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REV. WM. BOND, LL.D., DEAN OF MONTREAL

New Dominion Monthly.

MAY, 1876

A GLANCE AT THE GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF MONTREAL.

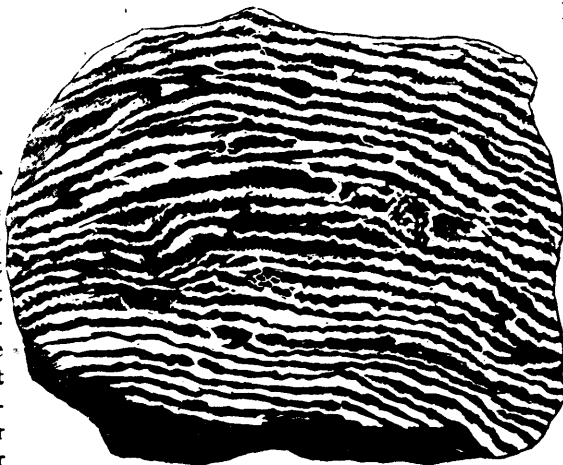
BY R. W. MACLACHLAN.

It has been written that, "Nature is a great book, of which those who stay at home read only a page"—all things, animate and inanimate, being inscribed leaves in this vast volume, from which "those who run may read." Four-footed beasts and creeping things show forth the skill of the Designer in adapting each to its peculiar habitat. Trees and herbs tell us of infinite variety of form and beauty in Nature. On the rocks are sculptured records of the long, long past, of turmoil, revolution and change in the earth's crust. To

read these hieroglyphics, many, not content with the home page, have traversed thousands of miles of the earth's surface. Then let us, too, go out in imagination, that we may read what Nature has recorded of her history so near our homes.

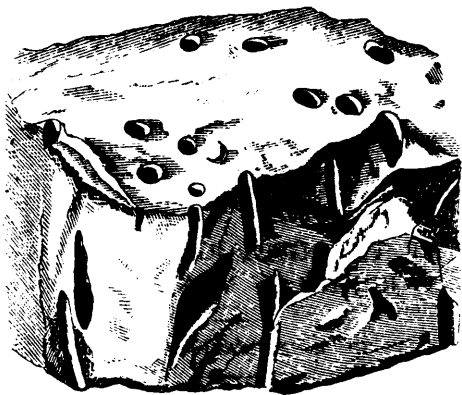
The earliest trace on the island, of this rock history, may be seen in the immense granite boulders strewn over the length and breadth of its surface. These, although not natives (having been brought hither by later agencies, of which more hereafter), lead us back to the earliest of geological periods—a time when the great primeval ocean rolled its dark, heated waters round the globe, when its hitherto unchecked wave-roll was first disturbed by the intrusion of dry land, whence those boulders came. This land, now the Laurentian

hills or range, is that around which this North American Continent has clustered. The only living thing of the time, whose remains are extant, was an animal called by his successors, or rather posterity, according to Darwin, *Eozoön Canadensis*—



(Fig 1.) Oldest fossil,—*Eozoön Canadensis*.

meaning the dawn of life of Canada. It was animal life in its lowliest form; being simply a mass of *sarcodæ*, or living jelly enclosed in a shelly covering. Ears, eyes, nose, mouth, digestive and locomotive organs were unknown to it. Lying on the bottom, it assimilated its nutriment from the surrounding water. Those early ocean depths teemed with many of its kind, and probably other such strange creatures now unknown. It may not be amiss here to



(Fig. 2.) Supposed Worm Burrows,—*Scolithus Canadensis*.

reflect that this is the oldest life known to us; that it is an antiquity when compared with the Pyramids in age,—they are as yesterday; that the ocean bottom where it lived became the first permanent dry land. But what a land! undiversified by hill or dale, no animal to roam over its desolate plains, nor plant to take root on its truly virgin soil. How bleak and inhospitable its appearance! Yet this was the first of a long series of changes from the still more bleak monotony of a universal ocean, by which this world was rendered habitable for man.

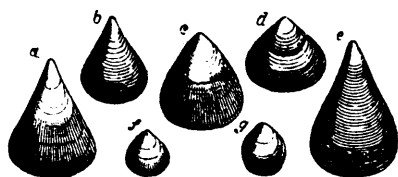
Long ages rolled away, leaving no other record in this locality. But we have elsewhere records that the ceaseless conflict between sea and land had been carried on since the first appearance of the latter. During this conflict the island nuclei were slowly developing into continents, and an extensive sand bar was forming a little to the south of us. Stretching out northwards, it extended within our borders; and this sand bar, for a short time exposed at low water, was the first unassuming *debut* of our beautiful island. On the rocks exposed at St. Ann's we

find ripple marks, wind hillocks, sun-cracks, and rain impressions. From these we gather that gentle breezes played over the surface of that early

Canadian sea; that fierce gales swept over those barren wastes; that a torrid sun shed its lurid glare over its sandy plains, and that gentle showers descended upon the teeming earth. So abundantly had teeming things multiplied that the sandstone is permeated in every direction by what are supposed

to be worm burrows.

Along with these are associated shells of an animal going under the family name of *Lingula*, because shaped like



(Fig. 3.)—*Lingula Acuminata*.

a tongue. They differ from all belonging to the same order (that is lamp shells) in that their shells are composed of phosphate, while those of the others are of carbonate of lime. Another peculiarity connected with them, is, that they belong to the only *genus* of shells having living representatives, all other *genera* of that time having given place to those introduced at a much later period. Still more interesting to us are the tracks left on these rocks by what are now believed to be *Trilobites*. This *Protichnites* as it has been named, being the first creature whose foot-

prints are extant, has truly made his little life sublime. Yet it was in death; for the receding waves that left him high and dry, away from his native element, did not return in time to save him from a heated,



(Fig. 4.) First footprints,—*Protichnites octonotatus*.

sandy grave. In struggling for life, towards the ocean, over that ancient sea beach, it has left its footprints on what have really become sands of time. While its sands ran out in the effort, it has left a far more enduring impression on them than he who in his march through life leaves death and desolation in his wake, or than those who stalk along in all the pride and grandeur of self-conceit. Another fact that may be learned from these markings, is that the tide then ebbed and flowed as now, and that it will so continue until there shall be "no more sea." This shows us that the same laws then governed the elements, and that they exercised the same influences in the earth. The period has been designated the *Potsdam*, on account of the rocks having been first observed at Potsdam in New York. In some places this sandstone, being spread out in even layers of a thickness suitable for pavements, is quarried and extensively used for that purpose. Thus has this ancient sea-beach, which received the first footprints of worms and trilobites in the hoary past, to bear, in "these last days," the heavy tread of the thousands of busy, hurrying feet of a great city.

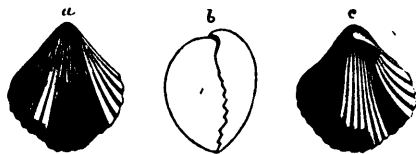


(Fig. 5.)—*Murchisonia Anna*.

Turning to the next page we have what is called the *Calciferos*; that is a sandy limestone. It is a transition period from the previous shallow sandy to the succeeding deep sea deposit of limestone.

Of the animals of the time a shell named *Murchisonia*, after the celebrated geologist, is most abundant. Specimens are found in great numbers in the rocks of this formation, occurring near St. Ann's.

Continuing on, we find next the *Chazy*, so designated from immense masses of rocks of the period being exposed, near the village of that name, on Lake Champlain. Here we have evidence of a deep sea surging over, where now stands our island home. Deeper, probably, was it than ever before or after; and yet in those profound depths animal life flourished—yes, and flourished abundantly. One form especially, *Rhynchonella*, meaning



(Fig. 6.)—*Rhynchonella plena*.

the little beak, so teemed, that great beds of rocks, sometimes hundreds of feet in thickness, are made up almost entirely of its shells. This rock extends from the Back River three quarters of the distance across the island. Quarries were opened in this formation, and stones taken from them were formerly used in building; but, while more difficult to work, it is not so durable as that at present in use. Nor is the color so pleasing to the eye; for, in a year or two, it weathers to a dingy drab. Houses, and they are the older ones, built from it may be distinguished by

this dingy color as well as by its characteristic fossil.

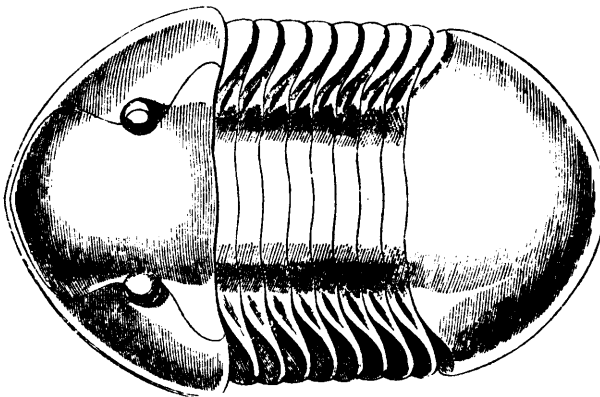
In the *Black River* formation, the next in order, we have a more varied fauna. All forms of then existing life, the sea being somewhat shallower, are there found—dwellers by the troubled shore as well as those of the silent deep. Corals are exceedingly plentiful, vast masses or beds of compact stone being entirely coralline in their structure. A ridge belonging to this age occurs near Point Claire, whence the stone used in building the Victoria Bridge was obtained. Thus was the construction of this masterpiece begun in the far distant past. Its first foundations were laid in the depths of this ancient ocean, by no human architects—by the ancestors of the coral island builders.

Going forward in our history, we come to the period of more interest to us than all others. It has been named the *Trenton*, from Trenton Falls, New

York, where its rocks were first studied. To this formation and to what took place in the next we owe the beauty of our city. On that ocean bed were strewn, layer upon layer, shells, *crinoid* stems, the exuviae of many forms of animals in countless myriads. These, time, pressure, and gentle heat, have hardened in the beautiful crystalline limestone of which our stately mansions and public institutions are built. Had it

not been so accessible, our architects, like those of most large cities on this continent, would have been content with the less seemly product of the clay-pit and of the forest. During this age, as far as this little spot is concerned, animal life had reached its climax; for never was nor has it been so varied or abundant. A strange appearance must this ocean bed have presented. Made up entirely of what had been parts of living creatures, even to the fine mud filling up the interstices, every inch of ground or rather bottom was occupied.

"China's millions," crowding and elbowing each other, had acres of room compared with these dwellers in ocean. Myriads of various kinds of *crinoids*, lily-form animals, fixed by long stems, swayed to and fro with the tide, like a field of grain when agitated by summer breezes. With their petal-like tentacles or ciliæ, in constant motion, they caused a current of water to flow towards their mouths, from which they selected the food particles upon which they subsisted. Here and there, lurking among these stems, might be seen *Trilobites*, distant relatives or posterity of those of the footprints. Out on a ceaseless foraging expedition, a tyrant was he over the smaller fry; yet, withal, a great coward; ever and anon darting backward when startled



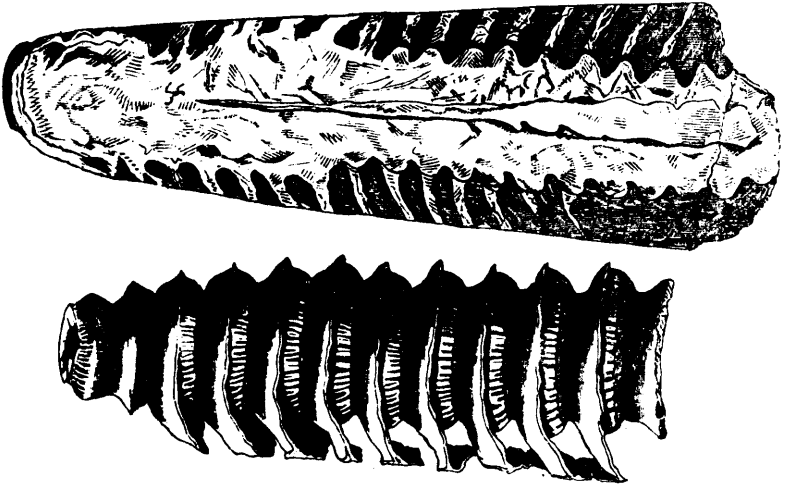
(Fig. 7.) Trilobite, — *Asaphus Platycephalus*.

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by a real or imaginary enemy; when hard pressed curling up like an armadillo, and presenting only his mail to the foe, he was safe from all danger. In other places, huge *Orthoceratites*, an ancient kind of Cuttlefish, took up their stations. With their maze of long arms, swaying in every direction, they were ready to entrap any unwary prey that should come within their reach; lords were they, then, of creation, rul-

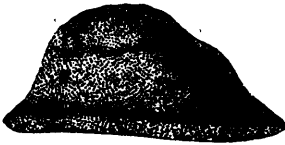
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ing it despotically, too, for their maw | heretofore existing is disturbed by a
 was never filled, and nothing that one | great earthquake. A regular network
 of those many arms even touched ever | of fissures, opened up in the older rocks,



(Fig. 8.)—*Orthoceras Bigsbyi*.

escaped. In yet other places, little cake-like clusters of corals were forming, going by the rather high sounding, and yet not altogether inappropriate, name of *Stenopora petrapolitana*. This means,



(Fig. 9.)—Coral—*Stenopora Petrapolitana*.

when translated, "stone city," and now truly so, as helping to form a city of stone. Many, in fact countless numbers of beautiful little shells were living there, some existing now as perfect as when they were alive so long ago. All these and many more such, lived, struggled for—aye, and in their own humble way, enjoyed—life, while this stone was being formed that we, in after ages, might enjoy such stately homes.

But now we come in the *Utica shale* period to a totally different era. A change of scene—the even quietness

were filled up with molten rock. Immense volumes of steam, scoriæ, and stones were shot forth from the newly-formed crater, here protruding from beneath the sea. Stream followed stream of lava down the constantly enlarging sides of this embryo volcano; the sea, hissing, boiling, seething, surging, as if in deadly conflict with this unwelcomed intruder. This, then, was the first permanent appearance of our island. The eruption continued with more or less violence until a mountain, rivalling *Ætna* in height, stood where, shortly before, the tide had flowed unchecked. Where has the great bulk of it gone?—for now we have only a beautiful tree-clad hill in its place. Yes, this mountain, a Methuselah to the Himalayas, and grandfather to the boasted White Mountains, has lost all its former greatness. Aye, and that, too, by its very age—for the rains of ages from above, and the waves from beneath, having constantly beaten upon it ever since it was reared on high, carrying off particle by particle; now

we have only the root, so to speak, to mark the spot where it once stood. How little do the many who resort to its verdant slopes, and feast their eyes on the magnificent river—the fertile fields, and the busy city spread out before them—know that the very rocks they tread were surging and boiling in a molten state, in the heart of the mountain; that it was a volcano, rivalling Vesuvius in the violence of its eruptions; that where these fields are, stretched a boundless waste of dark waters; and that over the foundations of these towers and palaces, hung a deep canopy of impenetrable cloud. But let no one fear for our city a fate similar to that of the towns nestling, unconscious of danger, round the foot of the apparently harmless Italian volcano; for the fires of Mount Royal have been too long dead ever to be resuscitated, until the last great day, when the “earth shall be burnt up, and all the elements melt with fervent heat.” It is also to this eruption that we owe the Lachine Rapids, and the velocity with which the river flows past our doors. The filled up rents in the limestone, called trap-dykes, being much harder, do not so quickly wear away by the action of the water. These dykes in course of time stand above the softer rocks and act as a kind of dam, over which the water flows with increased velocity. Any one may observe this in the current just below the bridge, where one of these dykes stretches obliquely across the river. Moffat’s Island opposite the city is an immense specimen of ancient lava flows; there may be seen two or three different layers of lava alternating with thin beds of Utica shale. St. Helen’s Island, a mass of volcanic *rejection*, was then the outer edge of the mountain. During this period our record shows no such profusion of life as in those before; for these rocks are formed principally of a kind of hardened limy clay with only a solitary fossil here and

there. From this we are led to infer that the sea had again become shallow, and that turbid streams carried down great quantities of sediment from the land; this sediment was spread over the bottom of the sea as a fine clay. The prevailing form of life seemed more plant-like than animal; being always attached, it resembled a leaf growing on the bottom. It has received the name of *Graptolite*, meaning stonewriting, from the resemblance a number of them have to an inscription on the rock. Now from these names, so dry to both student and professor, and that are the excuse of those frightened from the study, we are taught one or more of the animal’s characteristics, enabling us the better to remember it. They are in fact a great help to those who are thoroughly in earnest about mastering the science.

Here another break occurs in our history; for, with the single exception of the veriest fragment of a page occurring on St. Helen’s Island, we have nothing extant of our history until near its close. From this fragment, belonging to the *Lower Helderberg*, we learn that the sea, although near our borders, was pushed beyond them. It was teeming with the forms of life common to those earlier seas. Our volcano, still active, had nearly exhausted itself; it soon after became extinct, and ever since has conducted itself quietly.

And now occurs a great gap, for we have no record by which we may learn anything of our history during the most interesting geological periods. What little was recorded has been entirely swept away. Elsewhere, constant changes were going on; seas giving place to continents, and continents being swallowed up by seas; vast mountain chains were raised on high. The great oil reservoirs of the *Devonian* were formed in the West. Then the first fish ploughed the deep; next exhaustless stores of fuel were laid up during the *Carboniferous*, for the future use

and comfort of higher life. Later the enormous fish-lizards of the *Mesozoic* (middle life) held undisputed sway over sea and land. Following these, elephants and other gigantic mammals roamed over our northern continents. There is not even a molar left, from which we might learn of the haunts of the mastodon or of the mammoths that browsed in our forests.

Our history, nevertheless, is not yet come to an end; for the sea, nature's great historian, returned again to conclude with a full account of the last era. But in this return it swept away many a landmark of earlier ages. This period is called the *Glacial*, or age of ice, and justly so; for, with the partial flooding of the northern continents, came a time of cold—so cold that every hill and mountain range was covered with perpetual snow, from which, as from those of Greenland to-day, flowed down to the sea great rivers of ice—glaciers. The sea all around, consequently, was filled with icebergs, and an Arctic current carried many of them up the Valley of the St. Lawrence, then a deep gulf. Polishing and wearing down the shallow points, they filled up the deeper places with stones mixed with clay, hence the name *Boulder clay* often given to the deposit. Our mountain's top appeared above the expanse of waters a rocky islet, along the shore of which many a huge iceberg stranded, and there remained until released by a summer sun. The solid rock all around is polished and scratched, showing clearly by the direction of these scratches, that the current had almost invariably flowed to the southwest. These are the agencies mentioned at the beginning as having carried these great granite masses hundreds of miles from their native hills, spreading them far and wide over the length and breadth of the land. They, too, helped to remove the "missing links" in our history. Yet they accomplished their end in the economy of nature;—by them

were the rugged hills cut down, and the deep places filled up, making the Valley of the St. Lawrence an extensive, fertile plain, capable of sustaining its millions of a happy and contented people. Regarding the life of the time, there is not much to state. Few remains have come down to us, and these are indicative of a frigid climate, being almost identical with those existing in the Arctic seas.

When this levelling process was completed, the sea began slowly to subside, or rather (for the sea never varies) the land to rise. During this emergence, terraces were left at different heights, that are, in fact, ancient sea-beaches. These contain many shells, most of them living forms, exactly like those still living on the coast. The prevailing kind, *Saxicava*, has given its name to the deposit. Bones of seals and other animals of a sub-arctic character, are sometimes met with in the clay pits; and from these we would infer that the climate, although not so cold as during the age of ice, was by no means salubrious. From this clay deposit all our bricks are made; therefore are the less pretentious residences of brick by many ages younger than those of stone.

And our St. Lawrence—what of it? for rivers, too, have their history. During this inundation, where was it? A river there was even then. Aye, but what a river! A current of salt water in a salt sea, flowing inwards rather than outwards. But with the rising of the land, this current slackened, stopped, flowed outwards. An outlet it became of the great lakes, then inland salt water seas. These being replenished only by fresh water, in time became, first, brackish, and, at length, entirely fresh, when we have our mighty St. Lawrence perfected.

Now our island, having emerged from its watery covering, became the haunt of the deer; the beaver, too, built his dam on its brooks; here they

remained undisturbed until the advent of man. With his appearance, geological history closes, to be followed by a far higher and brighter era than any that had yet dawned upon the earth.

From this imperfect glance at what has been deciphered by man of Nature's history from the rocks around us, we may learn that there are other and higher topics in the Book of Nature than those presented in the page so accessible at home. Many, with reading it over and over so often, have grown weary of it, and are longing for something new. Yet all the while what a wealth of reading matter Nature

everywhere opens to them outside! Many of its pages, as yet, remain unread by man. Let us go out, then, into her library, and, with the experience of those who have preceded us, read for ourselves the wonders of creation therein presented. Then, when we have once properly tasted of and enjoyed her writings, we will not, as is often the case, despise both the works and the student. And although this study requires greater physical effort than those to which we have been accustomed, we shall be well repaid by the strength of body and vigor of mind acquired in its pursuit.



JESUITISM.

(Concluded.)

In Italy the Jesuits of course always held sway, as the right-hand men of the Pope, up to the day of their suppression; though it is true, that, when the members of the order shipped by the orders of Charles III., attempted to make a landing at Civita Vecchia, they were received with a discharge of artillery and refused admittance both in Leghorn and Genoa; but this is supposed to have been done by the orders of the General Ricci, who thought their distresses would excite commiseration. At the time of the re-establishment, they were received in Rome with open arms, and very shortly recovered all their former influence and power. It is, however, a significant fact, showing in what light they are regarded by the mass of the Italian people, that in the rising of 1848, the only one of the innumerable religious orders in Italy which was forcibly expelled the peninsula was the Society of Jesus.

In Germany the influence of the Jesuits, though only partial, was most baneful. The Emperor Charles V., it is true, kept them in check for a time, sending Bobadilla out of the country, and giving them to understand that there were limits to their interference. However, they shortly after began their war against Protestantism and civilization, establishing schools, preaching constantly, inflaming the minds of the people, and using mercilessly their two grand levers of persuasion, the fire-brand and the sword. The thirty years of war, with all its horrors, was due chiefly to them, ever fanning the flame of persecution when they found it burn low. As a natural consequence the Treaty of Westphalia saw their influence decline, and when the Emperor Joseph

II. visited Rome, shortly after, he treated the order with marked coldness, not to say contempt. It is even said that when Ricci, on the occasion of his visit to the *Gesu*, prostrated himself before him to present him an address, the Emperor interrupted him before he could say a word, by asking him "when he was going to relinquish his habit." Even after the re-establishment the society found it difficult to enter Catholic Austria. Metternich, trained in the school of Joseph II., always showed himself hostile to them, and though they did manage to gain a footing in 1820, it may be said they are there under strict supervision, and on sufferance merely. Germany, from the days of Luther even to those of Bismarck, has been found a difficult soil in which to sow, with advantage, the seed of Jesuit teachings. In Poland and Sweden, under the cruel and bigoted Sigismund, who called himself the King of the Jesuits, they caused much misery and trouble; but Sweden has remained Protestant, and, except in Galicia, where they help Austria to maintain her sway, there are no Jesuits now in Poland. After the suppression of the order, it is well known that the sons of Loyola found refuge in Protestant Prussia and schismatic Russia. Frederic the Great was probably induced to give them shelter, first with the object of making use of them to appease and keep in submission his Polish subjects, who, naturally enough, were exasperated by his treachery to their unfortunate country, and it is not unlikely that the sarcasms of D'Alembert and Voltaire, rousing his well-known obstinacy, induced him afterwards to continue his protection. That his views have not been shared by

his successors, may be easily established by the fact that at the time of the re-establishment of the Jesuit college at Innspruck, the late king of Prussia issued an order forbidding all his subjects from passing into foreign countries to be educated by Jesuits. Catherine II. treated them with more favor even than Frederic the Great. Her object was to introduce into Russia a better system of education than had so far prevailed there, and she certainly succeeded in doing so. Her countenance proved the salvation of the order; for in Russia, disregarding, as they always have done when it suited their convenience, the orders of Rome, they chose their generals, received their novices, and perpetuated the order, so that at the time of their re-establishment, they were still in as full force almost as if they had never been suppressed. However, as the Jesuits acquired more power, they became more troublesome, until at last, having been re-established in 1814, Alexander found himself in 1815 compelled to expel them from St. Petersburg and Warsaw, and in 1820 from all the other Russian dominions. And it is a fact worthy of remark that, so little had their religion anything to do with their expulsion, that the Emperor, in the same decree, declares that he has sent for monks of other orders for the benefit of his Roman Catholic subjects. Some of the reasons assigned in the decree for abolishing them are perhaps worth transcribing: "To induce a man to abjure his faith, the faith of his ancestors, to extinguish in him the love of those who profess the same belief, to render him a *stranger to his country, to sow tares and animosities among families, to tear the son from the father, the daughter from the mother, to stir up division among the children of the same Church,* * * * is that the voice and the will of God, and of his holy son Jesus Christ? * * * After such actions we are not surprised that these monks

are expelled from all countries, and nowhere tolerated. *Where, in fact, is the State that would tolerate in its bosom those who sow in it hatred and discord?"*

The end of the reign of Clement XIII. saw France and Spain equally determined that the order of Loyola should be abolished. The King of Naples and the Duke of Parma, both scions of the House of Bourbon, immediately followed suit. This was too much for the Pope; he did not dare to attack France, Spain or Naples, but Parma, he thought he could, without danger, dispose of. In consequence a *monitorium* was issued against the Duke, passing upon him high ecclesiastical censures, and declaring his estates forfeited. This high-handed act took Europe a little by surprise. The Pope received remonstrances on the subject from the ambassadors of the other powers, but paid no heed to them, and firmly declared his intention not to recall the censure. The consequence was that, deeming it wiser to meet aggression by violence, France seized Avignon and Naples, Pontecorvo and Benevento, which it continued to hold as pledges until the final and complete abolition of the order by his successor, Clement XIV. There can be no doubt that Cardinal Ganganelli was elected pope on the implied condition that he would abolish the order. France, Spain and Naples were bent upon it, and the influence of the House of Bourbon was then at its height. Austria more than concurred; for though it was with great difficulty that Maria Theresa could be gained over, it was well-known that her son, Joseph II., had always been opposed to them. During the sitting of Conclave for the election of a successor to Clement XIII., he purposely paid a visit to Rome, and always and openly spoke with great contempt of the Jesuits. The poor cardinals did not know what to do. France and Spain were making every effort to secure a nomination hostile to

the order. Ricci, on the other hand, was working night and day to make certain of a favorable choice, and spared in his endeavors neither threats, promises nor money. The apparent indifference of Joseph, the only Roman Catholic crowned head then on good terms with Rome, hurt the cardinals exceedingly, and they resolved, in violation of their rules, to invite him to a sitting of the Conclave. Joseph attended, and when he was about to leave, they expressed a hope that the new pope would meet with protection, to which he replied that it rested with them whether it should be so or not; at the same time suggesting that the choice of a pope who would imitate Benedict XIV. would be agreeable. Joseph II. left Rome that night, but his visit had determined the fate of the Jesuits. Clement XIV. was elected Pope in 1769, suppressed the order in 1773, and died in 1774. From the day of his nomination to the Papal See, the enemies of the order began to press for its abolition; but the Pope refused absolutely to be hurried. As he himself says in the bull of suppression, "We, * * animated, besides, with a lively desire of walking with a safe conscience and a firm step in the deliberations of which we shall speak hereafter, * * have omitted no care, no pains, in order to arrive at a thorough knowledge of the origin, the progress, and the actual state of that regular order commonly called 'The Company of Jesus.' * * But, that we might choose the wisest course in an affair of so much importance, we determined not to be precipitate, but to take due time; not only to examine attentively, weigh carefully, and wisely debate, but also, by unceasing prayers, to ask of the Father of Lights his particular assistance under these circumstances; exhorting, at the same time, the faithful to co-operate with us by their prayers and good works in obtaining this needful succor." The enquiries and investigations he deemed it necessary to make took the Pope four years, and during that time the Jesuits were not idle. Every effort that could be made, every device that could be resorted to, was attempted, to save the company. In Rome, the order, especially among the nobility, were all-powerful, and the danger the Pope ran from poison or assassination was very great; so much so, that he became very much alarmed himself, and at last would eat no food that had not been prepared either by himself or by the poor lay brother, Francesco, who, even after his elevation to the papal throne, continued to be his greatest and most intimate friend. The Jesuits, in despair, tried intimidation. Benardina Renzi, a peasant of Velantano, suddenly became a prophetess, and predicted the approaching death of the pontiff. Ricci, the General of the Jesuits, did not scruple to lend his countenance to the impostor by seeking an interview with her. The prophetess, her confessor, and two Jesuits, Coltraro and Venizza, the supposed sources of her inspiration, were thrown into prison. At last, as they richly deserved, on the 21st July, 1773, the Pope signed the bull abolishing forever the Society of Jesus. After reciting all the trouble the Jesuits had caused since their foundation, the bull goes on to say:—"After so many storms, troubles and divisions, every good man looked forward with impatience to the happy day that was to restore peace and tranquillity. But under the reign of this same Clement XIII. the times became more difficult and tempestuous; complaints and quarrels were multiplied on every side; in some places dangerous seditions arose, tumults, discords, dissensions, scandals, which, weakening or entirely breaking the bonds of Christian charity, excited the faithful to all the rage of party hatreds and enmities. Desolation and danger grew to such a height that the very sovereigns whose piety and liberality towards the company were so well-known as to be looked

upon as hereditary in their families,—we mean our dearly beloved sons in Christ, *the Kings of France, Spain, Portugal and Sicily,—found themselves reduced to the necessity of expelling and driving from their states, kingdoms and provinces, these very companions of Jesus; persuaded that there remained no other remedy to so great evils; and that this step was necessary in order to prevent the Christians from rising one against another, and from massacring each other in the very bosom of our common mother, the Holy Church.*” This extract contains the gist of the whole bull, which is too long to reproduce, but well worth a perusal. As representing on earth, to use his own words, the “*Prince of Peace,*” who repeatedly made himself known as the “*Sovereign Pacifcator,*” Clement XIV. came to the conclusion that the only means of re-establishing peace and quietness in Roman Catholic countries was by abolishing the Jesuits, who were ever causing trouble and disturbance.

