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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEB., 1875.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1875.

— In making kindly reference to the troubles through which Mr. Beecher has been passing Mr. Bowen, the proprietor and editor of the New York *Independent*, defends himself from the imputation of entertaining jealousy against either of the parties concerned in the painful quarrel by stating the fact that in the year Mr. Beecher closed his connection with the *Independent*, the income of that paper increased by the sum of $40,000, and in the year after Mr. Tilton had left it the income again increased by the sum of $25,000. Mr. Bowen does not ascribe this success to the departure of these gentlemen ; on the contrary, he says that a newspaper is an institution which, when it has once established itself thoroughly, must with ordinarily careful management continue to progress independent of personal changes in its staff. Such has been remarkably the history of the MONTREAL WITNESS during the past three years, during which time the DAILY WITNESS has increased its circulation from 11,033 to 12,900, and the WEEKLY from 7,000 to 17,000, while the total income of the business has increased during these years from $73,668 to $97,985. The expenditure has, however, kept pace with the income.

The WEEKLY WITNESS was commenced twenty-eight years ago at less than half its present size at the rate of $2.50 per annum ; almost as much as is now charged for the DAILY. Its progress was sufficient to induce its establishment in a semi-weekly form in the year 1856, and as a daily in the year 1860. Most citizens will remember the small sheet that first bore the name of the DAILY WITNESS, which appeared at the time of the progress of the Prince of Wales through Canada. A paper of the character of the WITNESS, starting as a daily in such an insignificant form, was by most people looked upon as a good joke. Many of our earlier readers doubtless amused themselves by purchasing the news in connection with the pious and moral elections which appeared on the reverse of the sheet. As, however, a lively business had sprung up in the city during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, then not long ended, in what were called extras—small fly sheets sold at one penny,—a whole newspaper at a half penny stood a good chance of replacing them in public favor. The DAILY WITNESS thus had a fair beginning, and in spite of many prognostications against the probability of its success and the many misgivings of its proprietors, who looked upon it rather in the light of an experiment, and who at first held themselves free to discontinue it after a specified time, its circulation has steadily gone forward year after year and although it has had many rivals in the field of evening journalism it has never suffered from this to any appreciable extent. As it increased in circulation, advertising business naturally followed and demanded increased space, so that we are enabled now to issue at a little over the original price of one half-penny, a daily sheet of first-class proportions, and containing more reading than any other in the city, with an average patronage at the highest rates which are asked in Montreal, and with a circulation which makes the extraordinary claim of being equal to that of all the other daily papers in the city put together.

The WITNESS ascribes its success, under Him to whom it owes and acknowledges its first allegiance, to the entire independence maintained throughout its history of any governing influences or interests save the good of the people of Canada. According to the best judgment of its conductors, it has sought without the bias of any political party or other restrictive constituency to further this end of its existence, without giving a thought to either hopes or fears of an interested sort. In following this course it has most naturally had to face assault after assault on the part of those who felt hurt by its animadversions, or who had deeper reason than they express to feel unfriendly towards it. Such attacks have, however, been far fewer, and have proved, so far, much weaker to injure it than might readily have been imagined under the circumstances, while on the other hand its conductors have been overwhelmed by many manifestations of appreciation and kindly feeling, which have been by their means evoked, and they look to the future with higher hopes than they have ever before indulged. They have learned to count upon the kindness of the readers of the WITNESS, old and young, to an unlimited extent, the past increase being very largely due to their exertions. Of such friends we have, we hope, an ever increasing number, and to such we appeal, not omitting the young people, and even little children, to whose efforts we are largely indebted, and every one of whom can help us. If our readers believe that the WITNESS will do good among their neighbors, or that it will be for them a good investment of the trifle which it costs, we ask them, for the sake of all concerned, to commend it thus far to those whom they know, and if this is done during the coming three months as diligently as has been done at times in the past, we may hope to enter the year 1875 with a further and very large increase to our subscription list.

Our DAILY readers will have observed during this year a considerable increase in the number of special telegrams received by the WITNESS, bringing us European and American news, independent of that supplied by the Associated Press, and the news of other towns and cities in this Dominion. Many items of interest have also been added to the commercial information supplied, and country readers of all editions will be pleased with the farmers' markets telegraphed daily or weekly from the leading market towns of Ontario. Illustrations have been more numerous than in former years, and we hope to add to this kind of embellishment, as the facilities which the city affords for the production of pictures increase. We have but one improvement to announce for the coming year It was our promise that if our friends would send us sufficient advertising patronage to fill the increased space we would again (for the fourth time within a few years) increase th size of the WEEKLY WITNESS, this time by adding a column to the breadth of every page. The advertising business already secured by that addition is not yet sufficient to occupy all the additional space already added on account of it, but as we have reason to hope for a more rapid growth of that business in the future

(*Continued on third page of Cover.*)

KING KALAKAUA.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

CURIOUS LONDON SIGN-BOARDS.

BY A F. D.

"What is in a name?" is often asked, and perhaps generally answered negatively. We have been wisely led to believe that it is to the man rather than to his title, to the object rather than to the name it bears, that we must look for character; and yet there may be character in even a name, or in the way in which it is brought before the public. The Lower Broadway and the Chicago insurance agents who emblazon the walls of the buildings in which are their offices, and the brewers whose names deck the roofs of the London taverns, are firm believers in this latter view. A name may also have its associations, curious or interesting, connected with the present, or it may be recalling people and scenes of by-gone days, or it may, as is often the case in this vast city of London, attract attention from its oddity, its aptitude, or its very inaptitude. Thus, in Hemming, the shirtmaker, on Grace Church street, we find an appropriate connection between a man and his trade, and in Baker and Crisp, a useful association between the trade and the quality of the article produced. We possibly deal with merchants who are known as Idle and Very, though such is the force of association that we can hardly forbear a reflection when ordering our clothes from tailors known as Idle and Sly. Royal patronage is lavishly, and in one instance rather oddly, bestowed along Regent street. A well-known firm there announce themselves as "Swears To Her Majesty and Well(s)." Of course Her Majesty did not intend thereby to encourage such a habit, and more particularly such proficiency in it as this firm indicates. How our great mother Eve earned a living is not definitely told, and it is therefore interesting to find in Battersea that Eve is there a coal merchant, and curious to observe that by some confusion of circumstances Eve is now a man. The old English law considered that the wife's rights in property became merged in those of her husband. A loving London artist in Regent street suggests a new clause in the English Statute Book by taking his wife into a business partnership with him, the style of this interesting firm being Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Photographers. Usually shopkeepers do not aspire to the position of *literati*, but there is on New Bond street an exception to the general rule who bears the classic name of Amor. "*Omnia vincit Amor*" he proclaims above his shop door. Beautiful thought! But how brought down to a level with the world and with the man himself when beneath is read "*Sine Baccho friget Amor.*" Explanation is hardly necessary: Mr. Amor is a wine dealer.

Is it to be wondered at that sometimes we do lose our way in London when within a few hundred yards of Smithfield, and within sight of the Charter House, we find ourselves in the Wilderness? If, however, your stockbroker tells you that he is going to Jerusalem, do not believe that he is better than most of his fraternity. Jerusalem

is not a hundred yards from Cornhill. In our youthful days we have often read or listened with boyish wonder to the story of the Tower of Babel, and have puzzled our parents with questions as to how it was built and what became of it. Would it be believed ? Here it is on Regent street—not very ancient in appearance, and so unlike what our boyish imaginations pictured it to be!—an otherwise unpretentious glove store. Near at hand is another glove shop whose proprietor, not to be outdone in modest ambition, calls his the "Tower of Babylon."

Royal patronage is slavishly sought after by London shopkeepers, and to be "By Appointment," and to have the right to place the lion and the unicorn above the shop door, is the acme of shopkeeping happiness. We have thus Her Majesty's silk mercer, her milliner, her watchmaker, and her florist. We are, however, apt to think that patronage must have come to a low ebb when a Regent-street man was created By appointment Purveyor of Water Filters to Her Majesty. Regent street is a succession of "By Appointments,"—not merely to Her Majesty, but to every member of her family, and even to the King of the Belgians. The desire for patronage, if only in some form, seems as strong now in London as in the days of Goldsmith. Just beyond the Seven Dials resides a man by the name of Sabin, who is By Appointment Birdseller to Her Majesty, and to the Commissioners of Police,—a rather odd association, considering the line of business.

The gin palaces of London are known all the world over. They are generally, though not invariably, located on the street corners. Each has its peculiar name, and it would seem as if the English language had been searched for the most inexplicable names. Why a tavern (or even its proprietor) should be called an "Angel" would be hard to divine, or what association there is between the Bull and Anchor, or the Elephant and Castle, would be difficult at this late day to ascertain. There is, however, something royal in the connection between the Crown and Cushion. Tavern keepers, like the shopkeepers, have a kindly feeling towards royalty, and hence we have the King's Head, the Crown, King's Arms, Queen's Arms, Star & Garter, and the Royal Engineers. Among the peculiar names are The Lamb, with, however—very appropriately—the figure of a lion underneath. The Peacock, The Tower, The Rising Sun; and in Stony Stratford, in the Midland Counties, the case is altered. In the same village, as well as in other country places, the license is worded peculiarly, thus: "Licensed to sell beer by retail, to be drunk on the premises, and to sell tobacco." The punctuation is ours. From being located at the crossings of main thoroughfares, some of these taverns are well known to all Londoners. The Angel is thus as familiar as Charing-Cross or the Bank of England. If you desire to attend the services at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, tell your cabby to drive to the Elephant and Castle; he certainly knows that better. Sometimes the proprietor is of a would-be poetical turn of mind. In Brighton, near the railway station, on the walls of a tavern, appear in conspicuous letters the following four—should we say five?—lines of mongrel democratic verse:—

"Our ale is good, and pure, and strong,
And we ourselves doth no one wrong;
Ales bitter, old, and mild we draw,
And double stout without a flaw."

"☞ Good Beds."

Each tavern has its favorite brewer, whose name is proclaimed in brilliant letters from the housetop. Possibly this is often the act of the brewer himself, done with a view to notoriety. However this may be, it is clear that, at least in some cases, the tavern-keepers have courage to do it. To the stranger who has associated Buxton in his mind with all that is noble and generous, as the friend of Wilberforce, and as the man who, above others, successfully battled for the freedom of the slaves, it is painful to find that his most public monument is on the rooftops of the gin palaces of London.

The streets of the metropolis afford an endless variety of odd and curious names. Probably in most cases in the city each street has its tale to tell of incidents, long since forgotten, which gave rise to the name. Bread street may thus have been the great resort of the bakers in the days of

the Edwards and the Henrys; but was it through mere accident that it came to lead on to Milk street, and that near at hand should be Pudding Lane? Not far distant is Friday street, which most appropriately commences at Fish street. Curiously both Water and Beer Lanes start from the Thames, near the same point, and, somewhat unsympathetically, run almost parallel. Pump Court is most suitably situated in the Temple, as no persons could be fitted to wield the handle with such effect as lawyers. Amongst articles of wearing apparel we have Cloak Lane and Grey Coat Lane, Boot Street and Shoe Lane, with the patron saint, St. Swithin, by no means forgotten. If we revert to individuals, we have Adam and Eve Court, and thence through apostles, kings and queens, poets, warriors, and statesmen of bygone times—a numerous array—onward to the leading men of Great Britain of the present day. Finally, lest our spirits should soar too long amid the sublime in name, we have Gutter Lane and Shoreditch.

HATRED.

BY JOHN READE.

A demon crept into a young man's breast,
And said, "Oh! here is a pleasant nest
For a weary demon like me to rest;
  But woe to him that shall wake me!"

So the demon slept, and the young man grew
Older and stronger, and never knew
That a demon within him was growing too,
  Though he slept in his nest so soundly.

This man had a brother that tended sheep;
He, too, knew not of this demon's sleep,
Or his mother would not have had cause to weep,
  When his flocks were bleating lonely.

But words were loud that should have been low,
And the demon awoke, and a brutal blow
Made that brother feel, if he did not know,
  What a demon he had awakened.

Since then that demon has never slept,
But, raging and foaming, has madly swept
Over the earth, but God has kept
  A record of all his doings.

O man! O woman! guard well thy heart,
For this demon's a demon of matchless art,
And strong is the voice that can say "Depart,"
  When he enters and chooses to linger.

O gentle maiden of sweet, fair face,
O boy, in the heyday of boyish grace,
You think not this demon could find a place
  To lurk in your tender bosoms!

But beware! for this demon has many forms;
Like a snake amid flowers, amid your charms
He may carry a sting when he least alarms,
  To fester, and rankle and poison.

He enters softly, and for a while
He cheats his victim with hellish guile;
But God sees murder in every smile
  Of him who hates his brother.

A MISTAKE IN LIFE:

A CANADIAN STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY C. E. W.

(*Continued*)

Of one thing he certainly could not have been and was not ignorant, that was that there had already been engendered that feeling between the two young people who had been thrown so often in the society of one another, which, in the greater number of cases, history has recorded as ending in that deep love, only to be satisfied by union of sympathies and daily life.

Grant would have liked to enter upon the new duties, build the mill, and start business at once,—so impatient was he to embrace an opportunity seemingly so fair and safe, and so eagerly did he look with a longing eye to that quiet happy cottage of the future; but there was yet some imperfection about his day dreams, to fill in which there was, he conceived, but one way left. He determined on the first opportunity to know his fate. What that fate was to be, you, gentle reader, shall soon learn.

The day following found him early at the Maples. He did not in so many words ask the advice of Mr. Frampton—he was of age and had absolute control of his own means and action—but he told his tutor that he had fully determined on giving up any idea that he might at one time have entertained of farming, and had resolved to enter into another kind of business.

Mr. Frampton would not advise him against his expressed will to farm: for, said he, "I see very plainly that your heart is not in it, and if a man does not love to be at work in the open field, to breathe the fresh air from morning to evening, and love, above all scents, that of the fresh ploughed ground, it's no manner of use his trying to farm in a country like Canada. For my own part—but then, tastes differ—I would not give up my broad fields, with all the attendant honest hard work, for all the mills in the world; but if you do not like it, enough has been said. A man may just as well expect to become a Landseer or a Shakespeare or a Handel, without taste for such liberal arts, as to be successful in agriculture unless his heart has been thrown without reserve into his profession.

"But, before you start anywhere, do you not expect to see your early friend, the doctor? He is very fond of you, and he knows more of the world than I, for I am shut up all the year round and cannot see very much of men and manners. But go you and have a good talk with him, and don't lightly cast aside any advice that he may give you."

The doctor's dictum was soon given, and in no honeyed words.

"Yarn, indeed! a pretty yarn; why, there's no more money in yarn than in peddling books—not half as much; the book agent has forty per cent. on all he sells; but yarn is to the manufacturer only what sugar is to the grocer, it must be kept on hand to suit the general wants of customers; but there is as close cutting down on yarn as there is on sugar and tea and similar commodities of very general use. Half the time they actually undersell one another in all these articles in order that their customers may not have to go off to another shop or factory. Now, I'll make you an offer, and a better one. I'll give you my paddock down there," he said, pointing out of his surgery window to a little field where he kept his horses at times during the summer months,

—twelve acres; plant that out in chestnut trees, and put your money, or the balance of it, out at interest—eight per cent. is easily got here—and sit down and wait; or, better, go into a counting-house or bank, and I'll warrant that in ten or fifteen years there'll be more money return from those trees than in all the yarn that you and Roberts can manufacture if you turn the whole mills, and those in Ashton to boot, into it. I suppose Roberts is doing pretty well, but if you go into partnership with him, and I am sorry to see you have set your mind upon it notwithstanding all I can advise,—see that everything is secured; get a competent accountant to examine the books for you—and let him make the yarn—if you will mill, and ruin yourself," and the doctor looked vexed and irritated. "If you will be drawn by some fatality into such work and ruin yourself, why, for goodness sake, prolong the agony. Never go into making such goods as yarn; you'll be a broken man in a year if you do."

All the doctor's sound wisdom, and he besought him, now in a tone of raillery, now with all seriousness, he prayed him not to be so foolish, and at last gave up in despair, sorrowful and very much hurt—all his arguments did not alter Grant's determination. He promised to be careful, but he thought that the doctor, in his love for agricultural pursuits, was prejudiced against manufacturing, and the fact that Doctor Olmsted made no secret of his dislike for the Roberts, weakened his influence over Grant in this matter.

The young man listened with respect to all the doctor said, and promised—after all the good man's rhetoric had been exhausted, and he had begged and prayed his young friend to halt before he entered into such a precarious undertaking—to be careful. He thanked the doctor sincerely, for he knew full well how good of heart his worthy and kind early friend in Canada was; but he still inwardly determined to close with Mr. Roberts' offer as soon as possible, and he would show these kind old people that he could do what many had done before him, embark in a new business, adapt himself to a new line of life, and be successful. His was an age when thoughts and hopes are over sanguine, never over cautious. He had laid down his little plan—no drudgery of years at farming, the daily round of solitary work; but a busy, restless ambition to make money and establish all the comforts of a home was upon him, and every hour that should prevent him from embarkation in the new work was clogged by heavy weight.

The next day found him at Silver Creek. Gentle reader, you would not care to be conducted through the intricacies of Mr. Roberts' books.

Grant came and saw and was convinced; he would have an interest in this flourishing business.

By afternoon he was down in the valley of the creek examining the banks for the most suitable spot on which to erect his dam. A small boy was engaged, and until the evening shades had gathered—night fell quickly in that low-lying valley, girt by rising slopes and wooded by the dense Canadian forest—the chain was dragged remorselessly over rocks and bogs, through springy, spongy spots, stakes were planted, and by the next evening he was ready to bring up the surveyor, to endorse amateur measurements, and to lay levels and prove his horizontals.

The lawyer was consulted, too, and deeds of partnership drawn up, and in a few days signed, sealed, and delivered.

The days succeeded one another in rapid succession as Grant found his hands brimful of business.

There is probably nothing in this world more seductive than this laying out of plans, seeing the material laid down, and watching the first stone of a new foundation. Wading through the bed of the creek in his long thigh boots, and fitfully putting in a hand, now hauling a barrowful of earth along the narrow slippery plank, anon, with a great ostentation of muscle, and, if the truth be told, with little effective power, helping to carry the large beams, which, already mortised, must be raised to their respective places on the frame, the young man was impatient for the time to come when the preliminaries would be completed and the actual business of life might be commenced. He was on the tenterhooks of expec-

tation for that day when the paying out should cease, and profits begin to roll in.

As he watched the first huge preparations, so slowly undertaken by the experienced workmen, while he could not but allow that the men knew their business and were careful that there should exist no flaw in the foundation of the all-important dam, he sometimes sighed to think how many days must pass before the busy hum of human voices and the ceaseless clatter of revolving shafts, should turn this peaceful valley into a busy hive of human industry.

As the stage of perfectness was marked by full-viewed incidents, as he watched the water rising in a pond behind this dam, and marking with distinctive lines the points at which it each day newly kissed the moss-grown banks; as the first stream of pure transparent water came hurrying down the race, and cast itself, as if impatient of delay, into an eddying pool below; as first rose the solid stone foundation, then the skeleton of woodwork, and afterward the full-fledged newly-finished superstructure, his spirits rose in union, and each nail driven, each plank laid, appeared to him an earnest that work would soon be commenced, and brought before his view the cottage nestling so snugly beneath the wooded hill, with its tiny garden, laved by the brawling little stream, and—that was the only uncertainty in those bright day-dreams—she the fairy spirit of his home.

The bright autumnal days had come and the march of time was marked by the gorgeous tints in which October loves to dress the woods of Canada. The scarlet and golden maple stood forth before the sombre pine, and the ground was covered by a many-colored lovely carpet of strewn leaves; the mill was finished, the machinery was all in place, six days would see the formal opening and the first products, the early instalment of the future fortune.

Grant had taken up his quarters with Mr. Roberts until his own cottage should be made ready for him.

In the intervals of his daily busy work, he and Lucy had met often, and their intercourse was gradually changing from the airy topics with which young manhood and young womanhood so often beguile the passing hours, to that strain of conversation that bespeaks a knowledge on the part of each that there is a something deeper to be yet spoken—a something which shall, when the current of events may so determine, produce an utter revolution. Each felt that there was growing up in their increasing intimacy a deeper feeling than mere friendship, and as that deeper feeling—let us who know the world much better than these two call it Love—pervaded all their conversation, so that one endeavored to hide all knowledge of it, and the other held aloof from that fatal question which he knew must come at last, but which he had not such sure knowledge was to result as he would wish.

In very truth, Grant, in the few spare moments that his present over-filled time permitted, could not but feel that Lucy was more distant than she had been before the partnership.

Then they had chatted and laughed together without restraint, but now of late she had seemed to even shun him as much as it was possible without an appearance of coldness or even rudeness, and, if ever he drew near the subject of his future life, she always managed dexterously to turn the current of their conversation.

Mrs. Lowe, one of the leaders of society in the village of Ashton and the neighborhood, neither visited much nor gave many entertainments, but her regular social gathering was a grand annual pic-nic on the grounds of Abergeldie House—so named after her home in the mountains of old Scotia.

This pic-nic was, in the year of our tale, to be held in the early part of October, and as it happened, three days before that fixed for the opening of the new mill. Mrs. Lowe and her husband, who was a very successful farmer, and prominent breeder of thoroughbred stock, were highly respected, and, indeed, looked up to in the neighborhood. The Abergeldie pic-nic had become an institution to which everyone was glad to go, for not only were the grounds and woods and glades the prettiest in the neighborhood, but the hospitality of host

and hostess had been so often tried, that all enjoyed themselves most thoroughly at this annual pic-nic.

This year it so happened that Mr. Lowe had been over to England on business and had not returned until the latter end of September, so that the pic-nic, which usually took place in the early part of the latter month, was this time put off until the first week of October.

The Roberts had been invited, and Mrs. Roberts and Lucy were to be there. As Grant had also received a kind invitation from the Lowes, we may be sure that he did not neglect the opportunity of escorting Mrs. Roberts and her daughter. Everything went off merrily; the guests had assembled to enjoy themselves, and the temperature, weather, and day were everything that could be wished for. The autumnal hues were at their brightest; the day previous a shower had fallen—it had laid the dust on the roads and allayed the fears of those who were to put on their bright silks and other perishable dry goods; the heat of the sun set in an unclouded sky was mellowed by a slight haze—Indian summer smoke—which floated softly in the air above, leaving all below clear and dry. And the warm southerly wind gave a temperature that could not have been more suitable had the pic-nic been held as usual in the first week of September. The thoughful host had, however, provided for the emergency, and on the great lawn was erected a spacious marquee, to which those who, on principle, objected to pic-nicing in October might betake themselves. As these objectors chiefly consisted of those castes known as wallflowers and chaperones, we may be sure that no objection to the arrangement was raised by those who came to enjoy themselves, amongst whom were numbered Lucy Roberts and Richard Grant.

The affair went off as all pic-nics do; there was the same amount of fun and of jovial discomfort, ants in the butter and beetles in the tarts, soiled dresses and upset cups of tea, coffee, and chocolate—the same fun and laughter, merriment, and jollity, and the inevitable adjournment for a stroll, with its natural result: that the stroll, which was originated in a party of the whole, was soon subdivided into a greater or less number of pairs, who, having a natural affinity for one another's company, managed to lose the "rest," and to wander hopelessly into the depths of the forest in unsuccessful search of their party.

There is in the Abergeldie woods no want of lovely and secluded retreats. Reader, come with me and I will lead you to the very nook of nooks—a spot that was formed by nature for no other or better purpose than as a fairy retreat for those who would be away from the world and yet in and of the world,—not a lover's lane, associated as that retreat is with some sombre alley, bricks on every side, and a few branches of, perchance, some hidden, stately trunks, straggling overhead, but a soft, narrow glade in a dense copse of beech, and at the end, an overhanging ledge of granite, a harbor of refuge from the storm or wind, and ready seated with moss-grown slabs of flat rock. An abrupt turn in the road effectually shuts out this sylvan and romantic retreat. The view from the entrance is gorgeous and inspiriting. Below the ground slopes away gradually to a deep, dark ravine, from which the listener can hear the sound of a brawling little brook as it leaps along from stone to stone, and jostles its way towards the mighty lake. The cave, if we may so call a nook four feet deep, and as high as a full-grown man, is shaded by an immense basswood, whose gigantic trunk effectually forms a screen to the entrance, while with its leafy arms, it encircles the whole rock, and wraps it in impenetrable shade. For some yards down the frontal slope, there is a mass of barren rock, serving as a foil, to set off to more beauty the numberless forest trees which, clothing the bank below, stand in serried ranks, every here and there disclosing to the view a glimpse of the far-off mountain ridges. We insult Nature when we attempt a description of this spot; its bewitching beauties must be seen and felt to be appreciated. Surely many amongst the number of that pic-nic party must have known full well this retreat, the trysting place of Ashton lovers or very many years. The old basswood

had borne the knife of many a youth, and its gnarled stem was gashed and scored with innumerable letters, names and devices. There was no letter of the alphabet but could be found cut in every style upon its bark. It was said that should the parish registers ever be unfortunately destroyed, this old tree would yet be found a lasting record of the many marriages that had been solemnized in our little village, and of not a few from more distant parts. If that dear old protecting tree could reveal the many scenes of which it had been the silent and discreet spectator! There, beneath its solemn umbrage, had been poured out the loves and sorrows; there had been exchanged the plighted troths of many; in that spot had the first loving kiss been often interchanged, and by its side had commenced many a life which had gone on from joy to joy, seen sorrow and happiness, love and, alas! that the true historian should be ever bound so to record it, hate,— until the two who had in that retired nook first joined hand and heart, were laid side by side in the dear old churchyard not a mile distant. Yes, there could not be one among the gay picnicers but knew well the spot,—even the staid old parties who now conversed in the large marquee, and sipped their cups of tea and gossipped in the warm parlor of hospitable Abergeldie Hall, had some of them at least once sat or stood beneath that solemn tree, and listened to the ardent words of early love. Many were the romantic histories of Ashton, and what place so small but that romance may be found woven in its legends, that had commenced in the retreat to which we have now conducted our reader. And yet, whilst all know well the spot, but two persons found their way to it this bright October afternoon. Perhaps the two who now sat, looking out upon the scenery, were first in the glade, and perchance a general feeling seized the rest of the party that a good romance would be spoiled, were they not to leave this sequestered glade undisturbed; but whatever may have been the cause, certain it is that as the reader, with the coat of invisible armor about him, peers round the giant tree, he will see, sitting side by side no others than our hero and Miss Lucy Roberts. As they sit now, they look strange lovers. Grant's is a drooping attitude, with his eyes fixed upon the ground and making unmeaning lines with his stick along the dusty floor, utterly unmindful of the glorious view without; while Lucy, her soft eyes yet bedewed with recent tears, is gazing out upon the valley. Thus far we permit you, gentle reader, to take in the state of affairs, and we dare lift the sacred veil but a little higher. Grant had a few minutes since reached that point to which his feelings had been gathering for a long time past. He had there poured out his love, and had asked her to share his cottage in the glen, but as he sat dejected, it could hardly be that his wish had been accomplished. He looked, indeed, the picture of despair and disappointment. Yes, she had refused that offer,—not in blunt, harsh terms, for of such Lucy was not capable, but with her soft, dove-like eyes cast down, and her gentle bosom heaving with suppressed emotion, she had kindly, plainly, aye, lovingly, poured out all her thoughts without reserve. She had told him that it might have been, but that now she dreaded his future success; she had told him that she dared not accept what would be, under happier circumstances, the great joy of her heart. He had neglected all her advice about the mill; none knew better than Lucy of her father's cares. She knew full well that all was not sunshine in the Silver Creek factory, and as far as a daughter could fairly do so, she had warned our hero against the partnership. She loved him very dearly, and would have gladly gone through difficulties and dangers for his sake; but she was no romantic, giddy schoolgirl, and she could comprehend the addition of sorrow and trouble that the care of a wife, and, perhaps, a young family, would entail upon him, should his venture not turn out successfully.

