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THE  
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY  
FOR 1875.

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PART II.—JULY TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.

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Montreal :  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
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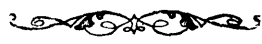
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Miss Frances & Misses

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JULY,

1875.

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# New Dominion Monthly.

JULY, 1875.

## A HOLIDAY AT LAKE BEAUPORT.

BY THOMAS J. OLIVER, LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, QUEBEC.

What a glorious institution is a holiday, a legal holiday—*une fête d'obligation*—a day on which one can't work if one would, nor must not when one might; a day on which banks, the courts, and public offices are closed; a day on which no notes fall due, on which no writs are returnable, no Cabinet meetings held. On the previous evening one may say to himself, "I will sleep all to-morrow; I will read all to-morrow; I will take a trip to the country to-morrow;"—in fact one may venture to say to himself, "I will do what I please to-morrow." There are more than a dozen such holidays in the Province of Quebec, thanks to the piety of our legislators, and the respect they hold for the dicta of the Roman Catholic Church. It is true that eight months of the year in this city of Quebec amount pretty much to a *dies non*; but, gifted as we are with superior intelligence, energy, and enterprise, we manage in four months what less favored people attempt to perform in twelve. So by all means let us have holidays; but let them grumble; *notre langue, nos institutions, et nos lois*, must be upheld, especially the institutions. But this is a digression. There are several kinds of holidays: those on which the weather is fine, and those on which it is not; those occurring in summer, and those in winter; those which are too hot, those which are too cold; those on which one is sick, and those on which one is well. In truth it is a toss up between pleasure and *ennui*. The holiday which now

comes up to my memory left, as the French say, nothing to be desired. On the 28th of June last year, Fred Graham and I were sitting in our boarding-house parlor quietly chatting, and resting and cooling ourselves after the fatigue and heat of the day.

"Fred," said I, "to-morrow will be a holiday; what are you going to do with yourself?"

"Have not yet decided; what do you intend?"

"I asked you first. By the by, what *fête* is it?"

"St. Peter and St. Paul's day."

"Just the thing," exclaimed I. "It is said that the best trout-fishing is on that day. What do you say to a fishing trip?"

"Done," said Fred; "but where?"

"Well," said I, "there's Lake St. Charles, Lake Beauport, the Natural Steps, the Jacques Cartier River, Lake St. Joseph, Lake Bon Homme, and a hundred other places."

Fred mused. "Lake St. Charles, uninteresting; the Natural Steps, very beautiful but fished out; Jacques Cartier, too far; ditto with Lake St. Joseph; let it be Lake Beauport, and never mind the rest. What say you, Tom?"

"Lake Beauport," I answered, "is my favorite, and as it has been pretty well preserved we may find good sport. But you know to-morrow being a holiday, the place will be crowded, and the rooms, boats, and everything else will be taken up unless we start very early, and I certainly object to a long drive of thirteen

miles before breakfast, so let us start this evening; by leaving at seven we can arrive by ten o'clock. We shall have the moon before we are half way."

"Agreed," said Fred; "you go to Hough's stables and order the turnout to be here at seven, while I go and look after the tackle. You always keep yours in order."

At seven o'clock, a smart-looking Canadian pony tackled to a one-seated phaeton stood at our door. Fred and I had collected our rods, tackle, baskets, landings; had dined sumptuously, and in good spirits we started for Lake Beauport. Crossing Dorchester Bridge, we immediately found ourselves in the country, the stifling air of the city we inhaled no more, but the fresh breath of the country perfumed by the sweet scent of grass and herbs infused new life into us. Easily and steadily our Canadian pony trotted on at the rate of seven miles an hour, and soon we were slowly walking up the Charlesbourg hill, on which stands the quaint old village where, more than a hundred years ago, when Wolfe was climbing the heights of Abraham, the great ladies and the holy fathers of that time sought shelter from the destruction which was falling on the beleaguered city of Quebec. Not in the highway, but in the lanes, in this picturesque village, the traveller from England may have strange memories stirred up within his heart, for the vine-clad cottages, the farm-yards and the English voices of summer residents, who love this quaint, secluded, old-looking village, remind him of such scenes in the little world across the sea. But the delusion remains in the by-lanes, for on the highway the houses are essentially French-Canadian, and the immense steepled church, with its two golden, guardian saints looking down on devoutly saluting peasants, tell the traveller that English ground is far away, although near by, from a flag-staff, floats the British Jack, denoting that a Colonel of militia whose name and origin is French, lives in the house before which the flag-staff is raised. Our pony, having overcome the heights of Charlesbourg rapidly leaves behind him the miles of level, macadamized road, and we turn into a sandy rutty lane flanked here and there by wooden fences and bushes wildly and irregularly growing. At times the road is confined by the thick growth of trees of pine, of maple, of beech, and of ash, and now and then the evening wind wafts a delicious odor of Indian hay, while the strong

rich smell of the pine pervades the whole atmosphere; everywhere, in bush, in meadow, and swamp, the many colors of wild flowers variegate the different shades of green. As we pass into the deeper wood twilight is rendered darker by the shade of lowering trees, but through their tops come the beams of the full-grown moon, sailing majestically in a cloudless and diaphanous sky. So brightly does it shine that the shadows fall clearly and distinctly on our sandy path, and so softly run the wheels and so noiselessly strike the hoofs on its surface that in thus passing through the lights and glooms of this scented wood we seem as phantoms in a ghostly forest. Enraptured and almost awestricken we silently and rapidly press forward till the lights of Pepin's Hotel gleam through the trees, and shortly we draw up before this country inn. Josephine, the landlord's daughter, appears at the door with a lamp in her hand, to receive us, and even if her words had not expressed it, her bright eyes ensured us a hearty welcome. A boy took charge of our horse, and Josephine showed us to the parlor, where in a short time we enjoyed a hearty supper of her preparing.

Tom Hood said, "Hang the getting up at six for fish that will not rise;" but Fred and I, before retiring at the early hour of half-past ten, left special instructions with Josephine that we should be called by "boots" of the establishment at half-past four; and accordingly at half-past four "boot's" loud knocks roused us from our slumbers; sound they had been, for the long evening drive and delicious inhalations of pure ozone had acted as a strong soporific, whose effects had not been lessened by the luxurious couch, trimmed with dainty dimity curtains and covered by snow-white counterpanes.

How glorious is the morning in the country! Throw wide open the windows and let in the cool fresh air laden with the perfume of flowers and herbage, heavy with the odor of pine and balsam, moist with the fresh dew of heaven; let the cooling breeze play round the room and fan your brow; lean out of the window and see the mists rising to the mountains tops, on which the giant trees stand out in bold relief and graceful outline against the rosy tint of the morning sun. Look round upon the rolling fields of ripening hay and the pasture lands dotted with cattle; then upon the lake moved by a gentle ripple, and glistening here

and there in the sun's rays and now darkly beneath the shady shore. How kind was Josephine ! Early as was the hour a cup of hot coffee and some warm toast prepared us for our morning's work; and taking with us our fishing rods and tackle, we were soon paddling over the lake whose beauty was so striking from our chamber window.

As he espied a miniature bay almost overshadowed by bending elms, Fred exclaimed, "Before fishing, let us have a bath,—just a short matutinal dip." The cool, exhilarating waters were like an electric shock; regenerated our frames and banished fatigue and drowsiness. Then clothed and feeling like new men we were soon whipping the surface of the lake, using a moth at such an early hour. Close to the western shore, not a mile from the hotel, we threw our lines within the shadow of the mountain. Not a breath rippled the surface of that sheltered spot; but now and then bubbles and eddies showed the life below. Quiet and life-like the moths swept over the water, now nearing, then fleeing from our little shallop; presently a rise attracts attention, and a moth lights upon the spot; another rise, and the moth disappears beneath the water fast in the jaws of the speckled fish—a strong two pounder; the line run out rapidly, and the reel turns swiftly, then slackens and the line is gradually wound up till the trout nears the surface; another spurt and again the line runs out, but it is a losing game for the fish when the cruel hook is in his jaws. Again it appears at the surface, and before he has time to attempt escape the landing net has placed him in the boat, a two-pound beauty, speckled in gold and crimson. Carefully we placed him, wrapped in grass, in our basket, and it we stood beneath the seat shaded from the sun's hot rays.

One dozen and a half of trout, weighing from half a pound to two pounds and a half, was the result of our fishing, when, at about nine o'clock, finding the heat becoming oppressive and the fish not rising, we returned to the hotel, where Josephine had ready for us a breakfast of beef-steak, trout, eggs, hot potatoes, toast, muffins, and coffee with the richest of cream. Wild strawberries floating in that rich cream tempted us to profusion, and after such a meal we felt inclined to seat ourselves on the verandah in

front of the house to watch the arrival of coming guests. Cool and shady was that verandah, and as vehicle after vehicle drove up with its load of pleasure-seekers, hot and dusty from the long drive, we could not help congratulating ourselves as possessing foresight in arriving on the previous evening. A number of shop clerks were among the first arrivals, and their loud and hearty laughter sent echoes far over the lake to the neighboring mountains as they rowed away from the miniature pier. A young couple strolled quietly away by the path leading into the woods, unmindful of all but themselves. Three merchants from the Lower Town, with flies round their hats, betook themselves to a boat for the purpose of a hopeless task: catching trout beneath a burning sun. A picnic party of ten separated into groups, some to stroll in the fields, some to wander in the woods and some to paddle over the lake. All, on this welcome holiday found amusement and happiness, and when the hours of day had passed and evening was drawing nigh, the vehicles drove up to the little garden gate and bore away to their homes a goodly company, well satisfied and contented. The boats being disengaged, we again resumed our fishing, and beneath the growing shadows and the darkening gloom of the mountains we paddled over the motionless lake and preyed upon our victims, which again rose and were deceived by our moths. Twenty-three trout were counted as our evening spoil, and well filled our basket. The moon shone down placidly from over the mountains down upon the mirror lake, unmoved but by the ripples made by our boat in its course toward the shore; no noise broke the air, but at times the mournful sound of a lonely owl or the whoopings of the frogs in some neighboring marsh. Once more Josephine's hospitality refreshed us, before returning to our comfortable rooms, and when in the morning we rose she was again ready with a breakfast which would satisfy the taste of an epicure. In the cool early day we drove through the scented woods and over the sandy lane, and our Canadian pony on the macadamized road proved his mettle by distancing all competitors, and in landing us in Quebec within the space of two hours from Lake Beauport.

## THE RUSH TO THE PALMER RIVER GOLD FIELDS, NORTHERN QUEENSLAND.

BY "WANDERER."

In the month of September, 1873, news came down to Port Denison from Georgetown, that between two and three hundred men had left the Etheridge for a new rush on the Palmer River, in latitude  $16^{\circ}$  S., long.  $144^{\circ}$  E., about 200 hundred miles from Georgetown and 180 from the Endeavour. James Mulligan and party reported having prospected the Palmer for twenty miles along the banks and found payable gold throughout. They brought in 103 oz., the result of four men's work for five weeks. From this time, or rather as soon as it was known throughout the Australian Continent and New Zealand and Tasmania, a steady rush set in to the Endeavour river, that having been discovered to be the nearest seaport. At that time, however, there was not a single house of any description. Hundreds of men went up from Cardwell and Townsville via the Etheridge and Charters Towers, and then struck out into the hitherto unknown and unexplored country to the east and north-east. But the Endeavour was the great point of departure for the unknown regions; and this little river, in which few vessels had ever entered since Captain Cook repaired his vessel here, was soon crowded with steamers and sailing ships of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions; and on its banks within six months there sprung up a thriving township, with a population of no less than two thousand permanent inhabitants; wharves were built, government offices, customs and bonded warehouses, banks, hospital, church, and in fact all the requisites of a thriving township, sprung up like magic. And a very pretty town it is, nestling in the valley at the foot of Mount Cook. Not without trouble, though, did the first who landed here maintain their ground. The blacks, who had seldom if ever seen white men before, were very hostile, and speared all they got the chance. The whites puzzled them with their rifles, however; for a long time they could not understand the white man's thunder that killed at such long distances, their own spears doing very little

damage over a hundred yards, but up to that distance they are almost unerring shots. The men who went up first did pretty well, some getting as much as eighteen and twenty ounces *per diem*, but they mostly returned south for horses and provisions, warning all that when the rainy season set in they would be cut off from supplies, and would be sure to starve or die from ague and fever. Added to this the blacks were very bad all along the track, and many poor fellows were killed and eaten by them, as was afterwards discovered,—but of this hereafter. The rush kept on. "Off to the Palmer!" was the cry everywhere. Every man who could scrape together enough money for his passage for himself and his horse cleared out. Labor in the bush towns became very scarce, and wages rose in some places to £5 and £6 per week, and sufficient could not be secured even at these rates. Diggings where men were making fair wages with a good chance, were entirely deserted, and machines had to hang up, as no teams could be got to cart the stone. It really seemed as if everyone you met was seized with auromania. Fabulous reports came down as to the quantity of gold found. It was all alluvial, and only required surface scratching and crevicing and gully raking, and if you had only provisions to last you through the rainy season you were a made man. These reports as they travelled of course gained in their wondrous promises. Nothing could stop the people,—they would believe nothing to the contrary. As to the rivers being flooded, and their being unable to procure provisions, they laughed at it; gold was to be had for the picking up, and they were bound to have it. But the reaction that set in was terrible, and I hope I shall never experience such a time or see so much suffering as I saw between the beginning of March and the middle of June of last year. When the rainy season did set in, the rivers were flooded bank and bank—and some of them have very high banks. From Cooktown to Lakey Creek the

track became a swamp,—nothing could cross it for twenty miles; several tried, but the horses got bogged. In Cooktown, at one time, there must have been over four thousand diggers waiting to start, hundreds of whom had had only just enough money to pay for their passage up from the south, hoping to have been able to have reached the golden regions and have made money. And every day vessels were arriving crowded with men and horses, but, strange to say, none having any provisions among their cargo. When we arrived at Cooktown there was not a single bag of flour in the place and very little biscuit on board the shipping in the river. The Police Magistrate sent to the captain of our vessel, and told him to name his price for his superfluous flour, or to let him have all he had if possible. Seven tons were sold at fifty-five pounds a ton. I afterwards saw on the Palmer, a bag of flour fetch *one hundred and twenty pounds* sterling, sold in retail at twelve shillings per pound. As every vessel came in men rushed down, some even to the water, crying out: "Go back, there's no food here, and no gold." The Police Magistrate had to give hundreds and hundreds *free* passages back south. Every day men were arriving down from the Palmer, having thrown away all that they had, except perhaps one blanket, and dreadful were the reports of the sufferings at the Palmer. Scores were dying from starvation, and ague, and fever. Many who had come down, had been bailed up at one river as much as five days before it subsided enough for them to cross. There was no food on the Palmer; men were living on boiled grass, dead horses, and in fact anything that could keep body and soul together. All work was suspended, as the creeks and gullies were roaring torrents. I myself saw many a fine healthy man stricken down and succumb to that dread enemy of the north of Queensland. Happily in some cases I was enabled to assuage the sufferings of a few, as I carried a bottle of quinine with me, and to that, under Providence, do I attribute my own immunity from the fell disease. It is a remarkable fact, which I am entirely unable to account for, that the biggest and strongest looking men were the first to give in, and succumbed the soonest. One poor fellow of our party, as fine a fellow as you would see in a day's march, six foot three, and broad and strong in proportion (he carried up sixty pound weight of provisions besides his blankets and tools, and firearms, and

ammunition) stopped a few weeks at the diggings, ran short of provisions, made tracks down, got seized on the track, fell down and died in three hours only eighteen miles from Cooktown. Many and many the poor fellow that met the like fate, and some even worse. About the end of March there was a pause in the rainy season, and everyone thought it was over, so those who had horses and money enough to carry them for a time, packed on the horses and themselves as much as they could carry and made a start. No one to be of course; provisions were worth too much, and even at one time on the Palmer, *horseshoe nails were selling for their weight in gold*. The track being over a very rough country, the men knew that, to maintain themselves, they must keep their horses sound, and every man carried himself as much as he could walk under, at the rate of about twelve to fifteen miles a day. This fortnight's lull in the rain was a delusion, and only a trap for fresh victims, for it came on harder than ever. Those who had provisions were forced to be idle, not being able to work in the bed of the river or creeks, and those who were depending on their work to buy provisions from the packers had to starve, as they had no gold. Men were afraid to go out in the ranges prospecting, for two reasons, viz., fear of the blacks, and we were shepherding our claims until the river went down. A lot of Chinamen had come up, and they kept their eyes on the movements of everyone, and if a white shifted his camp, these brutes played jackal to our lion. The best gold was found at McLeod Gully, Dead Horse Gully, and Butcher's Point. In one claim, at the latter place, the average yield was a pound weight a day for several weeks, and sometimes as high as forty ounces. In Jessop's Gully, which was pretty fair as regards gold, some men got from five to sixteen ounces per week, but not many, the majority not getting more than a few pennyweights a day. The upper township on the left hand branch of the river was the Depôt, and consisted of only a few tents. A butcher's shop was established there, where beef was sold, when it was to be had, for one shilling per pound off the bone; but this was when the rainy season was over, and cattle had had time to arrive up from the south. Some drays that started up from Townsville *via* Charters Towers, had to camp eleven weeks at the Kennedy River, and had to cut a track for themselves nearly the whole way through the scrub and <sup>open</sup> forest. My

horses having died we had to pack my mate's double and carry the rest ourselves. We did the journey up in eleven days, being very heavily laden and not knowing the track. Many and many the poor fellow we passed trying to make his way back to the Endeavour, but who never reached it. Here and there along the track we would see a little mound of earth, which we knew too well was no ant heap, and some such we had to raise ourselves, finding some poor fellow whose name we never even knew, and whose friends may now be grieving for his unknown fate. When we found such, common humanity compelled us to make a hole and put him under to save him from the fangs of the Dingoes, or wild dogs, never knowing whose turn it might be next. When the rainy season was over, packers swarmed up, as fast as possible, and flour was retailed at half a crown a pound, tea at seven shillings to ten, salt four shillings, and every thing at the same rate; a bottle of bad brandy could not be had at less than five and twenty shillings. Of course as food got cheaper, sickness in a great measure was lessened; but still many who had no money to buy had no alternative but to starve. The water subsided almost as quickly as it rose, and then the gully raking and crevicing began; but very little gold was got. If a man got more than two pennyweights a day he was considered fortunate, as that would just about pay for his food if it would do nothing more. Between the place where you first strike the Palmer River and the upper township, it is eleven miles, and the river had to be crossed ten times in that distance.

We decided on prospecting up the left hand branch, so we camped about four miles from the townships. After we had been there a couple of days my mate heard that a brother of his was at Jessop's Gully or German Bar, so he went to look for him and found him at the latter place after a five days' search. He returned and told me that he should work with his brother; so I told him not to let me keep him, and we shared the remaining flour we had and one or two things, and he went, and left me alone, miles from any white man and almost surrounded by hostile blacks, whose coo-ee I could often hear. Of course I was in mortal dread of my life, and never stirred without my gun and revolver, and always slept with them in my hands. To add to the pleasantness of my situation, the whole bush teemed with snakes.

I killed one, a carpet snake over eight feet long, in my tent. I often wonder how it was I escaped the blacks, having only two brushes with them at that time. They never make an attack at night, as they are afraid of the darkness, but will try and steal on one at early dawn. I thought I ought to make the best of a bad job; so every morning I was up before daybreak, got my fire under way, and had my breakfast and cleared out into the ranges prospecting, returning only at sundown. One day in particular, or rather two running, I shall never forget the longest day I live. I had started out as usual, and had got away into a gully that ran into the river some miles further down; it had not dried up, although it had ceased running. Well, I turned to here and began washing a few dishes of stuff; in the first I got a small nugget of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  dwts. Thinking I had struck a patch this raised my spirits considerably, and forgetting my situation, I foolishly began to sing, when, whizz! two spears passed under my left arm as I was holding the dish in my two hands and another just raised the skin on my shoulder. To seize my gun and let fly both barrels was the work of a moment; two toppled over, and I ran as if old Nick were chasing. Fortunately there were only three, or I should have been riddled in no time. The banks of the gully being eight or ten feet high, I ran down the gully as hard as I could pelt and cleared for the camp, which I found had been ransacked, all the dried beef being demolished, and most of my flour capsized and strewed about; a damper I had cooked the night before was also gone, so I had to turn in supperless, being too tired to make another. Next morning, having made a couple of johnny-cakes, I went to the gully to try and recover my tools, which I had left in my hurry. Having found them I was preparing to start work, not wishing to give up the place until I had tried it a little more. I had scarcely filled the dish before I heard the blacks, and a good many of them there seemed. Well, the only thing I could do was to "plant" myself, as they would have made a porcupine of me if I showed myself. Fortunately they happened to be only on one side of the gully, and here the bank was pretty high and overhanging, so I got into a niche where a lot of the maiden hair was growing and was completely hidden by the fern, which grows in the tropics to the most wonderful size and luxuriance, scarcely credible to those who have not seen them in their wild state. Here I

waited in fear and trembling, afraid almost to breathe, and fearful that the sun glinting on the barrels of my gun might betray me. I was good for half a dozen of them if the worse came to the worst, and I could only get on the top instead of being trapped like a rat; anyhow I was determined not to die unrevenged, but to cover a couple if I was discovered. I could make good shooting with my revolver if I had a fair slant, but the brutes would be down in the grass as soon as the first report of the gun was heard. The grass being very long they can hide comfortably; they drop down into it and run through it like partridges, rise and deliver their spear, and then down into the grass again, so that it is very hard to know where to let fly. To say that the whole events of my past life rose before me would scarcely serve to denote the whole extent of my feelings. My greatest regret was that there was no one to see me die, and be able to let my friends know how I perished. However, I was not called on to die that time. The blacks only came to remove the bodies of the two I had killed the day before, which by the way had been pretty well devoured by the Dingoes. They passed on never suspecting that I had returned and was within a very few feet of them. I waited some time and then made tracks for my camp, which I reached without any more adventures, but tolerably well scared. That evening a party of three men camped near me, and I was heartily glad to have somebody to talk to, as I had hardly spoken to a soul for eleven days. As I had no mate and was thoroughly disheartened, and both my food and money were running short, I determined to start down for the Endeavour on the following Monday. I disposed of my pick, shovel and dish to these men for a few shillings, and also about ten pounds of flour, baking a damper to start me on the road, and carrying half a dozen pounds of flour, besides about four pounds of dried beef. My tent, blankets, clothes and tomahawk and other weapons and ammunition weighed together over sixty pounds, but I shouldered them and began my tramp down in a very poor frame of mind. When about ten miles on my journey I overtook a party of six who were making their way down and joined them. We camped at the first crossing of the Palmer for dinner, and rested a couple of hours; then we started off and our journey really began. When we got to the foot of the table land the rest of the party, who were carrying

nothing but their blankets and guns, having thrown everything else away, went on ahead and left me. I had a high mountain, known by the name of the Razorback, to climb up,—about a mile and three quarters solid climbing. Wishing to keep company with the others, I pelted away at a great pace; but my heart was stronger than my body, for I broke down before I was half way up; my legs failed me, and I fell, completely exhausted. After about half an hour I made another attempt, and got on a few hundred yards, but fell again, I fell four times before I got to the top, and was very near putting an end to myself, but something restrained me. It was not fear of death, for I had been too much accustomed to facing it in every form to care for it, but just the hope that I might get through with it. I found the others waiting for me at the top, and as I threw down my swag, I was determined to lighten it. I threw away my tomahawk and most of my clothes, and sold my tent to a party bound up, for half a crown. I lightened my swag to about thirty pounds, and managed to get along easier. We camped that night at the Kennedy River, where there had been a rush. Not much gold was being got, but there was news that the blacks were very bad all along the track, several men and horses having been speared. I still stuck to my bottle of quinine, moderate doses of which I took now and then, and gave my mates some too. I found that these poor fellows had started from the Palmer without an ounce of flour between them; they each had three johnny-cakes, and two of them had a little rice, and some tea and sugar. This was to last them the whole journey down, a hundred and forty miles if they could find the new track, and a hundred and eighty by the old. However, I clubbed mine with theirs, and we got on pretty well, certainly very short commons; but we did not much care, if we could only get to Cooktown. We struck the new track and arrived down in a little under six days, it being the hardest week ever I knew and I hope I shall never see another like it. After we left, parties went out in numbers, and attacked whole parties of blacks, and discovered the half-cooked remains of several poor fellows. To give a regular account of all that happened to my own knowledge, would fill whole volumes; therefore I will desist. Gold has been discovered in all the Palmer District, the Mitchell Fall, the Kennedy, and has been traced right away to the Gulf of Carpentaria, so that when communication is properly established, we may look on the Palmer District as the richest gold-mining district in the world.<sup>4</sup>

## MY SON'S WIFE.

BY E. T. BARTLEY.

## CHAPTER I.

I had been deeply engaged in preparing my discourse for the coming Sabbath, and had been for some time entirely oblivious of outward things, when, on rising to look for a volume which contained a quotation of which I wished to make use, I lingered for a moment by the open casement, enjoying the gentle breeze which so temptingly fanned my cheek, soothing the headache caused by such long and close application to study. The landscape which stretched before me was one of peculiar loveliness, the autumn-tinted foliage lending a richness and beauty to the scene, which the budding verdure of spring or riper luxuriance of summer could not surpass. The distant mountains, which, by the way, an old Scotchwoman informed me the other day, were "nae mountains ava," stretched like a dark line across the deep azure of the sky, lending additional character to a scene which familiarity had not made less attractive, but which long association had rendered most dear. The temptation to lay aside books and manuscript, and go out to enjoy more fully the beauties of surrounding nature, and breathe more freely the invigorating breeze, so grateful after being confined to the house and my study all day, proved too much for me; so summoning Jennie, my old and faithful domestic, in whose person were combined the offices of housekeeper, cook, and every other that a well-regulated household requires, I told her I intended walking out to Mr. Langford's, and that as they generally expected me to make some stay when I visited them, I should probably remain to tea. Donning the straw hat which had once been white, but which exposure to the sun and rain had now constituted of a dark olive, with which I was wont in country rambles to cover the head which had also during the past years changed its hue, but inversely, the brown and glossy curls of youth having given place to the snowy frosts of age, I started on my walk of two miles, the distance

which lay between me and my proposed visit. I lingered so long by the way, that, on looking at my watch as I neared my destination, I was surprised to find that it was almost five o'clock, the hour at which I knew my friends partook of their evening meal, and at which I expected to find them seated; but as I entered the garden gate and approached the house, I was surprised at the stillness which reigned, and at the absence of any sounds proceeding from the open door which would indicate that the family were at home. I knocked at the hall door, then advancing to the dining-room one, tapped at it also; but receiving no reply to either, was about to proceed to the kitchen, which opened from the latter, and from which issued faint noises, indicative of culinary performances going forward, when the stillness was broken by the sound of rather noisy than musical laughter, which certainly did not proceed from any apartment in the house, but which I suspected was wafted to my ear by the evening breeze from the pine grove, which was at a short distance therefrom. Accordingly, I bent my steps thither, and was soon assured, as I drew near, that my surmises were correct. Concealed by the brushwood, I leisurely surveyed the scene. On a rustic table, which I recognized as that which was wont to adorn the arbor at the foot of the garden, was laid a clean, white cloth, and on it the cups and saucers of homely earthenware, out of which I had drank many a time when seated at the hospitable board, where I was ever a welcome guest. The family were gathered around the table, and seemed to be having a very good time, judging from the industry with which they were demolishing the good things laid thereon, and the mirthful chatter which went on as they did so. Though certainly not intending to play the eavesdropper, I was tempted to conceal my presence for a little while, and as the conversation seemed to be mostly among the children of the group, and evidently not of a private nature, I was the more encouraged to do so.