When Clement XIV. put his signature to the brief of suppression, he pronounced the memorable words: “*Sottoscriviamo la nostra morte,*”—we have signed our death warrant. The words were remembered when, a little more than a year after, he died a horrible death, suffering from some unknown disease, and all Italy to a man declared, what the world has ever repeated since, he died of poison administered by the Jesuits. In Rome the poison was even designated the *acqua tofana* of Perugia. It was then a popular tradition, which would seem not to have been without some foundation, that some people in Perugia, and the nuns in particular, had a secret for composing a drug resembling water, which when drunk produced death, although life was prolonged for a greater or less space of time, according to the quantity and strength of the dose administered. We have seen that before signing the bull, the Pope became suspicious and dreaded meeting with

foul play. As a natural consequence his spirits were affected, he became morose, irritable and unhappy. No sooner, however, strange to say, was the bull issued than his spirits recovered their natural elasticity and his health its usual vigor. On the 3rd Nov., 1773, Bernis wrote, “his health is perfect, and his gaiety more remarkable than usual.” A detailed account of all the circumstances attending the illness and death of the unfortunate pontiff is given at length by St. Priest, who finds himself for the most part, on the letters of Cardinal Bernis. Of the truthfulness and honesty of the Cardinal there can be no doubt, and we place all the more reliance upon what comes from him, that he was one of the very few who refused, at the time of the Pope’s death, to ascribe it to poison; and it was only afterwards, when the proof before him became overwhelming, that Bernis regretfully came to the persuasion that the accusation was well-founded. It is established beyond a doubt that for eight months after signing the brief, and until the approach of Holy Week 1774, the Pope was in excellent health and in very good spirits. “One day, on rising from table, the Pope felt an internal shock, followed by a great cold; and although he was for a moment alarmed, he soon recovered from his fright and attributed his indisposition to indigestion. But soon after the voice of the Pope, which had always been full and sonorous, was lost in a singular hoarseness; an inflammation in his throat compelled him to keep his mouth continually open. He had repeated attacks of vomiting, and felt such feebleness in his limbs that he was obliged to discontinue his long habitual walks. His step became interrupted by sharp pains, and at length he could not find any rest at all. An entire prostration of strength suddenly succeeded a degree of even youthful activity and vigor; and the sad conviction that his fears were realized, and

that his life had been attempted, seized upon Clement, and rendered him strange even to his own eyes." He was confined to his room and unable to see anyone, even the ambassadors of foreign powers. On the 17th August, one month and five days before his death, feeling somewhat better, he received the diplomatic corps, and then he was found to be reduced to a mere skeleton. Not only did his health completely and suddenly break up, but his mind gave way. He was haunted by fearful dreams, from which he wakes screaming; and he often ran from one place to another crying, "*Compulsus feci, compulsus feci*,"—I was forced to do it. The Jesuits of course say he meant, I was forced by the foreign powers to do it. Just as simple and much more likely an explanation would be, Your excesses compelled me to do it. Cretineau-Joly and Gorgel, the ex-Jesuit, both agree that he died of remorse! Remorse does not often take eight months to show itself, and for eight months after the suppression of the Society Clement XIV. was in the very best health and spirits—a fact established by indisputable testimony. Moreover, remorse does not suddenly attack a man after a meal, bringing on spasms and the symptoms of violent indigestion. It is not as a rule accompanied by violent irritation of the alimentary canal, vomiting and extinction of the voice; these symptoms, medical men say, more frequently follow the administration of poison—belladonna for example. "Several days before his death, his bones exfoliated and withered—to use the forcible expression of Caraccioli—like a tree, which, struck at the root, dies away and sheds its bark. The scientific men who were called in to embalm his body, found the features livid, the lips black, the abdomen inflated, the limbs emaciated, and covered with violet spots; the size of the heart was much diminished, and all the muscles detached and decomposed in the spine. They filled

the body with perfumes and aromatic substances, but nothing would dispel the mephitic exhalations. The entrails burst the vessels in which they were deposited; and when his pontifical robes were taken from his body, a great portion of the skin adhered to them. The hair of the head remained entire upon the velvet pillows upon which he rested, and with the slightest friction his nails fell off." The sight of the pontiff's dead body sufficed to show of what he died. We have already stated that Bernis would not at first credit the truth of the rumors that Ganganelli was poisoned; let us now refer to his correspondence. He was on the spot; was an intimate friend of the Pope, and from his high official position, was in a way of learning more than others of the facts attending his demise. On the 28th of August, twenty-four days before the Pope's death, he wrote to the French Minister:—

"Those who judge imprudently or with malice, see nothing natural in the condition of the Pope; reasonings and suspicions are hazarded with the greatest facility, as certain atrocities are less rare in this country than in others." Six days after the Pope's demise, on the 28th of September, he wrote:—"The nature of the Pope's malady, and, above all, the circumstances attending his death, give rise to a common belief that it has not been from natural causes.

* * The physicians who assisted at the opening of the body are cautious in their remarks, and the surgeons speak with less circumspection. It is better to credit the account of the former than to pry into a truth of too afflicting a nature, and which it would perhaps be distressing to discover." A month after, on the 26th of October, all his doubts had vanished, and he wrote:—"When others shall come to know as much as I do, from certain documents which the late Pope communicated to me, the suppression will be deemed very just and very necessary. The cir-

cumstances which have preceded, accompanied, and followed the death of the late Pope, excite equal horror and compassion. * * I am now collecting together the true circumstances attending the malady and death of Clement XIV., who, the Vicar of Christ, prayed like the Redeemer for his most implacable enemies; and who carried his conscientiousness so far as scarcely to let escape from him the cruel suspicions which preyed upon his mind since the close of the Holy Week, the period when his malady seized him. The truth cannot be concealed from the King, sad as it may be, which will be recorded in history." If Bernis did carry out his intention of collecting all the documents relating to this fearful crime, they must subsequently have been destroyed by himself or others, for St. Priest unfortunately could find no trace of them.

The disobedience of the Jesuits after their suppression, occasioned some surprise. In Russia, not only did they succeed in preventing the publication of the brief of Clement XIV., but they wore their dress, followed their usual rules, and did not even go through the farce, as in other countries, of changing their name. In one word, secure in schismatic Russia, they set the infallible Pope at defiance. True to their old principle of establishing an *imperium in imperio*, they formed a sort of patriarchate, a supreme Muscovite Church of Rome, more pure than the Romish, composed of individuals who, by a solemn decision of the infallible head of the same religion, were excommunicated and cast out of its pale—and this in virtue, and doubtless in the name of holy obedience. However, their contumacy need not have caused so much wonder, if people had only remembered that in India, for half a century after Cardinal de Tournon's decree of suspension *a divinis*, they continued to perform their sacerdotal functions, though, according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church,

each priestly act so performed was a sacrilege. So much for their vow of obedience and their veneration for, and subjection to, the laws of their Church and orders of their infallible Pope. Let us now take a glance at their poverty at the time of their suppression. It must be remembered, in the words of Loyola, that *poverty is the bulwark of religion*. We find, in Creteau-Joly, a detailed account of their possessions in France; they amounted only to 58,000,000 francs. He also tells us that their properties in Spain were *beaucoup plus considerable*—let us say 80,000,000. In Austria, the same author makes them worth 125,000,000. To this must now be added their possessions in Poland, in Belgium, in the remainder of Germany, in Portugal, in other small states, together with their immense mercantile establishment in both Indies, and, finally, their enormous establishments in Italy, computed to be worth their French and Spanish possessions combined, and we will find that these poor monks, at the time of their suppression, were worth somewhere about forty millions sterling, a very large proportion of which they managed to secure and save from confiscation.

Such is the history of the most dangerous association of men the world has ever beheld. Since their re-establishment, their power for evil has been very much curtailed, but not so much so that it has not been found necessary, repeatedly, to drive them out of France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, and keep them in all other Catholic countries under strict control and supervision. Among Protestant populations, they naturally cannot do as much mischief, because they cannot use the all-powerful lever of the Confessional. But, be it remembered, before we extend them here in Canada too free a hand of welcome, that their principles are the same they ever were. They would be prepared to advocate to-morrow, could it be done

with any hope of safety assassination and regicide to serve their purpose, as they always have done, and even now teach the almost equally harmful doctrines of Suarez, Tambourin, Sanchez and all the others—probabilism and equivocation. Bausenbaum and Lacroix have gone so far as to declare that “A man who has been excommunicated by the Pope may be killed anywhere, as Fillinicius, Escobar and Deaux teach!” Rather an unpleasant doctrine, if reduced to practice, for Messrs. Doure, Desjardins & Co., of the Institut Canadien, and for all Protestants in the Dominion. Lord Bolingbroke, who can certainly not be accused of strong religious prejudices, speaking of the Jesuits, says: “This order, the offspring of a mad Spaniard, has had the principal honor, though other religious orders have endeavored to share it, of giving to the Pope an authority like that which was exercised by the king of the assassins or the Old Man of the Mountain, as he is called by some of the French historians—an authority which proved fatal to Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth of France, and which had like to have proved so to Queen Elizabeth, and even to her successor.” Guizot, reviewing in his calm, philosophical way, the history of civilization in Europe, speaks of the Society in these terms:—“Everybody knows that the principal power instituted to contend against the Reformation was the order of the Jesuits. Look for a moment at their history; they failed everywhere; wherever they interfered, to any extent, they brought misfortune upon the cause in which they meddled. In England, they ruined kings; in Spain, whole masses of the people. The general course of events, the development of modern civilization, the freedom of the human mind,—all these forces with which the Jesuits were called upon to contend, rose up against them and overcame them.” We cannot resist quoting at some length from a very able article

on “The Liberalism of Popery,” which appeared in *Blackwood* in 1838. The writer points out, in forcible language, the means the Jesuits had recourse to in Poland and England to attain their ends,—the same means they have everywhere employed, and which they would no doubt not hesitate to use in Canada, had they the power, to secure the success of Ultramontaniam.

“But the most invariable and successful line of policy pursued by the Jesuits in Poland, was to agitate the lower classes by means of the confessional and the pulpit, and to ensure, by their intrigues with the higher classes of society, an impunity to the excesses which an infuriated mob committed, at their instigation, against the anti-Romanists. * * * * It is well-known that in England the Jesuits came over with instructions to ally themselves with the disaffected, to push the Reformation too far if they could not abolish it, and to assist the Nonconformists in their opposition to all the established forms of Church government, endowment and discipline. There was no treason to which they were not accessory; there was no plot of which they were not the authors; there was no complaint in which they did not join; there was no extravagance likely to grow popular which they did not direct and recommend. The whole reign of Queen Elizabeth was one continued struggle with these disguised domestic foes, assuming every sort of shape, participating in every species of sedition, and constantly working against the Government, and undermining its authority, by means of the ignorant and the weak. * * * * In like manner in the days of Charles I., no fantastic theory was deemed too wild for Jesuitical adoption; and, while they were mixing, as they did, in the Parliamentary ranks, and particularly in Cromwell’s army, they were conspiring against the Parliament’s authority in Ireland, and signaling their hostility

to the truth by goading on the wild population to the massacre of 1641—the most horrible event in all British history. Jesuits in England were New Jerusalem men, and Fifth Monarchy men, and Millenarians, and Anabaptists, while in Ireland they were binding faster the fetters of superstition, and in France were trampling on the rights and the liberty of conscience.”

Schlosser, a professor of History in the University of Heidelberg, in his very elaborate and careful history of the eighteenth century, speaking of the order, says:—“The Jesuits did not deserve the execration of mankind in America” (this is in allusion to the Indian reductions in South America, of which Robertson also speaks highly), “where they conferred happiness and

peace; but in Europe, where they obstructed all progress, were accessory to every species of criminality, and excused and pardoned every offence which was useful to their order, or calculated to increase their power, they cannot be too severely censured.”

The sentence seems fair. It is the one recorded by all European nations in their statute books, and one which posterity is not likely to reverse. In conclusion, we may say that the Jesuits, wherever they have become powerful, have been the cause of trouble and discomfort, and consequently it would be only a wise precaution on the part of the Government and people to see that they do not, by the re-acquisition of their immense possessions, legally and fairly forfeited, become powerful in the Province of Quebec.



THE LEGEND OF THE PANSY.

BY JOHN J. PROCTER.

In olden times, as the poets sing,
When there dwelt a spirit in everything—
 When every stick and stone,
And every breeze, and every beam,
And every valley, and every stream
 Had at least one soul of its own—

A spirit there was that haunted the bowers,
(*Vide* Tennyson) hid in the leaves and the flowers.
 But his home was not merely there ;
He dwelt wherever the waters ran,
Or the breezes blew ; so they called him “ Pan,”
 For the rascal was everywhere.

A strange and antic spirit was he,
Full of what *we* call “ diablerie,”
 And all sorts of quips and quirks,
With a leering face, and a shaggy coat,
And legs like the hinder legs of a goat,
 And a beard like the Turkeyest Turk's.

But the strangest of all was his eyes—their hue
Was the sweetest, tenderest violet-blue,
 Full of deep thought and weird.
Whoever saw them his pulses stirred
Like the passionate heart of a handled bird,—
 Loving, although he feared.

The laborer, wending his homeward way
Through the scented fields at the close of day,
 Would start with a sudden fear,
Silence his whistling, and turn to fly.
With Parthian glances, he knew not why,
 But was sure that Pan was near.

And the youth that; deep in some forest glade,
Wooded with soft whispers some half-coy maid,
 Would drown her scream in his shout
As they saw a stealthy tremor and beat
In the velvet mosses beneath their feet,
 And the eye of Pan peep out.

Nay, more ! When the battle was all but won,
The victors themselves would turn and run
 As fast as the vanquished ran,
Seized with vague but strong alarm
As they saw beneath some dead man's arm
 The sad blue eyes of Pan.

But the children, hunting the flowers that hide
 In cunning nooks by the burnie's side,
 Would utter a joyous cry,
 And rush to secure the elusive prize
 With tremulous hands and rounded eyes,
 Whenever the rogue was nigh.

Till one day Jove, who was "making his court"
 In a manner no decent immortal ought,
 Stopped short in his naughty ways,
 For there (it gave even him a shock)
 He spied, half-hidden beneath a rock,
 That mischievous, twinkling gaze.

He shook for a second or two, before,
 In a rage with his terror, Jupiter swore
 As only that heathen can ;
 And the twinkling suddenly changed to a stare,
 For the angry god had fixed it there—
 The beautiful eye of Pan.

Alas, poor Pan! Has not Milton said
 That a voice cried out, "Great Pan is dead?"
 Though I fancy 'twas Pan himself
 Who volunteered the sad information
 For the fun of making his funeral oration—
 He *was* such a mischievous elf!

So the Pan's-eye knoweth the name it bore
 In the good old-fashioned ages no more ;
 And in our elegant way
 The flower that typifies hidden thought
 And sudden fancies that come unsought
 We have re-baptized "Pensee."

I cling to the old name. Methinks I see
 In the uncouth heathen fantasy
 A meaning most deep and rare—
 A glimpse of Love with his searching eyes—
 Love, even in rugged and lowly guise,
 The Pan that is everywhere.

The mischievous Love with his groundless fears,
 The frolicsome Love with his quips and jeers,
 The torment of man and maid ;
 Love, staying the cruel, murderous arm,
 Love, of whose witchery and charm
 The children are never afraid.

Then raising my eyes to the azure above
 I think of the Every-thing, truest Love,
 Who came to the earth to die ;
 I think of His tender humility,
 So the Pansy carries me, fancy free,
 Beyond the violet-sky.

KITTY THORNCROFT'S LOVERS.

[A SKETCH OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.]

BY EVELYN ETHERIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

"She is certainly a bewitching little creature, but, they say, an arrant coquette."

"I hear she is, but I fancy I can cure her of that."

"Well, you are welcome to try. If you can win her you will get a prize. I am sure her heart is sound and sweet at the core, though perhaps a little ossified at the surface."

"Heart be hanged! I've done with sentiment and all that. She's the most stylish and cleverest girl of her set,—that's enough for me."

"*Chacun à son goût.* I would prefer something more domestic in a wife."

"And will get, I hope, a 'patient Grissel' to keep your hearth, or a Roman spouse, *conjux incomparabilis, lanifica, domiseda.*"

So chatted Tom Sedley and Fred Fairman, an undergraduate and an ex-student of Toronto University, as they sauntered down the broad and noble avenue that leads from the college grounds toward the city.

Miss Kitty Thorncroft, the subject of their conversation, merited indeed both the praises and the censures she received. A charming brunette, *petite*, pretty, witty, vivacious, accomplished, an heiress and well-connected, she turned the heads of half of the young men of her acquaintance. But none of them seemed able to make any reciprocal impression on herself. She still walked "in maiden meditation, fancy free," capricious, exacting, fanciful, the very soul of gayety, buoyantly flitting,

a gilded butterfly, from one flower of pleasure to another amid the brilliant parterres of fashion. Early orphaned by the death of her mother, educated at a popular American boarding-school, and spending her vacations with her New York cousins at Newport or Saratoga, she acquired a precocity and self-consciousness of manner almost amusing in one so young.

On leaving school, she returned home to preside over her father's long solitary establishment, known as "The Laurels," from two large trees of this species, so rare in this northern climate. The old man, grown grey among ledgers, invoices and bills of lading, seemed to renew his youth in the dancing light of his Kitty's eyes; and sweeter than even the chink of gold was the rippling laughter, impulsive gayety, and caressing tenderness of the affectionate but imperious girl. Her slightest wish was law. Her merest whim was obeyed. She made a brilliant *debut* in Toronto society, and became at once the reigning belle of the season. Routs and parties rapidly succeeded each other in the grand old house, so long the abode of silence and melancholy; and like a chrysalis warmed to life again, the foolish, fond old father wandered from room to room, sunning himself in the radiance of his daughter's beauty, and proud of her acknowledged sway.

One of her most devoted admirers was Fred Fairman, a wealthy young merchant, who seemed to be a favored visitor at "The Laurels." His name was descriptive of his appearance—a

large, lazy, good-natured, self-satisfied looking man, with blonde hair and whiskers and inexpressive light-blue eyes. His university career was not very brilliant; in fact he had left college without taking a degree, seduced by the more congenial and money-making attractions of commercial life. He still kept up his acquaintance with old college friends, and used to haunt the pleasant college grounds, especially when any game of lacrosse or cricket was in progress, for he was an authority on athletics, and prized muscular far more than brain power. He was not without a rival, however, for the affections of his fair lady; although one whom he would have regarded as almost beneath his contempt. This was a young Scotchman of comparatively humble origin and limited means, who rejoiced in the rather formidable patronymic of Neil Fergus McDiarmid. He was a type of a large and deserving class of our Canadian youth, who, amid circumstances of difficulty, win for themselves a thorough scholastic training, by means of our excellent grammar schools, and by the assistance of the scholarships and prizes of our universities and colleges. Although born in Canada, he gave undeniable evidence of his Scottish origin, in his confirmed Doric accent, and in his florid complexion, and what is politely called auburn hair.

The raw Scotch youth and the brilliant city belle became mutually acquainted at one of the charming *conversazioni* which occasionally enliven the college halls, when female loveliness, splendid toilets, brilliant lights, music, song, and mirth relieve for the time their staid and academic quiet. Among the features of the programme was an address of welcome to the guests by our friend McDiarmid on behalf of the College Literary Association, who were the hosts on the occasion. He threw so much hearty eloquence and good feeling into his speech as to evoke very

warm applause; and our imperious beauty, accustomed to have her least caprice gratified, exclaimed to her neighbor:

"Mr. Sedley, I must know your eloquent friend; you must introduce him."

"With pleasure, Miss Thorncroft," said Sedley, a generous soul in whom not a particle of envy existed. "You will be delighted with him; he is immensely clever, and as good as clever. Do you know we call him 'the Parson' sometimes."

"I like clever men," she vivaciously replied, "but," with a sort of shiver, she continued, "your goody men are generally very dull."

"You will not find him so, I promise you. But here he comes. Mr. McDiarmid, let me present you to Miss Thorncroft; she was just praising your speech."

"Yes, Mr. McDiarmid, I was quite delighted."

"You do me too much honor, I am sure," he stammered, unaccustomed, poor fellow, to compliments from such lovely lips.

"Not at all, I assure you. I have been wanting, too, to thank you for your valiant defence of our sex in the public debate on Women's Rights the other night; I am sure you laid us under great obligations."

She had broached a favorite theme; McDiarmid was an enthusiast on the subject. Like many men who have lived in solitude, enjoying little female society, he had a very lofty conception of the sex, derived chiefly from the pages of the poets. Losing his bashfulness, he launched into an eloquent but rather forensic discussion of the subject, evoking much clever repartee, and sometimes sly sarcasm from his fair listener, who only very partially shared his views, perhaps because she knew the sex better.

"May I trouble you to be my *cicerone* through the library and museum?" she asked,—partly, we fear, to put an end to

what was becoming a somewhat one-sided and wearisome conversation.

"Delighted to have the honor," he replied, and through the brilliantly lighted corridors they strolled, pausing awhile in the cosy alcoves of the library to examine some of its literary treasures, with which few of the undergraduates were as familiar as the poor Scotch student.

With much pleasant chat the time glided by till Miss Thorncroft's carriage was ready, and as McDiarmid led her to the terrace, leaning lightly on his arm, she frankly said,

"I shall be happy to see you at 'The Laurels,' Mr. McDiarmid. Your friend Mr. Sedley is a frequent visitor; come with him when you can," and with a bright smile she sank into the cushions of her carriage, which rapidly whirled away.

Long he stood there in the bright moonlight watching the retreating vehicle. How long he knew not; but he was recalled to consciousness by the hearty laugh of his friend Sedley and the exclamation,

"Why, Neil, are you moonstruck, or star-gazing, or has that little gipsy bewitched you?"

In no mood for banter he turned abruptly away, and, returning alone through the college grounds, sought his humble lodgings in the city. He walked in ecstasy; the infinite spaces of the sky seemed vaster, the stars more bright, the very air, keen and frosty though it was, seemed to exhilarate like wine. The spiry spruces, the whispering pines, the shivering, leafless birches seemed to throb and thrill with conscious life. The world seemed instinct with a new spirit: the spirit of Love waking to life in his own soul. He was under a spell, a potent glamor; but his bare room, with its uncarpeted floor, meagre furniture and hard bed, called him back to reality.

"What business have I to think of love?" he bitterly exclaimed. "How

could I ask her to link her fortunes with mine? My life must be a long, hard, uphill struggle for years. I must shut out this beauteous vision from my soul forever," and he flung himself into a reading chair before his well-filled bookshelves, the only objects of luxury in that else bare and almost squalid apartment—and resolutely applied himself to a mathematical problem as the most engrossing occupation for his mind. But in vain; the bright eyes gleamed up from the dull page; the silver speech rippled in his ear; the soft pressure of her gloved hand at parting thrilled his being. At last he threw himself on his hard bed, and in restless tossings wore the night away.

With the clear, uncompromising light of day his sober Scotch common sense came to his aid. He resolved to avoid the lovely object so fatal to his peace, and took up an additional study—that of Oriental literature, in order to exclude from his mind the seductive thoughts of love.

CHAPTER II.

Several weeks had elapsed. New Year's day had arrived. Everyone was abroad making calls of congratulation, or resoldering the broken links of interrupted friendship,—everyone save a few who, like our poor student, nursed a secret sorrow at home, or had no friends on whom to call. McDiarmid spent his morning in study, and after an almost untasted dinner, to which his kind landlady had tried to impart a slightly festive character by surreptitious additions from her own table, he walked moodily forth, and almost unawares found himself wandering through the drear and wintry grounds surrounding the college. As he was returning towards dusk, whom should he meet but his friend Tom Sedley! It was impossible not to feel the genial influence of his ringing laugh, cheery voice and vigorous shake-hands as he hilariously exclaimed,

"A Happy New Year, Mac, and a thousand of them. Where have you been? I called for you, but you were out. Been seeing your lady friends?"

"I have no lady friends," was the moody response.

"Yes, you have, and a very warm friend too, Miss Thorncroft. I am just going to call on her. You must come with me."

"Don't ask me, Tom."

"But you must. You mope too much. Besides she will be offended if you don't; she was asking after you the last time I saw her."

The haughty beauty had indeed enquired if he was so wedded to his books that he could not accept her invitation to "The Laurels," and had warmly defended him against Fred Fairman's sneers at his rusticity.

The young man flushed and trembled; but his mental conflict was decided by his friend taking his arm and walking rapidly towards the Thorncroft villa.

As the friends were ushered into the brilliant parlors with their luxuriant appointments and every evidence of refinement, wealth and taste, Neil McDiarmid could not help bitterly contrasting them with the cheerless den he called home. But as he found himself in the presence of the fairy queen of all this splendor, these thoughts vanished. The spell again was upon him. In the soft lamplight she stood—for the short winter day had closed—the rich blood mantling in her cheek, the sweet smile beaming in her eyes and wreathing her perfect lips.

"Have you made many calls to-day, Mr. McDiarmid?" she asked, after the first greetings were over.

"Only this one, and I shall make no more."

"I feel greatly honored by the exception you have made in my case. Such *devoir* is worth a dozen such visits as I have had to-day," she laughingly replied, pointing to the heaped up card-basket on the table.

"You will take some refreshment?" she asked, handing him cake and wine.

"Excuse me, Miss Thorncroft, I never take wine."

"What! not on New Year's day? Why, that's treason to good-fellowship. It would bring bad fortune on the house. You'll make an exception this time, won't you?" And very pretty she looked: a perfect Hebe of youth and beauty, worthy of being a cup-bearer to the gods.

"Not even for Miss Thorncroft can I violate a principle," he replied with a strange mingling of tenderness and firmness in his tones.

"Forgive me, Mr. McDiarmid," she quickly answered, a flash of generous sympathy kindling in her eyes. "I honor your adherence to your principle; excuse my thoughtless levity."

In that flash her admirer caught a gleam of the better nature within, and another strand was added to the silken ties by which he felt that he was bound to her bright presence. He struggled no more with his passion. He was often at her pleasant "at homes" on Wednesday evenings; and under his influence he could see, he thought, a nobler soul unfolding in the spoiled, capricious beauty. There was, he thought, a more studied grace and courtesy toward himself, which his eager mind interpreted as an evidence of affection. He determined to make known his feelings to her father, and, with his permission, from her dear lips to learn his fate. The old man was somewhat startled.

"What! my Kitty marry and leave her old father!" he exclaimed. "No, no, I can't think of it."

"I am aware of the disparity of social position between us," faltered McDiarmid, "but I will only claim your daughter's hand when I can offer her a comfortable home. In the meantime I ask permission to win her heart, which will be an inspiration to seek fame and fortune for her in the future."

"Well, well, if she likes you she'll have her way ; but you must make your mark, young man, before I can trust you with my Kitty."

CHAPTER III.