"But, dear Lucy," and his arm stole round her unresistingly, "I am sure to be successful with you to spur me on. You can't know how I love you, and I've felt for a long time that with you, dear, to love and cherish, I can surmount any difficul-

ties. I'm sure to succeed," he exclaimed with a proud air of determination, as if already all obstacles were trodden under foot. "Can you really love me, and yet leave me to work along with a great, dull, aching void ever in my heart?"

"Indeed, I do," said Lucy, and the tears again suffused her gentle eyes; "and it is because I love you that I cannot consent to what you ask."

We drop the curtain. We were not there, and as this is a truly-founded story, we have so far travelled out of our limits of perfect fidelity to describe that which we saw not. A little license will, no doubt, be granted by our generous reader to our author's chair. Doubtless, Richard did not yet give up his pleading. Judge of it yourself; that he asked a short engagement; a long engagement; and from what we do know of the firm but gentle Lucy, we may assume that she felt an engagement would be unfair to her suitor, to tie him down, perhaps for many years; but she did not deny that she loved him truly, and would wait for him until the day when he could surely say that his success was guaranteed; but if any accident should befall; if—and the thought would come to her, for, remember, she had been brought up among manufacturers—if ruin should supervene, her clear judgment told her that she must prove a drag upon him; that a wife, in such an unfortunate case, would but add to his cares and distress.

The distant hills had lost themselves to view, and the forest below had become one dense mass of deep black shade; the velvet turf was sparkling with its evening robe of dew, when the pair, not altogether unhappy, but with that care at heart which is felt for hope deferred, slowly retraced their steps to join again the pic-nic party. Lucy, with that greater power of restraint generally found in her sex, forced herself to be cheerful and even lively in the evening amusements; but there was in her heart an ache, more from the disappointment that she had felt forced to give to Grant, than from any more personal feeling. Richard, on his part, tried bravely to play his *role* of gay and bright; but he felt sad, while he yet looked forward confidently to fortune and Lucy. He would fain have secured the privileges of a recognized affiance. The fun was kept up to an early hour, for who could disappoint the jolly host and his kind, amiable wife, by an early breaking up? The full moon found the carriages at the door, and in half an hour the guests were scattered in every direction, and the hospitable windows of Abergeldie throwing back the beams of moonlight, all was hushed in sleep and quietude. Grant and Lucy parted at Silver Creek; he to his solitary cottage, of which he had taken possession a few days before. There was no formal engagement; no ring of plighted faith was to be worn by Lucy, but each felt that, should all turn out well, time could not be so very long 'ere they might again stroll to the lovers' nook and intertwine their names upon the dear old tree.

(To be continued.)

RALPH'S MISTAKE.

BY E. T. BARTLEY.

"Welcome, dearEdith, to your new home," exclaimed Ralph Sydmour, as he handed his young bride from the carriage and led her up the steps of his handsome dwelling, at the door of which his mother and sisters and several other friends stood ready to welcome them.

To Ralph Sydmour's wife these relations were entire strangers, and the simple and guileless heart of the young bride beat more rapidly than usual, as she was introduced to the circle, who were rather curiously regarding her.

Ralph Sydmour himself felt rather nervous as he introduced his wife to his relations, for he was intensely anxious that she should meet with their approval, and having married far beneath his own position, he feared that, despite the three years' schooling which he had given her, Edith might betray some *gaucherie* which would disgust them.

He found her perfect himselt, but then he had found her perfect when he first met her, and before she had enjoyed the advantages which he had afforded her.

Neither his mother nor sisters, though aware of his engagement during the three years which it existed, had ever seen his intended wife, and, truth to tell, they rather feared that she would scarcely prove a suitable companion for the idolized son and brother.

Their welcome, however, could not be anything but a cordial one, for Edith was undeniably lovely, quite as lovely as Ralph had described her to be, and instead of being awkward or vulgar as they had feared, from her lady-like and refined demeanor, she might have belonged to their own rank in life.

The impression made on Edith was equally favorable, and she was particularly attracted by the sweet and winning countenance of the younger of her sisters-in-law. The elder was perhaps the prettier of the two, but shared with her mother a certain haughtiness of expression which, though by some regarded as an additional charm, was not so calculated to win the heart of a simple girl like Edith.

Edith's favorite, after bestowing on her a particularly kind and sister-like embrace, asked her mother if she might accompany her to her apartment, and permission being granted, they departed together.

When two young girls are thus mutually and strongly attracted to each other, it does not take long to make them better acquainted.

After discussing their marriage, and their journey, Alice with girlish frankness, once more embraced Edith, as she announced the fact that she was sure she should love her, that indeed she loved her already. Edith, less demonstrative but equally sincere, echoed Alice's feelings as her own.

Thus simply was begun a friendship, which, though severely tried on one side, at least, was to last through life.

They then began to discuss Ralph, and as this was a theme peculiarly interesting to both, it was not soon exhausted. Alice, with sisterly fondness, enumerated his good qualities, which, indeed, seemed inexhaustible, while Edith, more bashful in her new-found happiness, was content to assent to all that she advanced.

After being thus agreeably occupied a longer time than either supposed, it suddenly occurred to Alice that if she went on much longer in her present strain, she should be in danger of deifying her much loved brother altogether, and as this was certainly not her intention, as a set-off to his innumerable perfections, she remarked,

"Edith dear, I am sorry to admit it, but Ralph has a very strong will, and if you ever differ in anything, I think he will be inclined to remind you of that small but momentous word, *obey*, to which you have pledged yourself.

"I did not know, dear Alice, that Ralph had such a strong will, but as mine does not happen to be very strong, I don't think it will ever clash with his. It shall be my pleasure, as well as my duty, in all things to obey my husband; and I trust I shall be ever ready to consult his wishes, even though unexpressed."

Edith's toilet was scarcely completed when the dinner bell rang, and they descended to the drawing-room together.

Alice, as she passed her brother, took the opportunity to whisper, "Ralph, dear Ralph, she is perfection, and I love her already." Ralph, who had received many congratulations and many compliments as to his young bride, was more delighted at the simple tribute of his favorite sister, and warmly pressed her hand as he left her to give his arm to his mother.

Much pleased that his wife had made such a favorable impression, and that those whose opinion he valued most should thus approve the choice of his heart, Ralph felt his happiness complete; for, though but the impression of a first acquaintance, he knew that his darling possessed qualities which would secure the esteem of those whose admiration she had already won.

Chapter II.

Springfield knew what etiquette was, and Springfield expected etiquette to be observed in all things, consequently Edith, for the first week of their marriage, was doomed to sit in the house every afternoon and receive wedding visits.

It is not particularly lively or entertaining to be obliged to converse, hour after hour, with those who are complete strangers, and to discuss with them the same topics, day after day, and twenty times a day, such topics being generally confined to the weather, the appearance of the country, while each knows that the subjects discussed are not at all interesting to those they converse with. Society has, however, sent forth its fiat, and such things must be got through with.

Alice came often, and her lively chat and ready wit helped very much to relieve the tedium, which Edith declared in private would have been insupportable but for her presence. When the week at length came to a close, she laughingly declared to her husband that she thought she should have to go and confess to Father Bentely, for her conscience was troubling her exceedingly.

"I did not know you had anything on your conscience, little one; but let us hear what it is, and perhaps my absolution will serve quite as well as the holy father's."

"Well, dear Ralph," replied Edith, demurely, "I am very sorry, but I have been guilty of many departures from truth. I have agreed in an hour that it was warm, cold, warmer than yesterday, colder than yesterday, and so on. I have assented to the remark that it looked as if it would rain, and in a few minutes after have declared that I thought we were not likely to have rain for some time. I trust no one remarked that it would snow, for my mind had become so confused as to what the weather was, and what it was likely to be, that I should certainly have assented to it, and, you know, snow in July would be rather a monstrosity. Furthermore, I agreed to-day with Miss Tonner that I thought Miss Roland lovely, and her sister very disagreeable, and I am not certain that I did not shortly afterwards second the opinion that Miss Roland was disagreeable, and her sister very lovely."

At this Ralph and Alice burst out laughing, but Edith maintained a grave countenance, and looked as if she thought their merriment much out of place. Ralph, remembering that he occupied the place of her confessor, pulled as long a face as possible, and after pointing out at some length the heinous nature of the offences, granted her absolution from the whole. He had no sooner done so, than, with very unpriest-like haste, he drew Edith to him, and encircling her with his arms, kissed her fondly. She still affected a grave mood, and clasping her hands:

"Ah! is that what priests do after they have granted absolution? I am so glad I did not go to Father Bentley."

Society having got through with the first part of the programme, now set about performing the second, and, accordingly, invitations to dinners, evening parties, &c., flowed in on the young couple, who seemed likely to have their fill of gayety for some time to come. Edith, who, from the retirement of her humble home, had been transferred to the equal seclusion of school life, had never tasted such enjoyments before; but, unaccustomed as she was to move in such scenes, she possessed that tact which enabled her to make her *début* successfully, and society in general never guessed the fact that Mrs. Ralph Sydmour was a novice in the scenes which she now frequented, and a stranger to the wealth and luxury by which she was now surrounded. Edith was not too proud to receive hints from her husband and from Alice as to her behavior in certain matters of etiquette, of which she was necessarily ignorant, and never felt herself lowered when she had to apply to them for help and counsel. Alice, whose affection for her brother's wife increased daily, was careful that she should be fully posted in all that it behoved her to know, and as Edith was an apt pupil, the task was by no means a difficult one. When in public, Edith, though frank and girlish in her manner, ever maintained a becoming dignity; nor did she lack it either when, in the privacy of their own apartments, she would lay aside the dress of costly material which she had worn during the evening, and donning her soft wrapper, curl herself cosily on the rug at her husband's feet—her favorite position—while they indulged in a tender and confidential chat before retiring to rest. One evening, when they were thus seated, and Ralph, with lover-like enthusiasm, had told Edith how lovely she had looked during the evening, and how many whispered comments he had heard on her beauty, her toilet, &c., he stooped down and affectionately lifted her face towards his own, as he said:

"But I have one fault to find with my little wife."

"What is it, dear Ralph? I am so sorry."

"Well, you need not look so grave," said Ralph, amused at the startled glance which met his own. "I will graciously overlook past offences, and I have no doubt that, like a good child, you will promise never to do it again."

Edith, somewhat reassured, laughed her happy little laugh, as she enquired:

"Well, what is it? State the offence."

"Having stated that I have a charge to bring," said Ralph with affected gravity, "I will proceed to do so in due form. I herewith accuse Mrs. Ralph Sydmour with deliberately and maliciously, and with intent to render herself conspicuous—refusing to drink wine at dinner."

"Now, you are joking, Ralph; that is not the offence at all. Come, do not keep me in suspense, for I am impatient to know in what I have erred."

"I have stated the charge truly. What reply has the accused to make?"

"Guilty," said Edith, laughing; "but not in the manner or with the intent mentioned."

"Has the accused any plea to advance why judgment should not now be pronounced?"

"None, my lord judge; with deep humility I await your sentence."

Ralph rose to his feet, and gravely pronounced the words:

"I herewith sentence the criminal to fifty years' loving servitude towards her accuser, and furthermore demand that she now express deep penitence for her offence, and that she promise never, never, to do it again."

"Ralph, you are not in earnest, are you?" said Edith, as he resumed his seat. "Surely it is not necessary that I should drink wine. The rules of good breeding can scarcely demand that I should drink what I positively dislike!"

"No, *ma chère enfant*; but it is usual to do so, and my little wife knows," Ralph added affectionately, and as if he feared her feelings might be hurt by what he was going to say, "that I am particularly anxious that she should avoid anything unusual, or that might excite remark."

"And I, dear Ralph, am particularly

anxious not to do so, and if you would rather I took wine at dinner, I shall certainly comply with your wishes, though I confess it will be somewhat of a penance for me."

"It is because you have never been in the habit of using it that you find it disagreeable. That will cease as you become accustomed to it."

"Then it is settled," said Edith, and the conversation glided into other channels.

CHAPTER III.

There were two classes of aristocracy in Springfield: the aristocracy of descent, and the aristocracy of wealth. That of intellect was not much thought of, unless it went hand in hand with one of the other two. Let it by no means be supposed that the aristocracy of descent was wont to shake hands with that of wealth, and call it friend; on the contrary, the former systematically ignored the latter, and the latter was, for the most part, utterly indifferent as to whether it was ignored or not; hard cash being in its opinion a much more substantial superiority than blue blood. To which, then, of the two classes did the Sydmours belong? To both. There was not a family in the town in exactly the same position as themselves. They shook hands with the rich merchant whose educational advantages were perhaps scarcely on a par with the display of silver on his dining-table, or the costly viands which were served therefrom; but had also the privileged entry into those select circles which regarded with contempt the magnificent display of their wealthy but plebeian neighbors. How came this about? Simply because of right they belonged to both. Though descended from an old Scotch family, the Sydmours had for two generations defiled their aristocratic fingers by commerce; that is, they had defiled them figuratively, not practically—for, be it understood, the business premises of Sydmour, Sydmour & Co. very seldom saw the men whose name they bore. The Sydmours, nevertheless, though sleeping partners, were careful that those to whom their business transactions were entrusted should by no means be addicted to the above indulgence, but men wide awake where the interests of the firm were concerned. Ralph, on the death of his father, ten years previous to the commencement of our story, had become chief partner of the firm, and, his mother and sisters being liberally provided for, the inheritor of the remainder of his father's easily-acquired wealth. The family continued to live together in the old family mansion until the period of Ralph's engagement, when, in view of the future, he began to erect a handsome residence for himself, of which, on its completion, he took possession, with Alice for its temporary mistress. Thus Alice, always her brother's favorite sister, became also his confidante in all that concerned his future wife; and while the others took little or no interest in the humble object of his choice, except to wish he had chosen a more suitable bride, she had entered into and sympathized with all his hopes of future happiness, and even before she saw her future sister, was prepared for his sake to love her.

Ralph, though a man of independent mind and determined force of character, had been most anxious that his wife should find favor with his near relations, and next to them, with those associates whose good opinions he valued. He doubted not that Edith, with her lovely countenance and graceful manner, would be fully approved by the plebian aristocracy, if such an expression may be permitted, which would consider these sufficient passport to favor; but feared that those of the blue blood might mayhap discover a flaw in the jewel he prized so highly. But though some questions were asked, as to who Mrs. Sydmour was, and where she came from, as these could not be addressed to the only parties capable of giving information, no answer was forthcoming, and they were fain to take Edith into their charmed circle on her own merits. Edith's first dinner party was rather a difficult matter to arrange. She could not invite the Tonners and the Heaths to meet the Bradys and the Smiths. The aristocratic Miss Tonner would lift her eyebrows in horrified astonishment to find herself in the same room and on an equal footing with Cecilia Brady,

albeit the latter, with her peachy cheeks and graceful carriage, quite put in the shade her own sallow countenance and angular form. Edith, though she could not invite all those to whom they were indebted in one evening, yet disliked the idea of dividing the classes so conspicuously, as would be the case did she invite the Tonner set one evening, and the Bradys, &c., the next, and was very much inclined to mix them; but Ralph said that would never do, as it would only lead to discomfort on both sides; so, ever obedient to her husband's slightest wish, Edith issued her cards so as to wound the sensibilities of none of her husband's friends. Both parties passed off well, and all agreed in the opinion that Mrs. Ralph Sydmour was both amiable and lovely, and congratulated her husband on so happy a choice.

Chapter IV.

Two years passed over the young couple in the enjoyment of unbroken happiness, which was further augmented by the birth of a son and heir to the house of Sydmour, on which both Ralph and Edith lavished the most devoted affection, and on whose future career they already looked forward with the prophetic vision of youthful parenthood, as certain to be characterized by all that is good and noble, and occupied themselves with delightful plans for his future upbringing and education. Edith did not recover her strength very rapidly, and Ralph was extremely solicitous on her account, and with all a lover's ardor and devotion, was constantly seeking means for her complete restoration to health. At length a sojourn at L——— was recommended by her medical adviser, and, accordingly, the husband and wife, accompanied by their darling, betook themselves thither. Edith improved rapidly, and at the end of a month returned to Springfield with her strength almost entirely recruited, much to the joy of her husband, who felt, more than ever, what a treasure he had won in her. and whose eyes never tired of watching the youthful mother as, with matronly air, she fondled her babe, or called on "Papa" to admire the dainty roundness of the dimpled limbs, or the beauty of the dark eyes, so like his own, which were beginning to look out on the world with all the enquiring curiosity of two-month-old babyhood.

Four months more had passed when Ralph began to fancy that Edith's health was again failing, to which fact he attributed the unusual depression of spirits which he observed at times, often succeeded by a corresponding flow of spirits, and suggested that they should again test the efficacy of change of air and scene; but Edith begged to remain at home, saying that she felt quite well, and happier at home than anywhere else, and Ralph, somewhat re-assured, yielded to her request.

Some days afterwards he was seated in the library, when his wife entered and approached him with a note, which she said had just arrived. Taking it from her hand he glanced hastily at its contents, and finding that they were of minor importance, he drew Edith affectionately towards him and, as she leant confidingly against him, began stroking the silky tresses which drooped on his shoulders, with all his wonted tenderness, in nowise diminished by the fact that it was now nearly three years since he had first called her wife.

Lifting her face to his own and looking affectionately into the violet eyes which met his gaze, fancying that he perceived traces of tears on the usually snowy lids, he exclaimed anxiously, "Edith, you have been crying! What can trouble my darling? Tell me, dearest, that I may comfort you."

"Dear Ralph, you give me courage to make a request which I have been longing to make for some time, but which I feared might displease you, but now I shall humbly prefer my petition," said Edith, forcing a smile.

"Edith, have I not ever been willing and anxious to promote your wishes?" responded Ralph? rather hurt at her seeming dread of his displeasure.

"Oh, yes, my husband! forgive me if I have seemed to doubt your kindness."

"Well, little one, what is it you wish me to do?"

"Only, dear Ralph, to let me give up the use of wine. [I feel that my health does

not require it at present, and the reason for which I first began to take it does not now exist. Though the late Edith Ellerslie might not risk anything eccentric, Mrs. Ralph Sydmour, of three years' standing, may do as she will, and no questions asked."

"But, Edith, why do you wish to give it up? This is a strange fancy, since yon have often told me that you do not now find it disagreeable, but, on the contrary, rather pleasant."

"True, dear Ralph," whispered Edith, with something akin to horror blanching her fair cheek, "but do you know I have often thought, lately, that I am getting too fond of it; do let me give it up altogether."

"Edith!" exclaimed Ralph, in mingled pain and displeasure, "how can you insinuate such an idea; it is so coarse, I can scarcely believe it to have emanated from my pure-minded wife. Never let me hear you breathe such a thought again, if you would retain my affection."

"O Ralph! forgive me saying more, but perhaps you do not know that my father died the death of a drunkard; and when I feel how pleasant and how necessary these stimulants are becoming to me, I dread, O dearest husband, you don't know how I dread that his fate may some day be my own. Strengthen me, dear Ralph, by your help and sympathy, to avoid a fate so appalling that my blood seems to curdle even at the thought."

"This is the first time, Edith, that you have disobeyed me. When I requested your silence on a subject too hateful to discuss, I expected the loving obedience which, I must do you the justice to say, I have ever met in the past. Because your father," added Ralph, an unwonted sneer curling his handsome mouth, "died a drunkard's death, that is no reason why such a thing should be even remotely possible in my wife."

Ralph left the room in displeasure, without another glance at the agonized wife, who as the door closed behind him, clasped her hands in keenest anguish, crying out in the bitterness of her soul: "I never, never, displeased Ralph before, and now he is so angry he will never forgive me."

That she had displeased her husband was the ever-loving and docile wife's first pain; but this was followed by bitter thoughts of his unkindness. "He promised to love and cherish me ever; he took me to his heart and home for better and for worse; I had a right to expect his sympathy and counsel, but he has deserted his sacred trust. I shall ask my husband's forgiveness. O God! let me never fail in a wife's duty; but, ah me! I fear I can never, never, respect him as I have done. He has been unjust and cruel, and I cannot forget it."

Chapter V.

The cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," had arisen between the once happy husband and wife, to be followed by stormy scenes of trial yet to come.

Though Edith tried to be cheerful and gay as ever, and strove by loving ministrations to obliterate from the mind of her husband, and, if possible, from her own, the memory of what had occurred, it was in vain.

Ralph did not take the pride and pleasure in his wife and home which he had once done, and by degrees began to absent himself more and more from their influence. Edith became restless, neglected the performance of the pretty toilets which her husband had been wont to praise so much, and did not seem to find even her much-loved son a compensation for what she had lost.

By-and-by the servants began to comment on the state of things. Mr. Sydmour, formerly so devoted and tender a husband, had become "cool" towards his wife. She, in turn, had changed very much for the worse; in fact, was at times positively "strange."

Such were the remarks which circulated in the kitchen, and ere long found their way to the outer world. Everyone had, of course, their own opinions and surmises regarding the domestic concerns of such a well-known and respectable family; but none were prepared for the fearful tragedy so soon to be enacted.

There came a day when a horor of great darkness fell on the once happy home. Ralph had been absent for more than a

week at a friend's shooting box in L——, and during his absence the servants observed that Mrs. Sydmour seemed more low-spirited than usual. The nurse, whom Ralph had engaged some time before to attend to his son, was conscientious and faithful, and having discovered, alas! that his mother was no fit guardian for the child, scarcely suffered him out of her sight for an instant.

One night, however, she was hastily summoned to the sickbed of a sister, and thinking she might venture to leave her charge, who was peacefully sleeping in his little cot, for a short period, for the first time since Ralph's departure, she left her post.

About half-past seven the housemaid, who was on her way upstairs to arrange the sleeping apartments for the night, heard a loud noise proceeding from the room of her mistress, succeeded by the wailing cry of an infant. Hastily entering what was her horror to perceive the child lying on the ground, and blood streaming from his nostrils, the unhappy mother bending over him with vacant surprise in the still lovely violet eyes. As the maid stooped to raise the child, his mother seemed to be suddenly startled into consciousness of what had occurred, and with a cry of agonized despair, sank insensible on the ground. Hastily summoning the other servants, they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, to which she awoke only to sink again into a deep sleep, which lasted till the morning.

Before the morning dawned the lovely and beloved child of the house, in his snowy robes, was lying at rest in the little cot where he had so often slept the sweet sleep of childhood, but now sleeping the "last long sleep which knows no waking," strangers and servants alone being present to weep at so sad a sight.

Ralph and Alice, who was also absent from home, were at once telegraphed for, and arrived towards the close of the next day to find the little figure now so still and quiet, all that remained to them of the idolized son and nephew. Edith, on awakening, had learned the fearful act of which she had unconsciously been guilty, and before the arrival of her husband and sister was raving in the delirium of a brain fever. After lingering on the confines of the grave for several weeks, the fever at length left her, but reason had taken flight, never to return.

During the remainder of her sad life Alice devoted herself to caring for her and her brother, nor would consent to reward the faithful devotion of her affianced husband until she had laid her unhappy sister beside the tiny mound which marked the place where her darling slept, in the hope that the released spirit had now entered on the enjoyment of that home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." This hope, we trust, was not without foundation. Edith, while in possession of her reasoning faculties, had ever been gentle and good, a loving wife, a devoted mother, and a kind and beneficent mistress. Her insanity was characterized by a gentle melancholy, which excited the love and pity of all who knew her. She would tell in mysterious whispers the story of her baby's death, and echo again and again the wailing cry, "Ralph wouldn't help me, you know; if Ralph had helped me my baby would not be dead."

Ralph needed not the reproachful words to make him feel how much he had failed in the sacred trust committed to him. He became, in many respects, a changed man, and a firm upholder of the temperance principles, which, had they obtained in his own home, would have spared him the life-long sorrow which he must now endure.

Alice and her brother experienced a better change still, and the erring husband sought and found forgiveness at the Throne of Him who never said to any of the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain." Hence, also, they drew supplies of daily strength for daily suffering, and grace to consecrate their lives to His service. They told again and again the story of the Cross to the gentle wife and sister, of which she never seemed to tire, and they had a good hope that God had suffered her, even though with beclouded vision, to perceive the "love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," and to enter into filial relations with Himself, through childlike acceptance of a kind and forgiving Saviour.

A SNOW-SHOE TRAMP.

BY FESTINA LENTE.

Christmas morning—sky blue, sun bright, temperature zero. Scene—A family party at breakfast. Discussion—How shall the interval between breakfast and dinner be sp

Mater suggests the advisability of attending church *en masse*. Negatived.

O. is afflicted with short breath, and is no longer young. For her part she decides her morning shall be spent in digging up roots. Edible? No. Anglo-Saxon—Latin, Greek, etc. If any one likes to join in this delectable operation! Silence.

E. (Short in stature, also no longer young)—Announces, in a voice of supreme resignation, that she has returned from a visit solely on account of the boys. She shall be happy to join in any general scheme for enjoyment.

And the boys, T., D., and little L., shout together, "We will take them a snow-shoe tramp."

M. (Young and active) is in a state of joy approaching rapture.

E.'s ardor is quenched as T. remarks: "We shall have time to do eighteen miles! How soon shall we start?"

And to this E. replies, "Twelve o'clock."

Start at twelve and dinner at four! how utterly absurd of E., and after a little further discussion eleven is the hour fixed upon.

E. goes upstairs to dress, accompanied by O. E. turns to O., who is not too much buried in roots to enjoy the situation, and exclaims in a tone of agony: "Five hours! my dear; five hours—two broken chilblains, and eighteen miles in prospect."

O. is so much amused she can do nothing but laugh.

E. and M. dress after the advice of the masculine members of the family. E. takes the woollen socks and mittens as special aggravations, but supposing those who have snow-shoes must understand the exigencies, has the sense to keep her feelings on that subject to herself. M. is younger, and has a care for appearances. Tie her cloud over her pretty fur cap! Never.

Then comes a grand "trying on" of snow-shoes. E. is gratified when the straps will not fit—minutes to her finite mind represent miles. T., as he tries on her straps, asks her if she is "game" for twelve miles.

