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CAPT. THOS. G. ANDERSON,
OF PORT HOPE.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

THE COUNTY EXHIBITION.

BY B. ATHOL.

"Yes, yes; such is life!" solemnly exclaims Councillor Smythe, waving his stick at the long rows of pens and their noisy occupants, whilst with his thumb over his shoulder, and a backward fling of the head, he makes a motion in the direction of the building which serves us on these occasions for a Crystal Palace. Mr. Smythe is always disposed to moralize, but to-day appears more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of his responsibilities.

"Such is life! Here we are all a striving for prizes and honors and distinctions, every man trying to outdo his neighbor, and it's just the same all over the world. Now, look at them leaves; they tell what the end of all this is going to be; their lesson is clear. Look at them leaves, Mr. Patton."

Thus admonished Mr. Patton gazes doubtfully at the leaves, probably thinking more of their gold and crimson beauty than of the lesson which they are intended to convey to his mind; then, with some difficulty heaving an appropriate sigh, he responds, "That's so; that's so." But Mr. Patton being of a sanguine disposition, not to mention the fact that from where he stands he can command an excellent view of a new style of family carriage just turned out of his factory the week before, and which is acknowledged by all to be "far ahead of anything in this section of the country," he is enabled to view life in a more cheering light than his companion.

"Well, for my part," he continues, "I was always one that went in for fairs, and

exhibitions, and things of that kind. I think it encourages a spirit of enterprise, as it were, among the people; it kind of eggs a man on to do his best, you see. I don't know that a man is trying to outdo his neighbor so much as he is trying to do his own best, and if he beats him this year, why, the neighbor is on his mettle to see what he can do the next. That's the way I look at it."

Mr. Patton pauses, suddenly remembering to whom he is speaking, and thinking that for the present he need not be too stiff in his own opinion.

"Still, what you were saying is just about the thing, and I daresay there is a considerable of vying amongst the people," raising himself over on his toes, and then dropping back on his heels. "Yes, those leaves tell their story. I suppose you saw Simpson's stock. That Devonshire is a beauty, now, isn't she? Not much in my line, I know; still, though I say it myself, I know a cow when I see one."

After this modest opinion of his powers Mr. Patton, with his companion, proceeds across the grounds to meet some mutual friends, whose breast decorations, like that of Councillor Smythe, indicate that on this occasion they are no ordinary men. There is a great deal of friendliness displayed in the way of shaking hands; they even indulge in a little subdued mirth, such as might be deemed consistent with their dignity, until the breeze fluttering the ribbons of their medals reminds them of their position, and that this is no time to joke.

So with countenances in which graciousness and dignity are happily combined, they continue their walk, the observed of all observers. Some of them are a little conscious, it is true, but altogether they carry that air of solemn importance which always distinguishes our judges at the County Fair. They glance approvingly at cattle, carriages, implements, machines, and everything on exhibition, and dwell at great length on the "points" of horses, taking care, however, not to commit themselves by too free an opinion. They stop and converse affably with competitors, showing an evident desire to place everyone quite at his ease in their presence, at the same time bowing or waving the hand in an encouraging manner to passing acquaintances.

Inside of the Palace the scene is very exciting. After gaining an entrance, which is a work of time, we immediately resign all idea of guiding our own movements, and give ourselves up to the will of the crowd. This carries us first to one end of the building, where there is the usual collection of overgrown potatoes, turnips, beets, apples,—in fact, every known production of Canadian soil is here in its highest state of perfection. We gaze at the pyramid of cheese, and long for welsh-rabbit, or at baskets of tempting butter, covetously wishing they were safely in a certain pantry, or admire the delicate structure of the honeycomb, the proprietor of which, although busily engaged with a lady friend in measuring a mammoth pear, finds time to exclaim harmoniously:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,"

and tell us if we want to see grapes that are grapes to step up this way. The crowd obligingly bears us up that way, and to our great regret far past the grapes, before we have seen one-half of what is exhibited in this department. As we draw near the other end of the building, and observe the elegant and tasteful manner in which articles, both useful and ornamental, are displayed to view, we are forcibly reminded of the answer in the old game of forfeits: "Superfine: fit for ladies only," though to be sure, there are a large number of gentlemen here who appear to take a deep

interest in fancy work of every kind. Some of them are gazing intently on home-made counterpanes, whistling softly to themselves meanwhile. Others are carefully examining crotchet collars and long strips of embroidery, each one declaring the articles undergoing inspection to be the best he ever saw of the kind. This department certainly speaks well for the industry, not to say talent, of the fair sex in our county. Everything that feminine brains could devise or feminine fingers execute is here. There is—but to begin at the beginning. There is Miss Vernon's silk quilt, which has for the last eight or ten years braved the battle and the breeze of every exhibition. Never once has it failed to put in an appearance as the season came round, and here it is once more, fluttering before us in all its diversity of shapes and hues. It is not to be supposed that it takes a prize every year; but it is here on view, and helps to set off the other things, besides covering a large part of the wall; indeed, to tell the truth, our fair would be no fair at all without this quilt. Though we have seen it often before, and are acquainted with the history of every scrap of silk in it, still

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

and we join the group of admiring school-girls who are disputing as to whether a small white diamond was Miss Vernon's grandmother's wedding-dress or that of her aunt, who so gallantly rode into the battle of Waterloo to see her honored husband—the engagement of course was going on in another part of the field. Unconsciously our eyes turn to the centre piece, a large heart of pale blue silk, whereby hangs a tale,—alas! a melancholy tale, over which we have wept copiously in our earlier and more susceptible years. When Miss Vernon was young and beautiful she had a lover handsome and brave. But the lover was poor and the parents cruel. All communication was forbidden. Against this the youthful pair rebelled, so an elopement was decided upon. In great haste and trepidation Miss Vernon made up the traditional bundle of valuables and clothing, and sat at her window through a long bitter March night, waiting for the ardent

Philip, who was to deliver her from injustice and tyranny. Alas! he never came, nor did she hear of him again until after in her faithfulness to him she had refused three excellent offers. Then reports of his marriage reached her. Even when this rumor was proved to be only too true, her trusting heart never censured but pitied him, believing that his life as well as her own was blighted, for she knew he could never love any but her. The blue silk heart is a piece of the dress she wore on the occasion of her first meeting Philip, and that, with a lock of dark brown hair and half a guinea, is all that remains of Miss Vernon's first and only love. The silk quilt is supported on the right by one of a commoner description known as the "log cabin," on the left by one with a pure white ground, on which is a basket of fruit in the centre, with a wreath of leaves and immense apples running round the border, in the brightest of turkey-red, which it will readily be believed produces a most startling effect. These are the principal decorations of the wall, but who shall describe the tables? What a combination of use and ornament meets the eye! There is every description of work: Hair-work and leather-work, and wax-work and crochet-work, and wool-work and raised-work, and bead-work and hair-pin-work, and braiding, knitting, netting, and tatting. Antimacassars of every size, shape, pattern, and style. Huge bouquets of feather flowers, which, for imitation of shape and color, might deceive the keenest eye. Straw picture frames, leather frames, and cone frames, beautifully varnished and surmounted with acorns. Wax-flowers and paper flowers are here in the greatest profusion, and immense fans, made of peacock's feathers, with good substantial pine handles, painted and varnished. There is also a drawing or sketch of our new bridge with a tree which is not in the original, drooping over into the water. This sketch might not be thought much in some places, but here, where we make no pretensions to the fine arts, it is considered a very great deal, and is gazed upon by all in undisguised admiration. Besides this, there is a Swiss cottage in pasteboard, covered with

shells, which is also regarded as a masterpiece in its way. From a tatted tidy in pink silk—a marvel of beauty and delicacy—down to rag door-mats, on which are faithful representations of cats, kittens, and other domestic animals, everything is here. Of course we are unable to inspect each article minutely, for the crowd still heaves and surges, now carrying us up to the tables and now back again to the wall. In one of these undulations we find ourselves securely lodged at a window, from which we can command a view of proceedings both outside and in. What a study of life this would be for Councillor Smythe! Notwithstanding the energy with which every person is pushing past and elbowing his neighbor, in order to make a way for himself, the greatest good humor seems to prevail. Laughter and jokes, mingled with the profusest apologies for treading on toes and thumping ribs, are heard on all sides. Some of our town ladies appear to us more pensive than the occasion requires. Fanning themselves in a languid manner, they gaze around with wistful eyes as if in a mute appeal to some imaginary power to come to their aid, whilst our sisters from without the corporation show a determination of will in making a way for themselves to see and inspect the fancywork which is only equalled by the honesty of their remarks on the same. This day is surely theirs, or as a gentleman near us, who has no sooner extricated one foot from underneath a stout oid lady than he finds himself pinned to the floor by another, bitterly exclaims:

"These people from the country seem to think they are running this little affair altogether."

But he is speedily restored to good humor when the offender, turning around to apologize, says:

"Her feet were always too big, but since she came into this place she has not been able to keep them off people for two minutes at a time."

We soon recognize the first prize faces, and a close observer may as readily detect a second which should have been a first, or a third which should have been a second. Where all expect the best, some one must

be disappointed. Although a general state of satisfaction seems to pervade the building, we sometimes see glances of disapproval or hear faint murmurs of partiality in the judges. But could these grumblers have been favored with an entrance a few hours earlier as some of us have been on other occasions, and have seen the conscientious manner in which the lady judges endeavored to do their duty, the pains they took to ascertain the real merit of each article, and accord to it its just prize; could they have seen the time that was spent in rubbing the home made fabric between the thumb and forefinger, in order to feel the body of it, or the severe scrutiny to which tatted collars and crocheted antimacassars were subjected, or the despondent shakings of the head and sighs over inferior work, the doubtful expression, the questioning glance, the drooping of the eyelid, and elevation of the eyebrows, or heard the lengthy discussions upon fashion, styles, beauty of design or color, novelty in pattern, intricacy of stitch, neatness of execution, or the arguments required to bring around some refractory sister whose opinions always *would* clash; added to this the labor of fastening on the white, pink, and blue ribbons, those fated colors which have brought rejoicing to many a heart and disappointment to many another,—we feel sure they would have allowed that to be a judge, and please every person, is no easy matter. Under our window is another example. A good-natured, happy-looking woman is trying to console her daughter, or some one we take to be her daughter, whose butter, instead of taking the first prize, has been put down to the second. In vain she endeavors to convince her that every person knows her butter is the best in the county, and that it is all owing to the successful competitor's uncle being one of the judges; the disconsolate damsel will not be comforted. Whilst the mother is disclaiming loudly against the partiality which has been displayed, a young fellow with a very red face, who we feel sure has either taken a prize or very liberal portions of "pop" and gingerbeer, approaches them. His defiant glare at the "towns folks" in the window tells us quite as plainly

as the song he sings that, though "he's a young man from the country," we need not expect to get the advantage of *him*.

"How d'ye do, Irene?" holding out his hand to the younger of the two. "Have you been round the grounds yet? Did mother tell ye my 'Dook' had taken the prize?"

"What Dook?" enquires Irene.

"Why my horse, the 'Dook of Welling-ton' ye know," is the proud response.

"Yes, she told me."

"Did she tell you that my butter only took second?" asked Irene, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Oh, pshaw, what's the odds anyway? I wasn't a bit surprised; I just expected it. Old Grey is a judge, you know. But every person knows yours is the best butter in the county, as well as they know my 'Dook' is the best horse in the Dominion. Come on over and have some soda water. It's first-rate over there. Mother'll wait here till we come back."

The disappointed Irene allows herself to be led away and solaced with soda water, though it is evident she takes this second prize very much to heart. Following this interesting couple with the eye until they are lost to view, we are struck with the good nature and mirth that reign outside the "Palace." Whatever disappointments have been felt, none appear. We wonder if other fairs are as gay as this, or if we are the happiest county in the Dominion on these occasions?

Here is our friend, Mr. Patton, conversing with a neighbor, while with an immense knife he divides a prize apple, offering sections of the same to passing acquaintances, with the remark, "Beat that who can." From the roars of laughter to which they give vent, we are led to suppose they have taken a first prize. Everywhere the same scene meets the eye. The judges have scattered, and are to be seen in different parts of the ground, cracking jokes and slapping ordinary mortals on the back with an utter disregard to that familiarity which breeds contempt, and an *abandon* which is almost incomprehensible when we remember their dignified demeanor of a few hours since. Some are leaning so far back that

we almost despair of their ever regaining their perpendicular; others again are bending as far forward; some slap their thigh, and some dig their neighbors' ribs, whilst a few in the ecstasy of their enjoyment stamp one foot furiously into the soft ground. Here, too, is Councillor Smythe with a group of admiring ladies, to whom he takes a melancholy pleasure in explaining the machinery of an agricultural implement furnished by one of our foundries. With graceful waves of the hand he is making clear to them how it works, and convincing them of the vast amount of manual labor, as well as time, which is saved by this, comparatively speaking, small outlay of money. Having finished their inspection, he escorts them to the refreshment tent, where they partake of soda water. As the glasses are being handed round we see Councillor Smythe pointing to the froth on each with a pensive smile, and know, though we cannot hear, that he is saying "Such is life!" But both grounds and "Palace" are commencing to empty, and though loth to leave our window, we are forced to join the crowd which

is pouring through the gates into the road that leads to the town. In a few hours the scene of so much gaiety will be deserted. Load after load, packed as tightly as human ingenuity could contrive, pass us. Among the rest Irene, from whose pretty face every trace of disappointment has vanished. If the county has failed to recognize the merits of her butter, she has evidently found one man who knows how to appreciate it, and what more could any girl ask? With the whip in one hand and reins in the other, her cavalier jauntily guides his fast horses, casting a glance over his shoulder every few minutes to where the "Duke of Wellington" prances gaily behind. Once more we are enveloped in a cloud of dust. We see a hat waving in the air, and a familiar voice greets some one near us with an exultant "hooray!" As the dust subsides we recognize Mr. Patton, who has harnessed a couple of prize horses to his carriage, in order to make a triumphant entry into town. At our side Councillor Smythe murmurs: "Ah, yes—first prize—happiness—such is life!"

A NEW LOVE A TRUE LOVE.

CHAPTER IV.

The wedding tour was ended and the bride and bridegroom had returned home. An enthusiastic reception had been given them on their arrival. Mr. Thurston was popular, and his constituents and fellow-townsmen had arranged to celebrate his return as a married man by an address of welcome and a torchlight procession, accompanied by music. They met him at the station when the train stopped, and speedily disengaging the horses from his carriage, drew him themselves in triumph to his residence; Juliet sitting by his side all the while, and smiling and bowing graciously in the light of the torches, when her name was coupled with his in the long, deafening

cheer that rose from the crowd as they set out. It was over at last: the drive of two miles that seemed to her interminable, the music that made her head throb as if it must burst, the glare of the torches that blinded her aching eyes, the address that seemed as if it would never come to an end, and Mr. Thurston's reply from the balcony of his house, and then the final cheer and the dispersion of the crowd.

"I am afraid it has been rather fatiguing for you, my dear," Mr. Thurston said, kindly, when they had all gone away and left them alone.

Something in Juliet's look had warned Mrs. Amhurst that it would be wiser to decline at once the invitation which her new son-in-law had given to herself and her hus-

band and the girls to remain after the other guests had departed, and she had accordingly left, though reluctantly, with the crowd, taking her family with her.

"Indeed I find it rather a bore myself, when one is tired and just off a journey," he went on; "but I suppose it is a thing a public man must not only submit to, but be grateful for."

He laughed complaisantly as he spoke, and Juliet murmured something in assent, and then, glad to be released, passed upstairs to her own apartments. They were very grand in her eyes, accustomed, from the time she could remember, to faded carpets, or no carpets at all, and threadbare upholstery; but not too grand for use and comfort. There was a bright coal fire burning in the open grate and shedding a genial warmth through the room, and a softly shaded lamp upon the dressing-table. Mr. Thurston was not without his finer instincts, if he was, as every one knew, a self-made man; and he had sought to make his wife's home and all its surroundings attractive to her for intrinsic taste rather than for lavish display; though evidences of wealth were not wanting on every side. He had been at great pains to ascertain her peculiar tastes; finding out sometimes from herself, but oftener from her mother or sisters, her possible likes and dislikes, and consulting them always before his own: so that on the whole there was little to find fault with in the arrangements of the home that henceforth Juliet was to call her own. And she was grateful, unspeakably grateful, for it all. She looked around the luxurious chambers when she had dismissed her maid, and felt in her heart that the man to whom she owed this light and warmth and beauty, when the world outside was so cold and dreary, was worthy of a deeper feeling than that of gratitude. Oh if she could but give it to him! He loved her. She felt sure of it. He was not demonstrative by nature. Even in these first days of their honeymoon he had treated her with the settled kindness of the husband rather than the rapturous devotion of the lover. But there was not a want of hers that he did not seem quietly to anticipate if he could. And when she thanked him in her impul-

sive, grateful way, sometimes with tears which she could not suppress in her eyes, feeling as she did so guilty and unworthy of it all, he would seem surprised and pleased and would answer her gently, "Why, my dear, it is a pleasure to me to make you happy." She sat by the fire for a long time until she heard his step coming up the stairs, wondering if he would ever suspect her secret, ever discover that she had married him to save her family from disgrace and ruin, and that she did not love him at all.

The winter set in with a round of gaiety. Lyndsor, though little more than a village, aspired to be fashionable, and gave dinners and evening parties assimilating as closely as possible to similar entertainments in the leading towns and cities. Juliet went everywhere. If her own inclinations would have prompted her at times to a quieter, more homelike life, her position as Mr. Thurston's wife, and the bride of the season, made it impossible to decline the numerous invitations pressed upon her. In fact, the gaiety was all in her and her husband's honor, and wearisome as she sometimes found it, she yet went through it bravely, smilingly, and tried to feel grateful and happy for it all. She met Mark Ardesley often this first winter, and once was his *vis-a-vis* in a quadrille. He was always scrupulously polite to her: nothing more. No one who had seen them that night, as with courteous grace he just touched the little gloved hand she extended to him in the dance, could have possibly suspected that they two had once been all the world to each other; that the time had been, not so far distant, when the least touch of that hand would have thrilled his soul; when one glance from those dark eyes that met hers for a single instant with calmness, nothing more, would have sent her blood reeling through her veins with rapturous delight. Perhaps it moved her now as strongly, that changed glance, as it once had done, though in a different way. Perhaps the poor heart thrilled now with a passionate regret, for all the outward calm and the smiling face that he and the world and Mr. Thurston saw. She had changed very much in those two months of her married life. In that family it was said tha-

Juliet's temper had improved wonderfully; and Lucy had added that it was just as well, for it would have been very disagreeable going to the house if Juliet had been as cross and contradictory as she had been at home. She was conscious of the change herself, and asked herself sometimes how it had come about. The little, pettish, wilful ways; the spirit of opposition and girlish insolence which in the old days had distinguished her in her intercourse with her family, and, indeed, with all the world alike, for she had been at no pains to conceal or try to mend her faults, and had been as often moody and cross and disagreeable as bright, bewitching and amiable, seemed now almost entirely to have left her. Perhaps if she had been married to Mark Ardesley she would have been just the same as ever, just the same wilful, capricious, unreasonable, but always loving, always lovable Juliet. Perhaps it was because she did not love Mr. Thurston that she found it so much easier to be good to him, to be good to all of them at home.

Yes; this must, she thought, be the reason. At any rate she never felt the temptation now to be cross and wilful, as she used to reel it at home.

She was not on the whole unhappy as Mr. Thurston's wife, not nearly so unhappy as she had expected to be. She tried to enter into all his plans, and to interest herself in what interested him; to further his views and to serve him loyally as a true wife, and the effort was, to some extent, its own reward. And her husband was pleased and grateful, and more than ever satisfied with his choice, and the consciousness that it was so, that she could in any measure contribute to his happiness in return for all that he had done for her, made her life easier to bear, less ignoble in her own eyes. But after all it was ignoble. She had her own views of what was due from wife to husband, quite as much as from husband to wife. She had been neglected, ill-taught, only half-informed in the poverty-blighted atmosphere of her home, but amid the rank weeds of circumstance many flowers of perfect loveliness had blossomed freely in the rich soil of an ill-regulated but naturally noble mind. She had

held high notions—romantic, silly views, her sisters had called them, of the holy estate of matrimony. She had thought, when she had thought about it at all, that if ever she married it would be for love. Not wealth, not position, not a grand house and costly dress, and servants and a carriage; but for love pure and simple. She had hoped that the wealth and the carriage and the servants and the costly dress would be there too; for she hated poverty from the bottom of her heart, having had to do with it all her life. But if they were not, if both could not be had, then there could be but one choice. Love must win the day. And she had been false to all this—false to all these instincts of her better nature. She had consented to barter truth for position, honor for gold. Of what use was it to tell herself that the sacrifice had been forced upon her—that she had not done this freely of her own will, or for herself, but to save her family from impending ruin? It was little comfort to argue thus. The fact was there, staring her in the face, embittering her solitary hours. Why could she not love this man now? she asked herself despairingly; why did she still love another? As she learned to know Mr. Thurston intimately, she realized more and more the sterling worth of his character. His was no mere partisanship—no blind following of his leader, right or wrong. Conservative by choice, he was yet liberal by instinct. A man loyal to his convictions in the face of his interests. If it had not been so she might have spurned, perhaps hated him. As his wife and confidante, for he kept nothing from her, she saw much of the political wire-pulling, the by-play behind the scenes, the tampering with integrity, national and individual, attempted too often in high places, and by men whose honor should have been like Cæsar's wife's—above reproach; but she never saw him swerve a hair's breadth from the course he had marked out for himself. She could trust him to be honest, though the whole world should be false. So it was that she felt within herself remorse and shame because she had dealt and was still dealing falsely with him who was himself so true—

who was true to her and to all the world. She wished, oh how often, that she had told him all before he had married her. It seemed to her now that it would have been so much easier then. Now, when she thought of doing so, a dread which she could not overcome crept into her heart and kept her silent. How could she endure his contempt? How could she bear to lose his love, his confidence, his respect? She shrank appalled from the prospect. And so the gay winter passed, and the snow melted away from the earth once more, and the river, loosened from its icy fetters, sang the old song as it dashed its green waves against its pebbly banks—the song that Juliet remembered in the springs long ago; and flowers peep out here and there, and grass grew green in the sheltered nooks, and birds sang in the branches of the trees, and everything seemed full of hope and promise; but the secret still lay heavy on Juliet's heart.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Thurston had procured a situation for Mr. Amhurst. It was the secretaryship in a company which had just been formed, and in which Mr. Thurston was a stockholder to a large amount. The salary was not a very large one, but it looked considerable in the eyes of the family so long accustomed to poverty; and as it was largely supplemented by presents and assistance from Juliet and her husband, it enabled them to live more comfortably than they had done for many years.

"Your marriage has been the turning-point for good to all of us, Juliet," Mr. Amhurst said, gratefully, in conversation with his daughter; and Juliet, knowing that it was so, tried to feel content.

Spring was well advanced now, and the air was so soft and balmy, the green earth and the blue sky and open river so tempting that she spent much of her time out of doors: in the gardens and grounds of her home, or even in the woods and by the river's bank, as she had done when she was a girl. Sometimes Mr. Thurston was with her; but oftener she was quite alone. He was not a man given to romantic rambles,

and he had his walk or drive to town, as it was by courtesy called, every day, and back, and that usually sufficed him. Sometimes Juliet drove him there herself in her pretty pony phaeton, and called for him again when it was time to return. This day, of which I am about to speak, she had been out for hours. Mr. Thurston had told her that business would detain him until evening. So she had wandered away directly after luncheon, partly, as she acknowledged to herself, to escape chance visitors, and partly because it was so delightful out of doors now that the spring was fairly come. It was a distance of two miles from her own home to her father's, and the road lay along the river's bank, open on one side to the broad stretch of the Detroit with its fleet of swiftly sailing vessels, and bounded on the other by the stately poplars of Lombardy and the graceful fringing maples, crimson now with their wealth of bursting foliage; or the deep green woods, or here and there a villa residence standing in the midst of its cultivated grounds. Juliet sauntered idly on, till, finding she had gone farther than she had at first intended, she concluded to proceed the whole distance, and look in upon them at her old home. The sound of voices, seeming to come from the woods by which she was passing, caused her to look in the direction, and as she did so she saw two figures, those of a man and a woman, or a girl, disappearing rapidly into the shade of the trees. Who could they be? she thought. They seemed intent upon escaping observation. She had caught but the merest glimpse of them as they had rapidly retreated into the thicker covert of the woods, apparently startled by her footsteps and anxious to get out of sight. Some lovers, perhaps, and she laughed a little bitterly, remembering how she herself and Mark Ardesley had often walked in the covert of the same green woods; no great distance from her home, and reached from it by a stile over the fence of what had once been the orchard. A few minutes more and she was sitting in the parlor with Mrs. Amhurst and the girls. They had seen her coming and had hastened to receive her, though as Hester had explained, apologizing for herself, she had

not dressed yet; these spring days always gave her a headache.

"I suppose Papa has not come from the office yet?" Juliet asked when she had taken a seat in the easy chair which Mrs. Amhurst had wheeled from its corner for her. She liked better when he was at home. There seemed to be always more heart and less obsequiousness in his reception of her than in her mother's and the girls.'

"No, he has not come from the office yet."

"And where is Lucy?"

She put the question carelessly, not caring much, if the truth must be told, whether she saw Lucy or not. Lucy had oftener, perhaps, than any of the rest been severe upon her in the old days, and had said more hard things of Mark Ardesley than had all the rest put together. And Juliet felt in her heart that she had never quite forgiven her; for Lucy was not so old as Penelope and Hester, and she might have sympathized with her poor little unhappy sister. To Juliet's surprise Mrs. Amhurst looked confused and did not at once answer.

"Lucy? Let me think. Where did Lucy say she was going?" she replied at last, hesitating and affecting to appeal to Penelope and Hester. "It was not to Juliet's, was it?"

"I should imagine not," Hester replied, emphasizing the words in a manner so pointed that Juliet's suspicions were at once aroused.