"Well, Cousin Bessie," were the first words I heard distinctly, "how long do you intend to deprive us of your sweet company? My! won't it be slow when you're away! I guess we won't have such a feast of cakes, at anyrate, for some time to come; so lay in a good stock, boys,—no saying when you may have another supply."

The above sally came from George, the eldest son of the house, a comely lad of eighteen or thereabouts, and was responded to by his younger brothers with a gleeful shout of laughter, they being in the mood just then for laughing at anything and everything, and their brother's wit was, in their estimation, at all times the most profound.

His advice as to the cakes was altogether needless, as was testified by the rapidity with which the plates were being cleared.

Cousin Bessie looked up with a quiet smile as her cousin addressed her, and then resuming the needlework with which she seemed to be most industriously occupied, replied, "I will make it as short a time as I can, you may be sure, a George, but I suppose I shall have to stay for a fortnight; don't you think so, Aunt?"

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Langford, amused, "I think you must remain for that lengthened period at any rate. You are very unlike most young ladies, Bessie *mie*, or you would be calculating how long you could remain away from home, and so escape for a little while the innumerable calls which are made on your time, and the endless duties which these busy little fingers have to perform."

A shade of thoughtfulness came over Harry, a sturdy boy of eight, at this remark, as he said, pensively, "Oh! who'll mend my kite and help me fly it when Bessie's away, and who'll give me my lesson, and who'll,"—The rest was lost to mortal ear, for suddenly George exclaimed,

"Oh, I have a bright idea; I don't believe we shall see Bessie again for ever so long, she'll be singing another song by and by, for she's certain to meet her fate while basking in the light of city society. She's certain, I say, to meet her fate; young ladies in novels always do, when on a visit, and especially if they happen to have reached the mature age of nineteen, and it be their first visit from home."

"What's her fate?" lisped Alice, a damsel of ten summers, who bid fair to grow up early, judging from the incipient young ladyism which was already perceptible. "What's her fate?" she repeated, receiving no reply, Bessie being

engaged in earnestly disclaiming such a possibility, and the others too busy to notice her.

"Why her husband to be sure."

"Her husband! Oh no, Bessie won't ever have a husband; she's too plain; plain people never get married, you know."

This with a toss of the golden curls, and a shrug of the pretty round shoulders.

The beauty of the family did by no means underrate her own loveliness, as was evidenced by the above gestures, and seemed to have a profound belief in the statement which she had advanced with so much emphasis.

A momentary flush rose to Bessie's cheek, and George looked crestfallen, as if Alice's remark had suggested to him a new and not by any means a pleasant idea.

He, without doubt, was in no hurry for his cousin to be married, as he could fully estimate what the loss of her society and her nimble fingers would be to the family; but, evidently, did not relish the idea of her being an old maid, having his full share of boyish distaste for that specimen of womankind.

He was a chivalrous fellow was George Langford, and his cousin seemed near akin to perfection in his eyes, though he enjoyed nothing more than teasing her now and then; and noting the painful flush which rose to her cheek, at the child's thoughtless observation, he exclaimed hastily, "Well, I suppose Bessie's plain, if that means that she has not pink cheeks and languish-blue eyes;" this for Alice's behoof, and pointed at her by a look from his own brown orbs; "but I beg to state that I never discovered it. And what is beauty after all? I hope and believe that Bessie will some day meet her fate in the shape of a fellow who knows what's what, and has the sense to go in for something more lasting than mere beauty. And if she don't, why we'll be the gainers, that's all. We know what's what, don't we, Tommy?" to the little brother sitting on his lap.

"Ess," said two-year-old Tommy, not in the least understanding the point at issue, "Ess, we know fats fat."

"We ne'er can reach the inward man,  
Nor inward woman from without,"

quoted Mr. Langford, with a look of approval at his son, and bestowing a tender smile on his niece, which seemed to convey a great deal more than the words themselves.

Bessie said nothing, but, smiling her thanks to both, laid aside the sewing on which she was

engaged, and the younger members of the family having at length succeeded in appeasing their appetites, began removing the dishes from the table, and stowing them in a basket.

At this juncture I saw fit to put in an appearance, for, after my long walk, my inclinations were decidedly in favor of enjoying some of the good things still remaining ; so stepping from my concealment, I exclaimed, "Stop ! stop ! Miss Bessie : not quite so fast please. I have an eye to some of that cake, if you have no objections, and a cup of that fragrant tea which you all seemed to enjoy so much."

The company, rather startled at first, hastened to give me a hearty welcome, and I was soon seated at table and, waited on by Miss Bessie, engaged in doing my full share of justice to the Arcadian feast.

The younger ones having run off to play, we elders, including George and Bessie, had the conversation to ourselves. I could see that the latter was rather uneasy as to how much I had heard of what was going on before I made my appearance, so I thought best to keep my own secret. I was, however, rather curious to know where my friend Bessie was going, George having alluded to her proposed absence from home ; but as I could not enquire without betraying my lengthened vicinity, I was fain to bide my time, trusting the conversation would soon glide into this channel.

I was not disappointed, for Mrs. Langford soon addressed Bessie, enquiring whether her things were all ready, to which Bessie replied that she had only the skirt to finish, on which she was engaged, and then everything would be in readiness to pack. On enquiring where Miss Bessie was going, I was informed that she had been invited to her cousin's wedding at Lyncheborough, and was to leave on the following morning, the marriage being fixed for the day after. I expressed a hope that Bessie might enjoy her visit, though secretly I doubted that she would, so far as I could judge, and I had had a pretty good opportunity of forming a correct estimate of her tastes and predilections. Bessie regarded her proposed visit as something to be got through with, and the strangers into whose company she was about to be thrust, with something akin to dread. Before the death of her widowed mother, and adoption into her uncle's family, I had been familiar with the quiet and retiring little girl, who had never, except in cases of extreme necessity, been absent from

her place in Sunday-school, and whom, since her promotion to my own Bible class, I had regarded with much interest—not only on account of the aptness to learn which she displayed, but because I suspected that there lay beneath the plain, and perhaps unattractive, exterior, a mine of hidden wealth of goodness and truth, which, I doubted not, would some day bear fruit, in deeds of Christian love and usefulness. I knew that Bessie was not as yet a Christian, but I also had reason to believe that she longed to enter into the enjoyment of a higher life than that she now possessed. That she fully estimated the happiness of being a child of God, and longed to taste its fullness, I did not doubt, and I believed that ere long the light of divine truth would shine into her heart, ennobling one which was already noble, and refining and purifying a nature which, as the world counts such, was already refined and pure.

I do not mean to infer that these desires and aspirations should necessarily prevent her enjoyment of the scenes into which she was about to enter ; but, united to a naturally retiring disposition, was the fact that she had never been but a few miles from home,—not even thus far unaccompanied, and though the family of her aunt, who was, as also her own mother, a sister of Mrs. Langford, was by no means a fashionable one, still they were settled in the vicinity of Lyncheborough, a town of some extent, and were in the habit of receiving a good deal of company, which was the more likely to be the case at the present time, in consequence of the wedding in prospect.

I had that morning received a letter from my son, who had just completed his college course, and whom I had expected would now return home for a season, before entering on regular ministerial duties, informing me that he had accepted an invitation from the church of our own denomination in Lyncheborough, to supply the pulpit of my old fellow-student, and since attached friend, George Olney, whose health for some time had not been good, and who, therefore, with the hearty approval of the Church, intended making a tour for two months, in the hope that complete rest and change of scene might be the means of recruiting his failing energies. Though considerably disappointed at Edward's prolonged absence, I knew that he would be happier thus actively employed in work for the Master, and that it might possibly be better for him to be engaged in active duty than allowing his

talents to rest, even for a little while, at home. My hope of having him with me for a while was now more remote, for without prejudice or undue valuation of the talents of one so near and dear to me, I felt sure that he would not long be unappropriated, and that possibly he might be called to some ministry before the expiration of his term at Lyncheborough. I had, however, a pet vision for the future, which I kept to myself, but which I hoped should be fulfilled some day. The Langfords, though they had seen very little of Edward during his stay at college, were yet much interested in his success, and rejoiced heartily with me that he was likely to prove an earnest and faithful minister of the Gospel.

His prospects and Bessie's visit, with sundry chit-chat of village and family affairs, served to make the evening pass pleasantly, and when it was time to take my departure, I felt exceedingly loth to leave the cosy sitting-room, to which we had adjourned as the evening became chilly, and start once more on my two miles walk, which had proved so attractive in the mild but balmy afternoon, but which now seemed rather a toilsome journey after the cosy family circle which I left behind. But lately engaged in animated and pleasing conversation, and indulging with my friends in bright visions of my son's future prosperous career, it is still not to be wondered at that, as I took my solitary way homewards, my mind was chiefly occupied with sorrowful reminiscences of the past, and gloomy forebodings of approaching loneliness.

"For ever thus do sun and shade,  
By turns this mortal life pervade."

Time was when a circle as cosy, and a welcome even more warm, would have awaited me at my own home; but the wife who had been all to me that wife could be, now slept beneath the sod in the little graveyard which I was now approaching, and the daughters who had once been the light and joy of our home, had gone to brighter homes of their own, at a considerable distance from our village. My only son was all that remained to me, and he also would probably soon form fresh ties, and I should be left alone.

My story, however, is not to be of an old man's declining days, but is to consist of some glimpses into a fresh young life which crossed my own, and so I hasten in another chapter to relate the incidents of Bessie's visit, some of which I learned from herself, and some from others,

## CHAPTER II.

The next morning Bessie awoke to the feeling that something disagreeable was going to happen, and when she had roused herself sufficiently to remember her journey, she wished with all her heart that she might lie still in bed and thus escape the dreaded evil. The most of us have experienced this sensation, on waking on the morning of a journey from home, even though it be one which we are very anxious to take, and have perhaps looked forward to with eager anticipation. Bessie did not regard her proposed visit with all feelings of pleasure; therefore, in her case, the feeling was greatly increased. She was just hoping that something—she could not imagine what, but that something—might happen to prevent it, when the hope was dispelled by the voice of her aunt calling that it was time to rise. So, concluding that it was a thing inevitable, Bessie left her couch and began to dress. Now I am afraid that some of my readers will be apt to conclude that my heroine was neither more nor less than a moral coward, to attach so much importance and look forward with so much dread to a visit of two or three weeks' duration, in the house of near relations, and at a distance of not more than forty miles from home. Now I should not like them to suppose that she was such an unfortunate as that would imply; but I rather think I would as soon they imagined her to be such, as that they should fancy she was a strong-minded woman. Had she been the latter, as the term is understood, this story would never have been written, as that is a class of woman-kind who have never excited my interest. Give me a woman with all a woman's hopes and fears, and doubting tremors; a woman who loves to learn, albeit, one who, when emergency calls, can rise above her woman's nature, and exhibit all the strength of character which of right belongs to the sterner sex. Such was Bessie Macdonald, though circumstances hitherto had all tended rather to foster the bashful diffidence which made her shrink from intercourse with any, except those with whom she was on the most intimate terms. She had just time to dress and partake of breakfast (the preparing of which was generally one of her own duties, but which this morning had been superintended by her aunt) when her uncle was at the door with the buggy, in which he was to drive her a distance

of four miles to catch the boat which touched at that point, our own village of Therwald boasting as yet no wharf for the accommodation of its inhabitants. The tears were in Bessie's eyes as she bade them good-bye, and was affectionately embraced by all, her aunt's last injunctions being to be sure to enjoy her visit, and not to hurry home if she felt inclined to remain a longer time than she now intended. George's last words were shouted as the carriage was about to disappear from view :

"Don't stay too long, Cousin Bessie, there's a darling, but hasten home to the loving arms of yours adorably, George Langford."

Bessie's journey was a very uneventful one. Had she been a young lady of prepossessing appearance, as advertisements have it, or been arrayed in a toilet particularly pretty or attractive, she would probably have had some adventures. As it was, the little figure in grey merino sat quietly and alone on the deck of the steamer, gazing fixedly into the limpid waters through which they were ploughing, and dreaming, as girls only can dream, of a future which was all uncertain, but which fancy for a time colored with the bright hues of romance, and wove with all the strength and durability of youthful anticipation. Had any one taken the trouble to look beneath the broad-rimmed hat which shaded her face, they might have discovered that the dark grey eyes which were fixed so dreamily on the water, were both beautiful and expressive, and that more from the soul which a keen observer would discover to shine through them, than from anything particular about shape or coloring. The firm little mouth was not amiss either, even as regarded the lines of beauty ; but, then, I must confess it, Bessie's complexion was dingy ; her nose slightly inclined to astronomical discoveries ; and withal, as I have since discovered, her hair was not becomingly arranged, and I need not inform my lady readers how important a point is the latter, since it is from the womenfolks that I have the information myself. It was about half-past eleven when the boat reached the wharf at Lyncheborough, and Bessie, whose bright visions had been rudely dispelled by the knowledge that such was the case, perceived two of her cousins, with several other young ladies and gentlemen, who were evidently on the look out for her. Alice and Ada Harcourt were pretty, stylish-looking girls of eighteen and twenty. Ella, the eldest of the three daughters of the

family, and the bride of the morrow, had not accompanied them, neither had George Osborn, her devoted lover and destined husband. They were supposed to be enjoying each other's company at home, as no doubt they were, for the younger members of the family and their visitors had all betaken themselves to the wharf at Lyncheborough, to meet the cousin who was expected,—not that any of them attached much importance to her arrival, but simply because they found each other's company agreeable, and the day being fine the drive promised to be enjoyable. Bessie's cousins received her affectionately, and hastened to introduce her to their companions. The party consisted of Leila and Helen Osborn, the eldest of whom was to officiate as one of the bridesmaids, and their brother Henry, who was to act as groomsman on the momentous occasion. Margaret Lester, a recent schoolfellow, and still intimate friend of the girls, with her brothers James and Alfred, the former an exceedingly-mild and clerical-looking young man, as indeed he had a right to be, and the latter, equally mild, but not by any means clerical, made up the party. On first beholding Alfred Lester, one was apt to receive the impression that having out-grown the habiliments in which he was attired, it would be advisable, as is the custom in well-regulated families, that he should allow them to descend to his younger brother, and invest in a suit more suited to his own stature and circumference. Let it not be supposed that Alfred Lester, commonly called Alf, had really so little respect for society as to appear in garments of such inelegant dimensions ; but, unfortunately, let his tailor make as easy a fit as was consistent with comfort and fashion, it was his melancholy fate at all times to present a general appearance of scrimp-of-clothness, if we may be permitted to use such an abuse of the English language, which was rather exaggerated while in the presence of his brother, whose figure was particularly handsome and well-proportioned.

Bessie, whose cheeks were suffused with blushes, so many eyes being fixed on her, scarcely knew what was said to her, or how she replied, till at length she found herself seated in the carriage beside Alfred Lester, her cousin Ada and the Rev. James occupying the seat in front. It was impossible to feel bashful for any length of time with her present companion, and the couple before them being evidently quite engrossed with each other, Bessie soon found

herself talking with unwonted freedom to a young gentleman, her acquaintanceship with whom was of five minutes' standing, but whose kind and honest desire to enable her to overcome the confusion which he could not but perceive, she fully appreciated and felt grateful for. His manners, certainly, had not the tone of what is called good society, as even country-bred Bessie was not slow to discover, and his speech was interlarded with sundry slangisms, more expressive than elegant, which offended an ear unaccustomed to the sound, but Bessie was endowed with keen moral perceptions, which enabled her, even on a first meeting, to penetrate the rough exterior, and discover the true and honest heart which beat beneath. She gave him her friendship then—a friendship which, though it disappointed him in the beginning, stood him in good stead in time to come.

When they arrived at Ferney Grove dinner was just ready to be served, so Mrs. Harcourt, after affectionately embracing Bessie, told the girls to hasten to their rooms and get ready for the meal. They kept good old-fashioned hours at the Harcourts, and as one o'clock, the dinner hour, was just chiming in the hall as they ascended the staircase, they had no time to perform a new toilet had they been so disposed, which they were not, dressing for dinner not being considered a necessary performance on ordinary occasions. So, hastily smoothing hair and washing hands, the youthful *coterie* betook themselves to the dining-room.

"Well, Bessie," exclaimed Mr. Harcourt, as she entered the room with Ada and Alice, whose sleeping quarters she was to share, and shaking hands with painful cordiality, "so you have really got to Ferney Grove at last. We had begun to despair of coaxing you hither, but this little girl," affectionately patting his eldest daughter on the shoulder, "has been too much for you."

Ella, who stood ready to shake hands with Bessie as soon as her father chose to release the fingers which he held in a firm clasp as he addressed her, blushed a beautiful rosy red as she murmured,

"I am so glad you have come, dear Bessie. I hope you will enjoy your visit among us." Then seeming to recollect how very little of Bessie's company would be shared by herself, smiled half sadly as she whispered, "Perhaps I shall have a visit from you ere long in my own house."

Bessie had just time to murmur her greeting and kind wishes, and shake hands with the happy bridegroom elect, whom her uncle had summoned to his side to be introduced, when Mrs. Harcourt announced that dinner was waiting, and they all hastened to take their seats at table, Bessie, as the latest arrival, having the seat of honor beside her uncle, whose lively chat and hospitable manners went far to make the dinner pass off pleasantly, and animated talk and witty repartee were the order of the day. Mr. Harcourt, as a host, could not be surpassed, and his kindness and consideration for his guests' comfort and convenience made his home a favorite resort for old and young of both sexes. Indeed, his heart so overflowed with hospitable desires, that his house was generally in the same condition as regarded guests, and Mrs. Harcourt had much ado sometimes to accommodate those to whom her lord and master had extended pressing invitations to spend a day or two, or a week or two, just as they had a mind. On one or two occasions, and in the case of young gentlemen, she ventured a remonstrance.

"I am afraid, Harry, dear," she would say, "that people will suppose that our intention in inviting so many young people to our house is that we may procure for our daughters suitable settlements in life. Now, there is nothing I should dislike more than being considered an intriguing mamma."

"My dear Alice, you pay our daughters a very poor compliment. Methinks any one with half an eye, as the saying is, would perceive that our daughters don't require any intriguing mammas, or papas either, to get them well married. The difficulty with us, my dear, will be to keep them from getting married too soon. We can't spare all our lily blossoms, can we?"

Thus with innocent pandering to maternal pride and affection he parried the thrusts of mild expostulation.

Dinner over, every one seemed to have some important business which demanded immediate attention—that is, the ladies had. The gentlemen reemed rather at a loss how to occupy themselves, being deprived of their society, so were fain to take the advice of Ada, who suggested that a game of billiards would make the time pass less heavily; "for," said she, as she was leaving the room, "you won't see any of us until tea-time, and, moreover, we are to have a late tea to-night. Mamma is so busy preparing

a feast for us to-morrow that eating seems to-day to be a very minor consideration. Hoping that you will all survive the loss of our society, and be able to subsist on the viands which you consumed at dinner until seven o'clock, I bid you a fond adieu."

Bessie, who followed her, noticed that the dark and expressive eyes of her cousin rested for a moment on James Lester with a mingled expression of amusement and tenderness, and, turning, she detected a look of unmistakable admiration and interest in the less expressive countenance of the latter.

During their drive Alfred had, in his free-and-easy style, volunteered the information that "he of the white neckcloth," as he dubbed his brother, "was awfully spooney on Ada"; and when Bessie, by way of administering a rebuke, affected not to understand what he meant, was nothing loth to interpret for her: "Well, Miss Macdonald, in other words, he is very much in love."

Bessie had no doubt now that he was right, and, judging from what she had seen, inclined to the belief that his would not be the fate to endure that

**"Worst of pain,  
To love and not be loved again."**

She was surprised that the brilliant Ada should prefer such a milk-and-water specimen of humanity as seemed to be the Rev. James Lester; but recalling to mind a remark which Ada had made the previous summer while on a visit at Therwald, that "in dress she always preferred a marked contrast to a blending of colors," came to the conclusion that the dictates of taste must have been the same in the choice of a husband.

Several hours afterwards a busy party were assembled in the sewing-room, and divers pieces of finery engrossed the fingers and attention of the fair occupants. Only two seemed to be at a loss for occupation, Ella and Bessie. The former, as might be expected, seemed restless and rather nervous, and wandered listlessly about the room, fingering at intervals the work scattered around, and thus producing rather an irritating effect on the nerves of her companions, whose energies were most laboriously directed to adjusting sundry articles of personal adornment, which were to figure at the ceremony on the coming day.

Her "things" were all ready—the bridal dress and veil, with all the etceteras of a bride's toilet, were laid out on the lounge in her own

apartment. Her travelling suit and daintily plumed hat were in equal readiness, and the travelling case which contained the requisites for her wedding tour might have been seen in a corner of the hall upstairs, strapped and labelled, the label containing a name in which the future owner could scarce recognize her own, but which sent a strange thrill through her as she thought how soon it should be so. Ella Harcourt would soon be no more, and before another sun was setting in the western horizon, behind the tall elm trees in the distant coppice, a new being would be born into existence, to whom this name would belong.

"My dear Ella," exclaimed Ada, as her sister, for about the twentieth time, in one of her restless circuits of the apartment, came between her and the fading light, "could you sit still for five minutes, do you think? Are brides always so restless, I wonder? Bother! I can't get this fixed properly."

This referred to a combination of orange blossoms, myrtle and tulle, which was fated on the morrow to adorn the tresses of the chief bridesmaid elect, whose patience seemed to be somewhat tried in the attempt to get it arranged to her satisfaction.

"The fair Ada is losing her temper, I fear," said Margaret Lester in a stage aside to Leila Osborn. "What a mercy your brother chose the amiable Ella! Mademoiselle Ada will be a dreadful trial to any one who is rash enough to select her for his partner in life."

Ada looked up in surprised displeasure, but, catching a look of mischievous raillery in the eyes of her friends, retorted rashly:

"I have not yet seen the individual to whom I should feel inclined to accord the privilege of *selecting* me for his companion in life, and don't intend to make his acquaintance for some time to come; so the lords of creation are quite safe at present, you see, from the fearful infliction you refer to."

Ada, perceiving that she had succeeded in nonplussing her friend for the time, as was evidenced by the puzzled expression on Margaret's countenance, on the strength of her achievement recovered her temper, and being really good-natured, though, it must be confessed, somewhat "quick," hastened to make amends.

"Forgive me, dear Ella. What a temper I must have, to be sure, to speak crossly on your last evening at home as our own Ella,"

The tears dimmed her dark eyes as she spoke, but perceiving that much would not be required to produce their companions in her sister's blue orbs, she added, quickly :

"There is one thing you have not decided yet, and it is time you had. How shall you arrange your hair? Your wreath will not set becomingly on your curls, and you know you did not like the way in which Alice arranged it the other day. As soon as I have finished this I think I shall take it in hand myself."

"Will you let me try it?" said Bessie, eager for some occupation.

The sisters looked dubiously at Bessie's unbecoming coiffure, but, too polite to refuse, Ella seated herself before the mirror, saying :

"You are very kind, Bessie, to take the trouble with my tangles, but promise me not to be vexed if I am not satisfied with your handiwork. I have been so long accustomed to my curls that I am very difficult to please with any other mode."

"Oh, I do not mind if you reject it. We are both idle, and it will be amusement for us, if nothing else," and Bessie set herself to her task with the accustomed energy with which she undertook anything that excited her interest. Her cousin's fair style of beauty was exactly what a nut-brown maid like Bessie would be sure to admire, and admire it she did; and if envy could exist in union with true cousinly attachment, would have envied the fair roundness of the dimpled cheek and chin, the dewy freshness of the smiling lips, and the sparkle in the lovely eyes of heaven's own blue, which were now bent thoughtfully on the carpet as if in pleasing reverie. Ella had got over her restless fit, and, being now obliged to remain still, had lost herself in thought, which was only interrupted when Bessie exclaimed, as she adjusted the last braid :

"Now you must condescend to look in the mirror, and tell me how you like my work."

Bessie was conscious of success, and all the girls joined in praise. The wreath was tried on, and the orange flowers and myrtle nestled lovingly around the coronet which Bessie had constructed, and which gave a touch of queenly grace to the *petite* figure of the future Mrs. George Osborn, which all declared made her look lovelier than ever, an opinion which, on her descending to the parlor shortly afterwards, was warmly seconded by the lips whose praise

or blame were henceforth to be to her all important for happiness or sorrow.

"My dear Bessie," said the outspoken Ada, as her eyes followed her sister from the room, and, returning, fixed themselves thoughtfully on Bessie's countenance, "when you are so perfect in the art, why don't you arrange your own tresses more becomingly?"

"Because, in my case," replied Bessie, laughing, but blushing too, "the inspiration is wanting. I believe thoroughly that ugliness unadorned is adorned the most."

"That's nonsense!" exclaimed Margaret Lester, abruptly. "I think when a girl does not possess beauty she ought to be all the more careful in the performance of her toilet. Pretty girls can afford to be comparatively indifferent, but so cannot—Margaret Lester," she finished, comically.

"Miss Lester," said Bessie, timidly, "you don't consider yourself plain-looking, surely?"

"My dear Miss Macdonald," replied Margaret, with a humorous affectation of profound gratitude, "your remark implies a compliment. Henceforth a doubt must rest on what I have always supposed to be an undeniable fact, but as I never expect to hear it repeated I shall ever gratefully cherish in my memory the words in which it was once couched—'Miss Lester, you don't consider yourself plain-looking, surely?' When I build up my pile of false braids in the morning, I shall look pathetically at my own reflection in the mirror, and exclaim, 'Miss Lester, you don't consider yourself plain-looking, surely?' When I take them off at night, and conceal the hair of nature's own bestowing beneath its accustomed covering, I shall murmur, placidly, 'Miss, Lester, you don't consider yourself plain-looking, surely?' And the next time I see a pair of brown eyes I know of fixed thoughtfully on my physiognomy, I shall fancy that if the thoughts of the owner could but find utterance they would be expressed in the familiar words, 'Miss Lester—'"

"Now, Maggie, you are really too bad!" interrupted Ada, afraid to look in Bessie's direction, supposing that this outburst must have excited her anger, or worse still, produced tears of wounded sensibility; but, venturing a glance, what was her astonishment on discovering that Bessie seemed as much, if not more, amused than the others, and was vainly striving to suppress her laughter. Bessie had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the anger which she had felt

as Margaret commenced her tirade quickly gave place to amusement, and her laugh, which possessed a peculiar charm in its genuine mirthfulness, rang out in clear tones above that of her companions, rather astonishing the young lady who had called it forth. Margaret, whose mischief-loving propensities had prompted her to make fun at the expense of the quiet country cousin, was disarmed by the manner in which it had been received, and felt a growing respect for the recipient. Bessie, whose lips had again taken the grave curve which was habitual to them, on looking towards Margaret, was surprised to meet a glance of friendly interest, which her own honest gray eyes returned with equal kindness.

Bessie had succeeded in making two friends, even on the first day of her absence from home, at which she was herself very much surprised, and as she laid her head on her pillow at night, she reflected how much better her first day had been than she expected. "Perhaps I shall enjoy my visit a little after all," was the conclusion with which she gave herself up to the enjoyment of "kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," in which she once more dispensed sweet cakes and tea to the hungry youngsters in the pine grove, and envied them the certainty that to-morrow they would be at home, while unhappy she would be launched into all the horrors of marriage festivities.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE ROSEBUD.

CANADIAN SONGS, NO. 4.

BY W. W. SMITH.

I planted a rose by my garden bower,  
 A rose that blossomed rarely ;  
 And I said as I watched it hour by hour,  
 "I'll give him a rosebud early !"