E. joyfully exclaims, "Oh, yes!" and inwardly blesses him for taking off the other six.

Every one fitted with shoes the party starts. As soon as the town is left behind E. and M. are put into their snow-shoes, and directed how to walk therein. It is easy enough to do so long as they can keep their feet, which is not always. E. accomplishes a series of little falls, coming down with her two hands in the snow, suppresse a little groan as the small frozen bits of snow melt in her gloves, but picks herself up without complaint. M. is large and vigorous, makes vast plunges, reckless of consequences. T., who wears a striking and original costume, stalks elegantly on in front. He is a veteran snow-shoer, and holds those awkward ones who fall, in sovereign contempt. D., clever as a fancy skater, but clumsy on snow-shoes, does not, in E.'s opinion, walk as well as herself. Little L. follows a line of his own, makes zigzag patterns on the snow, and calls to E. to do likewise. E., inwardly thankful to be able to keep on her feet, is not rash enough to try diverse and strange paths. She begins to feel the pace already, for T. swings along with giant strides and

makes no allowance for an ascent. Sometimes E. has happy moments. Vigorous M. kicks off her snow-shoes; no one but T. can adjust it properly. T. returns, mutters something about "If women are not the awkwardest things in creation," takes off his gloves and ties and unties straps, for M. has them all in a mélée. E. is then tranquil; saunters on at the easy pace her soul loveth, has time to look at the half-frozen river, and to reflect that this time last year she was enveloped in the dimness and fog of London. She has just time to realize that the Atlantic is crossed and that she has left the Old World for the New, when M. is reinstated in her shoes. T. again takes the lead and the pace is as severe as ever. D., who is averse to too much climbing, asks which way T. intends to go up the mountain? T. points to the wood, and they pass through it in single file. The trees are skeletons of their autumn beauty; the ground is covered with six feet of snow; it is white and dazzling to the eye; on its surface D. shows foot-marks of a squirrel. D. is fond of nature; not, however, in the shape of thistles. On the brink of the wood thistles grow tall and strong. D. trips; E., turning with due care as to her own safety, sees two snow-shoes frantically waving in the air, and D. on his back, like a black beetle reversed. L. is the only good Samaritan; he assists D. to rise. E. and M. find the sight amusing. T. contemptuously stalks on unheeding.

The wood is passed and the ascent of the mountain begins. Erelong E. is forced to confess to loss of breath. T. is sympathizing, and kindly pulls her up after him. So is D., and fastens on to her other arm. Alas! for D.; he is no more a veteran on snow-shoes than is E. A few stumbles on his part, and E. loses her hold on T., and after a little wavering E. and D. come to grief together. E. makes D. the recipient of some trifling sarcasms of an uncomplimentary character. D. walks on immersed in thought as to some answering sarcasm, but is diverted from uttering it by a call from T., who has reached a summit. He says that from this prominent position there is no doubt they can be seen by O., if she is looking out for them in the intervals of digging. E. shows deep interest in this possibility, and is anxious to study the view, and is inwardly wondering how many miles of the twelve are accomplished.

Away again, up and up, and at length, happy moment! a descent is necessary in order to reach the bottom of a steep bank of snow. T. sits on the top,—his snow-shoes form a seat, he shoots down with rapidity. M. with hearty will follows; half way she tips over and is seen impotently twirling round and round in the drift in vain efforts to get up. D. strikes out a path for himself and comes to grief in the middle. E. carefully follows T.'s example, and between sitting when she can and standing when she cannot arrives safely at the bottom without mishap.

Another ascent and then a pine wood is reached. The trees are deep green in hue; the sun shines on their branches, and on the snow prisms; and E., looking up at the deep purple blue of the sky, is perfectly amazed at the clearness and brightness of earth and atmosphere. She contrasts it with the mud, the dust, the fog and rain of beloved old England, and wishes the friends she has left behind her could but enjoy the sight—could but join in the splendid exercise of snow-shoeing and breathe such invigorating air. E. can only think in the intervals when one or other of the party is *hors de combat.* Active she is by nature, and accustomed to walk long distances; but on snow-shoes? No! On snow? No! Up slopes of snow? A thousand times No! Behold, then, the necessity of caution and a totally unusual attention to footing and equipoise of body.

T. points out a broken-down silver birch and suggests that the cake carried by the various members of the party should be eaten there. With T.'s assistance E. contrives to sit down and disposes of the long ends of the shoes as best she can. She then invites M. to take the remaining seat on the tree beside her. M. takes it at once, and then comes a lament from D. It has been mentioned before that, though a great man on skates, he was a comparatively small one on shoes. He had set his mind

upon that seat, and was accomplishing a *detour* in order to bring himself and his shoes on the right side of it. His lament was not for the loss of the seat, but at the prospect of another *detour* to be made before he could sit down. Behold them, then, sitting on the birch in the snow, feeling warm with the thermometer at zero, and so tanned and red and freckled, that D.'s remark, "that he thought they would bear the prize as the most freckled family in town," seems to have good foundation. Who would not desire to enjoy the sensation of health and strength, the brightness and the vivacity, the exhilaration of spirits, the happy inclination to laugh, even at the feeblest of jokes? It is quite a new experience to E. and M., and they scandalize T. (who assumes the stoicism of the Indian, indigenous to the soil) with their loss of control over the facial muscles.

But who shall describe the further adventures of this family party? How each individual in an exuberance of light-heartedness spends a long time in sliding down a precipitous slope of snow, and of how difficult D. and M. found the task of climbing up it; how many times they found it necessary to sit down rather suddenly, and spend a few minutes burrowing in the snow; of how E. triumphantly ascended holding fast to T.'s stick.; of how little L. came to grief on a new slide, tipped slowly over and disappeared headforemost in a drift; of how there were his shoes on the surface by which to pull him out, and of how D. performed that Christian act, and solemnly flapped the snow off L.'s head and face with his "tuque."

But at length it was thought advisable to return home. Passing over an unsheltered part of the mountain L. provoked discussion by asking if his ear was frozen. D. being in front and unwilling to perform a *detour* in order to see for himself, was of opinion "the ear would be all right in a moment." M. said the same. E. having read that snow was the proper remedy, applied it feebly to the spot. T. coming hastily upon the scene, declared the ear badly frozen, and undertook the cold work of thawing it. D. eagerly retraced his steps. M. made vigorous efforts to turn suddenly and fell into a drift. E. went to her assistance, and at a pull from M.'s strong hand was rendered helpless also, and meekly besought D., if he had time, to give her a helping hand. By the time she had found footing again L.'s fortitude was beginning to give way, two little tears slowly rolled down his cheeks, and would have frozen there, had not compassionate E. wiped them away with her handkerchief, which was frozen and hard now with snow and triangular bits of ice. T. at length declared the ear thawed, wrapped little L.'s head up in his "capuchin," and the party moved on. It is to be observed that as D. and M. got weary their uncertainty on shoes was something marvellous, one or other always on view floundering helplessly in a drift. Further, let it be noted that neither had any sympathy for the misfortunes of the other, but each confided to E. his opinion of the clumsiness of the other. As for E. she walked home feeling triumphant. She had tramped twelve miles, and felt she could really have accomplished the other six. She also realized to the full that walking in such bracing air was a very different experience to that of walking in fog and mist Here T. breaks in with the remark that E. had tramped so well, and has shown herself to be so game, he rather thinks she will be able to manage twenty miles next time, and he knows a place just so far away. And E.'s heart went down like lead!

MOPSY'S VENTURE.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

(Concluded)

My Uncle Arthur stayed a week at Stillbrook, and as Mopsy had imbued me with a wholesome dislike to him, I spent the greater part of my time during his visit with her, instead of with my aunt. Bit by bit Mopsy gave me the family history, part of which she had heard from a certain Mrs. Deerborn, whom she often quoted, and who had been an old servant in the Towers family, she having accompanied them from England, and having afterwards died in their service.

I happened to be in my aunt's room one morning when Mopsy was "doing it up," as she called it, when she opened a drawer, from which she took a white silk dress, a bridal veil, a wreath of orange blossoms, a pair of white kid gloves, and an ivory fan, all of which looked as if they might have belonged to some of the ladies in the old portraits in the dining-room, they having grown yellow with age, and being of very old-fashioned make. The history of this "bridal array" was summed up in a few sentences: My aunt, when quite a girl, was to have married a certain Howard Losco, a gay and handsome gentleman; but her cousin (the Cicely Towers whose portrait hung in the drawing-room), came to visit her from the "north countrie," and wiled her lover's heart away. The treacherous pair eloped to France the day before my aunt's wedding was to have taken place. This was a terrible blow to my poor aunt, who had evidently loved her recreant lover with her whole heart—not to mention the mortification it must have been to her. It appeared to be a great satistaction to Mopsy that this Howard Losco turned out to be a sad rascal, and led his beautiful wife a miserable life while he lived. "But as good luck would have it," said Mopsy, "he was shot through the heart by one of his dissolute companions at a gaming-table on the Continent of Europe." On the death of her husband Mrs. Losco returned to her friends in England, and after spending a few years in retirement, she married Lord Glendower, an old but wealthy nobleman, who died in a few months, leaving her very wealthy. After the usual period of mourning, she again contracted an advantageous marriage, and went with her husband to reside in Constantinople. "Oh, she was a clip, with all her beauty and her fine manners," said Mopsy. What she meant by a "clip," I had not the most remote idea, and I don't think she had a clear notion herself. Just at the time of my aunt's disappointment, Earl Towers, who was my grandfather, and my aunt's favorite brother, received an appointment under Government in Canada, and my aunt insisted upon accompanying him. They resided for some years at Quebec, but finding the climate too severe, my grandfather, who was possessed of a large fortune, threw up his appointment, and removed with his sister to what was then called Upper Canada, where he built Stillbrook Hall almost in the midst of the wilderness. But as in time a large town grew up in their neighborhood, their life at Stillbrook was anything but a lonely one.

"Stillbrook was Stillbrook in them days," Mopsy would say. "Miss Cicely had her maid and her footman, and it was nothing but servants flying all sides in regular old English style, and visitors—why I have heard Mrs. Deerborn say she has seen twenty people sit down to breakfast at Stillbrook, and that not once in a while, but month in and month out."

My grandfather married and had two sons, my father and my Uncle Arthur, when my grandmother died. Her husband

only survived her a few months. Though my aunt had a considerable fortune in her own right, the expenses at Stillbrook had to be curtailed at my grandfather's death. The princely hospitality extended by him to all comers had left his two sons entirely dependent on their aunt.

"Your Uncle Arthur was a favorite with Miss Cicely from the first; he was such a bright, handsome, clever little fellow. There was plenty of schools in Canada good enough for your poor papa, but nothing would do for Mr. Arthur but sending him to Oxford College in England, a great place that no person but the high nobility can go to, you know," said Mopsy sagely.

"Mr. Arthur came home from England handsomer than ever," Mopsy went on; "but it soon got to be pretty plain that his great Oxford education had not done him much good. While your papa was working away like a horse to get his profession, Mr. Arthur was sky-larking with a gay set he had got in with in town. Mr. Frank, your papa, talked to him about it, and talked to Miss Cicely about giving him money, but it only made matters worse; and the end of it all was they had a fuss between them some way which ended in your papa packing up his trunks and marching out of Stillbrook, and never putting his foot into it from that day to this. Well, poor Miss Cicely has had her own heartbreak with the same Mr. Arthur; it was nothing but give, give, give, and he squandering every copper as soon as he got it. He never earned a copper in all his life, and bless you he has been back to England twice, and travelling in Turkey and I don't know where not. If Miss Cicely had had a mine full of gold guineas he would have got to the bottom of it."

The day of my uncle's departure was one of Mopsy's busy days, and I was very proud indeed to be able to assist her by whipping some eggs, and cleaning some carroway seeds for her to put into a cake. Our conversation naturally turning upon my uncle's departure, Mopsy said, desperately, as she rubbed vigorously at a silver teapot she was cleaning,

"I don't know how they managed it, but this much I do know, that there is not a teaspoon in Stillbrook that is not mortgaged, and the mortgage is to be foreclosed the month after next, and then Miss Cicely may walk out a beggar in her old days."

"She won't be a beggar, Mopsy; she can come and live with us when papa finds out about it," I said.

"You are a kind-hearted little thing, Miss Cicely," said Mopsy, "but even that would be a bitter pill for her to swallow; her that had her splendid fortune, and has been living a queen, you might say, almost all her days at Stillbrook. I would not feel so bitter against him," she continued, "only he fell into some money a few weeks ago by the death of some relation in England, and instead of coming forward to help Miss Cicely out of the terrible difficulties he got her into, he is going for a trip to the Paris Exhibition, and nothing less. I could not keep in when I heard it, so I says: 'Where do you expect to find Miss Cicely when you come back, Mr. Arthur?' He puffed his cigar and looked at me in that easy good-natured way of his that is more aggravating than anything, and said: 'I never look ahead; let the future take care of itself; that is my motto, Mopsy.' Oh, but he is the bundle of selfishness! The worst is not all out yet though; but it will come out before very long," said Mopsy, with a sigh that was almost a groan, as she commenced to scrub the kitchen table.

"Bye, bye, Mopsy," said a voice at the kitchen door.

We both started and looked up, and there stood my Uncle Arthur, dressed for travelling; but Mopsy scrubbed away and took no notice of him.

"Come, come, Mopsy, *au revoir*," he said, advancing a couple of steps into the kitchen. But still Mopsy scrubbed on and never raised her head.

"Come, now, old Mopsy, I really do intend to do something about that mortgage scrape, if you will only be civil to a fellow," he repeated.

"Well, Mr. Arthur, I don't want to have no worse opinion of you than you deserve; you know how things stands as well as I do, and if there is anything done it must be done at once," said Mopsy, as she washed

her hands and dried them on the jack-towel.

"Well, well, we will see about it," he said, holding out his hand to her, when she shook hands with him; but I noticed that he avoided her eyes when she looked up at him for the first time since he entered the kitchen.

"Bye bye, Mops," he said, chirping to me. But I frowned and shrank away from him, when he laughed and took out his cigar case; and I think at that moment I disliked and distrusted him even more than Mopsy did.

On the principle that a drowning man will catch at a straw, Mopsy caught at my Uncle Arthur's promise, though, child as I was, I had not a shadow of faith in it. And as week after week went by, and no word came from him, poor Mopsy's faith also began to melt into air.

"The worse of it," which Mopsy had referred to on the day of my Uncle Arthur's departure, came out one day a few weeks after. My aunt, who was subject to violent attacks of nervous headache, had not been well for a few days, and I was sitting in the room she usually occupied, cutting out some prints she had given me to paste into a scrap-book, when Mopsy entered with something she had been preparing for her on a little silver tray.

"Miss Cicely is fast asleep," she said, setting down the tray, and beginning to turn over the prints in an absent sort of way."

"I suppose there did not come any letters to-day, did there, Mopsy?" I said.

"Letters, child, no! nor ever will—at least from him," said Mopsy, sitting down in my aunt's rocking-chair and beginning to rock herself back and forth uneasily. After a little more conversation on the subject, Mopsy gave me the following facts in the midst of many tears and lamentations, which it seemed to relieve her to tell to some person, and which, being a servant of eighteen years' standing in the family, she had picked up at various times:

In the city of London, England, lived my aunt's eldest brother, my great uncle, Charles Towers. This Charles Towers, who had led a wild, dissolute life, had a life insurance of ten thousand pounds, which was to fall to my aunt on his decease, on condition that she paid the insurance policy, and paid him an annuity sufficient to support him, both of which were paid by her annually into the hands of a lawyer in London. When the amount became due almost a year previously, my aunt, owing to her great difficulties, had not been able to meet it. Mopsy, aware that it was her only chance of retrieving her fallen fortunes, urged her to borrow the money, but she shook her head and said she could not, even if she tried, as every person understood the state of her affairs.

"But," said Mopsy, "I thought I would do or die, for once in my life."

And she accordingly went to her father and begged him to mortgage his little property and lend her the money for a year, which he did, having the utmost confidence in Mopsy's superior knowledge, and thinking he was doing Miss Cicely some great service, never imagining for a moment that Mopsy would urge him to do anything that there would be any risk in. Mopsy then went to her brother-in-law, a man with a large family, who worked one of the Stillbrook farms, and persuaded him to lend her his savings, which he had been laying by for the purpose of buying himself a farm, and which, with her own savings, had made up the sum due.

"I had written letters to that very lawyer for Miss Cicely when she would have her bad turns, she telling me what to put in them of course, so I knew exactly how to go to work, and I wrote him a letter just as if it came from Miss Cicely, and sent him the money."

"Oh, Mopsy!" I said.

"I know it was a venture—a terrible venture—"

"Yes, but, Mopsy, wasn't it wicked?" I interrupted.

"Oh, I would risk the wickedness if I could keep Miss Cicely from beggary; but it was no use—all no use: the money will be due again in two weeks, and the sum and substance of the whole matter is we are all beggars as well as Miss Cicely—"

"Oh, Mopsy! do look at the lovely little bird?" I called out as a little yellow-

hammer flashed in through the window and lit on my aunt's writing desk.

"Oh, a letter! the sure sign of a letter! Mr. Arthur does not sail till the day after to-morrow, and it would be just like him to leave it to the last minute," said Mopsy, starting up. "Miss Cicely won't likely wake, but if she does tell her I will not be long."

"Surely you are not going to town, Mopsy," I said.

"But surely, I am, my dear. I will hitch up old Otho, and be back in a minute;" and before I could say anything more she was gone.

On going into my aunt's room I found her awake; she seemed to be much better and asked for a cup of tea, but when she found Mopsy had gone to town, she said she would wait for it till she came back. I insisted upon making it for her myself, however, though on getting about it I found making a cup of tea more trouble than I expected. I had to wait for the water to boil, and then I did not know exactly how much tea to put in. I did manage to get it ready, however, after a fashion, and after arranging it on a tray, as I had seen Mopsy do, I carried it into my aunt's room, when what was my surprise to see Mopsy sitting on the side of the bed with her arms about my aunt, who was weeping hysterically, while an open letter lay on the foot of the bed. I laid the tray on the table and walked silently out. It seemed something awful to me to see one of my aunt's sweet gentle nature so affected. I stood at the window of the next room waiting for Mopsy to come out, and wondering what could have occurred, when suddenly the door of my aunt's room opened and Mopsy appeared. She shut the door very gently after her, and then with one bound jumped over an ottoman near by.

"This is the worse of it all! Mopsy has gone mad!" I thought. But I was not long in discovering what it was that had metamorphosed the staid Mopsy into a hoyden of sixteen. My great uncle, Charles Towers, had been dead for three months, and my aunt had fallen into her ten thousand pounds, the news having been delayed by the loss of a steamship.

* * * * *

The autumn leaves lay ankle deep on the walks about Stillbrook, when one morning as I stood on the balcony over the front porch watching the gambolling of numerous squirrels who were gathering their winter's store of beechnuts, I espied a cab driving up from the front gate. Mopsy was sweeping in the hall and I called out to her that there were visitors coming; she glanced out of the window and then threw down her broom and ran down stairs, remarking that "she knew who it was."

By the time Mopsy got to the foot of the stairs, the cab had stopped at the front door, and to my utter amazement, my Uncle Arthur jumped out of it, looking as gay and handsome as ever. I felt curious to hear what Mopsy would say to this, and ran down into the kitchen. As I passed the drawing-room door, I was surprised to see my Uncle Arthur standing in the middle of the room with his hat in his hand. Mopsey was not in the kitchen, but she made her appearance in due time, with a very severe expression of countenance, and taking a large dish of apples out of the pantry, she sat down and began to pare them as if her life depended upon it. She had not been engaged in this manner many moments, when the kitchen door opened and in walked my Uncle Arthur.

"Well, Mopsy, times have changed at Stillbrook; it is not like coming home to me now," he said, seating himself on one of the kitchen chairs.

"Yes, Mr. Arthur, things have changed; we haven't got beggary and starvation staring us in the face as we had the last time you were here," returned Mopsy.

"Come, come, old Mopsy; I think you have been setting the old lady up against me," he said.

"Miss Cicely is not as young as she used to be, any more than any of the rest of us; but she is not quite in her dotage yet; she knows what she is about," answered Mopsy. "Mr. Frank came and settled up all her affairs for her, and he wanted her to go and live with him; but no, she said she would stay in her own house as long as she lived, and as it is so lonely for her, Mr. Frank is coming with his family to live at Stillbrook

as long as she lives, and as she has made him her heir, I expect they will be here for many a year afterwards. Of course Mr. Frank did not want to leave where he had established a good practice for himself, but, of course, a great, clever lawyer like him can get practice anywhere if he tries," said Mopsy boastfully.

"And does my aunt really refuse to see me, Mopsy! I can't believe it," said my uncle.

"Miss Cicely gave her message to the other servant, not to me," answered Mopsy shortly.

"Well, I suppose there is no use in my staying here to be treated like a dog," he said rising.

"Not much, Mr. Arthur," said Mopsy coolly, as he strode out of the kitchen without another word.

"You wouldn't have caught him showing his nose at Stillbrook, only he heard Miss Cicely had come in for her money, and he thought to get a slice of it; but he has got his last farthing in this quarter, I'm thinking. Maybe he will go to work now, and earn a living for himself," said Mopsy, as she proceeded with her apple-paring.

GEOMETRY ILLUSTRATED.

At school, boys and girls often wonder what the use of geometry can be, and think that the study of the relations of lines and figures is of little use to them. Now geometry does not deserve this misapprehension, for besides lying at the foundation of mechanics, astronomy, navigation and architecture, its principles are very interesting, and often very curiously illustrated in common every-day things. Let us begin by stating a few principles, and then proceed to their illustration.

We shall first describe a square, inscribe a circle within it, and on the base line erect an isosceles triangle. Now if we imagine these three plane figures to rotate about an axis (marked in dotted line), we shall have them describe in the air, a cylinder, sphere and cone. These three solids are beautifully related to each other; the contents of the cylinder are one and a half times those of the sphere, and thrice those of the cone. Their curved surfaces are also related; those of cylinder and sphere are equal, and that of the cone is equal to that of a cylinder with altitude of half its slant height. The map of the world on Mercator's projection is based on the equality of the curved surfaces of a sphere and cylinder; a Mercator map may be wound about a terrestrial globe of the same height. A cone when cut into, say four horizontal sections, illustrates the law of squares, which holds up all forces proceeding from a centre ; when the uppermost section is removed and shows a surface equal to 1, the second shows 4, the third 9, and the fourth 16, the squares of 1, 2, 3 and 4 respectively. The halves of a top, hemisphere and cone, are equal in solidity to each other, when the cone is as high as it is broad. We can prove the rule for finding the curved surface of a cone, by rotating one of equal side and base on its side once, when a semi-circle shall be marked out, whose area exactly agrees with that obtained by rule referred to,

Similar plane figures have surfaces increasing as the square of like dimensions, thus: A circle with diameter 5 has 25 times the area of a circle with diameter 1. Similar solids have contents increasing as the cube of like dimensions, thus: An orange, 4 inches in diameter, contains eight times as much as another 2 inches in diameter. The surfaces of similar solids, however, increase only as the square.

All this may have an abstract sound, but many interesting practical instances embody these principles. Thus proportionately the larger a farm is, the less fence it wants; the larger a house, the less wall is ther the larger a ship, the less its bounding surface and friction in the water. So the very largest steam-engines are most efficient, for the radiating surface is least in them, and their cylinders, &c., have least frictional surface in proportion to capacity. And in this principle lies the explanation of the economy of aggregation into larger and larger structures, enterprises, cities and countries, which is characteristic of our era. When the contents of a coal-grate are shaken, and live cinders drop into the ash-pan, we notice the smalles ones turn black soonest. They do so, because they present more surface in proportion to mass than their larger neighbors. So the sun continues in a state of glowing radiancy, when his small planets have cooled down to a habitable temperature. Astronomy might make us ashamed of the tiny ball we live on, so completely dwarfed is it by Saturn, Neptune and Jupiter; but Euclid reassures us, and even makes us rather proud of it; for, as it is only the surface of a planet that is inhabited, the smaller one is the more life it can support for its mass, and so great Jupiter could accommodate eleven times as many living things as he can now, if he were rolled out into worlds such as ours.

Coming down from the sky to the ground, and walking through a farm, we may note that as small insect pests present a greater cooling surface to the air than large ones, their voracity is greater; and so the smaller a bug or fly, the more does the farmer dread a pound of him.

Balloons may be practicable when so immensely increased in size as to be able to carry engines powerful enough to propel them against adverse winds, for carrying capacity increases more rapidly than area resisted by the air. A little child, for the same reason, needs to be more thickly clad than a grown person. Wrapping materials annually cost the nation millions of dollars, not only for cheap paper, but for glass, crocks, tins and boxes. It becomes an interesting question how to use these materials to most purpose. Large parcels use less than small ones comparatively; and of practicable forms, the cube is most economical, and next, a cylinder of equal height and breadth. We shall conclude with two curious experiments, based on two simple laws, stated in the foregoing:—

Let us take a cylindric glass, graduated on the side, as used by chemists, and half fill it with water. Let us take a cone and wedge of similar heights, angles and contents, and mark off each of them into 10 horizontal sections. On immersing the wedge in the water, point downwards, we shall displace water as the square of the depth of immersion, and with the cone as the cube. By reversing the experiment with care, square and cube root up to 10 may be extracted, by immersing wedge or cone until the figure whose root is sought is touched by water in the glass, and noting at the same time depth of immersion.

We trust that these examples may prove the fruitfulness of geometry as a study, and lead some thoughtful girls and boys to note other applications of its simple and beautiful principles.

A DAY AT WATERLOO.

BY ADIGE.

My sleep last night was not broken by the car rattling over the stony street, for I was weary with a tramp all about Antwerp, up its cathedral spire, &c., yesterday. But the cars did rattle; I heard them early. Cars, yes, you'll think of horse-cars, which, in England, folks call tramways. Such cars don't, of course, rattle, and so this proves that there have been some modern improvements made here, as you would be at once convinced by the name, painted large along the outside of the tramcars here in good plain English: "Belgian Street Tramways Company, Limited." I stared as I saw it first, and thought: These audacious Englishmen! so they mean to reduce to order the babel of tongues here—French, Flemish, Dutch, German, English—by introducing their own as the one tongue, forcing it thus before every one's eyes all through the main lines of the city. Bœdeker's guide book says some 6,000 English are resident here, and only 12,000 Germans. The city does indeed come up in some degree to the idea one had formed of Paris. Bœdeker says it is a little Paris. The gaiety of streets, of shops, windows, and interiors, and of the buildings, makes this impression.

But off for Waterloo. At 10.45 I got a train south, nearly due south from Brussels, on a new railroad running directly to and through Waterloo. Before, the nearest railroad station was far to the east, and omnibus to St. Jean, by the field, and back, was dear. Now, the station for the Field is Braine-la-Leude, lying twenty to thirty minutes' walk west of the Lion Mound. It took a little over half an hour to go to Braine-la-Leude. Thence I tramped off, disregarding the stage for tenderer passengers, and soon made up to a fine old *habitant* with white hair, but lively step. He told me as we walked that he was born in that neighborhood, and was thirteen years old, when the battle was fought. It was, indeed, a dangerous time, he said. He did not see either of the great generals. He pointed me a shorter direct road to the Lion, and winding about, I soon crossed the highroad from Brussels to Nivelles. I was then close behind the position of the line of the allies. Going straight forward till I was midway between the highroads from Brussels to Nivelles and Genappe, I was at the foot of the Mound of the Lion, the Belgian monument. It is an enormous mound of earth, the material gathered from round about its site, and thus the conformation of the ground is more level than at the battle. The mound is circular at the base, covering, perhaps, an acre. It is said to be 200 feet high. It seems less. A long stone staircase, railed, runs straight to the top. This is, say 18 feet in diameter. On it is a great stone pedestal, and on that the lion, an enormous fellow, pawing a great cannon ball with the right forefoot. It may be noted that the Belgian device on coins, &c., is a lion. Bœdeker says he weighs 28 tons, was made of captured cannon, and cast by Lockerill of Liege, an Englishman, who founded there vast metal works. The Lion standing thus above a point, a furlong to the right of the allied centre, looks south over the field of battle. That centre was on the high road to Genappe, which branches off to the left from the other mentioned road, 200 yards north. Just at that centre stand two monuments, one on the right of the road to the memory of Col. Gordon, erected by his brothers and sister. Across the road is the pillar to the memory of officers of the British German Legion. The line of Wellington's array spread out far on either side of this point. Before them lay a gentle valley, and away beyond that was the raise of the ground again where Napoleon's long semicircle was spread.