"Is there any mystery about it?" she asked, frankly. "Perhaps it was Lucy that I saw in the woods as I came up. There were two people, and I imagined they were lovers, as they seemed to wish to escape observation."

Mrs. Amhurst laughed nervously.

"Ah, you remember these things yourself, my dear," she said; and then she got up and moved away from Juliet and looked out of the window and affected to count the boats passing upon the water.

"What is the use of making it a mystery?" Hester asked, half scornfully. "Juliet will have to know about it some time; and why not now. I don't suppose she will trouble herself to make objections.

It was Lucy you met, most likely," she added, addressing Juliet; "and I daresay you will be surprised to know that her companion was Mark Ardesley, and that they are engaged and going to be married quite soon."

"Lucy going to be married to Mark Ardesley!" Juliet caught her breath with a gasp that was almost a sob, and for a moment everything grew black before her eyes. But she recovered herself quickly, and Mrs. Amhurst took up the explanation without seeming to notice the effect of Hester's words.

"Indeed I must own that it took us all by surprise, though he has been coming here a good deal lately; and at first your Papa was seriously opposed to it, when Lucy spoke to him. But you know, my dear, there are very few marrying men in Lyndsor, and Lucy, though still young-looking, and quite youthful, I am sure in feeling, is not, as she says herself, likely to do better here. And Mark has got the promise of an excellent situation in Manitoba. It will of course be a trial to part with her, and to have her go so far away from us; but there are things that parents must respect: and if it is for Lucy's happiness, as I believe it is—"

Mrs. Amhurst stopped short, for Juliet's steady eyes were searching her through and through. Possibly the thought that there had been a time when it was for Juliet's happiness, and she had been relentless, firm, unyielding, flashed across her memory and made her feel uncomfortably conscious that Juliet had not forgotten it, and that she was then recalling it to mind and piercing through the flimsy veil of assumed maternal affection with which Mrs. Amhurst was seeking to conceal her real motives in the matter of her daughter's marriage. She knew herself that she was acting the part of a hypocrite, and felt pretty sure that Juliet knew it also. It would be one more provided for, one less to leave dependent upon the charity of the world or relations when she and her husband should have passed away. She would never have come between Mark Ardesley and Juliet, for she had always believed that in the case of her own penni-

less daughter, a poor husband, with the chances of one day becoming better off, was preferable to no husband at all, had not Mr. Thurston suddenly appeared upon the scene, in the character of a rival suitor. Then she would have been worse than mad in her own eyes had she suffered a silly, girlish fancy to stand in the way of so rare a prize. Juliet rose to leave shortly afterwards, declining the family invitation to remain to tea.

"Though if you would only consent," Mrs. Amhurst urged, "we could see Mr. Thurston passing and call him from the window, and it would be so delightful. We so seldom have you to spend an evening with us."

"Some other time," Juliet promised; "when the days were longer. She had told the servants she would be home to dinner." She said little more on the subject of Lucy's marriage, and Mrs. Amhurst was only too glad to drop it altogether for the time, and too relieved as well, if the truth must be told, that Juliet would not accept her invitation to tea.

"It would have been extremely awkward," she said when Juliet had left, "her meeting Mark Ardesley here to-night under the circumstances; and I am sure Lucy would not have liked it. Now that she knows about the engagement, Lucy can go and see her herself, and by degrees it will all come right; but there's no saying how all the parties would have met for the first time, and I am very glad Juliet did not stay."

Juliet walked rapidly homewards, her mind in a tumult of contending and bitter emotions. Pride, self-respect, and above all, the remembrance of what was due to her husband, had enabled her to retain command of her feelings in the presence of her mother and sisters, and to some extent along the road home, where she might meet at any moment some friend or acquaintance; but once alone, once within the shelter of her own room, her long pent up emotions burst forth uncontrolled. The fact that Mark Ardesley had so soon forgotten her that he was about to be married, was, she told herself, only what she ought to expect; what she ought, if she could, to be glad of,

for his sake as well as for her own. She was not rebelling against this. She had brought it on herself, and had no right to complain. The bitterness of it, the exceeding anguish of it, lay, not in the fact itself, but in that Lucy was the instrument used. Lucy, the one chosen to humiliate her, to console him. If it had been any other woman in the world she could have borne it, she told herself; now it was unbearable.

"I hate her!" she said through her passionate sobs. "She has humbled me to the very dust. I hate her!" And then with the very words came a horror of herself, and a remorse for the anger, the bitter vengeful feelings that had wrung them from her. "Oh forgive me!" she murmured, falling on her knees, as a child might have done before its mother. "Forgive me! I have much to be forgiven."

Yes, there was One who knew all that she was suffering—One who was feeling for her and pitying her, and who would help her to be good and to forgive as she hoped to be forgiven. But how could she go through all that was required of her? How could she tell her husband when he should return home to-night what she had just heard? How could she meet Mark Ardesley and Lucy for the first time as lovers? How could she bear to hear them talk about their plans, and interest herself with sisterly sympathy in all that concerned them; and go to the wedding and see them stand at the altar, and hear them plight their vows, either to either? Then, too, how more than ever impossible it now seemed that perfect confidence on that one subject which had been sealed between herself and her husband from the first should ever be established! And yet that very day she had resolved to tell him all, had resolved to brave even his scorn and pity rather than to go on deceiving him. But now she could not do so; no, she could not. Lucy was married in a few weeks, and set out with her husband for Manitoba. It was a short engagement, but Mark's "situation" was waiting for him, and so the scruples of the bride-elect, if indeed she affected any, were overcome. She looked stylish, almost youthful, people admitted,

in her costly wedding-dress, Mr. Thurston's present. "Scarcely a day older than Mark," though it was well known there was a difference of several years on the wrong side in their ages. But Mark Ardesley looked old for his years, so all agreed; and he had sobered wonderfully of late,—in fact was quite altered. Juliet was the life of the wedding party, and was among the first, after Mark's post-nuptial embrace had been given to his bride, to kiss Lucy and wish her every happiness. No explanation had passed between herself and Lucy. They had met very much as usual the first time after Mrs. Amhurst's announcement of the engagement, and when Mark Ardesley had chanced to drop in, and seeing Mrs. Thurston, had colored and looked confused in spite of himself, Juliet had carried off the momentary embarrassment with perfect ease and self-possession, had laughingly extended her hand to Mark with the words:

"I must congratulate you. First on your situation; secondly, on the auspicious event which is to follow it so soon, Lucy tells me."

And all this time Juliet had been struggling to forget that she had ever loved Mark; to forget if possible that she loved

him still; to learn, if possible, to love her husband best of all. Sometimes she fancied that the power had come to her—that she was in reality learning to look upon Mark as Lucy's husband, nothing more. Then some word or look, some careless gesture, perhaps, some incident so slight as to be unnoticed by all but herself, would suddenly re-awaken all the slumbering passion of her heart, and leave her humiliated, self-condemned, conscious to her bitter shame that the old love was unsubdued, the new love yet unawakened. And yet she was, as I have said, fond of her husband; loving him with all but the best love, all but the only love he would perhaps have valued from her; all but the love she could not yet give him. And she was standing on the verge of a precipice, and at any moment her slight foothold might give way, and she might fall into the dreadful abyss below. This is only a story written for an idle moment, some will say. Be it so. But reader, take the deep heart-truth none the less home to your own heart. If you are wife, or promised wife, never let the first little cloud of deceit arise between you and the one whom you have promised, or will promise, to be true to—for life, till death.

(To be Continued.)

"LA BOUQUETIERE."

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Author of "Wrecked; or, the Rosclerras of Mistree," "Winona; or, the Foster Sister."

Buy my roses, citizens!
 Here are roses golden white,
 Like the stars which lovers watch
 On mid-summer's night.
 Here are roses purple red;
 Here are roses Cupid's pink;
 Here are roses like his cheeks,
 Deeper, like his lips I think,
 Vogue la galère! what if they die?
 Roses will bloom again, so buy.

Here is one, it should be white;
 As, if in a playful mind,
 Flora stole the winter's snow
 From the sleeping North'rn wind;
 And lest he should see and rage,
 Breath'd a spell of ardent power,
 O'er the flake and flung it down,
 To the earth a snow-white flower.
 Vogue la galère! 'tis stained with red,
 That only means a woman's dead!

Buy my flowers, patriots!

Here's a Parma violet;

Ah! why is my white rose red?

'Tis the blood of a grisette.

She sold her flowers by the quai:

Brown her eyes and fair her hair:

Sixteen summers old, I think,

With a quaint Provincial air.

Vogue la galère! She's gone the way

That flesh as well as flowers must stray.

She had a father old and lame

He wove his baskets by her side;

Well, well t'was fair enough to see

Her look of love, his glance of pride.

He wore a beard of silver grey,

And clumsy patches on his blouse;

She wore a cross about her neck,

And on her feet quaint wooden shoes.

Vogue la galère! We have no cross,

Th' Republic's said its gold is dross.

They had a dog, old, lame and lean—

He once had been a noble hound;

And day by day he lay and starv'd,

Or gnawed some bone that he had found.

They shared with him the scanty crust,

That barely foiled starvation's pain—

He'd wag his feeble tail and turn

To gnaw the polish'd bone again!

Vogue la galère! Why don't you greet

My tale with laughter, prompt and meet?

No fear! you'll chorus me with laughs

When draws my story to its close,]

And have for life a merry jest,

"The spot of blood upon the rose."

She sold her flowers, but what of that?

The child was either good or dense—

She starved, for one she would not sell,

'Patriots, 'twas her innocence.

Vogue la galère! Poor little clod,

Like us, she dare not laugh at God!

A week ago I saw a crowd

Of Red-caps; and a tricotouse,

Cried, as I hurried quickly past,

"They've taken little Wooden Shoes!"

Well, so they had, come laugh I say,

Your laughs with mine should come in pat,

For she, the little sad-faced child!

Was an accursed aristocrat.

Vogue la galère! The Republic's said

Saints, angels, nobles, all are dead!

"The old man, too," shrieked out the crowd,

She turn'd her small white face about

And you'd have laughed to see the air

With which she faced that rabble-rout.

I laughed I know; some laughter breeds

A merry moisture in the eye,

My cheeks were wet to see her hand

Try to push those patriots by.

Vogue la galère! We'll laugh nor weep,

When Death not God calls us to sleep!

"Not Jean," she said, "'tis only I—

Who noble am, take only me;

I only am his foster-child,

He only nursed me on his knee,

See: he is guiltless of the crime,

Of noble birth and loved me not

Because I claim an old descent,

But that he nursed me in his cot."

Vogue la galère! 'tis well no God

Exists to look upon this sod.

"Believe her not!" he shriek'd, "O no,
I am the father of her life."

"Poor Jean," she said, "believe him not,

His thoughts with dreams are rife.

Farewell, poor Jean," she said, I laughed,

Her air was so sedately grand,

"Thou'st been a faithful servant, so

Thou well may'st kiss my hand."

Vogue la galère! the sun is red,

And will be, patriots, when we're dead.

"Child, my dear child," he called, she turned—

And let the rabble close around;

He was so lame he fell behind—

He and the starving hound,

"Let him go free," out yell'd the mob,

Accused be those nobles all!

The poor old wretch is craz'd it seems,"

Blood, citizens, will pall.

Vogue la galère! we can't buy wine,

So let blood flow be't yours or mine.

I ply my trade about the place

Where proudly stands la guillotine,

I pile my baskets up with bloom,

With mosses soft and green.

This morning, not an hour ago,

I stood beside a tricotouse,

And saw the little fair head fall

Of the little Wooden Shoes.

Vogue la galère! a proper sight!

I sold my roses red and white.

She died alone. A woman drew

As close beside her as she might;

And in that woman's basket lay

A rose, all snowy white.

But sixteen summers old, a child

As one might say, to die alone.

Ah, well! it is the only way

These nobles can atone.

Vogue la galère! Here is my jest

My rose is crimsoned from her breast!

Buy my roses, citizens!

Here's a violet, here's a pink,

Deeper tint than Cupid's cheek,

Deeper than his lips I think.

Flora's nymphs on rosy feet

Ne'er o'er brighter blossoms sprang;

Ne'er a songster sweeter blooms

In his sweetest rhyming sang.

Vogue la galère! Roses must die;

Roses will grow again, so buy!

OUR PIC-NIC.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ELECTRA.

It was decided by our "set," one of the little cliques into which the society of a small country town like our own inevitably resolves itself, that we should have a picnic; no hasty trip on the cars or steamboat, to nowhere in particular, to see nothing in particular, but a leisurely drive of about twelve miles, to a delightful spot on the shore of that noble inland sea, — Ontario. Of course we had some little discussion as to how, when, and where our picnic should be; for, as usual, everybody wanted something a *little* different from everybody else, because you know if they hadn't, they might have been overlooked; but, finally, everything was amicably settled excepting the weather, which was very showery that summer.

Let me think who composed our "set." First, because I loved her best, Mary Gleason. She was tall and beautiful, with an earnest face, and a great loving heart, both "tender and true." I could tell you a delightful story about her if I had time and space. Gussie Harwood, her cousin, a lovely blonde, imperious and sulky.

Perhaps, my readers, from what I shall tell you, you may think I was jealous of Miss Gussie, and looked at her through green eyes; but I don't think I was. Then, black-eyed Kate McIntosh, with her happy freckled face, and merry laugh, and the Mortons, two of them, remarkable for nothing but their exceeding neatness, and their attachment to each other. Lastly, ourselves—the Grey girls, people called us—three of us; Lucy, the eldest, the best and dearest daughter and sister I knew. Mina, the youngest, seventeen, pretty and bright, but just a little conceited. Abbie, the intermediate, the writer of this sketch, "like

nobody else," mother said, and *she* knew, Mina and I sometimes indulged in little discussions, in which one expressed her opinion of the other's peculiarities, with more truth than politeness; but, thanks to Lucy, the peacemaker, we were generally pretty good sisters.

Then the young gentlemen of our clique, —h'm—they were at a premium in our town, owing to the scarcity of the article. Well, we had Mr. Cyrus Whitehead, a schoolmaster, fair-haired, downy-faced, and bashful. He made a pun once, but looked so frightened at the achievement, that I thought he would never attempt another. I used to think he admired my sister Lucy; but if he did, he worshipped afar off, for he never sought her company. Next, Mr. Norman Landon, with his fine name and handsome—; no, I mean pretty face, black, pink, and white. He looked just like a model in a hair-dresser's window (we haven't any in our town, but I made a visit to Montreal one winter, and saw some there). This young gentleman was a clerk in a store, wore nice clothes, and had what the girls called, "nice ways." Then there was George Garth, a law student; I liked him, for he was sensible, clever, and manly; and lastly, and best of all, John Gleason, Mary's brother. I never dared admit to myself or anyone else, not even to Lucy, how much I liked *him*, for he never made anything of me. Sometimes he saw me safe home when I had been to see Mary, and he was always kind and friendly; but I was quite sure that he thought a great deal of Gussie Harwood, for I often saw them together, and people said they were engaged. I didn't wonder at it, for she was very pretty, and her father

was the richest man in the village; but I couldn't help wishing that John had chosen some one more like his sister. I might try to describe John Gleason, but I don't think I can do it. Many people think that he is not handsome, but I think he is; and he is still, as he always has been—my ideal of all that is noble and excellent in man. He wished to be a doctor, but had set aside his own inclinations for the sake of his father's wishes, who, as his health was failing, desired John to help him with his business, which he did, faithfully and well.

Well, time went on, and so did our preparations. Lucy did the baking, Mina washed our lawn dresses, for we kept no help, and I ironed them and did the fussing. At last the day came, fair June's perfection.

"Sweet day so cool, so calm so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

I shall never see such another. We set off before the morning glories had shut their sweet eyes, and the dew was still glistening on the grass. But we started under the shadow of a disappointment. Mother was threatened with one of her bad headaches, and Lucy would not leave her; so, much to our regret, we were obliged to go without her. We drove gaily up the town, stopping at Mr. Gleason's for John and Mary, who were to go with us in our double phaeton. To my surprise, John said to me, "Abbie, let Mary sit behind with Mina, and you sit with me; I need you for assistant Jehu." I complied with his request, though with a perverse inclination to do otherwise. We fell in with the rest of our party as we drove up the "front street," a stranger driving Gussie Harwood in her father's buggy.

"Do you know who he is," I queried of John.

"Yes," he replied, "he is Mr. Ralph Richardson, Miss Gussie Harwood's intended husband." I looked at John to see if his face expressed any more anguish than his voice—but no; he looked as if it made no difference to him whether Mr. Richardson married Miss Harwood or not. Presently I asked him if he was acquainted with the young gentleman, "Yes," he an-

swered, "he was a college chum of mine, and a right good fellow he is. Miss Harwood met him during her visit to Toronto, two winters ago, and has been engaged to him ever since her return. You can't be very well posted in our village gossip, Miss Abbie, or you would have known that."

I asked no more questions, and we jogged merrily on. We soon left the little suburbs of the little town behind us, and drove past scented hay-fields, extensive orchards and hop-fields, acres of billowy grain, and substantial and pretty farm-houses, often surrounded by flower-gardens and shrubberies. (We call our county "The Garden of Canada," and the title gives us pleasure, even if others do not always recognize it as such.) We met a knot of little bare-footed children trotting to school, with their tin dinner-pails, shining in the sun; and the little things looked after us so wistfully as we drove past, that I wished we could have taken them all with us.

Mary, Mina and John talked and laughed merrily, but I said little. I was too happy,—John's unusual friendliness made me so. But during that long and pleasant drive I took counsel with my own heart. I knew that I loved John Gleason, and.... he *didn't* love me; therefore, I must guard my secret well; *he* must not know it. My mind was busily occupied in forming plans that were to regulate my future conduct towards Mr. Gleason, when we reached the spot we had chosen for our pic-nic; and as I write the whole scene presents itself to my mind's eye, just as it appeared to me in that happy morning years ago. Before us lay Ontario the beautiful, every ripple of its translucent waters sparkling like a gem beneath the summer sun, a distant sail here and there flecking the blue horizon. Higher up in the heavens lay the long smoky trail of a steamer that had passed beyond our ken. To our right, a green headland stretched out its lovely length; to our left, an inlet of the lake ran into the land, like a broad and beautiful river, with orchards, grain fields and pasture fields sloping down to its very edge. John helped us out of the carriage and stood looking at the scene with his hat off; then, as if he had forgotten himself, he

proceeded to unharness the pony and find a place to tie her.

What a happy, happy day that 20th of June was! Nothing terrible or romantic happened. None of us ventured out on the lake in a little boat to be upset and rescued from drowning. No young lady lost herself in a wood, or fainted and fell into the arms of some young gentleman standing conveniently near, or sprained her ankle, or tore her dress beyond repair; nothing of the kind befell any one of us. We enjoyed the beauty of the scene and the weather, ate our dinner, laughed and talked sense and nonsense, played croquet, and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly; and I was supremely happy, for John sat beside me at dinner, and was kinder and more attentive than he had ever been before.

Mr. Richardson, of course, devoted himself to his affianced, who in her white muslin and blue ribbons looked very lovely and very inscilent. Mr. Norman Landon played the agreeable to the Morton girls, but looked as if he would have much preferred talking to my pretty sister Mina, who had a literary fit, and sat reading the "Gayworthy." Mr. Whitehead listened delightfully to Katie McIntosh's merry sallies. George Garth devoted himself to no one in particular, but did all in his power to make everybody happy, and Mary Gleason and I shared John's attention between us.

What with eating and drinking, laughing and talking, croquet playing and flirting, the day passed away too quickly, and we began our preparations for returning home. A short time before we were ready to start John came to me and asked me to drive home with him; if I would Ralph and Gussie would lend him their buggy and go home in our carriage. A certain eagerness in his manner of asking the question made my heart beat faster, and sent the color to my face; but I answered as quietly as I could that I should be happy to drive home with him if it would be no inconvenience to Ralph and Gussie.

So, as we were to go home by what we called "the long way," for the sake of seeing a beautiful view which all the members of our party had seen except myself,

we started a little before the others, with many injunctions to take care of ourselves and not get lost. As we drove off I took one "last lingering look behind." The lake had lost its radiance now save in one spot, where it glowed like a flame beneath the fiery gaze of the great round sun, slowly sinking down in the west. I had been merry most of the day, but I grew quiet now, almost sad. The pleasant day was so nearly done. To-morrow life would be dull enough. John would return to his business again and forget all about me; there was the week's washing to be done, a half-made dress to be finished, and—John put an end to my list of duties to be done by enquiring what I was thinking about. In an unusual burst of candor, I told him, keeping to myself, however, the thought of his forgetting me on the morrow. I thought he would laugh at me for my pains, but he did not; he took my hand up, looked at it and said that he did not believe Nature intended me for a washerwoman or she would not have given me such hands. (Reader, my pretty hands were almost my only beauty; they were white and slender, for work did not harden them, as it does some hands.) I answered that I thought Nature's intentions must have been frustrated, for, though not a professional washerwoman, I had done a good many washings and expected to do a good many more. Then we talked about many things, or rather John talked and I listened, for I am generally content to listen when John talks. But suddenly he stopped and drew in his horse to a stand still, for soul and sense were struck with the beauty of the poem that surrounded us. We were on a hillside road. Above us, on our left, a wooded hill stretched upward to the heavens, still save for the sweet song of a bird or the faint rustle of leaves stirred by the low evening wind, and solemn with the deepening shadows of twilight. On our right, the road was bounded by purple and fragrant meadows sloping down to the little town. To the north-east lay the broad bay, iridescent with its reflex of the evening sky. On the farther side of the town stretched fertile fields; beyond them, masses of woods, and far beyond all, blue

and cloudlike in the dim distance, rose a chain of hills; the whole scene glorified by such a sunset sky as only Ruskin could describe. Above the pomp of the bannered west, in the azure of the clear heavens, a new moon showed her silvery sickle; and here and there a star, stronger and braver than her shining sisterhood, shone like the point of a spear in the sun. We were silent with admiration, and I felt that happy sadness I so often feel in looking at the loveliness of nature. I have known the sight of a little pure pale spring blossom to fill my eyes with tears that certainly did not spring from sorrow; I cannot understand the feeling nor describe it. We stood still several minutes and then slowly and regretfully left the scene behind us, for the road for nearly all the remainder of the way led through a wood which shut out the surrounding country from our view. Neither of us seemed inclined to talk. I framed numbers of sentences but could not utter one.

John was the first to speak. I shall never forget what he said, yet it seems foolish to write it down.

"Abbie," said he, "I want you to promise to do a favor for me."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Do you want me to tell you?" he answered in so low and serious a tone that I looked at him in surprise.

"Yes," I replied, "I don't like to promise to do anything until I know just what is expected of me. Mina once prevailed upon me to make one of those promises in the dark and the consequence was I had to lace her shoes for a whole month, whenever she put them on; so I am going to be cautious about making promises in the future."

"Well, I'll tell you, Abbie, I want you to promise to marry me."

The question was so sudden and unexpected that I could not say "Yes;" I did not want to say "No," so I did the only thing left for me to do, kept silent, and burst into tears. It was strange that John should have been satisfied with such an answer, but he was; and giving the lines into my hands he took from his little finger a ring that his dead mother had once worn, a slender hoop of gold with one pearl in

the centre, and putting it on the first finger of my left hand, asked me to wear it always; and I have done so.

We were out of the wood now and were passing the little graveyard, its white stones gleaming in the dusk and the scent of flowers, wafted from many a blossoming grave, upon the still summer air, as sweet as the memories of dear ones laid to rest in that sad and sacred spot. In the midst of my great happiness the sight of that quiet churchyard came like a north wind in summer, not destroying the midday of the year, but making it cooler, clearer and sweeter.

As we drew near my wayside home I saw that "the evening lamps were lighted," and through the open windows came the voice of Lucy, the household minstrel, singing, to a soft piano accompaniment, Phœbe Cary's beautiful hymn beginning

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer to my Father's house
Than I have been before."

We listened till the hymn was ended; then John helped me to alight, and with a tender "good-night" promised to come to see me and my father and mother on the morrow, which he did, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

* * * * *

We, that is John Gleason and I, have been married ten years to-day, but I have never regretted fulfilling the promise I made on the day of "Our Pic-nic."

George Garth and my sister Lucy were married five years ago. I sometimes fear that their happiness is too perfect for this world. Their extreme devotion to each other often makes me fearful that they may soon be called upon to part, for I often think that Death calls the best and happiest first. Nay, not Death, rather the All-wise and All-merciful, for Death is but His messenger.

Miss Harwood and Mr. Richardson were married shortly after the pic-nic. Some people say they are not happy, and I fear "some people" are right, for neither of them look so. My sister Mina is not married yet; she is too hard to suit. Mr. Rightman does not seem to come her way. The Morton girls are both unmarried and neater than ever.

Merry Katie McIntosh has gone where there "is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." She died of consumption on my sister Lucy's wedding day. I learned after her death that she and Cyrus Whitehead were engaged to be married before she fell sick, and the poor fellow took her death very much to heart. He left our town shortly afterwards and went to California, where, they say, he is getting rich.

Norman Landon fell heir to a small sum of money, some years ago, and went to England to spend it, since which time he has not been heard of.

Then Mary Gleason—I think I said I could tell you a pleasant story about her, so I will tell you nothing now, for it would spoil the story which I hope to relate in some future number of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*.

CAPTAIN THOS. G. ANDERSON.

Thos. G. Anderson, son of Capt. Samuel Anderson, was born at Sorel in Lower Canada, on the 12th November, 1779. In 1783, at the reduction of what was then called the Continental Army, his father was placed on captain's half-pay. In 1784 the family removed to Cornwall, U. C., where the father received a grant of 1,200 acres of land.

In 1794 Thomas was apprenticed for five years to the late Thomas Markland, merchant, of Kingston. At the close of his apprenticeship Mr. McKenzie, half-brother of Mr. Markland, induced him to go to the Indian country with him, and in March, 1800, he went to Montreal to join Mr. McKenzie. They then proceeded to Mackinaw by the Ottawa and French rivers in a heavily laden bark canoe manned by eight men. After going up seventeen portages they reached Lake Nipissing, and after going down seventeen more to the north shore of Lake Huron, they reached Mackinaw about the middle of May, where Thomas remained trading with the Indians for nearly a year. He then went to the Iowa river to trade for Jacob Franks; the next year he went to Rock river, and the next to Milwaukee, where he remained three years. During this time he went on horseback to Chicago to pay his respects to Capt. Whistler, of the American Army, commanding the first troops stationed there, and was invited to dine with him.

