Underground Jerusalem," embodying his later researches.

A ROMAN priest has succeeded in perfecting a method of making paper out of asbestos. It is incombustible and imperishable by age. The idea is not new, but the material has hitherto resisted any method devised to utilise it. The cost of the paper will be about 50 cents a pound. It is produced at the Tivoli Mills, near Rome.

"CHURCH and State—their Relations Historically Developed," by Heinrich Geffcke, Professor of International Law in the University of Strasburg. This is the title of a most important work recently translated and published in England. The author, in endeavoring to lay down principles for guidance, goes back as far as the ancient hierarchy of Egypt. He traces the relations between pagan Rome and rising Christianity, and relates the circumstances which led to the rise of the papal power, the climax of the Episcopal power—the short triumph of Imperialism, and the first culmination of the Papal power. Then the gradual disintegration of the Roman system is traced owing to the rise of national churches and the influence of the Reformation, each successive change embodying the relations between the civil and religious powers until the present period is reached. An exhaustive review of the bearings of the Vatican Council is given. All these points are treated with a view to the recent Prussian legislation upon the Roman Church, which the writer thinks to be an excess of the temporal power.

DR. GOLDZIEHER has published a treatise on "Mythology amongst the Hebrews, and its Historical Development," and Russell Martineau has translated it into English. The writer assumes that the myth-producing faculty was inherent in the Semites as in the Aryans, and makes havoc of our usual notions concerning Samson and other Hebrew heroes, by transforming their histories into solar myths. This

is of course not a new idea, but the work is the most methodical of any which has appeared upon this subject.

A LADY novelist, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, has written a most delightful book upon the Nile, and illustrated it from her own drawings. The grand and mysterious father of rivers has fascinated and overpowered the novelist as page after page of his wonderful history was revealed to her view. Miss Edwards is in truth a votary of the river, and learned in its wonderful monuments. Accurate in knowledge, wide in research and precise in illustration, Miss Edwards has produced a book which is of lasting importance.

MORE heterodoxy from Germany done into English may be found in Kuenen's "Prophets and Prophecy in Israel," a work devoted to the explosion of the theory that the Hebrew prophets had a supernatural insight into the future, and that their prophecies were realized in fact. The writer thinks the prophets were lofty moral and religious teachers, and no more.

MR. GEORGE W. COX has published an abridged edition of his "School History of Greece," but states that he has made no attempt to compress the whole contents of the large work. Let

us rejoice thereat—if he has only left out the parts relating to "solar myths" and similar theories, which have much obfuscated the brains of clever men of late much addicted to paradox.

VOL. 7 of d'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation in Europe," has just been published. It covers the period of Calvin's return to Geneva, and the establishment of the ecclesiastical government there, and also gives a history of the Reformation in Sweden.

AN interesting discovery has just been made by Mons. Eugene Révellont, among the MSS. of the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris. It is one of the original chronicles from which Manetho compiled his "Annals of the Dynasties of Egypt." Sceptical scholars have doubted of the existence of such documents. All such doubts are now set at rest.

THE Latin Dictionary, upon which the late Professor Key spent the last twenty years of his life, is at last to be published. It will be a very copious and complete work. Professor Key's wish was to publish it on the plan of the older Lexicons—the derivations under the root word. We hope this will yet be done, for the alphabetical arrangement now in use sacrifices scholarship to convenience.



Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

THE UNINVITED VISITOR.

A CHESS STORY.

BY J. G. A.

To use the odd expression of "Boz," I had been on the "rampage" lately. A renowned player of Europe had been a month's visitor to our club. Chess in every form and phase had been the order of the day—and night also. Not only regular club-nights, but extra and unusual social chess gatherings had kept me from "nature's sweet restorer" until my hall clock showed a very large numerical of the "wee sma" hours. It was about twelve, midnight; I was seated alone, quietly ensconced in my study, before a half-dead grate fire, feeling rather fatigued, and congratulating myself on a, then, just made determination to seek immediate repose; my board and men lay on the table higgledy-piggledy, as I had been too lazy to put them even to rest after a look into a very nice three mover by my friend H——, when suddenly I heard a loud rap at the outer door. I started, naturally, for who could it be? Just at the moment an angry blast of winter howled round the house and seemed to burst open with a smash every door and window. Then the wind died away to a melancholy whining, most doleful, and again the loud knock was repeated—this time at the door of my own chamber. It seemed as if I should realize the weird story of Poe and his croaking raven, and that the bird of evil omen was going to strut in and perch himself somewhere in my sanctum, to taunt with its presence for the several "Lenores" I had, metaphorically speaking, lost of late in my encounters with our celebrated guest. But I hesitated no longer. "Come in, whoever you are," I unceremoniously called out. The door was flung back, and there at the threshold, making a forward, bowing movement, stood a most extraordinary-looking man. He was tall and gaunt,