Between these two lines the successive onslaughts and defences went on that long day from forenoon till late at night. On the position of Wellington's original line were formed the squares of bayonets through which Napoleon's cavalry charged, and rode back down the hill again astounded that the squares did not move. Across that broad hollow marched at last Napoleon's long lines of the flower of his men to be thinned by Wellington. A little in front of the allied centre is a farm steading, a house with gable on the road, and a high wall and barns, forming a square. This is La Haye Sainte, occupied at first by the allies as a sort of fortress, terribly attacked, and at last given up and used by the French as a support. Far over the fields, and in the bottom of the hollow, almost on the other high road, is Hougomont, a chateau with orchard, which was also occupied at first by the allies and was held by them to the end with great advantage, though the holders had hard work. The wall of the court is said to have still in it the holes pierced by order of the Duke for portholes. I did not see them, for I had to hasten past. My time was up. But before coming near there I walked from the Lion to the two monuments described, and from them down the high road, past La Haye Sainte, observed the monument on the wall to the road to the memory of some who fell. All is quiet enough now. Men were busy at farm work. I kept straight forward on the high road up the other side of the broad depression and came to the hotel "La Belle Alliance." On its wall, by the roadside, is a tablet saying Blucher and Wellington met there, but that is denied. However, the Germans call the battle "La Belle Alliance," and not as we do, "Waterloo." Waterloo village lay far north of Wellington's line. Striking off to the left from this hotel and walking a half mile I reached Plancenoit, where the contest raged in the evening between Napoleon's Right and Blucher's Prussians. These came up then from far East, almost disheartened by the way, but Blucher was determined to keep his promise to meet Wellington, and he arrived just in time to save the battle from going against the allies or being a drawn one. I visited the Prussian iron pillar, surmounted with the iron cross, which stands near Plancenoit. But now I had to hurry away back, crossed the field north of Hougomont, reaching Braine-la-Leude. I walked through tidy Belgium hamlets, two or three miles north to Waterloo Station for my train to Brussels. The people speak French, are very polite, save at the Lion, where they bother you to buy some stick or picture, or to give a fee, all three being unnecessary. I was pleased with the fair appearance of the tillage. The dress of the people has very few peculiarities, save that it is simple and not rich. I was much reminded of older parts of Lower Canada. Some civilized habits seem to be still strange. I asked for tea, and got something made of many herbs, but not *our* tea. Coffee was fair, and beefsteak was unexceptionable, good and big. The people probably know little or nothing of any religion save that of the Roman Catholic Church. I hardly saw so many priests in and about Brussels as we see in Lower Canada. I think a light life is common: a worldly life with little thought about better things. Our life seems certainly far more generally full of earnest thought, thought about everything; earnest because there seems to be with us a lively sense of other things than those we see.

Young Folks.

THE COMET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMAN-CHATRAIN, BY LAURA E. KELLEY.

Last year, before the Carnival, a rumor spread through Hunebourg that the world was coming to an end. It was Doctor Zacharias Piper, of Colmar, who first announced these unpleasant tidings, and you might read the news yourself in the "*Lame Messenger*," in the "*Perfect Christian*," and in fifty other almanacs.

Zacharias Piper had calculated that a comet would descend from heaven on Shrove Tuesday, that it would have a tail thirty-five millions of leagues in length, composed of boiling water, which would touch the earth, so that the snow on the highest mountains would be melted, the trees dried up, and people destroyed. It is true that a celebrated *savant* at Paris, called Popinot, wrote afterwards that the comet would certainly be visible, but that its tail would be composed of vapor so light that no one could possibly experience the slightest injury, that every one might go on quietly minding their own business, that he would answer for their perfect safety. This assurance calmed many terrors.

Unfortunately, we have at Hunebourg an old wool-spinner, named Maria Finck, who lives in a by street, called "*The Three Jugs*." She is a little wrinkled old woman, with white hair, and people go often to consult her about any important question in their lives. She lives in a low room, the ceiling of which is adorned with painted eggs, rose-colored and blue ribbons, gilded walnuts, and a thousand other queer things. She wears ancient furbelows, and lives upon light biscuits, which circumstance makes her much thought of in the town. Instead of approving of good, honest Mr. Popinot's advice, Maria Finck sided with Zacharias Piper, and told us all to "Repent and pray, confess your sins, and give money to the Church, for the end is at hand; the end is at hand." So the greater part of the people said:—

"We will not have any Carnival; we will spend Shrove Tuesday in acts of contrition."

Never had such a thing been known. The adjutant and captain of the guard, and the subalterns of the 3rd Company of the ———, in garrison at Hunebourg, were reduced to a state of utter despair. All the preparations for the fête, the large room at the Town Hall, which they had decorated with moss and trophies, the platform they had raised for the orchestra, the refreshments they had ordered for the buffet, would be a dead loss, since the young ladies in the town would not consent to have any dancing.

"I am not naturally wicked," said Serjeant Duchêne, "but if I got hold of your Zacharias Piper, it would go hard with him."

Among all the number of disappointed people, the most disconsolate were Daniel Spitz, the mayor's secretary, Jerôme Bertha, the postmaster's son, Dujardin, the tax collector, and myself. A week ago we had gone into Strasbourg to buy costumes for the occasion. Uncle Toby had even given me fifty francs out of his pocket, so that no expense should be spared. I had, therefore, chosen, at Mademoiselle Dardenia's, in the Small Arcade, a harlequin's dress. It is a kind of shirt with large folds and long sleeves, ornamented with onion-shaped buttons, big as your fist, which knock about from your chin to your thighs,

The head is covered by a leather cap. The face is whitened with flour, and provided one has a long nose, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes, the effect is admirable.

Dujardin, being stout, chose a Turkish costume, embroidered at every seam. Spitz, a Punch's dress, composed of a thousand bits of red, green, and yellow stuff, a hump in front, another hump behind, a large gendarmes' hat on his crown; nothing could be better. Jerôme Bertha was to be a savage with parrot's plumes. We felt sure, beforehand, that all the girls would leave their martial admirers and come and hang on our arms. And when one has incurred such expense, to see everything go to the dogs, because of an old madwoman or a Zacharias Piper, is enough to sour you for life! But, after all, what can you expect? Fools will always have the upper hand.

Shrove Tuesday arrives. That day the sky was obscured by snow. We looked to right, to left, upwards, and downwards, but no comet was to be seen! The girls seemed quite taken aback; the boys ran from house to house, to their cousins, their aunts, their godmothers, saying, "You see how foolish old Mother Finck is—all your notions about the comet are contrary to common sense. Do comets ever appear in winter? Do they not always choose the autumn? Come, come; the question must be decided. There is still time," etc.

On their side, the soldiers went into all the kitchens and harangued the servant girls. They talked to them and overwhelmed them with reproaches. Several of them plucked up courage. The old men and women arrived, arm-in-arm, to see the grand room at the Town Hall; the suns formed of sabres and daggers, and the small tricolored flags between the windows, excited general admiration. A great change ensues—they remember it is Shrove Tuesday; the young ladies hasten to take their dresses out of their wardrobes and to wax their dancing slippers.

At ten o'clock the great hall was filled; we had gained the victory—not one young lady in Hunebourg was missing. Clarionets, trombones, and the big drum resounded, the high windows blazed with light; waltzes and country dances followed each other in quick succession. The boys and girls were in a state of perfect enjoyment; the old people seated under the garlands, laughed and joked to their hearts' content. The buffet was much in request,—the refreshments provided could scarcely equal the demand, and old Zimmer, who had to furnish the drinkables, feathered his nest well that night. On the outside staircase were to be seen descending, staggering, some who had taken too much refreshment. Out of doors the snow continued falling.

Uncle Toby had given me the house door key, so that I might go in when I liked. Up to two o'clock I did not miss one waltz, but I then felt giddy and sick. I went out,—once in the street I was better, and began to stop and consider whether I should go up stairs again or go home to bed. I was anxious to have some more dancing, but, on the other hand, I was sleepy. At length I made up my mind to go home, and set out for St. Sylvester street, keeping close to the wall, and talking to myself. I proceeded on my way for about ten minutes, and was about to turn the corner towards the fountain, when, suddenly turning my head, I saw behind the trees of the rampart, an immense round star, red as a live coal, moving through the air. It seemed still thousands of miles off, but was advancing so rapidly that in a quarter of an hour I thought it must be upon us.

The awful spectacle struck me with terror. I felt my hair stand on end, and I said to myself:

"That is the comet! Zacharias Piper was right!"

And, almost beside myself, I rushed back to the Town Hall, and flew up the staircase, knocking down several people who were descending the steps, and crying in a terrible voice:

"The comet! the comet!"

It was the gayest time of the dance; the big drum thundered; the boys stamped and kicked; the girls were red as poppies; but when the voice was heard in the room proclaiming "The comet! the comet!"

profound silence ensued, and the people looked at each other with pale, long, awe-stricken faces.

Serjeant Duchêne sprang towards the door, stopped me, and put his hand over my mouth, saying:

"Are you mad? Will you be good enough to hold your tongue?"

But, twisting myself out of his grasp, I went on repeating in tones of despair, "The comet!" Steps resounded on the stairs with a noise like thunder; people rushed out of doors; women began to groan,—in short, the uproar was indescribable. Some old women whom the charms of Shrove Tuesday had brought to the dance, raised their hands to heaven and invoked their patron saints.

In a few seconds the hall was empty. Duchêne left me, and, hanging over a window, I looked at the people running up the street. At first I felt too exhausted to follow, but soon I started off almost mad with despair.

Passing near the buffet I saw the *cantiniere*, Catherine Lagoutte, with Corporal Bouquet; both were draining the dregs of a bowl of punch.

"Since all is coming to an end," said they, "we will finish merrily!"

Underneath, on the staircase, a large number were sitting on the steps confessing their sins to each other; one said: "I have been a usurer;" another, "I have given false weight;" another, "I have cheated at cards!" All spoke at once, and from time to time they cried with one voice, "Lord, have pity upon us!"

I recognized amongst these the old baker Févre and Mother Lauritz. They bewailed their misery and struck on their breasts. But all this did not concern me. I had too many sins of my own to account for. Soon I overtook those who ran towards the fountain. There groans were to be heard; all had seen the comet, and I discovered that it had already grown to double the size. It cast forth luminous rays, and the great darkness made it appear red as blood. The crowd, standing in the shadow, never ceased repeating in lamentable tones: "It is ended, it is ended! We are lost! It is coming!"

And the women invoked St. Joseph, St. Christopher, St. Nicholas,—in short, al the saints in the calendar. At this moment all the sins I had committed since my youth rose up to my recollection, and I stood aghast at myself. My blood ran cold in thinking how soon we should all be burnt up, and as the old beggar Balthazar happened to stand near me on his crutches, I embraced him, saying:

"Balthazar, when you are in Abraham's bosom, you will have pity upon me, will you not?"

Then he replied, sobbing:

"I am a great sinner, Mr. Christopher; for thirty years I have been deceiving the parish, out of laziness, for I am not so lame as people think."

"And I, Balthazar," said I to him, "am the greatest wretch in Hunebourg."

We wept in each other's arms.

In short, we were all there on our knees, for at least a quarter of an hour, when Serjeant Duchêne ran up, quite out of breath. He had gone first to the arsenal, but seeing nothing wrong there, he came back by this street.

"Well," said he, "what are you all making such a noise about?" Then, noticing the comet, he exclaimed, "What on earth is that?"

"It is the end of the world, Serjeant," said old Balthazar.

"The end of the world?"

"Yes, the comet."

Then he began to swear frightfully, and suddenly drawing his sword and keeping close to the wall, he said:

"Forward! I defy it, and must make out what it means!"

Everyone applauded his courage, and, emboldened by his temerity, I followed him closely. We walked on slowly, with eyes starting out of our heads, watching the comet which visibly drew near, at the rate of several thousand leagues a second.

At length we arrived at the corner of the old Capuchin Convent. The comet seemed to ascend; the nearer we approached the higher it went; we were forced to raise our heads until at length Duchêne's neck got twisted from gazing straight up into the air. I was about twenty steps behind him,

so I had a side view of the comet. I was debating whether it was prudent to go on any further when all at once the serjeant halted.

"Oh!" said he in a low tone, "it is the lamp post!"

"The lamp post!" I exclaimed, running up to him, "is it possible?"

And I looked around totally bewildered. It was, in fact, the old lamp post of the Capuchin Convent. It is never lighted, because the Capuchins left the town in 1798, and at Hunebourg everyone goes to bed with the chickens; but the night watchman, Burrhus, foreseeing that a good many tipsy people would be abroad that evening, conceived the charitable idea of placing a lighted candle in the lamp, so as to prevent any one from roiling into the ditch which extended the length of the old cloister. After performing this good deed he went home to bed. We soon saw how all had happened. The wick was as thick as my thumb; when the wind blew this wick flared and blazed, which gave it the appearance of an advancing comet. As soon as I had taken it all in, I was about to shout and proclaim the news to others, but the serjeant exclaimed:

"Will you hold your tongue? if it was known we had charged a lantern, we should never hear the end of it. Attention!" He unfastened the rusty chain, the lamp fell down with a tremendous noise, upon which we set off running as fast as our legs could carry us. The other folks waited a long time in the street, but as the comet was extinguished, they also took courage and at last went home to bed. The next day the report was current that owing to Maria Finck's prayers the comet had vanished; so, from that time, she became a greater saint than ever!

This is how things go on in our good little town of Hunebourg.

THE "LITTLE QUEEN" OF ENGLAND.

BY A. D. HARRIS.

The great historians of England do not say much about that lovely child, Isabella of France, who became queen-consort o England when she was only nine years old. They were too much interested in state affairs to mind about the "Little Queen," as she was called; but some of the gossiping chroniclers, to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of the domestic life of the times, tell her story.

She was the second wife of Richard II. His first was Anne of Bohemia, with whom he lived in such great happiness that the fact is on record;—so that considering how tenderly attached to him his child-wife after her, became, we are constrained to believe that, with all his faults, there must have been something uncommonly lovable about poor Richard, and that he had more affection bestowed on him than fell to the share of most of the sovereigns. They lived in the castle-palace of Windsor, where they "kept an open and noble house," but it was at Richmond that Anne died, and her husband had such a feeling about the place associated with her death that he had the palace pulled down, so that no king should ever go there again to that pleasant summer resort, to be happy where he had suffered such a loss. The whole nation mourned for her; and she was fondly remembered as the "good Queen Anne."

When anything was said about his marrying again,—and being a king, such an event was almost a matter of course—he said he would have no woman to take the place of Anne; but he would wed the little Isabella, oldest daughter of the king of France, and that would be a good match, for it was desirable to have an alliance with that nation. When told that she was too young, he said he could wait for her. He was only thirty; he had no children; and he liked the idea of having this child to bring up and educate for his queen.

As he was in earnest about it, the proper officials went over, and after making the proposal, which was received with favor, they were allowed to see the little maiden herself; and one of them knelt before her and kissed her hand and told his errand, and she said she should like to go and be queen of England, "for then, I should be a great lady."

No grown woman could have behaved in a more suitable way. She was not old and forward in her manners, but perfectly child-like, and yet with a kind of womanly dignity; so that the blending of simplicity and self-possession was very charming. Her bearing was that of a well-bred and noble child. But how she could have been so lovely in her character it is hard to understand, for her mother was very unlike that, and not a fit woman to be trusted with the training of daughters; and her father was that unfortunate Charles who, after he had the singular attack which we of these days should call a sun-stroke, was subject to fits of derangement at times, and was conse-

quently incapable of wisely caring for his children. Yet, it is not a thing impossible that a child should be innocent and artless, though the mother be wicked, as the pond-lily may come up stainless from a bed of stagnant water ; and she was one of these.

It was from her mother that Isabella inherited her wonderful beauty. The queen of France was of mingled German and Italian blood, and had the large lustrous eyes of the Italians, and a fine, dark complexion, not wholly of the brunette style, but that pure, clear olive which is lovely as it is rare. The children were all renowned for their beauty; one of them, Katherine, surnamed the "Fair," afterwards became queen-consort of England as wife of Henry V. But this, the eldest daughter was most beautitul of them all.

She was formally betrothed to Richard, and the marriage by proxy took place after the usage of the times; and when the necessary arrangements had been made, he went over with a great company of his relatives to marry her in person. Her father came on with her to Calais, attended by hundreds of lords and ladies in their most gorgeous apparel ; and what that was, one who has read Froissart or any of the chroniclers, can easily imagine. She was conveyed in a handsome litter, curtained and cushioned with silk all trimmed and fringed with gold—for that was the way the queens journeyed !

If Richard had been pleased at the idea of wedding this little maid, who was so ready to trust herself with him, what must have been his gratification at sight of her. His good Anne had been a plain woman, not over tasteful in her dress; but this charming child, with her splendid Italian eyes, and the bright, sweet, happy look on her young face, was attired in the most exquisite and bewitching manner. Whatever else the queen-mother had neglected she had looked well to the outfit of her daughter who went to her royal bridegroom with a finer and costlier wardrobe and more magnificent jewels than almost any queen of England had ever taken with her to her new home. She had circlets for her head, necklaces, clasps, and more rings than she could wear, all sparkling with gems. And among her garments, the handsomest of all her suits was a robe, mantle, and hood of crimson velvet, embroidered with pearls and emeralds, and lined and trimmed with ermine; and when she wore it she must have looked like a princess playing that she was Red Riding Hood.

They were married at Calais, where they spent three days after the cermony, being feasted and entertained, and then passed over to England; and Richard took her to London, and there was an immense crowd to see her, and the citizens made her some costly presents. It has been said that she was crowned while there, but it would be hard to find proof of it.

Her place of residence was fixed at Windsor, and there she was to live, in charge of certain noble ladies, until her education was completed and she had been properly fitted for the high place she was to fill. And in making preparations for her, Richard had not been outdone by the queen of France. Her rooms were furnished suitably for one accustomed to luxuries. They were hung with crimson and white satin, embossed with pictures which might remind her of France, such as peasants in the garb of vintagers. He evidently had cultivated taste, and he was notoriously fond of show—and very vain, the historians say—dainty about his dress and his surroundings. Hardly ever any king of England lived in such style as Richard. Extravagance and thoughtlessness characterized his conduct in these things. He had ten thousand persons belonging to his household, three hundred of them being in the kitchen.

Shakespeare refers to this in the scene where Richard, in that very Westminster Hall which he himself had caused to be rebuilt in such magnificence, resigns his crown to Henry of Bolingbroke :

> "Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
> No deeper wrinkles yet ? Hath sorrow struck
> So many blows upon this face of mine,
> And made no deeper wounds ? O flattering glass!
> * * * * * * * *
> Was this the face
> That every day under his household roof
> Did keep ten thousand men?"

The little queen spent her time for the most part at the place he had fitted up for her, where she was treated with the same respect as her predecessor, Queen Anne. Richard went out often and spent a day with her ; and as he had a very pleasant way towards her, and used to amuse her, and sing to her, and entertaining her as he would a child, and treating her in the gentle, protecting manner he would use towards a child, although at the same time he gave her the honor due the queen, she came to look for his visits as a school-girl does for the holidays. His kindness and care for her won her heart, and she became passionately attached to him. And so long as all went tolerably well in the kingdom she was as happy as the fortunate princess in the fairy tales.

But Richard was a very unsatisfactory sovereign whatever he might be in his domestic relations. The English people were bitterly disappointed in him. Was *this* the king, son of the brave Black Prince, so beloved and so lamented, whom they had sworn before the old king, Edward III., that they would acknowledge as sovereign after his death ? *this Richard*, so weak, if

not vicious, unworthy son of a noble father.

It is not to tell *his* story that this little sketch is written. Historians do not gennerally disagree about poor Richard. He could not have been fit to rule England. But whatever his faults or guilt, if guilt it was, the sad latter days of his short life, and the dreary end of it, incline our hearts to pity. When, after all his misdoings, and disasters, he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, with what anguish must the truth have burst in upon the darkness of his soul, when he broke out with the bitter words that he knew he was unfit to be king! He "wept bitterly, wrung his hands, and cursed the hour he had been born, when his end was so miserable;" and thinking of Isabella, who was "but a child," he said: "I wish I were at this moment dead of a natural death, and the king of France had his daughter again; for we have never enjoyed any great happiness together;" by which he meant because she was so young, not yet a companion for him; and knowing that the Londoners did not approve of the French marriage, he went on, "nor since I have brought her hither have I had the love my people bore me formerly," though not through her fault, and so, "all things therefore considered," he offered the crown of England to his "cousin of Lancaster."

It is a most dismal story; and Richard's death, by voluntary starvation in a fit of despair—such seems the final opinion, after much investigation—in his prison at Pontefract Castle, is the gloomy, tragic end of it.

The little queen appears never to have seen him after that day, when, about to set out on his expedition to Ireland, he went to bid her good-bye, and taking her up in his arms kissed her with many kisses, saying: "Adieu, madame, adieu, till we meet again." She was left a widow at thirteen; and the new king denied her permission to return to her friends in France. With the spirit of a queen, young as she was, she had placed herself at the head of her husband's party, to try to retrieve their fortunes; and Henry professed to be justified in keeping her as a kind of state prisoner. Moreover, he was determined to find a husband for her in the Prince of Wales; but she refused to listen to any such plan. Finally, after two years, she was allowed to go, but she went almost penniless, for the king of England kept her dower and her jewels.

She became the wife of her cousin Charles, afterwards Duke of Orleans, and died in her twenty-second year. That she remained to the last as sweet and lovable as she had been in her childhood, a rarely amiable woman, as she had been a charming child, is evident from the affection Charles bore for her, and his grief at her death. He was a poet as well as prince, and he wrote some very tender lines on her death:

> "She was, to speak without disguise.
> The fairest thing to mortal eyes.
>
> "No more! no more! my heart doth faint
> When I the life recall,
> Of one who lived so free from taint,
> So virtuous deemed by all;
> Who in herself was so complete,
> I think that she was ta'en
> By God to deck His Paradise
> And with His saints to reign.
> For well she doth become the skies,
> Whom, while on earth each one did prize,
> The fairest thing to mortal eyes."
>
> —*Hearth and Home.*

WHO WROTE THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS"?

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

You could never guess who wrote the Arabian Nights; for nobody knows when those stories were first written. It seems very odd that a book should be made, and no one able to tell when it was made. The publishers don't allow such things to happen nowadays. Yet it is even so with the book we are talking of. Of course, it is possible to fix the date of the many translations of the Arabian Nights which have been made into the languages of Europe from the old Arabic manuscripts. Thus, it was in the year 1704 that a certain Antoine Galland, a distinguished oriental scholar of Paris, who had travelled in the East, and who had collected many curious manuscripts and medals, published a French translation of what was called the "Thousand and One Nights." This was in the time of the gay court of Louis the Fourteenth; and the fine ladies of the court —those of them who could read—all devoured the book. And the schoolboys throughout France (though there were not many schoolboys in those days outside of the great cities) all came to know the wonderful stories of Aladdin and of Ali-Baba. Remember, that this was about the time when the great Duke of Marlboro' was winning his famous victories on the Continent —specially that of Blenheim, about which an English poet, Dr. Southey, has written a quaint little poem; which you should read. It was in the lifetime, too, of Daniel De Foe, who wrote that ever-charming story of Robinson Crusoe some twelve or fourteen years later; and the first newspaper in America, called the *Boston News Letter*, was printed in the same year in which Antoine Galland published this translation of the "Thousand and One Nights." If you should go to Paris, and be curious to see it, you can find in the Imperial Library, or the National Library (or whatever those changeable French peo-

ple may call it now), the very manuscript of Antoine Galland.

Some years afterwards, there was a new and fuller translation by another oriental scholar, who had succeeded M. Galland as Professor of Arabic in the Royal College. Then there followed in the early part of this century translations into English, and I suppose that American boys in the days of President Monroe took their first taste of those gorgeous Arabian tales.

But the completest of all the collections was made by a German scholar, Mr. Von Hammer, in the year 1824—not so far back but that your fathers and mothers may remember little stray paragraphs in the papers, which made mention of how a German scholar had traced these old Arabian tales back to a very dim antiquity in India; and how he believed they had thence gone into Persia, where the great men of the stories all become Caliphs, and who they floated thence, by hearsay, into Arabia (which was a country of scribes and scholars in the days of Haroun al Raschid); and how they there took form in the old Arabic manuscripts which Antoine Galland had found and translated. But during the century that had passed since M. Galland's death, other and fuller Arabic copies had been found, with new tales added, and with other versions of the tales first told.

But what we call the machinery of the stories was always much the same; and the same Genii flashed out in smoke and flame, and the same scimitars went blazing and dealing death through all the copies of "The Thousand and One Nights."

But how came that title of "The Thousand and One Nights," which belonged, and still belongs, to all the European collections of these old Arabian stories? I will tell you why; and in telling you why, I shall give you the whole background on which all these various Arabian stories, wherever found, are arrayed. And the background is itself a story, and this is the way it runs:—

Once there lived a wicked Sultan of Persia, whose name was Schahriar; and he had many wives—like the Persian Shah who went journeying into England this summer past; and he thought of his wives as stock-owners think of their cattle—and I fear the present Persian Shah thinks no otherwise.

Well, when this old Schahriar found that his wives were faithless and deceitful—as all wives will be who are esteemed no more than cattle—he vowed that he would cut off all chances of their sinning, by making an end of them; so it happened that whatever new wife he espoused one day, he killed upon the next.

You will think the brides were foolish to marry him; but many women keep on making as foolish matches all the world over; and she who marries a sot, or the man who promises to be a sot, is killed slowly, instead of being killed quickly with a bow-string,—as the Schahriar did his work.

Besides, all women of the East were slaves, as they are mostly now, and subject to whatever orders the Sultan might make.

Now, it happened that this old Schahriar had a vizier, or chief officer under him (who executed all his murderous orders), and who was horrified by the cruelties he had to commit. And this same vizier had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who was even more horrified than her father; and she plotted how she might stay the bloody actions of the Schahriar.

She could gain no access to him, and could hope to win no influence over him, except by becoming his bride; but if she became his bride, she would have but one day to live. So, at least, thought her sisters and her father. She, of course, found it very hard to win the consent of her father, the vizier, to her plan; but at last she succeeded, and so arranged matters that the Schahriar should command her to be his bride.

The fatal marriage-day came, and the vizier was in an agony of grief and alarm. The morning after the espousals he waited—in an ecstasy of fear—the usual order for the slaughter of the innocent bride; but to his amazement and present relief, the order was postponed to the following day.

This bride, whose name was Scheherazade—known now to schoolboys and school-girls all over the world—was most beguiling of speech, and a most charming story-teller. And on the day of her espousals she had commenced the narration of a most engrossing story to her husband, the Schahriar, and had so artfully timed it and measured out its length, that when the hour came for the Sultan to set about his cares of office, she should be at its most interesting stage. The Sultan had been so beguiled by the witchery of her narrative, and so eager to learn the issue, that he put off the execution of his murderous design, in order to hear the termination of the story on the following night.

And so rich was the narration, and so great was the art of the Princess Scheherazade, that she kept alive the curiosity and wonder of her husband, the Sultan, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, until her fascinating stories had lasted for a thousand and one nights.