The spring sun warmed to summer's heat,  
 And flowers were bursting fairly ;  
 When I heard the drums at midnight beat,  
 And the ranks were forming early.

Of days that passed, I counted four,  
 While a solemn sun shone clearly,—  
 Till a horseman brought to my father's door,  
 A withered rosebud early.

I asked not why the foeman comes,  
 Or who the day won fairly ;  
 But I knew mine fell mid the clover blooms,  
 And one with a rosebud early.

His sisters mourn in weeds of woe  
 A brother loved so dearly ;—  
 I may not tell what none must know,  
 But I cherish that rosebud early.

Oh weary now the hours I tell,  
 Of the day that broke so clearly ;  
 For its light went out when at Ridgeway fell  
 The youth with the rosebud early !

PINE GROVE, ONT.



A SKETCH FROM VILLAGE LIFE:

THE HALF-WIT.

BY FESTINA LENTE.

It was about sunset. There had been a storm, and the clouds had cleared just before sunset; even now the rain-drops flashed and sparkled as they hung upon the leaves, and the boughs of the apple-trees gave a shake and shiver as the wind passed them, and a shower of drops fell on the grass blades in the orchard. There was a crowd gathered round the village cross; upon the upper steps a man was preaching. Men sat round about him, nonchalantly smoking; women stood with open mouths, listening, hearing, with a sad certainty of the impossibility that their lives could be what was required by the preacher; children gathering near, pushed aside the women to climb upon the cross, amused, perhaps, that a man could be so earnest as he upon the cross. They heard him cry "repent;" but to their stupid brains, the word bore no import; they heard him describe the awful end to which the sinner was doomed—looked round upon the sleepy villagers, and relapsed again into indifference. The preacher began to preach of heaven, of the Christ. Just then the soft footfall of the farmer's cows was heard in the distance. One child left the crowd, and sat upon the farm-yard gate by which the cross stood; and from behind the lazy animals came sounds the villagers knew too well: the cries, the inarticulate sounds of a half-dumb lad—it was the half-wit. The half-wit stood behind the farm-yard gate; he leaned his head upon the bars, and looked through upon the animals he loved so well. Upon his dull senses fell words of strange import; suddenly from between his lips came a hoarse chuckle, as if of intense delight. Was it possible any of the preacher's words had penetrated to his dulled brain? The preacher finished, the men and women stood about in groups talking village gossip. The preacher sat down upon the lowest step of the cross and wiped his heated brow; he called some of the children that played around him, to his side, and took one on his knee, while he said little hymns to them, and told them stories of the

Christ. Suddenly upon his ear came the sound of a hoarse chuckle; he looked around, a small pale lad was standing close by his side—but as he saw himself observed, turned away and ran fast down the village street.

"It is Georgy, the half-wit," said one.

Another imitated his uncouth noises and clumsy gait; another ran after him for the purpose of tormenting him. The preacher stood forgetful of either, for the clouds had gathered again, and the sound of coming storms rolled with the thunder clouds; the rift of sunshine disappeared. The village lay in a gloom not to be dispersed this night. In a small loft, above the cow-shed, the half-wit sat by an open window; the coming sounds of tempest filled him with strange sensations of almost hysteric delight; but when the thunder boomed right overhead, he became terrified. The farmer's wife called at the stairs to the loft. He ran down to her and clung to her skirts; she was always kind to the poor lad, and he loved her in his uncouth way. She let him sit by the kitchen fire, summer and winter, and gave him food whenever he was hungry. One of the farmer's daughters had just returned from the cathedral-town some twenty miles distant. She talked in an eager manner of the cathedral, of the services, of the music and the singing. In the middle of her speech the sound of a chuckle disturbed her; she turned angrily.

"Only Georgy. Poor half-wit! he does not know what he does," said the farmer's wife.

And yet none had listened so intently as he. Outside there was storm, wind and thunder and the patter of rain-drops; the spring blossoms strewed the ground. Inside the house a dull brain had gained a great light, and in a soul the buds of an eternal spring began to blossom. Yes, what was it? The preacher had said in simple words that the Christ loved children,—had told stories of how He cured the sick, and made the dumb speak. He was but an unlettered man, a collier from the mines in the forest. He had

made an earthly being of his Saviour, had spoken only in the rough way he knew how to speak. To the half-wit remained the idea that the Christ still lived on the earth; from the farmer's daughter he gained a fresh idea: the heaven was in the town, held in the cathedral, and the Christ was there. He had no distinct idea as to what he wanted in seeking the heaven, the Christ, and yet the next morning found him a long way on his road towards the cathedral city. Sometimes he ran, at others he lay upon the wayside, and a hoarse chuckle—ended so abruptly that it sounded more like a sad cry—broke from his lips. It was Sunday and the bells of the villages rang in merry chimes. He uttered his strange cries as if in anger at the sounds, beat the air with his arms, nor would be pacified until the sounds ceased. Then he went on again. And at nightfall he entered the city. He knew where the cathedral stood; for once, long ago, he had had to drive one of his master's cows to the city fair, and the building had been incidentally pointed out to him. The service had commenced when he entered the cathedral porch. He stood leaning against the heavy oaken door; strange sounds came from within,—he grew eager to know what caused them. He climbed up and pulled the latch, the door rolled heavily back and he stood upon the threshold of what his poor brain conceived was heaven; or, as he must have translated it to himself, "the happy place". Some one entering after him shut the door, and the half-wit advanced into the centre aisle. He had no shyness, and no fear of municipal authorities; a gentleman quietly beckoned him to a seat, and the tired child sat down. His eager eyes saw everything; his poor dull brain was conscious of but few things, those few things all joy to him. White robed angels singing; music such as he had never imagined in the air, round him, everywhere,—he almost saw the sound; it passed him, and roamed round the giant pillars, that were lost only in the roof. His eye took in the beautiful whole of the interior, the exquisite coloring of the roof, the carvings, the glancing of the lights upon the pebbles in the screen—and yet searched farther, not yet satisfied. He had not found "the Christ." A white robed figure advanced to the reading-desk; he stood, and in a clear voice read the second lesson for the day. It was the story of the "Crucifixion." How much that fell upon the half-wit's ear, was understood? For he listened. But during the

long sermon which followed he fell asleep; nor did he wake when the music began again. When at last he opened his eyes a crowd of people surrounded him. He looked up eagerly. The angels were gone; far up in the roof the heavenly colors were dimming, for the lights were out. Only the sound of the music, like a living spirit, moved round the building. People were questioning him, how came he there? He chuckled, and tears stood in his eyes.

"What did he want, was he in trouble, was he hungry?—had he no friends, no relatives?" His eye travelled over their faces—he was looking for the Christ. But he did not answer. One by one left the building. The music ceased.

"I shall take him home with me," said a gentleman. "Poor lad, it is evident he is but half-witted."

A hoarse chuckle from the boy,—was a sadder sound ever heard? The gentleman sighed, and wondered; but even his kindness could not penetrate to the disappointed heart of the child beside him. A gentleman detained him at the door of the cathedral. The half-wit gave one last look at the interior, but the lights were nearly extinguished and he could see but little. Then he turned away to the darkness of a cloudy night, and turned his face homeward. That night he slept under the hedge on the wayside; next evening he went down by-paths to the meadows, and drove home the cows. When he arrived at the farm-yard the villagers, one and all, gathered round him, calling him by name; laughing at, asking him questions. In vain, if they desired an answer. In silence the half-wit went about his accustomed work. No one knew what he had done or where he had been. In the early morning he was to be seen driving his quiet charges down to the Severn side, and in the evenings he reappeared with them. When the collier preached upon the cross by the farm-gate, he listened eagerly. That was all. Sometimes the preacher talked with the children, who played hide-and-seek in the niches which once had held effigies of the saints. Then the half-wit drew near. In time he knew more, and autumn came.

"Georgy is very ill, I fear," said the farmer's wife.

"I thought I heard him calling the cows," said her husband.

"Yes, but in his sleep. I have been with him part of the night."

"The doctor says he is altogether diseased, mind and body," said the son.

"Not in mind ; that is growing clear," said the farmer's wife. "He talks about the angels and heaven."

A few more days and the woman came down crying.

"Georgy is dead," she said.

The village bell tolled out his thirteen years

of life, rang a short requiem and was silent. Then one autumn day, when the sunbeams slanted on the ripened fruit which lay heaped up in the orchards, the village folk gathered together to lay little Georgy into his last rest.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," said the minister, and the clods of earth fell upon the coffin.

Ah! no! life and joy and brightness,—an awakening of a soul in the bliss of heaven.

" VOICES OF SORROW."

BY G. E. F.

Low drop the clouds towards the deep  
 With dark-fringed jagged edges ;  
 White billowy waves with ceaseless sweep  
 Beat 'gainst the gaunt rock ledges ;  
 And through the long night watches, as I weep,  
 The moaning sea dirge wails amid the sedges :

"O sad, sad, sad, for me to rend  
 My sea-weed locks in sorrow ;  
 O sad, sad, sad, that I must bend  
 O'er corpses pale to-morrow ;  
 The happy souls that now their fair ways wend  
 In joy, must soon their shrouds of sea-damp borrow."

Low sink the clouds on mountain peak  
 Flashed round with forked lightning ;  
 The muttering storm-fiends loudly shriek,  
 The crouching wild goats frightening ;  
 While deep in caves the strong wind, growing meek,  
 Thus sadly moans anent the morning's brightening :

"O grief, grief, grief, for me to find  
 To-morrow's sunlight breaking ;  
 O grief, grief, grief, that I must wind  
 O'er blue eyes never waking,  
 O'er hunter's brow in bloody flowers twined,  
 O'er traveller 'neath the cliff his long rest taking."

Low hang the clouds above my roof  
 Their great drops never failing ;  
 Bent willows weave their tangled woof  
 Of weeping hair wild trailing ;  
 And through the midnight, with its long reproof,  
 My heart keeps moan, its sad plaint ever wailing :

"O pain, pain, pain, for me to live  
 With dead hopes round me lying ;  
 O pain, pain, pain, that I must give  
 My dear ones up to dying ;  
 To lonely watch, and watch but ne'er receive  
 Love's healing balm for which my life goes sighing."

"O sad, sad, sad, is life to bear,  
 With spirit inward groaning,  
 Through sweetest songs there steals an air  
 The whole with sadness toning ;  
 The sea, the hills, the spring-clouds ever wear  
 To me, the same pained look of sad ones moaning."

## THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AT WASHINGTON.

The business of this Department is conducted in a commodious building near the Smithsonian Institution, surrounded by spacious grounds and green-houses. In the offices on the ground floor are registers of all settled and explored lands within the limits of the Union. The general character of each section is here being recorded for reference—its soil, climate, vicinity of streams for communication, power or irrigation, vicinity of nearest market, and such general data as intending settlers require. Thus the Mennonite delegation, who came to America ignorant of the detailed features of the country, by visiting this Department and the Land Commissioner's office, had laid before them particulars of a variety of lands for selection, in which they might have their native climate or choose another, and cultivate, instead of wheat and hemp, rice, cotton or corn. Statistics of crops sown every season are recorded as fully and correctly as possible, to serve as bases for calculation of product for consumption and export.

The second floor of the building contains a museum, through which a courteous lady attendant shows the visitor. Here we see a large collection of indigenous plants, with a few foreign ones for comparison; here are the various kinds of cotton in their different stages of growth and manufacture. Near by are the cocoons of silk-worms, American, Italian and Chinese, with the insects as metamorphosed from grub to moth; their silk is shown transformed into beautifully woven and tinted fabrics. Models of fruits fill several large cases, painted after nature most faithfully, without sacrifice of truth to symmetry, and these, with the sheaves of plump grain, give the appearance of an agricultural fair to the hall. Injurious birds are shown with the fruits and grains they destroy, as egg, chick and adult. Insects are so serious a plague as to need a bureau of entomology for their special study. Millions beyond computation have been lost to industry by the army worm, grasshopper and potato bug, and science is doing what it can to stem the current of destruction. It is humiliating to acknowledge that the strong arm of civilization is as yet defied by pitiful tiny grubs and

flies. This bureau, however, is an important garrison of defence and offence. Here are specimens of all predatory insects in their various stages of development, and some of the powerful beetles and tarantulas of the South might make a Canadian farmer glad that his pests are never so formidable and deadly.

Every attainable piece of information as to war on insects is here recorded—their *habitats*, their times and places of development, ratio of reproduction, and best or any means of prevention or cure. Sometimes they are noticed to select particular varieties of a plant, or to dislike others, when withdrawal or introduction is the plan. Birds may eat them, as in the case of swallows and measuring-worms, and on Southern plantations geese are used to destroy tobacco worms. Frogs are often useful allies with the farmer, and the mole may more than offset the damage he does roots by eating up larva. Chemicals are valuable aids in the work, particularly in orchards and greenhouses; borax dispels ants; hellebore many sorts of leaf pests, as also Paris green; yet caution is required to prevent poisoning plants as well as pests.

Besides the opposition of the powers of the air and of predatory insects, the farmer is in constant struggle with weeds—that is, with plants he does not wish to grow; for, after all, weeds are only plants whose uses have not yet been found. Every year their number is decreasing with investigation and experiment, and when they do nothing else, by their strong, vigorous roots they tear up and aerate the soil, differentiating it, and making it fit to bear something better.

The Berlin correspondent of *Land and Water* recently stated that rape seed sown on land infested with thistles exterminates them. The statement awaits proof; but even if only partially true, it is good news.

Sulphuric acid is a positive cure for thistles; but its application, though cheap, is very dangerous.

A variety of milk-weed common in Canada, has been found to yield in manufacture a substance like india-rubber, and much promise has attended experiments made.

Rice-grass, which is poor fodder, is now used as a valuable ingredient in paper; and thus in many ways, Science is smoothing the rough path of labor.

The Department publishes a monthly and an annual report, wherein any authentic and useful information bearing on the advancement of agriculture finds place; and so any one farmer's new experience is at once set on record for the permanent benefit of all. The immense range of soil and climate within the bounds of the Union, all in one continuous territory, affords an unequalled field for broad scientific generalization in agriculture. An order of plants may be much improved by a change of *habitat*; cypresses do not thrive best in swamps, although generally found there. European grains, grasses, and even insects, are rapidly replacing the native varieties in Australia; and in America the future may show many like instances, for the pests affecting the tea-plant in China can hardly be expected to arise immediately on the new plantations of California. Acclimation of cinchona and caoutchouc trees promises to be successful on the Pacific slope; and on the grounds of the Department, and on those of Mr. Shaw, at St. Louis, the planting of trees from Hungary, Russia, and Japan, as well as various foreign fruits and shrubs, has given good results. The denudation of forests in the Northern States has had disastrous climatic results, as the trees modify the winds, equalize the rainfall, and prevent the too rapid melting of snow in spring. California has appointed a State arboriculturist at a large salary, to superintend the planting of trees; and in various sections of the country a premium is allowed by the municipalities for tree-planting. Besides their climatic influence, trees have an increasing value intrinsically; the demand for black walnut, bird's-eye maple, and other fancy woods, much exceeds the supply.

Forest denudation has, however, one good effect; by using less combustible building material than wood, we shall gradually be freed from the fires in our cities, annually destroying millions in property, and approach the low average of Europe, where brick or cement floors are common and wood little used.

In the thickly populated sections of the Eastern States, the subject of manures has received much attention. The renewal of worn out lands by city and town sewage will doubtless soon be accomplished, as in England and France, and as in China for centuries.

The phosphatic deposits near Ottawa find ready sale in the markets of Boston and New York, for application to wheat lands principally.

Agricultural machinery has been remarkably developed within the last thirty years; the drudgery of cultivation is now largely done by machines—they dig, sow, mow, reap, thrash and bind. The application of steam to ploughing, however, remains unsatisfactory, and probably will so remain until a locomotive is made without rigid connection between its wheels and machinery, so as not to be excessively affected as now by unevenness of ground. The great capital required to buy farm-machinery has initiated in many sections the healthy practice of co-operation. Ten farmers jointly own, say, a thrashing machine, or excavator, and use it in turns to mutual profit without much outlay; and this practical union of individual and general interests is a mighty civilizer.

The attention bestowed on the production of early varieties of cereals and plants, shows an elasticity and pliability in the vegetable kingdom which a townsman would scarcely suspect. A farmer carefully saves for seed his first maturing wheat or strawberries, plants them by themselves, and selects the first maturing harvest for seed, and so on until he reaches the extreme limit; this plan gives him an early market for fruits, and in grains extends the otherwise very short harvesting time, for in one field he may sow an early variety, in the next a medium, and in a third a late one. An analogous process of selective cultivation has given us the peach from the almond stock, and all the varieties of apples from the crab. This suggests the statement of an important problem in Southern agriculture—the cotton matures on each plant at three successive periods, separated by several days; if the cotton matured all together, the expensive hand-picking could be superseded by machinery. Now, by selection of seeds from plants, whose limits of ripening are narrowest, and by planting them, selecting, and so on, for a series of years, might not the problem be solved or approximately solved?

The Weather Bureau at Washington is connected by telegraph with many points of observation throughout the country; is able to predict with much accuracy the weather a day or so in advance, and thus every farmer in the vicinity of a telegraph office has a new and valuable aid in his work.

## HOW BENNIE BINGHAM RECEIVED HIS SIGHT.

BY MARY WHITTAKER.

*(Concluded.)*

## CHAPTER II.

After breakfast the next morning, Bennie Bingham's father led him to the library.

"Your mother has been telling you a sad part of our history, Bennie," he said, after they were seated in the recess of a large window. "She told you how we lost our dear children, and you wanted to know where I was the night little Ellie died. Ah, well I remember the hour! Just as the clock struck twelve, I jumped up on the floor and bantered one of my associates to dance a sailor's hornpipe for a wager. You may well start, Bennie. I was very different then from what you have ever known me. Yes, I was drinking and carousing in a tavern, while your mother, a delicate, nervous, sensitive woman, sat alone, and kept her weary midnight vigils, till, overpowered with grief and exhaustion, she sank down insensible, in the very presence of Death."

Bennie shuddered perceptibly, as he raised his sightless eyes to his father's face.

"Ah, no wonder you shudder and recoil at this confession, my son, and you cannot think how hard it is for me to tell it to you; but I feel as if an injunction were laid on me. I must tell you the whole truth and trust to your generosity and affection for forgiveness."

"My forgiveness, father! Surely when mother has forgiven you so freely, I can; but it does not seem right for me even to speak of forgiving my father."

"I hope you will feel the same when you have heard all, and even if you do, I would rather know that you forgave me freely, even as we all hope to be forgiven."

Bennie looked perplexed, but he was silent in the eager hope of hearing the rest.

"Yes," Mr. Bingham resumed after a painful silence, "I offered in a boasting, blustering way, to stake an enormous sum—though I had only fifty cents in the world—that I could

beat any man that stood on the floor at dancing a hornpipe.

"Come now, Bingham, none of your imaginary stakes; lay something real; let the loser stand drinks all round."

"And that is the usual ultimatum of all bar-room banter and blustering, and it is the steppingstone to gambling of a blacker dye. We danced, and I lost, as braggarts invariably do. I had to stand treat, though I knew my wife and children were at that moment suffering for some necessity the money would procure, and though I had earnestly resolved not to spend it in this way, and perhaps this is why I proposed the bet, I did so long for another drink before leaving. But you see there was a point of honor involved, my half crown had to go, and I brought it down on the counter with a thwack, by way of revenge. This was the second night I had spent in this place; the storm on the first formed a convenient excuse. How could I stem that storm—those torrents of rain, to reach my home! I scarcely stopped to think, How will my family endure it, pouring on their defenceless heads? or if I did, I drowned the voice of conscience in strong drink. And now my money was all spent. I became reckless,—I could not think of going home; I could not meet my wife's quiet, rebukeful face, or the more heart-rending appeals of my helpless innocents. I would wait until I should be insensible to their silent, eloquent pleadings. I spent the remainder of the night dancing, singing, quarrelling and fighting as opportunity offered. When it was daylight I made my way home, tottering, staggering, and crawling through the snow. But what a sight met my eyes as I entered the hovel I called home! Your mother lay across a bed in the corner, clasping the body of our dead child in her arms,—our sweet little rose-bud."

For a moment Mr. Bingham held his handkerchief to his eyes, and then proceeded:

"The two little boys had cried themselves sick, on the wet, cold stone hearth, weary with

their ineffectual attempts to arouse their mother, or extricate the little corpse from her deathlike grasp. Arthur started up when he heard me staggering about the floor.

"Oh, papa! papa!" he cried, clasping his arms around my knees, 'mamma and Ellie are both dead, and I can't wake them up.' I was sobered as if by magic, and though I had been stupidly and beastly drunk, I took in the situation instantly, and with a terrific vividness; then a death-like sickness came over me, but how I felt, or what I did afterwards I scarcely know. In less than two weeks I was childless. Dear little Johnnie's feeble constitution soon gave way, and he sank rapidly; but Arthur was naturally a vigorous, robust little fellow; he suffered longer and more severely, but the end was peace,—nay joy. 'Oh, papa, papa!' he said, clasping his stiff and swollen arms about my neck, just before breathing his last, 'promise me that you will never go to the tavern and leave mamma alone when I am gone.' Poor child, he feared she would miss even his feeble protection.

"No words can convey an idea of the painful tumult of feelings that struggled in my heart, and shook my shattered frame. My third and last child was dying in my arms, my wife lay on her miserable couch raving in delirium, crying for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not, while I knew I was the guilty wretch who had brought about all this misery, suffering, and death. But I strove hard to repress my feelings, and I tried to persuade the child that he was not going to die. 'You would not wish to keep me if you knew,—oh, papa, I had such a beautiful dream, and I am going to live there with the dear Saviour, and little Ellie and Johnnie, and all the bright angels. Oh, papa, won't you promise me that you will leave off drinking, and ask God to forgive you, and you will come there too, and dear mamma. We will never be hungry or cold there, and never have anything to cry about, and, oh it is so bright!'

"It is impossible for me to tell you the effect of these simple words, and I wondered where the child had got it; he had never heard even a moral sentiment from me. Ah, I did not understand then that it was the teaching of the Holy Spirit. I promised all he asked in the self-sufficiency of my own strength. Alas! I knew not how hard it is to fight single-handed against all the powers of darkness. 'Oh, so

bright, oh, so beautiful,' he continued, and his countenance beamed with a halo of beatitude; 'You *will* come, dear papa, I know you will and mamma too.' Then calmly, serenely as a summer sunset, his dear young life went out."

Mr. Bingham's emotions seemed to overcome him, and Bennie's head went down on the table; for some time his tears had been flowing freely, but now he sobbed violently. When he was somewhat composed, his father proceeded:

"The third little coffin was brought into the house; for the third time I followed a funeral to the graveyard, and, oh! what a wave of wretched desolation swept over me as I stood over those three fresh-made graves. No murderer ever experienced a keener sense of guilt than I did; I felt as if I had murdered my own children, and buried them there from my sight forever, and, strange as it may seem, I had loved my children with all the affection of a father; but so long and so powerfully had the liquor-demon held me in his coils, that I had been utterly unable to nourish and cherish them as I ought to have done.

"It needed but one drop more to fill my cup of wretchedness: if your mother's grave had yawned beside the rest—as I expected it soon would, and even then saw it in imagination, Where might I have been now? Someone would have had to dig a suicide's grave. Ah, I frighten you, my son, and it is no wonder; but I did not intend to go so far, for it is useless for me to try to describe the season of misery and remorse I passed through then, and yet I knew nothing of true repentance. But to return—for six long weeks your mother hovered as it were on the brink of the grave. The physician said it was scarcely possible that she could ever attain her reason, even if her health could be restored; but we fought,—the doctor and I—as it were a hand-to-hand battle with Death, and, oh, how my pains were rewarded when a gleam of intelligence lit up her wan features—when she looked upon me with sane eyes,—and God had blessed us with another child! How my heart swelled with hope and new aspirations, what resolutions I formed, what promises I made! I had written, in the commencement of our troubles, to our friends in the city, telling them frankly of our distress and its cause, and assuring them of my determination to reform, and the result was, that as soon as your mother was able to be moved, we were set up in business here. Our business was prosperous, as you know;

soon we had everything that money could procure to make us comfortable. With what different feelings and anticipations would I now return from my place of business, and how my heart would glow when I met my wife's welcoming smile, and saw her once sad, sorrowing countenance lighted up with beams of hope and affection. Still I never thought of looking to God for help or strength, nor even of signing a temperance pledge—I had such confidence in my own strength and ability to resist; but it is beyond human power for one who is cursed with the subtle appetite to resist the temptation to gratify it, especially when every conceivable device and allurements is resorted to to entice him to do so. I could scarcely pass a single block or turn a street corner without hearing the clink of glasses, or inhaling the fumes of brandy. Soon I began to realize my dangerous position, and then how I fought, and groaned, and struggled in impotent agony, writhing under the lashes of self-reproof. How my heart has been torn and wrung, as the hunger-pinched, sorrow-stricken faces of my dying children rose up before me. For a time I resisted almost unto death; but, as I said before, I trusted alone in the efficacy of my own strength. Inevitably—at last—I fell, stumbling against one of those painted, gilded, curtained, stumbling-blocks which the laws of our land permit to be placed in the way of every weak brother. The glass was at my lips once more; once more I—but I will not torture you, my dear child, with further details. Your quick imagination tells you, I perceive, only too acutely what followed, and what your mother must have suffered. I felt it myself for a time, but by degrees my heart grew hard, and then her quiet, heart-broken air only irritated me, and there was such a touching sadness in her eyes, more appealing than the most eloquently uttered pleadings—my spirit chafed under it, and I determined to break it up. I thought if I could get her to drink wine—just a social glass with me in the evening. I tried to persuade myself it would be better for her, as she would then have the pleasure of my company—if indeed that were a pleasure; but my real object was to set my own heart at ease. I procured a bottle of wine—we never, under any pretext, kept it in the house; but when I brought it home she fixed her eyes on it as if it were a venomous serpent, as indeed it was. 'Come, Annie, don't be squeamish,' I said, half coaxingly, half threateningly, as I un-

orked the bottle and filled a glass. 'There's no use in being too particular; let's have a glass together and be social.' 'Don't bring that to me, Edward,' she said, and the old insane look came into her eyes. 'Don't offer that to me; I will never touch a drop of it, so help me God.' I was partially under the influence of liquor at the time, and that, with the thought of being so easily baffled in my scheme, and the manner of doing it, conduced to incense me beyond all control. I aimed to throw the glass at your mother's head; she sat a piece off from the table, and she had you on her knee—by this time you had grown a fine sprightly little fellow, and from the time I would enter the parlor you would not cease to dance, and caper, and crow, until I had noticed you or taken you on my knee. The wine and glass together came down on the little defenceless face with a crash as you lay looking up at your mother. It was an old-fashioned thin wine-glass, and I brought it down with such force that it shivered to atoms, and several sharp-pointed fragments of the broken glass penetrated both your eyes. Can you forgive me, my son?"

Bennie was silent, almost paralyzed; he neither spoke nor wept.