with a meagre, haggard and jaundiced visage, well marked with lines of study and thought. I noticed that he had a pointed black beard and flashing dark eyes. He wore a doublet; and a sword hung clashing at his side. The pattern of his clothes was chess squares in every variety—black and white, green and drab and all embroidered in gold and colored silk with Chess Kings, Queens, Rooks, Bishops, Knights, &c., &c. His buttons were pawn-shaped, his collar and cuffs were brilliant with what seemed to be chess positions,—in fact his *tout ensemble* resembled a walking reality of living chess, whatever that may be.

Curiosity and wonder held me spell-bound; but I soon recovered my presence of mind, for I argued inwardly that if this was an embodiment of living chess, I need have no special mortal dread of my visitor—chess, even though an excited combat, being emblematical of good-will and harmony. In the most courteous language I could command under the very extraordinary circumstances of what seemed an intrusion, I bade the stranger enter and be seated. His stalwart form moved gracefully in a sort of knight-like fashion, one step forward and two steps slightly to the left until he advanced opposite, when he seated himself with a jerk as if he had been a pawn all the while and now had suddenly *Queened* himself. It flashed through my mind that my visitor might be an escaped lunatic who, finding the front door open, had thus found his way; however, I was determined not to show the slightest alarm or even anxiety.

"Might I have the honor," I said, as soon as he had *Queened* himself, "of knowing your name and your mission?"

"Oh, certainly," he rejoined in an off-hand

manner and tone; "my name is"—here he paused—"Well, it's no matter—I was christened a long while ago. You won't take much interest in my name I'm sure, and I'm afraid when you hear it you may consider it a questionable honor to become acquainted with it at all! However, you shall be informed of it by-and-bye, though I think if you tax your brain a little you will know me—in fact you must certainly be acquainted with me without introduction."

All this sounded very mysterious; I could have taken as solemn an oath as any chess-player could take that I had never seen the fellow before, whoever he was, in the whole course of my life.

"As for my mission," he continued, "it is to have a battle of chess with you."

"I shall be delighted," I ventured to put in hurriedly. At any rate, I thought, there is no problem in this avowal like there was in his last speech.

"I have heard," he went on to say, "that you are a votary of our noble pastime—that, in fact, you are one of the representative players in this part of the world."

I bowed as modestly as possible.

"And I desire to have you among the number of my combatants."

"But, sir," I could not help immediately returning, "do you not know it is somewhat unusual for chess players to engage in conflict without being introduced, or at any rate without knowing each other's names?"

"I am well aware," he rejoined, "of the social solecism I commit in thus veiling my name, yet I have my reasons—and good reasons too when you hear them—for taking this precaution of withholding my card until the proper time arrives. Suffice, let me say, that I am no mean antagonist. My experience in the game has been immense—in fact, *I have been with all the great players of the world since chess was known!*"

"The devil you have!—excuse me, but you don't say so," I quickly broke in. Now, really I was certain a madman had taken possession of my room. I felt my cheeks warming, my forehead cooling, my pulse beating faster and faster, but I strove hard to retain my wonted composure. I succeeded partly. My visitor smiled, a quaint sort of irregular smile. Was he bereft of "sovereign reason?" or perchance related to the spirits of the unseen world—the world of darkness?

"Oh," he continued, seeming to fathom my

thoughts, "no doubt you wonder at this assertion, but nevertheless it is *fact*—devoutly true, marvel as you will. I have been with the transcendental Philidor—at times; occasionally with Ruy Lopez and all his compeers of the sixteenth century; sometimes with Salvio and his Neapolitan adversaries. I am not unknown to Stamma or Carrera, nor to Janseen nor Cunningham. Later on I have sometimes been with McDonnell, also with Deschappelles, and even with the wonderful La Bourdonnais on odd occasions. The more modern chess world have also not been unacquainted with me. Such men as Jaenisch, Bledow, Lasa, Horwitz, Szen, Popert, Lowenthal, Kieseritzky, and other players of their day I have had the honor of knowing slightly."