If you count up these you will find they make a period of two years and nine months—during which she had beguiled the Sultan and stayed the order for her execution. In the interval, children had been born to her, and she had so won upon

her husband, that he had abolished his cruel edict forever,—on condition that from time to time she should tell over again those enchanting stories. And the stories she told on those thousand and one nights, and which have been recited since in every language of Europe, thousands and thousands of times, are the Arabian Nights tales.

If this account is not true in all particulars, it is at least as true as the stories are.

A good woman sacrificed herself to work a deed of benevolence. *That* story at any rate is true, and is being repeated over and over in lives all around us.

But, after all, the question is not answered as to who wrote the "Arabian Nights." I doubt if it ever will be answered truly. Who cares, indeed? I daresay that youngsters in these days of investigation committees are growing up more curious and enquiring than they used to be; but I know well I cared or thought nothing about the authorship in those old school days when I caught my first reading of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.

What a night it was! What a feast! I think I could have kissed the hand that wrote it.

A little red morocco-bound book it was, with gilt edges to the leaves, that I had borrowed from Tom Spooner, and Tom Spooner's aunt had loaned it to him, and she thought all the world of it, and had covered it in brown paper, and I mustn't soil it or dog's-ear it. And I sat down with it—how well I remember!—at a little square-legged red table in the north recitation room at E—— school; and there was a black hole in the top of the table —where Dick Linsey, who was a military character, and freckled, had set off a squib of gunpowder (and got trounced for it); and the smell of the burnt powder lingered there, and came up gratefully into my nostrils, as I read about the sulphurous clouds rolling up round the wonderful lamp, and the Genius coming forth in smoke and flame!

What delight! If I could only fall in with an old pedler with a rusty lamp, such as Aladdin's,—wouldn't I rub it!

And with my elbows fast on the little red table, and my knees fast against the square legs, and the smell of the old squib regaling me, I thought what I would order the Genius to do, if I ever had a chance.—A week's holiday to begin with; and the Genius should be requested to set the school "principal" down, green spectacles and all, in the thickest of the woods, somewhere on the "mountain." Saturday afternoons should come twice a week—at the very least;—turkey, with stuffing, every day except oyster day. I would have a case of pocket-knives "Rogers' superfine cutlery,"—(though Kingsbury always insisted that "Wostenholm's" were better) brought into my closet, and would give them out, cautiously, to the clever boys. I would have a sled, brought by the Genius, that would beat Ben Brace's "Reindeer," he bragged so much about,—by two rods, at least. I would have a cork jacket with which I could swim across Snipsic Lake, where it was widest—twice over—and think nothing of it. I would have a cavern, like the salt mines in Cracow, Poland (as pictured in Parley's Geography); only instead of salt, it should all be rock-candy; and I would let in clever fellows and pretty girls, and the homely ones, too—well, as often as every Wednesday.

Ah, well-a-day! we never come to the ownership of such caverns! We never find a pedler with the sort of lamp that will bring any sort of riches—with wishing.

But, my youngsters, there is a Genius that will come to any boy's command, and will work out amazing things for you all through boyhood, and all through life; and his name is—Industry.

And now, if your lessons are all done, and if you will keep in mind what I have said about the "Arabian Nights," and their history, we will sit down to a reading of Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves—*St. Nicholas.*

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

Chapter VIII.

UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

"Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still it is God's hand that feedeth me."

The spring sunshine was shining all over Mr. Lindsley's back-yard. Under the apple-tree, in a barrel-chair, sat Eloise Raynor; her brown head did not reach the top of the chair, and the bronze slippers just touched the grass. The long curls that Eloise loved because her father loved them, lay over her shoulders, falling even below her waist, concealing the slight curvature of the spine; her head was bent forward somewhat more than was natural, but as she often sat leaning her head upon her hand, the deformity was not ill-fitted to the pensive, sallow little face. Mrs. Raynor gave thanks that her child was so pleasant to look upon.

"Mother," the child had said once when she was five years old, "other little girls do not look like me; is something the matter with me?"

"Yes, dear, God thought He would make you not like other little girls, but a little different to please Himself. He made you

as you are, Wesie, because *He thought about you.* Don't you like to have Him think about you?"

"Yes," was the satisfied reply, as she walked away from the mirror. The thought grew up with her; even now, eight years afterwards, she was thinking as she looked over the fields, delighting in the warmth and sunlight, that everything was showing that God was thinking about her.

"Marion!" she called.

Marion came to the porch door.

"Isn't Saturday over yet?"

"Almost."

"Then come and begin Sunday, can't you?"

"I'll come, but I must bring some mending."

The thin little fingers grew weary in forming the capitals her mother had written for her to copy; she had erased her own imperfect attempts, and was trying to think of something to rhyme with "pleasantness," when Marion came out with Will's pants, and her mother's work-basket.

"Do you think I *ought* to learn to write, Marion? It tries me more than anything."

"More than painting letters?"

"Oh, yes, that's different. I'll tell mother she must write for me one year more."

"But suppose," suggested Marion, seating herself in a low chair near the barrel-chair, "that you should want to write something that you did not want her to see?"

"That thing is not in my heart, Marion," replied Eloise.

Marion flushed at the tone. "I am older than you are, Eloise," she said.

"I shan't grow old that way, I think. Does growing up mean thinking thoughts that you do not tell your mother?"

"Growing up means thinking thoughts that you do not tell *anybody*," Marion answered, covering her confusion by diving into the depths of the work-basket.

"Will you sing to me?"

"Listen to the birds, can't you?"

"I like *your* singing better; it is like the birds, and better than the birds. They don't know why they are glad, and you do."

"Do I? I know why I am sorry."

"Then you will be glad.

"'We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.'"

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

"Do you 'pine for what is not,' Marion?"

"How do you know whether it *is* or is *not*?" answered Marion. "Yes, I will sing to you."

"Don't you like poetry?"

"When I can understand it, I do,"

"You understand that. Do you like Jean Ingelow?"

"I don't know anything about her. I am not a book-worm like you, Eloise."

"Then I'll tell you all I know. You have been working too hard; you are pale to-day. I learned this to-day:

"'O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'"

"Did Jean Ingelow write that?" asked Marion.

"No," returned Eloise with an air of calm superiority. "I wonder what a Chinaman would think of that? You know Chinamen have praying-machines."

"Do they? And they wind it up and let it pray for them! How dreadful that is!"

"If they pray to idols they might as well pray with a machine. They would be so disappointed if they prayed with all their hearts, and there was no one to answer. Don't you remember about the priests of Baal?"

"No, I don't remember," said Marion. Was it in the Bible? She was ashamed to ask.

"Mother read it to me this morning, and we talked about it. We have grand talks over the Bible. I suppose Miss Helen would not like to have me come to her talks, but I would enjoy it exceedingly. I suppose a machine is good enough to pray to stone and wood with, for when a heart prays, it must have a heart to pray to."

Marion sewed on a button before Eloise spoke again.

"Now please sing, Marion. Your voice is an honor. It must come from among all the beautiful things you live with—the birds and the sunsets and the light. The light over the fields to-day lays all around my soul, making it warm and moist."

"As warm as gratitude," smiled Marion. "Trudie says that is warm."

"Everything means the same thing. Do you know what the baby said, Marion? 'God thought about *you*, and so I am here.' That is what everything says."

Eloise was disappointed because Marion did not reply. Marion was replying to herself: "Is that why everything happens to me because He is thinking about me? Is

Tom Nelson going away because He is thinking about me?"

Eloise watched Marion's face, finding her reply.

"Shall I sing 'Bonny Eloise'?"

"Yes, Nettie calls *me* Bonny Eloise."

The tremor at Marion's heart thrilled her voice with a tone Eloise had never heard. She did not listen to the words at all.

"Why, Marion, you are a whole brass-band all of yourself."

Marion started so that she dropped her work.

"Did I frighten you?" Tom Nelson emerged from behind the stone wall and took off his hat, bowing very low.

"I've been telling Will the news," he began, coming towards them.

Tom was like Josie, short and stout, but there the resemblance ceased. Josie said that he could not have looked more unlike her if he had tried. His hair was black, and his eyes the deepest shade of brown; when in repose his countenance was gravity itself, yet all Sunny Plains knew that Tom Nelson was the spirit of fun.

He was twenty years of age, just two years older than Marion; he was Will's friend, and Marion's also in a certain undemonstrative fashion.

"You did not forget that I became my own man Wednesday, did you, Marion?"

"Josie told me that your apprenticeship had ended," said Marion hurriedly.

"And the other good news, that I have the offer of steady work and good pay for three years!"

"Two hundred miles away," added Marion.

"Well that is farther than I like to go," confessed Tom; "the head of the family should be rather nearer its shoulders; but Josie is home, and then it isn't so much of a journey! Mother wept somewhat, but we consoled her. Strange as it may appear, for the greater happiness of my home it is for me to be away from it! One more Sunday in Sunny Plains, and then I'm off. I shan't find a pot of gold, unless I find it at the end of the rainbow. Mother says my roving disposition will be satisfied when I have travelled around the earth. If I had not a family, Sunny Plains would grieve for sight of me for one ten years."

Marion did not look up or speak.

"Why don't you congratulate me, Marion?"

"What for?" asked Marion somewhat huskily. "It doesn't seem to me such a good thing to go away from Sunny Plains."

"Sunny Plains may be all your world, but it isn't all mine."

Marion threaded her needle and sewed on a button in the wrong place. Eloise slipped from her chair and walked slowly away.

"What a mite that child is! But I must go home to let my family enjoy the last of me."

He turned away, and Marion kept on sewing. Soon she arose and sauntered through the pear-orchard down to the spring. The pear-blossoms were scattered on the grass, under her feet; the earth was a carpet of green and tinted leaves; and above and around her the sunshine was soft and warm. God was thinking of her, even while Tom Nelson was speaking. He knew how Tom's careless words were hurting her, He heard them, and was willing for Tom to speak them, perhaps, even if they did hurt her so. It was foolish to be hurt, but God knew all her foolishness.

Last Saturday night, how she had cried about the Raynors coming, as if that were a sorrow!

There were voices on the Parsonage lawn; a child's voice, and a child's figure in white flitting in and out about the trees, —Trudie's laugh, then Miss Helen's voice, then another low and weak, a figure, slight as Trudie's was leaning on Miss Helen's arm.

Marion shivered even in the warm sunshine; there were so many happy people in the world. God thought about them to make them happy; He must know how her foolish heart was aching.

"I'll tell Him all about it," she thought, the tears starting, not bitter tears, but tears which the sweet sense of being comforted brought. For her heart was praying to a heart that could be touched with the feeling of her infirmities.

Chapter IX.

TOM AND MARION.

"And God granted him that which he requested."

Josie's only leisure time throughout the week was the time between the close of Sunday-school at four o'clock and the hour for evening service.

The children claimed this leisure time as if it were their right. Josie did sometimes wish that she could have the two hours till tea-time alone in her own room, but stories must be told to the little group, and Sam's Sunday-school book read to him and the other little ones; their mother must not be troubled, and Sarah must go away by herself if she felt inclined. These *musts* were so imperative that Josie had almost forgotten that there was any one to take care of the children but herself; and often the children's thoughts were fresher than any of her own would be.

"We do in this house all we *know to do*," said Sam reflectively, the last Sunday afternoon of Tom's stay at home.

"Good for you, Sammy?" cried Tom,

patting the straw-colored head. "Now we must keep on *knowing*."

The children were gathered on the wide front stoop, Sarah with her Sunday-school book sitting in the doorway, Tom on the upper step with the twins climbing over him, Sammy asking Josie questions about a picture in her little old Bible, and Lou and Julia each deep in a volume of "*Line upon Line*."

"Where's mother?" suddenly enquired Tom. "You two small women go and find a tree to climb."

The twins left Tom and smoothed their dresses, then started on an exploring expedition around the yard hand in hand.

"Lou," said Josie, as Tom passed in the doorway, "run over and ask Marion to come over and help me look for angels. I saw her at the parlor window three minutes ago."

"*Line upon Line*" was the only book Lou was sorry to drop. She looked up with such pleading eyes that Josie sent Sam instead.

There was a hesitation and shyness about Marion that Josie noticed and wondered at. She colored at the sound of Tom's heavy voice in the hall, and looked around nervously as she seated herself.

"I couldn't get along by myself," began Josie. "I am interested to know when and how the angels were sent to answer prayer. I have never thought about that; have you?"

"No," replied Marion, drawing nearer. "Prayer can do something, if it can bring an angel down from heaven."

"Well, it *can*. We know it."

Sarah drew near enough to hear all that was said, exchanging her book for a Bible.

"Angel means messenger," Josie went on; "so, perhaps, anybody or anything that is sent in answer to prayer is an angel in that sense."

"Let us find about the priests of Baal first. Eloise was speaking of it yesterday. Do you know where it is?"

"If she means when Elijah challenged them, I do."

Josie turned to First Kings, eighteenth chapter, asking, "There, Marion, is that it?"

"Read it aloud." suggested Marion; "when you read, Josie, it sounds as if it happened yesterday."

Josie read slowly and clearly till she came to the cry of Baal's prophets, four hundred and fifty men. Then her voice grew husky, and trembled with feeling:

"'And they took the bullock which was given them and dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made. And it came to pass at noon that Elijah mocked them and said: Cry aloud; for he is a god: either he is talking or he is pursuing, or he is taking a journey, or, peradventure, he is sleeping, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them. And it came to pass when midday was past, and they prophesied until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, *that there was neither voice nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.*'"

Josie read on till rain came in answer to the prophet's prayer, who cast himself down upon the earth to pray and put his face between his knees.

"'Neither voice, nor any that regarded,'" repeated Marion very slowly. "'And they cut themselves till the blood gushed out.'"

"It was only a little cloud," said Josie, speaking her thought.

"But the little cloud meant it all," returned Marion, quickly. "The servant went *seven* times before he saw even that. And it was coming all the time before he saw it."

"Sarah, will you get tea?" asked Josie turning around to her. "I want to find about the angels with Marion."

Sarah assented reluctantly, as she moved away.

Josie exclaimed, "Isn't it too bad that Tom must go? I can see it is best, but we shall miss him so. I have had Saturday night to look forward to for three years! He has promised to write home every Saturday night, though I'm afraid he will grow away from me. And that he may find there somebody to like better than he does me! I couldn't bear that. It seems like going farther away in everything. But he loves to write letters; he writes as good a letter as a girl! I'll hold him *that* way. You can hold a person very close with letters; don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Marion, in a careless tone, apparently absorbed in a picture in Josie's Bible.

"And then, another thing. His going away shuts me out from a school. I can't go away from Sunny Plains now; mother would be too lonely if we were both away. He refused an offer of work near home. I was hoping so he *would* take it." "Hoping" meant praying, but Josie could not say that. "You have such easy times, Marion!"

"Do you think so?" Marion's heart gave a great throb. Wasn't it as much to her as it was to Josie, that Tom might find "somebody to like?" And she had no hold upon him, not even by letter. Why was it not just as natural for her to love Tom as that Josie should? Why must she be ashamed to tell God about him? If

his sister could speak his name every day to God, why could not she?

"Well, yours are not like mine. I thought perhaps I could have the Walnut Grove school. Miss Helen told me that she should not let Agnes go back again, but that is ten miles away, and as Tom must go, I can't. I was sure the Walnut Grove school was for me when Miss Helen said she certainly would not let Agnes go back. I thought that was the little cloud. I wish we could see clear to see *real* answers; don't you? I jump at everything for my answers."

"That is faith, then, for you do expect something!" Marion's voice sounded as if she did not expect any good thing.

A footstep in the hall brought the color to her face; she arose hastily, saying: "I must go now, Josie."

"So soon! We haven't found anything yet."

But Josie and Tom would like to be together alone this last Sunday, she was sure; it was not pleasant to think that her presence might interfere with Tom's good times.

"We have tea earlier on Sundays."

"Am I sending you away?" asked Tom, standing in the doorway. "Don't be so unneighborly.

"'Better than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor.'"

"That is more than is required," answered Marion, the sweet, shy look in her eyes making them very pretty in her neighbor's contemplation.

"Do you remember, Marion,"—Tom's voice was as gentle as her eyes—"the time I told Miss Helen I would not stay in Sunday-school if I could not sit near you?"

"And how ashamed I was!" exclaimed Josie. "You were five years old, Tom,—old enough to know better."

"I'm afraid I haven't learned any better yet. Were you ashamed, Marion?" enquired Tom.

"I am ashamed now; I wasn't old enough then."

"Wouldn't it be glorious if people never grew old enough to be ashamed!' cried Tom enthusiastically.

"No, it's a good thing. Well, Marion, I'll have to find the angels myself."

Tom passed Marion to open the gate for her; then he closed it, keeping at her side as she crossed the street.

"How pretty the singing sounds at the Parsonage!" said Marion, for the first time in her life feeling awkward with Tom.

"Marion, are you sorry that I am going away?"

"Yes," said Marion, truthfully.

"You have known me all your life—"

Marion's fingers were on Will's wooden bolt.

"If you would write to me once in a while—I'm one of the kind of fellows that like to hear from home—and you have been a part of my home ever since I can remember. Don't you love your neighbor, Marion?" he asked lightly, detaining her as she opened the gate.

"Well enough for that—but I'm very selfish. If I loved my neighbor as myself, it would be a very great deal."

"There's Marion!" cried Harry Raynor from the parlor window.

"Have you promised, Marion?" enquired Tom, with his fingers so near the wooden bolt that they interfered with the fingers that were trying to open the gate.

"Yes," huskily and hastily.

Did he know how much that promise was to her! Marion wondered as she went in. If he did not, God did. In this new experience if she could not trust Him to add to it His blessing that held no sorrow how unhappy she would be! For Tom asked her to write as he would ask Josie, and she did not love him as she loved Will.

With the disappointed feeling in her heart there was also the comfort of feeling that God regarded it. If she could not tell Him all about writing to Tom, she would rather not write to him.

If girls would tell their love-stories to God, instead of to each other, how much happier they would be!

Tom was so strong, so true, so unselfish, so ready to serve God, and his love was such a precious thing, that Marion's heart grew warm, and her eyes filled with happy tears. Love was of God, and He would give Tom's love to her—perhaps; it might be, it must be, that he did care for her now, a little.

This first experience was all the sweeter for linking God's love with it; she would not have dared to think it came from Him a week ago, but now the very thinking so was born into her heart, because God regarded everything in her life.

She laid aside her hat and went out to the dining-room to set the tea-table, singing a hymn with all her grateful heart. Her thoughts were not in the words, but they were in the music.

Eloise came out to listen, and found her cutting jelly-cake.

"I didn't know before that you were pretty, Marion," she said, after regarding her awhile.

"You shall have an extra piece of cake for that," returned Marion, with a happy laugh.

If Marion had felt sure that she was the dearest part of Tom's "home," she would have rested in that and not have been drawn consciously nearer to God, but the uncertainty of his liking, the fear that he would never care more for her than he did for Josie, brought her to Him with grati-

tude for what there was, and mute asking for more.

Tom had been Marion's hero ever since his last winter in school, when he had bravely done a right thing, and borne unflinchingly the jeers of the boys, large and small. After that day the algebra lessons together were more than mere algebra lessons.

Tom had scribbled a note to her on a blank leaf of her algebra. She had torn it out and laid it away among the few things she cared for:

"MARION: Ask Will to go nutting Saturday Josie will go if you will—it is always better fun to have *you* along.
TOM."

Marion liked to remember that Saturday's nutting. Tom had made her a gutta-percha ring, which she had worn till it was broken, and he had cut *M* and *T* on the bark of a tree, for which Josie sharply reproved him, saying he did nothing, while Marion looked on, and she and Will did all the work; not a nut should he or Marion have all winter! And how they had all laughed when Tom declared that nuts were *childish* things.

The young people of Sunny Plains had held a prayer-meeting for a year past every Monday evening at the Parsonage. The minister never entered the room,—the meeting was conducted by the young men.

On Tom Nelson's last Monday evening at home, the Parsonage parlors were filled. Marion and Trudie sat together in the back parlor, near the open doors of the greenhouse room.

Near the close of the meeting the leader asked Tom Nelson to pray. The quick beating of Marion's heart sounded in her ears so that she lost the opening words.

Tom prayed as if he were alone with God in his own chamber. Simple words, almost childlike, in a low, clear tone, with no hesitation!

Marion had never heard anything like it before. Tom must love God if he could speak to Him like that!

Her face was too wet to be raised; she slipped away from her seat and stepped into the greenhouse room. A figure upon the sofa raised itself in the dim light.

"Oh, it's you, Marion!" said Agnes Lucerne, sinking back again.

A hush followed the prayer, broken by Miss Helen's voice starting "Jesus, lover of my soul."

Marion drew a chair close to the head of the sofa. "I did not know you were here, Agnes."

"I am not strong enough to see so many people. Since I have given up I have grown so weak. Helen says I am only worn out, but I know I am in a sense that she does not admit. Who was that that prayed just now?"

"Josie Nelson's brother." Marion lingered lovingly over the words.

"I wish I could see his face. He has a pure heart. Perhaps I knew him when I lived in Sunny Plains. O Marion, it is so good to be back again. Helen will not let me *think* for myself even."

"Why, Con is here too," said Marion, as the child half arose at the foot of the sofa.

"She was too shy to go in even with Helen. Con, you have been asleep."

"No, not much, I have been hearing the prayer-meeting."

After the singing another voice broke into words of prayer. Marion listened, startled. It was Will's voice. And she did not even know that Will loved to pray.

"Who is that?" asked Agnes in a whisper.

"Will! my brother."

"We are all hungry," said Agnes, "and not for bread. Are you hungry for something better than bread, Marion?"

A little hot hand touched Marion's; but for that, Marion could not have spoken.

"Yes, I want more than bread."

"I have just found it out," the weak voice went on: "I know now we must have God's words to feed on, or we perish. I have *just* found it out, so I have to tell you, Marion. The word I live on is that *Jesus came into the world to save sinners.* I want to tell everybody. I haven't long to tell them."

"Why not?" asked little Con, curiously. But they were singing the doxology, and Agnes told Con to listen. Afterwards, Marion found Miss Helen in a group on the piazza, and asked her if Eloise might come to the Wednesday afternoon talk. "She wants to very much, 'exceedingly,' she says."

"Surely she may. Give her my love, and tell her I want her to come."

"Coming, Marion?" said Tom. "Josie and I will pilot you through the dangers of the night to the shelter of your own roof."

(*To be continued.*)

The Home.

MOTHER'S HOUR.

I was completely worn out, mind and body, and I am going to tell you why, although this has not much to do with my subject.

We live in a country village, where it is impossible to procure good servants, and as the journey to Clyde has in winter to be made by stage, and the roads are often impassable, we seldom attempt it.

We considered ourselves particularly fortunate this winter, for our cook came to us well recommended, and the housemaid had lived with us for years. The domestic machinery had been working smoothly for several weeks, when a spoke in one of the wheels gave way.

It was a cold night early in December. The snow had fallen heavily all day and now a fierce wind was piling it into drifts. Our cosy sitting-room with its crimson curtains and bright fire, seemed very pleasant in contrast with the storm outside.

The little ones had gone to bed, and we were altogether prepared to spend a quiet evening. We formed rather a pretty picture, I thought,—Mother and I by the fire sewing, with Nina curled up on the rug at our feet, Mack and Hamilton playing chess, and father in the background, reading aloud one of Shakespeare's plays. Suddenly there was a quick decided knock at the door, and before we could say "come in," cook made her appearance and asked "if Mrs. Paton would please step into the kitchen a moment?"

Mack gave a low whistle as mother left the room; Hamilton and I exchanged glances, and father paused in Hamlet's soliloquy. Something was wrong, that was evident, and each was busy with his own surmises, when mother came in and told us that "Martha was going away—her mother was dying and had sent for her."

There was no more chess nor Shakespeare that night, the family spirit was disturbed; for with our large house it was difficult to manage with two servants, and now Martha was going. We were talking the matter gravely over when Mack gave a more cheerful turn to the conversation by enquiring if he would have to iron his own shirts under the new dispensation?

Well, Martha's departure, as we expected, gave us all a great deal of extra work. I set tables, swept rooms, and washed dishes innumerable, while the cooking and other household matters mother and Maria managed between them. The children I noticed were the only sufferers, and they missed sadly the attention they were used to. Nina did all she could for them, but failed to fill both mother's and sister's place.

At length the roads were clear and mother left for Clyde. The following day Maria came to me with her finger bound up. After I had looked at it I sent her to the doctor, who told her to give up her place and go home, which she did without loss of time. I was in despair; a week passed and still mother was detained.

One night, in addition to my other work, I undertook to set sponge, preparatory to making bread. I had no idea what setting sponge involved, but I found a receipt, and supposed by following the directions closely I should have no difficulty. Before baking the next morning, I said to father:

"Papa, wouldn't you like to ask a friend to tea to-night? we will have home-made

bread. I intend baking regularly twice a week now until mother returns."

Father looked very much pleased, for he dislikes baker's bread, and said he would invite the minister, as he wanted to talk with him.

The table looked really inviting when we went to tea. I had stewed some apples and made a cake, and the bread looked very tempting. Mr. Grey made some complimentary remarks about my house-keeping, which pleased me very much. Father has two or three hobbies of which he is very fond, and to-night as he sat down he introduced his favorite one—home-made bread. His friend agreed with him that it was more wholesome than baker's, far more economical, and that it was the duty of every woman to learn how to bake good bread. "And really," said father in conclusion, "it is very simple; nothing is easier; why, Elsie herself made this."

Of course Mr. Grey looked surprised, and praised my industry, and I began to pour out the tea with a self-satisfied feeling, after promising to initiate his daughter into the mysteries of bread-making on the morrow.

"Why, what is the matter with this knife?" father asked suddenly. "I cannot cut the bread with it: here, Mack, just sharpen it."

My heart sank,—I had an uncomfortable feeling that it might not be altogether the fault of the knife. Mack returned with the knife and father tried again.

"Hadn't I better get the axe?" Hamilton asked mischievously. My face grew crimson —boys are so thoughtless. When the bread was at length cut, Mr. Grey politely ate half-a-slice, but declined when it was offered a second time. Father remarked that I had better not attempt any more bread until mother came home; and Mack whispered loud enough for the whole table to hear: "I think you must have put beer into your dough instead of yeast." Such a foolish remark for a boy of his age to make!

When I went to my room that night I had a good cry—my bread had been such a failure, and I was so tired. The next day mother returned, bringing with her two good servants, and also an invitation for me to visit a friend of hers in Clyde. And *so* it happened that I was worn out and had to leave home for a rest.

I reached my destination after a long, cold drive about ten in the morning. The children met me in a body at the gate. There were eight of them—I counted as I drove up. I inwardly pitied my friend with her troop of boys and girls. But she needed no sympathy, as I afterwards learned. She let the children give me a hearty welcome and then sent them away, while she took me to my room. I would like to describe that room to you, but I have only time to say that a fire burned brightly on the hearth, and warm coffee and rolls were waiting, all of which were very refreshing to a hungry traveller. After Mrs. Mackenzie had assisted me unpack, she left me to take a nap. I had been asleep about halt an hour when I was awakened by the merriest sounds of laughter, peal after peal, proceeding from the opposite side of the house. I went to the window and looked out, and in a room in the left wing, I saw my friend with all the children around her. They were all busy in one way or another. The oldest boy was painting; another was writing; a third making a boat. Mrs. Mackenzie was cutting out dolls' clothes, and the girls were sewing. Little Tina told me in strict confidence that "Miss FitzMarshall (her doll) was going to be married, and they were getting her *trousseau* ready."