"Hear me out," his father said. "It would be impossible to describe the scene which followed," he continued, after a silence. "I scarcely knew which needed the most attention, the mother or the child. I sent a servant for the doctor, and I exerted all my power and influence to soothe and console your poor mother. 'Let me go where I will be alone,' she said, when she was somewhat composed. 'You may trust me, Edward,' she said, as I attempted to prevent her leaving the room, and there was something in her eyes which told me I might. When she came back the doctor had left, and I sat by the little sufferer's crib, watching for the opiate to take effect. She looked so calm and resigned, even cheerful, that I thought it was a new phase of insanity. 'Our child will never look on us again, Edward,' she said, taking my hand; 'but let us kneel down and consecrate him to the Lord.' I scarcely knew what to make of this proceeding; but to please her I knelt down. Simply and reverently she promised the Lord that if He would spare the life of her child she would consecrate him to His service all the days of his life. Then she consecrated her own powers to be sanctified, that she might be qualified to bring him up in His nurture and admoni-



tion. With streaming eyes she poured out her soul in heart-felt gratitude to God for all His benefits and mercies. I was utterly confounded, I couldn't understand it. I saw nothing to be particularly thankful for; my heart was obdurate and rebellious. I could not brook this—what I considered—cruel judgment. How could I endure the sight of my blind child going about all the day of his life—his sightless eyes a reproach to me and a silent memento of my wickedness? No, I would not submit to it. But when your mother pleaded for me with fervent, passionate eloquence, that I might be led to see the error of my ways—that I might be brought to submit to the wise though stern visitation of a merciful Father, my rebellious heart was subdued, my stubborn spirit began to break down. My sins rose up like mountains, threatening to overwhelm and crush me. I cried aloud for mercy, and for hours we knelt there in agonizing prayer, I felt as if it was my last chance, that if I rose from my knees without salvation I should be lost irretrievably. At length a light broke over my soul—the dark clouds seemed to be reversed. I saw nothing but mercy in the terrible judgment that had been visited upon me. I was filled with joy. We rose from our knees in a perfect ecstasy; it seemed to me that we felt just like the man whom the apostles cured of lameness, when he went about walking and leaping and praising God; or like those people on the day of Pentecost, when the strangers thought they were drunk. *Be not drunk with wine, but be ye filled with the Spirit.* And ever since we have but one wish unfulfilled."

"If it is that I might see," Bennie said, a new light beaming on his intelligent countenance, "don't wish—"

"Ah, no, my dear son," his father interrupted, "that were futile."

Bennie's head drooped as he suspected what his father meant, what he had long known to be the earnest desire of both his parents. Yet he made no remark, and his father continued:

"There are some hearts so incorrigibly hard and stubborn that nothing but the most severe and trying affliction will bring them to repentance, or to a knowledge of their state by nature, though in my case it could hardly be called affliction, or the visitation of God, for I brought it on myself. Yet I believe God permitted it for

this wise and happy end. Do you understand it, my son?"

"Yes, I think I understand it all now," Bennie answered, his face brightening up. "But I have long wished to be a Christian; and, oh, father, sometimes I am so sorry for my sins, and because I can't be like you and mother, and love God with all my heart, and feel thankful to Him for having sent His Son to die for me, that I might live; but, oh, father, what can I do?"

"Do you remember of having heard of one asking a similar question before, Bennie?"

"Oh, yes," Bennie answered, after a moment's reflection, "but his case was quite different, for you know he was possessed of great riches, and it seems he had set his heart on them; but there is nothing in this world I wouldn't give up for—for—" Bennie hesitated.

"Is there nothing my son?" his father urged,—"nothing at all you have set your heart upon?"

"Unless it is that I might see," Bennie faltered. "But, oh, father, I feel I could give that up too, when I think of how much the dear Saviour gave up for me."

"Yes, how much!" Mr. Bingham repeated, "Oh how much! Even his life, his precious life. And now, my dear son, you feel you can say 'Thy will be done.' All that remains is to ask and receive. Let us kneel down,"—But who shall essay to recapitulate that prayer? Mr. Bingham seemed to feel that simple primitive faith exercised by the patriarchs when they laid their offering on the altar—*It will be accepted.* When they arose Bennie wept on his father's neck, utterly unable to express his feelings.

"Do you then forgive me freely, my son?"

"Oh yes, dear father. I think I can understand now how Joseph felt when his brothers found him in Egypt, for it was not you, but God, who took away my sight, and I am so glad, and it is not so dark now; there is a great and wonderful light, but I can't explain it. Oh, father, I wish I were a man, or a minister, or someone, that I might tell every one how good God is."

"O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."—"Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

## UNDER THE CHERRY TREE.

BY B. ATHOL.

"You're foolish, Hannah. No girl of twenty-one knows her own mind, and he isn't even as much to be depended on as you are. If it had been two or three years, or any reasonable time settled; but for him to go wandering off to the ends of the earth, while you spend the best years of your life here waiting—and waiting for what, I'd like to ask? Waiting to hear he's married out there, like as not. Besides you'll grow tired yourself. You'll regret it, and forget him, too. You'll change, and forget."

"Well, aunt," replied Hannah, with the pleasant smile and careless tone which her companion knew covered a great deal of determination, "I may forget Charley when the limbs of this tree bend down and grow into the earth, and instead of cherries it bears aloes, or rather cherries tasting like aloes. I may forget him then."

"Then, if that's the case, you're all the more to be pitied. Women get poor pay for their constancy, sometimes."

"I'm not thinking of pay," said Hannah, absently. "I couldn't be anything else if I tried."

"Now there's farmer Fairchilds," continued her aunt; "there isn't a farm like his in any part of the country, nor such a house; it's furnished exactly like a town house. Besides he has plenty of money; farming with him isn't what it is with some of us. And that man would give half he owns to have you as mistress of that house."

"That makes no difference, aunt," rejoined Hannah. "If I'd never seen Charley I wouldn't marry old Fairchilds. Just now I would not marry any one. If Charley himself could marry me to-morrow, I wouldn't do it. You know yourself, aunt, how much management and coaxing it takes to keep Ned on the farm at all. He says he doesn't like farming, and thinks father is slow and old-fashioned. If I was not here he would leave to-morrow. When mother died, she told us to stick together and help the younger ones. That and my talk is the only thing that

keeps him here. What sort of a home would it be if Bell and Jennie had everything to do? Arthur will never be strong like Ned, and little Annie mother left to me to bring up. No, aunt, I couldn't marry any one for some years yet, so you can't say I'm wasting time because Charley's going away."

"Why, couldn't your aunt Sarah come and keep house? Bell and Jennie could do well enough with her, and wherever you went Annie could go too."

Hannah laughed. "You seem determined to have me away from here and married, aunt."

"Because I can see exactly how its going to be. You'll stay here and work and slave, helping on each one, and then they'll all leave you one after another, and you'll find yourself an old woman and poor. They'll consider it a great thing to let you sit out your last days in a corner of their homes after you've spent the best of your life in working for them. As for Charley coming back, the idea of waiting for that, and no time settled, is ridiculous. It's more likely he'll not live to reach there, British Columby. I'd have more hopes of him if it was Africa. I've heard more about that. I've no notion of your new countries. When's he going?"

"To-night—no, to-morrow early," answered Hannah, the smile vanishing quickly from her face.

"Then he'll be here to-night?"

Hannah nodded.

"Well, Hannah, there's just one thing I ask of you. Leave yourself free. He's a manly fellow, Charley is, and will give you the chance. So don't you bind yourself to anything, and there's no harm done. If he comes back, it's all right; and if he don't, it's all right. Some day you'll think of all I've said; but I must go now." Aunt Jemima rose and lifted her basket.

"Stay for tea, aunt."

"Not to-night, Hannah. I'm obliged to you for these cherries."

"All right, aunt. Come round again to-morrow and get some more before they are all gone."

Aunt Jemima smiled, "You're a queer one, Hannah. It isn't every girl that would listen to what I've said this afternoon, and then invite me round to-morrow. Now goodbye, and remember what I've said." One part of it Hannah was not likely to forget, and on her way to the house grew very longfaced over the words, "I'd have more hopes of him if it was Africy," "It can't be helped," she sighed; "he must go, and I must stay, and if we both do right, I suppose it will all come right at last. Anyway I've father and the rest to think of for some years yet." In the evening Hannah waited under the cherry tree for some one else. Hannah and Cæsar, the Newfoundland pup which shambled after her in the onesided manner peculiar to all puppies, and some men; occasionally making playful plunges at her feet, or scampering on before when some stray leaf fluttered down from the trees. Almost as eagerly as Hannah, did Cæsar watch the gate, for he knew she never sat under the cherry tree alone in the evenings. Cæsar was accustomed to these meetings, and was one of the exceptional third parties who never spoil company. By-and-by they were both rewarded. After a few friendly overtures to the new comer by way of invitation to sport, which met with no response, Cæsar was obliged to content himself playing with a vagrant toad which he found in the grass. Meanwhile, an earnest conversation was being carried on under the cherry tree, very unlike the one which had taken place in the afternoon. At last they rose, and Cæsar, by this time quite tired of the toad, after gazing at them for a few minutes, followed, running on before to the gate.

"Whether I come soon or late, you'll not forget me, Hannah?"

"Forget!" echoed Hannah. "Not till the limbs of this tree grow back again into the earth."

So the goodbye was over, and Hannah had not taken her Aunt Jemima's advice. After the receding figure faded from her sight, she turned slowly up to the house, followed by Cæsar, that seemed to feel the subduing influence of farewells, judging from his sedate walk, and drooping tail. "How peaceful and calm they look up there," Hannah thought as she gazed up at the stars, "and what a troubled, anxious world this is!"

Before the sun rose the next morning, Hannah was up and watching at the attic win-

dow; she was not so hopeful as usual. The parting last night, Aunt Jemima's words, their own prospects at home,—everything looked dismal. Father was growing old, Ned was discontented, Arthur not strong enough for farm work; and what the end would be it was hard to guess. Then she caught a sound of wheels, and leaned out of the window to catch the first glimpse. Yes, that was Charley standing up in the wagon, waving his hat in response to her handkerchief. Earnestly she watched the figure as the wagon turned from the side road out on the one leading to the nearest town, and slowly wound its way up Pine Hill, so called from the pines that covered its top and sides. Eagerly she watched as the horses went slowly step by step up the long hill. At last they reached the top. In another moment he would be lost to her. Once more she could just see the figure rise and the hat wave. The last goodbye, the last look. When would he come down Pine Hill again?

Fortunately for Hannah her life was too busy to admit of any indulgence in melancholy. She had no idle moments; every hour brought its own work, and hard work too, generally. And soon after the first week or two, when her neighbors dropped in with a basket or tin-pail ostensibly to know if "she could let them have a few of them cherries that was so particular nice for stoo'in'," but really to see how she felt about her "beau's" leaving and discover if possible with what understanding they had parted, Charley Henderson's departure commenced to be something of an old story, and Hannah's life, as far as outsiders could tell, was just the same as it ever had been—advising and planning with her father, coaxing Ned, who was just twenty and still in the transition state between a man and a boy, and not gifted with either his sister's good sense or patience, into some sort of content with his home and work, and encouraging Arthur in his study with the hope that something would be done for him yet: for Arthur wanted to be a lawyer; but how that was to be accomplished puzzled more brains than his. Her only recreation consisted in a flying visit to old Mrs. Henderson, Charley's mother. These were bright days for the lonely old woman, for she felt that Hannah was the only one whose thoughts and longings travelled side by side with her own. To every one but these two, Charley's departure became an old-time affair, and his name was seldom mentioned by any but them. Farmer

Fairchilds, it is true, bore him privately in mind for a couple of years, having with more patience than usually characterizes an elderly suitor waited that length of time in hopes of either hearing of some disaster happening to his rival or some change in the constancy of Hannah. But in both of these he was disappointed, and doubtless thinking he had little time to spare, he married a milliner from the neighboring town, who was at least more suitable in age. And more than the old farmer had private conjectures about Charley and his return, for Hannah's unselfish heart and sensible head, as well as her neat little figure and honest face, had made her the belle of that part of the country ever since she was seventeen. So one by one her admirers, meeting with no encouragement, directed their attention elsewhere, and marrying, settled down beside her. As each of Hannah's chances dropped off in that way, Aunt Jemima grew more desperate.

"I see what the end of all this is to be; you'll be left a poor miserable old maid."

"Well, aunt, I don't see that I could be spared from here yet anyway."

"Spared from here! Why Bell and Jennie are both older than you were when you first took hold."

Which was true. Bell and Jennie were both well-grown young women. Instead of Hannah's it was their admirers who now hung over the garden gate in the evenings or lounged on the rustic seat under the cherry-tree. Hannah felt quite elderly at times when she looked at them, and indeed by some was beginning to be viewed in the light of an individual belonging altogether to a former generation. Some of her friends when speaking in admiring terms of her sisters would add, with more candor than politeness, that "for herself they raly thought she was beginning to fade some—lost a leetle of your freshness, ye know."

Hannah, with her old careless laugh, always agreed with them; but down in her heart felt very serious. If people who saw her every day noticed such a difference, how would it strike one who had not seen her for years? Whatever signs of care were displayed in Hannah's face there was enough in her heart. Times were not hopeful with her. The farm was not prospering; instead of keeping up with their neighbors they were getting behind. Father was getting old, and Ned, who, like the Athenians, was ever seeking some new thing, had crowned all his

former weaknesses by falling in love. And marry he must and would. In vain his sisters pleaded with him to wait a year or two until something could be done for Arthur, who was now teaching school, and reminded him how helpless father would be without him. Ned protested that he could not see things in that light at all, muttered something about a fellow's being tied down all his life, and spoke confidently of the assistance he would be able to give them all if he were once settled on his own fifty acres with a part of the home stock, where he would have a chance to follow out some of his own ideas about farming, and try a few experiments like other people, father having got so far behind the times that for his part Ned saw he needn't try to get along with him much further. As for being helpless when he left them, that was just a notion. In busy seasons he would always be on hand; and for the rest of the time, why, there was Sam,—he was old enough now and knew enough to do a man's work. Sam was worth just as much as he was. In which remark there was more truth than Ned would have cared to believe. Sam was an orphan they had taken some years before. He had grown up with and like one of themselves, and his fidelity and devotion to the whole family, but especially to Hannah, could be equalled by none other, unless it were Cæsar's. Of late, whenever the farm matters required any consultation, it was always carried on between father, Hannah, and Sam, now a young man of twenty; for since Ned had turned his attention to matrimony, all his spare time, and a good deal that should not have been spare, was divided between his toilet and gallanting the object of his affections around the country roads. It soon became evident that Ned married would be of as much service to his family as Ned unmarried. So his sisters gave up all remonstrance and assisted with as good grace as possible at the wedding, and Ned was married and started life for himself on his own fifty acres, with a willing but very helpless wife. The thought of how Ned was going to get along was a new care to Hannah; and then there was Arthur,—something must be done for him; but what that something was, Hannah was puzzled to know. What wonder if she lost a little of her freshness? Many a talk she and Sam had on that subject in the evenings, when father nodded over a newspaper, and Bell and Jennie sat under the cherry-tree or stood at the gate. There seemed to be just one thing—a mortgage on the

farm, and from that they both shrank. Still father was getting old; at his death it would have to be sold and divided. She had hoped once that the old place would always be kept by Ned, but that expectation was gone; there was debt on it already, and no prospect of clearing it off. Yes, the farm would have to go some day; better that Arthur should get his share while there was anything to get. If he had only had Ned's strength, or Ned had his disposition! She sighed.

Hannah's attention was diverted from Arthur for a time by the approaching marriages of Bell and Jennie, who, as Aunt Jemima grimly observed, had sat under the cherry-tree to a little more purpose than Hannah herself; for they were well married, and would both be within a few miles of their old home. And so great was Hannah's satisfaction at seeing her sisters so nicely settled that she seemed to forget the additional burden of work which would be laid on herself and Annie by both sisters leaving the house in one day.

"I'm sure mother would be satisfied if she knew it."

"Like enough," grumbled Aunt Jemima, "I s'pose you think she'd be satisfied if she knew about you."

Hannah paused, resting her hands, one with the potato she was peeling, and the other with the knife, on the edge of the basin.

"I believe she would, aunt; she told me to help the younger ones. I haven't done much, but I've kept all together as far as I could, and have seen these two well settled."

"Yes, and a lot you'll make by it. Do you know how old you be?" enquired Aunt Jemima severely.

Hannah laughed. "That isn't considered a fair question."

"You're exactly twenty-nine and four months, and it's all coming just as I told you it would; you've worked, and slaved, and coaxed and advised things along for all the rest, and now three of them's gone from you. Mind you, though you think more of them than anything else, there's someone nearer to them than you, now. Arthur's away; I s'pose you're laying yourself out to make something extra out of him. The first thing you know Annie'll be married, and here you'll be left a poor, miserable, lonely old maid. How do you s'pose you and Sam are going to keep up this farm?"

Hannah made no answer to this question.

"I may be an old maid," she said with spirit,

"but it does not follow that I'll be miserable."

"Wont you, though?" retorted Aunt Jemima.

"And to think what you might have been," she groaned. "I declare it riles me past anything to see that old Mrs. Fairchilds, she t'was the milliner in town, sailing into church like the queen of Shely with that one youngster of hers dressed up like a prince. And that's where you might have been; yes, and more places than that, too. I told you how it would be,—that you'd regret it and forget him, too."

"Then you're mistaken there, aunt," said Hannah, gravely. "I don't regret one thing I've done; I don't pretend to say it's what I'd choose, to be left a miserable old maid as you say; but if they all do leave me, I've done what was right as far as I could, and don't regret it. As for forgetting, I told you I would when the limbs of the cherry-tree grew back again into the earth, and they have not commenced that yet."

Hannah crept up to the attic window that night after her work was done, and stood looking at the moon that was hanging over Pine Hill, shedding its silver light through the tops of the tall pines that waved in the night wind. She had often stood there before, earnestly gazing at the road which led up to the hill-top, as though she has lost something there that had never been found again. Occasionally the figure of a man appearing over the top and descending on this side would make her heart beat quickly for a few minutes; but that was long ago, in the days when she often stood under the cherry-tree and imagined a meeting where there had once been such an earnest parting. Still she often came up to the attic for a quiet hour by herself, when she was able to put thoughts of Ned and his helpless wife, or Arthur at a standstill, or the farm troubles out of her mind, or rather in the background, for a little, while she thought of more promising days of her dream,—for it had only been a dream, after all. She understood that now, only a dream; but she did not regret, and would never forget, her dream. It was better, perhaps; if it had been anything else things might not have been so well with the rest,—at least with Bell and Jennie; she could not say they were better with Ned or Arthur yet, but she could never forget, dream though it was. Mechanically Hannah's eyes fell down on the cherry-tree in the orchard. The limbs were as straight as ever, the sky above it as blue. But

who was that sitting there? In a few moments Annie's light laugh floated up to her—Annie, who had always seemed a child, and who, she had promised herself, was to be such company for her when the other two went. Was she going, too? Hannah remembered something of an old proverb about rats forsaking a sinking ship, and Aunt Jemima's words came back: "They all have someone nearer to them than you." Poor Hannah felt very desolate. "Nearer to them than me, and I would have died for them." Looking up to the peaceful stars she stretched out both hands and whispered: "Oh, mother, I'm so tired." Again Annie's laugh floated up to her. How happy she seemed, and it was best, too. Better that she should go. After a while there might be no home for her there. What matter if Hannah was left alone?—she had Arthur yet to work for, and the sooner she commenced it the better. "Yes, there's more for me to do yet before I reach the stars" she said, turning away from the window at the sound of her father's voice calling her.

There certainly did seem to be plenty of work for Hannah of all kinds. Besides her own home she had now to go to the assistance of her brother. Mrs. Ned's first baby had made its appearance, and what with that and Ned's experimental failures, things were not in a very good shape at the fifty-acre farm. Ned was in the habit of coming over in the evenings and lamenting his condition generally, very much as he had done in the old days before he was married, and used a tone in grumbling to Hannah and Sam that would seem to indicate that they had been the cause of all his trouble. He also disapproved of the idea of doing anything for Arthur.

"Let him teach school. I only wish my work was as easy." But Ned found that his opinion on this matter was of no consequence. Hannah having reason to suppose that Annie would not be left in the old home much longer, persuaded her father that this was the time to do something for Arthur, who had worked so hard and waited so long. So the farm was mortgaged for a certain amount, almost enough it was thought, and the patient Arthur got a start at last.

Two years dragged slowly, wearily over, before they saw him again, which was on the occasion of Annie's marriage. She had waited sometime already, and urged to remain longer with Hannah; but this her sister resolutely opposed,

and was seconded by Aunt Jemima, who said with great severity and great significance, that "that sort of thing once in a family was enough;" so Annie went. The last "rat," so Hannah said to herself a little bitterly. She had only Arthur to think of now. Her sisters were all three comfortably settled, and needed nothing more that she could do, which could not be said of Ned, whose state grew worse instead of better; and Hannah, who had always been looked to by the rest of the family, to provide ways and means of assistance in times of trouble, found she had the care of her brother's home as much on her mind as her own. It was her custom to walk over in the evening across the fields, carrying a loaf of bread, for Mrs. Ned's bread was apt to be heavy, and disagreed with Ned, and sit a couple of hours advising her sister-in-law, coaxing Ned, and nursing the children until dark; then she would walk slowly back again, often wondering if this was to be her life always,—this and nothing more. The house was very empty now—no person but herself and Sam, who would not desert the sinking ship. Both saw that things could not go on long as they were at present; both had too much to do, and with all their striving saw that, instead of being able to pay off the mortgage, there was more. The farm, too, needed a great deal of repair; everything was going back. But neither spoke of what each knew the end would be—selling the farm. Father was too old; long ago he had given up struggling against difficulties. Arthur needed more assistance, and Ned,—well, everyone knew what might be expected of Ned. Hannah's only wish now was that they might be able to keep it while her father lived. But there must be a change soon.

And sooner than they expected the change came.

"Of all the days of my life, surely this has been the saddest," said Hannah to herself as she sat alone before the fire the evening after her father's funeral. Sam was sitting at the table with his head resting on both hands; but neither spoke; no sound but the ticking of the old clock was heard. That day a letter had been written to the lawyer who transacted business for the family, asking him to offer the farm for sale. No more clinging to the old home now, no one else to work for or try to make comfortable. Tomorrow Aunt Jemima was to come and stay until an offer was got for the farm. The others had all been there that day, but were obliged to

return to their own homes, "to those who are nearer to them than I," thought Hannah. A lonely woman, and poor, Aunt Jemima had said, and so it was. Cæsar's cold nose thrust in her face reminded Hannah that she was not alone. Was not he all the father Sam had had? Was not this all the home he had ever known?

"You'll stay here if you can manage it, won't you, Sam?" she asked; "you would be worth a great deal to whoever buys it."

"I'll stay as long as you," said Sam, "and when you go, I'll go. What would it be to me to stay here and everyone gone?" Sam's voice sounded like breaking down.

"Oh, well," replied Hannah, "you and I may not be separated for some time yet."

A suitable offer did not come until spring had grown into summer, and the orchard had once more bloomed like an immense flower bed, and the delicate pink and white cherries were flushing into a deeper red. The lawyer wrote in great spirits; considering the dilapidated state of the buildings and wornout soil, the offer was much better than he had expected. He would prepare the deeds, but the intending purchaser would be down to inspect the place before signing. Hannah wondered at the letter.

"He seems to think leaving my old home the best thing that ever happened me," she said.

"I set little store by lawyers," replied Aunt Jemima; "no more feelin' than a stone. And now where are you going, Hannah? To work for Bell, or Jennie, or Annie, I suppose. Or maybe you intend to shoulder Mrs. Ned for the rest of your days."

"I don't know what I'll do for the rest of my days, but for a month or two I'm going to old Mrs. Henderson's."

"Better than the other, anyway," muttered Aunt Jemima; "I saw her a week ago; she seemed to be wonderful improved in her spirits, but said she'd heard nothing from British Columby. No, nor you never will, thinks I. It's twelve years next week, Hannah, since he left. You were twenty-one then, you're thirty-three now; but as you say you regret nothing, I s'pose there's no more to be said."

For a few days Hannah was busy preparing to leave the old home, and glad, too, of any

kind of work to occupy her mind. The new family, who it was reported had sold a farm in a different part of the country to settle here, would be down next week, and Hannah was anxious to have the house ready for them and be away herself. She could not bear to see strangers going about there calling it home. So the last day came; she had said good-bye to every old familiar spot and taken her last long look from the attic window at Pine Hill.

Her trunks were packed, Aunt Jemima sitting on one with a foreboding countenance waiting till Sam had harnessed the horse; in an hour they would be gone. The new family were coming to-morrow. There was one other place to say good-bye to. Hannah took a basket down to the cherry-tree. "I suppose they don't belong to me now, but it's the last time." Hannah picked slowly. Her thoughts were far back to this day twelve years ago. How different everything seemed then! But that was a dream, she supposed everyone had a dream of that kind. So engrossed was she, that she did not notice Sam making motions to her across the orchard, evidently directing her attention to something on the road. Cæsar, too, was at her feet, but he had grown old and toothless, and whether it was owing to old age or the decayed fortunes of his mistress, had not spirit enough left to show his gums at a stranger. It was very unfortunate; there was the new man, and he had seen her, too, in the act of carrying off a basket of his cherries. But perhaps he would go up to the house to Aunt Jemima; no, he was coming to her. There was no help for it, Hannah advanced a step or two. "We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"I stayed away as long as I could. Don't you know me, Hannah?"

"Charley!"

"Yes, it's a long time, but I'm back."

"I thought it was the man who had bought the farm," continued Hannah in a half-stunned voice.

"So it is; I've bought the farm, but there was something here I used to own twelve years ago. I wondered if it was mine yet; I knew the cherry-tree could tell me, and I see the limbs point the right way still."

## REMINISCENCES OF A MISSIONARY PASTOR AND COLLECTOR.

In making my *début* in the pages of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, I may inform my readers that I am a septuagenarian, of more than fifty years in the ministry, thirty-seven of them spent in Canada, as missionary pastor and collecting agent in connection with important missionary organizations. Eleven times I have crossed the Atlantic, and on five occasions I have canvassed Great Britain and Ireland, preaching in churches of all denominations, and forming the acquaintance of the most honored and eminent of men throughout the British Isles. During these engagements I have become possessed of incidents which many of my friends have requested me to leave on record, before my hand is paralyzed by disease or death.

Born in one of the midland counties of England, in the second year of the century, I have grown up with our great missionary organizations, and have had some acquaintance and intercourse with honored names connected with them, which will be in everlasting remembrance.

In the days of my youth, I was one of twelve young men who formed themselves into a Christian association for mental and spiritual improvement. With these young men the Tract Society of our native city was originated, and of it I was the first secretary. The scattering of those leaves of mercy answered the same purpose as the ringing of the church bells. Whenever a tract was left, the inmates of the house were invited to repair to a certain tree, under the shadow of which the Gospel would be preached. Two or three villages would thus be visited on the Sabbath afternoon and evening, where afterwards churches were organized which exist to the present time; and in this way ten of us commenced our first ministrations, preparatory to more direct and continuous service in the churches of Christ. Encouraged by our pastors we very soon were invited to occupy the village chapel for our public and rustic gatherings, and then the pulpits in the city and surrounding towns were opened for our public ministrations.

In the second year of these ministrations, I was requested to occupy the pulpit of the Con-

gregational Church, in the town of Warwick, of which my father was a member, for one month, while the pastor was supplying one of the London pulpits. On one of these Sabbaths, I observed in the morning a stranger in the congregation who eyed me with marked attention. When I came down from the pulpit, one of the deacons met me, and said, "The Revd. Matthew Wilkes wishes to speak with you." "What," I said, "the Revd. Matthew Wilkes of the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Road? Why did you let me preach?" I was introduced to him as a young man who occasionally preached for them. He said, "I am very glad that C—— turns out such young men," and then looking at me with his peculiar look, he said, "Young man, you must go into the ministry. God has more important work for you to do than that in which you are now engaged. I shall write to your pastor to-morrow." A few days after, a friend who was looking at our manufactures, said to me, "Which will give you greatest pleasure at the last day: to know that you had spent your life in contributing to the vanities of the world; or to the salvation of the world?" These suggestions, and the advice of my best and wisest friends, decided me to give up business, make arrangements for my wife and children, and go through a college course preparatory to the settled pastorate. My Alma Mater was Hackney College, one of our oldest seminaries of learning for the Christian ministry. The President was the Revd. Matthew Wilkes, pastor of the Whitfield Churches—the City Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Road—at that time the largest churches in the city of London.