While the company were waiting dinner a band of wild Indians, painted and equipped for war, came into the room, and the chief going round the table took the bread which had been placed beside each plate and gave it to his men. The ladies and gentlemen left the room, with the exception of Capt. Whistler and Capt. Anderson; the latter with great presence of mind asked the intruders why they had come ready for war, when their Great Father had sent this army to protect them from their enemies? The Indians at once turned and left the place peaceably, whereas had not Capt. Anderson been present and acted as he did the Indians would, in all probability, have declared war and murdered the whole company. British subjects had been greatly respected by the Indians since the year 1763, and as Capt. Anderson was known to be one, his advice was immediately accepted by the Red men.

The day after this occurred he returned to Milwaukee, and on the following day, while lying in his tent, a drunken Winnebago Indian came in, knife in hand. The Captain, with his usual presence of mind, and knowing the Indian character, pretended to be asleep, while the Indian creeping softly up to him with his knife pretended to stab him in several places, and would have done so if there had been the slightest movement. As it was, however, after amusing himself in this way for

some minutes, the Indian left the tent. Capt. Anderson then called to his men to ask what was wanted. "Rum," was the reply. He then asked for the bottle, and on its being handed to him he knocked the Indian down with it, gave him a good beating and never saw him again.

In 1807 he returned to Mackinaw and got a supply of goods to trade with the Sioux Indians on the Mississippi, and continued trading with these Indians till 1813, returning occasionally to Mackinaw for fresh supplies of goods. Up to this time he knew nothing of the war of 1812, except by vague reports. In 1814, leaving his goods at Prairie-du-Chien, he went to Mackinaw, but had not been there a week when an express arrived from Prairie-du-Chien informing him that a portion of the American Army had gone up to that place from St. Louis and were building a fort. His reply to the messenger was, "We must go and take it; you try how many volunteers you can raise." At this time Col. McDowall, whom Capt. Anderson had never seen and who was not aware of what he was doing, was glad to hear that there was some chance of support from the rear in the shape of Indians, and sent to his aid, Col. McKay, giving him what stores and ammunition he could spare. These consisted of a brass cannon with a small quantity of ammunition, one artillery man, and one royal invalid soldier to help man the gun; two gun boats (these were large row boats), a short supply of provisions, with some ammunition for small arms.

Equipped in this manner they started on the third day after receiving the news, and on the next day the Indians began to collect around them, supplying themselves with such provisions as in their hurry they could obtain. On reaching Green Bay a number of white volunteers joined them, and they arrived at Prairie-du-Chien the latter end of August. After pitching their tents Capt. Anderson went with a flag of truce to the fort and called on them to surrender, which they refused to do. They then commenced an attack upon the fort, the Indians and volunteers firing upon it with their small arms from all directions, and wounding some of the American sol-

diers through the port-holes of their block-houses. On the night of the third day they had approached within a short distance of the fort, and by daylight had a rousing fire heating a shot with a view to setting fire to the fort, which the Americans saw and at once hoisted the white flag. Our volunteers had now one of the American boats, into which Capt. Anderson hurried all the garrison troops, and sent them away under the British flag to pass Rock river, where they would be safe from the attacks of the Indians. The Americans in the other boat continued to fire upon them, but were soon conquered, and having cut their cable, drifted off down the Mississippi, which Capt. Anderson permitted lest they should be massacred by the Indians. They were now rid of their enemy, and Capt. Anderson remained in command of the fort in Prairie-du-Chien until the end of the war.

He then returned to Mackinaw, discharged his volunteers, and was immediately sent back to the fort again with loads of presents for the Indians, and to declare peace formally.

On his return from this service he found the garrison moved to Drummond Island, and was appointed to take charge of the Indian department at that place.

In 1820 he married Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of the late Captain James Matthew Hamilton, of H. M.'s 5th Regiment. "To her blessed influence," he says, "I owe all that I am as a Christian, or ever hope to be." In November, 1829, the garrison was moved to Penetanguishene. In the course of the winter he went to Toronto at the request of Sir John Colborne to make systematic arrangements for the civilization of the Indians, and it was determined that the first establishment should be formed at Coldwater, where he built saw and grist mills, a large school-house (in which divine service was held), houses for himself and the Indian chief, besides some fourteen smaller ones for the Indians.

At Orillia a similar establishment was formed, and at both places proper teachers were placed over the children, making great improvements.

Three years afterwards Sir John's ideas were enlarged, and he determined to form

a general settlement at the Manitoulin Island, with a view of drawing them from the settled parts of the Province to that place. A commissariat store, a church, and several other public buildings were erected there. The boys were taught several trades, and the girls taught to spin and knit.

In 1845 Capt. Anderson was removed to Toronto to fill a different office in the same department. He now had to visit ten tribes of Indians annually to pay them the annuity allowed by the Government, and to perform this he had to travel from the Rideaux to Owen Sound.

In 1858, finding himself growing old and unable to perform his arduous duties satisfactorily, he memorialized the Imperial

Government for a retired allowance, which was kindly granted and which he now enjoys.

On the very day his official duties terminated (30th June, 1858) his beloved and deeply lamented wife breathed her last at Cobourg, after a short but severe illness. During the greater part of the time since then he has lived with his two daughters at Port Hope.

In 1872, for the sake of example to younger men, he became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and continues to take a deep interest in its welfare.

He is now in his 95th year, and enjoying moderate health.

A MISTAKE IN LIFE:

A CANADIAN STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY C. E. W.

It was a mild day in the spring of 1869, when the "Moravian," having lain for a night in fog and sleet, and in the morning successfully passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, steamed up the noble St. Lawrence. Not a ripple stirred the broad bosom of the river. The sun shone, glistening and sparkling on the surface of the water. The scenery changed every minute. Now we pass by a rugged, mountainous coast, with apparently no blade of vegetation; among the fields and woods, clothed in the soft delicate tints of early growth, whilst among the trees are nestled innumerable small white houses, the homes of a contented, primitive people. It would require no Isaak Walton to predict in this country grand sport for the fisherman. There, on the north coast, we passed the brawling torrents pouring their rapid streams into the great river upon which we float, while to the south of us may be seen occasionally a fine river flowing gently but steadily

towards the north, whilst every village appears to have its own contiguous creek. And, surely, over those grand mountains the cariboo and the elk must abound; surely, in those dark pine forests, of the depths of which the very sun in heaven is ignorant, where the gigantic monsters raise their stout, tall bodies, and above throw forth an impenetrable screen of evergreen; surely amongst those lonely woods, just emerged from the nakedness of sterile winter, and dressed in the soft and delicate tints of spring,—surely there must be a paradise for game. Well may we have heard from time to time rumors of the natural beauties of this Canada! In one short voyage from the Straits of Belle Isle to Quebec there is, indeed, a wondrous variety of scenes,—a noble river, and gorgeous banks; trees and forests of every hue and size; here, the dark, sombre, piney woods of Longfellow, and by their side the foliage of the English oak—Norway now; an

hour hence, a very Forest of Dean. Such were the reflections of a passenger upon the ship, who was on his way to try his fortune in Canada, "the fairest jewel of the British Crown." The young man was leaning over the taffrail of the saloon deck and reflecting on the many changes which met his unaccustomed gaze, as the stately steamer forged her way through the deep, wide river, hardly appearing to part the rich green waters, and her motion only perceptible by the foamy streak that lashed into fury beneath her gunwale, and lost itself in a narrow line extending as far as the eye could reach towards the east. He whom we thus introduce to the reader, we hope in duly orthodox style, will, it is needless to say, be the hero of the true story contained in the following paper. Nor must we neglect more perfectly to describe Richard Grant, that, in the history of his early days in Canada, the reader may perceive that he was but a type of many of the same class, younger sons of English gentlemen, who yearly embark for Canada, with an intention to throw in their lot with us. Richard Grant was the son of parents of the rich middle class of Britain. Though belonging to that class, he yet could trace with pride the true blue blood in his veins. His father, the younger son of a poor but highly-connected half-pay officer, had early been placed with a London merchant prince. From the counting-house he had joined as clerk one of the large ship-building firms that have turned the banks of the Clyde into the nursery of the mercantile navy of the world. By indomitable energy, perseverance and steady industry, he had mounted the ladder of life by well-contested steps, until at middle age he had become first a junior, and at length by demises and withdrawals, the senior partner of the rich Clyde ship-building company, Grant, Rockwood, Milmay & Co. When a clerk, in receipt of a little over two hundred a year, he had met, wooed and won the daughter of a poor clergyman in his native county. If his wife brought to his small house no marriage portion, she brought that which, in the long run, in this busy world will be found of far more

practical value: a sweet disposition, and a body whose physique had never been impaired by girlish imprudence and early "bringing out." She had worked and loved. As a daily evidence of love she had thrown all her energies into the economy of housekeeping, the early education of her ever-increasing family, and the solid comfort of her husband and their home. Like many another of the proverbial wives and mothers of England, she took to herself a full share of daily toil, because she loved; and the affection requited by husband and by children was a sufficient compensation for constant care and industry. No more need be said in this work of the old gentleman, now past the age of sixty, than that he was enjoying the fruits of an honest, industrious life, that he was upright, kind, but stern.

Richard, our hero, was now in his twenty-first year. There was in his appearance nothing that should claim for him especial notice. Of middle height, spare and lithe, his dark brown hair, grey-blue eyes, and not irregular features, made up a face and figure the type of which is met daily. He was certainly never likely to become the centre of drawing-room attraction as a handsome man, nor was he likely to challenge attention as that "plain" or "odious" Mr. Grant. He had just the ordinary characteristics of a public school-boy just emerging into full-fledged manhood. The down of a man—described by his sisters as fourteen on the one side and fifteen on the other—was gathering on his face, and he possessed the taking frankness and general manliness of the public school boy. He had been a Westminster boy. The physiognomist, or the man who prides himself on being able "to read a fellow at the first glance," would doubtless have been struck by that formation of the mouth and chin which usually belongs to the men of weak resolution. The medical man examining for an insurance company, and the tailor measuring for a waistcoat, would doubtless have agreed that our hero was "too thin through, and must take care of himself." We are not prepared to say but that all these criticisms were worthy of full credence, but prefer rather to leave to you,

gentle reader, the task of learning for yourself the characteristics of body and of mind of our young friend, by tracing with us a history of his life, when taking for himself that most important of all steps, "settling down to something."

"Well, Mr. Grant, what do you think of the 'howling wilderness,' arctic for six months and parched by summer droughts for the balance of the year?"

Grant turned round, and awaking from his reverie, he recognized the speaker, who, with an arm extended, drew his attention to the rich green foliage and romantic beauty of the shore, on which they had both been gazing in silent admiration.

Grant was about to answer when, casting his eye down the river, his attention was riveted by one of those grand sights which once seen are seldom effaced from the memory. As if to convince him that in landing at Quebec, in a few hours, he would find no arctic signs, there—in the distance—was to be seen the last visible peak of a mighty iceberg—the only one that they had passed in view on the voyage. The sun, which was fast falling beneath the western hills, had caught a peak of the stupendous mass of ice; for a moment, as it glistened in the distance, surrounded by the dark expanse of river, it appeared like a diamond of the first water, set in a frame of ebony. In the twinkling of an eye it was gone and deep darkness settled fast upon the river. Turning partially towards the gentleman by whom he had been just addressed, and with one last lingering look along the leafy shore now fast disappearing in the gloom of our short Canadian twilight, Grant answered:

"My opinions about Canada, drawn from the ideas commonly current in the old country, are beginning to appear at the very first sight fallacious, and, notwithstanding the long and I am sure accurate descriptions that you have already given me during our jolly voyage, I am sure, sir, that even you who have known and labored in the colony so long must have failed to do justice to the natural beauties of the country. I must throw overboard my thoughts about Ontario, too, and wait for a few days to draw my own conclusions of that part."

The person whom he thus addressed was a hale old gentleman with a mild and benevolent face—a clergyman. He had, as a young man, been in the Royal Navy; soon, however, tiring of the monotonous life of a seaman, he had, following the bent of his more natural inclinations, and doubtless drawn by higher influence, thrown up the navy, and entered the Church, taking for his field of labor the then rough colony, Canada. His kindly face, lit up by a smile, rested full upon his young companion, as he laid a hand kindly on his shoulder and said:

"My dear boy, the feelings that are now passing through your mind, are just such as I myself experienced when, more than forty years ago, I sailed up this same river not in a stately steamer like this, on which are all the luxuries of a first-rate hotel, and which has brought us safely across the great ocean in a little over ten days, but in a sailing ship which had been blown hither and thither for twice ten weeks, and from which, as we sailed, just where we are now, we hailed with delight the appearance of some Indian boats that came out to us laden with fresh fish. We had been reduced to salt meat and coarse rye bread, and the sight of the lovely salmon not many hours taken from the cool waters of this noble river, caused us a delight that few men can appreciate without actual experience. What a difference there is now in everything about the country, aye and in my Church!"

The old gentleman uttered the last words in a lingering, hesitating manner, as if he was not sure but that he regretted the hard times of the early settlers and the uphill work that he had fought to establish the Church of God in the new land.

"At any rate," said young Grant, "I am awfully glad, sir, that my destination in Ontario is to be so near your place."

"You will find it one of the prettiest spots in that Province, and also—two advantages not often connected—an excellent farming country. Did you not say that you were going to Dr. Olmsted, at Ashton, to get a place on a farm and try your hand at Canadian farming?"

"Yes, sir, I've an introduction to Dr. Olmsted; do you know him?"

"Indeed I do, and well," said the old gentleman, with a look of amusement.

"You smile, Mr. Ogilvie; is he a rum sort of a chap?"

"He is, indeed, as you express it, a rum sort of a chap. I don't think better words than your public school slang,—by the by, you're from Westminster, are you not? I wonder if you remember—Oh! nonsense, why he was forty-five years before your time—but your father knew him, I'm sure—I don't think there could be a better definition of the good doctor," and the old gentleman laughed heartily, which so exhausted him, that he sat down to rest, and wiped the tears away, struggling to return to his ordinary gentlemanly and clerical composure.

"Sit down here," said the Reverend Mr. Ogilvie, as he drew towards him a campstool and motioned Grant to take the place, "and I will endeavor to give you some idea of the doctor to whom you are going. He is a thoroughly good man, an earnest and sincere Christian. Whenever I have any charitable object on hand, I am sure of a subscription from him; indeed, I go to him so often that I feel at times as if it were taking unfair advantage of his kindly heart. In his profession he is very clever, and, what I consider a yet better trait, exceedingly attentive—always ready to go out and attend the poor, and he gives them better medicine than drugs; he prescribes beef-tea, and he makes up his prescriptions in his own kitchen: but he is very eccentric. One of his eccentricities is great forgetfulness. It is said that he never appears in the same hat for a whole day. I have seen him go to a patient's house, and if the case is puzzling, he will walk out of the room, passing his hands through his hair—a common habit with many great brain workers—pick up the first hat on the hall stand or table and walk off home—sometimes he will walk home even without any."

While thus conversing a number of passengers had gathered round the two, and soon the conversation became general. One subject in particular arose on which an animated discussion was kept up. Being within a few hours of Quebec, and sailing

on the bosom of the river *par excellence* of the Dominion, it was but natural that the conversation should turn on Canada and Canadians. The query abruptly put by one of the passengers—Who are Canadians? elicited divers opinions.

"A person born in Canada is always considered a Canadian," said one. This statement was readily confuted by the stale old platitude, muttered in a vapid manner by a young man who was on his way to join his regiment, "Well, really, now, a fellow can't be a horse because he was born in a stable." The captain coming up at this minute, and finding the knot of passengers discussing this mooted question from each individual point of view, gave it as his opinion that if a man was born in a country it did not necessarily follow that he was a native of that land; "for instance," said he, "supposing I was born in the United States, when my father and mother were travelling there, and they both English by birth and allegiance, and I was taken off to the old country an infant, and never lived again in the States, I certainly shouldn't consider myself a Yankee. As a matter of fact, I was born on the Atlantic in neutral waters, and I have been a sailor for five and thirty years; twenty-five I've spent on the Atlantic, and I consider myself an Englishman pure and simple, and call myself a native of the Atlantic Ocean, nothing more nor less than a seaman born and bred."

Many claims were made all round; one passenger was not an African because he was born at Sierra Leone, whilst another claimed himself an Australian, on the ground that though his parents were both from parts of Great Britain, he himself first saw the light of day out near the bush in New South Wales. Young Grant, who had listened attentively so far, now spoke.

"Gentlemen, I have followed all that you have advanced or said, and I can't make out from the discussion what I am—I'll tell you the circumstances of my birth and leave it to the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, here, to decide my nationality. Will you give in to his judgment?"

"Certainly we will," was the general answer.

"Well, sir, my father was in 1847 in the employ of a large shipbuilding firm down below Glasgow. The firm had some important business to transact with their agents at Quebec, and rather than trust to writing determined to send my father across to represent them. As my mother was then in delicate health, and the doctors said a voyage would very likely set her up completely, the firm used their influence to obtain a passage in the ship for two, and both my parents accordingly sailed. Just about where we are now, or, at any rate in this St. Lawrence, I was prematurely born. My mother was very delicate, and fearing the excitement of removal, the captain kindly lent the use of his cabin, where there would be least disturbance in loading and unloading at port. I believe the vessel remained at Quebec about six weeks. At all events, my mother never was able to leave the cabin until we were again within a few days' sail of England. Now, sir, what countryman am I?"

Mr. Ogilvie paused for a few moments before answering, and then said: "You have set a proposition before me which is not to be solved without taking into consideration the connection of England to her colonies. If the question were to be decided on similar grounds to those that have given rise to the common saying about a man being born in a stable, why, you are certainly not a Canadian; but then we have before us the question, 'Who then is a Canadian?' Nearly every red man that is now living in any part of North America, known as Canada, has been born a Canadian. Now, do we only allow a man to be Canadian who was born on this side, and whose parents were also born here? If we take this ground, the question is still further complicated; for how can A be a Canadian when his parents are English, because their parents were not born in Canada? and so we are landed in another point for debate, namely: How many generations does it take to make a Canadian? It is claimed that it requires three generations to establish a gentleman. If the two countries in your case implicated, were foreign to one another, the matter could be easily adjusted, as birth, or

the taking of the oath of allegiance, gives to a person the rights of the subject or of citizenship in all civilized countries; but in this case a Canadian is also British. If he conspires against the crown he can be tried for high treason or rebellion; so that the word Canadian has a somewhat similar relative significance in reference to the nationality of a man as Gloucestershire or Northumberlandshire would have to a native of those counties. I have lived in Canada now over forty years, and I have heard many a man born in Canada of English parents claim the right of being considered an Englishman, and none can, to my mind, fairly dispute his claim; but, on the other hand, I know far more who, in the same circumstances, are proud to call themselves Canadians. Canada is a colony, and yet proud to be connected with Great Britain, as a grown-up child who is showing himself an honor to the old people; and I like to hear young men and women, born here, all whose friends are of and in Canada, and whose tastes and feelings have been moulded in Canada, who probably own houses and lands, families, happiness and contentment to a successful life amongst Canadian enterprises—I say I think it shows only a just and proper spirit in such to be proud of the title Canadian; for while they deeply revere the dear old sod from which their ancestors have sprung, the title Canadian does not in any way debar them from being also British. I detest that horrid compromise which some writers adopt when they sign themselves 'Anglo-Canadian.' It reads to me as if they wanted to pander to the public's love of Canada, without waiving their claim to be considered English. Now, I call myself Canadian," and the old gentleman paused, as if indeed he was proud of the self-bestowed title; "all my working life has been cast here; my family ties have been formed out here; my home and my parish are among Canadians, and I love to consider myself as one of them, and bound up through life with their interests, and deeply interested in the welfare and progress of our fair Dominion. You, Mr. Grant, were born on this Canadian river, and are now coming out again, after being educated at home, to see

how you like the new country. If you should think well of us, and settle down amongst our lakes and woods, we shall claim you as a Canadian—I claim you as one now; though should you return to your English home with no intention of settling in Canada, it would be, perhaps, arrogating too much to ourselves, to ask you to call yourself, through life, a Canadian. Gentlemen, I give it as my opinion that Mr. Grant is a Canadian; but it is quite possible that he be also an Englishman, for in both characters he is under the same laws, subject to the same Queen; his enemies as a Canadian are also opposed to him as an Englishman; as a Canadian he would fight for England's sovereign, and as an Englishman he is a subject of the same Queen."

This speech of the old gentleman, which had been listened to very attentively, was received with great applause, and the only dissentient voice was that of the youth who was just commencing—

"Ah, yes! well! really! but a fellow isn't a—" when the ship's bells striking for supper time, the knot that had been gradually increasing, until it was composed of nearly all the cabin passengers, and Mr. Ogilvie, taking young Grant's arm, hurried off to the meal—for these being the grand events of each day, are never neglected on board ship, except by such unfortunates as cannot make a good use of them.

As the old gentleman and his companion passed down into the saloon, the former said,

"I claimed you just now as a Canadian. I hope you will see fit to stay among us and become as enthusiastic an old Canadian as I am. Don't turn in to-night until I have seen you again."

Before retiring Mr. Ogilvie sought out young Grant, to whom he had taken a great fancy.

"Good night, my young friend; to-morrow when we wake, we shall, under the blessing of God, have finished a voyage in which we have, so far, been mercifully preserved. In the hurry of disembarking I may not have another opportunity to speak with you, especially as you propose seeing Quebec and its historic spots, so I

wish to say a last word to you to-night. You are going to a man who will do all he can to help you. Don't think that because he is eccentric he is not a fit adviser. Your father could not have committed you into better hands; take my advice with you, do not neglect the Doctor's words. I have known him for more than twenty years. You are yourself in a dangerous position; you are embarking in a new country to engage in an untried life. Be steady, careful; you are, I think you told me, provided with capital to the amount of three thousand pounds; that is quite a large sum for a young man at your time of life in Canada; be cautious whom you deal with, and do not enter into any venture with your money without seeking your friend's advice—and, remember, when he does advise his words are very sound; for though the Doctor is probably eighteen or twenty years my junior, he is far better acquainted with the world, and especially with the kind of people that you will meet, and their business habits, than I am."

With a kind grasp of the hand and an earnest blessing the old gentleman retired to his rest.

Early the next morning the passengers were awakened by a heavy tramping overhead, and all the noises that accompany the rapid transmission of luggage from the hold to the dock. Grant immediately sprang from his bunk, and awaking the sharer of his state room, hurriedly dressed himself, strapped his portmanteau, hat-box and the other usual accompaniments of the Atlantic voyager, and after a hasty breakfast and a friendly good-bye to his fellow-passengers, ran down the main deck on to the gangway and found himself upon Canadian soil.

He soon learned that there was to be an evening train by the Grand Trunk, so he determined to leave his luggage at the depot and give the whole day to sight-seeing at Quebec.

We leave him on the ferry boat, whilst we go down the Grand Trunk with the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, and safely landing him in the embrace of his family in a snug western parsonage, convey our readers to the little

village of Ashton, where the course of our story will keep us for some time.

Ontario owns many pretty villages and country towns; but it cannot be denied that there are in the Western Province some of the most commonplace and uninteresting centres of local trade possible to be conceived. Amongst these latter Ashton does not, however, rank. It is neither a county town, nor is it a "corners"—just a village. The public buildings are a fine stone English Church, a Presbyterian Kirk, two Meeting Houses, and a Town Hall—need we add that it has also taverns. The village, the greater part of which lies on each side of one long main street, presents a captivating appearance to the stranger visitor. On leaving the town of H—, from which it is distant about seven miles, the road runs through a fertile plain. First we pass market gardens, which supply the town, then dairy farms—handsome stone and brick houses, nestling each amongst its clumps of maple and evergreen, and backed by substantial barns and neatly fenced trim fields, tell of a prosperous farming community. This portion of the scenery, being very flat, would doubtless appear tame, were it not that our valley is flanked on each side by mountains clothed to the top with every variety of deciduous tree. These now putting forth the early leaves of spring, throw back a delicate light and mellow the bright glare of a Canadian sun set in a vault of unspotted blue. Not a cloud nor fleecy shadow is to be seen above. The birds make the air melodious with the joyous song by which they hail the advent of the summer. Everything is full of life, and all living things seem happy. The cattle are dotted over the fields, gathering the tender grasses, with as yet no torments to mar their peaceful serenity. The sheep bleats contentedly, as she looks round to greet her lamb, gambolling with delight this lovely bright spring day. The workman whistles as he walks behind his sleek and easy team—and wheels fly along the road, while joyous laughter rings from the lips of the rosy country lasses, who are off for a buggy-ride to town. All around there may be felt that undefinable hum which indicates the pres-

ence of industry and life, and tells us that the time is day. Mingled with the healthy odor of the fresh turned soil, the scents of apple-blossom and the hawthorn, the garden violet and the wild clematis, are borne upon the gentle southwest breeze. The stranger, as he passes, must feel that this is no wilderness, and the native cannot but feel happy and bear a great love for a country which, now a sunlit garden, he can well remember a howling and wild waste. The road, after winding along and gradually rising the southern mountain brings us in full view of Ashton village. We pass by the side of several factories, and around them winds a pretty brook; now confined in a placid pool, now tumbling over the rough stone milldam as if too impatient to take heed to its ways, it hastens from pond to pond, until making one gigantic fall of forty feet it is lost to the village in a deep ravine, whence it emerges only to mingle with the waters of Lake Ontario. The Englishman is always pleased with this village; it reminds him of home. The early settlers were men of taste—every house is surrounded by its clumps of trees, and the white clap-boarded walls show to advantage behind their leafy screens. In the distance, on yon knoll, we catch a glimpse of the church tower, a mark for miles around, and the first thought is, What a view from behind those battlements! It is worth the traveller's while, when about half-way up the village street, to pause and turn and look behind him. Beneath lies spread a view seldom seen in the most favored countries or in their best famed parts. The only scene to which we can compare it in the mother land, is the view over the Severn Valley, from the roadway of the "Black Horse Inn," at Birdlip. As far as the eye can reach in one direction, are rolling hills, clad to their summits with noble forests. Here and there a clump of sombre pines raise their beetling brows above the neighboring woods, and with their dark green tops throw into beautiful shadow the more delicate tints of the surrounding spring foliage. Amongst the forest are scattered the dark rich colors of the fresh plowed fields, whilst by their side appear the early crop, dotted in all directions, as

if sown directly from the hand of the Great Architect—are barns and houses, their angles modulated and their lines brought into beautiful perspective by the distance, and winding in and out amongst the trees and fields can be traced the serpentine routes of white high roads. There is no abrupt forest edge, but the scene gently loses itself in the solemn waste of waters, which recede until the line of cloud and water, sky and lake, can no longer be dis-

tinguished. Nor are the signs of life wanting. It is twelve o'clock—the dinner hour of all primitive and working countries. A stream of men and women, boys and girls, emerge from the factories, and the stranger smiles as he listens to their loud laughter, and watches their gambols, which are more like the joyous outbursts of a lot of school-boys than of the toilers and moilers of busy daily life. But each one goes to a happy home and a well-provided table.