McDiarmid became more and more spellbound by the grace and beauty of his lady-love. He determined at length to learn his fate from her own lips. So one bright spring morning he stood with beating heart at the door of the Thorncroft mansion. He was ushered into Miss Thorncroft's sunny morning sitting-room. The fragrant breath of the spring flowers floated in at the open window. The cool shadows danced upon the floor. Her books, her music, her embroidery, all marked the refined taste of the queen of this maiden bower. Presently the goddess herself entered, beautiful as young Aurora, a sprig of violets on her bosom, and a bouquet of flowers, the dew still sparkling on their blossoms, in her hand. Every feature of the picture was photographed on the lover's heart forever.

Love scenes are proverbially "spoon-ey," so we will not describe what passed. Suffice it to say, when Neil McDiarmid came out of that room he was a crushed, despairing man. For him all the sunlight had faded out of the sky, all the fragrance from the air. He had mistaken the language of friendship, of esteem, for that of love. The innocent cause of this mistake was also profoundly affected. She, too, was subdued and saddened. A wistful look was on her face, her merry laugh was not heard for days, and often her dark eyes were suffused with sympathetic tears. She had not wantonly led him on ; she never thought of love. She was shocked and grieved to find that her generous expressions of respect and esteem had been so misapprehended.

McDiarmid's dream of joy was over ; his heart's love withered, at its core, he felt sure would never bud again. He

resolved that he would never think of woman more. It lent bitterness to his disappointment to hear subsequently the name of Fred Fairman, Esq., the prosperous city merchant, associated with that of Miss Thorncroft as her *fiancé*.

The close of the academic year was approaching—McDiarmid would graduate soon, and now read harder than ever. His love-making, however, had sadly interfered with his studies in Oriental literature. Tom Sedley was his only rival for the scholarship in that department. But never were more generous rivals ; each assisted the other in his difficulties. After the examinations they compared their answers to the printed questions, and each was sure the other would get the prize. When the prize list was announced great was Sedley's chagrin to find that neither of them had won it—that it was not given at all. But the disappointed lover cared little for prizes when the greatest prize of life seemed snatched from his very grasp.

CHAPTER IV.

The convocation day at length arrived. The park was in the rich luxuriance of its summer greenery. The tassels of the larch and tresses of the birch swung their fragrant censors in the air. The Convocation Hall was filled with the *élite* and beauty of the city. The ladies in their spring toilets made the broad chamber blossom like a parterre of brilliant flowers. The hilarious gownsmen, chaffing and joking each other, and chanting staves of "Auld Lang Syne" and "He's a jolly good fellow," marshalled in procession in the corridors. Now that formidable personage, the beadle, with gold lace and befrogged gown, the Vice-Chancellor, the professors, examiners, and members of the Senate, in academic costume, with hoods of violet, pink, or ermine, defile into the Hall. The con

ferring of degrees and giving of prizes and scholarships begins. Not first in the list, but in a place of distinguished honor, comes our hero.

"Gracious! I can't Latinize that," exclaims the accomplished Registrar *sotto voce*, as he asks his name.

Singularly contrasting with the *Gulielmus* who preceded, and the *Joannes* who followed, is heard the uncouth Scottish patronymic in the formula "*Presento tibi* Neil Fergus McDiarmid."

"There is your rustic Scotch friend," whispered Fred Fairman to Miss Thorncroft, whose escort he was.

"He is a thorough gentleman and a brilliant scholar," she warmly replied. "Mr. Sedley says he will get no end of prizes."

"He finds them very useful, no doubt," the coxcomb sneeringly answered. "I am told he takes all his prizes in text-books and lexicons."

His companion deigned to reply only with an indignant flush and a haughty silence. At this moment her eyes met those of Neil McDiarmid as he knelt for his investiture with the baccalaureate hood. They seemed to express a tender reproach and hopeless sorrow.

As he received the classical gold medal, Fairman *sotto voce* remarked, clinking two or three gold coins in his hand,

"He would find a few of these medals of more advantage, according to my thinking; I hear they are not very plenty with him. They say his gown covers a remarkably seedy coat," he added with a sneer.

"Mr. Fairman, you are positively cruel," Kitty answered indignantly. Had she known his antipathy towards his supposed rival she would not have accepted his escort.

"How I wish I knew Greek!" she soon exclaimed, as her quondam lover recited his prize ode. "What a stately, sonorous language it is! What is it about, Mr. Fairman?"

"You don't suppose I can translate

a Greek ode at first hearing? Why, Porson himself couldn't do that."

"Who was *he*? If he knew Greek at all, why couldn't he?" she innocently enquired. After the speeches and the cheers for the Queen, the Vice-Chancellor, and the President, the assembly broke up. The hero of the hour, instead of remaining to receive the congratulations of his friends, had stolen away, and was moodily returning with an aching heart to a cheerless home. The envied of the whole undergraduate world, the esteemed of the professors, the admired by a still wider circle, the fortunate man whose name and fame were to be bruited abroad to the ends of the country, in the prize-list, in the morning papers—was miserable. It was true then. His Kitty—for he still felt in her an inalienable sense of property—was about to throw herself away on a man so unworthy of her, and so inferior, as without vanity, he felt to himself. And had she not blushed with conscious shame as he caught her eye?

While ruminating on these bitter fancies he hears a cry, and looking round he beholds the object of his thoughts in a carriage drawn by two spirited and terrified horses, which, startled by the flapping of an undergraduate's gown, were tearing down the drive leading from the cottage at the top of their speed. Without a thought of his personal safety he makes a dash at the reins of the frightened animals as they rush by. But it is too late. At the same moment the wheels strike a large boulder by the roadside, the carriage is overturned, its inmates thrown out, but not hurt, and the gallant McDiarmid receives a severe contused wound on the temple, from the effects of which he becomes unconscious.

While Mr. Fairman hastens for assistance, Miss Thorncroft, who is not the least injured, takes the head of the wounded man in her lap. How pale he is, and how worn and haggard his

face! She had never noticed before the lines of care and sorrow on his brow; and when he opened his eyes, but without recognition of surrounding objects, there was a weary look of sadness in their dreamy depths that smote her gentle heart like a reproach. The blood gouts were dropping heavily from his temple on his ermine hood, and bedabbling the shimmering lustre of her dress. Presently Fairman returned with a doctor, who said the patient must be removed to the nearest house, which proved to be the comfortable home of Tom Sedley. Miss Thorncroft would not leave till the doctor pronounced him out of immediate danger, and had promised to attend to him most sedulously. She also commended him especially to the motherly sympathy of Mrs. Sedley, who was an old and dear friend of her own.

All night Tom Sedley sat by the side of his sick friend, who in the restless tossings of delirium alternated snatches of his Greek ode with piteous moanings and caressing utterances of the name of "sweet Kitty Thorncroft."

He was long ill. His overwrought nervous system had received a severe shock, his recovery from which was very slow. Almost every day Miss Thorncroft came to bring flowers for his sick room, or early fruit from her father's well-stocked orchard or conservatory to tempt his dainty palate. At times she relieved Mrs. Sedley of her vigils at his sick couch, and even sometimes during his prolonged convalescence read to him from his favorite poets, for he was too weak to hold a book. On such occasions he would lie in a placid quiet, like a child listening to a mother's caressing voice. At times, too, a look of wistful longing came into his eyes, and sometimes they were filled with quiet tears.

Kitty's nature, too, had changed since Neil's declaration of his love. No true woman ever has the homage of a noble heart laid at her feet without being en-

nobled thereby. She had put that gift away, not because she did not prize it, but because she prized it so much—because she did not feel worthy of it—because she could make no adequate return. In the intervening weeks her nature had deepened and become well-like and clear, reflecting the eternal stars which in the garish light of day are unseen. She woke to a sense of the nobility of love. A new want was felt in her soul. Before she was but a happy, thoughtless girl, pleased with a ball or party as a child with a new doll. Now she was a woman, with a woman's deep yearnings and imperious necessities for sympathy and love. She felt that she had put away from her lips forever that cup of blessing—the love of a noble hearted man. She knew that the sad, proud spirit of Neil McDiarmid would never stoop to sue again where he thought his love had been spurned; and now that love, the priceless love of a noble soul, was estranged forever.

As she read one day—it was Tennyson's "In Memoriam,"—that sad sweet plaint for buried friendship and lost love, like the sighing of a weeping willow o'er a grave—Neil's eyes closed with a look of weary languor, the result she thought of pain. His breathing was placid as a child's,—she thought he slept. She ceased reading, not wishing to disturb his slumbers. She gazed long upon that wan and pallid cheek, upon the care-worn, thought-marked brow, bearing still the scar of the wound received in trying to rescue her life. Her eyes suffused with tears; a rushing tide of tenderness filled her soul. With a sudden impulse she bent forward and pressing her lips lightly against the snowy forehead, murmured, almost with a groan,

"Dear brow, bruised for me; precious life, risked for mine!"

The dark eyes opened, the wan cheek brightened; a smile rippled round the thin lips. She clasped her hands to her face, the crimson tide flushing to

the tips of her transparent, shell-like ears.

"You love me, Kitty?" asked a voice of caressing tenderness.

With a gush of tears she flung herself upon his breast, and in faltering accents murmured, "Yes, Neil, as my life I love you."

"Thank God, Kitty," he softly said, fondly folding her in his thin and wasted arms. "Thank God, darling, for that fortunate accident that brought our severed lives together once more."

"Can you forgive me, Neil?"

"Forgive you, darling? I'll bless you every day I live."

"I can never forgive myself, Neil, for causing all this pain, and all the sorrow written on your face."

"I'll soon be better now, Kitty; I have *now* something to live for. Your love will bring me back to health," and with such sacred lovers' talk the swift hours sped.

Neil was soon able to return to his own lodgings, and under the influence of happy love, the subtlest tonic in the

universe, speedily recovered. He soon obtained a lucrative and honorable position in an American college, where his distinguished abilities found full scope, congenial employment, and abundant reward.

CHAPTER V.

In two years from the opening of our story, a brilliant wedding took place at "The Laurels." A proud and happy man was the gallant groom, who had quite lost his rustic manner, and had really a quite distinguished air. The lovely bride was lovelier than ever. The poor old father looked as lugubrious at losing his daughter as though it were her funeral instead of her wedding. Tom Sedley was as jubilant as if he were being married himself. But Fred Fairman refused to be present to see, as with considerable personal pique he remarked, "The prettiest girl in the city, sir, carried off by that beggarly Scotch student."



STRAY THOUGHTS FROM AN OLD BOOK; OR, A LEAF FROM
"THE ALGONQUIN BIBLE."

BY G. V. LE VAUX.

In the early ages of the world, every man was his own priest and worshipped "The Great Unknown" whenever and wherever he felt so disposed—in the silent groves or "high places" of the East; beneath the scorching suns or starry firmament of the West. The germ of devotion moved within his breast in response to outward appearances or influences; he experienced an inward longing for the endless love and companionship of a being higher, holier, and nobler than himself, and in the absence of light he endeavored to fill the void in his heart by worshipping the creature instead of the Creator. Prone to look upwards, he saw, every day of his life, the most beautiful object in Nature make the circuit of the heavens—dispensing life, light and heat. "This," said he, "must be the Creator;" so man worshipped the sun. Gazing aloft at night, he saw the sweet, calm, benignant face of the moon. "This," said he, "is the Queen of Heaven," and so man worshipped the moon. By gradual steps he came to regard fire as the earthly type of the celestial luminaries; and "therefore man worshipped fire." He soon crowned his temples outside with the emblems of what he worshipped inside—hence his sacred domes and spires (symbols of flame). Ages passed away, and a brighter light than that of the sun illumed the mind of man. Relics of the past remained, but man forgets their history. Men now gaze upon some graceful spire as it points, in solemn silence, to the portals of another world; but few could

tell *why* we place such a decoration on our ecclesiastical structures; fewer still will recognize therein a connecting link between the Christian and the Gheber "of the long, long ago."

The earliest form of religion amongst the aborigines of America, as well as amongst the ancient races of the Eastern continent, was sun-worship, or an adoration of the powers of Nature more or less adapted to human comprehension through the medium of symbols. "Symbolism" was necessary perhaps amongst primitive peoples whose habits of life, manner of thought, and paucity of language were adverse to the conception and transmission of abstract ideas. Under similar circumstances and conditions the phenomena of Nature, and consequent suggestions, are the same in every age and clime. Hence the evident general approximation in outward form as well as in religious thought; hence the striking unity of elementary beliefs and conceptions amongst nations of men widely separated from each other in time and location. Having common hopes and aspirations, with a similar mental and moral constitution, it would be a matter of surprise were there not a unity of origin amongst the various religious systems of the world—more especially as the humblest and most ignorant observer of Nature cannot fail to see that she perpetually points backward to a beginning and forward to an ending, whilst constantly declaring the existence of a supreme creative power. All ancient races worshipped this crea-

tive power through certain types or substitutes ; but in the course of ages their religious systems became more complex, the people lost the meaning of the symbol, and as a result of long association and superstitious reverence, engendered chiefly by the craft of the initiated, they came to worship the emblem instead of the principle it represented. Hence we find the sun an object of almost universal worship, although at first it was only regarded as the symbol of God—the Life-giver, the Omnipotent, the Eternal—upon whose face “no man could look and live.” In opposition to the Creator, or good and beneficent principle of nature, we have the ever active principle of evil typified by the Serpent. But in all the religious systems we find the good principle triumphing over the evil. Thus in the Greek Mythology we find Apollo (the sun) killing Python (the serpent); in the Egyptian we find that Osiris (the sun) destroys Python (the serpent); and in the Mythology of Mexico the great god Tezcatlipoca (the sun) is represented as cutting a serpent to pieces.

Such are a few of the stories related of the principles and representatives of Good and Evil in the New and Old Worlds. The same spirit pervades them all; and all may be referred to one source,—“the seed of the woman bruising the serpent’s head,” &c. Every race has its traditions relative to contests in former times between good and evil personified. But few of these embrace so many points of interest as those of the Algonquin Indians, believed, as they still are, by *unconverted* Chippewas and kindred tribes. With these people Manabozo is the great Good Spirit and Meshakenebec the old serpent or great Evil Spirit; and there was war between them until the death of the Evil One. Squier reports the existence of the tradition in Labrador; and the Indians of Bruce, Simcoe, and Manitoulin tell the same story with cer-

tain variations and additions. From these sources we have obtained the following interesting account of the American Deluge, &c. Canada was the site of the various transactions related in this story; but, in consequence of its apparent allusions to Scriptural events, we feel that it will not be altogether devoid of interest to readers in other lands. Manabozo, the Great Teacher of the Algonquins, returning to his lodge from the chase, missed his only son, Midaho (bright star of the world). He called him aloud, but the echo of his own voice was the only reply. Going out to seek his lost one, he observes the trail of Meshakenebec (the Great Serpent) in the neighboring sands. Believing that the recent presence of his enemy accounts for the absence of Midaho, he seizes his arms and follows the trail of Meshakenebec.

After travelling over numerous hills and vales, rivers and swamps, he arrives on the shores of Manitouka, the gloomy lake of his abode. Here Meshakenebec lived, surrounded by a host of attendant serpents, of forms and dimensions scarcely less monstrous and terrible than his own. His head was red as blood, his eyes like globes of fire, and the vast folds of his body coiled round the helpless form of the only son of Manabozo.

Manabozo prayed his father, the Sun, to disperse the clouds, silence the winds, and drink up the waters. He then transformed himself into a tam-arac, and spread his broad branches over the gloomy shore. His enemies saw the goodly tree, but were unconscious of his presence. One of them, more suspicious than the rest, coiled himself round the trunk and looked intently upward as if listening to the last sigh of the departing winds amongst the graceful branches. Then, apparently satisfied in his investigations, he slowly descended to the shore and joined his brethren in the dark depths of the lake. The concentrated rays of the

sun acting on the waters, soon made them extra warm, then hot, and finally intolerable to its monstrous denizens. A thousand spirits of evil raised their heads above the surface, and gasped for breath; but in the centre, high above them all, rose the gigantic form of Meshakenebec—serpent king of that hideous host. All listened intently for the footsteps of the great Good Spirit, but as they saw him nowhere, and did not hear his footsteps on the face of the earth, they saluted each other saying: "Manabozo sleeps." For a moment they sank beneath the hissing waters. Then the troubled lake boiled and bubbled, and sent out vast waves to the shore. Soon Meshakenebec raised his head in the centre and moved towards the wooded beach, followed by all the spirits of evil. They sought refuge in the forest shades from the intense heat of the sun. Becoming drowsy, they set a watch of four and the rest resigned themselves to sleep. North of "the camp" rose the gloomy form of Kenetou, Prince of Darkness; to the south was Hahabando, the son of treachery; to the east rose the hideous head of Abauta, Father of lies; and Oshawaybo, the deceitful, guarded the west. For many a weary hour did they look and listen for the dreaded footsteps of Manabozo, and still "the host slept on and on, and the sun standing still in his course waxed fiercer in his heat," until the leaves of the forest withered beneath his gaze. Then the guards fell asleep on their watch, and Manabozo, resuming his natural form, took an arrow, placed it in his bow and shot the sleeping Meshakenebec through the heart. The monster awoke with a howl that shook the hills, and frightened the wild beasts in their caves. Followed by his startled companions, he plunged into the lake and vented his fury on the faithless guards.

While the monsters slept on the shore, the Beaver, faithful creature, hid the senseless body of Midaho in a cave

beside her dwelling. While she drew him through the waters, he for a brief moment revived from his comatose state, and unconsciously muttered the name of her he loved. "Amamo," he said, "Amamo." The waters would have replied, were it not that the Great Father, to save him from his enemies, changed his words into bubbles; which, rising to the surface, covered it with whiteness. Hence the origin of foam on the water.

When the Great Serpent found that he was mortally wounded, he called all the spirits of evil together and proposed that they should take immediate vengeance on Manabozo and his people. Unanimously agreeing to do so, they rose in the might of their wrath, and, calling all the waters from their secret retreats, they rolled the floods before them, in fury, so that rocks, trees, and even mountains were swept away and "no more seen." High on the crest of the foremost wave—black as night, terrible as death—rode the monstrous form of the wounded Meshakenebec. His eyes glared round him like fires on the hills of the south, and blood flowed from his side like water from the nostrils of the spouting fish (the whale). The hot breath of his hissing host scorched the cheeks of Manabozo as he fled before them to the hills of the north. In the might of his love for his Indian children, his race was swifter than the floods. Passing by the villages, he bade his people flee into the mountains, because the days of the Evil One were numbered, and he would deluge the earth in his expiring wrath, destroying everything having life. Following Manabozo, the people finally reached the mountain of the Great Father, far north of the great lake (Superior). Here, by the directions of Manabozo, they gathered much timber and constructed a vast raft. On this all the people and other creatures took refuge. Soon the raft floated on the water and the floods closed over

the mountain. The whole earth was covered with water, and the streams of the north carried the raft towards "the suns of the south." Many of the people died during the dreary days, and the rest, fearful of the same fate, petitioned Manabozo to disperse the waters and renew the earth; for all knew that, by this time, Meshakenebec was dead. Manabozo replied that, though he was the son of the Father of Life, yet could he not do as they wished unless he had some dry earth with which to begin the work. The Beaver, hearing this, volunteered to descend to the bottom of the great deep and bring up some earth. She dived beneath the raft, and after a delay which seemed many years, she rose between two logs—exhausted, dead. They opened her hands, but found no earth. The Otter then said, "I will seek the earth," and, after receiving the applause of his companions, dived from the raft. After a long absence,—which seemed ages in length—he also rose to the surface—dead, and brought no earth. The people then became despondent, saying, "We are lost; the Otter and Beaver are dead; none can find the earth." "I will do so," said the little Muskrat, diving between the logs as he spoke. "Bravely said; promptly done," exclaimed his companions. "May the Great Father smile on your effort." The Muskrat was very long away—far longer than the Otter or Beaver. The refugees seemed to live through ages of pain and suspense. Hope and Despair fought "a hard battle" on the raft during his absence; but at last the generous creature rose beside the raft. Too faint to speak, too weak to swim, he floated on the water, and the wind blew him to the feet of Manabozo. He also died on being lifted out of the water; but in his hands were found a few grains of fresh earth. These, being carefully collected, were dried in the

sun and presented to Manabozo. After reverently kissing them as a sacred gift from the mother of life (the earth), he rubbed them to powder in his palms, and then blew them abroad upon the waters—one-fourth to the north, one-fourth to the south, one-fourth to the east, and one-fourth to the west. Then the four winds blew on the waters, whilst the sun beat them with golden whips, and they returned whence they came. Soon the tops of the mountains were seen, then the trees, and, finally, the plains and valleys. The raft had rested on a high hill, and the people were afraid to leave it until Manabozo showed them the body of Meshakenebec in a neighboring valley, and assured them that the world would be drowned no more. Then they came down and lived on the plains, the earth having resumed her former beauty.

Manabozo returned to the lake of the Manitoukas, and, throwing open the doors of its secret chambers, carried the body of his son to the upper world. He anointed him with clay and bathed him in the stream of life. He then exposed him to the warm beams of the sun, and fanned his cheek with the breath of heaven. The color of the living returned to his face; sneezing seven times he awoke from his long sleep—the only creature then existing who had not seen the flood of waters which had drowned the world.

In gratitude to the Beaver, the Otter, and the Muskrat, the children of the forest never afterwards molested their relatives or descendants until the cunning of the pale-faces and the firewater of the stranger caused the red man to forget his ancient traditions and disregard his time-honored obligations. The craft of the pale-face was deeper, darker, and more treacherous than that of the Serpent, and his firewater more deadly than the great deluge of Meshakenebec.

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

Egbert Douglass, Philip's grandfather, married twice. His first wife died when Gibert had reached man's estate, and while Theresa, his only daughter, was quite young. Later in life he married again, choosing a haughty, high-born English lady, the widow of a British officer, who had bequeathed to his only son large possessions. Ernest Haltaine was a high-spirited, handsome boy, and won friends easily by his bright address and noble, chivalric nature. His mother, in whose breast ambition reigned supreme, dreamed of a splendid future for her one boy. In due time he entered college, and, after a brilliant career, returned to his Southern home for a short visit before starting on an extended journey. His roving nature and keen relish of varied excitement would not permit of his remaining at rest. Gilbert Douglass had won honors some years before, and was now established as a distinguished lawyer in a distant city. There he married, and there Philip spent his boyhood. Ernest's mother was again a widow. Shortly before the return of his stepson, Egbert Douglass died. Theresa was a beautiful girl, with fortune and position enough to satisfy the pride of Mrs. Douglass, whose earnest wish was that her son should enter into an engagement with her step-daughter. By the greatest tact and cleverness she accomplished her end, and the betrothment took place before Ernest started on his travels. Led by his daring, wild spirit, he roved far and wide, and,

eventually, in company with some kindred natures, settled for a few weeks in Sacramento. There, one evening, he found his way into an old theatre, where a young orphan, the daughter of Jewish parents, who had been adopted by an actor's wife, was making her *debut* on the stage. Her wonderful gifts and fresh, innocent beauty, charmed his capricious fancy. Then something in the fact of her orphanhood and poverty having forced her to this mode of life—a life, he learned, she despised—won on his generous, impulsive spirit—a spirit which brooked no interference. Forgetful of his former vows, which had been plighted to please his mother, and thinking that Theresa, who had manifested only a calm affection for him, would easily forgive his unfaithfulness, he wooed and won the young actress. When the news of his hasty marriage reached Mrs. Douglass, her indignation was unbounded. She bitterly denounced her son for his folly, and requested that all communication between them should cease. Two years afterwards, when Myrtle was a few months old, her father, who, in addition to his love of adventure, inherited a decided tendency to intemperance, broke away from the restraints of his happy home and indulged so greatly that, in a fit of exceeding intoxication, he was induced by a sea captain to accompany him in a voyage to a foreign land. Having reached his destination after months spent in tossing on the deep, and having long since regretted the absence which would inflict such suffering on his unprotected family, he

immediately prepared to return home. Unfortunately, he was attacked by a prevailing fever, and a year fled by before he again came to Sacramento.

Directly after his departure with the sea-captain, a rumor went abroad that he had been killed by the Indians, while on an expedition along with a number of his immediate friends with whom he had been seen in company before their leaving for the mountains, and who had in reality been murdered. When Mrs. Haltaine heard the sad tidings, she being of a most innocent, trustful nature, and weary for some comfort from loving friends in her lonely widowhood, determined to seek out her husband's mother. "Surely," she thought, "death must soften her to us; she cannot refuse to love Ernest's little child." She took her tiny daughter, and calling her Myrtle, the Jewish symbol of love and peace, sought out the proud grandmother. Something in the exquisite beauty of the winsome maid, touched the old lady, and when the artless prattler with her baby endearments brought back a memory of the bright, frank boy who slept in an unknown grave, she warmed tenderly to the child and hardened bitterly towards the mother, who had stolen the affections of her one gifted son. Pondering long, the wish to keep the blossom grew very strong. The old home was so deserted. Theresa lived with her brother Gilbert. This laughing image of the one gone forever seemed to brighten all around her, and bring a sweet, restful sense of companionship. Despite a rising womanly pang for her cruelty, she persuaded Mrs. Haltaine by fair promises and hard measures to give up her daughter. Ernest had not left a great amount of money with his wife, and quite unconscious of her husband's extreme wealth, and that in reality she should possess a large income, after a long siege of most subtle reasoning, Ada gave way and the grandmother carried her point. Myrtle remained in the stately home of the

Douglass's, and her mother, in accordance with her agreement, sought out a distant home, where after a time, in order to support herself, she had recourse to the needle. Among the many whom she served was Theresa Douglass, who little dreamed that the lovely seamstress was the wife of her former lover.

By and by, after a weary illness, Ernest Haltaine returned home, there to hear a direful tale. Mrs. Douglass's whole heart was centred in her merry grandchild. Myrtle had twined herself deeply into the lady's affections. Love now reigned where ambition had held full sway, and sooner than lose the little girl, the grandmother stooped to falsehood and calmly told her son that, like Annie in "Enoch Arden," his wife, thinking he was dead, had wed again. Finding her daughter a burden she had resigned her with the full understanding that they could never meet again. On hearing this, Ernest plunged still deeper into dissipation, and led a reckless life. In the midst of his mad career, news came of Ada. Theresa Douglass had discovered the real history of Mrs. Haltaine, and immediately sent a messenger to Ernest. His wife was dying, worn out by hard work; heartbroken and weary, she was fading away. When her husband reached her side all hope had flown. In spite of every care, and every luxury that wealth could bestow, she only lived a few weeks after the reunion with her little daughter and Mr. Haltaine. She died in the home of Gilbert Douglass, to which she had been moved by Theresa.

Afterwards Mr. Haltaine, whose life was embittered and health destroyed, took Myrtle and, accompanied by two trusty servants, roamed abroad and ceased intercourse with his friends.

"You *knew* my mother, then?" murmured Myrtle through a checked sob, as Philip closed the tale we have told.

"No, Myrtle, I was in England at the time. I reached home just before your father sailed. I remember you very well."

"Did papa ever see grandma again?"

"No; she died a few months after he sailed, and he did not visit her before."

"And why did Aunt Theresa never marry, Mr Douglass? Was she so very, very fond of papa?"

"I fancy so, Myrtle. No one knows. No one ever heard her speak of it. My mother told me once that she might have been married several times, but she refused every offer. When she was a young girl she was very beautiful, and full of life. When my parents died, I gladly asked her to live always with me. She has an independent fortune, and I will tell you a secret, Myrtle: Tom is to be her heir. He does not dream of it, and we do not wish him to know."

They reached Tecumseth gates just then, and entered the avenue in silence. When Myrtle dismounted, she said, very quietly, very earnestly, "Thank you, Mr. Douglass," and then stole away to her room, and did not appear until the tea-bell rang.

CHAPTER XII.

"The seat in the maple is mended now, Myrtle. Come down and see it," said Tom, on the evening of the drive to Greyley. "Here is your little shawl," he continued, reaching it from the hall table. Tom went on whistling, with the shawl drawn over his shoulders. Myrtle followed him slowly down one of the paths, thence across a back lawn to the orchard, at the foot of which, near the river, was a giant maple, around whose trunk wound a stairway, to a roomy armed seat on a platform.

"This is what I call comfortable," said Tom. "A fine view too. The mills and factories look well from here."

"And just look what a sky, Tom! Isn't it lovely?" cried Myrtle, her face, lately so still and pale, now aglow with delight at the beautiful scene before her. Hill, dale, and river bathed in living light. It was a charming sunset. The western sky was flooded with

brilliant golden beams; pale cerulean tints faded into faint mauve, and mingled in wavelets among the fleecy clouds that hovered above the exquisite blending beneath.