The Principal of the college was the Revd. George Collison, M.A., who was also pastor of the Congregational Church at Walthamstown, one of the best and wisest of men.

At that time the reception of a student was rather formidable and singular. I met the Board of Directors at their board room in the city. A young man, very clever, but also peculiar, was in the ante-room before me, and of course took precedence of myself. His examination



was of two hours' duration, and he returned to the ante-room with a face reddened with excitement and, as I thought, vexation. He did not know whether he would be received, a declaration that somewhat quickened my pulse. However, in a quarter of an hour, a message was announced that he might commence with the course on the first Monday in September, but his full reception would not take place until after three months' trial. I was then requested to walk into the room. About a dozen gentlemen were seated around a large table. The President, Revd. M. Wilkes, greeted me kindly, and then asked me to kneel down with them and offer prayer; after which I was requested to take a text with which I was familiar and proceed as if I were about to preach. I did so, giving the introduction and the plan of the sermon. I was asked about conversion; the difference between justification and pardon, &c., which altogether occupied less than half an hour, when, without leaving the room, I was unanimously received, and welcomed to the privileges of the institution.

On the first Wednesday, I took the Doctor's week evening service, and afterwards received more than my share of Sabbath appointments. These, with the preparation for lectures, absorbed my whole time; but I have ever been thankful for the mental training and the admirable preparation for the pastorate afforded me by those years of study.

Thirteen months before the completion of my college course, I received two calls to the pastorate—one from the Congregational Church at Royston, in Cambridgeshire, and the other from Godalming, in Surrey. The call from the latter place I accepted under certain regulations. At the anniversary the following June, the Rev. R. Hill preached the sermon, and remained to the public meeting and the dinner, when he said, "Doctor, I want you to send me a student to preach for me at Surrey Chapel this evening." He replied, "I will send Mr. C——." "Then tell Mr. C—— to get ready and go with me in my carriage." As we journeyed on he said, "Well, young man, I hope you have the grace of God in you, or you had better be a cobbler and mend shoes, or a laborer and mend hedges and dig ditches, than a minister. Oh, it is an awful thing to be a minister without the grace of God!" Thus we journeyed on to Surrey Chapel parsonage, where we took tea. He escorted me to the pulpit, and took his seat in a pew at the bottom of the stairs. I had considerable freedom

in conducting the service, and was much assisted by the devout earnestness of the congregation. After the service, he kindly took my hand and thanked me for my sermon. The next morning the Doctor sent for me into his study, and said, "You must have pleased Mr. Hill last evening. Here is a letter from him, in which he requests you to accompany him in his Scottish tour." "Oh, sir," I said, "I cannot go with him, for some of my family are sick, and I must go home." He said, "You had better pause before you say no. It may have an important bearing upon your future. Several of our students have found respectable and comfortable settlements for life through accompanying Mr. Hill." "But, sir," I said, "it will not only prevent my going home, but will deprive me of the advantages of half the next college course, and which is my last, as Mr. Hill will not return before January. Then as to my future, with your consent I have accepted the call from Godalming, and have consented to supply for them every alternate Sabbath until June, 1830, when I become pastor." Thus the application of the Revd. Rowland Hill was declined, and another student went in my place. The young man would have to read the hymns, and also the Scriptures; not unfrequently he would have to offer the leading prayer, and as Mr. Hill was then rapidly growing old, and subject to many infirmities, he was at all times liable to be called upon to preach the sermon, too. But it was an honor to be associated with so good, so useful, and so extraordinary a man.

In the Revd. Rowland Hill I always found a firm and a fast friend, both during my college course and until his death (which occurred in the fourth year of my pastorate), as evinced by liberal contributions towards the erection of two churches in my field of labor, the presentation of books, and his kindly welcome to Surrey Chapel parsonage whenever duty or inclination impelled me to present myself.

On one occasion when I spent an evening in his parlor with my good old pastor, the Revd. John Sibree, we took the opportunity to question him as to the correctness of some stories told of him. One was: "Did you ever say as Mrs. Hill entered Surrey Chapel, 'Here comes my wife with a chest of drawers on her head?'" Another, as an announcement: "Next Sabbath evening I will show to you the readiest way to make a pair of shoes." These and some others he pronounced gross fabrications. But he ac-

knowledged that he had received a prostitute into his family, who had accosted him in the public street; when his brother, Sir Richard Hill, came to his house in a great bluster with the *Morning Chronicle*\* in his hand, and eagerly asking, "Rowland, Rowland, is this true? 'Last night the Revd. Rowland Hill was seen walking at the foot of Fleet street with a common prostitute.'" Mr. Hill replied, "Yes, Richard, it is true; come with me into the kitchen, and you shall see her." This woman was cook in his family for more than twenty years, dying as she had lived, an exemplary Christian. And further, he admitted that his coachman was once a highwayman, who had stopped his carriage and presented a pistol on the public road. Mr. Hill addressed him words of kindness, enquired into his circumstances, supplied his present necessities, and invited him to call upon him at Surrey parsonage the following day. He did so, and became his personal servant, whom he much loved for his deep and earnest piety, and his unwavering fidelity. He survived his master, closed his eyes in death; and with this valuable servant, Charles, the coachman, I was personally acquainted.

When I commenced my pastorate, the Rev. Hugh McNeile was the incumbent of a village church in my immediate vicinity. He has since been Doctor, Canon, and now a dignitary of the Church of England. He has maintained his prestige for commanding eloquence, but when he commenced his ministry he was considered a fierce Churchman. Mr. Hill once said to me, "How do you get along with McNeile? Years ago, I heard so much of him that I was determined to hear him and shake hands with him. For this purpose, the next time he was announced to preach in town I drove to Percy Chapel, Soho Square, but when I had heard him preach, I said, 'No, thank you! I love warm-hearted men, but cannot bear hot-headed ones.'" But this distinguished and eloquent divine has much improved in spirit and feeling since those days. I had seen him under more favorable circumstances. The Gospel was not preached in the Episcopal Church at Godalming, but there were "honorable women not a few who loved it," and heard it in the Congregational chapel once on the Sabbath, and in the drawing-room at Westbury Hall, occasionally from the lips of the Rev. H. McNeile. On some of these occasions I had the privilege of hearing him, and, I must say, that a fuller exhibition of Gospel

truth I never heard, than from the lips of this distinguished man, in the Christian family which then resided at Westbury Hall, Godalming. Thirty years afterward, I had an invitation to dine with him at the hospitable mansion of Sir Cullen Eardly, in London. We talked of those old times, and he freely admitted that some of his holiest, happiest seasons were these ministrations at Godalming. On that occasion I also renewed the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Freemantle, who became Vicar at the Episcopal Church a few months before I left for Canada. On his entrance upon his charge, he called upon me to thank me for my attentions to the poor of his flock, and also to request me to pray with him on his commencement of his clerical duties. This excellent man has risen rapidly in the Church, and, I am happy to say, in the exercise of Christian unity in the Church of Christ. Within an important sphere of usefulness he is ever ready to fraternize in Christian usefulness with Christians of all denominations. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that I saw his name announced as one of the preachers at the City Temple, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Parker, in 1874.

A student in one of the London colleges has a fine opportunity of hearing distinguished ministers of the Gospel, and, if wise, will feel it a duty to avail himself of such a privilege. Within fifteen minutes' walk of Hackney College, were the churches of Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, of Homerton College, the Rev. Dr. H. Foster Burder, of Highbury College; and within a few miles, in addition to the Rev. Dr. Cox, a celebrated Baptist minister, of Hackney, was Dr. Alexander Fletcher, of Finsbury; Dr. Leifchild, of Craven, while the Whitfield churches and Surrey Chapel had a succession of popular ministers from the cities and towns of the Kingdom. At that time, Rev. James Parsons, of York, was a popular supply at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Road. Probably no minister in his public utterances more closely combined the "thoughts that glow in words that burn," than this highly evangelical and useful divine. But in my opinion, Mr. Jay, of Bath, was the prince of preachers. I have heard him in Surrey Chapel, and also in his own pulpit in Argyle Chapel, and he was always the same. For simplicity of plan, fulness and variety of illustration, and fidelity and power of application, he has no superior and but few equals; and a ministry formed after this model will be the most useful

for saving souls, and all practical purposes.

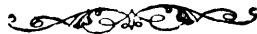
In the course of studies pursued at Hackney College the *utilitas* took the precedence of the *ornamentum*. Classical and useful learning had their place, but religious truth, and the best and acceptable modes of diffusing and enforcing it, had the chief place. Its great work was to make preachers wise to win souls, and from this Alma Mater many such were sent forth. Still some of its students rose to the highest grades of learning.

I may instance Dr. Andrew Reed, for many years a popular minister in London, and who won for himself an imperishable fame in the establishment of asylums in its vicinity which have received the Royal commendation; also, Dr. Arthur Tidman, for many years the Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society; and the honored brother, Dr. S. Ranson, for many years the Professor (Emeritus) of Classics and Hebrew in the institution, and I believe is such to the present date.

But my college life was at length completed, and with the hearty congratulations and best wishes of my fellow-students I left its hallowed walls, where I received many blessings, to commence the work of a settled pastorate in one of the most beautiful parts of the County of Surrey, and about thirty miles from London. I had many fears, but still there was strong faith in God, who has kept me and blessed me even to the present.

“ Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes have I seen;  
Yet have been upheld till now,  
Who could hold me up but Thou? ”

I was kindly received by the people of my charge. Though they were but few in number, and for the most part poor in this world, yet I saw some elements of power, for there was true piety, and the people had a mind to work. And there was the precious promise of an unchanging God, “ Fear not, for I am with thee.”



## Young Folks.

### FLOSSY'S GOLD MINE.

BY NELL GWYNNE, COBOURG, ONT.

A great gnarled log sent a crackling blaze up the chimney, filling the cosy library at Beechy Hollow with a ruddy glow that lighted up the crimson curtains and sent queer shadows flitting in and out of the corners, on the particular cool autumn evening of which we write. In a great easy chair which had grown mellow with much use sat a gentleman who gazed thoughtfully at the fire, while on a hassock at his feet sat a little dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, who was silently eating beech-nuts, which she took out of one of the pockets of her apron, and throwing the shells into the fire. In the farthest corner of the room sat another little girl, idly running her fingers over the keys of a little cottage piano, while the shadows played over the pale waves of her hair.

"What are you thinking about, papa?" said the little girl on the hassock, turning her face up to the gentleman.

"I was thinking of something that happened a long time ago,—long before you were born, my little May," answered the gentleman, patting her on the head.

"Please tell us about it, papa; is it a story?" said May, eagerly.

"Oh, yes; papa, do tell us a story—it is just the time for telling stories," chimed in the other little girl, as she skipped across the room and knelt down beside her sister.

After a little more coaxing from the little girls, the gentleman commenced:

"When I was a very young man I took a situation in the office of Cardiff & Co.'s woollen factory, which stood on the suburbs of a large town in Ontario. The office, which was a small detached building, stood near the entrance of what had been a beautiful garden; but which, for some reason, had been let grow wild from neglect. After I had been a few days in the

office, I made the discovery that there was a beaten path through this garden that would shorten my walk to the office to about half the distance. The morning after making this discovery, instead of going round by the factory, I sprang over the fence at the foot of the garden, and began to walk briskly along the path, when my footsteps were arrested by a sight that made me think I had lit upon a company of fairies. A tiny iron pot was suspended from crossed sticks over a bright little fire, built of twigs, while standing beside it was a wash-tub about as large round as my hat, with a washboard in it that corresponded to it in size. The tub had evidently just been in use, as it was half-full of steaming suds. Spread on the grass, near by, was a large washing of the tiniest of under garments; little stockings; there were that I could not draw over my thumb, and everything else to correspond. After contemplating this scene with amazement, I stepped on a few paces, when an opening in the overgrown shrubs showed me a summer house, in which a very little girl was engaged in scrubbing the floor and humming softly to herself the while, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, a handkerchief tied over her head, and her dress pinned up in regular washer-woman style. Standing about were various articles of furniture, all of which corresponded in size to the pot and the wash-tub, while two dolls sat in the door-way, in a very upright position, and stared straight before them with all their might. Suddenly the little girl turned her head and her eyes fell upon me, when she started as if she had seen a ghost. Thinking, of course, that I had no right to interrupt this little house-keeper in her domestic occupations, I walked on about my business. Standing outside the office-window was a step-ladder, and after I had been a couple of hours in the office, I became con-

scious that there was some person cautiously ascending the ladder. I was about to walk over to the window when a very pale yellow head, a pair of bright dark blue eyes, and two pink cheeks, became visible over the window-sill, and I immediately recognized the little lady of the summer-house. She looked timidly in through the open window at me; but I suppose, seeing that there was nothing particularly ferocious about me, she stepped up a few steps higher on the ladder, and said:

▲ "Do you know Mrs. Cardiff?"

"On my replying that I had a slight acquaintance with that lady, she said:

"Well, you won't tell her that you saw me in the summer-house, will you?"

"No, certainly not, if you do not wish me to," I said.

"There is no harm in being in the summer-house?" she said, in an interrogative tone.

"None in the least," I said, replying rather to the tone she used than to her remark.

"What is your name?" I asked, wondering what child she could be, as she stood staring in at me.

"Oh, I am Flossy. You know it does not make any matter about me," she said, seating herself on one of the steps of the ladder, and leaning her elbows on her knees, with an air that said plainly, 'I am of no consequence whatever.' This announcement of her own insignificance struck me as being so comic that I burst out laughing, when she looked earnestly and wonderingly at me.

"Do you know Polly Whish?" she next asked.

"I replied that I had not the pleasure of Miss Polly Whish's acquaintance, when she said:

"Oh, you are not naturally low in your tastes, like me."

"I replied that I hoped I was not naturally low in my tastes, and I was sure she was not either.

"Oh, yes, I am," she said, positively. "Mrs. Cardiff says so; she says, 'You are naturally low in your tastes; you are low-bred in your bone; it runs in the blood. If I catch Polly Whish setting her foot on our ground I will scald her.' That's what Mrs. Cardiff says!" she said, shaking her small fist menacingly, and raising her voice to a shrill little scream, that was evidently intended to be in imitation of Mrs. Cardiff.

"She must be pretty fierce," I said, laughing at her earnestness.

"I should think she was,—she would take

hold of you and fling you outdoors pretty quick, if you said much to her; but do you know the way Polly Whish serves her?" she said, clapping her hands together: "She walks down through the creek till she comes to the back of the summer-house, and she walks on a board the rest of the way. She comes whenever she likes. She is coming to-day, and I dressed the dolls and scrubbed the floor, all ready for her. When she comes she is going to iron, and we are going to have tea; she brings it all in a little basket, you know," she said, nodding her head. "If it wasn't for disgracing my name I would be at my service," she continued, suddenly changing the subject.

"Would you?" I said, a good deal amused.

"Yes, that's what Mrs. Cardiff says; she says, 'If it wasn't for disgracing your name you would be at your service, Miss; you would have to beg your bread from door to door if I didn't take you in, Miss;'" that's what Mrs. Cardiff says," she continued, shaking her fist and raising her voice as before when quoting Mrs. Cardiff.

"Were you ever at your service?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes, I am at my service now," I answered, laughing.

"Oh, no, you are not; making figures in a book is not being at your service. Polly Whish knows what it is; it is going to live at some person's house and doing their work for them. I could sweep the rooms and dust the shells and ornaments; but I never could make the beds, they are so big," she said, with a little despondent sigh. "I wouldn't like to be a beggar," she went on, "it must be so horrid to have to wear great big boots and a shawl over your head, and then I never could eat any of the stuff they would give me. If I was turned out to beg, do you know what I would do?"

"I implied that I had no idea what her intentions were in case of such an emergency.

"Well," she said, "I would go to some of the little houses. I think the people that live in the little houses are the best. I think," she said, after a pause, "I would go to Mrs. Dunoven's. You wouldn't think, she was very nice if you were to see her; but she is,—she always speaks to me when she sees me looking through the fence, and sometimes she brings me over a nice little bun with currants in it; her house is as white as snow—she whitewashed it herself—and she has got scarlet-runners and morning

glories growing over her windows and sunflowers growing all about the fences. Maggie, that's her daughter, goes to people's houses and sews their clothes for them, you know. Don't you think if I was to go to Mrs. Dunoven's and work all day every day and ever so late at night, she would let me stay?'

'My heart was moved to compassion for my little visitor, who appeared to have a pretty hard time of it, and I assured her that I thought she would. This question being settled to her satisfaction, she proceeded to give me an account of a robbery that had been creating quite an excitement in the town for the last few days. A certain Judge Mahon had been robbed of all his family plate, which was very valuable, and for the recovery of which he had offered a reward of a thousand dollars.

'Polly Whish knows all about it,' she said, 'and she knows about a man that drove over the side of the bridge into the creek one dark night and got drowned, and about a boy that was climbing over a fence and shot himself with a revolver in his own pocket, and lots of other things she knows out of the paper. Oh, there are dreadful things in the paper! All about a boat that was burnt on the lake and big ladies and little babies, and all burnt in it, and worse than that she knows,' she said, raising her little hand: 'About the Indians killing all the people; but I think that was in a book, though, and Polly Whish has got a picture of it.'

'Polly Whish must be rather a sensational young lady,' I remarked.

'Polly Whish is not a lady, - she looks worse than a little squaw sometimes; but she is very nice and good,' she added quickly.

'What is your name?' she asked, after a pause.

'My name,' I said, 'is handsome, like myself; it is Urban Ashley.'

'Handsome,' she repeated, looking earnestly at me. 'You are not handsome; you look well enough, though; and I like to see you all the same.'

'I laughed loudly at this ingenious but not very complimentary remark, when she regarded me with a puzzled air; though I had laughed at her several times, the shadow of a smile had never crossed her face. Little Flossy here took her departure; but she often came and sat on the ladder and talked to me through the window after this, asking me questions and giving me her views on things in general, which I enjoyed,

though her questions would sometimes puzzle a philosopher. The lonely and neglected situation of the little girl excited my sympathy very much, and one morning as I walked through the street I espied a set of toy garden tools standing outside a shop-door. These would be just the thing for Flossy, I thought, and I accordingly bought them and presented them to her that morning to her great delight.

'Running along the creek which ran through the foot of the garden, and which was in a very sequestered spot, was a steep bank, on the edge of which grew a cluster of three giant linden trees, which were now waving their clouds of clustering golden blossoms on the summer breeze. One evening as I was walking briskly homeward through the weedy garden, my attention was attracted by hearing a sweet childlike voice singing snatches of an old love song, accompanied by the sharp barking of a dog. Turning my eyes in the direction from whence the sound proceeded I observed a beautiful little, terrier standing alone on the bank and barking for its life. A shower of the golden star-like blossoms almost buried it for a moment, and a little girl swung herself down from among the linden boughs, and proceeded to gather the blossoms into a broad-leaved coarse straw hat, laughing merrily at the dog's frantic efforts to free itself from the little heap of blossoms. Some instinct told me that I gazed upon Polly Whish. She was about a head taller than Flossy, and had the appearance of a child that was tall of her age; her complexion, which was naturally dark, was much browned with the sun, and she had large full black eyes, which sparkled with intelligence, and a quantity of straight black hair, which hung down over her shoulders in unkempt elflocks. Her feet looked as if they had never known such a thing as a boot or a stocking, and her dress consisted of an old striped petticoat, and a faded red jacket, which was much too large for her, and which was confined about the waist with an old red sash. I now for the first time became aware of Flossy's presence at the foot of the bank, directly beneath the lindens, where she was digging away for dear life with her little new spade.

'Why, Flossy, what are you doing?' I called out. Both the little girls started and looked towards me.

'Why, don't you know this is my gold mine. I am digging in my gold mine,' said Flossy, shovelling away, and, as I afterwards learned, she was so delighted with the ease with which

she could excavate great holes in the soft yellow sand with her spade, that she went every day and dug in her gold mine till she was tired.

"I was honored the next morning by a visit from Polly Whish in person, who came whistling along through the garden with the most independent air imaginable, with her little dog running at her heels. She marched into the office and sat down on a stool, and, after looking at me steadily for some moments, said :

"'It's a down scandal the way them air Cardiffses treats that little Flossy?'

"'Is it?' I said.

"'Yes, it is,' she said, boldly. 'They think themselves mighty fine; but they ain't no better'n nobody else. My mother, she knowed Flossy's mother very well, and she says she wus'n a hangel for bein' good. You see she worked in the factory, and the Cardiffses they thought theirselves above her. Flossy's father, that was Mr. Mark Cardiff, you know, drank hisself into delirians and died, and a mighty small loss. Mrs. Cardiff she took Flossy, and a nice way she treats her. A-bangin on her about, and a-half starvin' on her half the time. She never gits nothink to eat but suthink as their trash in the kitchen won't eat theirselves. There was Mike Flynn as worked in the vegetable garden. Well, poor little Flossy, she didn't 'ave no one to speak to, and she would go and talk to Mike Flynn through the fence, and Mike he got sorry for her, as I'm shore any one would as 'adn't a heart like a brick, and he goes and buys her a little set o' doll's furniture, and Mrs. Cardiff as quick as she finds it out she kicks up a terrible row, and takes the doll's furniture and flings it out doors, a-broken on the legs off the chairs and a splitten on the table in two halves. But I takes it home to my brother Dick, and he mends it, and I fetches it back and puts it into the summer 'ouse. Oh, she's an old wenom, is that Mrs. Cardiff, if there ever was one! But the way't I serves her out you just had ought to see,' she said, chuckling and clapping her hands on her knees. 'Last Tuesday I hear, through Flossy,' that she was a goen to have company, and I ties an old yeller 'ankercher over my head, then I walks down by the hedge of the pond to make my feet muddy, so't I'd look as bad as I could, you know, and I walks away round by the factory and up past the front of the 'ouse. There was the company, a lot o' ladies a setten round in the parlor a worken away at their mats and things and a

jabberen away, you just ought to hear them. Up and down I goes a whistlen and a yellen at Dandy and a kicken up all the row I could, just to rile her up, you know. Bym by one o' the ladies sticks her head out o' the winder and squeels out: "Whoever is that orrid looken child?" and then all the others crowds up to both winders a staren out at me, and me a whistlen away to Dandy and shaken with laughen to see 'em. I knew it would make her so terren mad. Well Mrs. Cardiff she slips out o' the parlor and comes round to the hend o' the 'ouse. "Polly Whish, go home, I believe you are a himp o' darkness," she sez, and I walks on till I gits before the parlor winders, and then I shouts back: "Mrs. Cardiff, mind your business; I aint no more a himp o' darkness than you be; I'll go home when I pleases; it's a pity a person can't take a walk for the good of their 'ealth without haven you rampagein out at 'em." And then all the ladies they begin a roaren and laughen, and Mrs. Cardiff she began to laugh too, just to put it off, you know. I knew she was grinden mad all the time.'

"The gleeful manner in which Polly told her story was irresistible, and I laughed heartily, to her infinite satisfaction. She then rose from her seat, and looking me steadily in the face, said :

"'If some gentleman could find out some good lady as would take Flossy and send her to school and treat her kind, it would be a good thing, or maybe they might have a mother theirselves, or some good lady as was a relation as would take her.'

"She did not wait for a reply to this little speech, undoubtedly intending that I should take it into consideration, but walked straightway out of the office whistling, Dandy after her. About a week after this little event I was one morning surprised to see Flossy come rushing into my office, it being the first time she had ventured past the step ladder.

"'Look! Oh, just see what I dug out of my gold mine!' she said, holding up a little gold cup, to which the yellow sand still clung. I took it out of her hand, and to my amazement, saw Judge Mahon's crest, as described in the newspaper, engraved on the side of it.

"'Flossy, child, did you dig this out of the bank?' I said.

"'Yes, and there is another great big one, made of silver. I saw it shining in the sun, but I could not get it out.'

"'Why, you have discovered Judge Mahon's

stolen plate, as sure as the world!' I said, starting up and putting on my hat. I immediately went in search of a trustworthy man, and, accompanied by Flossy, we repaired to the 'gold mine.' We soon excavated the piece of silver described by Flossy as 'shining in the sun,' which proved to be a large goblet, and which was wedged in among the roots of the lindens. We were not long in making the discovery that the articles brought to light had worked their way down through the decayed roots of the hollow trunk of a fourth tree that stood in the midst of the lindens, and which had been snapped off in some wind storm. The thieves had evidently hidden their booty here until such a time as they could convey it safely away, and where it would have remained safely enough had not Flossy been so pleased with her little spade. We cut and pulled down the hollow trunk which was very much decayed, when every article of the stolen plate, down to a dozen napkin-rings, was recovered. Quite an excitement prevailed in the town when the discovery became known. Mr. and Mrs. Cardiff paid me a visit in the evening to learn the particulars, Mrs. Cardiff being very gracious indeed :

"Poor little Flossy has become quite a little heroine," she said in an oily tone.

"Yes," I answered, dryly.

"I had written to my mother the week before regarding Flossy, and had received a letter from her that morning saying she would be glad to adopt her if the consent of her relatives could be obtained, and I accordingly laid the matter before Mrs. Cardiff without more to do.

"Adopt Flossy!" she repeated in surprise.

"Are you aware, Mr. Ashley, that Flossy is Mr. Cardiff's niece?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cardiff, I am perfectly aware of it and I am also aware of the cruel manner in which you have treated Flossy," I said.

"Mrs. Cardiff pretended to be utterly dumb-founded at such an accusation being brought against her; but when she found I really did know all about it, she flew into a rage and said I was only trying to get the thousand dollars that of course Flossy was entitled to, into my hands. By the manner in which she said this I became aware that she thought I considered myself entitled to the thousand dollars reward. But I immediately relieved her mind by assuring her that it was not in the power of any man or woman to get Flossy's thousand dollars into

their possession, as I had carried her to Judge Mahon's when I went to return the silver that morning, and as I knew she had neither parents nor legal guardians, and was very unkindly treated by her relations with whom she lived, I had sent for a lawyer and, in the presence of Judge Mahon and by his advice, I had the money invested in bank stock, and so fixed that it could not be touched till Flossy was of age. Mr. Cardiff here interfered, calling me 'an impudent, interfering, puppy,' and we had quite a scene, which ended in his dismissing me from his employment; but as I was perfectly aware that I was forfeiting my situation when I was settling Flossy's thousand dollars, it was not much of a blow. When the worthy pair had taken their departure I thought to myself, 'Maybe I have done poor Flossy more harm than good after all,' a thought that recurred to me again and again during the next few days, while I was preparing for my departure to Toronto, where I had obtained another situation.

"As I was walking through the street the day before my departure, a little boy handed me a dirty little note. I could not make it out at all; at first it was such a terrible scrawl, but after a good deal of trouble I read :

"Mises Kerdif shes been a beeten on Flossy most shameful a bungen on er ise up an a maken on er a site to se. Kity dif as is the ouse made sais its a doun sham an shes goin to git er out weel be to the gole mind wen ole wenom she a ven on er te with som visitors. Yours truli, Polly Whish."

"I was not aware of the 'ole wenom's' tea hour; but as it was getting on towards tea time I walked quickly towards the 'gold mine,' where I arrived just in time to see Kitty Diff 'as was the ouse made,' lifting Flossy across the creek, while Polly Whish jumped nimbly after her. Polly set up a joyous shout of triumph when she saw me, of which Kitty Diff testified her disapprobation by, as she expressed it, 'a fetchen on er a wack in the side of the 'ed.'