(To be continued.)

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what shall befall me;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And at each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes to arise,
And every joy He sends to me
Is a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreadful future
Is less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be that He has waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh! wistful, blissful ignorance!
It is blessed not to know;
It keeps me still in the arms of God,
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
In the Bosom that loves me so.

So I go onward, not knowing—
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

FIRE ON THE HEARTH.

BY H. H.

'Tis the fiercest of all fierce winter nights,
The snow is piled deep and the sharp air bites,
And pitiless gusts of sleet and of rain
Are beating against every window pane.
The sashes are rattling, the whole house rocks,
The wind like a demon voice jeers and mocks;
But through all the sleet and the rain and the snow,
The fire on the hearth sends its steadfast glow,
Streams under each door with token of cheer,
Lights up every window ruddy and clear,
And travellers out in the bitter weather
Look longingly in and say, drawing near:
"Ah! there must be souls taking comfort to-
gether!"

Each life has its storms and fierce winter nights,
Which trouble makes dark and which no star lights,
In which fear and loneliness, loss and pain,
Seem sent in great gusts like a freezing rain,
And Faith staggers, trembling, beneath the shocks,
And Doubt, with the voice of a demon, mocks,
But a brave heart glows with a steadfast glow
And keeps its fire bright, spite of all the woe;
Can smile in each face in good will and cheer
And holds its own purposes firm and clear;
And travellers out in life's bitter weather
Look longingly up and say, drawing near:
"This soul and Sorrow take strange comfort to-
gether."

—Independent.

Young Folks.

AN EVENING WITH PIKE'S SUB-TROPICS.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

(Conclusion.)

"Mother, does Col. Pike say nothing about the tomb of Paul and Virginia?"

"Yes, Herbert, he visited it and relates the circumstance upon which St. Pierre founded his tale.

"In 1744 drought and locusts had occasioned a terrible scarcity in the Isle of France, and the "St. Geran" was sent from the mother country to assist the Governor, Mahéde Labourdonnais, richly laden with arms and provisions. The "St. Geran" was in sight of Round Island at 4 p.m., and the captain, M. de la Marre, wished to profit by a fine moonlight night to enter Tombean Bay, but it was decided to lie to till next day. In consequence of ignorance of the dangerous coast the ship touched on the reef towards three in the morning, about a league from the coast, and the same distance from Isle d'Ambre. The sea there generally runs high, and drove the ship with violence on the breakers. Every effort was made to lower the boats, but the crashing down of the masts stove in their bulwarks and carried them away. At the captain's request the chaplain pronounced a general benediction and absolution, and the "Ave Maria Stella" was sung. Numbers of the crew flung themselves into the sea on planks, yards, oars, or anything that offered a hold; but, carried away by the currents, beaten and tossed by the waves, nearly all found a watery grave. There were on board two lovers, a Mdlle. Mallet and M. de Peramon, who were to be united in marriage on arriving at the Isle of France. The young man, as anxious and agitated as the girl was calm and resigned, when the others left was making a sort of raft on which to save her who was dearer than his own life. On his knees he implored her to descend with him on to the frail but sole hope of safety; and to ensure a greater certainty he begged her to take off the heavier part of her garments. This she steadily refused to do. When he found his most earnest

solicitations vain, and consequently all hope of saving her lost, though she entreated him to leave her, he quietly took from a pocket-book a tress of her hair, kissed it, and placed it on his heart. With his arm round her, to shield her as far as he could to the last, he calmly awaited the terrible catastrophe at her side; nor had they long to wait, for they were soon washed from the deck, and their bodies were picked up at Tombean Bay. Eight of the crew and one passenger were all that were saved and made known the details of the shipwreck. The two tombs shown as those of Paul and Virginia are two common-place brick and mortar structures, whitewashed, or at least they were so years ago. They are situated in what was once a fine garden, a little rivulet flowing between them, and shaded by beautiful palms and feathery bamboos. I had a special mission from a romantic young lady to send her some flowers from the tombs as precious relics. Sad to relate, when I visited them there had been heavy rains, the whole place was a swamp, and I could not get within a hundred yards of them. However, I gathered a few rose leaves from another part of the garden, which, I do not doubt, answered equally as well."

"Now, mother, I think that was very shabby of Col. Pike; he must be an old bachelor, or he never would have made a remark like that."

"Well, I can't say, Herbert," laughed Mrs. A.; "he evidently enjoys a quiet laugh at the expense of the young lady and others—like my boy—who are lovers of romance, and I am almost sorry for your sake to read the last bit of this chapter.

"Now, instead of the silence and seclusion once surrounding this show place for visitors, a railway station is within a few yards of it; the iron horses go thundering by, and the progress of steam has caused a

consequent decline in romance in Mauritius as well as elsewhere.'

"Col. Pike, though he may not be a lover of romance, is a true lover of Nature.

He seems to feel with force the poet's words :

'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.'

"Time will only permit me to give you an extract or two, but these I cannot pass over.

"I, as usual, was always in the rear, clutching a moss here, or lichen there; and again the root of a fern. The former were easily detached from trees and stones on account of the wet. We frequently encountered trunks of large trees prostrate in our path, covered with green mosses, and the eye would be instantly attracted by little groups of the *Eridia auricula* Judæ, or Judas' ears, which when wet are of the brightest scarlet. The contrast of color is charming in these woods; the varied greens of the ferns, the yellow sphagnum, the neutral tints of the lichens, the brown or moss-covered trunks, are inexpressibly beautiful to me. I often think what a great affliction it must be to those who have what is called color-blindness, though to them who never had the pleasure of a keen perception of colors it may not be so great a deprivation as to those who have. Seeing me always in the rear, 'our friend lingers,' I heard one say to the other, but I was neither tired nor deficient in a tramp. No, but every sense was absorbed in the surroundings. I was feasting on the scene, and feeling as I ever do when out in the wild, that this is truly a joy-giving world in which we live. Miserable mortals that we are, grubbing everlastingly after the "almighty dollar," and neglecting almost everything great and good, passing on and off this busy stage without enjoying, scarcely conscious of the beauty created expressly to give delight to man, and to elevate and prepare him for a still brighter sphere.'

"Further on he says :

"Sunsets in the tropics have been ever a fertile field for description, and I believe ever will be. They are sights that never pall, never weary, for there is such constant change and variety. No one ever saw the same *skyscape* on different evenings. Words can give no adequate idea of the scene, and the noblest artist, when gazing on the picture bathed in such ineffable light, must lay down palette and brush, and acknowledge that it is beyond his art; that no earthly pencil can give more than the faintest rescript of aught so glorious.'

"Here comes a bit of useful advice our author gives to fellow excursionists :

"I would give a hint on the proper thing to take on an excursion. I pronounce it to be tea, that blessed drink that quenches thirst without causing inebriation. I have tried all kinds of liquids, and find that I work better, never get over-heated, or headache from the sun, when I keep to tea. So always lay in a store of bottles of it. Brandy I take in case of accidents; but a still better remedy from the ill resulting from contact with the many creatures we meet, is a mixture of tincture of *urtica urens*, or of tincture of leadum (one part tinc. to 5 of water), and either will allay the consequent irritation like a charm and will prevent inflammation. It is a decided and serious mistake to use beer, porter, wine, or ardent spirits when exposed to a blazing sun, as on such an expedition one necessarily is.

"Our long trip was over, and we were not sorry to regain the comforts of home. All were delighted with our ramble, and we had succeeded in our object of viewing the principal parts of the Island, and had added largely to our stores of marine plants, shells, specimens of natural history, &c., to say nothing of the stock of health laid in by breathing so long the cool, bracing air.

"None can view the innumerable and fantastic peaks, some bare and precipitous, striking boldly against the sky, others broken into pinnacles, bulky fragments that seem tottering, ready to fall and overwhelm all beneath; the gorges and ravines, the rough work of the long-extinct volcano, and ever-wearing time; the overhanging rocks with their feathery foliage to the water's edge; the deep river or limpid stream, both alike hurrying on to be lost in the ocean. None, or very few, I think, can gaze on these without emotions of deepest delight. There are soft landscapes, delicious sea views, that will leave pleasant memories for life, and though I may be far from the "Gem of the Ocean" when this volume is published, I can never forget the enjoyment I have received amongst its glorious old hills, nor will the remembrance of the friends who shared my many excursions ever fade.'

"To read such beautiful pictures as these one would almost be tempted to think Mauritius a sort of Paradise,—

'Where all in nature pleases,
And only man is vile.'

But there are sad set-offs to it all; the balance of Nature is said to be even, and we find it is so, for terrific hurricanes and cyclones visit the Island frequently, carrying death and destruction before them, and

the years there are no storms there is sure to be fever, which at times almost decimates the population. Col. Pike tells of a cyclone he witnessed in which the damage to property in Port Louis and elsewhere was very serious. He says:—

“Most of the ornamental trees in both private and public gardens were either blown down, uprooted, or so utterly denuded of leaves and their lesser branches that they seemed to have passed from the dense foliage of midsummer to the depth of a European winter—a strange appearance for Mauritius, where there are so few deciduous trees. Churches were blown down, iron warehouses in the docks unroofed, and a large amount of merchandise destroyed. On the morning of the 11th the steady fall of the barometer caused the Port Officer to hoist his hurricane signals and fire the gun warning all masters of ships to prepare their vessels for the coming storm. All the ships lowered their topmasts, yards, everything that the wind could lay hold of—with double anchors well down into the ground. Towards noon the squalls varied very much and struck the water with terrific force. By eleven o'clock, p.m., every ship in the harbor was adrift. The large “Bethel,” formerly an English man-of-war, lying high out of the water, was the first to break from her moorings. The most inconceivable confusion and distraction ensued. The crashing of timbers and masts, and the roaring of the tempest were terrific. The ships rolled on their beam ends, and every blast seemed stronger than its predecessor, sometimes resembling explosions more than a progressive fluid, and tearing the surface of the water high up into curious spiral columns, revolving with incredible velocity. When day dawned on the 12th the devastation was appalling; the ships had been driven across the harbor by the veering of the wind and were pounding into and ripping each other, causing masts and bulwarks to fall on all sides. The chain cables of some of the iron ships tore down the massive plates like paper, as the sea broke fearfully across the harbor and along the reefs as far as the eye could reach, which was probably the storm-wave of the passing cyclone.

“During the cyclone I was at Irving Lodge, a recently erected building, framed in America and put together in the strongest manner with a view to resist the terrible hurricanes so frequent here.

“On Wednesday evening certain signs denoting that a cyclone was approaching the Island, the servants were warned, and the hurricane shutters and doors were securely fastened, and every precaution taken for our personal safety, in spite of which the roaring of the wind and heavy

fall of rain made us all feel anxious. Early on Thursday morning a violent gust of wind dashed in the shutters of a window, carrying away the inner blinds and sash, and tearing the window out of its frame. Travelling across the room, it struck the door which opened into the dining-room and broke it down, frame and all, destroying at the same time a fine chandelier which hung over the table, and smashing the table itself. Up to this time I had been peering through the hurricane shutters, watching the wind and clouds and taking notes of them. The scene outside was frightful, houses being overthrown before my eyes; one was literally rolled over, containing three persons. Flying in all directions were parts of roofs, timbers and branches of trees. The bath house was actually blown away; large blocks of stone, weighing two or three cwt., composing its foundation, were moved to a distance of fifteen or twenty feet by the force of the wind. About seven o'clock we deemed it proper to abandon the house, as the timbers creaked and shook so much that we were fearful it would fall on us. Taking advantage of the short lulls between the gusts, we retreated by the back door to the stable, about fifty yards distant, and we reached it with difficulty. This building was about 75 feet long and 15 high, used for a stable and servants' room. We barricaded ourselves in, fully expecting that as the storm increased, the house and dependencies would all go. During the morning twenty families, whose dwellings had been all destroyed, sought refuge with us; and here we remained shut up, almost without food or drink, till Friday morning. It was a never-to-be-forgotten night. The roaring and howling of the wind and ever increasing torrents of rain were terrible. Our stable, though strongly built of stone, shook with every blast; and the poor women and children cold and hungry, and their clothes all drenched and torn, were piteous to see. On Friday morning, the violence of the storm having passed, though the wind still blew sharply, we ventured out to the house. The wind and rain having had free access to the interior, had drenched everything, destroying the new and costly furniture. Had the storm lasted a short time longer the house must have gone; as it was, the whole of the south side had started. Fifty buildings within a radius of half a mile were destroyed. As I passed along on Friday morning to return home my heart sickened at the scenes that met my gaze on every side. Every street was obstructed with roofs, broken timbers and trunks of trees; and every conceivable thing scattered about made confusion worse confounded. Groups of poor people, wet and weary, were huddled together in corners in the greatest distress, homeless and

miserable, with extended hands imploringly asking alms, they having lost everything but a few rags that scarcely covered their persons. My heart ached for the poor creatures, many of them showing in their palid faces traces of recent fever, and but too many have been since relieved by death. The state of all the villages was deplorable, as numbers of horses, mules and cattle were killed by the falling buildings, and from want of help were left long under the ruins. This and other noxious matter round the temporary huts erected by the Indians, doubtless encouraged the terrible epidemic still raging at that time. Government House, at Reduit, built in 1768, which had escaped hitherto, suffered so severely in the hurricane that, at one time, the lives of the inmates were in danger.

“Every one, from His Excellency the Governor to the lowest member in the community, who had the means, did all in his power to alleviate the distress and misery caused by this terrible visitation.”

“Fair isle of the sea, who that views thee could dream

That thy beauty, like apples of Sodom, doth lie,
That no life-giving draughts are supplied by thy stream,

And pestilence hangs 'neath thy bright, fairest sky?”

“With these words Colonel Pike begins a chapter on the terrible fever which, he says, once almost unknown in Mauritius, has now become its bane. He gives many reasons for this. The well-known proclivity to febrile diseases of the Indian races, often increased by the scarcity of good food and water, by the long droughts, peculiar atmospheric influences, aggravated by a combination of malarious causes, the want of proper drainage and cleanliness amongst the mixed races whom we have mentioned, and, above all, the cemeteries, where the dead are not interred deep enough, and the loose earth and coral which cover them permit the escape of the gases evolved by their decomposition, which, in such a hot climate, is productive of the most dangerous results. He says:

“If stringent measures are not soon taken, the prosperity of Mauritius must come to an end. Ships already avoid coming here for fear of infection, and all the millions of dollars spent to render it the ‘half-way house to the East,’ for all nations, may as well have been flung into the ocean. What the Creator made ‘very good,’ man has all but ruined.

“Where shall we turn, O Nature, if in thee
Danger is masked in beauty,—death in smiles?
Here, year by year the secret peril spreads,
Disguised in loveliness, its baneful reign;
And viewless blight on many a landscape shed,
Gay with the riches of the South in vain,
Youth, valor, beauty, oft have felt its power,
The loved yet chosen victims, o'er their lot
Hath fond Affection wept; each blighted flower
In turn was loved, and mourned, and is forgot.

* * * * *

Yet those who perished left a tale of woe,
Meet for as deep a sigh as Pity can bestow.”

“And now, children, before I bring our evening's reading to a close, I must give you part of an account of a heathen festival witnessed by Col. Pike. Of course, where there is such a variety of races as in Mauritius there must be a variety of religions, and the British Government, I suppose, would consider it interfered with the liberty of the subject to put any of them down. Yet the past history of India testifies that heathen superstitions often had more encouragement, and were better protected than the Christian religion, and one cannot forget what Christian missionaries suffered in that country; how Judson languished in prison; how others sunk under the oppositions of their own Government, while open countenance was given to heathen festivals, and British officers honored them with their presence. Things are better now,—sharp lessons have been taught; but there are dark pages in India's history, pages we hope never to be opened again; pages, we trust, sealed up for ever by the blood of the Indian Mutiny. But to return to our book. Colonel Pike says that in August and September the Madras and Calcutta Indians in Mauritius hold a festival in honor of Doorga, the chief among the female deities:

“She is black, with four arms, wearing two dead bodies as earrings, a necklace of skulls, and the hands of several slaughtered giants round her waist as a girdle. Her eyebrows and breast appear streaming with the blood of monsters whom she has slain and devoured. Horrible as this picture is, India has no divinity more popular, nor one on whose shrine more lavish gifts are bestowed. Not content, as the male deities usually are supposed to be, with offerings of rice, fruit, milk and vegetables, she must see her altars flow with the blood of goats and other animals. The ancient books contain directions for the perfor-

mance even of human sacrifices to this cruel goddess. When very ill they generally make solemn vows to offer a sacrifice to Doorga when well. The breaking of such a vow is unknown, as they have not only the fear of the priest before their eyes, but they devoutly believe a broken vow will be followed by some dire punishment, such as blindness, leprosy, &c.

“These people are in the grossest ignorance; few of them can read or write, and never was any nation more priest-ridden. One reason for this is that, though they believe Bruma and the other gods and goddesses would not quit their magnificent temples in India to reside in these hot substitutes, yet they have implicit faith that they are aware of all their actions through the priests; so the more conscientious a man is, the more he is in fear of them.”

“The temple at Roche Bois is about a hundred feet square with a large dome in the centre, and ornamented with minarets painted in different colors. Thousands of Indians were assembled on the grounds with their yellow, pink, or scarlet robes wrapped in graceful folds around them. The men had massive gold or silver ear, toe and finger rings, anklets, &c. The women wore the same with the addition of large necklaces, often of heavy coins, bracelets half up their arms, many of them with a blaze of jewellery in their jet black hair, twisted into the curious one-sided knots that seem *de rigueur* in an Indian belle's toilet, and soaked in gingeli or other oils. A large circle was formed in one part of the square, in the centre of which was an old man entirely nude. He was fully six feet high, of large frame, all skin and bone, a most pitiable looking object. He built a fire between some large stones, and placed over it a brass kettle, in which were pieces of bark that soon ignited and emitted a pleasant odor like frankincense. Whilst the bark was burning, he took a roll of cloth, about a foot and a half long and six inches broad, which he saturated in oil and lighted at one end by the flame of a lamp. When it was in a blaze he placed it under his arms, and began dancing round the ring, chanting some prayers in some Hindoo tongue. Though his body was fearfully blistered, he continued for half an hour, till the torch was extinguished. He then approached the kettle, and stirring its contents, he took out a handful of the ashes of the burnt bark, placed them in the palm of his left hand, and walked round the circle, holding out a plate in the right. Men, women and children pressed forward, and all placed a copper coin in the plate, when each received a small quantity of ashes, which they rubbed on their foreheads; then holding up the right hand to heaven, they repeated a prayer of thanksgiving that they had been blessed by so holy a man.”

“The old man then took up a coil of rope, braided in the form of a serpent, and addressed a few words to the crowd. A well dressed Indian soon came forward, and the old fellow muttered something and then both set up a shout. Taking one turn round the circle, he uncoiled his rope, and began lashing the man over the head and face, bringing blood at every blow. The victim (or happy man, as every one else called him), never winced, but stood motionless till the flagellation was over. He was then marked with ashes and red paint, and retired one of the heroes of the day; others followed, till the old man's strength was exhausted. Outside there was a young man, about twenty years old, lying quite nude on the ground; on enquiry, I found that he had been very sick and had made a vow that if he survived he would roll round the temple, and he was now about to fulfil it. As he rolled along his wife went before him to clear away any chips or stones that might hurt him. He appeared in the last stage of consumption, and when he had performed the half of his task he fainted away. Buckets of water were dashed over him, and he was restored to consciousness, the crowd urging and encouraging him. He finished the circle of the temple and then fainted again. Four men removed him to the shade of a tamarind tree, where the women combed the dirt out of his long hair and washed his body. He was still speechless when I left, and I felt certain he could not long survive his task. Arrangements were then made and a square of about twenty-five feet of burnt embers got ready. At a given signal, an old man with only a cloth round his loins, bearing a child in his arms, stepped into the square and walked unflinchingly across the glowing bed of embers. Three young men followed, and then a dozen rushed in and ran across, stopping for a moment to cool their feet in the trench filled with water. The contortions, screeching, and yelling of these latter were terrible, and I turned away sick at heart from the sight. They have each to pay four or five dollars for the privilege of passing over the fire.”

“Now we must pass on to another part of the ceremony taking place in the main chapel.

“Just as I entered a noisy flourish of tom-toms announced the arrival of a procession headed by a priest, and immediately behind him came the candidates for the honor of being tortured. They had on only the waistcloth, and each held at arms' length wires as large as a goose quill, four feet long, one end sharply pointed. The wires were received by the priests and blessed, and they were then given to an attendant. A small stiletto was passed to

another, with directions how to use it. The first who approached was a well-built muscular man, and the stiletto was thrust through his flesh under both arms, about four inches below the armpits, then immediately withdrawn and the wires inserted in the puncture. From one to three were placed under each arm, and to drown the moans of the victims of an idolatry fit only for the darkest ages of the world, a crowd of spectators set up a howl.

“At the same time there were others with skewers thrust through their cheeks, tongues and lips, and one poor wretch had a sharp wire, as thick as a large pin, inserted in the forehead and passed through the face downwards till it came out at the chin. After all had been operated on they left the chapel, accompanied by the priests and men flourishing sticks round them. They appeared to suffer a good deal as they kept turning the wires in the wounds, in spite of the gang and other intoxicating drugs given to deaden pain. Kettle drums were then added to the other instruments, and with their din and the people’s shoutings and yelling it was perfectly diabolical. The poor tortured creatures began dancing and singing a sort of triumphant song, and advanced towards the open space at the entrance of the grounds. Two men carried a copper dish containing some yellow wash, which they frequently applied to the wounds. This lasted over an hour, when all returned to the chapel, the wires were withdrawn, and after the wounds were dressed, they bathed in water blessed by the priests, and their performance ended. It is marvellous what fanaticism will enable its slaves to endure. These men paid two dollars for each wire thrust through them, besides other fees to the gods and priests. I learnt afterwards that all these men had made vows the preceding year.’

“Colonel Pike gives a note written by one of themselves which says:—

“The cruel practices alluded to are not worthy of man, and especially of the Mauritian Christian Government, which seems to countenance them, although such monstrous festivals have been nearly put down even in the superstitious land of India.’

“A sad reproach from the mouth of a heathen, is it not? But to go on:

“Occasionally there is the hook suspension, but it costs twenty-five dollars’ besides exacting rigid fasts and penances.

“The whole of this festival, and all connected with the Hindoo religion, is regulated by an old man named Sinnatambow. All these scenes I witnessed within a mile or two of Port Louis; and the thought struck me that instead of sending away all the missionaries from Mauritius to Madagascar, it would be better if they concen-

trated their forces against the hydra-headed idolatry and superstition rife on the island.

“It is supposed that a thousand dollars were expended in fees alone this year (1870) for undergoing different tortures. Seventy-one victims passed through the fire, each of whom had to pay two dollars and fifty cents for the privilege, besides priests’ fees.’

“And now, Herbert, I must close the book; there is much more I should like to read you, but time will not permit,—you will probably take it up for yourself. I trust our evening’s acquaintance with ‘Sub-Tropical Rambles’ will not be without its instruction and benefit to us all, awakening in us gratitude to God who has placed us in a land which, though cold for many months of the year, has no deadly miasmas hidden in its forests, no venomous reptiles lurking in its bushes, no wild cyclones sweeping over its surface, carrying destruction and death before them—but above all, gratitude because heathenism does not rear its unblushing front in our midst, but the Gospel of the Grace of God is freely preached; and while we try to realize our responsibilities let us pray that this ‘Gem of the Ocean,’ this British Colony, may no longer be a dark place of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty, but that the beams of the Sun of Righteousness may rise upon it with healing in His wings.”

WHISTLE AND HOE.

There’s a boy just over the garden fence,
Who is whistling all through the livelong day;
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear,
He has scarcely time for a growl, I know,
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

But then while you whistle, be sure that you hoe,
For, if you are idle, the briars will spread;
And whistle alone to the end of the row
May do for the weeds, but is bad for the bread.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

AN EVERY DAY HERO.

BY M.

"There is no true heroism nowadays," lisped pretty romantic Minnie Faye, as she closed the volume which had engrossed her all the afternoon, and which she had now just finished.

"If by true heroism you mean fighting duels about nothing, and locking ladies up in some old castle or other, till such time as they are forced to marry the one whose lands adjoin, as the folks in that rubbishy book of yours do, I think the less we have of the article the better." It was schoolboy Bertie who spoke, and I noticed a slight smile on Grandma's placid face.

"You are but a boy yet, Bertie, and, of course, do not care about these things; I dare say they are rubbish to you; but I love to read of daring deeds—and, besides, even your uncle John agrees with me."

"Pardon me, Miss Minnie," replied Mr. John Hamilton, laughing; "I like to agree with you whenever I can, but in this case I cannot do so wholly."