Good gracious! at what a rate his tongue ran! Talk of a mariner's yarn!—who could follow the thread of such vague, impossible discourse?

"Yes," he continued, "this is unvarnished fact, and more than that too, sir. Why, in the present day such celebrities as St. Amant, Riviere, Staunton, Steinitz, Anderssen, Cochrane, Rosenthal, Kolish, Evans, Blackbourne, Paulsen, Zukertort, De Vere, Mackenzie, Bird, Perrin, have known me at some time or another."

"How about Morphy?" I ventured to ask, interrupting.

"Ah, Morphy, the incomparable—the unapproachable! Yes, I have also been with him, but very rarely."

I began to feel highly amused at the enormous braggardism of my strange visitor in his familiar enunciating of most of the chess masters past and present. My curiosity was roused to an almost insufferable pitch, and I determined there would be no delay in giving him a chance to prove his bold assertions—to give him full play, as it were; so without further remark I invited my unbidden guest to the table, and set up the men.

"Any choice of color?" I asked.

"None in the least; my play is equal with either," was the rejoinder. I selected white; move was tossed for, and he lost. We commenced. I moved—

WHITE (myself.)

BLACK (my visitor.)

1. P to K 4th.

1. P to K B 4th.

a most extraordinary reply truly, but I was determined to play a close game and not accept the proffered pawn, so I calmly moved—

2. P to Q 3rd.

Here my visitor scanned the position closely for a few minutes, and I fully expected his reply

would be P to K 4th, when judge of my amazement to see his hand hovering over the King's rook, and suddenly taking hold of the *King's Knight's Pawn*, deliberately played—

2. P to K Kt 4th !!

and all the while most seriously intent on the position. I of course immediately played—

3. Q to K R 5, saying "checkmate."

My visitor did not take his eyes from the board for a minute and looking up said :

"Ah, yes—I see—quite overlooked ; fact is I was trying a new style of variation to our somewhat unpopular King's gambit—the King's Knight's Pawn defence to the King's gambit—am almost positive it would have been a success had it not been for this checkmate."

"Yes," I replied, humoring the absurdity of my visitor's reasoning ; "it might have proved very strong eventually had it not been for this unforeseen catastrophe, which certainly is a bar to the nature of this opening."

My visitor smiled sententiously. "Oh," said he, "pray don't take me for a mere tyro, in allowing this fool's mate ; pardon me, but I was merely 'trying it on' with you. This is no sample of my play—come, let us try another."

"At what odds?" I asked.

"Odds ! nonsense, you can't give me odds ; it is a presumption, sir, for any chess player to offer odds to another."

"No, it certainly is not a presumption, after such a simplicity in chess. You really must allow me to give some odds ; shall it be a rook?"

"A rook ! absurdity !"

"A Knight?"

"A Knight !—no sir—my dignity will not allow it."

"Well, then, it must be at least Pawn and two moves."

"Agreed," cried my visitor.

"We re-set the men, my visitor playing first—

WHITE (myself) BLACK (my visitor)
remove White's K B P.

1. ——— 1. P to K 4.
2. ——— 2. P to Q 4.

He played his two first and legitimate moves for the opening quite readily—evidently understanding the opening of the game much better than the last. I replied.

3. P to Q 3, and the game continued thus :

3. K B to Q 3.

4. P to K 4.

4. P takes P.

5. P takes P.

The moment I played this last move I saw the fearful check with Black's Queen ; but I fortified myself with the hope that either he might not see it, or if he did, I could easily stand the fire of such a marksman ; but I underrated my opponent. He did see the check, and very soon I found my position terribly exposed and very critical.

5. Q to R 5 (ch) •

6. K to Q 2. A pretty position for the King to be in at the sixth move ! I was actually stifling with mortification at my own carelessness.

6. Q takes Kings P.

7. K Kt to B 3.

7. Q to Q 4 (ch).

8. K B to Q 3.

I was determined to bring out my pieces at all hazards.

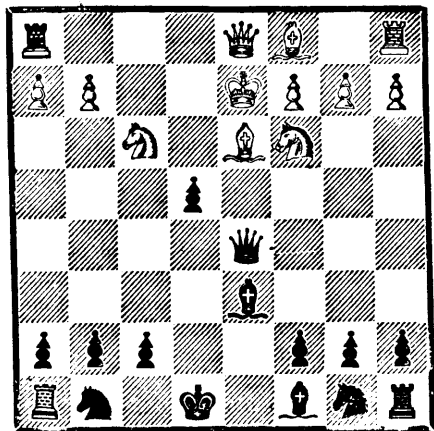
8. P to K 5.