The days passed delightfully, but too quickly. We breakfasted early, after which Mrs. Mackenzie attended to her household matters. We then read or worked until eleven, when she excused herself and went to the children. I usually sought my own apartment at that time, with the view of watching the pretty group, for I had the greatest curiosity to know what went on in the room opposite. But my hostess never spoke of what the amusements were, nor told me why she went at that hour, and I did not care to ask her.

Before my visit came to an end George, her eldest son, came home from college to spend a few days. He was reading aloud to us one morning when the clock struck eleven. He closed the book and rose to accompany his mother. She looked sur-

prised and asked him if he was not too old now to enjoy mother's hour?"

"Too old!" he exclaimed, "I hope I shall never be that. No, when I am old and grey, and have boys and girls of my own, I shall still come." He offered her his arm gaily and they left the room.

In the afternoon when we were driving I said to her: "There is a question I have been wanting to ask you ever since I came here, but have felt rather delicate about it, as you have never mentioned the subject yourself. May I ask it now?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"Will you tell me about 'Mother's hour?'"

She smiled and said: "I never spoke of it because I did not think the subject was one which would interest you, but I will gladly tell you. When George was our only child, Allan and I were young and gay, and went out a great deal. One day a friend who had known me from childhood came to see me, and I had Georgie brought down stairs. When I offered to take him, he refused to come to me. The nurse apologized and said, 'He hardly knows you, ma'am.' I was very much mortified, for the child was nearly three years old. When he had gone back to the nursery Mrs. Carl said to me:

"'George is a lovely boy, but how is it he does not know his mother?'

"'I do not know. I have so much to do I seldom see him. I have great confidence in nurse, she knows more about children than I do.'

"'So much to do!'" she repeated. "'May I ask what keeps you so busy?'

"'Oh, I have so many calls to make, and I drive all the afternoons, you know, and in the evening Allan likes me to go out with him.'

"'My dear young friend,'" she said, laying her hand on my shoulder, "'let me tell you what a great wrong you are doing yourself as well as your boy; you will always regret it if you neglect your home duty. The subject is a serious one, and requires much thought. Resolve at least to give a few moments daily to your child.'

"How I have blessed her for those words since! I decided to give one hour a day to George, and as from eleven o'clock to twelve was the time when I was the least liable to be interrupted, I spent that time in the nursery. I made no engagements for that hour, and the servants received orders to admit no one when I was thus engaged. At first my boy was very shy, but he soon began to watch for me, and nurse said if I was late he became restless and would not play. I used to talk or sing to him or help him build block houses. When the other children grew old enough they shared his privilege, although he resented it at first. It was a proud day for baby when he or she was allowed for the first time to come to 'Mother's hour.' In fact it was considered the final exit from babyhood. The greatest punishment I can inflict is to prevent a child meeting with us at that hour, and the one who has so offended is considered in high disgrace by his brothers and sisters. I try to vary the amusements as much as possible. In summer we go out under the trees. Sometimes we have a picnic or a ramble over the rocks. In winter they make presents to hang on the poor children's Christmas tree. Sometimes we sit around the fire and chat or read. That hour belongs to nurse as much as to the children. Now there is no baby, she uses the time as she pleases and I require no work of her. She always comes back refreshed and is more patient with the little ones for the recreation. I think the tie which binds me to my children is greatly strengthened by the few moments I spend daily with them in this way.

"I was afraid when George went to college, and was away from home so much that his mother would be less to him, and I was very much pleased this morning when he expressed his desire to come with me. My boy's heart is in the right place, and I have no fears for him so long as he still has the 'spirit of a little child' to enjoy 'Mother's hour.'"

Was not that a beautiful plan? I thought so, and I am sure many households would be helped if there was a "Mother's hour" for the little ones.

I went home rested and refreshed after spending a month in the house and home of a lovely Christian mother.

THE HOME SCHOOL,

OR MARY BOND.

Farmers and mechanics constitute the great mass of the people. It is to the favored homes of this class that I now call your attention, and ask you to observe how well, and yet insensibly, a girl may be educating in the art of domestic economy without suspending her school education.

Mrs. Bond, a prosperous farmer's wife, is a little on the bright side of forty. She is intelligent, and is thoroughly educated for her condition. She has eight children. Her eldest boy is in college. Her eldest girl, Mary, is fourteen. What domestic business is she capable of learning?—What is she taught?

Mary Bond repairs and arranges her own clothes. She keeps her person thoroughly clean, and is, at all times, dressed neatly and suitably. Whatever else she has to do, her own room is kept in order. Her mother has taught her, betimes, that delicacy and self-respect require this—that if the room is ever so small, and the furniture ever so scanty, plain and old, order and neatness will make it comfortable, and give it a pleasing aspect.

Is there anything more disgusting than the apartment of a slattern, where there seems no place for anything, and nothing in its place? I will not describe it, but if any of my readers have seen such a spectacle, I only ask them to recall the sensations it excited.

When Mary was eleven years old, her mother said to her, "I am going to make a change in your work. Instead of assisting Anne in the dairy, you are to set the tables. This involves great responsibility, my child, and requires that quality which you know I am constantly insisting upon, *attention.*

"Then, of all things, mother, do not give it to me to do, for you know I am naturally inattentive."

"For that very reason, my dear child, I give you a kind of work where you will constantly realize the inconvenience of your fault, and consequently will be incited to reform. Depend upon it, it is not the gifted people who finally are the superior characters, but those who have a firm and ever wakeful principle of improvement, who are on the alert to take advantage of every opportunity to make themselves wiser and better. You have this principle, Mary, and besides, you are affectionate, and cannot be willing that your father and I shall have the discomfort of a disorderly table."

"No indeed, mother—not if I can help it—so please give me my directions, and I'll do my best. I'll try your patience, mother, but that always holds out."

"I will describe to you, Mary, how things went on at poor aunt Livy's, where I lived a year, when I was a girl. When tea hour approached, there was a regular dispute between Evelina and Margarette-Anne, whose turn it was to set the table. That being settled, one would begin, say Evelina. She would drag out the table, and put up the leaves with a slam, and then select from two or three tumbled table-cloths, the one she '*guessed* mother meant.' Then the waiter was dashed on—not with the tea furniture neatly arranged on it, for every article of that a separate journey was made to the pantry. The cups and saucers were brought in such a pile, there was an even chance they would tumble over before they reached the table. Then came jingling on the spoons, then a sugar-bowl, followed by a cream-pot, and so on, and so on; each time the door was left open, particularly if it happened to be anywhere between November and March. The first ten minutes at table you would hear outcries on every side, such as, 'Evelina, where is the slop-bowl—run and hunt it up, child—stop, take the sugar-bowl with you; there is no sugar in it.'—'You have forgotten the butter, Evelina.'—'Mother, mayn't Evelina get a knife for my place.'—'And a fork for mine?'—'I wonder if there was ever any house but ours where there was *never* a knife for the butter!—Evelina, do see if you can find the water-pot.'—'O dear! there goes the molasses dripping on the cloth—I wish Evelina would remember the saucer under the molasses-cup.'. Such scenes were repeated every day, and as you may believe, Mary, there was very little social enjoyment at the meals. Be as quiet and as quick as you can—quietness graces all household offices, and that which must be done three times a day should be done with despatch; and very stupid or shamefully inattentive must that person be who cannot do well what is often repeated. You know what is wanted at our meals. Take care and put every article in its right place, and there you will find it. One great advantage of order is, that it enables you to go about your work calmly, and with full possession of your mind, which you will need as much as your hands."

Thus instructed and warned by Evelina's example, Mary began. Her cups were glossy, her glasses clear, and her spoons bright, for they were all washed and wiped by her own neat hand. Her cloth was spread straight, and after the meal, refolded in the creases, and replaced. She committed some blunders at first She cut such a quantity of bread, that half of it was uneaten, and once or twice her father called her attention to an empty pepper-castor or an unreplenished salt-cellar. After a little while, Mary applied to the table the convenient division of the *must haves* and

the *many wants* and on a side-table was placed a loaf of bread, and an extra pitcher of milk, &c. &c., to replenish the table, if necessary, without the annoyance of opening and shutting doors.

How much does this foresight and order contribute to the cheerfulness and good manners of the family table, perhaps, we may add, without exaggeration, to the health, as a writer on dietetics asserts, that a quiet and cheerful mind at meals is essential to a good digestion. However this may be, we are sure that without order and attention in the female department, the meal-time cannot be what it should be to the master of the family—his pleasant hour of rest and recreation. Observe, there is not only a saving of expense and labor in Mary's mode of doing her work, but of what is infinitely more precious, time.

Mary Bond aids her mother in the care of the younger children. She washes them thoroughly, dresses them neatly, and keeps their hair as glossy and smooth as her own. She knows how to perform the odd services that are to be done in every family, and that girls of fourteen, and even much less, have the capacity to perform. She can clean silver and brass in the best manner, and rub furniture, so that you can see your face in it.

Mary, at fourteen, can sweep and dust thoroughly, iron neatly, and clear-starch well enough for any lady in the land. She knows, as yet, very little of the culinary art, nothing, perhaps, besides making *good* tea and coffee (which, by the way, half the grown-up people in the country cannot, or do not), a pudding, bisquits, cake, or some *may-want* of that sort.

Mrs. Bond now advances her daughter's domestic studies. The first family *must-have* is good bread. "I shall give the bread-making into your hands for a year to come, Mary," said her mother. "Few girls of your age have strength to knead a large batch of bread, but you have. It is a healthy exercise, so do not spare your strength. You must be watchful, see that the emptyings are fresh and lively, watch the rising, for that depends something on the weather, and *see* to the baking—the best dough may be spoiled in the baking. Give your attention to it, my child. You know what I always tell you—*attention* is everything."

Mary began with a resolution never to fail, but, inexperienced as she was, for the first two or three months she did occasionally fail. She never was allowed that prevailing and pestilent excuse, "I have had *bad luck*." Sense and morals are involved in making good bread; "luck," not at all.

When Mary's father said to her quietly, "Your bread has given me a head-ache my child," Mary felt almost as much compunction as if she had committed a sin. And when her father said, "Your bread is as good as your mother's, Mary!" Mary was happy.

At the end of a year, Mary was qualified as to bread-making, to preside over a family.

"Where did you get your potatoes, Bond?" asked one of Mr. Bond's neighbors, who chancing to dine with him, fixed his eyes on a dish of beautiful mealy potatoes. "You gave me the seed potatoes when we were planting last spring." "Is it possible," replied his friend, "this is of a piece with all Mrs. Bond's *luck* in cooking!" This time it was Mary's *luck*. Mrs. Bond never permitted that most important of all the vegetables to be spoiled by bad cooking. Her potatoes were never underdone, nor water-soaked.

At the end of Mary's year's noviciate—that is, when she was fifteen—she could roast, broil, or boil, a bit of meat properly. She could make a wholesome soup—that rare compound; could prepare gravies that even a dyspeptic could look at, without shuddering; could draw butter without lumping it, or turning it to oil. We are afraid of taxing the credulity of our readers, but we are too proud of Mary to permit her to be shorn of her beams. We must then state, that she could *make* good butter. Yes, go through the whole process, from straining the milk to putting on the stamp.

Mrs. Bond presented cooking to Mary's mind, not as an art to pamper the appetite, but to minister to health. "A wise and religious person," she said to her child, "will soon learn to relish that best which is known to be most conducive to health, simple and well prepared food. We need not deny ourselves the good things that heaven has provided for us, at least, those need not who have not ruined their stomachs with indulgence, or bad food, stuffing with rich cake and sweetmeats, meats drenched in oiled butter, hot biscuits made with *old* lard, and vegetables infected with *cooking butter*. God cannot have given us the delicate sense of taste, without designing that we should enjoy it; but let the enjoyment be subservient to health. Remember, my dear child, that without health, the mind and the heart cannot do the work God has given them to do."

A farmer's boy accustomed, at home, to a neat table and well conducted meal, will not in any way discredit himself, nor be abashed or flurried if he chance, in after life (as he well may), to be the guest of distinguished men. And without even knowing the rules of foreign etiquette, he will preside at his own table with self respect and propriety.

And a girl, qualified by such a domestic education as Mary Bond's, will certainly carry to her own home, in whatever condi-

tion of life it be cast, the sources of true dignity, prosperity and happiness, a *moral force*, that is to the moral world what the steam-engine is to the physical.

Among the *must haves* of a woman's education, is a knowledge of the art of nursing. It is a woman's province, her duty, and her happiness, to minister to the sick. Many physicians will tell you that good nursing cures more patients than medicine. All the kingdoms of nature are explored for medicines, and if the physician gives years to the study of his profession, you should certainly be willing to give your minds and hearts, your *attention* to that branch of your education, that qualifies you for an office which, sometimes, by the physician's concession, excels his.

The endurance of severe sickness is the best school to treat the art of nursing, but late may you acquire it at this cost! and, in the meantime, will you accept some hints that may be useful to you?

Every *good* doctor is a good nurse. Whenever sickness occurs in your family, listen to the directions of the physician. Observe his mode of doing little offices for the patient, for example, how he arranges the pillows, dresses a blister, &c.

By observing not only professed nurses, but your mothers and elderly friends, you will learn many little arts by which the sufferings of the sick are alleviated. One of these, *very simple*, you say, but nevertheless rarely *perfectly* done, is, making a bed well for a sick person.

The most complete example of good nursing which I can present, is, by relating a circumstance in the life of Mary Bond. I mentioned that her eldest brother, Raymond, was in college.

Raymond, from his early youth, evinced a taste for books, and his parents, judicious in most matters, had fallen into the common error of cherishing unduly this love of study. Raymond, at the age when the constitution demands a great deal of exercise and sleep, was permitted to sleep all day, and sit up over his books half the night. To be sure he was the first scholar in his class, but was that a compensation for the hollow eye, and flame colored cheek, that indicated his constitution was undermining?—Nature's laws cannot be violated with impunity.

Mary Bond was seventeen years old in September, 183—. The following October her parents took a journey to Ohio, partly to see some connections who are living there, and partly for Mr. Bond's health, which had long been declining. He had had repeated and violent attacks of a nervous rheumatism that affected his mind, as well as his body, and put in requisition all Mrs. Bond's and all Mary's strength, skill, and patience. It was a good school for Mary, and she proved an apt scholar.

Mary's parents had been gone but a few days, when Raymond came home from college in a state of alarming debility and dejection. Mary sent for the physician. He was a most kind friend, as well as an able physician, and he entered with all his heart into Mary's anxieties, which, of course, were greatly augmented by her mother's absence. He saw nothing, he said, at present that an intermission of Raymond's studies, riding and walking, and cheerful society, might not cure. Mary at once set about putting these remedies to the test. Mrs. Bond had left the family in Mary's charge, and she felt the ambition, natural to a young girl who has such a dignified responsibility devolved upon her for the first time, to acquit herself with striking success. But Mary was not a girl to gratify the most innocent of vanities (if vanity it can be called), at the expense of a duty. The care and honor of keeping the house, she assigned to her domestic and to a younger sister, and devoted herself to the paramount duty of entertaining Raymond. He was weak, irresolute and capricious. He was often an hour deciding whether he would ride or walk, while she waited his decision with the utmost sweetness, without seeming to wait, and finally induced him to decide, by throwing some agreeable circumstance into the wavering scale.

"It is a lovely day," Mary would say; "shall we ride or walk, Raymond?"

"I wish you would not ask me, Mary," he would reply, fretfully; "you know very well I don't care which I do, if I must do either."

"Yes, Raymond, *must*, for must is for the doctor as for the king, and you know the doctor would not, for any consideration, we should lose such a day as this. Suppose we have the horse and chaise and go down to Mrs. Yale's—she owes us some butter, and I promised to come after it?"

"I do not wish to go there—you know, of course, I do not like to see butter when I am not allowed to eat it."

"Oh, I ought to have thought of that."

"No—I am sure I do not know why you need to have thought what a poor, selfish creature I am grown, Mary."

"Well, I did not, you see, Raymond. Shall we drive down to old Mrs. Burrall's? She is so fond of you, Raymond; it will please her."

"No, I don't want to see Mrs. Burrall—she will ask me forty thousand questions about my health—I hate to have people bother me about my complaints—I don't wish to see anybody."

"Then, suppose we drive through the pine-wood, and round the head of the lake, where you got those beautiful orchises last year for Lydia Sawyer? Lydia is coming here this evening, and I think, as there has been no frost, we may find some orchises still in bloom."

"I should like that well enough; but, unless I am much better than usual, I don't wish to see Lydia this evening—remember, will you?"

"Certainly; and as Lydia is not coming till eight, you can go to your room without her observing it."

In the evening she contrived to keep up Raymond's spirits till Lydia appeared. Then the orchises were produced, and that led to cheerful reminiscences of last year, and Raymond went to bed in a pleasanter frame of mind, and slept a refreshing sleep.

Still his disease gained ground, and all Mary's gentleness, considerateness and ingenuity, all her ministry to the mind, were unavailing. His fever ran high, violent symptoms appeared, and he was laid on his bed. The nervousness that had characterized his malady from the beginning increased.

"It is hard indeed to bear such unreasonableness," said the Doctor, as he and Mary left the room after Raymond had been finding fault with her performance of some difficult office she had done in her kindest manner.

"Raymond was never unreasonable when he was well," replied Mary, brushing away the tears that in spite of her had gathered in her eyes: "and it would be hard indeed if I should worry at every trifle, when he is so sick, and I am so well."

"But it is no trifle, my child, that he should insist on your staying with him by night as well as by day. You can't do it."

"I can try, doctor: and if I can't, I know Raymond will give up. Poor fellow! now he is so nervous, I think the watchers would do him more harm than good. They bring newspapers and books into the room—you would scarcely believe it, doctor, but when my father was so ill, the careless turning of the leaves of a book would raise his pulse, and the rattling of a newspaper almost drove him distracted."

"Oh, yes, my child, I can believe it. Very few people know how important quiet is to most sick persons—to a nervous patient it is indispensable. So very careless or thoughtless are persons generally in this respect, that I have often been obliged myself to oil creaking hinges in houses where I have had very sick patients, and I have been compelled more than once to beg *professed* nurses to exchange their creaking shoes for quiet ones. I wish there were a law to compel them to wear such soft-treading things as those moccasins you have on, the very best article for a sick-room—but you are your mother's own child, Mary—you think of everything."

"I *try*, sir—but I am far enough from being like my mother. Poor Raymond! how he must miss her!"

Raymond did, however, miss her as little as such a mother could be missed; for whose eye, voice, touch, is like a wise and good mother's? It seemed that Mary, as the doctor said, "thought of everything." She had a table at one extremity of the room, where there were two waiters, with napkins spread over them, to prevent noise when she set down the glasses, cups, &c. Here she kept the medicines, all, of course, labelled, the drinks covered, spoons, and a clean napkin to spread over the sheet whenever Raymond took his medicine or drink. Mary felt that nothing was more disagreeable to the eye than a soiled sheet, and every one knows how offensive is the odor of a spilled drop of medicine to a susceptible invalid. Beside the table was a washstand apparatus, so that if a drop of medicine soiled her fingers, it might instantly be removed, that Raymond might not be offended with the smell of it. Between this table and the bed, was a clothes-horse, covered with blankets, which screened the table from Raymond, and enabled her to carry on all her operations without his being disturbed by any bustle or movement. This screen did a double office, by enabling her to protect Raymond completely when she opened a door or window to change the air. The weather was just cold enough to require a fire; but a fire in a sick room, as every one knows, must be regulated with the utmost caution. Mary had a wood-box placed beside the fire place, filled with wood best adapted to her purposes. In the corner she kept constantly a small tea-kettle with hot water, to prevent all unnecessary running in and out. By these arrangements, she avoided every movement that could be avoided. and saved every step that could be saved.

Sick as Raymond was, he sometimes fancied sitting up in the bed; and then Mary, having no bed-chair, arranged him a comfortable rest by placing a child's chair behind him, and a footstool against the foot-board, to brace his feet.

With the aid of a strong domestic, Mary changed the linen about him, shirt, sheets, &c, every night. This, the doctor said, did him more good than medicine, for it tended to give him sleep, and sleep is Nature's own medicine.

It was a pleasure to see Mary dress a blister; such adroitness, neatness, and dispatch did she put into an operation which, if awkwardly done, afflicts misery on the patient.

It was no wonder that Raymond preferred Mary's attendance to any other, and that, having the selfishness so common in sickness, and more excusable in a nervous than in any other disease, he should only think of himself.

The doctor being one of those sagacious men that always go a little ahead in improvements, had adopted the practice now

common among our best physicians, of giving as little medicine as possible during the night, and *no* food, unless in case of extreme exhaustion. This, of course, abridged Mary's labors. She was not obliged to be awake at stated times, whether her patient were awake or not. She slept on a mattress on the floor, beside his bed, and at the slightest sound from him she awoke, and in a short time she had learned the nurse's art of falling asleep the moment her head touched the pillow, so that there was no unnecessary waste of strength.

Mary was not one of those unwise persons who think it a proof of love and devotion, to neglect themselves entirely during the illness of a friend; who think it almost unfeeling to eat with an appetite. or to breathe the fresh air! Mary knew it was necessary, not only to be devoted, but, by every personal attention, to keep herself qualified to do so. She never neglected her thorough daily ablutions; she got all the sleep she could ; and as often as she could, she went into the fresh air. Sometimes, while Raymond was sleeping, and her youngest sister, or her friend Lydia sat with him, she took a mile's walk and returned with a freshened complexion, and a sweet smile, that would for a few moments communicate cheerfulness, even to poor Raymond.

But, with all her precautions, she began to show the wear and tear of her prolonged service; and the doctor insisted that she should allow herself at least one night's unbroken sleep.

She applied to Raymond to select from all the neighborhood who stood ready to come to his assistance, the attendant most agreeable to him. He chose his friend, Charles Waters. Charles was a young farmer, who worked hard all day and slept soundly at night; and though Mary knew him to be most kindly disposed, she doubted his ability to keep his eyes open. However, Raymond would not be crossed, and Charles came. Mary gave him the most precise instructions and a hundred admonitions to be careful to make no noise; and then, after furnishing him with a pair of her father's slippers, and providing against every possible want, she went to bed, and slept soundly till the morning.

When she went into Raymond's room, she found him lying flat on the bed without a pillow, his bed in the completest disorder, and his eyes wide open. In a chair, by the hearth, sat Charles Waters fast asleep, and snoring like the sound of a trumpet. Raymond burst into a hysteric laugh. "Just so has he gone on ever since twelve o'clock!" said he. "He almost killed me, spilling my drink all over the sheet, and knocking down the shovel and tongs. I have thrown all my pillows at him, but I can't wake him." Mary arranged her brother's pillows, and then waked the *watcher*, who, rousing himself, exclaimed, "I declare! I do believe I have been in a doze!"

Mary smiled, and signing to him not to approach the bed (for she feared a fresh outbreak from Raymond), she conducted him out of the room, and poor Charles left the house, his kind heart heavy with a still rather dim consciousness that he had proved but an unprofitable *watcher* to his friend.

This experiment, which had a serious effect on Raymond, disinclined Mary more than ever to substitute any attendance for her own, and when compelled to do so, she selected the most experienced of her friends. But, with all her caution, she was sure in the morning to hear a complaint from Raymond of some mishap.

Raymond had experienced much relief from the doctor's prescription of *dry*-rubbing, and Mary had made crash mittens, with which it could be more handily done than with a towel. One morning, she found that a watcher, in his zeal to do his task thoroughly, had rubbed the skin off her brother's legs!

On another occasion, the bag of sand which she kept to warm his feet and legs, (an excellent mode of doing it), had been applied so hot as to blister him.

These errors would never have been committed by kindly-intentioned persons, if they had considered nursing as an art that it was their duty to study.

Raymond's disease seemed to baffle the physician's skill and Mary's nursing; it gained ground, and the doctor did not conceal from Mary that his life was in imminent danger. Still she preserved her calm demeanor and at her brother's bedside her apparent cheerfulness. While she was bending over him, and the silent prayer was bursting from her heart, that his life might be spared, at least spared till her parents' return, her sweet voice had its usual tone, and there was a smile on her lips. Not a constrained smile, but the natural expression of a spirit at the same time courageous and submissive—it was the outward shining of an inward light.

It was now that Mary realized to the full the advantage of an early religious preparation for days of sickness. Raymond was in that state of weakness and nervous excitement, that, if he had been one of those who put off the thought of religion and the other world, till they are on the brink of the grave, it would have been dangerous to have alluded to it. But religion was a familiar topic with Raymond and Mary in their days of health, and their eye of faith being fixed on the other world, it was to them near and certain; so that now it was neither strange nor startling to Raymond, when Mary sank on her knees by his bedside, and in a calm, low voice expressed, in

a short prayer, the resignation, faith and love of both their souls. Occasionally she would repeat to him some inspiring passage of Scripture, and it fell on him like dew from heaven. He was always after it more tranquil and patient.

It pleased Heaven to avert the trial which seemed so certain. Raymond's fever abated, his mind became natural, and all his symptoms were pronounced by the doctor to be most favorable. Mary did not relax her attention. She knew that a convalescent's life often depends on the watchfulness and good judgment of the attendants. She guarded against cold. She prevented the indulgence of the too keen solicitings of appetite. She substituted pleasures for eating—the reading of an interesting passage, the telling of an agreeable bit of news, or some pleasant saying of the children (delicious original bon-mots there are among every set of juveniles), or she had some visitor at hand (Lydia Sawyer, for instance, always welcome), to be admitted for a few moments. She avoided that danger in all country neighborhoods, *too much visiting*, and she strictly withheld the bits of pudding, custards, sweetmeats, &c., which their kind-intentioned, but misjudging friends, sent in to Raymond.

"I wish we could get up a gruel-school," said the doctor, one day, as he saw Raymond taking with a relish, a cup of Mary's nice gruel, "you should be the teacher, Mary. There is not one woman in a hundred, old or young, who knows how to make decent gruel. Who taught you? And pray, how do you make it?" "My mother taught me, sir. I first sift the Indian meal through a fine Shaker-sieve—a bit of muslin will answer, but the meal *must* be fine. I then wet it with a little cold water, and afterwards carefully stir it into my boiling water, so as to have no lumps. I never skim it. My mother says that takes off the nourishment. I boil it for half an hour, stirring it all the time. Of course I do not make it every time it is wanted, for sometimes, when I want it extra good, I boil and stir it a full hour, and then I put it away in a close vessel and in a cool place. For Raymond, or for anyone getting well, and free from fever, I put in a third wheat flour, and half milk. You see it is a very simple process, sir."

"Yes—simple enough. But it is to these simple processes that people will not give their attention."

Mary had the happiness of seeing Raymond sitting up before their parents returned, and when they drove into the great gate, and up the lane, he was in his rocking chair by the window watching for them. They had heard of his illness, and were most thankful to find him so far recovered. The doctor chanced to be present when they arrived. "Oh, Doctor," said Mrs. Bond, after the first greetings were over, "how shall I ever be grateful enough to you?"

"I have done very little, Mrs. Bond," replied the honest doctor. "In Raymond's case, medicine could do little or nothing. Nature had been overtasked, and wanted rest and soothing. Under God, Raymond owes his recovery to Mary."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Raymond, bursting into tears, "she is the best sister in the world!"