"Do you want to bring the house about us, you young limb?" said Kitty Diff.

"Poor little Flossy, whose eyes were black and blue, and whose face was bruised and scarred all over, was trembling as if she was in an ague fit.

"But that's not all, sir!" said Kitty Diff, in reply to my look of horror, as she untied Flossy's pinafore and showed her neck and shoulders scarred in a fearful manner.



“What did she beat the child for?” I asked.

“Oh, because she said she went about tattling and telling lies about her, and bringing her to disgrace, and she said when she dug out Judge Mahon's silver she ought to have brought it to her instead of bringing it to a stranger, and then there would not be such a disgrace about it, and I think—I am not sure, but—”

“She wanted to get her clutches onto Flossy's thousand dollars reward, that's wot she wanted to git,” said Polly, interrupting Kitty in her recital.

“Well, I think she did,” said Kitty.

“I waited to hear no more, but taking Flossy in my arms I marched straight to Mrs. Cardiff's front door, taking a short cut through the garden. I was shown into the library by the astonished servant, where I found Mr. Cardiff sitting in his dressing-gown and slippers, reading the paper. He evidently did not know Flossy and sat regarding me with an amazed stare; but when I explained matters to him he flew into a terrible rage:

“Mr. Ashley, I beg your pardon for the manner in which I insulted you the other day. I see you are a true-hearted man and thought of nothing but Flossy's good. I assure you I knew nothing of my wife's ill-treatment of the child, and as to this,” he said, pointing to Flossy's bruised face, “why, sir, I am not a Hottentot! a Fiji Islander! a Black-feet Indian! Mrs. Cardiff!” he thundered, opening the parlor door.

“Mrs. Cardiff made her appearance in a flutter of surprise, the sweet smiles with which she had been regaling her visitors having not yet died out of her sunny countenance; but I never shall forget the metamorphosis of the expression of her face as her eyes fell upon me, standing with Flossy in my arms.

“Mr. Cardiff proceeded to rate her soundly.

“Please to remember that there are visitors in the house, Mr. Cardiff?” she said, flashing a spiteful glance at me.

“Don't bother me about your visitors, madam! Leave the room!”

“A command she was not slow to obey.

“Well, to make a long story short, I took Flossy home to my mother's with me the next evening, with Mr. Cardiff's consent. Kitty Diff and Polly were at the station waiting to see us off, and Polly actually had on a pair of shoes and stockings and a hat. She had been too triumphant over the ‘ole wenom’ to think of being

sorry for Flossy's departure; but when the train was moving off I saw her put her arms about Kitty Diff's waist and begin to sob, when Kitty stooped and began to comfort her. My mother took Flossy into her heart and she grew to be a very dear daughter to her.”

“Well, papa, that is not the last,” chimed in both the little girls, as their father paused here. “Did she grow up and get married, and all, like a real story?”

“Yes, she grew up and got married, and all, like a real story,” answered their father.

“Well, why don't you go on and tell about it? Who did she marry?”

“Well, if the truth must be told, she married me,” said papa, with a twinkle in his eye.

“Married you, papa!” said May, in astonishment.

“Why, yes, May; don't you know it was mamma all the time, you little goose!” said Eva, the elder sister.

“Why, yes, of course I might have known. I thought all the time that Flossy was just like Eva; but how funny it all seems!” said May.

“And what about Polly Whish; you surely saw her again?” said both little girls.

“Yes, I saw her again a great many times. Instead of going to Toronto, as I had intended, I went back to my old situation, at Mr. Cardiff's earnest solicitation, and on the retirement of his partner a short time afterwards, I became what Mark Tapley would call the ‘Co.’ in Cardiff & Co.'s woollen factory, which was quite a rise in the world for a young man like me. On investigation I discovered that Polly Whish's parents, who were quite elderly people, kept a small market garden near the factory, and I was surprised to find that they were quite well-to-do, though very ignorant people. As I knew Polly to be a particularly bright, intelligent child, I made it my business to go and advise her parents to send her to school.

“My Polly, sir, she don't want no schoolen; she ken read now like a parson and write like a lawyer, and she never set 'er foot inside of a school in all 'er borned days. She's a game un, is my Polly,” said old Mr. Whish, with a chuckle, as he stood leaning on his spade in the midst of his flowers and vegetables. Polly, who spent her time between helping her father in the garden, and, as she expressed it, ‘a larkin about’ like a young gypsy, was not at first inclined to give up her freedom for school; but she gave in at last, after a good deal of coaxing

and kindly advice. As anything that Polly thought was right, was law with her parents, they were soon gained over.

"I will now skip over ten years and show you Polly a handsome, accomplished young woman, holding an honorable place as a teacher in a young ladies' academy. She often came to our house to see Flossy, so I never wholly lost sight of her in all that time."

"Well, why don't you go on and tell the rest?" said the little girls, as their father here again paused.

"There is nothing more to tell, only that she got married."

"Yes; but who did she marry?"

"Well, she married your Uncle Arthur, who is just ten years younger than I am."

"Oh, papa, it is not Aunt Polly!" said the little girls, in amazement.

"Yes, my dears; but it is Aunt Polly," said their father, laughing, as the library door opened admitting two ladies, one of whom carried a lamp and the other a work-basket. One of the ladies was tall and handsome, with sparkling black eyes, and wore a black dress and a band

of scarlet velvet wound about the massive braids of her hair, and had a little spray of scarlet berries fastened at her throat, while the other, who was much shorter, wore a dress of the deepest blue, as became her dazzlingly fair complexion, and had a tiny cap of white lace fastened over her pale yellow hair, which gave her rather a matronly appearance.

"How d'ye do, Flossy, and Polly Whish?" shouted the little girls, springing towards them.

Both the ladies started, and then burst out laughing.

"What have you been telling the children, Urban?" asked the fair lady, in a sweet, mellow voice, as she went and stood beside her husband, whose eyes rested lovingly upon her.

"I have been telling them the story of the gold mine," he answered.

"The gold mine!" echoed the dark lady, in a merry tone. "Oh, Urban; what a terrible young savage I was, wasn't I?"

"I think there were a pair of us, Polly," said the fair lady, laughing. And so we leave them to chat and enjoy themselves for the rest of the evening.

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## THE PRINCE OF ANHALT DESSAU.

TRANSLATED FROM CARLYLE, BY NORAH.

The young Prince of Anhalt Dessau,  
The Dowager's only son,  
Was a sturdy, strong-limbed fellow,  
And a most determined one.

The tutor shook his silver head,  
And if I have any skill,  
This young Prince of Anhalt Dessau  
Will always work his will.

"I cry to the Wise for wisdom,  
I cry for strength to the Strong,  
To train him to be firm in right,  
And firm against all wrong."

Said the lady in her chamber,  
With pride did her blue eyes shine:  
"Princes there are in Fatherland,  
But none of them all like mine.

"He has courage, fire and wisdom,  
Yet tender of heart is he;  
Proud, but just, he pities the poor,  
This is as a prince should be."

Said the lady's waiting woman:  
"So our prince gives up the chase,  
And every day his steed he reins  
At a door in the market place.

“ Should he forget his princely rank,  
It were grievous harm and loss ;  
A trap is laid for his tender youth,  
By the lovely damsel Fos.”

The lady rode in her chariot,  
Away to the market place,  
That her proud eyes might look upon  
The beautiful tempter's face.

And she saw a lily maiden,  
With such pure and dove-like eyes,  
With such flower beauty as might clothe  
A saint from Paradise.

“ No wonder that my only son  
Fixed his heart on one like thee,  
For if Prince of Anhalt Dessau,  
I would willing captive be.

“ But you are a doctor's daughter,  
My son's of a princely line ;  
Wed you with one of humble rank,  
But ne'er with son of mine !

“ My son,” she said, “ is strong of will,  
I must conquer him with guile.  
He shall travel away to foreign courts,  
Where royal ladies smile.

“ One fair, of princely birth, he'll see,  
Her must he learn to love,  
And when he is charmed with her, forget  
This lovely, low born-dove.”

Said the lily maiden, weeping :  
“ 'Twere well we had never met ;  
But go, my Prince, to your destiny,  
Be happy, and so forget.”

Said the Prince of Anhalt Dessau :  
“ What's to be, God keeps in store,  
I am Prince of Anhalt Dessau,  
But your lover for evermore !

“ I'm Prince of the Roman Reich,  
It is good I go away :  
Blessings wait on a widow's son  
Who his mother can obey.

“ But as sure as to the ocean  
Arrow-swift flows on the Rhine, .  
I go now for my mother's sake,  
I am coming back for thine !”

Said the lady's waiting woman :  
“ So our Prince is back again,

And well he shows to all the world  
That our lady's plans are vain.

“ He came from the courts of Europe,  
He came to his mother's bower,  
But she was second, for first of all  
He went to see his flower.”

“ Oh ! you are welcome back, my son,  
And heir of our house's pride !  
I hope that you have chosen well  
For Dessau a worthy bride.”

“ I saw beauties of foreign courts,  
Dames noble, and fair, and kind ;  
I looked at them with married eyes,  
For my heart was left behind.”

Said the lady to her council :  
“ So our plans have failed thus far ;  
He will forget his low-born love  
When he learns to look on war.

“ While he is gone, I will get rid  
Of the beauty which I dread ;  
Dower I'll give to any one  
Who will come, and woo, and wed.”

Said the Doctor to his daughter :  
“ Here's a life of wealth and ease,  
And a fair bridegroom for you, my child,  
For we must the Princess please.”

“ Ah me !” said the lily maiden,  
That I am the cause of strife !  
I must be made a sacrifice—  
A most unwilling wife.

“ I have no strength for the battle,  
No more than a wounded dove ;  
O Leopold Anhalt Dessau,  
Where art thou, my only love ?”

With a moan of helpless sorrow,  
From the bridegroom turned her face,  
And saw a gallant troop of horse  
Drawn up in the market place.

And then a strong arm is round her,  
Young Dessau is by her side,  
“ Draw and defend yourself, you wretch !  
Who would dare to claim my bride.”

Then he stood before his mother,  
With a stern and angry face ;  
“ I have stopped a gallant wedding,  
Begun in the market place.

"The maid you planned to wed is mine—  
Is mine by her plighted word ;  
His blood who dared to take my place  
Has reddened my good sword.

"You shall queen it in Anhalt Dessau,  
In house, and hall, and bower ;  
But you'll lose your son for evermore  
If you meddle with my flower."

Now the holy words are spoken  
At young Dessau's command.  
He wedded the lily maiden,  
And gave to her his left hand.

And away to battles and sieges,  
The bravest of all the brave ;  
And his head is wise to counsel,  
He is steady, kind and grave.

Till the king, in council chamber  
Said : "My lords, we must devise  
New honors for Anhalt Dessau,  
My general brave and wise.

"Leopold of Anhalt Dessau,  
First in counsel, first in fight,  
Whatever reward you choose to name  
Is yours by undoubted right."

"My King, to Fatherland and you  
I freely devote my life ;  
If you delight to honor me,  
Make a princess of my wife.

"I married her with my left hand,  
For she was of low degree ;  
I'd wed her with my right—with both ;  
For so much she pleases me."

"We will make thy wife a princess,"  
Said the King, and laughed with glee.

"God grant she may bring to Dessau  
Many sons as brave as thee."

Years passed over Anhalt Dessau,  
And sprinkled his locks with snow ;  
He got titles, wealth and honors,  
And his share of human woe.

His wife, his many goodly sons  
Filled his heart with joy and pride ;  
But his heart was wrung with sorrow  
When his only daughter died.

For, ah ! she was long in dying,  
And his love for her was warm ;

To keep her from an early grave  
He'd have given his right arm.

For she was a winsome maiden,  
And she had her mother's face, [time,  
And brought back thoughts of his wooing  
His love in the market place.

"My daughter," he said, "you're dying,  
You are fading fast away ;  
What is there you would have me do,  
Love, e'er your dying day ?"

"Ah, kind at home, and brave in war  
My father's been !" she said.  
"Whatever you've done, has pleased me well,  
Take that comfort when I'm dead.

"But if you wish to pleasure me,"  
She said with a lovely smile,  
"The men who fought well under you,  
Poor fellows ! the rank and file ;

"I'd like to see them all once more,  
And feast them with mirth and glee ;  
That when I'm in my early grave,  
They'll think kindly thoughts of me."

With banners and martial music,  
With drum-beat and trumpet's blare,  
They marched to Anhalt Bernberg,  
To the palace court yard there.

With all martial pomp and clangor  
Were the salutations made,  
Where, supported at the window,  
The dying one was laid.

And tables were spread to feast them,  
With plenty that made them groan,  
But away by the Saale river,  
Old Leopold wept alone.

Leopold of Anhalt Dessau,  
He has passed three score and ten ;  
They think it time he should give place  
To younger and abler men.

His troops are drawn in battle array,  
Ere they will begin the fight.

"'Tis my last," said Anhalt Dessau,  
"May our God defend the right !"

He stood before the veterans  
Whom he had so often led,  
And then, as was his wont to do,  
He uncovered his grey head :

"We will win this battle or die,  
We're ready, and time to spare.  
First of all, uncover, my lads!  
We will have a word of prayer :

"O God ! who hast led me all my life,  
Help me yet this once, I pray !  
Let not the shame of my defeat  
Come first when my head is grey :

"Leave it to manhood, pluck and drill,  
Amen. In God's name, come on !"  
So Leopold Anhalt Dessau  
His last battle fought and won.  
For ever he laid down his sword,  
For ever has done with war ;  
For Leopold Anhalt Dessau  
Sleeps well with the sons of Thor.

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NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

"Every day brings a ship,  
Every ship brings a word;  
Well for those who have no fear,  
Looking seaward, well assured  
That the word the vessel brings  
Is the word they wish to hear."

It was the second week in August. Eloise was much overcome by the heat, and preferred her shaded room even to the barrel-chair under the apple-tree.

"Marion has been standing still a long time," observed Eloise from her window. "She has a letter in her hand ; she read it attentively and then stood, as she does now, looking over towards the Parsonage."

"You have very observant eyes, Wesie," replied her mother.

Marion turned and wandered off through the pear orchard down to the spring. The letter in her hand had come to her the night before ; in her waking hours its startling contents had not been five minutes out of her mind.

The letter was from Tom Nelson :

"You and Miss Helen are such great friends that you can tell her if any one can. There is a man boarding in this house who, I believe, is

Alf Chase. He has been here three days. He came in the ship 'Ontario.' He is first officer. A splendid-looking fellow, you girls would say, but I have nothing to say on that point, being 'a splendid-looking fellow' myself. (So Josie says.) How do I know he is Alf Chase? His name is Jacob Stone.

"The first hint I had of it, I was speaking about Sunny Plains, and he turned around and looked at me. That set me to meditating. Yesterday he came to me of his own free-will, and asked numerous questions about that same Sunny Plains. I knew he wanted to know about the Parsonage folks, but I gave him no satisfaction, and at last he came right out with it ;—like Joseph, asking if the old man were yet alive. This morning I made a mistake, and called him Mr. Chase. You ought to have seen him look ! Said I : 'Miss Helen sent a message to you,' and I told him what it was. He walked off without a word. So if he isn't Alf Chase who is he? Give Miss Helen my regards, and tell her I obeyed her."

"It must be Alf," Marion mused. "Why should I not tell her? I wish he had told more about it? I wonder if he has told Josie. I'll go and ask mother."

Mrs. Lindsley was working over butter in the cool dairy. Marion opened the letter and held it before her eyes.

"Who is it from?"

"Tom Nelson."

"Tom Nelson writes to you ! And you have come to ask my advice !"

"Yes," said Marion soberly, enjoying her mother's bewilderment.

"He's a good boy!" Mrs. Lindsley dropped the butter ladle.

"Now mother," half vexed, half laughing, "I don't mean that—I mean he doesn't ! It's about Miss Helen's brother."

"Alf ! Has he seen him?"

Marion folded down the first page and gave her mother the latter half to read.

"Well, I must say !" ejaculated Mrs. Lindsley.

"Had I better tell Miss Helen?" asked Marion eagerly.

"Perhaps he does not intend to come home," reflected Mrs. Lindsley ; "it might excite her for nothing."

"We would want her to tell us if she had any clue to Will," returned Marion decidedly.

"Mother, let us do as we would be done by."

"Go and do it then."

Marion hurried away, but she hesitated when she reached the gateway. Con was swinging under one of the tall locusts.

"Con, Connie!" called Marion excitedly.

Con left the swing and ran towards her.

"Give Miss Helen this letter. Miss Helen, and no one else, not even Agnes."

The child tripped away with the letter. Marion saw her enter the house, and heard her calling, "Helen! Helen!" She could see nothing, hear nothing further.

Eloise was seated at the window, turning the leaves of a blank book. She called Marion, asking her again if it were not "delightful."

Its edges were gilded, its leaves tinted, its binding crimson leather, with this inscription upon it in gold letters:

P O E M S

BY

ELOISE RAYNOR.

Marion opened it on the window-sill.

"Tis the prettiest thing father ever brought me, Marion. Mother has copied all my verses in it, even 'Bright Little Nettie'. She says Nettie will be glad to see it some day. See the dedication:

ELOISE

*Has little to give, but these verses are  
the best of her life. With all  
her heart she gives them to her  
Father and Mother."*

On the window-sill lay another book in bright binding. It was filled with pictures, and was entitled "Eloise's Summer in the Country."

Her mother had kept a journal for her, at her dictation, the summer she was ten years of age. Her father had had it published at his own expense. Eloise was very proud of her first book.

"Don't you want to see my verses about Jericho? Mother wrote them this morning. I never shall say what I mean. Do you suppose you told me all Miss Helen said?"

"If I didn't, it will leave you room to think for yourself," answered Marion, turning the leaves.

"That's 'Jericho.' Read it aloud, please."

Mrs. Raynor had left the room. Marion was too bashful to read aloud to any one but Eloise.

Eloise listened with her heart in her eyes:

"The child sat still within the tent,  
Asking ever and anon,  
What good would it do, would the walls be rent  
By the tramp of the people on and on?  
'Tis six days now and the walls do stand,  
Mocking the people's willing tread:

They are firmer than any in the land—

Will it be as the Lord hath said?

Remember, child, what He hath done;

Think of that path across the sea!

Count His wonders one by one,

What He hath done for you and me.

The child sat still within the tent,

Wondering ever and anon

If the people's tread

Could do the thing the Lord had said,

On the seventh day at the seventh round

The army shouted, and at the sound

The crumbling stones fell on the ground!

The weakest footstep on the earth

Can shake the mightiest walls in the land,

If in the heart be God's new Birth,

And the steps be taken at His command."

"Do you like it?" was the anxious query.

"Of course I do. I can't think of three rhymes. We must show this to Trudie sometime. She can write verses as fast as you can."

Eloise sighed as she closed the book. "Mother says she will not write for me again this summer, because I cried to-day because my poems are not like Adelaide Procter's! I'm thinking now about 'Growing Up,' but I'm afraid she will not write it for me. I'll promise not to cry, and then she will."

While the Lindsleys were at tea that night, Con ran in breathless:

"Helen had a letter just now. She said to give you this, Marion, and tell you that you had given her the good news three hours earlier than she would have had it! And she will always love you—for that three hours."

Con ran out, not waiting to hear a word in reply.

Marion pushed her chair back and hastened over to Josie, electrifying the Lathrops at their bread and milk.

In three homes that night in Sunny Plains there was genuine and grateful rejoicing.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught."

The next evening after tea Marion stood in the doorway of the kitchen looking over to the Parsonage; through the gateway in the hedge she saw Miss Helen standing alone under a locust tree.

Just as she had done that Saturday night in the spring, she went to the gateway and stood there waiting for Helen.

"Miss Helen," she asked again, "may I come?"—just as she did that Saturday night in the spring.

Miss Helen drew her arm within hers, and they took slow and even steps up and down the gravel walk.

"You said then you knew he would come," observed Marion, breaking the silence.

"Were you thinking of that, too? 'Tis the first night we have walked here together since. What a good time we have had between, Marion!"

"Yes," said Marion's full heart. "The good news came suddenly, after all," she added.

"Seemingly. Not sudden in the sense of being unprepared. Father came out here today. We walked twice the length of the piazza. He says Alf's letter has poured young blood into his old veins."

"Mother was afraid it would be too much for him."

"It was just enough. Don't you know we are made ready for good news? Just think if we had not expected him how grieved he would be!"

"He has given you no cause," came to Marion's lips, but she said instead, "I know that you are glad you kept on expecting."

"When Con ran in with your letter I had a feeling that it was news from Alf. I was making beef-tea. I kept the letter in my hand not daring to look at it. 'Alf Chase' were the first words I saw. Then I knew. I don't know how long I stood there with the letter in my hand. I don't know where I went to. I don't remember anything. Agnes came in search of me; I told her about it. I thought I would not tell father till Alf wrote himself. It would hurt poor father so to know that he was so near and had not come nearer. Stephen brought me two letters as soon as the mail was in. One was to be given to father if he were strong enough to bear it. He knew it all as soon as I said 'Alf.' He held my hands as if he must cling to something. He tried to give thanks, but we both cried so that he could not speak."

After a moment, Helen went on: "I dreaded to tell T.ddie, I knew she would be so excited. She came in this morning and Agnes told her. Agnes would not let her come to me till she was

quiet. I don't know how many times to-day I have read those two letters to father. He will ask me again to-night before he goes to sleep. Agnes is with him now: he likes to hear her talk. He listens to her as Con listens to me when I tell her stories!"

"How well Agnes is growing."

"Isn't she? A long rest may restore her to comparative health. I did not dare hope for that. She is anxious to be doing something for herself. I have had to promise her that she shall, as soon as I think her strong enough. I teach Con an hour every day; she wanted to do it, but I vetoed *that*. I am puzzled to know what I can find for her to do. Just think, Marion, before next Saturday I shall see Alf!"

"I can't believe it yet," said Marion.

"I pity people who have no happy tears to shed."

Helen was smiling with the tears rolling down her cheeks. "It seems years since that Saturday night."

"And Trudie's book, Miss Helen; how things have happened!"

"And something else, Marion. I am glad you and Tom are good friends. That letter was no news. I had a feeling about it. Tom always sounded more than the six letters when he said *Marion*."

"Miss Helen!" spoke Marion abruptly. "I wish he wouldn't write to me. Mother doesn't understand and you do not. He writes to me just as often as he does to Josie—no oftener. It worries me to have people think what isn't."

Underneath the petulance, Helen detected the feeling that "worried" her. She was silent; if it were so, how could she prevent or help it?

"Miss Helen,"—sorrowfully, with the vexation all gone,—"it hurts me to have Tom write, and to have people think what isn't. Mother is so old-fashioned. She thinks, and I can't do anything. I don't want to leave off writing. His mother thinks so, as mother does; I know she does from what she says to me. Josie knows better; she knows we are good friends, and that's all! Can't you tell me what to do?"

Marion's head drooped very low, her voice quivered, and her face was flushed with shame. "He likes me too well to hurt me, and yet he is doing it all the time. Helen, *can't* you tell me what to do?"

"Yes, dear," drawing her closer. "I know what I would do. I would tell my Father all about it. He loves Tom and you both. He

will not suffer it to go wrong, or either of you to be hurt, if you tell Him about it."

Marion could not say that she *had* asked God to take care of it.

"And must I keep on writing?"

"Ask Him. I don't know. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and *He shall direct thy paths.*' Do you believe that?"

"Oh yes," with a quick breath; "and you are *sure* it will be right, Miss Helen?"

"As sure as I am that He has promised. It's worth trying, isn't it?"

"Oh yes."

"Marion! Marion!" shouted Will from the kitchen doorway.

Helen heard a voice calling, "Nell, where are you, Nell?"

"Trudie says it's worth being sorry for to be so glad," Helen said as they stopped at the gateway, "but I don't think I ever can be so glad as I have been sorry."

"Can't you?" wondered Marion; "why I can be more glad."

"Perhaps I will say so next Saturday night," said Helen, turning to the house.

Perhaps she would say so that very Saturday night, for even as she spoke, the gate opened, and a tall figure with a dark bearded face stood within, recognizing her and waiting for her to speak.

But Marion passed through the gateway, not hearing Miss Helen's low cry.

Will was waiting for her, pulling the leaves off a maple branch.

"Don't you want to walk up the lane with me as far as the sheep pasture?"

"Well, since you asked me so politely, I think I will."

It was not to talk to her that he had asked her to come, she began to think, for he did not speak till they reached the sheep pasture and he had taken down the bars.

The sheep were waiting, "huddled together like one bunch of wool" Marion said, stooping to put her arms around the neck of a lamb that had been nursed in the house when its mother died.

"I must take this one under the window for Eloise to see. How gentle lambs are, Will!"

"You wouldn't say so if you could see them fight. What a pretty view of the whole village we have from here!"

Will's tone betrayed that something was coming.

Marion gave the lamb a parting caress, and it started on a run to join the flock that were now half way down the lane.

"Did you bring me up here to tell me that?" she asked. "Why there's some pennyroyal."

Will flushed as easily as a girl, only the tan kept him from being as pretty and delicate as Marion.

She picked the pennyroyal while waiting for a reply.

"Do you remember that description of an Eastern village I was reading to you last night, Think of such a place as that,—misery, cruelty, vice, ignorance and poverty,—and now look at Sunny Plains, bright, peaceful, happy Sunny Plains!"

Will leaned back against a post, turning his face away from her.

"That's mercury on that post," said Marion, —then in a changed tone, "I know what you mean, Will. Sunny Plains is full of peace because—but we can't help that other village, Will."

"Can't we?" he exclaimed eagerly, standing upright. "I might go there, Marion."

"O Will! Don't say that! Miss Helen has just found *her* brother, and I shall lose mine."

"Why, Marion?" was the surprised and sorrowful reply.

Marion gathered another bunch of pennyroyal, Will waiting for her; then they walked down the lane far apart, not speaking. All Marion's wilfulness was roused; other people might go, but she wanted *her* brother to stay with her!

When they reached the gate, Will spoke, "I don't see how it *can* be; no way is open. I can't leave *father* struggling along under his mortgage. If I *am* called to go, I'll be sent, so I won't worry. I don't want to say, Here am I, send me, if I am not called. But if a way should be opened, you will help along, won't you? You will not make a fuss?"

"What a word for a missionary in embryo to use!" smiled Marion. "No, I feel better about it. I'll come and make you a visit some day, come and help, maybe."

"Tom Nelson was full of being a minister till his father was taken sick and he had to go to learn a trade. He has go-ahead enough in him now to do it: he told me he would, if it were not for his mother and the children. He says Sam shall be a minister if he wants to, if he has to



work night and day for it. I haven't the hindrances Tom has: he and I are the only boys in Sunny Plains who care for an education, of *that* kind, I mean. It seems too bad for happy little Sunny Plains not to send out one to tell the good news. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Marion slowly, thinking more of Tom Nelson's desire to be a minister than anything else.

"If father could spare me, I'd try it. I can work."

Marion was thinking that if she could teach music she could help Will.

"As mother says, Will, 'don't set your heart too much upon it.' I'll pick pennyroyal for Eloise, and by-and-by I'll find a greater means of doing good."

"Alf Chase could have been anything he wanted to," continued Will, "and he ran away from what I would work all my life to get."

"Shouldn't you think he'd be ashamed to come to Sunny Plains?" asked Marion. "Everybody knows about his running away, and how he has not written all this time! It's all the braver for him to come, though. I suppose the longer he stayed away, the harder it was to come back. I believe Miss Helen loves him as much as I do you, Will, and he doesn't deserve half of it."