"Why, Mr. Hamilton, did you not say the other evening that we were living in a matter-of-fact age?" and pretty Minnie looked aggrieved.

"I did," replied Mr. Hamilton; "still I cannot say there is *no heroism* now; indeed," and a merry twinkle came into the old gentleman's eye, "I am half inclined to think that there is a large supply of the true article on hand now, only instead of being labelled *romantic*, it is called *prosaic*. Another name it gets too, *duty*; and you know, my dear young lady, there can be no heroism in doing one's duty."

"Bravo, Uncle John!" shouted Bertie in true schoolboy fashion, clapping his hands and showing his appreciation of his uncle's speech in other noisy demonstrations; but silver-haired Grandma felt for poor blushing Minnie, and came to her rescue.

"Will you listen to a tale from me?" asked the old lady, and while all are saying "Yes," I will, with the privilege always granted to an author, introduce you at length to all who were seated in that pleasant parlor.

The Hamilton family consisted of Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Eversham, the mother of Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. John Hamilton and Bertie.

Minnie Faye was the daughter of a brother officer of Col. Hamilton's, and was now upon a visit to the family.

Differnt indeed had been the training of Minnie Faye and Bertie Hamilton. He was surrounded by all that was elevating and ennobling to the character; true he was still boyish and rather too demonstrative for the refined, polished gentleman; but Bertie was but sixteen, and beneath his schoolboy noise and frolic, lay all those good qualities, which, perfecting as he grew older, would render him one day a fit son of the refined and Christian Col. Hamilton. Poor Minnie had been differently placed. She had been surrounded by all that was light and frivolous. Her mother dying when she was but a babe, her after life had been spent with an aunt, whose whole time was spent in reading novels, and who judged the world around her by them. Without reading anything of even questionable *morality*, still nothing could be too sensational for Miss Faye, who would weep over the imaginary sorrows of titled heroines and turn a deaf ear to the real troubles of Betsey Jane, lest she "should be deceived."

Is it any wonder Minnie grew up silly and romantic? None; and so thought Mrs. Hamilton, who (paying a visit at Major Faye's on his daughter's returning home to take charge of his household) invited her to spend some time with her. She had

now been a member of the family several weeks, and was in every respect treated as one of themselves. That there was much of good underlying Minnie's strata of romance was evident to all the household, and the elders were determined to do what they could to bring it to the surface, and they did succeed in time, though it took more than one visit at Oaklands, to do what Bertie called "knock the nonsense out of her."

But Grandmama is waiting; let us, therefore, listen to her story of

THE TWO BROTHERS.

"In days gone by, no matter when, no matter where, lived two brothers, whom, for convenience, I shall call Maurice and Victor, or any other names you may fancy."

"Oh, I guess those will do well enough to suit Miss Faye, they're stylish you know; but I would rather have had John and Thomas." Of course it was Bertie who spoke; but Mama wished to silence her too outspoken boy, so gently laid her hand on his as she bent over the table at which he was sitting.

"Unless you substitute Edward and James," said Col. Hamilton, and a look of intelligence passed between him and his wife, as she quietly said: "Grandma's choice is good, as it always is, so do not let us interrupt again."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Eversham, "my two brothers lived a very quiet, retired life on their father's property, till Maurice had reached the age of twenty-five and Victor twenty-four, when that occurred which changed the lives of both.

"I should have told you that both young men had received such education as befitted their station, and this, coupled with their good looks and their father's acres, made them objects of interest to all who had marriageable daughters. The affection existing between Maurice and Victor was very great, their tastes and pursuits similar, and it was no doubt owing to this similarity of taste upon other occasions, which rendered them both the ardent lover of the same woman. Yes, bright-eyed Ellen McGregor soon found she had both brothers as her admirers, and had only to choose between the two. Nor was she long

in making up her mind, for though Ellen loved the younger brother best, yet she quickly decided that as the property would go to the elder, he would be the proper husband for her.

"Did the brothers know of each other's love for Ellen? do you ask, Minnie. Yes: for they had no secrets from each other, and by their mother's advice they both offered themselves the same day, each fully determined to abide by the decision of Ellen.

"Whoever wins her, let us promise to be none the worse friends," said Victor, after their letters had been despatched, and Maurice wrung hard the hand his brother extended to him whilst his eyes dimmed with tears, for he loved Ellen truly, and feared he might have to resign her to his handsome brother.

"They were not kept long in suspense; that evening the two tiny billets found their way to the brothers, by which one was made happy, the other miserable.

"Poor Victor grew pale as he read his; still he bore his disappointment manfully, and though his voice trembled, still his congratulations to Maurice were sincere—and Maurice, happy as a king, yet hid it away deep down in that great heart of his, lest he should hurt his brother's wounded feelings. I am not going to make my story a long one, so will pass quickly over the next three months, during which time Victor left home, and Maurice became the happy husband of Ellen McGregor.

"I wish you all happiness, Maurice, and that too in all sincerity; but I had rather go away for a while; and so he went, his father and mother approving of his doing so. All now went happy as a marriage bell. Maurice was a most devoted husband, and Ellen, who, notwithstanding her love of money, was really a good woman, made him a true and faithful wife. Their children—three in number—were in reality like most other children; but in their parent's eyes, perfection, and the old people were beginning to live their own lives over again in their grandchildren, when the bright sky became overcast and misfortune came swift upon them. 'Troubles never come singly,' says the old proverb,

and it was verified in the case of my heroes, for I am going to prove the right of one, at any rate, to the title. First came news of Victor's death in a foreign land, and bitter were the tears shed over his untimely end. Then came a wet season, and brought low fever with it, to which both the old people fell victims, whilst Maurice and two of his children lay almost at death's door. His recovery was lengthy, and though you may not think it, Minnie, still, believe me, a long sickness will visibly diminish the contents of even a long purse, which Maurice had not, though he had as much, and sometimes more, than his neighbors.

"Why should I linger over my simple tale? Six months after Victor's supposed death (for the report which reached his home was false), Maurice lay in the churchyard, a member of the Silent City, and poor Ellen found herself a penniless widow. What was to be done? Alas! she little knew, and though there were many to advise, there were none to assist. I have never heard very much about Ellen's family, and as none of them now came forward with offers of assistance I can only suppose she was a member of some family who had seen better days, but whose daughters were portionless."

Here I observed a slight smile curve Grandma's still handsome lip, and once more Papa and Mama exchanged glances full of suppressed merriment, whilst Minnie, with a long-drawn sigh, murmured "Poor Ellen!" Bertie was silent, but the lad was not inattentive to his grandmother's tale. I from my snug corner, where I sat protected by my author's "invisible cloak," gazed around in calm contentment, well knowing the end of this, and all other stories which I might have the pleasure of listening to.

"Well," resumed Grandma, "we will not trouble ourselves about Ellen's relations; suffice it to say she and her children were at the lowest ebb of actual poverty, when one stormy winter's night a rap at the door startled the shivering inmates within. You need not wonder at their being afraid, for since the death of Maurice few who did not require 'claims' to be settled ever troubled the poor widow. But

they were not kept long in suspense, for almost with the knock there entered a tall, bearded stranger. I think I am correct in using those words, Nettie; they are 'proper style,' are they not?" and Mrs. Eversham looked across the room at her daughter, whose only answer was a quiet smile. But Master Bertie was not so quiet, for rising from his seat he placed himself behind his grandmother's chair, saying as he did so, "Grannie, you're just a brick, and no mistake; so drive along your own way, and never mind style."

"I wonder, Bertie," said Col. Hamilton gravely, "that you cannot see how objectionable is the 'style' which you have just adopted in speaking to your grandmother."

Bertie opened his eyes in utter amazement at *style* being applied to his school-boy way of speaking, and I am not sure but what it did more towards curing him of his bad habit than any other words would.

"Style!" echoed the astonished boy; "Whew!"—and a prolonged whistle bore evidence that his surprise was genuine. "Beg pardon, grannie, dear; I didn't mean anything wrong by calling you a *brick*; but I guess if there's *style* about it I had better leave it to Miss Minnie for the future."

"Leave it to Minnie, or any one else you like, Bertie," said Mama, smiling; "but I would not advise them to accept it."

"No, indeed," said Minnie; "Bertie may laugh at my style as much as he likes; but, at any rate, I won't add slang to it."

"No, my dear, never do that, it is bad enough in Bertie, and I do hope he will try to give it up; but for you, dear, it would be far worse. However, we are preventing mother from proceeding with her tale."

"It was not long," resumed Mrs. Eversham, "before Ellen became aware that the stranger was none other than Victor, her husband's brother. 'We supposed you dead, Victor,' said Ellen, through her tears.

"I cannot account for such a report having reached you, for I have not even been ill, but I felt a strange longing to see the old people once more, and Maurice too; so I came, little thinking what was awaiting

"Then you had not heard of their death?" asked Ellen.

"I knew nothing of your trouble, Ellen, till I reached the old home. Ah, it was hard to find so many gone, and tears forced themselves into the strong man's eyes, 'but there is no use in repining; thank God, I have returned to take care of you all, for Ellen, my sister, I must be as a father to your children now.'

"Oh, Victor, how can I thank you enough! Oh if Maurice could only have known!" and mingled tears of grief and thankfulness fell from the widow's eyes.

"From that day, Minnie, Victor took Ellen and her children to his own home, acting towards them as though they were his own instead of his dead brother's. I have no doubt but what oftentimes the burden lay heavy upon him, yet he never complained, knowing, too, that at any moment another, a stranger, might take Ellen from him, but that to him she could never be more than sister."

Grandmama ceased and Uncle John looking round said, "Well, Minnie, what do you think of Victor?"

"Think of him; why he was a true hero, but then you know that happened long ago."

Any one but me would have been surprised that, instead of allowing Mr. Hamilton to reply to Minnie, Mrs. Eversham turned to her son-in-law, saying, "Do you not wish to see James Ferguson for anything, this evening?"

"Yes, certainly,—Bertie, send the gardener here," and in a few minutes James stood in the pleasant little parlor, twisting his cap about with fingers which carried evident marks of daily toil, and seeming rather uncomfortable.

"Sit down, James," said Col. Hamilton, 'I wish to speak to you about adding another piece to the garden; and for a while, master and man talked about the work. After all was settled, Col. Hamilton said, "By the way, James, how are Ellen and the children?"

"They do be gittin on finely, sir; you see the country agrees with them."

"I suppose so. Has it had any good effect upon Ned?"

"No, no, poor lad; nothin' ever can help him much, but he likes to see the green fields and hear the birds sing."

"What is his age now?"

"He war six when fust he came to me, and that, sir, is now nigh upon ten year ago. Ah, sir, he war a fine sturdy chap then; and Ellen, poor thing, would say he should take care on us both when we got old."

"So Ellen has been with you ten years, James; it is a long time," said Grandma softly; "did you never tire of your work of love; never regret the day you took them all home?"

"Well, ma'am," said James, still turning the hat in those honest, though dirty fingers of his, "yer see I can't say as I never got down-hearted like, but then the poor creature had none but me, and after all, you know, she war my brother's wife, so what could I do?"

"Many another fellow would have let her get on the best way she could," said Bertie.

"No, no, Master Bertie, don't believe that same at all; sure, wouldn't you take care of a sister and her childie? Indeed, sir, there's a many does more nor me;" and James looked as angry as his good-humored face would allow.

"I am not so sure of that," said Bertie as James left the room. "Father," turning to Col. Hamilton, "what do you think?"

"If you mean, what do I think of James, I say with Grandma he is a true hero; if you mean, what do I think about others doing more than he, I answer, there are more noble-minded men and women in the world than we know of, who do great things, but do them quietly, never in fact recognizing their greatness because they come to them under the name of duty."

"That's so," said Bertie, emphatically. "Why I've known all the time that Ellen was James' sister-in-law, but I never thought it could be him Grandma meant."

"Nor, I suppose, never thought the faithful fellow was doing anything out of the way by acting a father's part to the orphans."

"No, I never did, or if at any time I did give it a thought, I supposed they all lived together because they liked it best."

Minnie had sat very quiet during this conversation; she had not had any idea till Bertie mentioned it, that Victor and James Ferguson were one; but though the old gardener, with his rough speech and uncouth ways, was as far from her ideal of a hero as possible, she could not blind herself to the fact that his self-imposed work of caring for his brother's widow and children, was, indeed, a harder task than that performed by her pen-and-ink celebrities. But as I said before (or if I did not say so, I ought to have) Minnie's silly romantic ideas arose from her mode of education; very different would she have been if brought up under such a one as Mrs. Hamilton, and now, seeing her error, she hastened to own it.

"I was wrong in saying there was no true heroism now, for you have proved one case at any rate, Mrs. Eversham; still I should never have recognized Victor in your gardener, had not Bertie first enlightened me."

"I chose language which I knew would mislead you, Minnie, and yet all I said was strictly true. The father of the Fergusons was a small farmer, a very respectable man; and though the education which he gave his sons was not such as would satisfy you, still, dear, it was suitable to their station. Then their personal appearance—James is not very handsome now, but Ellen will tell you he was the handsomest 'boy' for miles round, and second only to her own husband. However, dear, if by my simple story, I can get you to take a little more interest in those around you, I shall be content. James's case is not an isolated one, as he himself says; numbers of God's children are living lives of strict self-denial so that they may carry on the work given them to do. They see nothing great in their actions,—it is mere duty to them; but their Heavenly Father, who knows the motive, accepts the sacrifice and blesses it to their eternal good, for Christ's sake."

"I will try and remember this," said Minnie softly, as she stooped down to kiss the furrowed cheek of Mrs. Eversham, be-

fore leaving the room; and as all soon said "Good-night" and separated, I will say it also, although with the hope of soon meeting again.

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

CHAPTER IV.

WIDOW LATHROP'S COTTAGE.

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere."

Over the way, just opposite the Parsonage, stood a pretty cottage, with a garden in the rear.

There were nine busy fingers making the kitchen lively this Saturday evening,—nine voices in every tone, from grave to gay. There never was such a racket in the noisy little dwelling as on Saturday nights, for then there was more work to be done, and then Tom, the carpenter's apprentice, was home from Mount Pleasant. Miss Helen said no house in Sunny Plains was so full as the widow Lathrop's.

The kitchen was heated by the fire kindled for baking, and doors and windows were thrown wide open. The mother's face, as she put the last pie in the oven, was heated, fretted, care-worn. All the odds and ends of work that she neglected through the week she crowded into Saturday night. Josie Nelson hated Saturday night; there ought to be a quiet time before Sunday, but that quiet time had not come to her as yet. Perhaps it would when she found her school. Josie, the eldest daughter, sat at her sewing-machine finishing a vest; the vest would have been finished in the afternoon but the twins had been fretful and she had given them an hour of her time, and her mother was worrying over Sam's new pants, and to finish them another hour was required. Tom Nelson, Josie's own brother, was amusing the twins by teaching the dog to ask for his supper. Sarah was puckering her face and straining her weak eyes over a black alpaca overskirt that would cover her old delaine; Lou was chattering as she washed the baking dishes, and Julia was putting away the twins' playthings and at the same time teaching Sam his catechism for the morrow.

"My heart is filled with all unrighteousness," repeated five-year-old Sam, obediently.

"Is it?" asked Lou, stopping in her work. "You look as good as—a little dog, Sammy. Do you think it is Tom?"

"Mine is," returned Tom seriously; "but I don't know about Sammy's."

"It's true; the catechism says so. Go on, Sammy."

"Yes, perhaps I may die the next moment," said Sam, solemnly pulling Tip's tail.

"Wouldn't we all be good if we thought that," observed Lou; "do you believe that, Tom?"

"In a measure," returned the family oracle.

"I'll teach Sam his lesson to-morrow," interposed Josie. "I'll find something better than that." Mr. Lathrop had been dead just six months; he had left the house and garden free from debt, with an income of three hundred and seventy dollars. Josie and Tom supported themselves, but there were six children dependent upon this income, and a mother whose health permitted her to do nothing but the work for the household.

How the family managed to live in such comfort, and to present so respectable an appearance on Sunday, was a marvel to the village of Sunny Plains.

Mrs. Lathrop was a meek little woman, with a deprecating manner and timid blue eyes. She had leaned upon her husband, and now she leaned upon Josie and Tom, enduring, self-denying, living only in her children. Josie and Tom petted and obeyed her, and held a sort of united guardianship over her.

"Mother, don't do anything more," persuaded Josie, straightening herself. "Lou, snuff that candle! Sarah, that work isn't good for your eyes."

"It will be good for somebody's eyes," said Lou. "Sarah likes to look pretty."

"It's eight o'clock, children!" observed Mrs. Lathrop.

"You say that, as if it didn't mean anything, mother," cried Lou, "and you know we hate it. Come, little folks, male and female, travel off to bed."

Julia began to unbutton the dresses of the twins, Lou dragged Sammy off to the sink to scrub vigorously his dirty face and hands, while Sarah lighted a candle and led the way up-stairs.

Lady and baby, the three-old twins, tendered sleepy kisses all round, then Tom lifted them to his shoulder, and marched off as if he were leading a triumphal procession. Tom was a "jewel," Josie and his mother both declared, and in this case the definition of jewel was known to be the dearest and most helpful son and brother in Sunny Plains.

At half-past eight there were but four persons in the kitchen, Josie and Sarah still sewing, Mrs. Lathrop darning little stockings, and Tom detailing to a sympathetic audience all the happenings of the week of his absence.

The clock struck ten.

"Done!" cried Josie, delightedly springing up and clapping her hands.

"It wouldn't be Saturday night if Josie didn't clap her hands," remarked Tom.

"Through another week, mother, and we didn't stick in the middle, did we?"

"And all for what to eat and what to wear, Jo!" lamented Tom. "Do you like to think of that?"

"I don't," replied Josie shortly; "I'd be discouraged if I did; I'm glad to get bread, but I *do* want something else."

"What!" queried Tom; "a bonnet?"

Josie opened the machine drawer, brushing the bits of pieces in that covered the machine. "Sarah Lathrop, you are not to use *this* machine to-night! you have done enough to-day. Go right to bed with your sleepy eyes. I'll finish it in half an hour."

"Oh, will you? I couldn't ask you when you looked so tired, but something keeps blurring my eyes. If we only had everything like Trudie Grey, Josie!"

"I'd rather be *myself*. I wouldn't lose my own self for anybody's fortune. Give me your thimble."

The half-hour's work was done, and Josie lighted her candle and went up to bed. The windows of her room were opposite Miss Helen's; like Marion, she loved to watch the Parsonage windows.

Lou was asleep, her yellow locks spread out upon the pillow. Josie set her candlestick upon the table, and proceeded to arrange the room. Lou always left her clothes in the middle of the floor.

"I do work for bread! I think of nothing but things to fix over, and how to make everything go far, from morning till night. No wonder I cannot be satisfied—I work and fret about having a school, that's all I do. I haven't had time to read a chapter in the Bible but once since Sunday night! And there's my Sunday-school lesson not looked at. If it were not my only pleasure, I would give that class up. I know I haven't done them any good; they like me, that's one comfort. I do pray for all of them, but"—She sighed wearily as she dusted the bureau, then opened the Bible with eyes too full of tears to distinguish a word.

No wonder Josie's soul was hungry, for very few of God's words were feeding it.

She was too tired to read; the words she read seemed commonplace; new meaning seldom transfigured the old words, for when she read she was thinking of something else.

Her side had been aching all day—a dull, heavy pain that wore upon her nerves, and her heart was faint for want of satisfying food. After a hurried prayer—a faithless prayer, for she did not think whether she

expected an answer or not, she snuffed out the candle and lay down to sleep.

The bright windows over the way attracted her sleepy eyes but a few moments; the long week was ended, and she could sleep late in the morning.

She slept restlessly at first, dreaming that the school-room was in a hubbub, and when she tried to quiet the children, her side ached so that she could not speak.

A school-room in the indefinite somewhere was Josie's night dream as well as her dream by day. Her spare time, and little enough that was, was spent in poring over her old school books. The happiest hour of her life was the hour with the Sunday-school class.

Josie loved to serve God, but the cares of this world choked her service, rendering it unfruitful. She knew that she was spending her strength for that which did not satisfy, and a cry to-night had gone up from her hungry heart, a cry for something better than she knew.

It was a prayer, but she did not know it; she did not know, either, that help was coming to her from that lighted room over the way; rather that help had been coming to her through all the years that God had been teaching Helen Chase. So they slept, the three to whom help was coming—Trudie, Josie and Marion. It is not necessary that *we* should be awake when God answers our prayers.

Josie dreamed a pretty dream that night. She thought she heard the angels talking to her mother about *her*. She heard but one remark, but she never forgot it: "Don't worry about her; *we* will take care of her."

He giveth songs in the night; does He never give dreams?

CHAPTER V.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

"After this manner, therefore, pray ye, 'Our Father,'" WORDS OF CHRIST.

Helen was in the greenhouse cutting flowers for the tea-table when Trudie Grey's pony stopped at the Parsonage gate.

Joanna's tall son, Stephen, was at her side to assist her to dismount and to lead Buttercup round to the stable.

"How could you think I would be of any use, Helen?" were Trudie's first words. "I never helped anybody in my life."

"Nineteen helpless years are quite enough, then! Emmeline must take some flowers over to Mrs. Lathrop. She hasn't time to care for flowers, they have so many little olive plants in their garden, Josie says."

"May we have our talk in your room,

Helen? That room is just like your heart."

"My heart is not a very roomy apartment then. I quarrel with your similes, Trudie. Run up, I am willing."

"The room is as pure and fragrant as a white lily."

"Oh," returned Helen, following the green habit up the stair-case. "I do try to keep it clean, Trudie."

"What a crusher of sentiment you are, but it *is* like a chamber in a day lily."

Over the marble mantel hung a colored photograph—a vignette—of Helen's brother. Fun and daring were sparkling in the black eyes, and perhaps more spirituality in the portrait than in the original; the irresolute lines of the lips were softened; it was Alf as he might be now, hardly the Alf that was ten years ago. The survey of the room ended, Trudie's eyes settled at last upon the portrait. She said:

"I wonder if Alf is much changed?"

"Changed to look like that, I hope. All the best that is in him is in that face," returned Helen.

"If Alf were my brother, he would be a hero, Ellen."

"He is only Alf, not a hero," said Alf's sister gravely.

"But you don't make a hero of anybody," declared Trudie, as if the fact were a rebuke to herself.

"Perhaps not; I would rather love the truth about my friends than my own imaginings. Truth never deceives, Trudie."

"That sounds like Aggie Lucerne. Have you heard that she is sick?"

"No," replied Helen, much startled; "anything new?"

"Oh no; her lungs again. She was in school all last week."

"Not this week!"

"I don't know; Mrs. Newton told mother."

"I'll ride over to-morrow. Poor Agnes! and *poor* little Con!"

"There's Josie's laugh! Shall I go down and usher her up?"

Marion and Josie had come in together.

The girls chatted, and Helen listened; she knew this lightness was assumed. Marion was a little nervous in her manner, and Josie talked to hide her confusion. Helen was asking herself with a momentary failing of heart if she had not been rash in proposing this thing. At length, and she was ashamed of her hesitation in saying it, she said: "Don't you think, girls, as we are intending to talk about prayer, it would be well to pray first!"

Josie flushed crimson; did Miss Helen mean to ask *her* to pray? Marion shivered, and Trudie looked startled.

But Helen did not look at them, she knelt instantly; Marion dropped down beside her, Trudie and Josie following, covering their faces.

They had never heard Miss Helen pray. Very tremulous was her voice at first; each heart echoed her words:

"Our Father, we do love to pray. Thou hast already taught us something of the blessedness of prayer, for which we do thank Thee. We are hungry for Thy words. Thou hast given us bread, but still we are hungry. Thou knowest that we cannot live on bread alone, feed us with Thy words. We are very ignorant; we cannot know about prayer unless Thou dost teach us; wilt Thou not teach us *to-day*, for Jesus' sake."

The girls drew their chairs together. Helen's hesitation had all vanished.

"Now girls," began Helen, "we will find out what prayer is."

"Everybody knows that," said Josie; "it is asking for something."

"Yes," added Trudie, "that is just it, asking for something that we are hungry and thirsty for. And everybody is hungry for something—"

"For know whatever was created need To be sustained and fed."

"And there is but one to look to, the Creator and Sustainer of all," replied Helen.

"Then it is *unnatural* not to pray," said Marion; "I never thought of that before."

"It is not prayer when we are not hungering and thirsting," remarked Helen; "it is only a form of prayer,—it is drawing near with the lips while the heart is not in it."

"Just a mockery!" exclaimed Trudie.

Trudie Grey had strong opinions, and a quick way of expressing them.

"I suppose it is best for us to get good and hungry first," said Josie, drawing a ball of cotton and a crochet-needle from her pocket.

"Yes, we must feel that we want something," answered Helen.

"We don't always know what it is, though," proceeded Josie, beginning to work. "Does that make any difference, Miss Helen?"

"If we go to Him He will teach us what we are longing for—every heart the spirit enters longs for God. Only He can satisfy us, only His love, His truth, His goodness. Even at a full table we starve for knowledge of Him."

A shade passed over Josie's clear face; she knew that although she was a member of the church, she did not live near to God.

"Perhaps I am not a Christian at all, Miss Helen," she exclaimed abruptly. "I don't do that."

"Very many things do come between our soul and Him, Josie, if we let them."

"Yes," sighed Josie, bending a troubled face over her work.

"We must *expect* to get what we ask," said Trudiesolemnly.

"That's another thing!" Josie exclaimed. "I wonder if people really *do* expect, Miss Helen?"

"Yes, some do; or a prayer never would be answered."

"If people really could expect," said Marion, "how different everything would be!"

"Miss Helen, do *you* always expect an answer?" Josie was always personal when she was interested.

"Yes," was the steady reply; "I always do, Josie."

"And always expect just the thing you ask for?" asked Marion, incredulously.

"No, hardly. I have no warrant for that."

"What *do* you expect, then?" enquired Trudie, looking somewhat disappointed.

"I expect it the thing *be* a 'good thing' God will give it to me. He has promised only good things. Would we dictate to Him? Are we wiser than He? He has given us the happy privilege of asking. He has made the conditions."

