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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1873.

## JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

### SPROUTING.

They tell us that A was the first of the letters invented, and that it was originally the picture of an ox ("Aleph"); first the ox, then the ox's head; then a mere outline, V; then the outline reversed, for convenience in writing, A. But it seems to me that "I" comes first and most naturally; for nearly all my acquaintances begin their letters with I; and, to tell the truth, I had a dip of ink on my pen to begin these sketches by saying "I—." Then I thought I would do violence to egotism for once. Yet "I" by itself is certainly the most important of the letters; and ought by right to come first. Under such influences, almost every author begins, either in text or preface, to say something about himself—who he is and where he comes from—and especially if he is of a "good family." Now the Kanacks are an old family; we have authentic documents showing that our direct ancestor came over from the Old World in an antique vessel of gopherwood, many years before the launching of the "Mayflower." And another proof of our being one of the "first families," in the best sense of priority and seniority, is that when Americans and other foreigners speak of the people of Canada, they call us all Canucks, or as more properly spelled, *Kanacks*—after the name of the first settlers.

As might be expected, my first remembered glimpse of the sky was through the green branches of the maples. In fact, sun and moon have always been associated in

my mind with the woods and trees. It was long before I could convince myself that the moon did not move through the branches, or that the sun did not go down among the woods to the west of us, for a horizon without trees was to my childhood a thing contradictory and impossible. The river Erne (*Eern* as our neighbors called it) was a mile or two away—not that I did not know the distance, but there were various points at which to strike the river. The straggling village of Gorton, with its half-built single street and its great red weather-boarded mill, was a few miles up the stream; and the Lake with its blue waves and watery horizon, was more than a day's journey further down. We had a post-office, with the latest improvement of a semi-weekly mail, nearer than Gorton. It was Skeendle, as spoken on our concession; but Skendle as stamped (by the smoke of a tallow candle) on the back of our letters. It was two miles away; just along the next concession. And around it were a grist-mill, a blacksmith shop, a shoemaker, and—a distillery. Skendle was ambitious at that time of being a town; an unworthy ambition it has long since abandoned. It is now a picturesque little place, with more churches than stills, more stores than taverns, more shade-trees than sidewalks, and more decent people than rogues. Perhaps I may flatter myself that the influence of the Kanacks has not been lost upon the place.

Probably everyone has the habit more or less of thinking his own people are *the* people, and that all the rest of the world

are outsiders—in fact of little account. To me it seemed (forty years ago) that a circle of thirty or forty miles diameter, taking in Gorton and Skendle and the fine fishing-places of the Erne at about its centre, comprised the chief part of what was valuable and important in the world. And it was no wonder therefore that all that happened in the neighborhood was of great moment in my eyes, and took a somewhat firm place in my memory. And at this distance of time, the necessity of the "Ancient Mariner" seems still upon me; and I must find some "wedding-guest" or other to whom my tale must be told. Do we understand each other? Well then!

After puddling round the little creek for several summers, catching little shiners and engineering innumerable hydraulic undertakings, and whittling round the big open fire for as many winters, a solemn vote was taken in family council (in my absence!), and I was duly informed that it had been deliberately decided that "John must go to school." I scarcely liked the look of things. I did not like the master—he had once been unsound in his mind, and I made the most of the circumstance—and it was some distance, "and I should have to go alone!" The fates were against me: I must start! In those days a dole of public money was given to every teacher who applied for it, and brought evidence that he had taught a regular school under self-elected or other trustees for at least three months. And each scholar was charged two dollars a quarter—if the master was not "boarded;" or a dollar and a half if the master boarded a week for each scholar. My master was a family man; and so two dollars was the rate. The temple of learning in this case was a little weather-beaten frame building, with a long desk fastened to each wall, and a few benches—mere planks supported on four legs—in the centre of the room. My toes did not quite reach to the floor; and I often wished that when they were building the house they had made the floors a little higher! Noah Webster was in the ascendant with us as to spelling and reading; but the edition we patronized did not reflect much credit on the book-binder; for before we got to "ba-ker" and "la-dy" the

boards—they were "boards" of thin pine covered with paper—were generally off; along the road somewhere. When weather got colder, the master discovered a weakness for popped corn. He would put a handful on the hot stove; and as soon as a kernel flopped his jacket inside out, he would eat it; and watch for the next pop. It was quite beyond the virtue of little boys to see this performance without taking measures to share in it. So, no sooner did the corn begin to fidget on the stove, than somebody wanted the master in another part of the room; and when he got back, his corn was all gone. "All jumped off!" the boys said; but the master had his suspicions.

The school was intermittent; and there were long spells at home. But the ability to read and write opened up a new world to me. We made a great effort and joined with a neighbor and took the Toronto *Whacker*. It was published on Tuesdays and Fridays, and we got it in three or four days after date. In it, besides the proceedings of the Upper Canada Parliament, and six to eight weeks' old English news, was always a chapter of Sam Slick, which I hugely enjoyed. Whether it was that, like as Artemus Ward said of Chaucer, the author "couldn't spell," or why it was written just as Yankees talk, I could not tell; but to read "in a paper" exactly the same kind of talk I heard from boys of American extraction at school, was not only entertaining but profoundly perplexing. It set me thinking whether I could not be an author myself; and before I was ten years old, I had planned out a Dictionary on some vastly improved pattern; and if the ambition of being an author had not been supplanted by a still stronger ambition of being an orator—and if both had not been utterly swept away by a most enthusiastic and bewildering passion for a little brown-eyed girl with slightly-freckled cheeks that sat opposite to me at a second school I attended for a short time,—I don't know where I should have been carried. Sometimes also, but very seldom, we got hold of a copy of the New York *Albion*, and devoured its contents. I do not believe that the country, even in the backwoods, is one atom less favorable

to the proper education of the young mind than the city. I for one have never regretted my country life. What is read is remembered; and what is obtained for the mind is often obtained unmixed with associations that impair its value.

So things went on with us till the Rebellion broke out. I could not understand it—did not try to understand it. It was enough that there was *war* in the country, and that neighbors were embittered at one another by it. One of our neighbors, Chuff, took a very practical view of the situation. In answer to the anxious question, "Well, neighbor Chuff, what side do you take in these troublous times?" he replied, "I'll jine the side that takes the country!" And he never committed himself further than that. But Chuff had a worse trouble than deciding which side to "jine"; and that was with his front neighbor, Longwraith. Chuff had taken up the rear half of the "lot," and "Long" had settled on the front. Neither had their deeds; and Chuff was anxious that when Longwraith's deed was granted, there should be a provision in it guaranteeing *him* a road out to the concession. The other opposed this scheme of lot-crossing, both in the present and the future. In consequence, the feud ran high. And the neighbors, on such occasions as road-working, for instance, took a questionable delight in getting Chuff to give his enemy a "tongue-lashing." I was often a supernumerary at road-working, hoeing or spading a little "for fun;" pleased to be within ear-shot of the jokes and stories the farmers put in—with far more vigor than their work. If the eight statute hours could only be "put in," the amount of work done was quite a secondary consideration. So, once, Chuff with the most comical expression of countenance, and the strangest New-Jersey drawl, broke out with, "I say, Long, we're going to get up a *subscription* for you, sir!" "A *superscription* for *mea*? What are ye getting up a *supperscription* for *mea* for?" "Why sir, we want to buy a *coffin*, and have it ready for ye; for it would hurt ye awful to think any of yer money should go to buy a coffin; and so we'll have it ready for ye beforehand!" The joke kept the men all

in laughing humor the rest of the day. Seeing how well he had hit his crusty neighbor, Chuff attacked him again: "Long, you're too stingy to live: ye sell all ye kin sell; and what ye can't sell, ye give to yer *hogs*; and what yer *hogs* won't eat, ye eat *yerself*!" It was an unmerciful cut; for it came marvellously near the truth; and the neighbors knew it. But Chuff's confidence was once ruinous for the time to him, some years after the above. There was a public meeting of the ratepayers called at Skendle, to hear a proposition that the township should take \$25,000 in a railway then being launched. The more modern system of "bonuses" had not then been invented. The farmers generally opposed the scheme. A worthy doctor of the village was its only public advocate. Some city lawyers were out, to urge the great profits and advantages of the plan: "It would be a source of revenue to the municipality, and would soon relieve the township of *all its taxes*," etc. Chuff was there, in a patched homespun coat, and a black felt hat that had so entirely lost its primitive shape as to terminate in a point—a "regular hail-splitter" somebody called it. The sides of his mouth were twitching with anxiety to give the railway advocates a settling; and he was not hard to urge forward to oppose it. He said he "had known that 'ere lawyer since he was a little bit of an impudent shaver; and he would'nt trust him no further than he could throw a two-year-old bull by the tail! And it would be a good thing if some *lawyers* would stick to the plow-tail, and some *doctors* too!" (giving a mock-serious bow to the village doctor.) The aid scheme was voted down with noisy acclamation; and everybody told Chuff that it was he that had defeated the lawyers. A few days after, a similar meeting was held at the county town; and Chuff started off, determined to rout them again. But alas, he was not now among his neighbors. Few knew him there; and as soon as his outlandish oratory began to be heard, he was at once hooted off the rostrum. It must have nearly killed him.

In those days farmers would often get into a pinch for money. The circulating

medium was very restricted in amount, and when money was to be had (as for instance to pay on land) the banks were sometimes resorted to with an "accommodation note," till the harvest should come in. These things were managed very secretly; and a neighbor, when in search of an endorser, would often spend half a day talking of every possible thing before he would come to the point. The sums were generally two hundred or three hundred dollars. To ask an endorsement for more than this, without giving mortgage security, was supposed to indicate that a man's circumstances were getting desperate. Well, somehow, Chuff wanted two hundred dollars; but the neighbor whom he had followed from wood-pile to barn, and from barn to sugar-bush, all day, till finally he broached his errand, was doubtful about Chuff's ability to pay at the three months' end. "It would come due before harvest; and besides, you have a very small crop in this year." "Well, but when this *Commercial* note comes due, I mean to take it out of the *Gore*, and put it into the *Commercial*."

"And how will you do when the *Gore* note becomes due?"

"Why, then, I'll take it out of the *Commercial* and put it into the *Gore*; and I can keep on that way till next crop comes in!"

But his more cautious neighbor would not promise to begin this long financiering, and Chuff had to struggle through without bank aid.

Yet he had a kindly heart. The desire of being friendly and neighborly led him to do many a kind turn to his neighbors; who respected him for his simple honesty, as much as they were amused at his eccentricities. When passing through his little farm on some of my fishing expeditions, I was often struck with the air of originality and neatness about his humble abode. The thumb-latches of his doors were all wood, of his own making. I imitated them once

or twice at home; and they kept the doors for years. A snug milk-house, with accurately-hewn logs, stood a few feet from the door; and above it was a little "chamber" where some of his many boys slept at night—for he was rich in descendants. He had all kinds of labor-saving, inexpensive inventions. But he was very poor. The most he could say for himself was, "I am a poor man, and I am a saucy man, and I'm a ragged man; but I'm an *honest* man. And I've got *money* coming to me." He liked far better to work with others than to shoulder the burden of life alone. Some men are naturally communists. His near neighbor, Tyson, was not, however. Tyson left his wife and children and went to New Lebanon and joined himself to the Shakers. They give every brother his appropriate work; and he was found useful in cutting and splitting stove-wood all winter. In the Spring he came back again! Chuff came to our place one day, to invite all of us who were big enough to work, to a "dung frolic." When this was explained to us it meant that he had not removed the decayed straw and manure from about his barn for two or three years, and the task had become hopeless for himself and his one little team. When finishing what the "frolickers" had left undone, he thought himself that Abe, his eldest boy, might as well be handling a fork, helping him. But Abe was not to be found. By and by he came sauntering home with a gun over his shoulder. I used, when twelve or fourteen, to like a quiet half-day with the gun, myself; but Abe was quite beyond me, both in skill and devotion to the sport. The father reprimanded him for idleness, and threatened to give him a "hoss-whipping." Abe incautiously muttered something about "taking care!" and said something about "gunpowder stronger than *you*." Chuff's Jersey spirit was roused. He said, "With that, I tuck the gun, and chucked it about two rod; and then I did *smoke* the hoss-whip onto him?"

HUMILITY.—A FRAGMENT.

BY JOHN READE.

Oh lowly daughter of the Loftiest,  
Content to sit forever at Christ's feet,  
To whom He lovingly reveals Himself,  
Come with His message to my lonely soul,  
Which wanders on an ocean without bound,  
And wearies for the land that is unseen  
By sun or moon or stars, the blessed land  
Whose name is Peace that passeth human ken—  
The Peace of God.

Sometimes, as if in dreams,  
I see that blessed land; the pearly gates  
Are opened, and the glory, without name  
Even to saints on earth, is visible.  
And then the gates are closed and I awake  
And am as one who, having seen a friend  
After long years, must part with him again.

A friend! ah, yes! I know that I have friends  
Within that golden city, and have heard  
Their voices, mingling in the holy song,  
Whisper my name, as those far out at sea  
Hear sounds of home and chimes of Sabbath bells.

Come to my soul, sweet dove, 'Humility,  
God-sent, as once the Patriarch mariner  
Received the sign of God at peace with man,  
And earth restored. Come o'er the raging seas  
To me, and guide me to the Land of Peace.

As John, self-called unworthy, told of Him  
Who should come after him, the Holy One,  
So doth Humility prepare the way  
For Holiness that cometh from above.  
Saviour, who art the true humility,  
Who, being God, didst live and die for man,  
Whose dying lips did bless Thy vengeful foes,  
To Thee I cry. O Saviour, come to me,  
And fill my heart with Thy humility!  
If Thou but touch me, I shall be made whole,  
And pride and scorn and doubt shall pass away.  
Abide with me and fill me with Thy love,  
I'll all my being is possessed by Thee,  
And perfect love has put away all fear—  
For doubt is fear and faith in thee is strength,  
The strength that cometh of humility.

Lord, make me as a child who, though he sees  
Around him what he cannot comprehend,  
And feels the awe of many mysteries,  
Yet, knowing that his father is his friend,  
Fears not nor yet complains of aught withheld  
Of knowledge too profound for his young mind,

But waits his father's pleasure and good time.  
So let me trust in Thee with loving faith,  
Led by Thy hand and taught by Thy decrees  
The deep things of Thy purpose in the world,  
Which to the faithless seems a dreary waste,  
A Babel and a mockery of man,  
Albeit so wondrous and so beautiful.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Be still, "be still and know that I am God"—  
Thus hast Thou spoken, Lord of heaven and earth,  
Thus still Thou speakest! Oh, that men would hear  
And bow themselves before Thy majesty,  
And that their tower of pride might fall to dust,  
From which their souls might, new-created, rise!

"Come unto Me, ye heavy-laden ones."—  
Thus spake the Son, and thus He speaketh still,—  
"And I will give you rest." "The Comforter  
Will teach you whatsoever you ask of Him."  
Thrice blessed words, which promise rest and light  
To every soul that hearkens and obeys!

First pride must fall, and then the weight of sin  
Is felt, with yearning for deliverance  
And agonizing throes, until the soul  
Lies prostrate 'neath its burden. All around  
There is no help; all human aid is vain.  
Each soul must bear its burden all alone.  
"Come unto Me."—At last the words are heard,  
And the soul bounds with freedom newly won;  
And "I will give you rest," and peace is found.  
And comfort, the sweet comfort of pure faith,  
Banishes doubt, and everything is clear;  
As when the spirit brooded o'er the deeps  
Of primal chaos, and the young earth smiled,  
In grateful answer to the Source of light.

O precious Light, that maketh all things fair,  
The earth and all therein; the sweet spring flowers,  
And summer's riper glories, and the wealth  
Of autumn, and the pure, angelic snow  
That shields the lilies in their winter sleep!

O precious Light that fills the heart with love  
For all that liveth on the spacious earth,  
God's footstool, whence the eye of Faith  
May upward gaze to His celestial throne!

O precious Light, that fills the heart with hope,  
That sees in all the brightness of the earth  
A brighter glory; sees in every tree  
The tree of life, in every wayside well  
The fount of life eternal, in each hill  
The mount from which God's city may be seen!

## GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

## CHAPTER III.

## ANOTHER FALL.

"Still there was virtue; but a rolling stone—  
On a hill's brow is not more easily gone;  
The slightest motion ceasing from our care  
When down it rolls and at the bottom lies."

—Crabbe.

The baby had been sick and fretful all night, and Maude awoke with a dull aching pain in her head, ill prepared for the duties of the day; and these, as her dying mother had foreseen, were many and onerous. Her father procured a servant to do the heavy wash, and saw that his children were clad and fed, and thought he did all that was necessary. He was a very affectionate father, too, caressed and petted his children more even than is frequently seen; but he did not think of their having little griefs and joys, troubles and cares, in which they wanted sympathy, help, and encouragement. Mrs. Hamilton had always been her children's confidante; they came with all their trials and laid them at her feet, and she had soothed them. And now they came to Maude; and she—who was she to go to in her's! To none but God—the Friend her mother had directed her to. It is one of the strangest things in the complicated mechanism of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, that make up our life, this yearning for sympathy, for human sympathy. It is stranger still in its effects. "Telling won't make it any better," we all say when we are not in trouble; but when we are we feel that it *does* make it better. Our trouble is as great when we finish recounting it, but then we don't feel it as much. It is true, though, perhaps, not creditable to human nature, that "Misery loves a fellowship in grief." We can keep our joys much better to ourselves. We gloat over them in secret, and think there are surely none so happy as we are; but when trouble comes then the mirth and gladness of others jar on us, and we inwardly wish, if we do not

acknowledge it to ourselves, that they felt as we do.

This particular morning it seemed as if there were everything to worry poor Maude. The coffee was muddy, and her father spoke harshly and unthinkingly to her. He did not mean what he said, but Maude felt as if every rough touch wounded her deeply. Robert wanted his kite sewed, and she sat down to do it for him. He was very well pleased with it, and privately thought he had the best little sister in the world; but he did not tell her so,—forgot even to thank her, and with an uncared, unappreciated feeling she commenced the duties that devolved upon her. Hughie was to wash and dress, the baby to feed and take care of, and she would much rather have gone upstairs to cry. Her heart longed for her mother. If she could see her but for half an hour, tell her all her troubles, be caressed by her, she felt she would be better but she remembered her mother's last words, "I leave my babes with you." She must live for them, not for herself, and the old meek, submissive spirit came back. While she still thought, a quick, cheerful rap came to the door and in another moment Graham Drummond, flushed with his morning's game at ball, with a merry look on his honest face, came in. In a moment the bright joyousness faded as he saw Maude's, wearied, desolate look. He was shocked to see how thin and pale the cheek, that used to be so round and rosy, had become.

"Is there anything the matter with you? Can I do anything at all for you?" he asked gently.

The touch of sympathy opened the fount of tears, and Maude burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. Very much alarmed, Graham, in his anxiety to relieve her, would have gone for her father, but she prevented him.

"There's nothing wrong,—nothing more than usual at least," she said when she had found her voice; "Only I am so lonely,

Mother! Mother!" the wail broke forth again.

"Now don't take on so. I have lost my mother too. I know how you feel; but you have got your father and brothers and sisters, and I have no one but cousin Nora,—that's Mrs. Russel, you know."

"Is your father dead too?" asked Maude, in a fair way of forgetting her own trouble in sympathy for his.

"No, but I do not know where he is."

"Did you lose him?"

"No, but he went away and left mother and me; left us without anything to eat or any money. He used to drink," he added, lowering his voice. "He was a gentleman born, my father, and had an estate in the Highlands somewhere hereabout. I don't know how he lost it, but I think it was by drinking. He signed a deed or something, I don't know what, when he was intoxicated, making over the estate for some money to his cousin, who wanted it. He was terribly angry about it, but when it was done he could not help it."

"But what did you do when he left you. Didn't you go and look for him? Perhaps he fell into the river or something."

"No, for he left a letter telling us that he was going away, he did not know where, and that we—mother and I—were to go to Kenmure Lodge; that's Mrs. Russel's father's place, my uncle. Our landlady was very kind to us, for she knew mother was a lady, and she gave us some money to send a letter to uncle Avon, and he came for us and took us home with him, and it was after that mother died. She cried almost all the time and longed so to hear about my father."

"And did you never hear anything of him again?"

"No. Nora got married soon after mamma died, and she sent for me to come and live with her—and that reminds me of what I came to tell you. Mrs. Russel wants you to come up some afternoon soon and bring Helen and Hughie with you, when she is a little better."

"How did she know anything about me? asked Maude, in amaze, while a flush of pleasure stole over her face.

"Oh, you know I spoke of you, and she

has seen you at church. Won't you be glad to go?"

"Oh yes, I'll be so glad."

"I'll come in and tell you in the morning when you are to go, and I'll show you my pigeons and rabbits and Mr. Russel's Newfoundland dog Pomp. But I must run; school's in. Your father will scold me for being late."

There were no more tears, no more loneliness, for Maude that morning. The baby caught the infection of her happiness and they played till their merry voices penetrated the schoolroom underneath and brought a glow to Mr. Hamilton's heart and a smile to the eye of Graham.

The promised visit was not long delayed, and brought more pleasure even than was anticipated. Mrs. Russel liked the gentle, thoughtful little girl who was so motherly in her ways to the little ones as to make her smile frequently; and Maude told Graham, when he asked her how she liked Mrs. Russel, "that she did not believe there ever had been anybody as good and beautiful in the world as she was except mother."

The acquaintance thus begun was productive of the happiest effects to Maude. Mrs. Russel, generous and thoughtful, took her under her charge and instructed her in some of those accomplishments of which she was so fond herself.

When Mrs. Russel's health was so far restored that the glass of wine was no longer necessary, the force of habit remained upon her, and she continued taking it. She did not think she liked it or would have missed it, but she was sure, she said, it did her good; and her husband, glad that she would take it, procured the finest wines, for her.

Mr. Hamilton had not since that fearful night of his wife's death again broken his vow. He was very sorely tempted, for in Weston he could not enter a house without having it proffered to him; but knowing that his only safety was in total abstinence he had steadfastly declined, much to the surprise of the good people of Weston.

Mr. Russel, tired of the routine of country life, had been seriously talking of starting a manufactory of some kind in the



village. Wishing to have the opinion of those, whom long residence had made familiar with its resources, he invited the village bankers, two doctors, two lawyers and Mr. Hamilton to dinner.

As Mr. Russel made a pride of having a well-stocked cellar and sideboard, wines and liquors of the choicest brands were freely served.

"May I have the pleasure of drinking wine with you, Mr. Hamilton?" the fair hostess blandly asked. Not having the moral courage to say that he did not drink wine, he filled his glass and raised it to his lips. He preferred to debase himself in his own eyes rather than incur even the suspicion of want of gallantry in those of his hostess. After she had retired the conversation turned on the proposed manufactory. One of its strongest recommenders was Dr. Angus, who was loud in his praise of his host's liquors, and whose frequent applications to the bottle showed that he intended to enjoy them. He was a short, rubicund, jovial-looking man, with hair as woolly as a negro's almost, and temperament almost as excitable. His small black eyes twinkled out, half-covered by his bloated cheeks.

His rival, Dr. Fergus, was a very different man. He sat at the end of the table and only spoke when he was directly addressed. Any one watching his extreme temperance at dinner, the simple repast he took consisting merely of a small slice of beef, a piece of bread and a drink of water; the care which he took of his dress, living at table apparently in constant dread of having some one upset a gravy boat on his immaculate black coat and shepherd plaid trousers, would have felt that he was eccentric, and probably considered him small in his eccentricity. Nor would they have been far wrong. His mother, a narrow but strong-minded woman, who considered that virtue, goodness, and truth had no representative in the world save herself, had brought him up after her own heart. When a boy he was never suffered to play with his peers, lest he should be contaminated by them. When he went to college his mother accompanied him, going there on foot, for she was very poor. There was no danger of his getting into

bad habits in the city, or of getting any of his contracted views of life expanded, for he was not permitted by his mother (and he never thought of disputing her commands) to go anywhere, except to his class, without being accompanied by her. Never allowing him to forget that it was by the sweat of her brow he had obtained his educational advantages, she kept him closely at his studies. When the college session was over mother and son together sought employment amid the farmers of Mid Lothian, and by the strictest economy laid past sufficient to meet the winter's expenses. After his eight years of attendance had expired, Dr. Fergus left Edinburgh with a very excellent diploma, but knowing almost as little of men and life as when he entered it, his mother carrying on her back his slender wardrobe and her own. By his mother's command he settled in Weston, his native village, and being skilful, careful, and methodical, obtained considerable practice. His time was divided between the duties of his profession, taking care of a little Shetland pony, his mother had bargained for, and discovering what meats agreed and disagreed with his system. His mother of course presided over his house, and occupied her time in taking care of the Doctor, as she always took pains to call him, fretting herself lest he should take cold or get into bad company, taking care of her house plants, railing at mankind in general and the people of Weston in particular, getting herself into fits of indignation against the Pope and his lazy cardinals. She firmly believed that it was her mission, and that of her son, to warn the world of its wickedness, and that unless it speedily repented it would be destroyed. She would join no Christian church, though she regularly attended the Presbyterian.

She had taken great pains to dress him for this dinner, for she was ambitious for him, though she would not acknowledge it; and giving him great charges to take care and not eat too much fruit, and putting her head out of the front window looking into the street, to scream after him to take care and not stain his black coat, she had dismissed him with an umbrella. This last appendage was a part of himself; he had

never been seen without it, if he only went to call at a neighbor's on a warm bright June day. In summer it was a protection from the sun, and in winter from the cold and rain. No one was surprised at Dr. Fergus's silence on the topic under discussion for they knew he had not had an opportunity of consulting his mother as to what he should say; nor at his refusal to take wine, for his mother's sentiments on that point were well known, so he was allowed to sit at the end of the table and watch and listen while his more wordy rival kept the table in a roar.

"Come, Hamilton, try this punch. It is the best I have ever tasted. Why, is it possible you have not emptied one glass of wine yet?"

"Thank you, Doctor Angus; I prefer not to take any."

"Prefer not to take any," repeated the Doctor in a mocking, simpering tone; the liquor he had already taken was making him unguarded in his language. "Zounds, I should have thought it was a pretty, affected boarding-school miss that had answered so. Perhaps it does not agree with your constitution," he continued, in a drone so striking in its resemblance to Dr. Fergus's ordinary conversational tone as to excite a laugh. "Really, Hamilton, I did not think you were so squeamish. We will have to put Dr. Fergus and you at a table by yourselves and get bread soaked in warm water, sugar and a little milk for you."

Hamilton's face flushed; he was most sensitive to ridicule. It was a weapon he could use with telling effect against another, but could not bear that it should be turned on himself.

"Be social, Hamilton; fill your glass and give us your opinion on this subject."

Hamilton felt that the eyes of the company were on him, wondering at his reluctance, for though he had abstained, he had not come out as a temperance man. He was ashamed of his colors. There was a fearful struggle went on for a few minutes, ere he yielded; but the wrong had prevailed before, and, stronger now, drowned Conscience's warning voice. He filled a glass of liquor and drained it hastily becoming the life of the party, making the

old walls of Graigse Lea ring with the laughter his sallies occasioned. His glass was filled again and again ere the party broke up, and when he reached home it was to send the servant for a bottle of brandy, feigning the excuse of sickness (for one sin always make way for more), and to shut himself up in his room and drink till he lay in helpless intoxication on the floor. It was several days before he was able to take his place again in the school, and when he did so, the frank, open, friendly expression of his face had given way to one of shame and avoidance. Verily, sin maketh cowards of us.

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## CHAPTER X.