"I'm afraid you wouldn't have given a very warm welcome to the prodigal son," said Will, looking amused.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't," was the quick reply. "Josie and I get very indignant over Alf Chase. I am sorry I wasn't willing for you to go, Will; if I could help you I would. If I get my piano I'll give you all I can."

"Lend me, you mean. I would give it to you double. I'll give it back in time for you to get married with," returned Will laughing.

Marion went in to give Eloise the pennyroyal, and was met with the joyful tidings that Alf Chase had come home. Con had run in all in a flutter, to say he was upstairs with Helen and the minister, and she and Agnes were "being glad downstairs."

## CHAPTER XX.

### VILLAGE GOSSIP.

"That very law which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course."

Helen knew this Saturday night that what-

ever sorrow might have been, joy was as much as she could bear.

"Alf must marry and settle down," his father said, as if he were afraid of losing him again.

"Settle down, I certainly will, father." The reverence and tenderness in his voice brought a world of comfort to Helen.

"So, Alf, your poverty kept you away from your old father," said the minister, touching Alf's hand with his feeble fingers.

"I have not succeeded in any one thing I have attempted to do. I have been shipwrecked twice, losing each time everything but the clothes I stood in. I would not come to you a beggar till I heard that you were growing old and very sick; then I would have come in rags. I could not write, because there was nothing but the truth to tell, and that I would not do. I have been shipwrecked; I have been robbed; I have been in hospitals in foreign lands; evil has attended every step of my way. I am a poor good-for-nothing, father."

"But you have come home to be good for something. Helen will show you your grandfather's will. By and by I shall be strong enough to ride over to your farm with you, and in a little while, Alf, you and Helen will have all that is mine. Honor God with it, my children; that is all I ask."

As they were leaving their father's chamber, Alf passed his arm around his sister, and looking into her face, he said: "My unworldly sister, where have you kept yourself that the dust of the world has not blown over you?"

"Out of the way of the wind," she replied, raising her clear, frank eyes to his.

"Then I will keep out of the way of the wind, too," he said, kissing her.

"Alf, I shall be so glad to awake in the morning."

"You never will unless you go to sleep. Your eyes look now as if they would never shut."

They stood at the entrance of her chamber, each holding a lighted candle.

"You look as if you expected I would vanish before morning, Nell. If I were as much a spirit as you look, I wouldn't dare promise to stay. Good-night."

Helen found Agnes waiting for her in her chamber. Con had fallen asleep on Helen's bed; Agnes sat at the window wrapped in a shawl.

Helen went to her and kissed her. "I did not forget you, Aggie, but there was so much to say. Father feasted his eyes first on Alf, then on me. Did you see Alf?"

"Yes, I was in the hall when you came in. He isn't like you, Helen."

"No, Alf is handsome. You must sleep with me to-night. I am too glad to sleep alone. He looks as if he had been a good boy, Agnes."

The little world of Sunny Plains had much to say about the return of the minister's son.

"I think," observed one old lady to Mrs. Lathrop, "that he is very bold to come back among us as if he hadn't done a shameful thing. If my son had done it, Sunny Plains would hoot at him! But the Chases are rich, so they can do anything. He walks into church with his sister as bold as if he had not left her alone for ten years, and his poor old father walks up and down leaning on his arm as proud as if it wasn't a broken reed. I would rather my son had finished the matter up and never come back."

"As the father of the prodigal son said," added Josie, seriously.

"And he looks around," continued the old lady not noticing the interruption, "as if he was expecting the whole parish to admire his handsome face, and he takes off his hat full of foreign airs."

"I suppose he caught them abroad," laughed Josie. "One hat full of foreign airs will do Sunny Plains good."

"Oh, of course he'll turn all the girls' heads," retorted the old lady. "You'll all be running to the Parsonage more than ever! I would like to know all his adventures, but they are such a dignified set that you can't ask any of them any questions. Just as likely as not, he got his living in some dishonest way."

Her mother's eyes stopped the repartee on Josie's lips.

But Josie had the comfort of telling Marion what she would have liked to say.

In September, a dozen copies of Trudie's book were sent to her. She told Agnes that she did not step on the earth, she sailed around in the air. A copy of "Minnie Carleton" was given to Eloise, one was kept in Marion's upper drawer. Helen's was laid among the books she read every day. Agnes declared that it was a wonderful thing to have the autograph of the author in her copy: the "love" of such a one was more than she had ever dared aspire to.

Josie lent hers to her Sunday-school class, delighting the author with their raptures over it. Trudie's mother read hers with eyes too dimmed with tears to see the words. One stood out in its fresh binding among the old books in the Sunday-school library, and four were arranged upon the shelves of the book-case in the author's own chamber.

"You'll come down, young lady," laughed Alf. "Wait for a crushing criticism. Just wait till you read 'evidently the work of a young writer.'"

Such a criticism there may have been, but Trudie did not see it to be crushed by it.

The first one Trudie found she took in great glee to her admirers at the Parsonage.

Marion regarded Trudie as having already a world-wide reputation.

The criticism ran on this wise:

"An admirable book for the young, pervaded by a truly Christian spirit, and at the same time sparkling with geniality and humor."

For some time Alf teased Trudie by breaking into "Sparkling and Bright," at her approach.

Trudie once stopped at the gate of the Parsonage with the startling announcement that she had seen one of her books at the Mt. Pleasant book-store. At another time she heard a stranger speaking of "Minnie Carleton" in terms of highest praise.

The days of October "hurried so," Eloise dolefully affirmed that the last day came and the last night before she was at all prepared for it.

"I don't know why it is, Marion," she said when upon the last night of her stay Marion opened her bedroom door to bid her the second good-night, "but it did not seem so hard to go away last summer. I have loved everything so this summer, and—come here, please,"—Eloise drew her face down to her lips,—"I love you, Marion. I don't want to leave you."

"I love you, too, Wesie, but I am coming to see you, don't you know! I will stay two weeks if I can. Just think what good times we shall have! And you have next summer to think of; that will be even better than this."

"It can't be, but I shall be satisfied if it be as good."

"Now, Wesie, you ought to go to sleep."

"Well, I suppose you must go. I will lie and watch the Parsonage windows. I like to think that Miss Helen's brother reads to his

father every night. Perhaps he was on an island like Enoch Arden, and that's why he didn't come home. I like to watch windows; I have windows to watch at home. You must not look sorry to-morrow, Marion."

"No, I'll look glad," said Marion, taking Eloise's arms from her neck.

The first day of November was clear, almost warm,— "too pleasant to leave the country in," sighed Eloise.

"I'll write to you all winter," was Marion's

parting promise. "And in the first letter I'll send you the prettiest maple leaves I can find."

"But I like this shady old house better than anywhere; you can't put it all in a letter. Be sure to come in the winter, Marion."

"Yes, I'll be sure to come."

Marion laid no stress upon Eloise's parting words, but she cried over them afterward.

"Be sure to come in the winter, Marion."

(To be continued).

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## WORK.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been?

"I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;  
I've been grinding the grist in the mill hard by;  
I've been laughing at work, while others sigh;  
Let those laugh who win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?

"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;  
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;  
I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;  
Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?

"I've been watching the nest where my fledgings lie;  
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;  
By and by I shall teach them to fly,  
Up and away, every one!"

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?

"To fill my basket with precious pelf;  
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;  
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,  
Be it a thistle or be it a rose—  
A secret worth the knowing?"

Each content with the work to be done,  
Ever the same from sun to sun:  
Shall you and I be taught to work  
By the bee and the bird that scorn to shirk!

Wind and rain fulfilling his word!  
Tell me was ever a legend heard,  
Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred;  
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?

—Selected.

## The Home.



### HOW TO MAKE A LIVING.

BY GEO. CARY EGGLESTON.

#### THE VALUE OF MONEY.

##### ITS RELATION TO OTHER THINGS.

Every bookkeeper knows that tyros in his business find nothing so difficult of comprehension as the nature of cash and its place in the economy of mercantile affairs. It is difficult to make the student of accounts understand that cash comes by purchase quite as truly as any other merchandise does,—that what money one gets one must pay for, and that there is an exact limit to the value of dollars and cents, which must be kept in mind in purchasing money with other things, just as the value of other things must be kept in mind when they are to be bought with money. With the young bookkeeper, however, the difficulty is a technical one principally, and is soon mastered; while the rest of us are apt to blunder on through life with a very faint conception, or no conception at all, of the real relation of money to other things. The trouble comes from the fact that we express values usually in terms of money, and so we come to regard dollars and cents as of fixed and certain value, as constituting an invariable standard by which to measure everything else. A unit of measure gets to be, in some sort, an ultimate fact; and we take it as a starting-point. The pound, the foot, the gallon,—these we know are fixed measures, and, understanding them, we do not care, commonly, to go behind them with inquiries of any sort. And we are apt to place the dollar in precisely the same category of fixed things; assign to it a certain value; and, while we measure everything else by it, let it go without any measurement at all.

##### ITS VALUE NOT A FIXED ONE.

In point of fact, however, money is not of fixed and certain worth at all. I speak, now, not of paper promises to pay, which are always reducible to their value in gold, but of gold itself. When the gold dollar will buy two bushels of

wheat, and other things in proportion, it is really and truly worth just twice as much as it is when it will buy but one bushel. In other words, its purchasing capacity is the real measure of its value. Now, this purchasing capacity varies in different countries and at different times in the same country; wherefore, it is evident, the real value of money varies at different times, and in different places quite as truly as does the value of any other article of commerce. And it varies for precisely the same reason, too. If the cost of production,—i. e., the amount of labor necessary to the production of a given quantity of gold,—be increased or diminished without a corresponding increase or diminution in the cost of producing other things, the purchasing power (which is the value) of gold undergoes a change at once. And if for any reason the cost of producing other articles of daily use be enhanced or diminished, without a corresponding change in the cost of gold production, there must be a proportionate change in the value, as there is in the purchasing power of gold. We cannot always trace these results to their ultimate causes, for the reason that there may be, and usually is, a complexity of cause which baffles us, but we know the fact nevertheless, that the value of money is measured by its purchasing power,—in other words, that money is worth just what it will buy—no more and no less.

All this seems simple enough, and yet it is a fact constantly overlooked, and forgetfulness of it is a fruitful source of error on the part of individuals as well as of communities, and it is necessary, for the purposes of this little book, that the reader shall impress upon his mind in the outset this truth, that *money is an article of varying value, worth what it will buy, and no more.*

##### THE COST OF MONEY.

It seems a sufficiently evident truth that we cannot afford to pay more for any article than it is worth, and in most of our dealings we bear this truth in mind,—but how many of us are there, who distinctly and constantly recognize

the fact that we must pay for what money we get, and that we cannot afford to pay more than it is worth? We constantly forget that we get literally nothing in this life without paying for it in some way. If we read a book for the sake of the information, or the culture, or the amusement it is capable of giving us, we must pay for what we get, in a valuable commodity, *time*. If the time spent in reading be worth less to us than the culture, or the information, or the amusement which the reading brings, we do well to purchase at the price,—to give the thing of smaller for the thing of greater value. And this is true of everything else. We cannot have money, or friends, or culture, or ease, or comfort, or amusement, or pleasure, or any other desirable thing whatever, without paying, in one way or another, for what we get: and so it becomes our duty in every case to learn accurately the value of the coveted thing, and the price we must pay for its possession. If the price be too high, we should forego the desired good, as one which we cannot afford to buy. If, on the other hand, the thing wanted is to be had at a sufficiently small cost, we do well to buy it. It is not enough that the thing wished for shall be a good and desirable one. It must be better and more desirable than that which we must give in exchange for it, or we cannot afford to purchase it at all. Books are good things, doubtless, and so are pictures and statuary. Comfortable homes are of great worth. Travel is an excellent educator. All these and a hundred other things are desirable certainly, but they can only be had at a certain cost in time or money, or both, and the question whether or not we should have them, depends wholly upon that other question, whether or not they are worth to us more than their cost. There is no doubt of their desirability, but it is not every one who can afford them.

What is true of all these things is true also, and equally, of money. It is worth something, certainly. It is worth a good deal, too, but it is not worth everything. It is a good thing to have, but it is not the only good, or even the chief good, to be sought in life. Each of us needs it, and some of it we must have, but there is a limit to the amount of it which we can afford to buy, and beyond that limit we may not wisely go. The trouble is, commonly, that we think and talk about *making* money, when in point of fact we do nothing of the kind. Whatever money we get in the world we *buy* quite as truly and quite as directly as we buy the clothes upon our backs. Every man begins life with certain possessions.

These are his muscles, his intellect, his skill at work of any kind, his education, his health, his energy, his character and whatever property he may happen to have inherited. With these he must buy whatever desirable things he gets in life,—books, houses, lands, money, and everything else. If he be a wise man he will take care not to pay more for any of these than he can afford; but few of us, unfortunately, are wise in this regard. Knowing very well that we may live and be comfortable with small possessions, in the way of money and property, we, nevertheless, overwork ourselves now and then,—paying in precious health a price we cannot afford to pay, for money that we really do not need; or we sacrifice something of character for the sake of increasing our purchases of things which are of infinitely smaller worth; or we starve our intellects that we may buy more wealth, becoming poor, that we may seem to be rich. There are a hundred ways in which we are constantly liable to make bad bargains in purchasing wealth, and the very first lesson in economy is this: *Be careful that you do not buy money, or its equivalent, at too high a price.*

There are very few people who do not feel the need of more money and property than they have, and feeling this daily and hourly, it is only natural that we should come to think of money, which is the representative of all property, as of greater worth than it is. We are in constant danger, therefore, of buying it at too high a price, and from first to last there is nothing more essential than that we shall avoid this error. To do this, each of us must determine, from time to time, how much money he can afford to make. Beyond the necessity of providing for his own and his family's absolute wants, the making of money becomes a mere question of one's ability to buy. "I have not time to make money," said Agassiz, and with all his ability to amass a fortune almost without effort, he died owning nothing except his library and a mortgaged homestead. The making of money would have been very easy to him. His vast store of knowledge might have been turned into popular books and lectures, almost without labor, and money would have flowed into his lap. He had need of money, too, and could have used it to better advantage than most men can. But he could not afford to buy it. The cost he must pay for it was time, and he felt that to be more precious than anything else. His hours were worth more than the money they would buy, and he, being a wise man, refused to

purchase at a price which he thought too high.

Time is not so valuable to every man as it was to him, but time is not always the only thing one must pay, and there are but very few of us who do not, in one way or another, pay too high a price for the money we get in the world,—very few who do not buy more money than they can afford, and there is no worse extravagance possible than this.

Each of us has certain aspirations in life. There are certain things which each of us would like to accomplish, and for the accomplishment of which the possession of money is necessary. For the most part these aspirations are worthy ones, or at least not unworthy. But their accomplishment is not absolutely necessary—if we be rightly constituted people—even to our own happiness, and we must be careful not to let our zeal for these things mislead us as to their value and the value of the money necessary to their accomplishment. But above all we should never forget that while money is an excellent means, it never can be a worthy end. It is an excellent servant, but the worst of all possible masters. It strengthens our hands for all purposes, but has no value whatever except in its use.

Now we all know precisely what money will purchase, and so we have an exact measure of its worth constantly at hand. We know that a given amount of it will enable us to live in a certain way; to have certain comforts and luxuries; to indulge certain tastes; to relieve a certain amount of distress; to accomplish certain desired ends. Knowing this, and knowing precisely how desirable it is to live in this way, to have these comforts and luxuries, to indulge these tastes and to accomplish these ends, we have only to ascertain precisely how much of economy and of labor, how much of self-sacrifice, how much of the sacrifice of those dependent upon us, we must give,—in short, what price we must pay for these things, to know whether or not we can afford them. If we can accomplish the ends we have set before us at reasonable cost, we should do so by all means. If we cannot, then we have no right to accomplish them at all. We are, in that case, precisely in the predicament of a man who wishes to live in a costly, well-appointed house, but is without the money necessary to pay for the luxury.

#### TOO MUCH MONEY.

The truth is that most of us make more money than we can afford. We begin by spending too

much, indulging extravagant tastes, and living in a style which requires not more money, perhaps, than we can make, but more than we can afford to make. In order that we may do this we overtax our strength in work; deny ourselves needed rest; pinch our souls in a hundred ways; impoverish our minds; deny ourselves the advantages of reading, leisure, study and travel; and sometimes cut short our lives. Can there be doubt that, in all such cases, we pay more for the thing we get than it is worth?

It should be our care, then, not to set before ourselves too great a task in life. We should begin with small ends in view, and allow our purposes to widen when the means for their accomplishment shall be ours. We should beware of creating an artificial necessity for money, lest that necessity leads us to buy the commodity at an extravagant price.

In this, as in everything else, it is of the utmost importance that we shall decide in advance what we intend doing in life. A vague purpose to make a good deal of money, and do a good many other things, is about the worst one with which it is possible to begin life. As a rule, he that does two things will do neither well, and it is important that every young man shall determine precisely to what end he will live. Without doubt, Mrs. Barbauld spoke truth when she said, that "any man may become rich if he chooses to pay the price," but the price is usually a very high one. In this country, one can make money in considerable quantities, if he devote himself to the task to the exclusion of everything else, but it is by no means easy for one to become rich, while he is accomplishing anything else. If you would become learned, your time and your energies must be given to the task of acquiring knowledge. If you desire to make a name for yourself, you must add attention and industry to what talent or genius you may have, and pay the whole for the reputation you seek. If you would be rich, you must deny yourself all other good things,—you must give your days and nights, your thoughts, your energies, to the making of money; you must restrain your hand when you would be generous in almsgiving; you must deny yourself luxuries and comforts; you must forego most of the pleasures of life, and devote yourself wholly to the one task of getting and keeping money. This is the price which most of us must pay if we would be rich, and it is the price, too, which most men, who have become rich, have paid.

There are exceptional cases now and then, but they are too rare to be taken into the account in this place. *As a rule*, one must forego the thought of becoming rich, if he would accomplish anything else in the world, and the choice ought to be made at the start. The trouble is, that many of us are constantly trying to get wealth and hoping to get it, while we steadily refuse to pay the price. We even allow ourselves to grow unhappy, sometimes, over our failure to get that for which we deliberately refuse to pay. We live in a style which we can well enough afford, perhaps, but which precludes the possibility of amassing a fortune; we indulge tastes which are altogether commendable, but which cost us a good deal in time, money, attention or energy; we open our hands to the needy, as we ought, but as we cannot afford to do if we are to become rich; we pursue studies which enrich our minds, at cost of neglecting the getting of money; we entertain our friends, and keep our families in comfort, which is right and proper, but is not at all the way to make a great deal of money; and having thus used our means in buying innumerable other good things, we grumble at our inability to purchase that wealth for which, if we are to have it at all, we must forego all these things. Nothing is commoner than this, and nothing could be more unreasonable. We cannot eat our cake and have our cake, and it is the part of wisdom to decide whether we shall eat or keep it. If you set wealth before you as the object of life, the way is open and evident to the attainment of your end. You have only to surrender all other objects. Work without regard to anything else. Make all the money you can, and keep all you make. Stint your body and starve your mind and soul. The mere accumulation of money by these means is easy and certain, but the price you must pay is an outrageously high one. Yet it is the price which ninety-nine men in a hundred must pay if they would have wealth.

It is far better to abandon the idea of getting rich and to devote one's self to a higher purpose from the beginning. But some money we must have, and the question each should decide for himself in beginning life is, *How much money can I afford to make?* The answer will depend upon several other things. In the first place, you must ascertain what your money-making capacity is,—not in a vague, uncertain way, but positively. Knowing this you must determine also how much money you will be required to

spend, in living as you purpose living, and the difference will be the amount you can afford to save. An intelligent conception of one's purpose in life, kept steadily in view, will go a great way toward solving the problem of happiness or misery. It puts an end to vague longing and precludes discontent. It enables one to accomplish, at least approximately, the end he has set before him, and so makes of him a satisfied instead of a disappointed man. It puts fancy in harness and makes her help to draw the load.

#### THE DUTY AND THE DANGER OF MAKING MONEY.

##### THE LIMIT OF ONE'S RIGHT TO MAKE MONEY.

Having determined how much money you are capable of making,—how much you wish to make, and how much you can afford to make, it remains to be decided how much you have a right to make, for in this every man is subject to a limitation which he may not transcend without wronging himself and defrauding the world of its just dues. There can be no more positive error than the common thought, that every man has a right to make all the money he can by honest methods. Life brings duties with it, as well as privileges, and every man owes the world a debt which he must pay if he would be truly and perfectly honest. To refuse payment in this case is as positively a failure in honesty as to neglect it in any other. Every man owes it to the world to do the very best work of which he is capable. We live in daily enjoyment of a civilization wrought out by those who have gone before us, and in enjoyment also of the results of the work done by our fellows still living. The world gives us all these things, and in return we cannot honestly refuse to render our own best service. Disguise the fact as we may, the family of mankind is a community, each individual sharing, in one way or another, in the work of all the rest.

No man has a right, therefore, to devote himself so exclusively to the task of making money, as to neglect the doing of his best work in the world, or to unfit himself for its doing. The force of this is felt most strongly when one comes to determine what his business shall be. Professor Agassiz was bred a physician, and might have made the practice of his profession much more lucrative than he could ever hope to make the work he chose to do in the world. But while he might have been a useful and prosper-

ous man, writing prescriptions in some European city, he would, in that case, have defrauded the world not only of the scientific discoveries he made, but also of the museum at Harvard, one of the completest natural history collections in the world, which was built up almost exclusively by his skilled labor. We should have lost, too, the influence he has exerted upon the educational system of the country; the school at Penikese; the hunger and thirst for scientific information which are working a revolution, not in our schools only, but in our lives as well. The world would have lost all these merely that Louis Agassiz might accumulate a few thousands of dollars. And the rule we apply to his case is applicable to all. It is given to few men to accomplish the tenth part of that which he did, but every man may do far more if he choose his work wisely and conscientiously, than if he determine it merely by the test of its pecuniary productiveness.

Besides the general duty of every man to do the work for which nature has best fitted him, every man owes it to himself so to choose his business as to secure the largest intellectual and moral growth, and the greatest degree of happiness to himself and to those around him. All these things should have their weight not only in the choice of a business, but equally in its pursuit, and all these things limit the right of a man to make money.

#### THE GENERAL RULE.

The general principle involved may be stated in a few words, as follows: *It is the duty of every one to make money enough to supply the reasonable wants of himself and of those dependent upon him. It is his privilege to make as much more as he can without sacrificing worthier ends.* The application of this principle will be seen in subsequent chapters, and in its application to individual cases it leads to various results. It prompted Agassiz, as we have already seen, to forego the easy accumulation of money in order that he might do that work for which he was so eminently fitted, and which the world so greatly needed. On the other hand, such men as Stephen Girard and Peter Cooper have been impelled, by identically the same principle, to the laborious accumulation of enormous wealth, as the implement with which alone their equally excellent work might be done. Had Agassiz made money, his work must have been neglected. To Girard and Cooper the making

of money was an essential part of the task set them.

#### SOURCES OF ERROR.

There are so many pleasant things connected with the possession of wealth, and man is so prone to think those things good which are agreeable, that every one of us is in danger of magnifying both the duty and the privilege of accumulation. We are apt to think ourselves best fitted for those things at which we can most readily, and most surely, make money, and here is a danger to be avoided. Without doubt, our ability to make a calling profitable is, in some sense and to some extent, a measure of our fitness for it; but that it is not always a correct measure is evident. There is another danger, too, to be guarded against, namely, that as our accumulations increase, the desire to accumulate will grow with them, until it becomes a genuine passion, in which case it is sure to override every other consideration, and make of us mere machines for making money, than which no fate can well be worse. The birth and growth of this passion is almost always imperceptible, and hence the danger is one which can be guarded against only by the utmost watchfulness of an alert conscience. To avoid it with certainty, one must keep constantly in view the purposes for which he is making money, never allowing himself for a moment to regard the money itself as an end worth working for.

These general principles are not in any sense new. They have been stated so often that I should gladly omit them here but for the fact that they are constantly neglected in practice. Upon them rests the whole body of the ethics of money-making. Their statement here is necessary, too, as a foundation for what follows. It is necessary for the reader to understand, in the outset, the point of view from which we are to consider our subject, and to this end I recapitulate the principles upon which this little treatise rests, as follows:

1. It is both the right and the duty of every man to make money enough to supply the reasonable wants of himself and his family.
2. It is the right and, in some sense, the duty of every man to make as much more money as he can, consistently with his obligations to himself, his family, and the world at large.
3. Every man must pay for whatever money he gets, and the price of wealth is very much



greater than most men can afford to pay, and much greater than most men are willing to pay.

4. Money is good as a means to the accomplishment of worthy ends, but as itself an end, it is utterly unworthy of human effort, wherefore its pursuit, except as a means, must of necessity be debasing.

(To be continued.)

## TRUE ECONOMY IN CARE OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I have a few words to say to mothers on a point of domestic economy. In a country like ours, where there are few large estates and where almost every father of a family is subjected to some kind of labor, either for the maintenance of those who are dear, or the preservation of possessions on which they are to depend when he shall be taken from them, the duty of the "help-meet," to lighten as far as possible these burdens, by a consistent economy, is too obvious to need illustration. To adapt whatever may be entrusted to her care, to the best ends, and to make it subservient to the greatest amount of good, should be her daily study. The same judgment which so admirably regulates food and clothing, it would be desirable to apply to another and a higher department. It is to mothers, with the care of young children, that these remarks on economy are peculiarly addressed. They have the charge of immortal beings, whose physical, mental and moral temperament, are, for a long period, exclusively in their hands. Nothing save the finger of God has written on the tablet, when it is committed to them. It is important that they secure *time* to form deep and lasting impressions.

Let them, therefore, devote their first strength, and their utmost effort, to the highest duties. The heart soon develops itself, and asks culture. Through the feelings and affections it bursts forth, even while the infant is considered not to have advanced beyond animal nature. The preferences, the passions, reveal themselves, like the young tendrils of the vine, reaching out feebly and blindly. The mother must be assiduous, in teaching them where to twine. While the character of the babe is forming, let every action and indication of motive be a subject of observation. But how can she be ade-

quate to this, if the whole attention to the personal comfort of several young children devolves upon herself? If she is to make and mend their articles of dress, bear them in her arms during their period of helplessness, and exhaust herself by toils throughout the day, and watchings by night, how can she have leisure to study their varying shades of disposition, and adapt to each the fitting mode of discipline, as the skillful gardener suits the plant to the soil! Will she not be sometimes moved to apostrophize them, like the leader of the wandering, repining Israelites, "How can I *alone* bear your cumberance and your burden, and your strife?"

The remedy is, for the mother to provide herself with competent assistance, in the sphere of manual labor, that she may be enabled to become the constant directress of her children and have leisure to be happy in their companionship. This would seem to be a rational economy. The thrifty village-matron, when she returns from church, takes off her Sunday dress, and deposits it in its accustomed place, substituting one better fitted to her household duties. She is not blamed for preserving her most valuable garment for its appropriate uses. Let every mother pay herself the same respect, which the good farmer's lady pays her "bettermost gown," not the homage of a miserly parsimony, but a just protection in freshness and order, for fitting and dignified offices.

"My husband cannot afford to hire a nurse for the little ones," said a young friend. "We have so many, that we must economize."

Her mother suggested that the expenditure should be saved in some other department of housekeeping, in the toilette or in luxurious entertainment. But the counsel was not accepted by the daughter, who, in her zeal for economy, failed to comprehend its elementary principles.