"She is the best sister in the *two* worlds!" cried little Grace Bond, a child of five years old.

A source of true comfort and happiness is such a child and such a sister as Mary Bond; a light in her parent's dwelling, and destined to be the central sun of a little system of her own.

You will perhaps ask, my young friends, how a girl of seventeen could understand nursing as well as if she were forty? Mary, to begin with, had a quick perception of the feelings of others, and a generous nature, that made devotion to them easy to her. Her mother had taught her all that can be taught, and she had given her *attention* to the subject. She had studied it with as much assiduity as some girls study music, or the fashions, and under a far higher impulse. Mary Bond's pursuits were directed by an ennobling sense of duty, and she was fast going on towards that high elevation where *duty* and *happiness* become synonymous.—*From "Means and Ends, or Self-Training."*

WE AND OUR CHILDREN.

How little do we know of our children! We love them, take pleasure in their society, are proud of them, praise them or blame and rebuke them, but understand them we do not and cannot. It seems strange that we should forget so utterly. Yet, although we have all passed through childhood, we remember scarcely anything of that which was inmost to us, and the heart and soul of this age are almost as dark mysteries as though they concerned the future state. We come to the duty of training children almost as unprepared for it as the babes themselves are to battle with the world they have just entered. Our whole course is conducted in ignorance or in the most imperfect knowledge, and is often marked by blunders that would be serious were it not that they are overruled from on high.

Parents are thought to be disposed to exaggerate the gifts of their children; to think better of them than they deserve; to forecast a career for them greater than they can fulfil. This opinion is a mistake. We believe that the disposition of the average

parent is of the opposite character, and that it leads him to underrate rather than overrate the worth and capacity of his children. The world is full of boasting about supposed signs of precocity. There is no lack of admiration of traits which may strike the fancy as distinguishing one's own from other children. Yet such boasting and such admiration may exist alongside of an entire unconsciousness of the real powers and real promise of the little one, and may consist with derogation and depreciation of them. The traits which please us are most often only eccentricities. They would be harmless if undeveloped, yet when cultivated are likely to become deformities. We can hardly doubt that they are too often nursed at the expense of the better qualities, of which we never, perhaps, become aware, till it is too late to develop them.

Our powers of discernment are limited to the sight of the outward development of the child. This is imperfect and one sided. To communicate one's thoughts to others is one of the last and most difficult things to be learned. While an infant is struggling with this art, he has an experience, a mental growth, which we cannot in any degree realize. Knowledge has been flowing to his young mind constantly, from all directions and sources. He has observed, and thought, and studied, and reasoned, and passed through a whole course of mental processes of which we are totally ignorant. We never learn what they were, or that they existed, for they came and spent their effects, before speech. After speech comes, it is still behind thought for many years, for it has to be learned, a word and a form at a time, from without; while thought has been already for a long time fully under way, and is going on constantly growing upon itself. This is why childhood is such a mystery to us ; we can know it only by what it tells us, and it can never tell the half of itself. In the same way, we may account for our forgetfulness of our own feelings as children. They occurred with us before we had words with which to give them shape; as we gained the words, they were rubbed out, as it were, by the thoughts that came to be more definitely fixed, and are consequently now to us as though they had never been.

"I know, but I can't tell," is the frequent plea of the poor scholar in the school. He never gets credit for the "know," but only demerit for the "can't tell," and it is a surprise to those who called him stupid to find that he grows up into a capable man after all. The same plea is given in the nursery as the only explanation of some act for which we think punishment must be administered, when, if a full explanation were possible, a very different view of the case might be taken. A vast amount of pain might be saved on both sides if parents were fully able to understand their children, or children fully to express what they feel and think. Much of it might be saved as it is if parents would reflect how impossible it is to get such understanding. Thus, in some of the most important respects, we take care of the insignificant manifestations of our children's character, while we overlook the real traits which are to lie at the foundation of their manly being, and are surprised to see them grow up different from what we expected them to be.

Many parents require too much of their children. They forget that knowledge and character have to be built up one step at a time—"line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little"—and are prone to act as though they were expected to be the spontaneous growth of an hour. No one knows right and wrong by instinct. He must learn to discriminate between them ; while he is learning, he is subjected to influences which are as likely to lead him astray as aright, and by which the process is made doubly long and painful. Always to avoid the wrong and choose the right is a task to which most men are unequal. For a child to do it without frequent failures would be a great victory indeed. Yet how little do we consider this fact in dealing with children. How little of that patience and consideration which we exact of them in regard to our own conscious acts, even when we are wrong, do we exercise towards them in regard to their unconscious faults!

Besides what we see of it, the child's life is a struggle to maintain himself against misunderstanding and depreciation, to lift himself over the obstacles which our own lack of knowledge may have contributed to put in the way of his proper development.

The training of children is the most difficult and delicate duty that is imposed upon man. It should be approached with thoughtful study of one's self, with careful self-restraint, and with persistent effort to discover those traits in the child which are not manifest, and to pay to them the regard which they deserve.—***Methodist.***

SETTING OUT A DINNER TABLE.

Everything should be brilliantly clean, and nothing should be placed upon it except what is wanted, and everything which can conveniently be upon the table should be there, so as to dispense as much as possible with attendance, and thereby avoid the trouble of asking for things. I think it desirable not to have lights upon it, nor, indeed, anything which can interrupt the freest communication among the guests. The art of throwing the most agreeable light upon a table is well worth cultivating.

Instead of inconvenient and useless centre pieces, I would have a basket of beautiful bread, white and brown, in the middle of the table, with a silver fork on each side, so that the guests could help themselves, which would be perfectly easy with a party not exceeding eight, which limit I understand in all I say. Instead of the supernumeraries we now see, I would have one or more sets of cruets upon the table, according to the size of the party, and containing those things which are continually wanted, and which it is desirable to have at hand. Whatever dish ,is placed upon the table, it ought to be preceded by all minor adjuncts, and accompanied by the proper vegetables, so that it may be enjoyed entirely quite hot, and at once. With respect to the dinner itself, there are two kinds of dinners: one simple, consisting of a few dishes; the other, embracing a variety. Both kinds are good in their way, and both deserving attention; but for constancy I greatly prefer the simple style. In the first place, it is necessary not to be afraid of not having enough, and so to go on into the other extreme, and have a great deal too much, as is almost invariably the practice. It is also necessary not to be afraid of the table looking bare, and so to crowd it with dishes not wanted, or before they are wanted, whereby they become cold or sodden. The advantages of having only enough are these: It saves expense, trouble, and attendance; it removes temptation and induces contentment; and it affords the best chance of having a well-dressed dinner, by concentrating the attention of the cook. The having too much, and setting dishes on the table merely for appearance, are practices arising out of prejudices, which, if once broken through, would be looked upon, and deservedly, as the height of vulgarity. In proportion to the smallness of the dinner ought to be its excellence, both as to the quality of the materials and the cooking. When the materials and the cooking are of the best, and the dinner is served according to the most approved rules of comfort, the plainest, cheapest food has attractions which are seldom to be found in the most labored attempts.—*Southgate.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

FRICASSE OF CHICKEN.—Cut up a large chicken into neat joints. Throw them into boiling salted water for two or three minutes. Take them out, and rub each piece with a lemon cut in half. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of flour, white pepper, salt, powdered nutmeg to taste, and half a pint of white stock, with an onion, a bunch of parsley, and some button mushrooms; stir the sauce till it boils, then put in the pieces of fowl, and let them stew gently. When done remove the onion and parsley, lay the pieces of fowl neatly on a dish, stir into the sauce, off the fire, a couple of yolks of egg, strained and beaten up with the juice of a lemon, and pour it over the pieces of fowl, arranging the mushrooms round them.

TO BROIL A FOWL.—Split the fowl down the back; season it very well with pepper, and put it on the gridiron, with the inner part next the fire, which must be very clear. Hold the gridiron at a considerable distance from the fire, and allow the fowl to remain until it is nearly half done; then turn it, taking great care that it does not burn. Broil it of a fine brown, and serve it up with stewed mushrooms, or a sauce with pickled mushrooms. A duck may be broiled in the same way. If the fowl is very large, half roast it, then cut into quarters, and finish it on the gridiron. It will take from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour to cook.

WINTER SALAD.—Cut one pound of red cabbage in thin shreds, blanch it in boiling water for fifteen minutes; cool, drain, and put in a basin with one ounce of salt, and let it pickle for four hours; then pour off the water, add half a gill of vinegar, mix, and let it remain for two hours; trim one pound of celery, cut it in small dice, and blanch it in boiling water for ten minutes and drain it; cut an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes in the same way. A quarter of an hour before serving drain the cabbage, and mix the whole in a salad bowl, adding three tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of chopped tarragon, and two small pinches of pepper, and serve.

FRENCH CAKE.—Out of two pounds of flour take half a pound, make a hole in the centre, and put in half an ounce of yeast, mixed up with a little warm but not hot water, make it into a sponge, and place it, well wrapped up, in a warm place. When this leaven has risen sufficiently, which will be known by its having increased in bulk by half, make a hole in the centre of the remaining flour, and put in one pound of butter, and six eggs; work it well together, so as to make a soft sponge, which must be kneaded up twice with the hands; if too stiff, another egg must be added. Cut up and stone a quarter of a pound Malaga raisins, add the same quantity of dried currants, and some sugar, and a glass of water, in which some saffron has been infused; mix all the ingredients well together with the sponge; add the leaven; put it into a well-buttered tin mould, and let the whole stand for an hour or two to rise. When well risen, bake in a moderate oven for an hour or an hour and a quarter.

A Sweetmeat Pudding.—Cover a dish with a thin puff-paste, and lay in it freshly candied orange, lemon, and citron, one ounce each, sliced thin ; beat the yolks of eight and the whites of two eggs, and mix with eight ounces of butter, warmed, but not oiled, and eight ounces of white sugar; pour the mixture on the sweetmeats, and bake an hour in a moderate oven.

Dough Nut.—Take two pounds of flour, half a pound of sugar. two eggs, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; mix with buttermilk. Have a pan (or three-legged pot if you can get it) of boiling lard, into which drop pieces of the dough, being rolled out and cut with a coffee-cup. They will rise like a nut, then turn, and take them out when they are brown.

Apple Cheese.—Take one pound of pulped apples, one pound of powdered white sugar, the juice and grated rinds of three lemons, and four eggs well beaten. Mix these ingredients carefully, and put them into a saucepan in which you have a quarter of a pound of fresh butter melted. Stir it over a moderate fire for half an hour without ceasing, and put it into preserving pots when done. Use it as required for tarts, puffs, &c. This is a most delicious preserve, and keeps for a considerable time.

Roasted Apples.—If roasted before the fire in the pan of a small joint of pork, a roast duck, &c., they are greatly to be preferred to apple sauce. They should not be pared, but merely pricked with a fork or needle, and turned as they become brown.

Apples and Ground Rice.—Pare and cut out the cores of seven medium-sized apples; lay them in a well-buttered tart dish, and get ready a requisite quantity of ground rice boiled in milk, with two laurel leaves, and a little sugar ; pour it round the apples; beat up two eggs with a teacupful of cream, pour it upon the top, and bake for half an hour or forty minutes in a gentle oven. Before serving, peel a lemon, take out the pips, and cut it into rounds exceedingly thin, lay them upon the surface, and powder it over with sifted white sugar.

Mixed Puddings.—One of the most valuable uses of apples is to employ them in conjunction with other fruit—either to ameliorate the harshness of damsons, to add flavor to blackberries, or to increase the juiciness of so insipid and dry a production as a pumpkin pie. They also confer freshness upon any kind of preserves, taking away from the too great lusciousness of raspberry, and rendering the richness of black-currant less cloying to the palate. They are likewise of the utmost utility in making the more costly conserves go further, a very little quince, greengage, pineapple or apricot being sufficient, with the help of apples, to form a delicious tart for a large party.

Minced Beef.—*Ingredients.*—1 oz. of butter, 1 small onion, about 12 tablespoonfuls of gravy left from the meat, ½ a teaspoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste, a few slices of lean roast beef. Put into a stewpan the butter with an onion chopped fine; add the gravy, and ½ a teaspoonful of flour to thicken ; season with pepper and salt, and stir these ingredients over the fire until the onion is a rich brown. Cut, but do not chop the meat *very fine*, add it to the gravy, stir till quite hot and serve. Garnish with sippets of toasted bread. Be careful in not allowing the gravy to boil after the meat is added, as it would render it hard and tough.

Beef Ragout.—*Ingredients.*—About 2 lbs. of cold roast beef, 6 onions, pepper, salt, and mixed spices to taste, ½ pint of boiling water, 3 tablespoonfuls of gravy. Cut the beef into rather large pieces, and put them into a stewpan with the onions, which must be sliced. Season well with pepper, salt, and mixed spices, and pour over about ½ pint of boiling water, and gravy in the above proportion (gravy saved from the meat answers the purpose); let the whole stew very gently for about 2 hours, and serve with pickled walnuts, gherkins, or capers, just warmed in the gravy.

Literary Notices.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES—A Narrative of Personal Experience, together with Recent Statistical Information, Practical Suggestions, and a Comparison of the German, English and American Systems of Higher Education. By James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

At the present time it is the fashion, especially in the neighboring Republic, to send young men to Germany to finish their education. The volume before us is prepared to supply practical, useful information on the question of the advisibility of this course, and to show in what way it may best be accomplished. Mr. Hart simply tells his own experience as a student of law in Berlin and Göttingen; but the story of his residence abroad will, to some extent at least, help to familiarize others with the state of things on the Continent, and will disillusionize expectant students of many a vain hope, and show them how best to attain real benefit.

GÖTTINGEN UNIVERSITY.

The Englishman or American who visits a German university town for the first time will scarcely realize the fact that it is the seat of a great institution of learning. He can see nothing; there is no visible sign of the university, no chapel, no huge buildings, whether we call them dormitories or quadrangles, no campus. There is no rallying place of professors and students, where he can stand and, letting his eye sweep around on every side, say: This is the university. He may even pass his entire life in the town, and never once see the body of professors and students assembled together in one place.

As I walked around the wall of Göttingen for the first time, the predominating thought in my mind was: Where is the university? I could find no tangible evidences of its existence, its reality. Putting what questions I could in my imperfect German, and paying strict attention to the answers, I could make out that the dome to the left, near the starting-place of our walk, by the Geismar Gate, was an observatory; considerably farther on, in close proximity to the railway station, was a large building bearing the inscription, "Theatrum Anatomicum," evidently the medical school; still further on, in the moat by the side of the wall, was an arrangement of glass-houses, that was no less evidently a botanical garden. This was all of the university that I could detect in my first tour of the great Göttingen promenade.

Having come to Germany without any definite plan, beyond that of learning the language and familiarizing myself somewhat with the literature, I could afford to take things as I found them, and await future explanations. Fortunately, in about a week, an Englishman, residing in the same house, returned unexpectedly, having cut short his trip. Having already passed four or five semesters in the place, he was thoroughly familiar with shops, and streets, and university life, and had leisure to pilot me around and tell me what to do. The university lectures, I learned, would not be resumed until the third week of October, so that I had fully a month and a half in which to get up my German. We worked together over the catalogue of lectures for the coming term, in the attempt to pick out one or more that it might be worth my while to attempt to hear. I learned a good many peculiarities of university language; for instance, that a professor never "instructs" or "lectures," he "reads;" the students do not "study," they "hear." I learned also, that instruction in a German university runs in sharply defined channels. E—— was studying chemistry, consequently he could give me no information about lectures or professors in other departments; he did not even know half of them by name, and could not venture an opinion as to their respective merits. All that he could say was, "Wait until H—— gets back. He's a *Philolog*, and can perhaps tell you what you wish to know."

At all events, E——'s guidance enabled me to familiarize myself with the general aspects of the town and the location of the university buildings. Göttingen may serve as the type of the German university town. The population is about 12,000. The streets are neither very

straight nor very crooked, and no one runs directly through the town; in general, they are tolerably wide. The houses are plain and poorly built. The frame work is of wood, the outer walls being filled in with a sort of mud that is mixed with a good deal of straw to give it consistency; after the mud has dried, it is painted. For a cheap mode of building, it is much better than might be supposed. The number of stone and brick buildings is small. The handsomest building in town is (or was in my day) the Laboratory, built under the supervision of Wöhler himself, since deceased. It is a large structure, built of light blue stone, and perfectly fire-proof. The *Aula* is the centre of the university, so far as it can be said to have a centre. It is a small but not inelegant looking building, somewhat after the Grecian order, standing on a small open place or square, not far from the centre of the town. In this *Aula* new students are matriculated, and the University Court holds its sessions; it also contains the general offices of the university, such as the treasurer's, and last, but not least, the *Carcer*, where unruly students are confined for a fortnight or less, for minor offences; graver ones are punished by relegation or by expulsion.

Lectures on chemistry were delivered in the Laboratory; those on medicine, in the Theatrum Anatomicum; all the others, including theology, law and philosophy, in the university sense of that term, were held in the so-called *Collegien-haus*, a short row of buildings that had once been private dwellings, but had been converted into lecture rooms.

In 1865 the new *Collegien-haus* was opened, a large and elegant building constructed for the especial purpose, just out of the Wende Gate, near the Botanical Garden. By the side of the old *Collegien-haus*, separated from it by an arched way, stands the celebrated university library, one of the best in Europe; the building is nothing more than an old church, adapted to secular uses, and enlarged here and there by irregular extensions or wings. In the arched way, between the lecture rooms and the library, stood the *Schwarzes Brett* (black board), a long board painted black and having a wire screen in front. On this board were posted all announcements relating to university instruction, announcements of lectures, or changes in lectures, of degrees conferred upon students, and the like.

Besides the buildings that I have described, there are other, minor ones scattered over the town; the headquarters of the agricultural department are even located about two miles out of town, on a model farm near the village of Wende.

It is needless to go deeper into details; I have said already enough to make it clear to the reader that a German university, as far as building and outward show are concerned, is made up of *disjecta membra*. There is a bond of vital union, a very strong one too, but it is wholly spiritual; it does not appeal to the senses. In architectural display, I am confident that the most unimportant college at Oxford or Cambridge will surpass any university in Germany.

GERMAN DINNER BASKETS.

Students commonly take their dinner at a hotel or restaurant, paying a fixed price per month. Some few, either on account of ill-health, or because they wish to economize time, dine in their rooms. This is unquestionably a pernicious habit; no one can really enjoy the principal meal of the day in solitude. But the basket used for bringing meals into the house is so practical and so peculiar that I cannot refrain from describing it. It is round, small in diameter, and very deep; a wide slit runs down one side to the bottom. Into this basket the dishes, generally four in number, are dropped, one upon the other. The bottom of the first dish fits upon and into the second, the second upon the third, and so on, after the fashion of the rings used in moulding for long vertical castings. Each of the dishes has a knob that slips down the slit and is used as a handle in pulling the dish out. When the dishes are all in place and the cover is on, the whole can be easily carried quite a distance, by means of an arched handle over the top, without spilling or cooling the contents.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.

As a class, the professors of Germany are hard workers. One who has never tried the experiment might suppose that it is not so very difficult to lecture eight or ten hours a week. The mere reading-off is perfectly easy; but the labor of preparing a set of lectures that shall be acceptable to a community so fastidious in its tastes, as a university, is immense. The professor being a specialist, it is expected of him that he shall produce something especially good, that he shall be up to the times. There are a few "old fogies," men who live on the reputation that they acquired twenty or thirty years ago. But they form a very small minority. A professor who has any ambition whatever, who is anxious to spare himself the mortification of reading to empty benches, must recast his lectures continually, striking out exploded errors, incorporating new discoveries. The German brain is prolific. The sight of the semi-annual catalogue of new publications in Germany is enough to unhinge the strongest mind. The professor must keep abreast with the swelling tide. He must study each new work in his own depart-

ment, at least, to the extent of knowing what novelties it contains, and how they agree or disagree with his own views. If he does not, if he falls behind, some ambitious rival, some aspiring *Privat-docent*, will overtake and pass him. In this respect, the students are quick-witted and exacting. No sooner do they discover that one professor represents the state of investigation as if it was ten or only five years ago, while another gives it as it actually is, than they desert in a body to the younger man. Herein lies the real strength of the German professorial system and the check upon the abuses of *Lehrfreiheit*. A professor is free to lecture upon what topics he chooses, he is not compelled to modify his views. But if he persists in offering stale matter, in selecting topics that have ceased to interest, he does so at the peril of losing his prestige and his hearers.

The pressure upon the professors, accordingly, is heavy and unremitting. But they meet it nobly. There is probably not another body of men in the world so keenly alive to signs of the times, so thoroughly versed in the current literature of their special departments, so productive of new works. I can think of no more striking instance than the historian Ranke. One might imagine that the "History of the Popes," and the "History of the Reformation," published thirty or forty years ago, were enough to entitle the author to rest on his laurels. Yet they were followed by a stately series of additional works: "France in the Seventeenth Century," "England in the Seventeenth Century" (each work comprising many volumes); "Wallenstein," "Origin of the Seven Years' War," "German Powers and the Confederation of Princes in the Eighteenth Century," "Correspondence of Frederick William IV. and Bunsen." Scarcely a semester passes without the announcement of a fresh work from the pen of this venerable giant, now rapidly approaching his eightieth year.

YOUNG AMERICANS IN GERMANY.

The parents who place their children at school in Germany, in the expectation of giving them the benefits of a "thorough continental education," commit a grave error. It is not an easy matter to get an American boy into a really good German school. Our boys stand in marked disfavor with the school authorities. Teachers and directors have learned by painful experience that young Americans are prone to be idle and mutinous, exerting an evil influence over their associates. Nothing short of the strongest testimonials, backed by explicit guarantees from resident citizens, will open the doors of the gymnasium. The private schools that make a practice of admittimg Americans and English are, to say the least, questionable in their character and in the quality of their instruction. They are unquestionably inferior to the best of our own schools. Besides, conceding even that the American boy is placed at the gymnasium in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, pursues successfully the studies of *Secunda* and *Prima*, and enters the university, in what respect is he better off than his countryman, who has just arrived from over the water? He is more thoroughly trained in Latin and Greek, in mathematics and in history, and he speaks German with the fluency and precision of a native? A great gain, no doubt, but obtained at a terrible price. The youth is completely denationalized! He is no longer an American; he has no sympathy with American life and character; he fails to appreciate American modes of thought and sentiment. Unless he has had the good fortune to reside with his own family, the probability is that his proficiency in German has cost him the total, in any case, the partial loss of his mother-tongue. He is unable to write a letter or a composition in English, without committing the most absurd blunders in style, in grammar, and in orthography. Let him pass three years additional at the university. He will return to his native country, a young man of twenty-three, highly educated, no doubt, but helpless, unpractical, ignorant of the ways of his countrymen. He will be almost as much a foreigner as any one of the hundred immigrants landed to-day at the Castle Garden.

It is time that protest should be raised against this pernicious practice of placing our boys and girls at European schools. These schools are excellent, better, indeed, than our own in many respects. But they are not planned for Americans, and they can never fit their pupils for the peculiar duties and responsibilities of American life. The higher education of the German universities is the best in the world. Yet Americans should beware of entering upon it before they are fully ripe, before they know what to take, and what to leave.

EXPENSES CALCULATED.

I may say, in general, that a good room may be had at Tübingen, Halle, Würzburg, Jena, and the other towns, except Bonn and Heidelberg, for six or seven thalers a month. Table d'hôte will be somewhat less than at Leipsic; the other meals will differ but slightly. Whoever has at his command $500 per annum, in gold, will be able to live in comfort, to have good rooms, and excellent fare, to add twenty or thirty volumes each semester to his library, and to travel for a fortnight each vacation. There is many a German student who would be thankful to receive

as much as $300 per annum. The only universities that can be called expensive are Berlin and Vienna. For these two places, $800 to $1,000 will scarcely be too much.

THE BEST TIME TO START.

One's first aim should be to acquire some familiarity with the language. By leaving at the end of June, one can reach almost any city or town in Germany by the middle of July. From this date to the middle of October, the commencement of the winter semester, is a period of three months, which can be devoted exclusively to the study of the language. If this time is put to account, there will be very little difficulty in attending lectures in October. The Christmas vacation will afford ample time for visiting Berlin and Dresden, the spring vacation can be taken for the Rhine. and the succeeding summer for South Germany and the Alps. There can scarcely be a better adjustment of study and travel for the first year. One loses no time in going to work, and has the additional gain of travelling when he is already familiar with the language of the country, the coins, and also the ways of living. It will not be necessary. perhaps not advisable, to spend the three months above mentioned in a university town. Any place where the language is correct and living economical will answer. Hanover, in itself considered, would be, perhaps, the best place. But it is somewhat expensive, and is overrun with English and American families. Brunswick is a handsome city, and offers many inducements. Next to it in desirability come Gotha, Weimar, and the other towns in Thuringia. From Leipsic eastward, and Cassel southward, the German loses in purity and elegance. But wherever one may go, one point should never be overlooked, namely, to secure good letters of introduction from Americans and Germans to their personal friends in Germany. Mere general letters will not be of much avail. The letters should emanate from men of some distinction in America, and should be addressed to their personal acquaintances abroad. One such letter may secure the bearer a kind reception and a home at the start, and will certainly save him weeks of vexatious search after lodgings and the other incidentals of life. Even if the addressee can do nothing in the way of direct assistance, he can always advise, and to a foreigner, young and inexperienced, the smallest grain of advice is worth many a pound of self-bought wisdom.

GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE, from the Earliest Times to the Year 1789. Related to the Rising Generation. Translated by Robert Black, M.A., Vol. iii.

Guizot's last work, undertaken in his old age, has unfortunately been left by his death in an incomplete condition. This history was written for his own grandchildren, and is picturesque in style, retaining much of the charm of the Old Chronicles from which he has drawn his materials. We give two extracts slightly condensed which will serve to show his style.

THE ASSASSINATION OF GUISE.