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FARLEIGH DRUMMOND.

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"And this man fell—fell, ay, without a look  
That durst appear his friend, or lend so much  
Of vain relief to his changed state, as pity."  
—Johnson.

"Who wants you, Arthur?" asked Nora of her husband, on his return to the drawing room, from which he had been called.

"There is some man dying down in the inn wants to see me. I can't think who it can be, or what he wants."

"But to-night, such a night! Do you hear how it storms? Oh, you can't go, dear."

"I must, I think; the man that came for me says the doctor does not think he will live many hours?"

"Which doctor is attending him?"

"Fergus. Poor Angus has been drunk for nearly a week."

"Such a wretch! What does his wife do?"

"Bears, I suppose, like other poor women. He turned her out of doors the other night with a babe no older than our sweet wee Mabel. A neighbor, hearing the noise, came and took her in, or I do not know how it might have ended."

"Such a shame! Here, hold Mabel a moment, till I get you a glass of wine; and see that that other little rogue of yours does not tumble climbing up that chair."

"Did you know that Mr. Hamilton has

been offered the situation of English master in the—Academy, Edinburgh?"

"No, I did not; is he going to accept it? I hope not, I should miss Maude so much."

"He is not sure yet. He is a clever fellow. I wonder if it is true that the sickness which keeps him from school occasionally is not sickness at all, but intoxication. I do not think it can be; he is always very reluctant to drink with me."

"I hope not, for Maude's sake. Poor child, she look as if something were troubling her very much. It amuses me very much to see the championship Graham takes over her."

"Yes, it is amusing; but its a good trait in him. But I must go. Good bye, dear. Good bye, curly head. Good bye, baby."

"Would you like me to go with you, Arthur?" Graham asked; "it is so dark and stormy."

"Well you may come. I may be the better of your company coming home."

And so they went together, preceded by the man who had brought the summons, down, through the snow with sleet and wind right in their face, till they came to the village. In the bar-room of the "Weston Arms" the smallest of the three taverns Weston supported, a knot of men were gathered round the blazing peat fire. At the entrance of Mr. Russel and Graham they made way for them, respectfully saluting them. While they warmed themselves, the doctor came out of an inner room and coming up to Mr. Russel shook hands, with him, drawing him a little aside. "I am glad you have come," he said, in his methodical, drawling way of speaking. "My patient is sinking fast; yes sir, very fast. Painful case, illustrates human depravity."

"Who is it? What does he want of me?" Arthur asked a little impatiently.

"We must look to you for information. I do not know who he is. His business he has not thought fit to communicate."

"When did this man that is dying come here?" said Mr. Russel, turning to the landlord, who was impatiently waiting for an opportunity to speak.

"He came here three days ago, your honor, and asked if there was a Mr. Russel in this neighborhood the first thing. We

asked him if he knew you, and he said, no. The very first night, sir, he drank deeply and in the morning he had the 'blue devils.' He has remained so ever since, enough to frighten anybody out of their wits to go near him; only about an hour ago he 'peared to get a little sensible, and asked me if I would send for you. He would like to see you before he died. He appears to be a gentleman, sir, and talks French or Latin, I don't know which, occasionally; got some Gaelic, too. Won't you take a glass of 'usquebaugh,' sir? It will warm you. Dreadful night, this, sir."

"No, thank you; I don't wish any. I am ready now. You had better stay here, Graham, he said, in a whisper; "if I want you I will call you."

He followed the doctor into the close bedroom, followed by the landlord, who whispered: "We were very full, sir, you see, and had to put him in here. Very sorry, sir; of course if we had known we have better accomodation."

Mr. Russel took no notice of the apology, though he thought it was required. The bedroom was situated in the back part of the house, and had only an earthen floor. A small square for the admission of light could not have let in much, for three of the four panes were of wood. The bed itself was of that kind still common in rural districts in the Highlands. It was built up in the wall, and had shutters to it, which were closed during the day-time, giving the impression that they were merely the partitions. Lying tossing on the bed, with only a coarse coverlet thrown over him, was a man of large, powerful frame. The doctor approached him softly.

"My dear sir, if you would only be quiet it would be much better for you."

"You're wrong!" the patient said, almost fiercely. "The more I toss the better it is for me."

"Well, my dear sir, I won't reason the point with you, though I could prove from undoubted authority that I am correct."

"Leave me, sir!" the sick man again spoke. "What is your authority or you either? Is Mr. Russel—Arthur Russel of Graigse Lea—sent for?"

"I was just going to inform you when you interrupted me," the doctor again be-

gan, in the same monotonous manner; but Arthur Russel stepped forward and said, "Leave him to me, doctor."

"You sent for me, I believe. I have come. If you have anything to say to me, I am willing to hear it."

The sick man stopped his tossing, and raising his head eagerly, looked steadily for a moment or two, as if he was trying to recollect something, at Arthur.

"Do you know me?" Arthur asked, when he had finished his scrutiny.

"No, I never saw you. You, you're Nora Avon's husband, are you not?"

"Yes, I am," answered Arthur, in his turn gazing steadily at the sick man. The face that he saw, wild and haggard as it now looked, must at one time have been an eminently handsome one. The high, broad, intellectual brow; the large, staring, bleared-looking eyes; the Roman nose, disfigured as it was by the effects of dissipation; the finely curved mouth; the well-formed, noble-looking head,—of all enough yet remained to tell what had been. But there was nothing familiar in that face or head. Yes, again, there was. It was like what or whom he could not tell. He was certain that till now he had never met the stranger before.

"I should like to see Mr. Russel alone for a few minutes," the sick man said, and his full voice had a tone of command in it, as if he were accustomed to be obeyed.

The doctor withdrew, and also the landlord, who had curiously stood at the door, anxious to get something to report to the knot at the fire. The doctor closed the door firmly, however, and he had to leave, unsatisfied.

After they had gone, the sick man lay still for a few moments, and a look of pain and embarrassment came over his face.

"You do not know me," he said at length, turning to Mr. Russel, who had been vainly striving to trace to its object a familiarity that was every moment getting more striking.

"No, I have never seen you, I am certain."

"Did you ever hear of Farleigh Drummond?"

"My wife's uncle? You do not mean you are not—"

"Yes, I am Farleigh Drummond. I thought you might not wish these gossips to know your relationship to the penniless drunkard." A ghastly smile spread over his features as he said this and noted the look of amazement and horror on Arthur's face. The smile passed away, and a cringing, almost idiotic, leer took its place. "Could not you get a glass of brandy for me, Arthur? It's cold here. That — doctor won't let me have anything but gruel—as if a man could do anything but die on that."

Almost mechanically Arthur rose. He felt as if he must be dreaming, and would shortly awake. He had heard Farleigh Drummond spoken of, as a fine, high-bred, courtly gentleman; the embodiment of chivalry and manliness. He knew he was connected with a noble Scotch family that claimed connection with royalty itself. He knew that he had fallen, deeply fallen, but Nora's faith in him had been so high when she spoke of him—she seemed to have such confidence that his noble talents would yet find a fitting development—that he would escape from the fatal demon that possessed him—that, unconsciously to himself, he had shared her hopes, and would not, did not wish to acknowledge to himself that this degraded, miserable wreck could be he. He got the brandy, and, in answer to Graham's eager enquiry, "Who is it? Do you wish for me, Arthur?" turned hastily away from him. The boy must not see his father, he thought. The recollection of him would be a life-long one of pain. The poor wretch eagerly clutched the glass, and drained it as if it had been water.

"There, I feel better. The doctor says I am going to die, but I don't think I am just yet. I have been as bad as this before. That night I came here I had not tasted food for twenty-four hours previously. I saw your marriage in the papers, Arthur, boy, so I thought I'd come and see you and Nora. Pretty name, Nora. My wife's name. Can you tell me where she is? She was a noble woman; too good for me. Yes, I know she was; and that was why I left her."

"She is dead," Arthur answered, curtly. He was disgusted with the maudlin, un-

connected talk of the half-intoxicated man.

The sudden announcement seemed to sober him.

"Dead! My poor Nora! Dead, and I—I broke her heart. Oh, Nora, Nora, there is none left to love me now." He hid his face; the strong excitement was too much for his weak, shattered nerves, and he wept bitterly. "I have wasted my life, and now there is no hope for me. No hope! My father taught me to drink when I was a mere boy. He told me it was manly; and see what it has brought me to! I had friends, wealth, popularity, an estate, a noble name, an honorable position in the army, as noble and beautiful a bride as the fairest in England, and now I have nothing. Oh, Nora, Nora!"—the affection and remorse which constant intoxication had almost drowned, arose anew in full force.

"My son, where is he?"

"He is here," Arthur answered.

"Let me see him before I die. I am dying, I believe. Let me see him, that I may warn him of his father's fate. Never allow him, Mr. Russel, to taste intoxicating liquors. Remember my fate. Tell him—no, I will tell him myself."

"Would you have your son's life haunted by the memory of your fearful degradation? It will be better for him not to know his father is here at all, than to see you as you are now.

"You are right. I am debased and degraded. I was born in God's image, and I have made myself a brute. The very talents which have raised other men to heaven have dragged me down to hell. Yes, to hell. You shudder. I have suffered its torments within and around me for the past few days. I have seen devils glaring at me from every corner of this miserable den. They have beckoned me and taunted and mocked—even now they are around me." The miserable man closed his eyes as if to shut out the dreadful vision. "It is best that my son should not see me; but tell him how I died—tell him what ruined me. Oh, save him from the same fate! I might have been saved but for my friends. I have resolved, aye, thousands of times,

that I would never again taste that cursed thing; but my friends held the cup to my lips and urged me to drink; and when I would not for urging, they have ridiculed me; but when I became poor—when I had wasted all my money on them and with them,—they turned their backs on me, and called me 'sot,' 'drunkard!' None clung to me save the wife I had so deeply wronged."

"Would you like to see a minister?" asked Arthur. He knew that the wretched man was not fit to die, and he knew not what to say to him.

"What will be the use? It pains me to talk. He will tell me 'The drunkard cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven.' And yet perhaps there is hope even for me," he said, springing up eagerly. "I have heard 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin.' Is that in the Bible? Are you sure? *All* sin."

"Yes it is. Mr. Vernon can tell you better than I can. I will send for him."

A messenger was dispatched for the minister, who lived at a short distance. Ere his arrival poor Drummond, to whom the excitement of meeting and talking to Arthur had given unnatural strength, fell back again groaning, in evident agony. When Mr. Vernon, a mild, earnest man, full of his Master's spirit, came, the sufferer was unable to speak; and from intense physical agony scarce able to hear.

"It will soon be all over," the doctor whispered.

Kneeling by the bedside, on the cold earthen floor, the wind and storm howling fiercely without, yet not half so fiercely as the tempest of despair and remorse in the breast of that dying man, the minister, comprehending the exigencies of the case, poured out an earnest, impassioned prayer] for the departing soul; pleading the fulness of Christ's sacrifice, the promises of mercy even to the chief of sinners. Farleigh Drummond seemed first to hear but to take no notice of the words that pled for him; but ere he had finished his head was bent forward in eager attention, and though his frame still quivered, his fixed earnest eye and moving lips seemed to be unconscious of it. The soul was struggling to free itself from a mightier torture

than physical pain. It gave no sign to tell of victory gained, for he never spoke sensibly again. We may not judge. We know

"That the ear of Him who heareth prayer,  
Is not shut to the voice of the slave's despair,"

be he the slave of human tyranny or of sin, that more fearful master still. A dreadful night of incoherent ravings, mad cries for rum, his destroyer; fierce imprecations on it and those who sold it, followed. Mr. Russel sent Graham home to tell his wife that he should not return till morning; and as he stood by the deathbed of his kinsman did not he resolve to banish the deadly upas tree he had sheltered and nourished from under his roof forever, lest he too, or haply some one near and dear to him, might fall a prey to it? He did, and well for him and his house had it been that he had kept his vow; but —

Daylight faintly struggled into that miserable chamber through the small pane of

glass that alone might admit light. It saw the drunkard maniac struggling with death, and conquered by it. Ere the morning sun had broke through the thick curtain of clouds and mists that enveloped him, nothing lay on that miserable bed but a distorted, unsightly mass of what might have been once a good and great man.

"Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Farleigh Drummond began with a glass of wine at his father's table, given to him by his father's hand.

Arthur Russel gave no sign of his relationship to the deceased. He paid the expenses of the funeral, and even followed him to his unhonored grave in a nook of the grass-grown country graveyard. Graham also accompanied him, but knew not that it was to his father's burial he was going. Sensitive and proud, he knew how keenly the boy would feel his father's fearful end, and as yet he could not bear to tell him; Nora could do it better, he thought, and he left it to her.

(To be continued)

## SWORD AND PLOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLFGANG MULLER.

There once was a Count, so I've heard it said—  
Who felt that his end drew near;  
And he called his sons before his bed  
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plow, he called for his sword,  
That gallant, good and brave;  
They brought him both at their father's word,  
And thus he his blessings gave:

"My first-born son, my pride and might,  
Do thou my sword retain:  
My castle on the lordly height,  
And all my broad domain.

"On thee, my well-loved younger boy,  
My plow I here bestow,  
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy,  
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,  
Now all was given away;  
The sons held true his last behest,  
E'en to their dying day.

"Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,  
Of the castle and its knight!  
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,  
And the humble peasant wight?"

Oh ask not of me what the end may be!  
Ask of the country round!  
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,  
The height is but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride  
Of the autumn sunlight now;  
It teems and it ripens far and wide,  
And the honor abides with the plow.

—Selected.

## THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE NEW RUSH, ETC.

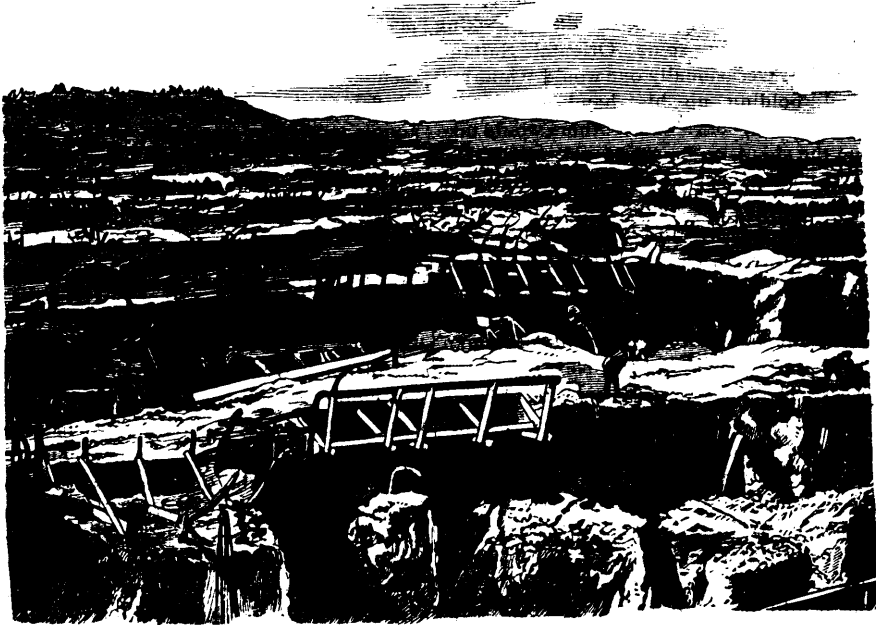
Du Toit's Pan is a rich spot of earth; but five miles north of it lies the most wonderful mine which has ever yet been discovered. Colesberg Kopje, or De Beer's New Rush, is the richest, the smallest, and the most dangerous mine in existence. Here is where the wildest dreams of fortune-hunters have been realized; where poor sailors have acquired their tens of thousands in two or three months, and departed literal Sinbads; where from three to four thousand diamonds are exhumed daily, besides quantities of rubies, garnets, emeralds, and olivines; where the eager rush for wealth has caused a square foot of ground to be sold at from twenty-five to fifty dollars; and where the reckless diggers have excavated graves for themselves, forgetting in their haste to be rich, proper precautions for working their claims in safety. While it was in June 1871 the abode of sheep and goats, July brought a startling change. A party who had lately arrived on the Fields, and who were of a speculative turn of mind, chose this diminutive hill as their scene of labor, and dug hard, and for a long time with no result. However, they persevered till they cleared the first layer of red sand, when to their delight they commenced finding diamonds—and at a rate which eclipsed all former experience. Good news soon flies, and in another two days the Kopje was swarming with diggers. Tape lines and shovels were at a premium. Two or three men held one piece of ground, and dreadful fights took place over these (as it turned out) fabulously valuable claims. The Kopje is very small and contains about fourteen acres, so only a limited number of thirty feet claims could be secured inside the reef or natural boundary of the place. But as people came, however, they were de-

termined upon having a claim; so they marked out against each other, until there were more outside than within the reef.\* Of course the disappointed ones who sat afar and watched the exciting work inside the reef, grumbled not a little, and taking advantage of the slightest pretext or excuse, would pounce on some slice of ground, jump it, and try to hold it. Some were successful; but it gave rise to such serious disturbances that the Government had several careful surveys made, and thus put an end to much of the robbery. Another thing was done, but for which little of Colesberg Kopje could ever have been cheaply worked. Foreseeing the tremendous amount of labor that would be concentrated in and about the claims, the surveyors made twelve roads through the "kop" to which each claimholder gave seven feet and a half; so between every two lines of claims there was a road fifteen feet wide. Of course this portion of the ground was to remain untouched until some future time, when the rest of the soil being worked, these alone remained to dig into. But alas! for the anticipations of the authorities and the intentions of the diggers, the roads were not left intact. They were undermined, gouged and encroached on until they began to cave in; huge slices would break away from the walls, and with a dull thud and surrounded by a choking limey dust, would crash into the pit below. Perhaps a faint cry would be heard as the horrified digger, looking up saw his end at hand; or perhaps

\* Several of the Police force stationed on De Beer's farm were at the rush, and secured three and four claims each. All of them but one sold out for from twenty to forty pounds per claim, glad to get ride of such easily acquired property while they were able. But their comrade had a long head, and foresaw the value of the place; so he refused to sell, left the force and commenced digging. In two weeks he was worth a thousand pounds, and still had four claims, which have since turned out exceedingly valuable.

more likely his back was bent, and eager to see the sparkling gem turn out before his gaze, he was cut off from the living world in the twinkling of an eye. Another day, a gaping crack in the roadway is ominous of an accident. The diggers look at it, and say, "Its no wider to-day than yesterday." "Oh it will stand." "We are safe enough;" and so they descend the shaft forgetful of their peril. Ten minutes after a heavily loaded cart crawls that way, its great wide wheels cutting deep into the ground. It reaches this crack. A wheel enters the seam and a moment more the digger below and the driver above meet in eternity; while a crowd of Kafirs make a "hooray" over the affair, as they pull the mutilated bodies away from the confused mass of wood, iron, and dirt. Next

day the claim is sold and people forget the last accident in the still newer horrors which accumulate. The Government at last became aroused to the condition of the Kopje, and shut up some roads and parts of others, until some means could be resorted to for safety. In many cases after removing the top soil, a good foundation would be found for bridges; which are now used in all parts of the roads; but these are dangerous, [and when I left the Fields a heavy reward was offered to any one who would devise a plan for successfully working the claims, without such a risk to life. The only way in the end will be to form a joint stock company and work it out piecemeal, for four or five thousand conflicting interests are unmanageable when concentrated in the area of fourteen acres.



COLESBERG KOPJE, OR THE NEW RUSH, LOOKING ACROSS THE ROADS.

The appearance of this place when all are at work is wonderful. It is like a hive of bees swarming over the comb; while the noise of countless iron buckets banging against the stony walls of the claims, as they go up or down; the squeaking of blocks and pulleys; the noise of wheels and cries of men, make an uproar like that

from the Tower of Babel. One said, "Its Babel upside down. Instead of rising from the earth, we are descending into it." The immense size of the excavations strike strangers with amazement. Imagine twelve dry-docks from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards long and forty-five feet wide, while their depth varies



from twenty-five to seventy and eighty feet; and if these chasms were filled with water, to afford room for twelve "Great Easterns" and twenty big ships, besides and you can realize the amount of work which has been done in nine months. All the diamondiferous soil from the inside claims has to be removed in carts, and generally goes to the owner's tents, where he and his family sift and sort it. Around the edge of the mine runs the reef, and the dirt from the outside claims is all deposited on this. Month by month these mounds increased, until now they are miniature mountains, and when I last visited the spot, from their elevation I commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, the diversified camp, and could look directly down into the galleries and pits of the different diggers. Along through the bottom of each excavation was a toiling mass of blacks, looking like slaves in some Oriental Sultan's employ. Occasionally one would "hooray" and holding up his hand, shout out, "Diamond, boss!" The others would take up the shout, and a grand yell would echo and chorus back and forth from one road to another as the happy digger descended to take possession of his find. Once upon a time, though, a man's happiness on such an occasion was turned very speedily to mourning. The story is as follows: "A lamentable instance of the frailty of human kind was evidenced at the New Rush last week. The judgment of the wrathful Fates followed most rapidly on the offense. Contrary to the Horatian theory about "Punishment tracking Crime with a limping leg," Punishment hustled along with peculiar alacrity. A digger had just discovered in the bowels of a deep claim a large diamond estimated at from fifty to sixty carats; he put it into his mouth and proceeded gaily to ascend the ladder out of the cavernous depths. While so doing a nigger at the top happened to shake the machine. Perfectly naturally, and according to the usual custom of the Fields, the gentleman spoke sharply with his tongue, and favored our colored brother with a few of those flowers of language for which the diggings are achieving a reputation. Alas, as he made those *cursor*y observations the diamond escaped from between his lips, fell into the

adjoining claim, and was seen no more of men! We have heard of ladies dropping pearls as they spoke, but we have a still rarer instance of a man cursing diamonds!"

From careful calculations it is found that about four thousand diamonds and pieces of diamonds are unearthed here every day. Although this looks incredible, yet upon taking all the facts of the case into consideration, it is very likely under the truth. Every claim is divided and subdivided, until in thirty feet square some six or eight different parties are at work. On a very low average every party finds one diamond a day (numbers of rich claims yield from five to twenty); which would make a far greater total than four thousand. However, out of such a mass of diamonds, but few are "pure water brilliants." A perfect white stone of any size is indeed a treasure. They are rarely seen without blemish, and the majority of finds consist of flawed, spotted, or discolored stones, angular chips, or small fragments, which latter are nearly valueless. The immense quantity of these chips and flawed stones thrown on the market has necessarily caused a tremendous fall in their prices. Unlike other commodities, diamonds are imperishable. Once cut and set, they never lose their lustre, never decay or wear out, and are certainly the most lasting of men's treasures. A person wants new clothes every few months—the ladies want them with each change in the fashions. A nation requires a new coinage every few years; ships and houses begin to decay from the time they are built; but an outfit of diamonds is everlasting, and the lady's glittering brilliants will descend as heirlooms, perhaps to the tenth generation. Although it was discouraging to diggers to see this sudden depreciation, they generally stuck to their claims, hoping it might be their good fortune to find a charming family of big ones—each a hundred carat—when they might bid good bye to claims and tents, fleas and flies, and emigrate to their chosen home; there, having built up their fortune on a sound diamondiferous basis, to enjoy life in luxury and ease. But alas, the multitude were disappointed. They were under the heap, and the

heap crushed them. They generally at the commencement of their career had a little capital, good health, and a fair prospect of luck. One week they find a perfect gem. They are now a little ahead of bankruptcy—a few pounds in store for a rainy day; but next week they find nothing; luck is gone, and the extra pounds have vanished. In this state of painful excitement and suspense were the diggers when, after striving to enjoy Christmas 1871 and its plum pudding with the thermometer at 90°, like night overshadowing their faces, came the black tidings from over the water, "Diamonds still falling," "Another decline of 20 per cent. in 'off colored stones,'" &c. Choking down their despair and the vague feeling of impending ruin, the diggers manfully toiled on, through heat and dust, bad luck and sickness. Such a life tries men. It brings out the reality. No sham or hypocrisy could cover the weak point of an unlucky or impoverished digger. If he had one it was sure to appear; perhaps it was in drinking liquor, or in frequenting a gambling hell; but out it would come, and often then and there ruin its possessor. The wretched fate of a young Englishman of high birth, polished manners, and noble talents, is a case in point. He was the only son of a General, loved and respected by his relatives and a large circle of acquaintances. In an evil hour he started for South Africa. When he first arrived on the Fields he devoted himself heart and soul to his claim. No temptation could drive him away from his business, and he was a model digger. But bad luck followed his best laid plans, he found no diamonds, his money left him, he grew nervous, faint-hearted, neglected his claim, and, alas! to drown care, began to drink Cape brandy. He formed low associates, and they pulled him down, lower down, until all was swallowed up in drink. Now he was reckless; with a wild glance in his eye, and a fevered flush on his cheek, he drank on. Hope was gone; despair filled its place, and he eventually died in the dusty street, sacrificed to his one weak point. It was a terrible example of sudden ruin; but many who drank with and rioted with him saw it not. They followed him to his lonely

grave on the plain with no tears. They were too hardened for that. Many of them, too, lay beside him before the sickly season was over; while the sad news went to their happy homes, "Your only son died of *delirium tremens*." "Died in hospital from excess," etc., and their homes are happy no more.

The tone of morality at the Fields is very low. The most influential and upright of the inhabitants are accustomed to drink, many of them to gamble; while profane swearing and licentiousness are general. Several times have I seen a reverend gentleman, the Church of England chaplain, after preaching to an audience of diggers, turn into a canteen and drink off a glass of brandy in company with drunken men. The same gentleman at another time was so overcome with Cape sherry that, as Mrs. Gamp says, "quite unbeknown" to himself, he was unable to take part in a social gathering, and had to go to his tent! This example was not lost on the minds of his hearers, who invariably followed suit whenever possible. In fact, but for the leaven of good respectable married and single women who were upon the Fields, and exercised a restraint upon their friends, morals and manners no doubt would have descended to the level of those of Bendigo and Ballarat.\*

The most dreaded and disheartening trial which overtook the miner was sickness, and under the sultry December sun many fell a prey to dysenteries, inflammations, and the deadly low typhoid fever of Central Africa. The latter is peculiar to tropical countries, and is often fatal simply through depriving one of appetite. At the diggings people would feel unwell at first, but keep about, then as the fever crept insidiously into every vein and organ of the body, they would be forced to take to their bed, a place where in midday, with nought between the sufferer and the vertical sun but the thin canvas, he is literally bathed in sweat; while tormenting flies swarm over his untasted food and pallid face. Next his appetite is gone; nothing can nourish the body. With glassy eye and hollow cheek,

\* Happily there is a change for the better, and (June 1872) there are several self-denying clergymen on the Fields.

the patient grows weaker, until, having lost all hope, death ends the scene. Of course there was an hospital, but only in name. It was unwieldy, uncomfortable, and unsafe; for twice on windy days down it came on the inmates, smashing all the physician's phials and bottles, injuring some of the sick, and so frightening them all that they begged to be taken back to their tents. "Let us die a natural death anyway," they said.