"It does not look bad. We will have a fine day to-morrow," returned practical Tom, switching off two greedy mosquitoes as he spoke. "I call this a jolly kind of a seat. Philip had it made three years ago. He reads up here on Sunday afternoons. It's cool and comfortable on a hot day. Look! look! see the squirrel, Myrtle. See his tail. Isn't he the cunning beggar! Pshaw! he's gone. Why didn't you look quick?"

"Tom, how can you see anything but that?" She pointed with sparkling eyes to the sun strewing its last rays far and wide, kissing the meadows with waving slants, lingering across the rough quarry, and burnishing the Wawa with red gold.

"It's nothing wonderful," said Tom, poking his head down among the branches in search of the squirrel. "Myrtle, you are the queerest girl. Honestly now, aren't you just making believe? Do you actually like things so well as that?"

"Indeed, I do, Tom," said Myrtle, with sincerity, turning away at the sound of voices in the kitchen garden.

"It's Aunt and Philip," said Tom, coming back after a vain search. "They are eelooking at the strawberry bed. Did you have a nice ride to-day?" he kindly enquired, as he wrapped her shawl over her shoulders—the evening was slightly chilly.

"Yes," sighed Myrtle, slowly. His question brought back the history which Philip had unwillingly told her. Somehow she felt as if she knew her guardian better now; still her heart ached with a dull, dead pain at the thought of her parents' suffering. To-night a feeling of loneliness crept over her. But Tom, not noticing the pain he inflicted, said bluntly:

"Had Philip much to say?"

"Yes, Tom; he told me all about my father and mother," was the unsteady answer.

"Didn't you like to hear it, Myrtle? I often wish that I could have heard about mine."

"Yes; I liked to know, Tom; but it was very sad." Myrtle pulled down a handful of leaves, and, as she vainly tried to weave a chaplet, she grew quiet and faint.

Tom was watching Arthur Fletcher, who was out trolling with his sisters, and he did not notice the quiver in his companion's sweet voice.

"Myrtle, how white you are!" he exclaimed, as he stooped to lift the leaves that fell from her nerveless hands. "Are you ill? Aunt! Philip!" he shouted, alarmed by her deathly appearance.

"What is it, Tom?" called Mr. Douglass, coming quickly towards the maple.

"Myrtle is wrong, somehow. Hurry, Philip!" cried Tom, who was clumsily supporting her.

"Gently, Tom," and Mr. Douglass sprang up the steps and carried the half-swooning girl down to Miss Douglass, who had been rapidly brought by the sound of Tom's cry for help.

"Myrtle is not strong; she has had too much excitement to-day," said Mr. Douglass gravely as they all sat on the verandah later in the evening.

"Girls are just like eggshells, easily broken," said Tom, beaming over at Myrtle, who was on the lounge by an open window. He was heartily relieved to see her smiling once more, for his friend was dear to the boy's heart.

"She wants change of air, Aunt. I'm afraid it's her heart," he went on wickedly. "Eh, Myrtle? Guy is good-looking, but give me Gerard any day."

"Tom! Tom! no nonsense yet, my boy. Time enough for that ten years hence," said Miss Douglass quickly.

"Gerard told me a thing or two," added Tom, significantly, as he whittled a stick on the steps.

"What about your engagement with Miss Baxter, Tom?" asked Philip at this moment.

"Sure enough, I forgot," said Tom springing up and catching his hat; "I promised to set her croquet arches for her. She is going to have a new party to-morrow. Good-bye, Myrtle, I cannot be with you always, but depend on it, it's the heart." Tom ran fleetly away, and Philip went down to meet Mr. Trevor at the style.

"Aunt Theresa, was it?—was it heart disease mamma had?"

"No, dear. Consumption, brought on by cold and fatigue. Do not mind Tom's nonsense; he likes a bit of fun." Myrtle turned wearily on her pillow. Miss Douglass stooped down and kissed her as she tucked a light comforter over her; then she stole away down to meet her nephew, who was returning slowly over the meadow.

"Philip, I think we must go away," she said as she took his arm and retraced her steps.

"You think so, Aunt?" he questioned with a startled look on his grave face. "Why?"

"She wants a change. We forget, Philip, it is a quiet life for a young girl. Much as I dislike the idea of a parting, still she must go to school and mingle with girls of her own age."

"I suppose so, Aunt," replied Philip slowly.

"Then before she goes she wants strength and health. I think I will take her away for a time. You and Tom would put up with a little inconvenience for a time, I am sure."

"Certainly, Aunt. Don't consider us for a moment, please. Go by all means. Dr. Burke has consented to allow Tom in his office. It will be better for a time, I fancy."

"Tom is determined then, Philip?"

"Yes; his heart is set on being a doctor, but he will only carry out his long cherished scheme on one understanding. I admire his independence,

and am going to allow it. I would not have him lose his manhood. He insists on considering all I spend on him as only borrowed. He is to repay it all. I objected strongly at first, but he spoke so earnestly that, after consideration, I thought it the wisest plan. It will bring out the metal of his character."

"Tom is very independent," said Miss Douglass, proudly. "He has worked so hard this spring. Poor boy! I wish he could understand that it is our greatest pleasure to give to him."

"By and by we will do something for him, Aunt; for the present I want to save him from what so many young men are nowadays—mere idlers. I believe it is a good thing to have some roughing to do. Well, when will you start?"

"As soon as possible."

Before another week Miss Douglass bore Myrtle away to the sea-side. There they remained until August. Myrtle came back bonnier, sweeter than ever. For a few days the Hall was filled with gladsome home pleasures; then she entered on her school life, many miles away from Heathfield.

CHAPTER XIII.

Up in the third story of a grim stone building, on the outskirts of a thriving town, sat Myrtle bitterly weeping in the twilight. Homesick? Yes, and longing with all her heart for one of Tom's outbursts, Philip's grave smiles, or, better still, Aunt Theresa's loving embrace.

"If it were only Oscar or little Nip," sighed Myrtle between her sobs, "or even Rosalie. Oh, I love them all." Every school-girl has been homesick, more or less, and a dreary, dismal sensation it is. Now that she was in truth separated from all to whom she had unconsciously given a deep place in her affection, Myrtle awoke to the reality of what they had become to her, and sitting in her barely furnished chamber,

so different from her own daintily beautiful room at home, she wondered how she should ever wait for Christmas. At last as the shadows grew deeper, in an agony of loneliness she determined to write, and beg Miss Douglass to come for her. Tecumseth was the dearest place on earth, and she longed to fly at once to the shelter of its hospitable roof.

"Here, Jane, here is No. 18. It ain't locked, is it?"

Forthwith Myrtle's door, was flung open, and in marched a slender figure, bearing a carpet bag.

"Bring a light, Jane, dark as pitch here. I hate this room. Dame Trot just gave it to me because it's a back one," grumbled the owner of the carpet bag, as she shoved said article into the closet. "Dear me! whose dresses?" continued she crossly as she fumbled round. "Jane, hurry up! Mercy on me! am I going to have a room-mate? Some saint, I bet my new kid slippers."

The servant appeared with the light, and revealed the new comer to Myrtle's astonished gaze. "Miss Gamble bade me say Miss Haltaine, Miss Kitten," said Jane, as she put down the lamp and closed the door after her.

"How d'ye do?" jerked out Miss Kitten, holding out a small brown hand with beautifully tapered fingers.

"Quite well," mumbled Myrtle, hiding away her wet handkerchief.

"Homesick, eh? First time?"

"Yes," moaned Myrtle, wishing Miss Kitten far away, and, unable to restrain herself, she cried with all her might.

"Poor thing!" ejaculated the strange girl, as one of the brown hands went soothingly over Myrtle's sunny hair. "Take your fill," added she. "Got to have it, just like measles. I'm tough now. Got used to it, havn't we, Kitten!"

"Were you ever here before?" asked Myrtle, comforted by the touch of sympathy in Kitten's voice and hand. As she spoke she looked up and took a

quick survey of her future room-mate. A girl of fourteen, with wistful brown eyes—eyes that flashed with a keenness that startled her—strange, speaking eyes that changed with every passing mood of their owner,—piercing at times, and then softening with a pathetic yearning, as if little love had ever beamed on the soul of which they were the gates.

"I? Yes; I've been here since I was twelve. Only been home once. I cried at first; not because I was sorry to leave any one, but because I had no one to feel bad about. The rest had. Look, which side of the closet do you like? Business first, then loafing." Kitten pitched her wraps aside and marched towards the closet.

"It makes no difference to me," said Myrtle, who was much puzzled by her new companion's odd manner.

"Well, it makes a difference to me. I've quarrelled with two about the same thing. I like the side you have your dresses on."

"Take it then, do!" said Myrtle, generously, quickly rising to transfer her wardrobe.

"All serene, now," said Kitten when the closet was put to rights. "My trunk will be along in the morning. Just two more questions, and we will see if we can sort." She took a pillow, and sat flat on the floor, and, placing her chin on her clasped hands, looked straight into Myrtle's astonished face. After a moment's study of the tear-stained countenance, she abruptly jerked out, "Do you like sleeping in the back or the front of the bed?"

"The back," said Myrtle. "Does it matter?"

"Yes; I like the front. I'm glad you are sensible. Now, one more question." The eager eyes travelled slowly over Myrtle's every feature. Then she said, sharply: "Are you a Christian?"

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that Myrtle only gazed down at the

brown face, too bewildered to frame an answer.

"Square and honest! Can't you say yes or no?"

"What do you mean?" burst out Myrtle.

"I mean what I say," was the cool rejoinder. "You know what a Christian is. If you don't, you will soon find out. I'd rather be whipped every day than go through what I did last term with Mary Flight."

"I'm not a heathen," said Myrtle. "I have not been confirmed yet. My guardians did not attend papa's church."

"English Church, eh?" cried Kitten.

"My father was an Episcopalian," replied Myrtle, with dignity.

"I guess you are not very far gone. Don't get up your monkey. I only wanted to know if you were one of the pious kind, forever praying and telling other people they are lost when they are not very sure they are found themselves."

"I do not like talking this way," said Myrtle, quietly. Her's was one of those intense, deep natures that looked on holy things as too sacred to be thus lightly brought to view.

The hungry eyes travelled rapidly again over the earnest face above her. At last she burst out, "Humph! Guess you won't worry me. Solid too. No fuss and hallelujah there." Then, after a slight pause, "Please; will you kiss me?"

If Kitten had said, "Please, will you jump out of the window?" Myrtle could not have been more thoroughly surprised. Over the girl's brown face swept such a tide of emotion. Her wistful eyes kindled with an intensity of yearning that lent an almost unearthly appearance to their wonderful beauty.

Bending forward she said sweetly: "As often as you like," feeling all the time as if a starving beggar were waiting for all the bread she could bestow.

"Oh, dear!" In a moment Kitten had her arms around her neck, and she

cried in a weary way that touched Myrtle's heart and brought out a compassionate pity akin to love.

"There, I'm a fool!" and in a flash Kitten was on her pillow laughing. "A perfect idiot! but oh, I'm so glad you are come. I've been waiting and searching for you everywhere. Now you are come, perhaps I won't be *so tired*."

That *so tired* was like the little wail of a feeble child in distress.

"Looking for *me*? I never knew that you had heard of me."

"Neither I did; still I always wanted a real friend. Now, I guess you've come. Isn't it jolly?" Myrtle laughed, forgot her homesickness for a time, and said:

"Why, there are such a number of girls here,—the halls seemed full of them. Have you not a friend amongst them all?"

"Yes, heaps, but none that I ever was true friend to,—that is the real, downright kind of friend. I mean to like you so."

"I'm glad," said Myrtle sincerely, beginning to find how delightful it was to have some one to care for her among so many strangers. Then who could resist the winsome, strange, erring, but true-hearted Kitten Airlie? Not Myrtle, whose nature was so genial. She had long wished for a companion of her own age, but had never pictured such a one as she found that night, and kept ever afterwards.

"Is your real name Miss Kitten?" asked Myrtle.

"No, I'm Katharine Jane Airlie. I was too frisky for Katharine; so, when I came here, and used to scratch and bite at first, the girls called me Kitten. What is your name?"

"Myrtle."

"Myrtle! What a queer name. I never heard anybody called that. It's a flower, ain't it?"

"A flowering shrub. The name means a great deal, Mr. Douglass says."

"Who's Mr. Douglass?" enquired inquisitive Kitten.

"My guardian,—at least one of them; Aunt Theresa is the other."

"You've a guardian, eh? Wonder if he's anything like my grandfather? Is he a poky old sinner, all wrinkled up to kill, and does he drink and swear? Mine does." Kitten nodded her head with a grimace.

"Mr. Douglass is a gentleman," said Myrtle proudly.

"So was my father," said Kitten, pitching the pillow into the bed, and, settling herself on a trunk, she added,

"Do you like him?"

"Who?"

"Well, your guardian?"

"Sometimes. Have you hard lessons here?" asked Myrtle, wishing to turn the conversation.

"Not over fond of him, eh?—Yes; we have outrageous lessons. The girls are at study now. It's half-past eight; they will be out at nine. I ought to go and find out the lessons for to-morrow, but I guess I will wait until bread-and-butter time. Tell me some more about your people; we won't have such a nice chance to talk again this week. We will have to keep rules—at least you will; you've a conscience; I haven't, thank goodness! Have your pa and ma gone up in a balloon?"

"My parents are both dead," said Myrtle sorrowfully, thinking of the sad tale Mr. Douglass had told her while riding by the babbling Wa-wa.

"Oh, I didn't mean to make you feel badly. Got any little people? brothers or sisters?"

"No one in the world except Aunt Theresa, Tom and Philip," replied Myrtle, unconsciously adopting household names.

"Tom and Philip are cousins, I suppose?"

"Tom is Tom Rayburn, and Philip is Mr. Douglass," replied Myrtle with a return of her dignity. She scarcely

liked the free examination she was undergoing.

"There, don't! I meant no harm; I forget and go on without thinking. I like to see you draw yourself up some; it kind of looks well on you; but I bet a sixpence the girls will call you proud. Now I'll give my experience; one good turn deserves another," wherewith Kitten began:

"I'm an orphan, too, so I am glad you are—misery likes company. I have no guardian, but I'll back my grandfather against all the guardians ever born. I've uncles, heaps of them, and one aunt; she's a terror."

"A what?" enquired Myrtle.

"A terror. She's religious, and groans and grunts her life away as if she had the world on her fat shoulders. I was glad when vacation was over, although it was splendid to have lots to eat. I ate all I could, so as to put in a stock for this term; no one sends boxes to me. I've got that carpet bag full, though. Uncle Joe's wife made me a heap of things, and I kept tight hold of it all the way. I carried it from the station. You see I came alone; Grandpa says I've to learn to work my own way. Did you bring a box with you?"

"I brought my trunks," replied Myrtle.

"Yes, of course, but a box of good things?"

"No; I did not know they did that."

"Oh, you will find out soon enough. They give us plenty of its kind here, but I never can swallow everything. Do you live far away?"

"Heathfield is six hours' journey from here.

"That ain't bad; it takes me a week and more to go home. I've only been once in two years."

"There are nice schools nearer home, are there not?"

"Yes, heaps; but Aunt wants me to get pious, and Grandpa finds this school cheap. This is a great place to con-

vert people—they do it wholesale. I just have to skim out and shoot every way to keep all straight; that is why I asked you if you were a Christian. I meant to turn Turk if you showed symptoms of being like Mary Flight, my last room-mate."

"Why is that little bell ringing?" asked Myrtle.

There was a jingling on the next flat, a rushing of many feet and a clatter of merry voices.

"That's the quarter to nine," cried Kitten, springing from the trunk.

"Quick! Have you any glycerine?"

"Yes; what for?" Myrtle pointed to a bottle on the stand.

"Lend me a drop, do; I've run out of mine; must get some on Saturday. Thank you, that's plenty." Kitten rubbed her lips and smeared her cheeks as she spoke.

"You see it's the fashion to kiss every night. I hate kissing promiscuously; besides two or three girls have scabby lips. I always keep glycerine on hand, and when they come down on me like a wolf on a fold, I yell 'Glycerine!' Good-bye. When the next bell rings I will come; shall I bring you a piece of bread and butter?"

"No, thank you."

Kitten flew away to the sitting-room, where a large number of girls were assembled. Some were regaling themselves on huge slices of bread, others were dancing, and one played a rattling gallop. All were laughing, talking and enjoying themselves, except indeed the newcomers, who sat dumbly looking at the sport.

"Kitten! Kitten! Kitten!" screamed a chorus of voices as the young damsel with a wild wave of her hand popped on the scene.

"Yes, it's her, sure pop. Take care! Glycerine! Caught a bad cold coming up." Away she dodged, skipping, skimming, and finally landing on a leather sofa.

"Now for a hearty shake hands, and

no smacking; it's against my principles."

The old girls crowded round and shook hands in earnest, while the new ones looked on with astonishment at the serene coolness with which this maiden received her greetings.

"Kitten, you promised me the first gallop for this term," cried an elfin of ten when order was restored and the "tripping" had begun.

"No sooner said than done, my chicken." They flew into the ring and spun round like tops until a loud clang produced an instant lull.

Linking arms around each other, the merry dancers instantly, and quietly as mice, stole away to their separate rooms. The rules of Hayton were strict, and no talking was allowed in the halls.

"Done up for the night?" said Kitten, when she found Myrtle in bed on her return. "Half-past five is the rising hour. If you wake before, please call me. I've promised to do up Amelia Spragg's French curls. She always gets them into a muss. Now I must twist up my locks. I've not much time,—I ran in to see Violet Green on the way up."

Kitten twisted her soft brown hair into papers, and Myrtle, restlessly tossing on the hard mattress, watched the nimble fingers as they quickly and deftly screwed up the tossed pow.

"Oh, crackie! there's Dame Trot's little jingle, and I've not said my prayers. Here she comes." The lamp was out, the ventilator open, and in a trice the little white figure was cuddled under the blanket. "Snore now," she

tittered just as the door opened and a cheery voice said,

"All in bed? Is this Kitten Airlie's room?" The young lady gave a sharp, loud snore, opened her eyes sleepily, and said:

"Haltaine and Airlie, Box No. 18. Oh, Miss Gamble, I *am* so glad. Jane told me you were not back from the Longs'. I thought it was Dame, I mean Miss Corry's night." She stole out of bed and into the arms of a motherly middle-aged lady, who kissed her tenderly and stroked her restless brown hands.

"Well, my child, I must not keep you out of bed. Is Miss Haltaine comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you, Miss Gamble."

"Good night, children," and she moved rapidly away.

"I thought she was spending the evening at the Longs'," said Kitten as she tumbled into bed. "You saw her before?"

"Yes; we drove from the station together. I came under the care of a lady from Heathfield, and she introduced me to Miss Gamble."

"You came on the up-train?"

"Yes."

"I came on the down. Do you want an apple?"

"No thank you; I'm too sleepy."

"Well, I'm going to eat apples and watch the stars awhile; good night. It's against the rules, but I'm a sinner."

Myrtle wandered off to the land of dreams, carrying with her a vision of a pale, tired face and great sorrowful eyes gazing yearningly at the "Thoughts of God in the Heavens."

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIERS.

BY FANNY FRENCH.

The suppression of the attempt made in 1715 to replace the Stuart family on the throne of Great Britain, left the Highlands of Scotland in a very disturbed and tumultuous condition. To allay the discontent and restore order, a plan was formed by the Government of George the Second at once wise and merciful. The Highlanders were invited to become soldiers,—not by entering the British army, which they would hardly have done, but by forming small military bodies among themselves, to receive pay from the Government, but retaining their national dress and arms, and be officered by their own countrymen.

These corps were first formed about 1729, six in number of one hundred men each, and were called independent companies.

On this footing they remained until 1740, when it was determined to form them into a regiment of the line—the 42nd. This was done with a great deal of ceremony in a field between Taybridge and Aberfeldy, in the County of Perth, where they were assembled for that purpose.

Besides the number of their regiment, the Highland soldiers were known, almost to our own day, by the name of the Black Watch, an appellation applied to them from the dark appearance of their tartan uniform, so different from the bright scarlet of the English soldiers. Their arms were a musket, a bayonet, and a large basket-hilted sword, and such as chose might add a dirk and pistol. The soldiers of the 42nd, when first formed, were very superior in social rank and education to the ordinary

regiments of the line. Among them were the sons of gentlemen farmers and professional men. They were, besides, all picked men as to personal qualifications, none being admitted who were not tall, well proportioned and handsome.

In 1743, the regiment received an order to march to England. They complied with expressions of reluctance at being removed from Scotland. They had, besides, conceived the idea from a rumor which had reached them on their march to London, that the Government intended to send them as guards to the plantations in Virginia, at that time a penal settlement. The duty of guarding convicts was considered so degrading by the Highlanders that they broke out into open insubordination and mutiny which required vigorous measures to suppress.

After this unfortunate affair they were sent to Flanders, where they laid the foundation of their present fame, at the battle of Fontenoy, 13th May, 1745. On this occasion, their first encounter with an enemy, they so distinguished themselves by their gallantry that the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cumberland, intimated to them that he would grant any reasonable favor they chose to ask. The favor asked was the pardon (which was immediately granted) of a comrade who had been sentenced to undergo a severe military punishment for suffering a prisoner to escape—a request as honorable to them as was their brave conduct in the field.

On the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, the 42nd were ordered to England, where they arrived

in October, but they were not called on to take part in the transactions of that unhappy period. They remained in England and Ireland until 1750, when they were embarked with other troops for North America. Previous to this several new companies had been added to the regiment.

In the campaign which followed, the 42nd lost none of their fame, but it was at the siege of Ticonderoga that they sustained the most severe loss and showed more indomitable courage than on any other occasion.

In July, 1750, they were styled the "Royal 42nd" in recognition of their exemplary and gallant conduct; and in the same year, a second battalion was added to the regiment, consisting of eight hundred and forty men. This second battalion was sent to the West Indies, where they did good service in the attacks on Guadeloupe and Martinique. They afterwards joined the 1st battalion in Canada in July, 1759, and were with other troops under General Wolfe's command during the remainder of the memorable campaign which ended in Canada becoming an English colony.

When will September 13th, 1759, be forgotten by Canadians? Never, I hope. The battle on the Plains of Abraham with the soft autumn sky above, and the grass beneath crimsoned with blood—the life-blood of so many noble hearts—until it rivalled the bright autumn leaves on the trees in the woods around, the victory dearly bought by the deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm. Here the Highlanders and their broadswords did good service, continuing the fierce struggle to the gates of Quebec.

For many years after this, the history of the civilized world may be likened to one long campaign; in the different battles in Europe and America, the gallant conduct of the Highland soldiers is frequently mentioned in terms of high praise. From time to time new companies were raised and other Highland

regiments formed—one of these, the 73rd, in 1786.

In 1795 the Highlanders were under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the West Indies, where they remained until 1797. In 1800 they formed part of the expedition to Egypt under the same general, and particularly distinguished themselves at the landing at Aboukir and subsequent battle of Alexandria. In 1808 they were sent to the Peninsula and did gallant work on the field of Corunna, under the command of the brave and ill-fated Sir John Moore. Afterwards, in 1809, the Highlanders formed part of the unfortunate Walcheren expedition. At Walcheren, also, was young Colin Campbell. How little could the boy officer have anticipated, even in his most ambitious dreams, the fame that awaited him so many years after, as the leader of these kilted companies!

After the Walcheren expedition, the Highland regiments remained in England and Scotland until 1812, when they again joined the army in the Peninsula, and remained on the Continent under the command of the Duke of Wellington until the battle of Waterloo in 1815.

Then came a long period of rest from warring and fighting, and the Highlanders shared with the rest of the British army the routine and discipline of barrack life. The peace of nearly forty years was broken at last by the Russian war.

The Highland regiments in the Crimea were placed under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, and from the battle of the Alma, September 20th, 1854, until the close of the war, there is most frequent mention of the Highlanders and their brave commander. They lost none of their well-won fame at the Crimea.

But a page in the history of the Highland regiments, more glorious than any other, remains yet to be written, when, under the guidance of the same gallant

and beloved leader, they fought their way over burning sand, through swampy jungle, beneath a scorching sun or drenching tropical rain, to restore social order, to inflict just punishment on cowardly murderers, and to rescue helpless women and innocent children from death or captivity, and outrages worse than death.

The excitement born of the Crimean war had scarce begun to die away, when the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny with all its appalling details, filled, not only England, but the whole civilized world, with horror.

Who could read the narrative of the Cawnpore tragedy with dry eyes and unmoved feelings? The murder of the brave old Christian soldier, Sir Hugh Wheeler, and his comrades, the few minutes asked for prayer, the shaking hands all round, and the ghastly scenes that followed, the room of blood, and the well piled with corpses.

Havelock with a handful of brave men was too late to do more than weep, strong, rugged men as they were, over the dreadful evidences of the Cawnpore massacre; but they were in time to reinforce the garrison at Lucknow, which had been preserved from destruction by the wisdom and care of the good Sir Henry Lawrence.

We can only faintly realize the suf-

ferings of those weary weeks passed in the beleaguered Residency, hearts turning sick with hope deferred as day after day passed and the aid came not. At length, November 16th, 1857, came the faint, distant sound and the smoke of the firing, and then the hours of waiting and watching; but, God be thanked, every hour brings their deliverers nearer, and in the evening "The Iron Chief," Sir Colin Campbell, with the dust of battle still upon him, stood in the gateway of the Residency, greeting Havelock and Outram. What must have been the warmth and earnestness of their greeting at such a moment!

But Sir Colin's task was not yet done; it remained for him and his brave comrades to conduct the worn out garrison to a place of safety; there was the flight of the trembling fugitives in the darkness, with vague fears of dangers on every side, and the blessed feeling of rest and safety that came with morning light, and the sight of their brave defenders and guides all around them, unhurt and in safety also.

The Indian Mutiny is a thing of yesterday, there is peace again within our borders, but we may be sure that the stout arms and gallant hearts of the Highland soldiers will not fail us, let the hour of peril come when it will.

Young Folks.

FALLING AMONG THIEVES.

A FABLE.

BY NELL GWYNNE, COBOURG, ONT., AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

Tick, tick, tick, went the kitchen clock, as the warm glow from the fire danced over its round face, and flashed here and there over the bright tins which were ranged against the wall. The wind howled without, and the snow and sleet beat against the window panes, but what mattered it to the occupants of the cosy farmhouse at The Ferns? Posy, the house cat, purred contentedly as she lay curled up on a mat before the fire, while the teakettle sang its cheery evening song and sent a little cloud of rose-tinted steam floating up among the garlands of dried apples which were suspended from the ceiling. Suddenly a scratching sound at the door, accompanied by the mewing of a cat, which had such a piteous wail in it that it sounded like the cry of a young child, caused Posy to prick up her ears and glance towards the door. The sound came welling into the dining-room, where Fanny Bright, the farmer's little daughter, sprang up, exclaiming: "Some person has shut Posy out in the storm!" And out she came running into the kitchen with her knitting in her hand. But no! there lay Posy before the fire, while the scratching and mewing went on. She walked over and cautiously opened the door, when a gaunt, half-famished-looking cat darted past her. She screamed with affright, which caused Susan, the kitchen maid, to spring out of the pantry where she

had been slicing cold ham for tea, and which also brought Fanny's mother to the scene of action. Susan immediately seized the tongs and made a dive at the intruder, but her mistress checked her, saying:

"No, no, Susan, it would be a pitiless and unchristian thing to drive a poor famishing creature out to perish in such a storm."

Mrs. Bright gave the new-comer some warm milk, which it lapped voraciously, and as it trembled as if it had an ague fit, she wrapped it in a piece of warm flannel, and placed it under the stove.

"How did you happen to be out in such a storm?" asked Posy of the strange cat, whom warmth and a hearty supper had restored wonderfully by the time the family had retired to rest.

"Oh, it was all an accident," answered the strange cat. "I was on my way home to Poplar Place when I was overtaken by the storm. I daresay you have heard of me,—my name is Flash."

"Oh, indeed," said Posy, beginning to laugh, for it struck her that her new acquaintance did not cut a very flashy picture on her entrance into the kitchen that evening.

Nettled by her laughter, which she had penetration enough to attribute to the right source, Flash replied in a contemptuous tone:

"I daresay you think this is a very

fine place, as you have never seen anything better; but, for my part, I have never been accustomed to farm kitchens."

"Well, as far as that is concerned, you are at perfect liberty to take yourself off in the morning. I do not think there is the slightest danger of any person attempting to detain you," answered Posy with some spirit. But notwithstanding her contempt for farm kitchens, Flash stayed for six weeks at The Ferns, during which time she grew to be as plump and sleek as Posy herself.