Black's eighth move was just as anticipated, but I was prepared in this fashion—

9. Q. Kt. to B. 3.

How happy I felt that my Queen's Knight had made her *debut* on the checkered stage, though it was rather amidst red fire and thunder. The position now stood

WHITE.



BLACK.

and the game now went on thus :

10. K. to K. sq. 10. Q. to K. 3.
11. K. B takes K. P. 11. K. B takes B.
12. R. takes B.

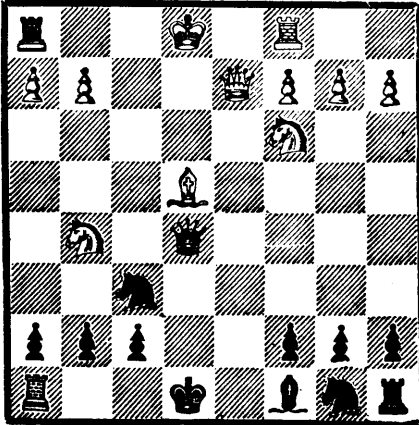
I certainly now breathed freer, but my position was still teeming with danger. I looked forward tremblingly to the impulsive march of Black's King's Bishop's Pawn. Had he done so, my counter attack of King's Knight to Q4th or K.

Kt. 5. would have been a question of great doubt, but he preferred to develop his game cautiously by

12. K. Kt. to B. 3.
 13. K. Kt. to Kt. 5. 13. Q. to K. 4.
 14. Q. to Q. 2.

Here I felt very uncomfortable, and for the life of me could not see any better move than my last—the loss of a piece seemed inevitable. The position now was interesting ; here it is.

WHITE.



BLACK.

14. P. to K. R. 3.

Of course down came this brutal Pawn. I drew my chair closer and commenced to think, and then played,

15. K. to K. B. 2. 15. P. takes Knight,

Certainly, Queen takes Knight would have been better, but my opponent was too flushed with the thought of coming victory to permit exchange of Queens. I must confess that I inwardly chuckled when he took off Knight with the Pawn instead of Queen.

I immediately played—

16. K. B. to Q. B. 6 (ch) 16. K. to B. sq.

This 16th move of mine was an unexpected coup to my visitor, who pondered half a minute, and then at once comprehended the situation of instant loss of Queen if Bishop were taken. The game then proceeded in a sort of *coute qui coute* style, thus—

17. Q. to Q. 8th (ch). 17. Kt. to K, sq.
 18. K. R. to K. sq. 18. Q. to Q. B. 4. (ch).
 19. K. to B. sq. 19. Q. takes Q. B.
 20. Q. takes Q. B. 20. R. takes K. R. P.

Now I began to feel the situation of my King very untenable, and that I had acted unwisely

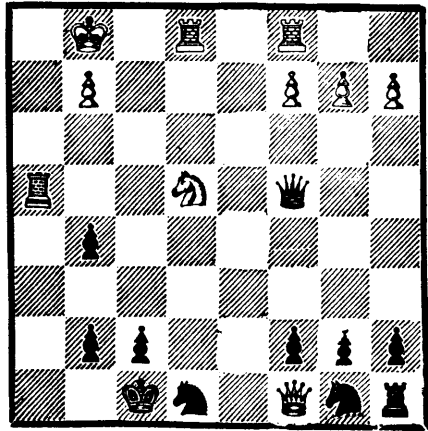
in not originally checking with Queen's Rook (I did not want my K. R. to be put out of play); now the danger was imminent. I devoutly wished with Falstaff " 'twere night, Hal, and all 'twere well"—I played—

21. Kt. to K. 4. 21. Q. to Q. B. 5. (ch).
 22. K. to Kt. sq. 22. R. to R. 5.

"Now," cried my antagonist exultingly, "you have a poor game ; for if you retreat your Knight, I shall play my Queen to Q. Kt. 4., bring out Q. Kt.; sacrifice my Rook, and unless I play very badly eventually have a strong attack with my two Knights combined with Rook on your exposed King, besides being two Pawns ahead."

"Sir," I said, "you are mistaken completely ; you may come from the land of shadows, but you have not a shadow of a game, —I declare *checkmate in three moves.*" Here is the diagram of the situation.