"Then the beginning of all, and foundation of all, is to give up our own wills," affirmed Trudie.

"Yes," replied Helen, as if the giving up were a well-spring of joy to her, "that is the foundation of it all. That is the happiness of praying, that a wiser will than ours controls our life and gives us the thing that is surely good."

"It is hard to give up—sometimes," said Marion.

"Yes," returned Helen, "it was hard for the man with a withered arm to raise it, but he did." Josie's face brightened. "I'll never forget that, Helen, *never*."

"Then prayer is—" began Trudie.

"Asking because we feel our need—" Helen went on.

"Of God, because He only can feed us," continued Trudie.

"And because He has made us hungry," said Josie, quickly.

"And because He only has the power," added Trudie.

"And because He has *promised*," declared Marion; "there is nothing so true as His promise."

"We are always wanting something," said Josie.

"Because there is always something to get by *wanting*," returned Helen. "He makes us hungry for what there *is*, Josie, not what there isn't."

"Perhaps it isn't for us, though," doubtfully said Josie.

"Everything good for us is for *us*. Don't say that, Josie. Everything is God's, and the 'always wanting something' takes us to Him. People who are not hungry never go to Him,"

"Then to want something so much that we go to Him for it is the best thing that can happen to us," said Trudie, eagerly. "I never thought of that, Helen. Be glad you are hungry, Josie."

"I am," was the earnest reply.

"He has made us so hungry that nothing but His love can fill us. No matter how filled we are with other things, we are hungry without that. Riches fill some, cares fill others, and keep them from knowing what it is they are hungering for."

"Cares mean me," said Josie. "I do get so worried, Miss Helen."

"That is because you think you can take care of yourself, and do not let Him do it. No matter how hard you worry and work, Josie, He must feed you."

"That is why I am never satisfied," answered Josie, frankly. "I see it now."

"It does seem strange that prayer is the best thing in the world," said Marion; "how many people in Sunny Plains would say that it is?"

"More than we think, I hope. Prayer is talking to God. But we have omitted something."

"I don't know," said Josie.

But Marion knew. "We must ask all in the name of Christ. Christ has received gifts for men. We have no promise of *having* if we ask not in His name. Prayer, beside being the command of God, we have for it the example of Christ as an additional reason."

"He loved to pray," said Trudie. "His last breath was prayer."

"Yes, and He talked a great deal about prayer," continued Josie, "and gave us a prayer. Perhaps the 'daily bread' means His words, Miss Helen, as well as bread to eat."

"Yes, we ask Him to feed us, and to feed us 'daily.'"

"But I want to know just what *we* may pray for," observed Josie, somewhat puzzled. "I've been thinking it wasn't for common things."

"Paul didn't feel puzzled," remarked Helen. "God was pleased with his praying. He says we may pray for *everything*. Nothing is left out of *everything*, Josie. With thanksgiving, that's the best part of it. Perhaps he prayed about his cloak and his parchments; he would, if there had been any need. If God has numbered the hairs of our head, I think we need not think anything too small for Him to notice."

"Yes," said Josie in a full tone.

"I am glad I am grown up to know something of what that text means," began Trudie, stopping to give one of her little laughs. "When I was little I thought it meant that we must not pull one of our hairs out—that God would not like it."

"I used to have all sorts of interpretations for Bible words," said Helen; "it is good to grow up to understand, Trudie."

"The thanksgiving will be sure to come." Josie's thoughts were with Paul's words.

"That part was not in my prayers once," acknowledged Helen. "I was so eager in asking that I did not think of thanksgiving. Now I think that thanksgiving is the happiest part of talking to God."

"I do *love* to be thankful," said Josie; "it makes me so warm."

"Gratitude is the warmest thing I know of," cried Trudie; "and, like some other things, the more you give away, the more you have. I do wish everybody in Sunny Plains would think about prayer."

"Everybody does, more or less," replied Helen; "prayer gives brightness to more faces than we know. We see good things coming to people; how do we know that prayer has not brought them! We pray in secret, and we are rewarded openly."

"What a confusion the world would be in if all our prayers were answered!" cried Trudie; "we would have to ask for things to be taken back."

Helen spoke with a faint color overspreading her face. "When I look back over my life I see the time when I cried with all my strength for a thing that was being taken from me, and to-day I give thanks that my prayer was not answered—as I asked. I thought it was a good thing. God knew it was not. As God leads us nearer to Him we desire things that are more pleasing to Him. If we delight in Him, the desires of our hearts will be just the things He loves to give us."

"It is wonderful that God will *let* us ask Him for everything," said Josie.

"It is the love that is wonderful," replied Trudie.

"Love cannot fail in anything," Helen added; "so all is perfect, Josie. We may think a prayer unanswered, and find out afterward that it has been answered, not just as we asked, but just as we *meant*. God knows what we mean better than we do."

"How can we know what is best when we can't look forward a week, or even a day?" said Trudie, earnestly. "If we could carry out our own plans we would be running a great risk."

"I have tried that," resumed Ellen. "I tried to do my own way till I was glad to ask God to do His."

"But don't you ever want your own way?" asked Jessie, looking up quickly.

"Yes, I want a great many things, but I know I don't want them if God isn't willing."

(To be Continued.)

The Home.

A QUIET EVENING IN AN OLD GERMAN CASTLE.

The lateness of the European supper gives very little of what we call in America "an evening." The cozy after-tea call is not known here. The supper is regarded as a part of the evening, and if any one comes at all after dark, it is to stay to tea. At the castle it is often after eight o'clock before the doors of the large dining-hall are thrown open and "Es ist angerichtet" is announced by the fine-looking dress-coated genius of the supper room. The first course is tea and cake. The tea is made and poured at the sideboard by the youngest daughter of the house, and the servant brings the cups to the table. The rum or arrack decanter is as indispensable to the tea-table as the cream pitcher, for it is generally the custom to inspire the quiet cup of tea with a little of the spirit of the times, so that in Germany it cannot be described as "the cup which cheers but not inebriates." After the tea is disposed of a large china milk-pan of sour milk appears. The milk is eaten from soup plates, with grated bread, sugar, and cream upon it. The third course is cold meats, stewed pigeons, and potatoes—the latter in their jackets—and there is a pleasant little strife among the ladies as to who shall have the honor of preparing a plateful for the two dear old gentlemen at the head of the table. The father sits at the head of the table, the mother at his right, and the children follow according to age. The little dark-eyed man opposite is the Baron von R—, one of the masters of ceremonies at Berlin. He owns a neighboring estate, and has ridden over to supper. His manner might perhaps betray his calling; but when he opens his lips to a continual silvery ripple of compliments, one is no longer left in doubt. It is only the glimpse he gives us of the meeting of the three emperors last summer which compensates us for listening to his flatteries. The young lady of sixteen who sits at his right is the Countess von R—. She has a sweet face, ladylike manners, and often lights up her surroundings by a flash of wit. But such taste in dress! The short-waisted back falls hopeless and dejected over the rupture in the friendship between it and the skirt, and the short sleeves do their utmost to cover the large ruffled wristbands, but fail in the charitable attempt.

When supper is over we all rise from the table and shake hands, and say, "Gesegnete Mahlzeit?" which, being interpreted, means, "May the meal be blessed to you!" The daughters make a low courtesy and kiss the back of the father's hand; he bends over and kisses their foreheads. This ceremony is performed after each meal; and when the family is large it is quite an undertaking to steer through it successfully, suiting one's bows and courtesies to the age, sex, and standing of the person addressed. To the uninitiated there is something so comical about it that it is impossible not to have one's sleeves quite full of laughter, in spite of the long rows of grave ancestors shaking their heads at one from the walls. The Germans think the Americans "must be fearfully impolite people to rise from the table and disperse without saying anything to each other." After tea we gather in the study of Herr von R—, the lord of the castle. In the corner of the room stands the German stove. It is built of a sort of porcelain—in this case dazzling white, and reaching to the top of the room, and looks more like a family monument than a stove. In the grate a few coals are doing what only coals can do to make an October evening compensate for the loss of the June evenings. The room has a pleasant air, but the American eye falls with a chill of disappointment on the bare polished ground floor. There is not a carpet in the castle, and but few are to be found in Germany.

At first the newspaper is read. No family takes a paper for itself; usually three or four club together for a paper, and the consequence is that it is in the house but a few hours at the longest, and whoever will read must "strike while the iron is hot." From the castle it goes to the village pastor, from the parsonage to the cantor, or organist, and who comes in for the last stale bits we do not know. The paper is read aloud, and we hear whether it rained yesterday in Ems when the Kaiser took his walk, what the color of the Empress's dress was, and with whom the Crown Prince went to drive. These weighty items are devoured with avidity by the loyal inmates of the castle; for all the nobility are genuine king-worshippers, and can speak only with disgust of the equalizing tendencies of the age. After the reading the gentlemen betake themselves to cards, and the ladies to knitting. Feminine Ger-

many is a maniac on the subject of stockings. The desire for them amounts to a passion. A lady told us a few days since that in her "outfit" she had two hundred and fifty pairs. How these people endure to knit three hundred and sixty-five evenings in a year (Sunday is not excepted) is beyond our comprehension; but the knitting-work seems as indispensable to the hand of a German lady as the pipe or cigar does to the lips of her husband, and they think the American ladies the most useless cumberers of the ground because "they do not even knit their own stocking." This evening we amuse ourselves with the "Hasenwette," or "chasing the hare."

We all begin knitting together, and counting the rounds. The one who has finished the first round calls out one, she who finishes the next calls out two, and so on till twelve are knit. The one who says twelve must be the hare. She must now knit alone, but has the privilege of counting on from twelve, while the rest of us must go back again and begin at one, and see how soon we can catch her. The needles fly, and the counts come thick and fast from the pursuers, while the hare counts steadily on alone. Woe to her who drops a stitch, or must stop to narrow, or "slip and bind." The chase grows hotter and more exciting as the hunters near the prey, and counting and laughing grow louder, and the gentlemen lay down their cards and cheer, sometimes the pursuers and sometimes the pursued, until the victim is caught and rejoiced over. The hare reached her hundredth round before we three hunters caught her, but we must pluck a few of her laurels out by saying that she was at the toe of her stocking, while the rest of us were in the largest part of the leg.

The Countess is knitting from a "Wunder Knauel," or "wonder ball." It was presented to her on her last birthday, and is made by putting in all sorts of knickknacks as the ball is wound. These are done up in papers, and the ball presents enough mysterious angles and points to excite the most torpid curiosity. Surely if anything could induce one to knit it would be the thought of developing the resources of one of these balls. We all look on with the deepest interest as one little package after another loosens itself from the last confining thread and falls out. Now it is a chocolate drop, now a little box with a pretty ring in it, then a pair of tiny embroidery scissors, and so on, till the heart of the wonder is reached, which is often a gold watch, or some other long-coveted treasure. We regard the "Hasenwette" and "Wunder Knauel" as merciful little inventions to help one over the intolerable platitudes of a long cotton stocking.

But we are reminded that the evening is passing by the horn of the watchman, who at ten o'clock begins his nightly walk about the great isolated pile of buildings which for eight hundred years has been the scene of the joys and sorrows of the family of Von R—. As the hours come round he pauses at each of the four sides of the castle and blows his trumpet, and in a weird and monotonous voice sings the following verse:—

"List, my lords, the while I say
The hour of (ten) has passed away.
Look ye well to fire and light
Lest harm befall the house to-night—
And praise the Lord your God!"

The swallow-tailed genius appears again, and announces that the baron's horse is at the door. The courtier literally bows himself from the presence of the ladies to the back of his horse. After this ceremony is over the servant brings in the candles, we shake hands and say "Schlafen sie wohl," the daughters kiss the father's hand, he kisses their foreheads, and the company breaks up, with perhaps a mischievous blowing out of one or two candles as we pass each other for the last time.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TRUE ECONOMY IN CARE OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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

Let them, therefore, devote their first strength and their utmost effort to the highest duties. The heart soon develops itself, and asks culture. Through the feelings and affections it bursts forth, even while the infant is considered not to have

advanced beyond animal nature. The preferences, the passions, reveal themselves, like the young tendrils of the vine, reaching out feebly and blindly. The mother must be assiduous, in teaching them where to twine. While the character of the babe is forming, let every action and indication of motive be a subject of observation. But how can she be adequate to this, if the whole attention to the personal comfort of several young children devolves upon herself? If she is to make and mend their articles of dress, bear them in her arms during their period of helplessness, and exhaust herself by toils throughout the day, and watchings by night, how can she have leisure to study their varying shades of disposition, and adapt to each the fitting mode of discipline, as the skilful gardener suits the plant to the soil? Will she not be sometimes moved to apostrophize them, like the leader of the wandering, repining Israelites, "How can I *alone* bear your cumbrance, and your burden, and your strife?"

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

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

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

She commenced her task with vigor, and confidence in the correctness of her own decision. Sickness in the various forms that mark the progress of dentition, and neglect of slight diseases in their first symptoms, came upon her young family. Uninstructed by experience, she gave powerful medicines for trifling maladies, or summoned and teased physicians, when Nature was simply perfecting her own operations. The children who had emerged from infancy, were indulging bad dis-

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

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

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

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

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

Holding a baby is not so slight a vocation as many suppose. Physicians assert that deformity is often produced by keeping an infant in those uneasy positions to

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

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

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

Let her be persuaded, whatever may be the demands upon her time, or their advantages for gaining knowledge from other sources, *to spend systematically a portion of time in their daily instruction*. Let her also be with them when they retire at night, to

review the day's little gatherings and doings, and to point the tender spirit to the Giver of all its gifts. Let the period devoted to them be as far as possible uninterrupted by the presence of others, and chosen, in the morning, before care has seized the teacher's mind, or temptation saddened the beloved pupil. Let the time be spent in reading some book adapted to, their comprehension, which conveys useful knowledge, or moral and religious instruction, questioning them respecting its contents, and adding such illustrations as the subject, or their peculiar state of intellect and feeling, may render appropriate; having it always understood that at night some recapitulation will be expected of the lessons of the day.

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

MURMURINGS.

Mrs. Lewis bent wearily over her basket containing the week's mending. One after another she took out the well-worn articles, setting here and there a stitch, with the weary prospect of setting many more before she would be able to lay them aside for new ones. "So shabby and worn, like every thing else here," she said to herself, with a deep sigh, as she glanced around the scantily-furnished room. She had protected and polished the plain furniture to the last extremity. She had rung all the changes on it, till there was not another way in which she could place it to advantage; or even if she could, nothing would look well on the now faded and threadbare carpet.

She loved beautiful things, nice furniture, books, flowers, pictures, ornaments. Whatever added to the beauty and elegance of a home, she had coveted; whatever was tasteful and pretty, attracted and pleased her; but it had only been with the most rigid economy and self-denial in some other direction, perhaps, that she had been able to place here and there an ornament in her home. She bitterly wondered why it was that, with her intense love for these

beautiful things, she should be denied them. This was only one of the cherished ambitions she found it out of her power to gratify. She had given some good and beautiful thoughts to the world; the songs in her soul were only waiting for the leisure minutes to give them utterance. But there were so many calls upon her time; the days, and hours, and minutes were so constantly filled up with something to do for others.

There was one thing more, in which, if she could have pleased herself, she would have been content to be denied the rest. The burden of her desire was for her children. Charlie was old enough to go away to school; it was time Nellie was beginning to take music lessons; she had for each some cherished plan which her stunted means would not allow her to carry out; she looked with envy upon those who could give to their children the advantages and accomplishments she so earnestly desired for her own; she wished, as she had done many times before, that she could some times have things to her mind; other people seemed to do just what pleased them—to be fitted into the places most congenial to their tastes and feelings.

Amid the turmoil of bitter thoughts, of murmurings and repinings, came the blessed words, "Even Christ pleased not Himself." She had read them many times, but they had made no impression upon her thoughts. Now it was the voice of thunder in her soul. The Son of God, the Lord of Glory, pleased not Himself, while she, weak, helpless, sinful, had desired only to please herself. How she had rebelled against the way in which the Lord had led her! How she had murmured against His dealings with her! What envyings and discontents had been in her heart! How grudgingly she had given her time to others.

She thanked God that He had not left her to seek her own pleasure, but had opened her eyes to a sense of her folly and guilt. Did not her Heavenly Father know what was best for her? Does He not know what we have need of before we ask Him? If it had been best for her to have had the beautiful things she loved, would He not have given them? If her thoughts would have blest the world, surely He would have opened a way for them to be given to it. Could she not commit the interests of her children to their Heavenly Father? Should she selfishly seek her own ease while souls were perishing around her? Was it not better to comfort some sorrowing heart, to encourage the weak, to raise the fallen, than to seek only what was congenial to her own tastes? Was it not better to please Him who pleased not Himself, but lived and suffered and died that she might have salvation and eternal life?

In the closet her heart resolved, in His strength who has said "My grace shall be sufficient for thee," to seek, not her own, but to do the will of God. The Lord heard her prayer, and kept His promise to her, making her life a rich blessing to others, and returning that blessing fourfold to her own heart.—*Selected.*

DRYING FLOWERS IN SAND.

In drying flowers in this manner, they must be carefully surrounded by *perfectly dry* fine sand, in such a manner that they will hold their form, the pressure of the sand upon both surfaces being alike. Any fine clean sand will answer. It should be sifted to remove all coarse particles, and then washed in successive waters until dust and all earthy and clayey matters are washed away, and the last waters when poured off are perfectly clear. The sand is then to be dried, and then placed over a fire in a proper vessel, until quite hot, hotter than the hand can bear, and when cool it will be fit to use. After heating it should be used at once, before it can absorb moisture from the air. The vessel in which the flowers are to be dried is of little importance, where there are but few. We have had good success by taking a clean, thoroughly-dry flower pot, the hole in the bottom of which was stopped by a cork. This was filled a third full of the dry sand; the flowers set carefully in the sand, and then more sand slowly added, so as to surround and cover the flowers inside and out, and set in a warm place. At the end of 24 hours the cork was removed from the hole in the flower-pot, and the sand allowed to run out in a small and gentle stream. The flowers were left in the pot, perfectly dry. For operating upon a large scale, a box should be made or fitted for the purpose. A box with a sliding cover answers a good purpose, the bottom being taken off, and the sliding cover turned down to form the bottom. An inch or so from the sliding bottom there is placed a frame, upon which is tacked wire gauze of sufficiently large mesh to allow the flower stems to be placed in it. If wire gauze is not at hand, a network of twine, or whatever else will answer the purpose, may be substituted. The box is to be filled with sand up to the level of this wire gauze or other partition. Then flowers are to be placed in natural position, but not touching one another, and carefully surrounded by sand within and without. We have found a paper funnel with a fine point, which lets the sand flow in a small stream, very convenient in this part of the work, as upon the care with which this is performed, will depend the shape of the flowers when dried. Often more than one layer of flowers may be placed in the box, the object being to have each one sur-

rounded by a sufficient quantity of dry sand, to rapidly absorb all the moisture the flowers contain. All bell-shaped, funnel-shaped, and double flowers should be placed upright, and the sand so filled in that they will not be crushed by pressure from without, or distorted by the sand within them. Flat or wheel-shaped flowers, like those of the Phlox, for instance, should be placed face downward. A little practice will enable one to find the proper position, it being borne in mind that the object is to have the parts of the flower completely surrounded by sand, and still retain their proper form. It should be remembered that the flowers must be perfectly dry when gathered, as any dew or other moisture will cause them to become spotted and spoil. The flowers having been placed in the sand, and a layer of sand put on top, the box or other vessel is then to be set in a warm and dry place, such as back of or under a stove, or wherever there is a gentle heat. Those who have a greenhouse will find the upper shelf, just below the glass, a suitable place. After the flowers have been in the sand for 18 or 24 hours, they may be taken out. The sliding bottom of the box is opened to let the sand run off gradually, and the flowers will be found dry and in their natural shapes and colors upon the partition of wire or other material. The flowers are now exceedingly fragile, and need the most careful handling. They must be taken up carefully, one by one, and if any sand remains, which does not fall off by gentle shaking, it is to be removed by brushing with a soft camel's-hair pencil; they are then put away in a box or drawer, where they will be free from dust and dampness. Some prepare the sand after it has been washed and dried, by melting stearine with it. To three quarts of sand is added half an ounce of stearine (such as the hard or "star" candles are made of); the sand is placed on a stove in a glazed earthenware vessel, and when hot enough to melt it, the stearine is added in small pieces, and the sand thoroughly stirred, the object being to coat each grain with a minute film of stearine. The use of stearine is to prevent the sand from adhering to the flowers, but if it has been properly washed, sifted, and dried, there is but little trouble. Almost all flowers may be dried in sand, but white ones have a yellowish tinge.—*American Agriculturist.*

CHATTERING HOPES.

"Chattering Hopes" may seem an odd heading. But I really believe there is scarcely a greater worry which invalids have to endure than the incurable hopes of their friends. There is no one practice

against which I can speak more strongly from actual personal experience, wide and long, of its effects during sickness observed both upon others and upon myself. I would appeal most seriously to all friends, visitors, and attendants of the sick to leave off this practice of attempting to "cheer" the sick by making light of their danger and by exaggerating their probabilities of recovery.

Far more now than formerly does the medical attendant tell the truth to the sick who are really desirous to hear it about their own state.

How intense is the folly, then, to say the least of it, of the friend, be he even a medical man, who thinks that his opinion, given after a cursory observation, will weigh with the patient, against the opinion of the medical attendant, given, perhaps, after years of observation, after using every help to diagnosis afforded by the stethoscope, the examination of pulse, tongue, &c.; and certainly after much more observation than the friend can possibly have had.

Supposing the patient to be possessed of common sense,—how can the "favorable" opinion, if it is to be called an opinion at all, of the casual visitor "cheer" him,—when different from that of the experienced attendant? Unquestionably the latter may, and often does, turn out to be wrong. But which is most likely to be wrong?

The fact is, that the patient is not "cheered" at all by these well-meaning, most tiresome friends. On the contrary, he is depressed and wearied. If, on the one hand, he exerts himself to tell each successive member of this too numerous conspiracy, whose name is legion, why he does not think as they do,—in what respect he is worse,—what symptoms exist that they know nothing of,—he is fatigued instead of "cheered," and his attention is fixed upon himself. In general, patients who are really ill, do not want to talk about themselves. Hypochondriacs do, but again I say we are not on the subject of hypochondriacs.

If, on the other hand, and which is much more frequently the case, the patient says nothing, but the Shakespearian "Oh!" "Ah!" "Go to!" and "In good sooth!" in order to escape from the conversation about himself the sooner, he is depressed by want of sympathy. He feels isolated in the midst of friends. He feels what a convenience it would be, if there were any single person to whom he could speak simply and openly, without pulling the string upon himself of this shower-bath of silly hopes and encouragements; to whom he could express his wishes and directions without that person persisting in saying, "I hope that it will please God yet to give you twenty years," or, "You have a long life of activity before you." How often we see at the end of biographies or of cases

recorded in medical papers, "after a long illness A. died rather suddenly," or, "unexpectedly both to himself and to others." "Unexpectedly" to others, perhaps, who did not see, because they did not look; but by no means "unexpectedly to himself," as I feel entitled to believe, both from the internal evidence in such stories, and from watching similar cases; there was every reason to expect that A. would die, and he knew it; but he found it useless to insist upon his own knowledge to his friends.

In these remarks I am alluding neither to acute cases which terminate rapidly nor to "nervous" cases.

By the first much interest in their own danger is very rarely felt. In writings of fiction, whether novels or biographies, these death-beds are generally depicted as almost seraphic in lucidity of intelligence. Sadly large has been my experience in death-beds, and I can only say that I have seldom or never seen such. Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state.

The "nervous case," on the other hand, delights in figuring to himself and others a fictitious danger.

But the long chronic case, who knows too well himself, and who has been told by his physician, that he will never enter active life again, who feels that every month he has to give up something he could do the month before—oh! spare such sufferers your chattering hopes. You do not know how you worry and weary them. Such real sufferers cannot bear to talk of themselves, still less to hope for what they cannot at all expect.

So also as to all the advice showered so profusely upon such sick, to leave off some occupation, to try some other doctor, some other house, climate, pill, powder, or specific; I say nothing of the inconsistency—for these advisers are sure to be the same persons who exhorted the sick man not to believe his own doctor's prognostics, because "doctors are always mistaken," but to believe some other doctor, because "this doctor is always right." Sure also are these advisers to be the persons to bring the sick man fresh occupation, while exhorting him to leave it is own.

Wonderful is the face with which friends, lay and medical, will come in and worry the patient with recommendations to do something or other, having just as little knowledge as to its being feasible, or even safe for him, as if they were to recommend a man to take exercise, not knowing he had broken his leg. What would the friend say, if he were the medical attendant, and if the patient, because some other friend had come in, because somebody, anybody, nobody, had recommended something, anything, nothing, were to disregard his

orders, and take that other body's recommendation? But people never think of this.

A celebrated historical personage has related the commonplaces which, when on the eve of executing a remarkable resolution, were showered in nearly the same words by every one around successively for a period of six months. To these the personage states that it was found least trouble always to reply the same thing, viz., that it could not be supposed that such a resolution had been taken without sufficient previous consideration. To patients enduring every day for years from every friend or acquaintance, either by letter or *viva voce*, some torment of this kind, I would suggest the same answer. It would indeed be spared, if such friends and acquaintances would but consider for one moment, that it is probable the patient has heard such advice at least fifty times before, and that, had it been practicable, it would have been practised long ago. But of such consideration there appears to be no chance. Strange, though true, that people should be just the same in these things as they were a few hundred years ago!

How little the real sufferings of illness are known or understood! How little does any one in good health fancy him or even herself into the life of a sick person!

Do, you who are about the sick or who visit the sick, try and give them pleasure, remember to tell them what will do so. How often in such visits the sick person has to do the whole conversation, exerting his own imagination and memory, while you would take the visitor, absorbed in his own anxieties, making no effort of memory or imagination, for the sick person. "Oh! my dear, I have so much to think of, I really quite forgot to tell him that; besides, I thought he would know it," says the visitor to another friend. How could "he know it?" Depend upon it, the people who say this are really those who have little "to think of." There are many burthened with business who always manage to keep a pigeon-hole in their minds, full of things to tell the "invalid."