"Posy, I wonder you do not weary of this monotonous sort of existence," said Flash one evening as the two cats sat on the mat before the fire; "for my part, I am sick of it already," she went on. "I am going to start for Poplar Place to-morrow night, and I think the best thing you can do is to cut this humdrum concern and come with me."

"I go with you?" repeated Posy in astonishment. "What would Miss Fanny say? Who would keep the house and barn clear of mice?"

"My dear Posy, I have seen more of the world than you have," said Flash; "don't flatter yourself that Miss Fanny would give you two thoughts if you disappeared to-night. Your skill as a mouser is certainly beyond parallel, but did it never occur to you that such superior powers fitted you for something higher?"

Posy was rather a sensible cat, but she wagged her tail with pleasure at this compliment, a phenomenon Flash did not fail to observe as she went on:

"When I first came here, I thought you were the dullest and most commonplace cat I had ever met,—so much for surrounding circumstances, you see; but since I have become acquainted with you, I perceive that you are possessed of talents of the most brilliant order, which only want a fair field to give you the highest position among cats,

and if you ever want to shine in the world, now is your time."

Flash had already, by her wonderful tales, excited the greatest curiosity in Posy's innocent bosom regarding that brilliant outer world of which she, born and bred at The Ferns, knew so little. So it only required a little more flattery and persuasion to make her consent to accompany her new friend to Poplar Place on the following night.

Just as the clock was striking twelve, the two friends might be seen trotting along a ridge of snowbanks that ran along the foot of Farmer Bright's garden. It was a glorious night; a brilliant moon lit up the snow-covered landscape, and millions of glittering stars looked down at them as they frisked along, their spirits rising as the distance increased between them and The Ferns. They had been chasing a little cloud of dead leaves, which were crackling over the crisp snow, for some distance, when Flash exclaimed: "There is Poplar Place! Make no noise, but follow me."

Posy raised her eyes, and a long avenue of trees, whose tops seemed to tower among the stars, met her view. They crept beneath the bars of a large ornamented iron gate, and, following a winding sleigh track, were soon standing before a large brilliantly-lighted mansion, from whence the sound of music and revelry proceeded. Motioning Posy to follow her, Flash ran up into a lilac tree which stood before a large bay window, and from which they had a full view of the scene within. Gayly attired ladies and white-gloved gentlemen were whirling round and round in the giddy dance, and there was a flashing of lights and a glittering of gay colors which was very confusing.

"Are these people mad?" asked Posy, who was quite dazed by the sound of the music and the scene before her.

"Mad!" repeated Flash, laughing. "Why, no, they are dancing."

And Posy envied her the equanimity with which she could gaze upon such a wonderful scene. Again motioning Posy to follow her, Flash descended from her perch and ran round to the back of the house; she slipped through a hole beneath a doorstep, and then through a broken pane of glass, threading her way with a dexterity that quite amazed Posy, who found herself partaking of the breast of a delicious cold turkey on the pantry shelf before she knew where she was.

"This is what I call life," said Flash, helping herself to a dainty morsel, and then attempting to lick the dregs out of a wineglass that stood by; but, not succeeding in her design, she upset the glass, which rolled off the shelf on to the floor with a jingling clatter, when it was, of course, broken to atoms. A man with a lamp in one hand and a stout stick in the other, immediately made his appearance at the door.

"Aha, you thieving villains, this is what you are at, is it!" he said, making a lunge at them; but Flash, true to her name, was too quick for him—in three seconds she was standing in the shadow of the house listening to Posy's piteous cries as he belabored her with the stick.

"Take that!" he said, opening the door beneath which they had made their entrance, and giving her a kick which sent her flying out into the yard.

"Oh, oh, dear! I believe I am going to die," said poor Posy, stretching her aching body on the snow.

"Stuff and nonsense! You must be pretty green not to know that a cat has got nine lives," said Flash, contemptuously. "Come, stir yourself, we must be off in double-quick time," she continued; but Posy only groaned and laid her head on the snow. By dint of a good deal of urging, and a little force of none of the gentlest kind, Flash succeeded in getting her over to a straw stack, however, where they remained until the following evening, which was partly owing to Posy's reluctance to move,

and partly owing to the vigilance of a fierce dog which flew at them furiously every time they put their heads out. The dog betook itself to the house in the evening, however, and they stole stealthily out.

Mrs. and Mr. Beardly, an aged couple who lived a couple of miles from Poplar Place, were sitting quietly at tea as the clock struck six, all unmindful of two pairs of anxious eyes which were regarding them from underneath the window blind.

"We are just in the nick of time. If they had been after tea, good-bye to our chance of getting a bite of supper this night!" said Flash, who, it will be understood, was the possessor of one pair of the eyes, while Posy was the other.

"That idle kitchen maid always goes out to gossip with the gardener's wife while they are at tea, so now is our time," said Flash, as she whisked herself down off the window-sill, and in a twinkling the two cats were on the pantry shelf, they having made their way into the cellar from a hole beneath the verandah and from thence to the kitchen.

"That girl is such a slattern, she always leaves the doors open," said Flash, as she looked with eager eyes at a large pan of milk whose surface was coated with rich cream, and then sniffing at a large pitcher that stood beside it, she said:

"Posy, the cream in this pitcher is better than that on the pan, but as you had such bad luck last night, I think you have the best right to it."

Thanking her for her kind consideration, Posy thrust her head into the pitcher without further invitation. She found the cream rather sour, but a whole day's fasting did not tend to make her very fastidious, and she lapped away for dear life, while Flash caused the rich yellow surface to disappear off the milk pan with a rapidity that was quite miraculous. The sound

of footsteps accompanied by a rattling at the kitchen door, caused Flash to disappear behind a large market basket. Posy was about to follow her example, but, alas, her head stuck fast in the pitcher. She was floundering desperately about on the shelf when, coming too near to the edge, down she went, pitcher and all; the pitcher was broken to fragments, and she was soused with cream. The terrible clash brought every one in the house to the scene. While Sally the maid was making desperate blows at Posy with the poker, Flash slipped out unobserved by the way she came in. Goaded on all sides, and maddened by terror, Posy made a frantic spring through the kitchen window, sending the glass shivering on all sides.

"Oh, ho, ho! ah, ha ha! Posy, you will be the death of me yet," laughed Flash as Posy lit on the snow beside her; but her friend was too much dazed by fright to comprehend what she said, and she sprang along at such lightning speed that Flash could with difficulty keep up with her, though she was generally the quickest of the two.

"Come, Posy, you must slacken off; we are nearing the town, and if we keep on at this rate we will have a dozen dogs after us with a hue and cry before we know where we are," said Flash. Posy did as she was desired, and followed Flash into the shadow of the fence.

"We must keep in the shadow as much as possible to avoid dogs and hostile cats," continued Flash; "but we must not loiter as I want to get to St. Jude's Church before seven o'clock."

"St. Jude's Church!" repeated Posy in amazement. "What in the world do you want to get there for?"

"Why this is your first visit to the town, and travellers always visit all the churches in every town they come to."

"Oh!" said Posy, somewhat abashed at having displayed her ignorance.

"And when people ask you how you

like the church, you must say, 'It is very well for that style of town, but that style of architecture is not massive enough to suit me,' and then people will think you have been accustomed to seeing something much finer."

"Oh!" said Posy again in a dubious tone.

In the meantime they had arrived at the church gate, and Posy stood staring up at the steeple in silent wonderment. Two young ladies walked briskly past them and entered the gate.

"Come, now is our time," said Flash, skipping after them, and the next moment the church door swung open, and the two cats slipped slyly in, taking shelter in a pew next the door. There were a number of young ladies and gentlemen assembled in the chancel, which was brilliantly lighted, though there were no lights in any other part of the church. Presently the deep, grand tones of the organ rolled out, and the church re-echoed with sweet songs of praise.

"Are those people having a party?" asked Posy, the scene at Poplar Place recurring to her.

"A party in a church! Well, that is pretty good!" said Flash, laughing. "I thought you knew they were the choir practising for to-morrow's service, or else I would have told you."

Posy again subsided with an "Oh!"

The practice over, Posy noticed that Flash watched the motions of a man who was draping a large table with a snow white cloth with a great deal of interest; but, afraid of again being laughed at, she asked no questions. After placing some articles on the table, which he also covered with a white cloth, he extinguished the lamps and took his departure, locking the doors after him. He had no sooner disappeared, than Posy missed Flash from her side. She immediately began to mew, and run in and out of the pews in search of her, but she was nowhere to be found.

"Mew, mew, mew," cried Posy in piteous tones as she trotted up the aisle.

"Mew, mew, mew," repeated Flash in mocking tones from the chancel. Posy raised her eyes and there sat her friend on the white draped table, with an exquisitely chased silver ewer beside her, into which she was dipping her paw ever and again and then sucking it with the greatest gusto. Posy sprang up beside her, and after waiting for some moments to see if she would offer her any of the spoil, she said :

"Flash, I think you are very selfish to keep all that milk to yourself."

"You must remember, my dear, that the early bird gets the worm," said Flash, laughing and dipping away for dear life; but to Posy's astonishment she toppled over and fell fast asleep in a moment.

"Ugh! I don't see how she could taste anything so horrid!" said Posy, sputtering and making a wry face as she tried the contents of the pitcher. Flash slept like a top, and Posy wandered disconsolately about the church, wondering how or when they would get out. Broad wan moonbeams fell across the side aisle and Posy's heart beat at the sight of her own shadow as she crossed them in her wanderings up and down. Wearied out at last, she curled herself up beside Flash and fell fast asleep.

"Well, you are a pair of cool ones, sleeping on the very altar; and I do believe you 'ave been 'elping yourselves to the sacramental wine!" said the sexton as he dealt them each a sharp blow on the head with a large key which he carried in his hand, he being in the habit of coming into the church at day-break on Sunday morning to see to the fires. In an instant they were springing like lightning towards the vestry door, which he was very glad to open for them as he was afraid they would jump through some of the windows, though he did not let them go without

administering an additional blow with the key. They had scarcely got out of the church gate when they were attacked by a dog, which chased them into a shed a couple of streets away, where they took shelter behind a pile of wood.

"I used to think you had a little sense, Posy," said Flash—"She used to say I had brilliant talents," thought Posy),—"I used to think you had a little sense, but now I see you are a natural born simpleton. The idea of your lying down on the altar to sleep!"

"Why, I don't see what greater harm there was in my doing so than there was in yours," said Posy.

"No greater harm, certainly," said Flash, laughing; "but the wonder is that we did not get every bone in our bodies broken."

There were so many dogs about that they were afraid to venture out all day, and as Flash complained of a headache, and was so morose and taciturn that she was afraid to speak to her, Posy's first day in town was anything but a pleasant one.

They sallied forth in the evening—driven out by the pangs of hunger—and as they were turning the corner of the street, they came upon a half-starved looking white cat, which darted past them, but, catching sight of Flash, it darted back again, exclaiming :

"Hallo, Flash! I hope you have not forgotten your old friend, Sparkler."

Flash greeted her old friend very warmly, and Posy was immediately introduced.

"Where are you off to?" said Sparkler.

"Oh, out for a lark," answered Flash, with an off-hand air.

"I saw some beautiful fat chickens hanging in the Crawleys' wood-house as I passed. I would have had one of them in short order, but as I have lost my front teeth, I was unable to gnaw the cord with which they were tied," said Sparkler, looking meaningly at Flash.

"Oh, we can soon remedy that. Posy here has got teeth like razors, and she can climb like a squirrel; just show us your chickens," said Flash.

Sparkler accordingly led the way to the Crawleys' wood-house, where there were half a dozen chickens hanging by the feet from a beam.

"Come, Posy, show your agility. If you cut down the chicken, I will carry it away, and I am sure that is giving you the best of the bargain," said Flash.

Rejoiced at the prospect of getting something to eat, Posy was not many seconds ascending to where the chickens hung, and in a few moments one of them fell to the floor with a loud crash. Flash snatched it up and was off in a twinkling, followed by Sparkler; but before Posy could make her escape she was soundly beaten by a servant girl whom the noise had attracted to the scene with a broom in her hand—a catastrophe Sparkler had foreseen, and which was her reason for not possessing herself of one of the chickens on first seeing them. Posy expected to find Flash and her friend awaiting her, but she was wofully disappointed—they were nowhere to be seen; and after wandering about for some time in search of them, she lay down on the snow, almost fainting with weakness.

Presently a sound of scampering feet caused her to start up, and two cats shot past her, and then, stopping suddenly, they began to fight like tigers. The combatants were soon put to an ignominious flight, however, by the furious onset of the identical dog that had given Flash and Posy such a chase in the morning. Something lay on the battle-ground; Posy trotted over and sniffed at it. It was the greater part of a fine fat chicken. Here was a feast for a king. She dragged it into a dark corner, and made a hearty supper off it. Just as she was picking the last scraps off the bones, the sound of Flash's voice caused her to start and prick up her ears.

"There is no use in looking for it now, Sparkler," she was saying. "Some dog or cat has picked it up, and you may thank your own greed and treachery for the whole thing."

Sparkler having snatched the chicken away from her at the wood-house door, made off with it at full speed, but Flash soon overtook her, and, in her turn, scampered off with it. She concealed herself behind a pile of lumber, and when she had the chicken almost half eaten, Sparkler came up, unawares, and snatched it up, making off with it for the second time. Flash again gave her chase, but with what success we have seen.

"Where is your friend Posy?" asked Sparkler, whose spirits appeared to be in a very drooping condition.

"How should I know? All I hope is that she has not taken herself off, as she will be invaluable when we get down among the shops with old Crop-ear and Care-not. She is so hopelessly stupid that she will come in for all the trouncings. She has had two or three already that I would have got myself if she had not been with me."

Posy watched them turn about and betake themselves to the other end of the street, stealing stealthily along in the shadows of the houses, and then crept from her hiding-place.

"I have enough of you, my friend Dash, and your sparkling and crop-eared and care-not acquaintances," she mentally remarked, as she shook the dust, or rather snow, of the town off the soles of her feet, and threaded her way in the direction of The Ferns. But her troubles were not yet at an end. As she neared the Bearded's, what was her surprise to see Flash and Sparkler frisking over the snow towards her. They were quite friendly at first, but, finding they could not shake her in her determination to desert them, they both fell on her and beat her till she could scarcely see.

"Oh! dear, how could I be such a

fool as to leave my comfortable home for that wicked Flash?" she moaned, as she lay in the corner of the Beardlys' garden. Being unable to walk the next day she took shelter in a straw stack, and the following evening she proceeded on her journey. The rain came down in torrents, freezing as it fell, and covering the trees and shrubs with a crystal encrustation that was very beautiful, but, as the same encrustation covered Posy's back and formed a slippery glare beneath her feet, she was not much inclined to admire it. She staggered for a moment on her way, but the light from The Ferns shone like a guiding star in the distance, and she took heart of grace and pushed on her way. Arrived at the door, she summoned all her remaining strength to scratch and cry for admittance.

"Hark! I do believe that is Posy's ghost," said Susan, pausing in the midst of a ghost story she was relating to Fanny Bright, who was seated on a little stool before the fire, while Susan was engaged in winding a skein of yarn off two chairs.

"Well, I do believe it's Posy's self," said Fanny, starting up.

"How could it be herself when your pa said she and that strange cat were both worried by the Andlys' hounds?"

"Papa only said he thought so," said Fanny, opening the door, when in walked Posy, all dripping and glittering with ice. She walked to her accustomed place on the mat before the fire and then dropped down in a state of exhaustion. Fanny cried and wrung her hands, Mr. and Mrs. Bright was summoned, and there was great ado.

"Poor thing, she has been beaten either by cats or dogs; her face and eyes are all swollen," said kind-hearted farmer Bright.

"I know she is stone dead," said Susan; but rest and food soon restored her.

Posy never more left her comfortable home at The Ferns, and often told the story of how she fell among thieves to her children and grandchildren as a warning to them never to put faith in flatterers or vain boasters, which is the moral of this fable.



OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

CHAPTER X.

Joey climbed up on the high stool and plunged his hands into the drawer.

"Carefully," said Mr. Alabaster. "You mustn't lose one of the papers. Be sure to lay them all on the desk, and put them all back again."

"Joey's little hands flew among the papers, and he did not turn his head once to speak to Mr. Alabaster while he was engaged in his business transactions, for it seemed as if he couldn't hurry fast enough to get to the tailor's.

He leaped from the stool when the last paper had been put back in the drawer, and not pausing for a word with Mr. Alabaster even then, he ran to the little cart and galloped up and down the store with it twice. Then Joey dropped the handle of the cart and clasped Mr. Alabaster's leg.

"Come, Mr. Ballabasker," he said; "I'm all ready."

"Suppose you put on your hat, Joey, while I'm getting mine on," said Mr. Alabaster. "I don't care to walk with a bareheaded boy on this cold day."

When Mr. Alabaster had set out for the tailor's with Joey's hand in his, he found that his new clerk was a thorough man of business. He had no idea of letting him rest until this affair he had on hand should be finished up. Joey made Mr. Alabaster walk very fast to keep up with his little, eager feet. The little feet skipped and ran, and the big ones kept up with big strides.

"Oh, you're going to MacBlain's, are you?" said Mr. Alabaster, as Joey led him that way.

"Yes," said Joey. "He's a first-rate one."

"And as he happens to be my tailor, that will accommodate me. Now, Joey, I suppose you know what you want."

"Yes," said Joey, "pockets in it?"

"Nothing but pockets? If that's all, we can have him make a couple to hang around your neck with a string."

"A cape to it," said Joey, "and blue inside. That's the kind Tommy Cady's got."

"Oh, now I know what you want," said Mr. Alabaster. "You want a nice little sack-overcoat with pockets in it, and a cape lined with blue flannel to wear over that."

"Yes," said Joey.

"Here's Mr. MacBlain," said Mr. Alabaster. "We'll ask him if he can make it."

Mr. MacBlain said he could, and he promised to have it done on Saturday.

After Mr. Alabaster had helped Joey select the cloth, to be sure that he chose a good quality, they went out of the store.

"Joey," said Mr. Alabaster quite seriously, "what do you suppose I am thinking about?"

"I don't know," said Joey.

"Why, I'm thinking that now you are big enough to wear pantaloons and an overcoat, you ought to behave like a little man."

"Don't I, though?" said Joey. "Who earned that overcoat, Mr. Ballabasker?"

"I beg Mr. Sheppard's pardon," said Mr. Alabaster. "But what would you think of a business man like me, if he

should run around and tell other people's secrets?"

"I won't any more," said Joey, humbly.

"Don't!" said Mr. Alabaster. "And the next time I hear anybody talking about the mischief Joey Sheppard's little tongue makes, I'll tell them it's all a mistake; Joey Sheppard's tongue has reformed."

"Well, do!" said, Joey, feeling himself a reformed character already.

"Now I don't want you to say a word about this overcoat to any one but your mother. Don't go around telling people where you got it. And will you ask your mother, please, not to tell?"

"Yes, sir."

"You prove to me that you can keep a secret, and I'll believe in you, Joey, and be your friend. What do you think of having a man of my size for your friend?"

"Pooh! you're none too big for me with my pantaloons. But, Mr. Ballabasker, I'll have to tell Dan and Jack and papa and Cousin Louisa, too."

"But not a soul out of the family. Remember!"

"I will," said Joey.

"And make them promise not to tell. You'd better run home now, Joey, or mamma will think you are lost. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Joey.

He skipped away a few steps, and then he skipped back and said:

"O Mr. Ballabasker!"

"What is it now?" said Mr. Alabaster.

"A'n't you coming to church next Sunday to see me in my new overcoat?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Alabaster.

"You'd better," said Joey. "You'd better hurry up and get good, Mr. Ballabasker, or what if you should die in the night when you were asleep and didn't know it? Or what if you should get struck with lightning? Where'd you go to then?"

"I don't know really, Joey."

"There are but two places," said

Joey. "You'd have to go to one of 'em."

"How do you know but I am good enough for the good place, sir?"

"Then you'd go to church," said Joey, "and give to the salary, and stir up those men you talked about, and say your prayers, and learn your verses in the Bible."

"How do you know but I do say my prayers and learn my verses, young man?"

"Oh, do you?" said Joey.

"No matter whether I do or not. But I've been to church and heard your papa preach more than once. If it's pleasant next Sunday, and I don't sleep too late, maybe I'll come again. We'll see. Now run along."

When Joey was walking home alone, he didn't know whether to be perfectly happy over his overcoat or perfectly miserable over his faults. He quaked with fear and walked with his head hanging down when he remembered Mrs. Allen, and thought how it hurt to get whipped. Then he tossed up his head and danced along gayly when he remembered that he was really going to have a new overcoat made by a tailor. He was ashamed of his tattling, and proud of his business success. He thought that it was a grand thing to earn an overcoat, and he knew that it was a very mean thing to tell tales. He longed to get home and tell about his overcoat, and he dreaded to get home and be whipped.

As Joey passed Mr. Cady's, Mamie spied him from a window; and after tapping on the window to him, she ran down to open the front door.

Joey forgot his shame when he thought how proud he should feel to have Mamie Cady open that door and see his boy's clothes.

He waited on the steps, hands in his pockets, and triumph in his face. He said nothing when Mamie opened the door, for he did not want to distract her attention from his remarkable ap-

pearance. He was anxious that she should be overcome by it. So she was.

"Joey Sheppard, I!" said Mamie, lifting up both her hands.

"What do you fink of that?" said Joey.

"I never'd known you but for grandma at the window," said Mamie. "She said it was you, and it was all I could do to believe it."

"Yes, it is me!" said Joey proudly.

"Come in, Joey."

"Oh, I can't," said Joey. "Dinner'll be begun before I get there."

"They'll leave something for you. They won't let you go hungry. Come in," called grandma, who always liked to talk with Joey.

"Well," said Joey grandly, very proud of being urged, and laying it all to his pantaloons, "I'll stop for a moment."

"Come up here," said Mamie, jumping into the biggest armchair, and leaving plenty of room for Joey.

Joey had to kiss grandma first, and then he jumped in beside Mamie.

When he and his dear little friend were sitting there so cosily together, his one impulse was to tell her a secret. As his head was full of the new overcoat, of course it was the overcoat that he wished to be confidential about.

Now he opened his mouth to yield to temptation, and Mamie, who was watching his lips, had her little ears pricked up all ready for the secret. But before Joey spoke a word, he remembered Mr. Alabaster's charge about keeping the overcoat a secret outside of the family.

Mamie saw Joey's lips shut together, and she wished he wouldn't keep her waiting. She loved to hear secrets as dearly as he loved to tell them. In this respect they suited each other admirably, for Mamie was always ready to hear and Joey was always ready to tell. If Mamie could have seen into Joey's thoughts she would have been surprised at the strife they were having.

He was thinking what Mr. Alabaster had said about his being a little man, and thinking how he would like to surprise Mamie with the story of the overcoat. He was thinking of the solemn promise he had made not to tell any one out of the family, and he was thinking how it was next to impossible to help telling. He was thinking how Mr. Alabaster had agreed to let people know that Joey Sheppard's tongue had reformed, and wishing that he might tell just Mamie, nice little Mamie Cady, and not anybody else.

I am afraid Joey would have yielded to temptation, just as he always did, if he hadn't been so anxious to be considered a little man by Mr. Alabaster. Joey seldom stopped to think before he did wrong. His thinking generally came after the wrong was done and couldn't be helped. But he paused this time to consider his temptation, and the consequences if he should yield. It was for the sake of his pantaloons and overcoat and new boyhood that he resisted.

He felt very proud of himself after he had done it, and began to think that it was a grand thing indeed to be a boy who could help telling secrets.

"I must go," said Joey, for he felt the impulse to tell coming back with new power. "Good-bye, grandma."

He did not want to say good-bye to Mamie, but ran out of the house and closed the door after him, before she should have a chance to undo all his great deeds.

Mrs. Sheppard was so pleased that her dear little son was to have a beautiful new overcoat given him by a large-hearted man who would never remind her of her obligations, that she almost forgave Joey for running away.

She and cousin Louisa had been quite alarmed by his long absence, but they knew the moment they missed him that the new clothes had tempted him to a public display.

Joey's punishment was not very severe

this time. He was tied to the table-leg for half an hour, that was all.

Joey was forbidden to go to Mr. Alabaster's store again without a special invitation, for his mamma thought that such a noisy, forward little fellow as he might not always be welcome to a man of business. He was forbidden, too, to go to the tailor's again. He had made known to Jack his intentions of running in every little while, to see that that overcoat came on all right.

While Joey was tied to the table-leg, mamma sat down and wrote a note to Mr. Alabaster, in which she thanked him for his kindness to her little boy. The note was sent by Jack, in spite of Joey's entreaties to be allowed to take it, and with it Jack carried from Joey "bushels of love" to Mr. Alabaster.

On Saturday evening Jack went to the tailor's for the overcoat. During his absence Joey was wild. He ran from one side of the room to the other, and out of corners into opposite corners. He jumped into each one of the chairs, and climbed over the tables, till patient mamma declared that she should go crazy.

"If I see any more of those antics of yours, Joey Sheppard, I shan't take another stitch in these stockings," said Cousin Louisa; "and just think how you'd look going to church with a new overcoat and holes in your stockings!"

Joey dropped down in a chair and sat still, but his tongue ran fast enough to make up for his feet.

"O dear! O dear!" he kept saying, "isn't Jack never a-coming? He has been gone whole hours. He'd better hurry up. I bet he's lost my new overcoat on the way and is stopping to look for it. Mamma, do you s'pose Jack's lost my new overcoat on the way? O dear! O dear! I wish he'd hurry up!"

"Joey," said mamma, "do find something to amuse you. Why don't you get a book and look at the pictures? You needn't expect Jack for twenty minutes."

"Please show me where the hand will be on the clock in twenty minutes, mamma," said Joey.

Mamma went and put her finger on the place where the long hand would be in twenty minutes, and Joey took a seat in front of the clock to watch the slow hand make its journey. How it crept! How it lagged along as if it hated to move at all, and only did it because there was something behind it that made it keep going.

"Hurry up, little hand; hurry up!" pleaded Joey in a loud whisper that was only meant for the hand to hear, but which mamma and Cousin Louisa heard too.

CHAPTER XI.

Joey had hardly made that remark to the long hand on the clock when the door-bell rang.

"There, Joey, is something for you to do," said mamma. "Run to the door, and forget your overcoat for a minute."

"Shall I bring them in here, mamma?"

"Yes, dear. There's no fire in the parlor."

Mamma caught up ever so many stockings which were lying around her with their big holes gaping and begging to be darned, laid them in a pile on a table and put a newspaper over them; for she did not wish her caller to discover what ragged stockings she had to mend.

She had just hidden them when the door opened and Joey came bringing the caller in.

His eyes were big with fright; and he showed in every way that he had had a terrible scare. "He was afraid of the dark, poor little soul!" thought mamma. "I oughtn't to have sent him through that long, unlighted hall alone."

But it was Mrs. Allen, mamma's caller, not the darkness, that had frightened Joey.

"Oh, good evening, Mrs. Allen," said mamma.

She tried to put a welcome into her voice; but there was none in her heart. She was not glad to see Mrs. Allen, by any means; for she knew that wherever she called she left some unkind remarks for people to remember her by when she was gone.

"Good evening," said Mrs. Allen; and she sat down near mamma and fastened her eyes on Joey.

Poor Joey sat up on a high chair with his heels caught on the top round, and one little hand pinching the other little hand, all in a quiver of fear. He did not care whether he had any overcoat or not now. Indeed he had forgotten all about the overcoat. He would have given his whole suit of boy's clothes to have had Mrs. Allen safely out of that house.

Of course he was perfectly certain that she had come to tattle. He recalled each one of the remarks that he had made to Mrs. Allen on that day when he first appeared abroad in pantaloons, and he sat waiting, waiting, waiting for her to repeat them word by word to mamma and cousin Louisa.

The clock ticked loudly. Excepting that, the room seemed very still and solemn. Cousin Louisa's lips were set together as if they considered it idle business to let speech out. It was evident that cousin Louisa did not feel any responsibility for the caller, and that she had no idea of helping mamma entertain her. She almost turned her back on Mrs. Allen, and quite turned her shoulder.

As for mamma, she, like Joey, was afraid of Mrs. Allen's tongue. She did not dare venture a remark for fear it would bring a disagreeable answer. Mrs. Allen had a gift of seeing more in people's words than they saw themselves, and of twisting their meanings to suit her own ugly fancy.

Mamma looked down in her lap and picked at her dress like a bashful little

girl; and finally, because she must speak, spoke of the weather, which she thought was a safe topic.

"We have had a disagreeable day, Mrs. Allen," said mamma. "Won't you sit nearer the fire?"