Although the diggers nobly responded to the call for hospital help, yet it was so badly managed that when the superintendent and nurses died from an infectious fever, no others were obtained, and in the end the immense tent and fittings were sold by auction, and the Committee balanced up the account and handed their surplus to the Government, in hope that it would redeem its promise and erect a brick or iron building for an hospital, fitted up with suitable wards, etc. But up to June 1872 nothing had been done, and the District Surgeon was obliged at his own risk to "jump" a vacant building, where he accommodated some unfortunate men who were in the last stages of fever. When its owner returned from the Colony, where he had gone to purchase a stock of goods, he was astounded at finding his substantial and wholesome iron store turned into a crowded fever hospital. In a great rage he immediately instituted legal proceedings against Dr. Browne, the generous-hearted surgeon, and would have made him pay heavy damages but for the tardy interference of the Government, which eventually woke to the fact that an hospital was needed, and that Dr. Browne did perfectly right in thus occupying the building. Amid all these troubles, vexations and depressing influences, it is no wonder many died, many turned dissipated, and many left in despair; in fact, one would have to be a Mark Tapley to enjoy life at the Fields. A gentleman once remarked in Du Toit's Pan, after six weeks' experience of the diggings, "They told me down in the Colony that the Fields were a *jolly* place. But I've not heard a hearty laugh, or seen a genial smile, or been told a witty tale, since my arrival. I came in among a lot of old friends. The first man I went to see was

down with the diarrhœa, the second worse a long way with dysentery, and the third was raving mad in fever. I put a Kafir in a claim; in a fortnight his legs got to the thickness of an attenuated needle, and he left. I put in another and he died. I'm killing another now. I've found nothing, and as far as I've got, I really do not see the extreme jollity of diamond-digging." Neither did anybody else, except the very lucky ones, who, inflated with pride and joy over their wealth, saw all these scenes through a medium of dazzling gems, golden ingots, and a fine house and lands. As a Mr. M——, a lucky Yankee, said to me, "The Fields a bad place! No indeed they're not. Why I intend to live here. I have made my money here and I can make more."\*

The New Rush camp is considerably ahead of all the others combined, in size, wealth, population, and discomfort. It is irregularly built around the claims, and is one vast expanse of lime dust and green sand, on which stand the tents and stores. This lime and sand is the soil of the claims, carted to each man's door, where in patriarchal state the father sits, while around him the family, from the little bright-eyed four-year-old up to bearded sons and active daughters, do congregate; all eager to turn out from its hiding place an empress among stones or a queen among gems. The great heap under the table becomes a mound, and then is carelessly pitched over on the street or into some convenient hollow, where it is the sport of the elements. The moment the winds blow, the camp is enveloped in a pall of obscurity; and travellers to and fro are reminded of the biblical account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, when "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." If you enter this modern Sodom at such a time, shut your eyes, for you cannot see two yards ahead. You are, to all intents and purposes, blind, and after shaving the side of some iron building, and running against an unfor-

\* He was about to be married to the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Algoa Bay. Their bridal cake was made in Port Elizabeth, and was then in transit to the New Rush. Its cost and carriage amounted to \$725.

fortunate like yourself, you make a charge into the street, where Providence mercifully saves you from being run over by a frantic team of horses, driven by an equally excited Jehu. Crash! What's that down the street? Only two carts, which have had a collision. The drivers, when unable to see for themselves, have trusted to brute instinct to keep clear of danger, and instinct has met its match also. But at eventide the wind lulls; you open your eyes, and begin to look about you. You exclaim, "Ah the dust is gone;" but gone where? Some in your closed and waterproof tent; more in your dinner, as you grittily chew upon its particles; a little in your lungs, as you hack it up so painfully from a parched throat. Your red and inflamed eyes complain of dust; while as you retire to rest, you envelop yourself in dusty, cough-provoking sheets and blankets, which combined with your turning and tossing under the bites of myriads of fleas, impart such a morbid glow of health and such a reaction to the skin, that you think a bath would be quite unnecessary when you rise. This is as it should be, for economy, and sixpence a bucket for the water you drink, preclude the idea of washing the face more than once a day, much less having a bath. But use is second nature. A Boer and his family who were returning home from the Fields outspanned for several days in close contiguity to a brimful dam, and never washed themselves. When asked why they did not avail themselves of the water, they answered they had done without the element so long that it never entered any of their heads that water could be used for washing purposes. This is a fact!

The New Rush is the central point of trade and commerce on the Diamond Fields, and its three leading streets, each from a mile to two miles in length, are well lined with business premises, wholesale and retail, banks, halls, and hotels. The principal material used in construction is corrugated iron. It is light and durable, and can be imported more cheaply from England than boards from America. The Standard Bank of South Africa is the principal monetary institution at the diggings. Its counter is continually lined with mer-

chants and diggers, depositing and receiving money; while a unique sight is the traffic in diamonds. In the bank vaults repose thousands of pounds worth of gems, placed there for security. Dealers and diggers are coming and going with fists full of the precious stones. There is a dusty man in a red shirt standing at the counter; you wonder what he is doing with that tobacco pouch on the bar of the bank. It is rather an unpleasant-looking affair; but now the string is loosed, and, as he opens it, out roll a whole company of glittering diamonds; little and big, yellow and white, octahedral and no shape at all: altogether worth more than your smiling and fertile farm, or yonder stately building, or that proud ship. The clerk coolly shovels them into the scale with a tiny brass scoop, and having ascertained their weight, deposits this parcel of condensed wealth with many of the same sort. Another sight is to walk into the different diamond-buyers' offices. They are small structures, lined inside with green baize. In the centre is a table on which is a pair of scales\*, a money box and perhaps a magnifying glass. Behind these unpretending articles sits the buyer, who is invariably a Jew. You enter the office, and present your diamond to the hook-nosed and sphinx-like individual at the table. He takes it, rolls it between his finger and thumb, holds it up to the light, and looks through its different faces, and then weighs it. He will now in a doubtful voice ask what you want for it. You are very proud of your little gem, and perhaps say twenty pounds. "Twenty pounds for a four carat off-colored stone! Why, my dear sir, I puy a blenty of petter stone than this for two pounds a carat: no, take your diamond away;" and he pitches it back to you as though you had committed an unpardonable sin in asking such a price, and as if he had conferred a favor on you by condescending to notice such a trifle. Being a little vexed you are about to retort upon him, but another man has entered in a hurry, and, stepping

\*Not ugly grocers' scales, but delicate, sensitive ones, the equilibrium of which is upset by a breath, and which will give you the exact weight of a pin's head: but are at a loss to accommodate the magnitude of half an ounce.

before you, shuts you off from farther intercourse. Away you go, and after popping into perhaps twenty different offices without getting your price, you at last come down to a reasonable figure—that is, you sacrifice the stone for your necessities; and, when you depart, the buyer enters against the transaction fifty per cent. profit. Many of them are men with very little money, but, like the Tichborne claimant, with any amount of brains. In first commencing business, they strap a satchel over their shoulders, and go up and down the camp among the ignorant Dutch, with some of whom they very often manage to make sharp bargains. However a perambulating diamond-buyer has very little respect shown him. Like a travelling tinker, he is an object of suspicion, and is lucky to escape the disgrace of being called “a nigger diamant-kooper,” or one who buys underhand from the blacks.\*

A few, generally the first owners of the New Rush claims, made fortunes. They got their ground for nothing; found from one to twenty diamonds every day, and sold out when claims realized from £500 to £2,000, and their stones brought their full value. One Smuts made eleven thousand pounds in a month, then divided his claim into sixths, selling each one for three hundred pounds, and then departed to his sheep-farm, a rich man. A Capt. Berhman was wrecked on the coast, lost his ship, and in the end luckily came to the New Rush; from which place he departed in three months with fifteen thousand pounds, or seventy-five thousand dollars in hard cash. As it would be tedious to enumerate all the wonderful instances of poverty turning suddenly into wealth, only one extraordinary example of numerous finds will be recorded here. A man by name Sam Wenimer turned out in one day thirty-one diamonds, weighing respectively 33 carats, 18, 15, 9, 7½, and lower amounts. He had only returned to the Fields a few days before, after an absence of a month, and upon his arrival was quietly presented by his black servants, whom he had left in charge, with upwards of 300 diamonds! He is now decidedly the richest digger in

the camp, and although worth his tens of thousands, still sticks to his splendid claim. His good luck will end no one knows how, as his ground was not half worked out when I left the Fields; and ere this he may be a second Stewart or Rothschild, and a digger prince among his fellows.

The Du Toit's *Pan Gazette* thus humorously depicts the life, morals and luck of a fortunate miner.

“MONDAY.—Sent Kafirs to the claim at sunrise, and went to bed again. Strolled down to the claim at 11.30, being stopped by men to come and wet their finds seventeen times in 250 yards. My head boy brought me a ten carat, a five, and three little ones. Told them to wire in; proceeded to liquor. At six o'clock they brought me five more little ones. Gave the boys a bottle of cape ‘smoke’ (brandy).

“TUESDAY.—Went into Klipdrift for a wash, and a dinner at Mrs. Schuard's. Played a rubber of whist, and as I did not happen to be hard up, won heavily from some poor devil.

“WEDNESDAY.—Played billiards all the morning, and went in for one of Sanger's curries for tiffin. Played pool in the evening, and dropped; as there were some smart *cueists* about, and the balls went in like greased lightning, and with the unceasing regularity of my tailor's bill in old times.

“THURSDAY.—Came back to New Rush on horseback. Felt very sore in consequence. Boys brought me twenty-two diamonds. Told them I was disappointed. They can't have half worked.

“FRIDAY.—Found my tent surrounded by persons with satchels, representing themselves as diamond-buyers. Was slightly amused. Felt too uncomfortable to go to work. Boys brought in a 70 carat—but off-colored—no use.

“SATURDAY.—Went early to the claim. Slipped in getting down the ladder, and came below in a sitting posture, on a lump of earth. Proceeded to rub myself, and out fell a 200 carat, pure white. Shall go to Cape Town on a spree, for a month or so. Come along, old fellow! Let's have a wet! This diamond-digging is cruel hard work!”

\* See Chapter Five for full account of blacks stealing and selling diamonds.

## THE MEN WHO SETTLED ONTARIO.

BY JOHN CAMERON, LONDON, ONT.

One of the most charming creations of modern fiction is Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle." The legend relates that the genial Dutchman one pleasant summer afternoon climbed to the summit of one of the Catskill Mountains, whose peaks overlook the winding waters of the calm and majestic Hudson. Rip Van Winkle sat down, became drowsy, was soon asleep, and snored on for 20 years. When he awoke—his hair meantime turned gray, his limbs stiffened with years and rheumatism,—he made his way down to his native village. Everything was changed and strange: old landmarks obliterated—old buildings removed or destroyed—boys and girls grown to manhood and womanhood—old companions long since dead. Those left did not recognize him, and the very name of Rip Van Winkle had become a half-forgotten memory. The Acadian simplicity of twenty years previous had given place to the rush and excitement of a new and bustling generation. Poor Rip Van Winkle could only rub his eyes in hopeless bewilderment.

Very similar might be the feelings of Gov. Simcoe, who visited the site of London, Ont., some 80 years ago, could he reappear to-day in the flesh in that city. On the 2nd of March, 1793, Governor Simcoe, then administrator in Canada, arrived at what is now London. He came eastward from Detroit, following the banks of the River Thames under the guidance of Indians. The journey was made partly by canoes and partly on foot, the river being frozen over. The Governor's party encamped on the brow of the hill on what is now Dundas street, near "The Forks," in the vicinity of the place where now stands the Court House. The Governor, so Major Littlehales, the chronicler, informs us, was highly delighted

with the situation and its environs. "He judged it to be a situation eminently calculated for the metropolis of Canada." Other considerations however prevailed, and the "Forest City" did not become the seat of Government. From the quaint diary referred to, it appears that some of the young Indians, "who had chased a herd of deer in company with Lieut. Givens, returned unsuccessful, and brought with them a large porcupine, which was very seasonable, as the provisions of the party were nearly expended." It is interesting to be informed that "this animal afforded a very good repast and tasted like a pig." The Newfoundland dog attempting to bite the porcupine, his mouth was filled with the barbed quills, which a compassionate Indian extracted. Governor Simcoe found various figures delineated on trees at the forks of the river Thames, done with charcoal and vermilion, including some remarkable imitations of "*men with deers' heads.*"

Previous to Governor Simcoe's visit, no white man's foot, so far as is known, had been set in the neighborhood. The whole area of what is now a beautiful and flourishing city was then a dense and unbroken forest, in which wild animals of every sort plentifully abounded. How marvellous a change in little more than half a century! All over Ontario to-day are to be found thriving cities and villages. Smiling farmsteads and comfortable homes dot the rural districts. Warehouses and manufactories speak of wealth and enterprise. Churches, with their spires like sentinels watching over the morals of the people, meet the eye on every hand. School-houses in all directions offer excellent educational facilities alike to rich and poor, without money and without price. Nor is it, perhaps, too much to claim that in average intelligence and morality, as in

general comfort, the population of Ontario will compare favorably with any population beneath the blue sky.

These are wonderful results, and too much praise cannot be given to those dauntless spirits of a generation now for the most part passed away, who, under Providence, laid the foundations of this prosperity and comfort and intelligence. Their courage in facing the four and six weeks' voyage over the stormy Atlantic—leaving home and kindred, and the associations of childhood, to confront a rude climate and an unknown future in a forest wilderness—was of no common order. They left the Old World for various causes—some to find relief from political, religi-

ous, or social disabilities—some to push their fortunes in the New West. This early exodus from the Old World to the New was a select immigration. It comprised the vigorous, the fearless, the hopeful, the determined, the God-fearing. This must be the secret of the fact that they accomplished miracles, and performed acts of devotion and of heroism the remembrance of which their successors will not willingly let die. All honor to the brave forefathers of Canada! May the inspiring example of their faith and hope, their earnest and successful endeavor, be treasured as a legacy by the present generation, and by them in turn handed down to the generation fast pressing behind!

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## THE BRAVE COUNTESS:

AN INCIDENT IN EARLY CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY EFFIE KEMP.

Many years ago, when the forests stood in primeval grandeur, a rude dwelling was erected on the banks of the Ottawa.

To this wild home the Count d'Anglois brought his beautiful young wife. Although the Countess had been educated in circles of refinement, and nurtured in the lap of ease and elegance, yet when her brave husband was called to serve his king in the wilds of Canada, she willingly resigned home and kindred, in order that she might accompany him, and be a comfort to him in the trials of his arduous and perilous life. Even when the Count was appointed to a post far up the Ottawa river, and many miles away from the little circle of civilization which had but reached Mont-

real, the Countess merrily volunteered to share his lonely forest life, and neither persuasion nor tales of deadly calamity could shake her firm purpose. Accordingly, one lovely evening in May, after untold troubles, the Count and his loving consort reached their new home. Just as the sun was fading over the western halls, flooding the sky with a reflection of purple and gold, gleaming aslant over the fast flowing waters, the Count's *bateau* glided up to the landing-place with its precious cargo. Scarcely had the boat touched the strand when out bounded the merry wife, over whose bonnie head only twenty summers had fled. The Count followed more leisurely. The bright spirits of the blythe

young Countess cheered and saddened him in turn; for although her loving devotion to himself rendered her doubly dear, yet his grave, practical mind persuaded him that many trials would yet dampen the brave leal heart, and sorrows unspoken would sweep across the sunny joy of his high-spirited Marie.

While the soldiers and servants, eighteen in all, emptied the boats and proceeded to arrange the furnishing of their future abode, their master and mistress loitered by the water's edge. A more beautiful scene than the prospect spread before them cannot be imagined. A point of land rich with verdure and dense with clustering foliage of maple and oak, stretched far into the waters. On either side a pretty bay ran inward. Behind all rose a bold promontory crowned with a grove of butternut, that stood like an overshadowing wing to ward off danger and ensure protection.

The Count looked gloomily across the river, while Marie went into raptures over the faint, glimmering rays which still tinted the wavelets with myriad hues, and lingered peacefully in the clear heavens.

"Henri," she impulsively exclaimed, "it is beautiful!—so very, very beautiful!"

"What is so beautiful, Marie?"

"Oh! these grand old woods, the gleaming river, and the glorious sunset; why our home is beautiful beyond description. Cheer up, don't let our first evening at home be a melancholy one."

"I sorrow only for you, Marie. But for me you would still be a laughing girl, without a care to mar your peace. You would be sheltered by—"

"Hush! hush! Henri. I left all because dangers with you were far sweeter than a life of unloved ease and pleasure. Why do you fear for me, Henri?"

"Marie," he answered rather sharply, "our home is surrounded by treacherous natives, who may be upon us without a moment's warning."

"What of that?"

"You silly child, you vex me with such trifling questions; why, certain death or frightful suffering would be our doom." For one instant a look of pain darted over the bright face, then she spoke very slowly, and sweetly:

"Henri, are you not doing your duty to your king in coming to this wild forest?"

"Certainly I am," he answered.

"Then you obey him; he is your king. You would gladly die for the honor of our dear France?"

"If it were needful;" and Marie saw the bright strong resolve of dauntless courage flushing the usually calm, almost stern, face of her husband.

Ah! she had touched a deep chord in his bosom, and the brave wife knew well his ambition to stand foremost in the ranks of those who had nobly performed their duty.

Turning to him impulsively, she took his arm, and with the bewitching grace and artless sweetness which characterized all her movements, she said,

"Well, Henri, you are my king among men; for you I could brave all the terrors of an Indian warfare. Don't you think we are both doing our duty, and if the worst does come, my husband, we will die bravely, trusting in God."

The Count was touched with her tender words; he could not resist the loving, winning tones. Already his conscience was rebuking him for his thoughtless words, and drawing her closer, he said,

"Forgive me, sweet one, for my seeming harshness. It is because I love you very tenderly that I fear sorrow may cross your path. But your trustful faith imbues me with courage; and now, Marie, we will look on the sunny side. That will please you, won't it?"

"Yes, Henri; but see, the darkness is gathering around. What say you to exploring our new home? Now that the beautiful sun has set I feel quite my hungry self again."

That night the bright, beautiful Marie slept with the music of splashing wave, sighing wind, and lonely night cry of wild beast ringing in her ears.

## CHAPTER II.

May glided onward into June, summer into autumn, spring flowers and bright roses faded, while sober tints reigned, instead of verdant green and blooming plants; still, the Countess was quite con-



tented. When winter's chilling blast swept over her home, she piled the fagots higher and laughingly called the Count to listen to the weird music of the rushing wind.

So the days glided on, and if at times she felt a longing for the home circle, or the unclouded moments of less perilous days, she wept her tears in secret, and only showed a beaming face to those around her.

Two years passed away. No very rude alarms came to mar the peace of the exiled ones. The Count slowly ingratiated himself into the favor of the Indians, and the fur trade thrived well under his able management. Gradually an encampment of natives was formed around them, and Marie soon captivated the good-will of the squaws, while the stern warriors regarded her as a beautiful being from the land of the Great Master. Her sweet voice trilling out lays of sunny France would calm them in their fiercest moments. She moved in and out of their wigwams, sailed over the blue waters in her little bark canoe, or wandered through the forest thicket like one who bore a charmed life.

But, alas! desolate times must come at some period of our days, and Marie's life was not destined to be one of sweet careless merriment, in which the sun's rays were never to be obscured by mist and rain. Another year had passed away and Claude, the only heir to the Count's possessions of pine woods and forest glades, was learning to toddle over the green sward, his merry ways and cooing voice filling the hearts of his parents with pleasure and joy, when a deadly epidemic broke out amongst the now numerous Indians. Numbers of them fell under the scourge of small-pox. The squaws distractedly implored Marie to help them; to pray to her God for deliverance, that the disease might be stayed and that the sufferers might be restored. But their kind friend had her own troubles; for although she escaped the contagion, her family did not. Little Claude sickened, and after a short illness was called back to Heaven; leaving his parents murmuring

under their heavy cross, and longing with a weary longing for their only darling. Marie's aching heart could ill bear this grievous blow; but when her husband was laid low under the destroyer's hand, and gathered home by the relentless reaper, her wild moans rent the hearts of her people. Joy, gladness and singing were quenched and the stricken mourner bowed, not calmly, not resignedly, but with a bitter heart before the decrees of her heavenly King. After some months the disease subsided, leaving only a few to tell the tale of what their settlement once had been.

Owing to the perils of early navigation and the growing inclemency of the weather, Marie was obliged to spend the autumn and winter in her desolate home. No manly voice, merry song, or sweet cradle lullaby now rang through the house. The two remaining servants moved quietly around, and the Indians resumed their forest tramps.

Marie's joy at the approach of spring can easily be imagined; for, alone in her melancholy grief, she had spent hours, days, and months in agonized suffering and weary aching, longing for the lost ones. When the rills burst their ice-bands and dreary winter passed away, she was once more able to visit the graves of those who claimed all her fondest desires. Bound to the spot by a hundred sweet associations, she now looked forward almost unwillingly to the time of her departure; but the breaking out of a war between the French and English delayed her in her preparations for her journey to Montreal, and from thence to her girlhood home.

The Indians favored the French, and a long and bloody combat ensued; but the war did not reach the region of Marie's home, so she quietly resigned herself to her lot, and spent most of the time in teaching the squaws the lessons of her faith. Growing enthusiastic in her work (as she did in all things), the gnawing pain of bereavement passed slowly away, leaving a mind at peace with heaven, and a lowly contrite heart. Her pupils were charmed with her sweet counsel, and were led by her to believe in the words of love and comfort which she taught them.

## CHAPTER III.

The May blossoms were blooming on the Count and Claude's grave, when one evening a large party of strange Indians landed a few acres below the fort. Now, the fact of the Countess being a French lady preserved her from all approach of harm, so she scarcely heeded the newcomers. The morning succeeding the evening of their arrival the whole party went hunting. After their departure, Marie proceeded on her rounds among the wigwams. Having spent a little time in telling the story of Redemption, and in visiting a few sick ones, she wandered down the river side to her husband's grave. As she was kneeling by the mound trimming the vines and flowers, she heard a moan of distress. She listened, and again heard the unmistakable tones of anguish and pain. Without a thought of fear (for her brave, unselfish heart was ever ready to befriend the needy), she pushed aside the thicket and crawled slowly through the underbrush until she reached the spot of the late arrival's encampment. There she saw a sight which touched every feeling of womanly tenderness and pity within her being. Stretched on the ground lay a British officer. His hands and feet were bound to a fallen tree, and the burning rays of the sun poured down on his upturned face, which was fearfully contracted with pain and suffering. His watchers who had been left in charge of him were loitering some distance away, fishing and carousing. In an instant the brave woman severed the cords which bound the prisoner, and catching up a dish of water near by, she held the sparkling liquid to his parched lips. But she could not afford to lose a moment's time. Fortunately, the officer could speak in French. He thanked her in earnest tones, and besought her to save him if possible, for he was too weak to escape alone. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she bade him follow her. By means of a circuitous path, and hidden by the dense woods, they reached the fort in safety. In a few moments Marie had led her almost fainting companion to a couch, and then quickly secured the entrance to the building. It was a hazardous moment,

and already a bold plan had flashed through the brave lady's head. By a known signal, she was soon joined by her two trusty servants. Their looks of astonishment when they saw the strange occupant of their lady's parlor can be imagined. In a very few words their mistress unravelled the mystery of his appearance; further, she enjoined them to strictest secrecy, and having ordered Rosalie to bring a night dress and cap, she told Joseph that he must disguise the stranger in these garments; then going into an adjacent bedroom she commenced preparing it for her strange guest. With Rosalie's help everything was soon in readiness. While the Countess and Rosalie searched for rare wines and refreshments, Joseph assisted the *ci-devant* female to bed. When Marie returned she scarcely recognized the rescued man, so complete was the disguise. Joseph had cut away his whiskers, and whitened his hair; then the immense night-cap completed the costume. Indeed, the whole was a perfect picture of an old lady on the confines of the grave. Delighted with her plot, Marie hastily gave the officer wine and other cordials. She then dismissed Joseph to keep watch of outside proceedings, and set Rosalie to arrange matters for a speedy journey. Having drawn the blinds closer to darken the room, and whispered a cheering word to her guest, she withdrew to her own chamber. Once by herself her fortitude forsook her, and she sank tremblingly on her knees. Certain death stared her in the face if she failed. Long and earnestly she prayed for help in her need, and then called Rosalie to unfold her plans to her. "If the Indians insist on searching the fort, remember you must let me know. I will meet them in the old storeroom, and tell them I have a sick friend, and that they must step quietly and speak gently. If we succeed in concealing the poor stranger, Rosalie, we must flee by night, for our own Indians know that we have no sick female within these walls, and our plot would soon be discovered. At twelve to-night, God willing, we must start. Tell Joseph to have the largest bark in readiness. You both must go with me. Have food and everything that we shall require, Rosalie."

"But, dear lady, we shall be lost. Think what a dreadful journey is before us," cried the frightened Rosalie.

"The sweet Mother will have safe watch kept over us, Rosalie. Do as I bid you," was the calm answer.

Three hours passed away—long hours full of fear and sorrow. Marie stole once into the room of the sick man; but he had fallen asleep, and the low breathing was like a child's quiet slumber. She returned to her work of packing away her few treasures, and was busily occupied, when Rosalie, with terror-stricken countenance, rushed into her presence. "They are coming, lady! they are coming!" she gasped. For one instant the blood seemed freezing around the brave Marie's heart; then with a mighty will she recovered herself, and with undaunted mind went forth to meet the foe. By the time she reached the storeroom they were crowded in the entrance.

As one in a dream Marie met them. Their fierce yells and cries of baffled rage were instantly subdued when the pale, proud lady stood before them. Something in her stately mien and lofty air awed them and commanded their respect.

For a moment she stood quietly before them—then she spoke calmly and clearly. The rich pure voice speaking their own language with a wonderful melody of intonation seemed to please the excited Indians.

"Did you wish to speak with me, she asked?"

A tall warrior stepped forward, and bowed low answered her, saying,

"Lady, two days ago in battle we took a prisoner; we brought him here to punish him according to our rules. This morning we left him in charge of some of our number; but they drank too much of your people's firewater, and the prisoner escaped. We have scoured the woods, and have not found him; he could not wander far away, for he was near to death. Will you let us look through your home; he may have found a hiding-place here."

"Certainly, you may search the fort," was Marie's prompt answer; "but will you favor me. An old lady is dying within these

walls. Will you be very quiet; the least sound may hasten the event we dread."

The Indians having promised to comply with her wishes, Marie led the way and a few of their member followed her. They wandered all over the fort, through every nook and cranny; but no escaped white man was to be found. Finally, with her finger on her lips and stepping on tiptoe, she led them to the sick chamber. The shaded light fell on the drawn features of the feeble old lady. The low breathing was scarcely audible. With a profound look of pity two of the Indians looked in for an instant, and then stole away to their comrades, to tell how they had searched in vain. Their loud cries were soon heard in the wood, and the brave Countess gratefully returned thanks for their deliverance so far.

By midnight their preparations were completed, and after a slight repast, at which the officer joined them in his own uniform, they quietly left the fort.

A new trader with fresh supplies and several soldiers was expected every day. Marie's plan was to leave the gates locked, and so prevent the inroad of the natives until the arrival of the new master.

They were soon launched on the quiet waters. As they passed the burial place of the Count and his son it suddenly dawned on the Countess's mind that she was leaving forever the last resting-place of her darling ones. A great bitter grief arose, and for a time she repented her attempt to save the life of an enemy to her country.

In the darkness she hid her head in Rosalie's lap and heavy sobs shook her weary body. Claude's pretty speeches rang in her ear; she thought she could feel his soft baby caresses on her brow and cheek. The true voice of her lordly husband seemed to be calling her from far away. The rising moon, the gliding waters, the forest shade, and the bark canoe were forgotten,—once more she was roaming with Henri by her side; the air rang with Claude's silvery laughter, and the woods were merry with the voices of the loved ones.

By daybreak the fugitives were many miles away from the fort; but still Marie slept the sleep of forgetfulness, and all her

dreams were filled with visions of home, love, and gladness. Again she trilled out songs of mirth, again her laugh rippled over the waves as she paddled down the stream with Henri. Ah! me, why did she wake to find it but a dream.