I do not say, don't tell him your anxieties—I believe it is good for him and good for you too; but if you tell him what is anxious, surely you can remember to tell him what is pleasant too.

A sick person does so enjoy hearing good news:—for instance, of a love and courtship, while in progress to a good ending. If you tell him only when the marriage takes place, he loses half the pleasure, which God knows he has little enough of; and ten to one but you have told him of some-love making with a bad ending.

A sick person also intensely enjoys hearing of any material good, any positive or practical success of the right. He has so

much of books and fiction, of principles, and precepts, and theories; do, instead of advising him with advice he has heard at least fifty times before, tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded practically,—it is like a day's health to him.

A small pet animal is often an excellent companion for the sick, for long chronic cases especially. A pet bird in a cage is sometimes the only pleasure of an invalid confined for years to the same room. If he can feed and clean the animal himself, he ought always to be encouraged to do so.

You have no idea what the craving of the sick with undiminished power of thinking, but little power of doing, is to hear of good practical action, when they can no longer partake in it.

Do observe these things with the sick. Do remember how their life is to them disappointed and incomplete. You see them lying there with miserable disappointments, from which they can have no escape but death, and you can't remember to tell them of what would give them so much pleasure, or at least an hour's variety.

They don't want you to be lachrymose and whining with them, they like you to be fresh and active and interested, but they cannot bear absence of mind, and they are so tired of the advice and preaching they receive from everybody, no matter whom it is, they see.

There is no better society than babies and sick people for one another. Of course you must manage this so that neither shall suffer from it, which is perfectly possible. If you think the "air of the sick room" bad for the baby, why it is bad for the invalid too, and, therefore, you will of course correct it for both. It freshens up a sick person's whole mental atmosphere to see "the baby." And a very young child, if unspoiled, will generally adapt itself wonderfully to the ways of a sick person, if the time they spend together is not too long.

If you knew how unreasonably sick people suffer from reasonable causes of distress, you would take more pains about all these things. An infant laid upon the sick bed will do the sick person, thus suffering, more good than all your logic. A piece of good news will do the same. Perhaps you are afraid of "disturbing" him. You say there is no comfort for his present cause of affliction. It is perfectly reasonable. The distinction is this, if he is obliged to act, do not "disturb" him with another subject of thought just yet; help him to do what he wants to do; but, if he *has* done this, or if nothing can be done, then "disturb" him by all means. You will relieve, more effectually, unreasonable suffering from reasonable causes by telling him "the news," showing him "the baby," or giving him something new to think of or to look at, than by all the logic in the world.

It has been very justly said that the sick are like children in this, that there is no proportion in events to them. Now it is your business as their visitor to restore this right proportion for them—to show them what the rest of the world is doing. How can they find it out otherwise? You will find them far more open to conviction than children in this. And you will find that their unreasonable intensity of suffering from unkindness, from want of sympathy, &c., will disappear with their freshened interest in the big world's events. But then you must be able to give them real interests, not gossip.—From Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing."

HEALTHFUL HEATING APPARATUS.

Home should be healthful.

To this end a true economy demands that we expend a large proportion of our building money in securing a full supply of the very best quality of sunshine, water, air, and fire. Let the building be so placed, if possible, that the sun shall enter every room at some time of the day. This is now so well understood that it needs no special insistence. Let the ventilation be, as far as possible, automatic, so that it cannot be neglected or interfered with by unthinking persons. And let care be taken that no ill-drained sink shall harbor an evil spirit to arise in vapor from its pipe like the Genie from his jar, and slay an unwary household.

Only second in importance to what we eat is the kind of air we breathe; and this for, at least, seven months in the year, is largely affected by the contrivances adopted to keep us warm.

There is your open fireplace, good for ventilation, unexceptionable in poetry, precious in old folks' memories as they sit in a furnace-warmed room, and call up pictures of the circle round a blazing hearth some fifty years ago; beautiful and inspiring it certainly is, and much to be prized as a luxurious addition to other heating arrangements; holding about the same relation to such as flowers at dinner hold to meat; but as a chief reliance, the hearth is unsatisfactory. If like a beef-steak, we could broil first one side, then the other, and then be done, it were well with us; but as soon as we turn our broiled side away from the heat, cold draughts seize upon it, and straightway that side becomes more raw than before.

Coal stoves in the separate rooms are called economical; but attendant on these come incessant coal-heaving, burnt air, dust and ashes, vexation of spirit; also liability to divorce, for what man or woman was ever known to yield supremacy to another in the art of keeping up a fire?

Next in order comes the ordinary hot-air, or as it is often called, gas furnace. The name is a good one, if applied to its habit of emitting about such an atmosphere as sinners are taught to dread in the hot hereafter. Here, also, there are degrees of sulphurousness, but with the best of them flowers will shrivel, and silver articles tarnish, and human lungs accustomed to it grow dangerously sensitive to outside air. Steam-heating, although a great improvement on the burnt-air method, involves some slight disadvantages; the coils of unsightly pipe in each room must be elaborately covered and also occupy space; and in rooms heated we are very apt to notice here and there a little saucer under the joints of the pipe; from which we may infer that it is difficult to keep these points watertight. There is, however, an improvement on the steam-pipes, and it is one of which I can speak with the authority of experience. In it the air, brought fresh from out-of-doors and conducted in boxes over coils of steam-pipe in the cellar, rises thence through the registers. It can never be burned, can never be dry, can never be mixed with suicidal gases; it is so bland in its warmth, that a room full of it at Christmas is like a room full of May; and a proof of its purity is that garden plants thrive in it; ferns and lycopodiums will preserve their dewy softness, instead of rattling as they do in furnace heat; and even camellias will keep the promises they made in the green-house, and not, as is their wont, cast down their half-filled waxen buds in despair.

Such a heating apparatus costs more than a common furnace, but the increase in healthfulness is so far beyond the increase in expense, that if I were advising a pair about to make that home of their own, I should say, Do, without your parlor mantel, if need be, leave your walls unpapered, your ceilings unstuccoed, your windows uncurtained, yea, your floors uncarpeted, but put away money enough to get a furnace for steam-heated air.

A PARLOR PROPAGATING CASE.

While much confined to the house, I have made trial of a lamp-heated case for germinating seeds and cuttings. The third batch is now under way, making enough plants to stock a family garden, front flower-beds, and a patch of nursery. The little case having done so much with convenience and economy, I propose to describe it, sure that an acquaintance with it will prove useful to many.

Hotbeds are all very well for the gardener on a large scale, whose business justifies the making of a bed large enough to retain heat from March to May—whose experience enables him in some degree to be

prepared for its caprices, pouts and risks, and who can handle heavy sash, wet mats, &c., in all sorts of rough weather, without the inconvenience of having finer in-door work on hand.

There are thousands who, when the sun returns in the spring, feel the instinctive impulse towards delving and planting in the soil, and who are then almost willing, if it were possible, to incur all that the hot-bed involves in order to satisfy this Eden-derived proclivity. To all such these propagating cases offer great advantages.

In size and shape like a wash-stand or a sewing-machine, they are quite as admissible in a living room, requiring only a window to stand at for light's sake, and perhaps a strip of oil-cloth to keep any accidental drip from the carpet. The changes and advances of growth are immediately under the eye; and its few needs are so readily observed and so easily supplied as to make it in every way a source of enjoyment—an interesting and pleasing companion, and not at all an importunate or troublesome one. It can be made by any one who can make a square box, and the painting, draping, or papering of its exterior, to correspond with the other furniture of a room, can be done as taste may dictate.

The cost is trifling. Three or four panes of glass to lay on the top, a few sheets of tin soldered together into the form of a shallow pan (the boiler), some pieces of board, some nails, a pair of hinges, and some paint if desired; that is all that is requisite, excepting the sand or light mould, the seeds or cuttings, water, and a common house lamp. But with this must be counted the oil which is consumed, and which, although but a small outlay, is the principal one. We have found that for a case of 20 by 28 inches, in a room the temperature of which is about 70° during the day and about 50° at night, one cubic inch of oil per hour will maintain a bottom heat in the bed of soil of 80°, and do it faithfully and reliably through the longest night. At 30 cents per gallon of 240 cubic inches, this makes the cost one-eighth of a cent per hour. Of course less is used during the day, or none at all, if it is convenient to draw water from the boiler at one end, and pour in as much, boiling hot, through a funnel inserted at the other end.

Our case was put in operation first at the window of a wash-house cistern shed, in March, because its first crop, which consisted of hard-wood cuttings of grapes, and root-grafted shrubs, mulberries, roses, &c., required at first cool, moist air to retard the tops and prevent their shrivelling, until the roots had made a start in the warm, moist soil. Here there was, at times, as much as 80° of difference between the air temperature and that required for the bed of soil.

But a common single flat-wicked lamp proved quite competent to meet this exigency, and keep the soil thermometer from sinking below 70°, night or day. Good wick, sufficient oil, and a tight coat of paper around the case, were its only aids. For green cuttings, in which growth is already under way—such as verbenas, &c., and for seeds—the case is best placed in the warm air of a room,—due moisture being retained in the air about the leaves, and in the soil that merely hides fine seeds, by the covering of panes of glass.

Construction of the Case.—The stand reaches up to within 8 or 10 inches of the window-sill, and is about 8 inches larger in both directions than the pan or boiler, the size of which may depend upon that of the sheets of tin used to make it; 14 to 20 inches by 20 to 28 is a convenient size, competent to supply a great many plants. This stand has two partitions; the middle compartment serves as a lamp-chamber, and is of course open at the top, as the others may be, but in our case a lining of tin extends over them. The partitions do not extend to the level of the top of the stand by half an inch, but the flat heads of the tacks or clouts driven into them (and which hold the tin lining in place if it is used), are level with the top of the stand, and they support the middle of the boiler, with its load of water and sand. The hot draft from the lamp diffuses between them, and escapes through similar but smaller and more numerous openings all round the top rim of the stand. The door fits close, excepting a fissure at the bottom to admit draft.

The pan or boiler, of tin or copper, is about three inches deep. Its sides may be stiffened by a lining or casing of thin board to better support the board cover, and the sand or mould that is to cover it three to six inches deep. It rests on a rim of thick sheet-iron. It is 8 to 10 inches deep, and is covered when necessary by loose panes of glass. The board cover of the boiler should have, in one corner, a tube that will admit a funnel or a cork, and be long enough to extend above the bed of soil. Another smaller tube at the other end is useful to allow air to escape when water is poured in; also to show, by a float or gauge, when the boiler is full.

The apparatus is now ready to receive the bed of soil which covers and surrounds the boiler, and which will be kept equally warm throughout by the diffusive agency of the water, which continually flows from the centre, slowly outward above, as the heavier chilled water presses inward below. Thin boxes like cigar boxes are convenient to plant in, and then to be bedded in the warm soil; but cuttings that like extra warmth, as grape eyes, are best placed in the soil immediately on the boiler, and al-

most in contact with it; this soil will dry rapidly below if the water cover is tight, and must be attentively watered.

To watch the developments of growth, while sheltered among the cosy comforts of one's own living room, and to see them going forward smilingly when storms are howling through the air; to learn, and to show to little ones, so many of the pretty unfoldings and secret ways of plant growth is a charming resource and occupation for times of dreary weather. Then, to grow our own bedding plants, tomato sets and other sub-tropicals is full of interest, to say nothing of its economy and certainty.—*Cultivator.*

A PRETTY WALL-POCKET.

A pretty paper-case or wall-pocket may be made thus: Take a thin board or stiff pasteboard, and cut it by another wall-pocket of suitable shape and size, if one be handy, with long narrow triangular pieces for sides. The back must, of course, be higher than the front. Now cover them all with crimson or green reps, merino, velvet, or even paper, just as you may choose, the handsomer the better, if the materials are convenient. If paper be used, it can easily be held smoothly down by a little paste on the under side where the edges are folded over; but if other materials, they must be drawn down with needle and thread, and lined with chintz. Now take smooth leather, and cut out a border for the front piece, and also for the top part of the back, scallop or pink the outside edges of these, and cut out some simple pattern, so as to resemble fret-work, using a cutting-board and penknife. Or, what will be still prettier for those who practice fret-sawing, cut a border of walnut or whitewood, holly, satin wood, or bird's-eye maple. When made up by sewing in these triangular ends, and then gluing on the border, the effect is charming. An initial letter of wood, or leather-work fruit or flowers, may be glued into the centre.

SELECTED RECIPES.

ROAST TURKEY.—After plucking, singeing, etc., cut off the neck close to the back, but leave enough of the crop skin to turn over; break the leg-bone close below the knee, draw out the strings from the thighs, and flatten the breast bone to make it look plump. Have ready a stuffing, and having filled the breast and inside with this, draw the skin together with a trussing needle, sewing the skin of the neck over upon the back. (These threads should be carefully removed before bringing the bird to the table.) Lay the points of the wings under the back, and fasten in that position with

a skewer run through both wings. Press the legs as closely towards the breast and side bones as possible, and fasten with a skewer run through the body and both thighs. Bake in a steadily hot but not burning oven. From $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours will be required for a large turkey. Baste from time to time with butter.

Boil until very tender the gizzard, heart, liver and neck of the turkey in water enough to cover them. When done save the liver for the gravy, and mince finely the soft parts of the gizzard, etc., with a quart of dried bread crumbs, and add the water in which the giblets were boiled; season with salt, pepper, thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little grated celery root. Mix thoroughly, and bind the whole together with three well-beaten eggs.

GRAVY FOR THE TURKEY.—Take 1 pint of brown soup stock, or the juice from the dish in which the turkey was baked, 1 small onion, half teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, and simmer gently until the onion is done; then add the liver either minced very finely or rubbed to a paste, and having mixed a teaspoonful of arrowroot with a little cold water, pour it into the gravy, which keep stirring. Then add a little Worcestershire sauce, let it boil once and pour into the gravy tureen.

APPLE BREAD.—Weigh one pound of fresh, juicy apples; peel, core and stew them to a pulp, being careful to use a porcelain kettle, or a stone jar placed inside a kettle of boiling water; mix the pulp with two pounds of the best flour; put in the same quantity of yeast you would use for common bread, and as much water as will make it a fine, smooth dough; put it into a pan, and place it in a warm place to rise, and let it remain for twelve hours at least. Form it into rather long shaped loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

BUTTERED EGGS.—Take four fresh eggs, beat them well; put two ounces of butter into another basin; place the basin in boiling water, and stir the butter until it melts. Have ready a lined sauce-pan; pour the eggs and butter into it, and as the mixture begins to warm, pour it backward and forward from the sauce-pan to the basin, that the two ingredients may be thoroughly incorporated. Keep stirring the mixture one way until it is hot, but not boiling, and serve on hot buttered toast.

CHICKEN PIE.—Take from 4 to 6 young chickens, according to the size of the baking-dish to be filled, cut them up into joints and put in a stew-pan with hot water enough to cover them, an onion if liked, a bunch of savory herbs, and a blade of mace. Line the sides of a deep earthen baking-dish with a rich paste rolled quite thick.

When the chickens are about half done take them from the stew-pan, and lay in the baking dish with a few slices of very nice pork, 6 or 8 hard-boiled eggs cut in rings, and a little of the water in which the chickens were cooked. When the dish is full cover with a rich and light puff paste rolled thick. A hole should be left in the centre of the top which can be covered with an ornament of paste. Bake from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour. When about half done, lay a paper over the top to keep from burning. For the gravy rub 1 table-spoonful of flour with two do. of butter; when smooth, put in a saucepan and pour on the rest of the water in which the chickens were cooked, stir one way over the fire till smooth. When the pie is done, remove the ornament from the centre, pour in the gravy, and replace.

ENDIVE SALAD.—Cleanse and cut celery into shreds, and cleanse the endive; place these in a salad bowl so that the highest parts will be in the centre; garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and bright red beet (boiled). Rub to a paste the yolks of 4 hard-boiled eggs; then add $\frac{1}{2}$ tea-spoonful of mustard-flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ tea-spoonful of pepper, half that quantity of cayenne, salt to taste, and 4 table-spoonfuls of sweet cream. Stir well until the whole are thoroughly mixed, then add—very little at a time and stirring all the while to prevent curdling—enough vinegar to make the whole the consistency of cream. Pour this dressing into the dish, but not over the salad. The dressing may be prepared several hours in advance of use, but should not be put with the endive, etc., until ready for the table. Celery alone may be served in this way, or lettuce when obtainable.

JELLIED FRUITS.—Pare smoothly 12 or 14 Virgalieu pears, leaving the stems on; cook in fair water until transparent but not broken; soak in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of red gelatine, and add the juice and grated rind of a lemon and 1 pound of sugar; make very hot the water in which the pears were boiled and add boiling water if necessary to make 1 quart, and pour upon the gelatine. When thoroughly melted, strain. Pour a little in the bottom of 2 deep jelly moulds and let it cool, keeping the rest hot; then put in each mould, stems downward as the mould is inverted, 6 or 7 pears, and scatter among them bits of chopped pine-apple preserves. When arranged pour in the rest of the jelly and set in a cold but not freezing place until wanted, when dip the mold for an instant in hot water, place the jelly-stand on the bottom of the mold, turn it suddenly right-side up, and remove the mold. These jellies may be made of different fruits, using red gelatine where the fruits are of light color, and white gelatine where the fruits are dark.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. xxx. 27.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 Chorus.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
 There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

rt. End.

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

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.

D. C. Chorus.

2. Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears!

3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er;
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore

Literary Notices.

THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF SCOTLAND, In view of their Influence on the Character of the People. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D., Prof. of Mental and Moral Philosophy in McGill College, Montreal; author of "An Outline of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, Toronto: Adam Stevenson & Co.

This is a most interesting work, showing the influence which the ballad poetry of Scotland may be supposed to have exerted on the character of the nation. Of course, it is impossible to be certain that such and such traits have arisen from such and such songs, but the connection between the two is, to say the least, instructive, and the study is a most fascinating one. Snatches of songs and bits of ballads are scattered plentifully throughout the book, but the reader's only objection to these is that they are so short, giving but a scant idea of the nature of the piece from which they are taken. Professor Murray divides the ballads and songs into four classes: Legendary, Social, Romantic, and Historical. Concerning the influence of the first of these, he says:—

LEGENDARY BALLADS.

Such is an analysis of the principal legendary ballads of Scotland that have been preserved. It is evident that these ballads at once evince the existence of a certain class of emotions strongly active in the Scottish mind, and must have been perpetually reinvigorating these emotions. To estimate, therefore, the value of those ballads in the building up of the Scottish character, requires an estimate of the value of these emotions as elements of human life. Now, the emotions which manifest themselves under the form of superstition are merely excesses, or rather misdirections, of the feeling that the meaning of this universe is not exhausted by the scientific arrangement of natural phenomena,—that behind all natural law there is a mystery, which scientific conceptions do not embrace, but

the sense of which they cannot banish from the spirit of man. Until there is a mediation, such as has not yet been accomplished even in advanced minds, between the scientific faith in the invariability of natural law and the religious faith in the existence of a world above natural law, the latter faith will continue to appear in a belief that that world reveals itself in operations which are out of Nature's ordinary course. To the great majority of minds this belief is probably the indispensable nutriment and the irresistible outflow of the higher faith; and there are not wanting minds of high culture, to whom a sympathetic realization in fancy of this belief is the only avenue to a poetical view of Nature. In fact, the belief can be neither of unmitigated evil nor of unmitigated good; and, the evil, as well as the good effects of it,—the superstitious fanaticism, as well as the religious conviction, which it has wrought,—may be traced in bold features of the Scottish character.

Without entering into questionable comparisons with other nations, it may be said with safety, that at all great crises in their modern history the Scottish people have exhibited unconquerable trust in an irresistible Power and an inviolable Order above the things that are seen and temporal. The light of that Divine trust throws a pleasant gleam over the many dark aspects of the Scottish struggle in the seventeenth century. It is not easy to realize the calamity which would have fallen upon Europe if the nations which have suffered for their religious convictions had given way; and it is, therefore, difficult to restrain indignation, impossible to overcome regret, that the courage of the Scottish people in their great struggle should not only have been so cruelly misinterpreted at the time, but continues to be misinterpreted even by those who are enjoying the fruit of their sufferings. But a closer view of the period shows that the faith of the Scots was manifested not only in a trustful struggle against oppression, but in an unreasoning fanaticism which did more perhaps than the political folly and the religious indifference of the enemy to postpone the achievement of toleration. It becomes, consequently, not altogether unintelligible, that cavaliers of cultured, and even of gentle nature, should have viewed their Scotch opponents as a pack of

intractable rebels; and that some historical students, even at this distant day, should scarcely be able to see beyond the rant and bickering of the Covenanters into the nobler elements of their character.

Under the Social Ballads we have the history of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Perhaps, however, there is no love tragedy so over-powering as that of *Auld Robin Gray*, the perfection of which, both in its general conception and in the detailed working out of its plot, makes it a remarkable instance of those efforts in which an author has once risen to the height of poetical creation, but never reached it again. The authoress belonged to a family who are characterized by an old ballad, in contrast to the strain of her song, as "the Lindsays light and gay." Lady Ann, daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarras, afterwards married to Sir Andrew Barnard, was accustomed to hear a servant of her father's sing an old Scots song, *The Bridegroom grat when the Sun gied down*. Wishing to sing the tune, but disliking the words to which it was sung, she set about writing some suitable verses. Her idea was to make the song a "little history of virtuous distress in humble life,"—of a maiden, with her lover at sea, her father and mother oppressed by poverty and sickness, wooed by a wealthy old suitor. A difficulty occurred in the composition; and she applied to her little sister, Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person in the room beside her. She told her that she was writing a ballad, in which she was overwhelming the heroine with misfortunes. "I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and sent her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow, within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one." "Steal the cow, sister Annie," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed." (1)

The song is a perfect embodiment of the finest spirit of tragedy. On the one hand, there is the remorseless tyranny of external circumstances over human affection, in the rapid accumulation of calamities around the path of the heroine, closing her in to a destiny from which all the instincts of her heart shrink back. On the other

hand, there is the sublime victory of human will over the tyranny of external events, in the unwavering virtue with which the heroine accepts the obligations of the unkindly destiny to which they had shut her up,—a virtue which appears affectingly in the authoress's own description of the interview with Jamie after his return, but which is obscured in an unhappy popular alteration of the passage—

"O sair did we greet, and mickle say o' a',
I gied him a kiss, and *bade him gang awa!*" (1)

There are several other touches of nature in the details of the song, which open up additional sources of its power over our feelings. One of these it may be sufficient to point out. The father with his broken arm, and the mother in her sickness, were both anxious that their daughter should accept Auld Robin Gray's proposal to marry him for their sakes; and the contrast in the expression of this anxiety, by the harder nature of the father and the more sympathetic tenderness of the mother, forms a family picture of irresistible pathos:—

"My father urged me sair: my mither didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break."

That heart is not to be envied, which, picturing the whole scene with that mother's look, does not feel like to break too.

The popularity of such a song is not astonishing; but the great wave of enthusiasm which swept even over England, and touched the Continent, is almost unprecedented. Not the least significant indication of this popularity is the fact that the fame of the greatest genius among the contemporaries of the authoress was eclipsed in the fashions of the time by a "Robin Gray hat" superseding one that had been named after Goethe's "Werther." The authoress herself gave a happy *résumé* of the various forms of popularity which her song enjoyed on one of those occasions—the source of some capital stories—on which she parried the attempts that were made to surprise her into the acknowledgment, from which she shrank, of having written the song. The secretary of some Antiquarian Society, deputed to enquire into the authorship, was subjecting her to an impertinent cross-examination. "The ballad in question," she replied, "has, in my opinion, met with attention beyond its deserts. It set off with having a very fine tune put to it by a doctor of music; was sung by youth and beauty for five years and more; had a romance composed on it

(1) The popular alteration referred to gives—

"O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away."

(1) See the authoress's well-known letter to Sir Walter Scott.

by a man of eminence; was the subject of a play, of an opera, of a pantomime; was sung by the united armies in America, acted by Punch, and afterwards danced by dogs in the street; but never more honored than by the present investigation!"

One effect, however, of this popularity was unfortunate; it gave rise to a *Continuation of Auld Robin Gray*, which was sung about the streets, and even found its way into magazines, greatly to the annoyance of the authoress. This was probably a chief motive with her in writing the second part, in which the tragic pathos of the original song is wholly dissolved, by Auld Robin being made a martyr to the poetical justice of romance, and yielding his place in his comfortable home to young Jamie by considerably dying soon after his marriage. She may have been influenced partly also by affection for her mother, who used to ask some gratification of her curiosity about the fate of the lovers: "Annie, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended." But it was an evil day, for our perfect sympathy with the tragedy, when she abandoned her original conception of the absolute blamelessness of the three main sufferers, and adopted the hint thrown out by the Laird of Dalzell, in an exclamation which he uttered on listening to the first part: "Oh! the villain! Oh! the auld rascal! I ken wha stealt the poor cow—it was Auld Robin Gray himsel!"

In the same class we find the following remarks about

DRINKING SONGS.

But unhappily songs of this class do not limit themselves to the description of harmless, wholesome fun; there are, indeed, few good social songs which do not praise the zest imparted to friendly gatherings by means of a more material stimulant. This introduces us to the large collection of Scottish lyrics, which may be described in general as *Drinking Songs*. The most cursory acquaintance with Scottish poetry will convince anyone that these songs represent a very extensive literature, and a literature of a very remarkable character. I will not say that they surpass, in lyrical force, anything of the kind to be met with in any other literature: for sweeping assertions of that sort generally betray merely ignorance of any literature but one; while, without going beyond the modern languages, there are several German students' songs which would make such an assertion extremely questionable. But there is something distinctive in the drinking songs of the Scotch. They do not express the refined, but more artificial enjoyment of one who is politely sipping a beverage like wine, the delicate

flavor of which can be appreciated only by the educated connoisseur, nor the exulting gratification of one who is quaffing a beverage like beer, which is drunk in quantities as much to quench thirst as for the sake of its mildly stimulating effect: the Scots drinking song is purely and avowedly in praise of the general elevation in mental and bodily power excited by

"Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!"