She commenced her task with vigor, and confidence in the correctness of her own decision. Sickness in the various forms that mark the progress of dentition, and neglect of slight diseases in their first symptoms, came upon her young family. Uninstructed by experience, she gave powerful medicines for trifling maladies, or summoned and teased physicians, when Nature was simply perfecting her own operations. The children who had emerged from infancy, were indulging bad dispositions, and acquiring improper habits. She knew it. But what could she do? She was depressed by fatigue. The wardrobe of her numerous little ones continually

required her attention. It would not do for them to be unfashionably clad, or appear worse than their neighbors. So, the soul being most out of sight, must suffer most. Blindness to evil, or hasty punishment, rendering it still more inveterate, were the only resources of her hurried and hurrying mode of existence. For her, there seemed no rest. If health returned to her young family, mental diseases were disclosed. She became spiritless, nervous and discouraged. She was harassed by the application of force among the inferior machinery. When it was necessary that power should be brought to bear upon the *minds* committed to her care, she was painfully conscious that her energies had spent themselves in other channels. Running up the shrouds like a ship-boy, the helm, where she should stand, was left unguided. The pilot, steering among rocks, does not weary himself with the ropes and rigging, which a common sailor as well manages, and better understands.

The temper and constitution of the young mother became equally impaired. Her husband complained of the bad conduct and rude manners of the children. "What could she do? She was sure there was nothing but toil and trouble, by night and by day." This was true. There was an error in economy. The means were not adapted to their highest ends. She was an educated woman, and a Christian. Her children should have reaped the advantage of her internal wealth, as soon as their unfolding minds cast forth the first beam of intelligence. But she led the life of a galley-slave, and their heritage was in proportion.

Is this an uncommon example? Have we not often witnessed it? Have we not ourselves exhibited some of its lineaments?

The proposed remedy is to employ an efficient person in the nurse's department. I say *efficient*, for the young girls to whom this responsibility is sometimes entrusted, are themselves an additional care. "I am not willing," said a judicious father, "to place my infant in the arms of one with whom I would not trust an expensive glass dish." Half-grown girls are not the proper assistants to a young mother. They themselves need her superintendence, and create new demands on time already too much absorbed.

"I know she is small," says the mistaken parent, "but she will do to *hold a baby*."

Holding a baby is not so slight a vocation as

many suppose. Physicians assert that deformity is often produced, by keeping an infant in those uneasy positions to which a feeble arm resorts; and health and life have been sacrificed to accidents and falls, through the carelessness or impatience of an over-wearied girl. The argument for the substitution of an immature nurse, drawn from the circumstance of the saving of expense, is doubtless futile; for the apparel and means of education which a conscientious person feels bound to provide for a young girl, will equal the wages of a woman. In many departments of domestic labor, the help of minors is both pleasant and profitable; and the lady who brings them up properly, confers a benefit on the community, and may secure to herself lasting gratitude and attachment.

But the physical welfare of infancy is of such immense importance, that it seems desirable that those whom the mother associates with herself in this department should have attained full strength, both of mind and body. Moral integrity, patient and kind dispositions, industrious habits, and religious principles, are essential to the faithful discharge of these deputed duties, and to render that influence safe, which they will necessarily acquire over the little being whose comfort they promote. Such qualities are deserving of respect, in whatever station they may be found; and I would suggest, both as a point of policy and justice, the attaching higher consideration to the office of a nurse when her character comprises them.

To the enquiry, why this kind of assistance is more needed by the mother in our own days, than by her of the "olden time," by whom the care of children, the operations of the needle, the mysteries of culinary science, and all the complicated duties of housekeeping, were simultaneously performed, without failure or chasm, the natural reply is, that the structure of society is different, and from an educated parent the modern system of division of labor asks new and extended effort. She requires aid, not that she may indulge in indolence, but that she may devote the instruments entrusted to her to their legitimate uses. There is, perhaps, no sphere of action where indolence is both so fatal and so sinful as in that of a mother of young children. She is a sentinel who should never sleep at her post. She cannot long be relieved without hazard, or exchanged without loss. She should therefore be careful of her strength, her health, and her life, *for her children's sake*. If she em-

ploy a subaltern, it is that she may give herself more exclusively to their highest and best interests.

Let her be persuaded, whatever may be the demands upon her time, or their advantages for gaining knowledge from other sources, *to spend systematically a portion of time in their daily instruction.* Let her also be with them when they retire at night, to review the day's little gatherings and doings, and to point the tender spirit to the Giver of all its gifts. Let the period devoted to them, be as far as possible uninterrupted by the presence of others, and chosen, in the morning, before care has seized the teacher's mind, or temptation saddened the beloved pupil. Let the time be spent in reading some book adapted to their comprehension, which conveys useful knowledge or moral and religious instruction, questioning them respecting its contents, and adding such illustrations as the subject, or their peculiar state of intellect and feeling, may render appropriate; having it always understood that at night some recapitulation will be expected of the lessons of the day.

The mother who regularly does this, will find herself in the practice of a true and palpable economy. She will be induced to furnish herself with new knowledge, and to simplify it, for those whom she seeks to train up for the kingdom of heaven. She will not strive to combine fashionable amusement or dissipation of thought with her solemn and delightful obligations. She will labor as "ever in her Great Task-Master's eye," to do for the minds and souls of her children, that which none can perform as well as herself, which, if she neglects, may not be done at all, and which, if left undone, will be a loss for which Eternity must pay.—*From "Letters to Mothers."*

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### SELECTED RECIPES.

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**HORSERADISH.**—This root, scraped, is always served with hot roast beef, and is used for garnishing many kinds of boiled fish. Let the horseradish remain in cold water for an hour; wash it well, and with a sharp knife scrape it into very thin shreds, commencing from the thick end of the root. Arrange some of it lightly in a small glass dish, and the remainder use for garnishing the joint: it should be placed

in tufts round the border of the dish, with one or two bunches on the meat.

**BOILED FRENCH BEANS.**—To each half gallon of water allow one heaped tablespoonful of salt, a very small piece of soda. This vegetable should always be eaten young, as, when allowed to grow too long, it tastes stringy and tough when cooked. Cut off the heads and tails, and a thin strip on each side of the beans, to remove the strings. Then divide each bean into four or six pieces, according to size, cutting them lengthways in a slanting direction, and, as they are cut, put them into cold water, with a small quantity of salt dissolved in it. Have ready a saucepan of boiling water, with salt and soda in the above proportion; put in the beans, keep them boiling quickly, with the lid uncovered, and be careful that they do not get smoked. When tender, which may be ascertained by their sinking to the bottom of the saucepan, take them up, pour them into a colander; and when drained, dish and serve with plain melted butter. When very young, beans are sometimes served whole; when they are thus dressed, their color and flavor are much better preserved; but the more general way of dressing them is to cut them into thin strips. Time: very young beans, 10 to 12 minutes; moderate size, 15 to 20 minutes.

**BAKED OR BOILED CARROT PUDDING.**—Half pound of bread crumbs, four ounces of suet, quarter pound of stoned raisins, three-quarter pound of carrot, quarter pound of currants, three ounces of sugar, three eggs, milk, one-quarter nutmeg. Boil the carrots until tender enough to mash to a pulp; add the remaining ingredients, and moisten with sufficient milk to make the pudding of the consistency of thick batter. If to be boiled, put the mixture into a buttered basin, tie it down with a cloth, and boil for two and a half hours; if to be baked, put it into a pie-dish, and bake for nearly an hour; turn it out of the dish, strew sifted sugar over it and serve.

**GINGER PUDDING.**—One-half pound of flour, one-quarter pound of suet, one-quarter pound of moist sugar, two large teaspoonfuls of grated ginger. Shred the suet very fine, mix it with the flour, sugar, and ginger; stir all well together; butter a basin, and put the mixture in *dry*; tie a cloth over, and boil for three hours.

## Literary Notices.

### FUNGI: THEIR NATURE AND USES.

By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D.

Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. New York:

D. Appleton & Co. (Dawson Bros).

This volume opens up a department of Natural History to the general reader which is one of singular interest and one of great importance. Assisted by many illustrations the author takes up the nature and structure of fungi, their classification, uses, habits, cultivation, distribution, and influences. The work is sufficiently technical to enable the student to identify the different species, while at the same time it contains much of interest for those who merely seek general information in its pages.

#### POISONOUS FUNGI.

In estimating the influence of fungi upon man, we naturally enough seek in the first instance to know what baneful effects they are capable of producing on food. Although in the case of "poisonous fungi," popularly understood, fungi may be the passive agents, yet they cannot be ignored in an enquiry of this nature. Writing of the Uses of Fungi, we have already shown that a large number are available for food, and some of these real delicacies; so, on the other hand, it becomes imperative, even with stronger emphasis, to declare that many are poisonous, and some of them virulently so. It is not sufficient to say that they are perfectly harmless until voluntarily introduced into the human system, whilst it is well known that accidents are always possible, and probably would be if every baneful fungus had the word POISON inscribed in capitals on its pileus.

The enquiry is constantly being made as to what plain rules can be given for distinguishing poisonous from edible fungi, and we can answer only that there are none other than those which apply to flowering plants. How can aconite, henbane, œnanthe, stramonium, and such plants, be distinguished from parsley, sorrel, watercress, or spinach? Manifestly not by any general characters, but by specific differences. And so it is with the fungi. We must learn to dis-

criminate *Agaricus muscarius* from *Agaricus rubescens*, in the same manner as we would discriminate parsley from *Ethusa cynapium*. Indeed, fungi have an advantage in this respect since one or two general cautions can be given, when none such are applicable for higher plants. For instance, it may be said truly that all fungi that exhibit a rapid change to blue when bruised or broken should be avoided; that all Agarics are open to suspicion which possess an acrid taste; that fungi found growing on wood should not be eaten unless the species is well known; that no species of edible fungus has a strong unpleasant odor, and similar cautions, which, after all, are insufficient. The only safe guide lies in mastering, one by one, the specific distinctions, and increasing the number of one's own esculents gradually, by dint of knowledge and experience, even as a child learns to distinguish a filbert from an acorn, or with wider experience will thrust in his mouth a leaf of *Quercus* and reject that of the white clover.

One of the most deleterious of fungi that we possess is at the same time one of the most beautiful. This is the *Agaricus muscarius*, or Fly Agaric, which is sometimes used as a fly poison. It has a bright crimson pileus started with pale whitish (sometimes yellowish) warts, and a stem and gills of ivory whiteness. Many instances have been recorded of poisoning by this fungus, and amongst them some British soldiers abroad, and yet it cannot be doubted that this fungus is eaten in Russia. Two instances have come under our notice of persons with some botanical knowledge, and one a gardener, who had resided in Russia and eaten of this fungus. In one case the Fly Agaric was collected and shown to us, and in the other the figure was indicated, so that we might be under no doubt as to the species. Only the hypothesis can be advanced in explanation. It is known that a large number of fungi are eaten in Russia, and that they enter much into the domestic cookery of the peasantry, but it is also known that they pay considerable attention to the mode of cooking, and add a large amount of salt and vinegar, both of which, with long boiling, must be powerful agents in counteracting the poison (probably somewhat volatile) of such fungi as the Fly Agaric. In this place we may give a recipe published by a French author of a process for rendering poisonous fungi edible. It must be taken on his authority, and not our own, as we have never made the experiment, notwithstanding it seems somewhat feasible:— For each pound of mushrooms, cut into moderately small pieces, take a quart of water acidula-

ted with two or three spoonfuls of vinegar, or two spoonfuls of bay salt. Leave the mushrooms to macerate in the liquid for two hours, then wash them with plenty of water; this done, put them in cold water and make them boil. After a quarter or half hour's boiling take them off and wash them, then drain, and prepare them either as a special dish, or use them for seasoning in the same manner as other species.

This method is said to have been tried successfully with some of the most dangerous kinds. Of these may be mentioned the emetic mushroom, *Russula emetica*, with a bright red pileus and white gills, which has a clear, waxy, tempting appearance, but which is so virulent that a small portion is sufficient to produce disagreeable consequences. It would be safer to eschew all fungi with a red or crimson pileus than to run the risk of indulging in this.

Not only are species which are known to be poisonous to be avoided, but discretion should be used in eating recognized good species. Fungi undergo chemical changes so rapidly that even the cultivated mushroom may cause inconvenience if kept so long after being gathered as to undergo chemical change. It is not enough that they should be of a good kind, but also fresh. The employment of plenty of salt in their preparation is calculated very much to neutralize any deleterious property. Salt, pepper, and vinegar, are much more freely employed abroad in preparing fungi than with us, and with manifest advantage.

#### INFLUENCE OF FUNGI ON PLANTS.

Wherever we encounter decaying vegetable matter we meet with fungi, living upon and at the expense of decay, appropriating the changed elements of previous vegetable life to the support of a new generation, and hastening disintegration and assimilation with the soil. No one can have observed the mycelium of fungi at work on old stumps, twigs, and decayed wood, without being struck with the rapidity and certainty with which disintegration is being carried on. The gardener casts on one side, in a pile as rubbish, twigs and cuttings from his trees, which are useless to him, but which have all derived much from the soil on which they flourished. Shortly fungi make their appearance in species almost innumerable, sending their subtle threads of mycelium deep into the tissues of the woody substance, and the whole mass teams with new life. In this metamorphosis as the fungi flourish so the twigs decay, for the new life is supported at the expense of the old, and together the destroyers and their victims return as useful constituents to the soil from whence they were derived, and form fresh pabulum for a succeeding season of green leaves and sweet flowers. In woods and forests we can even more readily appreciate the good offices of fungi in accelerating the decay of fallen leaves and twigs which surround the base of the parent trees. In such places Nature is left absolutely to her own resources, and what man would

accomplish in his carefully attended gardens and shrubberies must here be done without his aid. What we call decay is merely change: change of form, change of relationship, change of composition; and all these changes are effected by various combined agencies—water, air, light, heat, these furnishing new and suitable conditions for the development of a new race of vegetables. These, by their vigorous growth, continue what water and oxygen, stimulated by light and heat, had begun, and as they flourish for a brief season on the fallen glories of the past summer, make preparation for the coming spring.

Unfortunately this destructive power of fungi over vegetable tissues is too often exemplified in a manner which man does not approve. The dry rot is a name which has been given to the ravages of more than one species of fungus which flourishes at the expense of the timber it destroys. One of these forms of dry rot fungus is *Merulius lacrymans*, which is sometimes spoken of as if it were the only one, though perhaps the most destructive in houses. Another is *Polyporus hybridus*, which attacks oak-built vessels; and these are not the only ones which are capable of mischief. It appears that the dry rot fungus acts indirectly on the wood, whose cells are saturated with its juice, and in consequence lose their lignine and cellulose, though their walls suffer no corrosion. The different forms of decay in wood are accompanied by fungi, which either completely destroy the tissue, or alter its nature so much by the abstraction of the cellulose and lignine, that it becomes loose and friable. Thus fungi induce the rapid destruction of decaying wood. These are the conclusions determined by Schacht, in his memoir on the subject.\*

#### CULTIVATION OF MUSHROOMS.

The cultivation of fungi in this country (England) for esculent purposes is confined to a single species, and yet there is no reason why, by a series of well-conducted experiments, means should not be devised for the cultivation of others, for instance, *Marasmius orades* and the morel. Efforts have been made on the Continent for the cultivation of truffles, but the success has hitherto been somewhat doubtful. For the growth of the common mushroom, very little trouble and care is required, and moderate success is certain. A friend of ours some years since was fortunate enough to have one or two specimens of the large puff-ball, *Lycoperdon giganteum*, growing in his garden. Knowing its value, and being particularly fond of it when fried for breakfast, he was anxious to secure its permanence. The spot on which the specimens appeared was marked off and guarded, so that it was never desecrated by the spade, and the soil remained consequently undisturbed. Year after year, so long as he resided on the premises, he counted upon and gathered several specimens of the puff-ball, the mycelium continuing to produce them year after year. All parings, frag-

\* Schacht, "Fungous Threads in the Cells of Plants," in Pringsheim's "Jahrbuch," Berlin, 1863.

ments, &c., not utilized of the specimens eaten were cast on this spot to rot, so that some of the elements might be returned to the soil. This was not true cultivation perhaps, as the fungus had first established itself, but it was preservation, and had its reward. It must be admitted, however, that the size and number of specimens diminished gradually, probably from exhaustion of the soil. This fungus, though strong, is much approved by many palates, and its cultivation might be attempted. Burying a ripe specimen in similar soil, and watering ground with the spores, has been tried without success.

As to the methods adopted for cultivation of the common mushroom, it is unnecessary to detail them here, as there are several special treatises devoted to the subject, in which the particulars are more fully given than the limits of this chapter will permit. Recently M. Chevreul exhibited at the French Academy some splendid mushrooms, said to have been produced by the following method; he first develops the mushrooms by sowing spores on a pane of glass, covered with wet sand; then he selects the most vigorous individuals from among them, and sows or plants their mycelium in a cellar in a damp soil, consisting of gardener's mould, covered with a layer of sand and gravel two inches thick, and another layer of rubbish from demolitions, about an inch deep. The bed is watered with a diluted solution of nitrate of potash, and in about six days the mushrooms grow to an enormous size. The cultivation of mushrooms for the market, even in this country, is so profitable, that curious revelations sometimes crop up, as at a recent trial at the Sheriffs' Court for compensation by the Metropolitan Railway Company for premises and business of a nurseryman at Kensington. The Railway had taken possession of a mushroom-ground, and the claim for compensation was £716. It was stated in evidence that the profits on mushrooms amounted to 100 or 150 per cent. One witness said if £50 were expended, in twelve months, or perhaps in six months, the sum realized would be £200.

Immense quantities of mushrooms are produced in Paris, as is well known, in caves, and interesting accounts have been written of visits to these subterranean mushroom- vaults of the gay city. In one of these caves, at Mont-rouge, the proprietor gathers largely every day, occasionally sending more than 400 pounds weight per day to market, the average being about 300 pounds. There are six or seven miles' run of mushroom-beds in this cave, and the owner is only one of a large class who devote themselves to the culture of mushrooms. Large quantities of preserved mushrooms are exported, one house sending to England not less than 14,000 boxes in a year. Another cave near Frépillon was in full force in 1867, sending as many as 3,000 pounds of mushrooms to the Parisian markets daily. In 1867, M. Renaudot had over twenty-one miles of mushroom-beds in one great cave at Méry, and in 1869 there were sixteen miles of beds in a cave at Frépillon. The temperature of these caves is so equal that

the cultivation of the mushroom is possible at all seasons of the year, but the best crops are gathered in the winter.

Mr. Robinson gives an excellent account, not only of the subterranean, but also of the open-air culture of mushrooms about Paris. The open-air culture is never pursued in Paris during the summer, and rarely so in this country. What might be termed the domestic cultivation of mushrooms is easy, that is, the growth by inexperienced persons, for family consumption, of a bed of mushrooms in cellars, wood-houses, old tubs, boxes, or other unconsidered places. Even in towns and cities it is not impracticable, as horse-dung can always be obtained from mews and stables. Certainly fungi are never so harmless, or seldom so delicious as when collected from the bed, and cooked at once, before the slightest chemical change or deterioration could possibly take place.

Mr. Cuthill's advice may be repeated here. He says:—"I must not forget to remind the cottager that it would be a shilling or two a week saved by him during the winter, if he had a good little bed of mushrooms; even for his own family, to say nothing about a shilling or two that he might gain by selling to his neighbors. I can assure him mushrooms grow faster than pigs, and the mushrooms do not eat anything; they only want a little attention. Addressing myself to the working classes, I advise them, in the first place, to employ their children or others collecting horse-droppings along the highway, and if mixed with a little road-sand, so much the better. They must be deposited in a heap during summer, and trodden firmly. They will heat a little, but the harder they are pressed the less they will heat. Over-heating must be guarded against; if the watch or trial stick which is inserted into them gets too hot for the hand to bear, the heat is too great, and will destroy the spawn. In that case artificial spawn must be used when the bed is made up, but this expedient is to be avoided on account of the expense. The easiest way for a cottager to save his own spawn would be to do so when he destroys his old bed; he will find all around the edges or driest part of the dung one mass of superior spawn; let him keep this carefully in a very dry place, and when he makes up his next bed it can then be mixed with his summer droppings, and will insure a continuance and excellent crop. These little collections of horse-droppings and road-sand, if kept dry in shed, hole, or corner, under cover, will in a short time generate plenty of spawn, and will be ready to be spread on the surface of the bed in early autumn, say by the middle of September or sooner. The droppings during the winter must be put into a heap, and allowed to heat gently, say up to eighty or ninety degrees; then they must be turned over twice daily to let off the heat and steam; if this is neglected the natural spawn of the droppings is destroyed. The cottager should provide himself with a few barrowfuls of strawy dung to form the foundation of his bed, so that the depth when all is finished, be not less than a foot,

Let the temperature be up to milk heat. He will then, when quite sure that the bed will not overheat, put on his summer droppings. By this time these will be one mass of natural spawn, having a grey mouldy and thready appearance, and a smell like that of mushrooms. Let all be pressed very hard; then let mould, unsifted, be put on, to the thickness of four inches, and trodden down hard with the feet and watered all over; and the back of a spade may now be used to make it still harder, as well as to plaster the surface all over." Mushrooms are cultivated very extensively by Mr. Ingram, at Belvoir, without artificial spawn. There is a great riding-house there, in which the litter is ground down by the horses' feet into very small shreds. These are placed in a heap and turned over once or twice during the season, when a large quantity of excellent spawn is developed which, placed in asparagus beds or laid under thin turf, produces admirable mushrooms, in the latter case as clean as in our best pastures.

#### LUMINOUS FUNGI.

Recently an extraordinary instance of luminosity was recorded as occurring in our own country.\* "A quantity of wood had been purchased in a neighboring parish, which was dragged up a very steep hill to its destination. Amongst them was a log of larch or spruce, it is not quite certain which, 24 feet long and a foot in diameter. Some young friends happened to pass up the hill at night; and were surprised to find the road scattered with luminous patches, which, when more closely examined, proved to be portions of bark or little fragments of wood. Following the track, they came to a blaze of white light which was perfectly surprising. On examination, it appeared that the whole of the inside of the bark of the log was covered with a white byssoid mycelium of a peculiarly strong smell, but unfortunately in such a state that the perfect form could not be ascertained. This was luminous, but the light was by no means so bright as in those parts of the wood where the spawn had penetrated more deeply, and where it was so intense that the roughest treatment scarcely seemed to check it. If any attempt was made to rub off the luminous matter it only shone the more brightly, and when wrapped up in five folds of paper the

light penetrated through all the folds on either side as brightly as if the specimen was exposed; when, again, the specimens were placed in the pocket the pocket when opened was a mass of light. The luminosity had now been going on for three days. Unfortunately we did not see it ourselves till the third day, when it had, possibly from a change in the state of electricity, been somewhat impaired; but it was still most interesting, and we have merely recorded what we observed ourselves. It was almost possible to read the time on the face of a watch even in its less luminous condition. We do not for a moment suppose that the mycelium is essentially luminous, but are rather inclined to believe that a peculiar concurrence of climatic conditions is necessary for the production of the phenomenon, which is certainly one of great rarity. Observers as we have been of fungi in their native haunts for fifty years, it has never fallen to our lot to witness a similar case before, though Prof. Churchill Babington once sent us specimens of luminous wood, which had, however, lost their luminosity before they arrived. It should be observed that the parts of the wood which were most luminous were not only deeply penetrated by the more delicate parts of the mycelium, but were those which were most decomposed. It is probable, therefore, that this fact is an element in the case as well as the presence of fungoid matter."

#### PROSPECTS OF THE STUDENT.

In conclusion, we may urge upon all those who have followed us thus far to adopt this branch of botany as their speciality. Hitherto it has been very much neglected, and a wide field is open for investigation and research. The life-history of the majority of species has still to be read, and the prospects of new discoveries for the industrious and persevering student are great. All who have as yet devoted themselves with assiduity have been in this manner rewarded. The objects are easily obtainable, and there is a constantly increasing infatuation in the study. Where so much is unknown, not a few difficulties have to be encountered, and here the race is not to the swift so much as to the untiring. May our efforts to supply this introduction to the study receive their most welcome reward in an accession to the number of the students and investigators of the nature, uses, and influences of fungi.

\* Rev. M. J. Berkeley, in "Gardeners Chronicle" for 1872, p. 1258.

## Notice.

### RECONCILED POWERS.

The meeting of these sovereigns at Venice recently was a noteworthy incident, the full significance of which will perhaps only be understood in the light of future events. Some surprise was at first expressed that the Queen of the Adriatic should have been chosen as the place of meeting, it being considered as fraught with unpleasant memories for the House of Hapsburg; but the Venetians showed they could afford to let bygones be bygones, and the Austrian banners which they, during their subjection to the Imperial yoke, used to tear to pieces were hoisted to welcome the sovereign they once abhorred. Municipality, nobles and populace vied with each other in doing enthusiastic honor to the guest of their King; no expense was spared, either publicly or privately, in the decorations and illuminations which Venice is so fitted by nature to display, and the whole reception was a grand success. Our engraving represents the two monarchs as they sat side by side in a gondola going up and down the long canals and shooting under the Rialto—far famed features of this grand historical city. Victor Emmanuel II., King of free and united Italy, was born March 14th, 1820, and received the crown of Sardinia from the hands of his father, Victor Emmanuel I., after the desperate battle of Novara, 23rd March, 1849, in which the Sardinian army was worsted, in the hopes that he might be able to make better terms with the conquering Austrians. The new King bravely carried on freedom's battle, and, assisted by wise Ministers, has had his persistence rewarded in being now King of Italy, free and united from the Alps to the Adriatic. Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria, was born August 18th, 1830, and succeeded to the throne 2nd December, 1848, on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I., brought about by Francis Joseph's mother, Sophia, a Bavarian Princess, on account of his having made certain promises of constitutional concessions to his subjects. Under the ill-judged advice of his mother, who was leader of the Ultramontane and reactionary elements

that prevailed at Court, the new Emperor's reign was a very troubled one, and though for a time he managed to crush the Hungarians and frustrate all attempts by the Italians to throw off the Austrian yoke, yet it was seen that he was fighting a hopeless battle against ideas that would ultimately prevail. The Concordat granted by him in 1855, conferring certain extraordinary privileges on the Romish Church, roused the Liberals over Europe, and was the precursor of the war with France, whereby he lost the greater part of his Italian provinces. The crushing blow dealt Austria at Sadowa was the culminating point of the misfortunes brought upon that Empire by the unwise policy hitherto followed by her ruler. Her remaining possessions in Italy had to be surrendered, and she was shut out from the leading position she had hitherto occupied in the Germanic Confederation, which was assumed by Prussia, her victorious rival. She was on the brink of falling to ruin, and, convinced at last by the terrible logic of events, the Emperor had to change his policy entirely. He called to his aid Count Von Beust, the great Protestant statesman of Saxony, and under his wise direction a more constitutional state of things was inaugurated, the Concordat modified, Hungary conciliated and bounds set to Ultramontane arbitrariness. Although Beust, who is now the Austrian Ambassador to England, had to lay down the reins of power owing to the intrigues of reactionists, the Emperor was too wise to give them into the keeping of the latter, and Count Andrassy, his present Premier, is following up the wise course of statesmanship Beust began. Ecclesiastical laws almost as severe as those of Prussia have been enacted to curb clerical influence, although the Vatican is too politic as yet to add the Emperor to its enemies. The meeting of the two Sovereigns at Venice is said to have been mainly to come to a mutual understanding as to the policy to be followed towards the papal power, and in reference to the election of a new Pope.



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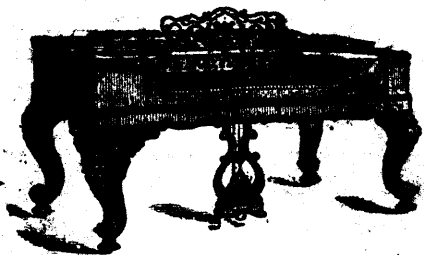
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