It would be impossible to describe the scenes of that weary trip to Montreal; suffice it to say that they reached their destination after innumerable trials and difficulties.

But Marie did not sail for France. A severe illness detained her for some months. There were many friends to

gather round the lonely lady, and many willing hands stretched out to welcome her to kind homes. In the midst of cheerful and happy society, and surrounded by every available comfort, Marie spent a most pleasant winter.

Late in the following summer she left Canada and sailed, not for France, but for England, there to be loved and esteemed by all who knew her, and to be happily content in the love of her husband, Captain McFarlane, the British officer who had been so nobly rescued by the brave Countess.

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## THE HAUNTED GRAVEYARD.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

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Among the pioneer settlers of the Bay of Quinté and other western sections of our country, there existed a strong tendency to superstitious and sensational beliefs. It would be uncharitable for us to censure them for this; the peculiar circumstances under which they emigrated thither furnished sufficient excuse. The hasty expulsion from homes of comparative comfort, and the unusual strain upon the passions which such a transition of social and political events necessarily occasioned, wrought heavily upon their spiritual natures. They came to a wilderness where nature's sublimity surrounded them, but where they could not command such means of instruction as were previously enjoyed. For many years there were no schools, and only occasional religious exercises, while books were curiosities but rarely met with. Legendary tales were industriously circulated, some of them of a highly superstitious character; and these made a deep impression on the mind, especially of the younger portion of the community

Many, in consequence, became life-long slaves to a kind of morbid fear, which no effort of mind could overcome. "A company of neighbors spending the evening together would take turns in telling of what they had seen or dreamed, or heard told; and at last, when the bright, sparkling fire had sunk into subdued embers, the consciousness of having to go home through the woods, or past a graveyard, would arouse the talkers. Shuddering at the thought, and with the imagination heightened by the conversation, they would set out on their path. It was at such times that the spirit of some recently departed one would be seen hovering over the grave, or floating away at the approach of footsteps. Strange voices came from the midst of the darkness, and unnatural lights flashed in the eyes of the midnight travellers."

It took some time to successfully combat these strange delusions, and in many instances they were never entirely eradicated. The Dutch settlers were particu-

larly disposed to great tenacity of faith in "ghosts," "hobgoblins," etc.; and even at the present day there are venerable descendants of this stock who persistently refuse to accept your "new-fangled notions," as they call them. But it must not be supposed that by giving way to influences of this nature, our ancestors forgot their dependence upon God, as the author of all things and the source of "every good and perfect gift." However they might have erred in accepting a faith of such manifest absurdity, there was always a genuine spirit of Christian fortitude and resignation which pre-eminently distinguished their lives.

The instance here recorded, in illustration of the above, is selected from a number gathered during several years of attention to matters of this kind, and is given because it shows a termination fraught with such wholesome effects, and because it is known to be substantially true. In one of the western townships (of the original nine surveyed around the Bay of Quinté) there exists to-day one of the primitive burying-grounds selected by the first settlers. It remains in an excellent state of preservation, being still used by the people residing near for the purposes originally intended. Nature has done much to make the site attractive; a small point projects out into the water to a considerable distance, washed on one side by a broad, sluggish stream that here finds an outlet after meandering through miles of forest and meadow. The surface is gently undulating, with green knolls and shady hollows, which seem formed on purpose for resting-places for departed friends. Numerous are the mounds that rise up in every part, "some shaped with loving care," and with sculptured marble to tell the story of the life gone out. The willow is made to grow at the head, bending mournfully over the dust resting below. Others are more humble in appearance, being merely

"Low, green hillocks, with two gray stones,"

where repose the body of the poorer class, now on a level with the wealthiest. Just across the stream, which is spanned by a rough wooden bridge, the land rises

abruptly to a considerable height, being the termination of a ridge which extends several miles inland. The edge of this hill has been dug out so as to form a passage way for carriages on the main road; the course leading around the verge, close to the water, from which it is separated by a slight railing. As the traveller approaches from either side, the little graveyard suddenly comes in full view, and in the night time the white tombstones lift their heads above the surrounding fence with a ghost-like aspect.

Somebody passing this way many years ago during a dark night, is said to have discovered a large black dog, which was leisurely walking around the base of the hill and towards the graveyard, which it entered and then disappeared. This being related with accustomed exaggeration was sufficient to excite the credulity of the superstitiously inclined, and others professed to have seen this dog moving in a similar manner. It always appeared at the bottom of the hill and travelling towards the graveyard,

"And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons."

This was quite generally accepted as some supernatural wonder; and the belief was that some one was buried in the yard under mysterious circumstances, and that the spirit took this shape in revealing the case to living mortals. The country people whose business led them past the haunted spot would make all possible expedition in order to get by before night, for fear of meeting the strange apparition. But it so happened that there were a few individuals residing in the vicinity who expressed suspicion as to the genuineness of this dog-ghost, and their willingness to meet the nocturnal prowler any time when it chose to appear. One of these, an old-fashioned farmer, being at a mill in the neighboring village, and not getting his grist until near night, was pursuing his way home, meditating upon diverse subjects of personal concern. The night was very dark, and the white monuments in the graveyard suddenly appeared through the surrounding gloom. This reminded him of the ghost story, and he mentally expressed a wish that if there were any

truth in the rumor he might discover it then. Peering about him he continued to advance slowly towards the fated spot. Just before reaching the entrance to the yard he descried some dark object near the bridge, and apparently moving towards him. All his boasted fortitude vanished in a moment, and in spite of his efforts his hair actually began to rise on his head, until he grabbed his hat to hold it on, and his knees shook. It was too late to retreat; so, desperately resigning himself to his fate, he drove forward, expecting to confront an unearthly monster of some kind. This suspense soon ended, for as the horses came near the object of his fear it gave a loud grunt, more piggish than spiritual in tone, and moved away. It was a large hog, colored dark by frequent wallowing in the mud, which was feeding on the short grass that grew by the roadside, and totally unconscious of the alarm its presence had caused. The fortunate turn affairs had taken completely restored the farmer to his wonted equanimity, and he continued his homeward journey in the most hilarious spirits. No time was lost in relating his experience of the ghost mystery, and every chance improved to give it as wide a circulation as possible. It had a most beneficial effect upon the unsophisticated mind, and it was amusing to witness the revulsion in public opinion that immediately followed. Those who formerly believed became ashamed of their faith, and finally joined in repudiating the whole affair, wondering all the while how any one could possibly be so credulous as to associate a disembodied spirit with a huge black dog!

This simple affair completely spoiled similar sensations in that locality, and was the unexpected cause of a wonderful improvement in the education of the masses. While all rejoiced that the black dog was not a "horrible spook," there were some who regretted the conversion for very good reasons. They declared that so long as the dog held good in public estimation many of their friends were less inclined to tarry late at the village tavern, and would return home in a more rational mood.

## A MIDNIGHT PICNIC.

Lady Barker, the author of that sprightly book, "Station Life in New Zealand," seems to have had an unusual fondness for adventure. Hearing the early "settlers" tell of "camping out," she determined to know something about it by experience, and so set to work to excite in some of her friends a desire to see the sun rise from the top of "Flagpole," a hill 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and only two miles from home. She says:

As soon as they were sufficiently enthusiastic on the subject, I broached my favorite project of our all going up there over night, and camping out on the highest peak. Strange to say, the plan did not meet with any opposition, even from F—, who has had to camp out many a winter's night, and with whom, therefore, the novelty may be said to have worn off.

There was a great bustle about the little homestead that eventful Tuesday afternoon. Two very steady old horses were saddled, one for me and the other for one of the "new chums," who was not supposed to be in good form for a long walk, owing to a weak knee. Everything which we thought we could possibly want was heaped on and around us after we had mounted; the rest of the gentlemen, four in number, walked, and we reached the first stage of our expedition in about an hour. Here we dismounted, as the horses could go no further in safety. Then came a time of great excitement and laughing and talking, for all the "swags" had to be packed and apportioned for the very long and steep ascent before us.

And now I must tell you exactly what we took up: A pair of large double blankets to make the tent of—that was one swag, and a very unwieldy one it was—strapped knapsack fashion, with straps of flax-leaves, on the back, and the bearer's coat and waistcoat fastened on the top of the whole. The next load consisted of one small single blanket for my sole use, inside of which was packed a cold leg of lamb. I carried the luncheon basket, also strapped on my shoulders, filled with two large bottles of cream, some tea and sugar, and, I think, teaspoons. It looked a very insignificant load by the side of the others, but I assure you I found it frightfully heavy long before I had gone half way up the hill. The rest distributed among them a couple of large heavy axes, a small coil of rope, some bread, a cake, tin plates and pannikins, knives and forks, and a fine pigeon-pie. Concerning this pie there were two abominable propositions: one was to leave it behind, and the other was to eat it then and there. Both of these suggestions were, however, indignantly rejected. To poor F— was assigned the

heaviest and most difficult load of all—the water. He must have suffered great anxiety all the way, for if any accident had happened to *his* load, he would have had to go back again to refill his big kettle. This he carried in his hand, whilst a large tin vessel, with a screw lid over its mouth, was strapped on his back, also full of water; but he was particularly charged not to let a drop escape from the spout of the kettle. And I may mention here that, though he took a long time about it—for he could not go as straight up the hill as we did—he reached the top with the kettle full to the brim; the other vessel was of course quite safe. All these packings and repackings, and the comfortable adjustment of the “swags” occupied a long time, so it was past five when we began our climb, and half-past six when we reached the top of the hill, and getting so rapidly dark that we had to hurry our preparations for the night, though we were all so breathless that a “spell” (do you know that means rest?) would have been most acceptable. The ascent was very steep, and there were no sheep-tracks to guide us. Our way lay through thick, high flax-bushes, and we never could have got on without their help. I started with a stick, but soon threw it aside and pulled myself up by the flax, hand over hand. Of course I had to stop every now and then to rest; and once I chose the same flax-bush where three young wild pigs had retired for the night, having first made themselves the most beautiful bed of tussock-grass, bitten into short lengths; the tussocks are very much scattered here, so it must have been an afternoon’s work for them; but the shepherds say these wild pigs make themselves a fresh bed every night.

The first thing to be done was to pitch the tent on the little flat at the very top of the hill. It was a very primitive affair; two of the thinnest and longest pieces of totara, with which Flagpole is strewed, we used for poles, fastening another piece lengthwise to these upright sticks as a roof-tree; this frame was then covered with the large double blanket, whose ends were kept down on the ground by a row of the heaviest stones to be found. The rope we had brought up served to tie the poles together at the top, and to fasten the blanket on them; but as soon as the tent had reached this stage, it was discovered that the wind blew through it from end to end, and that it afforded very little protection. We also found it much colder at the top of this hill than in our valley; so under these circumstances it became necessary to appropriate my solitary blanket to block up one end of the tent and make it more comfortable for the whole party. It was very little shelter before this was done. The next step was to collect wood for a

fire, which was not difficult, for at some distant time the whole of the hill must have been covered by a forest of totara-trees. It has apparently been destroyed by fire, for the huge trunks and branches which still strew the steep side are charred and half-burnt. It is a beautiful wood, with a strong aromatic odor, and blazed and crackled splendidly in the clear, cool evening air, as we piled up a huge bonfire and put the kettle on to boil. It was quite dusk by this time, so the gentlemen worked hard at collecting a great supply of wood, as the night promised to be a very cold one, whilst I remained to watch the kettle, full of that precious liquid poor F—had carried up with such care, and to prevent the wekas from carrying off our supper, which I had arranged just inside the tent. In this latter task I was nobly assisted by my little black terrier Dick.

By eight o’clock a noble pile of firewood had been collected, and we were very tired and hungry; so we all crept inside the tent, which did not afford very spacious accommodation, and begun our supper. At this point of the entertainment everybody voted it a great success; although the wind was slowly rising and blowing from a cold point, and our blanket-tent did not afford the perfect warmth and shelter we had fondly credited it with. The gentlemen began to button up their coats. I had only a light serge jacket on, so I coaxed Dick to sit at my back and keep it warm; for whilst our faces were roasted by the huge beacon-fire, there was a keen and icy draught behind us. The hot tea was a great comfort, and we enjoyed it thoroughly, and after it was over the gentlemen lit their pipes and I told them a story. Presently we had glees, but by ten o’clock there was no concealing the fact that we were all very sleepy indeed; however, we still loudly declared that camping out was the most delightful experiment. F— and another gentleman (that kind and most goodnatured Mr. U—, who lives with us) went outside the tent, armed with knives, and cut all the tussocks they could feel in the darkness to make me a bed after the fashion of the pigs. They brought in several armfuls, and the warmest corner in the tent was heaped with them. I had my luncheon-basket for a pillow, and announced that I had turned in and was very comfortable, and that camping out was charming. The gentlemen were still cheery, though sleepy; and the last thing I remember was seeing preparations being made for what a Frenchman of my acquaintance always will call a “grog.” When I awoke, I thought I must have slept several hours. Though the fire was blazing grandly, the cold was intense; I was so stiff, I could hardly move; all my limbs ached dread-

fully, and my sensations altogether were new and very disagreeable. I sat up with great difficulty and many groans, and looked round. Two figures were coiled up, like huge dogs, near me; two more, moody and sulky, were smoking by the fire, with their knees drawn up to their noses and their hands in their pockets, collars well up round their throats—statues of cold and disgust. To my inquiries about the hour, the answer, given in tones of the deepest despondency, was, "Only eleven o'clock, and the sun doesn't rise till six, and it's going to be the coldest night we've had this year." The speaker added, "If it wasn't so dark that we'd break our necks on the way, we might go home."

Here was a pretty end to our amusement. I slowly let myself down again and tried to go to sleep, but *that* relief was at an end for the night; the ground seemed to grow harder every moment, or, at all events, I ached more, and the wind certainly blew higher and keener. Dick proved himself a most selfish doggie; he would creep round to leeward of *me*, whilst I wanted him to let me get to leeward of him; but he would not consent to this arrangement. Whenever I heard a deeper moan or sigh than usual, I whispered an inquiry as to the hour, but the usual reply, in the most cynical voice, was, "Oh! you need not whisper; nobody is asleep." I heard one plaintive murmur: "Think of all our warm beds, and of our coming up here from choice!" I must say I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself for my plan; it was impossible to express my contrition and remorse, for, always excepting Mr. U—, they were all too cross to be spoken to. It certainly was a weary, long night. About one o'clock I pretended to want some hot tea, and the preparation for that got through half an hour, and it warmed us a little; but everybody still was deeply dejected, not to say morose. Subdued savageness was the prevailing state of mind. I tried to infuse a little hope into the party by suggestions of a speedy termination to our misery; but my own private opinion was that we should all be laid up for weeks to come with illness. I allotted to myself in this imaginary distribution of ills a severe rheumatic fever. Oh! how I ached, and I felt as if I never could be warm again. The fire was no use, except to afford occupation in putting on wood. It roasted a little bit of you at a time, and that bit suffered doubly from the cold when it was obliged to take its share of exposure to the wind. I cannot say whether the proverb is true of other nights, but this particular night certainly was both darkest and coldest just before dawn.

At last, to our deep joy, and after many false alarms, we really all agreed that there was a faint streak of gray in the east. My

first impulse was to set off home, and I believe I tried to get up expressing some such intention, but F— recalled me to myself by saying, in great surprise, "Are you not going to stop and see the sun rise?" I had quite forgotten that this was the avowed object of the expedition, but I was far too stiff to walk a yard, so I was obliged to wait to see what effect the sunrise would have on my frozen limbs, for I could not think of any higher motive. Presently some one called out, "There's the sea!" and so it was, as distinct as though it were not fifty miles off. None of us had seen it since we landed; to all of us it is associated with the idea of going home some day. Whilst we were feasting our eyes on it, a golden line seemed drawn on its horizon; it spread and spread, and as all the water became flooded with a light and glory which hardly seemed to belong to this world, the blessed sun came up to restore us all to life and warmth again. In a moment, in less than a moment, all our little privations and sufferings vanished as if they had never existed, or existed only to be laughed at. Who could think of their "Ego" in such a glorious presence, and with such a panorama before them? I did not know which side to turn to first. Behind me rose a giant forest in the far hills to the west—a deep shadow for miles—till the dark outline of the pines stood out against the dazzling snow of the mountains behind it; here the sky was still sheltering the flying night, and the white outlines looked ghostly against the dull, neutral tints, though every peak was sharply and clearly defined; then I turned round to see before me such a glow of light and beauty! For an immense distance I could see the vast Canterbury plains; to the left the Waimakiriri River, flowing in many streams, "like a tangled bunch of silver ribbons," down to the sea. Beyond its banks the sun shone on the windows of the houses at Oxford, thirty miles off, as the crow would fly, and threw its dense bush into strong relief against the yellow plains. Every moment added to our delight and enjoyment; but, unfortunately, it was a sort of happiness which one can neither speak of at the time nor write about afterwards. Silence is its most expressive language. Whilst I was drinking in all the glory and beauty before me, some of the others had been busy striking the tent, repacking the loads—very much lighter without the provisions; and we had one more excellent cup of tea before abandoning the encampment to the *wekas*, who must have breakfasted splendidly that morning. Our last act was to collect all the stones we could move into a huge crain, which was built round a tall pole of totara; on the summit of this we tied securely, with flax, the largest and strongest



pocket-handkerchief, and then, after one look around to the west—now as glowing and bright as the radiant east—we set off homewards about seven o'clock. But it was long before we reached the place where we left the horses, for the gentlemen began rolling huge rocks down the sides of the hills, and watching then crashing and thundering into the valleys, sometimes striking another rock and then bounding high into the air. They were all as eager and excited as school-boys, and I could not go on and leave them, lest I should get below them and be crushed under a small stone of twenty tons or so. I was therefore forced to keep well *above* them all the time. At last we reached the spur where the horses were tethered, re-saddled and loaded them, and arrived quite safely at home, just in time for baths and breakfast. I was amused to see that no one seemed to remember or allude to the miseries and aches of that long cold night; all were full of professions of enjoyment. But I noticed that the day was unusually quiet; the gentlemen preferred a bask in the veranda to any other amusement, and I have reason to believe they indulged in a good many naps.—*Exchange.*

#### PAGANINI.

The following account of the great violinist, Paganini, is from a paper by H. R. Haweis, in *Good Words* :—

Paganini père may have been a street porter, as some pretend, or a small tradesman, as others, probably in the right, affirm. He was a sharp man; he was a cruel man; he did overmuch to develop his son's talents, and overmuch to ruin his health, and, probably, is chargeable with having destroyed his mental and moral equilibrium for life. Nocolo's mother was a sweet, amiable woman—she loved her boy, she believed in him, she often stood between him and the rod, she prayed for him, and saw one night in a vision a celestial being, who told her that the boy would become the greatest violinist that ever lived. How far this dream, which she lost no time in communicating to father and son, increased the father's severity, and fired the boy's ambition, we cannot tell; but the dream seems to have been a well-established fact, and years afterwards, when the mother was old, and the son at his zenith, she reminded him of it, as of an incident which had been familiar to both of them through their lives.

In these early days of boyhood were probably laid the seeds of that idiosyncrasy of temperament which became at once the glory and curse of his life. Little as we

know about the human brain, it is tolerably certain that its particles move in physical grooves and acquire methodical arrangements, which correspond to what we call mental qualities and states of mind. Illness may perpetuate some, and modify others. Great severity may have a similar effect; recurrent outward action, for instance, may create intense propensity in certain directions, and thus impart the perseverance of mania to inward dispositions; the nervous system at the same time, if it does not break down, becomes over developed, and is then endowed with an almost supernatural sensibility. Something of this kind appears to have been the case with Paganini; he was by nature very delicate. At four years old he was nearly buried alive, he lay for a whole day in a state of catalepsy, and was already placed in his shroud, when he revived, but with a nervous system which from that time forward showed signs of a strange and unnatural susceptibility. By his own temperament, as soon as he could hold the violin, he was urged to an intense and dangerous application—for the least fault he was severely beaten by his father, which seemed to increase an ardor which should, for his own sake, have been rather moderated. Precocity was still further forced on by starvation. Had it not been for his mother he might never have survived this brutal treatment. We shall see by-and-by how lovingly he remembered her in the midst of his triumphs.

Paganini was born at Genoa on the 18th February, 1784. After exhausting his father's instruction, he was taken in hand by Signor Servetto, of the Genoese theatre; then Giacomo Costa, chapel master, taught him, and the child was often seen playing in the Genoese churches on a violin almost as large as himself; but, like Mozart before him, and Mendelssohn after him, Nicholo was the despair of his masters, who were in turn angry with his innovations, and astonished at his precocious facility. In his ninth year he appeared at a concert, and electrified every one with variations on the French air, *La Carmagnole*. This triumph impelled his avaricious father to discover some one who could further teach him; the young talent was to be pressed and squeezed to its utmost limit, in order to produce the golden harvest.

At Parma lived the celebrated musician Rolla. To Rolla was the boy taken, but Rolla was ill. Whilst waiting in the ante-room little Nicolo took up a violin, and played off at sight some difficult music which he found laying on the table. The invalid composer raised himself on his bed to listen, and eagerly inquired who the great master was who had arrived, and

was playing in his anteroom? "A mere lad!—impossible!" but on Paganini's making his appearance as an humble pupil, Rolla at once told him that he could teach him nothing. Thence to Paër, who was glad to make his difficult charge over to Ghiretti, and this master gave him three lessons a week in harmony and counterpoint. It is not clear that this extraordinary genius owed much more to any one but himself—his indomitable perseverance and his incessant study. His method is to be noted. For ten or twelve hours he would try passages over and over again in different ways with such absorption and intensity, that at nightfall he would sink into utter prostration through excessive exhaustion and fatigue. Though delicate, like Mendelssohn, he ate at times ravenously, and slept soundly. When about ten he wrote twenty-four fugues, and soon afterwards composed some violin music, of such difficulty that he was unable at first to play it, until incessant practice gave him the mastery.

In 1797, Paganini, being then thirteen years old, made his first professional tour, but not as a free agent. His father took him through the chief towns of Lombardy, and not unnaturally prescribed the task and pocketed the proceeds. But the young neck was already beginning to chafe against the yoke. In 1798 he escaped, with his father's tardy consent, to Lucca, where a musical festival in honor of St. Martin was going on. He there gave frequent concerts, and was everywhere met with applause, and, what was more to the purpose, with money. Surrounded by men of inferior talents, a mere inexperienced youth, without education, without knowledge of the world, with nothing but ambition and his supreme musical genius, he now broke wildly away from all wise restraints, and avenged himself upon his father's severity by many youthful excesses. He gambled—he lost—he was duped by his companions; but he made money so fast, that he soon owned about £1,000.

By the time he had reached seventeen, Paganini was a confirmed gambler. He had little left but his Stradiarius violin, and this he was on the point of selling to a certain prince, who had offered him £80, a large sum at the beginning of this century even for a Stradiarius. Times have changed, and in these latter days we think nothing of giving £300 for a genuine instrument of the first class. But the reckless youth determined to make a last stand for his violin. "Jewels, watch, rings, brooches," to use his own words, "I had disposed of all—my 30 francs were reduced to 3. With this small remains of my capital I played, and won 160 francs! This amount saved my violin, and restored

my affairs. From that time," he adds, "I abjured gaming, to which I had sacrificed a part of my youth, convinced that a gamester is an object of contempt to all well-regulated minds." The violin he narrowly missed losing was given him by Pasini the painter, who on one occasion brought him a concerto of extraordinary difficulty to read at sight, and placing a fine Stradiarius in his hands, said, "This instrument shall be yours if you can play that concerto at first sight in a masterly manner." "If that is the case," replied Paganini, "you may bid adieu to it;" and playing it off at once, he retained the violin. Easy come—easy go. Some years later, at Leghorn, being again in great straits, he was obliged to part, for a time at least, with the same Stradiarius; but this disaster was only the means of procuring him the favorite Guarnerius, upon which he ever afterwards played. In his need, M. Livron, a distinguished amateur, lent him this splendid instrument, and was so enraptured by his playing, that he exclaimed, "Never will I profane the strings that your fingers have touched. It is to you that my violin belongs." This violin is still shown at Genoa under a glass case.

At the age of seventeen Paganini appears to have been entirely his own master—weak in health, nervous, irritable, and excitable; his wild and irregular habits and pursuits were, at this critical age, threatening to hurry him to an early grave, when an event occurred which, although but too characteristic of the looseness of Italian manners, probably saved his life.

Suddenly, in the midst of new discoveries and unexampled successes, Paganini ceased to play the violin. He retired into the depths of the country, and devoted himself for three years to agricultural pursuits, and to the society of a lady of rank who had carried him off to her Tuscan estate, and to the guitar. With the sole exception of the late Regondi, no such genius has ever been concentrated upon this limited and effeminate instrument. But the lady's taste ran that way, and the great violinist lavished for a time the whole force of his originality and skill upon the light guitar. He wrote music for it, and imitated it on the violin, but seldom touched it in after life until quite the close, although he was able to produce a prodigious effect upon it when he chose. These years of country life and leisure, during which he was delivered from the pressure of crowds, the excitement of public performances, and, most of all, the grinding anxieties of life, had the effect of bracing him up in health, and prepared him for that reaction towards intense study and exhausting toil which left him without a rival—the first violinist in the world.

In 1804 he returned to Genoa, where he

seems, amongst other things, to have given lessons to a young girl of fifteen, named Catherine Calcagno, who appears to have caught something of his style, and to have astonished Italy for a few years, but after 1816 we hear no more of her. And now the neglected violin was taken up once again, but this time with maturer powers and settled intentions. There is a strange thoroughness about Paganini—nothing which any previous musician knew or had done must be unknown or left undone by him; there was to be no hitting him between the joints of his armor; no loophole of imperfection anywhere. He now occupied himself solely with the study of his instrument, and with composition—wrote four grand quartettes for violin, viol, guitar, and violincello; and bravura variations with guitar accompaniment. At the age of twenty-one (1805) he made a second professional tour, passing through Lucca and Piombino, and in one convent church where he played a concerto, the excitement was so great that the monks had to leave their stalls to silence the uproar in the congregation. It was at the end of this tour that Napoleon's sister, the Princess Eliza, offered the new violinist the direction of the court music, and gave him the grade of captain in the royal guard, with the privilege of wearing that officer's brilliant uniform on state occasions.

Between 1805 and 1812, whilst in the service of the Princess Eliza, afterwards Grand Duchess of Tuscany, Paganini probably reached his acme of power, if not of fame. He had for years been at work upon new effects and combinations, but, at the very time when each new exploit was being greeted with frantic applause, he betook himself to an exhaustive study of the old masters. Something he seemed to be groping after—some clue he wished to find. How often had he thrown over Viotti, Pugnani, Kreutzer, how often had he returned to their works! All were found utterly inadequate to suggest to him a single fresh thought, and it was nothing short of a new world that he was bound to discover.

In studying the ninth work of Locatelli, entitled "L'Arte de Nuova Modulazione," his brain was set suddenly agoing in the peculiar direction of his new aspirations. Every original genius seeks some such clue or point of departure. Something in Locatelli's method inflamed Paganini with those conceptions of simultaneous notes struck in different parts of the instrument; the hitherto unknown management of the screws, in which the violin was tuned all sorts of ways to reach effects never heard before or since; the harmonic flying out at all points, the arpeggios and pizzicatos, of which more anon; these which were in after years brought to such perfection, were

born out of infinite study and practice, under the stimulating influence of the Grand Duchess and her court.