The happy play of fancy and language in which this theme is variously wrought out is unexcelled by nothing in the whole compass of Scottish song; but the literary skill of these productions cannot, in the present enquiry, hide from us their effect on the habits of the people. Though some of these songs express simply the impulse which is given by a stimulant to the more rapid flow of social enjoyment, yet against others I do not hesitate—and no one who studies them dispassionately can hesitate—to bring the charge of seriously contributing to perpetuate what used to be a prevalent vice among all classes, what continues to be a prominent vice and the most hopeless obstacle to social reform among the working classes of Scotland. There is none of our best songs which deliberately represents any other gross vice in an attractive aspect; but in many of the drinking songs, all the charm of lyrical thought and expression is thrown around that sacrifice of intelligence to the demon of Unreason, which is truthfully represented only in language of pity or of scorn. It is true that the lyrical poet must catch an emotion while it is flowing at white heat, and run it then into the mould of song; and this may explain the extravagance with which many of the drinking songs are characterized. But the license which this principle of lyrical poetry allows is certainly exceeded in the drunken merriment to which some, though few, of these songs give utterance, over the personal degradation resulting from the vice they encourage:—

"O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes;
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

"I had sax owsen in a pleuch,
And they drew teuch and well enuech:
I drank em a' just ane by ane;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon."

The remainder of this old song, which took some touches from the hand of Burns, describes a lower stage of degradation, which does not admit of being cited. An equal transgression of the limits of all legitimate license may be charged against

the old song, *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*, in callously making light of those who suffer most directly by the excess which it praises:—

“Johnnie Smith has got a wife,
Wha scrimps him o’ his cogie;
But were she mine, upon my life,
I’d douk her in a bogie.

“Twa three toddlin weans they hae,
The pride o’ a’ s’tra’bogie:
Whene’er the totums cry for meat,
She curses aye his cogie.

* * * * *

“Yet here’s to ilka honest soul
Wha’ll drink wi’ me a cogie;
And for ilk silly whinging tool,—
We’ll douk him in a bogie.

“For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three gir’d cog
For a’ the wives in Bogie.”

In the concluding chapter we have the following on the

INFLUENCE OF THE BALLADS AND SONGS.

In order to estimate the amount of the influence which the songs of Scotland have been exerting on the life of her people, it is not necessary to hazard any comparison between these songs and those of any other country, even though such a comparison need not be dreaded by the most patriotic Scotsman. But no one, who makes any enquiry upon the subject, can fail to be struck with the prominent place which the songs of Scotland occupy in the life of the Scottish people. There is no occupation of Scottish life whose toil is not made, at least more tolerable, if not positively pleasant; there is no sorrow whose shadow is not brightened; there is no aspiration of the human heart which is not quickened into a more ardent glow; there is no joy which does not receive an additional zest, from the songs which the Scots—men and women, lads and lasses—sing, or try to sing, or, if they cannot even try, hum at least with inward satisfaction.

Anecdotes, pathetic and amusing too, are not wanting to illustrate the fondness of the Scotch for their music and songs, and the cheer which the gratification of their fondness afforded, under circumstances extremely unfavorable to cheer of any kind. Dr. Cameron, a brother of Lochiel, the friend of Prince Charlie, was overheard, in his prison after the disaster at Culloden, indulging his feelings in singing *We’ll may be return to Lochaber no*

more. A still more remarkable indulgence in song and music is related of a town-piper of Falkirk who was sentenced to be hanged for horse-stealing. In the spirit in which Hughie Graham of Border ballad notoriety addressed a witty message to his father from the gallows-knowe—in the spirit in which the northern free-booter, Macpherson, played his violin under the gallows-tree, the condemned piper invited, by permission, a number of his professional brethren to spend with him the night before his execution. “As the liquor was abundant, and the instruments were in tune, the noise and fun grew fast and furious. The execution was to be at eight o’clock, and the poor piper was recalled to a sense of his situation by morning light dawning on the window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed: ‘O but this wearyfu’ hanging rings in my lug like a new tune!’”

But the beneficent influences of Scottish song are more touchingly evidenced in the ordinary life of the people; and I do not know that these influences could be better illustrated than by a glimpse of the office which the cherished popular songs are performing still in the less favored spheres of Scottish society. We draw from the experience of William Thom of Inverury, one of the best of those numerous humble poets who, in the midst of unremitting toil for the bare necessities of life, have been led to cherish nobler thoughts mainly by the influence of Burns and the popular poetry of Scotland. “Moore,” he says, in his *Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver*. “was doing all he could for love-sick boys and girls, yet they never had enough! Nearer and dearer to hearts like ours was the Ettrick Shepherd, then in his full tide of song and story; but nearer and dearer still than he, or any living songster, was our ill-fated fellow-craftsman, Tannahill. Poor weaver chiel! what we owe to you! *Your Braes of Balquidder*, and *Yon Burnside*, and *Gloomy Winter*, and the *Minstrel’s* wailing ditty, and the noble *Gleniffer*. Oh how they did ring above the rattle of a thousand shuttles! Let me again proclaim the debt we owe to these song spirits, as they walked in melody from loom to loom, ministering to the low-hearted; and when the breast was filled with everything but hope and happiness, let only break out the healthy and vigorous chorus, ‘A man’s a man for a’ that,’ and the fagged weaver brightens up. . . . Who daie measure the restraining influences of these very songs? To us they were all instead of sermons. Had one of us been bold enough to enter a church, he must have been ejected for the sake of decency. His forlorn and curiously patched habiliments would have contested the point of attraction with the ordinary eloquence of that period.

Church bells rang not for us. Poets were indeed our priests: but for those, the last relics of moral existence would have passed away. Song was the dewdrop which gathered during the long night of despondency, and was sure to glitter in the very first blink of the sun. You might have seen *Auld Robin Gray* wet the eyes that could be tearless amid cold and hunger and weariness and pain."

Those who have mixed much with Scottish society, especially among the middle and working classes, know that Thom's is not an isolated experience,—that, in fact, the higher sentiments by which, among these classes, life is ennobled into something more than a mere gratification of animal cravings, or a monotonous round of insipid tasks, are drawn from the inspirations of popular song. The people of Scotland have indeed lived in an atmosphere of song; their minds are saturated with its spirit; their talk is moulded by its language. The national mind has thus become a richly cultivated soil, in which popular poetry strikes its roots deep, and, finding congenial nourishment, produces fresh fruits with ever renewed fertility. The astonishing fertility of the Scottish mind in the production of popular poetry is witnessed, not only by the innumerable names which make up the long roll of Scottish song-writers, but perhaps far more by the royal munificence with which gems of song have been scattered abroad, unclaimed by individuals, to become the common property of the people, like modest wild-flowers which bloom alike for all,—for all at least who are sufficiently natural to appreciate their bloom. It is to this poetical fertility of the Scottish mind that we owe also the constant revision through which many of our finest lyrics have passed into the more finished forms in which they are familiar to us at the present day: for, numberless conscious and unconscious efforts of unknown lovers of song have been carrying on the process, by which Ramsay and Burns, and Lady Nairne and Joanna Baillie, have entered, like spirits of light, into the genius of old songs which had been blighted by the touch of grosser spirits, and have breathed into them a purer life.

* * * * *

It has been already remarked that the ballads are fast dying out of the memories of the people, and that the day has long gone by when a genuine ballad could be produced. But the ballads are now more extensively known, and more thoroughly studied, than they were in those old times when they were preserved entirely by tra-

ditional memory. They have passed into literature, and become one of the powers from which the literary culture of our time receives its tone. Such may be the fate of all the popular poetry written in a distinctly Scottish language. Even if such should be its fate, however, that is no mean function which it is yet called to perform; and its future influence upon literature may well be cherished, if we may judge from the beneficence of its power in the past.

The place taken by the early songs and ballads of the Teutonic nations in the revival of a more natural literature during the past hundred years has become a commonplace of literary history. It is not yet quite a century, since among these nations the memory revived of that early popular literature which is now being studied with enthusiasm by numerous critical historians. Undoubtedly this revival of memory was due to the deeper and more loving look with which these nations began to turn to the past in general, and to that past especially to which they as separate nations were linked as the grown-up man to what he was when a child. But whatever may have been the source of this restored taste for the inartificial literature of earlier times, the taste spread rapidly over Europe, mingling itself, partly as cause, partly as effect, with the endeavor to attain the freer forms which distinguish the literature of our century from that of the eighteenth. For if the study of the old songs and ballads, in which our less cultured forefathers found pleasure, is in one sense to be viewed as having been brought about by the general effort to produce a simpler and more natural literature, scarcely anything could contribute to the success of this effort so largely as the simplicity and naturalness of style with which men became acquainted in those old ballads and songs. What could teach men that genius must create a form for itself, but cannot be created by mere forms—what could emancipate them from the thralldom of misunderstood literary prescriptions, more completely than the discovery of a poetry distinguished only by an inner beauty which sought its readiest utterance with little regard to regularity of outward structure? It is not surprising, therefore, that as the literary culture of Europe grew to its nineteenth century type, the study of early Teutonic literature in every dialect advanced with increasing ardor; and while the old libraries of Germany, Scandinavia, and Britain were ransacked, the memories of the people were plied, in order to recover, as far as possible, the tales and the songs of former times. The ordinary histories of literature sketch the progress of these researches, and their influence on the literary development of recent years.

Review of the Times.

The assembling of the Evangelical Alliance in Montreal this year, is an event which cannot fail to be fraught with good. Such conferences, even if there is only a small residuum of intellectual benefit, have a powerful moral and spiritual influence; and, certainly, such forces are not to be despised in these days of semi-scepticism and open unbelief. The grand argument for Christianity is its moral and spiritual power. When the natural barriers of selfishness and exclusiveness, not to say bigotry, are broken down, and men of different habitudes, of diverse education, of opposite temperaments, and, in many respects, of widely diverse views, are brought to feel together as of one heart and one soul, a sure demonstration is afforded that a force mightier than any mere natural sympathy is at work. It was from a profound and perfect knowledge of what was "in man," that the Divine Saviour connected the conversion of the unbelieving with the unity of His people. "That they all may be one," is, "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." "See how these Christians love one another," is an argument from fact and experience, which will develop a far more powerful conviction than any examination of outward evidences.

Such gatherings, then, as Conventions of Young Men's Christian Associations and Conferences of the Evangelical Alliance, are of far more value than might be apparent at first sight. They bring Christians of different theological schools to pray and sing psalms together, and, ere-long, these all find themselves "speaking one language." The confusion of tongues that scattered mankind at Babel is reversed. They find themselves one by a deeper unity than any they had imagined. In the real

heart and essence of religion, that, namely, which concerns each man's relation to and dependence upon his God, they find themselves, not merely wonderfully alike, but absolutely identical. But the intellectual value of such a conference as that recently held in this city is very great. As Christianity is not only a religion, but a system of philosophy, it has an intellectual aspect which claims attention, as well as its spiritual developments. Such papers, therefore, as those of Mr. Fraser's, on "The Relation of Art to Christianity;" Mr. Grant's, on "The Church of the Future;" with others that need not be mentioned particularly, are extremely valuable as tending to bring about a unity of thought on topics, which, when looked at from the narrow standing ground of our diverse denominationalisms, are apt to provoke sectarian disputes. Every age develops new issues, and new lines of thought, and contention.

The old truth of the revealed Word is as ever it was. The foundation of the Lord standeth sure. But everything human in religious belief is being sifted and tested, both speculatively and practically; and no greater service can be rendered to truth than such a sifting. It is no less true of Christ's truth in a written form, than of His personal presence, that His winning fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor. During such a process the chaff of human fancies flies away, but the wheat of Divine truth remains. It is well, then, that brethren of diverse churches, all holding the same fundamentals, should often compare views on the current topics of the time, and on the many-sided subjects of religious speculation. The Conference at New York, last year, gave rise to a remarkable variety of able

disquisitions, and that of the present in Montreal, though not on so extensive a scale, has not been behind it in real value. Perhaps, on the whole, there was more of spiritual power this year than last. Many of the earnest Christian workers of the time were present and could not fail to impart a spiritual tone to the Conference. It was stated that the next conference would be held in Rome. Such a meeting, in such a place, will be a real sign of the times.

England has always dealt generously and honorably by the Red man, and has been amply recompensed by the loyal attachment and hearty service of the most powerful of Indian tribes. One of the most interesting developments of the British, as opposed to the American mode of dealing with the Indian, has been the conference held with various tribes of the great North-West by the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. It is fortunate that a record, at once faithful and spirited, has been preserved of these negotiations. We learn exactly what the Indians think of matters respecting which we scarcely expected they would think at all, and we see how amenable they, like other men, are to reasonable explanations. They have evidently, in that region, been accustomed to identify the Hudson Bay Company with the British Government, and the idea of a power superior to the power of the Company was very hard for them to conceive. It took, apparently, some days of conference with the Governor, and much conversation amongst themselves, to get the idea well into their minds. They shewed a very considerable amount of jealousy against the Company, which could scarcely have been expected, considering all that the Company has done for them. But gratitude is an uncommon virtue everywhere, while jealousy is a common vice. In these respects the Indian is like only any other man. The diplomatic skill shown by these untaught sons of the prairie and the forest would have done credit to any white people. They excused themselves, they temporized, they delayed. Their speakers were not ready, or they had not fixed upon

a speaker; or there was some obstacle in the way, without the removal of which they could not negotiate. The Governor managed his part of the business with very great tact and judgment. He combined a reasonable consideration for the Indians with a steady maintenance of his own position. He appealed to their strong family affection, and to the advantages to be derived from the terms offered by children who would come after them. He pointed out that the buffalo was fast disappearing, and that it would be much to their advantage to cultivate the land in the same way that their brethren were doing in Ontario. He stated that any terms consented to by him on behalf of the Queen, their Great Mother, would be held inviolably sacred, and that they might go to their homes or hunting-grounds with a full assurance that every promise made would be held good for all time to come.

It transpired in the course of the negotiations that the Indians conceived themselves entitled to the £300,000 which was paid to the Hudson Bay Company for a cession of their rights. The land, they said, was theirs, and if the Government bought it, the purchase money belonged to them. The Governor, in reply, pointed out that many generations back the English Government, who were the real owners of the country, had made certain arrangements with the Hudson Bay Company by virtue of which this Company had had exclusive possession of the country for trading purposes; that now these exclusive rights were taken away and trade thrown open to everybody, and that for thus surrendering their rights the Company ought to receive compensation. This argument seems to have satisfied them, and they finally consented to the terms offered, which comprise an annual money payment to every individual of certain tribes, an offer of a square mile of land to every family of five persons, and a promise of agricultural tools to all who made a *bona fide* commencement of farming; the Indians to have the right of hunting over unoccupied grounds in the meantime. A treaty was drawn up and signed in accordance with these provisions, and, now, settlement can

push its way unobstructed to the confines of the great North-West.

And truly a marvellous country is thus opened up for settlement. Residents speak of it in the same terms of enthusiasm which invariably characterize Americans in speaking of their own western regions. When Lord Dufferin was in Chicago, the Chairman of the Board of Aldermen remarked that the country he saw around him was "the finest God ever made." The characteristic Yankee brag comes out very strikingly in this; but, certainly, the residents of Manitoba would not allow the assertion to pass without challenge. A correspondent of one of our city papers, writing from Winnipeg about a month ago, writes as follows:—

"The more I see and know of the latent undeveloped resources of this country, the stronger my faith in its great, and no distant, future becomes. Nothing can shake my confidence in this. Here is a country possessing in an eminent degree, and on a gigantic scale, all the necessary conditions required to ensure greatness. It may, without fear of successful contradiction, be said that *seven-tenths of the land within an area of one thousand two hundred by two hundred and fifty miles* are capable of being cultivated, and that for agricultural purposes the country is unsurpassed for fertility in America. The other day I enjoyed one of the views from Bird's Hill, Springfield, about fourteen miles from the city. It was one of those sights which tend to awake the spirit of the future. I fancied that in ten years hence, the broad expanse of ocean-like country spread out before me, would be covered over with comfortable farmsteads, an industrious people and happy homes. And why not? The land is there; land that cannot be surpassed in beauty and fertility, by any other between this and the valley of the Nile, and nearly all ready for the plough. And this description is true of a thousand such scenes everywhere to be seen."

What possibilities lie in this region! To what a marvellous growth may we not be witness even during the lifetime of the present generation!

The unseating of members under the recent Election law proves the wisdom of referring such cases to a non-political tribunal. Had they been dealt with by a Committee of the House of Commons, there cannot be a question that the greater part, if not the whole, would have been confirmed in their places. The truth is that for the House of Commons to judge such matters, is very like a man becoming judge in his own case. Spite of the diversity of parties, there is a strong homogeneity about the House as a whole. Membership in Parliament is a sort of brotherhood. Every member has a certain fellow-feeling with every other, and we know by experience how true the adage is that "Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." It was wise, then, to provide an independent tribunal, and its results, we trust, will be a terror to evil-doers in the future. The evil had, in truth, become intolerable. The remedy is sharp and decisive. Some cases of apparent hardship have occurred where parties unseated appear to have been entirely ignorant of what was being done in their name; but no one can allege that the law has been strained. Judges have simply decided according to the evidence, and no single complaint has been made of the results. Nothing can be more satisfactory or more pregnant with hopeful results in the future.

The deliberations of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, just held in New York, have been more than usually protracted, and have revealed to how large an extent a "high" style of doctrine and ritual has made a lodgment in it. The test question has been the confirmation of the election of a bishop for the diocese of Illinois. This question is interesting as showing to how large an extent conservative principles and methods prevail in the church life of a country which, in its political life, is more thoroughly democratic than any country in the world. It is interesting, too, as showing how naturally Ritualism grows out of wealth, luxury, and worldly prosperity. Bishop Seymour had shown himself to be a pronounced ritualist when he was elected

by the Diocese of Illinois to preside over it, and a considerable majority of the Convention voted for the confirmation of his election. The majority, however, was not large enough, and the election, therefore, is void. It is not likely that this action will result in any change. The Bishop may be elected over again, but at all events it is pretty certain that some one of most advanced views—as they would be called—will be chosen to preside over the most important diocese of the West. The result is to be deplored both in the interest of evangelical truth and of Christian unity.

A singular feature of the proceedings was the strong national spirit evoked by a proposal to place a sort of Patriarch over the whole of the Protestant Episcopal Churches of Christendom and to make the Archbishop of Canterbury such a Patriarch. The Bishop of Litchfield could scarcely fail to be surprised by the strong feeling which this evoked. Whatever else they would submit to, the Episcopalians of America would never have an English Archbishop ruling over them. But, in truth, there is little danger of it.

The collapse of the Laborers' Union in England does not dissolve the union of the laborers. They have felt the pulse in them of a class interest, which is the symptom of a new and not ephemeral life. Their revolt, though it took the shape, was not a mere trades-union effort. It is affected, indeed, in a very small degree by that form of manifestation, just as the future of an island thrown up by volcanic action from the sea cannot be confined to the barrenness of its early life; and the laborers are as unconscious of the true force which has given them such prominence of late as is an ocean bed lifted out of the water of the cause of its upheaval.

The relation of wages to rent is not the whole of this question; it is more the *relation of man to man*. The Christian conscience of England is roused by the revelation that thousands are placed under domestic conditions which make home a hot-bed of vice and brutality, and the nation which has spent millions to eman-

ciate negroes will not rest so long as that sacred word means to millions of its own people a room in which all ages mingle during the progress of every phenomenon of life and death.

It was inevitable that such an agitation as a farm laborers' strike must cease after a brief period. The strongest trades-unions, those having many thousands of pounds stored ready for a strike, have usually failed to do more than spend the fund, create a class of idlers, and impoverish every family thrown without its usual wage income. The farm laborers had no fund, and those working on had no margin in their wages to spare for the strikers. The artisans of large towns had scant sympathy with them; for they, as a class, regard poor Hodge as outside their circle. The town-bred mechanic has an aristocratic disdain for hedgers and ditchers, and the laborers on strike were helped to little more than a bad example by the older trades-unions. Besides these economic difficulties the farm laborer, being paid not wholly in money, left him in that degree at the mercy of his betters, the employers and the clergy of the Established Church. There is no chance of complete social emancipation for the laborer until his income, like that of other classes, is paid him wholly in money. All the helps he is accustomed to, the little charities and privileges of benevolence and goodwill, are so many badges of pauperism, and a pauper he will be while he looks on these advantages as compensation for wages which are his right.

The agitation will have very far-reaching effects; one of which will be the dispersion of the more intelligent, self-reliant men to other fields of labor, many of whom we hope to see, ere long, enjoying the freedom and comfort, and independence which Canada offers to all who diligently cultivate her grateful soil. If the Government would look around, they might find one or more well-to-do farmers, or their sons, who from absolute poverty have risen to comparative affluence. A farmer in Ontario, just made a Justice of the Peace, was a laborer's son in England, and a hired man several years in this country. From such as he should emigration agents be

selected for visiting the farm districts of the old country. The story of their experience would be far more impressive than the eloquence of any outside observer.

Amid all the discussion about the Prince of Wales' debts it is strange that no one has thought it well to point out that princes should live within their incomes like other men. Especially are they bound to do this lest they set a pernicious example. The plea that the Prince has to spend money vicariously for his mother is sheer nonsense. It is an insult to the Queen to suppose she places on him any such burthen. The Prince is extravagant and pleasure-loving—witness that most costly fancy dress ball recently given—and not unknown at the card table. His truest friends, the best friends of the monarchy, are those who constrain him, as far as advice and friendly offices can, to live quietly within his means and to keep off playing King of England in society until he has been crowned. Debt has brought low mightier ones than a Prince of Wales, and he will find it a millstone round his neck, which will tend to depress him far below that elevation on which his wise mother stands so proudly in the loyal affections of her people.

The exact ground of the quarrel between the civil power in the German Empire and the Catholic Church is by Catholics generally believed to be simply that that Empire is ruled by a Protestant, whose determination is to use the State authority as an instrument to suppress the Church or weaken its power. This is a policy which would deserve the epithet of persecution so freely applied to it, and which Archbishop Manning compares to that suffered by the early Christians. The reply to this is that the so-called persecution is simply a policy of protection of the State against a dangerous conspiracy of rebels, who detest the Empire and seek its disintegration. Some very remarkable evidence in support of this

charge of disloyalty is given in an account of a meeting of the Town Council of Munich, the principal seat of the Catholic element in Prussia, all the members of that body being Catholics. The city had raised an obelisk in memory of those slain in the late war, and it was decided to inaugurate it on the anniversary of Sedan. The demonstration was to be a patriotic one, a rejoicing over the event which succeeded a war so glorious in its victories and political result—the founding of the Empire. The citizens wished to have the church bells rung to add to the festivity; but this was not only refused by the Archbishop, but he forbade his clergy joining in the *fete*. When announcing this to the Council the Mayor of Munich said, "I confess that until this reply was received, the Municipal Corporation of Munich were unacquainted with the fact that there are men to be found in the country, men born in Germany and nourished on her soil, *not only indifferents, but absolute enemies to the sublimest triumph their nation has ever obtained in all history.*" These words so touched the chord of patriotism that the whole Council sprang to their feet to cheer the Mayor's protest against the Archbishop. Still we must honor this prelate for consistency. He knows no country but Rome—no king but the Pope. Sedan was a heavy blow to the Papacy as a material power, and, from this point of view, we can understand how he should say there was a call rather for sackcloth and ashes on that day, than for ringing of bells. The Archbishop was bold enough to set forth publicly the Catholic Church as the defiant foe of the German Empire—a position which justifies all the recent policy. Let us hear no more then of the *persecution cry*.

Spain and Germany are just now so coupled that they occupy the same field of vision to the political eye. We have seen what the Church of Rome refuses to do in the latter State; let us glance at what it was doing at the same time in the other. A man's *actions* tell more of his character than his *abstinences*. Chief among the bar-

barities of paganism were the spectacles of fights between gladiators or wild animals, which familiarized the people with blood and death in all the varieties of disgusting horror. Spain has handed down from antiquity a spectacle of this nature, her famous bull-fights—a sight fit only for savages, and for savages a means of perpetuating their barbarism. Spain, in the midst of her present troubles, has just opened a new and magnificent circus for these displays at Madrid; and the Catholic Church, “the sole divine teacher of men,” thought the occasion appropriate for celebrating the most solemn rite of its ritual, the Mass, in honor of this revolting event. It consecrates in Spain a scene which is the disgrace of humanity; it refuses to aid in consecrating an obelisk which German patriotism raises at Munich to the memory of the brave dead!

During the early stages of the great revolution in locomotion made by steam, a few writers rhapsodized in what were generally thought extravagant terms on the effects to be produced by the increased facilities of travel in breaking down the barriers which race, distance, and human contrivances have set up to divide mankind. A study of the press for September last would go far to justify these sanguine prognostications. A series of gatherings are recently recorded of extraordinary range in interest, and influence, and hope. It

has been said that “railways have practically extinguished the division of England into counties.” They are gradually weakening the lines marking off nation from nation, and continent from continent. The most remarkable and most novel gathering of the season has been a Congress of Orientalists at London, attended by the chief philologists of the world, especially of those who have made the dead and living languages, written or spoken, of Asia, a life study.

For convenience, the sections of this Congress were divided according to lingual groups, and, perhaps, the most singular blending ever known of old and new worlds is found in these *savans* being parted severally under titles of tongues taken from the names of the patriarch Noah. Take the work of this Congress, its practical aim being the opening up of Asia to the outside world by mastering its languages, and reducing its varied alphabets to one general system of signs; from this view turn to the Congress of Jurists of all civilized nations, aiming at the harmony of national and international legal codes, and preparing the way for establishing International Tribunals; then glance at the Congress of Theologians of the great historic churches, laboring to find a common basis for union, —such assemblages of the world’s wisest and best foreshadow changes which none living may see, but all must long for whose sympathies range beyond the narrow circle in which all must live, and move, and have their being in a material sense.