Mrs. Allen moved a trifle farther from the fire before she answered. Her eyes were full of rebuke as she fixed them on mamma.

"I am not one of those who complain of what the Lord sends," said she. "Nothing is disagreeable to me that I know is for the best."

"Oh I did not mean to complain, I'm sure," said mamma, wondering in herself if she had really been rebelling against Providence.

Her cheeks were beginning to get warm, and she did wish that papa would come in and stand between her and Mrs. Allen's tongue.

"Papa is in his study, Joey," said mamma. "Perhaps he can come down to see Mrs. Allen. Run and ask him."

"I don't wish to call him from his duty," said Mrs. Allen. "He owes it to the people who uphold and support him, to labor faithfully on his sermons, and not give them old sermons that he has been paid for in some other field of labor. Don't call him!"

But Joey was already at the head of the stairs, and he had tapped at the study-door before Mrs. Allen could hinder. There was no answer to the knock, so he turned the handle and peeped in.

His father did not look around, but he lifted a warning finger and went on with his writing.

"But, papa, it's that horrid Mrs. Allen," said Joey; "and you might come down half a second, 'cause mamma's frightened of her tongue."

"Tell mamma I would come, but this sermon must be preached to-morrow morning."

"I wish you'd just give her one pitching into that she'd remember," said Joey. "You could fix her, papa,

so she wouldn't be coming 'round here with her imperdence any more. Come along, won't you please, papa?"

"Don't talk in that way, Joey," said papa; "and go down at once and tell mamma what I told you."

Joey closed the door, for papa's tones were tones to be obeyed.

"Mamma, he can't," said Joey in one of his talking whispers. "He'd come along down and pitch in, but he's got to tear through that sermon for to-morrow morning."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Allen; "my old pastor made it a point to prepare his sermons slowly and carefully the week before they were preached. He thought it was nothing more than he owed his people to get his sermons all cut and dried long enough beforehand to have them worth something when he got up to preach them. He used to look them over every day for a week, and when Sunday came around he had a clear idea what he was going to say, and was fit to say it. He never wrote fast. He felt he owed it to his people to pause over each word, and choose the very best that was to be found in the dictionary."

"Mr. Sheppard writes with great care," said mamma haughtily; "but all men of talent write rapidly."

"Talents," said Mrs. Allen, "are the free gift of God; and my old pastor used to say he never felt to boast of what the Lord had given him, as if it was his own doings."

"I was not boasting," said mamma spunkily.

"Joey!" said Mrs. Allen.

"Ma'am!" said Joey, almost in a shout and dropping from his chair. He thought that she was calling him to account, and that his time had surely come.

"Did you hurt you, dear?" said mamma.

"No, ma'am," Joey answered. "What ma'am?" he said boldly to Mrs. Allen.

"I didn't correctly hear what you

said," said Mrs. Allen. "I-misunderstood, most likely; but it sounded to me just as if you said your pa, *our pastor*, wanted to come down and pitch in."

"It was one of Joey's childish remarks," said mamma, "and meant nothing. He makes a great many such."

"I am aware of that," said Mrs. Allen. "I have heard a few."

"Oh, now it is coming!" thought Joey. "It'll be all over in a minute."

He set his teeth and breathed hard.

But there was a cruel pause, cruel to Joey, because he had not a doubt that Mrs. Allen was going to tell; and the longer she delayed, the longer he had to suffer the fear of disgrace and punishment. But if she had meant to tell of Joey, she changed her mind and took her revenge in tormenting mamma.

"Joey," said mamma, "sit down and think about your overcoat. Have you forgotten to watch the hands on the clock?"

"Why, I did 'most forget it," said Joey, feeling his downcast heart leap up again.

He looked and saw that the hand had not quite reached its journey's end, and went over on the lounge and stretched himself out and laid his face on his hand.

He fixed his eyes on the clock, and although he kept his ears open, and thought more of Mrs. Allen than of the overcoat, yet he succeeded in becoming quite composed.

"What overcoat?" said Mrs. Allen, after saying nothing for a minute.

"My new one!" answered Joey proudly.

"I told my Eddy not two days ago," said Mrs. Allen, "that, though pa was doing as good a business as any man in town, he must get along with his old overcoat this winter, and remember the poor children who don't have anything better than rags to cover them."

"Joey's overcoat is 'a gift," said mamma. "We could not have afforded it, of course."

"I earned that overcoat my own self, mamma!" corrected Joey.

"I tell my Eddy, little boys who tell lies will get come up with for it some time," said Mrs. Allen to Joey.

After looking over everything the room contained, her sharp eyes spied the toe of a stocking peeping out from under the edge of a newspaper. She immediately scented concealment, and having a prying fancy, took up the paper and pretended to read the news.

"Oh, excuse me!" she said, glancing back at the stockings. "Why didn't you tell me you'd got something hidden under it? But don't be ashamed of your mending, Mrs. Sheppard. The best of us are not above darning our stockings. Folks that have more money than you don't put on airs about it."

Mamma would not trust herself to speak. She was too indignant by this time to be able to speak politely, and she determined not to lower herself by answering Mrs. Allen after her own fashion.

Cousin Lousia ran her needle in and out, bringing it up to endanger her nose and landing it safely again in the meshes of the stocking she was darn-

ing all this time. Her lips were still bent on shutting words in. She had been so lately rebuked by Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard for avenging their wrongs, that she had resolved to have no part in this affair, no matter to what extent it might go. She felt that she could crush Mrs. Allen with one sentence, but she had made up her mind not to do it.

Mrs. Allen read a few words, and then laid the paper down and took up a stocking—a stocking with an enormous hole in its heel.

"Yes," said she, "we who can well afford to buy stockings in abundance, don't feel above sitting down to good honest mending. Though," she continued, putting her thumb and forefinger in the hole, stretching it to its full size and looking at it thoughtfully, "I must say, Mrs. Sheppard, that I consider it a waste of precious time to let a hole wear to that size, and then spend half an hour mending it. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' is the old saying; and if you'd sit down and mend the little holes when they come, you'd save more time for the female meetings that you don't always get to."

"Mrs. Allen," said mamma, "your impertinence has gone too far. I cannot hear any more of it."

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Allen.

(To be continued.)

HOW YOU GROW.

DEAR WILLIE: AS I cannot talk with you, now you are away from home, I will write you a letter about how you grow. There are four things a boy needs to understand while he is growing. These are:

1. Digesting; 3. Exercising;
2. Breathing; 4. Being Moderate.

Digesting is turning food into blood. Every boy uses up a great deal of blood in living and growing. Therefore he has to eat food and digest it into blood. And unless he can get some good substantial food to eat, and can digest it into blood, he cannot possibly grow strong and healthy.

A boy ought to eat the right kinds of food. There are a great many different kinds of food. Some of them will make good blood, and some will only taste good, but will not make much blood. Brown bread and white bread, and milk, and most kinds of meat, and potatoes, and berries, are good, plain, substantial food. Sometimes a boy asks for food that is not good for him, and if his mother or anybody else gives it to him, it is unfortunate.

A boy ought to eat plenty of food. If he does not, pretty soon he will not have enough blood, and then he cannot play, or do anything else. Whenever it is time for breakfast, or dinner, or supper, I advise you to eat a good substantial meal, according to your appetite. The way to know when you have eaten enough is to stop a little bit before you have done being hungry. In order that you may eat enough, you are made so as to be hungry for a little more food than you need. If you stop eating just before you are done being hungry, you will get just enough food. But if you eat on until your hunger is all gone, and afterwards, you will eat too

much, and that will hinder the food from digesting into blood.

A boy ought to chew up everything he eats, very fine indeed. How do you suppose that hard, solid things, like bread and potatoes and meat, are going to be turned into soft, running blood, unless they are chewed up very fine?

A boy ought not to eat things between meals, even if he is pretty hungry. The reason is, that it stops his food digesting, to eat while it is digesting. The food is swallowed down into the stomach, and there it is digested into blood. It takes about four hours for a meal of good substantial food to be digested, and then it takes about one hour for the stomach to get rested. But suppose a boy should not eat good substantial food for his breakfast. Then at about ten or eleven o'clock his stomach would get all through digesting, and begin to rest; then pretty soon he would begin to feel hungry. Now, suppose he were to eat some luncheon. That would go down into his stomach and begin to be digested. Then suppose about one o'clock the dinner-bell should ring and the boy go in and eat a dinner. Don't you see the dinner would go right down where the luncheon was being digested, and stop it? I imagine the boy's stomach would say: "Oh, what a foolish boy this is! I was hard at work digesting his luncheon for him, and now he has gone and swallowed down ever so much meat and potatoes, and stopped me right in the middle of my work?" Therefore a boy ought not to eat between meals, except on special occasions. Sometimes it is necessary. The other day you were too sick to eat any breakfast, or much of any. Then it was right for you to have some luncheon

when you were well enough to feel hungry.

The second thing for a boy to understand is breathing. Every boy ought to take plenty of long breaths. It will not do him any good to have plenty of blood unless he can make that blood run all over his body, to feed it, and strengthen it. Now the way to make the blood circulate all over the body is to breathe long breaths of good, pure air. I will tell you how that makes the blood run. After the blood is made it runs along a great vein into the lungs, and there the vein branches off into a great many little veins. When you breathe, the air goes into the lungs and fills a great many little air-cells which are there. When the blood running in the veins comes to the air-cells, the air mixes with it, and makes it fresh and good; then it runs through the arteries all over the body. There are about a million of these little air-cells in your lungs. Now if you take long breaths, all the air-cells get filled up with air, and so all the blood is made pure and good, and runs through all the arteries with great swiftness and force. That makes a boy prompt, and agile, and quick and strong; and his mind makes resolutions quickly and vigorously. But if you take short breaths, then only about half the million of air-cells get filled with air, and then only about half the blood gets purified, and it is only set running about half as fast as it ought. A boy whose blood runs slowly and feebly is slow and weak; he cannot make up his mind to do anything very well, and when he does make up his mind, he changes it very easily. The more you breathe in pure air, the stronger and better the circulation of the blood will be. And the more you breathe long breaths the larger your lungs will grow, and the more air-cells there will be in them. So it is very important for a boy to be in the habit of taking long breaths.

The third thing for a boy to know about is Exercising. The reason why

exercising does good is that it makes the blood run to the right places all over the body. The blood will always run most to the organs that are exercising. It runs through the arteries until it goes away out to the very ends of them. These arteries begin in very fine tubes in the lungs, and run into a large tube that runs into the heart. From these large arteries run off up and down, and these keep branching off smaller and smaller till they reach away out to the fingers and toes. After the blood gets out to the very end, all the good parts of it are used up to make the boy grow; and the rest turns round and runs back in the veins to the lungs, and there becomes purified by mixing with air, as I told you before. Now through all these little arteries the blood can run anywhere; and it runs a little everywhere, all over the body. But whenever any part of the body is being exercised, the blood runs there a good deal more. Then that place, wherever it is, gets fed with blood a great deal, and so grows strong and healthy.

The principal things that we want to make grow by exercising are our muscles and our brain. The muscles are what we move about with. There are muscles in our arms, and in our legs, and in our fingers, and in every part which we can move. All kinds of out-door exercise make the muscles grow strong and healthy. Playing ball, and running, and hauling sand in a cart, and digging in a garden—all these things make the muscles move, and every time they move, the blood runs into them very fast. There are a great many muscles in the body, so we have to take a great deal of exercise for them all.

A boy ought to exercise his brain somewhat, as well as his muscles. Your brain is the instrument of your faculties. When the brain thinks, it makes the blood run into it fast, and that feeds it, and makes it grow strong, and so all your faculties grow strong. There are a good many ways in which

a small boy can exercise his faculties. One way is by looking at pictures, one at a time, very carefully, until you study out all the little things, and know what they mean. Another way to exercise the faculties is always to do right quickly. That will make your faculty of doing right grow stronger. Another way is to contrive new ways to play. Another way is to ask people to explain things to you, when you do not understand them. Then if you listen to the explanation very carefully, that will exercise your faculties a great deal.

The fourth thing for a boy to do while growing is to be Moderate. That means to be very careful and prudent in eating, not to eat too much, and in breathing, not to breathe too hard, and too long, and in exercising, not to exercise too violently. A boy ought to eat good substantial food, and plenty of it, as I have told you; but then he ought to be very moderate in eating. If he eats too much it will be almost sure to make him sick. So a boy ought to breathe long breaths, but he ought to be very moderate in doing it. If he should begin in a great hurry, and breathe very hard, he might burst open one of the little veins, or arteries, or air-cells, and do himself a great deal of harm. So a boy ought to be moderate in taking exercise. Once some boys began to take exercise by wrestling. Wrestling is very good exercise; but these boys wrestled too hard, and one of them broke a little bone in his neck. On that account he died. A great many boys have been killed by not understanding that they must exercise moderately. Some of them have climbed up on high places, and fallen

down; some have cut themselves with sharp tools; and some have exercised their faculties by reading and studying, until their brains were all tired and worn out.

I want you to remember that all the time you are eating good substantial food at meal-times, and breathing long breaths, and exercising your muscles and faculties, and doing all these things moderately, you are growing stronger and more healthy.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

CATARACT SCREENS.—A very pretty and graceful screen for the front of a grate in summer-time may be made in the following manner: Take a yard and a quarter of white tarlatan of quite coarse quality, and sew one end of it along a strip of muslin; then begin at the opposite end, and cut the whole piece into lengthwise strips three inches wide, up to the end where the muslin strip is which thus answers the purpose of holding them all together. Next ravel out one inch on either side of these strips, leaving an inch in the centre. Let the muslin end be pressed into the flue or top of the grate, and arrange the strips so as to fall gracefully over the bars, to look as much as possible like a cataract, and the ravelings must be thrown in around the base to represent foam. If properly done, the effect is very pleasing, and will be generally admired.

The Home.

COMING TO TEA.

BY EROL GERVASE.

"My dear," said Mr. Phipps, suddenly bursting into his wife's apartment where she sat upon a low nursery chair with the baby on her lap. "My dear, whom do you think I have just met? You will never guess, so I may as well tell you—Edward Dailey—dear old Ned whom I used to know years ago at college. I can't tell you how glad I was to see him; and he is married too, and has his wife with him—the sweetest little dot of a woman you ever saw. They are coming to tea at six. I ran home to tell you, though I really had not the time to spare, but I knew you would be put out if I brought them unexpectedly, and I thought you might want something ordered from the grocer's, or somewhere, and so I came." Mr. Phipps paused, quite out of breath. It was not a usual thing for him to be so excited, but the meeting with his old friend had powerfully affected him, and then, too, he had walked very quickly the length of several squares to apprise Mrs. Phipps of the expected arrival. She was just putting the finishing touches to the baby's toilet preparatory to sending him out for an airing, when her husband entered, and being a nervous woman, she started so violently as almost to upset the small individual upon her lap, and he forthwith beginning to cry, added his infantine wail as accompaniment to his father's voice.

Now, if there was one thing above another that Mrs. Phipps was wont to regard as a domestic grievance, it was

that habit of her husband, of which she had not yet completely broken him, though years of discipline exercised to that end had not been without their effect,—that habit to which Mr. Phipps, with masculine pertinacity, still at times unlawfully clung: his *right*, as he termed it, to bring home a friend to tea or dinner, nay even to pass the night, when he chose, without first consulting Mrs. Phipps.

Mrs. Phipps was not an unreasonable woman in the main. She had, as we have said, her views on the subject of this so called right of Mr. Phipps, and her views differed from those of her husband; but that circumstances might occur which would justify his departure from the strict letter of the law, she was willing to admit,—nay, had admitted on one or two rare occasions.

Such circumstances had occurred now. She could not deny it to herself as she listened to Mr. Phipps' eager recital of the facts. It was not every day that an old friend appeared thus suddenly, and for Mr. Phipps to proffer him the hospitalities of his house at once, and independently of wifely permission, seemed the most natural thing in the world, even to Mrs. Phipps. But it had certainly happened at an unfortunate time. Mrs. Phipps had been feeling out of sorts all day. The baby had been troublesome. Sarah had broken the globe of the parlor lamp, and the butter-woman had failed to appear, though Tuesday was her day.

At the moment when her husband entered, Mrs. Phipps had been hurrying through the baby's dressing, hoping that when he was once entrusted to Sarah's care, she might have an hour or two of respite from the worry and anxiety of the day. It was surely enough to try any woman's patience that just at this moment the announcement of coming visitors should be made. Then, too, how could Mr. Phipps ever have been so devoid of tact as to describe Mrs. Dailey to his wife as "the sweetest little dot of a woman?" Surely if he had possessed a modicum of discretion he would have been silent on that point; at all events until the first shock of his announcement of the visit was got over.

Mrs. Phipps was tall, exceptionally tall, and her tallness was rather a sore point with herself. Many people maintained, her husband among the number, that she was not a bit too tall, and indeed when she was carefully dressed for the afternoon or evening, she could not but sometimes admit to herself that the reflection which met her eyes when she looked in her mirror, was not without grace to carry off its unusual height. But that morning she had, as I have said, been feeling out of sorts, and glancing at herself through the medium of discontent just before Mr. Phipps had come in, had thought, "What a gawk! How I wish I were about two inches shorter!"

Why could not Mr. Phipps have divined this intuitively as a woman would have done, and instead of approving Mrs. Dailey's diminutive stature, have said equivocally: "She is not what you would call ugly; but short, and rather insignificant-looking."

"How annoying! How very annoying!" was Mrs. Phipps first exclamation. "I am sure I don't know what to do. It could not have happened at a more inconvenient time. There is not a thing in the house, not even fresh butter. This is Mrs. Smith's day, but she has

never come; and I was just sending Sarah out with the baby. I have had him in my arms nearly the whole day, and I am tired to death; and everything has been going wrong. And now I suppose I will have to go to work and make cake and biscuits and clean the silver and get things ready—and—Oh dear, dear, as the clock struck the quarter. Nearly three o'clock, and you say they will be here at six!"

"Well, it can't be helped," Mr. Phipps rejoined, a little hastily, "and I really must be off. If there is any thing I can order for you at Turner's, or anywhere as I am passing?"

Mrs. Phipps in a distracted manner gave him a number of commissions, and he hurried off, leaving her to prepare as best she might for the coming guests.

It was with a slight tremor that Mr. Phipps re-entered his house shortly before six in the evening. Not that he was doubtful as to Mrs. Phipps having managed in some way or other to get things into readiness. He had tested her powers on that score many a time before, and had never known her to fail. But he was always a little afraid of her and distrustful of himself up to the actual moment of the company's arrival.

Mrs. Phipps was wont to assert with such positive emphasis that she was sure that the cake would be found raw in the middle when it was cut, or that Sarah would certainly burn the biscuits; that the baby had never been so cross in his life, and that her own dress, as ill-luck would have it, was one of the most unbecoming she had ever worn.

And although Mr. Phipps knew by experience that the reverse of all this was likely to be the case, he was generally afraid to say so; for Mrs. Phipps, instead of being comforted thereby, was accustomed to resent such attempts at re-assurance as a sort of making light of her distress and a disparaging of her judgment. As he opened the hall door a delicious aroma of coffee exhaled from some unseen region, and a passing

glance at the dining-room disclosed a cheerful vista of snowy damask and glittering plate and china. He found Mrs. Phipps up-stairs. She was already dressed, and slightly flushed and anxious, but looking as he ventured to think, not to say, uncommonly nice. The baby, too, was fresh as a lily in his white embroidered dress; but he was fretting just enough to make his mother uncomfortable.

"I am sure he will cry," she said despondingly; "and he does look so pretty, the dear little fellow, when he is smiling and pleased."

"He looks pretty any way you take him," Mr. Phipps answered heartily. He was an ardent admirer of his little son, and did not hesitate to express his admiration at whatever hazard."

"Now, do leave him, Philip," Mrs. Phipps entreated, as he stooped to caress the child, "or you will not be dressed yourself. Just notice him a little, while he lies on the bed. Perhaps his rattle will amuse him. I must go down stairs and see that nothing is forgotten; Sarah is so stupid, and they will be into the house in ten minutes. It is almost six o'clock."

"Why cannot Elise take things quietly?" Mr. Phipps queried to himself, as he saw her fly rather than run from the room, and heard her tones slightly impatient to Sarah in the basement. "It is always the same whenever we have anyone coming to tea. No end of fuss. I often think it is not worth the trouble. There's the Greenses; you go in there by chance any afternoon and while you are sitting talking to Greene and his wife and daughters, tea is announced, and immediately the whole family insist upon your remaining. Elise declines. We had no idea it was tea-time. We must apologize for the lateness of our visit; and we rise to go. Mrs. Greene is urgent, so is Greene, so are the Misses Greene. Do be friendly for once. This is just the way they like people to come, unexpectedly, and

take things as they find them. Elise is polite, but firm. We really cannot think of remaining; and, besides, baby will be wanting his mamma. Then we must at least have a cup of tea, if nothing more, before we go out into the cold; and the folding doors are thrown open, and Katie Greene pours out two cups of delicious oolong, and hands one to the reluctant Elise and another to me; and the table looks as neat and elegant as if it were prepared for company; and though there is no attempt at display, everything is abundant and wholesome. Now, that is just what I like. I wish Elise would take a leaf out of Mrs. Greene's book, but I dare not tell her so."

A slight twinge of conscience admonished Mr. Phipps at this point of his soliloquy. It suggested, just merely suggested, that perhaps if Mrs. Phipps had had three hundred pounds per annum allowed her for her household expenses, as Mrs. Greene had; if she had kept three servants instead of one; and had had grown up daughters instead of a young baby to look after, an occasional unexpected visitor might not have discomposed her any more than it did Mrs. Greene.

"It's mean to argue this way, I suppose," Mr. Phipps said in reply to the admonition of his monitor. "But really, really,—Ah! there is the bell; there they come."

He took the now smiling babe in his arms, smoothed out its little robe as he had seen its mother do, and, with paternal pride, descended to the drawing-room to present it to his old friend.

"Hallo! here comes the boy. Shake hands, old fellow," from Mr. Dailey.

"O, what a darling," enthusiastically, from Mrs. Dailey. "Why, he is the very picture of you, Mr. Phipps."

"Not a bit of it; he looks like Mrs. Phipps," from Mr. Dailey.

"Do you think so; well, perhaps his eyes," doubtfully, from Mrs. Dailey. "And he is only six months old you

say, Mrs. Phipps? I declare he looks more like a year; does he not, Ned? Such hair, and oh! just look at his little tooth. The darling! I must kiss him."

Mrs. Dailey could hardly be torn away to remove her wrappings, and the delighted Mrs. Phipps felt her heart quite warm towards the admirer of her baby.

Tea was announced by Sarah, and the baby confided to her care, and his conduct on this occasion elicited further encomiums.

"He was as good as he was pretty," Mrs. Dailey affirmed. "To see that dear little fellow smiling and crowing when most children would have been crying with all their might."

Mrs. Phipps was uneasy lest the sound of sobs from the nursery should dispel the illusion as to baby's good temper, but happily no such unpleasant *denouement* occurred, and when the Daileys left Ul-lerton and returned to their home in Fairdells they cited Mrs. Phipps' baby as a model of goodness to all their friends.

No tea could have passed off better than that tea of Mrs. Phipps. The cake, the biscuits, the cold tongue, the tea and the coffee, were severally and warmly commended. Even Mr. Phipps, though apt to under calculate the time requisite to get up such a repast, was yet vaguely conscious that on this occasion his wife had displayed uncommon celerity, and ought to be regarded as a woman in a thousand. He was quite sorry when the entertainment came to an end early, Mr. and Mrs. Dailey having to leave by the night express.

"I hope your next visit will count by days, not hours," he said cordially. "Next time you must make up your minds to stay a week at least. Eh, Mrs. Dailey?"

Mrs. Dailey smiled assent and thanks, and Mrs. Phipps, with a little less warmth perhaps than her husband had evinced, seconded the invitation.

They were alone again, Mr. and Mrs. Phipps. Sarah had gone to bed; baby, too, was asleep in his cot, and the house was quiet and still. Mr. Phipps thought it was a favorable time to offer a few reflections upon entertainments in general, and their own recent entertainment in particular.

"Well, Elise," he said, cheerfully, "it is not such a formidable undertaking after all—having a friend or two to tea. Why, it seems to me if people only go the right way about, it need be scarcely any trouble, and no expense to speak of. For my part I don't care a fig for your balls and parties, or your grand dinners and suppers, but I do enjoy a cosy little evening with one's friends."

"So do I," Mrs. Phipps answered emphatically; "but as for its being scarcely any trouble or even no expense, Philip, you know as well as I do that that is all nonsense. It is very well for you to talk. You don't have the responsibility, and imagine if you had you would make light work of it; but I just know what it is—to people in our circumstances, at all events."

"Don't you think you think too much about it beforehand?" he said candidly,—“give yourself unnecessary trouble and uneasiness? See how nice everything was to-night, and you had only about three hours to prepare in.”

"I was run to death," she answered a little indignant, "and I was not at all satisfied with that tongue. It ought to have been soaked the whole day before boiling, but I had to put it down just out of the pickle, and change the water two or three times as it boiled."

"It was first rate," Mr. Phipps said. "Did not you see how Dailey piled into it? And I heard Mrs. Dailey asking you what your recipe was."

"Yes, she did," Mrs. Phipps answered. "But it did not satisfy me for all that."

"That is because you are too particular," again rejoined Mr. Phipps.

"Now, I tell you what it is, Elise, you ought to take things coolly. I know it is not very easy to manage with one servant and a young baby, but I don't believe in making mountains out of mole-hills; and I would like to feel that we could have our friends in a quiet way without its entailing such a general fuss and distraction."

But Mrs. Phipps could not see it in that light. She maintained that Mr. Phipps was unreasonable, and ignorant, or, perhaps, even indifferent in a degree to her domestic troubles.

What do you think about it, Reader? It seems to me that something may be said for both sides. On the one hand—though a woman myself—I admit frankly that, as a rule, we women are apt to make more fuss than is necessary over the simple fact of somebody's coming to tea or dinner. We lay out for ourselves a certain amount of labor in preparation, and hold it a moral impossibility to accomplish the simplest entertainment short of it. Where one kind of cake would serve every purpose, appearances demand that two at the least shall be provided. Where tea would be considered a sufficient and grateful beverage, coffee and cocoa must supplement it. The cold fowl must have its complement of ham; the bread its plate of biscuits. One species of fruit or preserves would look mean, so two or three must be provided. The quarter, nay, the half, of what is placed upon the table remains untouched. Old Mr. Weakgaster would as soon think of digesting a stove as a hot soda-biscuit, and Mrs. Plaindiet has a horror of sweetmeats.

When will we take a leaf from the book of our French and German sisters? They know how to combine the

economical and the delectable in cookery in a way that we in Canada have not the faintest notion of, practically; and yet we are poor enough here, many of us, and have need of thrift as well as skill. I believe we might be sociable on a tithe of the expense and trouble we now are at if we went about things in the proper way.

But we are so terribly afraid of being thought mean. I think this is where the shoe pinches. And so the spirit of ostentation, and the dread of appearing at a disadvantage to our neighbors, drives out the genius of true hospitality, and makes company-receiving a bugbear to many of us.

Well, so much for the one side of the question. On the other hand, does the genial master of the house, when, on hospitable thoughts intent, he makes, in that very off-hand way of his, an announcement similar to that one of Mr. Phipps,—that an old friend and his wife are coming to tea at six—realize that Mrs. Phipps, or Mrs. Nipps, as the case may be, must, even if she be the most skillful economizer of time, and the subtlest utilizer of every available domestic ingredient, be necessarily a little put about? Since she has been all day counting upon this afternoon or evening to finish Minnie's jacket, or Johnnie's knickerbockers, or to make some calls, or to read that article in the *Quarterly*; or, perhaps, to take the rest her aching head and wearied limbs demand?

Put the question to yourself, Mr. Phipps, and don't be hard on your wife in future. Put yourself in her place if you can for a single day, and then confess: Is it not a little trying? I think your answer will be an emphatic *Yes*.

A NEGLECTED STUDY.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

If by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. "This must have been the *curriculum* for their celibates," we may fancy him concluding. "I perceive here an elaborate preparation for many things; especially for reading the books of extinct nations and of co-existing nations (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue); but I find no reference whatever to the bringing up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently, then, this was the school course of one of their monastic orders."

Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact, that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin; yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences. Or if, before studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we would wonder at his audacity and pity his

patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

To tens of thousands that are killed, add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be; and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them to their life-long injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use. Is it decided that a boy shall be clothed in some flimsy short dress, and be allowed to go playing about with limbs reddened by cold? The decision will tell on his whole future existence—either in illnesses; or in stunted growth; or in deficient energy; or in a maturity less vigorous than it ought to have been, and consequent hindrances to success and happiness. Are children doomed to a monotonous dietary, or a dietary that is deficient in nutritiveness? Their ultimate physical power and their efficiency as men and women, will inevitably be more or less diminished by it. Are they forbidden vociferous play, or (being too ill-clothed to bear exposure), are they kept in-doors in cold weather? They are certain to fall below that

measure of health and strength to which they would else have attained. When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble, parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes; or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited; but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children; and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

Equally great are the ignorance and the consequent injury, when we turn from physical training to moral training. Consider the young mother and her nursery legislation. But a few years ago she was at school, where her memory was crammed with words, and names, and dates, and her reflective faculties scarcely in the slightest degree exercised—where not one idea was given her respecting the methods of dealing with the opening mind of childhood; and where her discipline did not in the least fit her for thinking out methods of her own. The intervening years have been passed in practising music, in fancy-work, in novel-reading, and in party-going: no thought having yet been given to the grave responsibilities of maternity; and scarcely any of that solid intellectual culture obtained which would be some preparation for such responsibilities. And now see

her with an unfolding human character committed to her charge—see her profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly even with the aid of the profoundest knowledge. She knows nothing about the nature of the emotions, their order of evolution, their functions, or where use ends and abuse begins. She is under the impression that some of the feelings are wholly bad, which is not true of any one of them; and that others are good, however far they may be carried, which is also not true of any one of them. And then, ignorant as she is of that with which she has to deal, she is equally ignorant of the effects that will be produced on it by this or that treatment. What can be more inevitable than the disastrous results we see hourly arising? Lacking knowledge of mental phenomena, with their causes and consequences, her interference is frequently more mischievous than absolute passivity would have been. This and that kind of action, which are quite normal and beneficial, she perpetually thwarts; and so diminishes the child's happiness and profit, injures its temper and her own, and produces estrangement. Deeds which she thinks it desirable to encourage, she gets performed by threats and bribes, or by exciting a desire for applause: considering little what the inward motive may be, so long as the outward conduct conforms, and thus cultivating hypocrisy, and fear, and selfishness, in place of good feeling. While insisting on truthfulness, she constantly sets an example of untruth, by threatening penalties which she does not inflict. While inculcating self-control, she hourly visits on her little ones angry scoldings for acts that do not call for them. She has not the remotest idea that in the nursery, as in the world, that alone is the truly salutary discipline which visits on all conduct, good and bad, the natural con-

sequences—the consequences pleasurable or painful, which in the nature of things such conduct tends to bring. Being thus without theoretic guidance, and quite incapable of guiding herself by tracing the mental processes going on in her children, her rule is impulsive, inconsistent, mischievous, often, in the highest degree; and would indeed be generally ruinous, were it not that the overwhelming tendency of the growing mind to assume the moral type of the race, usually subordinates all minor influences.

And then the culture of the intellect—is not this, too, mismanaged in a similar manner? Grant that the phenomena of intelligence conform to laws; grant that the evolution of intelligence in a child also conforms to laws; and it follows inevitably that education can be rightly guided only by a knowledge of these laws. To suppose that you can properly regulate this process of forming and accumulating ideas, without understanding the nature of the process, is absurd. How widely, then, must teaching as it is, differ from teaching as it should be; when hardly any parents, and but few teachers, know anything about psychology. As might be expected, the system is grievously at fault, alike in matter and in manner. While the right class of facts is withheld, the wrong class is forcibly administered in the wrong way and in the wrong order. With that common limited idea of education which confines it to knowledge gained from books, parents thrust primers into the hands of their little ones years too soon, to their great injury. Not recognizing the truth that the function of books is supplementary—that they form an indirect means to knowledge when direct means fail—a means of seeing through other men what you cannot see for yourself; they are eager to give second-hand facts in place of first-hand facts. Nor perceiving the enormous value of that spontaneous education which goes on in

early years—not perceiving that a child's restless observation, instead of being ignored or checked, should be diligently administered to, and made as accurate and complete as possible; they insist on occupying its eyes and thoughts with things that are, for the time being, incomprehensible and repugnant. Possessed by a superstition which worships the symbols of knowledge instead of the knowledge itself, they do not see that only when his acquaintance with the objects and processes of the household, the streets, and the fields, is becoming tolerably exhaustive—only then should the child be introduced to the new sources of information which books supply; and this, not only because immediate cognition is of far greater value than mediate cognition; but also because the words contained in books can be rightly interpreted into ideas, only in proportion to the antecedent experience of things. Observe next, that this formal instruction, far too soon commenced, is carried on with but little reference to the laws of mental development. Intellectual progress is of necessity from the concrete to the abstract. But regardless of this, highly abstract subjects, such as grammar, which should come quite late, are begun quite early. Political geography, dead and uninteresting to a child, and which should be an appendage of sociological studies, is commenced betimes; while physical geography, comprehensible and comparatively attractive to a child, is in great part passed over. Nearly every subject dealt with is arranged in abnormal order: definitions, and rules, and principles being put first, instead of being disclosed, as they are in the order of nature, through the study of cases. And then, pervading the whole, is the vicious system of rote learning—a system of sacrificing the spirit to the letter. See the results. What with perceptions unnaturally dulled by early thwarting, and a coerced at-

tention to books—what with the mental confusion produced by teaching subjects before they can be understood, and in each of them giving generalizations before the facts of which these are the generalizations—what with making the pupil a mere passive recipient of other's ideas, and not in the least leading him to be an active enquirer or self-instructor—and what with taxing the faculties to excess, there are very few minds that become as efficient as they might be. Examinations being once passed, books are laid aside; the great part of what has been acquired, being unorganized, soon drops out of recollection; what remains is mostly inert—the art of applying knowledge not having been cultivated; and there is but little power either of accurate observation or independent thinking. To all which add, that while much of the information gained is of relatively small value, an immense mass of information of great value is entirely passed over.

Thus we find the facts to be such as might have been inferred *à priori*. The training of children—physical, moral, and intellectual—is dreadfully defective. And in great measure it is so, because parents are devoid of that knowledge by which this training can alone be rightly guided. What is to be expected when one of the most intricate of problems is undertaken by those who have given scarcely a thought to the principles on which its solution depends? For shoe-making or house-building, for the management of a ship or a locomotive-engine, a long apprenticeship is needful. Is it, then, that the unfolding of a human being in body and mind, is so comparatively simple a process, that any one may superintend and regulate it with no preparation whatever? If not—if the process is with one exception more complex than any in Nature, and the task of administering to it one of surpassing difficulty, is it not madness to make no provision for such a task?

Better sacrifice accomplishments than omit this all-essential instruction. When a father, acting on false dogmas adopted without examination, has alienated his sons, driven them into rebellion by his harsh treatment, ruined them, and made himself miserable; he might reflect that the study of Ethology would have been worth pursuing, even at the cost of knowing nothing about Æschylus. When a mother is mourning over a first-born that has sunk under the sequelæ of scarlet-fever—when perhaps a candid medical man has confirmed her suspicion that her child would have recovered had not its system been enfeebled by over-study—when she is prostrate under the pangs of combined grief and remorse, it is but a small consolation that she can read Dante in the original.

Some acquaintance with the first principles of physiology and the elementary truths of psychology is indispensable for the right bringing up of children. We doubt not that this assertion will by many be read with a smile. That parents in general should be expected to acquire a knowledge of subjects so abstruse, will seem to them an absurdity. And if we proposed that an exhaustive knowledge of these subjects should be obtained by all fathers and mothers, the absurdity would indeed be glaring enough. But we do not. General principles only, accompanied by such detailed illustrations as may be needed to make them understood, would suffice. And these might be readily taught—if not rationally, then dogmatically. Be this as it may, however, here are the indisputable facts:—that the development of children in mind and body rigorously obeys certain laws; that unless these laws are in some degree conformed to by parents, death is inevitable; that unless they are in a great degree conformed to, there must result serious physical and mental defects; and that only when they are completely conformed

to, can a perfect maturity be reached. Judge, then, whether all who may one day be parents, should not strive with some anxiety to learn what these laws are.—From “*Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.*”

THE FIRST SUIT.

It is an important era in a young mother's life when she decides to dress her first boy in trowsers. She immediately seeks a friend who has passed through the trying ordeal, and allows her no peace until she has acquired a perfect understanding of the manner in which pockets are set in, where and how to begin, the best way to finish them around the waistband, etc., etc. She looks at the model trowsers, studying their hidden mysteries with an industry and earnestness that a disinterested person might say was worthy of a better cause, and finally wends her way homeward with, as she supposes, a very clear idea of everything. In the course of time, after many wise shakings of the head, the material is cut into the shape of pantaloons, the pockets of muslin, the bands, if any, are cut, when, lo! she has forgotten one—two things: are the pockets faced on two sides? and if so, which sides are they? She wonders that she could not remember such things. Her mind is settled on these and several other little points after a second trip to her friend, and she is progressing finely, when she suddenly finds that she has either made both pockets for one side, or has cut the two legs of the pantaloons for the same side; she can not tell which for a little while, so great is her consternation. And then, after all the faults are remedied, she forgets whether the button-holes are made up and down the band or cut parallel with it, and, with a grain or two less of self-conceit, she marches off to her friend again, and on her way has an insane desire to stop every little boy that she meets, that she may add to her knowledge of tailoring. But they are finished at last, and she sees in them one of the great achievements of her life.

What a worry they have been!

But, she goes on to think, “they will be good and serviceable, made of the best quality of English water-proof; they will not show the smut;

and now I'll spend the rest of the week in going out.” So the unsuspecting mother visits and enjoys herself until Saturday evening, when she notices her “little man” apparently for the first time since the memorable day when he donned the first trowsers and shirt-waist. To her dismay, both knees are entirely through, the seat shows a great zigzag rent, and three of the back button-holes are torn completely out! The unsophisticated mamma is ready to cry; she asks the boy, anxiously, how it all happened, and the poor child, with an innocent, troubled expression of face, can tell nothing about it. He is well scolded and sent early to bed. And then there is a serious talk between the parents concerning the child's careless and destructive habits, when the fact is, he is no worse than any other boy, and all he needs is plenty of trowsers. These he gets in the course of several weeks. In the meantime his pride has a fall, in consequence of his having to go back into “girl's pants,” as he scornfully calls them.

Short Pantaloons.—Experience proves that the best way to begin is to start three pairs at the same time; and if the following hints are observed, there will be less vexation connected with tailoring. In the first place, secure a good pattern, of the right size, without pleats or a waistband; this will not be difficult in these days, though it was a few years ago. After the pantaloons are cut, the first thing to be done is to face the pocket; one is sufficient for the first suits. Cut two pieces of the material the length of the pocket hole—which, it must be known, does not reach to the top of the trowsers, but about two inches below it; this ought to be indicated by a notch on the pattern; these facings are nearly two inches in width. Baste one of these pieces along the inside of the pocket that joins with the front of the pantaloons; protect the raw edge that lies on the muslin by a herring-bone stitch,

which also fastens it down. The other facing is laid on the outside of the pocket, sewed on with a seam, turned over, and stitched down to the inside of the pocket as above described. In doing this, allow the goods to project a little at the seam beyond the edge of the muslin; it is then stitched a quarter of an inch from the edge. This will be readily understood with the pockets and facings in hand. Now, to sew the pocket in lay the side that has the facing merely herring-bone stitched on next to the right side of the pantaloons, take a small seam, turn it over, and baste down neatly; then stitch it a quarter of an inch from the edge. The pocket is now sewed in, and, it will be found, is faced on the inside only. Next lay the side of the pocket that is not fastened to the trowsers a quarter of an inch back of the other, so the seams made by the facings may not come together; this is only to make the seams less bulky; then sew up the pocket, and overcast the seam. Next sew up the outside seam of each leg, and press open; then if there is a trimming of braid across the front and down the leg, the front seam from the waist to the slit must be closed, and then if they are to be trimmed, begin with the braid at the bottom of the leg, less than an inch inside the seam, bring it up and across the front, where the bottom of the band should come, then down the other leg; if desired, it can be turned just above where the hem will come, and brought across the front of the leg, the back trimmed in the same manner; of course it should be started on the other leg in a corresponding manner. Three buttons between the rows of braid complete the trimming. This done, sew up the inside seams of the leg, now pressing all the seams so far made. It must be borne in mind that thorough pressing is necessary to a neat and finished appearance of the garment. Then sew up the back seam around and up to the slit in front.

The raw edge of the left side of the slit is turned in, and the lining hemmed down on it; on the right side should be fastened a "fly," made from a piece of the goods three inches in length and a good inch in width, with the corners on one side rounded off; the lining of silesia to this should be two inches longer than the piece, so as to allow it to extend down over the seams at the intersection of the seat with the legs, where it is hemmed over them. In hemming the pantaloons, it is best to merely overcast the raw edge, and not turn it in, then hem by hand, and the stitches will not show through.

Finish the trowsers around the top with a silesia facing two inches in depth, with the lower edge cut out in little points; this just laps over the top of the pocket; then bind them across the top. This being done, there is nothing left except an inside band for button-holes, made double, of the strongest unbleached drilling. It comes within an inch of the ends on the front, and lacks a quarter of an inch of being as long as the pantaloons are wide at the back. Then work a button-hole in the middle of the front band, and one half-way between that and the extreme end of the waistband. The back is finished the same way, except that all five of the button-holes are in the drilling band at equal distances apart; a button is set on the outside an inch back from the end for the button-hole which is worked in the goods at the end of the front band. The latter are cut parallel with the band, while those in the drilling are made up and down, and worked with strong linen thread. These bands are basted in a quarter of an inch below the top of the band, and stitched down at the lower edge; this holds the silesia facing down also. Between every button-hole catch the drilling band down to the top of the pantaloons with strong thread; then a dozen strong stitches at the bottom of the pocket hole finish the garment except the last pressing. They may be lined or not according to the weight of the goods, though when boys have to face the weather, it is best to line them with a coarse muslin.

A common fault in boys' trowsers is a tendency to gape at the pocket hole. This can be corrected by cutting the front a quarter of an inch shorter than the back, and when sewing up the outside seam allowing this difference to come out at the top, where the front must be drawn up even with the back, and an allowance of an inch for lapping where they button. A sensible custom in the dressing of boys, and one that is becoming wide-spread too, is the wearing of woollen pantaloons the year round; the main advantage is in the protection of the bowels from sudden changes of temperature, and another is a saving in work and washing.

Many mothers whose boys have grown out of their first suits are adopting for them long pantaloons, with suspenders and shirts, on the ground that they are less trouble than so many buttons and button-holes. But there is always a little regret connected with the change. Said one mother to another, "I've put my boy in long pantaloons, and I'm quite disheartened over it.

In the first place, he is not old enough to remember that he must keep off his knees; and how do long trousers look with a patch on the knee? In the second place, he can not wear those pretty shirt-waists for the great ugly suspenders hugging his shoulders; and in the last place, I feel as if I had lost my little boy." Experience is the best teacher, after all, and it says, Keep your sons boys as long as you can. What if they do twist off buttons and tear out button-holes? They must be allowed their prerogatives. But there is no need of discarding short pantaloons on this account. If the directions concerning the inside band on shirt-waists given below are followed, the buttons will resist the effects of continual marble-playing for months.

The Jacket or Blouse.—The prettiest and most becoming style for a boy just in his first suit is what is called a blouse, single or double breasted, loose-fitting, though not of the flaring sack shape, confined at the waist by a belt of the same, and finished at the neck with a simple rolling collar; in length it should almost reach the knees. The double-breasted blouse merely laps across the breast like a man's coat; and buttons straight down; this is newer than the style which buttons on the shoulder and closes diagonally over the breast. These little garments, when made for every-day wear out of thick material, need no lining. The seams are carefully pressed open and slightly caught down to prevent their curling up; or where there are many seams in a jacket or blouse, and it is desired, they may be covered with common skirt braid, hemmed down so the stitches are not visible on the right side; this gives the coat a neat and handsome appearance on the inside. The bottom is finished with a half-inch hem, not turned under, but overcast, if the goods are disposed to ravel; another row of stitching close to the edge adds to the finish. After the sleeve is cut the proper length, and before it is cut off at the bottom, it should be widened out to allow for a hem of an inch in depth, so that in turning up the hem it will fit the sleeve. The collar may be lined with crinoline; and in all cases the lining must be a quarter of an inch less in depth than the outside, that it may turn over neatly. Lay the right side of the collar to the wrong side of the coat, baste it on, care being taken not to stretch the neck, and sew on in a small seam; the lining is then hemmed down on the right side. The belt fits loosely, and is closed with any sort of buckle,

or even a button, and should be strongly tacked in place under each arm.

Another pretty style is the sailor suit, though this has become so commonly worn that many are tired of it. The knickerbocker trousers worn with it when first introduced were abandoned for a while, but they are now seen again on imported suits and with those made at the best furnishing houses.

There are two styles of the sailor blouse; the one with a rolling collar in front and sailor shape behind is the more dressy, as it shows the cravat and a portion of the shirt front. It buttons down in front, and yet has the appearance of being fastened by inch-wide ribbons, three of which are fastened on each side and tied in a careless fashion. The bottom of the blouse is finished with an inch-wide hem, into which elastic a little narrower is passed, and fastened at each front so as to fit the waist comfortably. The other style is much the same, except that, in order to get it on or off, it has to be drawn over the head; it saves the labor of making button-holes, being closed up in front, but it requires such a tugging and pulling, and such a sacrifice of patience on the part of the owner, that it ought to be put out of the catalogue entirely. Indeed, the general tendency in the fashion of boys' clothing is to plain styles and simple trimmings.

Every mother may be her boy's tailor until he reaches that age when he insists upon "putting away childish things." Then an appeal must be made to professional skill; for a home-made coat especially is not generally what it might be. Now and then, however, a woman may be found who has the beautiful tact of succeeding in everything she undertakes.

The Shirt Waist.—The best pattern now in use is that which extends down three inches below the waistband, and is without a belt. It is not straight like a shirt, a slight spring being given to it below the waist line. When neatly made, there is not a raw edge visible on the wrong side, and as in laundrying they are entirely starched, this is an important item. The pleats, if any, are laid and stitched before the garment is cut out, the seams on the shoulders are sewed up on the right side, and a straight piece of the goods an inch in width is stitched over them. Those under the arms may either be done in the English fashion—that of taking a small seam on the right side, then turning the waist and taking a seam on the wrong side, so

as to hide the raw edge entirely—or in taking up the seam ordinarily on the wrong side, to leave one side of the facing loose and hem it down. The waist should be faced either side of the armhole up to the first pleat. It is also faced around the bottom with a strip less than an inch in width. A strip of muslin or of the material of the waist of three thicknesses is stitched all the way around the waist on the wrong side; on this the buttons are firmly sewed with white linen thread. These buttons can be lowered a second season in case the waist is outgrown; a button set just below the one under the arms on either side will hold up the stocking suspender. The sleeves are cut a little like a loose coat sleeve, half an inch allowed at the top; they are set in the armholes without gathers and faced down on the waist—a better finish than the corded armhole, and it thus covers the last raw edge. The lower part of the sleeve is gathered slightly all around, and the slit left in the back seam where the cuff fastens. A mother of four boys did away with slit, button, and button-hole by just closing up the cuff. Cuffs and collars should be made of three thicknesses always. A pretty waist is made in the following style: Tuck white muslin or linen in clusters of eighth-inch tucks down to a line across the

shoulders to form a yoke; between every cluster stitch a piece of closely worked insertion—delicate, not heavy work—and then define the yoke by a very narrow edge. This has the appearance of a yoke set in, while it is all in one piece. The front is tucked all the way down with the insertion between the clusters. A standing collar with points turned over in front is edged with the narrow embroidery; the cuffs are made square and turned over to match the collar. Another waist has inch-wide pleats down the fronts, with a plain yoke behind of three to five inches in depth, to suit the age of the wearer; the collar and cuffs are plain. Then, for a change, a blue and white percale is arranged in box pleats two inches in width—three in the back, and one each side of the middle pleat in front; the color is of Byron shape, and the cuffs are bound with navy blue percale. This, with navy blue pantaloons and cravat to match, makes a pretty afternoon suit. Much embroidery puffing is not in good taste on boys' waists. A pleated white linen waist well laundried will always look well. Indeed, plainness and neatness of style are to be commended in the making up of boys' clothing generally.—*Harper's Basar*.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, GIVING PLACE TO NEW."

BY MISS ELEANOR BEEBE.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have two scenes to show you. The first is somewhat shadowy, but call Memory to your aid. She will quicken your sight, and make the forms visible, in spite of this glimmering half-light,—“the light of other days.”

A room with bare, white walls, their sameness relieved only by cracks and stains, though the ceiling is more elaborate in ornament, owing to the efforts of certain boys skilled in the fascinating art of “throwing spit-balls;” there are rows of benches and desks; the seats, narrow and slippery, slope the wrong way, and are easier to fall off from than to sit on! On the smallest benches, nearest the platform, sit the “a-b-c

scholars.” One of these little “perpetual motions,” that one absently kicking the desk, and chewing her apron-strings, shall be the prominent figure in the scene, for in her “hopes and fears,” her “smiles and tears,” memory constrains *me* to feel peculiar interest. She wonders vaguely at the strangeness of school, where everything is wrong that she likes to do. She mustn't talk, she mustn't walk, nor even *squirm*; she mustn't look out of the window, nor behind her, nor anywhere but straight ahead, at that dismal black-board. “O dear! there are so many ‘mustn'ts’ here!” Then the “musts” are no better. With other little martyrs she must stand before

he teacher to learn, at the point of the pen-knife, the queer names of many ugly little black things in a book, that look very much alike, and "after that the deluge," in the shape of so many more smaller marks, looking more alike, and more puzzling than the first set; her ideas concerning them all are as clear and her interest as strong as yours is, in the Chinese alphabet. She must stand there perfectly still, with hands behind her, awaiting her turn, till she is all one ache, and longs to "hippity-hop" to the door and back again; and possessed by the fascination which the grotesque and startling has for us all, she dwells on this thought, and wonders how the teacher would look, and what terrible punishment would be hers if she did the monstrous thing—till called back to reality by a sharp word. Then she must look at that dreary page till the letters, seen through the tears in the tired eyes, run together, and grow large. Sometimes how hard it is not to "laugh out loud." Mouth, and hand pressed tightly over it, can't hold it all in, and a smothered but unmistakable titter squeezes through the fingers, causing the eyes at the desk to look up, as suddenly as her wax doll's do when she pulls the string. She is sentenced to "stand on the floor." The pillory could have been no worse to the Puritan transgressors, than is that punishment to her. She hesitates: that spot on the platform seems a long, long way off. But the stern, un pitying face is waiting, and she walks slowly up—those poor little legs, so full of dance that they seldom walk, now weak and heavy. She turns and faces the eyes that stare from every seat, and they hurt worse than blows; and yet the scholars seem so far off—she is not "of them" now; in her disgrace she is alone in the world. She "stands on the floor" often, afterwards, and learns to laugh and make faces behind her book with as much hardihood as any one. But the pressure of that shame, so cruelly outweighing the wrong done, and the hot bitterness and rage it roused in the child-heart—such things leave scars. And yet the teacher was unconscious of cruelty; to her, it was but a trifle. Lecky says "most cruelty springs from callousness, which is simply dulness of imagination." She was but one of the many bunglers in the world, with "good intentions" and uncultivated imaginations. Then, too, she was limited by a bungling, unwieldy school system.

Again, this little "irrepressible" tells Kitty

that "my mamma's going to make my doll some *truly* shoes, out of leather," but her happiness is quickly quenched; she has *whispered*, and must stay after school. After that, she is under a cloud, which deepens and closes in, when school is done, and the freed ones leave the steps with a spring and a shout, while she, with other delinquents, remain "kept in." Anxious, and filled with gloomy thoughts, two minutes are an hour to her. "What'll mamma think 'cause I don't come?" "Maybe I'll have to stay here till the dark comes, and then how can I find the way home?" Fear takes possession of her at this thought, and she breaks out in a wail of utter misery. She has learned a lesson—not that she mustn't whisper, but that she mustn't let the teacher see her whisper. She has learned by heart the word "deception" (which is so hard to unlearn), before her lips can spell "cat."

Now let the curtain fall on this scene from "Auld Lang Syne." The ideal pupil is no longer a piece of six-hour clock-work, adjusted to certain fixed movements, warranted not to look at anything but book, slate, and black-board, and to utter only such truths as are set forth in the authorized series of text-books. No; the little child of to-day is not expected to leave the most of his nerves and muscles (yes, and a great part of his brain, too) at home. He is not punished for bringing his nature with him to school. His craving for action is recognized, and he may feel, think, and do.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present my second picture, "A Garden Scene, in the Light of Morning."

Here is no lawless, crowded growth, in which all sense of individuality is lost in numbers, but the careful training of only as many plants as the gardener can feel an interest in, and love for, in their oneness.

The plants are little children. No denied, frowned-down expression, dulls their faces; all are sprightly, interested, natural. A tasteful, airy room—no books as you observe—they would be entirely out of place in such small hands; we let babies creep before we urge them to walk. But here are blocks of various forms, sticks, slates, balls, specimens of work in clay, perforating, drawing, etc.; ample proof that means are provided for beginning a liberal culture. You see here beautiful, suggestive, and refined surroundings, and the guidance of a friend, delicate in perception, and quick in

sympathy, who can make learning the delight it was meant to be. In evidence, listen to the experience of a four-year-old little friend of mine: "Mamma, I wish I could go to kin'er-ga'ten all day, 'n all night, 'n Sunday too."

A vigorous clapping of hands is the welcome given the fascinating "weaving." How they enjoy the bright colors and the pretty effects wrought with them! Their sense of number is exercised, and patience, and perseverance—those world-moving levers—are strengthened. When, by direction, certain patterns have been woven correctly, a design may be *invented*. Then the look of the successful little inventor is good to see; that uplifted, exultant feeling so clearly shining through, is surely akin to the glowing emotion of the greatest artist whose brush has interpreted his heavenly visions.

Before these child minds and bodies become sated, a change is made; and now, perhaps, little rings, and half-rings are given them and graceful outlines grow beneath the busy fingers. Even maturity may delight, as I can testify, in drawing from the infinite stores of beauty to which these rings are a key.

Have you noticed that often some little one, in addressing the "gartner," makes the mistake of calling her "mamma"? Can you remember, in your first school days, ever feeling the least tendency to make that blunder? And is it not a genuine and delicate compliment to both system and teacher?

Another occupation which, though too difficult for the youngest, is an ever fresh pleasure to those more advanced, is paper-cutting and mounting. The desire common to childhood to use the scissors, is here safely indulged. I remember a result of my forbidden longing to cut with them. Left alone, and the scissors within reach, I seized them, cut off all the hair I could reach, and even my eye-brows and lashes. I escaped without a wound, but my appearance was a shock to maternal eyes. The excitement

of that short possession, and the delightful sound of that cr-isp, cr-isp, as I cut here and there, is a vivid remembrance still. That spasm of mischief would have been prevented could my ambition have been guided into this legitimate and productive field.

One or two cuts are made in paper folded into triangles, twice. This is analysis; now comes synthesis. A pretty foundation figure is revealed; this figure and the clippings are gummed upon a square of colored paper or card-board. You look on while the absorbed little worker compares the cuttings and combines them with careful precision, and you realize how rich in surprises these little square pieces of paper are; what unexpected effects one cut can produce. As you share the keen pleasure in the beautiful figure completed, you will see bright meanings—law, harmony, truth,—three different sides of the same prism, which light up half-forgotten ideas in the obscurity of your mind; your old knowledge of geometry, that monarch of space that enters into the building of a playhouse, and of a solar system! and of crystallization, and its beautiful forms, so varied yet fixed, and its mysterious laws and relations.

I've shown you little more than the outline of this scene, so full of cheer and promise. But does not even this glimpse make you sigh with me, "I would I were a child again, to begin in this age of awakenings, on the road of broader and nobler culture!" "Life creations in these later years?" If we only belonged to the bulbous species of plants, this cramped, awkward growth could be let to die down and spring up again from the root, in a vigorous, sound, full-blooming life. But since this cannot be, may this sense of loss in our lives make us so much the more earnest, that, in these young lives which we can care for and help, shall be wholeness for our stint, and by-and-by "the full corn in the ear" for our blight.—*New England Journal of Education.*

HINTS FOR EMERGENCIES.

The *Herald of Health* is responsible for the instructions given in the following paragraphs.