It is at this season of his life that Paganini appears most like other people; the idol of the court, untouched as yet by any definite malady, occupying an official post, and systematically laboring to perfect a talent which already seemed too prodigious to belong to any one man,—all conditions seemed most favorable to his peace and pleasure, could they have only lasted; but this was not possible. They continued until he had achieved the last step in the ladder of consummate skill, and no longer. Probably all his executive peculiarities were developed at this time. It was at Florence, for instance (and not in a prison), that Paganini first played upon only two—the first and fourth—strings, and then upon one—the fourth—string.

Being in love with a lady of the court, who reciprocated his attachment, he gave out that he would depict upon his violin a *Scène Amoureuse*; the treble string, we presume, was the lady, and the fourth string the gentleman. The emotional dialogue was carried on between the two in a manner which fairly overcame the audience with delight, and led to the Grand Duchess requesting him to try one string alone next time. How he succeeded in that exploit is known to all the world, for he ever after wards retained an extreme partiality for the fourth string.

In 1808 he obtained from the Grand Duchess leave to travel. His fame had preceded him. Leghorn, where seven years before he had forfeited his famous Stradiarius and won a Guarnerius, received him with open arms, although his appearance was marked by an amusing *contretemps*. He came on to the stage limping, having run a nail into his heel. At all times odd-looking, he no doubt looked all the more peculiar under these circumstances, and there was some tittering among the audience. Just as he began, the candles fell out of his desk—more laughter. He went on playing, the first string broke—more laughter. He played the rest of the concerto through on three strings, but the laughter now changed to vociferous applause at this feat. The beggarly elements seemed of little consequence to this magician. One or more strings, it was all the same to him; indeed, it is recorded that he seldom paused to mend his strings when they broke, which they not unfrequently did. Whether from abstraction or carelessness he would allow them at times to grow quite ragged on the finger board, and his constant practice of plucking them, guitar-like, with the left hand, as well as harp-like with the forefinger of the right hand, helped, no doubt, to wear them out rapidly.

At Ferrara both he and his violin met with a different reception. A singer had failed him, and he had induced a *danseuse* who had a pretty voice to come to the rescue. Some graceless fellow in the audience hissed her singing, which caused Paganini to take a revenge little suited to the occasion. In his last solo he imitated the cries of various animals, and suddenly advancing to the footlights, caused his violin to bray like an ass, with the exclamation, "This is for him who hissed!" Instead of laughter, the pit rose in fury, and would have soon made short work of him and his violin, had he not escaped by a back door. It appears that the country folk round Ferrara called the town's people, whom they hated, "asses," and were in the habit of singing out "hee-haw!" whenever they had to allude to them; hence the angry reception of Paganini's musical repartee.

We get but fugitive glances of the great artist during this professional tour, but it is too true that at Turin he was attacked with that bowel complaint which ever after haunted him like an evil demon, causing him the most frightful and protracted suffering, and interrupting his career sometimes for months together. His distrust of doctors, and love of quack medicines, no doubt made matters worse, and from this time his strange appearance grew stranger, his pallor more livid, his gauntness and thinness more spectral and grotesque, whilst greatly, no doubt, in consequence of suffering, his face assumed that look of eagle sharpness, sometimes varied by a sardonic grin, or a look of almost demoniacal fury, which artists have caricatured, and sculptors have tried to tone down. Indeed, he must have been altogether an exceptional being to behold in the flesh. People who knew him say that the figure which, used to be exhibited at Madame Tussaud's, some twenty-five years ago, was a remarkable likeness. He looked like an indifferently dressed skeleton, with a long parchment face, deep dark eyes, full of flame, long lank hair, straggling down over his shoulders. His walk was shambling and awkward, the bones seemed to have been badly strung together; he appeared as if he had been fixed up hastily on wires and the wires had got loose. As he stood, he settled himself on one hip, at a gaunt angle, and before he began the whole business looked so unpromising, that men wondered how he could hold his violin at all, much less play it!

It must have been at his first visit to Florence, before his appearance was familiar, as it afterwards became, to the inhabitants of that city, that we get one of those side-views of the man which are more precious than many dates and drier details.

Slowly recovering from illness, Paga-

nini repaired to Florence, probably in May of the year 1809. He must have then lived in almost complete solitude, as he does not appear to have been recognized there before the month of October, when he was officially called to his duties by the late Princess, now Grand Duchess, at the Court of Florence.

About the age of thirty, at which time, as we shall presently narrate, Paganini became free never again to be bound by any official appointment—the great violinist had exhausted all the possible resources of his instrument. From this time Paganini, incredible as it may appear, seldom, if ever, played except at concerts and rehearsals, and not always at rehearsals. Mr. Harris, who for twelve months acted as his secretary, and seldom left him, *never* saw him take his violin from its case. At the hotels where he stopped the sound of his instrument was never heard. He used to say that he had worked enough, and had earned his right to repose; yet, without an effort, he continued to overcome the superhuman difficulties which he himself had created with the same unerring facility, and ever watched by the eager and envious eyes of critics and rivals. In vain! No false intonation, no note out of tune, no failure was ever perceptible. The *Times'* critic, reviewing him in London some years before his death, says his octaves were so true that they sounded like one note, and the most enormous intervals with triple notes, harmonics and guitar effects seem to have been invariably taken with the same precision. In the words of a critical judge, M. Fetis, "his hand was a geometrical compass, which divided the finger-board with mathematical precision." There is an amusing story told of an Englishman, who followed him from place to place, to hear him play in private, in the hope of discovering his "secret." At last, after many vain attempts, he managed to get lodged in the next room to the great artist. Looking through the keyhole, he beheld him seated on a sofa, about to take his violin its case—at last! He raises it to his chin—but the bow?—is left in the case. The left hand merely measures with its enormous wiry fingers a few mechanical intervals, and the instrument is replaced in silence—not even then was a note to be heard!

Yet every detail of rehearsal was anxiety to him. Although he gave a prodigious number of concerts, he was always unusually restless and abstracted on the morning of the day on which he had to perform. He would lie idle for hours on his sofa—or, at least, he seemed to be idle—perhaps the works were then being wound up before going to rehearsal—he would then before starting take up his violin, examine it carefully, especially the screws, and, having satisfied himself, re-

place it in its shabby worn case without striking a note. Then he would sort and arrange the orchestral parts of his solos, and go off to rehearsal. He was very unpunctual, and on one occasion kept the whole band waiting for an hour, and was at last found sheltering from the rain under a colonnade, rather than take a cab. This was in London. At the rehearsal there was always the most intense eagerness on the part of the band to see him play, and when he came to one of his prodigious cadenzas, the musicians would rise in their seats, and lean forward to watch every movement, and follow every sound. Paganini would then just play a few commonplace notes, stop suddenly, and, turning round to the band, wave his bow, with a malicious smile, and say, "Et cætera, Messieurs!" If anything went wrong he got into a paroxysm of fury; but when things went well he freely showed his satisfaction, and often exclaimed, "*Bravissimo! Siede tutti virtuosi!*" He could be very courteous in his manner, and was not personally unpopular with his fellow-musicians, who stood greatly in awe of him. No one ever saw the principal part of his solos, as he played by heart, for fear of the music being copied. The rehearsal over, he carried even the orchestral parts away with him. He would then go straight home, take a light meal, throw himself on his bed, and sleep profoundly until his carriage arrived to take him to the concert. His toilet was very simple, and took hardly any time; his coat was buttoned tightly over his chest, and marked the more conspicuously the impossible angles of his figure; his trousers hung loose for trousers of the period; his cravat was tight about his neck. He sweated so profusely over his solos, that he always carried a clean shirt in his violin trunk, and changed his linen once at least during the concert. At concert time he usually seemed in excellent spirits. His first question on arriving was always, "Is there a large audience?" If the room was full he would say, "Excellent people! good, good!" If by any chance the boxes were empty he would say, "Some of the effect will be lost." He kept his audience waiting a long time, and he would sometimes say, "I have played better," or "I have played worse," and occasionally his first solo would be more effective than his last. After once or twice trying the music of Kreutzer and Rode in public, he decided never to play any but his own, and said to his secretary, Mr. Harris, "I have my own peculiar style; in accordance with this I regulate my compositions. I had much rather write a piece in which I can trust myself entirely to my own musical impressions." "His art," observes M. Fetis, "was an art born with him, the secret of which he has carried to the grave."

## SELECTIONS.

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?"

"No, sah; but I've seen um kill mice."

When Southey was offered a half share in two newspapers, the *Morning Post* and the *Courrier*, by which he could probably have secured \$10,000 a year, he replied, "I will not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds: in short, beyond £350 a year, I consider money as a real evil."

To those who intend at some time or other to make a proposal in writing, a well-authenticated case may be cited as a warning to them on the subject of penmanship. An English duke made an offer to a merchant of marriage with his daughter, and, to his surprise, received back the answer, "Declined, with thanks, on account of a previous engagement." His grace's writing was so bad that the merchant had read his letter to contain an offer of a box at the opera, and the mistake was not explained for several years, by which time the duke and the lady had been married to other individuals.

In the whole of Spanish America, but especially in the larger towns, the moment of the Angelus has a strange attraction for a stranger. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an enchanter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles oddly lingering or passing into an expression of prayer. You would fancy a nation of statues. A town in South America, at the tinkle of the Angelus, resembles the city in the "Arabians Nights" whose inhabitants were turned into stones. The magician here is the bell-ringer. But hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hand meets hand, question seeks answer, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers swear and the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many, and sometimes striking.

## Young Folks.



### THE LITTLE MARQUIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

My childhood was far from being a happy one. I was an only child, and motherless. My father had been absent from home for a long time, leaving me in the charge of a trustworthy servant, who took me every morning to a neighboring school. When my father returned, he sent me to the grammar school. Being then about nine years old, I was put into one of the lowest forms, and was one of the last in the class, for I disliked the lessons, which no one ever cared to make interesting. Latin declensions and French participles appeared to me to have been invented expressly as means of torture to youthful heads. I always returned home cast down and discouraged. My master took no pains with so idle a pupil; my punishments were numerous, and my companions laughed at me. Even when lessons were over, the sight of my inked jacket and black fingers served as a most unpleasant reminder of the much-detested copybooks and their blotted contents.

My father was grave and taciturn, and knowing so little of him I greatly feared him. He spoke but rarely, and then only asked me questions about my lessons, during the dinners we always had together. When seated opposite my father, I felt as though a weight were upon me. I could neither lift my eyes or speak without an effort. I think the absence of all gaiety and sociability quite overcame me. My father was a mystery to me. Yet, once dinner was over, the much-dreaded questioning at an end, the door of the study I never entered closed, I was no longer to be pitied—all was forgotten! school, declensions, stern master and mocking companions, even my father's scrutinizing

glances which alarmed me so dreadfully. I forgot all and went in search of Marie.

Marie was the good genius in our household. The form which this good genius had assumed was not dazzling, but attractive nevertheless. It is true she was elderly, but so brisk and clean, her eyes so sparkling and her hands so skilful, that she was always a pleasing sight. Marie did everything in the house. She was cook, butler and housemaid. She had been my nurse, and taught me my letters. I think she would have undertaken to be both groom and coachman had my father kept a carriage. Nothing daunted her, nothing surprised her, and nothing was too difficult or fatiguing. I know not if my father felt the value of the treasure he possessed—a treasure of fidelity, devotion and industry. He never gave her a word of encouragement—rarely spoke in fact. Marie, however, seemed quite satisfied. Perhaps the approval of her own conscience was enough. When my father closed his study-door, I ran to Marie. It must have been tacitly understood that my evenings were to be thus passed, or I should never have been so isolated. What happy hours, especially in the winter, I spent in the well-warmed and bright old-fashioned kitchen, with the open hearth and quaint lamp! It was the only room in the house that never looked gloomy. I used to watch Marie rubbing up her saucepans and putting everything away; and all this work seemed so easy and amusing that I remember thinking it would be far nicer to be a cook than a school-boy. I cannot say if Marie divined my thoughts when I compared my lot with hers; but it is highly probable she would have viewed the whole

matter in the same light as myself, for she had never been able to read fluently, and was rather proud of her want of knowledge than otherwise. None the less exact was she, however, with the accounts, which my father balanced every week; for Marie had learned to write and cypher a little, though her spelling was deficient. Sometimes I amused myself with turning over the pages of the little account book and trying to discover the meaning of the queer combinations of letters which I never saw elsewhere. I soon discovered that the word *butar* meant butter, that bread was always written *bred*, and that the various other hieroglyphics meant simply eggs and milk, and not mysterious individuals, as I imagined at first. As a proof of how little I cared to profit by a course of schooling, I must acknowledge I was not the least shocked by this extremely picturesque way of writing and spelling, but thought it more charming than any classical French I ever read. I much wished every one could write in the same way; but alas! with what stern looks and harsh words would my master have greeted an exercise thus written! He would not have appreciated its charms. When I had studied Marie's account book with far more care than I bestowed on the grammar that lay beside it with two or three other ink-stained books, I went near the fire and asked if she had not nearly finished. Marie was prompt in all her movements, but everything in her kitchen had to be brilliantly clean before she would be persuaded to sit beside me. Then began the hours of unalloyed pleasure that more than compensated for all the sadness of the day, for Marie's recollections and stories were inexhaustible. I leant against her shoulder, half closed my eyes so as to see the firelight dancing and sparkling on the wall and shaping the embers into different forms according to the fancies floating dimly through my brain, as I listened to Marie's tales. One evening whilst thus luxuriating a fresh desire came into my head.

"I want a new story to-night, Marie," I said—"a tale I have never heard before."

"You are hard to please, my child," she replied. "When one is asked for stories

three hundred and sixty-five times during the year, one cannot be so particular."

"But, Marie, you have lived more than three hundred and sixty-five days."

"Mercy! I shouldn't like to count how many; but what has that to do with the new story?"

"Why! you ought to have a tale for every day of your life."

"Not quite so many, happily; but I do know a good many, and you shall have an entirely new story this evening."

On hearing these words, I closed my eyes quick, overwhelmed with happiness. At that moment I would not have changed places with any one in the world.

But Marie did not begin, and I opened my eyes and looked at her; she did not seem to notice my mute appeal.

"Did you talk to your father during dinner," she asked abruptly.

"Why, yes; I answered him when he spoke to me."

"Was that all? Why don't you chat to him as freely as you do to me?"

"Because papa frightens me; he is so cold,—so severe....."

"Dear me! listen to the child, who blames his father without knowing anything of the matter! Your father is not cold or severe; he is only very sad. He ought to be cheered and consoled, and you have no more idea than a piece of wood how to set about it."

"Papa sad!" I exclaimed, "and why?"

"That's the question! Perhaps because he wishes you to be different."

"No," I replied, "because when my father returned from his long journey about a year ago, he was just as sad as he is now; and then it couldn't be my fault, for he hardly knew me."

"Well, well! I don't think so either; only I know this, that you might be a comfort to him if you wished."

"If I thought it was only sorrow," I said hesitatingly, for the idea of my father's trouble rather attracted me, whilst hitherto he had alarmed and chilled me.

"He has good cause for sadness, my poor young master. Ah, when one thinks what he suffered when very little older than you, my darling!"

The term *young* applied to my father

(Marie always called him her "young master," although she had no other) seemed very strange to me,—my father *young*, with his grey hair, hollow eyes, tall, stooping figure and slow step; he looked very old in my eyes."

"How long is it since all that happened?" I asked.

"Wait a moment. This is 1835, and it was in the year 1793 that all this took place, so it is forty-two years ago."

"Forty-two years!" I repeated, quite overwhelmed by being taken back to such remote ages. "You were young, Marie."

"Quite young. Twenty at the most, and a pretty girl too; though it's hard to believe that when there is so little beauty left. But we won't speak any more of it. One can do one's duty with a wrinkled face just as well as if one were still young and blooming. Well, then, we had come to live in a house a few miles from Nantes,—quite a castle in size, though not fortified. Ah, how beautiful it all was, and how much I should like to see that part again! It was as quiet as a desert. I was with your grandparents, and they were good people to serve; especially the Marchioness, who was just a saint, and hadn't her equal in the county. She was still young; but, dear me, one aged quickly in those days! Everyone knew death might come to them at any moment. The King was dead, and his subjects were as easily got rid of. This idea was so familiar that we were not alarmed. Your grandmother only thought of the misery of the poor. She longed to help them as in former days when living near Quiberon; but near Nantes we knew no one. The house was in a lonely part. Your father, 'the little Marquis,' we called him then (he has not had his title since), was too young to trouble himself about all that went on. He had seen his mother cry over the dreary news from Paris; but that did not prevent his games with the farmers' children. He had fresh air and liberty, green fields and sunshine; he was not a poor little prisoner like you, with nothing to look at but brick walls. And then he was so strong and hearty; his voice, always the loudest, all had to obey, without daring to answer; truly he treated the little peasants like dogs. The Marquis always

laughed, and said his son was an 'aristocrat.' The Marchioness, however, often wept, saying with a sigh, 'I dread to think of that poor child's future!'

"I could not help noticing the frequent coming and going of strangers, and the many secret consultations that went on. One day I went to my mistress and said, 'You are in trouble, Madame. Why not tell your faithful Marie the cause?' She kissed me, but said she could tell nothing—not even to me. At last I knew what it was. The army of the Vendée, in which my master held a high command, was marching on Nantes to retake it, if possible, from the Republicans. It was a desperate attempt, and my poor young mistress prayed night and day. One evening, when the little Marquis had just gone to sleep, we heard a loud knock. The other servants had followed their master; only the old gardener and I were left. When the door was opened, a lieutenant in the Vendean army threw his horse's bridle to the old man, and rushed into the house. Madame was waiting in the hall, leaning pale and trembling against the wall.

"'Ah, Count Rive, is it you?' she exclaimed, 'you bring sad tidings. Tell me everything; keep nothing back.'

"'The army has been repulsed, Madame,' he replied; 'Cathelineau is mortally wounded.' (I had no need to ask Marie about Cathelineau. I had studied the history of the Revolution far too carefully not to know he was one of the chiefs in the army of the Vendée who had perished in this struggle.)

"'Heavens!' cried your grandmother, 'what a terrible misfortune!' Seeing, however, that Count Rive had more to tell her, she clasped her hands and waited.

"'Your husband also is wounded,' he said.

"'Tell me the whole,' she said with strange calmness; 'is he *only* wounded?'

"'I assure you, Madame, you know the worst, and he is near. But a hiding-place must be found for him. A strict search will be made when it is known he is not among the dead, and he is so deeply implicated that he must not be seen for months.'

"'But where can we hide him?' said the



poor wife. 'We have no place in this house for a fugitive—above all for one who is wounded.'

"'And why not at the farm?' I exclaimed; 'they are known to be Republicans, and their house will not be suspected. The father is an old servant of the Marquis and would not betray him for worlds.'

"'Yes, the father would not; but the son? I dare not trust him.'

"'He is away; besides, he comes of a good stock,—'like father, like son,' they flght but do not betray.'

(*To be continued.*)

### SIGURD'S BEARD.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN.

Wearied out with a long day's hunting amongst the mountains, Sigurd, the most renowned and powerful of Norwegian chieftains, lay sleeping in the shadow of the pine forest, his old grey cloak wrapped round his head, his thick, red beard descending far below his girdle, when Björn, the son of Swerker, passed by.

"'What sturdy vagrant is this,'" thought Björn, "who dares to wear in Sigurd's land a beard longer and redder than Sigurd's own? It were a mercy now to rid him of it, lest the poor fellow should chance, for his presumption, to lose both beard and head."

Almost ere the thought had fully crossed his mind, Björn had drawn a sharp knife from his girdle, and applied himself with such a good-will and dexterity to his self-imposed task that in a very few moments the face of the redoubted Sigurd was bare as a new-born child's.

"I wonder whether he will know himself again," thought Björn, as he walked leisurely away.

It was after sunset when Sigurd awoke, and, Heaven and earth, what a waking was that! No lioness, robbed of her cubs, ever raged as did the great chieftain, when, on raising his hand to stroke his beard, he discovered that he had no beard left to stroke—no, not so much as a single hair to swear by. Nor were the indignation and grief of his followers less keen when they learned the fearful indignity that had been offered to their chief; for a beard the like of which was not to be found in the whole world reflected distinction on every man who stood in any relation, however humble or remote, to its illustrious owner.

"May the hair never again grow on our chins till we have nailed over Sigurd's gate

the head of the wretch who hath robbed the world of Sigurd's beard!" cried five hundred voices. And forthwith all the knives in the castle were put into requisition, and soon weeping wives and mothers bore away piles of hair, red, brown, and golden, to be thenceforth hoarded among their most sacred treasures. This was all very well in its way, but it brought them no nearer the point at which they aimed—namely, the discovery of the audacious criminal; and Sigurd's thirst for vengeance waxed hotter with delay.

"By the beards of my fathers!" (this was the oath by which Sigurd was now obliged to swear), "I will burn every village in Norway if the thief be not delivered up to me within three days," cried he one morning, on hearing from his desponding servants that no clue to the offender had yet been discovered. The news of this threat spread far and wide, exciting everywhere the utmost consternation, till at length it reached the ears of Björn himself.

"How, in the names of all the gods, should I know that a ragged fellow sleeping under a tree was the great Sigurd!" cried the astonished youth. "I took him for some study beggar, or man-at-arms in search of a master, and thought, forsooth, I should be doing Sigurd service in cutting off a beard that might claim to match with his. Heavens! how he must have raged! I would have give half my remaining life—or just one day and a quarter—to have witnessed his waking."

"For our sakes, my lord, if not for your own, leave off jesting for once, and cast about in your mind how the wrath of Sigurd may be averted," pleaded Hugur, the oldest and wisest of Björn's vassals, and he who had brought him the tidings of Sigurd's oath.

"I might offer him the loan of my beard until his own hath grown again, but that I fear it would scarce match in color with his hair," laughed the incorrigible youth. "Or thinkest thou, Hugur, that it would soothe his wounded pride were I to ask for the pattern of that cloak I found him sleeping in, which, doubtless, his great-grandmother made for her worthy husband out of her oldest petticoat?"

"For Heaven's sake, Björn, speak not such words, lest the birds of the air carry them to Sigurd," implored the old man.

"What matters it now that the birds may twitter in Sigurd's ear," retorted Björn, "since the grisly old bear will never forgive the liberty I have taken with his shaggy beard?"

"But on that score you are safe, my lord, since Sigurd doth not know that the deed was yours," said Hugur anxiously.

"He knows not yet, but he assuredly will know, ere the moon be two days older," returned Björn. "Peace, Hugur; peace, I

say. Dost think I would let the innocent suffer for my folly? Go, saddle my horse, old friend; and let not my followers guess wherefore I ride alone to Sigurd's castle, till it is too late for them to poke their long lances into what is no concern of theirs."

Very slowly Hugur was brought to promise obedience to his master's commands, and urgent were his entreaties to be allowed to accompany him; but Björn was fixed in his resolve to go on his errand alone.

"My beardless lion will, I fear me, prove a right terrible beast," quoth he; "so thou must needs stay at home, my good Hugur, and make little Harold a wiser man than his elder brother hath proved himself."

With these words, the gravest he had ever been heard to utter, Björn mounted his horse, and, humming a lively air, rode briskly down the castle hill: and no man, save Hugur, knew how small were his chances of ever riding up it again.

At the window of her chamber in her father's castle, sat Gerda. Sigurd's only child. Young was she, and very fair to look upon; yet for all her youth and beauty, her face wore an anxious and wearied expression, as of one ill at ease in her life. Of a truth a being so gentle was sadly out of place in that gloomy fortress, swarming with rough men, and for ever ringing with the clash of arms; and fain would she have fled from it, back to the milder land, where, under her aunt Asfrieda's tender care, the days of her childhood had passed peacefully away.

But, alas, flight was impossible. And, moreover, how dared she return to her adopted home, since it was the wise Asfrieda's express command which had driven her thence.

"Grieve not, my child," said the lady, as Gerda, at parting, clung to her neck. "for in my magic mirror have I foreseen that thy happiness is menaced by a great danger, which thy presence in Norway can alone avert. Obey then the will of the gods, which they have revealed to me, and the years of thy future life shall be many and blessed."

At her aunt's bidding, Gerda dried her tears, and set forth meekly for her father's house. Here, if truth must be told, she met with but a sorry welcome from Sigurd, who, at that time, was far too much occupied with plans of vengeance for the insult under which he was smarting to bestow any thought on a useless girl. So having installed her in her dead mother's bower, he left her to herself, and soon totally forgot her presence in the castle.

Three long summer days, from the rising to the setting of the sun, did the daughter of the great chieftain sit patient-

ty at her chamber window, pondering in her mind what might be the danger for which her aunt had bidden her be prepared. On the fourth afternoon, behold a horseman came riding up the hill, and, dismounting at the gate, called loudly for admittance. He wore no armour, nor did he carry any weapon save a golden-hilted sword, and the richness of his dress and the gallantry of his bearing, gave him the air of a bridegroom, or of a wedding guest at least. Now, as the stranger strode across the court, a rose fell from Gerda's bosom at his feet: looking up, he beheld the maiden, and having saluted her, he placed the flower in his jewelled cap and passed on into the castle, following a man-at-arms to the presence of Sigurd. Then Gerda threw a veil over her head, and gliding down the staircase, hid herself in a corner of the great hall.

"Who art thou, and wherefore hast thou sought the home of Sigurd?" asked the chieftain, in a voice which savored little of welcome, as the stranger strode boldly to his side.

"I am Björn, son of Swerker, and I bring back thy beard, which I stole as thou didst lie sleeping in the wood," answered the young man. And suiting the action to the word, he drew from beneath his mantle a mass of tangled red hair. Yes; it was, without doubt, the sacred beard of Sigurd, and in a moment, a hundred swords were raised to strike the shameless offender to the ground. But with a frown their lord repressed his vassals' officious zeal—Sigurd's hand alone was worthy to avenge Sigurd's beard.

"What evil spirit tempted thee, miserable youth, to commit so black and senseless a crime?" asked the stern chieftain with a frown which would have slain most men, but which had no effect at all on the reckless Björn.

"The same spirit of mischief that hath ever possessed me," answered he, with a laugh; "though, of a truth, I thought for once in my life to do a wise act, whereby I should earn thy friendship. When I saw an old man, in a ragged grey cloak, sleeping alone on the bare ground, I thought to myself, 'How dare this beggarly fellow boast a beard that for length and beauty may vie with the beard of Sigurd, with the fame whereof the whole world doth ring!' In my anger at his presumption, I drew my knife, and cut off the offending growth with a dexterity to which his unbroken slumber bore testimony: only, as ill-luck would have it, it was Sigurd himself, and not some impudent rival of his, that I shaved; for which blunder, methinks, I am about to pay with my life."

Now, when Sigurd saw the young man's fearless bearing, he wished in his heart that the gods had granted him such a son;

yet, for his oath's sake, he would not spare Björn, but bade his followers bring him in the great block of wood that stood in the kitchen, that on it he might strike off the culprit's head.

As they hastened to obey his commands, a message was brought to Sigurd from his daughter, saying: "Come to me quickly, for it hath been revealed to me wherefore my Aunt Asfrieda sent me hither." And Sigurd went to the Lady Gerda, leaving Björn standing in the hall.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes, half an hour passed away, and still Sigurd did not return, and his friends began to murmur aloud at his delay. When Björn saw their impatience, he said: "Of a truth, worthy friends, it is I who have most cause to complain, for if Sigurd come not quickly, I shall neither dine to-day on earth, nor yet sup in Valhalla."

All who heard him laughed grimly at the jest, and one old warrior filled a goblet of wine, and gave it to Björn.