WHITE.



BLACK.

"Good gracious!" broke out my visitor. Then he studied for a minute, "so it is, by the sacrifice of the Queen ; sir, you have conquered and I am beaten. In your future *try and avoid me*, but the best of you and your confrères will find that very difficult—at times."

He rose to depart, his flashing eyes dulled, and the embroidered chess figures on his doublet seemed to be dancing together in one inextricable mass of confusion.

"Your name," I cried, as his shadow crossed the room. He was gone—but the low moaning wind echoed his last words,

"I am the *Genius of Bad Play.*"

* * * * *

I awoke ! The first streak of dawn was entering my window, and ere I wooed Morpheus the tinkling of the milkman's cans made merry once more the early frosty morn.

GAME—No. 2.

The following is a well contested game played at Montreal Chess Club, in present Match, between Messrs. Saunders and Shaw, the former player giving the odds of Pawn and Move.

Remove Black's K. B. P.

WHITE.

Mr. Shaw.

BLACK.

Mr. Saunders.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4. | P. to K. 3. |
| 2. P. to Q. 4. | P. to Q. 4. |
| 3. P. to K. 5. | P. to Q. B. 4. |
| 4. B. to Q. 3. | P. to K. Kt. 3. |
| 5. P. to Q. B. 3. | Kt. to Q. B. 3. |
| 6. Kt. to K. B. 3. | Q. to Q. Kt. 3. |
| 7. Castles. | B. to Q. 2. |
| 8. P. to Q. Kt. 3. | Castles. |
| 9. B. to K. 3. | P. takes P. |
| 10. P. takes P. | K. Kt. to R. 3. |
| 11. Q. to Q. 2. | B. to Kt. 5. |
| 12. Kt. to Q. B. 3. | ♙ to B. 4. |
| 13. P. to Q. R. 3. | B. takes Kt. |
| 14. Q. takes B. | P. to Q. R. 3. |
| 15. P. to Q. Kt. 4. | K. to Kt. sq. |
| 16. K. R. to Q. Kt. sq. | Kt. to R. 2. |
| 17. P. to Q. R. 4. | Q. R. to Q. B. sq. |
| 18. Q. to R. 3. | P. to K. R. 3. |
| 19. P. to Q. R. 5. | Q. to Q. sq. |
| 20. R. to Q. B. sq. | Q. to K. 2. |
| 21. R. takes R. (ch.) | R. takes R. |
| 22. B. takes Kt. | Kt. to Kt. 4. |
| 23. Q. to Kt. 2. | Kt. P. takes B. |
| 24. B. takes P. | Kt. to B. 6. |
| 25. R. to R. 3 | Kt. to K. 5. |
| 26. R. to R. sq. | B. to Q. Kt. 4. |
| 27. R. to Q. B. sq. | R. to K. Kt. sq. |
| 28. B. to B. 4. | Q. to K. Kt. 2. |

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 29. P. to K. Kt. 3. (a) | Q. to Kt. 5. (b) |
| 30. K. to Kt. 2. | Q. takes B. |
| 31. Q. to Q. B. 2. | B. to K. 7. (c) |
| 32. Q. to B. 7. (ch.) | R. to R. sq. |
| 33. Q. to Q. 8. (d) (ch.) | R. takes Q. |
| 34. P. takes Q. | R. to K. Kt. sq. (ch.) |
| 35. Kt. interposes. | Kt. takes Kt. and wins. |

NOTES TO GAME No. 2.

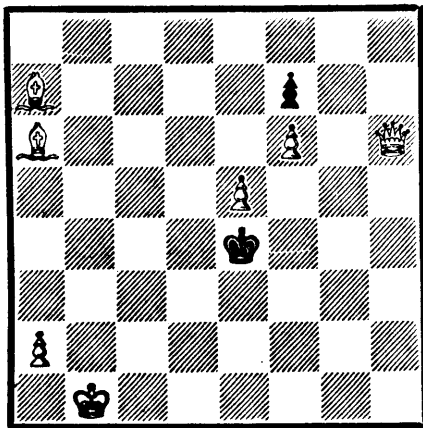
- A. Bad. Kt. to K. sq. seems the correct play.
- B. Black soon takes advantage of White's last weak move.
- C. The position is now very interesting.
- D. Well conceived. White now endeavors to draw.

PROBLEM No. 5.

(From the Westminster Papers).

By Sergt-Major McArthur.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.





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