SOMETHING IN THE EYE.—Take hold of the eyelash, and draw the eyelid gently on the edge of the eye. If this is not effectual, close the eye, draw the eyelid away from it, and pass a bodkin or a little slip of paper across the inside of it, and thus bring the obnoxious matter to the corner, when it can be easily removed. If a little bit of iron gets into the eye, a strong magnet may draw it out. If a little piece of quick-lime enters it—which sometimes happens from standing near a building where lime is being slacked—not only must it be taken out instantly, but the eye must be washed inside and out with vinegar and water for half an hour after, or loss of sight may ensue. The vinegar neutralizes the lime and takes away its caustic properties.

CHOKING.—If a fish-bone or a portion of food sticks in the throat and threatens to produce suffocation, first give a smart blow between the shoulders. This will most likely dislodge the substance. If the patient can make any attempt to swallow, put a large lump of butter in his mouth. This will help the offending substance to pass down the throat more easily. If he cannot swallow, put the finger as far down the throat as possible, and endeavor to pull the bone or meat out ; or tickle the throat to produce immediate vomiting. Unless there is prompt action life may be lost. After the danger is over try and learn to eat slowly, and avoid similar accidents in future.

BEE STINGS.—After being stung by a wasp or a bee, the first thing to be done is to remove the sting. This may be done with a pair of small tweezers, or the sides of the wound may be pressed with a small key, and so it may be squeezed out. Then apply to it immediately spirits of camphor, ammonia, or turpentine ; or, failing these, rub it with a little common salt. If the place swells very much, and looks inflamed, it should be bathed with warm water, or have a hot white bread poultice laid upon it.

SUBSTANCES IN THE EAR.—If an insect gets into the ear, hold the head on one side, and fill the hole with oil. This will kill the intruder and cause it to float, when it may be removed. If a bead or a pea gets into the ear, hold the head down on the other side, so that the occupied ear is under, and give the other ear two or three sharp blows. If this fails, the ear should be syringed ; but it should on no account be poked, as that is almost sure to do more harm than good.

HOW TO TREAT CUTS.—They require to be treated according to their location and character. A cut finger is best managed by tying it up in a rag in its own blood ; the blood forms a good protection as soon as it becomes dry and coagulated. All dirt and foreign matter should first be removed by luke-warm water. If a cut is severe the blood should be examined to see if it comes from a vein or an artery. If it oozes out slowly and is of a dark color it is from a vein ; if it spouts out like a jet and is of a bright scarlet color it is from an artery, and a doctor ought at once to be sent for. Until medical aid can be procured, the wound should be tightly bound, and the artery should be tightly pressed above the wound and nearer the heart. If the skin gapes from a cut, the edges should be at once brought to their proper position with calendula plaster. If in a little time it begins to throb, the plaster should be removed, and a rag moistened with calculated water laid on the place. This calculated water is most useful for wounds where the flesh is deeply cut or torn. If a little lint is soaked in it and upon the wound, it will in nine cases out ten prove most beneficial. It is made by mixing thirty drops of the pure tincture of calendula, which may be bought of any chemist, with half a tumblerful of water. A cut on the head requires great care. The hair should be cut all round the place, and lint dipped in calculated water be laid upon it. As long as the first dressing of a cut remains firm and gives no pain, it need not be touched.

SELECTED RECIPES.

BOILED ROUND OF BEEF.—As a whole round of beef, generally speaking, is too large for small families, and very seldom required, we here give the recipe for dressing a portion of the silver side of the round. Take from 12 to 16 lbs., after it has been in salt about 10 days; just wash off the salt, skewer it up in a nice round looking form, and bind it with tape to keep the skewers in their places. Put it in a saucepan of boiling water, set it upon a good fire, and when it begins to boil, carefully remove all scum from the surface, as, if this is not attended to, it sinks on to the meat, and when brought to table, presents a very unsightly appearance. When it is well skimmed, draw the pot to the corner of the fire, and let it simmer very gently until done. Remove the tape and the skewers, which should be replaced by a silver one; pour over a little of the pot-liquor, and garnish with carrots. Carrots, turnips, parsnips, and sometimes suet dumplings, accompany this dish; and these may all be boiled with the beef. The pot-liquor should be saved, and converted into pea-soup; and the outside slices, which are generally hard, and of an uninviting appearance, may be cut off before being sent to table, and potted. These make an excellent relish for the breakfast or luncheon table. A part of a round of beef weighing 12 lbs., will take about 3 hours after the water boils.

IRISH STEW.—Take 3 lbs. of the loin or neck of mutton, 5 lbs. of potatoes, 5 large onions, pepper and salt to taste, rather more than 1 pint of water. Trim off some of the fat, and cut it into chops of moderate thickness. Pare and halve the potatoes, and cut the onions into thick slices. Put a layer of potatoes at the bottom of a stewpan, then a layer of mutton and onions, and season with pepper and salt; proceed in this manner until the stewpan is full, taking care to have plenty of vegetables at the top. Pour in the water, and let it stew very gently for 2½ hours, keeping the lid of the stewpan closely shut the whole time, and occasionally shaking the pan to prevent it burning at the bottom.

SALMON CUTLETS. Cut the slices 1 inch thick, and season them with pepper and salt;

butter a sheet of white paper, lay each slice on a separate piece, with their ends twisted; broil gently over a clear fire, and serve with anchovy or caper sauce. When higher seasoning is required, add a few chopped herbs and a little spice.

PICKLED SALMON.—Take ½ oz. of whole pepper, ½ oz. of whole allspice, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 bay-leaves, equal quantities of vinegar and the liquor in which the fish was boiled. After the fish comes from table, lay it in a nice dish with a cover to it, as it should be excluded from the air, and take away the bone; boil the liquor and vinegar with the other ingredients for 10 minutes, and let it stand to get cold; pour it over the salmon, and in 12 hours it will be fit for the table.

MELTED BUTTER.—Take ¼ lb. of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, 2 wine-glassfuls of water, salt to taste. Cut the butter up into small pieces, put it into a saucepan, dredge over the flour, and add the water and a seasoning of salt; stir it *one way* constantly till the whole of the ingredients are melted and thoroughly blended. Let it just boil, when it is ready to serve. If the butter is to be melted with cream, use the same quantity as of water, but omit the flour; keep stirring it, but do not allow it to boil.

(More Economical.)

Take 2 oz. of butter, 1 dessertspoonful of flour, salt to taste, ½ pint of water. Mix the flour and water to a smooth batter, which put into a saucepan. Add the butter and a seasoning of salt; keep stirring *one way* till all the ingredients are melted and perfectly smooth; let the whole boil for a minute or two, and serve.

EGG SAUCE FOR SALT FISH.—Take 4 eggs, ½ pint of melted butter, when liked a very little lemon-juice. Boil the eggs until quite hard, which will be in about 20 minutes, and put them into cold water for ½ hour. Strip off the shells, chop the eggs into small pieces, not, however, too fine. Make the melted butter very smoothly, when boiling, stir in the eggs, and serve very hot. Lemon-juice may be added at pleasure.

Literary Notices.

ROUND MY HOUSE.—Notes of Rural Life in France in Peace and War. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This is one of the most fascinating books of the season. Mr. Hamerton, with the eye of a painter, the mind of a philosopher, and the pen of a ready writer, describes France and French society. His observations are not the casual remarks of a traveller passing through a country, but are the result of an extended residence in a rural part of France. He takes up many different subjects, of which we can make room for only a few in our extracts:

HOW NEW-COMERS ARE TREATED.

Whatever is done in England is sure to be the opposite of what (in the same kind) is done in France. In many little customs this is a matter of simple indifference. The French, for example, when they meet another carriage in driving, take the right side of the road; the English take the left. In this instance the only important matter is that there should be a rule; and the two rules are equally good. But in many other things the two opposite rules are *not* equally good. For example, if a stranger settles in a new neighborhood in England, the custom is that the surrounding families already established there, shall call upon him, if they think that he ought to be admitted into their society. This seems to be a very good custom, because it saves the stranger from all appearance of pushing, and at the same time preserves the established families from the unpleasantness of having to reject advances. In France the custom is exactly the reverse. The new-comer has to make all advances; to go and call at all the houses where he would like to be admitted; to convey to the inhabitants of these houses, as cleverly as he can, what are his claims upon their consideration—that he has aristocratic connections, an estate, a lump of money, or some sort of position or reputation. Is it possible to imagine anything more odious to a sensitive, self-respecting person? The odiousness of it is much increased by the fact, that all claims except visible wealth, and a fixed, well-ascertained title, are merely local, and lose their value when you go into a

new neighborhood. The loss of value is very considerable a hundred miles from the place where those claims are generally known; but the transfer from England to France makes them evaporate altogether, like ether in a badly corked bottle, leaving pure nothingness behind. Let us suppose, for example, the case of an Englishman with the title of baronet and some really considerable literary reputation, a reputation equal to that of our present poet-laureate. In England the two things would be of great social value; transfer them to rural France, and they are worthless. Nobody in this country knows what a baronet is; nobody has heard of Tennyson. Or imagine the position of one of our great Lancashire or Yorkshire squires, representing a family which has held some estate from the dawn of English history, and has had its share in the events of seven centuries, transferred to some French rural neighborhood, and paying calls on the small counts and marquises round about! "Who is this man?" they would say; "he has no title; c'est un *roturier*, a creature of ignoble birth; he has not the *de*." How is the caller to explain who and what he is, to sound his own trumpet, be his own herald? There remains, it is true, the alternative of the letter of introduction; but this is not always procurable: and who would like to go about begging for people's acquaintance with a recommendation in his hand? We were both quite of one mind about this matter of calling, and stayed quietly in our new home, without going from house to house to request the honor of knowing the inhabitants. Some time afterwards there came a family from Paris, who had inherited an estate in the neighborhood; and they, of course, followed the usual French custom. The lady, who dressed with the greatest taste, put on her most irresistible toilette, and set off with her husband to all the noblemen's houses round about. We did not envy her that piece of work; and, when we knew the results, we were less inclined to envy than ever. Some of the personages did not return the visit at all; others came with a cool determination to snub the audacious new-comers in their own house, just sitting down and getting up again in the most distant and icy manner. The lady in question thought she had some claims to consideration. Her father had been a senator, and had bequeathed a good estate, now divided amongst eight children, but her husband had been a wine merchant in Burgundy, and *his* father an ironmonger, so the stain of trade was indelible and could not be got over. They stayed a year or two; but we predicted they would go back to

Paris, and so they did, leaving behind them a charming new house with large and beautiful gardens, all in the best possible order, and the announcement "To be Let" on the prettily gilded gates.

For our part, as we never made any advances, we never had to submit to any mortifications. Our neighbors even began, of their own accord, to pay us little attentions, which made it necessary and right for us to call upon them in acknowledgment. One old squire somehow heard that my wife was not quite satisfied with the quantity of fruit she had for preserving the first year; so he sent a most polite note, to beg that she would use his garden (a richly productive one) as her own. Three rather large landowners round about us let me know that, if I wished to shoot, I was welcome to do so on their property. Finally, people began to call upon us in the English fashion, before we had called upon them. We had our own notions of self-respect, but we were not wild animals; and so it came to pass that, after a time, we had as many acquaintances as we had time or inclination to cultivate.

THE FRENCH NOBLESSE.

When first I knew France, a good many years ago, I retained for some time the prevalent English impression, that *noblesse* was no longer of any importance, and this idea was confirmed by one or two French noblemen, who told me so themselves. It did, indeed, seem that titles did not signify very much when people in good society dropped them in speaking to each other, and when the general public so frequently omitted them in speaking of titled people. Since then, however, I have seen reason to modify this first impression. The old nobility tell you that "il n'y a plus de noblesse en France, la noblesse ne signifie plus rien aujourd'hui." But this is simply a French exaggeration due to regret for the past and a sense of diminished importance, as people tell you they are ruined when their fortunes are not what they were formerly. No doubt the importance of nobility is much less than it was under the Legitimist sovereigns; no doubt, the hope of restoring a past lustre is the reason why the nobility wanted a Legitimist revival under Henri V. But it is not accurately true that the *noblesse* is dead, and titles of no value. The reader may remember Stuart Mill's acute remark, "that where there is the appearance of a difference there is a difference." He may also remember how Sir Arthur Helps acknowledged as a philosopher the importance of honors. Now, a title, or simply the *de*, is of consequence, because it creates a distinction; and, although the distinction may not be so important as that between a peer of England and a commoner, it is a distinction still. A French title has no political value, but the social difference between "une famille noble," and "une famille bourgeoise" is enormous. You frequently hear such expressions as "il est noble," or "il porte un beau nom." There are three distinct classes, under one of which you will be placed and ticketed, whether you will or

not: *noblesse*, *bourgeoisie* and *peuple*—just as, in England, you *must* travel in one definite class on the railway.

The time of life when it becomes of most importance to a Frenchman that his name should be adorned with the *de** is the time when he determines to marry. At that period of his life it often enables him to get a rich heiress, without the least trouble on his own part, by the simple process of requesting some third person to be ambassador and ask for her. The father of the young lady is deeply impressed when he hears that such a *beau nom* is offered to her. The girl is called, let us suppose, by one of those mean and vulgar names which are so common in the French *bourgeoisie*, and the opportunity of changing it for something sonorous, which proclaims aristocracy every time it is uttered, is an opportunity not to be lightly neglected. When a young gentleman is called *Monsieur de la Rochetarpesenne*, or Rock-anything-else, provided only that the name fills and satisfies the ear with a properly noble cadence, his chances in the matrimonial market are incomparably superior to those of the simple *bourgeois*, some plain Mangedard or Mangematin. When I look around me and take note of the heiresses and other young ladies who (or whose parents) have, in the choice of a husband, nobly preferred a *beau nom* to wealth, I see that, notwithstanding the matter-of-fact spirit of which the French are so commonly accused, there is a fine sense of the romantic in them yet. Nor does anybody seem to care in the least about the genuineness of the "beautiful name," if only it passes current. I know every field of a good estate which passed, along with the hand of a very ladylike young woman, into the possession of an officer, whose family was plebeian a few years ago, but boldly climbed into the *noblesse* by adorning itself with the *de*. I happened to be dining some time since at a distance, and met two very awkward, underbred, and ignorant young men who belonged to a "noble family" in their neighborhood. Our host said to me privately, "They are only make-believe nobles, their grandfather bore a very plebeian name, but assumed the grandly sounding one they are known by to-day." Everybody in the country confirmed this, but the grandfather, who seems to have had a good ear for the music there is in names, had wisely chosen a particularly imposing one. Now there was a well-to-do young woman, a few miles off, a young woman with £24,000; so one of the two young gentlemen thought he might as well have the money, not having much of his own, and made application accordingly. He was at once accepted, and he would have been as surely rejected without the magic of the *nom*. A gentleman who is now dead had two daughters (no other issue), and an estate worth about £50,000,

* It may be well to observe that there are noble families which have not the *de*, so that the "particule" (as it is called) is not essential to nobility. French people, however, almost universally believe that it is essential, out of pure ignorance, and in these matters a general belief is quite as good as a fact, for rank is a matter of faith and not of sight.

besides which one of his daughters had £16,000 from another relative. They were very fine women, well educated, and perfect ladies, but they were not noble, and bore only a plain short name. A Frenchman in such a position is almost sure to give his daughters to men having the *particule*, and these two ladies were ennobled accordingly by marriage. Another of our friends, a country squire in very easy circumstances, had a very intelligent and beautiful daughter. Being a married man, I often saw the young lady in her own home, and thought that she would be a prize for somebody—some rich man most likely, with broad lands *au soleil* and a chateau. We speculated sometimes on her destiny, and at last we learned that she had been promised by her parents to a poor clerk in a bank—a clerk earning sixty pounds a year. The marriage took place in due course; but the mystery of it was explained by the young gentleman's name, which had the true ring of nobility—indeed a novelist could not have invented a more high-sounding one.

The most convenient and simple way of assuming the *particule*, when it does not belong to you, is this. You buy a little property somewhere in the country which has some old and romantic name—there are thousands of such properties in so old a country as France. Let us suppose, for example, that the name of the property is Roulongeau. Here I may mention a real instance as an example of how the thing may be done. A friend of mine, a notary, came into possession of a ruined castle, which we will call Roulongeau, and which was handed over to him in payment of a bad debt. Here was a capital opportunity for self-promotion into the ranks of the nobility. The notary was too honest and self-respecting a man to avail himself of it, but what he *might* have done very easily is this,—he might have begun in the usual way by signing himself by his old name, with the territorial designation in brackets after it, thus:—Machin (*de Roulongeau*), which has quite a modest appearance, because it only looks as if this Machin wished to distinguish himself from other Machins, to avoid confusion. The reader sees how easy the upward progress becomes when once this first step has been taken. The brackets are dropped first, then Machin is abandoned as unnecessary, and so you have Monsieur de Roulongeau, which sounds all the more respectable, that there really was such a family in the middle ages. After that a rich marriage is easily arranged, and why not revive the old barony? Three generations are enough to accomplish the whole evolution; but it needs some courage at first, and a steady persistence afterwards.

ADVANTAGES OF SIMPLICITY.

Amongst the manners and customs of the squires in France, which ought to be specially noticed in a book intended for English and American readers, is a certain general simplicity and roughness in their belongings. During the last few years, however, a rapid change has been taking place, and the old simplicity of rustic France is silently but swiftly giving way to a

sort of English finish in everything. This change, I think, is much to be regretted, not so much for artistic reasons, not so much because the old life was more picturesque than the new, as because the polish which is now penetrating into country houses is of a kind which greatly increases the cost of living without improving either the minds, or the manners, or the health of the people who inhabit them. The reason why country life in France used to be possible on a small income, was its remarkable freedom from social pressure in expense. Even ten or twelve years ago this freedom was still pretty nearly absolute, but now it is becoming gradually more and more restricted, and it is only too probable that there will be little of it left in twenty years. In dress, equipage, and furniture, the smaller squires spent their money, or did not spend it, precisely as they pleased, looking simply to their own means and their own real wants, without the slightest reference to any authoritative public opinion outside their own gates. If one man had a fancy for a pretty carriage, he indulged it; but if another did not care for prettiness in carriages, he had some shabby old conveyance which his father had used before him, and nobody thought of criticising it. So in dress, it was an acknowledged principle that everybody might dress as he pleased "*à la campagne*," and gentlemen wore comfortable old grey clothes, or the cheapest light summer ones, without thinking about fashion, whilst ladies dressed very simply at home, and kept their toilettes for visiting. Houses were left very much in the rough; not much money was spent on iron railings, painting, papering, and gilding; carpets were all but unknown, and only the best rooms had polished floors, the others being of brick or plain deal. In one word there was little *finish*, or little of it was exacted by public opinion. If a small squire, on looking over his accounts, found that he could not well afford to have his carriage painted, or to buy new harness, he could put off the expense quite indefinitely, and nobody would make a remark. I knew one, by no means poor, who had made preparations for iron gates and railings, but finding that they were costly things, left his stone walls and gateposts without them till the day of his death, nor would he ever have his shutters painted—a false economy, but it was his fancy. I have often slept in a squire's house where the whole furniture of my carpetless room was not worth five pounds—in England such a room *could* not be offered to a guest. Yet, why not? a sleepy man may be as happy there as in one of the state bed-chambers at Fontainebleau. This kind of independence used to be very strongly and (to an Englishman's taste) disagreeably exhibited in the often indefinite postponement of papering and painting the interiors of houses, so that they had none of that freshness and cleanliness which we commonly find in England. I admit that this is unpleasant to the eye, and that the English system is much more agreeable; but to paper and paint a house from top to bottom is very expensive, and if public opinion allows you to put off the evil day it is sometimes a con-

venience. These liberties are now becoming much more restricted. There is hardly a squire in this neighborhood who has not bought a pretty well-finished new carriage within the last few years, and when the neighbors all go in pretty carriages it is difficult to keep the old lumbering ancestral vehicle. A good many people have now very elegant broughams or landaus with two horses, which would not look out of place in the *Bois de Boulogne*. Finish and elegance are invading the houses also. My next neighbor has just been spending a good deal of money on handsome iron railings and gates, whereas his place in former times was thought sufficiently well defended when a rough wooden fence kept the cattle out of the garden. He has also papered and painted every room in his house, and had joiners to make the shutters fit

better, to put new banisters on the stairs, and new wash-boards round the rooms. This is quite in the modern spirit, and what he is doing everybody else seems to be doing more or less thoroughly and completely. I was at a château last autumn where the old tiled roof had been entirely replaced by one of neat blue slate, whilst a new façade had been erected and a new *perron*, or external stair, the *perron* alone costing 40,000 francs. The inside of the inconvenient old country houses are altered and remodelled according to Parisian ideas. Many new houses are built with the utmost neatness, and the well-kept, well-varnished carriage passes up a smoothly-sanded drive, and is housed at last in a model coach-house with a canvas cover to protect it from the dust.

Notice.

REV. WM. BOND, LL.D., DEAN OF MONTREAL.

Dean Bond is well known throughout Canada as a firm supporter of the temperance cause, and of all movements whose object is the spread of religious truth. He was born in Truro, Cornwall, England, in 1815; began his education in London; but when still young crossed the ocean to Newfoundland. Through the efforts of Rev. Mr. Willoughby he was induced to come to Montreal, where he completed his studies, and at Quebec, in 1840, was ordained to the ministry by Dr. Moun-
tain, Bishop of Quebec. For two years he labored as travelling missionary in the district of Montreal, his headquarters being first at Russelltown Flats and then at Napierville. His next station was at Lachine, where he remained for seven years, and in 1848 was appointed assistant minister at St. George's Church, which was then situ-

ated in St. Joseph street, Arcdeacon Leach being the incumbent. Four years later he was created a Canon by Dr. Fulford, the late Metropolitan; was inducted Archdeacon of Hochelaga in 1870, and, on the demise of the late Dean Bethune shortly afterwards, was appointed Dean of Montreal. Amongst other works with which his name is inseparably connected is that of the St. George's Church Temperance Society, Band of Hope, and Temperance Home. All are doing a noble work and their influence for good can not be measured. Dean Bond is personally held by all who know him, in or out of the Church of England, in the highest esteem, while his prominence in many charitable works, as well as his staunch advocacy of the Temperance cause, make his name honored wherever known.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

It is a matter for congratulation that the moral leaders of the community are daily becoming more interested in the matter of literature. A few years ago it appeared as if the country were about to be inundated by a class of useless, if not absolutely vicious, literature, sweeping away that whose tendency was good, and by its own presence depraving the taste, so that what was really useful could not be appreciated. But a reaction has come; those most interested in the public welfare are opposing this flood; the church as a whole is raising up a barrier against it; the greed of obtaining knowledge, so characteristic of the present age, which mourns over every misspent hour, casts it aside as worse than useless; against what is thought by some to be the most vicious class the Government enacts laws, which, although not often actually enforced, banish to the back streets or to underneath the counters in book stores, what might otherwise have been flaunted in the eyes of the unwary; while the great improvement in religious, moral, and instructive journals offer perhaps the greatest opposition to it. This is evidenced in Canada of late years, by the very great increase in circulation of the MONTREAL WITNESS, NORTHERN MESSENGER, and other papers which have been brought prominently before the public notice. The magazines, being more retiring in their nature, have not engaged so prominently in the contest, although their influence is none the less important. To meet a want in this respect, great improvements are to be made in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. From July 1st it is proposed to increase its size by sixteen pages, print on finer paper, and illustrate the text with engravings. This will entail great expense, which is by no means justified by the present circulation, but the publishers hope that before the beginning of the next year the circulation will rise to seven thousand, which would just about make both ends meet. Each one of its present readers may do something to help them in this matter, by recommending the magazine to their friends if it meets with their approval; and they can rely upon it that the

gaining of seven thousand subscribers will be but simply a step to other improvements perhaps now unthought of. The publishers have in view the object of giving the greatest value for the money received for their publications, and as the circulations increase they are enabled to improve their papers, thus benefitting every reader. They would have their subscribers understand that they themselves are as deeply interested in the matter of circulation as the publishers, and enlist them to engage in its extension. The prize competition at present going on may give a spice of excitement to the work of obtaining subscribers.

“SLAUGHTERING THE INNOCENTS.”

Miss Louise S. Hotchkiss, in a published paper, entitled “Corsets vs. Brains,” has the following:—A few days ago, I stepped into a large corset manufactory that is carried on by a woman. I told her I was interested to know what women and children wear in this line, and asked to see her wares from the least unto the greatest. She began by showing me the tiniest article I ever saw in the shape of a corset, saying that was for babies. Then she brought forward another grade, and still another, and so on, till I think she must have shown me fifteen or twenty different-sized corset moulds, in which she runs the female forms that get into her hands. She informed me that all the genteel waists I should meet on the fashionable streets of the city she made; that the mothers brought their daughters in infancy to her, and that she passed them through the whole course of moulds till they were ready for the real French corset, when she considered them finished and perfect.

Yesterday I visited the first-class in one of our city girls' grammar schools, consisting of forty-two pupils. I had five questions on a slip of paper, that I asked permission of the teacher to put to the girls:—

First.—“How many of you wear corsets?”

Answer.—“Twenty-one.” I asked them to stretch their arms as high as they could over their heads. In every instance it was hard work,

and in most cases impossible, to get them above a right angle at the shoulders.

Second question.—“How many of you wear your skirts resting entirely upon your hips, with no shoulder-straps or waists to support them?”

Answer.—“Thirty.”

Third question.—“How many wear false hair?”

Answer.—“Four.”

Fourth question.—“How many wear tight boots?”

Answer.—“None,” (which I doubted).

Fifth question.—“How many do not wear flannels?”

Answer.—“Eighteen.”

I went across the hall to a boys' class, corresponding in grade, consisting of forty-four pupils. I asked for the number of boys without flannels, and found only six.

Of course one hundred per cent. were without corsets, or weight upon hips, or tight boots, or false hair. Every boy could raise his arms in a straight line with his body, as far as he could reach, with perfect ease.—From “Slaughtering the Innocents,” in *DRESS AND HEALTH*, John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Publishers. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 30 cents.

COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

I. We offer the following prizes to the persons who mail us the largest amounts for all our publications on or before August 15th, 1876:

For largest amount,	1st prize, \$20
For second largest amount,	2nd “ 15
For third “ “	3rd “ 12
For fourth “ “	4th “ 10
For fifth “ “	5th “ 8
For sixth “ “	6th “ 7
For seventh “ “	7th “ 6
For eighth “ “	8th “ 5
For ninth “ “	9th “ 4
For tenth “ “	10th “ 3

II. We want this year to introduce the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* everywhere, and will give an additional prize of \$15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to this magazine during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

III. To the one who sends us the largest number of subscriptions to the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, either for three, six or twelve months,

we will give a prize of \$10.00. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

IV. To the person who sends us during this competition the largest amount in subscriptions to the *NORTHERN MESSENGER* we will give a prize of \$10.00. This is open to any competitor for the other prizes, and the amounts sent will count in for the first competition.

V. To the person who sends in the second largest amount in subscriptions to the *NORTHERN MESSENGER* we will give a prize of \$5.00. This is also open to all competitors, and the amounts will count in the first competition.

VI. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Newfoundland.

VII. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Manitoba.

VIII. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from British Columbia.

The following are the prices for the publications included in the competition, and the commissions allowed to competitors:

	Subscription post paid.	Deduction on Remittances for new subs.
DAILY WITNESS.....	\$3 00	50c
TRI-WEEKLY.....	2 00	35c
WEEKLY.....	1 10	25c
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	1 50	30c
NORTHERN MESSENGER... Club of 10	30 2 50	5c 30c
WEEKLY WITNESS, with NEW DOMINION MONTHLY..	2 35	50c

It will be seen by the above table that every one working for a prize is sure of a full commission on new subscribers under any circumstances, and may obtain a prize as well. It should not be forgotten that no subscriber is allowed a commission on his own subscription; it is only given to canvassers who obtain subscriptions. All competitors should invariably collect the full subscription prices. Let the contest be a sharp one—one worth winning. All competition lists must be marked “In competition.” Without this or similar notice the amount sent cannot be recognized when our prize list is made up.

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10 copies..... 12.00 "
25 "..... 25.00 "
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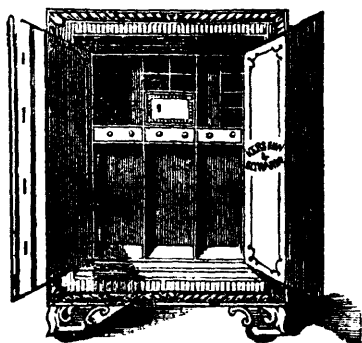
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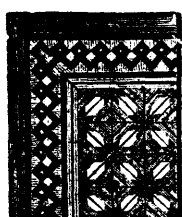
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