"I thank thee, my courteous foe," said the young man; "but ere I drink, tell me, I pray thee, the name of the maiden who threw me the rose that I wear in my cap?"

Ere any man could answer, the great door of the hall was thrown open, and Sigurd appeared, leading in his daughter, arrayed as a bride. A murmur of astonishment ran through the hall as Gerda, with faltering steps and a cheek whiter than the snow on her native mountains, advanced towards Björn, who, totally unabashed by the unexpected apparition, boldly quaffed off the goblet to the health of the fairest maiden in Norway.

"Since thou findest my daughter so fair, Sir Björn, methinks thou wilt not hesitate to save thy life by wedding her," said Sigurd, abruptly.

Björn's eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed, and he made a hasty movement towards the maiden.

But Gerda grew even paler than before, and lifted her eyes to the young man's face with such a look of despairing supplication that his outstretched hand fell by his side, and involuntarily he drew back.

"What means this folly, girl?" cried her father, with an angry frown. "Give thy hand without more ado to this youth; for by the beards of my ancestors, I swear thou shalt have no other bridegroom."

"Then wilt thy daughter surely die unwed," quoth Björn, bluntly, "for my hand is pledged to another: and though for one moment's space this maiden's beauty—and perchance, too, the love of life—had well-nigh made me forget my plighted troth, yet will I never prove faithless to my bride."

"Canst thou wed with her in the grave, thou fool?" asked Sigurd, scornfully.

"Since thou art hopelessly lost to her, what matters it whether it be by death or marriage?"

"To her, perchance, it matters little," answered Björn, gravely, "but to me it matters much. I jest not with my own honor, great Sigurd, though I may sometimes trifle with other men's beards."

(To be continued.)

## PHILIPPA.

### CHAPTER III.

GUY OF ASHRIDGE.

"For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee."

—Tennyson.

Not until the evening before her marriage did Philippa learn the name of her new master. The Earl's choice, she was then informed, had fallen on Sir Richard Sergeaux, a knight of Cornwall, who would receive divers manors with the hand of the eldest daughter of Arundel. Philippa was, however, not told that Sir Richard was expected to pay for the grants and the alliance in extremely hard cash.

For to the lofty position of eldest daughter of Arundel (for that morning only) Philippa, to her intense surprise, found herself suddenly lifted. She was robbed in cloth of silver; her hair flowed from beneath a jewelled golden fillet; her neck was encircled by rubies, and a ruby and pearl girdle clasped her waist. She felt all the time as though she were dreaming, especially when the Lady Alianora herself superintended her arraying, and even condescended to remark that "the Lady Philippa did not look so very unseemly after all."

Not least among the points which astonished her was the resumption of her title. She did not know that this had formed a part of the bargain with Sir Richard, who had proved impracticable on harder terms. He did not mind purchasing the eldest daughter of Arundel at the high price set upon her; but he gave the Earl distinctly to understand that if he were merely selling a Mistress Philippa, there must be a considerable discount.

When the ceremony and the wedding festivities were over, and her palfrey was standing ready at the door, Philippa timidly entered the banqueting-hall, to ask—for the first and last time—her father's blessing. He was conversing with the Earl of Kent, the bridegroom of Alesia, concerning the merits of certain hawks recently purchased; and near him, at her embroidery-frame, sat the Countess Alianora.

Philippa knelt first to her.

"Farewell, Philippa!" said the Countess, in a rather kinder tone than usual. "The saints be with thee."

Then she turned to the only relative she had.

Earl Richard just permitted his jewelled fingers to touch Philippa's velvet hood, saying carelessly,—“Our Lady keep thee!—I cry you mercy, fair son; the lesser tercel is far stronger on the wing.”

As Philippa rose, Sir Richard Sergeaux took her hand and led her away. So she mounted her palfrey, and rode away from Arundel Castle. There were only two things she was sorry to leave—Agnes, because she might have told her more about her mother,—and the grave, in the Priory churchyard below, of the baby Lady Alianora—the little sister who never grew up to tyrannize over her.

It was a long journey ere they reached Kilquyt Manor, and Philippa had time to make the acquaintance of her new owner. He was about her own age, and so far as she could at first judge, a reasonably good-tempered man. The first discovery she made was that he was rather proud of her. Of Philippa the daughter of Arundel, of course, not of Philippa the woman; but it was so new to be reckoned anything or anybody—so strange to think that somebody was proud of her—that Philippa enjoyed the knowledge. As to his loving her, or her loving him, these were ideas that never entered the minds of either.

So at first Philippa found her married life a pleasant change. She was now at the head, instead of being under the feet of every one else; and her experience of Sir Richard gave her the impression at the outset that he would not prove a hard master. Nor did he, strictly speaking; but on further acquaintance he proved a very trying one. His temper was not of the stormy kind that reigned at Arundel, which had hitherto been Philippa's only idea of a bad temper; but he was a perpetual grumbler, and the slightest temporary discomfort or vexation would overcast her sky with conjugal clouds for the rest of the day. The least stone in his path was treated as a gigantic mountain; the narrowest brooklet as an unfathomable sea. And gradually—she scarcely knew how or when—the old weary discomfort crept back over Philippa's heart, the old unsatisfied longing for the love that no one gave. Her bower at Kilquyt was no more strewn with roses than her turret-chamber at Arundel. She found that “*On change du ciel—l'on ne change point de soi.*” The damask robes and caparisoned palfreys, which her husband did not grudge to her as her father had done, proved utterly unsatisfying to the misunderstood cravings of her immortal soul. She did not herself comprehend why she was not happier. She knew not

the nature of the thirst which was upon her, which she was trying in vain to quench at the broken cisterns within her reach. Drinking of this water, she thirsted again; and she had not yet found the way to the Well of the Living Water.

About seven years after her marriage, Philippa stood one day at the gate of her manor. It was a beautiful June morning—just such another as that one which “had failed her hope” at the gate of Arundel Castle, thirty years before. Sir Richard had ridden away on his road to London, whence he was summoned to join his feudal lord, the Earl, and Lady Sergeaux stood looking after him in her old dreamy fashion, though half-an-hour had almost passed since she had caught sight of the last waving of his nodding plume through the trees. He had left her a legacy of discomfort, for his spurs had been regilded, not at all to his mind, and he had been growling over them ever since the occurrence.

“Dame, have you a draught of cold water to bestow on a weary brother?”

Philippa started suddenly when the question reached her ear.

He who asked it was a monk in the habit of the Dominican Order, and very worn and weary he looked. Lady Sergeaux called for one of her women, and supplied him with the water which he sorely needed, as was manifest from the eager avidity with which he drank. When he had given back the goblet, and the woman was gone, the monk turned towards Philippa, and uttered words which astonished her no little.

“*Quy de cette eaw boyra  
Ancor soyf aura;  
Mays quy de l'eaw boyra  
Que moy luy donneray,  
Jamays soyf n'aura  
A Péternité.*”

“You know that, brother?” she said breathlessly.

“Do you, Lady?” asked the monk—as Philippa felt, with a deeper than the merely literal meaning.

“I know the ‘*ancor soyf aura,*’ she said, mournfully; “I have not reached beyond that.”

“Then did you ask, and He did *not* give?” inquired the stranger.

“No I never asked, for——” she was going on to add, “I never knew where to ask.”

“Then 'tis little marvel you never had, Lady,” answered the monk.

“But how to ask?—whom to ask? There may be the Well, but where is the way?”

“How to ask, Lady? As I asked you but now for that lower, poorer water, whereof whosoever drinketh shall thirst

again. Whom to ask? Be there more Gods in Heaven than one? Ask the Master, not the servants. And where is the way? It was made on the red road, thirteen hundred years ago, when 'one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water.' Over that stream of blood is the way to the Well of Living Water."

"I do not fully understand you," returned Philippa.

"You look weary, Lady," said the monk, changing his tone.

"I am weary," she answered; "wearier than you—in one sense."

"Aye, wearier than I," he replied; "for I have been to the Well, and have found rest."

"Are you a priest?" asked Philippa suddenly.

The monk nodded.

"Then come in hither and rest, and let me confess to you. I fancy you might tell me what would help me."

The monk silently obeyed, and followed her to the house. An hour later he sat in Philippa's bower, and she knelt before him.

"Father," she said, at the close of her tale, "I have never known rest nor love. All my life I have been a lonely, neglected woman. Is there any balm-tree by your Well for such wounds as mine?—any healing virtue in its waters that could comfort me?"

"Have you never injured or neglected any, daughter?" asked the monk quietly.

"Never!" she said, almost indignantly. "I cannot hold with you there," he replied.

"Whom have I ever injured?" exclaimed Philippa, half angrily, half amazed.

"Listen," said he, "and I will tell you of One whom all your life you have injured and neglected—God."

Philippa's protestations died on her lips. She had not expected to hear such words as these.

"Nay, heed not my words," he pursued gently. "Your own lips shall bring you in guilty. Have you loved God with all your mind, and heart, and soul, and strength? Hath He been in all your thoughts?"

Philippa felt instinctively that the monk spoke truly. She had not loved God, she had not even wished to love Him. Her conscience cried to her, "Unclean!" yet she was too proud to acknowledge it. She felt angry, not with herself, but with him. She thought he "rubbed the sore, when he should bring the plaster." Comfort she had asked, and condemnation he was giving her instead.

"Father!" she said, in mingled sadness and vexation, "you deal me hard measure."

"My daughter," answered the monk very gently, "the pitcher must be voided ere it can be filled. If you go to the Well with your vessel full of the water of earth, there will be no room there for the Living Water."

"It is only for saints, then?" she asked in a disappointed tone.

"It is only for sinners," answered he; "and according to your own belief, you are not a sinner. The Living Water is not wasted on pitchers that have been filled already at other cisterns. 'I will give unto him that is athirst'—but to him only—'of the Fountain of the Water of Life, freely.'"

"But tell me, in plain words, what is that Water of Life?"

"The Holy Spirit of God."

Philippa's next question was not so wide of the mark as it seemed.

"Are you a true Dominican?"

"I am one of the Order of Predicant Friars."

"From what house?"

"From Ashridge."

"Who sent you forth to preach?"

"God."

"Ah! yes, but I mean, what bishop or abbot?"

"Is the seal of the servant worth more than that of the Master?"

"I would know, Father," urged Philippa.

The monk smiled. "Archbishop Bradwardine," he said.

"Then Ashridge is a Dominican house? I know not that vicinage."

"Men give us another name," responded the monk slowly, "which I see you would know. Be it so. They call us—Boni-Homines."

"But I thought," said Philippa, looking bewilderedly into his face, "I thought those were very evil men. And Archbishop Bradwardine was a very holy man—almost a saint."

A faint ironical smile fitted for a moment over the monk's grave lips. The gravity was again unbroken the next instant.

"A very holy man," he repeated. "He walked with God; and he is not, for God took him. Aye, took him away from the evil to come, where he should vex his righteous soul no more by unlawful deeds—where the alloyed gold of worldly greatness, which men would needs braid over the pure ermine of his life, should soil and crush it no more."

He spoke rather to himself than to Philippa; and his eyes had a far-away look in them, as he lifted his head and gazed from the window over the moorland.

"Then what are the Boni-Homines!" inquired Lady Sergeaux.

"A few sinners," answered the monk, "whose hearts God hath touched, that they have sought and found that Well of Living Water."

"But, Father, explain it to me!" she cried anxiously, perhaps even a little querulously. "Put it in plain words, that I can understand it. What is it to drink this Living Water?"

"To come to Christ, my daughter," replied the monk.

"But I cannot understand you," she objected, in the same tone. "How can I come? What mean you by coming? He is not here in this chamber, that I can rise and go to Him. Can you not use words more intelligible to me?"

"In the first place, my daughter," softly replied the monk, "you are under a great mistake. Christ is here in this chamber, and hath heard every word that we have said. And in the second place, I cannot use words that shall be plainer to you. How can the dead understand the living? How shall a man born blind be brought to know the difference of color between green and blue? Yet the hardship lieth not in the inaptness of the teacher, but in the inability of the taught."

"But I am not blind, nor dead!" cried Philippa.

"Both," answered the monk. "So, by nature, be we all."

Philippa made no reply; she was too vexed to make any. The monk laid his hand gently upon her head.

"Take the best wish that I can make for you:—God show you how blind you are! God put life within you, that you may awake, and arise from the dead, and see the light of Christ! May He grant you that thirst which shall be satisfied with nothing short of the Living Water—which shall lead you to disregard all the roughnesses of the way, and the storms of the journey, so that you may win Christ, and be found in Him! God strip you of your own goodness!—for I fear you are overwell satisfied therewith. And no goodness shall ever have admittance into Heaven save the goodness which is of God."

"But surely," exclaimed Philippa, looking up in surprise, "there is grace of congruity?"

"Grace of congruity! grace of condignity!"\* cried the monk fervently. "Grace of sin and gracelessness! It is not all worth so much as one of these rushes upon your floor. If you carry grace of congruity to the gates of Heaven, I

warn you it shall never bear you one step beyond. Lay down those miserable rush-staffs, wherein is no pith; and take God's golden staff held out to you, which is the full and perfected obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ. That staff shall not fail you. All the angels at the gate of Paradise know it; and the door shall fly wide open to whoso smiteth on them with that staff of God. Lord, open her eyes, that she may see!"

The prayer was answered, but not then.

"What shall I call you?" asked Philippa, when the monk rose to depart.

"Men call me Guy of Ashridge," he said.

"I hope to see you again, Father," responded Philippa.

"So do I, my daughter," answered the monk, "in that other land whereinto nothing shall enter that defileth. Nothing but Christ and Christ's—the Head and the body, the Master and the meynie.\* May the Master make you one of the meynie! Farewell."

And in five minutes more, Guy of Ashridge was gone.

(To be continued).

## ABOUT BLIND CHILDREN.

BY JENNY BURR.

I wonder how many of my young readers will think this is to be about the blind boys and girls in asylums. It is very sad to think of these children, who can never see the pleasant sunshine, nor the flowers, nor their mothers' faces; but these are not the blind children I mean. Indeed, I wouldn't wonder if some one of them were this minute reading these very words, studying a history lesson, or drawing some gray castle on the Rhine. For it was only the other day that I saw one of these children, with as bright, laughing brown eyes, as ever shone in a boy's face. It was Rob, who came bounding in from a walk in the fields. His mother is an invalid, who cannot go out much, and she asked him if the leaves of the red maples in the swamp had begun to turn away yet. Now, although it was time for those trees to be changing a little, Rob was obliged to tell his mother that he hadn't noticed them at all. He had seen a flock of pigeons, for that was just what he went out for; and he had heard a partridge whirring through the woods; but the leaves—whether they were all green still, or whether the early autumn had begun to paint them, he didn't know. And not long ago, Agnes, who has the brightest of blue eyes, wrote a composition about "The Robin's Nest," in which she

\*"Condignity implies merits, and of course claims reward on the score of justice. Congruity pretends only to a sort of imperfect qualification for the gifts and reception of God's grace.—*Milner's Church History*, iv. 81.

\* Household servants.

told about the five *brown* eggs that she found in it. Some of the children looked at one another, and smiled a queer smile when she read it, for I suppose they wondered what sort of robin's eggs they were that were brown instead of pretty blue-green.

You see it isn't so much the bright eye as the *using* it. That's the secret. So many beautiful and curious things there are that we never see, though they are right before us every day. Nellie thinks if she could only go to Europe, and see so much that is rare and wonderful, she should be perfectly happy. I wonder if she has ever thought that there is a whole world of beauty she has not seen within a few miles of her own home by the river or on the prairie, and that if she will only look at the common things carefully, they will afford her so much pleasure she will not care half so much about seeing the rare ones.

This, in amount, is what Johnny thought the other night. He had picked up a gray stone on the way from school, that looked like any other gray stone; but his grandfather showed him so much that was wonderful and curious in it, as they sat by the evening fire, he quite forgot it was common.

To know how to see is one of the things to learn. A good many grown folks need to learn it as well as the young people. Not long since a beautiful poem appeared in one of the magazines; but there was just one word in it—about a bird—that was wrong; and the critic—a wise and kind one, too—was quick to see it, and point it out. And he said, too, that one common fault of American writers was the not careful seeing of little things.

Eyes are at first like raw recruits, that have to be drilled and trained before they do good service. You have all heard of Professor Agassiz, and perhaps you know that two or three years ago he went to South America to study certain things about that country. Many travelers had been there before, and described what they had seen; but nobody had seen what Professor Agassiz saw, because nobody's eyes were trained like his. It was all there, but he found it first.

And this same art of seeing things is just what he tries to teach other people. When young men go to him to be taught—about shells, for instance—he gives them a shell to look at carefully, and asks them to report afterwards what they see in it. I should hope they have pretty good eyes to report to such a teacher, shouldn't you?

Last summer a party of school-girls went out to hunt after flowers. At last one of them found a stemless lady's slipper—a pink, delicate-veined cup. Then all the

girls exclaimed, "How lucky you are!" By and by she found another, and then another, although it was not a very common flower in the part of the country, and the girls thought it too bad that all the good luck should come to her! But it wasn't luck at all; indeed, there isn't half so much luck in the world about *anything* as people think! It was only that she was keener-eyed than the rest, and on a sharper lookout to see what was before every one of them.

Many years ago, when there were not many books, people read nature more closely, and the most ignorant people were sometimes wiser about birds, and plants, and all common, home-like matters, than even the learned scholar is apt to be now. Generally it is the wisest person who spends a part of his time in studying things about him, instead of depending entirely upon books; who watches the bees at their work; is quick to hear the bird's first song in spring; and who knows just where to find the wild geranium or the gentian.

And nature is such pleasant reading, too! a real wonder-book, with broad, clear page, and full of fairy stories. The leaves of it are always turning over, and each page has something new to say. George Macdonald writes in one of his books that he watched the sunrise and sunset many years, but always found something new and different in each one.

May be you have all heard about Henry Thoreau, who loved nature so well, and studied it so constantly. He knew all the wild creatures of the woods and fields—their haunts and habits. He saw more than almost any one else in the brooks, in the meadows, and in the sky. He said he could always find the flower he was searching for; and it was sure to appear to him when nobody else could find it.

If one man can discern so much by careful observation, how full the world must be of things we never see at all! Isn't it true, children, that we are blind, after all?

One pair of eyes sees one thing, and another pair another. Harry, who loves birds, notes every kind as he rides or walks through the country—robin, blue-bird, jay, oriole, bob-o'-link, black-bird, and the whole singing company of them. Mary cares less for these, but she watches eagerly the color of the autumn leaves—the gold, scarlet, and flame-color of the maples, the deep crimson of the oaks, the pale yellow of the poplars, the warm of dull-brown of the; chesnuts, and the brilliant red of the sumachs. Eddy sees neither of these, perhaps, except in a general way; but his eyes are quick to catch the squirrel, the woodchuck, or the rabbit.

Ella is a little girl-acquaintance of mine who thinks a great deal about dress; and

whenever she goes anywhere, or sees a number of people together, she notices what is worn; what cloth it is; and how it is made. Amy, her sister, sees none of these things; but she observes kinds of faces, and modes of speech, and is sure to remember what is said.

No one of us can see everything, I suppose, and it is far better to see one thing well than to skim over a dozen; but it is certain we can all see a great deal more than we do, wherever we are in this beautiful world, if we will only use our eyes.—  
*Little Corporal.*

### TOM MORRIS'S ERROR.

"Mary, I want to buy mother a shawl for a birthday present." The speaker was a bright-looking lad about seventeen, and his sister was a year or two older.

"How can you do it, Tom?" she said, lifting her eyes from the book she was reading, and looking into her brother's face. "You have spent all your last quarter's salary, and the next will not be due until nearly a month after mother's birthday."

"No need to tell me that, or remind me of my empty purse," said Tom, impatiently.

"But you seemed to have forgotten it," replied Mary, with a quiet smile.

"No, I didn't; but I've thought of a plan to get it, and make it all right when I get my salary," he said.

"How? Oh, Tom, I hope you don't—"

"I hope you don't think I'm going to steal it," he angrily interrupted; then growing more calm, he said, "You never need be afraid that I shall do that, Mary; but still I can get mother a shawl without either stealing it or paying for it just now. You know I have the charge of the books at Mr. Price's, and I shall book it to myself when I take it out of the stock, and pay for it when I take my salary."

"Then you will speak to Mr. Price about it," said Mary, quietly.

"No, I shan't; it will make no difference, and I don't want him to know that I am short of money, or that we are so poor," said Tom.

"But, Tom, it will be very wrong to do as you said."

"Nonsense; where will be the wrong? I don't mean to steal the shawl. I'm going to pay for it all fair and square as soon as I get the money."

But Mary still shook her head. "It isn't right, and I wish you would not do it," she said.

But Tom had made up his mind before speaking to his sister, and so all she could say made no impression upon him. Once

she thought of speaking to her mother about it, but she scarcely liked to do so, and after a few days, as Tom said no more about it, and the shawl was not brought home, she hoped he had altered his mind.

But the morning of her mother's birthday this hope was dispelled. Mrs. Morris came down to breakfast with a parcel in her hand, which she had found close to her bedroom door. "It is from Tom, dear boy," said the widow, delightedly; "he must have put it at my door as he passed this morning. I have a great mind to go round and thank him for it directly after breakfast."

He was at a large linen draper's in the town, and it would be easy to go and make some trifling purchase and do this; but Mary was afraid that her brother would be found out if it were done, perhaps lose his situation through it; and so she begged her mother to wait until he came home at night.

"But I am afraid he will expect me to go in, and will feel disappointed if he does not see me," said Mrs. Morris; "and besides it seems positively ungrateful, when he has saved his money, and denied himself so many little things as he must have done to get this for me," she added.

How could Mary tell her that she knew Tom had not denied himself a single gratification for her sake? How could she wring her mother's heart by telling her the actual facts of the case. So she sat silent while these praises were lavished on her brother, which made her mother think she was either cross or somewhat jealous of Tom.

He was, of course, in high spirits when he came home and received his mother's thanks, and he gave Mary a meaning glance that she should not tell how it had been obtained.

"I was rather afraid that you would tell on me, Mary," he said, when his mother had left the room.

"No, I will not tell her; but, Tom, dear, never do such a thing again; it is not right, and it has made me feel quite unhappy for you," said his sister, earnestly.

"That's because you know nothing of the ways of the world," said Tom, loftily.

"And I am sure I don't want to know anything of them, if they are so crooked," said Mary. "But promise me that you will not practice these crooked ways any more, Tom," she added.

"Oh, all right! Don't worry yourself about me! I know what I am doing, and I'll take care not to do anything wrong," said Tom, lightly.

There was no more said upon the subject, for Mrs. Morris came in at this moment, and they all sat down to supper, but Mary could not help noticing that from



this time her brother rather avoided her company, and if they were likely to be left alone together he would go out. A coolness seemed to have sprung up between them that deeply grieved poor Mary, but she hoped things would resume their old course when the shawl was paid for, and Tom could assure her of the fact.

He did this the day he received his salary, but it was in such an off-hand fashion that Mary had no opportunity of saying a word about it. Another thing caused her some anxiety too. Contrary to the general rule in such a business, Tom came home to sleep and spend his evenings after the shop was closed; but he now took to spending them out of doors, rarely coming in until quite late.

He had made several friends in the neighborhood, he said, and spent the time with them, which satisfied Mrs. Morris, and might have satisfied Mary had she not noticed several things which convinced her that Tom must have more money at command than he could possibly have left out of his small salary after the shawl had been paid for. But she dared not mention her suspicions to any one, and so weeks passed without anything occurring to confirm them, and she began to think she had judged Tom hardly and wrongly.

She was quite angry with herself for what she now considered her unjust suspicions of her brother, when she heard that Mr. Price was about to raise his salary, and she determined to do what she could to atone for it by making another effort to bridge over the nameless gulf that had so long separated them. But the effort was in vain. Tom always seemed restless and uncomfortable when with her, and would never enter upon any serious conversation as formerly.

This neglect of her brother's, however, brought Mary another friend in one of his former companions, and one day he ventured to say to her, "I wish you would speak to Tom, Miss Morris, about the way he is going on; if it isn't stopped pretty soon, it will be too late, I'm afraid."

"Too late?" uttered Mary, turning pale.

"Yes, too late for him to keep from crime," whispered the young man. "I tell you as a friend, Miss Morris, because I know Tom don't mean anything downright wicked; but it will come to that before long, I'm afraid."

"Tell me what you mean, all about Tom!" said Mary, in a hoarse whisper.

"You are ill. I have frightened you; let me take you home, Mary," said the young man.

"No, no! Not till you have told me all about Tom," she said, impatiently.

They turned into a quiet lane leading from the town, where they were not likely to be disturbed or overheard, and then he

told her that for some months past Tom had been in the habit of taking goods out of the shop, booking them to himself, and selling them under the usual price to supply himself with money. This account, however, had always been paid out of his salary, although it sometimes left him with only a few shillings; but more than one who knew of this, and had warned him to stop the practice, were now afraid that he would take more than he could pay for, as he had been more extravagant than ever since his salary had been raised. That very night Mary contrived to see her brother alone and tell him plainly what she had heard.

"The meddling busybody! why don't he mind his own business?" said Tom, angrily, trying to break away from her detaining hold.

"Oh, Tom, my dear, dear brother, be warned in time!" wailed poor Mary, through her blinding tears.

"It's no good crying, Mary," he said, with a groan. "I've begun this 'crooked way,' as you once called it, and it seems impossible to stop now. I'll keep honest over it though, Mary—"

"Honest, Tom! how can you call it honest?" she interrupted.

"Well, at all events, I'll try to keep within bounds. Don't fret about me, and don't let mother know anything about it. I shall get out of the scrape all right somehow," he said gaily.

Mary wondered how her brother could feel so light-hearted about it. If she had followed him to his room she would have seen that his misery was intense—all the more intense, perhaps, that he had constantly to keep up an appearance of cheerfulness. "Oh, if I had only kept from crooked ways, had not taken that first false step," he groaned, as he lay tossing on the bed; "but now it is too late!"

It might not have been too late if Tom could only have summoned up the moral courage to tell his mother and master what he had been doing, give up his gay companions, and deny himself every indulgence for a time. But this he could not do now, he thought; some lucky chance might save him from exposure and ruin, and for this he would wait.

When he told Mary he would keep within bounds, he fully intended it. He did not know that he had already taken goods the value of which was beyond his salary. The next day he took more to pay a debt which was owing in the town, and then, when he discovered that ruin and exposure were at hand, he grew reckless. But still no one but Mary and one or two of the shopmen suspected him, and a week passed without anything occurring out of the ordinary way, until Tom came home direct from

the shop one evening, looking hurried and confused.

"I'm going straight off to bed, mother; good night," he said, and as he passed he kissed her.

Mrs. Morris pressed him to tell her what was the matter, but he merely said, "Nothing," and went up-stairs, and locked his door. Nothing more was heard of him until daylight the next morning, when Mary heard the street-door slam, and wondered why her brother had gone out so early. Later in the day a messenger arrived from Mr. Price inquiring for him, as he had not made his appearance. Mary's heart stood still when she heard it, for she guessed only too truly what this prefaced.

Tom did not make his appearance all day, and Mary did not expect him, although she feared to tell her mother this. The next morning Mr. Price and a detective called to know if he had been home, and then the worst was made known to the unsuspecting widow. Her son, of whom she was so proud, was a thief. He had run away to escape the hand of justice, and in this he was successful, although his mother did not live to know it. The sudden blow, and the blighting of all her hopes for him, was too much for her feeble strength, and a few weeks after Tom's flight she was laid in the quiet churchyard.

Years afterwards Mary received a letter from Australia, telling her that her brother had succeeded in reaching that country.