On the 18th of December, 1588, during an entertainment given by Catherine de' Medici on the marriage of her niece, Christine de Lorraine, with Ferdinand de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, Henry III. summoned to his cabinet three of his most intimate and safest confidants, Marshal d'Aumont, Nicholas d'Angennes, lord of Rambouillet, and Sieur de Beauvais-Nangis. After having laid before them all the Duke of Guise's intrigues against him and the perils of the position in which they placed him, "What ought I to do?" he said; "help me to save myself by some speedy means." They asked the King to give them twenty-four hours to answer in. Next day, the 19th, Sieur de Maintenon, brother of Rambouillet, and Alphonso Corso d'Orano were added to the party; only one of them was of opinion that the Duke of Guise should at once be arrested and put upon his trial; the four others were for a shorter and a surer process. that of putting the duke to death by a sudden blow. He is evidently making war upon the King, they said; and the King has a right to defend himself. Henry III., who had his mind made up, asked Crillon, commandant of the regiment of Guards, "Think you that the Duke of Guise deserves death?" "Yes, sire." "Very well, then I choose you to give it to him." "I am ready to challenge him." "That is not what is wanted; as leader of the League, he is guilty of high treason." "Very well, sire; then let him be tried and executed." "But, Crillon, nothing is less certain than his conviction in a court of law; he must be struck down unexpectedly." "Sire, I am a soldier, not an assassin." The King did not persist, but merely charged Crillon, who promised, to keep the proposal secret. At this very time Guise was requesting the King to give him a constable's grand provost and archers to form his guard in his quality of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The King deferred his reply. Catherine de' Medici supported the prince's request. "In two or three days it shall be settled," said Henry. He had ordered twelve poniards from an armorer's in the city; on the

21st day of December he told his project to Loignac, an officer of his Guards, who was less scrupulous than Crillon and undertook to strike the blow, in consort with the forty-five trusty Guards. At the council on the 22nd December, the King announced his intention of passing Christmas in retreat at Notre Dame de Cleri, and he warned the members of the Council that next day the session would take place very early in order to dispose of business before his departure. On the evening of the 22nd, the Duke of Guise, on sitting down at table, found under his napkin a note to this effect: "The King means to kill you." Guise asked for a pen, wrote at the bottom of the note, "He dare not," and threw it under the table. Next day, December 23rd, Henry III., rising at four a.m., after a night of great agitation, admitted into his cabinet by a secret staircase the nine Guards he had chosen, handed them the poniards he had ordered, placed them at the post where they were to wait for the meeting of the Council, and bade Charles d'Entragues to go and request one of the royal chaplains "to say mass that God might give the King grace to be able to carry out an enterprise which he hoped would come to an issue within an hour, and on which the safety of France depended." Then the King retired into his closet. The members of the Council arrived in succession; it is said that one of the archers on duty, when he saw the Duke of Guise mounting the staircase, trod on his foot as if to give him warning, but, if he observed it, Guise made no account of it, any more than of all the other hints he had already received. Before entering the Council chamber, he stopped at a small oratory connected with the chapel, said his prayer, and as he passed the door of the queen-mother's apartments, signified his desire to pay his respects and have a few words with her. Catherine was indisposed, and could not receive him. Some vexation, it is said, appeared in Guise's face, but he said not a word. On entering the Council chamber he felt cold, asked to have some fire lighted, and gave orders to his secretary, Pericard, the only attendant admitted with him, to go and fetch the silver-gilt shell he was in the habit of carrying about him with damsons or other preserves to eat of a morning. Pericard was some time gone; Guise was in a hurry and, "be kind enough," he said to M. de Morfontaines, "to send word to M. de Saint-Prix," (first groom of the chamber to Henry III.), "that I beg him to let me have a few damsons or a little preserve of roses, or some trifle of the King's." Four Brignolles plums were brought him; and he ate one. His uneasiness continued; the eye close to his scar became moist; according to M. de Thou, he bled at the nose. He felt in his pocket for a handkerchief to use, but could not find one. "My people," said he, "have not given me my necessaries this morning; there is great excuse for them; they were too much hurried." At his request, Saint-Prix had a handkerchief brought to him. Pericard passed the bon-bon box to him, as the Guards would not let him enter again. The Duke took a few plums from it, threw the rest on the table, saying, "Gentlemen, who will have any?" and rose up hurriedly upon seeing the Secretary of State Révol, who came in and said to him, "Sir, the King wants you; he is in his old cabinet."

As soon as he knew that the Duke of Guise had arrived, whilst these little incidents were occurring in the Council chamber, Heury III. had in fact given orders to his Secretary Révol to go on his behalf and summon the Duke. But Nambu, usher to the Council, faithful to his instructions, had refused to let anybody, even the King's secretary, enter the hall. Révol, of a timid disposition and impressed, it is said, with the sinister importance of this commission, returned to the cabinet with a very troubled air. The King, in his turn, was troubled, fearing least his project had been discovered. "What is the matter, Révol?" said he; "what is it? How pale you are? You will spoil all. Rub your cheeks; rub your cheeks." "There is nothing wrong, sire; only M. de. Nambu would not let me in without your Majesty's express command." Révol entered the Council chamber and discharged his commission. The Duke of Guise pulled up his cloak, as if to wrap himself well in it, took his hat, gloves, and sweetmeat-box and went out of the room saying, "Adieu, gentlemen," with a gravity free from any appearance of mistrust. He crossed the King's chamber contiguous to the Council-hall, courteously saluted, as he passed, Loignac and his comrades, whom he found drawn up, and who, returning him a frigid obeisance, followed him as if to show him respect. On arriving at the door of the old cabinet, and just as he leaned down to raise the tapestry that covered it, Guise was struck five poniard blows in the chest, neck, and reins. "God ha' mercy!" he cried, and though his sword was entangled in his cloak and he was himself pinned by the arms and legs and choked by the blood that spurted from his throat, he dragged his murderers by a supreme effort of energy, to the other end of the room, where he fell down backwards and lifeless before the bed of Henry III., who, coming to the door of his room and asking "if it was done," contemplated with mingled satisfaction and terror the inanimate body of his mighty rival "who seemed to be merely sleeping, so little was he changed." "How tall he is!" cried the King; "he looks even taller than when he was alive."

THE END OF HENRY IV.

Henry IV. was fifty-six. Mary de' Medici demanded to be crowned before the King set out on the campaign which, it was said, he was about to commence against Austria in accordance with his *grand design* and in concert with the Protestant princes of Germany, his allies. The Prince of Conde had a fit of jealousy; he carried off his wife first into Picardy and then to Brussels, where he left her. Henry IV., in respect, first, of going to see her, then of getting her to come back, then of threatening to go after her out of France, took some wild and puerile steps which, being coincident with his warlike announcements and preparations, caused some strange language to be used and were injurious to his personal weight, as well as to his Government's character for steadiness. Sully grew impatient and uneasy. Mary de' Medici was insisting strongly upon being crowned. The prospect of this coronation was displeasing to Henry IV. and he did not conceal it. "Hey! my friend," he said to Sully; "I know not what is the meaning of it, but my heart tells me that some misfortune will happen to me." He was sitting on a low chair which had been made for him by Sully's orders at the Arsenal, thinking and beating his fingers on his spectacle case: then all on a sudden he jumped up, and slapping his hands upon his thighs, said, "I shall die in this city and shall never go out of it. They will kill me; I see quite well that they have no other remedy in their dangers but my death. Ah! accursed coronation! Thou wilt be the cause of my death." "Sire," cried Sully; "what fancy of yours is this? If it continue, I am of opinion that you should break off this anointment and coronation, and expedition and war; if you please to give me orders it shall soon be done." "Yes, break off the coronation," said the King: "let me hear no more about it; I shall have my mind at rest from divers fancies which certain warnings have put into it. To hide nothing from you, I have been told that I was to be killed at the first grand ceremony I should undertake, and that I should die in a carriage." "You never told me that, sire; and so have I often been astounded to see you cry out when in a carriage, as if you had dreaded this petty peril, after having so many times seen you amidst cannon-balls, musketry, lance-thrusts, pike-thrusts, and sword-thrusts, without being a bit afraid. Since your mind is so exercised thereby, if I were you I would go away to-morrow, let the coronation take place without you, or put it off to another time, and not enter Paris for a long while or in a carriage. If you please, I will send word to Notre Dame and St. Denys to stop everything and to withdraw the workmen."

Henry, in spite of his presentiments, made no change in his plans; he did not go away; he did not defer the Queen's coronation; on the contrary, he had it proclaimed on the 12th of May, 1610, that she would be crowned next day, the 13th, at St. Denis, and that on Sunday, the 16th, she would make her entry into Paris. On Friday, the 14th, he had an idea of going to the Arsenal to see Sully, who was ill; we have the account of this visit and of the King's assassination given by Malherbe, at that time attached to the service of Henry IV., in a letter written on the 19th of May from the reports of eye-witnesses, and it is here reproduced word for word:—

"The King set out soon after dinner to go to the Arsenal. He deliberated a long while whether he should go out, and several times said to the Queen, 'My dear, shall I go or not?' He even went out two or three times and then all on a sudden returned, and said to the Queen, 'My dear, shall I really go?' and again he had his doubts about going or remaining. At last he made up his mind to go, and, having kissed the Queen several times, bade her adieu. Amongst other things that were remarked, he said to her, 'I shall only go there and back; I shall be here again almost directly.' When he got to the bottom of the steps where his carriage was waiting for him, M. de Praslin, his Captain of the Guard, would have attended him, but he said to him, 'Get you gone; I want nobody; go about your business."

"Thus, having about him only a few gentlemen and some footmen, he got into his carriage, took his place on the back seat at the left-hand side, and made M. d'Epernon sit at the right. * * * Opposite the Salamandre he met a cart which obliged the King's carriage to go nearer to the ironmongers' shops, which are on the St. Innocent side, and even to proceed somewhat more slowly, without stopping, however. Here it was that an abominable assassin, who had posted himself against the nearest shop, which is that with the *Cœur couronne perce d'une fleche*, darted upon the King and dealt him, one after the other, two blows with a knife in the left side.

"In a moment the carriage turned towards the Louvre. When he was at the steps where he had got into the carriage, which are those of the Queen's rooms, some wine was given him. He was carried upstairs, and laid on the bed in his closet, and at two o'clock carried to the bed in his chamber, where he was all the next day and Sunday. Somebody went and gave him holy water. I tell you nothing about the Queen's tears; all that must be imagined. As for the people of Paris, I think they never wept so much as on this occasion."

Review of the Times.

The result of the elections for the Ontario Legislature seems to show that a real Conservative reaction has set in throughout that Province. The elections have been held under the system of voting by ballot, which leaves the voter free from intimidation. They have also been held under the influence of the very stringent laws against bribery, which have been enforced so rigorously and impartially by the judges of the higher Courts. It has generally been supposed that with a low franchise and freedom from bribery and intimidation, there would be a large preponderance of votes for the Liberal side. The Liberal party it is which has secured the right to vote at all for large numbers of people. It is to that party in Canada that we owe a constitutional system of government, and the breaking up of an autocratic rule more galling than anything that has been known in England since the days of Charles the First. A good system of education, equal rights for all religions, the opening of national universities to the whole people, these also have to be credited to the same source. For although they may have been carried into effect by the opposite party when in power, it was only after years of persistent agitation on the part of Liberal members of Parliament.

For all this, however, the Liberal party has been only for a very short time in power either in Ottawa or Toronto, and however firmly seated they may appear to be, there are evident signs of a tendency in the opposite direction already; and certainly in the Ontario Legislature there will be a far nearer balance between the parties since the election than there was before. The Conservatives have been "nowhere" since the break up of Mr. Sandfield McDonald's Administration. The Opposition has been too weak even to be an efficient check upon the Government. But in spite of the defeat of one or two of their prominent members, they have received a large accession of followers, and will go into the House with a very respectable array of members. Under a skilful leader this array would be quite formidable, and might before long easily find opportunities of upsetting the Government and taking the reins of power in its place. It is very doubtful, however, if this skilful lead will be forthcoming. Mr. Matthew Cameron is an able lawyer, and a good speaker, but, like many other lawyers, he lacks many of the elements necessary for the leader of a party. The organizing power, the faculty of handling men, the ability to see *how* to conduct an attack—these are not prominent features in his character, and his party know it. They do not, therefore, follow him with that confidence which is necessary to success. The Ministry in Ontario is strong in personal character and in ability also, and will probably be able to hold its ground unless some new and untried talent develops itself on the Opposition side.

There is one reason for a reaction against the Liberal party which is silently and quietly working in Ontario, and which, if continued, may grow strong enough in time to undermine it altogether. It has been noticed for some time back that there has been a singular friendliness towards the Roman Catholic Church displayed in the columns of the leading Liberal journals of Ontario; and observers who have looked beneath the surface have concluded that this is only one of other signs which look like an alliance or understanding between the authorities of that Church and the leaders of the Liberal party. Roman Catholic news has a prominence it never had given to it before. Long sermons of Archbishop Lynch of Toronto are printed in full, defending the Catholic faith; and though the sermons of a Protestant minister

are given also, it is yet evident that a preference is given to the prelections of the Romish dignitary. Now, it is well known that to the Liberal party in England, Roman Catholics owe all the freedom they are enjoying there now. But much as this party has struggled for equal rights to all classes of citizens, Roman Catholics as well as the rest, there is no party to whom the political principles of that Church as now administered are so utterly obnoxious as to the Liberals. Everything that this party has contended for is strongly condemned by that Syllabus and Encyclical which are now the law of the Roman Catholic world. Liberalism is under a special ban. It is to the Pope and his advisers synonymous with Communism and Atheism. If the policy of the Vatican were to prevail Liberalism would be stamped out, both in Europe and America. Thinking men of all parties know this very well, and hence any alliance between extreme Liberals and the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church is viewed with suspicion and dislike. The large mass of the supporters of the Administration, both in Ottawa and Toronto, are reading and thinking people, who have been educated in a dislike, not to Roman Catholics, but to that form of Romish polity which is now in the ascendant, viz., Ultramontanism. The right of the Pope to rule kingdoms, the power of the Church to persecute heretics, depose princes, and stamp out opposition by fire and sword—these are the things which always have, and apparently always will, provoke bitter opposition. Hence anything like an alliance between such extremes as avowed Liberalism and the policy of the Vatican excites apprehension if not dislike and aversion.

The action of the Governor-General in pardoning Lepine on his own motion, and independent of any recommendation of his constitutional advisers, has, doubtless, been taken with a view to relieve the Ministry from an embarrassing position. They were between two fires, and each of them pretty hot. On the one hand were the vast majority of our French brethren, who looked upon the actions of Lepine and Riel either as simple incidents of a state nearly approaching war, or as the acts of a *de facto* Government. In either case, the putting of poor Scott to death would be very far removed from such a crime as murder, and their contention was for a free pardon. On the other hand a very large number of people in Ontario, and notoriously the members of Orange associations, had worked themselves to such a pitch of resentment over the affair (Scott being an Orangeman himself, and, of course, a Protestant)—that nothing short of the carrying out of the extreme penalty of the law would have satisfied them. The Ministry, of course, represent both extremes, and their opponents were looking forward to any action they might take as a source of embarrassment, which they could certainly turn to advantage. Even if they did nothing but simply let the law take its course, that of itself would be held to be equivalent to their taking the responsibility of Lepine's death. We cannot wonder, then, that they were desirous to shirk the responsibility of giving advice in the matter. Now that the Governor-General has seen fit to recommend a commutation of the sentence to two years' imprisonment, we have no doubt that two things will happen: first, extreme men on both sides will always be dissatisfied; and, second, that time will gradually bring about an entire acquiescence on the part of the great body of the people. There cannot be a question that the act of Lepine and Riel in putting Scott to death was utterly unwarrantable and unlawful; nor that the circumstances were such as to invest the act with much of the guilt attaching to the crime of murder *pure* and *simple*. For it seems clear that there was a certain amount of private feeling at work in the matter. Scott had rendered himself personally obnoxious to the rebellious party, and they desired and found a pretext for getting him out of the way. So far the act is removed from the category of the cases in which life is taken in the carrying on of war. But the act is certainly as far removed from a deed of murder committed in a time of peace. Had there been no insurrection, no taking up of arms, no proclamation of a Government, no assumption of authority, there would certainly have been no putting Scott to death. Riel and Lepine

did not murder, as men murder in secret, under the influence of devilish passions when all is quiet in society. Such men suffer death by the almost universal consent of mankind. But this case is undoubtedly different.

There being, therefore, so great a variety of considerations in the case and such a conflict of feeling and opinion, we think the Governor has done wisely to steer a middle course between the two extremes, and while avoiding a free pardon on the one hand and the putting to death on the other, has imposed such a term of imprisonment as will mark the sense entertained of the serious offence of which Lepine has been guilty; and doubtless in all this Lord Dufferin is acting in perfect accordance with the feeling of the Home Government.

The troubled South is likely to continue troubled for some time to come. The affair of New Orleans is becoming a fierce bone of contention between the two political parties that divide the Union, and it is significant that the loudest complaints arise from the old Democratic party, who were always enemies of freedom, and who now have no sympathy with efforts for the elevation of the colored race. The low abettors and tools of this party in the great cities—the rowdy Irish element—have always been bitter enemies of the colored man. They retain the same feeling now, and if they could they would make him a slave again. Everything they can do to obstruct his path they are doing at present, and of all things they dislike the prospect of a quiet and orderly settling down of society and of the social order on the basis of perfect freedom and equality between the black man and white. There are, of course, wrongs on both sides. It is not to be expected that over such a vast extent of country and in so many States, the colored race will be entirely free from faults. White men commit blunders and crimes too, and it is not pretended that the colored man is any better than a white man in that respect. But neither is he any worse. The color of the skin surely makes no difference in the working of human nature. So, if we hear of this and that outrage, or such and such a piece of fraud and chicanery alleged to have been perpetrated by colored legislators or officials, we can only remember that in every one of these their white brethren have set them an example.

The action of the President in interfering by military force is doubtless most objectionable, but desperate diseases sometimes require desperate remedies, and in a transition state of society it is not always possible to adhere strictly to constitutional methods.

There is an immense falling off in the emigration to the States this year; little more than half the aliens have landed at Castle Garden for 1874 that showed themselves there in 1873, and then there has been a considerable return tide. Out-going steamers have had large numbers of steerage passengers—a somewhat new thing, and leading to a rather startling kind of competition. We have heard of stage coaches in the olden time running against each other until the climax was reached of passengers getting to London for nothing and having a free dinner on the road. It came to something like this between New York and Liverpool this summer. The two tides of emigration, however, are not incompatible. Those returning are generally artizans, of whom thousands upon thousands have been thrown out of employment since the great panic. The incomers, however, it is to be supposed, look to find employment on the land for the most part, and they may succeed if they push westward; and the labor market will be all the better of being relieved of the hands that encumber it. There will doubtless be a reaction by and by, and many of those who have gone to Europe will seek the shores of America once more.

However generous his nature, it is difficult for a Canadian to read of the calamitous effects of the winter in Great Britain without some degree of satisfied complacency. The great French satirist classifies the misfortunes of neighbors among the sources of pleasure. The cynicism is, as he puts it, a pyramid of generalization resting upon a small point of fact. Human nature is slandered by being charged, as a whole, with the malicious temper of its

meanest specimens. But the satire is true, though truth destroys its wit, when pleasure, at the sight of misfortune, arises from a sense of safety from a witnessed peril, as the classic poet makes one safe ashore watch with a thankful, rejoicing heart the storm-tossed ship. It is true also, in this sense, that one who has been taunted with a certain failing, derives pleasure from seeing his tormentor overtaken with the fault with which he has reproached others. Such a satisfaction we Canadians are now enjoying. The *Times*, and other English papers, have taken the utmost pains during the discussions on emigration, which the laborers' strike started, to disparage the climate of Canada. Our newspapers have been searched for years back, and instances of fatalities from extreme frost culled therefrom, and paraded as though our people were in daily imminent danger of freezing. Our thermometrical registers have been quoted, and a rule-of-three problem based thereon, equalling in sense the jocular one, "If a load of hay weighs a ton, what is the name of the driver?" which runs thus: "If people are thus killed off in Canada by frost, how long will you live if you go there?" But our climate is avenged. The *Times* has had to warn people that "*breathing through the mouth* in England when the glass falls below forty is full of risk," and a recent number affirms that "in no country in the world is cold so fatal and involves so much general suffering among all classes as in England!" From one copy of this paper we quote that "several deaths from exposure to cold are reported," and "to aged persons and the young the cold is proving very fatal;" in fact, the deaths attributed directly to a recent snap of frost in London alone are over three hundred. After such a record we shall hear less, we hope, of the severe effects of a Canadian as compared with an English winter. We can tell those who are alarmed at "breathing through the mouth when the glass is below forty," that in Canada we inflate our lungs with real pleasure and life when the glass marks forty degrees below this, and even on colder days; still, nobody ever dreams of such a precaution as the *Times* recommends in England.

During the recent controversy on the Vatican decrees, Lord Acton, a Catholic nobleman, well known for his high attainments as a student of history, stepped into the arena, and created a profound sensation by declaring that, although born and bred a Catholic, and trained by tutors notorious for their devotion to the Pontiff and the Church, that to him the doctrine of the personal infallibility of the Pope was new. On the 24th November he published a letter, which is one of the ablest indictments against the Papacy, as a political power, ever penned, demonstrating that the dogma of "personal infallibility" is an outrage on history and the Catholic faith. Although that letter displays an almost microscopic acquaintance with historic authorities and documents, it seems as though one source of information, which students of history cannot afford to neglect, *i. e.*, comic literature, was not mastered by Lord Acton. That heretics believed the dogma in question to be the orthodox Catholic faith a century ago, is evident from one of Peter Pindar's satires, in which he tells of a soldier who, when charged with robbing a shrine of the Virgin, swore that she had given him what he had taken,—

> "Which answer turned both judge and jury pale;
> The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
> Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
> And *his Infallibility* be heard—"

a verse which settles the point against Lords Acton, Camoys, and others, who declare the idea of the personal infallibility of the Pope to be an invention of recent date. We trust our Jesuit friends will appreciate our impartiality in rooting up this evidence for them!

The announcement by Mr. Gladstone that henceforth the place of party leader shall know him no longer, has called out a myriad of articles, which evidence infinite ingenuity in political speculation, in discussing the possible, probable, and—as they assert—positive reasons for his retirement. With all deference to our literary *confrères*, we doubt the whole of their theories. In morals, as in geometry, the most direct line between two points is a right line. Surely, the surest, least uncertain road to the truth in this matter is the very simple one of directness, of taking Mr.

Gladstone's statement as that of an honorable man, even though he is a politician. When the whole political press ignore, utterly cast out of the discussion as of no value or relevance, a statement made in the most serious manner, at a solemn crisis of his life, by a political leader,—one whose sensitive religious nature and earnestness have been a life-long reproach to him in the eyes of the world—it is a hard saying, but not unfair, as an inference, that falseness of speech is expected of a politician, and its dishonor condoned by its universality. No writer yet has believed Mr. Gladstone's report of his own desires; none have seen in his declaration how noble is the attitude he avows himself to have taken,—how the world needs teaching the lesson of so great an example. Mr. Gladstone is close upon the verge of the life to come. The orb of his life in time nears the eternal horizon, and with Christian confidence he looks the inevitable in the face, and longs so to number his remaining days, that he may apply his heart wholly to wisdom, unvexed by storms which chafe not the shore on which he is preparing to land. That Mr. Gladstone prefers not to die with harness on his back, not to quell thoughts of the future life by the noise and rush and labor of the present, is evidently most mysterious to his critics, who only choose to know him as a member of Parliament. They might, however, at times, have seen the statesman dropped in the quiet life of a Christian gentleman, and noted how gentle, indeed how adorned with pious deeds, was that life; known, too, how keen was the enjoyment of scholarly work and interchange of thought with equal minds, and from us William Ewart Gladstone, consoling a sick cottager, has earned a heartier homage than the applause of party ever gave to the great Privy Councillor, party leader and statesman. Chatham dying in the Senate, and Lyndhurst held up to utter his terrible "*Væ Victis*," before the Crimean War, are great historic figures; but now that a beer barrel is the pivot of English politics, Mr. Gladstone may well prefer not to be handed down to fame revolving round that centre. "The ruling passion strong in death" stirs in him as he looks into the valley, and that passion never was politics. As the French saying is, "He returns to his first love:" scholarly and pious studies. What the Liberal party will do, is a very small question, as Liberal principles will assert their supremacy whichever party is in power, and Mr. Gladstone, happily, is not essential to their vitality. In moral influence he is a modern Pym; in industry, talents for business, vigilance, honesty, popularity, parts, also, he is like the great Parliamentarian; but as Liberty survived Pym, so will Liberalism survive the retirement of Mr. Gladstone.

The Pope, very naturally, considering his years, is not in health. His life cannot be prolonged beyond a very short period. Men are asking, "What would happen if he died?" Men, too, are plotting to cause some things they desire to happen after that event. It is certain that a successor to the Chair of Peter will follow in due course. The realm he rules is not, nor is likely ever to be, changed into a Republic, and what is equally sure is, that, whoever succeeds Pio Nono, will succeed to his advisers, his policy, and his traditions. The new Pope, in fact, will be a continuation of a line of spiritual kings, whose main object has been pursued by most strikingly similar actions from century to century. "*Semper eadem*" is not a groundless boast of the Catholic Church; Popes may come and Popes may go, but the stream of Pontifical policy flows on for ever, despite a turning to this hand or the other, and occasional broadenings and narrowings, and upheavals of its bed and obstructions, and all manner of troubles incident to the march of great rivers. Bismarck's circular, sounding the Powers of Europe as to their future relations with the Romish Court, as to any steps to be taken to influence the election of the next Pope, seems to us somewhat uncalled for and weak. The Governments of Europe have either to recognize the Pope as a sovereign, with whom the ordinary diplomatic intercourse is to be held, or as merely the chief bishop of a Church inside of, but untouched by, the civil authority of each realm. Any diplomatic recognition of the Pontiff, as matters now stand, when he is the subject of a State,—not a civil ruler at all—is a

mere act of courtesy and compliment which has no relation whatever to international diplomacy. For the rulers of Protestant States to be plotting together, as Bismarck's circular suggests they should, to put their man on the Papal Throne, as ward politicians plot to get in their pet alderman, is a disgrace to any nation enjoying, or aspiring to possess, civil and religious liberty. It is, too, so futile, so certain to defeat its own aim—for the least sign of coercion must tend to drive the Electorate in such a case to the extreme point of hostility to such influence. Imagine a Pope elected favorable to the Falk laws! In manœuvring to fill the Papal Chair with "the right man," Bismarck has overshot his mark. His "vaulting ambition" has sent him over the saddle to the ground "o' the other side." The next Pope, whoever he be, will be too shrewd to bring the Catholic Church into contempt by any sudden reversion of the policy or actions of his predecessor. We await his advent without anxiety and without hope. He will add no new shadow nor new light to the world, nor new joy nor consolation, though if he did lighten the world's sorrow-load, few would question his title as a divine vicegerent.

So the Bourbons are back again to the Escurial, and Spaniards are happy because a boy of seventeen has consented to govern their nation. It seems almost a fulfilled prophecy for a child to lead them, while the lions of the Republic lie down with Monarchical asses, who fancy peace, plenty, prosperity, stability, are ensured by a Bourbon restoration. But that prophecy is of a millennium, and Spain will be wearied out too soon for the years of such a period to be fulfilled. Alfonso seems what might irreverently be termed a decent sort of lad; would make a promising office-hand, a good junior clerk; but as King of Spain—it is, indeed, a mad world for such a thing to be, and "not o'ercome us as a summer cloud without our special wonder." Poor Spain has a hard century's work or more before her to get abreast of a country like Canada in civilization. Witness her bull fights, her universal ignorance, her school-less condition, the vileness of speech, rank with indecencies, which shock not her people's ears of any class; her systematized frauds on the public revenue, too common for even a joke. Witness her brigandage, a form of civil war no government yet has suppressed; witness, too, her religious intolerance, probably at the root of all the rest. He has a wonderful gift of hope who expects Spain to be anything but a shame to modern national life for several generations, even under the best conditions. But a country like that in the hands of a boy, and he a Bourbon, and bred by such a mother as Isabella! The vision of his reign is like a nightmare: it will end in blood, and not unlikely the Peninsula will see again on its soil the contending armies of foreign nations assisting in a dynastic war. Spain needs a ruler of supreme genius; but such men are the gift of God, not of dynasties or international wire-pullers.

Notice.

KING KALAKAUA.

King David Kalakaua, whose portrait we give in this number, was recently elected to the Throne of the Kingdom of the Sandwich Islands, and is now visiting the United States, is thirty-eight years old, about five feet eleven inches in height, and something darker than a Chinaman in color. He has a good education, and is possessed of a vigorous will, and is determined to preserve the independence of the islands which form his kingdom. He expects to visit the principal points of interest in the United States, after which it is probable he will go to Europe. He expresses his intention to visit America again during the Centennial Exhibition.