"I have escaped imprisonment, but not punishment, Mary," he wrote. "Many times have I wished myself in prison, thinking it might perhaps ease my conscience a little. Ah! if you know any one likely to follow in my crooked ways, warn them by my example never to take the first step, for that first false step is seldom retraced."—*The Quiver*.

## TO MAKE A TRAIN OF CARS.

It's your turn, boys, and I saw something not long ago, that's just the thing for you to make as a present for your little brother. It was a train of cars made by a boy, and any one who can use a saw, a hammer, and a jack-knife, can make one like it.

For the cars you want a piece of pine plank, about two and a half inches square, sawed into blocks five inches long—as many as you like. With your knife round off the corners of the side which is to represent the roof. For wheels, get large-sized button molds, as large as a two cent piece. Fasten them to the lower edge of the car by putting a shingle nail through

the hole in the mold and driving it into the car. It will hold them fast, yet allow them to turn nicely.

For coupling, buy at a hardware store small staples and hooks—the smallest you can get. Into one end of each car, near the bottom, drive a staple, and into the other end of each car drive a hook. If you can't buy hooks small enough, you can cut off part of a staple—with wire nippers—and use that for a hook. Turn the hook down, so it won't uncouple too easily. If you make some of the cars of inch boards, the same length and width of the others, they will be "dirt cars," and carry loads.

Now for the engine. Take a piece of inch board, as wide as the cars, and eight inches long, for the platform. With your knife whittle one end off to a rounded point, something as you would shape the front of a boat; that is for the "cow-catcher." For a boiler, find a round stick—a piece of broom handle will do, though it ought to be larger. Saw it off five inches long, lay it on the platform, even with the square end, so as to let the "cow-catcher" stick out in front. Turn it upside down and nail it on from below. Put on wheels the same as for the cars. For smoke-stack, a piece of broom handle four inches long, nailed or glued upright on the front end of the boiler, with a thin piece of wood (or leather), a little larger round, fastened to the top of the pipe, to give it the swelled-out appearance of the real locomotive. Put a hook at the back end, and a staple in front, to fasten a string to. The whole is much improved by painting. Buy, at any paint shop a few cents' worth of red or green oil paint, and half quality of black. Take off the wheels, and paint all the cars and engine platform red or green—two coats. When dry, put back the wheels, and paint them and the boiler and smoke-stack black.

You will be highly pleased with your train, and besides giving you something to do, it will afford your little brother as much amusement as though it came from a toy shop, and cost several dollars.—*Little Corporal*.

## BUFF WITH THE WAND.

Having blindfolded one of the party, the rest take hold of each other's hands in a circle round him, he holding a long stick. The players then skip round him once and stop. Buffy then stretches forth his wand, directs it by chance, and the person whom it touches must grasp the end presented, and call out three times in a feigned voice. If Buffy recognizes him, they change places; but if not, he must continue blind, till he makes a right guess.

## IN JESUS' ARMS.

*p*

Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast;

FINE.

There by his love o'er - sha - dowed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels Borne on a song to me,

Over the fields of glo - ry, Over the jas - per sea.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care;  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.

3 Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears,  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears.

4 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.

5 Here let me wait with patience,—  
Wait till the night is o'er;  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.

## The Home.

### POCKET MONEY.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

If a parent wishes to eradicate from the mind of his boy all feelings of delicacy and manly pride, to train him to the habit of obtaining what he wants by importunity or servility, and to prevent his having any means of acquiring any practical knowledge of the right use of money, any principle of economy, or any of that forethought and thrift so essential to sure prosperity in future life, the best way to accomplish these ends would seem to be to have no system in supplying him with money in his boyish days, but to give it to him only when he asks for it, and in quantities determined only by the frequency and importunity of his calls.

Of course under such a system the boy has no inducement to take care of his money, to form any plans of expenditure, to make any calculations, to practise self-denial to-day for the sake of a greater good to-morrow. The source of supply from which he draws money, fitful and uncertain as it may be in what it yields to him, he considers unlimited; and as the amount which he can draw from it does not depend at all upon its frugality, his foresight, or upon any incipient financial skill that he may exercise, but solely upon his adroitness in coaxing, or his persistence in importunity, it is the group of bad qualities, and not the good, which such management tends to foster. The effect of such a system is, in other words, not to encourage the development and growth of those qualities on which thrift and forehandedness in the management of his affairs in future life, and, in consequence, his success and prosperity, depend; but, on the contrary, to cherish the growth of all the mean and ignoble propensities of human nature by accustoming him, so far as relates to this subject, to gain his ends by the arts of a sycophant, or by rude pertinacity.

Now one of the most important parts of the education of both girls and boys, whether they are to inherit riches, or to enjoy a moderate income from the fruits of their own industry, or to spend their lives in ex-

trema poverty, is to teach them the proper management and use of money. And this may be very effectually done by giving them a fixed and definite income to manage, and then throwing upon them the responsibility of the management of it, with such a degree of guidance, encouragement, and aid as a parent can easily render.

There are no parents among those who will be likely to read this book, of resources so limited that they will not, from time to time, allow their children *some* amount of spending-money in a year. All that is necessary, therefore, is to appropriate to them this amount and pay it to them, or credit them with it, in a business-like and regular manner. It is true that by this system the children will soon begin to regard their monthly or weekly allowance as their due; and the parent will lose the pleasure, if it is any pleasure to him or her, of having the money which they give them regarded in each case as a present, and received with a sense of obligation. This is sometimes considered an objection to this plan. "When I furnish my children with money," says the parent, "as a gratification, I wish to have the pleasure of *giving* it to them. Whereas, on this proposed plan of paying it to them regularly at stated intervals, they will come to consider each payment as simply the payment of a debt. I wish them to consider it as a gratuity on my part, so that it may awaken gratitude and renew their love for me."

There is some seeming force in this objection, though it is true that the adoption of the plan of a systematic appropriation, as here recommended, does not prevent the making of a present of money, or of anything else, to the children, whenever either parent desires to do so. Still the plan will not generally be adopted, except by parents in whose minds the laying of permanent foundation of their children's welfare and happiness through life, by training them from their earliest years to habits of forecast and thrift, and the exercise of judgment and skill in the management of money, is entirely paramount to any petty sentimental gratification to themselves, while the children are young.

In case the parent—it may be either the father or the mother—decides to adopt the plan of appropriating systematically and regularly a certain sum to be at the disposal of the child, there are two modes by which the business may be transacted—one by paying over the money itself in the amounts and at the stated periods determined upon, and the other by opening an account with the child, and giving him credit from time to time for the amount due, charging on the other side the amounts which he draws.

1. *Paying the money.* This is the simplest plan. If it is adopted, the money must be ready and be paid at the appointed time with the utmost exactitude and certainty. Having made the arrangement with a child that he is to have a certain sum—six cents, twelve cents, twenty-five cents, or more, as the case may be—every Saturday night, the mother—if it is the mother who has charge of the execution of the plan—must consider it a sacred debt, and must be *always* ready. She can not expect that her children will learn regularity, punctuality, and system in the management of their money affairs, if she sets them the example of laxity and forgetfulness in fulfilling her engagements, and offering excuses for non-payment when the time comes, instead of having the money ready when it is due. The money, when paid, should not, in general, be carried by the children about the person, but they should be provided with a purse or other safe receptacle, which, however, should be entirely in their custody, and so exposed to all the accidents to which any carelessness in the custody would expose it. The mother must remember that the very object of the plan is to have the children learn by experience to take care of money themselves, and that she defeats that object by virtually relieving them of this care. It should, therefore, be paid to them with the greatest punctuality, especially at the first introduction of the system, and with the distinct understanding that the charge and care of keeping it devolves entirely upon them from the time of its passing into their hands.

2. *Opening an account.* The second plan, and one that will prove much the most satisfactory in its working—though many mothers will shrink from it on the ground that it would make them a great deal of trouble—is to keep an account. For this purpose a small book should be made, with as many leaves as there are children, so that for each account there can be two pages. The book should be ruled for accounts, and the name of each child should be entered at the head of the two pages appropriated to his account. Then, from time to time, the amount of his allowance that has fallen due should be entered on

the credit side, and any payment made to him on the other.

The plan of keeping an account in this way obviates the necessity of paying money at stated times, for the account will show at any time how much is due.

It will have a great effect in “training up children in the way in which they should go,” in respect to the employment of money, if a rule is made for them that a certain portion, one-quarter or one-half, for example, of all the money which comes into their possession, both from their regular allowance and from gratuities, is to be laid aside as a permanent investment, and an account at some Savings Bank be opened, or some other formal mode of placing it be adopted—the bank-book or other documentary evidence of the amount so laid up to be deposited among the child’s treasures.

In respect to the other portion of the money—namely, that which is to be employed by the children themselves as spending-money, the disbursement of it should be left *entirely at their discretion*, subject only to the restriction that they are not to buy anything that will be injurious or dangerous to themselves, or a means of disturbance or annoyance to others. The mother may give them any information or any counsel in regard to the employment of their money, provided she does not do it in the form of expressing any *wish*, on her part, in regard to it. For the very object of the whole plan is to bring out into action, and thus to develop and strengthen, the judgment and discretion of the child; and just as children can not learn to walk by always being carried, so they can not learn to be good managers without having the responsibility of actual management, on a scale adapted to their years, thrown really upon them. If a boy wishes to buy a bow and arrow, it may in some cases be right not to give him permission to do it, on account of the danger accompanying the use of such a plaything. But if he wishes to buy a kite which the mother is satisfied is too large for him to manage, or if she thinks there are so many trees about the house that he cannot prevent its getting entangled in them, she must not object to it on that account. She can explain these dangers to the boy, if he is inclined to listen, but not in a way to show that she herself wishes him not to buy the kite. “Those are the difficulties which you may meet with,” she may say, “but you may buy the kite if you think best.”

Then when he meets with the difficulties, when he finds that he can not manage the kite, or that he loses it among the trees, she must not triumph over him, and say, “I told you how it would be. You would not take my advice, and now you see how it is.” On the contrary, she must

help him, and try to alleviate his disappointment, saying, "Never mind. It is a loss, certainly. But you did what you thought was best at the time, and we all meet with losses sometimes, even when we have done what we thought was best. You will make a great many other mistakes, probably, hereafter in spending money, and meet with losses; and this one will give you an opportunity of learning to bear them like a man."

I will not say that a father, if he is a man of business, ought to be as jealous of his credit with his children as he is of his credit at the bank; but I think, if he takes a right view of the subject, he will be extremely sensitive in respect to both. If he is a man of high and honorable sentiments, and especially if he looks forward to future years when his children shall have arrived at maturity, or shall be approaching towards it, and sees how important and how delicate the pecuniary relations between himself and them may be at that time, he will feel the importance of beginning by establishing, at the very commencement, not only by means of precept, but by example, a habit of precise, systematic, and scrupulous exactitude in the fulfilment of every pecuniary obligation. It is not necessary that he should do anything mean or small in his dealings with them in order to accomplish this end. He may be as liberal and as generous with them in many ways as he pleases, but he must keep his accounts with them correctly. He must always, without any demurring or any excuse, be ready to fulfil his engagements, and teach them to fulfil theirs.

The parent, after having initiated his children into the regular transaction of business by his mode of managing their allowance-fund, may very advantageously extend the benefits of the system by engaging with them from time to time in other affairs, to be regulated in a business-like and systematic manner. For example, if one of his boys has been reserving a portion of his spending-money as a watch-fund, and has already half enough for the purchase, the father may offer to lend him the balance and take a mortgage of the watch, to stand until the boy shall have taken it up out of future savings; and he can make out a mortgage-deed expressing in a few and simple words the fact that the watch is pledged to him as security for the sum advanced, and is not to become the absolute property of the boy till the money for which it is pledged is paid. In the course of years, a great number of transactions in this way may take place between the father and mother and their boy, each of which will not only be a source of interest and enjoyment to both parties, but will afford the best possible means of imparting, not only to the child directly interest-

ed in them, but to the other children, a practical knowledge of financial transactions, and of forming in them the habit of conducting all their affairs in a systematic and business-like manner.

The effect of such methods as these is not only to make the years of childhood pass more pleasantly, but also to prepare them to enter, when the time comes, upon the serious business of life with some considerable portion of that practical wisdom in the management of money which is often, when it is deferred to a later period, acquired only by bitter experience and through much suffering.

Indeed, any parent who appreciates and fully enters into the views presented in this chapter will find, in ordinary cases, that his children make so much progress in business capacity that he can extend the system so as to embrace subjects of real and serious importance before the children arrive at maturity. A boy, for instance, who has been trained in this way will be found competent, by the time that he is ten or twelve years old, to take the contract for furnishing himself with caps, or boots and shoes, and, a few years later, with all his clothing, at a specified annual sum. The sum fixed upon in the case of caps, for example, should be intermediate between that which the caps of a boy of ordinary heedlessness would cost, and that which would be sufficient with special care, so that both the father and the son could make money, as it were, by the transaction. Of course, to manage such a system successfully, so that it could afterwards be extended to other classes of expenses, requires tact, skill, system, patience, and steadiness on the part of the father and mother who should attempt it; but when the parent possesses these qualities, the time and attention that would be required would be as nothing compared with the trouble, the vexation, the endless dissatisfaction on both sides, that attend the ordinary methods of supplying children's wants—to say nothing of the incalculable benefit to the boy himself of such a training, as a part of his preparation for future life.

Nor is it merely upon the children themselves, and that after they enter upon the responsibilities of active life, that the evils resulting from their having had no practical training in youth in respect to pecuniary responsibilities and obligations, that evil consequences will fall. The great cities are full of wealthy men whose lives are rendered miserable by the recklessness in respect to money which is displayed by their sons and daughters as they advance towards maturity, and by the utter want, on their part, of all sense of delicacy, and of obligation or of responsibility of any kind towards their parents in respect to their pecuniary transactions. Of

course this must, in a vast number of cases, be the result when the boy is brought up from infancy with the idea that the only limit to his supply of money is his ingenuity in devising modes of putting a pressure upon his father. Fifteen or twenty years spent in managing his affairs on this principle must, of course, produce the fruit naturally to be expected from such a seed.

It would seem, perhaps, at first view, from what has been said in this chapter, that it would be a very simple and easy thing to train up children thus to correct ideas and habits in respect to the use of money; and it would be so—for the principles involved seem to be very plain and simple—were it not that the *qualities which it requires in the parent* are just those which are most rare. Deliberateness in forming the plan, calmness and quietness in proposing it, inflexible but mild and gentle firmness in carrying it out, perfect honesty in allowing the children to exercise the power and responsibility promised them, and an indulgent spirit in relation to the faults and errors into which they fall in the exercise of it—these and other such qualities are not very easily found. To make an arrangement with a child that he is to receive a certain sum every Saturday, and then after two or three weeks to forget it, and when the boy comes to call for it, to say, petulantly, "Oh, don't come to bother me about that now—I am busy; and besides, I have not got the money now;" or, when a boy has spent all his allowance on the first two or three days of the week, and comes to beg importunately for more, to say, "It was very wrong in you to spend all your money at once, and I have a great mind not to give you any more. I will, however, do it just this time, but I shall not again, you may depend;" or, to borrow money in some sudden emergency out of the fund which a child has accumulated for a special purpose, and then to forget or neglect to repay it—to manage loosely and capriciously in any such ways as these will be sure to make the attempt a total failure; that is to say, such management will be sure to be a failure in respect to teaching the boy to act on right principles in the management of money, and training him to habits of exactness and faithfulness in the fulfillment of his obligations. But in making him a thoughtless, wasteful, teasing, and selfish boy while he remains a boy, and fixing him, when he comes to manhood, in the class of those who are utterly untrustworthy, faithless in the performance of their promises, and wholly unscrupulous in respect to the means by which they obtain money, it may very probably turn out to be a splendid success.—From "*Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young.*"

## SUN OR SHADE?

BY MRS. R. H. DAVIS.

Louise Elam woke, with a shiver, precisely at five o'clock, as she had told herself to do last night. Even when asleep, her will ruled mind and body, absolutely. Not but what aching back and tired brain, and heavy eyes rebelled, as they were dragged out into the dark October morning. But what did that matter?

She dressed with stiff fingers, for the fire in the heater was covered, and when she had finished, crept softly in to look at her husband, who was still asleep. Now nobody would have called Philip Elam a subject especially suited for worship. His eyes, which were frank and clear, being shut, the remainder of his face was like that of the dozens of tired, haggard-looking men whom you meet in the street; besides that, it needed shaving badly.

But Louise looked at it with a hungry, passionate longing. If the eyes opened, she knew too well there would be no bright, good morning smile in them for her, as in the old times. What had she done to drive it away?

God knew whether she had been a faithful or a loving wife. She knelt down, with this great loss of her life fairly before her, and with the almost intolerable burden of work which was to be lifted before night.

"As my day is, so let my strength be." She could not say anything but that. The weight was so heavy, and she so weak!

The practical remedy did not occur to her, that by making the day shorter by an hour's sleep, strength would have been greater. Faith is to some people so much easier to practice than rough common sense.

She rose from her knees, not comforted, but more resolute in will, which was, perhaps, hardly necessary. She determined to begin afresh to fulfil every minutest duty, both to husband and to children.

"I will be faithful, and then, if they turn from me—God help me!"

She glanced in at the boys and Jenny, where they lay asleep, and then went to the sitting-room, where the sewing-machine was, and began to work at Tom's trousers. It was near the last of the week: they must be done before night, and Jenny's basque finished, and the house swept from garret to cellar, ready for Sunday. Mrs. Elam was a model house-keeper, and quite as intolerant of shortcomings in her servants as in herself. Consequently, half of her work was done by her own fingers. When Lucinda had the kitchen-fire lighted, she went down

and cooked the breakfast, in order to suit Philip's peculiar taste. Day had hardly broken, when she rang the bell, and seated herself, with the consciousness of duty done, at the head of the table. It is true the work on the machine, and the long fast had given her both head and back ache, and set every nerve on edge; and stooping over the stove had burned her thin face scarlet. But the breakfast was irrefragable, and so was her black gown and linen collar.

The boys came in yawning and ill-tempered.

"Don't slam the door," she cried, with a nervous shudder. Too late. It resounded with a crash that shook her from head to foot.

"It's too dark to know what one's doing," grumbled John. "What's the use of hauling us out of bed, anyhow, in the middle of the night? This is vacation."

"It is hardly worth while to reason with you either on hygiene or respect for parents," she said, irritably, as though the child had been her own age.

Jenny followed next, her pretty face pouting and sullen. "I see you've been at work on my dress, mamma. I did so wish for that braid trimming. I asked you, you know. All the girls are wearing it."

"The dress is quite handsome enough without trimming," said Mrs. Elam, calmly. "You should not attach so much importance to trifles."

But the iron had entered Jenny's soul, with the loss of the trimming. She tried to eat her breakfast, but the tears choked her, and pushing her chair away, she went out.

"Is the trimming expensive?" said Mr. Elam, who had just come in.

"Not at all. But I forgot it, and she ought to be taught self-control about trifles," repeated his wife, with a dogged sense of ill-usage.

"I would have humored the child. The dress is to her only a necessity, but the trimming, the pleasure. There are few enough pleasures for any of us. We need not begrudge them to children."

Mrs. Elam handed him his coffee in silence, and then put her hands to her forehead.

"Headache, Louise?"

"Yes."

Now, when first they were married, he would have started to his feet at such a reply; but sympathy for a headache, which is renewed daily for ten years, grows lax. Mr. Elam composedly went on with his breakfast.

"Lucinda improves in her steaks," he said, carelessly.

"I cooked it," sighed Louise, out of the depths of her despair.

"Then I wish you would leave it to her," angrily glancing at her rasped red face. "You annoy me. There is no necessity for you to become a kitchen drudge;" and taking his newspaper, he went up to the sitting-room. Mrs. Elam sat still at the table, pressing her hand over her eyes.

Now all this was, no doubt, very commonplace and trivial, but it was precisely the tragedy, and the only one, which countless women know just now, and which is wearing them into their graves. A fog obscures God's sunshine with a deadlier chill than a tempest.

Wherein had she failed? Her heart was so hungry for love this morning, and she had received but cold looks and biting words from husband and children. It was the same every day; yet she would give her life for them.

Now, Mrs. Elam was a young woman who had not lost the passion and freshness of love, ambition, or jealousy, in the colder blood of middle age. She was exceptionally fond of her husband. Yet, gradually, since they were married, the cloud between them had grown denser and colder, for no cause that, for years, she could define. She thought she could define it now. Even to herself, she would not say that Philip Elam loved another woman; yet there certainly was another woman that Louise looked upon with feelings she had never known toward any other human being. She had a kindly, gentle nature, and was a Christian. But I think, if she had seen pretty Grace Poulson lying in her coffin, she would have thanked God for His mercies. She wondered, sometimes, as she watched the chubby widow go by, with such a sudden poignant sense of hate, if her mind was not giving way. Her malignant jealousy frightened her. She reasoned on the matter, took up the facts, one by one, and found that so scrutinized, they amounted to nothing. But, after all argument, the sullen hate remained. She was, naturally, a downright out-spoken woman; but on this point she had been strangely silent. She guarded her secret even in looks.

She was called upon to guard it now. When she went to the dull little room above, a curious change had passed over both Mr. Elam and the children. They were talking eagerly, laughing and excited. As usual, at sight of their mother, they became grave; but Philip, turning to her, with an open note in his hand, said,

"What do you think of taking a holiday, mother! You are more tired than any of us. The air is like cordial, and the sun will be warm, until late in the afternoon. Suppose we pack up a lunch, and go to Balders's Woods for the day?"

"Oh, mother! it would be so jolly!" cried Tom.



"You never have come with us, mamma," pleaded Jenny, with her arm about her neck.

Mrs. Elam did not hesitate for a minute. She knew her duty too well. What time had she for holidays and merry-makings? To-day, of all days, there was the sewing to be finished, and afterward, her own proper business to begin. For Louise had her "vocation," which was crayon-drawing, and through that she had not only hoped to find outlet for some dormant power within, but efficient help for her husband.

She shook her head, taking her place at the machine. "I have made my plan for the day," she said, calmly.

The children were silent. Mr. Elam paused a moment, and then said, cheerfully, "Do you think it is always wisest to pursue a plan to the end? Do you never change your mind?"

"Never," firmly. "It is the only way to accomplish duty."

His countenance changed. "Louise, I particularly wish you would go with us to-day." She glanced up with keen suspicion. "You need rest. The work you have planned is really not essential."

"We can do without the clothes, mother!" cried Tom, swooping down on her basket to carry them off.

"Put the sewing back, Thomas. When these are finished, I wish to give an hour or two of daylight to my drawing," turning to her husband.

"Why do you persist in that work? You have neither strength nor leisure for it."

"I will be able to help you, Philip, if I succeed."

"I need no help," almost irritably. "My practice never was so lucrative as now, and it increases with every year. There is no necessity for this stinting and drudgery at home. It makes life a burden."

"You are laying by nothing to give the boys a start. I hope to be able to do that."

"There are other debts than money which we owe to our children," muttered Mr. Elam.

But his wife did not hear him. She had the one unanswered suspicion to deafen and blind her to all else.

"Who has proposed your wood party?" she said, turning to the children.

"Oh, Milly Poulson's mamma! Aunt Grace, we call her. She's always full of some such plan. They have charades and tableaux for the children, all the time over there, in winter, and in summer no end of fishing and nutting-parties, and picnics! Papa had a note from her just now!"

"I wish," resumed Mr. Elam, with a slight embarrassment, "you would reconsider your decision, Louise. You have never met Mrs. Poulson. She complains that she has not even seen you."

"Ah-h!" Louise drew in her breath

over her dry lips. "I have had no time to show any courtesy to new comers within a year or two. But you must go," with sudden animation. "The children and you, Philip. You will have a long, happy day in the woods."

"Yes. And your day——" laying his hand gently on her head.

She drew it quickly aside, without speaking. Her husband fancied that her face was pinched and haggard, and that her forehead was strangely hot. But he was used to unpleasant symptoms about her, which amounted to nothing.

He passed into the inner room, and came out presently, arrayed in his "tramping clothes," as Tom called them. In his hand was a cluster of jasmine buds.

"You never forget Aunt Grace's flower, papa," said Jenny.

As he passed the easel, he turned his wife's last drawing from the wall, and looked at it. It was a head of Medusa. She listened, every nerve quickened, for his next word.

"Ugh!" he shivered. "Your work smells of night and the grave, lately. Have you forgotten that God made life and sunshine as well, my dear? Well, good-morning. Ready, boys?"

And so they were gone.

Lucinda, after a while, not hearing the grating of the machine, made her way up stairs, with some enquiry concerning tea and toast. For the first time in her life she found Mrs. Elam idle, her hands clasped over the wheel, and her head dropped on them, staring along the road down which her husband had gone.

"It was the first time, too," Lucinda said, afterward, "that she refused tea, when she had a headache."

Lucinda heard her step, soon afterward, pacing, not steadily, to and fro, as one would walk off a pain, but restless, uncertain, going all over the house, growing heavier, more heavier, more eager with each turn.

Mrs. Elam saw neither work nor house. Her brain was hot; a strange sound was in her ears. What she did see, under the shade of some dusky tree, was Philip, looking up, with the loving eyes she knew so well, into a treacherous woman's face. Her husband! The lover of her youth!

When she had elaborated this picture until she had made it real to herself, she strove to chase it from her, crying out that it would drive her mad; prayed to God to take it from her. But it did not go. Usually, when we amuse ourselves with making monsters out of our own passions, we find them as inexorably real as Frankenstein's.

Jealousy is at work, unseen, in many an outwardly calm household: unseen, because it is not often it finds fuel as ready

for burning as Louise Elam's heart or temperament. There could be no long, slow smouldering here.

Just before twilight the girl heard her mistress go out, and, looking through the open door of the kitchen, saw that she was wrapped in a waterproof cloak, and wore a hat which she kept for travelling. Mrs. Elam had an invalid brother in the neighboring city, to whom she was often suddenly summoned.

"She be'n't goin' to Mr. Richard's without a word of warnin'!" cried Lucinda, dropping her brush to run after her, and then halting on the door-step.

Mrs. Elam's quick, unsteady walk and agitated manner heightened the presumption that she had received an alarming message. She took, too, the road to the depot.

The girl could not see that, at the next turning, she struck into the path by the river, leading to the woods, where her husband had gone with Grace Poulson.

The woods were silent in the melancholy twilight; the river rolled darkly, without a sound. After all the mad fever of the day, here was the quiet and sleep of night—

She woke, as from a dream, with the dash of the water about her knees, and two firm hands clutching her arms.

"No! no! We'll have nothing of that?" said a quick, cheerful voice beside her; and she was laid back on the grass.

She knew nothing more until she found herself in a bed, with two women rubbing her; she tried to move or speak, but could not. Except for the sense of hearing, she was powerless. Oh, God! what was this she had done? But for these women, she would be a senseless corpse now in the room! Where was her faith in God?—her duty? And yet she had been hardly used? Life had surely been different to her from other women. She stood off from herself, after her habit, with a bitter pity.

"Who do you think she is? Mill girl?" said a sharp, incisive voice, close to her ear.

The answering voice was the one she had heard by the river, clear, cheery, with curiously sweet inflections.

"No. She is an educated woman. Some poor creature who has wandered up from the city, most likely. I'm glad nobody has seen her. Her friends will come in search of her to-morrow, no doubt, and we'll keep the thing quiet for their sake."

The other lady gave an impatient "Pshaw!" and added, presently, "There's no end to the women who are ready to curse God and die nowadays, for every little cross they have. I'm tired of these Niobes run down at the heels!"

"This woman appears neatly dressed, Charlotte."

"I don't mean that. A woman can grow slovenly in the face as in clothes. Do you suppose anything but indulgence of ill-humors would have given to any features such an expression as this?"

"I think camphor would be more useful, just now, than your theories," dryly.

Charlotte knelt, good-humoredly, to chafe Louise's ankles with the camphor; but nothing ever stilled her tongue. "Oh, she'll do well enough! Blood's going all right. Only I don't want you to begin finding out her trouble, and correcting, and keeping it alive for her. Nothing the matter but exaggerated hysteria. Began with dyspepsia, no doubt. See the color of her skin. What ought to be done with such people is to give them a good shake, and set them to face the world again."

Before she had ended, Louise fell into a stupor, which changed finally into a quiet, natural sleep. She woke and dozed through the night, knowing dully that she was in a large, cheerful chamber, where a night-lamp burned, and that a woman lay watching on the sofa near. But Charlotte's rough words rankled deeper than any reasoning would have done.

"Had indulged ill-humors made her face the soured, rigid mask which she knew it to be? Had she only imagined Philip's neglect, and all the disappointments of her life? Could all her agony, her fightings against fate, dwindle into exaggerated hysteria, which began with dyspepsia? These were the questions she put dully to herself. She remembered when she was first married she really had no cause for grief. But she certainly had attacks of indigestion.

A hot flood of anger and shame dyed her thin face scarlet. She tossed uneasily on the bed. If daylight would come! It was nearly six; quite time for the household to be up, and for her to be on her way home. She tried to rise, and sank back helpless. The over-worked and strained nerves had thrown off the hold of the iron will at last.

There is nothing perhaps which more suddenly sets us at enmity with the whole world, and God above us, than the first doubt of ourselves. There was not one kindly or devout thought in Louise Elam's soul in that hour of bitter self-suspicion. No wonder! The house which had been built on the sand, and which was giving away beneath her, was her own life.

Presently, the dawn lightened through the open window, and she saw the face of the sleeping woman.

Grace Poulson!

It scarcely shocked her. At the moment, she was glad of something to hate absolutely, and with malignance. She barely remembered that this woman had saved her life yesterday. She did remember, for

one moment, how often she had wished she could see her dead; and the next felt a fierce delight in finding that Mrs. Poulson was actually homely. Her hair was streaked with gray; her nose was thick and blunt; even in sleep she looked as if going out to take the world easily.

Yet Louise was, by nature, neither murderous nor jealous. When she was married, she was a woman of hard, sound sense, softened by an admirable charity and temper. But dyspepsia and overwork produce stranger changes than these. They fill, for instance, the women's wards of insane asylums; they lead to many a premature death.

One resolve, at least, it was not too late for her to make, with regard to this woman: she should not discover her to be the wife she had wronged. Until she could leave the house, she would feign stupor or sleep, anything to keep her secret. The next moment, the door opened, and Charlotte came in, with a clash and a bang. She was a sharp, angular woman of about forty-five.

"Why, Grace, asleep yet! I've been up with the lark!"

Mrs. Poulson sat up, sleepily shrugging her chubby shoulders. The moment her eyes opened, Louise felt, with a pang, that she was a beautiful woman, in spite of gray hair and thick nose. The cheerful, cordial light of those eyes made just the difference in her face that the morning sunshine made in the landscape without.

"If the lark had reached my age, it would humor a tired back," she said. "Eight hours sleep means strength and good-humor for the day; six, aching body, scolding, and misery."

"Nonsense! How is she?" for Mrs. Poulson had crossed the room softly to Louise's bedside.

"Sleeping. I'll not disturb her. It is what she most needs, poor thing. Stay with her, Charlotte, while I dress." She disappeared in the adjoining bath-room, while Charlotte trotted up and down inspecting the different articles in the chamber, with many a sniff and muttered comment. Louise gathered that she had arrived but the day before, on a visit, and was either an old friend, or a kinswoman of Mrs. Poulson.

"Ah, Grace! As much a slave as ever to the pomps and vanities!" she said, when that lady came in dewy fresh from the bath, a knot of cherry-colored ribbon in her breast and hair.

"Yes, I am going to be 'pretty mamma,' always in my boys' eyes, if to no one else," with a change of voice, and a blush, clearly understood by Louise.

It was understood as well by Charlotte apparently, for she stood gravely regarding Mrs. Poulson's bent face.

"Grace! You have not yet given up that—that insane fancy?"

"I will never give it up, while I have life," vehemently.

"I am sorry," was her friend's only comment.

They were silent after that, busying themselves about the room, and the patient, who lay with her eyes closed when they came near her. There was a tap at the door presently, and Mrs. Poulson hurried out. Then there came, from the hall, a hushed tumult of kisses, and "good-mornings," and children's laughter. The voices had the sweet, happy ring that was peculiar in their mother's in them.

Mrs. Poulson came back to shade the light from the bed, and then they all went in to breakfast. Louise could look through the open doors, across the hall, into the room where they were gathered. The morning sunshine fell on the white table, the bunch of pink and violet morning-glories at every plate, the vines creeping in at the window, the healthy, happy-looking children and their mother. It was no wonder, Louise Elam thought, in the bitterness of her soul, that her husband was drawn from his own gloomy home to this.

Mrs. Poulson sat down at the open piano, and played softly for a little while; then they sang a verse or two of a simple old hymn, and afterward she read part of a chapter from St. John, the children asking questions as she read, with their ordinary cheerful manner, as if it had been in reality a letter with good tidings from a far country. It was, for some reason, the most solemn act of worship which Louise Elam had ever witnessed.

The woman was an admirable hypocrite, she said to herself, who, with a guilty love in her own breast, could thus show Christ's faith, fair and winning, to her children! But she would not yet denounce her. God saw them both. Not yet! The time would come.

"Shall I waken her?" said Mrs. Poulson, bending uneasily over her, when they came back from breakfast. "There is no rest in such sleep as this. Her face is colorless, and covered with cold perspiration."

"Don't rouse her. She is better as she is, whatever ails her. Sit down; I've something to say to you."

Grace, after another anxious inspection of her patient, sat down, very much like a pupil before her mistress.

"I see you have no carpet yet upon the floors?"

"Well, no! Really, Charlotte, after we came here, by the time Julius' violin was paid for, and Mary's drawing-lessons, and ponies hired occasionally for the little ones, I had no money for things like carpets.

We miss them very little, after all," glancing about, with a comfortable shrug.

"You miss nothing," sharply. "You disregard appearances too much for the sake of enjoyment. You sacrifice weighty matters, simply to make life cheerful to yourself and your children."

"That seems to me an object which weighs weight."

"Nobody would suppose," without noticing the interruption, "that there was any serious thought in your head, or ache in your heart. I know that this man," touching a small likeness which lay on the table, "is more to you than ever husband was to wife, and you are parted from him as if by death; yet who would think you carried such pain as that about with you?"

The smile was gone from Mrs. Poulson's face at last.

"Because I have no such pain," she said, steadily. "I am not parted from him. He will come to me some day."

"Grace! I came to talk with you calmly on this wild infatuation. Be rational, and —"

"No! I will not hear you! It maddens me!"

Charlotte rose and walked in a heat to the window. She turned presently and went to the door.

"Well, Grace," pausing with the latch in her hand, "if you will not be advised, it is not my fault. I only wished to save you from fresh disappointment."

Mrs. Poulson did not reply, and Charlotte went out and closed the door.

Louise raised herself upon her elbow, looking at the woman who sat half crouching on the low sofa, her face covered by her hands."

Mrs. Poulson put out her hand, after a while, and drew the miniature toward her, holding it, in a childish, passionate way, close to her lips and wet eyes. The next moment a rough hand seized her shoulder, and a pale face and glittering eyes were thrust down to hers.

"You triumph too soon," cried Louise, shrilly. "You think he loves you, but God will not suffer it—not suffer it—"

"Mrs. Poulson caught her as she was falling, and laid her down on the couch.

"There! there!" she said, soothingly, with a good deal of natural fright in her face, reaching for the bell.

"No. I am not mad. There's no cause to fear," answered Louise, quietly stopping her hand. "Shall I tell you who I am, Mrs. Poulson? I am Louise Elam, whose husband you have stolen from her. You have made a wreck of my life. I was happy until you came. Last night you know from what you saved me. It was you who drove me to it—you! There was no truer, no more loving husband, than

Philip Elam, when we were married; now —"

Mrs. Poulson had watched her steadily with a perplexed indignation, until this point, when her face began to clear.

"If you are not mad you are not far from it," she said hotly. "I have had nothing to do with your life, or with your husband. He has come to my house, as others came, because they found it cheerful, and if—"

"Look there! there!" She pointed to the miniature. "Does innocent friendship treasure a face in that way?"

Mrs. Poulson's anger was short-lived. She laughed the old genial, cheerful laugh.

"My poor woman! Jealousy has made you blind," she said. "Is this Philip Elam?" As she spoke, she placed the likeness in the wife's hands.

Mrs. Elam held it for one moment—a moment of shame, perplexity and astonishment.

"Who is it then?" she cried, blankly, dropping it on her lap.

"My husband," taking it from her quietly.

"But you are a widow. I have been told so by Philip."

"I know. Everybody thinks that he is dead; but I—I know he is alive, and will come back to me." She stopped a moment to command her voice. "My husband was surgeon on the man-of-war "Stamboul," that was burned at sea five years ago. He was reported as having gone on the long-boat, which was lost. But some of the crew escaped to the coast, and were supposed to have been taken prisoners by the natives. He was among them, I have always believed. Nothing can shake my faith in it. He will come back."

Louise's eyes filled suddenly with tears. She put out her hand, and touched Grace's arm gently; but she did not say a word.

The two women looked into each other's faces.

"I think we shall be friends," said Grace, gravely.

"If you can forget—"

Louise paused, looking keenly into the clear, blue eyes before her. "If it is not you that has wrecked my life, who is it that has done it?" she cried, abruptly.

"Is it not yourself?" shrewdly.

"God knows."

We have to record no sudden conversion, such as occur in novels, and there only, whereby Louise Elam's life, and character, and home, altered, as by magic, in a day. The end of the story was commonplace enough. She was taken home, to sink into a low, nervous fever, which lasted for weeks. Its one wholesome result was that she was forced not only to think, but to rest. The wheel of the sewing-machine stopped; other servants were brought in; the whole domestic economy relaxed

into softer, more generous limits. When Louise began to creep about again, she sank gratefully into the easier life.

"It is so good to take time to be comfortable and happy," she said, with bright eyes, stroking Philip's hand, as he sat beside her. She never had noticed, in words, his incessant, watchful care of her; but she had learned a thousand little caressing, cheerful, silent ways, which love had never taught her before.

"My income is larger now, Lou," he said. "I have kept that as a pleasant surprise for you. But even if it were not, we are going to take time now to lay up some treasure of love and happiness during the rest of our lives; are we not, my darling?" looking anxiously into her face.

"Yes, Philip, if God helps me."

"Here comes Aunt Grace!" cried Jenny, bursting in.

Mrs. Elam turned her pale face to the window quickly.

"Oh, that is good! I did not look for her until evening," she said.

"Did you know there is a rumor that her husband is actually on his way home? 'Picked up by a whaling vessel,' the story goes, 'and carried off north.'"

"I always believed he would come," cried Louise, eagerly.

"How fond you are of Grace!" said Philip, looking curiously at his wife.

"I have reason to be. I owe my new life to her."

"How, Louise? Am I not to know?"

"Some day, but not now," looking up, with an arch, tender smile, which made her plain face very beautiful, at least in her husband's eyes.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

### THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

"Mother," said a little girl, "does God ever scold?" She had seen her mother, under circumstances of strong provocation, lose her temper, and give way to the impulse of passion; and pondering thoughtfully for a moment, she asked,

"Mother, does God ever scold?"

"The question was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock; and she asked,—

"Why, my child, what makes you ask that question?"

"Because, mother, you have always told me that God is good, and that we should try to be like him; and I should like to know if he ever scolds."

"No, my child, of course not."

"Well, I'm glad he don't, for scolding always hurts me, even if I feel I have done wrong, and it don't seem to me that I could love God very much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her

simple child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of the child sank deep into her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered to her eyes. Children are quick observers; and the child, seeing the effect of her words, eagerly inquired,—

"Why do you cry, mother; was it naughty for me to say what I said?"

"No, my love; it was all right. I was only thinking I might have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your feelings by speaking so hastily and in anger as I did."

"Oh, mother, you are good and kind; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near to you, as I do when you speak kindly; and oh, sometimes I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"No, my child, don't say that," said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her tones had repelled her little one from her heart; and the child, wondering what so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered,—

"Mother, dear mother, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"Oh yes! I love you more than I can tell," said the parent, clasping the little one to her bosom, and I will try never to scold again, but if I have to reprove my child, I will try to do it not in anger; but kindly, deeply as I may be grieved that she has done wrong."

"Oh, I am so glad; I can get so near to you if you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good."

The lesson was one that sank deep in that mother's heart; and has been an aid to her for many a year. It impressed the great principle of reproof in kindness, not in anger, if we would gain the great end of reproof—the great end of winning the child at the same time to what is right and to the parent's heart.—*S. S. Messenger.*

### CRYING BABIES.

Mrs. Eleanor Kirk recommends the mothers of crying babies to loosen their waistbands and pinning blankets, and abstain themselves from the cup which cheers but not inebriates.

Oatmeal, Indian meal, gruel and cocoa, or chocolate are the beverage to be partaken of by women who nurse their babies. These insure quality as well as quantity, and made with good rich milk can be freely partaken of. There is no need of

an ordinary healthy woman growing thin because she is nursing. Then, again, infants should be held as little as possible, and trotted and rocked never. Use your baby at once to the bed, or crib, and insist, whatever your nurse may say to the contrary, upon its sleeping alone. Then feed your baby regularly, and disabuse your mind of the impression that it is hungry every time it makes a noise. No woman should nurse her infant oftener than twice in the night, and at six months this should be stopped entirely, in order to guard the mother against the exhaustion which follows inevitably upon the keeping up of this unnatural night drag. Once in two or three hours during the day is also quite enough. Bear in mind also that your baby wants, and must have, cold water to drink daily. Begin first, and immediately, with a teaspoonful, allowing the child to be its own judge as to the quantity.

Give your babies room enough, and enough to eat of the right kind, good air to breathe and plenty of sunshine, and my word on it, you will have no trouble; and mothers can only do this by taking care of themselves. The present system of bringing up children is an abomination; but what more can be expected with so little preparation for life and its duties on the part of our women?

### SELECTED RECIPES.

**A SMALL PLUM-PUDDING.**—Pour a cup of milk over a pound of fine bread-crumbs, and let them lie half an hour; then beat in four ounces of sugar, half a pound of suet, chopped fine, half a pound of raisins, chopped, and half a teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel. Beat all well up with four eggs, and boil five hours.

**CHICKEN SALAD**—Boil or roast a nice fowl. When cold, cut off all the meat, and chop it a little, but not very small; cut up a large bunch of celery, and mix with the chicken. Boil four eggs hard, mash and mix them with sweet oil, pepper, salt, mustard, and a gill of vinegar. Beat this mixture very thoroughly together, and just before dinner, pour it over the chicken.

**BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.**—Cut slices of bread and butter, not too thick; place them in a pie-dish. Pour over a plain custard made as follows: Place a pint of fresh milk to warm with one teaspoonful of sugar in it, and the peel of a lemon; well beat up two eggs, yolks and whites; stir them into the milk, and just before it boils, pour it over the slices, leave it to soak for about an hour, then fill up with fresh milk, and bake twenty minutes in a steady oven. The slices must not

more than fill up about half the dish, as the bread should have room enough to swell. Somelike grated nutmeg on the top.

**CREME FRITE.**—Make a smooth paste with three tablespoonfuls of potato-flour and part of a pint of milk, then gradually add the rest of the milk, two whole eggs, and the yolks of four eggs, with a pat of very fresh butter; put in sugar to taste, and a few drops of essence of almonds. Place the mixture in a sauce-pan on the fire, and never cease stirring until it is quite thick. Then spread it out on a buttered slab to the thickness of half an inch. When quite cold, cut it out in the shape of fritters, egg and bread-crumbs them, or dip in batter, fry them a nice color in hot lard, and serve with powdered sugar over them.

**POTATO SALAD.**—Any one who has eaten potato salad at a Parisian hotel will be glad to try it after he gets home. The following is a good formula for the simple but delicious preparation: Cut ten or twelve cold boiled potatoes into slices from a quarter to half an inch thick; put into a salad bowl with four tablespoonfuls of tarragon or plain vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of the best salad oil, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, pepper and salt to taste; stir well, that all be thoroughly mixed. It should be made two or three hours before needed on the table.

**DELICIOUS BROWN BREAD.**—Take three pints of rye, and the same of cornmeal of the best quality. A few tablespoonfuls of mashed pumpkin, half a teacup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in warm water, and half a cup of yeast; mix all with warm water; make it as stiff as can be conveniently stirred with the hand; grease two earthen or iron pans, which are preferable, put the bread in them; have a bowl of cold water at hand, to smooth over the top, dipping your hand into the water; it rises faster than other bread, and, therefore, should not be made over night in summer, and in winter should stand in a cool place, until after the fire is in the oven. It requires a hot oven, and long baking—at least four hours.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—The weight of ten eggs in sugar, and half their weight in flour; one lemon. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, the first till they form a stiff froth; the second till they are nearly white. Add the grated rind and the juice of the lemon to the sugar; then add the yolks, and beat five minutes. Stir in gradually, in small alternate portions, the whites of the eggs and the flour. Bake in a quick oven.

## Literary Notices.

MIDDLEMARCH: By George Elliot. Harper Bros., New York.

This story has been read by many under great disadvantages. It is not in its construction well adapted for serial publication. Being intended to represent Provincial life in England, it deals with the various classes of people which are or were to be found in an English country town, and instead of being only one story, it is in fact three, which might almost have been published separately, so entirely distinct are they in interest and incident. This complication of plots has perhaps prevented the readers doing full justice to the work when read serially, and kept them from recognising the fact that it is a masterpiece. There, is however, in spite of the admiration aroused by a leisurely re-perusal of the book, a slight sense of disappointment in the working out of some of the characters. They do not turn out so interesting or satisfactory as we are led to expect, and our sympathy does not seem to fall exactly in a line with the claims made upon it by the author. We need not say that "Middlemarch" abounds in epigrammatic thought, nor that the characters are individualized with remarkable power, for this is true of all George Elliot's books; nor is it necessary to remark that our extracts are far from doing justice to the work, for this is of course. However, we will venture to give a few scenes from the life of the principal character:—

### DOROTHEA.

Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible—or from one of our elder poets—in a paragraph of to-day's newspaper. She was usually spoken of as

being remarkably clever, but with the addition that her sister Celia had more common-sense.

Dorothea knew many passages of Pascal's "Pensées" and of Jeremy Taylor by heart; and to her the destinies of mankind, seen by the light of Christianity, made the solitudes of feminine fashion appear an occupation for Bedlam. She could not reconcile the anxieties of a spiritual life, involving eternal consequences, with a keen interest in gimp and artificial protrusions of drapery. Her mind was theoretic, and yearned by its nature after some lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own rule of conduct there; she was enamored of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to her to have those aspects; likely to seek martyrdom, to make retractions, and then to incur martyrdom after all in a quarter where she had not sought it.

### THE AGED LOVER.

Dorothea by this time had looked deep into the ungauged reservoir of Mr. Casaubon's mind, seeing reflected there in vague labyrinthine extension every quality she herself brought; had opened much of her own experience to him, and had understood from him the scope of his great work, also of attractively labyrinthine extent. For he had been as instructive as Milton's "affable archangel;" and with something of the archangelic manner he told her how he had undertaken to show (what, indeed, had been attempted before, but not with that thoroughness, justice of comparison, and effectiveness of arrangement at which Mr. Casaubon aimed) that all the mythical systems or erratic mythical fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition originally revealed. Having once mastered the true position, and taken a firm footing there, the vast field of mythical constructions became intelligible, nay, luminous with the reflected light of correspondences.

Dorothea was altogether captivated by the wide embrace of this conception. Here was something beyond the shallows of ladies'-school literature: here was a living Bossuet, whose work would reconcile complete knowledge with devoted piety; here was a modern Augustine, who united the glories of doctor and saint.

### ENGAGED.

In an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Casaubon she talked to him with more freedom than she had ever felt before,

even pouring out her joy at the thought of devoting herself to him, and of learning how she might best share and further all his great ends. Mr. Casaubon was touched with an unknown delight (what man would not have been?) at this child-like, unrestrained ardor: he was not surprised (what lover would have been?) that he should be the object of it.

"My dear young lady—Miss Brooke—Dorothea!" he said, pressing her hand between his hands, "this is a happiness greater than I had ever imagined to be in reserve for me. That I should ever meet with a mind and person so rich in the mingled graces which could render marriage desirable was far indeed from my conception. You have all—nay, more than all—those qualities which I have ever regarded as the characteristic excellences of womanhood. The great charm of your sex is its capability of an ardent self-sacrificing affection, and herein we see its fitness to round and complete the existence of our own. Hitherto I have known few pleasures save of the severer kind: my satisfactions have been those of the solitary student. I have been little disposed to gather flowers that would wither in my hand, but now I shall pluck them with eagerness, to place them in your bosom."

No speech could have been more thoroughly honest in its intention: the frigid rhetoric at the end was as sincere as the bark of a dog or the cawing of an amorous rook. Would it not be rash to conclude that there was no passion behind those sonnets to Delia which strike us as the thin music of a mandolin?

Dorothea's faith supplied all that Mr. Casaubon's words seemed to leave unsaid: what believer sees a disturbing omission or infelicity? The text, whether of prophet or of poet, expands for whatever we can put into it, and even his bad grammar is sublime.

"I am very ignorant—you will quite wonder at my ignorance," said Dorothea. "I have so many thoughts that may be quite mistaken; and now I shall be able to tell them all to you, and ask you about them. But," she added, with rapid imagination of Mr. Casaubon's probable feeling, "I will not trouble you too much; only when you are inclined to listen to me. You must often be weary with the pursuit of subjects in your own track. I shall gain enough if you will take me with you there."

"How should I be able now to persevere in any path without your companionship?" said Mr. Casaubon, kissing her candid brow, and feeling that Heaven had vouchsafed him a blessing in every way suited to his peculiar wants. He was being unconsciously wrought upon by the charms of a nature which was entirely without hidden calculations either for immediate effects or

for remoter ends. It was this which made Dorothea so child-like, and, according to some judges, so stupid, with all her reputed cleverness; as, for example, in the present case of throwing herself, metaphorically speaking, at Mr. Casaubon's feet, and kissing his unfashionable shoe-ties as if he were a Protestant pope. She was not in the least teaching Mr. Casaubon to ask if he were good enough for her, but merely asking herself anxiously how she could be good enough for Mr. Casaubon. Before he left the next day it had been decided that the marriage should take place within six weeks.

#### AFTER MARRIAGE.

Not that this inward amazement of Dorothea's was anything very exceptional: many souls in their young nudity are tumbled out among incongruities and left to "find their feet" among them, while their elders go about their business. Nor can I suppose that when Mrs. Casaubon is discovered in a fit of weeping six weeks after her wedding, the situation will be regarded as tragic. Some discouragement, some faintness of heart at the new real future which replaces the imaginary, is not unusual, and we do not expect people to be deeply moved by what is not unusual. That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind; and perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it. If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

However, Dorothea was crying, and if she had been required to state the cause, she could only have done so in some such general words as I have already used: to have been driven to be more particular would have been like trying to give a history of the lights and shadows; for that new real future which was replacing the imaginary drew its material from the endless minutiae by which her view of Mr. Casaubon and her wifely relations, now that she was married to him, was gradually changing with the secret motion of a watch-hand from what it had been in her maiden dream. It was too early yet for her fully to recognize or at least admit the change, still more for her to have readjusted that devotedness which was so necessary a part of her mental life that she was almost sure sooner or later to recover it. Permanent rebellion, the disorder of a life without some loving reverent resolve, was not possible to her; but she was now in an interval when the very force of her nature heightened its confusion. In this way the early months of marriage often are times of critical tu-



mult—whether that of a shrimp-pool or of deeper waters—which afterward subsides into cheerful peace.

In their conversation before marriage Mr. Casaubon had often dwelt on some explanation or questionable detail of which Dorothea did not see the bearing; but such imperfect coherence seemed due to the brokenness of their intercourse, and, supported by her faith in their future she had listened with fervid patience to a recitation of possible arguments to be brought against Mr. Casaubon's entirely new view of the Philistine god Dagon and other fish-deities, thinking that hereafter she should see this subject which touched him so nearly from the same high ground whence doubtless it had become so important to him. Again, the matter-of-course statement and tone of dismissal with which he treated what to her were the most stirring thoughts, was easily accounted for as belonging to the sense of haste and preoccupation in which she herself shared during their engagement. But now, since they had been in Rome, with all the depth of her emotion roused to tumultuous activity, and with life made a new problem by new elements, she had been becoming more and more aware, with a certain terror, that her mind was continually sliding into inward fits of anger and repulsion, or else into forlorn weariness. How far the judicious Hooker or any other hero of erudition would have been the same at Mr. Casaubon's time of life, she had no means of knowing, so that he could not have the advantage of comparison; but her husband's way of commenting on the strangely impressive objects around them had begun to affect her with a sort of mental shiver: he had perhaps the best intention of acquitting himself worthily, but only of acquitting himself. What was fresh to her mind was worn out to his; and such capacity of thought and feeling as had ever been stimulated in him by the general life of mankind had long shrunk to a sort of dried preparation, a lifeless embalment of knowledge.

When he said, "Does this interest you, Dorothea? Shall we stay a little longer? I am ready to stay if you wish it"—it seemed to her as if going or staying were alike dreary. Or, "should you like to go to the Farnesina, Dorothea? It contains celebrated frescoes designed or painted by Raphael, which most persons think it worth while to visit."

"But do you care about them?" was always Dorothea's question.

"They are, I believe, highly esteemed. Some of them represent the fable of Cupid and Psyche, which is probably the romantic invention of a literary period, and cannot, I think, be reckoned as a genuine mythical product. But if you like these wall-paintings we can easily drive thither; and

you will then, I think have seen the chief works of Raphael, any of which it were a pity to omit on a visit to Rome. He is the painter who has been held to combine the most complete grace of form with sublimity of expression. Such at least I have gathered to be the opinion of connoisseurs."

This kind of answer, given in a measured official tone, as of a clergyman reading according to the rubric, did not help to justify the glories of the Eternal City, or to give her the hope that if she knew more about them the world would be joyously illuminated for her. There is hardly any contact more depressing to a young ardent creature than that of a mind in which years full of knowledge seem to have issued in a blank absence of interest or sympathy.

#### THE MORAL.

Certainly those determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They were the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling under prosaic conditions. Among the many remarks passed on her mistakes, it was never said in the neighborhood of Middlemarch that such mistakes could not have happened if the society into which she was born had not smiled on propositions of marriage from a sickly man to a girl less than half his own age—on modes of education which make a woman's knowledge another name for motley ignorance—on rules of conduct which are in flat contradiction with its own loudly asserted beliefs. While this is the social air in which mortals begin to breathe, there will be collision such as those in Dorothea's life, where great feelings will take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it. A new Theresa will hardly have the opportunity of reforming a conventional life, any more than a new Antigone will spend her heroic piety in daring all for the sake of a brother's burial: the medium in which their ardent deeds took shape is forever gone. But we insignificant people, with our daily words and acts, are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know.

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependant on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.